WINDOWS OF HEAVEN
A Book of Gospel Songs
By
I. S. Field
THE WHARTON & BARRON PUB. CO.
9 W. LEXINGTON ST. BALTIMORE M.D.
REvised by L. B. Field.

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NEW EDITION.

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN:
HYMNS NEW AND OLD
FOR THE
CHURCH, SUNDAY SCHOOL AND HOME.

COMPILED BY
REV. H. M. WHARTON.

"Press me sore, 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:
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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.

R. G. B.  H. G. STAPLES.

1. Open the windows of heav'en, Send showers of blessing just now;
2. Open the windows of heav'en, Look tenderly on us in love;
3. Trusting, we'll try Thee, and prove Thee; All effect without Thee is vain;
4. Open the windows of heav'en, And bless us With Thy dear Son's sake;

Look on us, Lord, in Thy mercy, While humbly before Thee we bow;
Con-ting in heart-felt con- trition, We pray Thee our sin-cesence to move;
Earth's greatest possessions fleeting, Their loss is our in-fin-ite gain;
His blood shed for our redemption, Our pleas on ly pleas we now make.

Refrain.

Shoew-ers of blessing, Fresh showers of blessing we need;
Show-ers, fresh showers,

Show-ers of blessing, For showers of blessing we plead.
Show-ers fresh, showers,
No. 2. SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

R. G. STAPLER.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing. Thou art scatt'ring, full and free-
   2. Pass me not, O gracious Father! Sinful though my heart may be;
   3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
   4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit! Thou canst make the blind to see;

Shower's the thirsty land refreshing: Let some droppings fall on me.
Though mightiest leave me, but the rath'er Let Thy mercy fall on me.
I am long-ing for Thy fav-or, whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.
Witness of Jesus' mer-it, speak the word of power to me.

Chorus.

Even me, even me, Let Thy blessing fall on me.

Even me, even me.

Even me, even me, Let Thy blessing fall on me.

Even me, even me.
No. 3. I'M THINE, FOREVER THINE.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—Can. II: 16.

W. W. BENTLEY, by per.

1. No more my own, Lord Jesus, Bought with Thy precious blood;
   I give Thine own, Lord, That long Thy love withstood.
   My joys, my tears, my sorrows, My first hope and my last.
   Oh, take and make it meet, Lord, For offering to Thee.
   And hear the softest whisper, From out the mercy seat.

2. I give the life Thou gavest, My present, future, past,
   Thy God-grown grants to me;
   And hear the softest whisper, From out the mercy seat.

3. I give the love, the sweetest
   Within the vale to meet,

Chorus.

Now fashion, form and fill me With light and love divine;

So, one with Thee, Lord Jesus, I'm Thine, forever Thine.
No. 4. WHAT SHALL OUR RECORD BE?

SOLO AND CHORUS

F. M. D.  

FRANK M. DAVIS, by pen.

1. There's a hand that's writing now In the book of life, they say;
   Still that hand goes writing on, Making pages dark or fair;
   Time is slipping fast away, Life for us will soon be done;

2. Every action, word or deed Is recorded there each day,
   Let us ponder well, dear friend's, What for us is written there.
   Can we, trusting ly, go hence, That a crown of life is won?

3. What shall then our record be? Let us stop and think I pray!
What shall our Record be.—Concluded.

What shall then our record be In the coming judgment day?

Chorus.

In the coming judgment day, in the coming judgment day.

What shall then our record be, In the coming judgment day.

No. 5. GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Holy Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, Is now, and Ever shall be, World without end. Amen!
No. 6. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

(PILLOT, 7 A 8 LINES.)


1. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me, O ver life’s tempestuous sea;
   Un-known waves before me break the ocean wild;
   Boist’rous waves obey Thy word, fearful breakers near
   Twist me and the peaceful roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shore;
   Chart and will, When thou say’st to them “Be still!” Wondrous rest.
   Then, while leaning on Thy breast, May I compass come from Thee: Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
   See ‘reign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
   hear Thee say to me, “Fear not, I will pilot thee!”

2. As a mother stills her child, Thou must
  ush the ocean wild;
   Hoe breakers near
   ‘Twist me and the peaceful roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shore;
   Chart and will, When thou say’st to them “Be still!” Wondrous rest.
   Then, while leaning on Thy breast, May I compass come from Thee: Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
   See ‘reign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
   hear Thee say to me, “Fear not, I will pilot thee!”
No. 7. SWEETLY RESTING.

MARY D. JAMES. W. WARREN BENTLEY, by pos.

1. In the rift-ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Safe-ly shiel-dered I a-hide;
2. Peace, which passeth understanding, Joy, the world can nev-er give;
3. Long per-soned by sin and Sa-tan, Weary, sad, I long'd for rest;
4. In the rift-ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past.

There no foo-ted storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'n-ly shel-ter, Open'd in my Saviour's breast,
Now in Je-sus I am find-ing; In His smiles of love I live.
All se-cure in this blest ref-uge, Heedling not the tempest blast.

Refrain.

Now I'm rest-ing, sweetly rest-ing, In the cleft once made for me;

No. 8. ONE MORE DAY’S WORK FOR JESUS.

"I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day."—JOHN 9:4.

Miss ANN A. WARDEN.
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by perm.

1. One more day’s work for Je-sus; One less of life for me! But heav’n is near.
   One more day’s work for Je-sus; How glorious is my King! I joy not near.
   One more day’s work for Je-sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the near.

   And Christ is nearer, Than yester-day to me; His love and shal-ty. To speak His beau-ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mor-ning sky. To show the glo-ry, When Christ’s flock on-ter-in! How shall I shall.

Chorus.

Light fill all my soul to-night,
That I may live and walk, One more day’s work for Jesus, One more day’s work to shine In this poor heart of mine.

Jesus, One more day’s work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

4. One more day’s work for Jesus—Oh, yes, a weary day;
   But heaven shines clearer,
   And rest comes nearer,
   At each step of the way;
   And Christ is in all—Before His face I fall.—Chorus.

5. Oh, blessed work of Jesus!
   Oh, rest at Jesus’ feet!
   There still seems pleasure,
   My wants are treasure,
   And pain for Him is sweet,
   Lord, if I may,
   I’ll serve another day.—Chorus.
No. 9. OVER THE BRIDGE.

Miss R. N. Turner.  T. C. O'Kane.

1. O-ver the bridge, the mys-ter-i-ous bridge, There rests the cit-y of gold,
2. Vis-i-ble so bright we cannot behold, We see not our ra-di-an- cense;
3. O-ver the bridge, the won-der-ful bridge, White-sho-tered and silent and dim.
4. Safe from all pain, se-cure from all ill, The riv-er of death safely passed,

Zo-on the blast, the ho-ly, be-loved, Adorned as a bride for her Lord.
Faith must il-ume with pa-tience and love, The path way to heaven and home.
Onward they pass, the high of the Lord, To-dwell in the ma-nions with Him.
Sor-row and sin for ev-er laid by, How sweet must the rest be at last!

Chorus.

No heart can con-cieve of the glory within Those ma-nions, those pal-aces there;

The cit-y of God, the bride of the Lamb, For-ever, for ev-er so fair.

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No. 10. Hallelujah! Bless His Name!

J. M. K.

J. H. Kurzeme

1. A sinner, I came, my dear Lord to see, Hallelujah, bless His name!
2. I knew that the Lord would not pass me by, Hallelujah, bless His name!
3. Oh, the rapture I felt I can never tell, Hallelujah, bless His name!
4. I'll watch, for to-day yet the Lord may come, Hallelujah, bless His name!

He knew me at once and abode with me, Hallelujah, bless His name!
He knew ev'ry heart, and He heard my cry, Hallelujah, bless His name!
For the great relief when my burden fell, Hallelujah, bless His name!
To grant me the joy of His happy home, Hallelujah, bless His name!

Chorus.

Hallelujah, oh, the glory! Jesus loves me, this I know.

For I feel the blessed pardon That our Saviour did bestow.

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No. II. ROOM AT THE CROSS:

W. B. B.  

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 has been made whole, Room at the Cross for you. 
Choose them, like Mary, the better part, Room at the Cross for you. 
Come, then, oh, come, then, ye souls who mourn, Room at the Cross for you.

Refrain. 

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

Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you.
No. 12. THE FIRST GLAD SONG.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.  CHAR. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Oh, brethren, along life's journey, The weary now is done;
   But o'er the boundless desert, For us the perennial flowers
   Oh, how can we tell the rapture, The joy of the first glad song;

2. To-day we only wonder, What scenes will await us there;
   What bounties before us open, When entering that land so fair.
   When we shall the pearl-gates enter, And see the bright angel throng.

3. Oh, what will it be to gather, Beneath the bright Jasper dome;
   To wander in babe-less gardens, To have in the crystal streams.

4. To wander in flowerless gardens, To have in the crystal streams;
   To walk through the shining city, And know that it is our home.
   When we shall the pearl-gates enter, And see the bright angel throng.

Chorus.

But o'er the boundless desert, For us the perennial flowers.
No. 13. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

English. WARRREN W. BEETLEY, by pub.

1. Not far, not far from the kingdom, Yet in the shadow of sin,
How many are coming and going, How few are entering in.

2. Not far, not far from the gateway, Where voices whisper and wait;
But fearing to enter in boldly, They linger still at the gate.

3. They catch the strains of the music, That floats so sweetly along;
The knowing the song they are singing, Yet joining not in the song.

4. They're in the dark and the danger, They're in the night and the cold,
The He is now longings to lead them to kindly fold.

Chorus.

Not far, not far from the kingdom, Yet lingering still at the gateway;
O wait not to get nearer, But enter while you may.

15
No. 14. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY.


1. Ever you left your room this morning Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great temptation Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with anger Did you think to pray?
4. When some trials came upon you Did you think to pray?

In the name of Christ, our Saviour, Did you sue for loving favour,
By His dying love and mercy Did you claim the Holy Spirit,
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive another,
When your soul was bowed in sorrow, Balm of Gilead did you borrow?

Chorus.

As a shield to-day? As your guide and stay? Oh, how praying rests the weary, Pray's will change the night to day;
Who had crossed your way? At the gates to-day? So, when life seems dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

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No. 15. COME IN AND ABIDE.

Rev. R. H. PITK, D. D.
Arr. by I. S. FIELD.

1. Come, most Redeemer! Be thy servants' honored guest—Come in entrance,
   passion, Give the troubled rest. Lo, the day is dawning—
2. Come, dear Redeemer! We are faint and sore distressed; If Thou wilt
   on-ter We are truly blest. Thou dost soothe our anguish,
   glowing In Thy presence fair. Thou hast sent the sun-beams
3. Hail! blessed Jesus, Thou hast heard thy servants' pray's, And hearts are
   Lo, the night comes on; a part And our spirits sighing,
   For-givst thy people's sin—We are lost with-out Thee,
   Where the shadow once did dwell, Thou hast whispered softly,

Chorus.

Long to see Thy face,
Haste to enter in.
Jesus—Dear Master, Come and reign without,
Peace—All shall be well.

in each heart, Deign to be near us; Never more depart.
1. He that goeth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love,
   Never tiring, never sleeping, Findeth mercy from above,
   Sowing seed, sowing seed, sowing precious seed in love.
   Weeping now, weeping now, Reaping fruits of joy above.

2. Soft descends the dew of heav'n, Bright the rays celestial shine;
   Precious fruits will thus be given, Those an influence all divine.
   Soothing tears now in droves, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

3. Soothing tears,茑.shudd even, Let no fear thy soul annoy;
   The prospect ne'er so dreary, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

Refrain.
No. 16. He That Goeth Forth With Weeping.
E. G. STAPLES.
No. 17. SAVIOUR OF THE LOST.

F. K. HAVENIAL. J. T. GRAPE.

1. I could not do without Thee, O Saviour of the lost,

Whose precious blood redeem'd me, At such tremendous cost,
I have no strength or goodness, No wisdom of my own.

Thy righteousness, Thy pardon, Thy precious blood, must be
But Thou, beloved Saviour, Art all in all to me;

My only hope and comfort, My glory and my plea.
And weakness will be power, If trusting hard on Thee.
No. 18. IS YOUR LIGHT SHINING.

Elna M. Sheman.

1. Is your light shining brightly, my brother? Does it cast a broad gleam o'er the wave?
2. Let it shine with a light bright and cheery. Let it shine with a light kind and glad.
3. Let your light shine so brightly, my brother, that others may take note of you.
4. Let it shine in the homes of the fallen. And cast a glad re-echo wave in;

Chorus.

From sin, and from danger, and silence Some poor shipwreck'd soul it may save.
It may speak peace and hope to the weary. It may bring joy and trust to the sad.
And glo-ri-fy Je-sus in heav'n. By see-ing the good that you do.
Christ pardoned the weak and the sinful, And died to save them from sin.

Let it shine, let it shine, Over 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. R. W. TODD. Music by HARRY SANDERS, by pyt.

1. O who is this that cometh From Eden's crimson plain, With wounded side, with garments dy'd? O tell me now thy name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A winn-press red? O why this bloody tide? "I the winn-press trod alone, 'Neath own arm be'st Sal-vation in my name: I the bloody right have won, Con-

2. O why in thine apparel With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the darkness gave; I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."
darkening shine; Of the people there was none Mighty to save."
quashed the grave; Now the year of joy has come, Mighty to save."

Refrain.

Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save. Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.
No. 20. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

Rev. J. WATTS. 

Rev. E. LOWRY, D. D., by per.

Spirited.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, and let our joys be known. Join
2. Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God. But
3. The hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets. Here
4. Then let our songs abound, and every tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet accord. Join in a song with sweet accord. And
children of the heavenly King. Here we reach the heavenly fields. Here
marching thru' Immanuel's ground. We're marching thru' Immanuel's ground. To

thus surround the throne. And thus surround the throne.
speak their joys aloud. May speak their joys aloud.
walk the golden streets. Or walk the golden streets.
fair or worlds on high. To fair or worlds on high.

We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful Zion; We're

We're marching on to Zion,

marching upward to Zion. The beautiful city of God.
No. 21. I AM SAVED.

Words by Mrs. S. L. OBERMOLTZER.  
Jno. E. SWENY, by per.

1. I am saved! the Lord hath saved me, Help me shout the glorious news!
2. Lord I sing my exultation, hoping it will reach the skies,
3. Free salvation! glad salvation! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered In to thy great judgment one,

I have tasted God's salvation, And it's sweet as honeyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul forever Under Thy protecting eyes.
Until each distressed nation Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep written In the records of Thy Son.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! I rejoice salvation's name;
Glory, glory, hallelujah! I am saved in Jesus' name.

From "Songs of Joy and Deliverance."
No. 22. HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS.

Mrs. Mary E. Kaul. J. H. Tenney.

1. Have you heard the good news by the gospel proclaimed?
2. Have you heard that a Fountain was opened for you?
3. Have you heard of the crowns that the ransomed shall wear?
4. Have you heard the great news that a home in the skies

Great joy and salvation for all.
To cleanse you from sorrow and shame?
The glory so full and complete.
To th' patient and faithful is given?

O ye starving and poor,
And tho' strange it may be.
When your life-work is done.
Give the Saviour your love.

Jesus waits at the door! Will you hasten to answer His call?
that the waters are free.
and the victory won.
it will bear you a-bore

Chorus.
And just over there in the beautiful
And just over there, just over there in the beautiful land.

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Have you Heard the Good News.—Concluded.

From sorrow and sin ever

Happy angels of light,

Robed in garments of white, Fondly

wait-ing for you and for me.
No. 23. SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

R. G. STAPLES

1. Ye valiant soldiers of the cross, Ye happy praying band,
2. All earthly pleasures we'll for sake, When hope appears in view,
3. O what a glorious shout there'll be When we arrive at home;

Though in the world you suf-fer loss, Press on to Canaan's land.
In Jesus' strength we'll make a take To fight our passage through.
Our friends and Jesus we shall see, And God shall say "well done."

