1900

Gospel Praise: A Collection Of New and Old Hymns and Tunes For All Occasion Of Christian Work and Worship

A. J. Showalter

E. G. Sewell

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GOSPEL PRAISE

A COLLECTION OF

NEW AND OLD HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR ALL OCCASIONS OF

Christian Work and Worship

EDITED BY

A. J. SHOWALTER AND E. G. SEWELL

NASHVILLE, TENN.
GOSPEL ADVOCATE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1900
PREFACE.

The selection and preparation of a song book for those that want to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, to sing songs the sentiment of which shall be in harmony with the word of God, is a work of supreme importance. It is easy to gather up enough of songs and music to make a book; but to get up a book that will suit the taste of this age, and at the same time be in harmony with the teaching of the word of God in the sentiment of its songs, is an undertaking that demands much thought and earnest care. We have sought, in this work, to present a book suitable for members of the church to sing in worshiping assemblies, in protracted meetings, in the Lord's day school, in the family—anywhere, in fact, that people want to sing songs that will not in any wise conflict with the pure teaching of the Lord's word. This age especially needs a book that shall be sound in sentiment, so as to voice the principles taught in the Holy Scriptures. The people want many good old songs that they have heard and loved from their childhood. They also want, and should have, a number of good, new songs that they have not seen in other books; and we have tried to present in this collection that which will gratify these desires. Of course we do not expect to please every one, but we do hope to please such as love good songs, with sound scriptural sentiment, and who wish to enjoy the pleasant and soul-refreshing service of song. We have striven to present songs of praise, of exhortation, of instruction, of edification, of rejoicing, and of admonition, and fondly hope many will find it what the proprietors have tried to produce, and that which will satisfy and rejoice and elevate many hearts.
Gospel Praise.

OPENING.

No. 1. IN THY NAME, O LORD! ASSEMBLING.

THOSS KELLY.  A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In Thy name, O Lord! assem-bling, We, Thy peo-ple, now draw near;
2. While our days on earth are lengthen'd, May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
3. There, in wor-ship pur-er, sweet er, Thee Thy peo-ple shall a-dore;

Teach us to re-joice with trembling; Speak, and let Thy serv-ants hear,
Cheered by hope, and dai-ly strengthened, May we run, nor wea-ry be,
Tast-ing of en-joy-ment great-er Than we could con-ceive be-fore;

Hear with meekness, hear with meekness, —Hear Thy word with god-ly fear.
Till Thy glo-ry, till Thy glo-ry, Without clouds in heav'n we see.
Full en-joy-ment, full en-joy-ment, Full, unmixed, and ev-er-more.

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing the great Redeemer’s praise;
2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
3. Tho’ num’rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho’ earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather’d thick and thunder’d loud,

He justly claims a song from thee, His loving-kindness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost estate, His loving-kindness, O how great!
He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, O how strong!
He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, O how good!

O how free, O how free, His loving-kindness, O how free!
O how great, O how great, His loving-kindness, O how great;
O how strong, O how strong, His loving-kindness, O how strong;
O how good, O how good, His loving-kindness, O how good;

OPENING.

No. 3. COME TO THE PLACE OF WORSHIP. 7, 6. D.

F. S. S.

1. Come to the place of worship, Come to the house of prayer;
2. Strength comes from close commun-ion With our most gra-cious Lord,
3. Come, for thro' ver-y weak-ness, Prom-ise of strength is given,

Come and the bless-ed Sav-iour Sure-ly will meet you there.  
And when we seek the Sav-iour, He doth our faith re-ward.  
Strength not your own, but great-er, Strength of the Lord of heaven.

Come with your joys and sor-rows, Come with your load of care;  
Come then with bold as-sur-ance Un-to our bless-ed King;  
Why then de-lay or fal-ter? He is a lov-ing Friend

Je-sus is sym-pa-thiz-ing, He will your bur-dens bear.  
Free-ly His grace He giv-eth, Seek Him in ev-ry thing.  
That thro' life's cares will guide you Safe-ly un-to the end.

OPENING.

No. 4.

HIS NAME IS JESUS.

ELISHA A HOFFMAN

J. D. PATTON.

1. We meet to-day to mag-ni fy The precious name of Je-sus,
2. The name of Je-sus we a-dore, The precious name of Je-sus,
3. O laud it to the skies a-bove, The precious name of Je-sus,

To hon-or and to glo-ri fy The ho-ly name of Je-sus;
And dai-ly love it more and more, The ho-ly name of Je-sus;
O whis-per it in ten-der love, The ho-ly name of Je-sus;

There is no oth-er name so sweet, No name in earth or heav-en
It fills the heart with boundless joy, And ban-ish-es all sad-ness,
Through this dear name we have to-day, The joy of sin for-giv-en,

As the dear name our lips re-peat, The name to Je-sus giv-en.
And brings a peace with-out al-loy, And thrills the soul with glad-ness.
And go re-joic-ing on our way, To yon sweet home in heav-en.

REFRAIN.

His name is Je-sus, And He is a loving friend and Saviour;

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OPENING.

HIS NAME IS JESUS.—Concluded.

His name is Jesus, And I long each day to have His favor.

No. 5. LYONS. 10, 11.

CHARLES WESLEY. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish a-
2. God rul-eth on high, al-might- y to save; And still He is
3. "Sal-va-tion to God who sits on the throne," Let all cry a-
4. Then let us a-dore, and give Him His right, All glo-ry and

broad His won-der-ful name; The name all vic-
ough, His pres-ence we have; The great con-
ound, and hon- or the Son; The prais-es of Je-
pow'r, and wis-dom and might; All hon-

Je-sus ex-tol; His kingdom is glo-

Je-sus ex-tol; His kingdom is glo-

triump shall sing, Ascrib-ing sal-
(a,-gels pro-claim, Fall down on their fac-es, and wor-

an-gels a-bove, And thanks nev-er ceas-ing, and in-fi-

7
1. Our hearts with joy are bound - ing, While once a - gain we come,
2. How sweet the gold - en mo - ments, Of earn - est pray'r and praise,
3. O, Sav - iour, keep us faith - ful, While here on earth we stay,

To meet our bless - ed Sav - iour, With - in our Lord's day home.
To Him whose lov - ing kind - ness, Has fol - lowed all our days.
And lead our youth - ful foot - steps, To realms of end - less day.

Refrain.

Our hearts with joy are bound - ing, Our thank - ful songs a - rise,

On an - gel pin - ions waft - ed, Like in - cense, to the skies.


No. 7. BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD. S. M.
Anon.

1. Be - gin the day with God! He is the sun and day;
2. Take thy first walk with God! Let Him go forth with thee;
3. Thy first trans - ac - tion be With God Him - self a - bove;
OPENING.
BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD.—Concluded.

He is the radiance of the dawn; To Him address thy lay.
By stream, or sea, or mountain-path, Seek still His company.
So shall thy business prosper well, And all thy day be love.

No. 8. WE COME WITH SONG.
JENNIE WILSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. We come today with songs of cheer, To tell of Christ our Saviour dear,
2. We sing today of boundless love, That offers lasting life above,
3. We sing of blessed faith and peace, Which bring from strife and doubt release,
4. We sing of one great Name of names, Which highest praise and honor claims,

Who came from heaven long ago, That sinful men His grace might know.
In mansions of the Father’s home, When who-so-ever will may come.
And bid our souls find perfect rest, While leaning on the Saviour’s breast.
The name of Christ all earth shall own, And humbly bow before His throne.

Refrain.

We come, we come with happy songs, Of Him to whom all praise belongs,

The Holy One whom saints adore, And glorify forevermore.

OPENING.

No. 9. O HOLY, HOLY LORD.

1. O ho-ly, ho-ly Lord, Thou God whom we adore, We rever-ence Thy sacred word, Thy sov'reign aid implore; Let ev'ry heart be filled with fear, sweet accord, Your souls' best pow'rs employ; In song, in pray'r, in earnest praise, world abroad, The honors of His name; Let grateful homage fill your hearts, loud-ly sing In one ex-ultant strain—O ho-ly, ho-ly, blessed Lord,

And all our worship be sincere, And all our wor-ship be sincere.

To heav'n your sweetest voices raise, To heav'n your sweet-est voic-es raise.

While God His gracious love imparts, While God His gra-cious love imparts.

Thy name be honored and ador'd, Thy name be hon-ored and adored.

No. 10. ARIEL. C. P. M.
SAMUEL MEDLEY. Arr. from MOZART, by Dr. L. MASON.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the char-acters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
3. Well—the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,
OPENING.

ARIEL.—Concluded.

Which in my Saviour's shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Exalted on His throne, In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

Gabriel while he sings In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most divine.
ev-er-lasting days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.
ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

No. 11. WORTHY THE LAMB.

JAMES ALLEN. FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re-ply,
2. Join, all ye ran-somed race, Our Lord and God to bless;
3. Soon must we change our place, Yet will we nev-er cease

"Praise ye His name!" His love and grace a-dore, Who all our
Praise ye His name! In Him we will re-joice, And make a
Prais-ing His name; To Him our songs we bring; Hail Him our

sor-rows bore; Sing loud for ev-ermore, "Wor-thy the Lamb!"
joy-ful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, "Wor-thy the Lamb!"
gra-cious King; And, thro' all a-ges sing, "Wor-thy the Lamb!"
No. 12.

FATHER, BLESS US.

MENZIES CUMMING.


1. Father, bless us as we part, Bless each warm and
   trusting heart; Bless us, Lord, thru life with love
   in Thy sight; In the field, or in the street
   tri.al hour; When in death we sink to rest

2. Mid the shades of silent night, Keep us ever
   in the mercy-seat, Ev'er near "the mercy-seat."
   Ever near "the mercy-seat."

3. Shield us from the tempter's power, Save us in the
   trials hour; When in death we sink to rest
   May our pillow be Thy breast, May our pillow be Thy breast.

Till we dwell with Thee above, Till we dwell with Thee above.
Ev'er near "the mercy-seat," Ev'er near "the mercy-seat.
May our pillow be Thy breast, May our pillow be Thy breast.

No. 13.

PILOT. 7. 61.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me, Over life's tempestuous sea;
   Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal;
   'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while leaning on Thy breast,

2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
   Boist'rous waves obey Thy will, When Thou sayest to them, "Be still!"
   'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while leaning on Thy breast,

3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar,
   Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal;
   'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while leaning on Thy breast,
PILOT.—Concluded.

Chart and compass came from Thee; Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
Wondrous Sov’reign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, “Fear not, I will pilot Thee!”

No. 14. EVENTIDE.
HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. Abide with me; fast falls the even-tide; The darkness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life’s lit- tle day; Earth’s joys grow
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev’ry passing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro’ the

A-bide with me; fast falls the e-ven-tide; The dark-ness
dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in
glory can foil the tempt-er’s power? Who like Thy-self my
weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness; Where is death’s sting? Where,
gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven’s morning breaks, and

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a-bide with me.
all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a-bide with me.
guide and strength can be? Thro’ cloud and sunshine, O a-bide with me.
grave, thy vic-to-ry? I tri-umph still, if Thou a-bide with me.
earth’s vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me.
**No. 15.**

**I'M NEARER MY HOME.**

**Miss Phoebe Carey.**

**A. J. Showalter.**

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1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought, Comes to me
2. I'm near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where the mas - ny
3. I'm near - er the bound of life, Where we lay our
4. O Fa - ther, per - fect my trust, Sup - port my

---

I'm near - er my home to - day, Than
man - sions be, I'm near - er the great white throne, I'm
bur - dens down, And near - er the time to leave The
fee - ble frame, O keep me be - neath thy care, My

---

Refrain.

I'm near - er my
near - er the Jas - per sea.
cross and wear the crown.
trem - bling hopes sus - tain. I'm near - er my home,

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home, . . . My beau - ti - ful home, . . . I'm
near - er my home, My beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home,

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near - er my home in Heav'n to-day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

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GOD BE WITH YOU.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 14: 20.

J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's peril's thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Daily manna still divide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put His arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threatening wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

God be with you till we meet again.

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THE LORD'S DAY.

No. 17.

LORD'S DAY WORSHIP.

P. H.  J. H. F.

1. Oft as returns the holy day, The  
2. The Lord is good, His mercy shines Thro'-  
3. Here, bless the Lord; here, praise His name, And  
4. Lord, in Thy praise shall more and more Be

day of sacred rest, Thy house, O God, Thy people  
out all nature fair, His churches shall with joy re-  
here His triumphs sing; Here, ye His saints, your hom-age  
fixed our highest love, Till with the bluest our songs shall

Refrain.

throng, With hearts divinely blest.  
sound, While we His works declare, How beautiful His courts, How  
pay, And glory your King. Thy temple bright above.  
fill, excellent His truth, How merciful and just His ways; All ye, His

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THE LORD'S DAY.
No. 18.  SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

JOHN NEWTON.  Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Safe-ly through an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; May we feel Thy presence near;

Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to-day:
Show Thy rec-on-cil-ed face, Take a-way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap-pear;

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest;
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our e-v-er-last-ing feast;

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our e-v-er-last-ing feast.
No. 19.

PRAISE TO JEHOVAH.

1. Praise to Je-ho-vah we are singing, For His unchanging love and grace;
2. Praise to Je-ho-vah we are singing, He has been ver-y good and kind;
3. Praise to Je-ho-vah we are singing, Gladly our voic-es we up-raise,
4. Praise to Je-ho-vah we are singing, His loving kindness we proclaim;

Off'rings of song our lips are winging Heavenward from this sa-cred place.
He to His home the lost is bringing, He has our hearts to heav'n in clined.
Join with the songs of an-gels ringing, Off'ring our meed of love and praise.
Thanks from our grate-ful hearts are sprring, Laud-ing His great and match-less name.

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry to God for His kind fa-vor, Glory and praise for His warm love;

Thanks for the gift of a lov-ing Saviour, Guiding our feet to heav'n above.

Thanks for the gift of a lov-ing Saviour, Guiding our feet to heav'n above.
PRAISE.

No. 20.
SING TO JEHOVAH.

1. Sing to Je-ho-vah, sing ye with gladness, High-est in glo-ry,
2. We are His peo-ple, led by His coun-sel, Kept by His pow-er,
3. Ev-er we'll serve Him, Master all bless-ed, Ev-er we'll trust Him,

Ancient of Days, Throng ye His tem-ples, bow ye be-fore Him,
blest in His ways, We are His chil-dren, heirs of His prom-ise,
God of all grace, Ev-er we'll love Him, Fa-ther all glo-rious,

Fill ye His courts with anthems of praise.
Sing then with gladness, sing ye His praise.
God the Cre-ator, God the up-

Ev-er hold-er, God the pro-vid-er, boundless in store, Ru-ling the
heav-ens, car-ing for mor-tals, Sing to Je-ho-vah praise ev-er-more.
No. 21. COME WITH GLAD THANKSGIVING.

E. E. HEWITT. EDWIN MOORE.

1. Come with glad thanksgiving, come with joyful singing,
2. For His royal bounty, let us ever render,
3. Let us go rejoicing, trusting in our Saviour,

For the tender mercies of another year; God, our heavenly
True and faithful service thro' the coming days; He, our loving
Asking that His blessing gladden all our way; Working for His

Father, round our pathway flinging Golden beams of hope and cheer.
keep-er, He, our strong de-fender, Happy hal-le-lu-jahs raise.
king-dom, in His gracious fa- ver, Happy in His love each day.

REFRAIN.

Come with glad thanksgiving, come with joyful singing, For this sweet re-

union, praise the Lord! Let our grateful voices thro' the tem-ple

COME WITH GLAD THANKSGIVING.—Concluded.

ring-ing, Lift a-new the joyful cho-rus, praise the Lord!

No. 22.  LET THE NATIONS PRAISE HIM.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord with heart and voice;
2. At His tem-ple gates a-dore Him; Let His courts be filled with song,
3. O ye rap-tured saints a-dore Him, Gathered at His throne a-bove;

Now ex-alt-ed King of glo-ry, Let the world in Him re-joice.
Strength and hon-or, pow’r, do-min-ion. To the Son of God be-long.
Swell the an-them of re-deem-tion, Strike a-new your harps of love.

REFRAIN.

Praise Him, all ye nations, praise Him! Shout ho-sen-na to the Lord our King;

Crown’d victori-ous, great and glo-ri-ous, He is wor-thy of the praise we bring.
No. 23.  THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

Geo. Runion.  

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a song my heart is singing, As I journey day by day;
2. There's a song my heart is singing, As I do my Master's will,
3. There's a song my heart is singing, As I triumph o'er sin,
4. There's a song my heart is singing, And I cannot tell the joy,

As I journey day by day;

Thro' my soul the words are ringing, "I'll go with Thee all the way."
To my life true gladness bringing, As I hear His "Peace, be still."
While I to the cross am clinging, Hoping still the crown to win.
Jesus to my soul is bringing, While His work my thoughts employ.

~ ~Q~i=~~~ =t_ ~i~~ == b:~~ -,J- ~- J~ ~

1. There's a song my heart is singing, As I journey day by day;
2. There's a song my heart is singing, As I do my Master's will,
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As I journey day by day;

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~ ~Q~i=~~~ =t_ ~i~~ == b:~~ -,J- ~- J~ ~
PRASE.

No. 24.  
BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK.  
Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to Him who reigns above, In maj-esty supreme;
   His name above all names shall stand, Ex-alt-ed more and more,
   Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, Friend of man; Once ru-ined by the fall,
   His name shall be the Coun-sel-or, The might-y Prince of peace;
   The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet;  
   Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a-bove

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man-re-deem.
At God the Father's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a-dore.
Thou hast de-vised sal-va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdom, Conquer-or, Whose reign shall nev-er cease.
With rapturous awe a-dore their King, And wor-ship at His feet.
For-ev-er sing a-round the throne His ev-er-last-ing love.

REFRAIN.

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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No. 25.

WE WILL PRAISE HIM.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In the house of many mansions, There is one for you and me;
2. In the house of many mansions, With the holy angel throng,
3. With the prophets and the martyrs, In the army of the Lord.
4. In the house of many mansions, With our parted ones above,

There the King in all His beauty And His splendor we shall see.
That proclaimed the Saviour's advent, In their glorious mid-night song.
Who have fought the battle bravely, And have conquer'd thro' His word.
At the blessed feet of Jesus, We will sing redeeming love.

REFRAIN.

We will cast our crowns before Him, When we reach the other shore;

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! We will praise Him evermore!

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.
1. O Lord of Hosts, Thou Mighty One! We praise Thy name in song;
Thou art our shield and shining sun, Thou art our fortress strong.
Thy holy kingdom glorify, And serve Thee ever more.
To them that put their trust in Thee Thy grace Thou wilt dispense,
Thy arm to them will ever be A safe and sure defense.

2. O Thou Eternal God, most High! Thy goodness we adore,
Thy blessed word shall ever be A lamp unto our feet;
O dwell in love within each heart—Our Counselor and Friend;
Thy statutes and Thy just decree Proclaim Thy mercy sweet.

3. O gracious Lord, our God and King, How good it is to be
Within Thy courts and daily bring Our sacrifice to Thee;
With Thy guiding Spirit lend.
And when from earth our souls depart Thy

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1. Close to the Saviour, Near to the cross, Counting earth's treasures
   Not thing but dross; Leaving its follies Gladly to please, Do-ing His will; Earnestly striving Ever to sorrows Safely are past; And when the summons Cometh for be Clos-er, dear Sav-iour, Closer to Thee.
be Clos-er, dear Sav-iour, Closer to Thee.} Clos-er to Thee, yes,
me, Draw me, my Sav-iour, Clos-er to Thee.} Closer to Thee, yes, Clos-er to Thee, Draw me, my Saviour, Clos-er to Thee! Here and in heav-en, Let me a-bide, Now and for-ev-er, Close by Thy side.
1. O to be like Thee! blessed Redeemer, This is my constant longing and pray'r; Gladly I'll forfeit all of earth's treasures, 
   of compasion, Loving, forgiving, 
   Lord, I am coming, Now to receive thine 
   all shall be Thine.

2. O to be like Thee! full of compassion, Loving, forgiving, 
   tender and kind, Helping the helpless, cheerful the fainting, 
   patient and brave; Meekly enduring cruel reproaches, 
   O to be like Thee!

3. O to be like Thee! lowly in spirit, Holy and harmless, 
   pious and kind, Helping the helpless, cheering the fainting, 
   patient and brave; Meekly enduring cruel reproaches, 
   Stamp Thine own image deep in my heart.

4. O to be like Thee! Lord, I am coming, Now to receive thine 
   long and praying; Gladly I'll forfeit all of earth's treasures, 
   patient and brave; Meekly enduring cruel reproaches, 
   O to be like Thee, Blessed Redeemer, pure as Thou art; Come in Thy
No. 29.

DRAW ME NEARER.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. 10:22.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.
PRAYER.

No. 30.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole; I want Thee for-
   ever, to live in my soul; Break down every idol, cast
   out every foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2. Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
   make a complete sacrifice; I give up my self, and what-
   ever I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3. Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat; I wait, blessed
   see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4. Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait; Come now, and with-
   never said'et No—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Refrain.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
No. 31.
COME, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

C. C. ARMSTRONG. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Come, oh, come, my blessed Saviour, Fill the chambers of my soul,
2. When I bow my knee before Thee, Lord, oh, hear me while I pray,
3. When I sleep, oh, be Thou near me, Let Thy wings be o'er me spread,
4. When in grief's dark door I'm standing, Come and cheer me with Thy love,
5. When I stand by death's dark river, Which my soul has dreaded long,

Let me feel Thy mercy ev'ry Thro' my heart unceasing roll.
Let Thy tender love within me, Draw me close to Thee all way.
With Thine everlasting mercy "Cover my defenseless head."
When to earth my heart is bending, Lift and fix my thoughts above.
Take me then, my blessed Saviour, "To the summer land of song."

REFRAIN.

Come, my loving Saviour, Fill my soul
Come, yes, come, come, oh, loving Saviour, Fill my soul,

soul with peace and joy, May I feel Thy presence
fill with peace and joy, May I feel

feel Thy presence ever—Love a-bound without alloy.

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PRAYER.

No. 32. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend and co-worker, Prof. Edwin Moore, Yonkers, N. Y.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
The light is gone, And with the morn those angel faces smile.

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
The night is gone, And with the morn those angel faces smile.

3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still...
Will I lead me on;... The night is dark, and I am far from home;
lead me on;... I loved to choose and see my path; but now
lead me on... O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
The night is gone, And with the morn those angel faces smile.

The distant scene;... one step enough... for me.
Pride ruled my will;... re-member not... past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost... a-while.
PRAYER.

No. 33. GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

A. TREADWELL. ROBERT R. SINGLETON.

1. Oft the way is dark and rugged; Oft the shadow hides the sun;
2. Thro' the ages saints have followed Where Thy guiding footsteps lead;
3. I would follow where Thou leadest, Valley deep or mountain side,
4. Death shall lose its sting and terror If my faith on Thee is stay'd;

5. Trembling, fearing, doubting, fainting, Much I need Thee, Holy One.
   Of Thy Cross and wondrous Passion, In Thy Holy Word I read.
   O'er oceans ridg'd with billows, Or on calm and favoring tide.
   Guilty tho' I am, yet ransomed By Thy suffering Thou hast paid.

6. When the world's allurements tempt me, 'Hollow tho' I know they be,
   None but Thee can lead me safely Thro' life's troubled, thorny way;
   Be my fate a martyr's triumph, Or 'neath sunny skies to roam,
   I shall pass the gloomy portal Safely if Thou art my friend;

7. "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah;" I will follow none but Thee.
   "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," Thro' the gloomy night to day.
   "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," Till I gain my Glory Home.
   "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," Till my pilgrimages shall end.

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EVEry DAY AND HOUR.

"Cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. 51:2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

SLOWLY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er, lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Ev-ry day, ev-ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-ry day and hour, ev-ry day and hour.

May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
**No. 35. DRAW ME CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE.**

**Elisha A. Hoffman.**

**A. J. Showalter.**

1. Draw me clos'er, Lord, to Thee, Fold me in Thy love's embrace,
2. Draw me clos'er, Lord, to Thee; In Thy arms Thy child en-fold,
3. Draw me clos'er, Lord, to Thee; In commun-ion rich and sweet,
4. Draw me clos'er, Lord, to Thee, For my long-ing soul as-pires,

And un-to my soul re-veal All the rich-es of Thy grace.
And this earth-ly heart of mine In - to Thine own im-age mold.
Till my soul shall be re-fined, And in Thee be made com-plete.
To dis-cov-er in Thy-self All it yearns for and de-sires.

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**Refrain.**

Draw me clos'er, clos-er, clos'er, Clos-er, Lord, to Thee;

Ev-er pur-er, pur-er, pur-er Then my soul shall be.

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**No. 36. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.**

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15:5.

**Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.**

**Rev. Robert Lowry.**

1. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-dér voice like
2. I need Thee ev'-ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Tempta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need Thee ev'-ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-
5. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

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PRAYER.
I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.—Concluded.

Thine Can peace afford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
es In me fulfil.
need, Thou blessed Son.

No. 37. NEARER TO JESUS, MY GOD.

Mrs. A. P. Jarvis. N. Keff Smith.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, This is my pray' r; Nearer Thy bleeding
   side—Kept by Thy care; Near-er, my God, to Thee, What-e'er be-
laws, Teach how to pray. Je-sus, dear ris-en Lord, This is my
pow' r Thro' all my days. Dai-ly my will and choice I would re-
Lamb Who is the light—Then from my raptured heart Will burst this

2. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Ev-er-y day; Teach how to keep Thy

3. Fill this poor heart with love, This tongue with praise; So I may tell Thy

tide; Near-er the sav-ing cross, Where Je-sus died.
plea; Draw me by love di-vine, Near-er to Thee.
sign, Till all my life is lost, Sav-iour, in Thine.
plea—Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

1. Striving to follow the footsteps of Jesus, Gladly to walk in the light He has giv'n; Onward we go by the pur-est ex-a-mple, On by the path that will lead us to heav'n.

2. Leaning more firmly on Christ who is guiding, Giving our zeal to the work in His field; Trusting more fully the arm that can save us, Rich and a-bund-ant the har-vest will yield.

3. Clinging in faith to Him who is leading, Leading His dear ones safe into the fold; Strength to the weak He tempt-er, or heed not the foe; Christ is our Rock, the dear Rock of sal-va-tion, Ev-er we trust Him as on-ward we go.

4. Resting on Him who is strong to de-liv-er; Fear not the pur-est ex-a-mple, On by the path that will lead us to heav'n.

REFRAIN.

Tis beau-ti-ful to walk in the foot-steps of Je-sus,

Ev-er in the light, Ev-er in the light; Up to realms of light.

Copyright, 1897, by A. J. Showalter and Emma Pitt. Used by per.
1. O, I've been redeemed by the Blood of the Lamb, I've been redeemed,
2. O, I've been redeemed and made whiter than snow, Whiter than snow,
3. Yes, Jesus the Saviour can ease ev'ry pain, Ease ev'ry pain,

I've been redeemed; O, I've been redeemed and His servant I am,
whiter than snow; O, I've been redeemed and 'tis blessed to know
ease ev'ry pain; Yes, Jesus the Saviour can cleanse ev'ry stain,

Refrain.

I've been redeemed by the blood,  
Jesus the Saviour of men.  
I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,  
Wash them as white as the snow.

I've been redeemed by the blood,  
O, I've been redeemed by the blood,

I've been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, Washed and made whiter than snow.

