1910

The Gospel-Message in Song Revised & Enlarged

Flavil Hall

Samuel H. Hall

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The Gospel Message in Song
Revised & Enlarged
by Flavil Hall & Samuel H. Hall
The Gospel Message in Song

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PREFACE TO REVISED EDITION.

After much care and labor, with the view of doing good in our Master's name, we send forth The Gospel Message in Song Revised, Enlarged, Newly Copyrighted and brought up in date to 1910. It now has sixty hymns more than it originally had and eight of the best of songs substituted for others. And we believe the words and music for the additional pages are as sweet and uplifting as any published, and that they represent the highest attainment in song compilation.

We contemplated getting out an entirely new book this year, but Brother F. L. Rowe, our Publisher in Cincinnati, insisted that The Gospel Message in Song was too good to put another book in its way now, but that we ought to keep pushing it alone. It was all right, he said, to revise and enlarge it, but otherwise a mistake would be made. His reasoning seemed so perfectly conclusive that we adopted his suggestion, and went to work to prepare and to secure material for the new pages that would stir the soul to spiritual aspirations and set the affections on the world's Redeemer and on the promised reward for service in His Kingdom. We have endeavored to set forth the way of salvation and the blessed fruits of walking therein. As to how well we have succeeded, we leave to our friends to decide, after they give this edition a thorough trial.

Our earnest prayer is that many souls may be saved, strengthened, and made happy as a result of our efforts.

S. H. HALL.

February, 1910.
1. Sweet is the story of Christ and His love, How He renounced all His
glory above, Coming to earth human sorrow to bear And all our
darkness to shine; Jesus spoke words fraught with solace for grief, While to the
comfort within; Lending the hope of a life filled with joy, Lasting for­
utter-most bound; Sing of the wonderful works of the Lord, Tell of
want and temptation to share.
suffering His touch gave relief. Lift up your voices, God's message proclaim,
treasures revealed in His word!

2. Sweet is the story of power divine, Making glad light in the

3. Sweet is the story of pardon for sin, Yielding a heaven-born

4. Sweet is the story, Let it resound Over the world to the

Sing of salvation thro' One Holy Name; Glorify Jesus life's

pathway along, Cheering sad hearts with the Gospel In Song.
No. 2. I'M STANDING ON THE ROCK.

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, who buildeth his house upon a rock."—Jesus

BIRDIE BELL.
Suggested by A. J. R.

I'm standing on the Rock of Ages, What matter if the rough winds blow?

I'm standing on the Rock of Ages, The angry winds go sweeping by;

I'm standing on the Rock of Ages, Tho' billows in their fury roll,

I'm fearing not the storms which gather, There's safety with the Lord, I know.

No storm can shake the Rock beneath me, I'm singing as the waves dash high.

I'm trusting in the Lord forever, No tempest can affright my soul.

REFRAIN.

I'm standing on the Rock of Ages, In safety I may here abide;

The surging waves will not o'erwhelm me, I'm fearing neither wind nor tide.

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No. 3. THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. After the life-paths we're treading End up-on time's solemn shore,
2. There will be light for the spirits Who thro' deep shadows have come,
3. There will be light for the weary Who thro' sore trials have passed-
4. There will be light for the faithful, Whate'er the way they have trod-

There will be light at the river While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.
Fadeless light shining glad welcome Out from the windows of home.
Radiant light as they enter Peace that for-ev-er shall last.
Glorious light sent to guide them Safe to the city of God.

REFRAIN.

There.... will be light at the river, There....
There will be light, bless-ed light at the river, There will be light,
will be light at the river, There.... will be
bless-ed light at the river, There will be light, bless-ed
light at the river, While the redeem'd ones pass o'er (pass o'er.)

Published 1894 by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.
No 4. WF SHALL PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE.

Someone has—''I shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me know it now. Let me not cease nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.''

SAMUEL H. HALL.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. Thro' this world we pass but once, and after this to judgment go;
2. Let us lift some fallen brother, leading him to endless day,
3. Oh! how swift the wings of time are bearing us from earth away,
4. Parents, ever live for Jesus, and your precious children lead

To enjoy the bliss of heav'n for aye or suffer endless woe;
And the sorrows of the wid-ow and the or-phan drive away;
Soon our life and op-portu-ni-ties on earth must end for aye;
To the lo-ving Sav-iour who doth bless and help in time of need,

Oh! then let us not be care-less, but the will of Je-sus do;
Let us scat-ter words and deeds of kindness from a heart that's true,
Let us then in faith and courage be to Hea-v'en's du-ties true;
Tell them of God's love and mer-cy, while life's path-way you pur-sue;

We shall pass this way but once, and soon our jour-ney will be thro';
For we pass this way but once, and soon our jour-ney will be thro';
We shall pass this way but once, and soon our jour-ney will be thro';
We shall pass this way but once, and soon our jour-ney will be thro';
We Shall Pass This Way But Once.

REFRAIN.

We shall pass... this way but once, We shall pass... this way but once, We shall pass this way but once, this way but once, We shall pass this way but once; Let us daily work for Jesus, and to way but once, this way but once;

all be kind and true, For we pass this way but once, and soon our journey will be thro'

No. 5.

HEARTS BOUND IN LOVE.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

THOS. A. ARNE.

1. How sweet, how beautiful is the sight, When those that love the Lord,
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part:
3. When free from envy, scorn and pride, Our wishes all above,
4. When love in one delightful stream, Thro' ev'ry bosom flows;
5. Love is the golden chain that binds The happy souls above;

In one another's peace delight, And so fulfill the word.
When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love.
When union sweet and dear esteem In every action glows!
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds, His bosom glow with love.
No. 6.  

STAND BY THE CROSS.

D. O. T.  

D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Stand by the cross when the morning sun Beams on your way so bright; (so bright; oh,) Stand by the cross when the shadows fall, 
2. Stand by the cross till the day is done; Firm to the end and true; (and true; oh,) Trust when the battle is raging wild, 
3. Stand by the cross like a soldier strong; Fearlessly face the foe; (the foe; oh,) Soon shall the army of night recede, 
4. Stand by the cross till the Lord returns, Faithful through life's last test; (last test; oh,) Soon we shall hear from his blessed lips,

Bright; (so bright; oh,) Stand by the cross when the shadows fall, 
True; (and true; oh,) Trust when the battle is raging wild, 
Foe; (the foe; oh,) Soon shall the army of night recede, 
Test; (last test; oh,) Soon we shall hear from his blessed lips,

CHORUS.

Soon we shall triumph for God and right. Stand by the cross, soldier, 
For there is waiting a crown for you. Back from the morning's triumphant glow. "Lay down thine armor and be at rest." Stand, 

stand, 

Vic'try will come by and by; 
stand by the cross, soldier, stand, 

Stand by the cross, soldier, stand, 
And we'll conquer tho' we die. 
Stand, stand by the cross,

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No. 7. BE A LIGHT AND JOY TO OTHERS.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. T. B. MOSLEY.

1. Life should be a song of gladness offered unto Christ, the Lord, Sweetly
2. If the heart is right with Jesus "then the face should show His love," Honor
3. Would you have your memory cherished, when from earth the soul has passed? Fill the

sing and brightly shine for him each day; Show the spirit of the Master, him in all we think, or do, or say; O the world is ever watching, fleet-ing hours with kindness while you may; Towns of stone and brass will crumble

keep the teachings of his word, Be a light and joy to others on the way. point its long-ing eyes above, Be a light and joy to others on the way.

but our work for God will last, Be a light and joy to others on the way.

D. S.—day some weary heart, Be a light and joy to others on the way.

REFRAIN.

Be a light and joy to others, Help each day some weary heart, Bravely

sing and do your part, Be a light and joy to others, Help each

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1. Sing the blessed gospel, sing in ev'ry land; Sing the blessed tidings,
sing, ye ransomed band; Sing it to the lost ones all the world a-round,
the story of the cross wherever man is found.
Sing the blessed gospel, swell the joyful sound, Till the heathen
lands of earth with gladness shall re-sound. Spread the glorious good news
Copyright, 1900, by H. N. Lincoln, Dallas, Texas. Used by per.
Sing the Blessed Gospel.

in a chant sublime, Till the Saviour's precious love is known in ev'-ry clime.

NO. 9. LET US WORK TILL HE COMES.

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." (Philip. 2:12). "Watch therefore; for you know not what hour your Lord doth come."

(Matt. 24: 42; see also 2 Tim. 4:8; Heb. 9: 28.)

HARRIET E. JONES. A. E. HELTON.

1. By and by our Lord is com-ing All his faith-ful ones to claim;
2. Do we love our Lord's ap-pear-ing? Are our sins all washed a-way?
3. Are we win-ning souls for Je-sus By ex-am-ple, work and song;
4. Let us live in close com-mun-ion,With the Lord we all must meet;

O how sweet will be the meet-ing, Un-to those who love his name!
Are our lamps well filled and burn-ing, Should our Lord ap-pear to-day?
Souls to stand a-mong his jew-els, While the a-ges glide a-long?
That with shouts and songs of glad-ness, We the King of glo-ry greet.

CHORUS. Faster.

Let us work till he comes, Let us trust him and o-bey him;

Watch and pray till he comes, That with rap-ture we may greet him.

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When health and strength are ours, and success and prosperity reward our efforts and friends surround us; when the day is clear and the sun is bright, we may rejoice in our surroundings and not feel the need of the comfort and consolation that come from the Son of God. But dark hours of sorrow come to all. Health fails, loved ones are taken from us, our expectations fail, friends pass away, the days grow dark and gloomy, shadows hang over our pathway, and the sun ceases to shine—then it is that the blessedness of that faith and hope that bring comfort in sorrow and blessedness and joy in affliction is realized.—David Lipscomb.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. When the sun is shining clear, When your heart is filled with cheer, When life's
2. Soon or late will clouds abound, Threat'ning tempests gather round, And the
3. Ere that time of woe shall be, Sinner, I would counsel thee, O, ac-
4. When the voyage of life is o'er, On a bright eternal shore, In a

ocean all around you peaceful lies, You may idly drift along, billows in their rage and fury rise; Then you'll feel your awful need, cost the Pilot who is kind and wise! Make him now your friend and guide, home of many a glad and sweet surprise, If we have been faithful here,

With a gay and careless song, Yea, you may forget the Lord of earth and skies, Then in agony you'll plead, Longing for the mighty Lord of earth and skies, Then what-er may be-tide, You can lean up-on the Lord of earth and skies, We shall dwell without a fear, Safe with Christ the loving Lord of earth and skies.

REFRAIN.

Saviour, let us not forget, Saviour, let us not forget, Saviour,
Forget Not the Lord.

let us not forget thy holy law; In the light, or in the dark, O protect our feeble barque! Unto thee our souls with loving kindness draw.

No. 11.
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.
RAY PALMER.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,
2. May thy rich grace impart, Strength to my fainting heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream

Bav-i-ern di-vine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my My zeal in-spire! As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour! then, in love, Fear and dis-

Sav-iour div-ine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my My zeal in-spire! As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour! then, in love, Fear and dis-

guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine. Love to thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv-ing fire. tears a-way, Nor let me ev'er stray From thee a-side. trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul.
ROUSE, YE CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

"War a good warfare." (1 Tim. 1: 18.) "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." (2 Tim. 2: 3.)

W. HENRY QUILLEN.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. Rouse, ye Christian soldiers, in Jehovah's might, Gird the armor on and bat-tle for the right; Never be dis-cour-aged by the might-y foe, but with sword and shield and hel-met for-ward go. Where we'll praise our gracious Lord for ev-er-more. Oh, be al-ways loy-al to our glorious King! And of his sal-va-tion ev-er glad-ly sing; He will nev-er leave us till the vic-t'ry's won, And in gladness sinks life's peaceful setting sun.

2. We shall triumph if our Leader we obey, Never fear-ing, nev-er fal-t'ring by the way; There's a crown a-wait-ing us on heaven's shore, To go home to live for-ev-er with the blest.

3. Brave-ly on-ward march a-against the hosts of sin, Till in rapture we a glo-rious vict'ry win, And we lay our ar-mor down in peace and rest,

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No. 13. **COME, CHOOSE THIS BEAUTIFUL PATH.**

**HARRIET E. JONES.**

**LEONARD DAUGHERTY.**

1. There is a beautiful path In which the young may tread,
2. There is a wonderful Friend To be your strength and stay,
3. There is a musical host To glad-den waiting hearts;
4. There is a beautiful home A-wait-ing ev'ry one

Where joys abound, where rest is found, And ev-er liv-ing bread.
To lessons give by which to live While on your pilgrim way.
The way a-long is full of song That sweetest joy im-parts.
Who choose this way, and Christ obey, Till service here is done.

**CHORUS.**

Come, choose... this beautiful path, Our Je-sus bids you come,
Come, choose yes, come,

That He may lead and dai-ly feed Till safe at home, sweet home.

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No. 14.  
GOD IS NEAR.

RUSSELL CARTER.  
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sometimes when clouds around us gather, And all our path seems dark and drear,
2. Sometimes when 'mid the trees and flow'ers, When all a-round is bright and clear,
3. Then, tho' our path be bright or dreary, We'll journey on without a fear,

We call unto our heav'nly Father, And feel at once that he is near.
When all of nature's wondrous powers, Unite in saying, God is near.
For tho' we're faint, and oft-times weary We have the promise, God is near.

REFRAIN.

Like some bright gleam from heav'n to cheer, We feel, we know that God is near;

Like some bright gleam from heav'n to cheer, We feel, we know that God is near.

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No. 15.

SOW THE GOOD WORD.

(Matt. 13:18-23; 1 Peter 1:21, 22.)

J. W. CARPENTER. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Sow the good word of the kingdom, O-ver Co-lum-bia land,
2. Read-y the land to receive it, Read-y the peo-ple to hear,
3. Scat-ter it o-ver the prai-ries, Sow by the riv-er's side,
4. Soon will the blade be fast op'ning, Soon will the leaf a-rise,

For a rich harvest it yield-eth, Sown with a boun-tif-ful hand.
Ma-ny the hearts to believe it, Scat-ter it far and near.
Sow in the might-y cit-ies, Sow where the poor a-bide.
Soon will the harvest be wav-ing Un-der the sum-mer skies.

CHORUS.

Sow........ the good word,........ Sow........ the good word,
Sow the good word, Sow the good word, Sow the good word of the kingdom,

Sow........ the good word,........ Sow the good word of God.
Sow the good word, Sow the good word, Sow the good word of God.

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No. 16. THE HOME JUST OVER THERE.

JENNIE WILSON.

W. T. TURNER.

1. There's a happy golden shore where the storms of life no more Darkly
sweep across the smiling summer sky; Never-fading flow-ers bloom,

2. O what strains of music ring where the saints and angels sing, Hal-le-
breathing out their sweet perfume, 'Long these scenes where joy and beauty can-not

3. O how sweet it is to know, as we tread the path below, That some-
die. Some who journeyed by our side pass'd beyond the solemn tide, And no

4. Time we'll reach a country free from sin, And the weary will find rest,

more their dear companion-ship we share, But we hope to meet a-gain, free from

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The Home Just Over There.

every grief and pain, When we gain the bless-ed home just o-ver there.
make our souls re-joice, Then we'll go thro' fields of Par-a-dise to roam.
life of love and peace Spent with lov'd ones in the home just o-ver there.

Refrain.

O the home, just o-ver there, we shall
O the home, just o-ver there, just o-ver there,

see, it bright and fair, When from dusk-y
We shall see it bright and fair, so bright and fair,

banks of time we drift a-way; Pass-ing from the gloom of night in-to

... glad im-mor-tal light, We shall dwell with those we love in end-less day.
No. 17. **PRÉCIOUS DAYS ARE PASSING BY.**

STELLA MAY THOMPSON.

GEO. W. BACON, White Pine, Tenn.

1. For the Master there is work for us to do, Ever as life's pleasant
2. Do you hear the blessed Saviour's gentle call That is sweetly sounding
3. Strive to win your soul's salvation—ne'er delay, Jesus waits to wash your
4. When for-e'er shall set our life's fair, glowing sun, Shall a shining crown for

journey we pursue, Oh! be true to Jesus till your life is thro'—
now to one and all? Swiftly, surely come to Him what e'er be-fall—
every sin away, Ne'er reject him, hoping for a better day—
us in heaven be won? Shall we hear the loving Saviour say, "Well done?"

**REFRAIN.**

Precious days are passing by. Precious days are passing by,........... Will you seek to
are passing by,

Precious days are passing by;................ Will you seek to
are passing by;

win his priceless love to-day? Precious days are passing by.
No. 18.  LIKE JESUS THERE IS NONE.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.  R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. Of all the friends that we may know, Like Jesus there is none;
2. To help us in our time of need, Like Jesus there is none;
3. To guide us on life's dusty road, Like Jesus there is none;
4. To help us in each hour of need, Like Jesus there is none;
5. To bless us while He gives us breath, Like Jesus there is none;

To help us in this world below, Like Jesus there is none.
To comfort when our heart-strings bleed, Like Jesus there is none.
To help us carry ev'ry load, Like Jesus there is none.
For us before the throne to plead, Like Jesus there is none.
To help us in the hour of death, Like Jesus there is none.

REFRAIN.

No, there's none like the Saviour, No, not one like our Father's Holy Son;

No, there's none can help us when in trouble, Like Jesus there is none.

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No. 19.

LIVE FOR JESUS.

STELLA MAY THOMSON.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. Free-ly give your precious lives to Je-sus, While your sun is shin-ing clear and bright; He will bless you if for Him you la-bor minds for Je-sus, Do-ing all you can for Him each day; With the loving Sav-iour as your pi-lot, Tru-ly, no-bly live for Him al-wav.

2. Give your lives in-to his ho-ly keep-ing, He will shield you with his might-y arm, Keep you ev-er from the wi-ly temp-ter, And dark fears shall no'er your soul a-larm. O how sweet it is to To re-ceive the pure when life is done. Hear the Mas-ter's voice so live for Je-sus, Do-ing al-ways as He bids you do, Thanking sweet and gen-tle, Bidding us our e-vil ways for-sake, And pre-

3. Live for-ev-er for your blest Re-deem-er, Tell-ing to way-ward one, That the prec-i-ous Sav-iour waits in heav-en, Ev-er in the sa-cred cause of right. Toil with will-ing hands and pare for that e-ter-nal morning, When the saints in joy un-told a-wake.

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Live for Jesus.

CHORUS.

Live for Jesus, ever live for Jesus,
He will always be your faithful guide.

Live for Jesus, ever live for Jesus,
Till He takes you with Him to abide.

No. 20. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNA L. WALKER. 

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours, Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright-er, labor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute glowing Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fad-eth,

2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon, Fill brightest hours with 3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sun-set skies; While their bright lines are Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done. Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more. Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.
No. 21. SHOULD WE MEET HERE NO MORE.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Should we meet no more till at the judg • ment, When the might • y
2. Should we meet no more till at the judg • ment, We shall meet op
3. Should we meet no more till at the judg • ment, There we'll meet to
4. Should we meet no more till at the judg • ment, Let us walk the

mill • ions now that sleep Shall a • wake from slum • ber in a mo • ment,
yon • der bliss • ful shore, Where we'll know no more the thought of part • ing,
grasp no part • ing hand; Let us work and pray for souls im • mor • tal,
path our Saviour trod; Let us live the life his word de • mands us,

CHORUS.

We will pray God our ransomed souls to keep. Should we meet here no
For we'll dwell with the faithful ev • er • more.
Till we meet in the bright and happy land.
Till we meet 'round the gold-en throne of God.

more, Ere we sleep 'neath the sod, May the
here no more, Ere we sleep 'neath the sod,

Haud of mer • cy ev • er, lead you, Till we meet at the judgment bar of God.

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No. 22. MIGHTY ROCK, WHOSE TOWERING FORM.

CLEFT FOR ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks a - bove the frowning storm;

2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;

3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chil-ly breath,

Rock a - mid the dea - ert waste, To thy shad - ow now I haste.

Wea- ry, faint-ing, toil-op-pressed, In thy shad-ow let me rest.

Rock where all my hopes a - bide, In thy shad-ow let me hide.

REFRAIN.

Un - to Thee, un - to Thee, Pre - cious Sav - iour, now I flee;

"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee."

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No. 23. JESUS BIDS YOU COME TO-DAY.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." (Heb. 8: 7, 8.)

JENNIE WILSON. A. E. HELTON, Lancaster, N. C.

1. Hear the voice of Jesus, calling soft and sweet, Come to-day; 0
2. Sounding thro' the world's loud tumult rings the cry, Come to-day; 0
3. With your heavy burdens, wearied and oppressed, Come to-day; 0
4. Trusting in the Saviour who can guilt remove, Come to-day; 0

come to-day (no more delay;) Hear his tones so kind and gentle still repeat,

come to-day (no more delay;) From the evil paths where perils 'round you lie,

come to-day (no more delay;) To the Saviour's kingdom, to its peace and rest,

come to-day (no more delay;) Knowing he is worthy of your faith and love,

CHORUS.

