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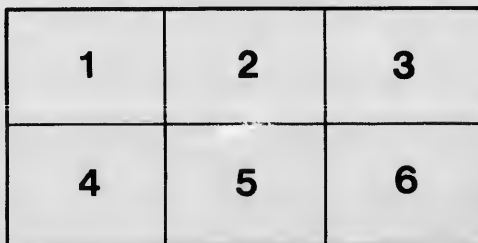
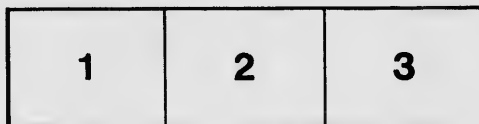
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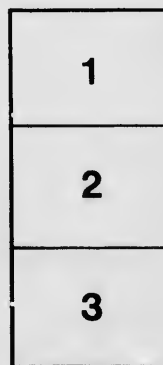
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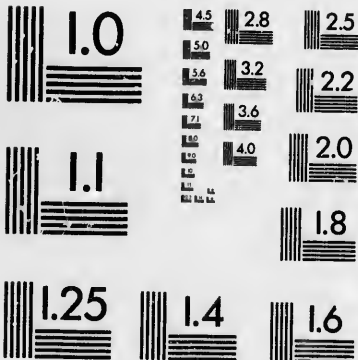
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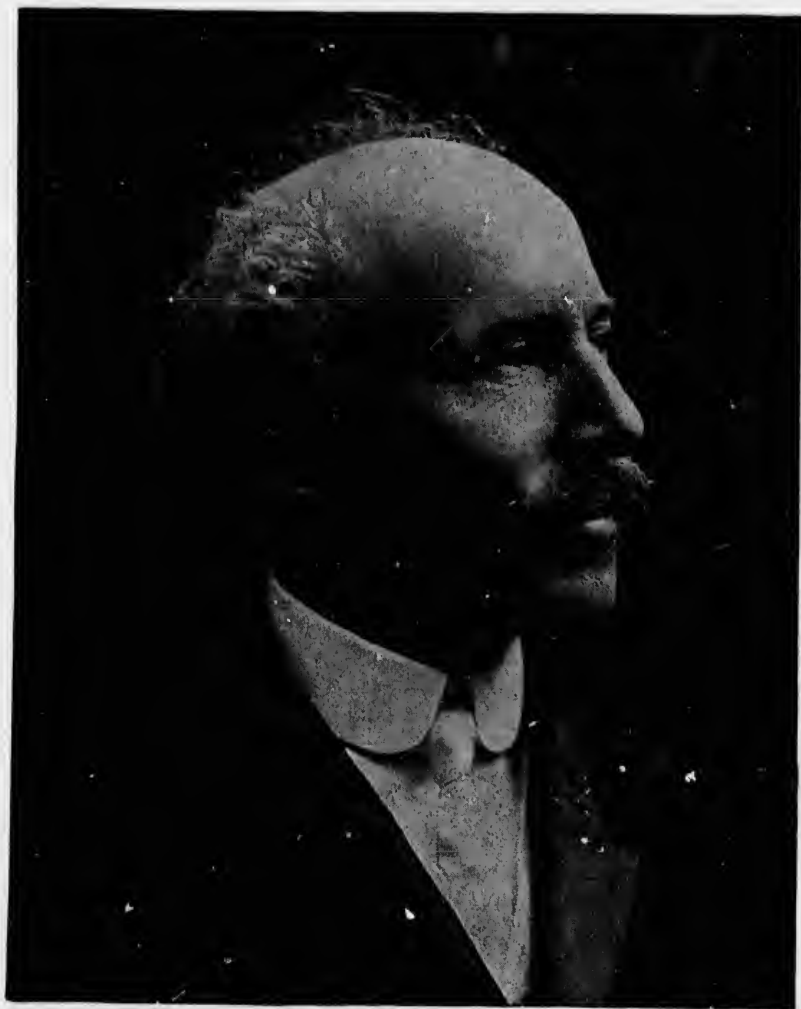
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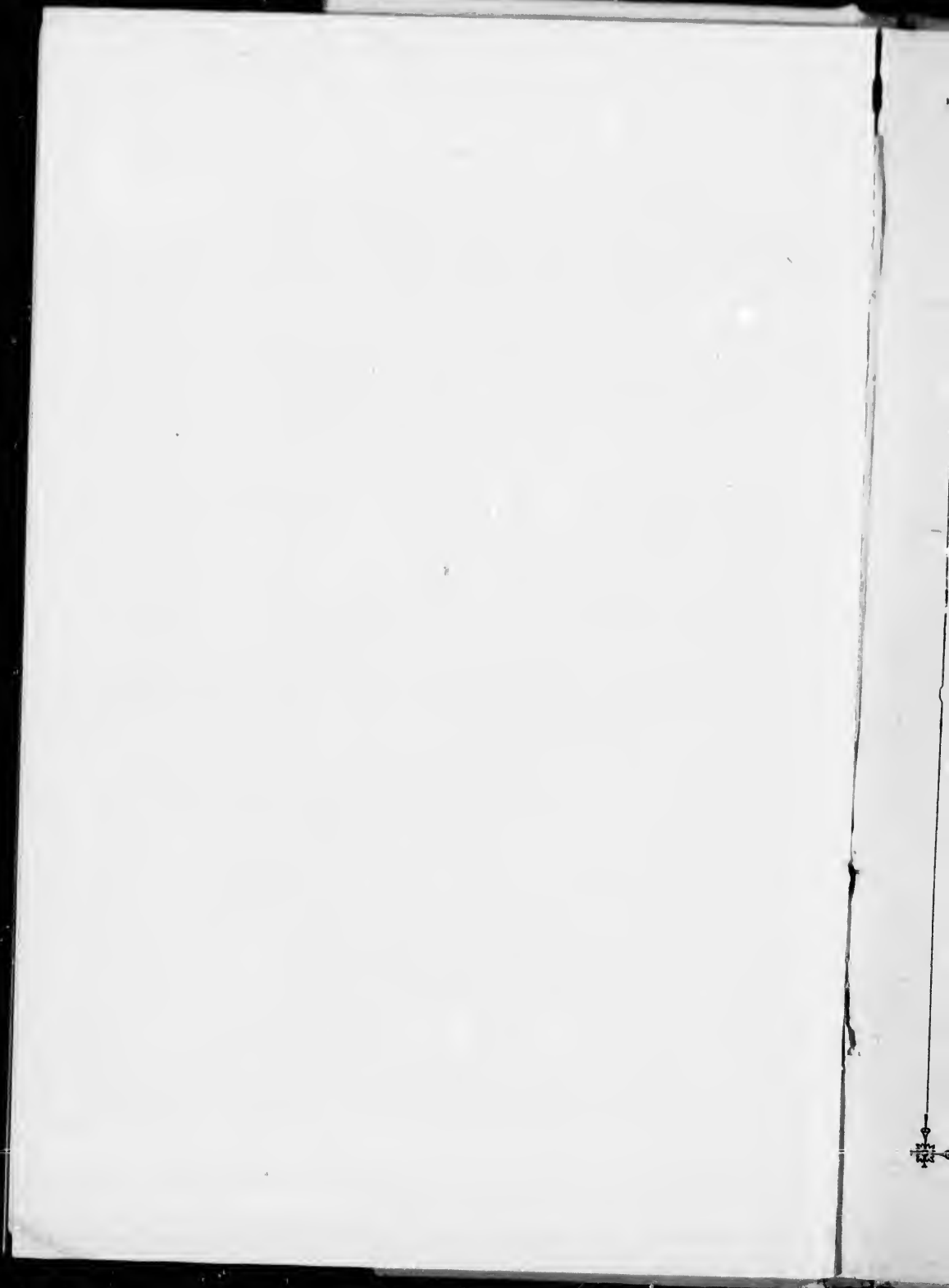




*H. J. Crossley*



*John E. Hunter*



# SONGS OF SALVATION

AS USED BY

CROSSLEY AND HUNTER,

*IN EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS,*

AND ADAPTED FOR THE

**Church, Grace, School, Choir & Home**

EDITED BY

REV. H. T. CROSSLEY.

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS.

MONTREAL: C. W. COATES.

HALIFAX: F. W. MOSHER.

M2198

C7

1887

c. 2

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## PREFACE.

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In preparing SONGS OF SALVATION, the following objects were kept in view:—

*First*, to have in one book the best of the songs we have tested, as particularly adapted for our Evangelistic Work.

*Second*, to provide a suitable book for Special Services, Prayer and Social Meetings, thus filling a long-felt want of pastors and churches.

*Third*, to supply the demand of Choirs for a book of the choicest Gospel Songs, for use after prayer and sermon in our church services

*Fourth*, to furnish superintendents with a collection of songs, differing from the ordinary style of Sabbath-school music, that will be appreciated, and sung with a new spirit and interest.

*Fifth*, to give to parents a music book that may profitably be used in family worship, as well as being a parlor favorite.

*Sixth*, to please my numerous friends who have so frequently requested me to publish many of the songs I sing in Evangelistic Meetings.

*Seventh*, to meet the desire of lovers of music generally, to have a book full of the best sacred songs, new and old, instead of containing about half a dozen good pieces, and the others very ordinary.

## PREFACE.

If the friends of Christian song believe I have attained the end desired, I shall be thankful, but if I have failed, it is not from want of expense, long and diligent research, and earnest endeavor. I have carefully examined over seventy-five music books, written the best composers for songs, and have selected those pieces I deemed the cream of the various publications. Several numbers were prepared especially for this work. The picture on the cover is of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

I hope and pray that these songs may help Christians Zionward, and win in the future, as in the past, many to love and trust Him, who loves us with His great heart of infinite love.

H. T. CROSSLEY.

---

## NOTE.

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# SONGS OF SALVATION.

1

## Our Glad Jubilee.

W. F. S.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."—Ps. 65:11. Wm. F. SHERWIN.

1. Wake, wake the song! our glad jubilee, Once more we hail with sweet melody,  
 2. Marching to Zion, dear blessed home! Lord, by Thy mercy hither we come;  
 3. Yet once again the anthem repeat, Join ev'ry voice the Master to greet;

D.C.—Wake, wake the song, &c.

*Fine.*  
 Bringing our hymns of praise un - to Thee, O most ho - ly Lord!  
 Guide us, we pray, where'er we may roam, Keep us in Thy fear;  
 Love's sacri - fice we lay at His feet, In His tem - ple now;

Praise for Thy care by day and by night, Praise for the homes by love made so bright;  
 Fill ev'ry soul with love all divine, Now cause Thy face upon us to shine;  
 Jesus, accept the offering we bring, Blending with songs the odors of spring;

*D.C.*  
 Thanks for the pure and the soul-cheering light Beaming from Thy Word. Then  
 Grant that our hearts may truly be Thine— All the coming year.  
 Still of Thy wondrous love we will sing, Till in heaven we bow.

By permission

## Sing On.

CARRIE M. WILSON.

Isaiah 35: 10.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pilgrims, Nor think the moments long;  
 2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pilgrims, While here on earth we stay;  
 3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pilgrims, The time will not be long.

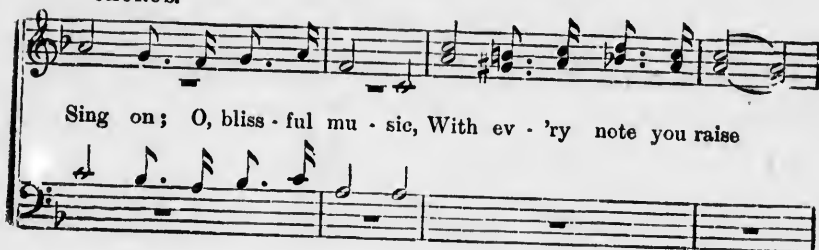
My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - ry tune - ful song.  
 Let songs of home and Je - sus Beguile each fleet - ing day.  
 Till in our Fa - ther's kingdom We swell a no - bler song:

Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The glo - rious mount I stand,  
 Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of His re - deem - ing love;  
 Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore,

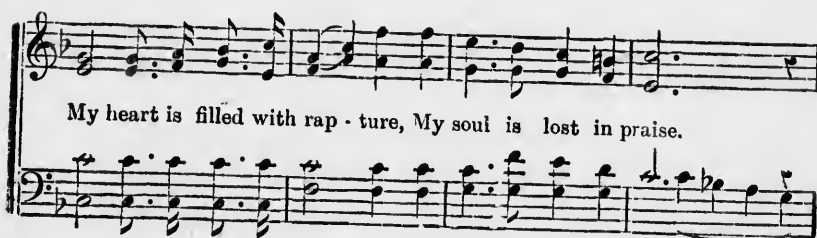
And look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the promised land!  
 The ev - er - last - ing ci - ty That fills the realms a - bove.  
 We'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where surges roll no more.

# Sing On—Concluded.

## CHORUS.



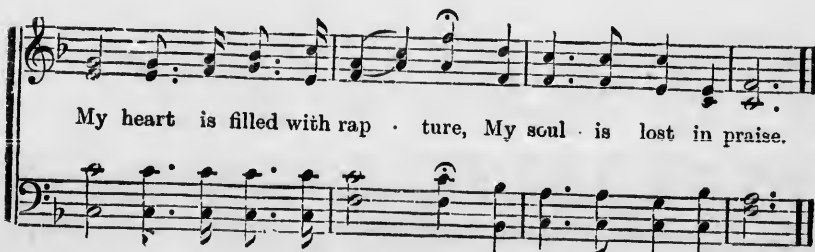
Sing on; O, bliss - ful mu - sic, With ev - 'ry note you raise



My heart is filled with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.



Sing on; O, blissful mu - sic, With ev - 'ry note you raise,  
Sing on; blissful, blissful mu - sic,

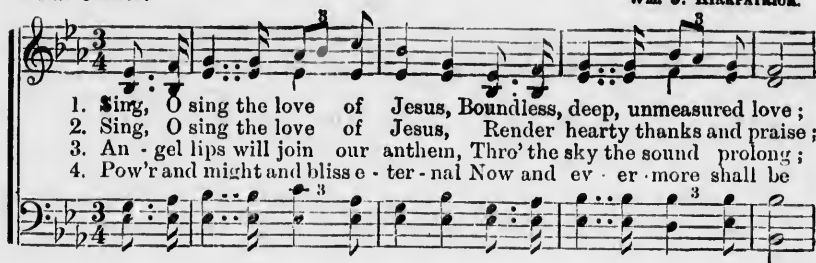


My heart is filled with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.

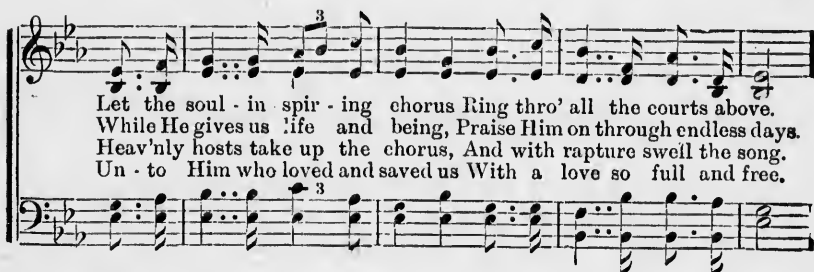
# 3 Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.