Copyright, 1899, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.
1. With the Saviour in the heart, There's enduring peace, For from every
bond of sin He doth give release; If we bring Him ev'ry care He will
ever gives Peace without alloy. If the Lord within abide There is
all our burdens bear, In our joys and sorrows share, Giving blessed peace.
nought to wish beside; He will comfort, He will guide, Giving wondrous joy.
ev'ry faith-ful prove, And will ev'ry doubt remove, Giving rest, sweet rest.

Refrain.

With the Saviour in the heart, And the life by Him possessed,

With the Saviour in the heart, the heart, There is rest, sweet rest,
there is rest,
With the Saviour in the heart, the heart, there is rest, sweet rest.

No. 43. PEACE IN JESUS.

D. A. THREADGILL. W. T. TAYLOR.

1. Peace in Jesus I have found, Peace so full and free;
2. Peace in Him thro' all the years, Peace that can not end;
3. Peace with Him at home above, Peace forevermore;

In my heart doth peace abound, Since He pardoned me.
While I walk this vale of tears, He will be my friend.
Peace with Jesus, whom I love, On the golden shore.

Refrain.

Peace so sweet that ne'er can end, Peace in Him, my truest friend;

This my song shall ever be, Praise to Him for pard'ning me.

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CHRIStIAN EXPERIENCE.

No. 44. MY SOUL'S SWEET REST.


1. When treading thorny pathways, And cares are on me thrust, I seek my
loving Saviour, And turn my fears to trust; I tell Him all my
troubles, While leaning on His breast; This, this is my re-
moving them, As east is from the west; This, this is my re-
Jesus, And in His love be blest: In Him is true re-

No. 45.

REDEEMED.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeem'd, how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd and so happy in Jesus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beauty, The King in whose law I delight;
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting, In yonder bright mansion for me;

Redeem'd thro' His infinite mercy, His child and for-ever I am.
I know that the light of His presence With me doth continually dwell.
I sing, for I cannot be silent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.

Re-deem'd, re-deem'd, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, Redeem'd, re-deem'd.

Re-deem'd, re-deem'd, His child and for-ever I am, Redeem'd, re-deem'd.

From "Songs of Triumph." By per.
CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

No. 46.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God."—1 John 3: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! O what a fore-taste of glory divine! Heir of salvation, purchase of rap-ture burst on my sight; Angels descending, bring from a-Saviour am happy and blest; Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Vis-ions of God; Born of His Spir- it, wash'd in His blood. Above Echoes of mer-cy, whispers of love. This is my sto-ry, bove, Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

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No. 47.  ON THE EVERLASTING ROCK.

JENNIE WILSON.  RAN. C. STOREY.

1. It is sweet to rest on the Rock of Ages, From fear and danger free;
2. It is sweet to rest in the love supernatural That changes not for aye,
3. It is sweet to rest in the peace abiding That earth can ne'er bestow,
4. It is sweet to rest in the full salvation For which our Lord has paid,

Tho' in all its fury the tempest rages No harm can come to me.
Cheer'd by steadfast faith in the Word eternal, Which cannot pass away.
In the Father's care ev'ry hour confiding While dwelling here below.
Building all our hopes on the sure foundation That He for us has laid.

Refrain.

It is sweet to rest on the Everlasting Rock, Which the

surging billows of time can never shock; While its strength divine the as-

sailing storm doth mock, It is sweet to rest on the Rock of Ages.
"None of these things move me,"—Acts 20:24.

1. Tho' trials come on ev'ry side, Yet not distressed are we,
2. If we grow weary by the way, And crave the promised rest,
3. And when upon the Shining Shore We stand among the blest,

Tho' oft perplexed, we'll not despair, For Christ says, "Trust in Me!"
With hearts still fixed on Him, our souls In patience we possess.
We'll think not of the cross we bore, Nor how we longed for rest.

His grace sustains, His love upholds, We daily, hourly prove,
And tho' our hearts may sometimes ache, And tho' our eyes grow dim,
But safe and happy in the joy Of our most blissful lot,

The soul that fully trusts in Him Earth's cares can never move.
These things can never move our souls From their calm trust in Him.
We'll praise our Lord, for by His grace Earth's trials move us not.

Refrain.

O "none of these things can move me," For under His wings I abide;

CONFIDENCE.—Concluded.

No. 49. OUR HEAVEN BELOW.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O to feel the love of Jesus Well-ing up with-in the soul,
2. O the love of Christ, our Saviour, How it melts our hearts to love,
3. O the love of Christ, our Saviour, Vast and boundless, deep and wide,

O to feel its joy un-bound-ed, Like the waves of o-cean roll.
How it draws us un-re sist-ing To the ra-diant hills a-bove.
Love that seeks, redeems and saves us, Love transcendent-ing all be side.

REFRAIN.

What are all our cares and sorrows To the heights of joy we know,

When our tongues that love are singing, And our heav'n be-gins be-low.

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.
1. How kind a friend is Jesus! He loves me tenderly,
2. He is the friend of sinners, And shed His precious blood
3. A helper to the helpless, A comforter is He;

And walks with me each moment, My guard and guide to be!
That they might be forgiven, And reconciled to God;
He, in the time of trouble, A tower of strength will be;

How many are the blessings Bestowed upon His child,
All who in faith obey Him Receive a pardon free,
And when the world assails thee, Trust thou His mighty arm

To shield me from all evil, And keep me undefiled!
And if thy soul can trust Him, Thy Saviour He will be.
To succor and defend thee, And keep thy soul from harm.

REFRAIN.

A kind friend, and a good friend, And a true friend is He;

You will never find a better friend than Jesus will be to thee.

No. 51. IT IS SWEET TO FOLLOW JESUS.

Birdie Bell. A. J. Robertson.

1. It is sweet to follow Jesus In the path His feet have trod;
   Ev'ry day He gently leads us Near-er home and near-er God.
   Trust-ing Him who walks beside us Lest our heedless feet should roam.

2. It is sweet to follow Jesus In the time of shade or sun,
   Close-ly cling to Him who guides us Till our days on earth are done.
   Speak-ing words of loving coun-sel Till we reach the land of bliss.

3. It is sweet to follow Jesus, For He holds our hand in His,
   It is sweet to follow Jesus, Follow Jesus all the way,
   Till we reach the far-off coun-try, That fair land of cloud-less day.

4. It is sweet to follow Jesus All the way to yon-der home,


49
No. 52.

I AM REDEEMED.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

A. J. Showalter.

1. My heart is a fountain of joy today, For Jesus has washed all my sins away, Yes, Jesus has washed all my sins away, And I am redeemed. And I am redeemed, Yes, I am redeemed, And I am redeemed. And I am redeemed, Yes, I am redeemed, And I am redeemed. And I am redeemed.

2. I never had thought such a peace to know, But Jesus has washed me as white as snow, And all my sin, Yes, Jesus has saved me from all my sin, And I am redeemed. And I am redeemed, Yes, I am redeemed, And I am redeemed. And I am redeemed, Yes, I am redeemed, And I am redeemed. And I am redeemed. And I am redeemed.

3. And so I have foretaste of heaven within, For Jesus has saved me from my sins away, Yes, Jesus has washed all my sins away, And I am redeemed. And I am redeemed, Yes, I am redeemed, And I am redeemed. And I am redeemed, Yes, I am redeemed, And I am redeemed. And I am redeemed. And I am redeemed.

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CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

No. 53. 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,
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre vail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul.
But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
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 that is high -er than I;
O, then, to the

Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high-er than I.
1. Free from law! oh, join my shout of triumph! I am free, yes, free, the
2. Child of God! this is my glorious title! I am free, yes, free, the
3. Come to me! oh, hear the invitation, He is calling, gently

Christ has set me free; Once He died to win my full salvation,
blood has set me free; Out of death to life of endless beauty,
calling now to thee; Soul, He cries, I long for thy salvation,

REFRAIN.

And the law no longer now can frighten me. Free
I am safe for ever now, dear Lord, with Thee.
Come, oh, come, He cries, and I will set you free.

Freedom! Freedom! Now the law no
full salvation, I am free from condemnation,

more can threaten me!
Freedom! Christ has won my full salvation,
CHRIST HAS SET ME FREE.—Concluded.

Freedom! Christ is mine, and from the law I'm free.

CHRIST IS NEAR ME.

1. When the waves of time sweep o'er me, I shall never be dismayed,
2. When the cares of life surround me, Christ each heavy burden bears;
3. When the way seems rough and dreary, Jesus gently takes my hand,

For my Saviour goes before me, And He says, "Be not afraid.
Since thro' love He sought and found me, Ev'ry grief He freely shares.
And He whispers, "Come, ye weary, Just beyond is Beulah Land."

Refrain.

Christ is near me, He will cheer me, Whatsoever my lot may be;

He will guide me, keep and hide me. 'Neath His wings, eternally.
1. In the arms of Jesus I sweetly rest, And my soul re-pos-es up-
   on His breast; As a ten-der moth-er her child doth hold, I am
2. In the arms of Jesus my cares de-part, For He shares my sorrow and
   cheers my heart; All my heav-y bur-dens He bears a-way, For I
3. In the arms of Jesus' twas love divine Made this blessed shel-ter of
   safe-ty mine; And I ask no sweet-er a-bid-ing-place Than in
4. In the arms of Jesus I'll sleep in peace When the cares and tri-als of

   earth-life cease; He will bear me up-ward on wings of love, To those

   shelter'd in Jesus' fold.

   I am rest-ing in Jesus' man-sions pre-pared a-bove.

   And I fear not the world's a-larms; Tho' its

   storms as-sail me on ev-'ry side, In this re-fuge my soul shall hide.

   Refrain.
THE BELIEVER'S STANDING.

No. 57.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

Eph. 2: 4-6.

G. C. NEEDHAM.

N. KEFF SMITH.

1. I stand; but not as once I stood, Beneath my load of guilt;
2. I stand; but now on Calv'ry's mount, Beside that woe-ful cross:
3. I stand; but not within the grave, Where once my Lord did lie;
4. I stand, where Jesus now appears, In union with my Lord:

My heav'n-ly Sure-ty bore it all, For me His blood was spilt.
I know its grace and pow'r to save From self and worldly dress.
The cross and tomb He left behind—His throne is now on high.
In Him accepted; wondrous grace, Made sure thro' His own word.

O bless the Lord; ex-alt His name, Who gave Himself for me;
O bless the Lord, I do believe That Jesus died for sin;
O bless the Lord, He buried sin Deep in that grave of night;
O bless the Lord, what union this; His life to me is giv'n—

His death of shame—a-toning death, From wrath hath set me free.
Yet by that cross is not our place, But where He's entered in.
And from that prison brought me forth, A captive thro' His might.
In self so vile; in Him so fair, Blest vesti-bule of heav'n.

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CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

No. 58.

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

Mrs. A. P. Jarvis.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

In "Herald and Presbyter."

1. I know of a beautiful valley In which I would wander for aye; The smile of God's love is upon it, never shall be cursed, For in all of His brightness and glory full and complete; Where we bow in a true consecration, His presence sheds rapturous day. This vale is the valley of The Son in His fullness will burst. For He is the light, and life And lay all our lives at His feet. May we live in the sunshine forever, beyond all our doubts and our fears, Where, complete in His

springs of God's mercy That well upon every side, full to His keeping, And held by His gracious right-hand. glorious likeness, He shall wipe away all of our tears.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to take Him at His word;
   Just to rest upon His promise; Just to know, 'Thus said the Lord.'
   Just in simple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
   Just from Jesus simply taking Life, and rest, and joy and peace.
   And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

2. O how sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
   Just in simple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
   Just from Jesus simply taking Life, and rest, and joy and peace.
   And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus, Just from sin and self to cease;
   Just in simple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
   Just from Jesus simply taking Life, and rest, and joy and peace.
   And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;
   I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;
   I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;
   I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend.

Refrain.

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him; How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er,
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust Him more.

From "Songs of Triumph." Used by per.
The mistakes of my life have been many, But the sins of my heart have been more, And I scarcely can see for my weeping, But I'll those who would pray; But I come to Him as He has bidden, And I wash all away; And the feet that now stumble and fall, Soon may weary with sin; Tho' I scarcely can see for my weeping, Yet the

REFRAIN.

knock at the open door.
know He'll not say me nay.
en ter the gate of day.
I know I am sinful and un-
Saviour will let me in.

worthy, And now I feel it more and more, But Jesus in-
vites me to come in: I will enter the open door.
No. 61.  HOW SWEET TO THINK OF JESUS.

E. R. Latta.

1. As we read His word divine, How sweet to think of Jesus!
2. When the tempter tries his pow'r, How sweet to think of Jesus!
3. When we waked with the day, How sweet to think of Jesus!
4. To the young and to the old, How sweet to think of Jesus!

While we dwell on ev'ry line, How sweet to think of Jesus!
In each dark and troubled hour, How sweet to think of Jesus!
When the day-light fades away, How sweet to think of Jesus!
Never, never can be told, How sweet to think of Jesus!

Refrain.

He beheld us all undone, When to rescue there was none,

And He died for ev'ryone, How sweet to think of Jesus!

No. 60.

THE MISTAKES OF MY LIFE.

Mrs. URANIA LOCKE BAILEY.  A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. The mistakes of my life have been many, But the sins of my
2. I am lowest of those who would love Him, I am weakest of
3. My mistakes His free grace now will cover, And my sins He will
4. The mistakes of my life have been many, And my spirit is

heart have been more, And I scarcely can see for my weeping, But I'll
those who would pray, But I come to Him as He has bid, And I
wash all away; And the feet that now stumble and fall, Soon may
weary with sin; Those I scarcely can see for my weeping, Yet the

REFRAIN.

knock at the open door.
know He'll not say me nay. I know I am sinful and un-
enter the gate of day. I will enter the open door.
Saviour will let me in.

worthy, And now I feel it more and more, But Jesus in-

vites me to come in: I will enter the open door.

58
CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

No. 61. HOW SWEET TO THINK OF JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. R. L. FERGUSON.

1. As we read His word divine, How sweet to think of Jesus!
2. When the tempter tries his pow'r, How sweet to think of Jesus!
3. When we wak-en with the day, How sweet to think of Jesus!
4. To the young and to the old, How sweet to think of Jesus!

While we dwell on ev'ry line, How sweet to think of Jesus!
In each dark and troubled hour, How sweet to think of Jesus!
When the day-light fades a-way, How sweet to think of Jesus!
Never, never can be told, How sweet to think of Jesus!

Refrain.

He be-held us all un-done, When to rescue there was none,

And He died for ev'ry one, How sweet to think of Jesus!

1. I am resting, sweetly resting, Pillowed on my Saviour's breast;
2. Resting in the arms of Jesus, Listening to His loving voice,
3. Resting in the arms of Jesus! Never rest so sweet as this;

In the arms of Jesus cradled, Calmly, peacefully I rest.
As He says in accents tender: "Ever-more thou mayst rejoice."
Dearer than caress of mother, Softer than a zephyr's kiss,

Trust-ing in His strength to hold me, As His mighty arms enfold me;
Joy, like some resist-less riv- er Fills and thrills me with its quiver;
Filling all my soul with pleasure; Jesus' love my richest treasure,

And in trust-ing I am blest, And in trust-ing I am blest.
As His will I make my choice, As His will I make my choice.
Saving grace my end-less bliss, Saving grace my end-less bliss!
I'm glad I have a Saviour Who came to rescue me;
I'm glad I have a Saviour Who sought His wand'ring sheep,
I'm glad I have a Saviour Who hears and answers prayer;
I'm glad I have a Saviour Whose mercy is so free;

When sunk in sin and ruin He died to set me free.
Who brought me home rejoicing, And still doth safely keep.
My burdens and my sorrows He tenderly doth bear.
O come, poor soul, and trust Him, There's gladness too for thee.

Refrain.

I'm glad I have a Saviour, I'm glad, I'm glad to-day;
I'm glad I have a Saviour Who wash'd my sins away.
1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than any earthly joy!
2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than any earthly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy presence be,

For Thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can destroy.
And sweeter is the thought of Thee Than any lovely song.
Without the secret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown My walk on earth with Thee?

**Refrain.**

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free!
The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!

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No. 67.

SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glorious and bright,
   Than glows in any earthly sky, For Jesus is my light.
   Peaceful happy moments roll; When Jesus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in my soul.

2. There's music in my soul to-day, A carol to my King,
   And Jesus, listening, can hear The songs I cannot sing.
   There's sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul.
   Jesus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in my soul.

3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
   The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace appear.
   Peaceful happy moments roll; When Jesus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in my soul.

4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
   For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up," above.
   There's sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul.
   Jesus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in my soul.

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CHRISTIAN JOY.

No. 68. MY JOY SHALL BE IN JESUS.

G. E.

Marcato.

G. E. FLY.

1. What if the world with pleasure smiles, And all the whirl of sin beguiles;  
2. Tho', I be greeted with a sneer, I can re-mem-ber Christ is near;  
3. When I shall walk the streets of gold, When I His beau-ty there be-hold,

Though Sa-tan still em-ploy his wiles, My joy shall be in Je-sus.  
Though I have burdens hard to bear, My joy shall be in Je-sus.  
Then shall e-ter-ni-ty un-fold The joy there is in Je-sus.

Refrain.

There my founda-tion is se-cure, My rest complete, sal-va-tion sure;  
My King is rich, tho' I be poor.; My joy shall be in Je-sus.

CHRISTIAN JOY.

No. 69.

JOYS AWAKEN.

D. A. THREADGILL. W. T. TAYLOR.

1. Joys within my soul awakened, Christ has come with me to reign;
2. Joys within that no one knoweth—None but He who rules above;
3. Joys within my soul forever While I praise the God of love;

All my burdens He has taken, And I'll praise His holy name.
And my soul with praise o'erfloweth To the Saviour for His love.
Joys that nothing e'er can sever When I reach that home above.

REFRAIN.

Tho' the storms of life assail me, I will praise Him here below;

For His presence will not fail me, He will lead me home, I know.

CHRISTIAN JOY.

No. 70. I AM TRUSTING.

J. M. D.

1. My heart is full of joy to-day, I am trusting in Jesus to save;
2. My sins oppress my soul no more, I am trusting in Jesus to save;
3. The burden of my song shall be: I am trusting in Jesus to save;

John M. Dye.

For He has wash'd my sins a-way, I am trusting in Jesus to save.
I own His pow'r and Him a-dore, I am trusting in Jesus to save.
His par-don reac'h-es e-ven me, I am trusting in Jesus to save.

Refrain.

I am trusting, I am trusting, I am
I am trusting, I am trusting.

No. 71.  SUNSHINE ALL THE WAY.

ADALYN.  J. C. Davison.

1. There's sun-shine all along the way That leads from earth to heav'n,
2. There's sun-shine all along the way When Jesus holds my hand;
3. There's sun-shine all along the way, For I am going home,

And flowers of love, like blooms of May, To wea-ry souls are giv'n.
He turns my dark-est night to day, And brightens all the land.
Where shin-eth one e-ter-nal day, And shadow-ss nev-er come.

Refrain.

There's sun-shine all along the way,—It bright-ens day by day;

And O it shin-eth more and more Un-to the Per-fect Day.
No. 72. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.


REFRAIN.

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing Arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing Arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing Arms;

last-ing Arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms; I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lea-n-ing on the ever-last-ing Arms. Lean-ing,
Lea-n-ing on Je-sus,

lean-ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean-ing,
lean-ing on Je-sus,

lean-ing, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing Arms.
lean-ing on Je-sus,

By peralasion.

70
CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

No. 73.   COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

"Jesus himself drew near, and went with them."—Luke 24: 15.

MARY, D. JAMES.   WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, blessed fellowship divine! Oh, joy supreme-ly sweet! Com-
   pan-ion-ship with Jesus here Makes life with bliss re-plete, In
   union with the purest one I find my heav’n on earth begun.

2. I’m walking close to Jesus’ side, So close that I can hear The
   soft-est whis-per-ers of His love, In fellow-ship so dear, And
   feel His great, al-might-y hand Pro-tects me in this hos-tile land.

3. I know His shel-ling wings of love Are al-ways o’er me spread, And
   tho’ the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My
   peac-ful spir-it ev-er sings “I’ll trust the cov-er of Thy wings.”

REFRAIN.

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublimate! I’ve Je-sus with me all the time,

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublimate! I’ve Je-sus with me all the time.

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No. 74. WALKING IN FELLOWSHIP SWEET.


1. I walk with the Saviour in fellowship sweet, And O how He
2. Beside me He walks, and His love cheers the way, And then all is
3. A Counselor He, a Companion, a Guide, The best of all
4. With Jesus beside me, my hand in His hand, Temptations lose

com-forts my heart! So deep is my peace, and my joy so complete,
sun-shine and peace; He keeps my faith strong with His presence each day;
earth-friends is He; I know if I only keep near to His side,
all of their pow'r; No harm can be-tide me, unconquered I stand,

REFRAIN.

From Him I could never more part.
A wonder-ful friend Jesus is!
I never dis-couraged shall be.

I walk with my Saviour in
fellowship sweet, With Jesus, my heav-en-ly Guide, And He, my Re-
dee-mer, Com-pan-ion, and Friend Will ev-er keep close to my side.

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CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

No. 75. DENNIS. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NAEGELI.

ARR. by W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne, We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes; Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 76. MARLOW. C. M.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

English Melody. ARR. by Dr. L. MASON.

1. How sweet, how heav'ly is the sight, Where those who love the Lord In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful -fill His word.

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart; When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;

3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all a - bove, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love; Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love;

4. When love, in one de - lightful stream, Through ev'ry bosom flows; When union sweet, and dear es - teem, In ev'ry action glows. And union sweet, and dear es - teem, In ev'ry action glows.

5. Love is the gold- en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove; And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bosom glow with love.

In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful -fill His word.
1. Sunward turn your faces, Toward the light above, Shining in its splendor, Warm with heaven's love; Giving hope and courage To the presence. Clears the darkest sky. Then look ever upward, Toward the shining Brightly as of yore. Turn your faces sunward Toward the

2. Do not grope in darkness When there's light on high; Jesus' loving orb of day, Find in Christ the sunshine That will light the way. light on high, Let its rays so cheering Give thee song for sigh.

3. Tho' life's dreams have vanished, And the heart is sore, Yet the light is darkened soul, Till the world with glory Shines from pole to pole. Sunward, ever sunward.

Refrain.

Sunward, sunward, Sunward turn today, Light... is shining, Shining all the way; Sunward, sunward, Sunward

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SUNWARD TURN YOUR FACES.—Concluded.

turn your eyes, Light is streaming, Streaming from the skies.

No. 78. FLEE AS A BIRD.

EMMA GEAR. CLAUD. L. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, When the trials of life press you sore;
2. When you’re assaulted by temptation, O then flee as a bird to your home;
3. When the dark shadows of evening Gather fast in the valley below,

Hide you within its deep shadows Until the strong tempest is o’er.
Safe—ly abide in its shelter Until they are all overcome.
Flee as a bird to your mountain Whose top shines with heaven’s pure glow.

REFRAIN.

Flee as a bird to your mountain, When storms beat upon you below;

Find it a safe, peaceful covert, A refuge thro’ life as you go.

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 79.

THEY SHALL REIGN.

F. L. SNYDER.

No. 79.

"And hath made us kings and priests unto God."—Rev. 1: 6.

GEO. E. MYERS.

1. Those who love the King of glory, And His blessed name adore,
   Those who love the blessed Saviour, And obey His holy will,
   Those who overcome the tempter, And each foe that doth assail,

2. Walking daily in His footsteps, As He goeth on before,
   Who will follow where He leadeth, And when dying love Him still,
   Who in Jesus' name go forward, And thro' grace o'er all prevail,

3. Who will never doubt nor waver, But will trust Him more and more,
   Who will suffer all for Jesus, Tho' it be a trial sore,
   Who will press right on and upward, Till they reach the other shore,

They shall reign as kings and priests for evermore.

Refrain.

They shall reign, they shall reign, they shall reign, they shall reign, Reign for—

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CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

THEY SHALL REIGN.—Concluded.

No. 80.  LOOK, LOOK TO JESUS.

WILL H. GAREY.  A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. If you're cast on life's rough sea, Look, look to Jesus, He'll a sure pre-
2. He the surging waves can still, Look, look to Jesus, And your soul with
3. When the lights flash on the shore, Look, look to Jesus, And the billows

tec-tion be, Look, look to Jesus; Tho' the gloom be dark before, And the
courage fill, Look, look to Jesus; Tho' your faith be weak and small, And the
cease to roar, Look, look to Jesus; Soon you'll anchor in the bay, There to

fear-ful break'rs roar, He will safely guide you o'er, Look, look to Jesus.
raging storms appall, He'll be with you thro' them all, Look, look to Jesus.
sing and shout for aye, In one bright et-ten-day, Look, look to Jesus.

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CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 81.

DO HIS WILL.

E. F. S.

E. F. STANTON.

1. Are you working in the vine-yard of the Lord each day?
2. Are you pointing men to Jesus, guided by His word?
3. Are you looking for the coming of the blessed King?

Are you walking with the Saviour in the narrow way?
Do you preach the blessed gospel of the risen Lord?
Will you meet the Lord in glory and His praises sing?

Are you serving Him with gladness, trusting in His blood?
Are you living 'neath the shadow of His pierced side?
If through life the cause of Jesus is your glad employ

Love, obey the blessed Master, do the will of God.
Christ, the Saviour, bids the righteous in His love abide.
You will hear Him sweetly saying, "enter thou my joy."

REFRAIN.

Do His will, do His will, Do the blessed will of God;

No. 82.  

TAKE COURAGE.  

FANNY J. CROSBY.  

1. O trust in the Lord and take courage, Tho' many the trials we see;  
2. Tho' life has its cares and its crosses, Its days that are dreary and long;  
3. The troubles that compass our path-way Are only designed for our good;  

The arm of His mercy en-folds us, No matter where'er we may be.  
The clouds will dissolve in to sun-shine, And sorrow be turned in to song.  
O how can we doubt His protection, Who always be-side us hath stood?  

Refrain.  

O trust in the Lord and take courage; If faithful we watch unto prayer,  

There's nothing can ever befall us, That grace will not help us to bear.  


79
No. 83. THE LORD IS KING.

CHARLES WESLEY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Re-joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King adore;
2. Jesus, the Saviour reigns, The God of truth and love;
3. He sits at God's right hand, Till all His foes submit,
4. Re-joice in glorious hope; Jesus, the Judge, shall come,

Mor-tals give thanks and sing, And tri-umph ev-er-more.
When He had purged our stains, He took His seat a-bove,
And bow to His com-mand, And fall be-neath His feet.
And take His serv-ants up To their e-ter-nal home.

Refrain.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re-
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re-

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re-
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re-

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No. 84.  MARCHING UP TO GLORY-LAND.

C. L. C.

C. L. CHAMBERLIN.

1. We're a happy band, marching bravely in The narrow way which is free from sin; We are marching on to the shining strand, free from sin;

2. We're an earnest band, keeping heav'n in view While working now for the good and true, And the onward march of this toiling band bright-er day; We will cross the tide at our Lord's command,

3. When a few more years shall have passed away, We'll see the dawn of a free from sin; We are marching on to the shining strand,

We're marching up to glory-land. We're marching up to glory-land, We're marching up to glory-land. We're marching, marching, marching, marching, marching. We're marching up to glory-land, We're marching up to glory-land, We're marching, marching.
No. 85. WE'LL ALL SING TOGETHER BY AND BY.