Chorus.

Let us nev-er mind the scorns For we
Let us nev-er mind the scorns, Now the frown of the world, For we

all have the cross to bear, And the crown will brighter
all have the cross, we all have the cross to bear, it will only make the crown the

shine, When we have the crown to wear, brighter to shine When we have the crown, have the crown to wear.
No. 24. COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

ISAAC WATTS.

THOM. A. ARNZE.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove! With all thy quickening pow'r, Kindle a flame of sacred love in these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look! how we grovel here below, Fled of these trifling toys. Our souls can neither fly now go to reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs; In vain we strive to rise; Holiness languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.

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

5. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove! With all thy quickening pow'r; Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

27
No. 25. HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

W. A. C.        Wilbur A. Christy, by permission.

1. The Lord of love, my Shepherd is,
2. My erring soul He safely guides,
3. He crowns my head, gives daily bread,
4. His goodness doth me still surround.

He lead-eth me; He lead-eth me; Where pastures grow,
For His name’s sake, for His name’s sake; And stream-lets flow,
My heart to cheer, my heart to cheer; No heav’n-ward way,
With tend-est care, with tend-est care; No want nor woe,

And every day a heav’n-ward way My path doth show,
And when my home in heav’n is found, I’ll praise Him there.

Chorus.

He feed-eth me, my path doth make; Dear Shepherd, make, my path doth make; Dear Shepherd, make, my path doth make; Dear Shepherd, make, my path doth make.
He feed-eth me, my path doth make; Dear Shepherd, make, my path doth make; Dear Shepherd, make, my path doth make; Dear Shepherd, make, my path doth make.
HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.—Concluded.

Thy wayward sheep, Be Thou my
Dear Shepherd keep Thy wayward sheep,

be Thou my guide, Till safe within
Thy guard, be Thou my guide,

Thy heavenly fold For ever-
Till safe within Thy heavenly fold

more I shall abide, For ever more
For ever more I shall abide.
No. 26. I NEED THY PARDON, LORD.

Words and music by W. L. Thomason.

1. I need Thy pardon, Lord, Before Thy throne I bow,
   On Thy forgiveness I depend, O send Thy pardon now.
   Without Thee all is dark and drear, O send the light just now;
   Wash out my sins and make me pure, O send Thy pardon now.

2. I need Thy pardon, Lord, My only hope art Thou,
   On me Thy grace be shew,
   O cleanse my heart and make it pure, O send forgiveness now,
   Just now, Just now, O send Thy pardon now.

3. I need Thy pardon, Lord, On me Thy grace be shew,
   On Thy forgiveness I depend, O send Thy pardon now.
   Without Thee all is dark and drear, O send the light just now;
   Wash out my sins and make me pure, O send Thy pardon now.
No. 27.  MY HAPPY HOME.

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No. 27.  MY HAPPY HOME.
No. 28. MASTER THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

H. E. PALMER.

1. Master, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high!
2. Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief today;
3. Master, the terror is o'er, The elements gently rest;

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

Carest thou not that we perish? How canst Thou lie asleep,
Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul,
linger, O blest Redeemer! Leave me alone no more;

When each moment as madly is threatening A grave in the angry deep? And I perish! I perish! dear Master—Oh, hasten, and take control! And with joy I shall make the best hasten. And rest on the blissful shore.

Chorus.

The winds and the waves shall o'er Thy will, Peace, be still!
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!
Master, the Tempest is Raging.—Concluded.

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons or men, or what

ever it be, No waters can swallow the ship where lies The

do.

Master of ocean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-

be Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall

sweetly obey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!
No. 29. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'Kane, by per.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
2. 'O'er all those wide-spreaded plains Shines one eternal day.
3. When shall I reach the happy place And be forever blest?
4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay.

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie,
There God the Son for ever reigns, And scatters night away.
When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bosom rest?
The Jordan's waves around me still, Fearless I'd launch a way.

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and happy land,
Just a cross on the ever-green shore.
Sing the song of Moses and the ever-green shore.

Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus evermore.
No. 30. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

W. A. C.                                      WILBUR A. CHEWIT.

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 Saviour's command, These are the words he has given,

Message of mercy that comes from above, Hear what the Saviour is saying.
Wandering blindly in night's gloom and shades, Headless of dangers beside you.
Heavy your burdens and pressing your need, Dark is the night-time and dreary.
Leading us on to the long promised land, Leading from earth up to heaven.

Chorus.

Walk in the light.... Follow the step of the Saviour,

Walk in the light. O walk in the light.

Walk in the light.... Walk in the light forever.

Walk in the light. O walk in the light.

From the "Instructor's Lesson Hymnal," by per.
No. 31. WE'LL GREET THEM.

K. G. S.  

1. In the land so bright and golden, Far away beyond the sky;
2. On the mountain heights of Pagan, By our faith we almost see
3. We shall meet our dear departed, Gathered there hard by the throne,

Souls redeemed from earth-by-throwed-down, Shall we greet them by and by?
That fair land, dear land of promise, Where our souls shall be made free.
And with voices joined in concert, We shall know as we are known.

Chorus.

Greet them! Greet them on fair Caspar's blissful shore, Sweet how
We shall greet them,

sweet will be the greeting When we meet to part no more.
No. 32. HEAR THE NEWS.

J. E. H. Lively.

J. E. Hall, by perm.

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

Joy - ful tid - ings that He brings,
All ye deaf and dumb believe
He will all your bur - dens sur - rend er,
Ask His aid and trust His mer - cy,
Hail with joy the Lord to - day,
And the bless - ing now re - ceive,
And your soul with love and cheer;
Per - fect health you then shall know.

Chorus.

Hear the news, Hear the news, 'Tis the Saviour comes 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 *International Lessons Revised.*
No. 33. WE ARE PILGRIMS OF A DAY.

W. L.    ROBERT LOWRY, D.D.

1. We are pilgrims of a day, Homeward bound, homeward bound;
2. We are happy in the Lord, Traveling on, traveling on;
3. Sin and sorrow here below, Soon will end, soon will end;
4. Working all the way along, Rest will come, rest will come;

Sing-ing on our cheerful way, We are homeward bound.
Trust-ing in His holy word, We are traveling on.
In the land to which we go, Till and aye will end.
Light on work with prayer and song, Bless-ed rest will come.

Chorus.

On-ward, onward still, O ye hopeful pilgrims; Forward, fair no ill,
Tender is our home; We journey, hand in hand, To Omnian's

happy land; Omnia, ye friends and neighbors, And join the pilgrim band.
1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a
great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
parted right and left, Are you ready for that day to come?

2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a
bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on- ly come to
them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come?

3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a
sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall hear His doom, "De-
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 gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger,
2. Our shout King the watchword gave, "Let ev'ry lamp be burning;"
3. Should coming days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sorrows,
4. Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise, Each cord on earth to sever,

Would not detain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and danger;
We look afar across the wave, Our distant home discerning.
For hope will sing with courage bold, "There's glory in the morn now,
There—bright and joyous in the skies, There—is our home for ever;

For now we stand on Jordan's strand; Our friends are passing o'er;

And, just before, the shining shore. We may almost discover.
1. Lord I care not for riches, Neither sil - ver nor gold, I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, say
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

glo - ry, I would en - ter the fold, In the book of Thy king - dom, With its Sav - iour! Is suf - f - cient for me, For Thy promise is written In bright
be - ings, In pure garments of white, Where no evil thing com - eth. To de -

no - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name written there? letters that glow, "The" your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow," spell 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?

Is in the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
No. 37. OUR MOTHER’S WAY.


1. Oh with is a little cottage, As the shadows gently fall,
   While the sunlight touches softly, One sweet face up on the wall;
   There the loving ones gather, And in hushed and tender tone,
   Ask each other full forgiveness, For the wrong that each had done.

2. If our home be bright and cheery If it holds a welcome true,
   Opening wide its door of greeting To the many not the few;
   If we share our Father’s bounty With the need y day by day,
   Let us do our duty bravely, “This was our dear mother’s way,”

3. Sometimes when our hearts grow heavy, Or our task seems very long;
   When our burdens look too heavy, And we deem the right all wrong;
   Then we gain a new fresh courage, As once more we rise to say,
   They may find us calmly waiting To go home our mother’s way.

4. Oh how oft it comes before us, That sweet face up on the wall,
   And her memory seems more precious, As we on her ever-long call;
   That at last, when evening shadows mark the closing of life’s day,
   To go home our mother’s way.

Refrain.

1. As I wondered why this custom, At the closing of the day.
   2-4. Gentle mother, loving mother, Sainted mother good and true.

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No. 38. ABIDE WITH ME.

Rev. H. F. Lyte.

1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the ev-en- tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers
die, its glo-ries pass a-way; Changer and de- cay in
Grace can tell the tem- per’s pow’r? Who, like thy self, my
weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness; Where is death’s sting? who,
gloam and point me to the skies; Heaven’s morn-ing breaks, and
fall and con- ducts flee; Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me.
all around I see; O Thou who changest not a-bide with me.
guide and stay can be? Thou’st cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me.
grieve, thy vic-tory? I triumph still, if Thou a-bide with me.
earth’s vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me.

Wm. H. Monk.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out Life’s lit-tle day; Earth’s joys grow
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-’ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no See, with Thee at hand to lead; Ills have no
5. Hold Thine Thy cross be- fore my clos- ing eyes; Shines through the
No. 39. I'M RESTING IN THE CRUCIFIED.

F. A. B.

1. The Crucified of Calvary Has taken all my load of sin;
2. Woe, woe, and I wander'd, long Oppress'd with burdens hard to bear;
3. Oh, what a resting-place is this, And refuge for the weary soul,
4. So sure from ev'ry foe am I, While resting in the crucified:

Has cleansed my heart from ev'ry stain, And brought the glorious fullness in,
But when the Crucified I sought, I found sweet rest and solace there,
Where sin's wild ocean cannot drown, The's near its threat'ning billows roll!
Here is a calm and safe retreat, And here I ever would abide.

Chorus.

The Crucified of Calvary, I'm sweetly resting in the Crucified:

He meets me now, and all the time I'm sweetly resting in the Crucified.

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No. 40. LOVE AND GRACE.

I. L. L. J. I. LESLIE.

1. Oh! 'twas love that brought me to Him, And 'twas love that keeps me there;
2. Dark it was before I found Him, And the way I could not see;
3. Oh! how blest to walk with Jesus! Joy we never knew before;
4. Now it is by faith I view Him, As I walk the narrow way;
5. Then my joy will be forever; There no clouds will intervene;

By His grace it was I knew Him, Now my Saviour dear and fair.
Now the light that shines around Him, As I follow, falls on me.
From our fear His presence frees us, While we trust Him more and more.
But He soon will call me to Him, In that bright approaching day.
And the dark areas o'er there never—I shall see Him as I'm seen.

Chorus.

Love and grace, His love and grace, I will sing in every place,

Till I reach that blissful shore, Where I'll praise Him ever more!

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

J. H. K. J. H. KUSENNAE.

1. At the sounding of the trum-pet, when the saints are gather'd home,
   We will greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea, crys-tal sea,
   What a cath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.
   What a cath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.

2. When the an-gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
   We shall gather and the sav'd and ransom'd see, glad-ly see,
   What a cath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.
   What a cath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.

3. At the great and fin-al judgment, when the hid men comes to light,
   When the Lord in all His glo-ry we shall see, we shall see,
   What a cath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.
   What a cath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.

4. When the gold-en harps are sound-ing and the an-gel bands proclaim,
   In tri-umphant strains the glo-rious ju-bi-lee, ju-bi-lee,
   What a cath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.
   What a cath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.

By permission J. H. KUSENNAE & SONS.

43
What a Gath'ring That will be.—Concluded.

Chorus.

What a gath'ring, gath'ring,

What a gath'ring of the hov'd ones, when we'll meet with one another,

At the sounding of the glorious jubilee, jubilee!

What a gath'ring, gath'ring,

What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each other,

What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
No. 42. Nothing, Lord, Have I to Bring.

E. G. S.  

1. Nothing, Lord, have I to bring; This is all my plea: Jesus on the  
2. All unequal, a last unequal, Heart by sin defiled; But my Saviour  
3. Dear Redeemer, precious Lamb, While hence we say; In con-tri-tion  
4. Write Thy law upon my heart, Stamp Thine image there; Never more from  

Chorus.  

rugged cross Died to men's soul. Precious Saviour,  
calls and says, Be ye re-sus-cited. I would come; Wash my guilt a-way, Precious Saviour,  
me de-part, Be Thou ev-e-n ear. Precious Saviour,  

Lord of all, Lord of all, Speak to me; Speak to me, oh, speak in love! By Thy dy-ing ag-e-  
speak in love; By Thy dy-ing  

nles, By Thy blood my sins re-move. By Thy precious blood my sins re-move.
No. 43. I AM SHELTERED IN THEE.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS, by rec.

1. I am safe in the Rock that is higher than I, This my refuge thee
2. I am safe in the cleft that was re-ve- en for me, From the pow'ry of the
3. I am safe in the Rock, let what- so- er be-hide, Death and hell have no

storms e'er shall be, The' my frail bark is tossed on the billows mad from,
temp-te I'm free; The' my pathway be dark and the storms sweep the sky,
ter-ror to me; I can walk without fear thro' the shadow-y vale.

Chorus.

Yet I'm sheltered for ev- er in Thee. Sheltered in Thee,
Yet se- cure- ly I'm sheltered in Thee.
For se- sure- ly I'm sheltered in Thee.
Sheltered in

sheltered in Thee. O thou blest Rock of A- ges, I am sheltered in Thee!
Thou, in Thee.
No. 44. NEVERMORE.

Dr. H.born. J. H. TENNEY.

1. This is not my place of rest—ing; Mine's a city yet to come; Onward to it I am hast—ing, On to my e-ter—nal home.

2. In it all is light and glo—ry; Over it shines a nightless day. Every trace of sick—ened sto—ry, All the curse hath pass'd a—way.

3. There the Lord, our Shep—herd, leads us By the streams of life a—long. On the fresh—est pas—tures feeds us; Turn our sighing in to song.

Chorus.

Never—more, never—more, nevermore be sad and weak—ly;

Never—more, never—more, never—more, never—more, never—more.

Never—more, never—more, never—more to sin a—gain.

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No. 45. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. J. T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small,
2. Then down beneath His cross I'll lay my sin-sick soul.
3. When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise,
4. And when before the throne, I stand in Him complete,

Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thy all in all,
For naught have I to bring, Thy grace must make me whole.
Then "Jesus paid it all," Shall read the vaulted skies,
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Jesus' feet.

Chorus.

Jesus paid it all, All to Him I owe,

Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed me white as snow.
No. 46. HE SAVES TO THE UTTERMEST.

CHAN. I. BUTLER.  

1. I was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a
   sinner could be, I wondered if Christ, the Redeemer,
   would save a poor sinner like me. I was dejected in the
   dark, no ray of light could see; And the Saviour that was speaking so kind to me:
   thought filled my heart with sadness, There's no hope for a sinner like me.

2. But there in that holy hour A voice sweetly
   joy came to me; My heart was filled with praise
   was saving a poor sinner like me. I listen'd, and there was the
   For Jesus' sake, He saved a poor sinner like me. No longer in darkness I'm
   I'm the chief of sinners, There can't save a poor sinner like me.
   new man to others

JNO. R. SWENY, by per.

