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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

Edited by
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Published in both Round and Shape Notes

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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.

FLAVIL HALL,
1. Sweet is the story of Christ and His love, How He renounced all His
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

glor-y 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 rich
want and temptation to share.
suffering His touch gave relief. Lift up your voices, God’s message proclaim,
ev’er, which naught can destroy.
treasures revealed in His word!

Sing of salvation thro’ One Holy Name; Glorify Jesus life’s
pathway along, Cheer ing sad hearts with the Gospel In Song.

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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 built his house upon a rock."—Jesus

BIRDIE BELL.
Suggested by A. J. R.

A. J. ROBERTS' N.

1. I'm standing on the Rock of Ages, What matter if the rough winds blow?
2. I'm standing on the Rock of Ages, The angry winds go sweeping by;
3. 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.
Fadless 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 cit-y of God.

Refrain.

There will be light at the river, 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.)
No 4. WF SHALL PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE.

Some one has said, 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 delay nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

S A M U E L H. H A L L.

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 a-way,
4. Parents, ever live for Jesus, and your precious children lead

To enjoy the bliss of heaven for aye or suffer endless woe;
And the sorrows of the widow and the orphan drive a-way;
Soon our life and opportunities on earth must end for aye;
To the loving Saviour who doth bless and help in time of need,

Oh! then let us not be careless, but the will of Jesus do;
Let us scatter words and deeds of kindness from a heart that's true,
Let us then in faith and courage be to Heaven's duties true;
Tell them of God's love and mercy, while life's pathway you pursue;

We shall pass this way but once, and soon our journey will be thro';
For we pass this way but once, and soon our journey will be thro';
We shall pass this way but once, and soon our journey will be thro';
We shall pass this way but once, and soon our journey will be thro'.

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owner.
We Shall Pass This Way But Once.

REFRAIN.

We shall pass... this way but once, We shall pass... this
We shall pass this way but once, this way but once, We shall pass this

way but once; Let us dai-ly work for Je-sus, 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 heav'nyly 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 a - bove,
4. When love in one de-lightful stream, Thro' ev'ry bo-som flows;
5. Love is the gold-en chain that binds Th e bap-py souls a - bove;

In one an-oth-er's peace delight, And so ful-fill 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 un-ion sweet and dear esteem In ev -'ry ac-tion glows!
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds, His bo-som 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,
   true; (and true; oh,) Trust when the battle is raging wild,

2. Stand by the cross till the day is done; Firm to the end and fast; (last test; oh,) Soon we shall hear from his blessed lips,
   foe; (the foe; oh,) Soon shall the army of night recede,

3. Stand by the cross like a soldier strong; Fear lessly face the test; (last test; oh,) Soon we shall hear from his blessed lips,
   army; (the army; 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,

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 triumphal glow.
"Lay down thine armor and be at rest." Stand,

stand, stand, stand by the cross, soldier, stand,

Vic'ry 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 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 crumbl

2. If the heart is right with Jesus "then the face should show His love," Honor keep the teachings of his word, Be a light and joy to others on the way.

3. Would you have your mem'ry cherished, when from earth the soul has passed? Fill the point its long-ing eyes a-bove, 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.

REFRAIN.

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

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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No. 8.  SING THE BLESSED GOSPEL.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Sing the blessed gospel, sing in ev'ry land; Sing the blessed tidings,
2. Sing of thy Redeemer, laud his holy name; He in wondrous mercy,
3. Sing of free salvation that he brought to man; Let the dying heathen

sing, ye ransomed band; Sing it to the lost ones all the world around,
to redeem us, came; Sing it to the nations all around the earth,
know the wondrous plan. Bid them join the chorus, all the wide world sing,

Sing the story of the cross wherever man is found.
Sing aloud the tones of joy about his wondrous birth.
Praise his ever-lasting name, our matchless, heav'nly King.

Refrain.

Sing the blessed gospel, swell the joyful sound, Till the heathen

lands of earth with gladness shall resound. Spread the glorious good news.
in a chant sublime, Till the Saviour's precious love is known in every clime.

NO. 9. LET US WORK TILL HE COMES.

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." (Philipp. 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 coming All his faithful ones to claim;
2. Do we love our Lord's appearing? Are our sins all washed away?
3. Are we winning souls for Jesus By example, work and song;
4. Let us live in close communion, With the Lord we all must meet;

O how sweet will be the meeting, Unto those who love his name!
Are our lamps well filled and burning, Should our Lord appear today?
Souls to stand among his jewels, While the ages glide along?
That with shouts and songs of gladness, We the King of glory greet.

CHOIRUS. Faster.

Let us work till he comes, Let us trust him and obey him;
Let us work till he comes,

Watch and pray till he comes, That with rapture we may greet him.
Watch and pray till he comes,

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FORGET NOT THE LORD.

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 blessed-
ness of that faith and hope that bring comfort in sorrow and blessedness and joy in affli-
tion is realized,—David Lipscomb.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

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,
bil-lows 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.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

REFRAIN.

Saviour, let us not forget, Saviour, let us not forget, Saviour,

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Forget Not the Lord.

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

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

LOEWLL MASON.

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

Saviour divine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my My zeal inspire! 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 away; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine. Love to thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire. tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee a side. trust remove; Oh, bear me safe above, A ransomed soul.
No. 12. 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.

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, never 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. Brav-ely on-ward march a-against the hosts of sin, Till in rap-ture we a glo-rious vict'ry win, And we lay our ar-mor down in peace and rest, 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.

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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 wait-ing 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 beau-ti-ful 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.
sweet home.

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1. Sometimes when clouds around us gather, And all our path seems dark and drear,  
   We call unto our heavenly Father, And feel at once that he is near.  
2. Sometimes when 'mid the trees and flowers, When all around is bright and clear,  
   When all of nature's wondrous powers, Unite in saying, God is near.  
3. Then, tho' our path be bright or dreary, We'll journey on without a fear,  
   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;
1. Sow the good word of the kingdom, Over Columbia land,
2. Ready the land to receive it, Ready the people to hear,
3. Scatter it over the prairies, Sow by the river's side,
4. Soon will the blade be fast op'ning, Soon will the leaf arise,

For a rich harvest it yield-eth, Sown with a bountiful hand,
Many the hearts to believe it, Scatter it far and near.
Sow in the mighty cities, Sow where the poor abide.
Soon will the harvest be waving Under the summer 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.

Copyright, 1907, by Leonard Daugherty. Used by per.
1. There's a happy golden shore where the storms of life no more Darkly
sweep across the smiling summer sky; Never-fading flowers bloom,
breathing out their sweet perfume, 'mong those scenes where joy and beauty can-not
send out melody un-told, Swept by fingers that once fondly clasped our
in that land so pure and blest, When with conflicts o'er its calm repose they
die. Some who journeyed by our side pass'd beyond the solemn tide, And so
own. Now we often look with tears thro' the intervening years That may
win. Every heart-ache will be gone when eternal day shall dawn, While ce-
more their dear companionship we share, But we hope to meet again, free from
lie be-tween us and that deathless home, But at last we'll hear a voice, that will
less-tial music fills the balmy air; O the songs will never cease, in the

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The Home Just Over There.

Every grief and pain, When we gain the blessed home just over there.
make our souls rejoice, Then we'll go thro' fields of Paradise to roam.
life of love and peace Spent with loved ones in the home just over there.

Refrain.

O the home just over there, we shall
O the home just over there, just over there,

See it bright and fair, When from dusky
We shall see it bright and fair, so bright and fair,

Banks of time we drift away; Passing from the gloom of night into

glad immortal light, We shall dwell with those we love in endless day.
Precious days are passing by. Precious days are passing by, . . . . . . Will you seek to

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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 every 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.
1. Freely give your precious lives to Jesus, While your sun is shining clear and bright; He will bless you if for Him you labor minds for Jesus, Do-ing all you can for Him each day; With the loving Saviour as your pilot, Truly, nobly live for Him al-wav. Him sincerely for protection, As our pilgrim journey we pursue. pare for that eternal morning, When the saints in joy untold a-wake.

2. Give your lives into his holy keeping, He will shield you with his might-y arm, Keep you ever from the wily tempter, And dark fears shall ne'er your soul alarm. O how sweet it is to Ever in the sacred cause of right. Toil with willing hands and To receive the pure when life is done. Hear the Master's voice so

3. Live forever for your blest Redeemer, Telling to each weak and sweet and gentle, Bidding us our evil ways forsake, And prepare for that eternal morning, When the saints in joy untold a-wake.

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Live for Jesus.

Chorus

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

Live for Jesus, Ev-er live for Jesus,

Till He takes you with Him to a-bide.

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,

la-bor, 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 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.

3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sun-set skies; While their bright lines are Work, for the night is coming, 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 judgment, When the mighty
   millions now that sleep Shall awake from slumber in a moment,
   we'll know no more the thought of parting,
   path our Saviour trod;

2. Should we meet no more till at the judgment, We shall meet up
   yonder blissful shore, Where we'll know no more the thought of parting,
   grasp no parting hand; Let us work and pray for souls immortal,
   path our Saviour's road; Let us live the life his word demands us,

3. Should we meet no more till at the judgment, There we'll meet to
   path our Saviour's road; Let us live the life his word demands us,

4. Should we meet no more till at the judgment, Let us walk the
   path our Saviour's road; Let us live the life his word demands 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. Should we meet

more,
ere we sleep 'neath the sod,
Hound of mercy ev er lead you, Till we meet at the judgment bar of God.
here no more,
ere we sleep 'neath the sod,
May the

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No. 22. MIGHTY ROCK, WHOSE TOWERING FORM.

CLEFT FOR ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks above 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 chilly breath,

Rock a-mid the desert waste, To thy shadow now I haste.
Weary, fainting, toil-oppressed, In thy shadow let me rest.
Rock where all my hopes abide, In thy shadow let me hide.

REFRAIN.

Unto Thee, unto Thee, Precious Saviour, now I flee;

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself 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: 1, 8.)

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

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

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 rood 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, O come to-day. Jesus bids you come to-day, O

Come to-day, List'en, sinner, and no longer
Jesus bids you come to-day,

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

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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 often I have turned my heart; With hope I will from sin depart,
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. S. W. YELVINGTON.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. Arr. by J. D. PATTON.

1. O be joyful and sing, sing aloud unto God, Let your hearts and you
   voices in gladness unite! Join in praise, happy praise, sound his
   silent, "rejoice ever-more!" Faithful Guide, precious Friend, He will
   light his salvation to know! Let us trust in his care, let us
   goodness abroad, He alone is the Lord and the Father of Light.
   never forsake; For his kindness unmeasured we laud and adore.
   walk in his truth, Let us sing to his glory, as onward we go.

2. For his blessings each day, for the wealth in reserve, Ah, how can we be
   light his salvation to know! Let us trust in his care, let us
   goodness abroad, He alone is the Lord and the Father of Light.

3. O the depth of his love! O the riches of grace! What a precious de-
   voices in gladness unite! Join in praise, happy praise, sound his
   silent, "rejoice ever-more!" Faithful Guide, precious Friend, He will
   light his salvation to know! Let us trust in his care, let us

REFRAIN.

Sing aloud! Sing aloud! Sing aloud and rejoice! Sing aloud and rejoice!

Sing ever-more in the goodness of God! Sing aloud! Sing aloud and

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No. 26.

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

ROBERT T. HALL.

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; Gone for aye, its race is over, Soon the darker shades will 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.