L. E. GREEN. 
Dr. D. M. WILSON.

1. We're a band of singing Christians On the march to Canaan's land,
2. We will sing the praise of Jesus As we journey here below,
3. Let us praise our heav'nly Father For the sacred gift of song,
4. As we walk the streets to-geth-er In that bright celestial land,

We'll all sing togeth-er by and by; There we'll join the an-gel cho-rus,
We'll all sing togeth-er by and by; There with ransomed souls in glo-ry,
We'll all sing togeth-er by and by; Till we reach our home in heaven,
We'll all sing togeth-er by and by; With a crown up-on our forehead,

And with loved ones on the strand, We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by.
With our robes made white as snow, We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by.
Then with yon-der happy throng, We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by.
And a harp with-in our hand, We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by.

KEFRAIN.

By and by, by and by,

By and by, by and by,

We'll all sing to-

We'll All Sing Together By and By.—Concluded.

No. 86.  LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.  A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross; Sweet after bitter, Hope after fears, Home after wandering, Praise after tears.

2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Sight after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb; After long agony, Calm after blast, Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last.

3. Near after distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after mystery, Peace after pain; Joy after sorrow, RapTURE of bliss, Right was the pathway leading to this.
SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34:26.

W. T. DALE.

1. There shall be showers of blessing, falling like rain from above;
2. There shall be showers of blessing, watering our spirits again;
3. There shall be showers of blessing; streams of His mercy we need;
4. There shall be showers of blessing; now on each heart may they fall;

There shall be "times of refreshing," filling our hearts with His love.
Clouds o'er the land are now rising; filled with "a-bun-dance of rain."
Lord, do Thou grant a refreshing, while for Thy mercy we plead.
While to our God we're confessing, Lord, grant Thy blessing to all.

REFRAIN.

Showers of blessing, showers of blessing, showers of blessing, showers of blessing, showers of blessing.

5 There shall be showers of blessing, filling our land with delight;
Showers of blessing, reviving,
Giving us songs in the night.

6 There shall be showers of blessing, showers of blessing on all;
Glory to God! they are coming,
Showers of blessing now fall.
No. 88.  MOVE OUT INTO THE LIGHT.

"In him was life; and the life was the light of men."—John 1: 4.

EDNA LEAKE NIX.

RICHARD K. HIGGINS.

1. O wea-ry, sin-sick wand'rer, A rest re-mains for you, God's ho-ly
2. Give God a life of serv-ice, A life of faith and pray'r, That you may
3. The light still shines resplendent, As on the a-ges roll, The Com-fort-
4. The time is swift-ly coming, By faith I now can see The Prince of

word reveals it,—A promise kind and true; Lay down your sins and burdens, Ex-
enter heav-en, And all its glories share; Let God now reign within you, He
er's been giv'en, That re-as-sures the soul; Put all up-on the altar, Live
Peace descending, Our King on earth to be; Get ready now to meet Him, And

D.S.—Gird on the gos-pel ar-mor To
FINE.

change for day your night, And joy and peace will follow; Move out in-to the light.
rules by love, not might, He waits to bid you welcome; Move out in-to the light.
ho-ly in His sight, Receive Him in His full-ness, Move out in-to the light.
live by faith, not sight, Accept His full sal-vation. Move out in-to the light.

bat-tle for the right, Pre-pare to meet the con-flict, Move out in-to the light.

REFRAIN.

Move out . . . in-to the light,
Move in-to the light, in-to the beau-ti-ful light,

O move out . . . in-to the light;
O move out in-to the light, the beau-ti-ful light;

LET THE SUNSHINE IN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 89.

ADA BLENKHORN.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the conflict win? Is it dark within?
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your prayers un
3. Would you go rejoicing on the upward way, Knowing naught of

out you,—darker still within? Clear the darkened windows, open
answer'd by your God above? Clear the darkened windows, open
darkness,—dwelling in the day? Clear the darkened windows, open

REFRAIN.

wide the door, Let a little sunshine in. Let a little sun
shine in, Let a little sunshine in. Clear the

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No. 90.

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

Priscilla J. Owens.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-
2. It is safely moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-
3. It will firmly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers
4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the wa-ters
5. When our eyes behold thro' the gathering night The city of

Will your anchor drift, or firm remain? Can de-fy the blast, thro' strength divine.
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow. We have an anchor that
While our hopes abide within the veil.
With the storms all past forevermore.

keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the billows roll, Fasten'd to the

Rock which can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.
1. I think of the love ones who once with us gathered, And joined in the service of Jesus below; Of the sheaves they are bringing and the day, now so glorious and bright; Of their patient endurance, and the sins died on Calvary's tree; Of the crown He is holding, and the eternal that heav'n will afford, Of the knowledge increasing, and the songs they are singing; For they chant the glad song the redeemed only know.

2. I think of the prophets and patriarchs faithful Who longed for the rapture unceasing. But sweeter than all, I shall be with my Lord.

3. I think of the Saviour, so precious and loving, Who once for my SplashScreen error!

4. I think of the glory that waits me up yonder, Of the pleasures evermore; O the joy of that meeting, O the rapture unceasing!


88
No. 92.  

PISGAH.  

ISAAC WATTS.  

J. C. LOWRY. Arr. by A. J. S.

bliss of that greeting, When they welcome me home to e-ter-ni-ty's shore.  
bliss of that greeting, When He welcomes me home to e-ter-ni-ty's shore.

1. Since I can read my ti-tle clear, To mansions in the skies,  
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fi-ery darts be hurled,  
3. Let cares like a wild del-u-ge come, And storms of sorrow fall;  
4. Then shall I bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'ly rest;  

I bid fare-well to ey'-ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.  
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.  
May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.  
And not a wave of trou-ble roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

And wipe my weep-ing eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes;  
And face a frown-ing world, And face a frown-ing world;  
My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all;  
A-cross my peace-ful breast, A-cross my peace-ful breast;
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 93.

BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

E. E. HEWITT. 

Not too fast. 

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that country pure and bright,
   Where shall enter naught that may defile; Where the daybeam ne'er declines,
   Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,
   For the blessed light that shines is the glory of the Saviour's smile.

2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight
   When the beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet,
   Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,
   In a fellowship complete; Waking songs of holy melody.

3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the fountains of delight
   Where the beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet,
   Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,
   Till no spot of sin remain, And the soul for evermore is freed.

Refrain.

Beautiful robes, Beautiful robes,
Beautiful robes, we then shall wear;

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90
No. 94.

ART THOU WEARY.

J. M. Neale, Tr.

A. J. Showalter.

1. Art thou weary? art thou languid? Are thou sore distress'd?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him if He be my Guide?
3. Is there aadem as monarch, That His brow adorns?
4. If I find Him, if I follow, What my future here?
5. If I still hold close ly to Him, What hath He at last?
6. If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay?

"Come to me," saith One, and coming, "Be at rest," "Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side," "And His side."
"Yes, a crown in very sure ty, But of thorns," "But of thorns."
"Many a sorrow, many a labor, Many a tear," "Many a tear."
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past," "Jordan past."
"Not till earth and not till heaven Pass away," "Pass away."

91
1. Brother, if thy lot be hard, Look beyond! look beyond!
2. Rough may be thy path to tread, Look beyond! look beyond!
3. Do not be the slave of sin, Look beyond! look beyond!

Heaven's bliss cannot be marred; Look beyond! look beyond!
There's a smoother one ahead; Look beyond! look beyond!
Everlasting joys to win, Look beyond! look beyond!

Look beyond each trying scene, And the clouds that intervene!
Look beyond the toil and care, That beset us every where;
Think of all that waits us there, That we shall forever share;

What so e'er may come between, Look beyond! look beyond!
Do not yield thee to despair, Look beyond! look beyond!
Where there are no ills to bear! Look beyond! look beyond!

REFRAIN.

Look beyond! look beyond! Where the Heav'nly Canaan lies!

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

LOOK BEYOND!—Concluded.

No. 96. WE SHALL REST AT EVENTIDE.

J. A. T.  J. A. TAYLOR.

1. We shall rest at e-ven-tide, When the day of toil is past;
2. Wea-ry one, thy lit-tle day Draw-eth swift-ly to its close;
3. Lean-ing on the Saviour's breast We may all in peace a-bide;

Cast-ing all our cares a-side, We shall sweet-ly rest at last.
Ere for thee it fades a-way, Come to Christ and find re-pose.
There our wea-ry souls may rest, Soothed and blest at e-ven-tide.

Refrain.

We shall rest, yes, sweet-ly rest, If we trust the Cru-ci-fied;

We shall rest, 0 bless-ed rest! We shall rest at e-ven-tide.
We're sailing o'er the ocean wide;

Thro' wild may rage, the storm around,

We catch a glimpse of yonder shore,

Our barque is toss'd with wind and tide;
The calm within doth still abound;

Where sails are furl'd and storms are o'er;

But we've on board, a pilot true,

For at the helm is Christ we know,

We'll anchor safe in port at last,

Who fears not storms nor depths of blue,

And steers straight home, where all would go,

Beyond the reach of ev'ry blast.

Then spread the sails and catch the breeze,
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

We're Sailing O'er the Ocean Wide.—Concluded.

Our Pilot King (our Pilot King) controls the seas; (controls the seas;)

Tho' waves roll high (Tho' waves roll high) and lights are dim, (and lights are dim.)

We still can trust (We still can trust) our barque to Him. (our barque to Him.)

No. 98. RETREAT. L. M.

Hugh Stowell. Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there on eagles' wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more,
5. Oh, let my hand forget her skill, My tongue be silent, cold, and still,

There is a calm, a sure retreat—'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

A place, than all besides, more sweet—It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy seat.

And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy seat.

This bounding heart forget to beat, If I forget Thy mercy seat.
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 99. COURAGE.

H. A. MULLENNIX.

BIRDIE BELL.

1. Why shouldst thou fear or tremble? The Lord is by thy side;
2. Be ever of good courage! Christ bids thee to be strong;
3. Then keep thy faith unspotted, Of naught be thou afraid,

He'll guard thee from all danger, In Jesus' care confide;
Faint not, but bravely battle Against the hosts of wrong;
God bids thee have good courage, And never be dismayed:

Press on, He will protect thee, No hand shall overthrow,
Rest not till ends the conflict, Until the dawn of peace,
Fight on till ends the struggle, Until the field is won,

For He's thy trusting Captain And leads thee 'gainst the foe.
When all the noise and trouble Of this fierce strife shall cease.
When He will crown thee victor, And greet thee with "Well done!"

REFRAIN.

Be strong and of good courage, And battle for the
Be strong, be strong and of good courage, And battle for the

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

COURAGE.—Concluded.

right; Tho' fierce and long the conflict, Be victor in the fight.
right, for the right; Tho' fierce, tho' fierce.

No. 100. THE MORNING COMETH.


1. O wea-ry soul, op-pressed with care, So wea-ry weak and sin-ning,
2. The Sav-iour knowesthry griefs are sore, He sees thy foot-steps fal-ter.
3. O watchman on the moun-tain height, Canst see with thy clear vis-ion,

Thy Sav-iour lists to hear thy pray'r; His lov-ing fa-vor win-ing.
But Je-sus all thy sor-rows bore, So leave them at His al-tar.
Be-yond the por-tals of the night, The glo-ry-land El-y-sian?

O let the breez-es waft thy song In-stead of sighs and mourn-ing;
'Tis true the world is full of wrong, Yet still re-press thy mourn-ing;
"Ah, yes!" comes back the watchman's song, "Behold the dis-tant dawn-ing,"

There nev-er was a night so long As not to know a morn-ing.

1. In a world where sorrow ev'ry will be known, Where are found the need-y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and comfort you can
2. Slight-est actions oft-ten Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants dai-ly, Lit-tle kind-ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor-row, You may
3. When the days are gloom-y, Sing some hap-py song, Meet the world's re-pin-ing, With a cour-age strong; Go with faith undaunt-ed, Thro' the all be-stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev'rywhere you go. help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love. ills of life, Scat-ter smiles and sunshine, O'er its toil and strife.

REFRAIN.

Scat-ter sunshine all a-long your way, Cheer and bless and Scatter the smiles and o-ver the way, bright-en Ev'ry pass-ing day, Ev'ry pass-ing day.

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No. 102.

**KEEP LOOKING UP.**

**CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.**

**BIRDIE BELL.**

**H. H. THOMASON.**

1. Keep looking up, and tread the path before thee, No time to
2. Keep looking up, the dark gray skies will brighten, The clouds fast
3. Keep looking up, when fears and doubts beset thee, A home is

gather thorns along the way; A sleepless eye is
melt ing as the sun appears; A dawning day the
waiting when thy toil is o'er; The loving Christ on

D.S. — Keep looking up and

cease thy sad repining, The glowing east proclaims the promised day.

REFRAIN.

Keep looking up, A star above is shining,
Keep looking up, keep looking up,

Keep looking up, A hand doth point the way;
Keep looking up, keep looking up.
No. 103. LOOK UP, AND SING A SONG.

GERTRUDE MANLY JONES. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O don't go bow'd down in sorrow, The world is what you make it;
2. The hon-ey bee seeks the flow- er Tho' skies are dull and chilling;
3. All na-ture God's love is sing-ing, O'er peak and mountain hoary;

There's sweet sunshine to-mor-row, If you but reach and take it.
Thro' many a sun-less hour, The birds their songs are trilling;
O'er vales and fields are ring-ing Sweet prai-ses to His glo-ry;

Make not life's path-way drear-y With plaints of woe and wrong;
For ev-ry blur, there's beau-ty; There's right for ev-ry wrong;
Will you His crea-ture-liv-ing—One of the "blood-bought throng"—

Be val- iant, strong and cheer-y, Look up and sing a song.
Ah, cour-age is your du-ty; Look up and sing a song.
Re-fuse your heart's thank-sing? Look up and sing a song.

Refrain.

A cheer-y song, my broth-er, Perchance may save an-o-ther;
1. Tho' we sow the seed with weeping, Toil-ing in the heat of day,
2. Bear-ing sheaves to shine in glo-ry, Gems to deck the Master's crown,
3. Let us, then, be up and do-ing, Scatter seed at ear-ly day;
4. For we know not which will pro-sper, Of the seed we scatter wide,

We will all go home re-joic-ing, Sweet-ly sing-ing on the way.
Ripened sheaves for Christ, our Saviour, At His feet to lay them down.
And at mid-day keep on sow-ing, And till daylight fades a-way.
In the morn-ing, or at mid-day, Or at qui-et e-ven-tide.

Refrain.

When the Mas-ter calls at ev'n-ing, Calls from work a-way,

We'll go home our ripe sheaves bringing, Sweetly sing-ing all the way.
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 105. CHRIST IS COMING.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. G. WOLFE.

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,

Com- ing 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 com ing
 shar-ers in the heav en-ly re ward. He is com ing by and by,
com eth in His glo ry by and by. He is com ing by and by,

by and by, He is com ing from on high, He is


102
CHRIST IS COMING.—Concluded.

He is coming, O believe Him! And be ready to receive Him; He is coming in His glory by and by.

No. 106. COWPER. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed! The hour I first believed!
3. Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares I have already come; 'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home, And grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures; He will my Shield and Portion be, As long as life endures, As long as life endures.
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease, I shall possess, with-in the vale, A life of joy and peace, A life of joy and peace.
No. 107. Listen to the Saviour's Words so Tender.

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

A. J. S. · A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Listen to the Saviour's words so tender, Sweet-er than the
   harps on the golden shore, Saying to the weary, heav-
   y-loving, so true as He; Listening to His soft-est ac-
   cents heart as I toil for Thee, Bringing in the sun-shine of Thy
   voice on the earth no more, May I see and hear Thee, bless-ed

2. Let the tender Shepherd choose your path-way, None so kind and
   laden, Come to Me and sorrow no more. Find in Me
   pleading, Saying come and follow thou Me. Follow Me,
   presence, Showing that Thou carest for me. Care for me,
   Saviour, Calling me to heaven's fair shore. Call for me,

3. O what blessed words are these, my Saviour, How they cheer my
   sweet-est rest, Take My yoke up on you, learn of Me; Come and be
   fol-low Me, I am meek and low-ly now of heart; Thou my child
   Saviour dear, I am trusting in Thy wondrous grace; Per-fect love
   bless-ed Lord, Call me to that bet-ter land on high; I will trust

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Listen to the Saviour's Words so Tender.—Concluded.

No. 108. MURMUR NOT.

1. Soul, are you sad and weary,—Seem-eth the journey long?
2. And when life's woes o'er take you, Filling you with alarm,
3. There will be joy for sadness, Patiently run your race;

Smile, though the sky be dreary; Lighten your heart with song.
Jesus will never forsake you, Lean on His tender arm.
Then with a thrill of gladness, Rest in your Lord's embrace.

Refrain.

Whatever burdens oppress you, Weeping will naught avail;

Christ has the power to bless you; His mercy will never fail.
CHRI~TIAN UNO~COURAGEMENT.

GOING HOME TO GLORY.

No. 109.

Edward L. Haynes.

A. J. Summer.

1. Heavenward I sail on, ne'er stopping or staying, We are passing through the realms of glory, Favorite to our King.

2. Home and happy we'll be, if we are but strong in faith, if we are but patient, if we are but true, Glorifying God, everlasting crown.

3. Heavenward I sail on, ne'er stopping or staying, We are passing through the realms of glory, Favorite to our King.

4. Home and happy we'll be, if we are but strong in faith, if we are but patient, if we are but true, Glorifying God, everlasting crown.

Chorus.

Gone is the pal - ace of light,
From the earth the bright star de - part.
And forever I shall happy be
Glorifying God, going home to glory.

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No. 110. THERE'S A JOY IN THE CUP OF SORROW.

Emm A. Thynne.

1. There's a joy in the cup of sorrow; The bitter turns the
2. There's a joy in the cup of sorrow, The lonely heart is

1. There's a joy in the cup of sorrow; For we bear in love

filling today. There's a thought of the joy of the morrow;
bleeding today. For there's peace that remains in the morrow;

When God shall wipe all tears a-way, When God shall wipe all tears a-way.

hurt a-way.

hurt a-way, When God shall wipe all tears a-way. There's a
hurt a-way, When God shall wipe all tears a-way. For there's

that of the joy of the morrow. When God shall wipe all tears away,
that of the joy of the morrow. When God shall wipe all tears away,

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Jesus bids us come.

1. Don't you hear Him gently calling? Jesus speaks in tones of love; He calls the weary, He calls the sorrowing, He calls the lost and poor.

2. Resting peacefully in the garden, Jesus is speaking on the Mount; He speaks of rest and comfort, comfort to those who are perishing.

3. Jesus is calling, our souls long to be near, When the night of death shall come, Let us seek for peace in the Garden of Gethsemani.

Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see God face to face, For they shall dwell in the City of God, In the company of angels, In the garden of Gethsemani. Amen.
JESUS BIDS US COME.—Concluded.

No. 112. AZMON. C. M.

Let us follow, it is Jesus bids us come; He will lead us through the valley, By the side of Jordan's stream.

He will lead us o'er the river safely home.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to defend His cause;
2. Jesus, my Lord, I know His name, His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as mountains, His promises stand, And He can well secure
4. They will He own, my worthlessness By far His Father's face.

Maintain the honor of His word, The glory of His cause
Nor will He let me soil His name, Nor let my hope be lost.
What I've committed to His hands, Till the decisive hour.
And in the new Jerusalem Appoint for me a place.
No. 118. BY AND BY WE'LL REACH OUR HOME.

BY A. HOFFMAN.

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

1. As we go our pilgrim way, bidden day by day, We are
2. It will not be very long till we join the host of song, In their
3. What a meeting that will be when with vision clear we see All the

Happy in His mercy and His love, joy fills our heart as long;
songs of grateful praise by the streams, as our feet step bring us near
dreams of our home o'er there; when we walk with them in white,

singing strains of holy song, as we journey to the mansion's-borne
our heart's desire we bear, whether our loved friends come we possess
the crowns of glory bright. And with them, the crowns of glory shine!

By and by . . . . . . we'll reach our home,

Reach our happy home on high;
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY AND BY WE'LL REACH OUR HOME.—Concluded.

No. 114. MANOAH. C.M.

1. We have the everlast—ing throne; Up on the Seraph's brow;
2. We are the marble palm, with Dio's em-powers Among the sons of men;
3. We are the pillars in depth, in silent music, And borrow its solemn still;
4. To Him I vow my life, and heart, And all the joys I know;
5. To honor the place of His abode, To bring my soul to rest;
6. Since from Thy bounty I receive Such proofs of love divine,

His hand with solemn glory crowned, His lips with grace abroad;
Father in better than all the hills, Who fills the heavenly main;
For me He bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief;
It makes me triumph o'er death, And saves me from the grave;
Shows me the glories of our God, And makes me pure complete;
And I a thousand leagues to gain. Lord, they should all be Thine.
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 115. IF NO BURDENS THERE WERE TO CARRY.

W. H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE.

1. If no burdens there were to carry, Then why should we long for rest?
2. If we never were lost in darkness, Then why should we long for light?
3. If we never had been a wand'rer, Then why should we long for home?

Ah, no sorrow is sent upon us, Save for some purpose blest.
If we never were struck with blindness, Why should we long for sight.
Ah, the glorious day is coming, When we no more shall roam.

REFRAIN.

Ev'ry trial brings us nearer, To the loving Saviour's breast,
Ev'ry sorrow shows us clearer, Where is found eternal rest.
Ev'ry sorrow shows us clearer, Where is found eternal rest.
No. 116.

SOME DAY.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

Duet.

A. J. Showalter.

1. Some day we shall be freed from sin, And feel no more of strife within;
2. Some day the clouds will lift and rise, And sin no more shall vail our eyes;
3. Some day the Lord of Paradise, With gladness will our hearts surprise,

But, fill'd with heaven's perfect peace, Our joy shall more and more increase.
But sunshine shall our hearts illume, And Christ Himself dispel our gloom.
And send us from the heav'n's above, The treasure of His perfect love.

REFRAIN.

Then, then our hearts will be at rest, With heaven's sweetest love possessed, And we shall know God's perfect peace, And joy shall more and more increase.

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1. Looking a-way un-to Je-sus, What are the ills of to-day?
2. Looking a-way un-to Je-sus, Je-sus who ev-er is near,—
3. Looking a-way un-to Je-sus, Soon we shall wea-ry no more;

Wis-dom and strength He will give us, Guid-ing us all of the way,
Sor-rows and trou-bles will van-ish; Per-fect love cast-eth out fear.
O for the rest that is prom-ised, When this brief so-journ is o'er!

Out of our weak-ness and fail-ure,—Out of tempta-tion and sin,—
Gone is the heart's bit-ter an-guish,—Throb-bings of pain and woe cease,—
O for the beau-ty of heav-en! O for the songs an-gels sing!

Kept by His grace thro' life's bat-tles, We shall the vic-to-ry win.
When to our souls fond-ly trust-ing Je-sus, our Saviour, speaks peace.
O for the meet-ing our Sav-iour, Je-sus, our Saviour and King!

REFRAIN.

Look-ing a-way! look-ing a-way! Morn-ing, even-ing, day by day;


114
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

LOOKING AWAY.—Concluded.

No. 118. FOUNTAIN OF LOVE ETERNAL.

KATE ULMER. Finley Lyon.

1. Freely in beauty, in strength and pow'r, Scatt'ring its spray a life—
2. Here for the weary there's rest most sweet, Here the sin-stained, cleansing
3. Drink of its waters abundantly, Ever abide in its

giving sow'r; Blessings bestowing untold each hour, Flows the blest
find complete; Here where the sinner and Saviour meet, At the blest
tide so free; Till we shall meet in eternity Still at the

Refrain.

Fountain of love. Fountain of love eternal, Boundless and pure and

free; Fountain of love eternal, Flowing for you and for me.
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 119. THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

JENNIE WILSON.

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, What'er the way they have trod-

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

REFRAIN.

There... will be light at the river, There...
There will be light, blessed light at the river, There will be light,
will be light at the river, There... will be
blessed light at the river, There will be light, blessed
light at the river, While the redeem'd ones pass o'er...
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 120.  
WAIT AND MURMUR NOT.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care;
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow;
4. Toil on nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot;

Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?
Thou yearnest to reach that blest a-bode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a holier than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait and murmur not.

REFRAIN.


JESUS KNOWS IT ALL.

KATE ULMER. FINLEY LYON.

1. O troubled heart be not dis-cour-aged, Je-sus guards thy trem-bling soul;
2. He hears each sigh that up-ward ris-es, Notes the fall of ev'-ry tear;
3. His lips have press'd the cup of sor-row, Cruel thorns have crown'd His brow;
4. Fear not, His grace will never fail thee, Till thou dwellest safe a-bove;

A - mid life's bit-t'rest cares and tri-als, Love di-vine still
He knows oft-times the feet grow wea-ry, Knows the day is
He trod the lone-ly path to Cal-v'ry, Faint-ing souls to
Trust on, in sun-shine or in shad-ow, Rest-ing in His

Re-frain.

has con-trol. (still has con-trol.) Je-sus knows it
oft-en drear. (is oft-en drear.) Je-sus knows, yes,
suc-cor now. (to suc-cor now.) Je-sus knows it all,
change-less love. (His changeless love.) O, let this

all, yes, Je-sus knows it all, Je-sus knows, yes, Je-sus knows it all,

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

JESUS KNOWS IT ALL.—Concluded.

No. 122. LOOK ALOFT.
Arr. by F. L. SNYDER. GEO. E. MYERS.

1. When clouds are low'ring wild and dark, When storms beat fiercely on your
2. When fear-ful shipwreck threatens you, When not a har-bor light's in
3. No star of hope may beam to-day, No bea-con shine up on your
4. O chris-tian sail-or, fear no more! Launch boldly forth for yon-der

bark, When waves obscure each well known mark, Then look, look a-loft.
view, And mor-tal hands no more can do, O, then, look a-loft.
way, Your ship no more her helm o bey, Yet look, look a-loft.
shore, And faith shall guide you safe-ly o'er, Then look, look a-loft.

Refrain.

A bove the clouds there is an eye, And tho' the tem-pest rages

high, Your blessed Saviour's ev-er nigh, O, then look, look a-loft.
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 123. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—Cor. 10: 13.

H. R. P. DUET.

HORATIO R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temptation, For yielding is sin, Each victory will help you Some other to win; Fight manfully onward, rev-erence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest conquer, Though often cast down; He who is our Saviour, Dark passions subdue, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through. Kind-hearted and true, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through. Our strength will re-new, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

2. Shun evil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in

3. To him that overcometh God giveth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

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CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 124. MAKE SOME OTHER HEART REJOICE.

C. M. F. - CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest hap-pi-ness, Would you know its great-est
2. Ple-asant smiles will cheer a droop-ing heart, Kind-ly words re-lieve a
3. Man-y hearts are crushed with bit-ter woe, Man-y hearts with grief are

bless-ed-ness, Would you know its tru-est joy-ful-ness, Make some other
bit-ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
bend-ing low, Man-y hearts need help you can be-stow, Make some other

REFRAIN.

heart re-joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kind-ly word,
Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kind-ly word.

Lend a hand to help a broth-er, Give a pleasant smile,
Lend hand to help a brother, Give a pleasant smile.

Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an-oth-er.
Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an-oth-er.

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No. 125.  

precious showers.