MAY CLIFTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sing, O sing the love of Jesus, Boundless, deep, unmeasured love ;  
 2. Sing, O sing the love of Jesus, Render hearty thanks and praise ;  
 3. An - gel lips will join our anthem, Thro' the sky the sound prolong ;  
 4. Pow'r and might and bliss e - ter - nal Now and ev - er more shall be



Let the soul - in - spir - ing chorus Ring thro' all the courts above.  
 While He gives us life and being, Praise Him on through endless days.  
 Heav'nly hosts take up the chorus, And with rapture swell the song.  
 Un - to Him who loved and saved us With a love so full and free.

CHORUS.



Sing, O sing . . . . . the love of Je - - - - - sus,  
 the love of Jesus, Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus,



Heaven and earth . . . . . re - peat the strain ;  
 repeat the strain, Heaven and earth repeat the strain ;



Sing, O sing, . . . . . till ev - 'ry na - - - - - tion  
 till ev - 'ry nation, Sing, O sing, till ev - 'ry na - tion

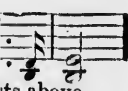
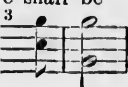
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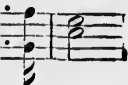
is.

KIRKPATRICK.

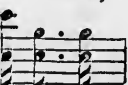
asured love;  
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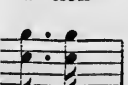
- sus,  
of Je-sus,



ne strain;



tion  
na-tion



Copyright.

# Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus—Concluded.



Ech - oes on . . . . . the sweet re frain.  
the sweet refrain, Ech - oes on the sweet refrain.



4

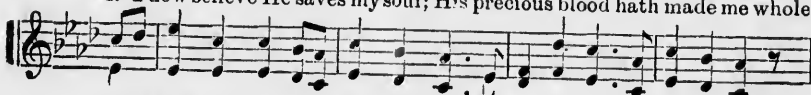
## Whosoever.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

JNO. R. SWENKY.



1. I praise the Lord that one like me, For mer - cy may to Je - sus flee :
2. I was to sin a wretched slave, But Jesus died my soul to save :
3. I look by faith and see this word Stamp'd with the blood of Christ, my Lord :
4. I now believe He saves my soul; His precious blood hath made me whole :

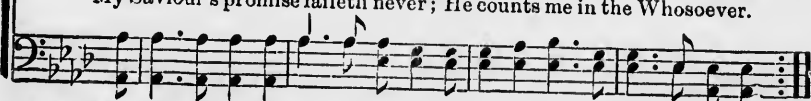


He says that who - so - ev - er will, May seek and find salvation still.

REFRAIN.



My Saviour's promise faileth never; He counts me in the Whosoever.



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5

## We Praise Thee.

TUNE: G. H. & S. S., No. 24.  
KEY G.

1 We praise Thee, O God, for the Son  
of Thy love,  
For Jesus who died, and is now gone  
above!

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory,  
Hallelujah! Amen.  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,  
revive us again.

\* We praise Thee, O God! for Thy  
Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour, and  
scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that  
was slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and has  
cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all  
grace,  
Who has bought us, and sought us,  
and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again: fill each heart with  
Thy love;  
May each soul be rekindled with fire  
from above.

# Christ's Robe for Me.

Hymn written to the Welsh tune "Ebenezer" to the theme of the song "Dyma Gariad," sung in the Welsh revival; with original words composed for the Crossley-Hunter meetings by William E. Barton, D.D.

1. Je-sus, Mas-ter, for what rea-son, Didst thou die 'up-on the tree?  
 2. Still thy love hath great-er meas-ure, Thou dost love me, e-ven yet!  
 3. Lord, I ne'er a-gain will nail thee To my blind will's hate-ful tree

Was it for my sin and trea-son? Sav-ior, didst thou die for me?  
 Pre-cious love, my life's best treas-ure—O my soul do not for-get!  
 Lord of life hence-forth I'll hail thee, Ev-er-more I'll live for thee.

Love of God, that like an o-cean Bounds the nar-row shores of time,  
 O 'tis strange, the Gos-pel sto-ry, Earth can not the like sup-ly,—  
 I will sing of sins for-giv-en, I will sing it to the grave;

How could'st thou in such de-vo-tion Give thy-self for sin-ner's crime?  
 How the Christ, the Prince of Glo-ry Came for sin-ful men to die.  
 Here on earth and high in heav-en I will sing thy pow'r to save.

## The Lily of the Valley.

Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation He's my
3. He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and

thousand to my soul; The Lily of the Valley in Him alone I see, All I  
strong and mighty tow'r; I've sin for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my  
do His blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear: With His

need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my  
heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan  
tempts me  
manna He my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glory to see His blessed

CHORUS.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my

Hallelujah!

stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. He's the Li-ly of the  
sore, Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the Li-ly of the  
face, Where rivers of delight shall ev-er roll. He's the Li-ly of the

stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. He's the Li-ly of the D.S.

Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

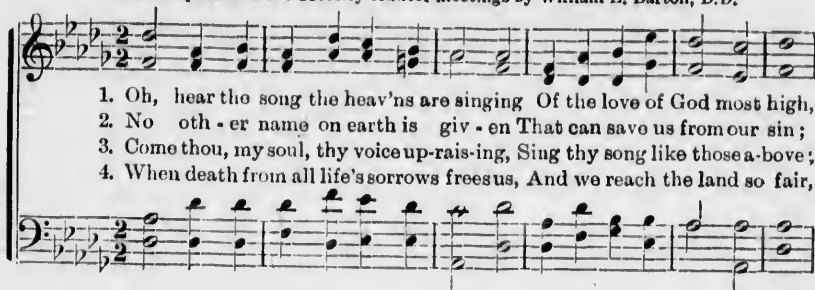
Val-ley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

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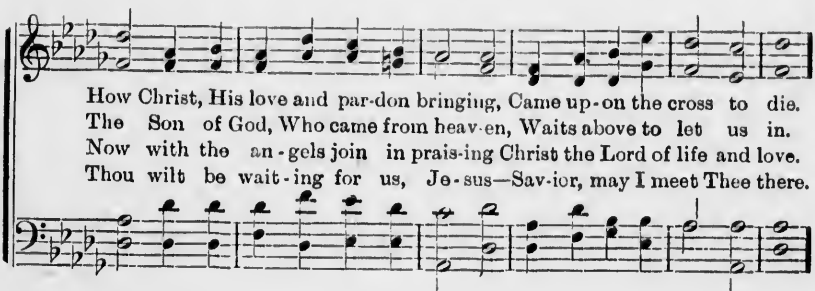
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# Song of Redeeming Love.

It was written to the Welsh tune "Dempeter," sung in the Welsh revival; with original words composed for the Crossley-Hunter meetings by William E. Barton, D.D.

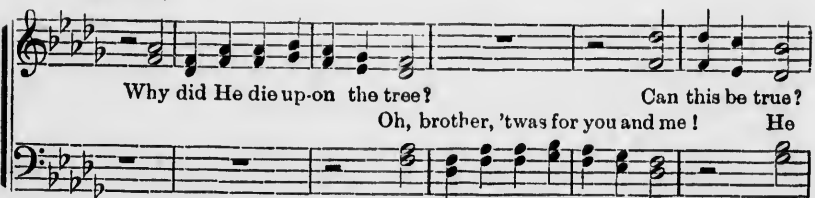


1. Oh, hear the song the heav'n's are singing Of the love of God most high,  
 2. No oth-er name on earth is giv-en That can save us from our sin;  
 3. Come thou, my soul, thy voice up-raising, Sing thy song like those a-bove;  
 4. When death from all life's sorrows frees us, And we reach the land so fair,

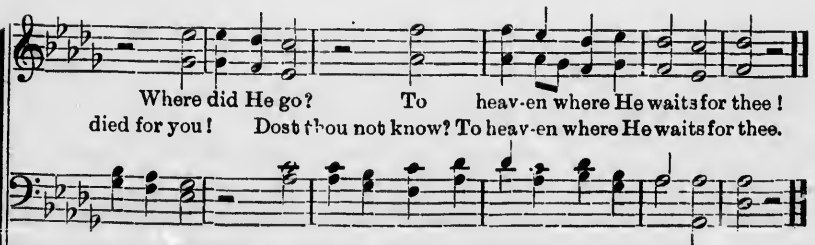


How Christ, His love and par-don bringing, Came up-on the cross to die.  
 The Son of God, Who came from heav-en, Waits above to let us in.  
 Now with the an-gels join in prais-ing Christ the Lord of life and love.  
 Thou wilt be wait-ing for us, Je-sus—Sav-ior, may I meet Thee there.

## CHORUS.



Why did He die up-on the tree? Can this be true?  
 Oh, brother, 'twas for you and me! He



Where did He go? To heav-en where He waits for thee!  
 died for you! Dost thou not know? To heav-en where He waits for thee.

## Seeking for Me.

E. E. HARTY.

1. Je - sus, my Saviour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a manger to  
 2. Je - sus, my Saviour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Died for my sins, that my  
 3. Je - sus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a -  
 4. Je - sus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as

sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for  
 soul might be free; Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dying for me, for  
 far from the fold, Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for  
 wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

for me . . . . . for me . . . . .

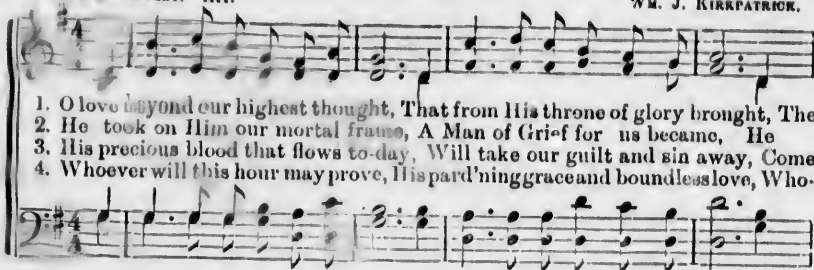
me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;  
 me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Dying for me;  
 me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me;  
 me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me;

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

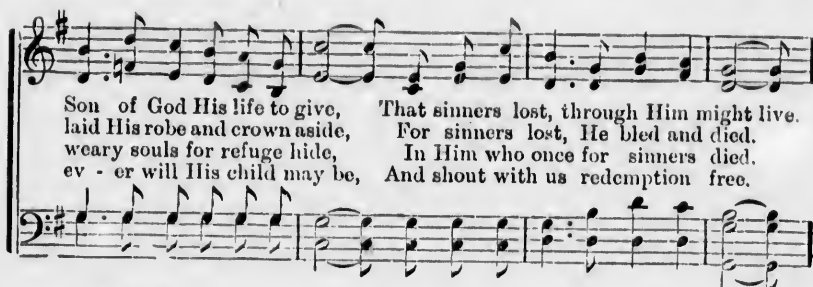
## His Grace is Free.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Arr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

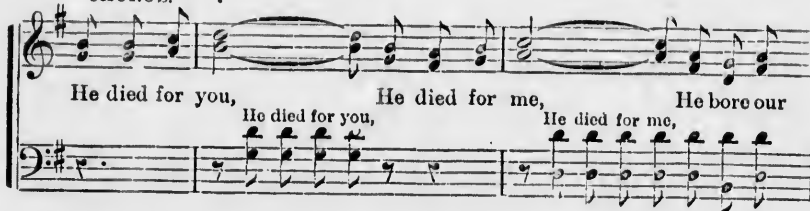


1. O love beyond our highest thought, That from His throne of glory brought, The  
 2. He took on Him our mortal frame, A Man of Grief for us became, He  
 3. His precious blood that flows to-day, Will take our guilt and sin away, Come  
 4. Whoever will this hour may prove, His pard'ning grace and boundless love, Who-

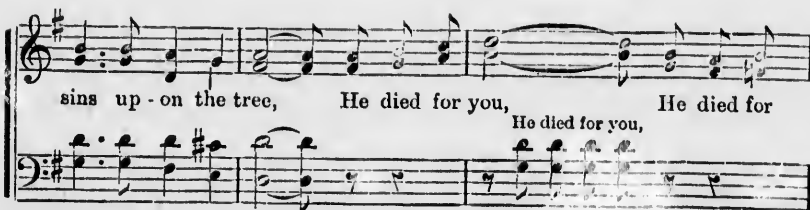


Son of God His life to give, That sinners lost, through Him might live.  
 laid His robe and crown aside, For sinners lost, He bled and died.  
 weary souls for refuge hide, In Him who once for sinners died.  
 ev - er will His child may be, And shout with us redemption free.

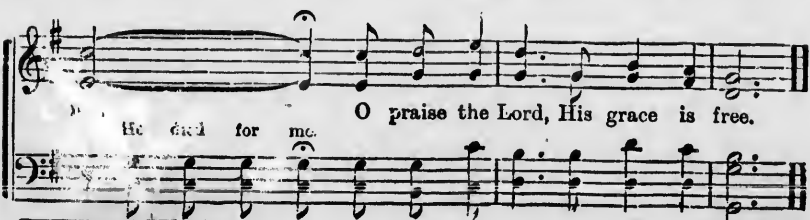
## CHORUS.



He died for you, He died for you, He died for me, He bore our



sins up - on the tree, He died for you, He died for  
 He died for you,



He died for me. O praise the Lord, His grace is free.

## Coming, Yes, We're Coming.

F. J. CROSBY.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."—Luke 18: 16.

W. H. DOANE.

1. How sweet the call of mercy, In - vit - ing ev - 'ry heart To  
 2. O may His Spir - it teach us, To know and do the right; To  
 3. Our Saviour loves the children, On them His hands He laid, With-

come and love the Saviour, Ere youthful days depart; 'Tis in the Holy Bible, These  
 walk as He commands us, That we may see the light; The blessed light that shineth A  
 in His arms He held them, And blessed them while He prayed; And still His mercy  
 [calls them; Just

precious words we see: For - bid ye not the children, But  
 long the narrow way, And al - ways groweth brighter, Un  
 now we hear Him say: I want your hearts, dear children, I

## REFRAIN.

let them come to Me. Coming, yes, we're coming, Coming, yes, we're coming,  
 to the perfect day.  
 want your love to - day. Coming, coming, Coming, coming,

Repeat Softly.

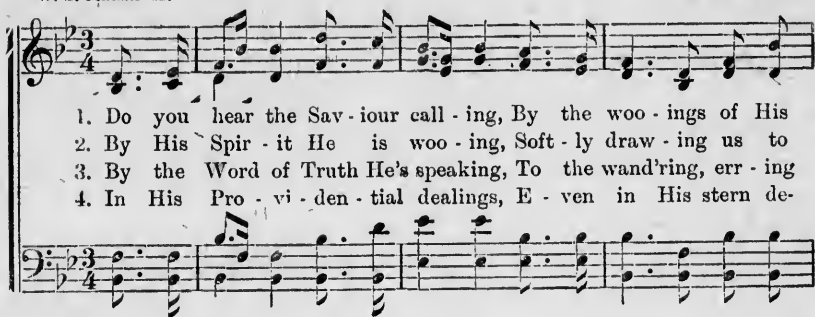
Coming, yes, we're coming, Dear Saviour, to Thy fold.  
 Coming, coming,

# I Am Listening.

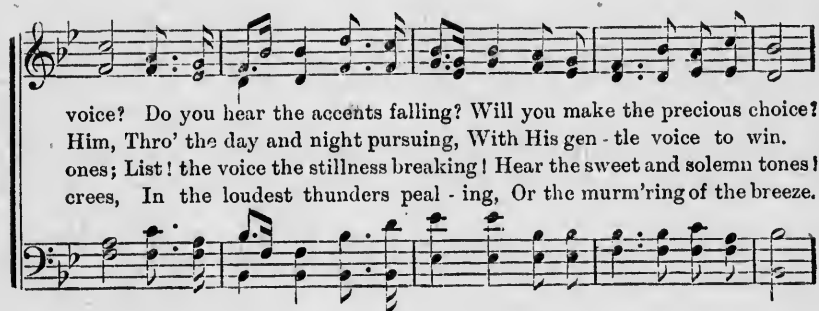
"It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me."—Cant. 5: 2.