2. "One day nearer" sings the sailor, As he glides the waters over, While the light is softly dying On his distant, native shore. Thus the Christian on life's ocean, As his light boat cuts the Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert, Heart and sandal worn we

3. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim Hails the setting of the sun, For the goal is one day nearer, And his journey nearly done. For the Christian in its race, In the evening cries with rapture, "I am one day nearer home." Thus we feel, when over life's desert, Heart and sandal worn we
Just Beyond the Jordan River

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.

1. Just beyond the Jordan river, Where no ills can e'er befall,
2. Shall we not prepare to meet them, When we cease to journey here?
3. Oh, the saints from every nation, That have passed o'er Jordan's flood!
4. Just beyond the Jordan river, On that fair and peaceful strand,

Many loved ones wait us ever—Many loved ones—angels all.
Shall we not prepare to greet them, In that bright celestial sphere?
Once they sought and found salvation, Thro' the Saviour's precious blood.
Where no cruel fate can sever—Oh, that all our feet may stand!

CHORUS.

Just beyond, just beyond, Safe with-
Just beyond the Jordan river, Just beyond the Jordan river,
in the portals fair; just beyond, the portals fair; Just beyond the Jordan river,

Rit.

Just beyond, they are waiting for us there.
Just beyond the Jordan river,
No. 28.  

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 prayer 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 prayer, 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 prayer; It has a sweet hour of prayer;  

blessing that we all may share: Come and humbly bow before his throne; He'll heal your broken heart—He alone.  

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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.

1. Our loved one now has pass'd to rest, *He'll drift up-on life's seas no more;
2. And now while we this body lay, 'Mid tears and griefs which break our hearts,
3. He lived a life of peace with God. And oh! this thought much joy doth give,

---

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

When Jesus shall come, seeking his own, We'll meet him again, when Jesus shall come, We'll meet him again, we'll meet him again,

His spirit now is with the blest, At home with Christ upon that shore.
Beneath the sod our Mother clay, To rest until the judgment day.
For tho' he rest beneath the sod, With him and Christ some day we'll live.

---

* 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.
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.

Chorus.

Blessed Lord, Thou art our refuge, May we ever cling to Thee, Till from sorrow and temptation, We shall be forever free.

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THE JUDGMENT DAY IS COMING.

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." (2 Cor. 5:10.)

KATHARYN BACON.

1. Ev-er work, for Christ your Lord is gently call-ing you to-day, See the
sun is brightly shin-ing in the sky; Hear his lov-ing voice and to the
har-vest field now haste a-way, For the judgment day is com-ing by and by.

2. Ev-er watch, the tempter strives in many ways you to de-ceive, Daily
ur-ging you the Sav-ior to de-ny; Nev-er, nev-er yield to him, but
on the Lord of lords believe, For the judgment day is com-ing by and by.
till you’re safe at his right hand, For the judgment day is com-ing by and by.

3. Ev-er pray, for soon you shall be-fore the Lord in judgment stand, When He
with his an-geles shall des-cend the sky; Oh! be work-ing, watch-ing, pray-ing.

REFRAIN.

When you shall stand be-fore the Lord, till you re-ceive your just re-ward.

Copyright, 1908, by Geo. W. Bacon.
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 BACON.

(Acts 1:21.) FLAVIL HALL.

1. Wand'rin', so far in sin a-way, Long'er do not from Jesus stay,
Claim his re-deeming love to-day, oh, turn to the Lord.
There is salvation free to all who on his blessed name will call, Tarry thou called, oh, hear Him now! to his blest will in gladness bow.
Oh, turn to the Lord!....

2. Wand'rin', by doubts and fears oppressed, Jesus will give thy soul sweet rest.
And a bright home among the blest, oh, turn to the Lord!.... Long has He
Earthly life be o'er, and if thou wouldst on heaven's shore Dwell with the

3. Wand'rin', thy Savior now is nigh, To his dear arms for mercy fly.
Canst thou such wondrous love defy? oh, turn to the Lord!.... Soon will thy
Not, What-e'er be-fall! but turn to the Lord! Oh, turn to the
Form each sacred vow, oh, turn to the Lord!
Ransomed ev-er-more, oh, turn to the Lord!

Refrain.

Oh, turn to the Lord! accept Him to-day, thou'vile and depraved,
Believe in his

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

For He on
Believe in His word, o - bey Him in love and thou shalt be saved, 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.

A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,
1. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh! how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet!
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supre - mely blest!
3. 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.
Sec - ure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait - ing the summons from on high.

REST.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
I WANT TO GO HOME.

Evangelist T. B. Larimore (tho whom there is none more gifted in eloquence an powers of persuasion) wrote as follows some months after his wife—a faithful help 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.

GEO. W. BACON.

1. The race of life is near-ly o'er, My sor-rows soon shall cease, I'll meet the ones who've gone before To reap their great re-ward. I long to view the peaceful land Where Je-sus calm-ly bowed with deep de-spair, And glad-ly would I ransomed band, Where all are truly best. I long............. to be in Thy care Be-yond this world'y gloom.

2. I want to reach my tranquil home, But rag-ged is the way; Oh, Fa-ther, lead me lest I roam in paths by sin de-filed! My soul in pain and death no more shall be, Where joy doth nev-er end; It would be waita To place me with the go, To be for-ev-er meet, And hear Him say: "O long to be at home with home.... for ev-ermore, Where my de-part-ed, where my de-part-ed Lord for evermore,........... Where all........... my de-part-ed
I Want To Go Home.

I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT
L. C. EVERETT.

1. I love Thy Kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode The Church our brest Re-
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and
3. Jesus, Thou Friend divine, Our Savior and our King, Thy hand from ev'ry
deeper said With his own precious blood. I love Thy Church, O God, Her walls be-
toils be given Till toils and cares shall end. Beyond my highest joy I prize her
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.
heavily ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.
Oh! sinner, seek Jesus.

1. Oh! sinner, seek Jesus, the loving Friend, Whose kindness can never be told:
   He offers you peace that will have no end—Come in from the near;
   When death comes to you it will be too late, And soon you the see;
   Oh! trust in the Savior while yet you may, Your soul from its joy; And look to the crown promised in his Word To those in his

2. Oh! do not be careless and longer wait, Believing no danger is summoned will hear!
   dark blots to free!
   blessed employ. Oh! sinner, seek Jesus, No longer delay, Oh!

3. Your hastening on to the judgment day Where all may your guilty stains
   Oh! bow to his mandates, No longer delay,
   Oh! bow to his mandates, No longer delay,
   And ask Him for pardon today!

4. A wonderful Savior is Christ, the Lord, Tell others the tidings of
   oh! sin-ner, seek Je-sus, No lon-ger de-lay; Oh!
   oh! sin-ner, seek Je-sus, No lon-ger de-lay; Oh!
   oh! sin-ner, seek Je-sus, No lon-ger de-lay;

   And ask Him for pardon today!

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NIGHT DRAWETH NEAR.

"The night cometh, when no man can work." (John 9: 4.)

STELLA MAY THOMSON.

FLAVIL HALL.

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

2. How swift-ly, sure-ly time is pass-ing by, We heed not how the
   How swift-ly, sure-ly time is pass-ing by, We heed not how the
   For quick-ly day de-velops in-to night,
   near, 'tis draw-ing near, When life shall cease, shall cease forev-er here, And ransomed

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;
   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
   souls shall glad-ly flee a-way, To spend with Christ one bright e-ter-nal day.

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1. Jesus, my Hope, my only Friend, On Thee for life.
2. When friends forsake, and loved ones fail, And I pass through death's gloomy vale,
3. And in that land be-yond the sky, Where ransomed Jesus, my hope, my only Friend,

life, my soul de-pends; My way is dark,
through death's gloomy vale, I'll rest in Thee—
souls will nev-er die, I see the dawn
On Thee for life my soul depends; My way is dark,

my path is lone, I'm trusting Thee to guide me home.
'tie perfect peace, In Thee all sin, and self will cease
of endless day, Where God shall wipe my tears a-way.
my path is lone, I'm trusting Thee to guide me home

CHORUS.

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

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The Sinner's Friend.

of peace a-bove, ........ I'll sure-ly 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
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or, if on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and

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. Deaut. 38: 2. B. B. BEALL.

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

Pro-tect-ed is my soul from all a-larms; 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-aus

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-larms, (no rude a-larms,) His
Enfolded In the Everlasting Arms.

round me and beneath me are the everlasting arms.

No. 42. MY SOUL BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Re-
3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won, Nor lay thine armor down; Thy
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll

hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.
new it boldly every day, And help divine implore.
arduous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown.
take thee, at thy parting breath, To his divine abode.
No. 43.  WORKING FOR JESUS.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Working for Jesus, living for Jesus, O the sweet grace that comes to my soul; Blessed reward that waits for the faith-ful When they cross o'er and reach the bright goal.
2. Working for Jesus, sowing and reaping, Soon we shall gatherings up the bright sheaves; O the sad tho' if we should come bring-ing, Of-fer-ing ' Je-sus' nothing but leaves.' Blessed Savior O-ver in yon-der sun-ny bright clime.
3. I am so happy working for Jesus, Blessed as-

D. S._Working for Je-sus, liv-ing for Jesus, Working for Je-sus all the day long.

D. S._deem-er, Je-sus, my song, Working for Je-sus all the day long.

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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 lonely and faint, Still no word of condolence 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 sinner like me.

D.C.—For 'twas there on its side, Jesus suffered and died, To redeem a poor D.C. 

2. Behold! faint on the road, 'Neath a world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crowned die, For the world and for you and for me. crowd! He's ascending that hill lone and gray. gaze, On the blest Lamb of dark Calvary! Oh, it bows down my plaint Fell from Him on the hill-ock of gray. sting, All to save us from endless despair. God, Who was slain, but is risen again.

Refrain.

heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in memory that gray hill I see!

D.C.
1. Sweet is the story of mercy and love divine, Tho' it is saddened by sorrow and pain; Jesus, the sin-less One, left his bright throne on high, grace; Jesus from glory came to dark
2. Oh, what a sacrifice made that we might be saved, When on the cross our De-liv-er-er died! Oh, what a fountain of cleansing for sin was found grace, of infinite grace; Jesus from glory came to dark
3. Now the dear Savior who died for us, lives again, Comfort bestowing on pen-i-tent hearts; Joy which the world cannot offer He freely gives, ry, sad but so sweet to me, Wonder-ful story of in-finite
4. Come unto Jesus, O weary and sinful soul! Trust in his kindness, ye grieved and oppressed; List while He softly and tenderly speaks today, ry, sad but so sweet to me, Wonder-ful story of in-finite

Refrain.

And to a-tone for the guilty was slain. Beautiful story.
When the blood gushed from his spear-wounded side! Peace that endures for aye He im-parts.
Bidding you come unto Him and find rest. Beautiful story.

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The Story of Jesus.

Cal·va·ry, Winning sal·va·tion for our fal·len race. Cal·va·ry, Winning sal·va·tion for our fal·len race, our fal·len race.

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

1. We are march-ing in the shin-ing way, A might-y ar·my, trust-ing
2. Val·i·ent sol·di·ers, go·ing forth to war, We'll meet the en·emy and
3. Pre·ci·ous prom·ise to the faith-ful giv'n—A home at God's right hand when

Je·sus Christ, our bless·ed Lord; He will safe·ly lead us day by day,
tri·umph in the cause of right; Giv·ing God the glo·ry ev·er·more,
we shall lay our ar·mor down; Bask·ing in the sun·ny smiles of heav'n,

FINE.