3. Fully then trusted I in Jesus, And oh, what a
   Saviour that was speaking so kind to me: And
   I'm telling How He saved a poor sinner like me,

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness."
No. 47. SPREAD THE NEWS.

1. Be merciful to us, O God; upon Thy people shine;  
2. Give light and comfort to Thine own; and let that light extend;  
3. Let all the people praise Thee, Lord; let all their homage bring;

And spread Thy saving truth abroad, till all that live be Thine. 
Till Thy prevailing name be known, to earth's remotest bound. 
From sea to sea, be Thou adored, Redeemer, Judge and King.

Chorus.

Spread the news far and wide, across the ocean's tide, Tell a Saviour's boundless love.

The glad tidings noise abroad, let us praise with one accord, our God who rules above.
No. 48. THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. J. B. Atchison. T. C. O'Kane, by per.

1. What is it flows in crim-son stream? '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! Precious blood of Je-sus;

What is it does the world re-deem? 'Tis the blood of Je-sus;
Where is the bro-ken heart made whole? In the blood of Je-sus;
Pre-pare me for my home a-bove, Clean-ing blood of Je-sus;

Yes, Jesus' blood will cleanse each stain, And purge the heart from ev'ry sin.
There is a balm for ev'ry wound, For all mankind it doth a-bound.
O precious foun-tain filled with blood, I'll plunge beneath the purple flood,

'Twill make man wholly pure with-in— Precious blood of Je-sus.
A heal-ing stream no depth can sound— 'Tis the blood of Je-sus.
And rise re-formed, restored, re-newed, In the blood of Je-sus.

Chorus.

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

precious blood.

From the "International Lesson Hymns."
No. 49. I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

Moderato.

1. I dare not idle stand, While here on ev'ry hand The...s
2. I dare not idle stand, While on the shifting sand The...s
3. I dare not idle stand, While o'er all the land I've...s
4. I dare not idle stand, But at my Lord's command, La...s

Whitering fields declare the harvest near; A gleaner I would be, And...s
Ocean waves bright treasures at my feet; Beneath some shell's rough side The...s
Wandering souls need humble help like mine; Brighter than brightest gems In...s
her for Him throughout my life's short day, Evening will come at last, Day's...s

gather, Lord, for Thee, Lost with empty hands at last appear, the - est pearl may hide, And I with precious gifts my Lord may meet, monarch's di - a - dem. Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine, In - her all be passed. And rest e - ter - nal my brief toil re - pay.

From: *Hymn Syllabus.*
No. 50. 'TIS SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

FRANCIS J. KEELER. J. BALSELL, by peri.

Solo.

1. At home or a-broad, in the al-le-e or street, Where-ev'-er I
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown
3. No mat-ter how far from the right she hath stray'd; No mat-ter what
4. No mat-ter how wayward his foot-steps have been; No mat-ter how
5. That head hath been pillow'd on ten-der e-at breast; That form hath been

chance in the wide world to meet, A girl that is thoughtless, a-

harden'd, whose spir-its are cold; Be it won an all fell-en, or

in-nausea less or hath made; No mat-ter what el-e-ments
depth he is sunk-en in sin; No mat-ter how is his

wept o'er, these lips have been press'd; That soul hath been pay'd for in

boy that is wild, My heart echo-es soft-ly—'tis some mother's child,

man all de-filed, A voice whispers sadd-ly—'tis some mother's child,
canker'd the pearl—The' turn-lish'd and sub-hed, she's some mother's girl,

stand-ard of joy—The' guilt-y and loathsome, he's some mother's boy,
to-masweet and wild; For her sake deal gen-tly, with some mother's child.

Chorus.

'Tis some mother's child! 'Tis some mother's child! For

her sake deal gen-tly with some mother's child, For

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1. We thank Thee, our God, For Christ, Thy blessed Son.
2. We thank Thee for Thy grace, Thy mercy, peace, and pow'r.
3. We thank Thee for Thy hand, Our faith's ring steps to guide;

Who on the lift of cross, Our peace and pardon won.
So lovingly bestowed Each swiftly passing hour.
Oh, never let us stray One step from Thee aside.

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 blessed Son; Who on the cross of blood and shame,
Who on the cross, The cross
Who on the cross of blood and shame, Our peace and pardon won.
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
   Sun-born of men came down from so high? That He shed His own blood
   To give joy to fill you with cheer, That He pleadeth in love
   For all of His love His mercy to choose? That the harvest may pass

2. Is it nothing to you, that Jesus is here? That He
   Hath washed your feet in His love
   That death of such shame That each one may be saved, who trusts in His name.
   Wash out your heart, And let your spirit rise in grace, and peace to impart.

3. Is it nothing to you, that still you refuse To ac-
   Chorus.
   Is it nothing to you? all ye who pass by. That the

O death of such shame. That each one may be saved, who trusts in His name.
Just wash your heart, And He promises grace, and peace to impart.
While you de-lay, And the Saviour again we're pass on your way.
IS IT NOTHING TO YOU? Concluded.

No. 53. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

1. There are angels hovering round. There are angels hovering round,
2. They will carry the tidings home. They will carry the tidings home;

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc. 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc. 6 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 moment come,
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peace-felt, sheltering dome,
3. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me come to rest,

When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wilderness of war, This world is not my home.
And lean for succor on His breast, And He'd conduct me home.

Chorus.

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes,

We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gathered home.
We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gathered home.
No. 55. THE RIFTED ROCK.


1. No other refuge, Lord, have I, Who can I trust but Thee?
2. The clouds obscured and dark the way, Storms in wild fury rage,

Oh, fix my hope upon the Rock That has been cleft for me,
Safe from alarm, I rest secure Till Thou the storms as stage.
I am secure within the Rock That has been cleft for me.

Chorus.

The rifted Rock, the rifted Rock, Oh, may it shelter me;
The rifted Rock, the rifted Rock, Oh, may it shelter me;

My hope is on the rifted Rock That has been cleft for me.

61
No. 56. THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.

H. R. PALMER.

1. The prize is set before us—To win, our Lord implores us!
2. We follow where He leadeth—We pasture where He feedeth—
3. Our home is bright above us; No trials there to move us,

The eye of God is over us, From on high, from on high!
We yield to Him who pleadeth From on high, from on high!
But Christ our Lord to love us, Dwell on high; dwell on high!

His loving tones are falling, While sin is dark, appalling;
For naught from Him can sever, Our hope shall brighten ever;
We give our best en-dorse; We praise His name forever; His

Je-sus gen-er-ally call-ing—He is nigh, He is nigh.
faith shall fail us never—He is nigh, He is nigh.
precious words can never—Never die, never die.
Chorus.

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

And with Jesus reign in glory, By and by, by and by;

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

And with Jesus reign in glory, By and by.
No. 57. Hast Thou Looked for the Star.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

1. O say hast thou looked for the star that shall guide thee to Jesus, our Lord, and our King? Go bow at the feet of the Infant Redeemer, His praises forever to sing.

2. O say hast thou looked for the star that shall guide thee to the holy of mercy and love? Go forth in the name of the Infant Redeemer, Shall lead to the fullness of day.

3. O say hast thou looked for the star that shall guide thee to Heaven's best mansions of rest? 'Tis Bethlehem's star, 'tis the Infant Redeemer, And thine shall be treasures o' thence.

4. O say hast thou looked for the star that shall guide thee to the blessed, and believe, and be blest.

Chorus.

O look for the light, ye followers, Haste! for to-day, 'midst all who will seek Him, The precious Redeemer is near.
No. 58. THE PRINCE OF MY PEACE.


1. I stand at best before with wonder, And gaze on the ocean of love;
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it, The blessing that setteth me free;
3. He laid His hand on me and heal d me, And made me be very whit whole;
4. The Prince of my peace is now passing, The light of His face is on me.

And over its waves is my spirit, Come peace, like a heavenly dove.
But when I had rose d from my struggles, His peace Jesus gave unto me.
I touched but the hem of His garment, And glory came thrilling my soul.
But listen, be loved! He speaketh: My peace I will give unto thee.

Chorus.

The cross now covers my sins; The past is under the blood;

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. O. Stapler.

1. Beyond the things that perish, That wither in a day;
   Are pleasures far more lasting, Which never fade away.

2. Though darkness gather 'round me, Though sorrow dim my eye,
   Though hosts of foes surround me, Deliverance is nigh.

3. Oh God! I'll ever praise Thee, For all Thy goodness past;
   While life itself shall last.

Chorus.

Beyond this world, Beyond its ever-changing sky,

Beyond this world, Beyond this world, Beyond, beyond its ever-changing sky.

Beyond, beyond, beyond this world, Are joys which never die.
No. 60. HE LEADETH ME.

Mrs. R. M. McIntosh.

1. He lead - eth me? O, blessed thought! O, words with heav'nly comfort
2. Sometimes 'twixt scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes, where Eden's browns
3. Lord, I would cheer Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er murmur nor re-
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's

fought? Whate'er I do, whate'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
Blest me, By waters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!
peace— Content whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!
woe, In death's cold wave I will not see, Since God thou'rt Joshua leadeth me!

Chorus.

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

Repeat Chorus pp.
No. 61. GUIDE ME, SAVIOUR.

E. M. C.

E. MANFORD CLARKE.

Slow and pathetic.

1. Guide me, Saviour, ever guide me. By Thy counsel
   Let Thy tender care be ever near; (Omit.)

2. Guide me, Saviour, in life's morning; Guide me at its
   Guide me then! 'tis evening coming; (Omit.)

and Thy word;

) Safely guide me, oh, my Lord! Guide me,
noon of day;

) Guide me all my pilgrim way. Oh, my

Saviour, safely guide me, Over life's dark and stormy sea;
Saviour, do not leave me, Lest the tempter should beguile;
ways shall make me happy, Happy ever, Lord, in Thee,
ways near to save me, Leading onward with a smile.

68
No. 62. WAITING AT THE POOL.


1. Thousands stand to-day in weeping, Waiting at the pool;
   Stay ing they will wash to-morrow, Waiting at the pool;
   Souls, your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool;
   Hearts, your heavy burden bearing, Waiting at the pool;
   Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool;
   Come their voice on back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool.

2. Others step in left and right, Wash their stained garments white.
   Can it be you, never heard, Jesus long ago hath stirred
   Back from Canaan's happy shore, Sorrow past and labor over,
   Leaving you in sorrow's night,
   The waters with His mighty word, Waiting at the pool.
   When they stand in tears no more.

3. Waiting, waiting, waiting at the pool.

4. 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, as behold her face,
   If you keep the leper's place
   Waiting at the pool.

5. Step he boldly—death may smite you,
   Waiting at the pool;
   Jesus may no more invite you,
   Waiting at the pool;
   Faith is near you, take her hand,
   Seek with her the better land,
   And no longer doubting stand
   Waiting at the pool.
63. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

I. WATTS

Arranged by H. SANFORD, Baltimore, Md.

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies,
   I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-shape, And fiery darts be hurled,
   Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, Let storms of sorrow fall;
   And wipe my weeping eyes, And face a frowning world.

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest,
   My God, my heart, my all, Across my peaceful breast.

   And wipe my weeping eyes, And face a frowning world.
   My God, my heart, my all, Across my peaceful breast.

   I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
   Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
   So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heart, my all.
   And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.
No. 64. THE FATHER-LAND.

This is a song my Mother used to sing in the days of my childhood. She was a sweet 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 it for her sake. Not being acquainted with music, a friend has written it out from my memory as I heard her sing it nearly thirty years ago.

R. M. WHITTEMORE.

Arr. by FRANK L. ARRINGTON.

1. There is a place where my hopes are stay’d, My heart and my treasures are there;
2. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful abode;
3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suffered and worshipped 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 eternally fair.
The joys of that home no tongue can tell, For there is the Palace of God.
Exalted with Christ high on His throne, The King in His beauty they see.
A land which the Lord Jesus will give, And then I shall served no more.

Chorus.

That blissful place is my Father-land, By faith its delights I explore;

Come favor my flight, angelic land, And waft me in peace to the shore.

71
No. 65. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

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 every day, I want to lead the erring in the way;
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r and love;
4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and saving to thy word.

I want to sing and pray and be busy every day In the vineyard of the Lord,
That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love, In 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,

vineyard of the Lord, Of the Lord;
I will work, I will pray,
I WANT TO BE A WORKER.—Concluded.

I will labor every day In the vineyard of the Lord.

No. 66. I ONCE WAS A STRANGER.

Slowly, and with great feeling.

H. E. PALMER.

I once was a stranger to grace and to God; I knew not my
2. Like tears from the daughters of Zion on that day, I wept when the
3. When free grace awoke me, by light from on high, Then legal fears
4. My fears are all vanished before the sweet name; My guilty fears

danger, I felt not my load; Though friends spoke in rapture of
wars were over His soul; Yet thought not that my sins had
shook me, I trembled to die: No refuge nor solitude in
vanished, with boldness I came To drink in the fountain, life-

Christ on the tree: Jehovah Lord Jesus was nothing to me,
nailed to the tree: Jehovah Lord Jesus was nothing to me.
self could I see: Jehovah Lord Jesus my Saviour must be.
giving and free: Jehovah Lord Jesus was all things to me.

All have thought it better to insert the words, "Lord Jesus," instead of the Hebrew word Yehovah (The Lord of
Copyright, 1881, by H. E. PALMER.

73
No. 67. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

MENSENBORG.

1. I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,
   Where storms after storms rise, and darkness from day.

2. I would not live alway, no, I dread not its gloom,
   Since Jesus has lain there, I sweet be my rest, till He bids me arise.

The rare hard mornings that dawn on the scene,
Are enough for life’s woes, full enough for its cheer.
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

Chorus.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven my home.

3. Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
   Away from the heaven of his sweetest adored?
   Where rivers of pleasure flow o’er the bright planes,
   And the mount of glory eternally reigns.

4. Where the souls of all ages in harmony meet,
   Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
   While the anthems of rapture morningly call,
   And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.
No. 68. THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

ALLEN.

Chorus by L. HEXTELL, by prc.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - here Who once were mourning here!
3. This ren - e - cated cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glo - rious crown! Oh, res - ur - re - tion day!

No; there's a cross for ev - ry one, And there's a cross for me -
But now they taste un - mingled love, And joy without a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Ye an - gels from the skies, come down, And bear my soul a-way.

Chorus.

A beau - ti - ful crown to heaven to wear For all who here the cross will bear;

Oh, hear 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," so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.

Sarah Doctrey. Jasa D. Snively.

1. Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep; Then is a perfect rest, secure and deep—

2. Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep; But until the shadows from this earth are cast, Until He gathers in His sheaves at last, Until the twi—

3. Jesus loves thee best—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night![bracketed text—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!]—

4. Until the Easter glory lights the skies, Until the dead in Jesus shall rise, And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—

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—

6. Only "Good-night," beloved—not "farewell!" A little while, and all His saints shall dwell In hallowed realms indissoluble—

7. Until we meet again before His throne, Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own, Until we know even as we are known—

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Text by rev. The歌舞 & Music Co.
I. I. LESLIE.

1. After the storm that sweeps the sea; After the drifting to the sea;
2. After the winter-long and drear; After the snowlands disappear;
3. After the long and toilsome day; After the sun's fierce, burning ray;
4. After the course of life is run; After its work has all been done;
5. After the march of time shall cease; After earth-life shall end in peace;

After the rocks and sands are passed, Cometh the joy of home at last.
After the winds sweet odors bring, Cometh the ever-welcoming spring.
After the toil of homeward goes, Cometh the night and sweet repose.
After the hands are on the breast, Cometh the long and peaceful rest.
After the changeful disappears, Cometh the long, eternal years.

Refrain.

After all that here we see, What will there be, What will there be?