Come to-day, 0 come to-day. Jesus bids you come to-day, O

come to-day, 0 Jesus bids you come to-day,

come to-day, Listen, sinner, and no longer

Jesus bids you come to-day,

stray; Cease to roam in error's darkness, when into his wondrous

stray; in error's

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Jesus Bids You Come To-Day.

No. 24. COME WHILE YOU MAY.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. 6:2.)

H. LEO BOLES.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. How sweet the voice that calls you home, That bids you to the Saviour come;
2. How tenderly the Master pleads, O, then his love and truth I'll heed!
3. How oft-en I have turned my heart; With hope I will from sin de-part,
4. I will not be enticed by sin, To stay in death away from Him;

His love and peace accept to-day, Oh, come to Him now while you may!
How sad for me now to reject, His pardon I will not neglect.
For Jesus loves me still I know, I now in faith repent and go.
I now resolve to do my best, And in the arms of Christ I'll rest.

CHORUS.

Come while you may, O, come to-day! Come, while inclined by love divine;

For Jesus waits at heaven's gate, You to embrace with love and grace.

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No. 25. SONG OF REJOICING.

"Sing aloud unto God our strength."—Ps. 81:1.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

Arr. by J. D. PATTON.

1. O be joyful and sing, sing aloud unto God, Let your hearts and you
goodness abroad, He alone is the Lord and the Fa-ther of Light.
ne-ver forsake; For his kindness un-measured we laud and adore.
walk in his truth, Let us sing to his glory, as on-ward we go.

2. For his blessings each day, for the wealth in reserve, Ah, how can we be
voi-ces in glad-ness unite! Join in praise, hap-py praise, sound his
silent, "re-joice ev-er-more!" Faithful Guide, precious Friend, He will
light his sal-va-tion to know! Let us trust in his care, let us

3. Of the depth of his love! Of the rich-es of grace! What a pre-cious de-

REFRAIN.

Sing a-loud! Sing a-loud!
Sing a-loud and re-joice! Sing a-loud and re-joice! O, re-

joyce ev-er-more in the goodness of God! Sing a-loud!
Sing a-

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Song of Rejoicing.

No. 26.  ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

Anon.  ROBERT T. HALL.

O'er the hill the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on, Slowly drops the gentle twilight, For another day is gone;

1. O'er the hill the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on, Slowly drops the gentle twilight, For another day is gone;

2. "One day nearer" sings the sailor, As he glides the waters over, While the light is softly dying On his distant, native shore.

3. Worn and wea-ry, oft the pilgrim Hails the setting of the sun, For the goal is one day nearer, And his journey nearly done.

Gone for aye, its race is over, Soon the darker shades will Thus the Christian on life's ocean, As his light boat cuts the foam, In the evening cries with rapture: "I am one day nearer home." Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert, Heart and sandal worn we come, 'Tis sweet to know at even, We are one day nearer home.

foam, In the evening cries with rapture: "I am one day nearer home." roam, As the twilight gathers o'er us, We are one day nearer home.

Property of James D. Vaughan and Flavil Hall.
John Smith, a pioneer gospel minister of extraordinary powers of argument, persuasion and humor, said, when dying: "What a failure, after all, would my long and checkered life have been, but for this glorious hope of a hereafter."

E. R. LATTA. W. T. WATSON, Smithville, Tenn.

Just beyond the Jordan River.

1. Just beyond the Jordan river, Where no ills can e'er befall,
   Shall we not prepare to meet them, When we cease to journey here?
   Many loved ones—angels all,
   Shall we not prepare to greet them, In that bright celestial sphere?
   Man—y loved ones wait us—angels all,
   Shall we not prepare to greet them, In that bright celestial sphere?

2. Shall we not prepare to meet them, When we cease to journey here?
   Oh, the saints from every nation, That have passed over Jordan's flood!
   Many loved ones—angels all,
   Once they sought and found salvation, Thro' the Saviour's precious blood.
   Man—y loved ones—angels all,
   Where no cruel fate can sever—Oh, that all our feet may stand!

3. Oh, the saints from every nation, That have passed over Jordan's flood!
   Where no ills can e'er befall,
   Oh, that all our feet may stand!
   Many loved ones—angels all,
   Where no cruel fate can sever—Oh, that all our feet may stand!

4. Just beyond the Jordan river, On that fair and peaceful strand,
   Shall we not prepare to greet them, In that bright celestial sphere?
   Many loved ones—angels all,
   Where no cruel fate can sever—Oh, that all our feet may stand!

Chorus. Faster.

Just beyond, Just beyond, Safe without,
   Just beyond the Jordan river, Just beyond the Jordan river,
   Just beyond the portals fair; Just beyond the portals fair;
   Just beyond, Just beyond the Jordan river,
   Just beyond the Jordan river, for us there.

Just beyond, they are waiting for us there.
   Just beyond the Jordan river, for us there.
PRAYER.

"In every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." (Philip. 4:6)

MRS. H. LEO BOLES. FLAVIL HALL.

1. When evening shadows gently fall, And we with loved ones meet,
2. If we in sorrow seek his grace, And bring to Him our care,
3. When hopes are crushed that seemed so fair, We to our Lord draw near,
4. We on the wings of pray'r may soar To realms of bliss above,

We pray to God who hears us all, And hold communion sweet.
He will not turn from us his face, But all our burdens share.
Make known to Him our wants in pray'r; He gives assurance dear.
And in his ear our griefs may pour, And revel in his love.

REFRAIN.

Come, come and enjoy the hour of pray'r; ............................................ It has a sweet hour of pray'r;

blessing that we all may share; .................. Come and humbly bow be-

fore his throne; He'll heal your broken heart—He a - lone.

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"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

--(2 Thes. 4: 13, 14.)

R. C. M.

R. C. MOORE, Woodbury, Tenn.

1. Our loved one now has pass'd to rest, *He'll drift up-o'on life's seas no more;
2. And now while we this bod-y lay, 'Mid tears and grieves which break our hearts,
3. He lived a life of peace with God And oh! this tho't much joy doth give,

His spir-it now is with the blest, At home with Christ up-o'on that shore,
Beneath the sod our Moth-er clay, To rest un-ti! the judgment day.
For tho' he rest beneath the sod, With him and Christ some day we'll live.

CHORUS.

We'll meet him a-gain, We'll greet him a-gain,
We'll meet him a-gain, we'll meet him again, We'll greet him again, we'll greet him again,

When Je-sus shall come, seek-ing his own, We'll meet
When Jesus shall come, when Jesus shall come, We'll meet

him a-gain, We'll greet him a-gain,
him a-gain, we'll meet him again, We'll greet him a-gain, we'll greet him a-gain,

* Use feminine form of pronouns when occasion requires.

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No. 30. JESUS, THE LOVING FRIEND.

"For we have not an high Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." (Heb. 4:15.) FLAVIL HALL.

1. What a loving friend is Jesus! He can all our sorrows feel. For He knows our ev'ry weakness, All our anguish He can heal. Bless-ed Lord, Thou art our refuge, May we ever cling to Thee, Till from sorrow and temptation, We shall be forever free.

2. He, the man of many sorrows, Unacquainted not with grief, Lifts us out of sin's dark horrors, Brings to us hope's sweet relief.

3. He has felt earth's great temptations, And for us now intercedes, With our weakness has sweet patience, Hears our crying, knows our needs.

4. Let us trust his precious promise, Not to leave us nor forsake, Not to turn his sweet face from us Till in glory we awake.
No. 31. THE JUDGMENT DAY IS COMING.
"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." (2 Cor. 5:10.)
KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. Ev-er work, for Christ your Lord is gently call-ing you to-day, See the
sun is bright-ly shin-ing in the sky; Hear his lov-ing voice and to the
har-vest field now haste a-way, For the judg-ment day is com-ing by and by.
When you shall stand be-fore the Lord, till you re-ceive your just re-wards.

2. Ev-er watch, the tem-pler striv es in man-ny ways you to de-ceive, Dai-ly
with his an-gels shall de-scend the sky; Oh! be work-ing, watch-ing, pray-ing,
on the Lord of lords believe, For the judg-ment day is com-ing by and by.
till you're safe at his right hand, For the judg-ment day is com-ing by and by.

3. Ev-er pray, for soon you shall be-fore the Lord in judg-ment stand, When He

REFRAIN.

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The Judgment Day Is Coming.

0 the judgment day is coming,
0 the judgment day, the judgment day is coming by and by,

Ev'er work and watch and pray while life shall last, (while life shall last.)

No. 32. THE EVENING SHADES.

JOHN LELAND. AARON CHAPIN.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O
2. We lay our garments by, Upon our beds to rest; So
3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears; May
4. And when we early rise, And view th'unwearyed sun, May
5. And when our days are passed, And we from time remove, O

may we all remember well, The night of death draws near!
death will soon disrobe us all Of what is here possessed.
angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears.
we set out to win the prize, And after glory run.
may we in Thy bosom rest, The bosom of Thy love!
No. 33.  TURN TO THE LORD.

"Let the wicked forsake his way . . . . and let him return . . . . to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." (Isa. 55:7.) A great number believed and turned to the Lord.

KATHARYN HACON.  (Acts 11:21.)  FLAVIL HALL.

1. Wand’rer, so far in sin away, Long-er do not from Je-sus stay, 
   Claim his re-deeming love to-day, oh, turn to the Lord! . . . There is sal-
   va-tion free to all who on his bless-ed name will call, Tar-ry thou called, oh, hear Him now! to his blest will in glad-ness bow, Ev-er per
   not, What-e’er be-fall! but turn to the Lord! Oh, turn to the

2. Wand’rer, by doubts and fears oppressed, Je-sus will give thy soul sweet rest,
   And a bright home among the blest, oh, turn to the Lord! . . . Long has He Canst thou such wondrous love defy? oh, turn to the Lord! . . . Soon will thy
   earth-ly life be o’er, and if thou would on heav-en’s shore Dwell with the

3. Wand’rer, thy Sav-ior now is nigh, To his dear arms for mer-cy fly,
   Oh, turn to the Lord! . . . tho’ vile and de-praved . . . . . . . Believe in his
   Oh, turn to the Lord! accept Him to-day, tho’ vile and depraved,

Oh, turn to the Lord! accept Him to-day, tho’ vile and depraved,
Turn to the Lord.

word. . . . . . . . and thou shalt be saved. . . . . . . For He on
Be-lieve in his word, o - bey Him in love and thou shalt be sav'd. For He on

Cal- v'ry died for thee, Died that thou might from sin be free, And to be

saved e- ter - nal - ly, oh, turn to the Lord! oh, turn to the Lord!

No. 34.
MARGARET MACKAY.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep,
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! oh! how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supre-mely blest!
4. A-sleep in Je-sus! oh! for me, May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be;

A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing That death hath lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man -i-fests the Sav-ior's power.
Se-cure-ly shall my ash- es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.
I WANT TO GO HOME.

Evangelist T. B. Larimore (thou whom there is none more gifted in eloquence and powers of persuasion) wrote as follows some months after his wife—a faithful helper meet—had "gone home": "I can think of but one thing now that could bring comfort and gladness to my troubled soul, and that is the sweetly-solemn summons to go home, Stella May Thompson.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON.

GEO. W. BACON.

1. The race of life is near-ly o'er, My sorrows soon shall cease, I'll
2. I want to reach my tranquil home, But ragged is the way; Oh,
3. I want to dwell a-cross the sea Where all is pure and bright; Where

meet the ones who've gone before To reap their great re-ward. I long to

Fa-ther, lead me lest I roam in paths by sin de-filed! My soul is

pain and death no more shall be, Where joy doth nev-er end; It would be

view the peaceful land Where Je-sus calm-ly bowed with deep de-spair, And glad-ly would I

per-fect bliss di-vine The bless-ed Lord to waits To place me with the go, To be for-ev-er

meet. And hear Him say: "O

ransomed band, Where all are truly blast. I long............ to be in Thy care Be-yond this world'y gloom.
thou art mine, Abide with me al-way!" I long to be at home with t

home.... for ev-ermore, Where my de-part-ed, where my de-part-ed Lord for evermore, ........ Where all........ my de-part - ed

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I Want To Go Home.

I love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

No. 36. I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

1. I love Thy Kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode The Church our blest Rest.
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion fore Thee stand; Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.

L. O. EVERETT.

3. Jesus, Thou Friend divine, Our Savior and our King, Thy hand from every deemer said With his own precious blood. I love Thy Church, O God, Her walls be- heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise, shall be giv'n The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

on that shore to beckon me, To beckon me to that blest home so sweet...
shore, .... to beck - on me on to that blessed home so sweet, so sweet.
No. 37.  

**OH! SINNER, SEEK JESUS.**

"But if from thence thou shalt seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find him, if thou seek him with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and shalt be obedient unto his voice." (Deut. 4:29, 30.)

A. E. HELTON.

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1. Oh! sinner, seek Jesus, the loving Friend, Whose kindness can never be
2. Oh! do not be careless and longer wait, Believing no danger is
3. Your hastening on to the judgment day Where all may your guilty stains
4. A wonderful Savior is Christ, the Lord, Tell others the tiding of

---

Chorus.

darkness and cold! Oh! sinner, seek Jesus, No
summons will hear! dark blots to free!
blessed employ. Oh! sinner, seek Jesus, No longer delay, Oh!

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No. 38.  
NIGHT DRAWETH NEAR.

"The night cometh, when no man can work." (John 9: 6.)

STELLA MAY THOMSON.  
FLAVIL HALL.

1. The fragrant flow'rs are blooming ev-'ry-where, Un-conscious of the
   Savior's watchful care; The golden sun is shin-ing clear and bright,
   But labor on, for soon will come the night. The night is draw-ing
   When life shall cease forev-er here, And ransomed

2. How swift-ly, sure-ly time is pass-ing by, We heed not how the
   Priceless mo-ments fly; Pre-pare for end-less joy while yet 'tis night,
   For quick-ly day de-vel-ops in-to night.
   souls shall glad-ly flee a-way, To spend with Christ one bright e-ter-nal day.

3. With all your strength the bless-ed Lord o-bey, Un-til you cease to
   Trav-el life's fair way; Oh! nev-er fal-ter when by cares op-pressed;
   To faith-ful, ho-ly ones the night brings rest. The night is draw-ing near,
   And ransomed

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No. 39. \textbf{THE SINNER'S FRIEND.}

\textit{ELIZABETH TESH.} \textit{LEONARD DAUGHERTY.}

\textbf{DUET.}

1. Jesus, my Hope, my only Friend, On Thee for life my soul depends; My way is dark, my path is lone, I'm trusting Thee to guide me home. When friends forsake, and loved ones fail, And I pass through death's gloomy vale, I'll rest in Thee—a perfect peace, In Thee all sin, and self will cease of endless day, Where God shall wipe my tears away, my path is lone, I'm trusting Thee to guide me home.

2. And in that land be-yond the sky, Where ransomed Jesus, my hope, my only Friend, life my soul depends; My way is dark, my path is lone, I'm trusting Thee to guide me home. And I pass through death's gloomy vale, I'll rest in Thee—a perfect peace, In Thee all sin, and self will cease of endless day, Where God shall wipe my tears away, my path is lone, I'm trusting Thee to guide me home.

3. On Thee for life my soul depends; My way is dark, my path is lone, I'm trusting Thee to guide me home. On Thee for life my soul depends; My way is dark, my path is lone, I'm trusting Thee to guide me home.

\textbf{CHORUS.}

Then, heart of mine, cease aching here, And wait till Then, heart of mine, cease aching here, God shall make all clear, For in that home. And wait till God shall make all clear, make all clear, For in that home.

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The Sinner’s Friend.

of peace above, . . . . I’ll surely know’twas all for love. . . . .
of peace above, I’ll surely know’twas all for love, all for love.

No. 40.

BETHANY.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E’en tho’ it
be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I’d be,
send-est me In mer-o-y giv’n; An-gels to beck-on me,
sto-ny griefs Beth-el I’ll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for-got, Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
No. 41. ENFOLDED IN THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

Deut. 33: 2.

B. B. BEALL.

1. In Christ, my bless-ed hid-ing place, I am se-cure-ly shel-dered
2. While hid in Christ what cares my soul for ra-ging storm or tem-pest
3. The tempt-er oft-en com-es to me in all his sub-tle cun-ning

Pro-tect-ed is my soul from all a-arms; I have no fear of
I am be-yond the reach of all that harms; My faith a-bid-eth
And tempts me with his soul-al-lur-ing charms; I hold to Je-us

ill, His love is o'er me still; A-round me and be-neath me are the
strong and sings its lit-tle song; A-round me and be-neath me are the
still and suf-fer then no ill; A-round me and be-neath me are the

REFRAIN.

ev-er-last-ing arms. My soul is rest-ing and full of peace
My soul is calmly rest-ing and full of sweetest peace

And hid in Christ I fear no rude a-arms, (no rude a-arms,) His
Enfolded In the Everlasting Arms.

wings do cov-er me, His love is o-ver me, A-
round me and be-neath me are the ev-er-last-ing arms.

No. 42. MY SOUL BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-rise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-
3. Ne'er think the vic'try won, Nor lay thine arm-or down; Thy
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll

hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
new it bold-ly ev'-ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
ar-duous work will not be done Till thou ob-tain thy crown.
take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To his di-vine a-bode.
No. 43. WORKING FOR JESUS.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

J. C. PERRY.

1. Working for Jesus, living for Jesus, O the sweet grace that comes to my soul; Blessed reward that waits for the
2. Working for Jesus, sowing and reaping, Soon we shall gather up the bright sheaves; O the sad tho' if we should come
3. I am so happy working for Jesus, Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine; Soon I shall go and live with my

FINE. REFRAIN.

faithful When they cross o'er and reach the bright goal.
bringing, Offering Jesus "nothing but leaves." Blessed Savior Over in yonder sunny bright clime.

Jesus, Working for Jesus all the day long.

dearer, Jesus, my song, Working for Jesus all the day long.
CALVARY.

B. CARRADINE.
Affetuoso.

J. L. MOORE.

1. There's a hill lone and gray, In a land far away, In a country beyond the blue sea; Where beneath that fair sky Went a man forth to man on the way; With a cross He is bowed, But still on thro' the Lord to the tree; And the cross they up-raise, While the multitude weep o'er the way; But though lone-ly and faint, Still no word of com-sad-lad-en air! 'Twas the voice of our King, Who received death's dark Savior have slain, But be-bold from the sod Comes the blest Lamb of

2. Be-held! faint on the road, 'Neath a world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crowned gaze, On the blest Lamb of dark Cal-va-ry! Oh, it bows down my crowd He's as-cend-ing that hill lone and gray. heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see!

3. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are nail-ing my bliss-fils Of Cal-va-ry! Ob, it bows down my
die, For the world and for you and for me. crowd He's as-cend-ing that hill lone and gray. heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see!

4. How they mock Him in death To his last lab'ring breath, While his friends sad-ly sting, All to save us from end-less de-spair. God, Who was slain, but is ris-en a-gain.

5. Then the darkness came down, And the rocks rent a-round, And a cry pierced the
dying, For the world and for you and for me. crowd He's as-cend-ing that hill lone and gray. heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see!

6. Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel a-pace O-ver men who their

D.C.—For'twas there on its side, Je-sus suffered and died, To re-deem a poor sinner like me.

Refrain.

D. C.—For 'twas there on its side, Je-sus suffered and died, To re-deem a poor sinner like me.

Used by per. of J. L. Moore, Bethlehem, Ga.
1. Sweet is the story of mercy and love divine, Tho' it is saddened by sor-row and pain; Je-sus, the sin- less One, left his bright throne on high, grace;

2. Oh, what a sacri-fice made that we might be sav'd, When on the cross our De- liv-er-er died! Oh, what a fountain of cleansing for sin was found, grace, of in-finite grace;

3. Now the dear Sav-ior who died for us, lives a- gain, Comfort bestow-ing on pen-i-tent hearts; Joy which the world cannot of-fer He free-ly gives, to-ry, sad but so sweet to me, Won-der-ful story of in-finite grace;

4. Come un-to Je-sus, O wea-ry and sin-ful soul! Trust in his kindn ess, ye grieved and op-pressed; List while He soft-ly and ten-der-ly speaks to-day, to-ry, sad but so sweet to me, Won-der-ful story of in-finite grace;

Refrain.

And to a-tone for the guilt-y was slain. Beau-ti-ful sto-

When the blood gushed from his spear-wounded side! Peace that en-dur-eth for aye He im-parts. Bidding you come un-to Him and find rest.

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The Story of Jesus.

|
| Calvary, Winning salvation for our fallen race. Calvary, Winning salvation for our fallen race.

No. 46. WE ARE MARCHING. FLAVIL HALL. H. LAWSON DUNCAN.