If we, in faith·ful·ness, con·tin·ue to o·be·y His ho·ly word,
We'll press the bat·tle till, in joy, our faith is lost in bliss·ful sight.
We'll wear for·ev·er·more the white-washed garments and a fade·less crown.

D. S.—He will nev·er leave us nor forsake us as we for·ward go.

CHORUS.

Je·sus is our Lead·er, and by faith we'll conquer ev·ery 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.

1. Have we been redeemed by Jesus, who for us was crucified, And received the victory o'er 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 e'er 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 thro' death's dark, lonely valley we must go! as we near life's setting sun? Soon thro' death's dark, lonely valley we must go! to the realms of fadeless day, Soon thro' 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 fol-low Christ alway, Strength his rod and staff us guide When thro' death's dark, lonely valley we must go! bide in heaven's bliss, or endless woe; If our souls are pure bide in bliss or woe, To abide in bliss or woe;

4. If our souls are pure and spotless and we follow Christ alway, Strengthening his rod and staff us guide When thro' death's dark, lonely valley we must go! to the realms of fadeless day, Soon thro' death's dark, lonely valley we must go!
Through Death's Valley We Must Go.

No. 48. CORONATION.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

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-lasting 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-lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.
No. 49. ARE YOU READY TO BE SAVED?
Suggested by a sermon preached by Elder T. R. Burnett, July, 4, 1898.
S. D. S.
S. D. SIMONS.

1. You have heard the gospel of the blessed Lord, 'Tis the pow'r of
   God to save; Will you come, o拜, accord-ing to his word? Be pre-
   life have stra'y'd; Will you come to Je-sus? He will let you in, Hal-le-
   you H e' ll give, If you'll
   pared to en-ter thou the grave! Are you read-y to be sav'd?
   Yes, I'm

2. You have long been grop-ing thro' the vales of sin, From the way of
   death: Many souls He's saved!
   trust his blessed pow'r to save!
   I am

3. You can have sal-va-tion, and with Je-sus live In that land, be-
   long been wand'r ing, you have long delayed, Will you walk the paths of sin no more?

CHORUS.

Used by per. of Emett 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.

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 sadly bid them "good-by."
The sweet blessing of their Christian mother, And the glad words of Jesus, the King;
May we all ever 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 neglected The divine message from above,
May we dwell with our heavenly Father, 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 blessing," O the joy to his soul they did bring.
Sing glad praises to Jesus, our Sav-ior, O-ver on that bright, beautiful shore.

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He will pilot thee.

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?

2. Jesus knows thine every danger, grief and fear, And in love He sweetly says: "Be of good cheer;" Thou no light is shining on the angry sea, death thy soul to save; Hear his blest commandment, "Follow, follow me!"

3. Jesus loved thee so, his precious life He gave, From an everlasting heaven's peaceful shore, There to dwell with Jesus through eternity.

4. Soon life's cares and raging tempests will be o'er; Soon thou'llt anchor on fair

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He Will Pilot Thee.

PRAISE THE LORD.

No. 52

J. KEMPThORNE.

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 mighty voice obeyed;
3. Praise the Lord; for He is glorious; Never shall his promise fail;
4. Praise the God of our salvation; Hosts on high his power proclaim,

San and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which never shall be broken;
For their guidance He hath made.
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

REFRAIN.

No. 53. 

NEVER FALTER.

"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 o-bey, 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-ry day!

Owned by Flavil Hail and R. H. Moore.
Never Falter.

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 submitted to his will, To come on earth to suffer ill,
2. And then before we sought his grace, He never turned from us his face,
3. Salvation's plan made heav'n rejoice; His praise was sung with swelling voice,
4. Oh! was there e'er such love made known, As that displayed by God's own Son!

That after death we then might share With Him a home of peace so fair.
But called to us, from day to day, To come and walk the heav'ny way.
When God in mercy sought to win Man from his fallen state of sin.
On Calvary's cross He bled and died, In pain and shame was crucified.

CHORUS.

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

The peace and joy we can possess, 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.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. When this glorious Lord's day morning was announced by the rising sun, And the
2. Here we'll sing and pray to-geth-er, and the name of our Lord a-dore, Here we'll
3. Here we'll think of those who're absent, and if sick we'll for them pro-vide; Here we'll
4. O, then Fa-ther bless and help us, for Thy will we de-sire to do, And to

And the glo-ry of its beau-ty, and the glo-ry of its beau-ty I did see;
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're gone to live with Je-sus 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;

How my soul in faith looked for-ward, as to glad worship I did come, And o-
Here we'll eat and drink the sup-per set by Him who has gone be-fore, And o-
We'll con-tri-bute as we're prospered, for in Christ we must s'er a-bide, And o-
For we know that Thou dost love us and in safe-ty will bring us thro', Till we

And obeyed the words of Him who died for me, the words of Him who died for me
And o-bey the words of Him who died for me, the words of Him who died for me
And o-bey 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

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owners.
When We Meet To Worship.

Refrain.

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

When we in devotion meet and greet each other,

When we meet and pray together, When we meet and eat the

in Jesus' name and pray together,

When in memory of our

supper,

Lord we eat the supper,

We obey the words of Him who did for me. who died for me.

No. 56. WE WILL COME TO JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. (For children.) FLAVIL HALL.

Not too fast.

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, Ev-er

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.

Here be below, If we'd only keep the golden rule in view.

No. 58.

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.  WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me.
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am, the' tos'd a-bout, With man-y a conflict, 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 receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve,
6. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath bro-ken ev'-ry barrier down;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee wh'se blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, 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-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
BESIDE THE SILVER SEA.

No. 59. DAVIS THREADGILL. J. D. PATTON.

1. While toil-ing 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-wait-ing me (a-wait-ing 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-ter-nal-ly (e-ter-nal-ly),

Beside the silver, crystal sea...
Beside the silver,

Refrain.

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

The Savior waits to welcome me,

To dwell with Him, on that bright shore,

safe from life's storms for ev'er-more...

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

1. Jesus invites his saints to sit a-round his board;
2. This holy bread and wine Main-tain our faint-ing breath;
3. Let all our pow'rs be joined his glo-rious name to raise;

Here pardoned reb-els sit and hold Com-mun-ion with their Lord.
By un-ion with our liv-ing Lord, And int'rest in his death.
Let ho-ly 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, O loved one,(precious loved one,) O'er the
2. Here thy form... lies pale and silent,(pale and silent,) But thy
3. We shall now... be sad and lonely,(sad and lonely,) Since thy
4. We shall meet... thee in the morning,(in the morning,) When all

...dark... and chilly tide;(the chilly tide;) In the house... of many
soul... from earth hath flown,(from earth hath flown,) Far from scenes of toil and
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 never

...mansions,(many mansions,) With the blest... thou dost a-bide,(thou dost a-bide.)
tri-aes,(toil and trials,) Thou hast gone... to joys unknown,(to joys unknown)
meet thee,(hope to meet thee,) On the bright... eternal shore,(eternal shore)
spok'en,(never spoken,) We'll re-joice... with thee for aye,(with thee for aye.)

REFRAIN.

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

...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.

No. 62. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." (Psa. 116: 15.)

JENNIE WILSON.

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, death-less land, where thou hast gone! O home so pure and fair!

Thy soul from earthly scenes hath gone To dwell among the blest.
The Master's voice to Thee hath said The blessed words, "well done."
Thou hast obtained, with wondrous joy, A bright, un-fading 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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No. 63. WANDERING CHILD, COME HOME.

J. L. M.

1. Hark! Hear the sweet words your Fa-ther is say-ing, O wan-der-ing child, come home! There's room in my house for all of the stray-ing, O wan-der-ing child, come home! O come back to-day, you'll soon die of hun-ger, O wan-der-ing child, come home! Why feed with the swine? your Fa-ther has plen-ty, A

2. You've gone far a-way in dark-ness and dan-ger, O wan-der-ing child, come home! O come back to-day, you'll soon die of hun-ger, O wan-der-ing child, come home! Why feed with the swine? your Fa-ther has plen-ty, A

3. The feast is pre-pared, the robe is now read-y, O wan-der-ing child, come home! There's room in my house for all of the stray-ing, O wan-der-ing child, come home! O come back to-day, you'll soon die of hun-ger, O wan-der-ing child, come home! Why feed with the swine? your Fa-ther has plen-ty, A

Refrain.

wam-der-ing child, come home! Come home, ... come home,...
wam-der-ing child, come home! bids you to-day, come home! Come home, my child, come home, come home!

O wand'ring child, come home! Your Fa-ther is wait-ing, yea,
aux-iou-sly wait-ing, O wan-der-ing 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, that death may not be taken 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 ev’ry 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 glorious of all things made.
And heaven 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 along the
rivers of life, In the home of bliss for-ev-er free from sin and strife.

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THE LORD'S DAY.

Acts 20: 7, 8; 1 Cor. 16: 1.

1. That glorious morn when Jesus was born From death's darkest tomb,
   When the angels said, "He who for me bled Rose early in the morning, lighted hearts all a-glow; With love and praise, we'll our voices raise, With melodious song, we'll sing of Jesus our King. O glorious morn, the day that is dawning, the day that is dawning.

2. On this glad first day, all cares put away, To worship we go, with sadness and gloom; When the angels said, "He who for me bled Rose early in the morning, lighted hearts all a-glow; With love and praise, we'll our voices raise, With melodious song, we'll sing of Jesus our King. O glorious morn, the day that is dawning, the day that is dawning.

3. The loaf we will break, of the cup we'll partake, In memory of Him who died for our sin; We'll not stay at home, or neglectful roam, But worship the Lord, as taught in his word, home where Christ bids us come.

4. O may we e'er be this day true to Thee! If Jesus should come to each o'clock, 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; Only one small lamb had wandered
lamb a-stray, Than the sheltered nine and ninety,
thro' the storm; Then with joyful heart He bears it,
ransomed be; Thro' the wounds that save the wan'd'rer

2. Dearer to the loving Shepherd Seems the one lost
O'er the mountains bare and cold. So He seeks it far away.
Homeward on his gentle arm.

3. Over crag, the lost one seeking, Goes the Shepherd
Shepherd, O'er the steep and rugged way; On the

4. Sinner, Jesus died in mercy, That thy soul might
night winds hear Him calling, Seeking for his lamb a-stray.

Chorus.

O'er the mountains bare and cold. So He seeks it far away.

JEHOVAH SEES.

(Male voices.)

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

H. LEO BOLES.

(Heb. 4: 13.)

FLAVIL HALL.

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

But the great Jehovah sees:

poor heart throbs, But Je-ho-vah sees; No child has woes, no soul has for
out all joy, 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 fear, But Je-ho-vah sees;
For Je-ho-vah sees; No glad refrain of heaven's claim, But Je-ho-vah sees;
But Je-ho-vah sees; No Christian prays, and then obeys, But Je-ho-vah sees;
But Je-ho-vah sees; No fear of gloom in death's dark tomb, For Je-ho-vah sees;

But the great Jehovah sees;

2d v.-For the great Jehovah sees;

4th v.-For the great Jehovah sees;

CHORUS.

Jehovah's watchful care is over all;............. Jehovah's love is over all;

mercy is for you;............. He is not willing that his peo-

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Dear friends, farewell! May each one live a life of prayer.