W. S. MARSHALL.

W. S. MARSHALL.

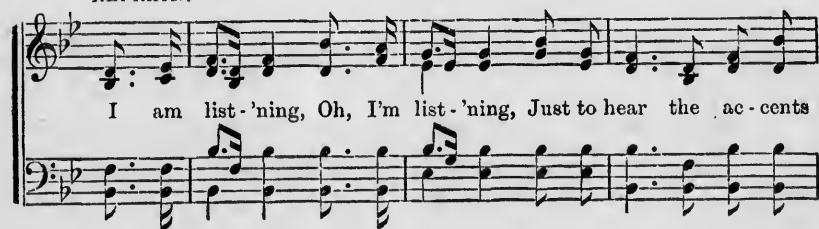


1. Do you hear the Sav-iour call-ing, By the woo-ings of His  
2. By His Spir-it He is woo-ing, Soft-ly draw-ing us to  
3. By the Word of Truth He's speaking, To the wand'ring, err-ing  
4. In His Pro-vi-den-tial dealings, E-ven in His stern de-



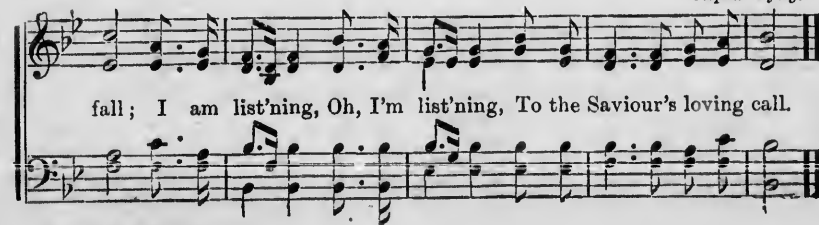
voice? Do you hear the accents falling? Will you make the precious choice?  
Him, Thro' the day and night pursuing, With His gen-tle voice to win.  
ones; List! the voice the stillness breaking! Hear the sweet and solemn tones!  
crees, In the loudest thunders peal-ing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

## REFRAIN.



I am list-'ning, Oh, I'm list-'ning, Just to hear the ac-cents

*Repeat softly.*



fall; I am list'ning, Oh, I'm list'ning, To the Saviour's loving call.

From "Spiritual Songs."

# 13 Hark! There Comes a Whisper.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Prov. 23 : 26.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Hark! there comes a whisper Stealing on thine ear; 'Tis the Saviour  
 2. With that voice so gentle, Dost thou hear Him say, Tell Me all thy  
 3. Wouldst thou find a refuge For thy soul oppressed? Jesus kindly  
 4. At the cross of Je - sus Let thy burden fall, While He gently

## REFRAIN.

calling, Soft, soft and clear,  
 sorrows, Come, come away?  
 answers, I am thy rest.  
 whispers, I'll bear it all.

Give thy heart to Me,      Once I died for

Just now,

thee;      Hark! hark! thy Saviour calls, Come, sin - ner, come.

0 come,

By permission.

# 14

## Precious Jesus.

TUNE: "I AM LISTENING."

- 1 Precious Jesus, oh! to love Thee,  
 Oh! to know that Thou art mine;  
 Jesus, all my heart I give Thee,  
 If Thou wilt but make it Thine.

### CHORUS.

I am listening just to hear the accents  
 fall;  
 I am listening to the Saviour's loving call.

- 2 Take my warmest, best affections,  
 Take my memory, mind and will;  
 Then with all Thy loving Spirit  
 All my emptied nature fill.

- 3 Bold I touch Thy sacred garment,  
 Trusting stretch my eager hand;  
 Virtue, like a healing fountain,  
 Freely flows at love's command.

- 4 Oh, how precious, dear Redeemer,  
 Is the love that fills my soul!  
 It is done, the word is spoken,  
 Be thou every whit made whole.

- 5 Lo! a new creation dawning;  
 Lo! I rise to life divine;  
 In my soul an Easter morning;  
 I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

# He Loved Me So

E. O. E.

"God so loved the world."—John 3: 16.

E. O. EXCELL

1. By faith the Lamb of God I see, Ex - pir - ing on the cross for me;  
 2. For me the Fath - er sent His Son; For me the vic - to - ry He won;  
 3. So glad I am that He is mine, So glad that I with Him shall shine;  
 4. O Lamb of God that made me free, I con - se - crate my all to Thee;  
 5. And when my Lord shall bid me come, To join the loved ones round the throne,

He paid the mighty debt I owe; He died because He loved me so.  
 To save my soul from end - less woe, He died because He loved me so.  
 I'll trust in Him, for this I know, He died because He loved me so.  
 My all,—for this I sure - ly know, He died because He loved me so.  
 I'll sing, as through the gates I go, He died because He loved me so.

## REFRAIN.

He loved me so, he loved me so, He died because He loved me so  
 He loved. . .

From "The Gospel in Song," by permission.

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## 16 Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

TUNE: G. H. &amp; S. S., No. 8. KEY G.

- 1 What means this eager, anxious throng,  
 Which moves with busy haste along—  
 These wondrous gatherings day by day? [pray?  
 What means this strange commotion,  
 : In accents hush'd the throng reply :  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||
- 2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He  
 The city move so mightily?  
 A passing stranger, has He skill  
 To move the multitude at will?  
 : Again the stirring notes reply :  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||
- 3 Again He comes! From place to place  
 His holy footprints we can trace.  
 He pauseth at our threshold—nay,  
 He enters—condescends to stay.  
 : Shall we not gladly raise the cry—  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?" :||
- 4 Ho! all ye heavy laden, come :  
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home.  
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
 Return, accept His proffered grace.  
 : Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh—  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" :||

## The Glorious Fountain.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Filled with blood, filled with blood. There  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Beneath that flood, beneath that flood, [And

is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; }  
sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains. }

CHORUS.

Oh, glo - ri - ous foun - tain! Here will I stay, . . .

And in Thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way!

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

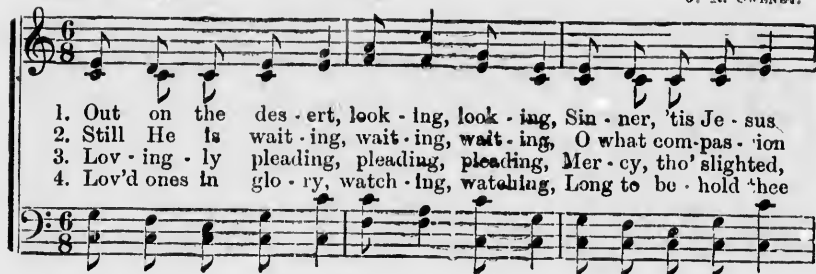
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering  
tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave.

By permission.

## Coming To-Day.

FANNY J. CROSSBY.

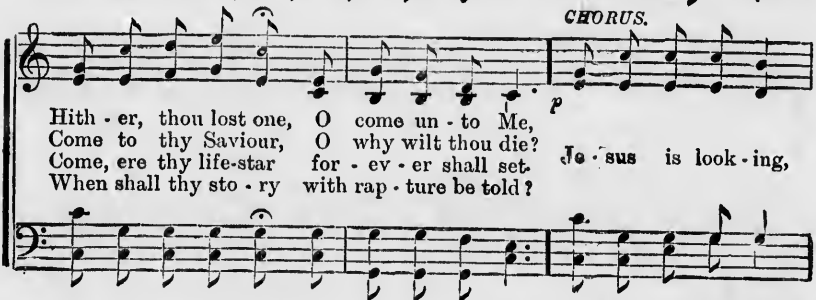
J. R. SWENEY.



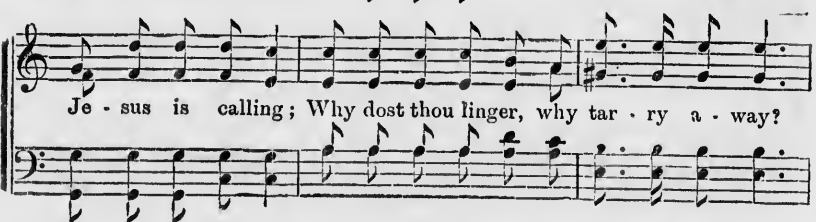
1. Out on the des-ert, look-ing, look-ing, Sin-ner, 'tis Je-sus.  
 2. Still He is wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, O what com-pas-sion  
 3. Lov-ing-ly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mer-cy, tho' slighted,  
 4. Lov'd ones in glo-ry, watch-ing, watching, Long to be-hold thee



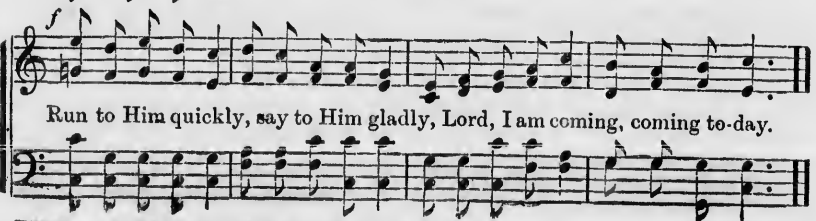
look-ing for thee; Ten-der-ly call-ing, call-ing, call-ing,  
 beams in His eye; Hear Him re-peat-ing gent-ly, gent-ly,  
 bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap-py, hap-py, hap-py,  
 safe in the fold; An-gels are wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing,



CHORUS.  
 Hith-er, thou lost one, O come un-to Me,  
 Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou die?  
 Come, ere thy life-star for-ev-er shall set. Je-sus is look-ing,  
 When shall thy sto-ry with rap-ture be told?



Je-sus is calling; Why dost thou linger, why tar-ry a-way?



Run to Him quickly, say to Him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

# 19 There is a Green Hill Far Away.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

"There they crucified Him."—Luke 23: 33.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a ci - ty wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good enough, To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.  
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.  
That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His precious blood.  
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

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

*Rit.*  
And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His work to do.

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## Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him."

REV. W. M<sup>R</sup>. DARWOOD.

—Luke 23: 33.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. On Calv'ry's brow                      my Saviour died,                      'Twas there my  
2. 'Mid rending rocks                      and dark'ning skies,                      My Saviour  
3. O Jo - sus, Lord,                      how can it be,                      That Thou shouldst

Lord                      was cru - ci - fied:                      'Twas on the cross                      He bled for  
bows                      His head and dies;                      The opening veil                      reveals the  
give                      Thy life for me,                      To bear the cross                      and ag-o-

me,                      And purchased there                      my par - don free.  
way                      To heaven's joys                      and end-less day.  
ny,                      In that dread hour                      on Cal - va - ry!

*mf* CHORUS. *p* *m* *p* *pp*  
O Calvary! dark Calvary! Where Jesus shed His blood for me, for me;

*mf* *f* *mf* *rit. p*  
O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

21

## The Crucifixion.

I. WATTS.

TUNE: No. 20 or 23.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

- 2 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 the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## CHORUS.

O Calvary! dark Calvary!  
My longing heart is turned to thee;  
O Calvary! dark Calvary!  
Speak to my heart from Calvary.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God:

22

## Blessed Assurance.

KEY OF D.

- 1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

## CHORUS.

This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day long;  
This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight,  
Angels descending bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

23

## Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

(Use 21 with this Tune.)

TUNE: HURSLEY. L. M.

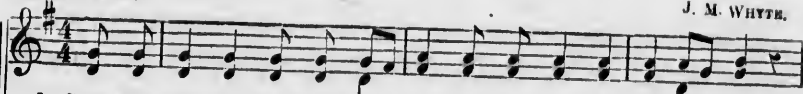
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:  
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can not live;  
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forever on my Saviour's breast.  
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.  
Till in the ocean of Thy love, We lose ourselves in heaven above.

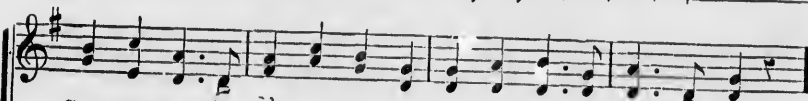
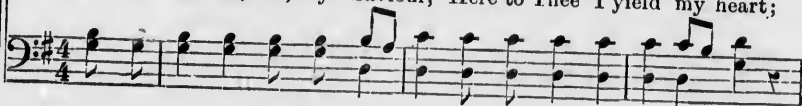
## Some One Knocking.

T. N. TIPTON.

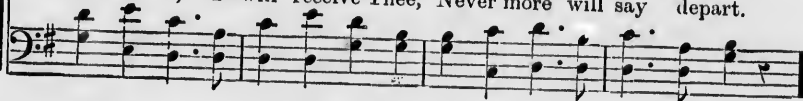
J. M. WHITE.



1. Some one knocking, some one pleading, At the portal of my heart,
2. Trust in Me, He gently whispers, Sick and sad and sore thou art,
3. I am weary, I am troubled, Oh, the bitter pain, the smart;
4. Tar - ry with me, oh, my Saviour, Here to Thee I yield my heart;



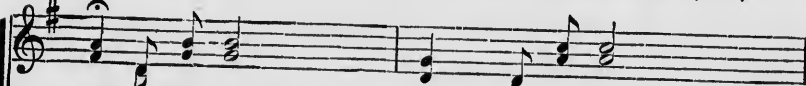
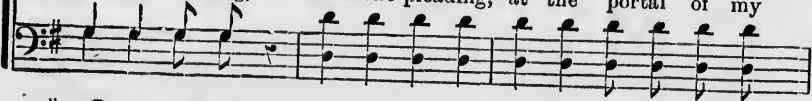
Sweetly pleading, so earnest, Can I say to Him, depart?  
 Trust in Me and I will heal thee, Shall I say to Him, depart?  
 Rest and peace and joy He offers, How can I bid Him depart?  
 En - ter in, I will receive Thee, Never more will say depart.



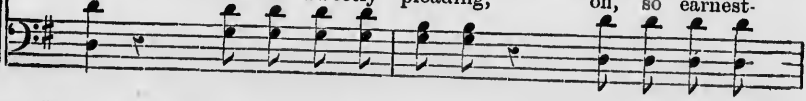
## CHORUS.