Precious showers, precious showers, 
On the way-worn traveler to the goal, 
Like the gentle rain upon the long life's path we're called to stray, 
When we smooth pain's pillow, or grim strive to conquer self and sight, 
When the pleas of passion fail the dew upon the morning air, 
When with willing hand some hungry thirst-y flow'rs, 
"Show'rs of blessing" fall upon the thirsty soul. 
want defeat, "Show'rs of blessing" drop along our weary way. 
heart to move, Precious "show'rs of blessing" come in living right. 
soul we fill, Precious "show'rs of blessing" answer earnest prayer.

Refrain.

Show'rs of blessing, show'rs of blessing, Precious
Precious show'rs,

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

PRECIOUS SHOWERS.—Concluded.

to-kens of a Saviour’s love,
Gen-tly fall on ev’ry true and

trust-ing heart, Like a gleam of glo-ry’s sun-shine from a-bove.

No. 126. THE SHEPHERD PSALM.
R. A. L., in “Central Presbyterian.” A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, My wants are His care,” He ten-der-ly
2. Yea, tho’ thro’ death’s shadow My pathway shall lie, Why should I fear
3. Be-fore all that hate me My ta-ble is spread, His gra-cious an-

rests me In green fields and fair; My soul He re-stor-eth, And
e-vil When Je-sus is nigh? His rod to pro-tect me, His
point-ing Be-dew-eth my head; With good-ness and mer-cy My

makes me to go, In paths of His choosing, Where still wa-ters flow.
staff me to guide, From grace un-to glo-ry, I’ll walk at His side.
cup run-neth o’er, And in the Lord’s house I will dwell ev-er-more.
1. Look up, look up, O troubled one, A glorious hope is thine;
2. He loves as none can ever love, He feels each throb of care,
3. Redeem'd thro' love, and heir thro' grace, Of life that yet shall be;
4. There is a calm for every storm, A joy for every pain,

"I have redeem'd thee," saith the Lord, "Fear not, for thou art mine."
And bids thee lean upon His breast, And lose thy sorrow there.
In all His beauty, strength and pow'r, Thine eyes the King shall see.
And they who dwell in Christ on earth, In bliss with Him shall reign.

Refrain.

Look up, look up, O troubled one, Look up, look up, O troubled one,

Thou dost not walk the way alone; Thou dost not walk the way alone;

The Lord, thy God, upholds thee, The Lord, thy God, upholds thee,

And clasps thy hand... within His own...

No. 128. BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

Firmly.

1. Bear ye one an- other's bur- dens, Bear ye one an- other's cares;
2. Bear ye one an- other's bur- dens, Lend a hand in time of need;
3. Bear ye one an- other's bur- dens, It is Christ-like so to do;
4. Bear ye one an- other's bur- dens, Great your rep- om- pense will be;

He is liv- ing most like Je- sus Who an- oth- er's sor-row shares.
He who lives His life for oth- ers Is the friend of Christ in-deed.
Je- sus spent His strength in serv- ice, Help- ing oth- ers—why not you?
Christ will say, "in help- ing oth- ers, Ye have done it un- to me."

Refrain.

Bear ye one an- other's bur- dens, Thus the law of Christ full- fill, of Christ full- fill,

He who lives His life for oth- ers Best o- beys the Master's will.

1. I see, by faith, a joy-ous land; No pain, no tears, no cry-ing;
2. I see, by faith, a land of rest, That for His own "re-main-eth;"
3. I wait, "till faith is lost in sight," Till grief in joy is end-ed;

A land whose light can know no night, Of griefs, of fears, of dy-ing.
They "o-ver-come" in Je-sus' name, Each who this rest at-tain-eth.
Till hap-py guest, at brid-al feast I en-ter in, at-tend-ed

Sad death passed o'er, and on be-fore, A joy-ful con-tem-pla-tion!
I see, by grace, each "dwelling place" Made fair by Christ's pre-par-ing;
By waving palms, by holiest palms, Till lost in light and won-der;

They'll gath-er in, souls wash'd from sin, "Of ev'-ry tribe and na-tion,"
O marriage feast which our High Priest Won for the weak, the err-ing,
In white robes drest, I'll prove heav'n blest My home-land o-ver yon-der,

For-ev-er-more, for-ev-er-more, In pure and white a-dorn-ing;
For-ev-er-more, for-ev-er-more, In that new E-den's glo-ry;
For-ev-er-more, for-ev-er-more, O joy, O rest, O splen-dor,
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

PLEASURES FOREVERMORE.—Concluded.

In joys e-ful- gence o'er and o'er We'll sing thee, land of morn-ing.
All heav-en eeh-oing o'er and o'er, We'll sing re-deption's sto-ry.
His face the li-ght than sun more bright, His love, all love more ten- der.

No. 130. PILGRIMS HOMEWARD BOUND.

Suggested by W. H. L. W. H. LAWSON.

1. We are but pil-grims far from home, Bound for those mansions so fair;
2. Soon will the toil-some jour-ney end, Soon will its cares all be past;
3. There shall we find those gone be-fore, Safe with the ransomed a-bove;

Here for a-while our feet must roam, Then we shall meet o-ver there.
Then with our Saviour, Guide and Friend, Gladly we'll shout, "home at last!"
Prais-ing the Lamb for-ev-er-more, We shall a-hide in His love.

Refrain.

Home, home, sweet home, Happy home of love o-ver there;
Home sweet home, O home e-ter-nal,

Home, home, sweet home, All thy pure de-lights we shall share
Home a-bove of joys su-per-nal,

No. 131.  BE STRONG IN THE FAITH.

D. L. B.  D. L. BEDSOE.

1. Be strong in the faith, my brother, be strong in the faith of God;
2. Be strong in the faith, my brother, be strong in the pow'r of God;
3. Be strong in the faith, my brother, be strong in the love of God;

He will keep you day by day in the straight and narrow way, be
Tho' the way be dark and steep, He your soul will safely keep, be
On the cross the Saviour died, And the law is satisfied, be

REFRAIN.

Be strong in the faith of God; He will keep you day by day,
Be strong in the pow'r of God; Tho' the way be dark and steep,
Be strong in the love of God; On the cross the Saviour died,

In the straight and narrow way, Be strong in the faith of God.
He your soul will safely keep, Be strong in the pow'r of God.
And the law is satisfied, Be strong in the love of God.

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 132. WE SHALL MEET OUR LOVED ONES THERE.
A. H. B.

A. H. Butler.

1. We shall meet those gone before, O-ver on the other shore, Where all
   partings will be o'er, by and by; (by and by) O how happy we shall
   see the promised land, by and by; (by and by) May our loved ones all be
   adoration sing, by and by; (by and by) When we hear His words well

2. We shall join the happy band, O-ver on the gold-en strand, We shall
   be, When we've crossed life's stormy sea, From all sin for-ev-er
   there, In that land beyond compare, Past all earthly toil and
done, Enter ye, your rest is won, When with faith our race is

3. We shall stand before the King, And to Him our tribute bring, Songs of
   FINE. REFRAIN.
   free, by and by, (by and by) We shall meet, we shall
   care, by and by, (by and by) We shall meet,
   run, by and by, (by and by) We shall meet,

4. We shall meet our loved ones there, by and by; O how
   we shall meet,


129
No. 133. CROSS AND CROWN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What if our bark o'er life's rough wave, By ad-verse winds be driv'n,
2. What tho' af-flic-tion be our lot, Our hearts with an-guish riv'n!
3. Our sweet-est joys here van-ish all, And fade like hues at ev'n;
4. Thou, God, our joy and rest shall be, And sor-rows far be driv'n;
5. There, from the bloom-ing tree of life, The heal-ing fruit is giv'n;

And howl-ing tem-pests round us roar?—There are no tears in heav'n.
Still, let it nev-er be for-got—There are no tears in heav'n.
Our bright-est hopes like me-teors fall—There are no tears in heav'n.
And sin and death for ev-er flee;—There are no tears in heav'n.
There, there shall cease the painful strife;—There are no tears in heav'n.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful home of love!

And they that bear the cross be-low Shall wear the crown a-bove.

No. 134. **WE'RE ON THE WAY TO CANAAN'S LAND.**

**H. G. Jackso**n.  
**W. S. Nickle.**

1. From Egypt's cruel bondage fled, O - be-dient to our Lord's command,  
2. Thro' wilder-ness-es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our steps a - right,  
3. His pow'r the smitten rock controls, A crystal stream our need supplies,  
4. In hos-tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our onward march can stay;  
5. Ere long, the River crossed, we'll meet The ransom'd host at His right hand;

And by His word and spir-it led, We're on the way to Canaan's Land!  
Behold to prove His presence here, The cloud by day, the fire by night!  
He feeds our hun-gry, fainting souls, With dai-ly man-na from the skies!  
In ev'-ry con-flict He is near, Whose presence cheers us on the way.  
And there re-ceive a welcome sweet, From our dear Lord to Canaan's Land!

**REFRAIN.**

We're on the way, a pilgrim band; We're on the way to Canaan's Land;

Di- vine-ly guid-ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 135. I'LL ALWAYS HAVE JESUS BESIDE ME.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

1. I'll always have Jesus beside me And live in the light of His love;
2. I know not if shadow or sunshine Are waiting, as onward I roam;
3. It may be my fond hopes must perish, Ambition the dearest must fall;
4. I know just a little ways farther Beyond me there lieth a vale;
5. I'll cling to His hand tho' the billows Toss wildly and lash into foam;

I know He will counsel and guide me, Wherever on earth I may rove. But this do I know, I can trust Him, Who leadeth me tenderly home. But I will His promises cherish, For He is my portion, my all. Tho' Jordan's dark waters are surging, My Pilot and Guide will not fail. I'll always have Jesus beside me, Rejoicing I'm nearing my home.

REFRAIN.

I'll always have Jesus beside me, He never will leave nor forsake;

And when all my labors are ended, I shall in His likeness awake.
1. Some day we shall stand before the great white throne, With millions of
ransomed souls; The deeds we have done on earth shall all be shown, And
world's affairs, Our lives should be full of love and happy songs, And
lost in sin That many will say when we shall meet above, We

2. Each day as we mingle with the busy throngs Engrossed in this
clearly we then shall see How idle we've been when we might have pointed
Christ's life should shine thro' ours. How idle we are when we might be pointing
helped them to find the Lord. How happy we'll be that we've pointed weary
souls To the many shining mansions above; How silent we've been
souls To the many shining mansions above; How silent when we
souls To the many shining mansions above; How happy we'll be

3. Let Christ fill our hearts so full of yearning love For souls that are
when we might have told the world Of God's wonderful redeeming love.
might be telling all the world Of God's wonderful
that we've told a sin-sick world Of God's wonderful
re-deeming love.
re-deeming love.
re-deeming love.

1. The light of the world are the children of God; The salt of the earth and the strength of His rod; But Christ is the glory reigning way out a-lone ever find; And Christians are lamps on the broad way of gloom, The sinner to turn from His ill-fated doom. virgins a-sleep, Un-lighted their lamps, to the bottomless deep. banner will wave, Till earth to His glory His power shall save. fulgent in grace That Christians reflect in the light of His face. 

2. This world is all dark and the sinner is blind, Nor can he the rugged and black is the night; For thousands are stumbling o'er clothed in habiliments pure; And high o'er the ages His 

3. Arise, then, ye Christians, and shine with your light, The way is so earth and the strength of His rod; But Christ is the glory reigning way out a-lone ever find; And Christians are lamps on the broad way of gloom, The sinner to turn from His ill-fated doom. virgins a-sleep, Un-lighted their lamps, to the bottomless deep. banner will wave, Till earth to His glory His power shall save. fulgent in grace That Christians reflect in the light of His face. 

4. Immanuel's our Captain and triumph is sure, When Zion is clothed in habiliments pure; And high o'er the ages His 

Refrain.

A-rise, a-rise, With your light and let it shine; A-rise with your light, a-rise with your light; A-rise, a-rise, Glorify the Lord divine. A-rise with your light, a-rise with your light;
1. The friends we have trust-ed may turn us a-way, The lips that have praised us may blame; But there is one Friend who will nev-er betray, ev-er the same, Je-sus is ev-er the same; Ev-er the same, Yes, Je-sus is ev-er the same...
2. The hopes that we cher-ish may prove to be vain, And per-ish the joys that we claim; But there is a prom-ise that still will re-main, ev-er the same, Je-sus is ev-er the same; Ev-er the same, Yes, Je-sus is ev-er, is ev-er the same.
3. The beau-ti-ful morning a tem-pest may bring, And lightnings a bout us may flame; But cer-tain as win-ter is fol-lowed by spring, ev-er the same, Je-sus is ev-er the same; Ev-er the same, Yes, Je-sus is ev-er the same...
4. Then let us in glad-ness o-bey His com-mands, His love and His goodness pro-claim; The King of all king-koms and Lord of all lands ev-er the same, Je-sus is ev-er the same; Ev-er the same, Yes, Je-sus is ev-er the same...
1. While the storms of life are raging round you, Fix your eyes on Jesus;
2. He controls the billows of life's ocean, Fix your eyes on Jesus;
3. When the clouds of doubt seem gathering o'er you, Fix your eyes on Jesus;
4. By and by the voyage will be ended, Fix your eyes on Jesus;

Never let the hosts of sin confound you, Fix your eyes on Jesus.
He can still the tempest's wild commotion, Fix your eyes on Jesus.
He can make the way all clear before you, Fix your eyes on Jesus.
 Safely moored in harbor well defended, Fix your eyes on Jesus.

Refrain.

He will keep you from all harm; Shield you with His mighty arm,
He will surely keep you from all harm; Shield you safely with His mighty arm.

And control the winds of every storm; Fix your eyes on Jesus.
No. 140.  THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

Louella McCutcheon.  C. L. Chamberlin.

1. Tho' hard the work and humble, The Master gives to you, Still with thy
   might perform it As He hath bid thee do. Tho' fruitless seem thy
   labor, And sad thy lot may be, Yet He who keeps the sparrow Will
   still remember thee.  

2. Perhaps but one small talent He hath on thee bestowed, Perhaps He
   bids thee carry Some very heavy load; O do not thou grow
   weary, Nor sigh too soon for rest. His help to thee is promised, He
   knoweth what is best.  

3. And if where weeds grow thickest He bids thee seek for grain, Then be thy
   search untiring, And do not thou complain; For to the faithful
   servant Is promised great reward, And only such shall enter The
   kingdom of their Lord.

Refrain.

shad and sun, Till Christ, the Master, sayeth, "Thy work hath been well done."

No. 141.

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—Num. 10: 29.

ISAAC WATTS.

Robert Lowry.

Spirited.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord,
   chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King,
   fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
   march-ing thro' Immannel's ground, We're marching thro' Immannel's ground,

2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad,
   or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.

3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-
   To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.

4. Then let our songs a-bound And ev'-ry tear be dry; We're And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

REFRAIN.

We're march-ing to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on; We're

march-ing upward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.

By per. of the Author.
1. To Christ be loyal and be true; His banner be unfurled,
2. To Christ be loyal and be true; He needs brave volunteers
3. To Christ be loyal and be true; In noble service prove
4. To Christ be loyal and be true, And He will be your friend,

And borne aloft till is secured The conquest of the world.
To stand against the pow'rs of sin, Moved not by frowns or fears.
Your faith and your fidelity, The fervor of your love.
Defending and protecting you To life's triumphant end.

Refrain.

To Christ, the Lord, be true, For He will go with you,
ev-er true, For He will ev-er go with you,

And help you all your conflicts thro'; To Christ, the Lord, be true.
ev-er true.
CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

No. 143. WALKING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS.

W. H. GARDNER. 

1. Would you flee from darkest shadows? Are you press'd by hosts of sin?
2. Brother, are you ever tempted? Is your spirit sorely tried?
3. Are you, brother, faint and weary? Does the light of hope burn dim?

Walk ye then in Jesus' foot-steps, Put your trust alone in Him.
Walk ye then in Jesus' foot-steps, Keep ye close, then, by His side.
Walk ye then in Jesus' foot-steps, Put your trust alone in Him.

REFRAIN.

Walk-ing in His foot-steps, Lean-ing on His arm,
Walk-ing in His foot-steps, Lean-ing on His arm,

He will ev-er keep you Safe from ev'-ry harm, Safe from ev'-ry harm.
He will ev-er keep you
No. 144.

WHOLLY THINE.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

1. May my life be spent in service For the Master whom I own;
2. Take my heart to be Thy dwelling. Make it fit for Thee, my Lord,
3. Consecrate my life for service, Thon hast bought me for Thine own,
4. Consecrate me wholly, Master, Undivided be Thy way;

Jesus, guide each thought and action, In my heart set up Thy throne,
Help me cast away all idols, Christ alone be there adored,
Thou hast purchased my redemption, I would live for Thee alone.
Lord, accept my heart's allegiance, Make me wholly Thine for aye.

REFRAIN.

Make me Thine . . and Thine alone,
Consecrate me for Thine own,
More and more Thy likeness bear,
More and more Thy goodness share.

1. Let us labor for the Master, In His vine-yard here below;
2. Let us love and plead with sinners, Tell them Jesus came to die.
3. There are sick souls that wander In the darkness and the cold,

Using faithfully our talents And a blessing He'll bestow;
That they might have life eternal In a happy home on high;
Let us bring them to the Shepherd And the safety of the fold;

There is need of earnest workers In the cause of Christ today,
Let us go into the hedges And the many haunts of sin—
Let us heal the broken hearted With the precious balm of love,

And the Saviour's kind approval Shall our labor well repay.
There are lost ones on the mountains, Jesus bids us bring them in.
Bid them take their griefs to Jesus And a throne of grace above.

REFRAIN.

We will labor, we will labor with our might,

LET US LABOR FOR THE MASTER.—Concluded.

In the service of our Lord;
In the service, blessed service of our Lord, of our Lord;

When we triumph, when we triumph for the Right,
When we triumph for the Right, for the Right,

Great will be our soul's reward.
Great will be our soul's reward, our soul's reward.

No. 146. LABAN. S. M.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The battle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine arm-or down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.
The work of faith will not be done Till thou obtain the crown,
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath, To His divine abode.
No. 147. CAN THE LORD DEPEND ON YOU?

M. L. HOFFORD.

CHRIStIAN ACTIVITY.

Asa Hull.

1. There's a warfare sin is wag-ing bold and strong, And the conflict has been
2. Don't you see the foe advanc-ing, march-ing on, With their armor upward
3. Don't you hear God's armies treading on life's way? See! His word of truth they're

rag-ing fierce and long; But the hosts of God must conquer, for
glancing in the sun? Don't you hear God's bugle calling the
spread-ing day by day; Don't you hear the call for help-ers who

they are brave and true; Oh, say! my broth-er, can the Lord de-pend on you?
faith-ful and the true; Oh, say! my broth-er, can the Lord de-pend on you?
will His bidding do? Oh, say! my broth-er, can the Lord de-pend on you?

Refrain.

Oh, say! my broth-er, can the Lord de-pend on you, Will you

be His loy-al sol-dier, brave and true? He is call-ing us to du-ty, it

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CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

CAN THE LORD DEPEND ON YOU?—Concluded.

means there's work to do; Oh, say! my broth-er, can the Lord depend on you?

No. 148.

"IN HIS NAME."

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.          S. MILLER WHITFIELD.

1. In the name of the Lord you love, Scatter life's golden grain;
2. "In His name" speak a loving word, Speak it to some sad heart;
3. "In His name" do a kind-ly deed, Helping a struggling soul;
4. "In His name" seek to make the world Bright-er with love and cheer,

"Bounteons har-ves ts the seed will yield, In ev'-ry vale and plain.
Spoken kind-ly, perchance it may Com-fort and cheer im-part.
Faith and cour-age you may in-spire, New strength to reach the goal.
Blest in do-ing the Mas-ter's will, Checking the flow-ing tear.

REFRAIN.

Speak "in His name" a lov-ing word, Do "in His name" a kind-ly deed,

Be un-to oth-ers, as was your Lord, A friend in time of need.


145
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

No. 149. MARCHING, MARCHING.

E. F.S.   E. F. STANTON. Arr. by A. J. S.

1. Marching, marching, Steadily on we go, Toiling, fighting,
2. Marching, marching, seeking the sinners blind, Hoping, trusting,
3. Marching, marching, telling of God's free grace, Christ on Calvary
4. Marching, marching, treading the narrow way, All God's precepts

conquer ing ev'ry foe; Marching, marching, Jesus the Holy One,
praying for all mankind; Marching, marching, soldiers of God are we,
suffered to save our race; Marching, marching, led by the Son of God,
daily we would obey; Marching, marching, soon will the warfare end,

Crowned with glory, bids us with faith go on. Marching,
Christ our Captain, promises victory.
Walking in the paths which our fathers trod.
Then in glory ages of bliss we'll spend. Marching, we're marching,

marching, Onward, upward, Joyfully on we go; Marching,
marching, we're marching,

marching, Trusting Jesus, conquering ev'ry foe.
marching, marching, we're marching,


146
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

No. 150. BUILDING FOR ETERNITY.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. On the solid Rock or the shifting sand We are building
day by day: Will our work abide, or when storms assail
2. If we build in faith on the changeless Rock, Tho' our toiling
be with tears, What our hands have wrought we shall see with joy In the
3. If our building rests on the sands of time, Tho' we view it
now with pride, It will be o'erthrown to our grief and shame By the
4. On the strong foundation which God has laid, Let us build with
trustful pray'r, Then no storms of wrath nor the floods of death To our

Refrain.

soon be swept away? light of heav'en's years. Are we building for eternity?
souls will bring despair.

Are we building for eternity? On the ever-lasting
Rock, which no tempest's force can shock, Are we building for eternity?

1. Out in the broad fields hear the reapers calling, Hear the reapers calling over hill and plain; From dewy morning pleading some lost soul to gain; Down by the wayside singing in a glad refrain; Sheaves for the Master's sowing shall He call in vain? Go forth to-day, the night is falling, Till the night is falling, reaping golden grain. They are interceding, Kindly interceding for the scattered grain. Garnering they are bringing, Joyfully they're bringing sheaves of ripened grain. Earnest summons heeding, To the ripe field speeding, gather in the grain.

2. Out in the by-ways hear the reapers pleading, Hear the reapers pleading some lost soul to gain; Down by the wayside singing in a glad refrain; Sheaves for the Master's sowing shall He call in vain? Go forth to-day, the night is falling, Till the night is falling, reaping golden grain. They are interceding, Kindly interceding for the scattered grain. Garnering they are bringing, Joyfully they're bringing sheaves of ripened grain. Earnest summons heeding, To the ripe field speeding, gather in the grain.

3. Out on the high-ways hear the reapers singing, Hear them sweetly singing in a glad refrain; Sheaves for the Master's sowing shall He call in vain? Go forth to-day, the night is falling, Till the night is falling, reaping golden grain. They are interceding, Kindly interceding for the scattered grain. Garnering they are bringing, Joyfully they're bringing sheaves of ripened grain. Earnest summons heeding, To the ripe field speeding, gather in the grain.

4. White are the fields, and Christ your help is needing, Christ your help is coming over hill and plain; From dewy morning pleading some lost soul to gain; Down by the wayside singing in a glad refrain; Sheaves for the Master's sowing shall He call in vain? Go forth to-day, the night is falling, Till the night is falling, reaping golden grain. They are interceding, Kindly interceding for the scattered grain. Garnering they are bringing, Joyfully they're bringing sheaves of ripened grain. Earnest summons heeding, To the ripe field speeding, gather in the grain.

Refrain.

Lo! ... the Master's fields are ripe for reaping, Go into the high ways, In the lonely by-ways; Though ... the seed was though the precious seed was.
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

HARVESTING THE GRAIN.—Concluded.

sown with bitter weeping Ye shall reap in gladness Sheaves of ripened grain.

No. 152.    OLIVET. 6, 4.

RAY PALMER.

Dr. L. 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 sul len stream

Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal inspire; As Thou hast died for me, O 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; O, 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 aside.
trust remove; O, bear me safe above, A ransomed soul.

149
No. 153.  
CHRI8TIAN ACTIVITY.

SPEED THE LIGHT.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. Mark 16: 15.  
J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There's a land beyond the sea Where the fields are white and fair; Hear the cry, oh, souls redeem'd—From the lost ones over there. Speed the light, or else we die, 
2. Hear our cry, for soon for us Day will sink in end- less night; Give us help ere 'tis too late.—Speed the light, oh, speed the light!—Je-sus white and fair; Hear the cry, oh, souls re-deem'd,—REFRAIN.
3. Still they cry! give heed, oh, soul, Je-sus died that they might live; Dare ye turn a deaf-ened ear? Dare re-fuse the light to give? 
4. Know, my soul, tis not e-nough That you sing and soft-ly pray; Speed the light, oh, speed the light! 

From the lost ones over there.

SOUlS re-deeme'd, oh, speed the light. Heed, oh, heed our anguished cry,—Speed the light, oh, speed the light.

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No. 154.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

JESUS SAVES.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joyful sound, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
2. Waft it on the rolling tide, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
3. Sing above the battle's strife, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
4. Give the winds a mighty voice, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;

Spread the gladness all around, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Tell to sinners, far and wide, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
By His death and endless life, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Let the nations now rejoice, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;

Bear the news to ev'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye islands of the sea, Echo back, ye ocean caves,
Sing it softly 'thro' the gloom, When the heart for mercy craves,
Shout salvation full and free, Highest hill and deepest caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
Earth shall keep her Jubilee, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
This our song of victory, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

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CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

No. 155. PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR.

FRANCES V. HUBBARD. ASA HULL.

1. Put on the armor of the Lord, That you may stand in that great day,
2. The breast-plate strong of righteousness, Loins girt with truth, feet shod with peace;
3. The helmet of salvation take, The shield of faith shall turn away
4. Put on the armor! In Thy hand The two-edged sword all glittering wave!

When all shall gather at His word, When earthly things shall pass away,
Go boldly forth, thy God shall bless, And hear those pray'rs that never cease.
All the assaults the wicked make; Stand and withstand in that great day.
Go forth, go forth a valiant band, God save the right, protect the brave!

REFRAIN.

Then, soldier, rise, the foe is near! A-rise, and arm you for the fight;

In His name conquer, never fear, Press boldly on for God and right!

REFRAIN. mp

Press boldly on, the foe is near; A-rise, and

Press boldly on, . . . . . . the foe is near; A-rise, and

BASS SOLO, OR BASS AND TENOR.

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CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR.—Concluded.

A-rise, and arm you for the fight! And nev-er fear,
arm you for the fight! And nev-er fear,

Press boldly on for God and right!
Press boldly on for God and right, for God and right!

Press boldly on for God and right!
Press boldly on for God and right, for God and right!

No. 156.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a so-l-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ri ed to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord,

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y. seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

153
No. 157.  
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY.  
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

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-

and 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 wonderfully sweet. I love to tell the

ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

story. Because I know 'tis true; It satisfies my longings As
story, it did so much for me! And that is just the reason I
story, For some have never heard The message of salvation From
glory I sing the new, new song; Twill be—the old, old story That

nothing else can do. I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in
tell it now to thee. God's own holy word. I have lov'd so long.

glory, To tell the old, old story, Of Jesus and His love.

154
No. 158.

ARE YOU WORKING?

E. R. LATTA.

1. Are you working in the Saviour's vineyard, Where there's much for everyone to do? Are you idling in the market places, and the noontide ray? Are you striving for His cause and kingdom, toiling with your might? Every season, hoping, ever hoping, saying no one has commanded you? Work, work for Jesus, Hear Him and obey—To the fields away!

2. Are you working in the Saviour's vineyard, In the morning for the world and for the nation? Toil, toil in earnest, Christ your labor will repay. Work, work for Jesus, Toil in earnest, toil in earnest.