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 we all meet again.
CHRIST AS JUDGE IS COMING.

HARRIET E. JONES.

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 power?

CHORUS.

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

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"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.

WITH JESUS.

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 little feet That stray in the ever-green pastures, Where in the soul, Where Jesus gives gladness and safety, While herd so kind, And happy with Him up in heaven Each
3. No sorrow can come with its burden, No sin leave its stain
4. Far better than earthly affections Is love of the Shepherd sheltered in tenderest love flow-ers bloom fragrant and sweet. To Jesus the merciful on-ward divine ages roll. dear little lamb we shall find.

CHORUS.

Shepherd The innocent one has gone home, Protected from every danger In beautiful pathways to roam.

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The Scriptures were given to us by men who spake 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. 1, 2.) 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.

FLAVIL HALL.

1. The bless-ed Ho-ly Spir-it shows the way In the sa-cred
2. The Ho-ly Spir-it in the Word doth tell How our pre-cious
3. The Ho-ly Spir-it in our tri-als here Doth a mes-sage
4. The Ho-ly Spir-it com-forts in the hour When 'neath heav-y

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-v'ry suf-fered; breathe that's filled with hope and cheer: "You thro' Christ shall con-qu'er, if his bur-dens sad-ly we must bow; While we trust his prom-is-es that

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

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, ever be; From all sin and sor-row we shall there be free;

CHORUS.

The Ho-ly Spir-it shall be e'er our guide, Till in realms of glo-ry we with Christ a

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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.)

FLAVIL HALL.

1. There's a land of de-light for the faith-ful and blest, Where the Sav-ior has
gone to pre-pare for his Fa-ther's bright home blessed mansions of rest, O bow
this world of sin, To a-dore 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. Ev-ery day we will serve our dear Sav-ior and Lord, Till He calls us from
Where the tri-als of time come no more,
And et-ter-nal-ly dwell in our

3. In that E-den of splen-dor and beau-ti-ful bow'rs, We shall know not a
dear Fa-ther'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, gold-en grain Wav-ing o-ver hill and plain, It
2. If you lon-ger i-dly wait, It will be for-e'er too late, Gold-en
3. Hu-man souls the sheaves so rare, That are sinking ev'-rywhere In-
4. Ev'-ry soul that you may win From the drea-ry fields of sin, As a

un-to har-vest white; But the la-bor-ers are few, And the
hours are pass-ing by; For the reap-ing must be done, Ere shall
sins e-ter-nal night; Go and tell of Je-sus' love, And a
star with sil-ver ray, Shall be-deck your crown of gold, Add-ing

REFRAIN.

Lord is call-ing you, He will pay you what is right. Will you gath-
pass the har-vest sun, Or the grain will fall and die.
bless-ed home a-bove, In the land of fade-less light.
pleasures yet untold, While you live in heav'n for aye. Will you gather golden she-

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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'r in the home, pray'r in the home,
2. O how I love the home of pray'r, Pray'r in the home, pray'r in the home,
3. Tho' some neglect as years go by Pray'r in the home, pray'r in the home,
4. O will you then begin to-day? Pray'r in the home, pray'r in 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 Spirit leads you in his way, When you have pray'r in the home.

CHORUS.

Prayer in the home, prayer in the home, Pray'r to the Father a bove;

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

R. Vaughan, owner. Used by
No. 75. SCATTER THE SUNSHINE OF LOVE.

Arr. by F. H.

1. There are lonely hearts to bless and cherish, Let us scatter the sunshine, the sunshine of love; There are many weary souls who
   perish, Let us scatter the sunshine, the sunshine of love; If a
   sunshine, the sunshine of love; Let your face be always like the,
   sunshine, the sunshine of love, One by one we sadly leave be-

2. There's no time to spend in idle scorning, Ever scatter the sunshine, the sunshine of love; Oh the
   morn ing, Ever scatter the sunshine, the sunshine of love; Oh the
   sunshine, the sunshine of love, One by one we sadly leave be-

3. All the loving links that sweetly bind us While we scatter the sunshine, the sunshine of love; There are
   smile we would renew, (we would renew,) As our journey we purs
   world is full of sighs, (is full of sighs,) Full of sad and weeping
   seed of good we sow, (of good we sow,) Both in shade and shine will

D. S.—Christ we would be true, (we would be true,) Let us

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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.

sun-shine 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 ransomed
be, And quickened from the dead; I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou
night, For wand'ring sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, What hast thou
free, My par-don and my love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou

2. My Father's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne, I left for earthly
be, And quickened from the dead; I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou
night, For wand'ring sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, What hast thou

3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitter'st ag-o-
free, My par-don and my love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou

4. And I have brought to thee Down from my home a-bove, Salva-tion full and
be, And quickened from the dead; I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou
night, For wand'ring sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, What hast thou

giv'n for me? I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
left for me? I left, I left it all for thee, What hast thou left for me?
borne for me? I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
brought to me? I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me.
No. 77. O, THE GRAND OLD BOOK!

F. H. With vigor. FLAVIL HALL.

1. O, the grand old Book has stood the trials of the ages
2. Every creed that's made by men will perish in eternal night,
3. Back, then, from the wars of parties, and the conflicts of the past! Tho' the battles have been strong, Tho' the battles have been strong,

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 leads, 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

Copyright, 1908, 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 evermore shall stand...

And for evermore shall stand, for ever-more shall stand.

No. 78. THE DREADFUL NIGHT.

Anon. Matt. 26: 26-46. P. M. ATCHLEY.

That dreadful night before his death, The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did almost with his dying breath, This solemn feast ordain.

Thy suffering, Lord, each sacred 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 remember Thee; Help
O tune our tongues and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee, To

each redeemed one to repeat—For me, He died for me.
sing hosanna 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 vanisheth away."—(James 4:14.)

STELLA MAY THOMPSON.

A. E. HELTON.

1. O! be true to Jesus ever while you live, All the precious
days of life to Him freely give; His divine commandments
always strive to keep, For we soon in death shall calmly sleep.

2. If we're faithful in the work He bids us do, He will shield us
till our wearisome journey's thro'; And of heavenly joys
we shall partake, When on that eternal morn we wake.

3. When before our Father's throne we're called to stand With the multitude assembled in that fair land, Will our faces with a
saintly luster glow, And his changeless love shall we e'er know?

CHORUS.

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 shine o'er each mound;

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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.

E. R. Latta.


Chorus.

We shall see them, As they float on snowy wing;
We shall hear them,

We shall ever more be near them, We shall hear the angels sing.

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HE SHALL CALL THEE SOON.

KATHARYN BACON.

1. Wea-ry 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, Jesus' blood alone can free from sin, Make thee pure and 
   holy with-in, Come in faith to-day and par-don win, For He shall 
   call thee soon! Wea-ry one, the mer-ci-ful Sav-ior will 

2. Je-sus pleads, oh! shall it be in vain, Wilt thou slight his 
   call thee soon. And whoso'er death's angel shall ap-pear, Thou must go in 
   joy or in fear, O prepare while Jesus now is near, For He shall 
   call thee soon! Wea-ry one, He will for 

3. O re-pent, no lon-ger dare de-lay, Time is swift-ly 
   pass-ing a-way, Flee the wrath to come while it is day, For He shall 
   call thee soon! Wea-ry one, the mer-ci-ful Sav-ior will 

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

He Shall Call Thee Soon.

thee for-give, Come from the desert so wild, He will receive thee, his child.

do not long-er wait, but now his word believe, For He shall call thee soon;

Turn away from darkness e-ter-nal and ev-er live,
Turn from dark- ness, live for ev-er,

Vic-tors a crown shall be giv'n By the Re-deem-er in heav'n,

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

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Zion stands by hills surround-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 cherish; Heav’n and earth at last re-move; But no changes never 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, These to bring thee forth more bright, But can God, thy God, will now restore thee; He Himself appears thy friend; All thy foes shall flee 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. 83. GOOD TIDINGS TO ZION. 8, 7, 4.

1 On the mountain’s top appearing, Lo, the sacred herald stands, Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee; He Himself appears thy friend; All thy foes shall flee 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 i-dle must not stand, But la-bor
2. Although we are but children, There's much that we can do To brighten
3. Although we are but children, We la-bor ev'-ry day, And strive to

for our Mas-ter With willing heart and hand; Wherever du-ty calls us We
life for oth-ers As we our course pursue; Someone is need-ing sunshine, To
bring some lost one In-to the liv-ing 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 re-ward.

**CHORUS.**

Although we are but chil-dren, We love and serve our King, And
Although we are but chil-dren, We jour-n ey 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.

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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! In - finite 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,
O Glory, Hallelujah, I'll Be There.

No. 86. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. W. WALFORD.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my petition bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy consolation share,

And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known:
To Him whose truth and faithfulness, Engage the waiting soul to bless:
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 greater faith we all might know, Serving our Master here below,
2. Thro' faith we seek our Lord in prayer, For He our burdens helps to bear;
3. Our Lord will still His mercy show, If we thro' faith rejoicing go,
4. If unto death we faithful be, Our Lord and Savior we shall see,

Do-ing each day some deed of love, And leading souls to Christ above.
And He will give the strength we need, And 'ward the goal our feet will lead.
Content our burdens here to bear, And a bright home with Him we'll share;
And in the realms of glory live, And wear the crown which He will give.

CHORUS.

Be faithful, O be faithful! And a crown of life our Lord will give;
Be faithful, O be faithful unto death, And a crown of life our Lord will give.

Lord will give; In robes of white we'll walk with Him on that celestial morn;

And in joy with holy angels we will praise Him ev - er-more.
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 weakest say, 'I'm strong;"

And his present mighty truth is calling Every nation at his feet.
Judgment to the Gospel line and plummet, 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, O wake ye nations, gather near,
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,
   For peace and love, hearts free from care, Once dwelt where now is dark despair.

2. A drunkard's home, but not for dye Has drink in majesty held sway,
   The toiling mother, watching, prays That God may change her loved one's ways.

3. The drunkard's home, there children weep, While father lies in drunken sleep.
   If he will turn from sin a-way, God's strength and grace will bless alway.

4. The drunkard's home, the' dark as night, May gladness know, and peace and light.
   Lead the childish hearts above, But want is there and woe and gloom Within the wretched drunkard's home.

Refrain.

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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 feel that I could not, no, nev-er, have died. On-ly a sigh, on-ly a tear, long-time good-bye, With Je-sus, my Sav-ior, a-lone I must die.

2. Tell fa-ther and moth-er, and ba-by so dear, That I am so sor-ry that 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 bid you a fare-well, for I must go home.

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
THE GLAD OVER THERE.

MRS. EUNICE MOORE.

1. Down beside that softly flowing crystal river, Where its silver sands the

2. In that happy home of peace and love we'll never Feel again our earth-

3. There bright crowns are waiting for us in that mansion, By our Savior's loving

Chorus.

Till our weary feet a-down its paths are led. In the glad o-ver there,
His own loving hands will wipe away all tears.
And no joy on earth with it can be com-pared. In the glad o-ver there, the

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,

loved ones so wondrous-ly r-deemed, O it will be sweet to meet them on that golden shore.