1. We are marching in the shining way, A mighty army, trusting
   Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord; He will safely lead us day by day,
   triumphant in the cause of right; Giving God the glory evermore,
   we shall lay our armor down; Basking in the sunny smiles of heav'n,

2. Valiant soldiers, going forth to war, We'll meet the enemy and
   Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord; He will safely lead us day by day,
   triumphant in the cause of right; Giving God the glory evermore,
   we shall lay our armor down; Basking in the sunny smiles of heav'n,

3. Precious promise to the faithful given—A home at God's right hand when
   Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord; He will safely lead us day by day,
   triumphant in the cause of right; Giving God the glory evermore,
   we shall lay our armor down; Basking in the sunny smiles of heav'n,

FINE.

If we, in faithfulness, continue to obey His holy word,
We'll press the battle till, in joy, our faith is lost in blissful sight.
We'll wear forevermore the white-washed garments and a fadeless crown.

D. S.—He will never leave us nor forsake us as we forward go.

CHORUS.

Jesus is our Leader, and by faith we'll conquer every foe, For

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**No. 47. THROUGH DEATH'S VALLEY WE MUST GO.**

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." (Psa. 23: 4.)

KATHARYN BACON.  GEO. W. BACON.

1. Have we been redeemed by Jesus, who for us was crucified, And received the victory over every foe? Do we trust and ever serve Him journey in this sinful world below, Going forth in Jesus' name to member we must reap whatever we sow! Does our faith and hope grow brighter grace and calmness He will ever bestow, And his loving band will guide us

2. Are we daily striving to improve the golden hours of life As we toil amid the battle's strife, Soon through death's dark, lonely valley we must go as we near life's setting sun? Soon through death's dark, lonely valley we must go to the realms of fadeless day, Soon through death's dark, lonely valley we must go.

3. Are we ready, should He summon ere another day is done? Or will our souls be pure and spotless and we follow Christ always, Strengthening his rod and staff us guide When thro' death's dark, lonely valley we must go, To abide in heaven's bliss, or endless woe; If our souls are pure, abide in bliss or woe; To abide in bliss or woe;

**Refrain.**

Soon thro' death's dark, lonely valley we must go, To abide in heaven's bliss, or endless woe; If our souls are pure, abide in bliss or woe; To abide in bliss or woe;

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Through Death's Valley We Must Go.

"Fled, Jesus will us safely guide, When thro' death's dark, lonely valley we must go."

No. 48. CORONATION.

EDWARD PERRONET.

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe On this terrestrial ball,
5. O that, with yonder sacred throng; We at his feet may fall,

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe On this terrestrial ball,
5. O that, with yonder sacred throng; We at his feet may fall,

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by his grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go spread your trophies at his feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ever-last-ling song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Hail Him who saves you by his grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go spread your trophies at his feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ever-last-ling song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by his grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ever-last-ling song, And crown Him Lord of all;
No. 49. ARE YOU READY TO BE SAVED?
Suggested by a sermon preached by Eldridge T. R. Burnett, July 4, 1898.
S. D. S.

1. You have heard the gospel of the blessed Lord, 'Tis the pow'r of
God to save; Will you come, obey, according to his word? Be pre-
life have strayed; Will you come to Jesus? He will let you in, Hal-
yond the grave, Where the joys of heaven unto you He'll give, If you'll
pared to enter thou the grave! Are you ready to be saved?

2. You have long been groping thro' the vales of sin, From the way of

Chorus.

3. You can have salvation, and with Jesus live In that land, be-

Read-y to be saved? Read-y for the call to go? You have

long been wand'ring, you have long delayed, Will you walk the paths of sin no more?

Used by per. of Emmett S. Dean, Waco, Texas.
No. 50. A MOTHER'S BLESSING AND GIFT.

Moses E. Lard, a much beloved pioneer preacher of powerful logic, tender pathos, and steadfast Christian character, who was left an orphan early in life with his mother, one brother, and four sisters, wrote the following sad portion of his history: "At length the painful fear was fully realized that as a family we could be no longer kept together, the day of separation at length came, to us all death would have been a relief; thinly clad and poorly shod, we stood around the humble hearth for the last time, our mother's heart was breaking. As my brother and myself stood beneath the little cabin eaves, just ready to take leave of the only objects on earth dear to us, and thus close the saddest scene of our lives, my mother said: 'My dear boys, I have nothing to give you but my blessing and these two little books.' Her soul was breaking, and she could say no more. She then drew from her bosom two small testaments; and as her tears were streaming and lips quivering, she screamed as if it were her last, and placed them in our hands. We all said 'good by,' and that family was forever broken on earth. Yet, gentle reader, think us not poor as we turned from that mean abode. We bore with us a Christian mother's blessing and the precious words of Jesus. We were wealthy boys. To that little book and the memory of that scene my future life owes its shaping. I never neglected the one, thank Heaven, nor forgot the other . . . . Beside a frail father now lie a sister and my mother, and a better mother than mine will never hallow a grave in Clinton . . . . Her last moments, like her life, were full of high trust in Christ. To her children she gave her blessing, for earth breathed a prayer, and then went hence. May that little band she so tenderly loved and faithfully served meet her in peace, as the last groan of each is hushed, is the fervent wish of the hand that pens this."

F. H. FLAVIL HALL.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. As the two brothers stood there in sorrow, Under the little cabin eaves,
2. As the boys went from there they were wealthy, For they bore, in their grief and love,
3. With his mother he now lives in glory, Never to say "good by" up there;

With their sisters and heart-broken mother, Ready to sad-ly bid them "good-by,"
The sweet blessing of their Christian mother, And the glad words of Jesus, the King;
May we all o'er be faithful and gather In that home where we'll part nevermore;

Said their mother, "I've nothing to give you, In this sad parting, my dear boys,
Sweet that one said, "I've never neg-lect-ed The di-vine message from a-bove,
May we dwell with our heaven-ly Fa-ther, In the mansions so bright and fair,

But my blessing and these books so precious," And she wept as if she then would die.
Nor for-gotten the love-given bless-ing," O the joy to his soul they did bring.
Sing glad praises to Jesus, our Sav-i-or, O-ver on that bright, beautiful shore.

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"He will be our guide even unto death." (Psa. 48:14.)

KATHABYN BACON. A. E. HELTON.

1. What tho' cares and crosses press thy weary soul, And the fiercest storms and thunders round thee roll? In the ark of safety thou shalt ever be, says: "Be of good cheer;" Tho' no light is shining on the angry sea, heaven's peaceful shore, There to dwell with Jesus through eternity,

2. Jesus knows thine every danger, grief and fear, And in love He sweetly death thy soul to save; Hear his blest commandment, "Follow, follow me!" he sees thy peril and will pilot thee. He will pilot thee. Tho' all earth opposes, He will pilot thee. Ever be triumphant, He will pilot thee. He will safely pilot

3. Jesus loved thee so, his precious life He gave, From an everlasting Soon life's cares and raging tempests will be o'er; Soon thou'll anchor on fair

4. "Follow, follow me!"

CHORUS.

Jesus sees thy peril and will pilot thee. He will pilot thee.
Simp-ly trust thy Lord, for He will pilot thee.
Tho' all earth opposes, He will pilot thee.
Ev-er be triumphant, He will pilot thee. He will safely pilot

lot, He will pilot O'er life's ocean wild and wide; He will safely pilot thee, Jesus will thee safely pilot o'er life's

wide; He will pilot, He will pilot, He will pilot, He will pilot, He will pilot, He will pilot,

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He Will Pilot Thee.

No. 52

PRAISE THE LORD.

J. KEMP THORNE.

PEREZ.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Praise the Lord; ye heaven's adore Him; Praise Him angels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord; for He hath spok-en; Worlds his might-y voice o-beyed;
3. Praise the Lord; for He is glori-ous; Nev-er shall his prom-ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal-va-tion; Hosts on high his pow'r proclaim,

Sun and moon, rejoice before Him; Laws which never shall be bro-ken;
God hath made his saints vic-to-rious; Heaven and earth, and all crea-tion,

Praise Him, all ye stars of light. For their guidance He hath made.
Sin and death shall not prevail. Laud and magni-fy his name.

Refrain.

"Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

STELLA MAY THOMSON.  (Gal. 6:9.)  R. C. MOORE.

1. When darkness gathers o'er your heart, And joys as if on wings de-part; Oh!

2. Go forth and reap the gold-en grain, The Sav-ior calls you once a-gain; Oh!

3. Oh! nev-er fal-ter in the right, But la-bor on till fades the light; Be

nev'er fal-ter when oppressed, But strive to gain e-ter-nal rest. The
nev'er fal-ter, heed the call That's sound-ing now to one and all. Some
pa-tient, gen-tle, kind to all, The young, the old, the great, the small; En-

Sav-ior giv-eth peace to all Who Him obey, whate'er be-fall; Dear
day, if we are ev-er true, He'll place us with the faithful few, Who
shrine his im-age in your heart, He'll nev-er from your side de-part, But

Lord we pray for grace di-vine, Oh! wilt Thou make us whol-ly thine,
will re-joice at his right hand, In heav-en's glo-rious, hap-py land,
greet you when your life is o'er, Up-on the bright ce-les-tial shores

CHORUS.

Oh! nev-er fal-ter, nev-er fal-ter, But toil for Je-sus ev-ery day.

Owned by Flavil Hall and R. H. Moore.
**Never Falter.**

Oh! never fal-ter, nev-er fal-ter; He'll bless your faithfulness al-way.

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**No. 54. GOD LOVED US.**

“For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (John 3:16.)

MISS EVA MEISER

FLAVIL HALL.

1. God’s Son sub-mit-ted to his will, To come on earth to suf-fer ill,
   That af-ter death we then might share With Him a home of peace so fair.

2. And then be-fore we sought his grace, He nev-er turned from us his face,
   But called to us, from day to day, To come and walk the heav'nly way.

3. Sal-va-tion’s plan made heav’n re-joice; His praise was sung with swell-ing voice,
   When God in mer-cy sought to win Man from his fal-len state of sin.

4. Oh! was there e’er such love made known, As that dis-played by God’s own Son!
   On Cal-v’ry’s cross He bled and died, In pain and shame was cru-ci-fied.

**Chorus.**

God loved us so, (God loved us so, ) Christ died for us that we might know

The peace and joy we can pos-sess, By a faith-ful life of righteousness.

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No. 55. WHEN WE MEET TO WORSHIP.

"And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread." (Acts 20:7; see also Acts 2:42.) "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." (1 Cor. 16:1,2.) "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." (Col. 3:16.)

SAMUEL H. HALL.

1. When this glorious Lord's day morning was announced by the rising sun, And the
glory of its beauty I did see;
read.... the dear old Book by which we see;
think.... of faithful ones who've crossed the sea;
please... Thee ev'ry day and ev'ry hour;

2. Here we'll sing and pray togeth-er, and the name of our Lord a-dore, Here we'll
Here we'll read the dear old Book by which Jehovah's love and blessed will we see:
Here we'll think of faithful ones who's gone to live with Jesus o'er the deep blue sea:
And to please Thee ev'ry day and ev'ry hour, to please Thee ev'ry day and hour.

3. Here we'll think of those who are absent, and if sick we'll for them pro-vide; Here we'll
And the glory of its beauty, and the glory of its beauty I did see;
Here we'll eat and drink the sup-per set by Him who has gone be-f ore, And o-
Here we'll con-tri-bute as we're prospered, for in Christ we must e're a-bide, And o-
For we know that Thou dost love us and in safe-ty will bring us thro', Till we

4. O, then Fa-ther bless and help us, for Thy will we de-sire to do, And to
And obeyed the words of Him who died for me, the words of Him who died for me.
And obey the words of Him who died for me, the words of Him who died for me.
And obey the words of Him who died for me, the words of Him who died for me.
Till we reach the land of prom-ise by Thy pow'r, the land of prom-ise by Thy pow-

FLAVIL HALL.
When We Meet To Worship.

Refrain.

When we meet and greet each other,
When we in devotion meet and greet each other,

and pray together,
When we meet and eat the

in Jesus' name and pray together,
When in memory of our

supper,
We obey the words of Him who died for me.

Lord we eat the supper,
who died for me.

No. 56. WE WILL COME TO JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. (For children.)

FLAVIL HALL.

1. Jesus called the children to Him long ago, And the blessed Savior loves us still we know.
2. He will bid us welcome tho' we are but weak, And his voice like music gentle words will speak.
3. We will seek the blessing Jesus doth bestow, Trusting in his kindness He to us will show.
4. In our Savior's service we will gladly live, Till a home in heaven He to us doth give.

Chorus.

We will come to Jesus in our childhood days; We will come to Jesus, joining in his praise.

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1. In life's stern and busy school, Let us mind the golden rule, Un-to
2. Stand within your brother's place, Note the trials he must face, Then his
3. Let not from your tongues be heard Any harsh or angry word, Ever

God and right we should be ever true; Follow out the Bible
motives all in charity construe; Were you circumstanced as
seek the course of kindness to pursue; Each of us has faults you

plan, Dealing with a fellow-man,—Do to others as you'd
he, Would you any better be? Do to others as you'd
know, Tender-ness and mercy show, Do to others as you'd

REFRAIN.

have them do to you. As you'd have them do to you,—Keep the
golden rule in view, If we'd only ever keep the golden rule the
Golden Rule.

rule in view; O how much of pain and woe, Would be spared us
gold-en rule in view;

here be-low, If we'd on-ly keep the gold-en rule in view.

No. 58.  
JUST AS I AM.  
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.  
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me.
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am, the’ toss’da-bout, With man-y a con-flict, man-y a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, ease re-lieve,
6. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath bro-ken ev’ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bid’st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Figh-tings and fears within, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cau-se Thy prom-ise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a- lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
No. 59. **BESIDE THE SILVER SEA.**

DAVIS THREADGILL. J. D. PATTON.

1. While toiling on (while toiling on) life’s rugged road (life’s rugged road)
2. Tho’ storms assail (Tho’ storms assail) me as I go, (me as I go,)
3. With all my toils (with all my toils) and trials past, (and trials past,)

I’ll murmur not (I’ll murmur not) tho’ great the load, (tho’ great the load,)
And dangers fill (and dangers fill) my soul with woe, (my soul with woe,)
I’ll find a place (I’ll find a place) of rest at last, (of rest at last,)

For there is rest (for there is rest) a-waiting me (a-waiting me)
Ere long from these (ere long from these) I shall be free, (I shall be free,)
With Christ to dwell (with Christ to dwell) e-ternal-ly, (e-ter-nal-ly,)

Beside the silver, crystal sea...

**Refrain.**

Beside the sea,
the crystal sea,

Beside the sea, the crystal sea,
Beside the Silver Sea.

The Savior waits to welcome me,

The Savior waits to welcome me,

To dwell with Him, on that bright shore,

To dwell with Him, on that bright shore,

safe from life's storms for ever-more, (for ever-more.)

safe from life's storms for ever-more.......

No. 60. COMMUNION WITH THE LORD. R. T. HALL.

1. Jesus invites his saints to sit around his board;
2. This holy bread and wine Maintain our fainting breath;
3. Let all our pow'rs be joined his glorious name to raise;

Here pardoned rebels sit and hold Communion with their Lord.
By union with our living Lord, And interest in his death.
Let holy love fill ev'ry mind, And ev'ry voice be praise.
No. 61. **THOU HAST GONE FROM US.**

"Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

JENNIE WILSON.  
(Rev. 14: 13)  
FLAVIL HALL.

1. Thou hast gone . . . from us, 0 loved one, (precious loved one,) O'er the
dark . . . and chily tide; (the chill-y tide;) In the house . . . of man-y
mansions, (ma-ny mansions,) With the blest . . . thou dost a-bide, (thou dost a-bide,
tri-a, (toil and tri-a, )Thou hast gone . . . to joys unknown, (to joys unknown,
meet thee, (hope to meet thee, On the bright . . . e-ter-nal shore, (e-ter-nal shore,
spok-en, (nev-er spok-en,) We'll re-joice . . . with thee for aye, (with thee for aye.

2. Here thy form . . . lies pale and si-lent, (pale and si-lent,) But thy
voice . . . we hear no more, (we hear no more,) But ere long . . . we hope to
gloom . . . has pass'd a-way; (has pass'd away;) Where good-bye . . . is nev-er

3. We shall now . . . be sad and lone-ly, (sad and lone-ly,) Since thy
we'll re-joice . . . with thee for aye, (with thee for aye.

4. We shall meet . . . thee in the morn-ing, (in the morn-ing,) When all
we'll re-joice . . . with thee for aye, (with thee for aye.

REFRAIN.

Fare thee well, . . . . depart-ed loved one, . . . . Fare thee
Fare thee well, de-part-ed loved one, fare thee well,

Fare thee well, . . . . depart-ed loved one, . . . . Fare thee
Fare thee well till by and by; . . . . We shall join . . . the ransomed;
Fare thee well till by and by; by and by; We shall join the ransomed.
Thou Hast Gone From Us.

In the land of light on high.

No. 62.

Called Home.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." (Psa. 116:15.)

JENNIE WILSON.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. Called home from service to reward, Called home from toil to rest;

2. Called home, with all thy work complete, And with thy race all run;

3. Called home, with every trial o'er, With every cross laid down;

4. O, deathless land, where thou hast gone! O home so pure and fair!

Thou hast obtained, with wondrous joy, A bright, unchanging crown.

Again we'll meet, to part no more, When we shall enter there.

Chorus.

Called home from rugged paths of time, To tread the streets of gold;

A-round thee lies a land sublime, All glorious to behold.

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1. Hark! Hear the sweet words your Father is saying, O wandering child, come home!
2. You've gone far away in darkness and danger, O wandering child, come home!
3. The feast is prepared, the robe is now ready, O wandering child, come home!

Refrain:

wandering child, come home! Come home, . . . come home, . . .
wandering child, come home! bids you today, come home! Come home, my child, come home, come home!

O wandering child, come home! Your Father is waiting, yea, anxiously waiting, O wandering child, come home!

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No. 64. THE FADELESS CROWN OF GLORY.

"And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory, but death not away."—(1 Pet. 5:4.)

H. LEO BOLES.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. Toil not for things that soon must cease, But labor hard for Christ, the King;
2. The verdant fields and faultless flow’rs Of every clime and age will fade;
3. To Jesus Christ be ever true, Make garlands for the faith-ful here,

Not for the wreath of fame, but peace, And joy, which love to Him doth bring.
But that bright crown will be each hour Most glo-rious of all things made.
And heav-en hath a crown for you, To which you’ll o’er be draw-ing near.

CHORUS.

O the crown . . . . bright and fade-less we shall wear, When robed . . . .
O the fadeless crown of glory by and by we shall wear, When robed in righteousness,

with the angels bright and fair, Where the waving ripples run a-long the

riv-er of life, In the home of bliss for-ev-er free from sin and strife.

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THE LORD'S DAY.

H. LEO BOLES.

1. That glorious morn when Jesus was born From death's darkest tomb;
2. On this glad first day, all cares put away, To worship we go, with
3. The loaf we will break, of the cup we'll partake, In memory of Him who
4. O may we e'er be this day true to Thee! If Jesus should come to

sadness and gloom; When the angels said, "He who for me bled Rose early this
hearts all a-glow; With love and praise, we'll our voices raise, With melody
died for our sin; We'll not stay at home, or neglectful roam, But worship they
call us all home On this glorious day, we'll be in the way That leads to the

CHORUS.

morn—O glad, blissful dawn!
sing of Jesus our King. O glorious morning, the day that is dawn-
home where Christ bids us come.

When the Lord's day shall be thro'erinity, And the arches above shall

echo with love In the home of the blest, where the saints of God rest

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No. 66. ONE LOST LAMB.

D. O. T. (For Male Voices.) D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Ninety-nine were safely sheltered, Lying in the Shepherd's fold; On ly one small lamb had wandered O'er the mountains bare and cold.
2. Dearer to the loving Shepherd Seems the one lost lamb a-stray, Than the sheltered nine and ninety, So He seeks it far away. O'er the mountain goes the Homeward on his gentle arm.
3. Over crags, the lost one seeking, Goes the Shepherd thro' the storm; Then with joyful heart He bears it, Flow's his precious blood for thee. Shepherd, O'er the steep and rugged way; On the
4. Sinner, Jesus died in mercy, That thy soul might ransom'd be; Thro' the wounds that save the wanderer night winds hear Him calling, Seeking for his lamb a-stray.

No. 67.

JEHOVAH SEES.

(Male voices.)