After all that here we see, After all, eternity.

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No. 71. A CHILD OF THE KING.

HATIE E. BULL.          REV. JOHN B. SCROGGES, by per.

1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth like the
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

world in His hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold. His
possession; but now He is reigning for ever on high, Will
alien by birth? But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An
never there! The exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All

Chorus.

I'm a child of the King, a
I'm a child of the King.

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. STAPLES.

1. I know not the time of His coming: The hour of the day is not known;
2. I know not what duties await me, What work He requires me to do;
3. I know not but whether the summons Shall come in the day or the night,

But I know, that if I am then ready, I'll not walk the dark valley alone.
But with heart and with hands ever ready I shall strive to be willing and true.
I have faith— with the plan, then haste will I do— 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. STAPLES

1. To Jesus my loving Redeemer, Whose blood flowed so freely for me,
2. I sought other ways, in my silly, I groped in the darkness of night;
3. At last in my weakness, I sought Him; His hand was extended to save;
4. 'Twas Jesus who saved me, not blazed 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,
No hope glistened across the dark pathway. My sins they had blinded my sight.
I bowed at the cross in submission. His mercy and pardon He gave.
His blood freely spilt for redemption, Will peace to a poor sinner give.

Chorus.

His blood has cleansed me from sin; My name is written on high. A
child by a depiction—I'm heir To mansions of light in the sky.
No. 74. THE LAND OF REST.

Allegris.

1. How happy every child of grace, Whose sins his sins set free!
   This earth, His cross, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven.

A country far from mortal sight; Yet, O, by faith I see

The land of rest, the saints delight, The land of rest, the saints delight,

The heaven prepared for me, The heaven prepared for me.

2. O what a blessed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
   We more than taste the heavenly powers,
   And anticipate that day.
   We feel the resurrection near,
   Our life in Christ concealed,
   And with His glorious presence here
   Our earthen vessels filled.

O would He more of heaven bestow,
   And let the vessels break,
   And let our ransomed spirit go
   To grasp the God we seek;
   In raptures we see Him to gaze,
   Who bought the right for me;
   And short and wander at His grace,
   Through all eternity.
No. 75. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

E. A. H. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Is there a sinner waiting Mercy and pardon today?
2. Brother, the Master is waiting, Waiting to freely forgive;
3. Yes, He is coming to bless you, While in con- traction you bow;

Welcome the news that we bring Him: "Jesus is passing this way!"
Why not this moment accept Him, Trust in His grace and live?
Coming from sin to redeem you, Ready to save you now;

Coming in love and in mercy, Pardon and peace to bestow,
He is so tender and precious, He is so near you today;
Can you refuse the sal- va-tion Jesus is offering here?

Coming to save the poor sinner From his heart-sick and woe.
Open your heart to receive Him, While He is passing this way,
Open your heart to admit Him, While He is coming so near.

Chorus.

Jesus is passing this way, today, today.
Jesus is passing this way, Today, is passing today!
Jesus is passing this way,
Jesus is passing this way today.

No. 76. Suffering Saviour, Save Me Now.


1. Suffering Saviour, with thine crown, Bless'd and blest, sinking down: Heavy
2. Precious Saviour, this for me, So un-worth-y, all for me! Hurry
3. Flesh would I to Thee be brought, Gracious Lord, forbid it not; In the
4. Should I stray a-way from Thee, Jesus wilt Thou rescue me? For a

listen, weary, worn. Painting, dying, crush'd, and torn, All for me! all for me!
Jesus pure and mild, I would ever be Thy child: O bless me! Even my
kingdom of Thy grace gives Thy wand'ring child a place, By Thy grace oh, save me,
who are born to die; I am trusting and will cry, Lord, save me, oh, save me!
No. 77. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

E. H. STERNHEIM.  R. O. STAPLER.

1. Yon'er, a-maz-ing sight! I see Th'in-carn-ate Son of God.
2. The trum-bling earth, the dark-ened sky, Proclaim the truth a-head.
3. So great, so vast a sac-ri-fice May well my hope re-vive.
4. Oh, that these cords of love di-vine Might draw me, Lord, to Thee!

Ex-pir-ing on th'o-ree-ed tree, And walk'yng in His blood.
And, with th'amazed con-tu- ri-on cry, This is the Sion of God.
If God's own Son thus bleed'ed and died, The sin-ner-sure may live.
Then hast my heart—it shall be Thine-Thine it shall ev-er be.

Chorus.

Oh, won-der-ful mer-cy can it be That Je-sus died for me?

For me, for me He shed His blood On rag'ed Cal-van-ry.
No. 78. NO OTHER NAME.

Mr. C. L. Shackleock, T. C. O'Kane, by req.

1. I am guided on the way, I shall reach the perfect day; I can
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 burdens bear; He will
4. I am singing as I go, I can only rapture know; Knowing

Chorus.

never faint or fail, Jesus ever hears my call. Oh, the name,
provides to save and bless, In His perfect righteousness.
every need supply, He is ever watching right.
that the Lord is mine, Fills my soul with joy divine. Oh, the

sweet, so dear! Trusting hearts to bless and cheer;
name, so sweet, so dear! Trusting hearts to bless and

In it all my hope I rest, In its promise I am blest.
No. 79. BETTER FAR THAN LIFE TO ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Like a vine whose tender branches 'Round the oak have learned to cling: So my heart has found a shelter ever parent nest. Come my spirit heavy laden
be still. From the arrows of oppression heaven above, Deep 'er than the mighty ocean

As a bird on pinions weary, Trembling seeks its Chorus. Day by day.

In Thy love, O Lord my King. To its refuge on Thy breast, Guarded side by every side. In Thy vast eternal love.

In Thy love, O Lord my King. To its refuge on Thy breast, Guarded side by every side. Day by day my lips shall For Thy

In Thy love, O Lord my King. To its refuge on Thy breast, Guarded side by every side. Day by day my lips shall For Thy

Grateful songs of praise to Thee; For Thy

Grateful songs of praise to Thee.
BETTER FAR THAN LIFE TO ME.—Concluded.

No. 80. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

1. O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
   Well may this glowing heart rejoice And tell its raptures all around.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love;
   Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sweetest shrine I move.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
   He drew me, and I follow'd on: Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

Chorus.

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing every day.

4. New rest, my long-divided heart; Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
   Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
   With him of every good posses'd.

5. High heaven that heard the solemn vow, That vow receiv'd shall daily bear;
   Till in life's latest hour I bow,
   And bless in death a bond so dear.
No. 81. CAST YOUR CARE ON JESUS.

1. Why do you carry your burden alone, That burden so heavy to bear?
Why under its weight do you despair, This burden will never cease?

2. Go tell all your troubles, He will give you relief. When sickness or pain shall distress, He will heal, Or pain should disturb you, or

3. When sickness or pain shall distress, He will heal, Or for our Saviour who suffered will

4. Then go to Him always whatever befall, If labor and grief, When Jesus is saying in

5. In tenderness, My child, cast on me every care, never be dead. If only in faith they ascend, they will but kneel And ask this Physician to cure, trusting He all. At the foot of the cross humbly,

6. ’Tis He who Pilot, And have every burden right there.
No. 82. NO ROOM IN HEAVEN.

W. O. CUNNING. J. FAITHFULL, by per.

1. How sad it would be, if when thou didst call, All hopeless and un-forgiven,
2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all over;
3. Oh, haste thou, 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 know that the reapers had gather'd the grain, And left thee alone for ever.
The love that hath sought thee is seeking thee still, And Jesus now waits to save you.

Refrain.

Sad, and, 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.

Knowles Shaw.

Words by Rev. Fillmore Bros.

Geo. A. Mixor.

Arr. by R. G. Staples.

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew-y even, Waiting for the harvest;

2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing mists or clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, has sown and reaped our spirit often-sorely grieved; When our weeping's o'er

3. Go, then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Master, The' the time of reaping. We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus.

Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. He will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

(Repeat pp.)

Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. O God, bringing in the sheaves,
No. 84. THE CRIMSON STREAM.

Rev. J. W. STEVENSON.  S. B. ELLERBEE, by per.

1. I stand beside the crimson stream, That flows from Calvary's mount,

2. The blood of Christ alone will save, From guilt, and fear, and care,

3. I claim the promised blessing now, Freedom from every sin.

And long to wash away all sin, Within its cleansing font.
His blood will sweetly purify, When sought in earnest prayer.
The pow'r to lead a holy life, With Christ in God shut in.

Chorus.

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.

Very slow.  79

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me; See on the portals He's waiting and watching,
2. Why should we stay when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me; Shadows are gathering, death before us is coming,
4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me; Though we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,

Chorus. 79

Watching for you and for me, Come home, Come home;
Mercies for you and for me? Coming for you and for me, Come home, Come home.
Pardon for you and for me. Pardon for you and for me, Come home, Come home.

Ye who are weary, come home, Earnestly, tenderly,
Softly and Tenderly, Etc.—Concluded.

Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner come home!

No. 86. 'TIS SWEET TO PRAY.

E. A. BARTES. G. J. KURZENHAUSE.

1. 'Tis sweet to pray, I call upon His name, I do not call in vain;
   'Tis sweet to pray, I know His care for me; I know His love is free;
   'Tis sweet to pray, I knock and I believe; I ask and I receive;

2. As He is always near, 'Tis sweet to pray; As He will help in cheer;
   At morning's early light, 'Tis sweet to pray; Then at the coming night,

   Wher.

   Oh, it is mine to say, 'Tis sweet to pray, Sweet to pray.
No. 87. BY AND BY.

Rev. John Atkinson, D.D. 

1. We shall meet beyond the river, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harp of glory, By and by, by and by;
3. Wearing robes of snowy whiteness, By and by, by and by;

And the darkness shall be over, By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story, By and by, by and by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness By and by, by and by;

With the toilsome journey done, And the glorious battle won,
And the strains for ever more Shall resound in sweetness ever,
Then, our storms and perils passed, And with glory ears at last.

We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by;
Youder ever lasting shore, By and by, by and by;
We'll posses the kingdom vast, By and by, by and by.
No. 88. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

Arranged.

1. How firm a foundation, of the Lord, is laid for your faith in His excellent word: What more can He say, than to value, or a bounding in wealth, At home or a bound, on the

2. In every condition, in sickness and health, In poverty's God, and will still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

3. Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismay'd; I am thy you He hath said, Ye who un-to Jesus for refuge have fled, bound to the sea. As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever because thee to stand, Upheld by my righteousness On,nip-orient hand.

4. When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow; For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless, And sanctify 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 hurt thee; I only design Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6. Even down to old age all my people shall prove My constant, eternal, unchangeable love; And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lamps they shall still on my bosom be borne.

7. The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.
No. 89. JESUS, I LOVE THY CHARMING NAME.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1. Je - sus, I love Thy charming name, 'Tis music to mine ear;
2. All my expansive powers - can wish In Thee both rich-ly meet;
3. Thy grace still dwells up - on my heart, And sheds its fragrance there;
4. I'll speak the honor of Thy name With my last labor-ing breath;

Fair would I sound it out so loud That earth and Heaven should hear, Not to mine eyes is light so dear; Nor friendship half so sweet.
The no - blest balm of all its wounds, The cur- dinal of its care, Then, speechless, sleep Thou in mine arms, The Con - quer or of death.

That earth and heaven should hear, That earth and heaven should hear, Nor friendship half so sweet, Nor friendship half so sweet.

Fair would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heaven should hear, Not to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
The no - blest balm of all its wounds, The cur - dinal of its care, Then, speechless, sleep Thou in mine arms, The Con - quer or of death.
1. I believed in God's wonderful mercy and grace, Believed in the smile of His
   son-sbled face; Believed in His message of pardons and peace, I be-
   loved thro' His blood. Believed in my Saviour by trusting His word; I be-
   here in the true, living One, Believed in His presence on

2. I believed in the work of my crucified Lord. Believed in redemption a-
   bless-ed and free, Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree; I be-
   high on the throne. Believed in His coming in glory full soon; I be-

Chorus.

Believed, and I keep on believing. Believe and the feeling may

come or may go. Believe in the word, that was written to show That

all who believe, their salvation may know. Believe, and keep right on believing.
No. 91. BE NOT AFRAID.

MARIANNE FARMINGHAM.

1. The tempest rages, And the day is past; Thro' the shadows deepen, And the night falls fast. There is heard a whisper, In the thick'ning shades, It is I, the Master. Do not be afraid.

2. Nothing can be harmful. Which the Father sends; Even loss and sorrow, And the lack of friends, Need not make us fearful, Troubled or dismayed, Since the Lord is saying, Do not be afraid. We must slowly wade; But we hear Christ whisper, Do not be afraid. Last we be dismayed, Christ, the Lord, will whisper, Do not be afraid.

3. In the way we travel There are mountain heights. There must be the falling Of the household lights; Thru' the boisterous waters, Ere our loved one meet, But to give us courage.

4. Soon the flowing river Will be near our feet; We must cross the deep. And the night falls fast. There is heard a whisper, In the thick'ning shades, It is I, the Master. Do not be afraid.

Chorus.

Tis I, it is I, O, do not be afraid.
Oh, be not afraid it is I, 'Tis I.
BE NOT AFRAID.—Concluded.

No. 92. DO I NOT NEED THEE?

R. G. STAPLES.  
M. I. McPhail.

1. Do I not need Thee, Saviour divine? To Thy dear
   precepts My heart incline.

2. Do I not need Thee, Each hour, each day? Put me on—Saviour, draw nigh. How much I need Thee,

3. Do I not need Thee? What power have I? lean on—Saviour, draw nigh. 4th v. Yes, I do need Thee;

4. Do I not need Thee? Weary and faint, Come I on to Thee; Heed my complaint.

I warily know: Dear, precious Saviour, Thy love be stow. Thy love is strong; Grant me protection All the day long.
No. 93. BRIGHT CANAAN.

Old Melody.

1. To-get-er let us sweet-ly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
2. If you get there be-fore I do, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
3. Part of my friends the prize have won, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
4. Then come with me, de-liv-er friend, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
5. Our songs of Praise shall fill the skies, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

To-get-er let us sweet-ly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
Then praise the Lord, I'm com-ing too, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
And I'm re-solved to fol-low on, 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, Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

Oh, Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
1. Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home,"
2. Jesus is calling, Will you not come?
3. Jesus is calling, Why still delay?

Tenderly pleading, Why longer roam?
Will you not enter while there is room?
Life and salvation's offered today:

Hear Him, oh, hear Him say, "Long you have strayed a way,
Sad, sad would be the fate If it should prove too late;
Repentant, come, believe, Do not the Spirit grieve,

Come, then, oh, come today, Sinner, come home;
Why will you longer wait? Sinner, come home.
You should His love receive, Sinner, come home.
No. 95. REDEEMED.

MRS. HARRIET JONES

D. B. TOWNEE.

1. Oh, glad "who-so-ever," the deed is done, My sins are pardoned thru' Christ the Son, Of love so precious I never had dreamed, Oh, sweet is the peace of the soul redeemed, joyful to sing, And dwell in the love of my Lord and King, bathed in the streams, And you shall be filled with a joy supreme.

2. I came to my Saviour, His word believed, When He the sinner at once received, And now His praises I open, in deep and wide; Oh, come, my brethren, and ne'er er had dreamed, Oh, sweet is the peace of the soul redeemed, joyful to sing, And dwell in the love of my Lord and King, bathed in the streams, And you shall be filled with a joy supreme.

Chorus.

Oh, glory to Jesus, my soul is redeemed!
Oh, glory to Jesus, my soul is redeemed!
REDEEMED.—Concluded.

re-deemed! Of love so precious I never had dreamed,
my soul is redeemed! Of

Oh, rap-torous story, re-deemed!
Oh, rap-torous story, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed!

re-deemed! Oh, glo-ry, oh, glo-ry! Oh,
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 re-deemed.
No. 96. O SINNER, HASTE TO JESUS.