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1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus going on before. 
Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread ing Where the saints have trod; We are not divided, 
Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph-song; Glory, laud and honor, 
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.
No. 93.  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, McMinnville, 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 weary one that suf-fered, bled and died, (who bled and died), Then why not his salvation, (salvation), Bled- ing, outstretched hands! (his outstretched hands); Will you not heed the Spirit's

2. It was the Christ, who was so meek, (who was so meek), The Lamb who were tempest tossed, (are tempest tossed), Come lay your woes at Jesus' feet; (at Jesus' feet); He'll guide each weary one that suf-fered, bled and died, (who bled and died), Then why not his salvation, (salvation), Bled- ing, outstretched hands! (his outstretched hands); Will you not heed the Spirit's

3. See how He stands and pleads for all, (and pleads for all), Oh, see his reject the loving call; (the loving call); All, who-so-ever will, may come, (to Christ may come), The invitation's free to all, (in free to all),

4. If thou soul-sick and fainting be, (and fainting be), Then heed the Spirit's call, (the Spirit's call), Why not obey our Lord's commands? (our Lord's commands), free;" (the waters free); They're flowing from the fountain near, (the fountain near), The Invitation's free to all, (in free to all),

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

CHORUS.

Come to the Savior and be saved; His name con-

Come now to Christ, the precious Savior, and be saved;

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Come to the Savior.

fess,........... his word o-bey;........... 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
whatevery 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 bap-
tized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." (Acts 2:38)

ISAAC WATTS.

1. "Twas the com-mis-sion of our Lord, "Go teach the na-tions and bap-tize;"
2. "Re-pent and be bap-tized," He saith, "For the re-mis-sion of your sins;"
3. Our souls He wash-es in his blood, And cleanseth us from ev-ery sin;
4. Thus we en-gage our-selves to Thee, And seal our cove-nant with the Lord;

The na-tions have re-ceived the word Since He as-cend-ed to the skies.
If you o-bey in gos-pel faith, He'll wash a-way your guilt-y stains.
Thus we to un-ion with our Lord, In joy and glad-ness en-ter in.
O may we ev-er faith-ful be, And gain in heav'n the great re-ward.
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 ac cord,  
3. The faithful shall obtain a crown at last,

While Jesus stands so nigh, He bids them seek the narrow way,  
And combine their quick'ning pow'r, Make naught 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, the watch and pray each day and hour.  
But we before our God shall stand.

But, O their end, their dreadful end, God's holy word hath taught me so;  
O their end, But, O their end, God's holy word Hath taught me so, His  
ho-ly word hath taught me so, Hath taught me so; .........................

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

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 follower 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.)

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 today,

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 fiery trials, and temptations overcome,
Till in love He calls them from their labor in His kingdom here,
Let us cheer with loving deeds the broken-hearted 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,

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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 praises 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: 3.) "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 sol-enn word, That we are bur-i ed with the Lord?
2. Our souls re-ceive di-vin-er breath, Rais ed from cor-rup-tion, guilt and death;
3. No more let sin and Sa-tan reign O-ver our mor-tal flesh a-gain;

"Bap-tized in-to his death," and then Re-deemed in Him from ev-ry sin?
So from the grave did Christ a-rise, And live to God a-bove the skies.
The va-rious lusts we served be-fore Shall have do-min-ion now no more.
COME, LET US PRAISE THE HOLY ONE.

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 pow’r shall break their bonds.
Up-on 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!

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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
lay upon His altar, all your silver and your gold; All these offerings are
work together with Him in His vineyard here below! You can help to save the

millions to be told of His great love, That they too may turn their footsteps toward the
holy, prompted by a grace divine, And the Lord will sanctify them, all your
millions lost in sorrow and in sin, By the gifts you offer Jesus you may

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.

1. He is calling sinful ones from the desert so drear, Come to Him!
2. Jesus surely call-eth you to re-pen-tance to-day, Listen to
3. Christian soldiers, hast-en on to the battle to-day, There is a
4. Soon He'll call us home with heav-en-ly spir-it to dwell, There all our

now and all his glo-ries re-cieve; Fear thou not, benight-ed pil-grim, for
Him while for your soul He doth plead: Heed his voice so kind, and en-ter the
mul-ti-tude of sin-ners to save; Lead each wayward soul from darkness to
pre-cious loved ones glad-ly we'll greet; In that hap-py land there nev-er shall

Je-sus is near; And He doth bid you e'en in Him to be-lieve.
bea-ven-ly way, And He will give you joy that naught can ex-cceed.
Je-sus' 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.

CHORUS.

Hear his sweet voice, calling, He's call-ing, Err-ing one!
Hear his sweet voice, He's call-ing to-day,...........

haste to win his pre-cious love; Hear his sweet voice,
Hear his sweet voice, He's call-ing........
He is Calling To-day.

call-ing, He's call-ing, "Come, there is rest, sweet rest, in heav-en a- bove."

No. 103.

LIVE LIKE JESUS.  W. HENRY QUILLEN.

1. Live like Je-sus, as you on-ward go Thro' this world of sor-row, pain and woe;
2. Live like Je-sus, go and seek the lost, Who in sin's dark sea are tem-pest-toss'd;
3. Live like Je-sus, for there will be giv'n To the saints a man-sion bright in heav'n;

Tho' dark clouds e'er-shad-ow day by day, Live like Je-sus all the way.
Tell them He's the dear-est Friend for aye, Live like Je-sus all the way.
Follow in his foot-steps ev-ry day, Live like Je-sus all the way.

CHORUS.

Live like Je-sus all the way, And his bless-ed will o-bey;

He will lead you to that heav'n-ly home, Live like Je-sus all the way.

Copyright, 1908, by W. Henry Quillen.
We're marching to a heav'n-ly home, sin and pain can nev'-er come, But; 

banners high and courage strong, Till 

till our work on earth is done, Then 

Where sin and pain can nev'-er come, 

ere we reach that golden strand. We'll; 

over all the hosts of sin. And 

we shall lay our armor down. And 

But ere we reach that golden strand 

meet with foes on ev'-ry hand (on ev'-ry hand 

glorious victory we shall win (yes, we shall win) wear his royal robe and crown (his robe and crown) 

We'll meet with foes, 

Worth by enr. of F. Clark Perry. Chattanooga, Tenn.
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.

—J. Wesley.
No. 107.  TELL THE BLESSED STORY.  

STELLA MAY THOMPSON.  

GEO. W. BACON.  

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!  

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 e'er proclaim,  
   Tell them of the wondrous love Jesus send-eth from above,  

3. How I love to tell the blessed story—tell it o'er and o'er,  
   Oh! my son 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 Praises 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, blessed sto-ry, blessed sto-ry,

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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No. 109.  
JEHOVAH CARES FOR ME.  
MRS. J. M. HUNTER.  
D. O. TEASLEY.

1. There's a tho't so sweet, so dear, O it brings me pre-cious cheer, As I
2. He who notes the spar-row's fall, Heeds his chil-dren when they call, Cares for
3. Bye and bye He'll take me home, Nev-er-more on earth to roam, And while

jour-ney o'er a road I can-not see! Tis the tho't that up a bove
me, and I shall not for-got-ten be; Much I can-not un-der stand,
rest-ing 'neath life's ev er-bloom-ing tree, Un-to me will be made plain,

Rules a God whose name is love, And I know, yes, I know He ev er
But I'll trust His guid-ing hand, For I know, yes, I know Je ho vah
That my seem-ing less was gain, For I know, yes, I know Je ho vah

D. S. O I know, yes, I know Je ho vah

F R E A I N.
cares for me. Yes, Je ho vah cares for me, Ev er loves and cares for me;
cares for me.

D. S.

Rul er of the earth and sky, With a kind and watch-ful eye,

D. O. Teasley. New York, N. Y.
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.

fadeth not away. Blessed are they,....
to the realms of day. Blessed are they, Blessed are they,
along 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.

Lead by arrangement of J. Henry Showalter, West Milton, O.
No. 111. JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. There is joy in heav'n a-mong the an-gels, When a wan-dor-er re-turns to the fold—When he comes to seek a place of safe-ty, After straying in the dark and cold.

2. There is joy on earth a-mong the right-eous, There are faith-ful hearts that trust the gen-tle Shepherd's might.

3. You can give that joy to saints and an-gels, For the loy-ing Shep-herd calls you to-day, Heav'n and earth will call to bid you wel-come, Do not linger, do not long-er stray.

Chorus.

There is joy a-mong the an-gels, There is joy a-mong the an-gels when a wan-dor-er re-turns; There is joy a-mong the an-

There is joy, yes, there is joy a-mong the an-gels, There is joy, yes there is joy a-mong the an-

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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, Richest 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.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.  LOWELL MASON.

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

floods of pen- i- ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev-'ry eye,

thou as-tonished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.

heav'n a-lone no sin is found; There is no weep-ing there.

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.

—Unknown.

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!

—G. Y. Tickle.

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. 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.
GIVE UNTO THE LORD.

(2 Cor. 9:7; 1 Cor. 16:1; 9:7-14.)

E. A. HOFFMAN.

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

2. Give un - to the Lord a gift of love a - new, All thy hands can bring Him
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

3. Give un - to the Lord thy sil - ver and thy golil. In re-turn for all His
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

4. 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

5. 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

6. 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

7. 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

8. 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

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1. I have loved ones who have crossed o'er the chilly tide, To mansions
   in that home so fair; (bright and fair;) In that land of love and light
   heaven sweetest rest; (sweetest rest;) They are safe with Him at last,
   more the sad good-bye; (sad good-bye;) What a meeting that will be
   they will e'er abide, They're waiting for me o'er there. (o'er there.)
   never 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.)

   They are waiting for me By the bright
   They are waiting, yes, waiting for me o'er there, By the bright crystal sea,

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

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Savior 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. Abide 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 arise To hide Thee from Thy servant'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 chilly tide, To mansions in that home so fair; (bright and fair;)
   When their work on earth was done Jesus called them home, To find heaven sweetest rest; (sweetest rest;)
   I shall meet with all my loved ones who're gone before, And speak no more forevermore to roam, They dwell with all the good and blest. (good and blest.)

2. They are waiting for me over there. (over there.)
   They are waiting, yes, waiting for me over there, By the bright crystal sea,
   They are waiting on that peaceful shore; (peaceful shore;)

3. Yes, meet with those who wait on high. (wait on high.)
   They are waiting for me by the bright crystal sea,
   by the bright crystal sea.
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 Savior 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 serv-ant's eyes!
Be my last thet, 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. Look away from the cross to the glittering crown, From your cares, weary one, look away; There's a home for the soul, where no crosses and trials severe; There's a beautiful hand that is onward your journey pursue; Look away from the cross to the sorrow can come, And where pleasures will never decay, beckoning come, And no heartaches and sighings, are there glittering crown, That's awaiting 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.

From the cross to the glittering 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, whate'er may come, Earth's sorrows only lead me home;
4. Tho' troubles oft beset me here, Tho' many clouded days appear;

And then I'll understand God's way, And sing his praises there for aye.
Yet angels call in sweet refrain, Some day God's will shall all be plain.
When in that blessed Benah 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 evermore, Upon that happy, golden shore.
And we'll dwell for evermore.
1. Oh! listen to the Savior's gentle voice and swiftly go
To dwell within his kingdom, where no sorrow you shall know,
By Jesus' cleansing free blood shed upon the cross of Calvary,
Your friend in pleasure awful peril for you, if in sin you wait until you see the

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 blood shed upon the cross of Calvary,
Your friend in pleasure awful peril for you, if in sin you wait until you see the

1. Oh! listen to the Savior's gentle voice and swiftly go
To dwell within his kingdom, where no sorrow you shall know,
By Jesus' cleansing free blood shed upon the cross of Calvary,
Your friend in pleasure awful peril for you, if in sin you wait until you see the

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 blood shed upon the cross of Calvary,
Your friend in pleasure awful peril for you, if in sin you wait until you see the

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, Re-echoes 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 QUILLAN.