"All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

H. LEO BOLES.

1. No sparrow falls, no orphan calls, But Je-ho-vah sees; No wid-ow sob,s.
2. No du-ty done, no vict-ry won, But Je-ho-vah sees; No soul hath joy with-
3. No saints delight, with gladness bright, But Je-ho-vah sees; No an-tahn swells o-
4. No call so low, his love to know, But Je-ho-vah sees; No wish to be a

But the great Jehovah sees:

poor heart throbs, But Je-ho-vah sees; No child has woes, no soul has for-
out al-loy, But Je-ho-vah sees; No love of bliss can be a-
hill and dell, But Je-ho-vah sees; No one e'er turned to Christ and has
love like thee, But Je-ho-vah sees; No cross to take for Je-sus's

But the great Jehovah sees;

But Je-ho-vah sees; No eye has tears, no life has fears, But Je-ho-vah se-
For Je-ho-vah sees; No glad refrain of heaven's claim, But Je-ho-vah se-
But Je-ho-vah sees; No Christian prays, and then obeys, But Je-ho-vah se-
But Je-ho-vah sees; No fear of gloom in death's dark tomb, For Je-ho-vah se-
But the great Jehovah sees;

Chorus.

Je-hovah's watchful care is o-ver all;............. Je-hovah's love-
mer-cy is for you;............. He is not-will-ing that his peo-

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Jehovah Sees.

fall, . . . . . . . . But be devoted, loyal, faithful, and true, . . . . . . . . that his people fall,
faithful and true.

No. 68. DEAR FRIENDS, FAREWELL.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. B. MOSLEY.

Moderato. mp

1. Dear friends, farewell! dear friends, farewell! To Jesus Christ be ever true;
2. Dear friends, farewell! dear friends, farewell! Remember Jesus’ every word;
3. Dear friends, farewell! dear friends, farewell! May God preserve us in his care,

Go forth with zeal and always strive The blessed Master’s will to do.
In virtue and in grace increase, And follow Jesus Christ the Lord.
And in the days we spend apart May each one live a life of prayer.

CHORUS. Slow.

Farewell, farewell, a sad farewell, Until we all shall meet again;

Farewell, farewell, a sad farewell, Until we all shall meet again.

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No. 69.  **CHRIST AS JUDGE IS COMING.**

HARRIET E. JONES.  A. E. HELTON.

1. Christ as Judge is coming by and by, To judge the world both great and small.
2. When He comes with angels mid the clouds, O shall we hail Him with delight?
3. Do we each day love and follow Him, His name confess, his words obey?
4. Let us live each moment as we would, If known to us the day and hour.

Shall we shout a welcome, you and I, Or cry for rocks on us to fall?
Will He find us standing with the crowds In blood-washed robes of spotless white?
Do we bring from byways cold and dim The many lambs from Him astray?
Of the coming of the Son of God In all his majesty and pow?

**Chorus.**

Christ is coming by and by, And we must every one before Him stand;
Are we ready, you and I, To go with Him unto the summer land?

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WITH JESUS.

"But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." (2 Sam. 12: 23.)

JENNIE WILSON.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. One more little lamb is with Jesus, Secure in the bright fold above; One more little lamb the good Shepherd Has
2. No storms o'er that fold e'er shall gather, No thorns wound the dear lit- tle feet That stray in the ever-green pastures, Where
3. No sorrow can come with its burden, No sin leave its stain in the soul, Where Jesus gives gladness and safety, While
4. Far better than earthly affections Is love of the Shepherd so kind, And happy with Him up in heaven Each

CHORUS.

sheltered in tenderest love flow- ers bloom fragrant and sweet. To Jesus the merciful on- ward di- vine ages roll.
dear lit- tle lamb we shall find.

Shepherd The innocent one has gone home, Protect- ed from ev'ry danger In beautiful pathways to roam.

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No. 71. THE BLESSED HOLY SPIRIT.

The Scriptures were given to us by men who spoke and wrote by the direction of the Holy Spirit. (See 1 Pet. 1: 11; 2 Pet. 1: 21; Matt. 10: 20; Acts 2: 4; 1 Pet. 1: 12; Rev. Chaps. 2, 3.) The gospel of Christ thus given is God's power to save. (See Rom. 1: 16; James 1: 21.) Therefore, when we submit to the gospel, obeying its precepts, we are guided by the Spirit, and molded by God's power to save. By means of his words, revealed in the Bible, the Holy Spirit shows the way of salvation and eternal life, and known the love of God and Christ, cheers Christians in their trials and comforts them in their sorrows, as expressed in this hymn.

FLAVID HALL.

1. The blessed Holy Spirit shows the way In the sacred
2. The Holy Spirit in the Word doth tell How our precious
3. The Holy Spirit in our trials here Doth a message
4. The Holy Spirit comforts in the hour When 'neath heavy

Scrip-tures, to the realms of day; if we hum-bly fol-low, filled with
Sav-iour came to earth to dwell, How He on Mount Cal-very suf-fered
breathe that's filled with hope and cheer: "You thro' Christ shall con-quer, if his
bur-dens ad-ly we must bow; While we trust his prom-ises that

D. S. And with an-gels and redeemed one

faith and love, We shall live re-joic-ing in the home a-bove
for us all, Thro' his grace to ran-som sin-ners from the fall
will you do, Un-to all his teach-ing striv-ing to be true
sun-light glows, And to hearts af-flict-ed con-so-la-tion flows

ev-er be; From all sin and sor-row we shall there be free

The Holy Spirit shall be e'er our guide, Till in realms of glo-ry we with Christ

Copyright, 1908, by T. B. Mosley, Boaz, Ala.
No. 72. **IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.**

"In my Father's house are many mansions. . . I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2.

F. H.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. There's a land of delight for the faithful and blest, Where the Savior has gone to prepare In his Father's bright home blessed mansions of rest, O bow this world of sin, To adore Him in bliss for the heav'n-ly re-ward, Which the sor-row or sigh; With the an-gels in joy, 'mid the sweet, fragrant flow'rs, We shall sweet it will be to be there. saved ones tri-umph-ant-ly win. In the sweet by and by we shall meet o-ver there, roam in the sweet by and by.

2. Every day we will serve our dear Savior and Lord, Till He calls us from Where the tri-als of time come no more, And e-ter-nal-ly dwell in our dear Father's care, On that bright, bliss-ful, ev-er-green shore.

3. In that Eden of splendor and beau-tiful bow'rs, We shall know not a Where the tri-als of time come no more, And e-ter-nal-ly dwell in our dear Father's care, On that bright, bliss-ful, ev-er-green shore.

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No. 73. WILL YOU GATHER GOLDEN SHEAVES?

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. See the precious, golden grain waving over hill and plain, It
   unto harvest white; but the laborers are few, And the
   hours are passing by; for the reaping must be done, Ere shall
   sins eternal night; Go and tell of Jesus' love, And a
   star with silver ray, Shall deck your crown of gold, Adding

2. If you longer idly wait, It will be forever too late, Golden
   pass the harvest sun, Or the grain will fall and die.
   blessed home above, In the land of fadeless light.
   pleasures yet untold, While you live in heaven for aye. Will you gather golden sheaves

3. Human souls the sheaves so rare, That are sinking everywhere in
   gold-en sheaves. For the harvest by and by, For the
   harvest by and by; Will you gather golden sheaves, Will you

4. Every soul that you may win From the dreary fields of sin, As a
   Refrain.

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Will You Gather Golden Sheaves?

sheaves ........ For the garner in the sky?
gather golden sheaves For the garner, for the garner in the sky, up in the sky!

No. 74.

PRAYER IN THE HOME.

W. M. LIGHThALL. JNO. R. BRYANT

1. It fills the heart with joy and peace, Pray' rin the home, pray' rin the home,
2. Oh how I love the home of pray' r, Pray' rin the home, pray' rin the home,
3. Tho' some neglect as year ago by Pray' rin the home, pray' rin the home,
4. O will you then be - gin to - day? Pray' rin the home, pray' rin the home,

It makes all strife and trouble cease, Pray' r with the lov'd ones at home.
With all the loved ones gathered there, Pray' r with the lov'd ones at home.
And for de - part - ed joys may sigh, Pray' r with the lov'd ones at home.
The Spir - it leads you in his way, When you have pray' r in the home.

CHORUS.

Pray' r in the home, prayer in the home, Pray' r to the Fa - ther a - bove;

It clings to my heart wherever I roam—The tho't of pray' r in the home.

S. Vaughan, owner. Used b/
No. 75. **SCATTER THE SUNSHINE OF LOVE.**

Arr. by F. H. **FLAVIL HALL.**

1. There are lone-ly hearts to bless and cher-ish, Let us scat-ter the sun-shine, the sun-shine of love; There are many weary souls who
per-ish, Let us scat-ter the sunshine, the sun-shine of love; If a morn-ing,
end of good we sow, (of good we sow,) Both in shade and shine will
sun-shine, the sun-shine of love; There are many weary souls who
sun-shine, the sun-shine of love; Let your face be al-ways like the, sun-shine, the sun-shine of love, One by one we sad-ly leave be-
Scatter the Sunshine of Love.

FINE. CHORUS.

scatter the sunshine, the sunshine of love. O, scatter the sunshine, the

scatter the sunshine, the sunshine of love.

sunshine of love, O, scatter the sunshine, the sunshine of love; If to

No. 76. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. FLAVIL HALL.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou mightst be ransomed
2. My Father's house of light, My glory-circled throne, I left for earthly be, And quickened from the dead; I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou
given for me? I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?

3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitterest agony, To rescue thee from hell; I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou
left for me? I left, I left it all for thee, What hast thou left for me?

4. And I have brought to thee Down from my home above, Salvation full and borne for me; I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?

be, And quickened from the dead; I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou
given for me? I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?

night, For wand'ring's sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, What hast thou

free, My pardon and my love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou

free, My pardon and my love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou
O, THE GRAND OLD BOOK!

F. H. With vigor.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. O, the grand old Book has stood the trials of the ages,
   Tho' the battles have been strong, tho' the battles have been strong.

2. Every creed that's made by men will perish in eternal night,
   Heaven's Book alone shall stand, Heaven's Book alone shall stand.

3. Back, then, from the wars of parties, and the conflicts of the past!
   To the word of God alone, to the word of God alone.

And 'twill stand the storms until eternal day shall dawn at last,
   And God's love shall be our song, and God's love shall be our song.

'Tis the only light to guide us in the way of truth and right,
   And to that bright happy land, and to that bright happy land.

Thus in Him we may be one, thus in Him we may be one.

CHORUS.

O, the grand old Book! Send it forth to every
   the grand old Book!

Copyright, 1904, by Hall, Hall and Duckworth, owners.
O, the Grand Old Book!

land, For 'twill lead the souls in darkness to the light of brightest day, 
... And for ev-ermore shall stand 
... And for ev-ermore shall stand, 
... for ev-er-more shall stand.

No. 78. THE DREADFUL NIGHT.
Anon.

1. That dread-ful night be-fore his death. The Lamb for sinners slain. 
   Did, al-most with his dy-ing breath. This sol-enn feast or-dain.

2. Thy suf-fer-ing, Lord, each sa-cred sign To our remembrance brings; 
   We eat the bread and drink the. wine, But think on nobler things.

To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re-mem-ber Thee; Help 
O tune our tongues and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee, To 

each re-deemed one to re-peat—For me, He died for me. 
sing ho-san-na to the Lamb, The Lamb that died for me.
No. 79.  

SOON WE SHALL SLEEP.  

"For what is our life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vaniseth away."—(James 4:14.) 

STELLA MAY THOMPSON.  

A. E. HELTON.

1. O! be true to Je-sus ev-er while you live, All the pre-cious 

days of life to Him free-ly give; His di-vine com-mand-ments 
til our wea-ri-some jour-na-y's thro'; And of heav'n-ly joys un-
tude as-sem-bled in that fair land, Will our fac-es with a 

al-ways strive to keep, For we soon in death shall calm-ly sleep. 
told we shall par-take, When on that e-ter-nal morn we wake. 
saint-ly lus-ter glow, And his change-less love shall we e'er know?

2. If we're faith-ful in the work He bids us do, He will shield us 

With our loved ones we all soon shall sleep. And the 

sun shall bright-ly shine o'er each mound; With our loved ones we 

we soon shall sleep, 

shine o'er each mound;
Soon We Shall Sleep.

all soon shall sleep, Ne'er to wake till heav-en's trump shall sound.
we soon shall sleep,

No. 30. WE SHALL HEAR THE ANGELS SING.


1. When our earth-ly stay is o'er, If to Je-sus here we cling,
2. If we glad-ly cast a-way Ev'-ry i-dol for our King,
3. We shall watch the ran-somed throng, Where there is no e-vil thing;
4. Let us now in praise u-nite, Like the voi-ces of the spring,

We shall gain the heav'n-ly shore, We shall hear the an-gels sing.
Where 'tis ev-er cloud-less day, We shall hear the an-gels sing.
They shall help to swell the song That we hear the an-gels sing.
That when faith is lost in sight, We shall hear the an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

We shall see them, As they float on snow-y wing;
We shall hear them,

We shall ev-er more be near them, We shall hear the an-gels sing.

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No. 81. HE SHALL CALL THEE SOON.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. Wear-y one, so far a-way from God, Leave the sin-ful
   paths thou hast trod, Come for cleansing in his precious blood, For He shall
call thee soon. Je-sus' blood a-lone can free from sin, Make thee pure and
he-ly with-in, Come in faith to-day and par-don win, For He shall
joy or in fear, O prepare while Je-sus now is near, For He shall
Wea-ry one, He will for-

2. Je-sus pleads, oh! shall it be in vain, Wilt thou slight his
pass-ing a-way, Flee the wrath to come while it is day, For He shall
call thee soon! Je-sus now will bless and welcome thee, Haste to Him while
Wea-ry one, so far a-way from God, Leave the sin-ful
Lea-ve the sin-ful

3. O re-pent, no lon-ger dare de-lay, Time is swift-ly
Time is swift-ly
Time is swift-ly

Wea-ry one, He will for-
Wea-ry one, He will for-
Wea-ry one, He will for-

Copyright 1908, by Geo. W. Bacon.
He Shall Call Thee Soon.

He shall call thee soon.
Come from the desert so wild, He will receive thee, his child.

Do not longer wait, but now his word believe, For He shall call thee soon;

Turn away from darkness eternal and ever live,
Turn from darkness, live for ever,

Victors a crown shall be given By the Redeemer in heaven,

Come just now his boundless blessings to receive, For He shall call thee soon.
No. 82. ZION. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS KELLY.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Zion stands by hills sur-round-ed, Zion, kept by pow'r di-vine; All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms com-bine; Happy Zion, cease their own to cher-ish; Heav'n and earth at last re-move; But no changes nev-er cease to love thee; Thou art precious in his sight; God is with thee.

2. Ev'-ry hu-man tie may per-ish; Friend to friend unfaithful prove; Mothers mourning captive, God Himself will loose thy bands.

3. In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright, But can God, thy God, will now restore thee; He Himself appears thy friend; All thy foes shall see before thee, Here their boasts and triumphs end; Great deliverance, Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4. Enemies no more shall trouble, All thy wrongs shall be redressed; For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's favor blessed; All thy conflicts End in everlasting rest.

—Thomas Kelly.
No. 84. ALTHOUGH WE ARE BUT CHILDREN.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." (Eccles: 12:1.)

KATHARYN BACON. FLAVIL HALL.

1. Although we are but children, We idle must not stand, But labor
2. Although we are but children, There's much that we can do To brighten
3. Although we are but children, We labor ev'ry day, And strive to

for our Master With willing heart and hand; Wherever duty calls us We
life for others As we our course pursue; Someone is needing sunshine, To
bring some lost one In to the living way; And if in faith we ev'er shall

must in gladness go, For Christ will ev'er keep us, And strength and joy bestow. ban-ish doubt and fear, And others yearn for friendship Their lonely hearts to cheer. serve our blessed Lord, At last we'll gain in heav-en A last-ing, sure reeward.

CHORUS.

Although we are but children, We love and serve our King, And
Although we are but children, We journey in the way. That

to his name so ho-ly Glad hal- le- lu- jahs sing.
leads in Je-sus' foot-steps, to (Omit........... ) one e-ter-nal day.
No. 85. O GLORY, Hallelujah, I'LL BE THERE!

Arr. by A. J. S.  

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There is a land of pure delight, O glory, hallelujah, I'll be there! Infinite day excludes the night, O
2. There everlasting spring abides, O glory, hallelujah, I'll be there! Death from that land this life divides, O
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, O glory, hallelujah, I'll be there! So to the Jews old Canaan stood, O
4. No more shall doubt and fear molest, O glory, hallelujah, I'll be there! When I have reached that land so blest, O

REFRAIN.

I'll be there, In that land of pure delight, Where the

Yes, I'll be there,

day excludes the night, I'll be there,

O I'll be there,

Copyright, 1906, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.
O Glory, Hallelujah, I'll Be There.

No. 86.  SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.
W. W. WALFORD.  W. M. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
   And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known:

2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my petition bear
   To Him whose truth and faithfulness, Engage the waiting soul to bless;

3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy consolation share,
   Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home and take my flight:

In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the everlasting prize;

And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r!
I'll cast on Him my every care And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, fare-well, sweet hour of pray'r!
No. 87. BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2: 10.

MRS. H. Leo Boles.

Flavil Hall.

1. That great-er faith we all might know, Serv-ing our Mas-ter here be-low,
2. Thro' faith we seek our Lord in prayer, For He our bur-dens helps to bear;
3. Our Lord will still his mer-cy show, If we thro' faith re-joic-ing go,
4. If un-to death we faith-ful be, Our Lord and Sav-ior we shall see,

Do-ing each day some deed of love, And lead-ing souls to Christ a-bove.
And He will give the strength we need, And t'ward the goal our feet will lead.
Con-tent our bur-dens here to bear, And a bright home with Him we'll share.
And in the realms of glo-ry live, And wear the crown which He will give;

CHORUS.

Be faith-ful, O be faith-ful! And a crown of life our Lord will give;
Be faith-ful, O be faith-ful un-to death, And a crown of life our Lord will give;

Lord will give; In robes of white we'll walk with Him on that ce-les-tial morn;
that e-ter-nal morn;

And in joy with ho-ly an-gels we will praise Him ev-er-more.
No. 88. THE VALLEY OF JUDGMENT.

(Daniel 8: 2, 9, 12, 14.)

B. E. WARREN.

1. God is sitting in the awful valley, Near his final judgment seat;
2. Go, ye heralds, shout aloud the summons, Let the standard be unfurled;
3. Bring the mighty down to utter nothing, Let the weak say, "I'm strong;"

And his present mighty truth is calling Ev'ry nation at his feet.
Judgment to the Gospel line and plumb-line, To the ends of all the world.
Beat your plow-shares into holy weapons, Press the battle against the wrong.

CHORUS.

Wake, ye nations, gather near.
Wake, ye nations, gather near, O wake ye nations, gather near,
By it stand approved in white.
By it stand approved in white, Yes, by it stand approved in white,

Heaven's truth you now must hear;
Heaven's truth you now must hear, Yes, heaven's truth you now must hear,

Or condemned in heaven's light.
Or condemned in heaven's burning, shining light.

Used by per. B. E. Warren. Springfield, O.
1. The drunkard's home, oh! what a place! No sunshine bright, no smiling face.
2. A drunkard's home, but not for you Has drink in majesty held sway.
3. The drunkard's home, there children weep, While father lies in drunken sleep.
4. The drunkard's home, 'tis dark as night, May gladness know, and peace and light.

No loving words to cheer and bless, But only want and deep distress.
For peace and love, hearts free from care, Once dwelt where now is dark despair.
The toiling mother, watching, prays That God may change her loved one's ways.
If he will turn from sin a-way, God's strength and grace will bless alway.

REFRAIN.

No peace, no joy, or songs of love, To
or songs of love,
lead the childish hearts above, But
the hearts above,
want is there and woe and gloom Within the wretched drunkard's home.
DYING ALONE.
The last words of dear Emma, who died in New Mexico, May 20, 1898. Words composed by her father.
A. W. McHAN.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. My dear-est com-pan-ions, come near me, I pray, And list-en to one who is
dy-ing to-day, I'm here in a strange land, a-lone, all a-lone, I must they were not here, For if they were stand-ing a-round my bed, side, I come nev-er-more, We'll meet in yon man-sions, in heav-en a-bove, To

2. Tell fa-ther and moth-er, and ba-by so dear, That I am so sor-ry that
feel that I could not, no, nev-er, have died. On-ly a sigh, on-ly a tear, be with the Sav-i-or and dear ones I love.

3. O tell them to meet me, on yon-der bright shore, Where partings and good-byes will
For oth-ers so pre-cious not here, I send you a fare-well, a long-time good-bye, With Je-sus, my Sav-i-or, a-lone I must die.