1. O sinner, haste to Jesus, come; While mercy waits to welcome home; As
2. O sinner, come, thy soul a-kneel; The Lord of life, thy Saviour own; Oh,
3. His love is great, so is His grace; Then turn to Him thy tearful face. A
4. Come, sinner, to the healing flood; The priceless, pure, atoning blood. Be

O Lamb of God, O Saviour dear, Unto Thy cross I now draw near. Just

as I am, O Lord, save me, Thy promise is my only plan.
No. 97. WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

W. H. BELLAMY.  Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O troubled heart, there is a home, beyond the reach of toil and care; A
home where changes never come; Who would not fain be resting there?

2. Yet when love's dews beneath the load; By love's own soft, this earth's lot; Look
up! that's such that best a body,Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

3. If in thy path are thorns are found, O think who has them on His brow; If
so, they'll soon be done, the core it be, One sigh unutterable palsy forgot; The

4. Till on, nor deem, the core it be, One sigh unutterable palsy forgot; The
day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

Chorus.

Oh, wait, meekly wait, and murmur not; Oh, wait, meekly wait, and murmur not; Oh, wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
No. 98. BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE.

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

Dr. C. H. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Behold what manner of love The Father doth bestow,
2. As sons He calleth us now, And seals us with His love,
3. We know not what we shall be, In heavenly garments drest,
4. His face with glory doth shine, We get but glimpses here;

Truly.

That we who follow His word May in His favor grow,
His grace shall ever sustain, And guide us home to love,
But when His glory appears, In Him we'll secretly rest,
But this we certainly know: To us He shall appear.

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.

1. Jesus is here, oh, what will you do? He knock's at the door of your heart;
2. Jesus is here, oh, what will you do? Your heart will grow callous and cold;
3. Jesus is here, oh, what will you do? Your Saviour can kiss you to-night;

**Chorus.**

Jesus is here, yes, Jesus is here! Oh, what are you going to do? His life blood He gave a ransom to save A poor dying sinner like you.
No. 100. PASSING UNDER THE ROD.


Solemn, with feeling.

1. When bowed with afflicions and woes here below, As on in my way
2. 'Mid tribula and hues that fall on the here, When mingling the cup
3. When sweeping I stand o'er the spoils of the grave, My friends all depart-

so bright Canaan I go, I hear a sweet voice—tis the voice of my God:
of thanksgiving and tears, I hear the same voice, the sweet voice of my God:
—ed beyond the dark wave, I hear the sweet voice of my Father and God:

"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod." "I love thee, pass under the rod." "I love thee, pass under the rod." Pass under the

rod, pass under the rod, I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod.
No. 101. HE KNOWETH THE WAY.

London "Christian World." E. G. STAPLES.

1. 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 knew that the way leadeth homeward To the land of the pure and the blest,

What clouds are o'er-hanging the future, What flow'res by the roadside shall spring;
No beckoning fingers direct me, No welcome floats to me in song;
To the country of ever-fair summer, To the city of peace and of rest;

But there's One who will journey beside me, Nor in weal nor in woe will forsake;
But my guide will never me forsake, By wilderness, mountain, or lake
And there shall be healing for sickness, And fountains, life's fever to slake;

And this is my sole cure and comfort— "He knoweth the way that I take,"
What ever the darkness about me, "He knoweth the way that I take,"
What matters beside? I go bea'nward, "He knoweth the way that I take,"

109
No. 102. SATISFIED BY AND BY.

ANNA STEEL. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Far from these scenes of night Unbounded glories rise,
   And realms of joy and pure delight, Unknown to mortal eyes.

2. Fair land! could mortal eyes But half its charms explore,
   How would our spirits long to rise, And dwell on earth no more.

3. O may the prospect rise For hearts with ardent love,
   Till wings of faith and strong desire, Bear every thought above.

4. Prepared by grace divine, For Thy bright courts on high,
   There with the glorified, Safe by our Saviour's side.

And realms of joy and pure delight, Unknown to mortal eyes.
How would our spirits long to rise, And dwell on earth no more.
Till wings of faith and strong desire, Bear every thought above.

Lord, bid our spirits rise and join The chorus of the sky.

There with the glorified, Safe by our Saviour's side,
There with the glorified, Safe by our Saviour's side.
SATISFIED BY AND BY.—Concluded.

By and by, By and by,
There, there with the glorified, safe, safe by our Saviour's side.

We shall be satisfied By and by.

No. 103. FOREST. L. M.

C. Wesley.

CHAPIN.

1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last subside
2. Rest for my soul I long to find; Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin, And fully set my spirit free;
4. Fain would I learn of Thee, my God, Thy light and easy burden prove,

At Jesus' feet to lay it down! To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
Give me Thy neck and lowly mind, And stamp Thine image on my heart.
I cannot rest till pure within, Till I am wholly lost in Thee.
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood, The labour of Thy dying love.

5. 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.

6. Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Not let Thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away!
No. 104. THAT SWEET OLD STORY.

Arr. by E. G. STAPLES.

1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How He taught His children as share of His love; And if I now but earnestly

2. Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a hand by His fold I should like to have been with them then, seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him a love.

I wish that His hand had been placed on my head; His arm had been in that beautiful place He has gone to prepare, For all who are
THAT SWEET OLD STORY.—Concluded.

thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind
wash'd and for-given; And man-y dear chil-dren are

look when He said Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me,
gath-er-ing there, For of such is the king-dom of heaven.

No. 105. LOVE FOR ALL. WARTENSEE

1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me?
2. I, the dis-satisfied child. Wayward, passionate, and wild;
3. I, who spurned His loving hold. I, who would not be controlled;
4. See, my Father waiting stands; See, He reaches out His hands;

1. who strayed so long a-go, Strayed so far, and fell so low?
1. who left my Father's home, In for-bidden ways to roam!
1. who would not hear His call, I, the will-ful prod-i-gal.
God is love! I know, I see, Love for me—yes, even me.
No. 106. HEAR, O HEAR ME.

R. G. STAPLES

Geo. C. HESS

1. Hear, O hear me, loving Saviour, When I call upon Thy name;
2. Can I longer stay far from Thee, Shall I longer walk in sin?
3. Nor dear Saviour, I am coming; Thee I'm vile, I'll serve in;
4. I am happy, precious Saviour, Once, though blind—now can see:

Let me know Thy gracious favor, Free my soul from guilty shame.
While Thy gentle spirit warns me, And my soul is stirred within.
Help me cease my thoughtless running, Let Thy blood cleanse me from sin.
Keep me ever in Thy favor, Bind me closer still to Thee.

Chorus

I have heard the madding story, Of Thy death upon the tree.
I have heard, have heard, Of Thy death, Thy death,
Of Thy agony as bitter—Precious Saviour, all for me.
No. 107.  AT THE CROSS.

K. HELGO CARTER.  Arr. by E. E. NICKERSON.

1. O Jesus, Lord, Thy dying love Hath pierc'd my contrite heart; Now
2. A-mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled 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 loving voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole,
let me here for-ev-er stand, Where Thou wast cruci-fied,
ev-er let Thy love enthrall, 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 sealed my sight, And now I am happy night and day.

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116
No. 110. **SPURN ME NOT.**

Rev. J. H. Martin.  
D. E. Doniel.

1. Spurn me not, O loving Saviour, Cast me not a-way;  
2. I am sin-full, vile, un-worth-ly, 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 pur chased'd full redemption, Bought my peace with God.  
Make me joy-ful, ev-er sing-ing, "Then my debt hast paid."

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Sav - iour, Cast me not a - way,  
Bless - ed Je - sus, lov-ing Sav - iour,

For I seek Thy smile and fa- vor; Hear me while I pray.
No. III. THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK SONG.

R. G. S. K. G. STAPLES.

1. Christian, ho! the fields are whit'ning For the harvest of the Lord;
2. Onward, Christians, still press onward, Singing sweetly as we go;
3. Christian, ho! the dawn is breaking Of a closer brighter day;
4. Girded with the gospel armor, Join the war, to battle go;

Be not idle, onward ever, Ye shall reap a rich reward.
Strong in faith, we soon shall triumph, The' opposed by many a foe.
Yield not to the clouds of sorrow, Ever onward press your way.
Armed with faith, with Christ as leader, Ye shall conquer every foe.

Chorus.

Till on, till on.
The time of reaping soon will come,
Ever onward, Christian till on.

Work on, work on.
Soon the reaping time will come.
Brothers, work on, brothers, work on.
The reaping time will come.
1. Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came.
2. Five of them were foolish when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were foolish when the Bridegroom came.
3. The foolish had no oil when the Bridegroom came, The foolish had no oil when the Bridegroom came.

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 Zion, O Zion, Go ye out to meet Him when the bridegroom comes!
THE TEN VIRGINS.—Concluded.

4 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.

5 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!

6 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. Maroe.

1. To-day the Saviour calls; Ye wanderers come;
2. To-day the Saviour calls; O, hear Him now;
3. To-day the Saviour calls; For refuge fly;
4. The Spirit calls to day; Yield to His power;

O ye nighted souls, Why longer roam?
With in these sacred walls To Je sus bow.
The storm of justice falls. And death is nigh.
O, give Him not a way; 'Tis mercy's hour.
No. 114. LO! HE CALLS YOU.

Mrs. T. M. Griffin

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Have you ever closed your heart, To the Saviour's tender claim?
2. Have you heard how Jesus died? On the cross that you might live,
3. Why in blindness do you wait, Wandering far from the light?
4. Soon the summer days will go, And the harvest time be past;
5. Oh, the tree that bears no fruit, Cannot alwaysumber grow;

Have you ever taken part, With the world against His name?
Have you sprinkled the crimson side, Which eternal life can give?
Loving things which you should hate, Sinking deeper, to a night?
Then will cease His pleading low, And your doors be sealed at last.
For His blade will smite the root, And be beauty be laid low.

Chorus.

Lo! He calls you for repentance, Now poor wander' he tempest tossed;

Hear the Master's solemn message, Come repent or you are lost.
No. 115. THE DAY-SPRING.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. Calm on the listening ear of night Come hear 's melodious strain,
   Where wild Judea stretches far Her silver mountain plain.

2. The answering hills of Palestine Send back the glad reply.
   And greet, from all their holy heights The day-spring from on high.
   "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's eternal King."

3. "Glo-ry to God!" the sounding skies Loud with their anthems ring
   "Celestial strains, from courts above, Shed sacred glories there,
   O'er the blue depths of Galilee, There comes a holier calm."

4. And angels with their spark-ling lyres, Make music on the air.
   And Sharon waves, in solemn praise, Her silent groves of palm.
   "Fear not, for here the Saviour now is born!"

And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn.
No. 116. TELL IT TO JESUS.

"Tell it to Jesus."—Matt. 16:25.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you weary, are you heavy hearted? Tell it to Jesus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unhidden? Tell it to Jesus,
3. Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Jesus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dying? Tell it to Jesus,

Tell it to Jesus. Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus. Are you anxious what shall be tomorrow?
Tell it to Jesus. For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sighing?

Crown,

Tell it to Jesus alone,
Tell it to Jesus alone. Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus,
Tell it to Jesus alone.

He is a friend that's well known; You have no other
such a friend or brother, Tell it to Jesus alone.

124
No. 117. GOD BE WITH YOU.

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

J. E. HAXIN, D.D. W. G. TOWER.

1. God be with you till we meet again, fly His arms may uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, fly His wings protectingly side you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, fly His arms unceasingly around you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, fly His arms unceasingly over you,

With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai-ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put His arms unceasingly round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Seek Lord's shining ways before you, God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus.

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

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we met, till we meet again.

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No. 118. LOOK, SINNER, LOOK!

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isaiah 45:22.

H. G. STAPLES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Look! ’tis a simple thing to do; Yet fraught with bliss to
2. Look! ’tis the voice of love which speaks And bids the dying
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 sinner from his sins, It ransoms from the fall.
live; To look in faith, ye ends of earth, Will full salvation give, high, And died to save the sinner lost; Behold Him, He is high.
eye; The blind can see, the deaf can hear, The sinner need not die.


goes,

Look, look! the cross is now in view;
Look, sinner, look, look, sinner, look!

Look, look! the message is to you.
Look, sinner, look, look, sinner, look!

100
No. 119. There is a Green Hill far Away.

CECEL F. ALEXANDER.

1. There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall;
2. We may not know, we cannot tell What pains He had to bear,
3. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good;
4. There was no other good enough, To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all;
But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there,
That we might go at last to heav'n, By His precious blood,
He only could unlock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

Chorus.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.
No. 120. THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

E. M. C. E. MANFORD CLARK, by per.

1. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come un-to me, I have a foun-tain
2. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come ye, draw nigh, Come ere ye per-fish!
3. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Woe-ry and week, Come un-to me, how
4. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come ye this way, Come, still the slu-mas flows
5. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come ye i pray, Wa-ter thy soul a-

Open for thee. Freely it flows, oh, pause ye and think.
Why will ye die. When ye might drink and thirst no more?
Long must I seek Thy soul to save and you nothing do,
by these to-day. Tis but a step from you to its brink,
fresh here to-day. Come ye, no price being ye in your hand.

I am that Fount, oh, come ye and drink.
Come, drink ye now, ye fam-ished poor.
When I so much did freely for you? Ho! all ye
Oh, will ye come while yet you may drink?
Come, with the Spir-it, Bride, and the Lamb.

Thirst-y come un-to me, I have a foun-tain
Ho! all ye thirsty, come unto me,
Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come un-to me,
I have a foun-tain

From the International Lesson Hymnal.
THE SAVIOUR'S CALL. Concluded.

Open for thee, Come, drink ye, freely I
Open for thee, Come, drink ye freely I

Hath all ye thirst, drink ye and live,

Give, slowly I give. Hast all ye thirst, drink ye and live.

No. 121. THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Scotch.

1. Sin- ner go, will you go To the high-lands of heav- en?
Where the storms nev- er blow, And the long sum- mer's giv- en?
B.C. And the leaves of the bow'rs In the brier- en are dwin- ging.

Where the bright blooming bow'rs Are their o- dours em- it- ting;

2. Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters peeling,
And the deep laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bowing;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the violets is green,
And eternally growing?

3. He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, come pleading.
No. 122. HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

REV. FRANK BOTTONE, D.D.  I. S. FIELD.

1. Oh, bliss of the puri-fied, bliss of the free,
2. Oh, bliss of the puri-fied, Jesus is mine,
3. Oh, bliss of the puri-fied, bliss of the pure!
4. Oh, Jesus the crucified! There will I sing.

I plunge in the crimson tide, opened for me;
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King!

Over sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to
In conscious salvation I sing to His grace,
Who lifteth
No sorrow bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but
My soul filled with crape shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph

Chorus

the print of the nails in His hand,
up on me the light of His face,
may dry them on Jesus' breast,
in death in the Mighty to save.

Oh, sing of His mighty love
sing of His mighty love, mighty to save.
No. 123. ONE DAY NEARER.

C. A. P.

1. Nea-er home, nea-er home, I am one day nea-er home, Nea-er
2. Nea-er home, nea-er home, I am one day nea-er home, Nea-er
3. Nea-er home, nea-er home, Yes I’m one day nea-er home, Then the

all that is dear to the soul, Nea-er kin-dered and friends, gen-er-
where many mansions will be, Nea-er to that great home, and the
room is laid down for the crown, Nea-er home that bleed hard where there’s

by the bound of life, Bless-ed thought I am near er the goal.
white-robed an-gel band, On the banks of the bright eys-
rest from toil and pain, And our Sav-ior in-vites us to come.