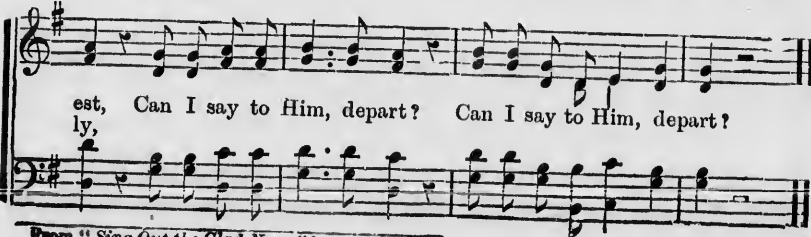
Some one knocking, some one pleading, at the portal of my



heart, Sweetly plead ing, oh, so earn  
 Some one sweetly pleading, oh, so earnest-



est, Can I say to Him, depart? Can I say to Him, depart?  
 ly,



From "Sing Out the Glad News," by permission.

## The Rose of Sharon.

H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER, Arranged.

J. M. WHYTE.

my heart,  
thou art,  
the smart;  
my heart;

depart?  
depart?  
depart?  
depart.

of my

earnest-

t?

1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me;
2. Long a - go, in the val - ley so fair, friend, Far a - way by the beau - ti - ful sea,
3. All in vain did they crush this fair flower, friend, All in vain did they shat - ter the tree,

Its per - fume is pervading the world, friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.  
This pure Rose in its beauty first bloom'd, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.  
For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.

## CHORUS.

There's a Rose, A love - ly Rose, And its  
Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you,

beau - ty all the world shall see; There's a Rose,  
Rose that blooms for me

love - ly Rose, Its perfume is for you and for me.  
a Rose, that blooms for you.

REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

OLD MELODY. Arranged.

1. My Je - sus, I would ne'er for - get That hour  
 CHORUS.—I'll ne'er forget, I'll ne'er for - get, I'll ne'er I spent with Thee;  
 forgetful be,

FOR INSTRUMENT.

When there I saw Thy bloody sweat, In dark Gethsemane.  
 When there I saw Thy bloody sweat, In dark Gethsemane.

- 2 'Twas in that olive press I felt  
 That Thou didst bleed for me;  
 Alas! how great I saw my guilt  
 While in Gethsemane.
- 3 'Twas there I felt my guilt and shame  
 In oft forsaking Thee,

- How precious was Thy very name  
 In dear Gethsemane.
- 4 Should e'er our love to Thee grow cold  
 And we forgetful be,  
 We'll call to mind Thy love untold  
 While in Gethsemane.

## 27

## Christ's Vicarious Sacrifice.

I. WATTS.

TUNE: "Gethsemane."

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
 And did my Sov'reign die?  
 Would He devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

- Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,  
 And ever faithful be;  
 And as Thou sittest on Thy throne  
 ("Lord, remember me.")
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
 He groan'd upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness  
 hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
 While His dear cross appears;  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
 'Tis all that I can do.

## 28

## God Loved the World.

MRS. STOCKTON.

TUNE: "Gethsemane."

- 1 God loved the world of sinners lost  
 And ruined by the fall;  
 Salvation full, at highest cost,  
 He offers free to all.

CHORUS.

- Oh, it was love, 'twas wondrous love!  
 The love of God to me;  
 It brought my Saviour from above  
 To die on Calvary.
- 2 'E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,  
 The risen Son of God;

- Redemption by His death I find,  
 And cleansing through His blood.
- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,  
 And to His saints makes known  
 The blessed rest from inbred sin,  
 Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Of victory now o'er Satan's power,  
 Let all the ransomed sing,  
 And triumph, in the dying hour,  
 Through Christ, the Lord, our  
 King.

29

## Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Fine.

THOS. HASTINGS  
D. C.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; { Let the water and the blood,  
D. C. Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which  
[flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

30

## Jesus "Lifted Up."

ANNA WARNER.

I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.  
—John 12: 32.

—John 12: 32.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Jesus, from His throne on high, Came in - to this world to die—  
2. I can see Him e - ven now, With His pierced, thorn-clad brow,  
3. Je - sus loves me!—He who died Heaven's gates to o - pen wide!  
4. Now I feel this heart of stone Drawn to love God's ho - ly Son,  
5. Je - sus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure and whol - ly Thine;

That I might from sin be free, Bled and died up - on the tree.  
A - gon - iz - ing on the tree, Oh, what love, and all for me!  
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.  
"Lifted up" on Cal - va - ry, Suffering death and shame for me.  
Thou hast bled and died for me, I will henceforth live for Thee

CHORUS.

1st Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so.  
2nd Cho.—Yes, I love Jesus! Yes, I love Jesus! Yes, I love Jesus! I know, I know, I do.  
3rd Cho.—I would love Jesus! I would love Jesus! I would love Jesus! Because He died for me.

# 81 Jesus Loves Poor Sinners.

REV. T. B. STEPHENSON.

SLAVE MELODY.

*pp* *p* *m* *p* *pp*

1. Je - sus loves! Jesus loves! Jesus loves poor sin - ners! Je - sus loves—  
 2. Je - sus died! Jesus died! Jesus died for sin - ners! Je - sus died—  
 3. Je - sus lives! Jesus lives! Jesus lives for - e - ver! Je - sus lives—  
 4. Je - sus comes! Jesus comes! Jesus comes in glo - ry! Je - sus comes—  
 5. Weary soul, weary soul, come at once to Je - sus! Come at once—

*f* *p* *m* *f*

loves e - ven me: He came from heaven to save us. Jesus invites us; His  
 died on the tree! He shed His blood to save us. Now Jesus calls us: from  
 lives now a King: He lives a King to save us. Jesus can keep us—from  
 comes on the throne: He's coming soon to judge us. Jesus is coming: He'll  
 come now to Him: come while He waits to save you. The Saviour loves you: He's

*p*

love invites poor sinners: His wondrous love invites us all: He came from heav'n to  
 Calvary He calls us; His blood calls loudly from the tree; His blood He shed to  
 all our foes can keep us: Can keep us even unto death, He lives a King to save us!  
 come, the heavens rending: The Crucified will come to judge; He's coming soon to  
 coming soon to judge you: He lives to set you free from sin; Trust Him and now  
 [He'll save you.]

32

## Belmont.

DR. BONAR.

FROM MOZART.

*1.* { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;  
 I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,

us loves—  
us died—  
us lives—  
s comes—  
at once—

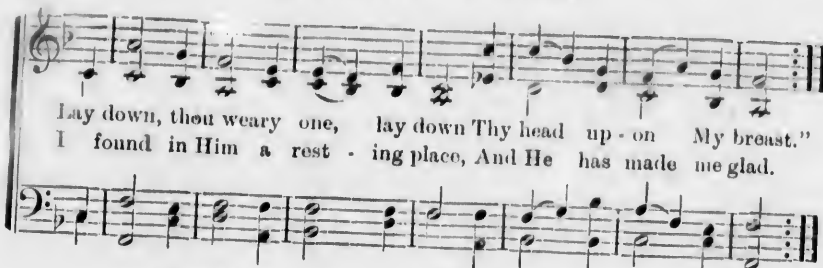
us; His  
us: from  
us—from  
ng: He'll  
ou: He's

heav'n to  
[save us.  
e shed to  
[save us.  
ave us!  
g soon to  
udge us.  
and now  
ave you.

MOZART.

rest;  
sad,

## Belmont—Concluded.



lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."  
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.

### CHORUS.

Come away, come away,  
Come away to Jesus;  
Come away, come away home,  
For Jesus waits to save you.

- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream:

My thirst was quenched, my soul  
revived,  
And now I live in Him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's Light;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that Light of life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.

33

## Return, O Wanderer.

TUNE: "Belmont" and "Jesus Loves."

- 1 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
Thy Father calls for thee;  
No longer now an exile roam,  
In guilt and misery.

### CHORUS.

Steal away, steal away,  
Steal away to Jesus;  
Steal away, steal away home,  
You've not got long to stay here.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;  
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;  
Oh, now for refuge flee.

- 3 There Jesus stands with open arms:  
He calls—He bids you come:  
Though guilt restrains and fear  
alarms,  
Behold, there yet is room

- 4 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
'Tis madness to delay;  
There are no pardons in the tomb,  
And brief is mercy's day.

- 5 Oh, come, and with His children taste  
The blessings of His love;  
While hope expects the sweet repast  
Of sweeter joys above

34

## The Coming Bridegroom.

Arranged.

TUNE: "Redeeming Love" 58.

- 1 ||: Are you ready for the Bridegroom  
When He comes, when He comes? ||  
Behold! He cometh! behold! He  
cometh! [groom comes.  
Be robed and ready, for the Bride-

### CHORUS.

- ||: Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes,  
for He comes! || [cometh!  
Behold! He cometh! behold! He  
Be robed and ready, for the Bride-  
groom comes.

- 2 ||: We will all go out to meet Him  
When He comes, when He comes; ||  
He surely cometh! He surely cometh!  
We'll go to meet Him when the Bride-  
groom comes.

- 3 ||: We will chant alleluia  
When He comes, when He comes; ||  
Lo! soon He cometh! Lo! soon He  
cometh!  
Sing alleluia! for the Bridegroom  
comes.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;  
 On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

2 Waft it on the rolling tide  
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;  
 Tell to sinners far and wide,  
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;  
 Sing, ye islands of the sea,  
 Echo back, ye ocean caves,  
 Earth shall keep her jubilee,  
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

3 Sing above the battle's strife  
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;  
 By His death and endless life  
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;  
 Sing it softly thro' the gloom,  
 When the heart for mercy craves.  
 Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,  
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

## 36 I Gave My Life.

MISS HAVERGAL.

(G. H. 21.)

1 I gave My life for thee,  
 My precious blood I shed,  
 That thou might'st ransomed be  
 And quickened from the dead;  
 I gave, I gave My life for thee,  
 What hast thou given for Me?

2 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?

3 Oh, let thy life be given,  
 Thy years for Him be spent;  
 Sin's fetters all be riven,  
 And joy with suffering blent.  
 I gave, I gave Myself for thee,  
 Give thou thyself to Me.

## 37 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. HARTSOUGH.

(G. H. 63.)

1 I hear Thy welcome voice,  
 That calls me, Lord, to Thee,  
 For cleansing in Thy precious blood,  
 That flowed on Calvary.

## CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord,  
 Coming now to Thee!  
 Wash me, cleanse me in the blood  
 That flowed on Calvary.

2 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
 To perfect faith and love,  
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
 For earth and heaven above.

3 And He the witness gives  
 To loyal hearts and free,  
 That every promise is fulfilled,  
 If faith but brings the plea.

4 All hail, atoning blood!  
 All hail, redeeming grace!  
 All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,  
 Our Strength and Righteousness!

38

## Coronation.

REV. EDWARD PERRONET.

(G. H. 101.)



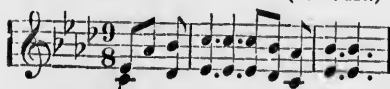
- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

39

## My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS.

(G. H. 220.)



- 1 I will sing of my Redeemer,  
And His wondrous love to me;  
On the cruel cross He suffered,  
From the curse to set me free.

## CHORUS.

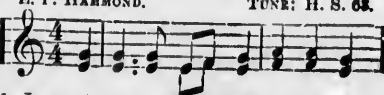
- Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,  
And His wondrous love to me;  
On the cross He bought my pardon,  
Jesus saves me, I am free.
- 2 I will tell the wondrous story,  
How, my lost estate to save,  
In His boundless love and mercy,  
He the ransom freely gave.
  - 3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,  
His triumphant power I'll tell,  
How the victory He giveth  
Over sin, and death, and hell.
  - 4 I will sing of my Redeemer,  
And His heavenly love to me;  
He from death to life hath brought  
me,  
Son of God, with Him to be.

40

## The Bleeding Lamb.

E. P. HAMMOND.

TUNE: H. S. 68.



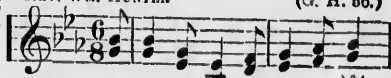
- 1 Jesus Christ has bled and died,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
He for our sins was crucified,  
Hallelujah to the Lamb!
- CHORUS. [Lamb!  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding  
I love the sound of Jesus' name;  
It sets my spirit in a flame,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
- 2 And now from sin we may be free,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
He offers peace to you and me,  
Hallelujah to the Lamb!
  - 3 I know my sins are all forgiven,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
And I am on my way to heaven,  
Hallelujah to the Lamb!
  - 4 We now will sing the Saviour's praise,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
Him will we serve throughout our days,  
Hallelujah to the Lamb!
  - 5 And when the voyage of life is o'er,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

41

## The Great Physician.

REV. WM. HUNTER

(G. H. 56.)

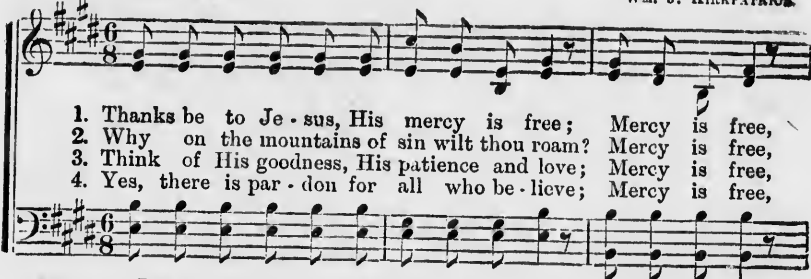


- 1 The great Physician now is near,  
The sympathizing Jesus:  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.
- CHORUS.  
Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.
- 2 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
I now believe in Jesus;  
I love the blessed Saviour's name,  
I love the name of Jesus.
  - 3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other name but Jesus;  
Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
The precious name of Jesus.
  - 4 And when to that bright world above,  
We rise to see our Jesus,  
We'll sing around the throne of love  
His name, the name of Jesus.

# 42 Mercy is Boundless and Free.

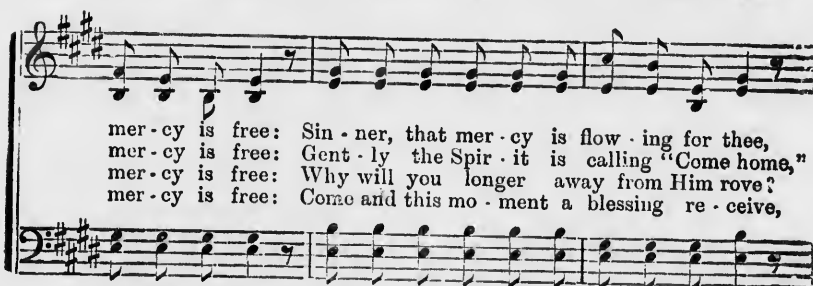
H. E. BLAIR. Arranged.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



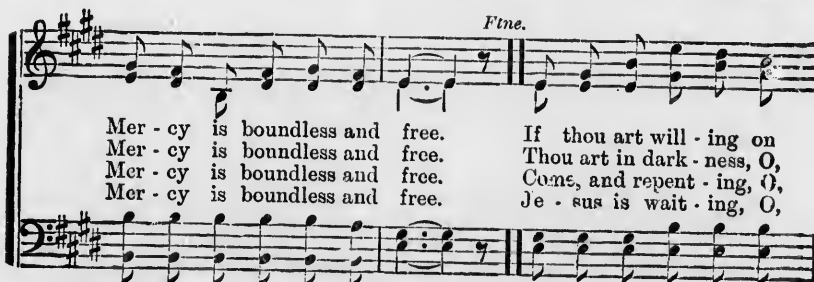
1. Thanks be to Je - sus, His mercy is free; Mercy is free,  
 2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mercy is free,  
 3. Think of His goodness, His patience and love; Mercy is free,  
 4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be - lieve; Mercy is free,

REFRAIN. - Jesus, the Sav - iour, is look - ing for thee, looking for thee,



mer - cy is free: Sin - ner, that mer - cy is flow - ing for thee,  
 mer - cy is free: Gent - ly the Spir - it is calling "Come home,"  
 mer - cy is free: Why will you longer away from Him rove?  
 mer - cy is free: Come and this mo - ment a blessing re - ceive,

looking for thee; Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing for thee,



*Fine.*  
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. If thou art will - ing on  
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. Thou art in dark - ness, O,  
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. Come, and repent - ing, O,  
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. Je - sus is wait - ing, O,

Call - ing and look - ing for thee.