I. B. Vaughan, owner. Used by per.
1. Down beside that softly flowing crystal river, Where its silvery sands the
hap-py an-gels tread, Are our loved ones calmly waiting for us ev-er,
2. In that happy home of peace and love we'll nev-er Feel a-gain our earth-I
heartaches, doubts and fears, We'll be free from ev'-ry grief and pain for-ev-er;
hands for us pre-pared, And our home in that bright land will not be tran-sient,
3. There bright crowns are waiting for us in that mansion, By our Sav-ior's lov-ing
there, We shall dwell for ev-er-more With our Sav-ior and
glad o-ver there, We shall dwell in peace and joy for ev-er-more,

Chorus.
Till our wea-ry feet a-down its paths are led. In the glad o-ver
His own lov-ing hands will wipe a-way all tears. And no joy on earth with it can be com-pared. In the gla-d o-ver there, the

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ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus going on before.

2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod.

3. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph-song.

Leads against the foe; Forward into battle, See his banners go. All one body we, One in hope and doctrine, One in charity. Unto Christ, the King; This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus going on before.
COME TO THE SAVIOR.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

(Rev. 22:17.)

MISS EVA MEISER, McMinville, Tenn. FLAVIL HALL.

1. Come, pilgrims, who are tempest tossed, (are tempest tossed), Come lay your- 

woes at Jesus' feet; (at Jesus' feet); He'll guide each wea-ry one that's lost, (each one that's lost), And fill your soul with rest so sweet, (with rest so sweet),

2. It was the Christ who was so meek, (who was so meek), The Lamb who

suffered, bled and died, (who bled and died), Then why not his salvation, (salvation seek), And trust in Him, (the crucified) free; (the waters free); They're flowing from the fountain near, (the fountain near) come, (to Christ may come), The invitation's free to all, (is free to all),

3. See how He stands and pleads for all, (and pleads for all), Oh, see his

bleeding, outstretched hands! (his outstretched hands); Will you not heed the Spirit's call, (the Spirit's call), Why not obey our Lord's command? (our Lord's command) free; (the waters free); They're flowing from the fountain near, (the fountain near) come, (to Christ may come), The invitation's free to all, (is free to all),

4. If thou soul-sick and fainting be, (and fainting be), Then heed the

Savior's voice you hear; (his voice you hear): "Drink of the Liv- ing Water" ject the loving call; (the loving call); All, who-so-ev- er will, may

5. The Spirit and the bride say, (to Jesus come), Let none re-

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Come to the Savior.

fess, . . . . . . his word obey; . . . . . . In sin you long . . . . . . have sadly
His name confess, his word obey, his word obey; In sin you long have sadly

strayed, . . . . . . Oh, why not come . . . . . . to Christ to-day . . . . . .
strayed, have sadly strayed, Oh, why not come to Christ to-day, to Christ to-day.

No. 94. THE COMMISSION OF OUR LORD.

"Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (Matt. 28: 19, 20; see also Mark 16: 15, 16. R. V.)

Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." (Acts 2: 38.)

ISAAC WATTS.

HAVILLFALL.

1. 'Twas the commission of our Lord, "Go teach the nations and baptize;"
2. "Repent and be baptized," He saith, "For the remission of your sins;"
3. Our souls He washes in his blood, And cleaneth us from every sin;
4. Thus we engage our-selves to Thee, And seal our covenant with the Lord;

The nations have received the word Since He ascended to the skies.
If you obey in gospel faith, He'll wash away your guilty stains.
Thus we to union with our Lord, In joy and gladness enter in.
O may we ever faithful be, And gain in heav'n the great reward.
No. 95.  
THE WORLD IN SIN. 

J. B. VAUGHAN.  
Arr. by J. B. V. 

1. The world in sin is drifting day by day,  
2. But sin and Satan doth with or without a accord,  
3. The faithful shall obtain a crown at last,  

While Jesus stands so nigh, He bids them seek the narrow way,  
And Com-bine their quick'ning pow'r, Make taught the death of our dear Lord,  
The vict'ry, oh, how grand! When clouds of darkness shall be pass'd,  
And

CHORUS.  

come and live with Him on high.  
But, O their end, they  
watch and pray each day and hour.  
But our God shall stand.  

But, O their end, their dreadful end, God  

dreadful end, God's holy word hath taught me so, Hath taught me so;  
O their end, But, O their end, God's holy word Hath taught me so, He  

ho-ly word hath taught me so, Hath taught me so; ..................  

Used by per. of J. B. Vaughan, Athens, Ga.
The World in Sin.

On slip'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fier-y billows roll below.

No. 96. The Promised Land.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Chorus.
I am bound for the promised land,
I am bound for the promised land,
Oh! who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There Jesus Christ forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul,
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

—Samuel Stennett.

No. 97. Am I a Soldier?

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

2 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?
Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

—Isaac Watts.
No. 98. IN THE KINGDOM OF OUR MASTER.

That ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory."—(1 Thes. 2: 12; see also Matt. 29: 1.)

FLAVIL HALL. A. E. HELTON.

1. In the kingdom of our Master let us work in faith and love,
2. Let us plead with sinners, while they plod the way of endless woe,
3. There are souls in sin who're wandering from the Shepherd's fold to-day,

As we journey from this world of sorrow to the land above,
To obey our precious Savior's voice and serve Him here below,
Let us call them back to Him into the strait and narrow way.

Let us brave the fier y trials, and temptations over come,
Till in love He calls them from their labor in his kingdom here,
Let us cheer with loving deeds the broken heart ed in their grief.

Till with Jesus in the realms of glory we are safe at home,
And with Him and angels they in heavenly glory shall appear.
Bid them look to Christ in faith and pray'r for comfort and relief.

CHORUS.

In the kingdom of our Master,
In the kingdom of our Master, In the kingdom of our Master,
In the Kingdom of Our Master.

We will work.............. for Him in gladness,
We will work for Him in gladness, We will work for Him in gladness,

And when life for us is over, we shall live with Him for aye,

Sing-ing praie-es to his ho-ly name thro'-out e-ter-nal day.

No. 99.

BURIED WITH THE LORD.

"Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him."—(Col. 2:12.)
"Baptized into his death."—(Rom. 6:8.) "Baptized into Christ."—(Gal. 3:27.) "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."—(Col. 1:14.)

ISAAC WATTS.

HAVILLFALL.

1. Do we not know that solemn word, That we are buried with the Lord?
2. Our souls receive divine breath, Raised from corruption, guilt and death;
3. No more let sin and Satan reign over our mortal flesh again;

"Baptized into his death," and then Redeemed in Him from every sin?
So from the grave did Christ arise, And live to God above the skies.
The various lusts we served before Shall have dominion now no more.
No. 100. COME, LET US PRAISE THE HOLY ONE.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.  

R. E. WINSETT.

1. Come, let us praise the Holy One, Our gracious King and Lord,
2. A covenant-keeping God is He, His word forever standeth,
3. Praise Him, ye people, great and small, Be found in his employ,
4. Ye angels in that world above, Your glory we would share,

Thro' all the earth let us make known The riches of his word.
The heathen shall his glory see, His power shall break their bands.
Upon his name in gladness call, Yea, sing aloud for joy.
When in the fullness of his love He bids us enter there.

REFRAIN.

All praise belongeth to our God, Your joyful tribute bring!

All praise belongeth to our God, Be glad, rejoice and sing!
No. 105.

GIVE THEN GLADLY.

(Dedicated to all Christians of our America.—B. B. B.)

E. A. HOFFMAN.  B. B. BEALL.

1. You are giving to the Master in the gift you bring to-day, And the
gospel will be carried to the nations far away; It is He who wants the
millions to be told of His great love, That they too may turn their footsteps toward the

2. You are giving to the Master and His glad eyes behold All you
lay upon His altar, all your silver and your gold; All these offerings are

3. You are giving to the Master, O the holy joy to know You can
work together with Him in His vineyard here below! You can help to save the

millions lost in sorrow and in sin, By the gifts you offer Jesus you may

chorus.

Father's house above. Give then gladly, and give freely, And give
of offerings and mine. Help to bring them in. Give, O give then gladly, and give then freely,

largely to the Lord; You will reap in earth and heaven A most bountiful reward.

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No. 102. HE IS CALLING TO-DAY.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. 11: 28.)

STELLA MAY THOMPSON.

A. E. HELTON.

1. He is calling sinful ones from the desert so drear; Come to Him now and all his glories receive; Fear thou not, be-nigh-ed pil-grim, for Him while for your soul He doth plead; Heed his voice so kind, and enter the multitude of sinners to save; Lead each wayward soul from darkness to precious loved ones glad-ly we'll greet; In that hap-py land there nev-er shall

2. Jesus surely calls you to repentance to-day, Listen to Jesus is near; And He doth bid you e'en in Him to believe. Heaven-ly way, And He will give you joy that naught can exceed. Jesus' blest way, E'er the Re-deem-er calls them o'er the dark wave, be a fare-well, There in the Lord our joy shall e'er be com-plete.

3. Christian soldiers, hast-en on to the battle to-day, There is a haste to win his precious love; Hear his sweet voice, Hear his sweet voice.

4. Soon He'll call us home with heav-ly spir-its to dwell. There all our

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He is Calling To-day.

calling, He's calling, "Come, there is rest, sweet rest, in heaven above."

No. 103.  
LIVE LIKE JESUS.  
W. HENRY QUILLLEN.

1. Live like Jesus, as you onward go Thro' this world of sorrow, pain and woe;
2. Live like Jesus, go and seek the lost, Who in sin's dark sea are tempest-tossed;
3. Live like Jesus, for there will be given To the saints a mansion bright in heav'n;

Tho' dark clouds o'er-shadow day by day, Live like Jesus all the way.
Tell them He's the dearest Friend for aye, Live like Jesus all the way.
Follow in his footsteps ev'ry day, Live like Jesus all the way.

CHORUS.

Live like Jesus all the way, And his blessed will obey;

He will lead you to that heav'n-ly home, Live like Jesus all the way.
No. 104. MARCHING ON TO VICTORY.

G. W. LYON.
Andantino.

1. We're marching to a heav'n-ly home, Where sin and pain can never come.
2. United we will press along. We'll meet with foes on ev'-ry hand.
3. The Lord will guide us safely on. We'll! meet with foes.

We're marching to a heav'n-ly home.

Where sin and pain can never come.

But ere we reach that golden strand.

We'll meet with foes,
Marching On to Victory.

CHORUS. Allegretto.

Onward, upward be the watchword ever, On the field of battle falter never,

Show your colors that the world may see We are marching on to victory.

No. 105. Rock of Ages.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood From Thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labor of my hands Can fulfill Thy law's demands, Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow, All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress, Helpless look to Thee for grace, Vile, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown, See thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in Thee.

—A. M. Toplady.

No. 106. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me! All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and holy is Thy name; I am all unrighteousness; False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams abound, Make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the Fountain art; Freely let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.

—Charles Wesley.
TELL THE BLESSED STORY.

1. Tell the blessed story to the heavily laden far and wide,
   Jesus died each soul to win From the mighty pow'r of sin;
   All your cares and sorrows in the gentle Savior, e'er confide,
   He will comfort you alway, O, then from him never stray! Jesus, the

2. There are many wayward ones who know not Jesus' holy name;
   They are wandering in despair Far from his protecting care;
   To the weary, darkened souls the blessed story o'er proclaim,
   Tell them of the wondrous love Jesus sendeth from above.

3. How I love to tell the blessed story—tell it o'er and o'er,
   Oh! my soul with joy doth thrill, For my Savior loves me still!
   He will safely pilot me until I reach the heav'nly shore,
   Where the saints in glory sing Praise to the Savior King.

Chorus.

Son of God, was crucified for me, Sweetly praise him every
Son of God was crucified,
Tell the Blessed Story.

more, None hath lov'd thee so before; Beauti-ful sto-ry, bless-ed sto-ry, I am free, Tell to those with care oppressed, Jesus sure-ly giv-eth rest!

No. 108. LEARN TO PITY, NOT TO HATE.

J. M. McCaleb, in Gospel Advocate.

1. And why should friend condemn a friend, Nor suf-fer him with-in the gate?
2. A lit-tle wrong you can't for-give? And you will not com-mun-i cate?
3. Our God and Father—don't you know?—So loved this world He did cre-ate,
4. 'Tis love that turns the world a-right, And love the hardened heart will break;

We all are hast'ning to the end; So learn to pit-y, not to hate.
But short, how short! the life we live; Then learn to pit-y, not to hate.
That none should come to hate it so, But learn to pardon, not to hate.
To light it turns the dark-est night—Oh, learn to love and not to hate!

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Jehovah cares for me.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter.

D. O. Teasley.

1. There's a thought so sweet, so dear, O it brings me precious cheer, As I journey o'er a road I cannot see! 'Tis the thought that up above me, and I shall not forgotten be; Much I cannot understand, resting 'neath life's ever-blooming tree, Unto me will be made plain,

Rules a God whose name is love, And I know, yes, I know He ever cares for me. Yes, Jehovah cares for me, Ever loves and cares for me;

2. He who notes the sparrow's fall, Heeds his children when they call, Cares for But I'll trust His guiding hand, For I know, yes, I know Jehovah That my seeming loss was gain, For I know, yes, I know Jehovah

3. Bye and bye He'll take me home, Never more on earth to roam, And while But I'll trust His guiding hand, For I know, yes, I know Jehovah That my seeming loss was gain, For I know, yes, I know Jehovah

Fine. Refrain.

D. S. O I know, yes, I know Jehovah, Ruler of the earth and sky, With a kind and watchful eye,
BLESSED ARE THEY.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed are they,
2. Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed are they,
3. Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed are they,

Blessed are they; They shall receive a crown of bright glory That
Blessed are they; Jesus will take them, when life is over, Up
Blessed are they; Jesus will gently guide them in safety, A-

Chorus.

faded not a way. Blessed are they,......
to the realms of day. Long the narrow way. Blessed are they, Blessed are they,

Blessed are they;...... Blessed are they that
Blessed are they, Blessed are they;

do his commandments, Blessed are they.
Blessed are they, Blessed are they.
1. There is joy in heav’n a-mong the angels, When a wander-er re-turns to the fold—When he comes to seek a place of safety, After thrill with delight When a soul is given to the Savior—Led to calls you to-day, Heav’n and earth will call to bid you wel-come, Do not

2. There is joy on earth a-mong the right-eous, There are faith-ful hearts that trust the gen-tle Shepherd’s might. linger, do not long-er stray. There is joy, yes, there is

3. You can give that joy to saints and an-gels, For the lov-ing Shep-herd turns to the fold—When he comes to seek a place of safety, After thrill with delight When a soul is given to the Savior—Led to calls you to-day, Heav’n and earth will call to bid you wel-come, Do not

Chorus.

straying in the dark and cold. There is joy a-mong the angels. There is joy a-mong the angels when a

joy a-mong the an-gels, There is joy a-mong the an-gels when a

wan-der-er re-turns; There is joy a-mong the angels, There is joy, yes there is joy a-mong the
Joy Among the Angels.

No. 112. BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

( Gal. 6:2.)

When my tongue is silent, and my heart is still, and my hand can no longer help the needy, men may say, "He lived and died in poverty," but I pray, that God may know, and truth may say, "His soul was always sympathetic, and he never withheld the helping hand from any suffering, sorrowing soul that appealed to him for help."- T. B. Larimore.

JENNIE WILSON.

1. Bear ye one another's burdens As along life's path you go;
2. Unto hearts oppressed with sorrow Cheer ing words of comfort speak,
3. Like the meek and lowly Jesus, Lighten loads of grief and care;

To the weak and heavy laden Tender love and pity show.
And to those grown faint and weary Give the needed help they seek.
Guided by his pure example, Rich est blessings you will share.

CHORUS.

Bear ye one another's burdens, And the law of Christ fulfill,

Bear ye one another's burdens, Doing thus the Master's will.
No. 113. LET NOT CHRIST WEEP ALONE.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears Th' wond'ring angels see; Be-
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear; In

floods of penitential grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye,

No. 114. Hungry and Faint.

1 Hungry, and faint, and poor, Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at Thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.
2 Thy word invites us nigh, Or we would starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.
3 The food our spirits want Thy hand alone can give;
O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

No. 116. Sighing for Rest.

1 O Where shall rest be found—Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
2 The world can never give The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
3 Beyond this vale of tears There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
4 There is a death whose pang Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

No. 115. The Lord's Supper.

1 Lord of our highest love,
Let now thy peace be given;
Fix all our thoughts on things above,
Our hearts on Thee in heaven.
2 And when the loaf we break,
Thine own rich blessing give;
May all, with loving hearts, partake,
And all new strength receive.
3 Dear Lord, what memories crowd
Around the sacred cup:
The upper room—Gethsemane—
Thy foes—Thy lifting up!
4 O scenes of suffering love
Enough our souls to win;
Enough to melt our hearts, and prove
The antidote of sin!

No. 117. A Charge to Keep.

1 A charge to keep I have A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
2 To serve the present age, My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage To do my Master's will.
3 Arm me with jealous care, As in Thy sight to live;
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare A strict account to give!
4 Help me to watch and pray, And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray, I shall forever die.

—Charles Wesley.
1. Give un - to the Lord an off'ring full and free, Think of all that He has
done for thee; Has He e'er withheld an - y gift of love? Consecrate thine
is thy due; He has giv'n Himself for thee to bleed and die; Why keep aught from
love un - told; On His al - tar lay thy gift in will-ing-ness, He thy hum - ble

Refrain.

To His ho - ly treas-u-ry bring thy gifts a-new; What-so-e'er thou bringest

He will own and bless, And be - fore the Fa-ther will thy name con-fess.
No. 119. THEY ARE WAITING FOR ME.

C. M. L. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

1. I have loved ones who have crossed o'er the chill-y tide, To mansions
   in that home so fair; (bright and fair;) In that land of love and light
   heav-on sweet-est rest; (sweetest rest;) They are safe with Him at last,
   more the sad good-bye; (sad good-bye;) What a meet-ing that will be
   they will e'er a-bide, They're waiting for me o-ver there, (o-ver there.)
   nev-er-more to roam, They dwell with all the good and blest, (good and blest.)

2. When their work on earth was done Je-sus called them home, To find in
   where we'll part no more, Yes, meet with those who wait on high, (wait on high.)

3. I shall meet with all my loved ones who're gone be-fore, And speak no

REFRAIN.

They are wait-ing for me By the bright
They are wait-ing, yes, wait-ing for me o-ver there, By the bright crystal sea,

crytal sea. They are wait-ing on that peaceful shore, (peaceful shore,
by the bright crystal sea,

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They are Waiting for Me.

Soon I'll meet them up there, In that home
Soon I'll meet them up there, Yes, I'll meet them up there, In that home, beautiful home,

Meet them where sad parting comes no more, (comes no more.)

No. 120.
SUN OF MY SOUL

JOHN KEBLE.

Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,

A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;

Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes!

Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

Till in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.
1. I have loved ones who have crossed o'er the chill - ly tide, To mansions
2. When their work on earth was done Je - sus called them home, To find in
3. I shall meet with all my loved ones who're gone be - fore, And speak no

in that home so fair; (bright and fair;) In that land of love and light
heav-en sweet - est rest; (sweetest rest;) They are safe with Him at last,
more the sad good - bye; (sad good - bye;) What a meet - ing that will be

they will e'er a - bide, They're waiting for me o - ver there. (o - ver there.)
nev - er - more to roam, They dwell with all the good and blest. (good and blest.)
where we'll part no more, Yes, meet with those who wait on high. (wait on high.)

Refrain.

They are wait - ing for me By the bright
They are waiting, yes, waiting for me o - ver there, By the bright crystal sea,

cry - tal sea, They are waiting on that peaceful shore; (peaceful shore.)
by the bright cry - tal sea.

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They are Waiting for Me.

Soon I'll meet them up there, In that home
Soon I'll meet them up there, Yes, I'll meet them up there, In that home, beautiful home,

bright and fair, Meet them where sad parting comes no more. (comes no more.)
bright and fair, bright and fair,

No. 120. SUN OF MY SOUL

JOHN KEBLE. P. RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a- rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Savior's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Till in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.
1. Look away from the cross to the glittering crown, From your weary one, look away; There's a home for the soul, where no crosses and trials sever; There's a beautiful hand that is onward your journey pursue; Look away from the cross to the sorrows can come, And where pleasures will never decay. beckoning come, And no heartaches and sighings, are there glittering crown, That's a waiting in heaven for you.

CHORUS.

Look away, look away, From the weary one, look away from the cross to the crown,

cross to the glittering crown, Look away, glittering crown, Weary one, look away
From the Cross to the Crown.

look away, From the cross to the glittering crown.
from the cross to the crown.

No. 122. SOME DAY I'LL UNDERSTAND.

G. A. KUYKENDALL. FLAVIL HALL.

1. Some day I'll stand on glory's shore, Beyond dark Jordan's sullen roar;
2. I'm weary now, and full of care, My trials seem too great to bear;
3. I'll murmur not, what e'er may come, Earth's sorrows only lead me home;
4. Tho' troubles oft beset me here, Tho' man-y cloud-ed days appear;

And then I'll understand God's way, And sing his praise there for aye.
Yet angels call in sweet refrain, Some day God's will shall all be plain.
When in that bless-ed Ben-lah land, His ways at last I'll understand.
Each day I'll work at Jesus' call, Some-time I'll understand it all.