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-ling 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-vice For
may be found, Be-cause the Sav-ior came A sac-ri-fice to be For
Glo-ry rules, Where all his will is done; O do his er-rands well, Till

precious souls to win, From cru-el bonds of sin Seek precious souls to win.
ev-ry soul doth shine, Whose ra-di-ance di-vice For ev-ry soul doth shine.
sin on Calv'ry's tree A sac-ri-fice 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 faithful to the King, O be faithful 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

Sanriich, 1908. by W. Henry Quillan.
Be Faithful to the King.

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

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 prayers;
3. We share our mutual woes; Our mutual burdens bear;
4. When we a-sunder 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 often 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.)

KATHARINE BACON. 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 tho' long be the journey,
eceive me into his presence blest; There shall be no sorrow, no
Savior in glory I shall see, And with many loved ones a-

2. Tho' 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 mansion I shall rest.
mid the Eden glow I shall joyously 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.

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

Copyright, 1908, by Flavil Hall and A. E. Helton.
I Am Waiting.

Lord... Till Thou call me from earth to heav'n, my home...
waiting, precious Lord to heav'n, my home.

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;

Raise your joy and triumphs high; Sing, ye heavens! thou, earth, reply!
Death in vain for bids his rise, He hath opened paradise.
Made like Him, like Him we rise. Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

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.

Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lives again our glorious King! Where, O death, is now thy sting?
King of glory, Fount of bliss, Everlasting life is this;
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 o'er You shall

2. Worldly pleasures may allure, But they cannot long endure, To the faithful 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 faithful and the true.

3. Bear to all the gospel light, Trusting only in His might, Praise his sinful ones to save, Fight on for the right and to your Lord be true. Faithful 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 faithful and the true.

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 offer to Him be true;

Chorus.

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

2. In every condition—in sickness, in health; In poverty's vale, or bounding in wealth; At home and abroad; on the God, and will still give thee aid, I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

3. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismay'd! I, I am thy termnal, unchangeable love; And when hoary hairs shall their will not desert to his foes, That soul, tho' all hell should en-

4. "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove My sovereign, e-

5. "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose, I will not, I you He hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled! land, on the sea—"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."

cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."

temples adorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne." deavor to shake, I'll never, no, never, no, never for sake."

No. 131.

**HOW BLES'T THE DAY.**

"That they may be one, even as we are one."—John 17:22.

M. C. KURFEES.

Con espressione.

ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. How blest and how joy-eus will be the glad day, When heart beats to
2. Come, broth-ers and sis-ters and join in the fight, Our Sav-ior and
3. The pray'r of our Sav-ior im-pels us, move on, Its words are still
4. Be faith-ful and true till the war-fare is o'er, Till fact-ions are

heat in the work of the Lord; When Christians u-nit-ed shall
Cap-tain has bid-den us come; Then on with the ar-mer, and
sound-ing the call of our King; And Paul, in de-vo-tion, doth
foiled and the vic-t'ry is won; And mill-ions of voic-es shall

swell the grand lay, Di-visions all end-ed, tri-umph-ant his word!
dare to do right, Press on in the strug-gle till Christians are one.
ech-o the song, "I beg you, my broth-er, to speak the same thing."
blend on the shore, To wel-come us en-ter our Fa-ther's glad home.

CHORUS.

Oh! shout the glad word. Oh! hast-en the day, When all of God's

*See last stanza of No. 77.

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How Blest the Day~

peo - ple are one, O h! shout the glad word, O h!

No. 132.  LET PARTY NAMES.

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.
No. 133. ALL FOR THE BEST.

JENNIE WILSON. J. CHESLEY QUIFFEN.

1. When we trust in the Lord and o-be y his commands, To our
souls He gives com-fort and rest, And what-ev-er the por-tion re-
ceived in his hands, We can say it is all for be st.

2. Well the heav-en-ly Fa-ther doth know all our needs And the
don-gers be-set-t ing our road, And if thro' drea-ry shad-o ws his
loving hand leads, He will guide to a hap-py a-bode.

clear-ly will see, When we know as we're known by and by.

3. Ei-ther sor-rows or joys to us bless-ings will be, If we
ev - er the por-tion re-

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Chorus.

It is all for the best, It is all for the best, When with

God's constant love we are blest; What-so-ev-er the day to us
All for the Best.

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

No. 134.  

HE LOVES ME.  

ISAAC WATTS.  

Anon.

1. Alas! 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,

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.

CHORUS.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know; 

He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so.
1. Let us ne'er be deceived, For our God is not mocked, He doth ever his promises keep; If of evil or good, Seeds of life ever lasting may gain. If while dwelling below To the care let us sow the good seed; If we faint not, but toil, Foes shall justice, or sin,—As we sow, well we know we shall reap. Spirit we sow, With our Savior at last we may reign. never despoil, But the harvest be plentiful, indeed.

CHORUS

We shall reap what we sow, Oh, his promise is sure!
We shall reap what we sow, Oh, his promise is sure! And our
We Shall Reap What We Sow.

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.
1. My life is a weary journey; I'm sick with the dust and the heat; The rays of the sun beat upon me, which I am going will more than my trials repay, All the word He has promised.

2. There are so many hills to climb upward; I often am longing for rest; But He who appoints me my path way, But the city to town knows just what is needful and best; I know in his which I am going will more than my trials repay, All the word He has promised.

3. He loves me too well to forsake me, Or to give me one trial too much; All his people have been dearly purchased, And Satan can never claim such. By and by I shall float out on my listening ear; When all that now seems so myste rious will be plain as clear as the day—Then the word He has promised.

4. When the last feeble step has been taken, And the gates of that city appear; When the beautiful songs of the angels safe ly at home; I know I'll receive a glad welcome, Than any our fancy can paint; So I'll try to press.

5. Though now I am foot-sore and weary, I shall rest when I'm those who are faint; There are robes that are whiter and purer.

6. Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty, There are cordials for the city of endless day—Then the word He has promised.

All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the hope fully on ward, Thinking on through each weary day, All the
The End of the Way.

toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

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

D. S.

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

D. S.

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;)
No. 140.  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,

2. On, on to the rescue from love of your race, To scatter the Chorus.

3. On, on to the rescue, fond mothers to bless, Who mourn for their 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,

4. On, on to the rescue in Jesus' dear name, 'Tis time to be 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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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, sweet home above.

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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-union of the Nashville Bible School to-day,
2. After we have fought, in faith-ful-ness, the bat-tles 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 tem-pta-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-iour we shall reign.
Sing-ing prai-ses to our precious Sav-iour for his won-drous love!

Chorus.

O it all will be glo-ry!
O 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-union on the bright e-ter-nal shore,

Twill be glo-ry, 'twill be glo-ry
Twill be glo-ry, ev-er-more, '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.

1. Rouse ye, O Zi-on, in thy might, Go forth and spread the gos-pel light;
2. Heav'n's call is great, do not de-lay, Go forth in-to the fields to-day;
3. Rise in the strength of Isra-el's God, Go to the lost with cour-age bold;

Its glad-some 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; Psa. 119: 105; 1 Tim. 6: 12; 2 Tim. 4: 1-8.

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

Flavil Hall.

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1. All the Scriptures are by in-spi-ra-tion giv'n to us of God, And will
2. All the coun-sel of Je-ho- vah we will shun not to de-claim, That our
3. We will fight the ho-ly fight of faith, in hope of end-less bliss, That our
4. There's a crown of life in heav-en that is wait-ing for us all, Who make

make complete the faith-ful child of grace; In our jour-ney home to
souls may from the blood of all be pure; And when Je-sus comes to
course may end in peace and joy for aye; Then we'll lay our ar-mor
read-y for the Lord to come a-gain, Who o-bey his right-eous

glo-ry they shall be our on-ly guide, And our joy when we shall
take us home we'll sweet-ly rest from care, And in glo-ry with the
down to go and live where Je-sus is, And we'll sing his prais-es
will and ev-er heed his ten-der call; In his won-drous love and

end our heav'nly race.
Lord we shall ap-pear. The Scriptures are a bright and shin-ing light,
there thro' endless day. The Ho-ly Scriptures are a bright and shining light,
glo-ry they shall reign. The Ho-ly Scriptures are a bright and shining light.

* Appropriate for all loyal Christi ans.
The Scriptures are Our Guide.

leading to the home above; Where we'll dwell with God in

mansions fair and bright, And praise his holy name in perfect love.

No. 145. CONSECRATION.

S. R. POPP, Buchanan, Ga.

1. Father, help us consecrate our lives to Thee, Like our precious
2. Help us labor ev'ry day, in Jesus' name, And the gospel
3. Help us love Thee and adore Thee more and more, Till our fleeting

Savior may we ever be; Help us follow in his footsteps
message to the lost proclaim, That we may at last, in joy and
days of life on earth are o'er, And we go to live in that fair

all the way, Till we safely reach the home of endless day.
gladness bring, Precious sheaves from life's fair harvest to our King.
climb above, Where 'tis ever-lasting 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
draw - 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
left, a - way, Each one will re - ceive th' reward of his la - bor, O

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
Judge, will say; "De - part to the re - gions of darkness e - ter - nal," Are you

4. Then par - ents who've lived for this world and its glo - ry Will find it's too
late to pray; They have carried their own dear children to tor - ment, O

draw - ing near, The trumpet's loud call will say to all na - tions, "Be -

REFRAIN

fore the dread bar ap - pear." O that ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble day,....
where will you stand that 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 a-bide; Thus He's spoken in the gospel story; May we in devotion journey by His side, Till we safely reach the

2. In the teaching of our Lord we must a-bide Till we pass beyond all sin and 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

3. In the teaching of our Leader we'll a-bide, And in nothing go beyond His
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 re-ward, . . . . . . . When He comes to gather up His jewels, if we'd reap the great reward, fair and bright.

Refrain.

land of glory. To the teaching of our Lord. . . . . . . . . We must
will in gladness.

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No. 148.  THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE.

SAMUEL H. HALL.  O. D. BEARDEN, Atlanta, Ga.

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 bro't; 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 

2. Thy will, not mine, be done, O what a blessed tho't! Remember this desire our 
   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 

3. Thy will, not mine, be done, in ev'ry passing day, Let this our motto be in 
   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 rest in the home of the blest, 'Twill be glory by and by (by and by), Sweet when we meet, O it will be glory by and by.

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 (heavenly lyre), Then my songs shall ever be home at rest beyond the sea, It will be glory by and by (by and by), Soon I'll go and shall rest for ever-more (evermore). How I long for rest in the home of the blest, 'Twill be glory by and by (by and by), Sweet when we meet, O it will be glory by and by.

3. I shall sing home at last by and by (by and by), And my voice will be tuned to the lyre (heavenly lyre), The then my songs shall ever be home at rest beyond the sea, It will be glory 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 (by and by). How I long for rest in the home of the blest, 'Twill be glory by and by (by and by), Sweet when we meet, O it will be glory by and by.
1. When we come to Jordan's river, Where the chilly waters foam,
   Jesus will be there to cheer us, And to guide us safely home.