3. Are you working in the Saviour's vineyard, Watch-ing, pray-ing, and praying for the nations, For the world and for the nation, Toil, toil in earnest, Christ your labor will repay. Work, work for Jesus, Work for Jesus, Work for Jesus, Work for Jesus, Work for Jesus.
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

No. 159.  
SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

No.159.
SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.
Marcia.

Eph. 6: 11.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We are soldiers in the army. We are under marching orders, We are
2. Tho' the way be rough and thorny, Tho' the foe be strong and wily, Forward
3. Joy to us is pain and hunger, Sweet to us is sound of battle, For we

now to move against a mighty foe; We have buckled on the armor, sounds the call, and bold we march along, And the legions camp around us, see a crown and kingdom to be won, To our Leader we'll be loyal,

REFRAIN.

The Lord of hosts, is our defense,

The Lord of hosts,............. is our defense,............. He is our

our refuge and our strength, The Lord of hosts, ref - uge and strength, and strength, The Lord of hosts,.............

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CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY.—Concluded.

is our defense, is our ever-lasting strength.

No. 160. WORK, WATCH AND PRAY.

E. F. S. E. F. Stanton.

1. Work for the Lord, for thee He suffered, Languished in dark Gethsemane;
2. Watch for the Lord is coming quickly, Coming to wed His spotless bride;
3. Pray for the Lord to send more laborers Into the field to reap the grain;

Labor for Him and share His glory, Reign on the earth eternally.
If you are faithful at His coming, Ever with Him thou shalt abide.
Go into all the world, preach Jesus—Merciful Lamb for sinner's slain.

Refrain.

Do His commandments, God glorify; Reign on the earth eternally.
1. Out in the harvest-field are waiting Ripe golden sheaves that our
hands should bring, Safe to the garners of life eternal,
Master calls us, Out where the harvest is waving white, Out in the
field of the Lord are waiting Sheaves we should gather ere falls the night.

2. Out in the harvest-field are reapers, Faint 'neath the burdens of
toil they bear, Let us not stand where the idle linger,
Tributes of love to our Saviour King.
When He will blesséd rewards bestow.

3. Out in the harvest-field would Jesus Fain have each loving be-
liever go, Serv'ing in faith till their tasks are finished,
Haste, let us go where the Bid ing us labors of earth to leave.

4. Out in the harvest-field till day-light Wanes to the dusk of the
dewy eve, Work for the Lord till we hear His summons,
1. Ho! reapers of life's harvest, Why stand with rust-ed blade,
2. Thrust in your sharpened sick-le, And gather in the grain,
3. Come down from hill and mountain In morn-ing's rude-ly glow,
4. Mount up the heights of Wis-dom, And crush each er-ror low;

Un-ti-l the night draws round thee, And day be-gins to fade?
The night is fast ap-proach-ing, And soon will come a-gain.
Nor wait un-ti-l the di-al Points to the noon be-low;
Keep back no words of know ledge That hu-man hearts should know.

Why stand ye i-dle, wait-ing, For reapers more to come?
The Mas-ter calls for reapers, And shall He call in vain?
And come with strong-er sin-ew, Nor faint in heat or cold,
Be faith-ful to thy mis-sion, In serv-ice of Thy Lord,

The gold-en morn-is pass-ing, Why sit ye i-dle, dumb?
Shall sheaves lie there un-gath-ered, And waste up-on the plain?
And pause not till the even-ing Draws round its wealth of gold.
And then a gold-en chap-let, Shall be Thy just re-ward.
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

No. 163. VOLUNTEERS ARE WANTED.

F. L. SYNDER.  GEO. E. MYERS.

1. In this world of sorrow There are wrongs to right: Ho! then, to the
2. Satan and his lies Wage a war sore, Bringing de-vas-
3. Men are daily dying, Crushed beneath the wrong By a dead-ly

conflict, All ye sons of might; Satan's hosts are marching
ta-tion To our very door; Christ, our Captain call-eth:
army, Vig-i-lant and strong; Hear the call of Jesus,

With de-fiant tread, Fall in line for battle, Christ is at the head.
Take the sword and shield, Strike the foe-man bold-ly, Drive him from the field.
Ev-erywhere you go, Volunteers are wanted To engage the foe!

REFRAIN.

Vol-un-teers are want-ed, Souls for Christ to win, And pre-paré for

bat-tle 'Gainst the mon-stér, sin; Ev-ery-where are want-ed

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CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

VOLUNTEERS ARE WANTED.—Concluded.

Soldiers great and small, To enlist for service: Who will heed the call?

No. 164.

HEAR THE CRY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Far away beyond the deep, On the winds that never sleep,
2. O'er the wild and heaving main Shall their cry be heard in vain?
3. Haste the word of truth to bear On the wings of faith and prayer;

Precious souls in heathen lands Reach to us their pleading hands.
Let our hearts with pity glow, And our tears in sorrow flow.
Haste the Bread of Life to break For the dear Redeemer's sake.

REFRAIN.

Hear the cry! O send the light! You whose homes are warm and bright;

Send the light our hearts to cheer, Leave us not to perish here.


161
Refrain.

When the gates of pearl un-fold, And the glories we be-hold
That are wait-ing for the souls that o-ver-come, We'll
1. Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds, Along the fertile field, For
great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give. Then day by
grace, be gathered home at last.

2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live; Tho'
joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

3. The harvest home of God will come, And after toil and care, With
ise cast... That ripened grain... from hill and
plain... Be gathered home... at last.

Refrain.
grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield. Then day by
gain... That ripened grain... from hill and
plain... Be gathered home... at last.
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

No. 167.

GO FORTH AND WORK.

G. E. M.

Geo. E. Myers.

1. Go forth in the vineyard, the Master's call obey; The ripened fields are waiting, do not longer delay; The harvest is great but the labor lone ly on the des erts of sin; Be certain, courageous, and labor

2. Go out in the by-ways and bring the wand'rans in; Search out the lost and err ing to the Truth and the Way; No longer stand idle, gird on thy

3. Then up and be doing, and work while yet 'tis day; O guide the weak and workers are few, O heed the call for workers, and to Jesus be true. with a will To serve the lo v ing Master, His commands to fulfill.

strength a right, Whatever thou dost find to do, O do it with thy might.

Refrain.

Go forth ... and work to day, ... and work to day.

The Master's call obey; ... The Master's call,

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No. 168. WHILE WE LABOR FOR THEE. 12, 8.

"Establish thou the work of our hands."—Ps. 90:17.

J. O. BARNHART.

1. While we labor for Thee in the vine-yard be-low, Dear Lord, give us
strength to endure; As we daily en-deavor some good seed to sow,

2. Tho' we scatter the seed with a hand that is weak, O may ev'ry
mo-tive be pure; While with fal-tering lips to the sin-ner we speak,

3. Toil-ing now for the Mas-ter and plead-ing in tears With souls which the
world doth al-lure; Tho' we still must a-wait for the har-vest of years,

REFRAIN.

Es-tab-lish our work, make it sure. Yea, es-tab-lish the work of our

hands, blessed Lord, And grant it may ev-er en-dure; As Thy glo-ry ex-
pands in all kingdoms and lands, Es-tab-lish our work, make it sure.
No. 169. Marching on to Glory Day by Day.

Jennie Wilson.

A. J. Robertson.

We are marching on to glory day by day; Trusting
We are marching on to glory day by day; Passing
We are marching on to glory day by day; Seeking
We are marching on to glory day by day; With the

in our holy leader through whatever may betide,
oft through pleasant valleys where refreshing waters flow,
heaven's shining city, life eternal there to gain,
company of pure ones to unite in victory's psalm,

fine. Refrain.

We are marching on to glory day by day. We are marching on to
glory day by day, We are marching on to glory day by day;

D.S.—We are marching on to glory day by day.
Marching on to Glory Day by Day.—Concluded.

No. 170. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Dr. MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours,
   Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers;
   Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun,
   Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sunny noon;
   Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon;
   Give every flying minute something to keep in store;
   Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies;
   While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies;
   Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more;
   Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.
No. 171. NOT ALONE.
A Chinese convert said "I cannot go to Jesus alone."

E. E. HEWITT.

1. I would not travel on alone, To that bright Land of Song;
2. I would not travel on alone, For Jesus came for me
3. I would not travel on alone; O, be some jewel mine

I long to lead some others there, To join the white-robled throng.
That I might leave the ways of sin, And His disciple be;
To lay at my Redeemer's feet, To swell His joy divine.

Some dear ones in the household group, Some friends a-long the way;
So let me to some other hearts The blessed message bring,
'Tis sweet to know His precious love, 'Tis sweet to tell it too;

Can I not gently speak to them A winning word today?
That other lips may sing with me The praises of our King.
My Saviour gives me work for Him That angels cannot do.

Refrain.

I love my Saviour, yes, I do; Make me, O Lord, Thy witness true;

For not a-lone, O not a-lone, Would I ap-pear be-fore the throne.

No. 172. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. B. GOULD.  A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus go-ing on be-fore.
2. Like a mighty ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed; All one bod-y we,
In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud and hon-or Un-to Christ, the King;

Re-frain.

Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go.
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty! Onward, Christian sol-diers!
This thro’ countless a-ges Men and angels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus go-ing on be-fore.
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

No. 173. SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN. GEO. C. HUGH.

1. Scattering precious seed by the wayside, scattering
2. Scattering precious seed for the growing, scattering
3. Scattering precious seed, doubting never, scattering

precious seed by the hill-side; scattering precious seed
precious seed freely sowing; scattering precious seed
precious seed, trusting ever; sowing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, scattering precious seed by the way.
trusting, knowing, surely the Lord will send it the rain.
and endeavor, trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

REFRAIN.

Sowing in the morning,
Sowing the precious seed,

Sowing at the noon-tide;
Sowing the precious seed;
No. 176. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke 14: 19.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, child to receive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently: grace can restore: Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness, Lord will provide: Back to the narrow way Patiently win them;

2. Though they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the penitent

3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that

4. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it; Strength for thy labor the

REFRAIN.

Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save. He will forgive if they truly believe. Chords that were broken will vibrate once more. Rescue the perishing.

Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Care for the dying: Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

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No. 177.

TELL IT ABROAD!

E. R. Latta.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. There's redemption for the straying, Tell it abroad! (tell it abroad!)
2. Jesus died to bring salvation, Tell it abroad! (tell it abroad!)
3. There's a prize that shall be given, Tell it abroad! (tell it abroad!)

'Tis a glad and faithful saying—Tell it abroad! (tell it abroad!)

To the lost of every nation, Tell it abroad! (tell it abroad!)
To the rightful heirs of heaven, Tell it abroad! (tell it abroad!)

For the lost ones Christ is seeking, To their hearts His voice is speaking,
All among the bitter fountains, In the vale, or on the mountains,
Does your spirit long to gain it? Are you striving to obtain it?

Ere the morning light is breaking, Tell it abroad! (tell it abroad!)
Is the Shepherd's smiling countenance! Tell it abroad! (tell it abroad!)
You may ever-more retain it! Tell it abroad! (tell it abroad!)

D.S.—precious life-blood given! Tell it abroad! (tell it abroad!)

REFRAIN.

Tell it abroad! O wondrous story!
Tell it abroad! O wondrous story, wondrous story!

Fine.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

TELL IT ABROAD!—Concluded.

Of the Christ who came from glory,
Of the Christ who came from glory, came from glory,

Left His Father's home in heaven, For our sins His heart was riven, And His

No. 178. SEWELL. 7.

F. R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;
5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure-store;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly for my King.
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
Take my self, and I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee.


175
HUMBLE WORKERS.

"These were the potters, and those that dwelt among plants, and hedges; there they dwelt with the King for his work."—1 Chron. 4: 23.

1. In the palace of a king, Courly deeds, grand honors bring, And there's work for humble workers ev'rywhere; All cannot be statesmen, grave, Or be ceaseless chase of wealth, and folly's toys, There are hedgesto be 'set,' Train'd and children of our tender care and love; Minds are moulded, not with words—But like sured such la-bor will its honors bring. Tho' no courtier's robes you wear, And no courtiers,—grand and brave, There are planters, hedgers, potters need-ed there. trimm'd, without re-gret, Lest temptation's wiles ensnare our girls and boys.

2. In sin's pleasure-painted street, Where vice leads, with swift-wing'd feet, In the clay, in skillful hands, into vases fitted for "the King," above. palace honors share, You are "humble workers" dwelling with "the King."

3. In the field of "Ev'ry-Day," We're the potters to the clay, In the
4. Train a hedge, or plant a flow'r: Mould the clay each day and hour; Be as

Refrain.

There is work for the King, to be done, by ev'-ry one.
HUMBLE WORKERS.—Concluded.

No. 180. NETTLETON. 8, 7. D.

R. ROBINSON. Asahel Nettleton. FINE.

1. O Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
   Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer; Hitherto by Thy help I've come;
   And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to ar'rive at home.

3. O to grace how great a debt—or Daily I'm constrained to be;
   Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind me closer still to Thee.

D.C.—While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love.
D.C.—He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.
D.C.—By Thy Word and Spirit guide me, Till I reach Thy courts above.

Teach me ever to adore Thee: May I still Thy goodness prove,
Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from Thy fold, O God;
Never let me wander from Thee, Never leave Thee, whom I love;
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

No. 181. RAISE ALOFT THE STANDARD.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

1. Raise aloft the standard, Let the colors fly; See our loyal army Proudly moving by; Jesus, is the Captain of our mighty band. Sound the song of triumph, Over sea and land.

2. Raise aloft the standard, Be its folds unfurled; Tell to every people, God doth rule the world; Herald His salvation, Of our mighty band. Sound the song of triumph, Over sea and land.

3. Raise aloft the banner, In the ranks stand fast; Soldiers true and valiant, Fight until the last; Battle brave and loyal, Of our mighty band. Sound the song of triumph, Over sea and land.

REFRAIN.

Glory in the highest, Jesus leads the way; Glory in the highest, Cometh no dismay; Raise aloft the standard, Of our mighty band. Sound the song of triumph, Over sea and land.

RAISE ALOFT THE STANDARD.—Concluded.

Let the colors fly, Jesus is our Leader; On to victory!

No. 182. WHAT WE WILL BE.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We will be sowers for Jesus, Sowing for Him precious seed;
2. We will be gleaners for Jesus, Out on life's broad harvest-field;
3. We will be jewels for Jesus, Shining in beauty for Him;

If they grow grain for His garner We shall be happy indeed.
Gathering grain that the reapers Leave from the bountiful yield.
Gleaming in hearts that are lonely, Light in some pathway that's dim.

Speaking and acting in kindness, Greeting each one with a smile,
Gleaming and singing together, After the reapers we'll go,
Then in your beautiful heaven, When He shall make up His own,

Sowing in love for the Master, Sowing to reap afterward.
Tho' they bear sheaves and we handfuls, Christ will reward us, we know.
We shall be gems for His crowning, Shining for Jesus alone.

1. We are on our way to the realms of day, Marching home, we're
2. In those mansions bright dwell the saints in light, Marching home, we're
3. We will work each day while we watch and pray, Marching home, we're
4. By and by, in love, we'll be called above, Marching home, we're

We are marching home; And the God of love beckons
We are marching home; And for us they wait at the
We are marching home; We will trust the Lord and His
We are marching home; There to find our rest with the

from above, Marching home, we're marching home.
pearly gate, Marching home, we're marching home.
own sure word, Marching home, we're marching home.
pure and blest, Marching home, we're marching home.

Refrain.

We are marching home to God, In the
way our father's trod, And we'll shout and
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

MARCHING HOME.—Concluded.

sing praise to Christ our King, While we march . . . to Canaan's land.

while we march to Ca-naan's land, happy land.

No. 184. ZERAH. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON. Lowell Mason.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
2. His name shall be the Prince of peace, For ever-more adored,
3. His pow'r, in-creas-ing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know;
4. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;

Him shall the tribes of earth o-bey; Him, all the hosts of heav'n;
The Won-der-ful, the Coun-sel-or, The great and might-y Lord!
Justice shall guard His throne a-bove, And peace a-bound be-low;
The Won-der-ful, the Coun-sel-or, The might-y Lord of heav'n!

Him shall the tribes of earth o-bey; Him, all the hosts of heav'n.
The Won-der-ful, the Coun-sel-or, The great and might-y Lord.
Justice shall guard His throne a-bove, And peace a-bound be-low.
The Won-der-ful, the Coun-sel-or, The might-y Lord of heav'n.

181
No. 185.

PRESSING ON.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

A. J. Showalter.

1. Press-ing on to the joys a-wait-ing me, In the
Par-a-dise so blest; Pressing on to the mansions fair to
see, Where the wea-ry are at rest. Pressing on,
press-ing on, To the goal that is be-fore; Pressing
Par-a-dise so blest; Pressing on to the man-sions fair to
tain the heav’n-ly prize; Pressing on to the home where Je-sus
pur-pose true and pure, To that fair land of glad-ness and of
is, In the land be-yond the skies.
Pressing on,
Press-ing on, Pressing on to Heav-en’s door.

song, Which for-ev-er shall en-dure.

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LOVE OF THE SAVIOUR.

No. 186.

HE LOVES ME.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. for this work.

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glories in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While His dear cross appears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe;

Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pity, grace unknown! And love beyond degree,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died, For man, the creature's sin,
Disolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do.

REFRAIN.

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

He gave Himself to die for me, Because He loves me so.
LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.

No. 187. ADORATION.

ADALYN • A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Jesus, I love Thee; Seraphs above me Share in a
   rapture sweeter than this! Just to be near Thee, See and re-
   vere Thee.

2. Christ, I adore Thee, Prostrate before Thee, Here at Thy
   feet my all I resign; What are life's crosses, Pleasures or loss-
   es, wor-thy, let me abide, Loving Thee ev-

3. O Thou divine One! Great and benign One! Tho' I'm un-
   to-rious. Kingdoms and crowns are cast at Thy feet; O Thou most ho-

REFRAIN.

Filleth my soul with heavenly bliss.
   If I but know Thy favor is mine? Saviour all-glorious! Christ, the vic-
   Kept thro' Thy mercy, close by Thy side!

Tho' I am lowly, I would approach Thy great mercy seat.
LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.

No. 188. BALERMA. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by R. SIMPSON.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart resigned, sub-misive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne,
3. O for a lowly contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in every thought renewed, And filled with love divine;

A heart that always feels the blood So freely shed for me.
Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
Which neither life nor death can part From Him who dwells within.
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A copy, Lord, of Thine.

No. 189. HURSLEY. L. M.

JOHN KEBLE. Arr. by WM. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My weared eyes gently steep,
3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I cannot live;
4. Beneath to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

O may no earth-born cloud a rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose myself in heav'n above.
LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.

No. 190. THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE.

A. D. NYAL. John 21:17. LEE BRYAN WHEELER, by per.

1. Thou know-est that I love Thee! For Thou canst read my heart,
2. Thou know-est that I love Thee, Lo! at Thy feet I fall;
3. Thou know-est that I love Thee—O lift me to Thy breast!

And there Thine eye behold-est How dear to me Thou art.
Thou art my hope of heav-en, Thou art my All in All.
With-in Thy arms so ten-der My soul would sweet-ly rest.

Refrain.

I love Thee, I love Thee, Dear Lord, my heart is Thine;

And tho' I am un-worth-y, I know Thy love is mine.

No. 191. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

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LOVE FOR THE Saviour.

MORE LOVE TO THEE.—Concluded.

Voices in Unison.

prayer I make On bended knee. This is my earnest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best. This all my prayer shall be,
messengers, Sweet their refrain, When they can sing with me,
parting cry My heart shall raise. This still it's prayer shall be,

Full Harmony.

FORE love, O Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!

No. 192. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6, 4.

(May be sung to "Bethany," if so preferred.)

Mrs. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Nea—rer, my God, to Thee, Nea—rer 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 wak—ing thought's 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,
over me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be,
send—est me, In mer—cy giv'n; An—gels to beck—on me,
ston—y griefs, Beth—el I'll raise; So by my woes to be,
estars 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!
CONSECRATION.

No. 193. MORE LIKE MY SAVIOUR.

E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

1. More like my Saviour my spirit would be, Cleansed from all evil His pure eyes can see; Bearing His likeness with-kindness of heart I would have; More of His likeness I lowly and meek as was He; Rendering service to

2. More of His sweetness of temper I crave, More of His in me alway, Waking in love with all people each day. daily would wear, More of His beautiful character share. others in need, Showing the fruit of the Spirit indeed.

3. Noble, forgiving, and pure would I be, Humble and More like my Saviour, More like my Saviour I long to be; More like my Saviour I long to be,

More like my Saviour Till naught of sin abideth in me. More like my Saviour... I long to be.

CONSECRATION.

No. 194.

ALL FOR JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.  FINLEY LYON.

1. Blessed life of consecration, Yielded to the Lord our King, (our King,)
2. By His grace, redeemed, forgiven, I would glorify His name; (His name)
3. All for Jesus; He has bought me, For His blood was shed for me; (for me;)

Of His utmost salvation, Let His ransomed children sing.
Fleeting hours to Him be given, Let my life His praise proclaim.
Now dear Saviour, Thou hast taught me, All I have to bring to Thee.

Refrain.

All, all for Jesus, all, all for Jesus, Happy in the love that sets me free, (sets me free,) All, all for Jesus, all, all for

Jesus, All my life for Him who died for me, (who died for me.)
CONSECRATION.

No. 195.

ELLESDIE. 8, 7. D.

HENRY F. LYTE.
Arr. from W. A. MOZART.

1. Jesus, my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow Thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour too;
3. Go then, earthly fame and treasure! Come dis-s-tress, scorn, and pain!
4. Man may trouble and distress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;

Des-ti-tute, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like man, untrue;
In Thy service pain is pleasure; With Thy favor loss is gain.
Life with trials hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.

Perish ev'ry fond ambition, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
And while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wisdom, love, and might,
I have called Thee, Abba, Fa-ther; I have stayed my heart on Thee:
O'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;

Yet how rich is my condition, God and heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.
O'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with Thee.
No. 196.

BEALOTH. S. M. D.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode,
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend;
3. Jesus, Thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King,

The Church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood;
To her my cares and toils be given, Till toil and cares shall end.
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring.

I love Thy church, O God, Her walls before Thee stand,
Beyond my highest joy, I prize her heavenly ways,
Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given

Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.
THE CHURCH.

No. 197. ARM OF THE LORD, AWAKE!

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.  Is. 51: 9.  A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Arm of the Lord, a-wake, a-wake, Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
2. Say to the heathen from Thy throne, “I am Je-ho-vah, God a-lone!”
3. No more let human blood be spilt, Vain sacrifice for human guilt;

And let the world, ador-ing see Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
Thy voice their idols shall confound, And cast their altars to the ground.
But to each conscience be applied The blood that flow’d from Jesus’ side.

Refrain.

Almight-y God, Thy grace proclaim, In ev-’ry
Almight-y God,

clime, of ev-’ry name, Till ad-verse pow’rs
of ev-’ry name, Till ad-verse pow’rs

be-fore Thee fall, And crown the Sav-iour, Lord of all.
be-fore Thee fall,
1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God,
   He whose word can not be broken, Formed thee for His own abode:
   With salvation's walls surround ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2. See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love,
   Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove:
   Who can faint while such a river Ever flows their thirst 'assuage?

3. Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear,
   For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near:
   Thus deriving from their banner Light by night, and shade by day,

On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose?
   On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose?

Who can faint while such a river Ever flows their thirst 'assuage?
   Who can faint while such a river Ever flows their thirst 'assuage?

Thus deriving from their banner Light by night, and shade by day,
   Thus deriving from their banner Light by night, and shade by day,

With salvation's walls surround ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
   With salvation's walls surround ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver, Never fails from age to age.
   Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver, Never fails from age to age.

Safe they feed upon the manna, Which He gives them when they pray.
No. 199.
ZION. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS KELLY.

1. Zion stands by hills surrounded, Zion, kept by pow'r di-vine; All her foes shall be confounded, Tho' the world in arms combine; Happy Zion, cease their own to cherish; Heav'n and earth at last re-move; But no changes nev-er cease to love thee; Thou art precious in His sight; God is with thee,—

2. Ev'ry hu-man tie may per-ish; Friend to friend unfaithful prove; Mothers foes shall be confounded, Tho' the world in arms combine; Happy Zion, cease their own to cherish; Heav'n and earth at last re-move; But no changes nev-er cease to love thee; Thou art precious in His sight; God is with thee,—

3. In the furnace God may prove thee, Than to bring thee forth more bright, But can Zion still is well beloved.

No. 200. 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.
1. Send out the blessed Bible thro' the land we love; It bears a glorious message from the King above; O may His word of
   wisdom be our strength and stay, And guide us to His own right way.

2. Send out the blessed Bible to the lands afar, Un
till they see the radiance of the Morning Star; Send out across the blessing of salvation that from Jesus flow, Till every weary
   waters, beams of grace divine, Till everywhere the light shall shine.

3. Send out the blessed Bible, till the nations know The
   sinner hears the Master's call, Till saints shall crown Him Lord of all.

REFRAIN.

Send out the Bible! Send out the Bible! God's revelation from above;

Send out the Bible! Send out the Bible! Send out the blessed Book of love.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

Evangelist M. B. WILLIAMS.

Duet.

1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and faded now, Which re-
calls those happy days of long ago,

2. As she read the stories o'er, Of those mighty men of old, Of
When I stood at mother's knee,

3. Then she read of Jesus' love, As He bless the children dear, How He
With her hand upon my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.

4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the

Thou art sweeter day by day, As I

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walk the narrow way That leads at last to that bright home above.

No. 203.  NO BOOK LIKE THE BIBLE.

Minnie Karns.

J. S. Hendricks.

1. No book is like the Bible For children, youth and age;  
2. It tells of man's creation, His sad primeval fall;  
3. Oh, let us love the Bible, And prize it more and more;

Our duty, plain and simple, We find on ev'ry page.  
It tells of man's redemption, Thro' Christ who died for all;  
Our life is like a shadow, Our days will soon be o'er;

It came from God in heaven, A light to guide our way,  
In sacred words of wisdom, It bids us watch and pray,  
But if we closely follow The counsel God has given,

A voice from Him who gave it, Re-prov-ing when we stray.  
And early come to Jesus, The Life, the Truth, the Way.  
We then may hope with angels To sing His praise in heav'n.

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THE CROSS.

No. 204. THERE'S A CROSS TO BEAR.

E. F. S.

1. There's a cross to bear by each one who'd share The sweet bliss of the
2. We must self deny for the Lord on high If we would His dis-
3. Let us watch and pray, bear the cross each day, Trusting Jesus till

life to come; There's a crown so bright for the saints of light In that ci-
ples be; If the crown we'd wear we the cross must bear, And o'er life is o'er; Then a shin-ing crown He will give His own As we

REFRAIN.

beautiful heavenly home. I'll bear the cross .

sin gain the victo-ry. I'll bear the cross, tho' heavy it be,

reach Canaan's happy shore. I'll bear the cross.

for Jesus' sake, Sup-port-ed by.

for Jesus' sake, for His dear sake, Support-ed by the Saviour of men,

the Saviour divine, the Saviour divine, And when in


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THE CROSS.

THERE'S A CROSS TO BEAR.—Concluded.

No. 205.  AVON.  C. M.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.  HUGH WILSON.