REFRAIN.

In that bright... eternal day, We shall know... our Father's way;
In that bright eternal day We shall know our Father's way.

And we'll dwell... for ever-more, Upon that happy, golden shore.
And we'll dwell forevermore.

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1. Oh! listen to the Savior's gentle voice and swiftly go
   To dwell within

2. Oh! trembling soul, He gave His precious life for you and me,
   His blood He

3. Oh! haste to God's protection for the hour is growing late,
   And there'll be

in his kingdom, where no sorrow you shall know,
By Jesus' cleansing

free—ly shed upon the cross of Calvary,
Your friend in pleasure

awful peril for you, if in sin you wait
Until you see the

power you shall be whiter than the snow; Oh! be like him in all you

or in sorrow He will ever be;
To his dear name, oh! soul, be

closing of heaven's golden gate; Oh! trust him till your life is

Refrain.

do, Remember Jesus died for you! The Savior's mercy shall

true, Remember Jesus died for you!

thro', Remember Jesus died for you! The Savior's mercy shall forever endure,

His precious, holy word is always sure, his holy word is

Copyright 1908, by Geo. W. Bacon.
Remember Jesus Died for You!

A home is waiting for those who are pure; The always sure; A home is waiting, waiting, waiting for those, for those who are pure; righteous way, oh! e'er pursue, Remember Jesus died for you!

No. 124. MEDITATION.

JOSEPH SWAIN. FREEMAN LEWIS.

1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,
2. Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
3. He looks! and ten thousand of angels rejoice, And myriads now wait for his word;
4. Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow Thy call, I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;

My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all!
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep, Or alone in this wilderness rove?
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice, Reechoes the praise of the Lord.
Protect and defend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ever rejoice.
No. 125.  BE FAITHFUL TO THE KING.

JENNIE WILSON.  W. HENRY QUILLON.

1. The King has sent you here His ho-ly will to do; O - bey his
2. He bids you find the lost In er-ro'r's drear-y night, And help them
3. To hearts oppressed with guilt The hap-py news proclaim, That par-don
4. Be-yond the gleam-ing stars, Be-yond the daz-zling sun, The King of

blest commands And un-to Him be true; From cru-el bonds of sin Seek
see with joy Sal-va-tion's wondrous light, Whose ra-di-ance di-vine For
may be found, Be-cause the Sav-i-or came A sac - ri-face to be For
Glo-ry rules, Where all his will is done; O do his errands well, Till

precious souls to win, From cru-el bonds of sin Seek pre-cious souls to win.
for - ev-ry soul doth shine, Whose ra-di-ance di-vine For for - ev-ry soul doth shine.
sin on Calv'ry's tree A sac - ri-face to be For sin on Calv'ry's tree.
you with him shall dwell, O do his errands well, Till you with Him shall dwell.

CHORUS.

Be faith-ful to the King..... While here..... in
Be faith-ful to the King, O be faith-ful to the King While here in time you stay, While

time you stay;..... Re-mem-ber that your home.....
here in time you stay; Re-mem-ber that your home, O re-mem-ber that your home
Be Faithful to the King.

From earth is far away; O, serve with grateful love, your King who reigns above.

with grateful love, O, serve with grateful love, who reigns above.

No. 126. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

FAWCETT. HANS GEORG NAGEL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;

2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent pray'rs;

3. We share our mutual woes; Our mutual burdens bear;

4. When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain;

The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And oft'en for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.
No. 127.

I AM WAITING.

"And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ." (2 Thes. 3:5.) A. E. HELTON.

1. Far beyond the trials and sorrows of this life is a
   heaven-ly home prepared for me, And I long to go to that
   know. He will ever faithful prove, And the long be the journey,
   serve me into his presence blest; There shall be no sorrow, no
   Savior in glory I shall see, And with many loved ones a-

2. Though I oft am weary, my Savior's promise cheers, For I
   drea-ry be the years, By his grace I shall reach my home above,
   burdens, care or pain, When at last in his man-sion I shall rest,
   mid the Eden glow I shall joy-ous-ly spend eternity!

3. I am waiting, waiting, for Christ will come again To re-
   land where joys are rife, And from earth's woes and conflicts to be free.
   mid the Eden glow I shall joy-ously spend eternity!

4. I am waiting patiently, but I long to go Where the
   I am waiting, precious Lord, For thy call .........
   I am waiting, I am waiting precious Lord, For thy call to come, thy

CHORUS.

I am wait-ing, precious Lord, ......... For thy call 
I am waiting, I am waiting precious Lord, For thy call to come, thy

Copyright, 1908, by Flavil Hall and A. E. Helton.
Lord...... Till Thou call me from earth to heav'n, my home,...... waiting, precious Lord.

No. 128. CHRIST, THE FIRST FRUITS.

1. Christ the Lord is risen to-day! Sons of men and angels say;
2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the bars of death;
3. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Following our exalted Head;

D.S.—Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more.
D.S.—Once He died our souls to save; Where's thy victory, boasting grave.
D.S.—Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove, Thus to sing and thus to love.
No. 129. TO YOUR LORD BE TRUE

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. Soldiers of the mighty King, To his name hosanna singing, And in all your conflicts un-to Him be true; For, He needs the strong and brave, Weak and Lord and all his mandates e'er be true; Heaven and earth shall pass away, But the love and mercy and to Him be true; While in darkness millions die, Never on with patience and to Him be true; By and by with labors e'er you shall

2. Worldly pleasures may allure, But they cannot long endure,—To the sinful ones to save, Fight on for the right and to your Lord be true. faith-ful live for aye, Daily watch and pray and to your Lord be true. lay your armor by, Gladly labor on and to your Lord be true. rest for-ev-er more Safe in heaven with the faith-ful and the true.

3. Bear to all the gospel light, Trusting only in his might, Praise him Chorus.

To your Lord be ev-er true, He has suffered death for you, Never To your Lord be true for-ev-er, To your Lord be true for-ev-er,

4. Tho' by burdens sore oppressed And your spirit longs for rest, Labor yield to sin, but to your Lord be true; Tho' the world should you op-to Him be true;

Copyright, 1903. by Geo. W. Bacon.
To Your Lord Be True.

I, you shall conquer all your foes, Fight on till the last and to your Lord be true!

No. 13C. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNE STEELE.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can He say than to vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad; on the God, and will still give thee aid, I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their will not de-sert to his foes, That soul, tho' all hell should en-

2. In ev-ry con-di-tion—in sick-ness, in health; In pov-er-ty's

3. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismay'd! I, I am thy

4. "E'en down to old age, all my peo-ple shall prove My sov'reign, e-

5. "The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re-po-se, I will not, I

you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? land, on the sea—"As thy days may de-mand, shall thy strength ev-er be."

cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand." tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos-om be borne."

deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake."
1. How blest and how joyous will be the glad day, When heart beats to
2. Come, brothers and sisters and join in the fight, Our Savior and
3. The prayer of our Savior impels us, move on, Its words are still
4. Be faithful and true till the warfare is over, Till factions are

Oh! shout the glad word. Oh! hasten the day, When all of God's
How Blest the Day.

peo - ple are one, Oh! shout the glad word, Oh!
God's peo - ple are one,

hast - en the day, When all of God's peo - ple are one.
God's peo - ple are one.

No. 132. LET PARTY NAMES.

MARSHALL, S. M. M. C. KURFESS.

1. Let part - y names no more The Chris - tian world o'er - spread;
2. A - mong the saints on earth, Let mu - tual love be found;
3. Thus will the church be - low Re - sem - ble that a - bove;

Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ, their head.
Heirs of the same in - her - i - tance, With mu - tual bless - ings crowned.
Where streams of pleas - ure ev - er flow, And ev -’ry heart is love.
1. When we trust in the Lord and obey his commands, To our souls He gives comfort and rest, And whatsoever portion redangers be setting our road, And if through dready shadows his purposes divine received in his hands, We can say it is all for best.

2. Well the heavenly Father doth know all our needs And the dangers besetting our road, And if through dreary shadows his purposes divine received in his hands, We can say it is all for best.

3. Either sorrows or joys to us blessings will be, If we take them as sent from on high, And their purpose divine we more clearly will see, When we know as we're known by and by.

CHORUS.

It is all for the best, It is all for the best, When with God's constant love we are blest; Whatsoever the day to us...
No. 134.

HE LOVES ME.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov - reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree? A-
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While his dear cross ap - pears, Dis-
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here,

CHORUS.

He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the crea-ture's sin.
solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

He gives Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so.

All for the Best.

brings we can say, In sweet faith, it is all for the best.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know;
1. Let us ne'er be deceived, For our God is not mocked, He doth ev-er his prom-ises keep; If of evil or good, Seeds of life ever last-ing may gain, If while dwell-ing be-low To the care let us sow the good seed; If we faint not, but toil, Foes shall jus-tice, or sin,—As we sow, well we know we shall reap.

2. If we sow to the flesh We corrup-tion shall reap, But we Spirit we sow, With our Sav-iour at last we may reign. nev-er de-spoil, But the har-vest be plen-teous, in-deed.

3. We shall reap what we sow Near the seven-tide's glow; Then with prom-ise is sure! Oh, his prom-ise is sure! And our CHORUS

We shall reap what we sow, Oh, his prom-ise is sure! We shall reap what we sow, Oh, his prom-ise is sure! We shall reap what we sow, Oh, his prom-ise is sure!
No. 136. What a Friend.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
   All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
   Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
   O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
   Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
   Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
   Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
   Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
   Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

—H. Bonar.

No. 137. O Thou Fount.

1 O thou Fount of every blessing,
   Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
   Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me ever to adore Thee:
   May I still Thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
   Fills my heart with joy and love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
   Hither by Thy help I've come!
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
   Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
   Wandering from Thy fold, O God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
   Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
   Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
   Bind me closer still to Thee.
Never let me wander from Thee,
   Never leave Thee, whom I love;
By Thy word O, ever guide me,
   Till I reach Thy courts above.

—R. Robinson.
No. 138. THE END OF THE WAY.
Words copied from the Gospel Advocate. They were written by a young lady in Nova Scotia, an invalid for many years.

A. E. VELTON.

1. My life is a wea - ri - some jour - ney; I'm sick with the
dust and the heat; The rays of the sun beat upon me,
long - ing for rest; But He who ap - points me my path - way,
tri - al too much; All his peo - ple have been de - ar - ly purchased,
city ap - pear; When the beau - ti - ful songs of the an - gels
safe - ly at home; I know I'll re - ceive a glad wel-come,
those who are faint; There are robes that are whiter and pur - er

2. There are so ma - ny hills to climb up - ward; I oft - en am
knows just what is need - ful and best; I know in his
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my listen - ing ear; When all that now
For the Sav - ior Him - self has said, "Come". So when I am
Than a - ny our fan - cy can paint; So I'll try to press

3. He loves me too well to for - sake me, Or to give me one
trials are wound - ing my feet; But the cit - y to
wonders which I am go - ing Will more than my tri - als re - pay,
word He has prom - ised That my strength, "It shall be as my
day." All the
see Him and praise Him In the cit - y of un - end - ing day. All the
seems so mys - te - rious Will be plain and as clear as the
day - then the
wea - ry in bod - y, And sink - ing in spir - it I say; All the
hope - ful - ly on - ward, Thinking oft - en thro' each weary
day, All the
No. 139. **WE'LL KNOW OUR LOVED ONES.**

**F. H.**

**FLAVIL HALL.**

1. How sweet to know, when time shall end, We'll meet in heav'n so fair, With our Redeem-
2. Yes, when the gloom of time is pass'd, And death's dark veil removed, We'll know our lov'd
3. For that bright home let us prepare While here on earth we dwell, Then we shall greet

D. S.- We'll meet with Christ
D. S.- We'll know our loved
D. S.- Then we shall greet

our dearest friend! And know our lov'd ones there (our loved ones there;) And know our ones when at last We stand with Christ approved (with Christ approved;) We stand with our loved ones there, And never say fare-well (ne'er say farewell;) And never

loved ones there (our loved ones there;) And know our lov'd ones there (our lov'd ones there;) Christ approved (with Christ approved;) We stand with Christ approved (with Christ approved;) say fare-well (ne'er say farewell;) And never say fare-well (ne'er say farewell;)

FINE.
ON TO THE RESCUE.

HARRIET E. JONES.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. On, on to the rescue, ye servants of God, There's danger and death by the way, The agents of Satan are scattered abroad, hosts that destroy; Go, stand with the foremost, tho' dangers you face, lost ones to-day, Go, rescue their dear ones from want and distress, earnest and brave, To keep our whole nation from sorrow and shame,

Chorus.

To lead the unwary astray; On, on to the rescue we pray, To keep from destruction your boy, Go forward, and make no delay, Move forward your brother to save.

Yes, we pray,

There's danger and death in delay, From love of dear souls of more value than gold, Go forward to labor for Christ and His fold.

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No. 141.

**HE'LL LEAD US ON.**

S. HOUSTON PROFFITT.  N. W. PROFFITT.

1. Down from the shining courts above, Our Lord to earth did come,
2. He led a life of sorrow here, No-where to lay His head,
3. He died upon the cruel cross, He bore the sins of all,
4. They laid Him in a new-made grave, And tho't His work was o'er,

To show for us His boundless love And lead us to our home.
His life was spent in doing good, His tears for us were shed.
Regained for us our heavy loss, And saved us from the fall.
He rose triumphant from the grave, He rose to die no more.

CHORUS.

He'll lead us on To realms of peace and love,
Yes, He will lead us, lead us on,

He'll lead us on To that sweet home above.
Yes, He will lead us, lead us on.

*Used by per. of James D. Vaughan and N. W. Proffitt.*
No. 142. A GLAD REUNION ON THE ETERNAL SHORE.*
Dedicated to the future Reunions of the Nashville, (Tenn.,) Bible School.
Words and Music by FLAVIL HALL.

1. In this glad Re - un - ion of the Nashville Bi - ble School to - day,
2. Aft - er we have fought, in faith - ful - ness, the bat - ties of the Lord,
3. In our strug - gles here the e - vil one doth tempt on ev - ry hand,
4. Here we part in grief and sor - row from our friends and loved ones dear,

We have met in sweet com - mun - ion as we walk the nar - row way;
And we lay our ar - mor down in peace to go to our re - ward
But when we shall meet in that re - un - ion with the an - gel band,
But we'll meet in heav - en nev - er - more to shed the fare - well tear;

We will praise our hear'n - ly Fa - ther and ex - alt his ho - ly word,
He shall come a - gain and shall de - clare that time shall be no more,
We shall nev - er know temp - ta - tion and we'll nev - er sin a - gain,
O, how sweet to live for - ev - er in that peace - ful clime a - bove,

In the joy - ful hope of meet - ing up in heav - en with the Lord.
Then there'll be a grand re - un - ion o - ver on the oth - er shore,
But in glad - ness, free from e - vil, with the Sav - ior we shall reign,
Sing - ing prais - es to our precious Sav - ior for his wondrous love!

CHORUS.

0 it all will be glo - ry!
0 it will be glo - ry, 'twill be glo - ry for us all!

* May be appropriately used at any reunion of Christians by omitting first stanza.
A Glad Reunion on the Eternal Shore.

Glo - ry in the glad re - un - ion on - the bright e - ter - nal shore,

Twill be glo - ry, twill be glo - ry for us all,

Glo - ry when we meet with Je - sus o - ver there to part no more.

No. 143. ROUSE YE, O ZION.

With vigor.

Rouse ye, O Zi - on, in thy might, Go forth and spread the gos - pel light;
Hea'vn's call is great, do not de - lay, Go forth in - to the fields to - day;
Rise in the strength of Is - rael's God, Go to the lost with cour - age bold;

Its gladsome tid - ings now pro - claim To all the world in Je-sus' name.
The gos-pel seed sow ev - ry hour, And gath-er sheaves for heaven's shore.
Tell them of Je - sus' dy - ing love, And lead them to the home a - bove.
No. 144. THE SCRIPTURES ARE OUR GUIDE.*

To the past, present, and future students of the Nashville, (Tenn.) Bible school, who are, and will be loyal to the principles held up by the faculty of said school, this song is respectfully inscribed by the author.

See 2 Tim. 3: 16, 17; Acts 20: 27; Col 3: 4; Psal. 119: 105; 1 Tim. 6: 12; 2 Tim. 4: 1-8.

Published at the suggestion of Words and music by PROF. JAMES E. SCOBES.

Words and music by FLA'VIL HALL.

1. All the Scriptures are by inspiration giv'n to us of God, And will make complete the faithful child of grace; In our journey home to souls may from the blood of all be pure; And when Jesus comes to course may end in peace and joy for aye; Then we'll lay our armor ready for the Lord to come again, Who obey his righteous

2. All the counsel of Jehovah we will shun not to declare, That our glory they shall be our only guide, And our joy when we shall take us home we'll sweetly rest from care, And in glory with the down to go and live where Jesus is, And we'll sing his praises will and ever heed his tender call; In his wondrous love and

3. We will fight the holy fight of faith, in hope of endless bliss, That our

4. There's a crown of life in heaven that is waiting for us all, Who make

REFRAIN.

end our heavenly race.

Lord we shall appear. The Scriptures are a bright and shining light, there thro' endless day. 

glory they shall reign. The Holy Scriptures are a bright and shining light,

* Appropriate for all loyal Christians.
The Scriptures are Our Guide.

No. 145. CONSECRATION.

FLAVIL HALL. S. R. POPE, Buchanan, Ga.

1. Father, help us con-se-crate our lives to Thee, Like our pre-cious
2. Help us la-bor ev'-ry day, in Je-sus' name, And the gos-pel
3. Help us love Thee and a-dore Thee more and more, Till our fleet-ing

Sav-ior may we ev-er be; Help us fol-low in his foot-steps mes-sage to the lost pro-claim, That we may at last, in joy and
days of life on earth are c'er, And we go to live in that fair

all the way, Till we safe-ly reach the home of end-less day. glad-ness bring, Pre-cious sheaves from life's fair har-vest to our King.
clime a-bove, Where 'tis ev-er-last-ing joy and peace and love.
No. 146  THE JUDGMENT DAY.
“For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?”—Rev. 6: 17.

Slow, with expression.  
Words and Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. The ter - ri - ble day of judg - ment is com-ing, its dawn - ing is
drawn - ing near, The trumpet's loud call will say to all na - tions, “Be -

2. The good will be placed on the right of the Sav - iour, The bad on the
draw -ing near, The trumpet's loud call will say to all na -tions, “Be -

3. O have you e'er thought of the last sep - a - ra -tion When Je - sus, the
draw -ing near, The trumpet's loud call will say to all na -tions, “Be -

4. Then par - ents who've lived for this world and its glo - ry Will find it's too
draw -ing near, The trumpet's loud call will say to all na -tions, “Be -

slow, with expression.

REFRAIN

fore the dread bar ap - pear.”  "O that ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble day,....

where will you stand that day?

mad - y to meet that day?

think of that aw - ful day!

O that ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble day.... It's com - ing to me, it's
great day,

com -ing to you, That day is com-ing to all..........

soon com-ing to all.

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No. 147. ABIDING IN THE TEACHING OF OUR LORD

"Whosoever goeth onward and abideth not in the teaching of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the teaching, the same hath both the Father and the Son."

F. H.

(2 John 9, R. V.) FLAVIL HALL.

1. In the teaching of our Lord we must abide; Thus He's spoken in the gospel
2. In the teaching of our Lord we must abide Till we pass beyond all sin and
3. In the teaching of our Leader we'll abide, And in nothing go beyond His

story; May we in devotion journey by His side, Till we safely reach the
sadness; Tho' our friends forsake us and our foes de-ride, We will do His holy
orders; In the shadow of His wings we thus may hide From the raging storms that

Refrain.

land of glory. To the teaching of our Lord. . . . . . . We must
will in gladness. gather o'er us. To the teaching of our Lord we must e'er be faithful, We must

e'er . . . . . . be faithful, If we'd reap . . . . . . . the
walk in the light, we must walk in the light, If we'd reap the great reward,
great reward, . . . . . . . When He comes to gather up His jewels,
if we'd reap the great reward, fair and bright.

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1. Thy will, not mine, be done, our blessed Lord did say, When praying all alone in dark Gethsemane; When He before Him had the dark and cruel cross—The Lord from heaven bore; In meek submission to His Father's holy will, He all our pilgrim way: He never will forsake us till our journey's o'er, And anguish that regained for us our heavy loss. O then, let us in this spirit lives in His disciples still. we with Him, shall dwell upon the golden shore. O, then let us gladly sing, and ever pray, "Thy will, not mine, be done," in all we do and say; For He is let us ever pray, with the saints who in this spirit live, And all the joys of heart to them will freely give.
No. 149  'Twill Be Glory By and By.