Chorus.

Nea-er home sweet home; Ev’ry day takes me one day nea-er
Nea-er home; sweet home;

home; Nea-er home, sweet home, Soon I’ll rest in that home, sweet home.
Sweet home, nea-er home, sweet home,
No. 124. IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.

J. G. RANKIN, D. D.  J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. I stood alone with life's mem'ry, In sight of the crystal sea, And I saw the throne of the star-crown'd one. With my mother's knee: Of the counsels given to my father's love. The folly and sin—Of the times I'd mock'd when the Saviour knock'd, And remember me. Remember thy ways in the former days. The

2. I thought of the days of my childhood fears, The gray of the leaves, The pathless woods, and the lone moon. The deeper it was, the sweeter the rain. The mutter of the waves, and the period of sighs. The struggles of the soul, and the sorrows of the heart. The

3. I heard a voice, like the voice of God: Be remembered; remember me. Of the chimes that tolled, The heaving of the sea, The fragrance of the fields, and the beauty of the skies. The

4. I saw a crown for me; And when the voice of the Judge did sound, It was not too late, too late. I would not let Him in; I thought, I thought of the voice I'd made, known that they might's have won! I thought, I thought, and my thoughts ran on.

Of the Judge on the great white throne; And I saw the

Shut without lest I stand for nay? And the Judge, will He

When I lay at death's dark door—Would He spare my

Like the tide of a sun-less sea— Am I living or
IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.—Concluded.

star-crow'n'd take their seats—but none could I call my own.

say, "I know you not," How'er I may knock and pray.

life; I'd give up the strife, And serve Him for ev' ermore—dead?"

'so my soul I said, "An end is there ne'er to be.

5. It seemed as tho' I woke from a dream,
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodies sounded the Sabbath bells
From towers that were far away,
I then became as a child,
And I wept and wept afresh;
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
And given a heart of flesh.

6. Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And I think of the crystal sea; [verse,
And I see the throne of the star-crow'n'd
I know there's a crown for me; [verse,
And when the voice of the Judge says,
Of the Judge on the great white throne.
I know and think of the throne of the star-crow'n'd
There's one I shall call my own. [verse.

No. 125. CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

Eternally, and in exact time.

1. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Thinking not His thrown as
Cast thy bread, for thy life shall gather its fruits again

—way, God himself shall with thee there gather It again some future day.

—way, God himself shall with thee there gather It again some future day.

2. Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly through the billows still,
They hasten on as thou hast sent,
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3. Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?

Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

4. Give, then, freely of thy substance—
O'er this earth the Lord doth reign;
Cast thy bread, and tell with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.
No. 126. SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

J. F. KINSEY. By part.

1. We shall reach the river's 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 stormy tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Peace and plenty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Gath'ring round the great shin then, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall press the sands of gold, While before our eyes unfold
We will hear the wondrous strain, Glory to the Lamb that's slain,
By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rapture everywhere;

Heaven's splendors yet untold, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
Christ was dead, but lives again, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
Oh, the bliss of never there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
No. 127. GO, BURY THY SORROW.

R. G. STAPLES

1. Go, bury thy sorrow, The world hath its share;
2. Go, tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief;
3. Hearts growing more wear-y With burdens of woe,

So bury it deep-ly, Go, hide it with care;
Go, tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee reli-
Now droop mid the dark-ness, Go, com-fort them, go;

Go, think of it calm-ly, When en-tained by night;
Go, gather the sun-shine, He sheds on thy way;
Go, bury thy sorrow, Let others be blest;

Go, tell it to Jesus, And all will be right.
He'll light en thy is-ble, Go, war-y one pray.
Go, give them the sun-shine Tell Jesus the rest.
No. 128. SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - lehem came, Born in a manger to
2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt and my
3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I did wander a-
4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom - ise as

sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful, blast be His name, Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dying for me, for
far from the fal - lent; Gently and long He hath plied with my soul, Calling for me, for
wans - ey years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

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

me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;
me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Dying for me;
me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me;
me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me;

Oh, it was wonderful, blast be His name, Seeking for me, for
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dying for me, for
Gently and long He hath plied with my soul, Calling for me, for
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

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No. 129. WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH.

E. G. STAPLES

1. Whosoever you, vile tho' I be, The Saviour of all races even me I'll go to Him now with all whose ever hear this my plea, Jesus have mercy. I come to Thee, Son of God—Sin me take heed! 'Tis a precious word, all whose ever hear this my plea, Jesus have mercy. I come to Thee, Son of God—Sin me take heed! 'Tis a precious word,

2. Whosoever then can you not see, That this is Jesus' Son, He who can now be seen since His Christ can give Salvation free to none who come; Sinner a welcome a waits—Come home.

3. Whosoever then why should we live Away from the Cross since His Christ can give Salvation free to none who come; Sinner a welcome a waits—Come home.

Chorus.

Whosoever, whosoever Jesus that means even me;

Whosoever, whosoever believer from wrath shall be free.
No. 130. FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

A. B. H. A. B. HARGRINE.

1. Oh, wondrous compassion, Oh, infinite love! The
2. But out from the gates of the rock-riven tomb rise
3. Sometimes in our visions we see that bright land And

Saviour descended to earth; He left the bright mansions of
eternal life; He summoned its poe-tics; He
think of the happy scene there; Where no wave of sorrow shall

glory a-fore, That we might have heavenly birth. A
scattered its glistening, And made it the path to the skies. And
break on the strand, But all shall be peaceful and gay, And

pity, grace and strength He wandered for-born, And died upon
through His redemption, His crown, His cross, A testimony and
waiting to greet us, with beckoning hands, Our blessed re-
FOR YOU AND FOR ME. Concluded.

and Calvary; He was betrayed and rejected and
martyrdom we see: Where, just on the shore of the

crowned with them, He suffered for you and for me.
goose to pasture, A mansions for you and for me.
river He stands; In welcome for you and for me.

No. 131. I WILL ARISE.

M. B. WHARTON, D. D. A.S. by R. G. STAPLES.

1. O'er the weary roads of trial, Wonderlandly child, why longer roam?
2. Come, O come your vain endeavor still to strive on Sion's slide,
3. Why go on your Lord re-patting; Why re-peat the gracious call?
4. When you left Him, wild, wide, wand'ly, Fenced and plentifully, on you smiled,
5. In His loving arms He'll preserve, By His side will be your place,

Chorus:—I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in His arms.

Come! there's rest, and joy, and gladness, In your Fath er's happy home.
For the fruits of sin can never satisfy the hungry soul.
In your Heavenly Father's dwelling broad there is enough for all.
Blessed home, for He will gladly Welcome His returning child.
In His spotless robe He'll dress you He will fill you with his grace.

In the arms of my dearest hour, O there are ten thousand charms.
No. 132.  UP YONDER.

"In Thy light shall we see light."—Psa. 36:9.

MARGARETTE SNOWBANK.  C. MARTIN TOWE.

1. Tho' our pathway may be dreary, Yonder there is light;
2. Never then despair or wonder; Only day by day,
3. One has trod the steps before us, Marking all the way;

And a Hand when we are weary, Reaching thro' the night. As the darkness drifts a wonder, We shall find our way. While His watchful care is o'er us, We need never stray.

Crescendo.

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, a fence by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock divine, O Refuge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;

Sure what-er ill betide, A shelter in the time of storm.
No fears a-harm no foes a-fright, A shelter in the time of storm.
We'll never leave our safe retreat, A shelter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help ev'ry hour, A shelter in the time of storm.

Chorus.

O Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A weary land a weary land.

Oh Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A shelter in the time of storm.
1. When our eager, longing spirits Furl their wings to take their flight
2. When there comes the last unfolding Of those folded aching hands,
3. When the pains of life have vanish’d, And the sorrow sense of peace
4. Oh, the peace, the joy, the rapture, That is waiting us at home,

To the mystic shores of beauty far away, Will the
Will the hearts that mourn for low’d ones far away Ever be
Folds us in its tender arms of rest for aye, All the
Where the heart for rest shall never breathe a sigh! Oh the

beacon light of glory Shed its ray of brightness o’er us,
silenced in their yearning, Silenced in their wistful longings,
old friends around us, With the old ties that bound us,
song of bliss that’s swelling, Every tone so sweetly telling,

When our waiting shall be over by and by,
And arise in strength and beauty by and by?
Shall we dwell in rest and gladness by and by?
We shall rest in love forever by and by.
When Our Waiting shall be Over.—Concluded.

When our waiting shall be over, by and by, by and by,

When our waiting shall be over, by and by, by and by,

Will the beacon light of glory Shed its ray of brightness o'er us,

When our waiting shall be over by and by, by and by?
1. Ye who are wand'r ing in pathways of sin, Far from the
region of light; List to the Spirit that's calling to thee,
peace and delight; Come weary ones heavy laden, distressed,
love and His might; Why not this moment accept them His grace?

2. Mercy and pardon is waiting for thee, Blessings of
Jesus will save you tonight, Do not reject then the
Spir it that calls, Jesus will save you tonight.

3. Only believe in the Crucified one, Trust in His
Chorus.
Jesus will save you tonight.
Jesus will save you tonight, Jesus will save you tonight.

Jesus will save you tonight.
No. 136. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

Dr. Horatius Bonar. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Of do not let the Word depart, And close Thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may never rise, To bless Thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. The world has nothing left to give—It has no new, no pure de-light;
4. Our blessed Lord re-sus-cu-ates Who would to Him their souls unite.

Poor sinner, harden not your heart; Then wouldst not be saved—Why not to-night?
This is the time! Oh, then be wise! Then wouldst not be saved—Why not to-night?
Oh, try, the life which Christians live! Then wouldst not be saved—Why not to-night?
Then be the work of grace begun! Then wouldst not be saved—Why not to-night?

Chorus.

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

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From "Gospel Hymns," No. 8, by pop.
No. 137. SAVE THE BOY.

(TEMPERANCE SONG)

Miss S. C. Ellsworth. W. Warren Bentley, by per.

Solo.

1. Once he was so bright and fair,  Glad, and light, and free,
   Shun'd the tempter's pow'r.

2. Once he was so brave and true,  Source of joy and pride,
   Till that dreadful hour.

3. Once he was my only hope,    Then I thought that love might keep,
   Lives in hope of his return.

4. Tell him tho' he's wander'd far,  Love can never die,
   Home with all its joy.
SAVE THE BOY. Concluded.

Drunk, and in the hand of death, Grace'd my darling boy.
Fair the hand that captivat'd, My poor wand'ring boy.
For in sin he's wand'ring now, Save, oh save, the boy.
Keeping still a welcome there For the wand'ring boy.

Chorus.

Save the boy! save the boy! Heaven will ring with joy;

Loving hearts are pleading now, Save, O save the boy.
No. 138. NOTHING BUT THY GRACE.

Enka Pitt.

With Cheer.

1. Jesus, my Saviour, hear my cry, Save me! save me or I perish;
2. Jesus, my all, in Thee I trust, Save me! save me or I perish;
3. O Friend and Helper, be my stay, Save me! save me or I perish;
4. Placing, hoping, I come to Thee, Save me! save me or I perish.

Chorus.

O the hope, precious hope, Nothing but Thy grace can save me;

O the hope, precious hope, Nothing but Thy grace can save me.
No. 139. COME TO THE MERCIFUL SAVIOUR.

I. B. F. FIELD.

1. Oh, come to the merciful Saviour who calls thee, Oh come to the 
2. Oh, come to the Jesus whose arms are ex-roc- ed, To fold His dear 
3. Then come to the Saviour whose mercy grows brighter, The long-er you

Lord who for-gives and for-gets, The dark be the lit which en 
child-dren in clos-est en- she-shine. Oh come, and your ex-ile shall 
look at the depths of His love; Oh fear not, 'sin Jee-sus, and

march now be-fals thee, A bright home awaits thee, whose sun nev-er set! 
short-ly be end-ed, And Jee-sus will show you the light of His face, 
life's cares grow lighter, While think-ing of home and the glo-ry a-bove.

Chorus.

Come home, come home, in dark-ness no long-er to roam, To Jee-sus who

ten-der-ly calls thee to-day, oh broth-er, my broth-er, come home.
No. 140. WILL YOU COME?

A. H. B.

A. H. BRADBURY.

1. Beyond the shores of death's dark river, There lies a land of beauty fair;
2. Oh, come, Thy Saviour gently pleading, From death thy foot would turn away,

Where ransomed souls sing praise forever, And all God's gracious mercy shares.
Oh, come, the spirit's whisper pleading, It bids thee seek His courts to-day,

What though the path of sin enthralls thee? It only leads thee from thy home,
Where songs on golden harps are singing, And where, through heaven's celestial dyes,

Oh, sinner turn; the Saviour calls thee: Will you come; will you come; will you come?
The angel choirs are sweetly singing: Will you come; will you come; will you come?
WILL YOU COME.—Concluded.

Will you come? 

Chorus.

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

Will you come?

Will you come to Him to - day? 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.

FANXY J. CROSBY.

Rev. E. LOWRY, D.D.

1. In Thy cell, O Rock of A- ges, Hide Thou me;
2. From the scene of sin- ful pleas- ure, Hide Thou me;
3. In the lone- ly night of sor- row, Hide Thou me;

When the fit-ful tem- pest rages, Hide Thou me;
Then, my soul's e- ter nal treas-ure, Hide Thou me;
Till in glo- ry dawns the mor- row, Hide Thou me;

Where no mor- tal arm can sev-er From my heart Thy love fur-ther.
When the world its pow'r to wield ing, And my heart is al- most
In the sight of Jordan's blis-ter, Let Thy be- son be my

ev-er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in Thee.
yield- ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in Thee.
plight- ed, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in Thee.

From "Glee as Gold," by Jos.

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No. 142. THE MISSIONARY ANGEL.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth.—Rev. 14:6, 7.

Rev. M. B. WARREN, D. D. 

R. G. STAPLES.

1. The angel is flying, from bright heavenly portals He speeds on his mission of love, Glad tidings He bringeth to perishing mortals Of the rest that remaineth a-bere. The tiara of glory, How Christ brings the wandering home, O calls He to mercies Of the rest that remaineth a-bere. The tiara of glory, How Christ brings the wandering home, O calls He to mercies Of the rest that remaineth a-bere. The tiara of glory, How Christ brings the wandering home, O calls He to mercies Of the rest that remaineth a-bere. The tiara of glory, How Christ brings the wandering home, O calls He to mercies Of the rest that remaineth a-bere. The tiara of glory, How Christ brings the wandering home, O calls He to mercies Of the rest that remaineth a-bere. The tiara of glory, How Christ brings the wandering home, O calls He to mercies Of the rest that remaineth a-bere. The tiara of glory, How Christ brings the wandering home, O calls He to mercies Of the rest that remaineth a-bere. 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No. 143. BEAUTIFUL CANAAN.

CHARLES B. HOLMES.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green,
3. Could we but clinch where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er—

Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain,
So to the Jew's old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

There everlasting spring abides, And never fading flowers,
Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign,

Death, like a narrowing sea, divides, That heavenly land from ours,
And see the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eye,
Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

Chorus.

Beauti - ful, Beauti - ful,

Beautiful, beautiful Canaan, Beauti - ful, beau - ti - ful Canaan,
BELI. CANAAN.—Concluded.

Fair land of Ca-an-an, The beau-ti-ful land of rest.

No. 144. JESUS IS MINE.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

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

nev-er end, Je-sus is mine. Tho' earth'ly joys de-cress
faith up-hold, Je-sus is mine. He shall my wants sup-ply,
judgment day; Je-sus is mine. O what a glo-rious thing.