1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And pray to be for-giv'n,
2. Help us, thro' good re-port and ill, Our dai-ly cross to bear;
3. Let grace our self-ish-ness ex-pel, Our earth-li-ness re-fine;
4. If joy shall at thy bid-ding fly, And grief's dark day come on,
5. Kept peace-ful in the midst of strife, For-giv-ing and for-giv' n,

So let Thy life our pat-ttern be, And form our souls for heav'n.
Like Thee, to do our Fa-ther's will, Our broth-er's griefs to share.
And kind-ness in our bo-soms dwell As free and true as Thine.
We, in our turn would meekly cry, "Fa-ther, Thy will be done!"
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life, And fol-low Thee to heav'n!
No. 206.

LIFT UP THE CROSS.

GRACE GLENN.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. You may sing the songs triumphant Of the loyal and the brave,
   There are battle-hosts advancing, Over mountain, over main;

   Who have died to save the suffering From the tyrant and the grave;
   There are conquered ones and conqu'ring, Victors crowned and victors slain;

   But a louder and a clearer Is the song the angels sing
   But the bloodless battle rages With the weak and with the strong;

   Of the One who for a manager Left the palace of the King.
   You and I make daily conquests On the field of right and wrong.

   Refrain.

   Then lift up the cross, the cross of Jesus,
   Then lift up the cross,
1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
   My richest gain I'll count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
   All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
   Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were all the realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;
   Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.
No. 208.  STANDING BY THE CROSS.

ALLEN SHIRLEY.  Ref. by A. J. S.  A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll sit for ever viewing, Mercy streaming in His blood;
3. Truly blessed is this station, Low before His cross to lie,
4. Here it is I find my heaven, While up on the cross I gaze,
5. Lord, in ceaseless contemplation, Fix my trusting heart on Thee,

Life and health and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend,
Precious drops! my soul be-dew ing, Plead they now my peace with God.
While I see divine compassion, Beaming in His gracious eye.
Here the joy of sins forgiven, Shall inspire my songs of praise.
Till I know Thy full salvation, And Thy face in glory see.

Refrain.

Standing by the cross, Standing by the cross,

Standing by the cross of Calvary; Looking up to Christ,

Trust-ing in His love, Hop-ing in His mercy full and free.

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Ne:ar:er: the: cr:oss!
my: heart: can: say,
I: am: coming: near-er;
Near-er: the:

Nearer the: Christian's: mercy-seat,
I: am: coming: near-er;
Feasting: my

Nearer in: pray'r: my: soul: as-pires,
I: am: coming: near-er;
Deep-er: the

cross: from: day: to: day,
I: am: com-ing: near-er;
Near-er: the: cross: where
soul: on: man-na: sweet,
I: am: com-ing: near-er;
Strong-er: in: faith,
love: my: soul: de-sires,
I: am: com-ing: near-er;
Near-er: the: end: of

Je-sus: died,
Near-er: the: foun-tain's: crim-son: tide,
Near-er: my: Saviour's

Near-er: to: Him:
I
toil: and: care,
Near-er: the: joy:
I: long:
to: share,
Near-er: the: crown:

wound-ed: side,
I: am: com-ing: near-er,
I: am: com-ing: near-er;
still: would: be;
Still: I'm: com-ing: near-er,
Still: I'm: com-ing: near-er.
soon: shall: wear:
I: am: com-ing: near-er,
I: am: com-ing: near-er.
The Cross.
Down at the Cross.


1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
2. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
3. Oth-er refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
4. All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee I bring;
5. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin;
6. Thou of life the fountain art; Free-ly let me take of Thee;

While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high;
Safe into the haven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last.
Leave, oh, leave me not alone; Still support and comfort me.
Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Let the healing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure within.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.

Refrain.

Down at Thy feet, O Lord, I fall, Down at the cross I lay my all;

O Jesus, hear and bless me now, While at Thy throne I humbly bow.

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204
1. Jesus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain
2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me;
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ever,

Free to all a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
There the bright and morning star Sheds its beams around me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shadows o'er me.
Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond the river.

REFRAIN.

In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glory ever;

Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.
THE CROSS.

No. 212. I'LL CLING TO THE CROSS OF JESUS.


1. I'm safe in the rift of the rock; In the love of my Lord I rest;
2. I know He is mighty to save; I have proven His love divine;
3. 'Tis joy to abide in His love; There is blessing and peace untold,
4. Then come to the sheltering Christ; On the Rock of salvation stand;

Ne'er sorrow, nor tempest's shock, Shall render my soul oppressed.
His pardon He freely gave, And cleans'd this poor heart of mine.
And light, when life's skies are dim, When safe in the Saviour's fold.
His death hath for all sufficed; Oh! clinging to His pierced hand.

REFRAIN.

I'll clinging to the cross of Jesus; My refuge He still shall be;

He guides me where'er I wander; His pardon hath set me free.

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206
1. Oh, wonderful word of salvation, Oh, wonderful
2. The tempest may gather without me, And dangers from
3. Oh, help me to tell the sweet story, The wonderful

message of love, To us from the merciful Father,
Satan and sin; His word is a fortress about me,
message proclaim, For all there's a mansion in glory,

To us from the city above. Oh, tenderest whispers of
And faith is unshaken within. Tho' thorny the way, He is
For all there is hope in His name. There's joy for the journey that's

paragon, Oh, love that we ever shall sing, Oh, beautiful
guiding, I follow with footsteps so free. For peace in my dreamy, There's sight for the eyes that are dim; There's strength for the

tidings of mercy, From heaven's all glorious King,
heart is abiding, And heaven is waiting for me.
feet that are weary, There's glory eternal with Him.
1. O who is this that cometh From E-dom's crimson plain?  
2. O why is Thine apparel With reeking gore all dyed?  
3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour, How couldst Thou bear this shame?  

With wounded side, with garments dyed? O tell me now Thy name?  
Like them that tread the wine-press red? O why this bloody tide?  
With mercy fraught Thine own arm bore Salvation in Thy name!  

"I that saw thy soul's distress, A ransom gave, a ransom gave;  
"I the wine-press trod alone, 'Neath dark'ning skies, 'Neath dark'ning skies;  
"I the bloody fight have won, Conquer'd the grave, conquer'd the grave;  

I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save.  
Of the people there was none Mighty to save.  
Now the year of joy has come, Mighty to save.  

REFRAIN.  
Mighty to save, Mighty to save;  
Mighty, yes, mighty to save, Mighty, yes, mighty to save;
No. 215.  CLEANSING WAVE.

PHOEBE PALMER.  MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. O, now I see the crim-sun wave, The fount-ain deep and wide,
2. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A-bove the world and sin,
3. A-maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap-piled,

Je-sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wound-ed side.
With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned with-in.
And Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus know, My Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

REFRAIN.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me!

O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!
SALVATION.

No. 218. THERE'S PARDON SO FREE.

T. M. B.

T. M. Bowdish.

1. O I have a Saviour now reigning on high, Who once came from
glory for sinners to die; His life as a ransom, on
love now illumines my soul; My sins, once like scarlet, are
presence I've nothing to fear; He leads me so gently o'er
promise, His spirit receive; There's healing complete in the

Calvary's tree, Was given, my brother, for you and for me.
all wash'd away; My pathway grows brighter, and brighter each day.
life's rugged way; He'll bring me at last to the portals of day.
soul-cleansing tide; There's life in a look at the once Crucified.

REFRAIN.

There's pardon so free for you and for me, There's rest in His dear, loving fold;

By His blessed side we'll ever abide, And share in His mercy untold.

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"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

**FANNY J. CROSBY.**

**WILLIAM H. DOANE.**

**Duet. Gently.**

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you: Oh, return ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

**Quartet.**

Tho' they be red like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great com-passion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un-to Me ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

**Duet. p**

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgress-ions,

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow;"
Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

No. 220. BRIGHTLY BEAMS THE GOSPEL LIGHT.

HELEN DUNGAN. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Is your soul a-glow with love From the heav'nly home above, Are you
2. Yes, your Saviour bids you come To that bless-ed, hap-py home, He's pre-
3. Many loved ones you will greet In the shin-ing, golden street, Of the

......

Walking in the straight narrow way That will lead you safe-ly on,
pared for those who serve Him be-low; And a wel-come you'll receive,
City of our God built a bove, And with friends who've gone before,

......

All your cares and tri-a ls gone, To the land of ev er-last-ing day?
If your heart to Him you'll give, And the bless-ing of His pres-ence know.
On that bright, e-ter-nal shore, You will join them in their songs of love.

......

REFRAIN.

Bright-ly beams the Gos-pellight, With a ra-diance pure and bright, In-

ev'ry anx-ious heart, Bringing joy and peace to all, Who will

I'll Follow Christ

1. I'll follow Christ my Saviour Where'er He leads the way;
2. I'll follow Christ my Captain, And watch, and pray, and fight;
3. I'll follow Christ my Shepherd Who'll guide me by His will

While walking in His footsteps I can not go astray.
Obedient to His orders I'll strive to do the right.
Into the richest pastures And by the waters still.

Refrain.

Yes, Lord, I'll follow, follow, Along appointed way

Which shineth brighter, brighter, Unto the perfect day.

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No. 222. "If Ye Love Me Keep My Commandments."

**ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.**

1. "If ye love me, keep my commandments" pure. This is the teaching
2. He will work in all both to will and do, His sovereign grace He
3. We with fear and trembling will ever try To follow Jesus

of the Lord, And His grace will make our salvation sure, If
will afford; All the toils of life He will guide us through If
so adored; We shall share the joys of the home on high If

**REFRAIN.**

we continue in His word. | "If ye, then, would My disciple be,
we continue in His word. | "If ye, then, would My disciple be,
we continue in His word. | "If ye, then, would My disciple be,
Ye must continue in my word," 'Tis the way our
Ye must continue in my word," 'Tis the way our
Ye must continue in my word," 'Tis the way our

blessed Saviour taught To gain in heav'n the great reward.
blessed Saviour taught To gain in heav'n the great reward.
blessed Saviour taught To gain in heav'n the great reward.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

No. 223.

TRUST AND OBEY.

J. H. Sammis.


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glory He shed on our way! While we do His good will, He abides with us still, drives it away; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, richly repay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, altar we lay, For the favor He shows, And the joy He bestows, side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,

2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly

3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil He doth

4. But we never can prove The delights of His love, Until all on the

5. Then in fellowship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

REFRAIN.

And with all who will trust and obey.
Can abide while we trust and obey.
But is blest if we trust and obey. Trust and obey, for there's
Are for them who will trust and obey.
Never fear, only trust and obey.

no other way To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

Copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towner. Used by per.
1. We're on the straight and narrow way, That leads us on to endless day, Where Christ the Lord doth wait, To own and bless us at the gate. The narrow way, the gate so straight, Shall be my

2. O we would walk the way that's straight, Until we reach the golden gate; Then once within our hearts befall, Our faithfulto be our own and bless us at the gate. The narrow way, the gate so straight, Shall be my

3. Yes, when we reach that city fair, We'll see our Lord and Saviour there; He'll say, "Well done, thou faithful one, Come sit with me, upon my throne." Then once within our hearts befall, Upon my throne." The narrow way, the gate so straight, Shall be my

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY.—Concluded.

way, ... shall be my gate; ... My home shall be ... that cit-y
shall be my way, shall be my gate; My home shall be

fair; ... E-ter-ni-ty ... I'll spend up there ... that cit-y fair; E-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend up there, I'll spend up there.

No. 225. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly
2. A cloud of witness-es a-round Hold thee in full sur-vey; For-get the
3. 'Tis God's all an-i-mating voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own
4. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee, Have I my race be-gun; And, crown'd with

race demands thy zeal, And an im-mortal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
steps-al-read-y trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
hand presents the prize To thine as-pir-ing eye, To thine as-pir-ing eye.
victory, at thy feet I'll lay my honors down, I'll lay my honors down.
No. 226.
COME HOME.
E. F. S.

1. O sinner, come home, to Jesus today,
2. O brother, come home, to duty, to God,
3. O prodigal, come, you've tarried so late,

Come humbly, with faith, the gospel obey;
Come, follow the path, that Jesus has trod;
Thy Father so long has watched at the gate;

On Calvary's cross, He suffered and died,
Come back to the church and take up thy cross,
He'll hasten to run and meet you with bliss,

That you in His love might ever abide,
The Lord will in love consume all your dross,
And give you a robe, a ring and a kiss;

The Saviour of men is waiting in love
Why wander so long away from the fold,
Glad anthems will ring thro' heaven and earth,

The Saviour of men is waiting in love
INVITATION.

COME HOME.—Concluded.

To give you a home in heaven above;
In darkness and doubt, so hungry and cold?
God's house shall be filled with music and mirth;

To give you a home
in heaven above;

There's life, peace and rest in Jesus, the way,
Come home to your friends; the Saviour above
With joy and delight the news will abound,

There's life, peace and rest in Jesus, the way,

For all who with joy His bidding obey.
Will give you sweet peace and heavenly love.
"The dead is alive, the lost one is found."

For all who with joy
His bidding obey.

REFRAIN.

Come home, come home, O sinner, dear sinner, come home;

Come home, come home, O sinner, dear sinner, come home.
INVITATION.

BEHOLD A STRANGER.

JOSEPH GRIGG.  M. E. GRIMES.

1. Behold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks—has knocked before,
2. O love-ly attitude! He stands with melting heart and loaded hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y friend, you need;
4. Ad-mit Him, ere His an-ger burn, His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O match-less kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes!
The Friend of sin-ners—yes, 'tis He With garmenis dyed on Cal-va-ry.
Ad-mit Him, or the hours at hand, You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.

Refrain.

O let Him in, O let Him in,
He'll cleanse thy heart from ev'-ry sin;
He'll make you free, yes, free in-deed,
BEHOLD A STRANGER.—Concluded.

And prove a Friend in time of need.

No. 228. COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

E. R. LATTA. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come to the Fountain! hark the call! Come to the Fountain, free for all!
2. Come to the Fountain oped for thee! Come to the Fountain and be free!
3. Come to the Fountain! do not wait! Come to the Fountain ere too late!

Come when the morning, smiling, breaks. Come when the daylight earth forsakes!
Come when the mid-day sun is bright, Come in the quieted hours of night!
Come in the rosy morn of life; Come in the days of care and strife!

REFRAIN.

Come, O come, come, O come! Come to the Fountain, sin-sick soul!

Come, O come, come, O come! Come to the Fountain and be whole!
INVITATION.

No. 229. O PRODIGAL CHILD, COME HOME.

J. M. D. JOHN M. DYE.

1. The Saviour is calling, is calling to-day, O prodigal child, come home; He offers thee pardon, why longer delay? O prodigal child, come home.

2. O why will you linger in darkness and cold? O prodigal child, come home; There's shelter and warmth in the dear Shepherd's fold, O prodigal child, come home; Accept His salvation. He offers it free.

3. O come to the Saviour, He's pleading for thee, O prodigal child, come home. He offers thee calling to-day, come home; O prodigal child, come home; O prodigal child, come home; O prodigal child, come home; O prodigal child, come home.

INVITATION.
No. 230. JESUS WILL SAVE YOU TO-DAY.

J. M. B. Slow and with feeling.

J. M. Bowkman.

1. O sinner why linger in doubt and dismay, When Jesus is ready to save? Accept His salvation, His calling obey, waiting for you. Come enter the vineyard, why linger away? steadily watch keep? The fields are all white—"the laborers are few, accepting almost, How sad if the death-angel brook no delay,

2. Come sinners, "why stand ye here idle all day?" The Master is ready to save? Accept His salvation, His calling obey, waiting for you. Come enter the vineyard, why linger away? steadily watch keep? The fields are all white—"the laborers are few, accepting almost, How sad if the death-angel brook no delay,

3. Come brothers why wait ye here nothing to do, While others a

4. O sinner why tarry the call to obey? Persuaded, accepted, mercy is sure, Come sinner no longer delay, Accept His salvation, His love so pure, And Jesus will save you today.

For you His own life-blood He gave, Here you will find service to do, The harvest is ready to reap, Yes, Jesus will pardon,—His mercy is sure,—Come sinner no longer delay, Accept His salvation, His love so pure, And Jesus will save you today.


225
INVITATION.

No. 231. JESUS KNOCKS AT THY HEART.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

A. J. S.  A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lo! Jesus patiently knocks at the door, Knocks at thy heart,
   2. Open the door and say, "Master, come in, Come and abide,
   3. Jesus stands waiting and pleads with thee still; Open today!
   4. Open the door of thy heart and find rest, Find it today,

knocks at thy heart, Open today and resist Him no more,
come and abide; He will redeem thee and cleanse from all sin,
open today! How canst thou treat the dear Saviour so ill,
find it today; Let Him but enter and thou shalt be blest;

REFRAIN.

Lest He for ever depart. Knocking to-
He will be with thee to guide. }
How canst thou turn Him away? }
Why wilt thou longer delay? Knocking, knocking to-

Jesus is earnestly

day, Knocking today; Jesus is earnestly

day, to-day, Knocking, knocking to-day, to-day.

knocking today, Is knocking for entrance to-day.

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INVITATION.
No. 232. JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.
D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Jesus is tenderly calling for thee, Calling for thee, yes,
calling for thee, Listen and hear Him say, "follow thou me,"
calling thee now, Waiting for thee in submission to bow,
calling to-day, All who are weary and longing for home,

2. Jesus is tenderly calling thee now, Calling thee now, yes,
calling thee now, Waiting for thee in submission to bow,
calling to-day, All who are weary and longing for home,

3. Jesus is tenderly calling, O come! Calling to-day, yes,
calling today, Jesus is calling, calling to-day,
calling today, Jesus is calling, Jesus is calling,

Duet.

Semi-Chorus. Full Chorus.

Follow, yes, follow thou me.
Calling, yes, calling just now.
Jesus is calling today.
Jesus is calling, calling to-day.

Jesus is calling to-day, Calling, yes, calling to-day.

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INVITATION.

No. 233. COME CLOSE TO THE SAVIOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  
H. R. PALMER.

1. Come close to the Saviour, thy loving Redeemer, 0 sorrowing heart op-
press'd, (sore-ly oppress'd,) Life's journey is dreary, thy spirit is wea-
press'd, (sore-ly oppress'd,) Life's journey is dreary, thy spirit is wea-

2. Come close to the Saviour, He calleth thee gently, draw near to thy Father's
thrones, (Thy Father's throne,) His eyes will behold thee, His mer-
thrones, (Thy Father's throne,) His eyes will behold thee, His mer-
cy enfold thee, thee, (He'll care for thee,) Whatever may grieve thee, He ne-
cy enfold thee, thee, (He'll care for thee,) Whatever may grieve thee, He ne-
ever will leaveth e,
ever will leaveth e,

3. Come close to thy Saviour, earth's pleasures are fleeting, But Je-

O come unto Him and rest. Come close to the Saviour, 0 why dost thou linger?
O come unto Him and rest. Come close to the Saviour, 0 why dost thou linger?
Why carry thy grief alone? Come close to the Saviour, 0 trust and remember,
Why carry thy grief alone? Come close to the Saviour, 0 trust and remember,
Thy strength as thy day shall be. Come close to the Saviour, 0 come as a birdling
Thy strength as thy day shall be. Come close to the Saviour, 0 come as a birdling

He know-eth thy heart oppress'd, (sore-ly oppress'd,) His promise be-
lieved by giver of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of Copyright.
INVITATION.

COME CLOSE TO THE SAVIOUR.—Concluded.

REFRAIN. Slowly, don't hurry.

Peacefully, tranquilly, tenderly rest, Folding thy wings like a dove,

No. 234. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. II, 10.

THOS. MOORE AND THOS. HASTINGS. SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-consolate, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your pen-i-tent, fadeless and pure; Here speaks the Comfort-er, ten-der-ly throne of God, pure from a-hove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er

an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure.
know-ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.
INVITATION.

No. 235. COME AND BE BLEST.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J.H. FILLMORE

1. Sweet on the ear falls a heavenly voice, Hear it, oh,
2. Sweet on the ear falls the accent so pure, Why should earth's
3. There in that land where the golden harps ring, There in that

hear it, each heart, and rejoice, Come unto me and make
folies the spiritual allure! Why not the blessings e-
land where the glorified sing, There in that palace where

heaven your choice, Come, and your souls shall find rest.
ternal secure? Choosing the things that are best.
Jesus is King, There may you be a glad guest.

REFRAIN.

Jesus invites you to-day, Why will you longer delay,
Jesus invites you, invites you to-day, Why will you longer, why longer delay,

This is the beautiful way, Come, and forever be blest.
This is the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful way,

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INVITATION.

No. 236. THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALING.

Birdie Bell

A. J. Showalter.

1. Here's a fountain pure and holy, Free its flow to every soul;
2. Traveler, on life's desert straying, Faint thy heart and parched thy lip,
3. Longing soul, delay no longer, This will surely quench thy thirst;
4. O, this fountain of God's salvation! Free of offered to each one,

Come, and taste these sparkling waters, Sicken one, and be made whole.
Here's the cup of professed mercy, All of it may gladly sip.
Here from out the Rock of Ages, These refreshing waters burst.
Giving strength to fainting pilgrims, Saving souls that are undone.

Refrain.

Fountain bright and full of beauty, Gleaming in God's sunlight fair,

Full of healing, full of comfort, May we all thy blessings share!

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INVITATION.

No. 237.

COME UNTO ME.

E. F. S.

E. F. STANTON.

1. The Saviour sweetly calls to day "O come un - to Me and rest;"
2. The Saviour whispers ten - der - ly "O come un - to Me and rest;"
3. The ris - en Saviour calls in love "O come un - to Me and rest;"
4. The Saviour calls from mansions bright "O come un - to Me and rest;"

I am the Life, the Truth, the Way, O come un - to Me and rest,"
I died for thee on Cal - va - ry, O come un - to Me and rest;"
With joy and glad - ness look a - bove, O come un - to Me and rest;"
My yoke is eas - y, bur - den light, O come un - to Me and rest;"

REFRAIN.

Come un - to Me, come un - to Me, O come un - to Me,

Come un - to Me, come un - to Me, O come un - to Me,

un - to Me, O come un - to Me, come un - to Me,

un - to Me, O come un - to Me, come un - to Me,

Me, And I will give you rest.

INVITATION.

No. 238. HALTING ON THE BORDERLAND.

BIRDIE BELL. JNO. E. BRYANT.

1. Halting on the borderland, Just a step between—One awaits with
   outstretch'd hand, One of royal mien. Halting on the borderland,
   Take the step today; Join, the Master's
   loyal band.

2. Halting on the borderland, Why not step across? Do not longer
   doubting stand, All but Christ is dross. Halting on the borderland,
   Take the step, O take the step today; Join, O join the Master's
   work and watch and pray.

3. Halting on the borderland, Hear that pleading voice, Who obeys His
   sweet command, Ever will rejoice. Halting, halting on the borderland,
   loyal band, Work and watch, yes, work and watch and pray.

4. Halting on the borderland, Why not now decide? Christ the Lord will
   clasp your hand On the other side. Halting, halting on the borderland,
   work, yes, work and watch and pray.

INVITATION.

No. 239.  SOUL-HUNGER.

MRS. CARRIE E. BRECK.  N. KEFF SMITH.

1. Are you hungry for the Saviour? Do you long His love to know?
2. Are you hungry? Are you thirsty? Are you weary, sick and cold?
3. Are you hungry for the Saviour? It was He that gladly died
4. Are you hungry for the Saviour? Do not go a-way to-night

Do you need the joy and comfort On- ly Je-sus can be-stow?
Are you longing for the Shepherd, And the shelter of His fold?
That a feast might be pro-vi- ded And all longing sat-is-fied.
'Till you claim His of- fered boun-ty, Peace and parden, love and light.

Are you hun-gry for the Sav-iour? Does your faint-ing spir-it crave
Are you hun-gry? Are you hun-gry, Starv-ing on the husks of sin?
Are you hun-gry for the Sav-iour? He is wait-ing now to bless
Free- ly take of His a-bun-dance, It will life and health restore—

Him who made the soul to love Him, Him who died the soul to save?
Mer-cy's door is stand-ing o-pen— Free- ly you may enter in.
Ev-ry sin- ner who is hun-gry And a-thirst for right-eousness.
Take the liv-ing bread of heav-en, And you shall not hun-ger more.

No. 240.  BOYLSTON.  S. M.  

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

Let tears of penitential grief Flow forth from every eye.  
Be thou astonished, O my soul: He shed those tears for thee.  
In heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.
INVITATION.

No. 241. ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?

"All things are ready, come."—Matt. 22: 4.

Arranged. JAMES McGrANAHAN, by per.

1. Are you com-ing Home, ye wan-d’ers, Whom Je-sus died to win,
   All foot-sore, lame and wea-ry, Your garments stain’d with sin;
   Will you seek the blood of Je-sus To wash your garments white;
   Will you trust His precious prom- ise, Are you com-ing Home to-night?

2. Are you com-ing Home, ye lost ones? Be-hold your Lord doth wait:
   Come, then, no lon-ger lin-ger, Come ere it be too late;
   Will you come and let Him save you, O trust His love and might,
   Will you come while He is call-ing, Are you com-ing Home to-night?

3. Are you com-ing Home, ye guilt-y, Who bear the load of sin;
   Out-side you’ve long been stand-ing, Come now and ven-ture in;
   Will you heed the Saviour’s prom- ise, And dare to trust Him quite,
   "‘Come un-to me,’ saith Je-sus, Are you com-ing Home to-night?

236
INVITATION.

ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Are you coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to-night,

Are you coming Home to Jesus, Out of darkness into light?

Are you coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to-night,

To your loving, heav'ly Father, Are you coming Home to-night?

No. 242. C. M.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Has like a mountain rose;
His kingdom now I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Humbly I'll bow at His command,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll own I am a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.

4 Surely He will accept my plea,
For He has bid me come;
Forthwith I'll rise, and to Him flee,
For yet, He says, there's room.

5 I cannot perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

E. Jones.
INVITATION.
No. 243.
WILL YOU GO?
Anon.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from

2. That beau-ti-ful land, the Home of Light, It ne'er has known the

3. In vis-ions I see its streets of gold, Its pearl-y gates I

sor-row free, The home of the ran-somed bright and fair, And
shades of night; The glo-ry of God, the Light of Day, Hath
too be-hold; The riv-er of life, the crys-tal sea, Th' am-

REFRAIN.

beau-ti-ful an-gels, too, are there, driv-en the dark-ness far a-way,} Will you go? Will you go?
bros-i-al fruits of life's fair tree.}

Go to that beau-ti-ful home with me? Will you go?

Will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful home with me?

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1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus;
2. Your many sins are all forgiven, O, hear the voice of Jesus;
3. All glory to the dying Lamb! I now believe in Jesus;
4. His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Jesus;
5. And when to that bright world above, We rise to see our Jesus,

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Jesus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Jesus.
I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Jesus.
O, how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus.
We'll sing around the throne of love His name, the name of Jesus.

Refrain.

"Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus, blessed Jesus."
IN\'ITATION.

No. 245.

JESUS IS CALLING.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

Finley Lyon.

1. Jesus is calling, I hear His loving voice Calling so
gen-tly, O, hear Him and re-joice; Glad will we hast-en, and
follow Him to-day—He is the true and living way. (the living way.)
now will en-ter in, Leav-ing the des-ert wilds of sin. (the wilds of sin.)
be my chief delight, His smile shall make the world all bright. (the world all bright.)

2. Jesus is calling, He points to realms of bliss, Wis-dom is

3. Jesus is calling, I love the ten-der voice, Charmed by His
good-ness I make of Him my choice; His bless-ed serv-ice shall


240
INVITATION.

JESUS IS CALLING.—Concluded.