Words and Music by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. My Redeemer has gone to prepare (in the sky), Blessed mansions of rest by and by (by and by),  Soon He'll call me home to rest with the ransomed and the best, For it will be glory by and by (over there). How I long for that

2. I've no treasures to bind me below (here below), In this land full of sorrow and woe (here below), All my treasures are above in that land of peace an I love, Soon I'll lyre (heav'nly lyre), Then my songs shall ever be home at rest beyond the sea, It will

3. I shall sing home at last by and by (by and by), And my voice will be tuned to the lyre (heav'nly lyre), The n my songs shall ever be home at rest beyond the sea, It will

CHORUS.

all will be glory by and by (over there). How I long for that
go and shall rest for ev-er-more (ev-ermore). How I long for rest
all soon be glory by and by (by and by).

rest in the home of the blest,  'Twill be with the good and blest, in that home of rest, with the good and blest,

sweet when we meet, O it will be glory by and by,  O it will be sweet, For we soon shall meet.

Used by par.
1. When we come to Jordan's river, Where the chilly waters foam,
2. Though the shadows darkly gather O'er that swiftly flowing tide,
3. Though the sound of earthly voices In that hour we cease to hear,
4. At the crossing of the Jordan, With our weary wand'rings o'er,

Jesus will be there to cheer us, And to guide us safely home.
Jesus will our way illumine, As He keeps us near His side.
Loving words that Jesus whispers Will dispel all dread and fear.
Christ will give us rest eternal On the bright celestial shore.

REFRAIN.

When we come... to Jordan's river, We shall not
When we come to Jordan's river, Jordan's river, We shall not

be left alone; When we come... to Jordan's
be left alone, be left alone; When we come to Jordan's

riv-er,
Jesus will sustain His own...
Jesus will sustain His own, sustain His own.

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No. 151.  

GLORY FOR ME.

"The wise shall inherit glory."—(Prov. 8: 15.)

N. H. LINES.  

Vigoroso.  

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When in His glory the Savior I see, And in His likeness forever shall be; There from the trials of earth to be free, slumber a rise, Hear their glad shouts as the Savior they see, also am known, Meet with my loved ones I've longed so to see, 

2. When I shall see Him descending the skies, See the dead millions from ever shall be; There from the trials of earth to be free, slumber a rise, Hear their glad shouts as the Savior they see, also am known, Meet with my loved ones I've longed so to see, 

3. When I shall stand on the right of His throne, When I shall know as I ever shall be; There from the trials of earth to be free, slumber a rise, Hear their glad shouts as the Savior they see, also am known, Meet with my loved ones I've longed so to see, 

CHORUS.

That will be glory, glory for me. O that will be glory for me, 

That will be glory for me, There at His side, in His love to abide, That will be glory, glory for me. 

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COME TO JESUS.

E. R. LATTA.

1. Come to Jesus! he will save you, Tho' your sins as crimson glow;
2. Come to Jesus! do not tarry, Enter in at mercy's gate;
3. Come to Jesus, dying sinner! Other Saviour there is none;

If you give your hearts to Jesus, He will make them white as snow.
Oh, delay not till the morrow, Lest thy coming be too late.
He will share with you his glory, When your pilgrim-age is done.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus! come, come to-day!

Jesus! come to-day, Come to Jesus!
Jesus! come, yes, come, come to-day! Come, come to-day!

Repeat pp.

Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus! come, come to-day!

Come, come to-day!
No. 153.  My Soul is Stayed.

1. On thee, my Lord, my soul is stayed, With thee my 
   Thy presence makes my path-way bright. (Omit. 

2. His gracious hand my need supplies, His cheering 
   And all the way I'll trust in him, (Omit. 

REFRAIN.

Let tempests rage, Let ills be-fall, 
Let hell engage, Let death appall, On thee, my Lord, 

my soul is stayed, On thee my soul is stayed. 

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No. 154. AWAKE, AWAKE, AND SING.

"Serve the Lord with gladness, come before His presence with singing."—(Ps 100:2.)

E. E. HEWETT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigorous.

1. Banish, 0 soul, thy sadness, Awake, awake, and sing; Utter a song of gladness, Awake, awake, and sing; Wonderful love that died for thee, Wonderful power that set thee free, Wonderful joy thy strength shall be,

2. Sing of the grace that found thee, Awake, awake, and sing; Merciful arms around thee, Awake, awake, and sing; Trustful ly follow in His way, Faithfully serve Him all thy days, Gratefully lift a song of praise;

3. Beautiful then life's story, Awake, awake, and sing; Radiant with His glory, Awake, awake, and sing; Over the sea thy home so fair, Glittering crowns the ransomed wear; Welcoming angels waiting there,

Chorus.

A-wake, a-wake, and sing, A-wake, a-wake, and sing,........ A-wake, a-wake and sing,

wake, and sing,........ Utter a song of gladness, Awake, awake, and sing.

awake and sing,

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Near Tokyo is a famous shrine dedicated to the fox, called Anamora. Two young men in our dormitory and the writer visited this shrine in March, 1900. They were very much impressed by the idolatrous practices they saw there. What seemed to strike us all most was a well-dressed woman who was kneeling and bowing before a whole in the ground, supposed to be the home of the fox. As we were returning home one of them said: "There are many towns in Japan where they have never yet heard of Christ at all. When you go to America, please tell them about this, and ask many more missionaries to come."—J. M. McCaleb!

J. M. McCaleb, Japan Missionary.

A MISSIONARY CALL.

1. Far from across the ocean, A message comes to thee,
2. In ignorant superstition, And in devotions vile,
3. Oh let us send the message, Wherever man be found,

"Come, help us save our people And give them liberty,
They bow down to their idols The gods to reconcile;
Till every tongue and people Shall shout the joyful sound,

For myriads yet have never heard Of God's redeeming grace;
'Come o'er and help our people now From bondage to be free,
"Glory and honor to our God, And to His Son, our Lord;

E'en once been told the story Of Atonement to our race,
That all may learn to know Him, And to flee idolatry."

J. M. McCaleb.

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No. 156.  BY THE RIVER.

"He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—(Rev. 22:1.)

JENNIE WILSON.  FLAVIL HALL.

1. By the river pure as crystal, flowing from the throne of God, we shall wander with recurrent calm and bright, we shall look on wondrous beauty, which no shadows ever blight, after earthly ways are trod, redeemed ones, after earthy ways are trod.

2. By the river gliding on, with a current calm and bright, we shall look on wondrous beauty, which no shadows ever blight, after earthly ways are trod, redeemed ones, after earthy ways are trod.

3. By the river, life's fair river, we shall tell of love divine, which has led us to the Va - tion we shall sing, giving grateful praise for, to our blessed Savior King.

4. By the river up in heaven, of salvation we shall sing, giving grateful praise for, to our blessed Savior King.

REFRAIN.

By the river in the cit - y, Where the ransomed find a home, Free from ev'ry care and Where the ransomed find a home, find a home, Free from ev'ry care and

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By the River.

By and by, with joy we'll roam.
By and by, with joy we'll roam.

No. 157. JOY TO THE WORLD.

ISAAC WATTS. G. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King: Let every heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world, the Savior reigns! Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo-ries of His righteousness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love.

5. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo-ries of His righteousness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love.
BEAR GOD'S MESSAGE.

No. 158. "Preach the gospel to every creature."—(Mark 16: 15.)

ELLA MAY THOMPSON. GEO. W. BACON.

Chorus.

Bear God's message to lost sinners far and wide.
Bear God's glorious message far and wide, Gladly tell them of His wondrous pow'r to save; Bear God's message to lost sinners far and wide, Help them now prepare for life beyond the grave.

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No. 159.  I'M TRUSTING IN THE PROMISES.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—(2d Pet.

1. I'm trusting in the promises of Christ my Lord, Blessed rays of sunshine from God's
2. I'm trusting in the promises for ever sure, Long as heaven and earth shall stand will
3. I'm trusting in the promise that He'll save from sin Ev'ry poor lost soul that puts his
4. I'm trusting in His promises of e-ter-nal life, Of a home in heaven free from,
5. I'm trusting in His promises my soul to keep, When I close my eyes at last in

CHORUS.

promises of God. Trusting, Trusting, Trusting in the promises of God; Trusting in the promises of God; Trusting in the promises of God.

Trust - ing, I'm trusting in the promises of God. Trusting in the promises of God.

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No. 660. **WE ARE ON THE WINNING SIDE.**

"H

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"—(Rom. 8:31.)

JF. **WINIE WILSON.**

**Vigoroso.**

**FLAVIL HALL.**

1. We are on the winning side while in Jesus we confide,

2. Why should any doubt or fear when the Savior's voice we hear,

3. When the warfare here is o'er we'll rejoice for evermore,

And beneath His banner battle with the hosts of wrong; We shall
Bidding us to wage the conflict with undaunted heart; Marching
With glad victors praising Jesus for His help divine; Gathered
never know defeat, tho' uncounted foes we meet. For un-
on in strong array, we are ready for the fray. Gladdened
there before His throne, where no strife shall o'er be known, On the

to our holy Leader triumph surely doth belong.
by the hope and cheer that He so graciously imparts.
brows of faithful ones unfading crowns will ever shine.

**CHORUS.**

We are on the winning side, for with Christ we are allied, And his great o-

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We are on the Winning Side.

ternal pow'r cannot be overthrown; Vict'ry's song we soon shall sing, for our

bless-ed Sav-ior King Came to conquer, and the right to rule is His a- lone.

No. 161. STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!

"I am set for the defense of the gospel."—(Phil. 1: 17.)

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr. G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength alone;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - n er, It must not suf - fer loss;
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own;
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song:

D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D. S.—Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
D. S.—He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

From vic - try un - to vic - try His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watching un - to pray'r,
To him that o - ver-com - eth, A crown of life shall be:
No. 162.  WILL YOU COME?

JESSIE H. BROWN.  J. H. FILLMORE, by perm.

1 There is rest for the weary, if rest they will seek, There is
2 There is sight for the blind-ed and we for the ill, There is
3 There is peace for the troubled and -dom for slaves, There is

cheer for the lone-ly and strength for the weak; There is par-don and
balm for the wounded—be healed if you will; There is rest for your
hope for the hope-less, and light up-on graves; Oh, hear the glad

bless-ing, and end-less re-ward, There is per-fect sal-va-tion in
la-bors, and sweetness in rest, There is all that is pur-est, and
mes-sage, and heed its sweet call! There is room and a wel-come with

CHORUS.

Je-sus, the Lord. Will you come, will you come to the Lord?
dear-est, and best,
Je-sus for all. Will you come,
WILL YOU COME? Concluded.

Will you come? will you come? Oh, ye souls that have seen him revealed in his word! Will you come? will you come?

Will you come? will you come? Will you come? will you come?

No. 163. MANOAH. C. M.

S. STENNERT.

Great Rep.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow;
2 No mortal can with him compare Among the sons of men;
3 He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my relief;
4 To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;

5 His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow,
6 Fairer is he than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train.

For me he bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief.
He makes me triumph over death, And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.
No. 164.  **MANSIONS GRAND.**

“In my Father’s house are many mansions.”—(John 14:2.)

**CEP.**

**CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.**

1. Our blessed Lord... to heav’n is gone,... Bright mansions to prepare;
2. All they that love... and serve Him here,... Shall live with Him on high,
3. And there, in that... delightful land,... With saints and angels bright,
4. This promise by... our Lord once made... He surely will fulfill;

And soon He’ll come... to earth again,... To take His children there.
Their blest reward... a home shall be,... In heaven, by and by.
They’ll live in everlasting bliss,... Where Jesus is the light.
All those who would... a mansion own,... Must do His holy will.

**CHORUS.**

Mansion’s grand... are over there,... In that land...
Mansions grand are over there, In that land

so bright and fair;... And I know... that there will be One reserved in heav’n for me...
so bright and fair;... And I know

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No. 165. HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

"Blessed is he that maketh the Lord his trust."—(Ps. 40: 4.)

J. M. McCaleb. 

1. Have faith in God, O, trembling soul! And when grave doubts arise,
2. Have faith in God, nor trembling stand, Afraid to trust His grace;
3. Have faith in God, where'er He calls, With loving trust proceed
4. Have faith in God when sight shall fail And clouds like mountains rise;
5. Have faith in God when sorely pressed By Satan's threatening blast;

See then His hand in plant and tree, His work the starry skies.
His presence and His providence Shall go before thy face.
In the assurance that He shall Supply thy every need.
Thy heart now burdened to the earth Shall soon leap to the skies.
The rod of God shall part the sea Till you have safely crossed.

CHORUS.

Have faith in God when tried and sad, Faith casts out every fear,

Then trusting His word obey, And find Him ever near.

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1. I've a broth-er and a sis-ter In the far, far a-way somewhere;
2. I now have a dear old moth-er And a fa-ther who journey here,
3. With my wife and son I jour-ney; How they now cheer my wea-ry heart;
4. For my soul it means sal-va-tion Ne'er to be drowned in dark des-pair.

Once they here with us did Jing-er, But they're gone to the sol-emn somewhere.
But they'll soon take wings together, And will fly to the isle of somewhere.
Af-ter-while we'll cast the jour-ney, But we'll meet where we'll nev-er more part.
But to make the prep-a-ra-tion, And with them live for-ev-er somewhere.

Chorus.

Somewhere, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Somewhere, . . . . . . . . . .
Somewhere, somewhere we'll meet a-gain; Somewhere, somewhere in the bright o-ver there;

Oh, the place we call somewhere! For I once had a broth-er and a
sister, All my tri-a ls they did free-ly share; But they lov-ing sis-ter,

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The Solemn Somewhere.

COMING UNTO ME.

Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed, Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father, Come unto me and I will give you rest.

Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken; When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground; When the loved slept in brighter homes which sorrows never dim; Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

Large are the mansions in your Father’s dwelling, Glad are the homes to waken, Where their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crowned.

There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair droop in sadness, Come unto me and I will give you rest.

COME UNTO ME.

“Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”—(Matt. 11: 8.)

ANON.

LOWELL MASON.
1. By the ties of friend and of brother, We're united unto each other,
   As we journey onward to the kingdom above, And we're safe whatever betide us, Jesus thro' all danger will guide us, We are heirs of glory through His love.

2. Every joy of heaven forsaking, Jesus came our burdens all taking,
   And He freely died our guilt and sins to remove; Sing the news to every soul there's perfect salvation, All may share the blessing of glory, As we tell the blessed old story Of redemption purchased through His love.

3. Songs of praise to Jesus we're singing, Souls as tributes joyfully bringing,
   For the precious love that never faileth will prove; O our hearts rejoice with His love, Wonderful, wonderful love,

4. Ties of love and friendship grow stronger, As we live in unity longer,
   And God's love is o'er us where- so-ev-er we rove; By and by when time shall be

Refrain.
   His wonderful love. Wonderful love, wonderful love
No. 169. PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, LEAD AND GUIDE ME,

"Teach me the way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies,"
(Psa. 27: 11.)

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Precious Savior, lead and guide me, All along my pilgrim way; Walking ever close be-
side me, That I may not go a-stray. I am weak and often stumble, And am
Sa - tan, Who is always lurking near, Robed in pure and spotless garments, Such as
pray Thee, Vic - to - ry complete to win. Shield from trials and temptations, Guard the
fearful lest I fall; Do Thou strengthen and uphold me, Hear, when I for succor call.
ho - ly angels wear, With the saints of God He mingles, Unsuspecting souls to snare.
paths I daily tread; For no e - vil can be - fall me, If by Thy strong arm I'm led.

2. Ma - ny dangers now surround me, And I live in constant fear; Shield me from the wiles of
Sa - tan, Who is always lurking near, Robed in pure and spotless garments, Such as

3. Thou alone, dear Lord, canst save me, From the dreadful curse of sin; Give me grace I humbly
pray Thee, Vic - to - ry complete to win. Shield from trials and temptations, Guard the
fearful lest I fall; Do Thou strengthen and uphold me, Hear, when I for succor call.
ho - ly angels wear, With the saints of God He mingles, Unsuspecting souls to snare.
paths I daily tread; For no e - vil can be - fall me, If by Thy strong arm I'm led.

 Wonderful Love.

above; Wonderful love, wonderful the Sav - ior a - bove; Wonder - ful, won - der - ful love,
love, There united we shall sing His wonderful love. wonderful, wonderful love,
His wonderful love.

No. 169. PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, LEAD AND GUIDE ME,

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fearful lest I fall; Do Thou strengthen and uphold me, Hear, when I for succor call.
ho - ly angels wear, With the saints of God He mingles, Unsuspecting souls to snare.
paths I daily tread; For no e - vil can be - fall me, If by Thy strong arm I'm led.

Wonderful Love.

above; Wonderful love, wonderful the Sav - ior a - bove; Wonder - ful, won - der - ful love,
love, There united we shall sing His wonderful love. wonderful, wonderful love,
His wonderful love.

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There's a beautiful land of sunshine,
In the regions above we are told,
There the leaves of the trees never wither,
And sweet flowers eternally bloom,
Its inhabitants never hunger,
There is fruit in abundance there;
There is naught to cause trouble or sorrow,
Neither trials, temptation, nor pain;

Where the summer-time lasteth forever,
Whose inhabitants never grow old.
That dazzle the eyes with their beauty,
And laden the air with perfume.
And they drink from life's beautiful river,
That flows through that land so fair.
For sin hath been banished forever,
And Christ, our dear Lord, doth reign.

Chorus.

Beautiful home, home of the blest.
Place where the weary find sweet rest;
Sorrow and care enter not there.

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No. 171.  I'M HIDDEN IN THEE.

"For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."—(Col. 3:3.)

C. E. P.  CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I'm hidden in Thee, O precious Christ, Where Satan can not harm me,
2. I find temptation's growing less, Since I have been in hiding;
3. His arms of love en - compass me, And shield me from all dan - ger;
4. Up - on His promise I re - ly, That He will keep me hid - den

Who long with cun - ning zeal has sought, With chains of sin to bind me.
And con - quer sin with per - fect ease, While in my Lord a - bid - ing.
In Him I have a bo - som friend, Why should I trust a stran - ger?
Un - til the res - ur - rec - tion morn, When I to heav'n am bid - den.

CHORUS.

Hid - den in Thee, Hid - den in Thee,
Hid - den in Thee, Hid - den in Thee,

Where Sa - tan can nev - er harm me; Hid - den in Thee, O

pre - cious Christ, I'm hid - den, safe hid - den in Thee.

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1. Have you heard that Christ is coming, He is coming by and by,
   Coming back to gather all His loved and own, To be
   He is coming by and by, He is coming by and by, He is coming from on high,

2. Let us all be watching, wait-ing, for the Lord will surely come,
   We has said it in His ever-last-ing word; Let us
   When our eyes shall see the rend-ing of the sky, And shall
   The Lord descends in His holy majesty, As He

3. What a day of ex-ul-ta-tion and of glad-ness that will be,
   What a day of exultation and of gladness that will be,
   What a day of exultation and of gladness that will be,
   He is coming by and by, He is coming by and by, He is coming from on high, He is

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Christ Is Coming.

He is coming, O believe Him! And be coming from on high;

ready to receive Him; He is coming in His glory by and by.

No. 173. TRION. C. M.

"Nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt."—Jesus.

Anon. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How sweet to be allowed to pray To God the Holy One,
2. We in these sacred words can find A cure for ev’ry ill;
3. O could my heart thus ever pray, Thus imitate Thy Son!

With filial love and trust to say, O God Thy will be done.
They calm and soothe the troubled mind, And bid all care be still.
Teach me, O God, with truth to say, Thy will, not mine, be done.
No. 174. GLORY FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—(2 Cor. 4: 17.)

JENNIE WILSON.

1. Soon, when the shadows are lift-ed, Splendor untold we shall see;
2. Soon we shall pass from earth's darkness In-to the mar-vel-ous light;
3. Soon we shall hear the sweet mu-sic, Made by the pu-ri-fied throng;
4. Soon we shall be with the Sav-i-or, Looking with joy on His face,

Soon we shall go where is wait-ing Glo-ry for you and for me.
Where all the beau-ty of heav-en Gladdens the won-der-ing sight.
Soon will our ju-bi-lant voic-es Join in vic-to-ri-ous song.
With the redeemed ones for-ev-er, Prais-ing His fath-om-less grace.

Glo-ry for you and for me, Glo-ry for you and for me;
Glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for you and for me, Glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for you and for me;
Glo-ry—all will be glo-ry! Un-fad-ing for you and for me,

Praise to Je-sus for me.

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No. 175.

FORWARD GO!

JENNIE REE.  

1. Hark! down the line, from the vaulted skies, Comes the marching order—
2. Many are falling along the way Who have struggled long and hard
3. Hostile and bold is the subtle foe, Crafty, vigilant, deceitful, strong!