Him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.  
 come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.  
 give Him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.  
 hear Him pro - claim, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.

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# Mercy is Boundless and Free—Concluded.

D.C. Refrain.

Life everlast-ing thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.  
 Jesus is waiting, He'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.  
 Grieve Him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.  
 Cling to His mercy, believe on His name, Mercy is boundless and free.

43

## Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Now for you He's interceding,
2. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Weary trav'ler, do not tarry,
3. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Voices may not always call you,
4. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Where 'tis love and joy forever,

*pp*  
 Gently at thy heart He's pleading, "Come unto Me, Come unto Me."  
 Je-sus will thy burdens carry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?  
 "Late, too late," may yet befall you, "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die?"  
 Where we'll meet to part, no, never, Sinner, come home, Oh, come, come home.

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44

## Seeking to Save.

P. P. BLISS.

(G. H. 177.)

- 1 Tenderly the Shepherd,  
 O'er the mountains cold,  
 Goes to bring His lost one  
 Back to the fold.

### CHORUS.

||: Seeking to save, seeking to save,  
 Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save. :||

- 2 Patiently the Spirit  
 Seeks with earnest care,  
 In the dust and darkness,  
 His treasure rare.

- 3 Lovingly the Father  
 Sends the news around,  
 He once dead now liveth,  
 Once lost is found.

## Jesus is Calling.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow, pp* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me;  
 2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me!  
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;  
 4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinned He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

*m* CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, . come home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home;  
 Come home, come home,

*pp* *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earnestly, tenderly Je - sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

## Calling for You.

F. J. C. Changed by H. T. C.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, come to the Saviour, His arms are ex - tended, Oh, come to the Saviour so  
 2. Oh, come to the Saviour, for why will you wander? The world and its pleasures no  
 3. A - way to the fountain, the life-giv - ing fountain, its soul-cheering waters your  
 4. A - way, for the shadows of night are approaching, Then lose not His blessings that

loving and true; Be - hold, He is call - ing in ten - der com - pas - sion, O  
 longer pur - sue; A - gain He is call - ing: how can you re - ject Him? O  
 strength will renew: Then come while the day-beams of mercy are shin - ing, O  
 fall like the dew; Still, still He is wait - ing and ten - der - ly call - ing, O

CHORUS.

sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing for you.  
 sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing for you.  
 sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing for you.  
 sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing for you. Calling for you, (He is) calling for you,

Sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing for you, Calling,  
 Calling for you, He is

call - ing,  
 call - ing for you, Sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing for you,

From "Wells of Salvation," by permission.

## Come Believing.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

EL. NATHAN. Arranged.

JAS. McGRATHAN.

1. Once a - gain the Gos - pel message From the Saviour you have heard;  
 2. Man - y summers you have wasted, Ripened harvests you have seen;  
 3. Je - sus for your choice is waiting; Tar - ry not: at once de - cide!  
 4. Cease of fit - ness to be thinking; Do not lon - ger try to feel;  
 5. Let your will to God be given, Trust in Christ's atoning blood;

Will you heed the in - vi - ta - tion? Will you turn and seek the Lord?  
 Win - ter snows by Spring have melted, Yet you lin - ger in your sin.  
 While the Spir - it now is striving, Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.  
 It is *trust - ing*, and not *feel - ing*, That will give the Spir - it's seal.  
 Look to Je - sus now in heav - en. Rest on His unchang - ing word.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus! come be - lieving! Come to Jesus! look and live!  
 come! come! look! Oh, look and live!  
 look! Oh, look and live!

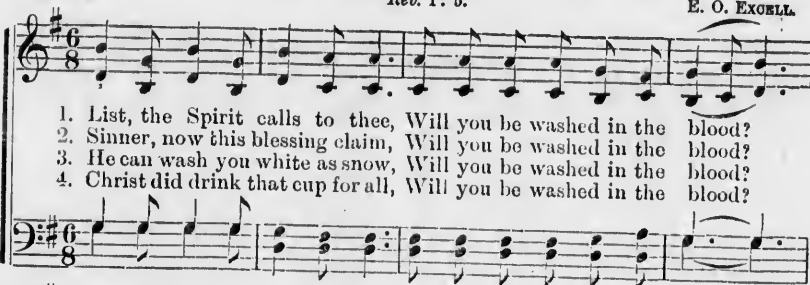
Come to Je - sus! come believing: Come to Je - sus! look and live!  
 come! come!

# 48 Will You be Washed in the Blood ?

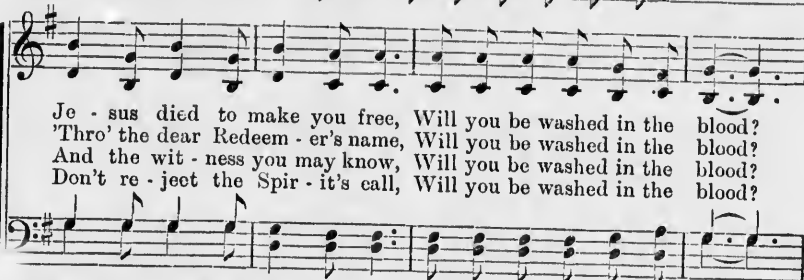
E. O. E.

Rev. 1: 5.

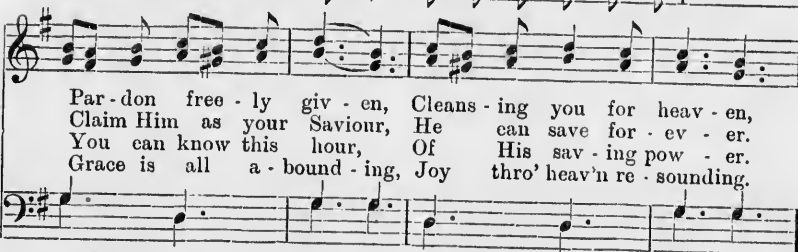
E. O. EXCELL.



1. List, the Spirit calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood?  
 2. Sinner, now this blessing claim, Will you be washed in the blood?  
 3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood?  
 4. Christ did drink that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood?

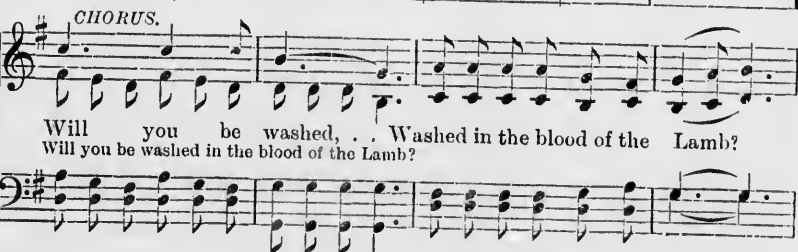


Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be washed in the blood?  
 'Thro' the dear Redeem - er's name, Will you be washed in the blood?  
 And the wit - ness you may know, Will you be washed in the blood?  
 Don't re - ject the Spir - it's call, Will you be washed in the blood?

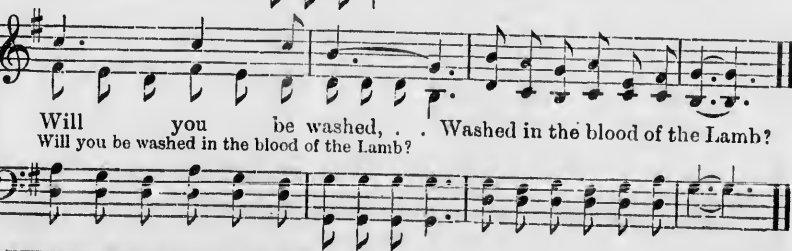


Par - don free - ly giv - en, Cleans - ing you for heav - en,  
 Claim Him as your Saviour, He can save for - ev - er.  
 You can know this hour, Of His sav - ing pow - er.  
 Grace is all a - bound - ing, Joy thro' heav'n re - sounding.

CHORUS.



Will you be washed, . . . Washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?




Will you be washed, . . . Washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

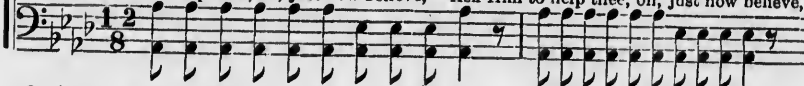
## Pleading with Thee.

JAMES L. BLACK.


JOHN R. SWENBY.



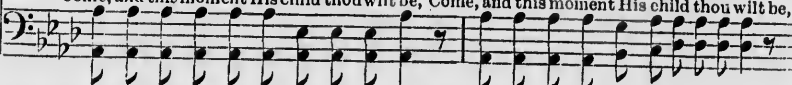
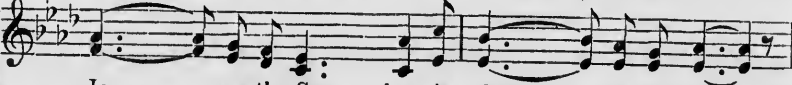
1. Wea - ry and thirst - y, oh, why wilt thou roam?  
 2. All the day long by the way - side He stands,  
 3. Why wilt thou slight Him, so faith - ful and true?  
 4. Ask Him to help thee, oh, just now be - lieve;  
 Weary and thirsty, oh, why wilt thou roam?  
 2. All the day long by the wayside He stands,  
 3. Why wilt thou slight Him, so faithful and true?  
 4. Ask Him to help thee, oh, just now believe, Ask Him to help thee, oh, just now believe,



Why wilt thou wan - der, an ex - ile from home?  
 Show - ing the print of the nails in His hands;  
 Night is approach - ing, and what wilt thou do?  
 Ask Him in mer - cy thy heart to re - ceive;  
 Why wilt thou wander, an exile from home? Why wilt thou wander, an exile from home?  
 Showing the print of the nails in His hands, Showing the print of the nails in His hands;  
 Night is approaching, and what wilt thou do? Night is approaching, and what wilt thou do?  
 Ask Him in mer - cy thy heart to re - ceive, Ask Him in mer - cy thy heart to re - ceive;

Come to the wa - ters that spar - kle so free,  
 Come, or for - ev - er too late it may be,  
 Deep - er and deep - er the dark - ness will be,  
 Come, and this mo - ment His child thou wilt be,  
 Come to the wa - ters that sparkle so free, Come to the wa - ters that sparkle so free,  
 Come, or for - ev - er too late it will be, Come, or for - ev - er too late it will be,  
 Deep - er and deep - er the darkness will be, Deeper and deeper the darkness will be,  
 Come, and this moment His child thou wilt be, Come, and this moment His child thou wilt be,

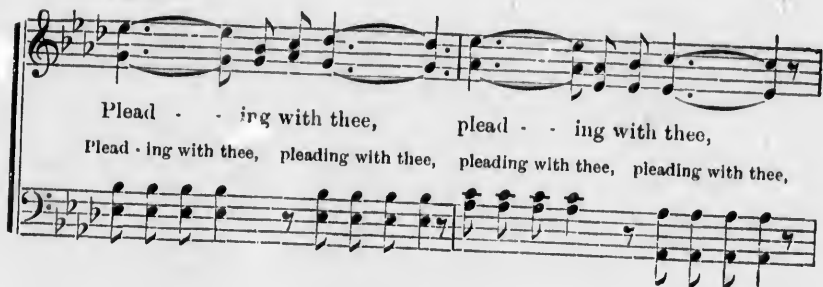



Je - sus thy Sav - iour is plead - ing with thee.  
 Now thy Redeem - er is plead - ing with thee.  
 Haste while the Sav - iour is plead - ing with thee.  
 Grieve not the Sav - iour now plead - ing with thee.  
 Je - sus thy Saviour is pleading with thee, thy Saviour is plead - ing with thee.  
 Now thy Re - deemer is pleading with thee, Redeem - er is plead - ing with thee.  
 Haste, while the Saviour is pleading with thee, the Saviour is pleading with thee.  
 Grieve not the Saviour now pleading with thee, the Saviour now pleading with thee.

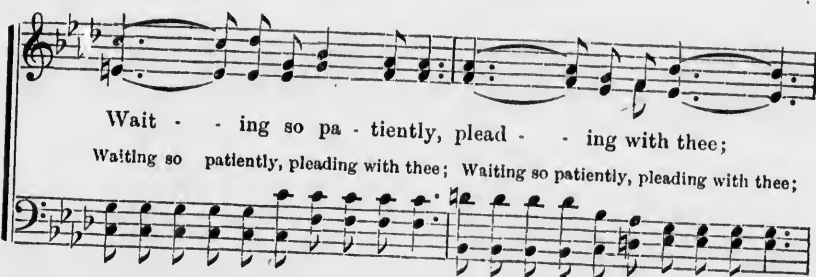


# Pleading with Thee—Concluded.

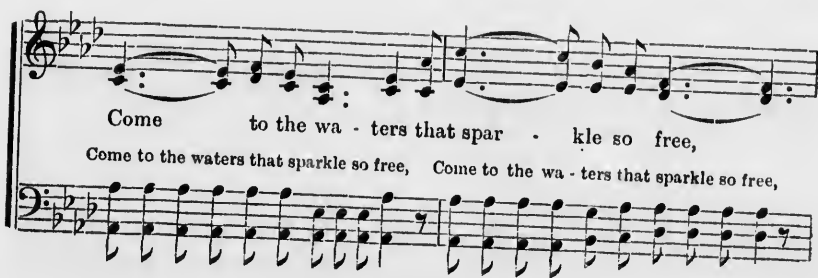
## CHORUS.