2. Tho' the shadows darkly gather O'er that swiftly flowing tide,
   Jesus will our way illumine, As He keeps us near His side.

3. Tho' the sound of earthly voices In that hour we cease to hear,
   Loving words that Jesus whispers Will dispel all dread and fear.

4. At the crossing of the Jordan, With our weary wand'ring o'er,
   Christ will give us rest eternal On the bright celestial shore.

REFRAIN.

When we come to Jordan's river, We shall not be left alone;
When we come to Jordan's river, Jordan's river, We shall not be left alone;
When we come to Jordan's river, Je-sus will sustain His own.
GLORY FOR ME.

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

N. H. LINES. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigoroso.

1. When in His glory the Saviour I see, And in His likeness for-
2. When I shall see Him descending the skies, See the dead millions from
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 arise, Hear their glad shouts as the Saviour 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

glory for me, be glory for me, side, in His love to abide, That will be glory, be glory for me.

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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 to-day!
Come, come to-day!

Je - sus! come to - day, Come to Jesus!
Je - sus! come, yes, come, come to-day!

Repeat pp.

Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus! come, come to-day!
Come, come to-day!
My Soul is Stayed.

1. On thee, my Lord, my soul is stayed, With thee my presence makes my path-way bright.

2. His gracious hand my need supplies, His cheering voice makes joy to rise.

(On thee, my Lord, my soul is stayed, With thee my presence makes my path-way bright.)

(Thy smile il-lumes, Thy strength should fail.)

(On thee, my Lord, my soul is stayed.)

REFRAIN.

the dark-est night. Let tempests rage, Let ills be-fall,

and sight grow dim. On thee, my Lord.

The hell en-gage, Let death ap-pall. On thee, my Lord.

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No. 154.

**AWAKE, AWAKE, AND SING.**

"Serve the Lord with gladness, come before His presence with singing."—(Psa 100:2.)

E. E. HEWETT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigoroso.

1. Banish, O soul, thy sadness, Awake, awake, and sing; Utter a song of gladness, Awake, awake, and sing; Wonderful love that arms around thee, Awake, awake, and sing; Trustful ly follow with His glory, Awake, awake, and sing; Over the sea thy song of gladness, Awake, awake, and sing; Wonderful pow'r that set thee free, Wonderful joy thy strength shall be,

2. Sing of the grace that found thee, Awake, awake, and sing; Merciful home so fair, Glittering crowns the ransomed wear; Welcoming angels waiting there,

3. Beautiful then life's story, Awake, awake, and sing; Radiant in His way, Faithfully serve Him all thy days, Gratefully lift a song of praise;

CHORUS.

Wake, and sing, . . . . Utter a song of gladness, Awake, awake, and sing.

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Near Tokyo is a famous shrine dedicated to the fox, called Anamore. 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."

For in His blood He saved us By the great eternal word.

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"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, (pure as crystal,) Flowing from the throne of God, (throne of God,) We shall wander with recurrent calm and bright, (calm and bright,) We shall look on wondrous tell of love divine, (love divine,) Which has led us to the salvation we shall sing, (we shall sing,) Giving grateful praise for-deemed ones, (with redeemed ones,) After earthly ways are trod, (ways are trod,) beauty, (wondrous beauty,) Which no shadows ever blight, (ever blight,) country, (to the country,) Where eternal glories shine, (glories shine,) forever, (praise forever,) To our blessed Savior King, (Savior King.)

REFRAIN.

2. By the river gliding onward, (gliding onward,) With a current calm and bright, (calm and bright,) We shall look on wondrous tell of love divine, (love divine,) Which has led us to the salvation we shall sing, (we shall sing,) Giving grateful praise for-deemed ones, (with redeemed ones,) After earthly ways are trod, (ways are trod,) beauty, (wondrous beauty,) Which no shadows ever blight, (ever blight,) country, (to the country,) Where eternal glories shine, (glories shine,) forever, (praise forever,) To our blessed Savior King, (Savior King.)

3. By the river, life's fair river, (life's fair river,) We shall...
By the River.

sor-row, By and by... with joy we'll roam.

sor-row, care and sor-row, By and by with joy we'll roam, 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 ev'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world, the Sav-ior reigns! Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains 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.

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.

5. Heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing. Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

6. As the curse is found, Far as the curse, the curse is found. Wonders of His love, And wonders, wonders of His love.
No. 158. BEAR GOD'S MESSAGE.

"Preach the gospel to every creature."—(Mark 16:15.)

ELLA MAY THOMPSON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. Look to Him for loving counsel ev'ry day, He will safely guide you
2. For this life be low on Him we must depend, Blessings that we need from
3. When at last we're safely gathered o ver there, In that mansion far be-

all the rugged way, Never let you from His sure protection stray, Bear God's heaven He will send, All His chosen ones to glory shall ascend, Bear God's yond all earthly care, We shall meet our friends and in their glory share, Bear God's

CHORUS.

message to lost sinners far and wide. Bear God's message to lost sinners Bear God's glorious message

far and wide, Gladly tell them of His wondrous power to save; Bear God's message Bear God's glorious message

to lost sinners far and wide, Help them now prepare for life beyond the grave.

Copyright, 1910, by Geo. W. Bacon.
I'm trusting in the promises of Christ my Lord, Blessed rays of sunshine from God's
2. I'm trusting in the promises ever sure, Long as heaven and earth shall stand will
3. I'm trusting in the promise that we'll save from sin Ev'ry poor lost soul that puts his
4. I'm trusting in His promises of eternal 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

Holy Word; Sweetest words of comfort mortal ears have heard, The ever precious
they endure; On their firm foundation I can lean secure, Trusting in the
trust in Him; And the Holy Spirit reigns my soul within, While trusting in the
sin and strife; And I find each promise is with comfort rife, Precious are the
death's long sleep; Speaking words of comfort to the souls that weep, Precious are the

Chorus.

Trust in me, Trusting in me, Trusting in the promises of God, Trusting in the promises of God;

Trust in me, Trusting in me, Trusting in the promises of God, Trusting in the promises of God;

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No. 460. WE ARE ON THE WINNING SIDE.

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"—(Rom. 8:31.)

We are on the winning side, for with Christ we are allied, and His great e-

Copyright, 1910, by S. H. Hall and Flavil Hall.
We are on the Winning Side.

ter-nal pow’r cannot be overthrown; Vict’ry’s song we soon shall sing, for our

bless-ed Sav-iour 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-ner, 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-tory un-to vic-t’ry 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 per.

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 ser - 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
mess-age, 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.} Jesus for all. Will you come,

Copyright, 1869, by Fillmore Bros.
Will you come? will you come? Oh, ye souls that have seen him revealed in his word! Will you come?

No. 163. MANOAH. C. M.

S. STENNETT. GREAT OREX.

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;

His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
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 o'er 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.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Our blessed Lord . . . to heaven is gone; . . . Bright mansions to prepare; Their blest reward . . . a home shall be; . . . In heaven, by and by.
2. All they that love . . . and serve Him here . . . Shall live with Him on high, They'll live in everlasting bliss . . . Where Jesus is the light.
3. And there, in that . . . delightful land . . . With saints and angels bright, All those who would . . . a mansion own . . . Must do His holy will.
4. This promise by . . . our Lord once made . . . He surely will fulfill;

Chorus.

Mansion's grand . . . are over there . . . In that land . . .
Mansion's grand are over there, In that land

so bright and fair; And I know . . . that there will be . . . One reserved . . . in heaven for me . . .
so bright and fair; And I know that there will be One reserved in heaven for me . . .

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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.

Property of S. H. Hall and Flavil Hall.
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.

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

 sis-ter,

All my tri-als they did free-ly share; But they

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The Solemn Somewhere.

No. 167. COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—(Matt. 11:8.)

ANON. LOWELL MASON.

1. Come unto me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed, Seeking for comfort from your heav'nly Father, Come unto me and I will give you rest.

2. Ye who have mourned when the spring flow'rs 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 heav'nly hymn.

3. Large are the mansions in your Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes to waken, Where their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crowned.

4. There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness; Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rudely pressed; Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness, Come unto me and I will give you rest.
No. 168. 

WONDERFUL LOVE.

"God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—(Rom. 5:8)

KATHARAYN BACON

GEO. W. BACON.

1. By the ties of friend and of brother, We're united un-to each other,
   As we journey onward to the kingdom above; And we're safe whatever be-
   tides us, Jesus thro' all danger will guide us, We are heirs of glory thro'
   na-tion, For each soul there's perfect salvation, All may share the blessing of
   glo-ry, As we tell the bless-ed old sto-ry Of redemption purchased thro'
   end-ed, And our songs with angels are blended, We shall sing for-ev-er of

2. E'er joy of heav'en for-sak-ing, Jesus came our burdens all tak-ing,
   And He freely died our guilt and sins to remove; Sing the news to ev-er-y
   For the precious love that never faithlesa will prove; Our hearts rejoice with His
   And God's love is o'er us where-so-ev-er we rove; By and by when time shall be

3. Refrain.

His won-der-ful love. Wonderful love, won-der-ful
   Wonderful, wonderful love,

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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.

Glistening movement.

1. Precious Savior, lead and guide me, All along my pilgrim way; Walking ever close be-
side me, That I may not go astray. 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 evil can be - fall me, If by Thy strong arm I'm led.

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No. 170. THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SUNSHINE.

"There shall be no night there."—(Rev. 21: 25.)

C. E. P.

With expression.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land of sun-shine, In the regions above we are told,
2. There the leaves of the trees never with-er, And sweet flowers e-ter-nally bloom,
3. Its in-hab-i-tants nev-er know hun-ger, There is fruit in a-bund-ance there;
4. There is naught to cause trouble or sor-row, Neither trials, temptation, nor pain;

Where the sum-mer-time lasteth for-ev-er, Whose inhab-i-tants nev-er grow old.
That daz-ze the eye with their beauty, And la-den the air with perfume.
And they drink from life's beau-ti-ful river, That flows thro' that land so fair.
For sin hath been banished for-ev-er, And Christ, our dear Lord, doth reign.

Chorus.

Beau-ti-ful home,..... home of the blest, Place where the weary
Beau-ti-ful home, home of the blest,

Sor-row and care en-ter not.
Place where the weary
Sor-row and care

there, Beau-ti-ful home..... so fair.
en-ter not there, Beau-ti-ful home, my beau-ti-ful home so fair.

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so fair.
No. 171.

IM 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 encompass me, And shield me from all danger;
4. Upon His promise I rely, That He will keep me hidden

Who long with cunning zeal has sought, With chains of sin to bind me.
And conquer sin with perfect ease, While in my Lord abiding.
In Him I have a bosom friend, Why should I trust a stranger?
Until the resurrection morn, When I to heav'n am bidding.

CHORUS.

Hidden in Thee, Hidden in Thee,
Hidden in Thee, Hidden in Thee,

Where Satan can never harm me; Hidden in Thee, O

precious Christ, I'm hidden, safe hidden in Thee.