No. 246. COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

Geo. F. Root.

Earnestly.

1. Come to the Saviour, make no delay; Here in His word He's shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing today, Tenderly saying "Come!" Restrain.

2. "Suffer the children!" oh, hear His voice, Let every heart leap forth and rejoice, And let us freely make Him our choice; Do not delay but come.

3. Think once again, He's with us today; Heed now His best commands, and obey; Hear now His accents tenderly say, "Will you, my children, come?"

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free,

And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our eternal home.

241
No. 247.  
HAST THOU HEARD?

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy.

J. R. Grissio.

1. Hast thou heard of the crucified One? Of Jesus, the
   mighty to save? How the Father gave up His dear Son,
   for thy soul; Trust in Jesus who made peace with God.
2. Hast thou heard of the fountain of blood? There's cleansing in
   drink there today; And thou never more thirsty will be,
   it for thy soul; Trust in Jesus who made peace with God.
3. Hast thou heard of life's waters so free? Thou're thirsty, go
   came from above; Come thou poor hung'ring soul and be fed,
   drink there today; And thou never more thirsty will be,
4. Hast thou heard of the heavenly bread? 'Tis Jesus, who
   came from above; Come thou poor hung'ring soul and be fed,
   come from above; Come thou poor hung'ring soul and be fed,

Refrain.

So freely His life for thee gave.
Thy burdens, and sins, on Him roll.
So hasten, no longer delay.
Hast thou heard? hast thou heard?

Heard the message of God unto thee? O believe,

O believe, Believe His sure word and from sin be set free.
IN V IT A T I O N.

No. 248.  O MEET ME OVER THERE.

J. C. L.  J. C. LENDERMAN.

1. A happy home is waiting me, A home that's bright and fair;
2. We'll see our Saviour as He is, And in His glory share;
3. We'll lay our cross and arm or down, And rest from all our care,
4. Sweet songs of praise we'll ever sing, And robes of white we'll wear;

A home where I my Lord shall see, O meet me over there.
Enjoy His love and taste His bliss, O meet me over there.
Take up a golden harp and crown, O meet me over there.
We'll make the heav'nly arch es ring, O meet me over there.

REFRAIN.

O meet me, O meet me, In that sweet home so fair;
O meet me, O meet me, O meet me over there.

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1. Soul, thou art drifting from the Lord, Far from thy faith in His dear word,
   Far from His free and saving grace, Far from the only hiding place.
   Borne by the rolling tide away, Farther from safety day by day.
   Drifting from God, and heaven and peace, Drifting where sorrows never cease.
   Then will be night, and woe, and gloom, And endless death the sinner's doom.

2. Soul, thou art drifting heedlessly, Over the wide and boundless sea,
   Borne by the rolling tide away, Farther from safety day by day.
   Drifting from God, and heaven and peace, Drifting where sorrows never cease.
   Then will be night, and woe, and gloom, And endless death the sinner's doom.

3. Soul, thou art drifting o'er and o'er Near-er the great Forevermore,
   Then will be night, and woe, and gloom, And endless death the sinner's doom.

4. Soul, thou art drifting on and on, And soon will set the evening sun;
   Drifting, drifting away, Drifting from God and heaven to-day;
   After last verse repeat Refrain pp.
   Drifting, drifting away, Drifting from endless life away.

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WARNING.

No. 250. Don't Take the First Step, My Boy!

"He that doeth it destroyeth his own soul."—Prov. 6:32.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. There's a path-way that leads un-to life, And a road which your soul can de-stroy; Do the right and t'ward that which can harm, comfort and joy; Never grieve them by going astray, temptation to decoy; Death may lurk in that first social glass, tations annoy; Toward the realm of the foe of your soul, out earth's al-loy; And the Saviour shall keep you thro' all,

2. To the dear ones now praying for you, Ever prove a sweet son! can de-stroy; Do the right and t'ward that which can harm,

3. O be-ware when the fair, jew-elled hand, Shall with wine you at- tempt to de-coy; Death may lurk in that first social glass,

4. Seek the kingdom of God, and thus gain Strength to stand when temp- tations annoy; Toward the realm of the foe of your soul,

5. And true hap-pi-ness here you shall find, Which alone is with- found up-on dan-ger-ous ground; Don't take the first step, my boy!
No. 251. TRUSTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

1. Are you tossing up on the rolling sea of fear? Do the waves of doubt your bosom fill? Are you sinking when the master is so near? He comes forth commanding "Peace be still," on the stormy sea, He holds out His loving hand to save.

2. Are you struggling now on sorrow's Galilee? Go to rescue, pardon, peace and power; Hear that loving voice "tis messenger your soul shall claim, Will His praise be wafted on your fleeting breath? Trusting in the blessed Saviour's name.

3. If you ever in forbidden paths have strayed, Call for mercy, pardon, peace and power; Hear that loving voice "tis messenger your soul shall claim, Will His praise be wafted on your fleeting breath? Trusting in the blessed Saviour's name.

4. When your barque is launch'd up-on the sea of death, And the Master is so near? He comes forth commanding "Peace be still," on the stormy sea, He holds out His loving hand to save.

J. M. BOWMAN.

REFRAIN.

Are you trusting? Are you praying? Are you
Are you trusting, sweetly trusting? Are you praying, ever praying?

trust-ing in the Saviour's name? Are you trusting? Saviour's name? Are you trusting, sweetly trusting?
WARNING.
TRUSTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.—Concluded.

Are you watching? Are you trusting in the Saviour's name?

No. 252. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.
Geo. Keith. Popular Melody.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In every condition—in sickness, in health, In poverty's
3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed. For I am thy
4. Even down to old age all my people shall prove My sov'reign, e-
5. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I

faith in His excellent word! What more can He say than to
vale or a-bounding in wealth, At home and abroad, on the
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
ternal, unchangeable love; And when hoary hairs shall their
can not desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

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 right-eous, omnipotent hand.
temples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
deaver to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake.
No. 253. WHEN THAT AWFUL DAY SHALL COME.

W. T. DALE, by perm.  Rev. 6: 17.  CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When that awful day shall come and the Judge appears, What a
When that aw·ful day shall come and the Judge ap· pears, What a

2. When the dead shall gath·er there from the sea and land, Gather·ing
When the dead shall gath·er there from the sea and land, Gather'ring

3. When the se·crets of all hearts Jesus will make known, As we
When the se·crets of all hearts Jesus will make known, As we

4. O prepare us, gracious Lord, for that aw·ful day, Wash us
O prepare us, gracious Lord, for that aw·ful day, Wash us

throb·bing of all hearts, quak·ing there with fears; Mid the fall·ing
throb·bing of all hearts, quak·ing there with fears; Mid the fall·ing

of the stars and the flam·ing spheres, Who shall be a·ble to stand?
of the stars and the flam·ing spheres, Who shall be a·ble to stand?

Who shall be a·ble to stand? They who trust in Christ the Lord and His
Who shall be a·ble to stand? They who trust in Christ the Lord and His

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WARNING.

WHEN THAT AWFUL DAY SHALL COME.—Concluded.

word obey; They shall all there be able to stand.

No. 254. LIPSCOMB. 7. D.

THOMAS SCOTT. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Hast-en, sin-ner, to be wise, Stay not for the mor-row's sun;
2. Hast-en, sin-ner, to re-turn, Stay not for the mor-row's sun,

Wis-dom, if thou still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn Ere sal-va-tion's work is done.

Hast-en mer-cy to im-plore, Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
Hast-en, sin-ner, to be blest, Stay not for the mor-row's sun,

Lest thy sea-son should be o'er Ere this ev'-ning's stage be run.
Lest per-di-tion thee ar-rest Ere the morn-ing is be-gun.

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WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 42.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by perm.

1. When Jesus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be
noon or night, Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
one by one, When to the Lord we restore our talents,
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,

2. If at the dawn of the early morning, He shall call us
read-y, brother? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say will He
find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
Will He answer thee—Well done?} Oh, can we say we are
We shall have a glorious rest.} Read-y, brother? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say will He

4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching; In His glory
find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

REFRAIN.

"Ja"
No. 256.  
DRIFTING OR ROWING.  

ADALYN.  

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Are you drifting, or rowing, my brother?  
   A cross life's tempestuous sea?  
   Do you carelessly float on its billows?  
   Moment I pray!  

2. Are you drifting, or rowing, my brother?  
   O stop for one moment I pray!  
   And if now you are thoughtlessly drifting breakers ahead,  
   And he only may pass them in safety heavenly shore.  

3. Are you drifting, or rowing, my brother?  
   Be ware! there are breakers ahead,  
   And he only may pass them in safety heavens shore.  
   Is not touched by the barque that is drifting;  

4. Are you drifting, or rowing, my brother?  
   Remember, the duties for you?  
   Or do faces grow bright at your coming, whose barque by a strong hand is sped.  
   Then earnestly bend to the oar if you are drifting, my brother,  

5. Are you drifting, or rowing, my brother?  
   Does life hold no pes - tu - ous sea?  
   Do you carelessly float on its billows moment I pray!  
   And if now you are thoughtlessly drifting breakers a head,  

Refrain.  

Say are you drifting, drifting, drifting, or rowing, today?  

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INVITATION AND WARNING.

No. 257.  OH, BE READY.  
CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.  CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Silently the golden moments Pass for ever more away;  
2. But a moment we are passing, From the cradle to the grave;  
3. Say, O careless one weary, On the way you long have trod,  
4. What a meeting, what a greeting! O the day beyond compare,  

Nearer seems the vale of shadows, Nearer, too, the judgment day.  
Then upon the rocks eternal, Like the breaking of a wave.  
Shall ye go thus empty handed, To the judgment bar of God?  
When with all the saints for ever We are gathered over there.  

Refrain.  
Oh, be ready for the Bride-groom,  
Oh, be ready for the Bride-groom when He comes,  

Ready for the midnight cry! Ready, Oh, be ready for the midnight cry!  

Sheaves of golden grain be gathering, gathering, gathering.
INVITATION AND WARNING.

OH, BE READY.—Concluded.

For the harvest by and by.

No. 258. CHRIST WILL GIVE THEE LIGHT.

JENNIE WILSON.

Earnestly.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. A-waken from thine slumber! From danger take thy flight;
2. A-wake, no longer linger On sin's enchanted ground;
3. A-waken, clear and steadfast, Behold God's beacon shine,
4. From heaven's sacred summits Love's rays are beaming bright,

A-wake! tho' deep the darkness, The Lord will give thee light.
"A-waken, soul, a-waken!" The Spirit's calls resound.
To guide thee unto refuge, Eternal and divine.
O seek those holy high-lands, And Christ will give thee light.

Refrain.

"A-wake, a-wake, O sleeper," The cry rings thro' the night!

A-wake and flee for safety, And Christ will give thee light.

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INVITATION AND WARNING.

No. 259. LET HIM IN.

J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let Him in;
2. Open now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His loving voice? Let Him in;
4. Now admit the heav'nly Guest. Let Him in;

5. Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Holy One,
6. Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure defend,
7. He is standing at the door, Joy to you He will restore,
8. He will speak your sins forgiven, And when earth ties all are riv'n,

9. Jesus Christ, the Father's Son, Let Him in.
10. He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
11. And His name you will adore, Let Him in.
12. He will take you home to heav'n, Let the Saviour in.
INVITATION AND WARNING.

No. 260. O! WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

"For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"—Rev. 6: 7.

W. T. DALE.

G. W. BROWN.

1. There's a great Judgment day that is coming we know, It's 1. There's a great Judgment day that is coming we know, It's
coming to one and all; For the Judge shall descend in His 
judgment they shall be brought; And the Judge shall proclaim to the 
judged of that great day; When the saints shall rejoice in Thy

2. Then the righteous and wicked together shall meet, To 2. Then the righteous and wicked together shall meet, To 
coming to one and all; For the Judge shall descend in His 
judgment they shall be brought; And the Judge shall proclaim to the 
judgment of that great day; When the saints shall rejoice in Thy

3. There will be great rejoicing of happy ones there, Who 3. There will be great rejoicing of happy ones there, Who
power divine, And judge both the great and small, 
righteous, "Well done." The wicked, "I know you not,
followed the Saviour here; When they hear Him declare "Come ye 
righteous," I know you not." The wicked, "I know you not,

4. But there'll be lamentation and mourning that day, When 4. But there'll be lamentation and mourning that day, When
blessed of mine, And enter my home so fair," When Jesus comes and the 
power divine, And judge both the great and small, 
power divine, And judge both the great and small,

5. O prepare us, dear Lord, for Thy coming ere long, The 5. O prepare us, dear Lord, for Thy coming ere long, The
judgment is set, O! who will be on His right hand? When the 
judgment is set, O! who will be on His right hand? When the

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INVITATION AND WARNING.

No. 261.  WANDERING AWAY.

"Then said Jesus, Will ye also go away?"—John 6: 67.

I have seen over five hundred people come forward for prayer, while this song was being sung.  W. E. P.

E. R. LATTA.  KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Wander-er a-way from Je-sus, In the winding ways of sin,
2. Wander-er a-way from Je-sus, In the road of end-less woe,
3. Wander-er a-way from Je-sus, Would'st thou not a crown ob-tain?

Turn and seek the world's Redeemer, And His serv-ice now be-gin.
If thou wilt not turn to Je-sus, Whith-er, whith-er wilt thou go?
Why then wilt thou slight His goodness? Fear-est not the woe and pain?

On Mount Cal-va-ry He suf-fered, On the cru-el cross He died;
Broad the road where thou art go-ing, Ma-ny with thee down-ward move;
Can you bar-ter life e-ter-nal, For the pleas-ure sin can give?

See His hands and feet so wounded, And be-hold His pierc-ed side.
Turn and seek the nar-row path-way, That will lead to bliss a-bove.
Turn, oh, turn you to the Sav-iour, And a fade-less crown re-ceive.

REFRAIN.

Wander-ing a-way, wander-ing a-way, Wander-ing a-way from Je-sus;

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INVITATION AND WARNING.

WANDERING AWAY.—Concluded.

Hear His gentle voice, Calling you to-day, And wander no more away from Jesus.

No. 262.  WHY DO YOU WAIT?

"Arise, He calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.

G. F. R.  Geo. F. Root, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is
tarry so long? Your Sav-iour is wait-ing to give you
farther de-lay? There's no one to save you but Je-sus,
striving with-in? Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion,
pass-ing a-way, Your Sav-iour is long-ing to bless you,

A place in His sac-san-tfi- ied throng,
There's no oth-er way but His way.
And throw off thy burden of sin.
There's danger and death in de-lay.

REFRAIN.

Why not? why not? Why not?

come to Him now? Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?
INVITATION AND WARNING.

No. 268. ARE YOU READY? SHARP MCNIEL

1. Are you walking in the way Leading to the ‘perfect day’,
2. If you long to gain the strand Of that pure, celestial land,
3. O be ready for the call, When death’s shadows round you fall,

Of the fair, un-clouded realm beyond the sky? Will you
You must journey in the footsteps of the Lord; Tho’ the
And your soul afar from earthly scenes must go; Freed from

meet the saved ones there, And their bliss and glory share,
way be rough and dim, You must daily follow Him,
ev’ry stain of sin, Thro’ the blood made pure within,

In those bright eternal mansions built on high?
Trust ing in the guidance of His holy word.
Then the rapture of the ransomed you shall know.

REFRAIN.

Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready?
INVITATION AND WARNING.

ARE YOU READY?—Concluded.

Are you ready for the hour of death to come?

Are you ready for the Lord to take you home?

No. 264. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

John Dobell. H. K. Oliver.

1. How pleasing to behold and see The friends of Jesus all agree—
2. Here we behold the dawn of bliss; Here we behold the Saviour's grace;
3. While here we sit we would implore That love may spread from shore to shore,
4. To all we freely give our hand, Who love the Lord in every land;

To sit around the sacred board As members of one common Lord.
Here we behold His precious blood, Which sweetly pleads for us with God.
Till all the saints, like us, combine To praise the Lord in songs divine.
For all are one in Christ our head, To whom be endless honors paid.
INVITATION AND WARNING.

No. 265. MY BROTHER, ARE YOU READY?

J. M. B. J. M. BOWMAN.

1. Oh, my broth-er, are you read-y for your Lord to come? Have you pray'd to Him your erring ways to save you from? Are you keeping in His heav-y-lad-en, footsore, while upon the way? Keep on trusting Je-sus walking in the ho-ly paths your fa-ther's trod? Keep on praying while a-Saviour is so near with o-pen arms to save, Does your faith grow weaker on the fields of E-den you have kept in sight? Is your faith uncloud-ed

footsteps to that heav'nly home, Where no sorrow er-er shall ap-pear? and His ho-ly will o-bey, Press on for the kingdom now is near, long this heav'nly way you plo'd, Till your lov-ing Saviour's voice you hear, while the angry storm you brave? Keep on praying broth-er, nev-er fear, thro' the long and wea-ry night, Till the glorious morning shall ap-pear?

Refrain.

Oh, my brother, are you read-y for your Lord to come? Are you

INVITATION AND WARNING.

MY BROTHER, ARE YOU READY?—Concluded.

fainting while the cross you bear? Oh, keep watch-ing, trust-ing,

praying till you reach your home, There a crown of glo-ry you shall wear.

No. 266. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.
W. Cowper. 

Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-ma-nuel’s veins;
2. E’ve-r since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds sup-ply,
3. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I’ll sing Thy pow’r to save,

And sinners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.
When this poor lis-ping, stam-m’ring tongue, Lies si- lent in the grave.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
And shall be, till I die, And shall be, till I die;
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave;

261
INVITATION AND WARNING.

No. 267. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT.

"Behold, now is the accepted time.—2 Cor. 6:2.

HORATIUS BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may never rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord, in pity, lingers still, And wilt thou then His love requite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls un-nite;

Poor sinner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
Be-lieve! o-bey!—the work is done: Be saved, O to-night.

REFRAIN.

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
Why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

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INVITATION AND WARNING.

No. 268. THE BRIDEGROOM IS COMING.

W. H. M.

1. The Bridegroom is coming, Enter in, The door is open wide;
2. The Bridegroom is coming, Hear the cry, The door is open wide;
3. The Bridegroom is coming, and calls for thee, The door is open wide;
4. The Bridegroom is coming, and will not wait, The door is open wide;

If you would be ready, right now begin, The door is open wide.
The banquet is spread and thy Lord is nigh, The door is open wide.
And you are invited His guest to be, The door is open wide.
Come enter, dear sinner, ere 'tis too late, The door is open wide.

REFRAIN.

The door is open wide, Come enter, do not wait.

O sinner, now decide, It soon may be too late.
I AM RESOLVED.

1. I am resolved no longer to linger, Charmed by the world’s delight;
   Things that are higher, things that are nobler, These have allured my sight.

2. I am resolved to go to the Saviour, Leaving my sin and strife;
   He is the true one, He is the just one, He hath the words of life.

3. I am resolved to follow the Saviour, Faithful and true each day,
   Heed what He saith, do what He willeth, He is the living way.

4. I am resolved to enter the kingdom, Leaving the paths of sin;
   Friends may oppose me, foes may beset me, Still will I enter in.

5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, without delay,
   Taught by the Bible, led by the Spirit, We’ll walk the heav’nly way.

REFRAIN.

I will hasten to Him, Hasten so glad and free,
Jesus, greatest, highest, I will come to Thee.

I will hasten, hasten to Him, Hasten glad and free,
1. Like a wayward child I wandered From my Father's house aw ay,
2. I have wander'd in the darkness, And my path was lone and drear,
3. O the rap-ture that a-waits me, When I reach my Fa- ther's door!
4. I will ask Him to for-give me, For the wrong that I have done,

But I hear His voice en-treat-ing, And I'm com-ing home to-day.
But my Fa- ther did not leave me, He was watching ev- er near.
Once with-in its blest en-clos-ure, I am safe for- er- er-more.
To re-cive, ac-cept, and bless me, Thro' His well be lov-ed Son.

REFRAIN.

Com-ing, com-ing home, Com-ing, com-ing home, For I can no

lon-ger roam, no lon-ger roam; I am sad and brok-en

heart-ed, And I'm com-ing, com-ing home. (I'm coming home.)
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

No. 271.  
DOWNS.  C. M.  

THOMAS COTTERILL.  
LOWELL MASON.

1. In mem-ory of the Saviour's love We keep the sa-cred feast,
2. By faith we take the Bread of Life, With which our souls are fed;
3. Un-der His ban-ner thus we sing, The wonders of His love;

Where ev-ry hum-ble, con-trite heart Is made a wel-come guest.
The Cup, in tok-en of His blood, That was for sin-ners shed.
And thus an-ti-ci-pate by faith, The heav'ny feast a-bove.

No. 272.  
OLIVE'S BROW.  L. M.  

"My soul is ex-ceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—Matt. 26: 38.

WM. B. TAPPAN.  
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for other's guilt The man of sor-rows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

'Tis midnight in the gar-den now, The suf-fering Saviour prays a-lone.
E'en that dis-ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.
Un-heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.
1. Lonely and sad of heart, now I seem to be Weeping with
Christ, my Lord, in Gethsemane; Sorrowing Son of God,
in its love to Thee! Jesus wept, can it be? Jesus wept,
wept for me, O wonderful love of God, Jesus wept for me!

2. Following on the way I can see them now Pressing the
crown of thorns on His bleeding brow; Suffering Son of God,
crowned and glorified! Jesus died, can it be? Jesus died,
scored for me, O wonderful love of God, Christ was scorched for me!

3. Now I survey the cross where my Saviour died, Now I be-
hold the wounds in His pierced side; Jesus, Thou Son of God,
died for me, O wonderful love of God, Jesus died for me!

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THE RISEN LORD.

No. 274.

R. M. OFFORD.

---

1. Lo, a risen Lord we sing; Alleluia! Alleluia!
2. Shut with-in the tomb His stay, Alleluia! Alleluia!
3. His the death, but ours the life, Alleluia! Alleluia!
4. Lo, a risen life we bring, Alleluia! Alleluia!

---

Once He died, love's offering, Alleluia! Alleluia!
Death no more can hold its prey, Alleluia! Alleluia!
Ours the victory, His the strife; Alleluia! Alleluia!
This our love's glad offering, Alleluia! Alleluia!

---

See Him death's dark terrors brave, Dying, dying souls to save,
Lo, He bled to meet our need, Rose His precious blood to plead,
Now by all the griefs He bore, Now by all the shame He wore,
Souls redeemed and hearts renewed, Wills to His sweet will subdued,

---

Us to rescue from the grave, Alleluia! Alleluia!
Still for us doth intercede! Alleluia! Alleluia!
We are His, forever more! Alleluia! Alleluia!
These shall speak our gratitude, Alleluia! Alleluia!

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THE RISEN LORD.
No. 275. "THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED."

Melody by WM. JESSE WILSON.
Harmonized by A. J. S.

1. "The Lord is ris'n in-deed!" Death holds no lon-ger sway O'er
2. Then let the world re-joice, And sing ex-ult-an t praise; From
3. Ho-san-na to the King! Let Is-ra-el's hosts pro-claim, And
4. Then hallowed be His name, His reign tri-umph-ant be; Let

Him who died the world to save And drive death's gloom a-way: The
out the tomb Christ has come forth To man's en-rap-tured gaze: We
all the Gen-tile na-tions sing In hon-or of His name: The
peace on earth, good-will to men, A-bound from sea to sea: Let

price of our redemption's paid, The reign of death at last is stayed.
see Him tri-umph o'er the grave, We know Him mighty now to save.
ris-en Lord as-cends on high, And men no more need fear to die.
glo-ry to His name be giv'n By all on earth and all in heav'n.


No. 276. S. M.
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 jeal-ous 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.

No. 277. C. M.
1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
   Though pressed by every foe;
   That will not tremble on the brink
   Of any earthly woe;
2 That will not murmur or complain
   Beneath the chastening rod,
   But, in the hour of grief or pain,
   Will lean upon its God;
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
   When tempests rage without;
   That, when in danger, knows no fear,
   In darkness, feels no doubt!
4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
   And then, what'er may come,
   We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
   Of an eternal home.
No. 278.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

Mrs. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest;
2. So fades a summer cloud a-way, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
3. A holy quiet reigns a-round, A calm which life nor death destroys;
4. Life's duty done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spir-it flies;

How mildly beam the clos-ing eyes! How gent-ly heaves th' expiring breast!
So gent-ly sh _uts the ey e of day, So dies a wave a-long the shore.
Noth-ing disturbs that peace profound, Which his un-fet-ter ed soul en - joys.
While heav'n and earth combine to say: "How blest the right-eous when he dies!"

No. 279.

REST. L. M.

Mrs. MARGARET MCKAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, bow-sweet, To be for such a slumber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest! Whose waking is supreme-ly blest;
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be;

A calm and an - dis-tur-bed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes!
With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing That death hath lost its venomed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, That man-i-fest the Saviour's pow'r.
Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Waiting the summons from on high.
The page contains sheet music and lyrics for the hymn "Gathered Home." The text is structured as follows:

**No. 280.**

**GATHERED HOME.**

1. We are traveling to a better land, One by one we'll all be gathered home.
2. We are drawing nearer every day, One by one we'll all be gathered home.
3. There we'll meet our loved ones gone before, One by one we'll all be gathered home.
4. Come, my brother, join the happy throng, One by one we'll all be gathered home.

**REFRAIN.**

One by one we'll all be gathered home. Gather, gather, Gather togeth'er, "Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'er, Gather togeth'
No. 281. DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.


Effective as a Solo.

1. Sadly we sing and with tem-ju-lous breath, As we stand by the mysti-cal stream,
   In the valley and by the dark riv-er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.

2. Why should we weep when the wea-ry ones rest, In the bos-om of Je-sus su-preme,
   In the mansions of glo-ry pre-pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.

3. Naught in the riv-er the saints should app-yall, Tho' it fright-ful-ly dis-mal may seem,
   In the arms of their Sav-iour no ill can be-fall, They find it no more than a dream.

4. O-ver the tur-bid and on-rush-ing tide, Both the light of e-ter-ni-ty gleam; And the ran-somed the dark-ness and storm shall out-ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

Refrain.

On-ly a dream, on-ly a dream Of glo-ry be-yond the dark stream, How peace-ful the slum-ber, How happy the waking, For death is on-ly a dream.

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No. 282.
SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Moderato.

1. We shall reach the river side, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; We shall cross the stormy tide, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; We shall press the sands of gold, While before our eyes un-
fold, Heav'en's splendors, yet untold. Some sweet day, some sweet
day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glory to the Lamb that's
slain, Christ was dead, but lives again, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rapture ev'ry
where, O the bliss of over there, Some sweet day, some sweet
day.

D. B. TOWNER.

By per. of D. B. Towner, owner of the Copyright.
We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
3. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation and care,
4. We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glorified wear,

And oft are its glories confessed: But what must it be to be there!
Of its wonders and pleasures untold: But what must it be to be there!
From trials without and within: But what must it be to be there!
The Church of the First-born above: But what must it be to be there!

Refrain.
To be there, to be there, But what must it be to be there! To be there, to be there, But what must it be to be there.

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No. 284. O BLESSED REALMS OF PARADISE.

Wm. Henry Gardner.  
Words of Refrain by E. M. Edwin Moore.

1. O blessed realms of Paradise,  
O starry mansions of the skies,

2. My cross is heavy, Lord, to bear,  
My life is dark with grief and care,

3. But still I stay, and hope and wait,  
That God will see me at the gate,

4. O blessed realms of Paradise,  
O starry mansions in the skies,

How many years will roll o'er me  
Ere I your pearl-y gates shall see!