This' human friendships cease, Now I have last-ing peace, Je-sus is mine.
His precious blood is nigh, Naught can my hope de-stroy Je-sus is mine.
Then to behold my King, On tune-ful harps to sing, Je-sus is mine.
NO. 145. OH, LIST TO THE CALL.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

1. Oh, list to the call, He is yearning for thee, Obey Him, and from

2. Oh, list to the call, He is pleading for you, His love will prevail,

3. Oh, list to the call, and in Jesus confide, In faith, love, and hope,

all thy burdens be free; He knows of thy cares, and His
and His promise is true; He stands at the gate, there to
and He ever walk by His side; Cling close to the Saviour, He'll

infinite love Will tenderly lead thee to
welcombs us all. Oh, list to His pleading, oh,
ever for-sake, And all His disciples His

Chorus.

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

Saviour is near, Then why should we fear? Oh, list to His call, for the
OH, LIST TO THE CALL. Concluded,

Saviour is near, He gladly would lead thee where skies are all clear.

NO. 146. JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. J. T. Grape.

1. Would you find a place of rest? Acquaint thyself with Jesus;
   Would you find a loving breast? 'Tis found alone in Jesus.

2. He was tru-ly Ma-ry's Son, Yet we own Him Jesus;
   He was homeless and a-lone, Yet we love Him, Jesus;

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 cen- tre of the soul.

Where the soul in sweet delight, May ev-er dwell with Jesus.
Shall His glo-rious name prolong, Jesus, only Jesus.
And, while endless a-ges roll, 'Tis Jesus, only Jesus.
No. 147. 'TIS ONLY THRO' JESUS I LIVE.

R. G. S.

R. O. STAPLES

1. Sought can I do that will save My soul from its utter despair?
2. Let me not harbor the thought That I can do ought that will save
3. Let me approach thee, O Lord! Though faith in the Crucified One;
4. Speak words of peace, reconcile This sad aching heart unto Thee;

No word, thought, or action of mine, Believes me when burdened with care.
This sin-burdened heart from its guilt So eagerly yearning the grave.
And to Thy compassion and love, O, speak then, and lo, it is done.
And help me look outward from self, To Jesus who suffered for me.

Chorus:

'Tis only thro' Jesus I live. And this shall be my one plea.
I live,

O Father! Seek thou on the cross. And thou! Thy dear Son pardon me, even me.
His cross.
No. 148. TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

Soprano. (Tenor or Soprano.)

1. O tell me more of Je-sus, Of Him I long to know, Why
2. But why is He so lov-ing? 'Tis more than I can tell, Can

3. He come from heav-en, To help us here be-low? Why
4. He for-give and love us, When we so oft re-bell? Can

5. He come from heav-en, To help us here be-low?
6. He for-give and love us, When we so oft re-bell?

As per W. L. THOMPSON, East Liverpool, Ohio.
TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.—Continued.

2d. Voice. (Soprano or Tenor.)

He saw us poor and needy; By guilt and sin oppressed;
His love is all providing; 'Tis boundless and 'tis free;
He came to us a Saviour, And by Him all were blessed.

He came to us a Saviour.

100
Tell me more of Jesus. — Concluded.

Saviour, And by Him all were blessed,
Saviour, He came for you and me.

First Voice.

And by Him all were blessed, And by Him all were blessed.
He came for you and me, He came for you and me.

Second Voice.

Chorus. A tempo.

O Je-sus, pre-cious Je-sus, Let me love Thee more and more.

Guide me, bless-ed Sav-iour, Guide me to the heav’n-ly shore.

Guide me to the heav’n-ly shore.

Guide me, O my Sav-iour safe-ly to the heav’n-ly shore.
No. 149. GIVE US JESUS.


1. Give us Je- sus-hope despairs us When in earth-ly fears we fly;
2. Give us Je- sus-darkest hours us When His radiant love appears;
3. Give us Je- sus-terror seizes us As we near the solemn grave;
4. Give us Je- sus-naught our plea can please naught our souls can satisfy.

Give us pure and liv- ing wa- ter, Springs e- ter nal let us try!
He can lift the sin- ner's soul, He can shine a way his face.
Then we need a friend to help us Who can pit y, Who can save,
But the pre-cious gift of Je- sus, Who can all our wants supply.

False the wel-ls of sin ful plea- sure, We but fam ish on their brink!
Goo-ing long in sin ful ness, For a per-er light we sigh;
Who can break the ty man's pow er, Who can make the shadows fly.
Morn-ers know your full sal va tion—The Re deem er you im pleas.

Give the souls re fresh ing treas ures, Let us of His ful ness drink.
From the Morn ing Star it blaz es, Let it beam on ev ery eye.
O, a gainst that aw ful hour, Give us Je sus Christ, we cry!
Hear s on now your in ven tion; Christ is yours for ev er more!
No. 150. STAY THOU BY ME.

FANNIE J. CROSBY, \( \text{Gently, with feeling.} \)

W. H. DAINER, \( \text{by per.} \)

1. My way is dark, O Saviour, 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 O, 'twill 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 mid the ransomed throng, Stay Thou by me,

My way is dark, and I a stranger roam,
No heart like Thine my every care has known,
In life, in death, still, still I cling to Thee,

(After last verse.)

Stay Thou by me, and lead, O lead me home.
Stay Thou by me, I cannot walk alone. Amen.
On earth, in heaven, O Lord, stay Thou by me.
No. 151. FLEE AS A BIRD.

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.

Moderate express.

1. Flee as a bird to your mount-ains,
Thou who art wéary of sin;
Where you may wash and be clean;

2. He will pro-tect thee for-ev-er,
Wipe ev-ery falling tear;
Shel-tered so ten-dér-ly there;

Go to the clear flowing
He will for-mak thee, O

fount-ains.
FLEE AS A BIRD. Concluded.

Fly, for th'aven-g'er is near thee; Call and the Saviour will
Haste, then, the hours are fly-ing. Spend not the moments in

hear-thou, He on His bo-son will bear thee,
sigh-ing Come from your sor-row and cry-ing. The

Then who art wea-ry of sin, O thou, whose hart wea-ry of sin.
Saviour will wipe ev-ry tear. The Saviour will wipe ev-ry tear.
No. 152. WHY DO YOU WAIT.

C. J. F.  

W. H. Doane, by pr.

1. Why do you wait? when all things are ready, Ready in Christ, provided
2. Why do you wait? the Spirit is striving, Can you resist, or dare you
3. Why do you wait? now mercy imploring, Tells of the cross where Jesus
4. Why do you wait? salvation is earnest, Life hurry on, then do not

for you? Jesus invites, O tender compassion, Urge, entreat, what recourse? Evil and good He places before you, Darkness and Light, O has died, bids you look up, and by faith behold Him, Points to the blood that delay; What if this night your term of probation Close and your soul be

Chorus.

more can He do? which will you choose? flowed from His side? Come, come, trust in His Word, Come, come, trust in the Lord; buried a-way?

Why do you wait? Once in the time! Then brother, why not come now?
No. 153. LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

J. H. NEWMAN. J. B. IPTB.

1. Lead, kindly Light a-si'd the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev- er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow' er hath blent me, sure it Will lead me

on! The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!
on! I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
on! O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see I lov'd the garish day, and, spite of fears, And with the morn these angels face smile

The distinc scene; one step is enough for me. Pride ruled my will. He mem-bred not past years! Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while!
No. 154. WE SHALL MEET THEM BY AND BY.

CHARLES B. HOLMES.

1. Where the golden sunlight lingers, And the sky with glory fills,
   Soon we'll gather at the river, Where the angels watch and wait;
   Oh, the glad triumphant greeting, On the bright, eternal shore,

   Where the new song rises ever, On the blest, eternal hills;
   Soon we'll sing the new song ever, Safe within the golden gate,
   And the blissful hope of meeting, All our loved ones gone before;

   There our loved ones gather, waiting, Round the golden thrones on high,
   Where the anthem, sweet ascending, Fills with melody the sky,
   No more toiling, no more sadness, Christ, our Father ever high,

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160
We Shall Meet Them By and By.—Concluded.

Peace, and love, all compensating—We shall meet them by and by.
Joy and mercy never ending—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 portals, Free from ev’ry sorrow’s sigh.
Just beyond the portals, Free from ev’ry sigh,
Where there comes no pain nor parting,
Where there comes no parting,

We shall meet them by and by, by and by.
No. 155. DARK WAS THE NIGHT.

R. O. S. & R. O. STAPLES.

1. Dark was the night when the Saviour of men Wrestled in prayer;
   Lifted on high, with the nails thou' His hands, Pierced by the spear,
   Are we in trouble? does life like a load Crush us to earth?

while the great drops of blood Stand on His brow, as in anguish He knelt,
while the blood freely flows; Je - sus our Lord with His last dying groan,
Are we burdened with grief? O let us pray to our Father in heaven,

Chorus.

Pray - ing a - lone With His Fa - ther and God,
Breathe a prayer in be - half of His Son. Sweet hour of prayer,
He will vouchsafe to give such sweet relief!

Know our Saviour and King, Wrestled a lone till midnight so late,

170
DARK WAS THE NIGHT. Concluded.

Teaching this truth that to mansions on high, Pray'r in the golden gate.

No. 156. REMEMBER ME.

Moderato. by R. G. STAPLES.

1. O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to Thee,
2. When with an aching burden'd heart, I seek relief of Thee,
3. When trials sore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot see,
4. If for Thy sake upon my name, Reproach and shame shall be,
5. When worn with pain, disease and grief, This feeble body see,

In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Thy pardons grant, new peace impart,
Oh, let my strength be as my shawl,
I'll hail reproach and welcome shame,
Grant patience, rest and kind relief.

Refrain. Repeat pp

Remember me, remember me, O Lord, remember me.
No. 157. When the Mists have cleared away.

ANE HEBBERT.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splendour From the beauty of the hills,
   And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kisses on the rills,
   We shall know each other better When the mists have clear'd a-way.

2. If we err, in human blindness, And forget that we are dust,
   If we miss the love of kindness When we struggle to be just,
   When the weary watch is o-ver, And the mists have clear'd a-way.

3. When the mists have roll'n a-bove us, And our Father knows His own,
   Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known,
   Heart to heart we hide the shadow, 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 alone.
We shall know, as we are known, Never more to walk alone.

In the dawning of the morning. When the mists have clear'd away; In the dawning of the morning. When the mists have clear'd away.

In the dawning of the morning. When the mists have clear'd away.
In the dawning of the morning. When the mists have clear'd away.
No. 158. LET THE SAVIOUR IN!

J. B. Atkinson, E. O. Exell, by per.

1. There's a Stranger at the door; Let Him in!
2. Open now to Him your heart; Let Him in!
3. Hear you now His loving voice; Let Him in!
4. Now admit the heavenly Guest; Let Him in!

He has been there oft before; Let Him in!
If you wait He will depart; Let Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice; Let Him in!
He will make for you a feast; Let Him in!
Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

Let Him in, ere He is gone; Let Him in, The Holy One,
Let Him in; He is your Friend; And your soul He will defend,
He is standing at the door, Joy to you He will restore,
He will speak your sins forgiven, And when earth-ties all are ris'n,

Jesus Christ, the Father's Son; Let Him in!
He will keep you to the end; Let Him in!
And His name you will adore; Let Him in!
He will take you home to heav'n;
Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

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No. 159. MAKE A FRIEND OF JESUS.

1. Brother, make a friend of Jesus! Who so kind and true? Who so full of rich compassion, And of love to you?
2. Brother, make a friend of Jesus, Trust Him day by day, And you will be safely guided In the narrow way.
3. Brother, make a friend of Jesus, His affection pure, Rich with tender peace and comfort, Ever will endure.

He is the friend of sinners; Freely He will forgive; He is so kind and gracious, He will His own defend;
O what a precious Saviour! O what a friend is He!

Chorus.
Make Him your friend, And He will do

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 Thee, Thou shalt never die.

E. A. H.
No. 160. BEYOND THE GRIEVING.

R. G. STAPLES. FRANK M. DAVIE.

1. We shall meet beyond the grieving, Over on the other side;
2. We shall rest and know no anguish, When we've run our earthly race,
3. Soon we'll join the redeemed chorus Round the throne, far, far above.

When we've crossed the darksome river, With our har-...t in a-bide,
Just beyond this vale of sor-row, On life's mountains, they! God's grace,
Those low grounds of sin and sor-row, In the sun-shine of God's love.

O-ver there, o-ver there,
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there,

Beyond cold Jor-dan's tur-bid tide,
Beyond cold Jordan's tur-bid tide, tur-bid tide, tur-bid tide,

From "Faiths of song," by pub.

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BEYOND THE GRIEVING.—Concluded.

O - ver there, o - ver there,

When we've crossed cold Jordan's tide.

O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there,

When we've crossed cold Jordan's tide, cold Jordan's tide.

No. 161. WEBB. 7s, 6s.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
1. Lift high His loyal banner, It (Omit) must not suffer loss;
D.C.—Till every foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus! The trumpet calls obey;
2. Forth to the mighty conflict, In (Omit) this His glorious day;
D.C.—Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.

From victory unto victory His army shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him. Against unnumbered foes;

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall bet
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.
No. 162. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me in Thy bosom lie;
   My fainting spirit raise, And give me strength to rise.

2. Other refuges have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
   The renovation of my soul Doth all my wants supply.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all I seek in Thee I find;
   Ransomed with the price of blood I am Thy's and only Thine.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cover all my sin;
   With Thee I want no other friend, For Thou art all I'm in.

By, While the near or distant call, Though the tempest still is near,
Thou, Jesus, leave me not a-lone, Still support and comfort me;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the good.
Let the healing streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure within.

Hide me, O my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life is o'er;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I find.
Just and holy is Thy name, I am all unrighteous in Thee.
Thou art of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of Thy salvation.

pp stringendo.
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL—Concluded.

I turn to
Safely
Covering
Vile, and full of sin
Then a spring
Then up within
My guide.
Oh, receive my soul at last.

With the shadow of Thy wing.
Then art full of truth and grace.
I rise to all eternity.

With the shadow of Thy heart.
Then art full of truth and grace.
I rise to all eternity.
1. I need the prayers of those I love! I need the sweet, sweet feeling,

That suit for me is urged in love, When ever dear friends are kneeling.

A midst life's cares  I need the prayers,  
A midst life's cares  I need the prayers,

need the prayers  I need the prayers  
need the prayers of those I love, of those I love.
I need the Prayers of Those I Love.—Concluded.

2 Of those I love the prayers I need!  
They know my wants and sighings;  
They know the way to intercede  
For all my faults and failings.  
On bended knee,  
Remember me,  
Of those I love the prayers I need!

3 Of those I love, I need the prayers!  
Whence'er God's theme addressing;  
'Twill keep my feet from stray-and errors,  
'Twill break in show'rs of blessing.  
Who love me yet,  
Oh, do'er forget;  
Of those I love, I need the prayers!

No. 164. HOW SWEET THE NAME.

Moderato.  

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, In a be-liever's ear,  
It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast;  
Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and kil-ding place;  
Je-sus, my Shepherd, Baviour, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King,  

It makes his sores, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear;  
To man-ns, to the hun-gry soul, And to the weary rest,  
My nev-er-failing treas-ury filled With boundless stores of grace.  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac-cept the praise I bring.
No. 165. I HAVE CHRIST, WHAT WANT I MORE?

K. G. STAPLER

1. In the heart of London city, 'Mid the dwellings of the poor,
   The bright eye of Jesus, 'Mid the望着 from the world's great view.

2. He who bled them ran to bring her Something from the world's great store.
   Oh, my dears, my fellow sinners! High and low, and rich and poor.