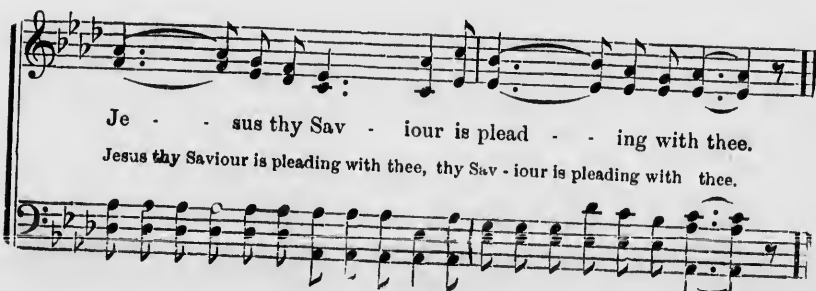
Plead - - ing with thee, plead - - ing with thee,  
Plead - ing with thee, pleading with thee, pleading with thee, pleading with thee,



Wait - - ing so pa - tiently, plead - - ing with thee;  
Waiting so patiently, pleading with thee; Waiting so patiently, pleading with thee;



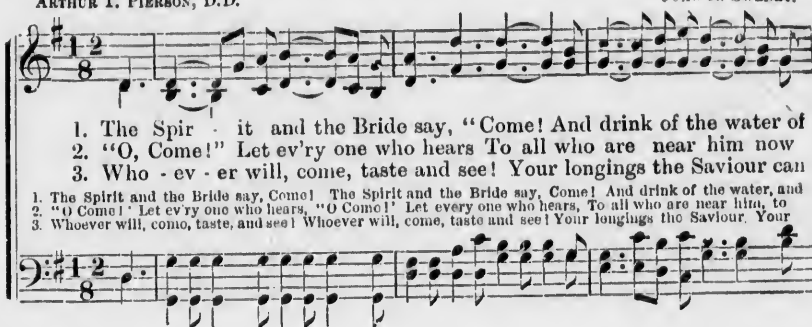
Come to the wa - ters that spar - kle so free,  
Come to the waters that sparkle so free, Come to the wa - ters that sparkle so free,



Je - - sus thy Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.  
Jesus thy Saviour is pleading with thee, thy Sav - iour is pleading with thee.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.

JOHN R. SWENNY.



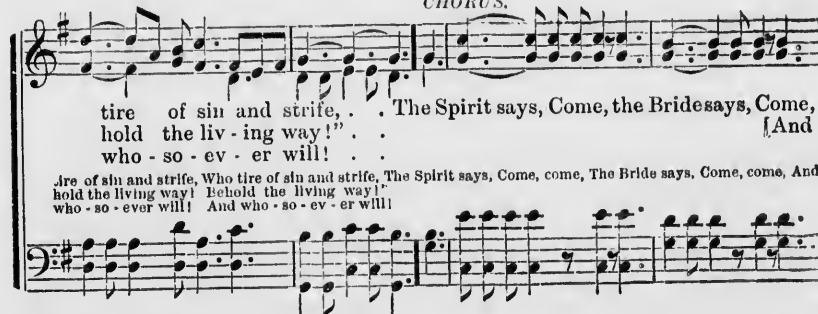
1. The Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come! And drink of the water of  
 2. "O, Come!" Let ev'ry one who hears To all who are near him now  
 3. Who - ev - er will, come, taste and see! Your longings the Saviour can

1. The Spirit and the Bride say, Come! The Spirit and the Bride say, Come! And drink of the water, and  
 2. "O Come!" Let ev'ry one who hears, "O Come!" Let every one who hears, To all who are near him, to  
 3. Whoever will, come, taste, and see! Whoever will, come, taste and see! Your longings the Saviour. Your



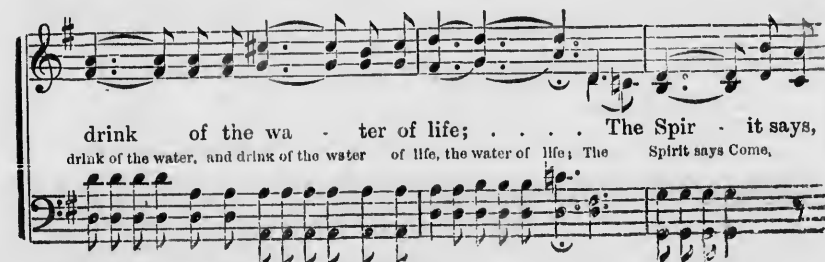
life." . . . O, bles - sed call, Good news for all, Who  
 say, . . . "I heard the sound, The stream I found, Be-  
 fill! . . . The stream is free to you and me, And  
 drink of the water of life. O, blessed call, Good news to all, O, blessed call, Good news to all, who-  
 all who are near him now say, "I heard the sound, The stream I found, I heard the sound, The stream I found, Be-  
 longings the Saviour can fill! The stream is free to you and me, The stream is free to you and me, And

## CHORUS.



tire of sin and strife, . . . The Spirit says, Come, the Bride says, Come,  
 hold the liv - ing way!" . . . [And  
 who - so - ev - er will! . . .

Jre of sin and strife, Who tire of sin and strife, The Spirit says, Come, come, The Bride says, Come, come, And  
 hold the living way! Behold the living way!  
 who - so - ev - er will! And who - so - ev - er will!



drink of the wa - ter of life; . . . The Spir - it says,  
 drink of the water, and drink of the water of life, the water of life; The Spirit says Come,

# The Universal Call—Concluded.

Come, The Bride says, Come, And drink of the wa - ter of life.  
 come, The Bride says, Come, come, And drink of the water of life, And drink of the water of life.

51

## Come to Me.

C. ELLIOTT.

Arr. by H. T. C. and W. J. B.

1. With tear - ful eyes I look around; Life seems a dark and stormy sea,
2. When against sin I strive in vain, And cannot from its yoke get free,
3. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee!
4. "Come, for a'l else must fade and die! Earth has no resting place for thee;
5. O voice of mer - cy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and a - go - ny,

Yet 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heav'nly whisper, "Come to Me."  
 Sinking beneath the heavy chain, The words arrest me, "Come to Me."  
 Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."  
 To Christ direct thy weeping eye, I am thy portion, "Come to Me."  
 Support me, cheer me from above! And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

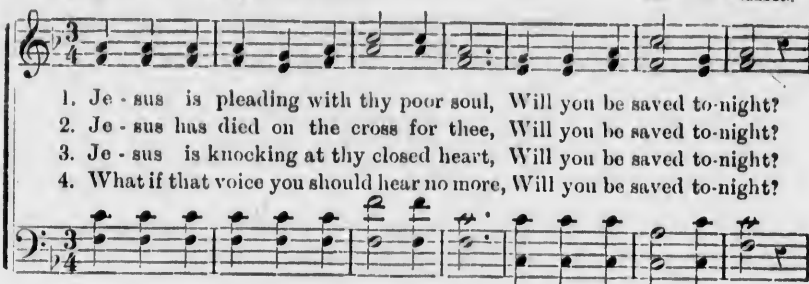
"Come to Me, Come to Me," A heav'n - ly whisper, "Come to Me."  
 "Come to Me, Come to Me," The words ar - rest me, "Come to Me."  
 "Come to Me, Come to Me," How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."  
 "Come to Me, Come to Me," I am thy portion, "Come to Me."  
 "Come to Me, Come to Me," And gent - ly whisper, "Come to Me."

# 52 Will You be Saved To-Night?

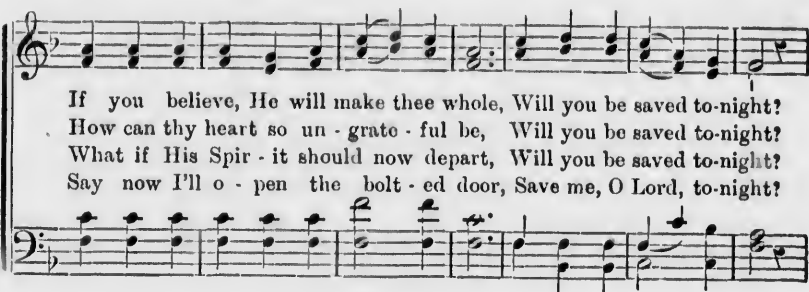
"Look unto me, and be ye saved"—Isa. 45: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Changed by H. T. C.

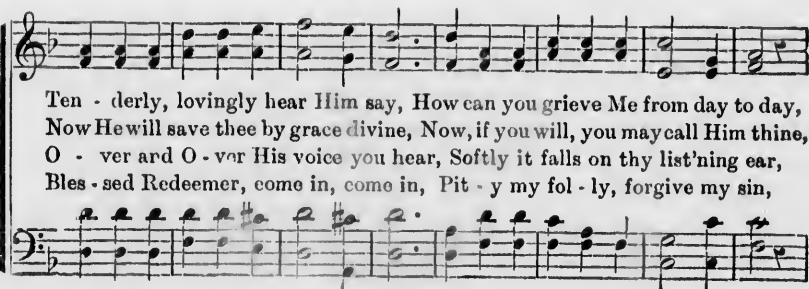
"PS. I. C. WILLSON.



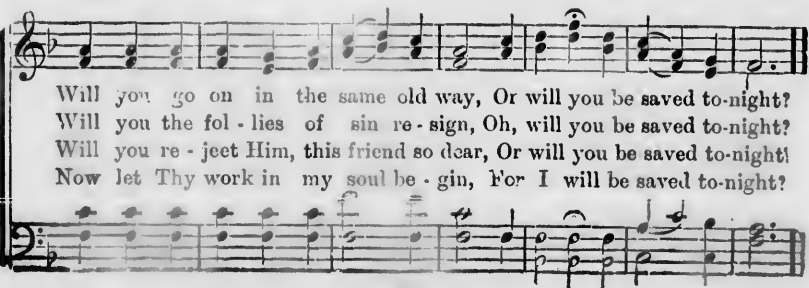
1. Je - sus is pleading with thy poor soul, Will you be saved to-night?  
 2. Je - sus has died on the cross for thee, Will you be saved to-night?  
 3. Je - sus is knocking at thy closed heart, Will you be saved to-night?  
 4. What if that voice you should hear no more, Will you be saved to-night?



If you believe, He will make thee whole, Will you be saved to-night?  
 How can thy heart so un - grato - ful be, Will you be saved to-night?  
 What if His Spir - it should now depart, Will you be saved to-night?  
 Say now I'll o - pen the bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to-night?



Ten - derly, lovingly hear Him say, How can you grieve Me from day to day,  
 Now He will save thee by grace divine, Now, if you will, you may call Him thine,  
 O - ver and O - ver His voice you hear, Softly it falls on thy list'ning ear,  
 Bles - sed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my fol - ly, forgive my sin,



Will you go on in the same old way, Or will you be saved to-night?  
 Will you the fol - lies of sin re - sign, Oh, will you be saved to-night?  
 Will you re - ject Him, this friend so dear, Or will you be saved to-night?  
 Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night?

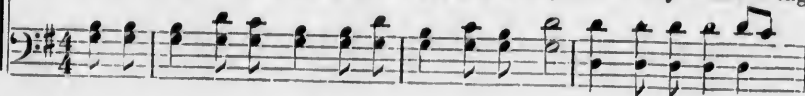
## Jesus Will Give You Rest.

FANNY J. CROSSY.

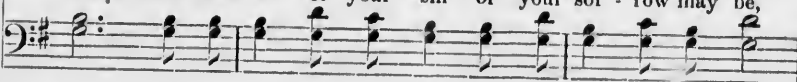
JOHN R. SWANEY.



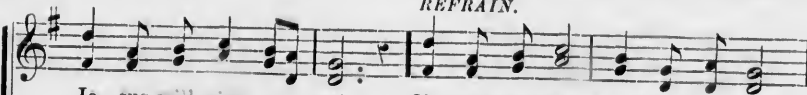
1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your aching
3. Will you come, will you come? you have nothing to pay; Jesus, who loves you
4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His loving



pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord,  
 breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on His name,  
 best, By His death on the Cross purchased life for your soul,  
 breast; And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,



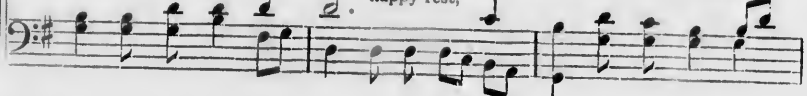
## REFRAIN.



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap - py rest! sweet hap - py rest!



Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in  
 happy rest,



sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest,



## Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Come, ov - ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord : And He will surely

CHORUS.  
give you rest, By trust - ing in His word. On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,

On - ly trust Him now ; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood,  
Rich blessings to bestow ;  
Plunge now into the crimson flood  
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way  
That leads you into rest ;  
Believe in Him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.

4 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,  
I'm coming now to Thee ;  
Since Thou hast made the way so clear,  
And full salvation free.

5 Come, then, and join this holy band  
And on to glory go ;  
To dwell in that celestial land,  
Where joys immortal flow.

## Come, Humble Sinner.

Ed. JONES. Changed by H. T. C.

TUNE: No. 54.

1 Come, halting sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve ;  
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed  
And make this last resolve.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, come believing,  
Come to Jesus now ;  
He will save you, He will save you,  
He will save you now.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sins  
Like mountains round me close ;

I know His courts ; I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 He surely will admit my plea,  
He now will hear my prayer ;  
I cannot perish if I pray,  
For none have perished there.

4 I cannot perish if I go—  
I'll call "while He is nigh ;"  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.

## O What Amazing Words of Grace!

TUNE: No. 54.

1 O what amazing words of grace  
Are in the Gospel found !  
Suited to every sinner's case,  
Who knows the joyful sound.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, come believing,  
Come to Jesus now ;  
He will save you, He will save you,  
He will save you now.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,  
Are freely welcome here ;

Salvation, like a river, rolls,  
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds  
Your every burden bring :  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word !—  
May of this stream partake ;  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

## Tidings, Happy Tidings.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JOHN R. SWENBY.

1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful echo  
 2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning.  
 3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! again! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,  
 Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our loving Saviour, Still repeats the call,  
 Sweeping o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,

REFRAIN.  
 Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all.  
 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, Room, room for all. Whosoever asketh,  
 Come, for ev'rything is ready, Room, room for all.

Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve; See the living

waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoever! That means me.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by permission.

Copyright.

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

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

Let Him in ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus  
 Let Him in, He is your friend, He your soul will sure defend, He will  
 He is standing at the door, Joy to you He will restore, And His  
 He will speak your sins forgiven, And when earth ties all are riven, He will

Christ, the Father's Son, Let Him in.  
 keep you to the end, Let Him in.  
 name you will adore, Let Him in.  
 take you home to heaven, Let Him in.  
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.

## Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

Matt. 14: 12.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y hearted? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus. Are you grieving ov - er joys de - part - ed?  
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?  
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anxious what shall be to - morrow?  
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

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

Tell it to Jesus, He is a friend well known: You have no other

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

From "Songs of Refreshing," by permission

## Jesus is Passing this Way.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Is there a sin - ner await - ing Mer - cy and pardon to - day?  
 2. Brother, the Mas - ter is waiting, Wait - ing to free - ly for - give;  
 3. Yes, He is com - ing to bless you, While in contrition you bow;

Welcome the news that we bring him: "Jesus is passing this way!"  
 Why not this mo - ment ac - cept Him, Trust in His grace and live?  
 Com - ing from sin to re - deem you, Ready to save you now;

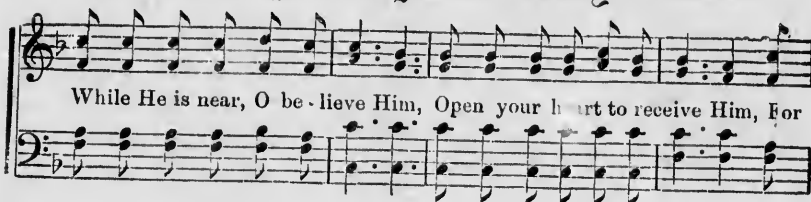
Com - ing in love and in mer - cy, Pardon and peace to be - stow,  
 He is so ten - der and precious, He is so near you to - day;  
 Can you re - fuse the salva - tion Je - sus is of - fer - ing here?

Coming to save the poor sinner From his heart anguish and woe.  
 O - pen your heart to receive Him, While He is pass - ing this way.  
 O - pen your heart to admit Him, While He is com - ing so near.