The dear old friends beloved of yore,  
In triumph now have all pass'd o'er.

And bid me sweet-ly come and rest  
Up-on the Saviour's loving breast.

Some day your wonders I shall see,  
A dweller for eternity!

REFRAIN.

O Paradise, sweet Paradise,  
What thro' ts of rapture in me rise!

What joy to know that grace so free  
Provides a heavenly home for me!

HEAVEN.
No. 285.
OVER THERE.
C. W. J.

C. W. JAMES.

1. There's a happy home in heav'n prepared for me, (yes, for me,)
2. O I long to meet my Sav-iour o-ver there, (o-ver there,)
3. Bless-ed an-gels now are waiting o-ver there, (o-ver there,)

When I cross o'er Jordan's rolling tide; And the loved ones gone before I
And for-ev-er more behold His face; O I long to see those mansions
Wait-ing by the riv-er side for me; Soon I'll cross o'er Jordan's waters
there shall see, (I shall see,) And shall find sweet rest at Je-sus' side.
bright and fair, (bright and fair,) Mine for-ev-er thro' His sav-ing grace.
free from care, (free from care,) There to dwell be-side the crys-tal sea.

REFRAIN.

O-ver there, o-ver there, O I long to be
rest-ing o-ver there; O-ver there, o-ver

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HEAVEN.

OVER THERE.—Concluded.

there, (o-ver there,) O I long to be rest-ing o-ver there. (o-ver there.)

No. 286.  HOME, SWEET HOME.

DAVID DENHAM.  H. R. BISHOP.

1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture com-plaints, How sweet to my
2. Sweet bonds that u-nite all the chil-dren of peace! And thrice blessed
3. While here in the val-ley of con-flict I stray, O give me sub-
4. I long, dearest Lord, in Thy bea-uty to shine, No more as an

soul is com-mun-ion with saints; To find at the ban-quet of
Je-sus, whose love can-not cease! Tho' oft from Thy pre-sence in
mis-sion and strength as my day; In all my af-fic-tions to
ex-ile in sor-row to pine; And in Thy dear im-age a-
mer-cy there's room, And feel in the pre-sence of Je-sus at home.
sad-ness I roam, I long to be-hold Thee in glo-ry, at home.
Thee would I come, Re-joic-ing in hope of my glo-ri-ous home.
rise from the tomb, With glo-ri-fied mil-lions, to praise Thee at home.

Refrain.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo-ry, my home.
HEAVEN.

No. 287. GATHERED HOME BY AND BY.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There's a home for-ev-er blest, where the wea-ry rest, Just be-
2. In that bless-ed home on high all our treas-ures lie, And the
3. Hap-py home of light and love in the realms a-bove, For thy

yond the golden stars of the sky; And when life for us is o'er on this
Fa-ther ev-'ry want doth sup-ply; Aft-er all our doubts and fears and our
bliss our long-ing souls oft-en sigh; But if faith-ful here each day as we

changing shore, We'll be gathered to that home by and by. 
bit-ter tears, We'll be gathered to that home by and by. 
O that glo-rious
work and pray, We'll be gathered to that home by and by.

home on high! Home where loved ones never die! As we jour-ney here be-

low it is sweet to know We'll be gathered to that home by and by.


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HEAVEN.

No. 288.

OUR BETTER HOME.

MILDRED MERLE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. It lies beyond earth's vision, Beyond the starry sky—
2. 'Tis in a golden city, Fair city of the blest;
3. The tree of life is growing In rich luxuriance there;
4. Bright crowns of life are waiting In mansions bright above,
5. There I shall meet my loved ones, When He shall bid me come,

Beyond the radiant sunset: We'll reach it by and by.
With in its walls of jasper Earth's weary toilers rest.
The stream of life is flowing So crystaline and fair.
And golden harps are tuning To sweetest songs of love.
And share with them, in glory, That brighter, better home.

REFRAIN.

There with the glorified, Safe at the Saviour's side, I shall be
There, there with the glorified, Safe, safe at the Saviour's side, I, yes, I shall be

satisfied, By and by; By and by, By and by,

by, I shall be satisfied, By and by.
By and by, I, yes, I shall be satisfied By and by.

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HEAVEN.

No. 289. JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN. 7, 6. D.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold-en, With milk and hon-ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi-on, All ju-bi-lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da-vid; And there from care re-leased,
4. O sweet and bless-ed coun-try, The home of God's e-lect!

Be-neath thy con-tem-pla-tion Sink heart and voice op-pressed:
And bright with many an an-gel And all the mar-tyr throng;
The shout of them that tri-umph, The song of them that feast;
O sweet and bless-ed coun-try, That ea-ger hearts ex-pect!

I know not, O I know not What so-cial joys are there,
The Prince is ev-er in them, The day-light is se-rene;
And they, who, with their Lead-er, Have con-quered in the fight,
Je-sus, in mer-cy bring us To that dear land of rest,

What ra-di-an-cy of glo-ry, What light be-yond com-pare.
The pas-tures of the bless-ed, Are decked in glo-rious sheen.
For-ev-er and for-ev-er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa-ther, And Spir-it, ev-er blest.
No. 290.

BLESSED HOME.

Melody by J. E. Bigbie.
Arr. and harmonized by A. J. Showalter.

EMILY HUNTINGDON MILLER.

1. O think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the river of light, Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are rob'd in their garments of white. Blessed home, happy home in the palace of God.

2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who before us the journey have trod; Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their friends are at rest; Then a-way from my sorrow and care, Let me journey I see; Many dear to my heart o-ver there Are fly to the land of the blest. Watching and waiting for me. Blessed home, happy home, How I long, how I long to be there; Blessed home, happy home, How I long, how I long to be there.

3. My Saviour is now o-ver there, There my kindred and journey I see; Many dear to my heart o-ver there Are fly to the land of the blest. Watching and waiting for me. Blessed home, happy home, How I long, how I long to be there; Blessed home, happy home, How I long, how I long to be there.

4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my journey I see; Many dear to my heart o-ver there Are fly to the land of the blest. Watching and waiting for me. Blessed home, happy home, How I long, how I long to be there; Blessed home, happy home, How I long, how I long to be there.

REFRAIN.

Blessed home, happy home, How I long, how I long to be there; Blessed home, happy home, How I long, how I long to be there.

1. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead shall arise, And the splendors immortal Shall envealop the skies, When the Angel of Death Shall no longer destroy, And the dead shall awake In the morning of joy.

2. When the King shall appear In His beauty on high, And shall summon His children To the courts of the sky, Shall the cause of the Lord Have been ransom'd We each other shall greet, Singing praise to the Lamb, Thro' eternity's years, With the past all forgotten With its sorrows and tears.

3. O the bliss of that morn When our lov'd ones we meet, With the songs of the morning of joy, In the morning of joy, We'll be gathered to glory, In the morning of joy; In the morning of joy In the morning of joy.

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HEAVEN.

IN THE MORNING OF JOY.—Concluded.

morning of joy, We'll be gathered to glory, In the morning of joy.

No. 292. VARINA. C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by Dr. G. F. ROOT.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;

2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green;

3. O! could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,

Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

And see the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eyes;

There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flow'rs;

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea,

Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

Death like a narrow sea divides This heav'nly land from ours.

And linger, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch a way.

Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

283
MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 293. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J. 

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the
And the glory of His resurrection share; When His
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when

saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
all of life is over and our work on earth is done,

And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
Last verse.—And the roll is called up yonder, we'll be there.

REFRAIN.

When the roll is called up yonder, When the

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284
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.—Concluded.

When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

No. 294. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. GUIL. FRANC.

1. Let ever-lasing glories crown Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
2. In vain the trembling conscience seeks Some solid ground to rest upon;
3. How well Thy bless-ed truths agree, How wise and holy Thy commands;
4. Should all the forms that men devise Assaul-t my faith with treacherous art,

Doxology. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

Thy hands have bro't salvation down, And writ the blessings in Thy word.
With long despair the spir-it breaks Till we app-ly to Christ a-lone.
Thy prom-is-es, how firm they be, How firm our hope and comfort stands.
I'd call them van-i-ty and lies, And bind the gos-pel to my heart.

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.
WHAT A MEETING!

1. When the resurrection morning breaks upon us bright and fair,
   After we have finished here our earthly race, We'll be
   gathered with the angels and the ransomed over there, And shall
   see our blessed Saviour face to face. What a meeting

2. When the day of final resting for the faithful draweth nigh,
   And we're called from this uncertain dwelling place, We'll be
   gathered with our loved ones in the home beyond the sky, There to
   see our blessed Saviour face to face. What a meeting

3. When the day of glorious triumph breaks upon us from on high,
   And we've conquered every evil through His grace, We'll be
   gathered in that happy land where our possessions lie, And, for
   evermore behold our Saviour's face. What a meeting with the Saviour,

REFRAIN.

With the Saviour, And our loved ones gone before!
What a meeting with the Saviour,
MISCELLANEOUS.

WHAT A MEETING!—Concluded.

What a greeting, what a meeting, what a greeting of the millions, what a meeting of the millions.

What a meeting on that bright eternal shore!

No. 296. RESTING BY AND BY.

W. E. PENN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Christians, are you growing weary? There'll be resting by and by;
2. Have you many hours of anguish? There'll be resting by and by;
3. Cheer up then, no longer fearing, There'll be resting by and by;
4. Let us work and keep on praying, There'll be resting by and by.

Is your pathway dark and dreary? There'll be resting by and by.
Where your souls will no more languish, There'll be resting by and by.
When you see our Lord's appearing, There'll be resting by and by.
If we come His word obeying, There'll be resting by and by.

D.S. When the toils of life are over, There'll be resting by and by.

Refrain.

There'll be resting by and by, There'll be resting by and by;

Fine.

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E. A. HOFFMAN.  

Thoughtfully.

1. Growing into the likeness of Christ alway, Bear-ing more of His
2. Growing into the likeness of Christ the Lord, Feed-ing on the sweet
3. Growing into His likeness from grace to grace, Grow-ing on till the

image from day to day; Freer from self and sin, Deep-er His
promise of His dear word, Ho-lier, pur-er, still, Stronger to
world can His image trace, Seeking to know Him more, Nearing the

love within, Growing into the likeness of Christ alway.
do His will, Growing into the likeness of Christ, the Lord.
goal be-fore, Growing into His likeness of grace to grace.

REFRAIN.

Growing, grow-ing, Si-ent-ly, con-stant-ly
Growing, yes, si-ent-ly, con-stant-ly growing,

thro' the word; Growing, growing, Growing, yes, si-ent-ly, con-stant-ly growing,

No. 298. IN THAT SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

E. G. BLACKMON. A. D. SARTWELL.

1. There's a rest remains for me, Just over in that sun-bright clime;
2. There's a home pre par'd for me, A home resplendent and sublime,
3. There I'll meet my lov'd once more, Yes meet them in that sun-bright clime;

There my Sav-iour I shall see, And dwell with Him thro' endless time.

O-ver by the crys-tal sea, Just o-ver in that sun-bright clime.
When I reach that shin-ing shore I'll hail that happy meet-ing time.

Refrain.

There is rest-ing by and by, . . . There is
There is rest-ing by and by, by and by,

rest-ing by and by, With our loved ones
There is rest-ing by and by, by and by, With our loved ones

o-ver there, Just o-ver in the sun-bright clime.

I'LL BE THERE.

No. 299.

WILL H. GAREY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oft I've heard my mother tell Of a home she lov'd so well, And her
2. Just a-cross the crys-tal sea. Mother's sweetly call-ing me, And my
3. O-ver on the peaceful shore. There my Saviour I'll a-dore; With His
4. An-gels watch the pearly gate, There's a mes-sage to re-late, I've not

last words softly fell, I'll be there; Where the angels sweetly sing. And their
answer soon shall be, I'll be there; What a meeting that will be, When my
hand to guide me o'er, I'll be there; With the angels' hap-py band, We will
long on earth to wait, I'll be there; Up the glitt'ring streets I'll wend, There to

harps with mu-sic ring, In the pal-ace of the King, I'll be there.
moth-er's face I see, For 'tis thro' e-ter-ni-ty, I'll be there.
walk the gold-en strand, In that fair and hap-py laud, I'll be there.
meet de-part-ed friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, I'll be there.

REFRAIN.

I'll be there, . . . yes, I'll be there.
I'll be there, . . . yes, I'll be there.
I'll be there, . . . yes, I'll be there.
I'll be there, . . . yes, I'll be there.

I'll be there,
I'll be there.
I'll be there,
I'll be there.

Where the an-gels sweetly sing, And their

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1. Fresh from the throne of glory, Bright in its crystal gleam,
2. Stream full of life and gladness, Spring of all health and peace,
3. River of God, I greet Thee, Not now afar, but near;

Bursts out the living fountain, Swells on the living stream.
No harps by Thee hang silent, Nor happy voices cease.
My soul to Thy still waters, Hastens in its thirstings here.

REFRAIN.

Blessed River, blessed River, Let me feast my eyes on Thee.
Tranquil River, tranquil River, Let me sit and sing by Thee.
Holy River, holy River, Let me ever drink of Thee.

Blessed River, let me ever, Ever feast my eyes on Thee.
Tranquil River, let me ever, Ever sit and sing of Thee.
Holy River, let me ever, Ever drink of only Thee.
There's a beautiful blossom called Pity,
And it grew in a heavenly clime;
But it bloomed in the lifetime of
deemer and lover of all;
And He found us and bought us for
beautiful pitying love Flowing forth in His marvels of
sick ones in every clime; ’Tis the seed from the blossom of

Jesus, On the sorrowful low-lands of time.
heaven, And He helpeth us now, when we call.
healing, Shedding perfume from heaven above.
Pity, Taking root in the low-lands of time.

Transplanted from yonder bright city,
It grows in the low-lands of time.
No. 302. THE CONQUERING LION OF JUDAH.

1. The Lion of Judah goes forth in His might,

2. The Lion of Judah shall conquer the world,

3. The Lion of Judah shall reign over all,

To vanquish the wrong and establish the right; To
The slayer of souls from his throne shall be hurl’d; The
And low at His feet every creature shall fall; His

D.S.—free to the breeze with boldness we fling The banner of

FINE. REFRAIN.

Satan’s dominion to wrest.
able is Christ to prevail.

The glorious banner of holy His wonderful name.

Judah’s all-conquering King.

Christ is unfurled, The Lion of Judah shall conquer the world; So
MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 303. JUST TO BE AT HOME WITH JESUS.

GEO. I. RUNION. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Just to be at home with Jesus, Just to lean upon His breast,
2. Just to be at home with Jesus In that blest abode above,
3. Just to be at home with Jesus—Just to look into His face,
4. Just to be at home with Jesus, And the holy angels see,

Feel His loving arms about me, Know at last I’ve found sweet rest;
Made for those who do His bidding; Filled with His own boundless love;
Have His loving smile upon me, Just to praise Him for His grace
While they sing His praise before Him Thro’out all eternity;

There to be and live forever While eternal ages roll,
Just to know that pain and sorrow Can no more my peace destroy;
He so freely showers on me While I tarry here below,
And I’ll join that mighty chorus, As it swells in harmony;

Just to know I’ve found the haven Jesus has for every soul.
But, in Jesus sweetly resting I shall find the purest joy.
That I may His blessings scatter, His great love to others show.
As it rings thro’ heav’n’s portals, Praise to Him who died for me.

JUST TO BE AT HOME WITH JESUS.—Concluded.

Refrain.

O 'twill be . . . . a happy time, . . . .
O 'twill be a happy time, yes, 'twill be a happy time,

When we tread . . . . the courts sublime, . . . .
When we tread the courts, when we tread the courts sublime,

When we see Him face to face, Who hath saved us by His grace,

And we'll dwell with Him forever In that bright, bright clime.

No. 304. C. M.

1 Jesus! I love Thy charming name,
    'Tis music to mine ear;
    Fain would I sound it out so loud,
    That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes! Thou art precious to my soul,
    My transport and my trust;
    Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
    And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacities can wish,
    In Thee doth richly meet;

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
    And sheds its fragrance there;
    The noblest balm of all its wounds,
    The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name,
    Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms
    The antidote of death.
No. 305. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

E. E. HEWITT.

1. They who sat in darkness saw a blessed light, Jesus is the
2. Still He smiles upon us from His home above, Jesus is the
3. For the distant nations, for the land afar, Jesus is the

Light of the world; Chasing gloomy shades, breaking thro' the night,
Light of the world; Sending heav'nly sunshine, gentle beams of love,
Light of the world; Tell them of His glory, show the Morning Star,

Jesus is the Light of the world. In the crowded cities of fair
Jesus is the Light of the world. Where a heart is turning toward the
Jesus is the Light of the world. Let us send the Gospel, like a

Galilee, By the curling billows of its azure sea, O'er the shining way,
Longing for the coming of a better day, He is her aid bright, Witness of the Saviour, true and perfect light; O that

hills of Judah, shining pure and free, Jesus is the Light of the world.
there to guide them by a kindly ray, Jesus is the Light of the world.
all could see Him, know His saving might! Jesus is the Light of the world.

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.—Concluded.

Light of the world, Blessed Light of the world, Jesus is the Light of the world;

Light of the world, blessed Light of the world, Jesus is the Light of the world.

No. 306.  CORONATION. C. M.

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. Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball,
4. O that with yon’der 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;
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We’ll join the everlasting 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.
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We’ll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.
MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 307. WE ARE MARCHING, ONWARD MARCHING.

E. A. HOFFMAN. Suggested by C. O. H. C. O. HARTSFIELD.

1. We are marching, on-ward marching, to the land of end-less light,
2. We are marching, on-ward marching, 'neath the banner of our King,
3. We are un-der marching or-ders in the serv-ice of our King,

Where we ne'er shall know a sor-row, where the skies are al-ways bright;
And the tri-umphs of the Cross in ex-ul-ta-tion glad we sing,
Un-to Him in con-se-cra-tion, love, and life, and all we bring;

Je-sus wel comes ev'-ry sin-ner, who will heed His lov-ing voice,
For we jour-ney to a cit-y where no e- vil draw-eth nigh,
For we know that He will lead us, when life's tri-umphs are com-plete,

To go home with Him to heav-en, with the ran-somed to re-joice.
To Je-ru-sa-lem the gold-en, to our Fa-ther's home on high.
Up to yon-der home e-té-rnal, where the pure and ho-ly meet.

Refrain.

O-ver there . . . we'll hap-py be,
O-ver there we'll hap-py be, so hap-py be,

MISCELLANEOUS.

We are Marching, Onward Marching—Concluded.

In the home—beyond life's sea,
Where we'll dwell—with our Redeemer,
Through a long—eternity.

No. 308. McQUIDDY. L.M.

1. Jesus shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
2. Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star:
3. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
4. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?

Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee. No: when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.
MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 309. SAILING O’ER LIFE’S OCEAN.

Anon. With vigor. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. We’re a faithful pilgrim band, Sailing to the heav’n-ly land;
2. Tho’ the roaring billows swell, Yet securely we may dwell,
3. Tho’ for many ages past She has long withstood the blast,

With our spreading sail we onward sweep; Tho’ the tempest rage long,
Tho’ the breakers roar upon the lea; Mid the storm, by day or night,
And in safety crossed the billows o’er, Yet, amid the rocks and shoals,

There is one amid the throng Who will guide the sailor o’er the deep.
Trust our Captain, by His might He will guide us safely o’er the sea.
She has landed many souls On fair Canaan’s bright and peaceful shore.

Refrain.

We are sailing o’er the ocean,
We are sailing o’er the ocean, We are drifting with the tide,

We are drifting with the tide;
We are sailing o’er the ocean, We are drifting with the tide;

MISCELLANEOUS.

SAILING O'ER LIFE'S OCEAN.—Concluded.

Soon the storm will all be over,
Soon the storm will all be over, Soon the storm will all be over,

And we'll reach the other side.
And we'll safely reach the other side, the other side.
And we'll safely reach the other side.

No. 310. ORTONVILLE. C. M.


1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear; It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna.
3. Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest tho't; But when I
4. Till then I would Thy love proclaim, With ev'ry fleeting breath; And may the-

sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest, And to the weary rest.
see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
music of Thy name Re-fresh my soul in death, Refresh my soul in death.

301
MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 311. TAKE ME HOME.

SHARP MCNIEL.

1. From this world of grief and pain To that land where joy doth reign,
From this world of chill and gloom To that land of summer bloom,

2. From this world where foes molest To that land of peaceful rest,
Blessed Saviour, take me home; Where no mortal sin nor strife
Blessed Saviour, take me home; When my earthly stay shall end,

3. From this world of chill and gloom To that land of summer bloom,
Blessed Saviour, take me home; In Thy presence to abide,
Blessed Saviour, take me home; Where no harm can e'er betide,

Where no harm can e'er betide, Blessed Saviour, take me home.
Mars the glad, celestial life, Blessed Saviour, take me home.
Let my soul to Thee ascend, Blessed Saviour, take me home.

REFRAIN.

Take me home, take me home, From Thy shelter ne'er to roam;
Take me home, take me home, Blessed Saviour, take me home.

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry Everything to God in prayer.
We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O, what peace we often forfeit, O, what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All because we do not carry Everything to God in prayer.
Jesus knows our every weakness: Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.
1. I'm seeking the country where Jesus has gone; I'm facing the
beauty of heaven's bright dawn; I'm climbing the mountains, the
moutains of faith, And now I can see o'er the river of death.

2. I've climb'd to the summit of holy desire, But onward and
sun-light forever I find; The clouds are beneath me, a-
higher peaks glow, And strong in my Saviour, still upward I go.

3. I've left all the fogs of the valley behind, And here the bright
walls with their wide-open'd gates; I'm climbing the mountains, but
above is my home, And Christ, my dear Saviour, invites me to come.

4. I see the fair city where Jesus awaits; I see the bright
mountains of faith; Soon I'll arise, And leave the last peak for my home in the skies.

REFRAIN.

I'm climbing, climbing, I'm climbing the
mountains of faith; Still higher I climb, to

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THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

ADALYN.

No. 314.

1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, lead me, In Thy pastures cool and sweet;
2. When the cares of life o'er take me, Lead me by the waters still;
3. O my Shepherd, lead me, guide me, Keep me with Thy flock alway;

On Thy heav'nly bounty feed me; Guide my weak and wand'ring feet.
Keep me, love me, nor forsake me, While I do Thy holy will.
For no evil can betide me While within Thy fold I stay.

Refrain.

O my Saviour, walk beside me, Lead me on from day to day;

With Thy loving hand to guide me, I can never go astray.
No. 315. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVENAL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransom'd be, And quick'en'd from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?

2. My Father's house of light, My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night, For wand'ring sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee, What hast thou left for me?
I left, I left it all for thee, What hast thou left for me?

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

4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free, My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?
1. What shall I do with my burdens? Oft they are heavy to bear,
2. What shall I do with my burdens? Where shall I find relief?
3. What shall I do with my burdens? Lay them today at Thy cross!

Burdens of sorrow and anguish, Burdens of worry and care;
Burdens of sin and temptation, Burdens of trouble and grief;
Burdens which long I have carried, Burdens of sadness and loss;

Faithless the friends I have trusted, Where shall I turn but to Thee?
Vision is blended with weeping, Lo, I am seeking Thee, Lord,
Aching my heart, I am weary, Where but in Thee is true rest?

Saviour, all faithful and tender, List to my sorrowful plea.
Jesus, speak comfort and pardon, Save by Thy heavenly word.
Jesus, Thou great Burden-Bearer, Let me but lean on Thy breast.

D.S. — Thou art the great Burden-Bearer, Thou wilt have pity on me.

What shall I do with my burdens? Where can I go but to Thee?
1. We're marching along to the city of God, Secure in the path-way our Saviour has trod; The road may be rough and our eyes may be dim, But we shall be always found following Him.

2. The Saviour has gone to prepare a sweet home For those who are faithful, tho' trials may come; O heart, heed the summons, o-bids you now make Him your choice; While He is beside you, ac-ccept Him to-day, He waits with a blessing, O turn not away.

3. The Bridegroom is calling, O list to His voice, "Be ready," He

Refrain.

We're marching, we're marching, To
We’re marching, yes, marching, We're marching, yes, marching, To

mansions so fair and bright; We’re marching, to
We’re marching, yes, marching, we’re

MARCHING TO GLORY.—Concluded.

We're marching to realms of light.

No. 318. WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—John 6: 63.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Sing them over again to me, Wonderful words of Life; Let me more of their beauty see, Wonderful words of Life; Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and duty;

2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Wonderful words of Life; Sinner, list to the loving call, Wonderful words of Life; All so freely given, Wooo-ing us to heaven.

3. Sweetly echo the gospel call, Wonderful words of Life; Offer pardon and peace to all, Wonderful words of Life; Jesus, only Saviour, Sanctify forever.

REFRAIN.

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.
MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.
JNO. R. SWENY.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern,
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Holding cum-mu-ni-on with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Riches in glo-ry all His own;

More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spirit of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom’s sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

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

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

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'TIS HEAVEN AT LAST.

Dr. H. Bonar.
Adapted by A. J. S.

1. Angel voices, sweetly singing, Echos thro' the blue dome ringing,
2. On the jasper threshold standing, Like a pilgrim safely landing,
3. Soft-est voice, sil-ver peal-ing, Fresh-est fragrance, spirit-heal-ing,
4. Not a teardrop ev-er fall-eth, Not a plea-sure ev-er pall-eth,
5. Now at length the veil is rend-ed, Now the pil-gri-mage is end-ed,

News of won-drous glad-ness bring-ing, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
See, the strange bright scene ex-pand-ing, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Hap-py hymns a-round are steal-ing, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Song to song for-ev-er call-eth; Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
And the saints their thrones as-cend-ed: Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!

1. Sin for-ev-er left be-hind us, Earth-ly vis-i-ons cease to blind us,
2. What a cit-y! what a glo-ry! Far beyond the brightest sto-ry
3. Not a bro-ken blos-som yon-der, Not a link can snap a sun-der,
4. Chri-st Him-self the liv-ing splen-dor, Chri-st the sun-light mild and ten-der,
5. Broken death's dread band that bound us, Life and vic-to-ry a-round us;

Flesh-ly fet-ters cease to bind us, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Of the a-ges old and hoar-y, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Stay'd the tempest, sheath'd the thunder; Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Prais-es to the Lamb we ren-der; Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Christ, the King, Him-self hath crown'd us; Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!

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GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.*

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. One by one we're going downward to the grave, Soon we'll
2. One by one we're going to our final rest. When the
3. By and by the Lord will call us to the skies, There to

say goodbye to those we hold most dear; But the Saviour in His
Lord shall bid us lay our arms down; Thro' the valley we shall
join the host unnumbered gone before; At the trumpet of God the

wondrous love doth save; So we put our trust in Him and have no fear.
reach the mansions blest. For we first must bear the cross, then wear the crown.
dead in Christ shall rise And shall dwell with Him in glory evermore.

REFRAIN.

We are going down the valley, We are going down the valley,

We are going down the valley dark and cold, (dark and cold.)

* Words suggested by a beautiful Quartet by J. H. Fillmore.

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GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.—Concluded.

No. 322. TOPLADY. 7. 61.
A. M. TOPLADY.
Dr. Thos. Hastings.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
2. Not the labor of my hands Can fulfill Thy law’s demands;
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death,

Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow,
Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.
Vile, I to the fountain fly, Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.
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