These bright yet dear words were uttered: "I have Christ, what want I more?"
It was needed, she died saying: "I have Christ, what want I more?"
Can you say, with deep thanksgiving: "I have Christ, what want I more?"

By a lonely dying woman, stretched upon a garret floor,
But her words will live, forever, I repeat them o'er and o'er,
Look away from earth's affections, All earth's joys will soon be o'er,

Having not one earthly comfort, "I have Christ, what want I more?"
God delights to hear me saying: "I have Christ, what want I more?"
Rest not till such heart-exclaimeth: "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'er, I have Christ, what want I more?

No. 166. I DO BELIEVE.

1. A-ble! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done? He graced me with the tree?

No. Can I do believe, I now believe That Jesus died for me;

Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
A-mazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

And thus His blood, His precious blood I shall from sin be free.

3. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears.
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness.
And melt aside eyes to tears.

4. But drops of grief can never repay
The debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.
No. 167. Speak Gently to thy Brother.

W. E. H. Ret. Wm. E. Hatcher, D.D.

1. They say the world is wicked And ev'ry thing gone wrong:
2. The world will surely tempt us To run the sinful way,

That men are always faithless, And none are true and strong,
Our hearts will often draw us, From God and heav'n a way,

But oh we must remember, That in our fight with sin,
But then we must remember, That if we're always true,

If we will help our brother, He may fight through and win.
And seek to help each other, That Christ will help us too.
Speak Gently, &c.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Speak gently to thy brother, Speak only words of love.

For we must help each other, Until we meet above.

Speak gently: speak gently, Speak only words of love.

For we must help each other, Until we meet above.
No. 168. BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.

E. R. LASSE.  H. S. PERETTE.
Moderato.

1. Blessed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed;
2. Thrice was the crown that He wore, And the cross His body o'er came;
2. Fa- ther, I have wander'd from Thee, Often has my heart gone a-stray;

Bles- sed be the dear Son of God. On- ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But He suf- fer'd not thus in vain.
Crim- son do my sins seem to me— Wa- ter can not wash them a-way.

Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and war,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Je- sus to that Fountain of This, Leaning on Thy promise I go;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy washing divine, And I shall be whiter than snow.
BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.—Concluded.

Chorus.
Whi ter than the snow, Whi ter than the snow,
Whi ter than the snow, Whi ter than the snow,
Whi ter than the snow.

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow, than snow.

No. 169. ROCK OF AGES.
THOMAS HASTINGS.

Fine. D.C.

Rock of Ages, rich for me, Let me hide myself in Thee, Let the water and the blood, Be shed for the guilty sinner, Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow, Could my soul no languor know; These for sin could not alone, Thou must save, and Thee 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, chief for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.
No. 170. We shall know Each other There.

C. A. F.

1. Shall we know our lov'd ones up-on the oth-er shore?
2. Shall we know our Sav-iour up-on the oth-er shore?
3. Oh, how sweet to know that, up-on the oth-er shore?

Will they come to meet us and greet us as of yore?
Can we trust His prom- ise of rest for-ev-er more?
Free from pain and sor-row and care for-ev-er more?

Will they guide us safe-ly within the pearl-y gates?
Will He bid us enter within the pearl-y gates?
We shall know the lov'd ones within the pearl-y gates?

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.

Yes we'll know as we are known.

When we meet up on that happy golden shore.

Yes we'll know as we are known, When we meet up on that happy golden shore.
No. 171. SAVE ME LORD.

AHMIE EYLSIZER.

1. Lo! a poor and needy sinner To the cross I cling,
2. There is perfect peace and garden For the sick soul,
3. There's a house of many mansions That is built on high,

Save me Lord, save me Lord! Nothing great have I to offer,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Thy cleansing blood of Jesus,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Where his chosen shall be gathered,

Nought but sin I bring. Save me Lord, save me Lord! Yet I
Sinners are made whole, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Come and
To Him, by and by, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Just as

know He died for sinners On mount Calvary. And with
drink ye of the fountain, That is flowing free. "Come in a few more years of toiling For the Master here, Just a
SAVE ME LORD—Concluded.

joy I hear His loving voice  "I did for thee," I am coming love, be sure your feet bear humbly bow the knee, If you come before more prayer's in heaven till the goal we near, Till He bids us

bless-ed Saviour, To Thy arms I fly, save me Lord, save me Lord, loving, trusting, He will cleanse your 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.

Ass-her NETTLETON

Come then hark of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mercy. never ceasing, Call for songs of loud and praise; D.C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy redeeming love.

Teach me some melodious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above;

Here I raise my Eloquent; Hither by thy help I come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure Safely to arrive at home; Jesus sought me, when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.

O to give how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let Thy goodness, like a letter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee; Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love, Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts above.
No. 178. ROOM AT THE THRONE OF GRACE.

E. G. STAPLES

W. F. HEATH

1. Room at the throne of grace, Sin sick, for thee; List to the voice which says, Come un to me; Lay every burden down.
2. Room at the throne of grace, Why then de lay? Hurry, tis thy Saviour's voice C a l l s thee to day; Stay, leave the whirl der nes sesious blood, Giv eth sweet peace; None need to vain ly seek-
3. Room at the throne of grace, Room and re lease; Christ, thine His No long er wait, Wed e stands the door a jar, Straight is the gate. Dark is the way; Sin e ver shadows thee Thou 'lt s hort stay. Free in the gift; Come to the crib of B eck, Hide in its rift.

Chorus.

Come, burden'd sin ner, Just as you are, Come to the throne of grace, were tie in prayer; Jesus in vites thee, a.
ROOM AT THE THRONE, Etc.—Concluded.

No. 174. CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1. There is a fountain fill’d with blood Drawn from Immanuel’s veins.

And sinners plung’d beneath that flood: Lose all their guilt-y stains.

D. S.—And sinners plung’d beneath that flood: Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2. 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.

D. S.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

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

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

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I’ll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lipsing stans’ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
No. 175. WELCOME, JESUS, WELCOME.

Rev. J. Atchinson. 

1. In the most holy, Once the Lord appeared, There to bless His
   place, Where He will impact. Hear on's richest
   welcome guest, In the heart of

2. Now God's chosen temple, Where He is making
   house, Where ever this symbol of
   house, There is sweetest rest; Welcome, blessed Saviour,

people, Who His mandate feared; Where so ever this symbol
blessings, Is my sinful heart; At the door He's knocking,
household, There is sweetest rest; Welcome, blessed Saviour,

3. Wherever ever Jesus is a welcome guest, In the heart of
   found a resting place, There were sweetest tokens Of Jehovah's grace.
   waiting to come in, Welcome, Jesus, welcome, Cleanse my heart from sin.
   show me now Thy grace, Make my heart Thy temple, Thine own dwelling place.

Chorus.

Welcome, Jesus, welcome; Welcome to my heart,
WELCOME, JESUS, WELCOME.—Concluded.

Make it now Thy dwelling place, And never more depart.

No. 176. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.
ISAAC WATTS. L. BOURBON.

I. Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:

Know that the Lord is God alone; He can create, and He destroy.

2. His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, He bought us to His fold again.

3. We are His people, we His own, Our souls and all our mortal frame; What lasting honors shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4. Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as eternity Thy love; Firm as a rock Thy truth must 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.

No. 177. AT JESUS' FEET.

M. E. Servoss. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

With feeling.

1. I have found a rest complete For a weary, troubled soul,
2. Sinners come, there's room for all, From thy heavy load be freed;
3. Here is pardon for each sin, Here is mercy, sure and free;

Where the billows of Life's sea Never o'er the spirit roll;
Come, ye friendless, weary one, Find a friend for every need;
Hear Him, o'er thy heart's wild din, Sweetly calling: "Come to me;"

At the feet of Him who came, Took our sins, and bore our shame,
Weary, troubled, and oppressed, All may find eternal rest;
Come—with all thy sin and fear, Lay thy every burden here,

At the feet of Jesus, slain, At the foot of Jesus.
With that Saviour ever blest, At the foot of Jesus.
And in joy complete appear At the foot of Jesus.
AT JESUS’ FEET.—Concluded.

Chorus.

At His feet, oh, blessed spot!
At His feet, oh, blessed spot!

I love it changeth not; And I sit me down and rest At the feet of Jesus.

No. 178. THE LORD’S PRAYER.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.
2. Give us this day our daily bread.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven,
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.
No. 179. Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

MRS. WILLARD.  J. P. KNIGHT.

1. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Sure I rest up on the wave, For though the tempest's fierce
2. And such the trust that still is mine, The storm's wave, For thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save; I

In peace to sleep; Secure I rest up on the wave, For thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save; I

breath, Rose me from sleep to wreck and death. In
Rocked in the cradle of the deep. Continued.

know thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's
a - ceast rave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortal - i-

fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,

ty!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,

Stocked in the cradle of the deep,
And calm and peaceful is my
Stocked in the cradle of the deep,
And calm and peaceful is my

cocks crew.
Rocked in the cradle of the deep. Concluded.

No. 180. JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

A. S. K.  A. S. KEETEE

1. Come to our Fa- ther's home, Come, ere the day is done;
   Tem- peste are gath'-ring fast, Dark-ness is com- ing on.

2. Look at the weary way, Look where thy feet have trod;
   Find- ing no rest for peace, Wand'-ring a-way from God.

3. Dark-er by the path-way grows, Soon will the night come down;
   Fierce by the light- wings flash, Dark-er the tempests grow.

Chorus.

Fly, for the tempest is com-ing, Sweeping the fields of sin;

Knock at the portals of mer-cy, Je-sus 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. Here will thy soul find rest,
   Safe from each angry blast;
   Here find a perfect peace—
   Joys that forever last.
No. 181. WHAT WONDROUS LOVE.

Text by D. E. Dorsey.

1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul! What wondrous love is this.

2. When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down, When I was sinking down winged seraphs, fly, Bear the news, Bear the news! Ye winged seraphs, fly.

3. God and to the Lamb I will sing! To God and to the Lamb God and to the Lamb

That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dreadful curse For my sake
Beneath God's righteous frown, Christ laid aside His crown For my sake
Like comets thro' the sky, Fill vast eternity With the news
And to the great I Am, While millions join the theme I will

soul, for my soul? To bear the dreadful curse For my soul?
news, with the news, Fill vast eternity With the news.
sing, I will sing, While millions join the theme I will sing.

5. Come friends of Zion's King, join the praise! Come friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing, With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each musical string in His praise!

6. Thus while from earth we're free we'll sing out! Thus while from earth we're free,
We'll sing and joyful be And in eternity we'll sing out.

601
FAVORITE HYMNS.

No. 182. BETHANY. C.M. & c.

Key of C.

1. Neearer, my God, to Thee,
   Nearer to Thee!
   Even though it be a cross
   That mourns me,
   Still all my song 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 dreams I'd be
   Nearer, my God, to Thee,
   Nearer to Thee!

3. There let my way appear
   Steps unto heaven;
   All that Thou sendest me
   In mercy given;
   Angels to beckon me
   Nearer, my God, to Thee,
   Nearer to Thee!

4. Oh, if on joyful wing,
   Cheering the sky,
   Sun, moon, and stars forget,
   Upward I fly,
   Still all my song shall be,
   Nearer, my God, to Thee,
   Nearer to Thee!

No. 184. BROWN. C.M.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross,
   A follower of the Lamb?
   And shall I fear to own His name,
   Or blush 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 face?
   Must I not stem the flood?
   Is this vile world a friend to grace,
   To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight if I would reign,
   Increase my courage, Lord;
   I'll bear the load, endure the pain,
   Supported by Thy word.

No. 185. LEPOIX.

1. Arise, my soul, arise;
   Shake off thy guilty fears,
   The bleeding sacrifice
   In my behalf appears;
   Before the throne my surety stands,
   The name is written on His hands.

2. He ever lives above,
   For me to intercede,
   His all redeeming love,
   His precious blood to plead;
   His blood atoned for all my sin,
   And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleeding wounds, His beams,
   Received on Calvary;
   They pour effectual prayers,
   They strongly plead for me;
   Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
   Nor let that ransomd sinners die.

4. To God I'm reconciled;
   His pardoning voice I hear;
   He owns me for His child;
   I can no longer fear;
   With confidence I now draw nigh,
   And Father, Abba, Father, cry.
FAVORITE HYMNS.—Continued.

No. 199. CORONATION.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let all on earth who hear, Unite in earth's joyous strain, 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. Sinner, whose love can ne'er forget The wondrous love of Jesus, 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 Everett.

No. 198. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou mightst be ransomed be, And quickened 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-crowned throne, I left, for earthly night, For wanderings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee: Hast thou left aught 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. 189. WORK FOR THE NIGHT.

1. Work for the night is coming, Work through the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
2. Work for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give every flying minute Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
3. Work for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright stars are glowing, Work, for the daylight dies; Work till the last beam fades, Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

Annin L. Walker.
FAVORITE HYMNS.—Concluded.

No. 120. ABERW. C.M.

1. O for a closer walk with God—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the blessedness I know
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drive Thee from my breast.

No. 121. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 4s.

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

2. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, too, now be enlightened,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaims,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

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

No. 122. WHAT A FRIEND. A.T.

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 forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy laden?
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Then will find a solace 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 sail:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3. His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whirling flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Moir.
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<td>Oh happy day that fixed my choice</td>
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<td>Oh, brothers along life's journey</td>
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<td>Oh, glad Whosoever</td>
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<td>Oh, list to the call</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oh, 'twa love</td>
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<tr>
<td>O Jesus, Lord, thy dying love</td>
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<tr>
<td>O land of rest for those we sigh</td>
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<tr>
<td>O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart</td>
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<tr>
<td>Once he was so bright and fair</td>
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<tr>
<td>One day nearer</td>
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<tr>
<td>On Jordan's stormy banks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Open the windows of heaven</td>
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<td>O my last thou looked</td>
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<tr>
<td>O sincere haste to Jesus</td>
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<tr>
<td>O tell me more of Jesus</td>
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<tr>
<td>O that my load of sin were gone</td>
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<tr>
<td>O thee from whom all goodness flows</td>
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<td>O troubled heart</td>
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<tr>
<td>Our Father who art in heaven</td>
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<td>Our Mother's way</td>
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<td>Our Sins, alas! how strong</td>
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<td>Over the bridge</td>
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<td>O who is this that cometh</td>
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<td>O why do you carry</td>
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<td>O wondrous companion</td>
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<td>Passing under the rod</td>
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<td>Praise Him</td>
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<td>Redeemed</td>
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<td>Remember me</td>
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<td>Rocked in the cradle of the deep</td>
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<td>Rock of Ages</td>
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<td>Room at the Cross</td>
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<td>Room at the throne of grace</td>
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<td>Satisfied by and by</td>
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<td>Save me Lord</td>
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<td>Save the boy</td>
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<td>Saviour of the lost</td>
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<td>Seeking for me</td>
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<td>Shall we know our loved ones</td>
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<td>Showers of blessing</td>
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<td>Sinner go, will you go</td>
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<td>Softly and tenderly</td>
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<td>Soldiers of the Cross</td>
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<td>Some sweet day</td>
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<td>Sewing in the morning</td>
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<td>Speak gently to thy brother</td>
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<td>Spread the News</td>
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<td>Spurn me not</td>
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<td>Stand up, stand up for Jesus</td>
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<td>Stay Then by me</td>
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<td>Suffering Saviour save me now</td>
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<td>Suffering Saviour with them crowned</td>
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<td>Sweetly resting</td>
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<td>Tell it to Jesus</td>
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<td>Tell me more of Jesus</td>
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<td>That sweet old story</td>
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<td>The angel is flying</td>
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<td>The Blood of Jesus</td>
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<td>The Christians' work song</td>
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<td>The Cross and the Crown</td>
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