Copyright, 1910, by S. H Hall and Flavil Hall.
1. Have you heard that Christ is coming, He is coming by and by,
2. Let us all be watching, waiting, for the Lord will surely come,
3. What a day of exultation and of gladness that will be,

Coming back to gather all His loved and own, To be
He has said it in His everlasting word; Let us
When our eyes shall see the rending of the sky, And shall

with Him in His kingdom and to reign with Him on high, And with
all be working, praying till the Master calls us home, To be
see the Lord descending in His holy majesty, As He

Rap-ture meet around the golden throne? He is coming
shares in the heavenly reward
cometh in His glory by and by. He is coming by and by,

by and by, He is coming by and by, He is coming from on
He is coming by and by, He is coming from on high, He is
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 every 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.**

**FLAVIL HALL.**

1. Soon, when the shadows are lifted, Splendor untold we shall see;
2. Soon we shall pass from earth’s darkness Into the marvelous light;
3. Soon we shall hear the sweet music Made by the purified throng;
4. Soon we shall be with the Savior, Looking with joy on His face,

Soon we shall go where is waiting Glory for you and for me,
Where all the beauty of heaven Gladdens the wondering sight.
Soon will our jubilant voices Join in victorious song.
With the redeemed ones for ever, Praising His fathomless grace.

**REFRAIN.**

Glory for you and for me, Glory for you and for me;
Glory, yes, glory for you and for me, Glory, yes, glory for you and for me;

Glory—All will be glory! Un-fading for you and for me
Praise to Jesus for me.

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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
3. Hostile and bold is the subtle foe, Crafty, vigilant, deceitful, strong! Forth with the sword of the spirit go,

"Forward go!" Soldiers of Jesus, awake! arise! earnestly; Haste to the rescue, thou shalt obey!

Refrain.

March to victory against the foe.
Hastily! rally for the victory! "Forward go!"

Trust ing Jesus only, march along.

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 awaits with
2. Halting on the borderland, Why not step across? Do not longer
3. Halting on the borderland, Hear that pleading voice, Who obeys His
4. Halting on the borderland, Why not now decide? Christ the Lord will

Outstretch'd hand, One of royal mien. Halting on the borderland,
Doubting stand, All but Christ is cross. 
Sweet command, Ever will rejoice.
Clasp your hand On the other side. Halting, halting on the borderland,

Take the step today; Join, the Master's
Take the step, O take the step today; Join, O join the Master's

Work and watch and pray.
Loyal 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 waver;
3. Sleep not nor slumber—e'er on guard, We'll meet the foe advancing;
4. Even down to death, if God should lead, To serve the cause of Jesus;

With shoulder touching shoulder, march; Go forth to do and dare.
We'll win the day and plant the cross; Sweet rest comes after labor.
Each scar and stripe more honor gains; Our coming joys enhancing.
All earthly praise cannot compare With glories God will give us.

CHORUS.

Then stand ye bravely, know no fear; God promised thro' His Son

That greater victories yet are ours If faith doth lead us on.

Copyright, 1910, by F. L. Rowe. Used by per.
Yes, we shall meet beyond the flood, In robes made white thro' Jesus' blood,
I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sustains this thought of home,
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 thrills of rapture wake the soul, As back those golden gates shall roll,

Beyond the swelling flood! Beyond... the swelling flood, Beyond... the
Beyond the swelling 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

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No. 179.  LET THE BLESSED SAVIOR IN.
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." (Rev. 3:20.)
Sylvia Lee.  GEO. W. BACON.

1. At your heart's door Christ is pleading, Let Him in, . . . . . . . . Let Him in;
2. He will cleanse you, keep and guide you;
3. Can you spurn your Lord's petition?
4. Naught from you His love can sever, Let the blessed Savior in, Let the Savior in;

Gladly now His sweet voice heeding, Let Him in, . . . . . . . . . Gladly now His sweet voice heeding, 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 the sky . . . . . .
Soon He'll call you to the judgment bar, He'll call you to the judgment bar, the judgment bar on high;
Meet your loved ones in bright mansions, in bright mansions in the sky, (yes, in the sky.)

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No. 180. **TELL MOTHER I WILL MEET HER.**

RALPH S. TINSMAN.

RALPH S. TINSMAN.

1. In a far and distant city, Dying at the close of day, 'Twas a
defair hair'd boy who'd wandered far from home, Take this message to
2. In his hand he held a picture Of the old home far away, In the
my mother 'twas a mother old and gray, While in accents low he whisper'd,
3. 'Tis my last good-night, he whispered, Angels gather round my bed, Soon with
all my friends and lov'd ones I shall be, "Down the valley of the shadow,
4. To the old home came a message, 'Twas to mother from her boy, But a-
las for her the message came too late, "For that day the angels took 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 bless-ed as-sur-ance! In-finite love will the fi-nite out-last;

Tender-ly watched o-ver, sweetly be-friend-ed, blessings have followed me all my life long.
Who from the future removes the dim curtain, Lin-ing the glo-ry to mortals de-nied.
But, for my heavenly Father’s as-sur-ance, In-to the depths of despair I were cast.

D. S.

An-gels 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-mid-night of sor-row, This is my refuge, my strength, and my song;
Love, Joy, and Peace

C. E. P.

Earnestly.

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,

Copyright, 1910, by S. H. Hall and Flavil Hall.
No. 183.  
THE GLORY OF GOD.  
(Psa. 19:1; Isa. 6:3.)  

MRS H. LEO BOLES.  

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.  

Copyright, 1910, by D. O. Teasley, New York, N. Y.
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.
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, warmed and fed me, Listen 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 wonderful -ly 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 sat-is-fies 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 sal-va-tion 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 ho-ly word.

I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in
I have lov'd so long.

glory, To tell the old, old story, Of Jesus and His love.
No. 187. **THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.**

Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
   And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o· ver the soul.
   Rock that is higher than I.

2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
   But toil·ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
   O, then, to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sor-rows pre vail;

3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless ings or sor-rows pre vail;
   Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk·ing the shad·ow-y vale.

   Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk·ing the shad·ow-y vale.

REFRAIN.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the

   Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high-er 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. 6: 23.) "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 invitation, Sounding forth to one and all,
2. He has promised you salvation, O believe Him and repent,
3. To eternity you’re going, Fast as time can bear you on;

There’s redeeming love in Jesus, If you heed His gracious call.
Be baptized into His kingdom, Thus receiving His imprint.
Soon the day of preparation Will forever more be gone.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus dying sinner, O receive Him and be blest,
3d. verse: Come believing and repenting, And obey Jehovah’s word,

Come to Him in consecration, He will sweetly give you rest.
Be baptized into His kingdom, And be saved thro’ Jesus’ blood.
SAVED.

"Mighty to save." —(Isa. 66:1.)

With energy.

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! .......... Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm wondrously
Saved by the blood!

Copyright, 1910, by S. H. Hall and Flavil Hall.
No. 190. **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 enter their rest, And in glory unfading be eternally blest. darkness for aye-O sinner, get ready for that terrible day!

2. At the judgment the saints in that morn shall rejoice, When in kingdom above, And praise Him forever for His wonderful love.

3. In that reckoning day the wicked shall mourn, When Jesus shall bid them depart from His throne To dwell in the regions of the kingdom of heaven, And praise Him forever for His wonderful love.

**REFRAIN.**

In eternity's morn, when the trumpet of God... In eternity's morn, when the... Shall awake the nations to receive their reward, May we...
In Eternity's Morn.

No. 191. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
3. Weak is the effort of my heart,

May we all be prepared with the angels to stand...

In glory and honor at the Savior's right hand.

Drives away his fear, and drives away his fear.

To the weary rest, and to the weary rest.

Praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1837.
No. 192  
Hear Him Calling.

MISS EULALIE MEWDOWN.  
J. B. VAUGHAN.

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’r-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-lay?  
Give your heart to Jesus, do not from Him stray, Oh,

1. oh—poor sin-ner, He’s calling to-day.  
   Hear Him sweetly calling,

2. oh—poor sin-ner, He’s calling to-day.  
   Hear Him sweetly calling,

3. oh—poor sin-ner, He’s calling to-day.  
   Hear Him sweetly calling,

4. oh—poor sin-ner, He’s calling to-day.  
   Hear the Saviour calling,

5. oh—poor sin-ner, He’s calling to-day.  
   Hear His pleading voice.

chorus.

call—ing, Don’t you hear............. His pleading voice?
Don’t you hear Him calling,  
Hear Him sweetly calling,  
Hear His pleading voice.

J. B. VAUGHAN, 1888.
Hear Him Calling. (Concluded.)

Jesus, blessed Saviour, Sinner make Him now your choice, Knocking, gently knocking, won't you make Him now your choice. Knocking, gently knocking, Don't you hear Him knocking?

Gently He is knocking, Open now the door. Hear Him gently calling.

Hear Him sweetly calling, Hear Him ere He call you never more, no never more.

Don't you hear Him calling, calling sweetly calling, Hear the Saviour calling,
No. 193.

"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 blood. O Zion, rise and gladly sing Of Zion to the world make known. 

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 calv; Then proclaim thy blessed-ness to all the world, That the lost may come and vic'try thro' our glorious King, For, in triumph, we shall march to

3. There's redeeming grace in thee for all Who will heed the Savior's loving share salvation thro' His name declare. O Zion, rise and gladly sing Of Zion to the world make known. 

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.  

1. Far, far a-way 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."  

2. But visions of celestial glory Come in my dreams of home.  
Sweetly they rest from all their labors, Happy for evermore.  
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.
No. 195. THE "FORM OF DOCTRINE."

"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 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.

1. Christ to earth came and for us died, (for us died,) That we all might from sin be free; (from sin be free;) On the cross He was crucified, (crucified,) Thus His day! (the blessed day!) In immersion a form we have (form we have) Of these day; (repent to-day;) Crucify self and Christ receive, (Christ receive,) From the love and His mercy we see. (gladly see.)

Chorus.

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.

Lord in baptism's sacred grave, And be raised to life a-new, for He's calling you to-day.

No. 196. SAVIOR, HELP ME.

1. By Thy birth and by Thy tears; By Thy human griefs and fears;
2. By the tenderness that wept O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
3. By Thy lonely hour of pray'r; By the fearful conflict there;
4. By Thy triumph o'er the grave; By Thy pow'r the lost to save;

By Thy conflict in the hour Of the subtle tempter's pow'r,—
By the bitter tears that flow'd O'er Salem's lost abode,—
By Thy cross and dying cries; By Thy one great sacrifice,—
By Thy high majestic throne; By the empire all Thine own,—

Chorus.

Savior, look with pitying eye, Savior, help me, or I die,

Savior, help me, Savior, help me, Savior, 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 a-bove; (in heav'n a-bove;) Who dwells in Him in love a-bides, (in love a-bides,)  
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 an-
Are freed from sin and life receive. (and life receive,)  
Who bore our sins up-on the tree. (up-on the tree,) O then, O then,

other we should love, O then, one an-oth-er we should love; O then,

O then, O then, one an-oth-er we should love.

PILOT ME.  7s.
J. E. GOULD.
FINE.

1. Jesus, Savior; pilot me Over life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers 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!”

D. C.

Un-known waves before me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, “Be still!”
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

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 others' guilt The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains Is borne the song that angels know;

'Tis midnight in the garden now, The suffering Savior prays a-alone,
E'en that disciple whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not forsaken by His God.
Un-heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.
No. 200.  

**Somewhere.**

**Mrs. E. 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,  

Bow - ing low be - fore the King,  

Copyright of John J. Hood, used by per.
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 employment—In obedience all her joy;

Sweet-er les-son can-not be—Loving him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol-low the—Loving him who first loved me.
Learning how to love from thee—Loving him who first loved me.
Ev-er new that joy will be—Loving him who first loved me.
No. 202. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER. J. H. STOCKTON.

D. S.—Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, blessed 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 Immanuel'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 bellow our days.

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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