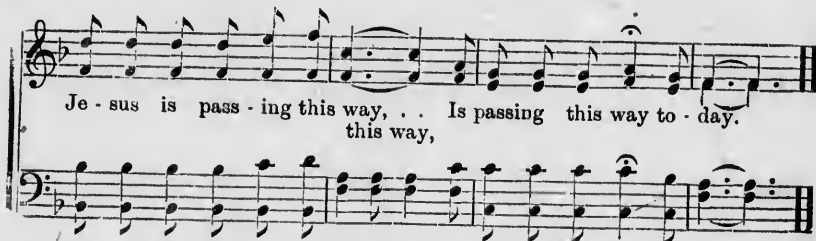
## CHORUS.

Je - sus is passing this way, . . . To - day, . . . to - day, . . .  
 Jesus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to - day!

# Jesus is Passing this Way--Concluded



While He is near, O be - lieve Him, Open your heart to receive Him, For

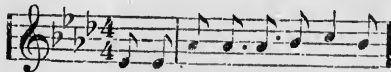


Je - sus is pass - ing this way, . . Is passing this way to - day.  
this way,

## 61 Are You Coming Home?

A. N.

(G. H. 311.)



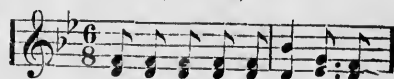
- 1 Are you coming home, ye wanderers,  
Whom Jesus died to win,  
All footsore, lame and weary,  
Your garments stained with sin?  
Will you seek the blood of Jesus  
To wash your garments white?  
Will you trust His precious promise,  
Are you coming home to-night?

### CHORUS.

- ||: Are you coming home to-night, :||  
Are you coming home to Jesus,  
Out of darkness into light?  
||: Are you coming home to-night, :||  
To your loving, heavenly Father,  
Are you coming home to-night?
- 2 Are you coming home, ye guilty,  
Who bear the load of sin?  
Outside you've long been standing,  
Come now and venture in;  
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,  
And dare to trust Him quite?  
"Come unto Me," saith Jesus,  
Are you coming home to-night?
  - 3 Are you coming home, ye lost ones?  
Behold your Lord doth wait;  
Come, then, no longer linger,  
Come ere it be too late;  
Will you come and let Him save you?  
Oh, trust His love and might;  
Will you come while He is calling,  
Are you coming home to-night?

## 62 The Water of Life.

(D. H. 29.)



- 1 Jesus the water of life will give,  
Freely, freely, freely,  
Jesus the water of life will give,  
Freely to those that love Him.  
Come to the fountain, O drink and  
live,  
Freely, freely, freely, [live,  
Come to that fountain, O drink and  
Flowing for those that love Him

### CHORUS.

- The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,  
Freely, freely, freely,  
And he that is thirsty, let him come,  
And drink of the water of life.  
The fountain of life is flowing,  
Flowing, freely flowing,  
The fountain of life is flowing,  
Is flowing for you and for me.
- 2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
Freely, freely, freely,  
Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
Freely to those that love Him.  
Treasures unfading will there be given,  
Freely, freely, freely,  
Treasures unfading will there be given,  
Freely to those that love Him.
  - 3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,  
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light.
  - 4 Jesus has promised eternal day,  
Pleasures that never shall pass away.

## He Waits to Pardon You.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1st. 2nd.

1 Let me sing to you in a glad refrain, That Jesus waits to pardon you;  
 Let me tell it o-ver to you again, That Jesus waits to pardon . . . you.  
 2 In the years gone by it was told to thee, That Jesus waits to pardon you;  
 You have heard it sung at your mother's knee, That Jesus waits to pardon . . . you.  
 3 What a sad, sad day, when you hear no more, That Jesus waits to pardon you;  
 When the time is past and the season o'er, That Jesus waits to pardon . . . you.

You've tried and al-ways tried in vain, To free your soul from Sa-tan's reign;  
 She's gone from mor-tal sight a-way, Yet strangely near she seems to-day;  
 Ere voice shall fall and song shall die, Be-fore the days of grace go by,

Oh, turn to Jesus, he will break the chain, For Je-sus waits to pardon you.  
 You feel her gentle touch and hear her say, My Je-sus waits to pardon you.  
 Turn ye, or you will hear the bit-ter cry, No Je-sus waits to pardon you.

## CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus waits to pardon you, To freely, free-ly pardon you;  
 Jesus waits to pardon you, freely, freely pardon, pardon you;

Yes, Jesus waits to pardon you, To free-ly pardon you.  
 Yes, Jesus, Jesus free-ly waits to pardon you,

From "Sing Out the Glad News," by permission.

Copyright, by J. M. Whyte.

## Ah, My Heart.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Matt. 11:28.

JOHN M. NKALE. Changed by H. T. C.  
First Solo.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Ah, my heart is heav - y lad - en, Wea - ry and oppressed!  
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?  
 3. If I find Him, If I fol - low, What my por - tion here?  
 4. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What have I at last?  
 5. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

## Second Solo.

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"  
 "In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side."  
 "Grace to con - quer, Christ to com - fort And to cheer."  
 "Peace in dy - ing, la - bor end - ed, Hea - ven's rest."  
 "Nct till earth, and not till hea - ven Pass a - way."

CHORUS. Repeat last two lines of each verse.

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"

## Come to Jesus.

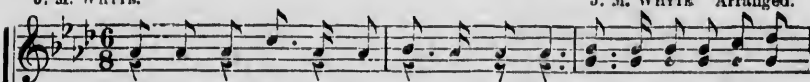
1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;

- |   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now. |                      |
| 2 He will save you.                                   | 7 Call upon Him.     |
| 3 Oh, believe Him.                                    | 8 He'll forgive you. |
| 4 He is able.   | 9 Only trust Him.    |
| 5 He is willing.                                      | 10 Jesus loves you.  |
| 6 He'll receive you.                                  | 11 Don't reject Him. |
|   | 12 I do trust Him.   |
|   | 13 Jesus save me.    |
|   | 14 I love Jesus.     |
|   | 15 Hallelujah, Amen. |

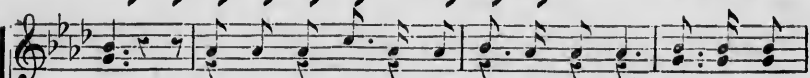
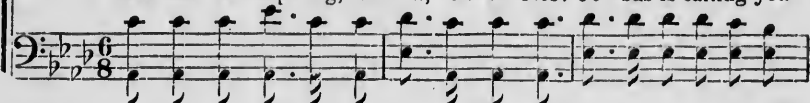
## Jesus is Calling You Now.

J. M. WHITE.

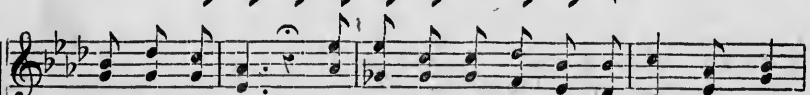
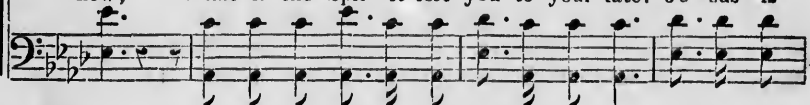
J. M. WHITE Arranged.



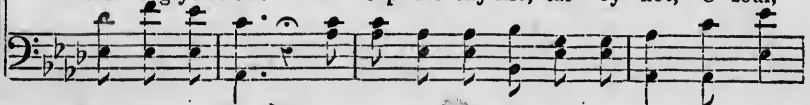
1. Why do you wait a con - ven - i - ent day? Je - sus is calling you
2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years, Je - sus is calling you
3. Darkness is deep'ning, and oh, 'tis so late! Je - sus is calling you



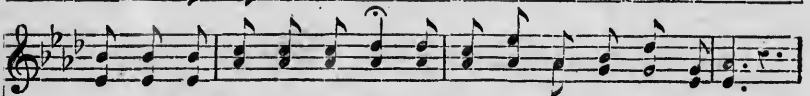
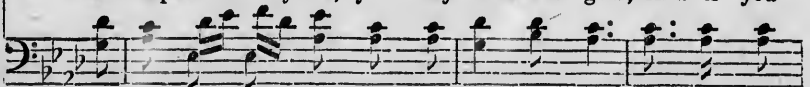
now; Why do you turn from His pleadings a - way? Je - sus is  
 now; Joys have de - part - ed and sor - row appears, Je - sus is  
 now; What if the Spir - it left you to your fate? Je - sus is



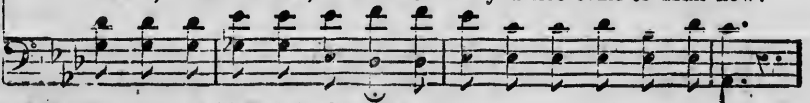
call - ing you now. He stands at the door of your heart just now,  
 call - ing you now. The promise you made Him was nev - er kept,  
 call - ing you now. Es - cape for thy life, tar - ry not, O soul,



The dews of the morn - ing are on His b - ow; He is there  
 When down by the grave - side you mourned and wept; Turn to Him  
 Es - cape for thy life, you may miss the goal; And if you



waiting and call - ing you now; O will you not come to Him now?  
 now and His free grace accept; O will you not come to Him now?  
 miss it, what horrors, O soul! O will you not come to Him now?



From "Sing Out the Glad News," by permission.

# Jesus is Calling You Now—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Will you not come to Him now? Will you not trust in Him now?  
Come to Him now, come, just now. right now?

Just now, right now, O hear Him, He's calling you now.  
Come to Him now, trust in Him now.

67

## Look and Live

P. P. Bliss, by per.

*Tenderly.* *First.* *Second.*

1. { Look to Jesus, weary one, Look and live! look and live!  
Look at what the Lord has done, Look and live!  
See Him lifted on the tree, Look and live! look and live!  
Hear Him say, "Look unto Me." Look and live!

CHORUS.

Look! the Lord is lift-ed high, Look to Him, He's ev-er nigh,  
Look and live! why will ye die? Look and live!

2 Though unworthy, vile, unclean,  
Look and live! look and live!  
Look away from self and sin,  
Look and live!  
Long by Satan's power enslaved,  
Look and live! look and live!  
Look to Him, ye shall be saved,  
Look and live!

3 Though you've wandered far away,  
Look and live! look and live!  
Harden not your heart to-day,  
Look and live!  
'Tis thy Saviour calls thee home,  
Look and live! look and live!  
Whosoever will may come,  
Look and live!

# Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—John 11:28.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;  
 2. Je-sus is calling the weary to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;  
 3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;  
 4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a-way?  
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.  
 Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow; Come, and no longer do-lay.  
 They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly arise and a-way.

## REFRAIN.

Call-ing to-day . . . call-ing to-day . .  
 Calling, calling to-day, to-day; Call-ing, calling to-day, to-day;

Je-sus is call-ing, is tender-ly calling to-day.  
 Je-sus is tenderly calling to-day,

From "Gospel Songs," No. 6, by permission.

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# Look Away to the Cross.

PROP. I. E. LILMAN. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22. I. BALTZELL. Arranged.

1. Oh, have you not seen upon Calvary's brow, the cross where the Saviour hath.
2. He died on the cross to atone for our sin—To purchase our pardon with
3. Oh, weary one, pressed by the weight of your sin, And longing from guilt to be
4. One look at the cross upon Calvary's brow—One look at that hallow - ed

died? 'Tis hallowed and blest by the presence of God, And  
blood; To o - pen a fountain for cleansing from sin, And  
free; Look up to the cross where the Saviour hath died; There  
tree, Will bring to your soul the rich bless - ing of peace, Oh,

## CHORUS.

stained by the blood from His side. Look away, . . . look away, . . . To the  
seal us the children of God.  
are mercy and pardon for thee.  
look! sinner, look! and be free.

To the cross! To the cross!

cross where the Saviour died! There is hope in the cross! There is

cleansing from dross! There is life in the crim - son tide!

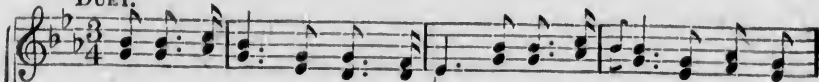
## Papa, Come This Way.

M. E. W.

MRS. M. E. WILLSON.  
Arr. by ALFRED BIERLY.

A fisherman got lost in the fog; his little child called from the shore, "Come this way," and guided by the voice, he reached home in safety. So, unsaved and lost fathers, listen to the little voices from the heavenly shore, calling, "Papa, come this way."

## DUET.

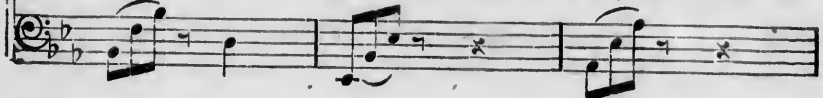


1. A lit - tle child - ish voice is still'd, Two lit - tle li - ly - white hands are
2. I'm sure my dar - ling is at rest, Within the ten - der Shepherd's
3. Wher - e'er I go, that voice I hear, As tho' my dar - ling could not

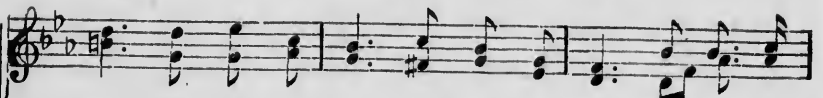
## ORGAN.



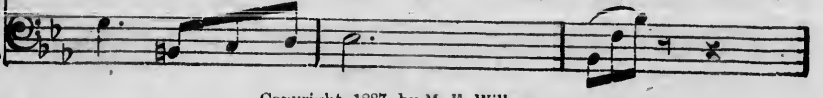
crossed; Two lit - tle eyes for - ev - er closed, The sound of  
fold; He took her from this sin - ful world, He shields her  
rest, Un - til I give my heart to him, Who died to



pat - t'ring feet is lost, A lit - tle form from out our  
from its blast and cold; But how I miss the lov - ing  
save and make me blest. And so it ech - oes in my



home, Was borne by lov - ing hands a - way; But still I  
kiss, And oh! my long - ing heart is sore; Then comes that  
heart, And thro' the cham - bers of my soul, I'll not re -



I. E. WILLSON.  
ALFRED BIERLY.

"Come this  
ved and lost  
'Papa, come

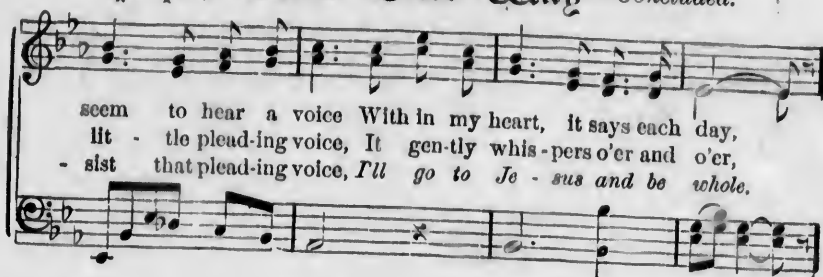
ite hands are  
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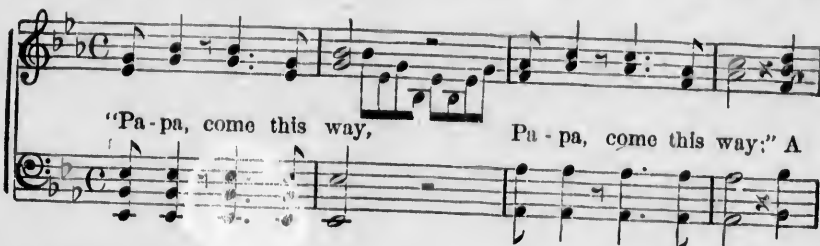
out our  
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t still I  
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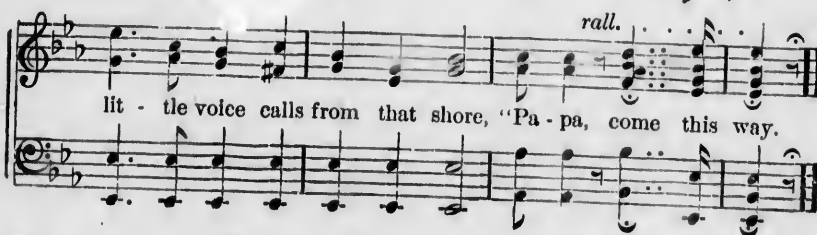
# Papa, Come This Way—Concluded.



seem to hear a voice With in my heart, it says each day,  
lit - tle plead-ing voice, It gen - tly whis - pers o'er and o'er,  
- sist that plead-ing voice, I'll go to Je - sus and be whole.