"Forward go!" Soldiers of Jesus, awake! arise earnestly; Haste to the rescue, thou shalt obey! Ceitful, strong! Forth with the sword of the spirit go,

March to victory against the foe.  
Halcyon rally for the victory!  
Trusting Jesus only, march along.

Refrain.

Hear the buglesounding; Forward go! march, without delay;

Shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, Forward go, for Jesus leads the way.

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1. Halting on the borderland, Just a step between—One a-waits with
2. Halting on the borderland, Why not step across? Do not longer
3. Halting on the borderland, Hear that pleading voice, Who o-beys His
4. Halting on the borderland, Why not now de-cide? Christ the Lord will

outstretch'd hand, One of roy-al mien. Halting on the border-land,
doubting stand, All but Christ is cross.
sweet command, Ev-er will re-joice.
clap your hand On the oth-er side. Halting, halting on the border-land,

Take, the step to-day; Join, the Master's
Take the step, O take the step to-day; Join, O join the Master's

Work and watch and pray.
loy-al band, Work and watch, yes, work and watch and pray.
Work, yes, work and watch and pray.

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1. A-rouse, ye Christians, stand united In God's holy warfare,
2. Let nothing daunt—no foes affright, God's brave ones never wa-ter;
3. Sleep not nor slumber—e'er on guard, We'll meet the foe ad-vanc-ing;
4. Even down to death, if God should lead, To serve the cause of Je-sus;

With shoulder touching shoulder, march; Go forth to do and dare.
We'll win the day and plant the cross; Sweet rest comes after la-bor.
Each scar and stripe more hon-or gains; Our com-ing joys en-hanc-ing.
All earth-ly praise can-not com-pare With glo-ries God will give us.

ČHORUS.

Then stand ye brave-ly, know no fear; God prom-ised thro' His Son

That greater vic-t'ries yet are ours If faith doth lead us on.

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No. 178. BEYOND THE SWELLING FLOOD.

A. E. CHILD S. -- J. H. TENNEY.

1. Yes, we shall meet beyond the flood, In robes made white thro' Jesus' blood,
2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sustains this thought of home,
3. That meeting, O, how sweetly dear! What sounds shall greet the listening ear!

And hold sweet converse, free from pain, Nor ever fear to part again,
And spirit voices softly say, 'Thy God shall wipe all tears away
What thrilling rapture wake the soul, As back those golden gates shall roll,

CHORUS.

Be-yond the swell-ing flood! Be-yond... the swell-ing flood, Be-yond... the
Be-yond the swell-ing flood. We'll meet... to part no more, We'll meet to

Beyond the swelling flood.,... Beyond the swelling We'll meet to part no more.,... We'll meet to part no

swelling flood, Be-yond... the swelling flood, We'll meet to part no more.
part no more, We'll meet... to part no more, Be-yond the swelling flood.

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No. 179.  LET THE BLESSED SAVIOR IN.

SYLVIA LEE.  GEO. W. BACON.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." (Rev. 3:20.)

1. At your heart's door Christ is pleading, Let Him in, ............ Let Him in;
   Gladly now His sweet voice heeding, Let Him in, ............ Let Him in;
   From all storms securely hide you,
   Now in faith and deep contrition,
   blessed Savior in, He will save and bless forever, Let the blessed Savior in, oh!

Chorus.

Let Him in............ Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in,
let Him in. (oh, let Him in.) Let the blessed Savior in, Let the blessed Savior in,

Soon He'll call............ you to the judgment bar on high;
Meet your loved ones in bright mansions, in bright mansions in the sky. (yes, in the sky.)
Soon He'll call you to the judgment bar, He'll call you to the judgment bar, the
Meet your loved ones in bright mansions, in bright mansions in the sky. (Omit.)

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No. 180. TELL MOTHER I WILL MEET HER.

RALPH S. TINSMAN.

1. In a far and distant city, Dying at the close of day, 'Twas a
2. In his hand he held a picture Of the old home far away. In the
3. 'Tis my last good-night, he whispered, Angels gather round my bed. Soon with
4. To the old home came a message, 'Twas to mother from her boy. But a-

fair hair'd boy who'd wandered far from home, Take this message to my mother
other 'twas a mother old and gray. While in accents low he whisper'd,
all my friends and lov'd ones I shall be, "Down the valley of the shadow,
las for her the message came too late, "For that day the angels took her,

When my work on earth is thro', Tell her that her boy will meet her
"She will know that I was true," Tell her that her boy will meet her
jesus leads me safely thro'," Tell her that her boy will meet her
To the faithful and the true," And tonight she dwells with Wilie

D. S. — Tell her that her boy will meet her,

FINE. CHORUS.

In the land beyond the blue. Tell my mother I will
Tell my mother

In the land beyond the blue.

meet her. When my work of love and labor all is thro',
I will meet her

Copyright 1900, by T. M. Bowdish. Used by per.
Tell Mother I Will Meet Her.

Where the good of earth are gathered with the faithful and the true.

No. 181. ALL MY LIFE LONG.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."—(Psa. 23:6.)

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

1. All my life long have my steps been attended, Surely by One who regarded my ways;
2. All in the dark would I be, and uncertain Whither to go, but for One at my side;
3. He will not weary, O blessed assurance! Infinite love will the finite outlast;

Fine.

Tenderly watched over, sweetly befriended, blessings have followed me all my life long. Who from the future removes the dim curtain, Lining the glory to mortals denied. But, for my heavenly Father's assurance, Into the depths of despair I were cast.

D. S.

Angels have guarded the gateway of sadness, Summer and winter, yea, all my life long. With angels' food he has promised to feed me, Who hath befriended me all my life long. Earth is today, but there's heaven tomorrow, And Jesus will guide me all my life long.

D. S.

Tears have been quench'd in the sunshine of gladness, Anthems of sorrow been turn'd into song; No other friend could so patiently lead me, No other friend prove so faithful and strong; This is my star in a-midnight of sorrow, This is my refuge, my strength, and my song;
1. Since I found the Lord precious to my soul, I have love, pure love;
2. Since the Lord has reigned in my soul supreme, I have joy, pure joy;
3. Since the day the Lord took away my sin, I have peace, sweet peace;

Since from all my sins I have been made whole, I have love, pure love.
Since the Savior's love has been all my theme, I have joy, pure joy.
And abiding joy fills my soul within, I have peace, sweet peace.

Chorus
I have love, pure love, I have love, pure love,
I have joy, pure joy, I have joy, pure joy,
I have peace, sweet peace, I have peace, sweet peace,

I have love, abiding love,
I have joy, abiding joy,
I have peace, abiding peace,

Since from all my sins I have been made whole, I have love, abiding love.
Since the Savior's love has been all my theme, I have joy, abiding joy.
And abiding joy fills my soul within, I have peace, abiding peace.

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No. 183.  
THE GLORY OF GOD.  
(Psa. 19:1; Isa. 6:3.)  

MRS H. LEO BOLES.  
D. O. TEASLEY.  

1. The stars that deck the sky with light, The sun and moon and all things bright,  
2. The fresh young buds that richly grow, The summer winds that gently blow.  
3. The grandeur of the mountain high, The changing tints of evening sky,  
4. The silver drop of morning dew, The changing clouds of brilliant hue,  
5. The deep green vale and rolling plains, The sweet sunshine and gentle rains,  

From heaven high to lowly sod, Declare the glory of the Lord.  
All things that heaven and earth afford, Declare the glory of our Lord.  
The crimson flush of morning light, Declare the glory of His might.  
The warbling birds of lovely spring, Declare the glory of our King.  
The golden grain or growing seed, Declare that He is Lord indeed.  

Chorus.  
The glory of the Lord most high Is seen in all the earth and sky:  

His praises all creation sing, And shout the glory of the Lord.  

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No. 184. WORKERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.
JENNIE WILSON.  (2 Cor. 6: 1.)  JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. 'Tis a blessed assurance that brings holy cheer, From our hearts casting out all foreboding and fear, While for Christ and His cause we are laboring here, We are workers together with God.
2. With our weakness is mingled omnipotent might, As we seek to extend the pure kingdom of light, Sending joy-giving rays into sin's dreary night, We are workers together with God.
3. As redemption's glad story we daily proclaim, Telling faith in the one saving name, We are workers together with God.
4. With the promise of winning a glorious prize, In the called to our home in the skies, We are workers together with God.

REFRAIN.

We are workers together with God. We are workers together with God. We are workers together with God. We are workers together with God, As we toil here be-

Copyright, 1908, by James D. Vaughan. By per.
Workers Together With God.

low it is bless-ed to know, We are workers together with God.

No. 185. CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray." — Psa. 55:17.)

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sing with feeling.

1. Je - sus, ten-der Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy lit-tle lamb to-night; Thro' the
2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care; Thou hast
3. May my sins be all for-giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well; Take me

CHORUS.

darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light.
clothed me, warm-ed and fed me, Lis-ten to my evening prayer. Hear me, hear me,
when I die to heav-en, Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Bless Thy lit-tle lamb to-night; Hear me, hear me, Keep me safe till morning light.

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I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER, by perm.

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus

2. I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems Than all the

3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each

4. I love to tell the story, For those who know it best Seem hunger-

ard His glory, Of Jesus and His love. I love to tell the
golden fancies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More wonder-fully sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

story Because I know 'tis true: It satisfies my longings As
story, It did so much for me! And that is just the reason I
story, For some have never heard The message of salvation From
glory I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be—the old, old story That

nothing else can do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own holy word. I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in
I have loved so long.

glo-ry, To tell the old, old story, Of Jesus and His love.
No. 187. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sorrows prevail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toiling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.

REFRAIN.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the

Rock that is higher than I; O, then, to the

Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is higher than I.
No. 188. COME IN "THE OBEDIENCE OF FAITH."

"By grace are ye saved through faith?"—(Eph. 2:8.) "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God."—(Rom. 10:17.) "The obedience of faith."—(Rom. 16:26.) "Faith which worketh by love."—(Gal. 5:6.) "Faith if it hath not works is dead, being alone."—(James 2:17, 26.) "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."—(Mark 16:16.) "Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins."—(Acts 2:37, 38.) "Baptized into Jesus Christ."—Rom. 6:3; Gal. 3:26, 27.) "In whom we have redemption through his blood."—(Col. 1:14.)

FLAVIL HALL. Arr. for this work.

1. Wand’rer, hear the in-vi-ta-tion, Sounding forth to one and all,
2. He has promised you sal-va-tion, O believe Him and re-pent,
3. To e-ter-ni-ty you’re go-ing, Fast as time can bear you on;

There’s redeeming love in Je-sus, If you heed His gracious call.
Be baptized in-to His kingdom, Thus receiv-ing His imprint.
Soon the day of prep-ar-a-tion Will for-ev-er-more be gone.

CHORUS.

Come to Je-sus dy-ing sin-ner, O receive Him and be blest,
3d. ver-e: Come be-lie-ving and repenting, And o-bey Je-ho-vah’s word,

Come to Him in con-se-cri-ation, He will sweetly give you rest.
Be baptized in-to His kingdom, And be saved thro’ Jesus’ blood.
No. 189.

SAVED.

"Mighty to save." (Isa. 68:1.)

C. E. P.

With energy.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. A poor lost sinner once was I, As vile as vile could be;
2. My lost condition Jesus saw, And came to rescue me;
3. The many sins I once did love, No longer pleasure give;
4. This earthly life is short at best, It's pleasures fleeting, vain;

A wretched, helpless, undone soul, Thro'out eternity.
He broke the chains that bound me fast, My captive soul set free,
For lasting and eternal joys, Henceforth, I mean to live.
I know I must for heaven live, If I would heaven gain.

Chorus.

Saved! Saved! Saved! .......... Hallelujah! I'm wondrously saved;
Saved by the blood!

saved; Saved! Saved! Saved! .......... Christ hath saved my soul.
Wondrously saved!

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IN ETERNITY'S MORN.

F. H. FLAVIL HALL.

1. In eternity's morn the dead shall arise, And the
   righteous in joy shall ascend to the skies To live with the Lord in His
   rapture they hear their Redeemer's sweet voice, Bidding them in His love to
   Jesus shall bid them depart from His throne To dwell in the regions of
   kingdom above, And praise Him forever for His wonderful love.

2. At the judgment the saints in that morn shall rejoice, When in
   enter their rest, And in glory unchanging be eternally blest.
   darkness for ay-O sinner, get ready for that terrible day!

3. In that reckoning day the wicked shall mourn, When
   Refrain.
   In eternity's morn, when the trumpet of God.
   Shall awaken the nations to receive their reward, May we

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In Eternity's Morn.

May we all be prepared with the angels to stand.

In glory and honor at the Savior's right hand.

No. 191. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

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

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

3. Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.

No. 192

Hear Him Calling.

MISS EULALIE MEWDOUN.

1. Jesus in His mercy came from heav'n above,
   Came to bring poor sinners

2. Jesus in His mercy left His home so bright,
   Came to lead His children

3. Jesus left a mansion far above the sky,
   Came to save the lost ones

4. Hear Him gently knocking, open wide the door,
   He will wash you, cleanse you,

5. Jesus stands in mercy, pleading, come to-day,
   He's a loving Saviour,

nev-er dying love,
Left His home in glory, came the debt to pay,
And
in-to paths of right-
Left a home of beauty that will ne'er decay,
And
on the cross to die,
Came to bring a message, ever watch and pray, And
make you white as snow-
He will ne'er forsake you, Turn Him not away, Be-
sinner why de-
Give your heart to Jesus, do not from Him stray, Oh,

CHORUS.

oh-poor sinner, He's calling to-day.
Hear, believe Him, He's calling to-day.

Hear Him sweetly calling,
Hear the Saviour calling,

call - ing, Don't you hear: His pleading voice?
Don't you hear Him calling, Hear Him sweetly calling, Hear His pleading voice.
Hear Him Calling. (Concluded.)

Je - sus, blessed Sav - iour, Sinner make Him now your
Dont you hear him calling, calling sweetly call-ing, Hear the Saviour calling,

choice, Knock - ing, gently knock - ing, won't you
Make Him now your choice. Knocking, gently knocking, Don't you hear Him knocking?

op - en now the door? Hear... Him while He's
Gently He is knocking, Open now the door. Hear Him gently calling.

call - ing, He may call... you never more.
Hear Him sweetly calling, Hear Him ere He call you never more, no never more.
No. 193.

ATLANTA.*

"I [Jehovah] will place salvation in Zion."—(Isa. 46:13.) "Ye are come unto Mount Zion, . . . to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven."—(Heb. 12:22,23.) "Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it."—(Eph. 5:25.) "To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be made known by the church the manyfold wisdom of God."—(Eph 3:10.)

F. H. FLAVIL HALL.

1. Church of Christ in triumph now arise, In thy march to mansions in the skies, And the gospel message to the nations bear; Glorious tidings of salvation thro' His name declare. O Zion, rise and gladly sing Of salvation thro' our glorious King, For, in triumph, we shall march to Of vict'ry thro' our glorious King,

2. Jesus gave His precious life for thee, Shed His blood on Calvary's cruel tree; Hence salvation's joys are found in thee alone, Then the glory of Mount Zion to the world make known. O Zion, rise and gladly sing Of vict'ry thro' our glorious King,

3. There's redeeming grace in thee for all Who will heed the Savior's loving share salvation thro' His blood. O Zion to the world make known. O Zion, rise and gladly sing

Refrain.

"Dedicated to the work of faith being done by the Church of Christ in Atlanta, Ga.
No. 194.  HEAVEN'S FAIR CITY.
(Swanee River.)
A. J. SHOWALTER.  By per.  S. C. FOSTER.

Far, far away from heav'n's fair city, On earth I roam;
There are the sainted dead with Jesus, Gone on before;
To that Jerusalem resplendent, That home so fair,
The blessed Christ will bid His servants, "Well done, well done."

But visions of celestial glory Come in my dreams of home.
Sweetly they rest from all their labors, Happy for ever-more.
We soon shall come with songs, rejoicing, And find our loved ones there.
O may we hear this welcome plaudit, When sets life's lingering sun.

Refrain.

O my home, my home in glory, Land where all is love;

After last verse repeat pp.

O how it cheers the heart when weary, This thought of rest at home.
"Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall also be in the likeness of His resurrection; knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. . . . God be thanked that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness."—(Rom. 6: 3-6, 17, 18.)

S. H. HALL.

CHORUS.

love and His mercy we see, (gladly see.)

glorious truths to obey, (to obey.) Here are truths, which we must believe, (must believe.) And a form aliens must obey; (must obey;) O! be buried with the
The Form of Doctrine.

No. 196. SAVIOR, HELP ME.

1. By Thy birth and by Thy tears; By Thy human griefs and fears;  
2. By the tender-ness that wept O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;  
3. By Thy lone-ly hour of pray'r; By the fear-ful con-flict there;  
4. By Thy tri-u-mph o'er the grave; By Thy pow'r the lost to save;  

By Thy con-flict in the hour Of the sub-tle tempter's pow'r,—  
By the bit-ter tears that flow'd O-ver Sa-len's lost a-bode,—  
By Thy cross and dy-ing cries; By Thy one great sac-ri-fice,—  
By Thy high ma-jes-tic throne; By the em-pire all Thine own,—  

Chorus.

Sav-ior, look with pitying eye, Sav-ior, help me, or I die,  

Sav-ior, help me, Sav-ior, help me, Sav-ior, help me or I die.
No. 197.

GOD IS LOVE.

(1 John 4:8.)

J. M. McCaleb.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. The God of all the earth is love, (our God is love,) The God who reigns in

2. This God of love did so love me, (did so love me,) He gave His Son to

3. Jesus alone can sins forgive, (can sins forgive,) And say come unto

heav'n above; (in heav'n above;) Who dwells in Him in love abides, (in love abides,) set me free; (to set me free;) And all who truly Him believe, (in Him believe,) me and live; (to me and live;) The only Son of God is He, (of God is He,

Chorus.

And there's no other God besides. (no God besides,) O then, one another we should love, O then, one another we should love; O then,

Who bore our sins upon the tree. (up - on the tree,) O then, O then, O then, one another we should love, O then, one another we should love.

No. 198.  
PILOT ME.  7s.  
J. E. GOULD.  
FINE.

1. Jesus, Savior, pilot me  Over life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful break-ers roar,

D. C.—Chart and compass came from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
D. C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

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

D. C.

No. 199.  
OLIVE'S BROW.  L. M.  
WM. B. TAPPAN.  
WM. B. BRADBURY.

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—(Matt. 26:58.)

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed The Savior wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from e-ther plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

'Tis midnight in the gar-den now, The suffer-ing Savior prays a-lone,
E'en that dis-ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.
No. 200.   

Somewhere.  

Mrs. R. W. Chapman.  

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. In that glorious morning bright, We shall be arrayed in white,  
2. We shall join the angel band, And with harp and crown shall stand  
3. We shall gather on the shore, When the cares of life are o'er,  
4. With the saints of other days, We shall sing the Saviour's praise,  

Filled with gladness and delight, In the blissful somewhere.  
Near the throne of God's right hand, In the golden somewhere.  
And the tears shall fall no more; We shall gather somewhere.  
And the sweetest anthems raise; We shall worship somewhere.

CHORUS.

Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, Bowing

Bow-ing low before the King, Strains of
Somewhere. Concluded.

Strains of melody, of melody will ring, While the arch above shall ring, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere. While the arch above shall ring, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere. Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere.

No. 201. Love's Sweet Lesson.
Adapted by J. H. F.

1. Saviour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to obey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At thy bidding may I move;
3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to follow in thy grace;
4. Love in loving finds employ—In obedience all her joy;

Sweet-er lesson can-not be—Loving him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and follow thee—Loving him who first loved me.
Learning how to love from thee—Loving him who first loved me.
Eve-er new that joy will be—Loving him who first loved me.
No. 202. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.
WM. HUNTER.

1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus;
   He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Jesus!
2. Your many sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Jesus!
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Jesus.
3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Jesus;
   I love the bless-ed Savior's name, I love the name of Jesus.
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Jesus;
   Oh, how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Jesus.

D. S.—Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, ¶ Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!

REFRAIN.

Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,

No. 203. There is a Fountain.

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

2. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
   Shall never lose its power,
   Till all the ransomed church of God
   Be saved to sin no more.

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

4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
   I'll sing Thy power to save,
   When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
   Lies silent in the grave.

No. 204. Sweet By-and-By.

1. There's a land that is fairer than day,
   And by faith we can see it afar;
   For the Father waits over the way,
   To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

   CHORUS.
   In the sweet by-and-by,
   We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
   In the sweet by-and-by,
   We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
   The melodious song of the blest,
   And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
   Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3. To our bountiful Father above,
   We will offer our tribute of praise,
   For the glorious gift of His love,
   And the blessings that hallow our days.

No. 205. DOXOLOGY.

(Use tune, "Old Hundred.")

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
   Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
   Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

—Thomas Ken.
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