"Pa - pa, come this way, Pa - pa, come this way;" A



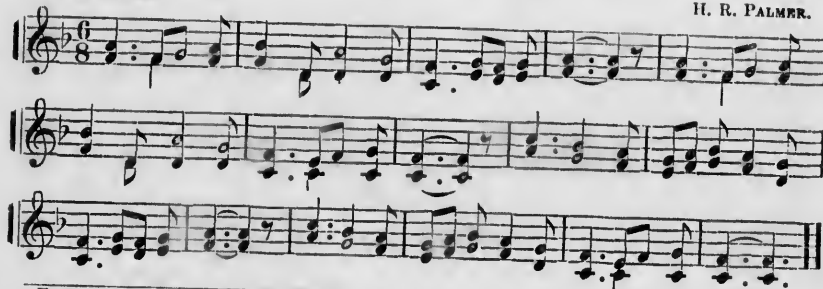
lit - tle voice calls from that shore, "Pa - pa, come this way. *rall.*

71

## Come, Sinner. Come.

W. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.



From "Choral Union," by permission.

Copyright.

1 While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!  
While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!  
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come!  
Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden? Come, sinner, come!  
Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!

Jesus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come!  
Jesus will now receive you, Come, sinner, come!

3 Oh, hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come!  
Come and receive His blessing, Come, sinner, come!

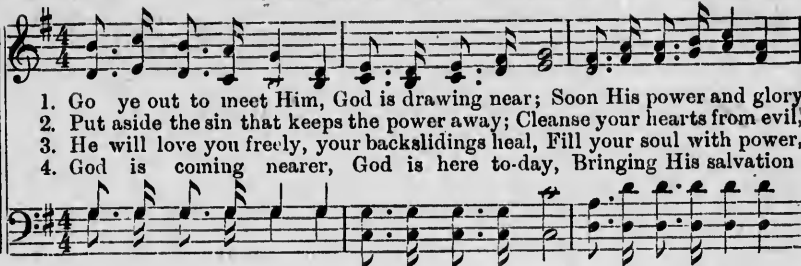
While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!  
While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

## God is Coming.

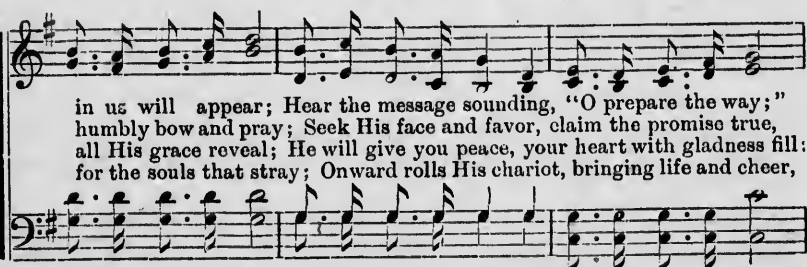
E. D. MUSD.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."—Is. 40: 3.

E. S. LORENS.

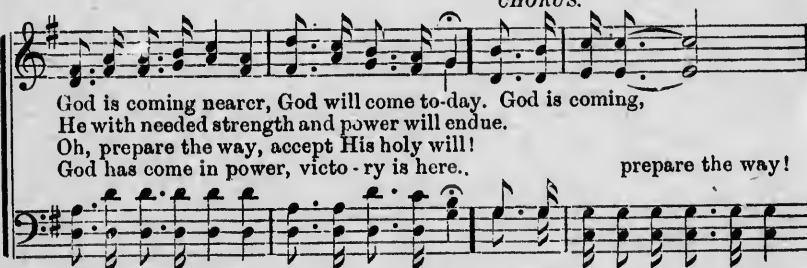


1. Go ye out to meet Him, God is drawing near; Soon His power and glory
2. Put aside the sin that keeps the power away; Cleanse your hearts from evil,
3. He will love you freely, your backslidings heal, Fill your soul with power,
4. God is coming nearer, God is here to-day, Bringing His salvation

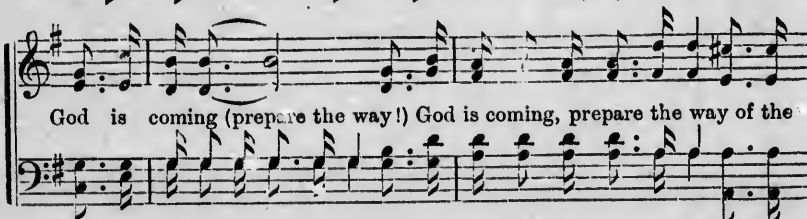


in us will appear; Hear the message sounding, "O prepare the way;"  
humbly bow and pray; Seek His face and favor, claim the promise true,  
all His grace reveal; He will give you peace, your heart with gladness fill:  
for the souls that stray; Onward rolls His chariot, bringing life and cheer,

## CHORUS.



God is coming nearer, God will come to-day. God is coming,  
He with needed strength and power will endue.  
Oh, prepare the way, accept His holy will!  
God has come in power, victory is here., prepare the way!



God is coming (prepare the way!) God is coming, prepare the way of the



Lord (of the Lord!) God is coming (prepare the way!) God is

E. S. LORENZ.

ver and glory  
arts from evil,  
t with power,  
his salvation

the way;"  
omise true,  
gladness fill:  
te and cheer,

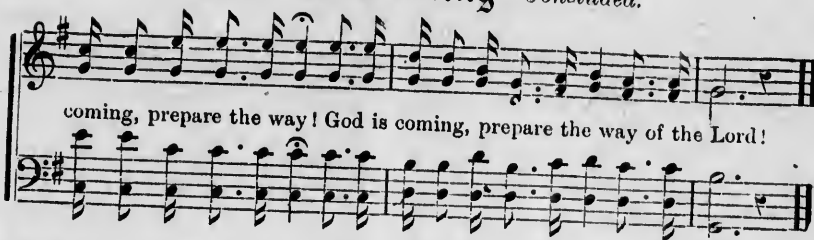
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!) God is

Copyright.

# God is Coming—Concluded.

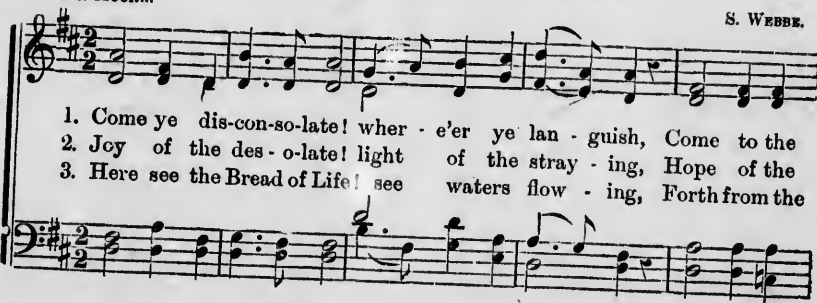


coming, prepare the way! God is coming, prepare the way of the Lord!

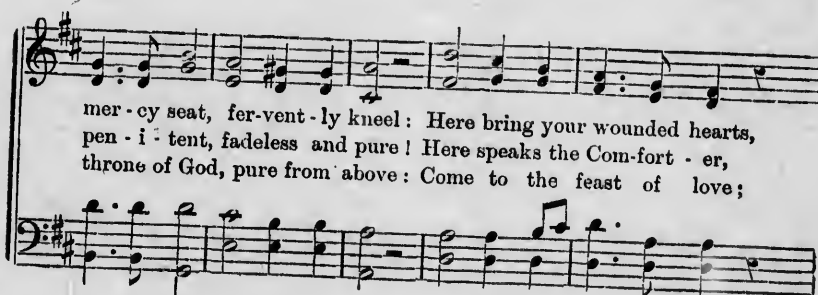
## 73 Come, Ye Disconsolate!

THOS. MOORE.

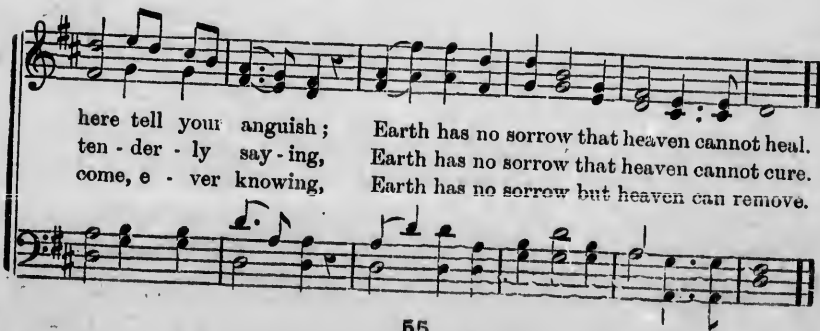
S. WEBBE.



1. Come ye dis-con-so-late! 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 waters flow - ing, Forth from the



mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,  
pen - i - tent, fadeless and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort - er,  
throne of God, pure from above: Come to the feast of love;



here tell your anguish;      Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.  
ten - der - ly say - ing,      Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.  
come, e - ver knowing,      Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

## The Loning Shepherd.

W. A. OGDEN.

"I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."—John 10: 11.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Call - eth thee now to come  
 2. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Gave His dear life for thee,  
 3. Lin - ger - ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are a - broad to - day,

In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.  
 Ten - der - ly now He's call - ing, Wan - der - er, come to Me.  
 Seeking the sheep who're straying, Seek - ing the lambs to slay.

Come in the strength of man - hood, Come in the morn of youth,  
 Haste, for with - out is dan - ger, Come, cries the Shep - herd blest,  
 Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Call - eth thee now to come

En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the way of truth.  
 En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of rest.  
 In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.

CHORUS Arranged.

Lovingly, tenderly, calling is He; Wanderer, wanderer, come unto Me.

# The Loving Shepherd—Concluded.

W. A. OGDEN.

Patiently waiting, therestanding I see Jesus my Shepherd divine.

## 75 Have you any Room for Jesus?

Arranged by W. W. D.

C. C. WILLIAMS.

1. Have you any room for Jesus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the cruci-fied;
3. Have you any room for Jesus, As in grace He calls a-gain?
4. Room and time now give to Jesus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

As He knocks and asks admission,  
Not a place that He can enter,  
O to-day is time ac-cept-ed,  
Soon thy heart left cold and silent,

Sin-ner, will you let Him in?  
In your heart for which He died?  
To-mor-row you may call in vain.  
And thy Saviour's pleading cease.

### CHORUS.

Room for Jesus, King of glo-ry, Hasten now His word o-bey,

Swing the heart's door widely o-pen, Bid Him en-ter while you may.

From "Gospel Hymns," No. 6, by permission.

## Come Home.

MRS. E. H. GATES.

"I will arise and go to my father."—Luke 15: 13.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Come home! come home! You are weary at heart, For the way has been  
 2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait; And we stand at the

dark, And so lone-ly and wild: O pro-di-gal child! Come  
 gate, While the shadows are piled:

**REFRAIN.** Come! oh, come home! *rit.*

home; oh, . . . come home! Come home! Come, oh, come home, come home!

3 Come home! come home!  
 From the sorrow and blame,  
 From the sin and the shame,  
 And the tempter that smiled;  
 O prodigal child!  
 Come home: oh, come home!

4 Come home! come home!  
 There is bread and to spare,  
 And a warm welcome there:  
 Then, to friends reconciled,  
 O prodigal child!  
 Come home; oh, come home!

## The Gospel Ship.

OLD MELODY.

1 The Gospel Ship along is sailing,  
 Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;  
 All who wish to sail to glory,  
 Come and welcome, rich and poor.

**CHORUS.**  
 "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" all the sailors  
 loudly cry,  
 "See the blissful port of glory, open to each  
 faithful eye!"

2 Millions now are safely landed  
 Over on the golden shore;  
 Millions more are on their journey,  
 Yet there's room for millions more.

3 Come on board, and ship for glory;  
 Be in haste, make up your mind,  
 For our vessel's weighing anchor,  
 You will soon be left behind.

4 Do not fear the ship will founder,  
 Though the foaming billows roar,  
 Jesus Christ will safely guide her  
 To her destined happy shore.

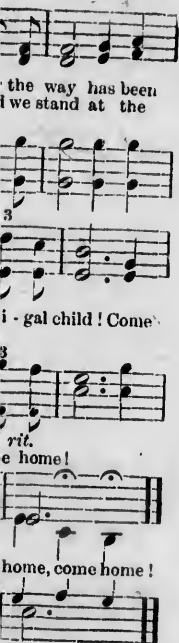
5 You have kindred over yonder,  
 On that bright and happy shore;  
 By and by we'll swell the number,  
 When the voyage of life is o'er.

## The Blessed Feast.

W. H. DOANE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.

W. H. DOANE.



*First.*

1. { Come, poor sinner, to the blessed, blessed feast, O hear the call—thy  
Haste to meet Him, He will welcome thee His guest,  
D. C.—Come to Je - sus, He is waiting, waiting now;

*First.* *Second.* *Fine.* *REFRAIN.*

Saviour's call; O rejoice, there's room for all.  
Come, O come, there's room for all.

*D. C.*

in that feast may share, In our Father's house there is bread to spare:

- 2 Art thou weary, would'st thou lay thy weight aside? [near,  
Then rest thee here, the cross is  
See where Jesus, thy Redeemer, bled  
and died;  
Come and taste His mercy here.
- 3 Come to Jesus, and thy burden He  
will bear;  
The feast is spread, lift up thy head;  
Come and rest thee in the Saviour's  
gentle care,  
By His love thou shalt be fed.

## 79 The Gospel Invitation.

J. HART.

TUNE: No. 95.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore:  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love and power:  
||: He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more. :||
- 2 Now, ye needy, come, and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief, and true repentance,—  
Every grace that brings you nigh.  
||: Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy. :||
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream:  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him:  
||: This He gives you,—  
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam. :||
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall  
If you tarry till you're better  
You will never come at all;  
||: Not the righteous,—  
Sinners Jesus came to call. :||

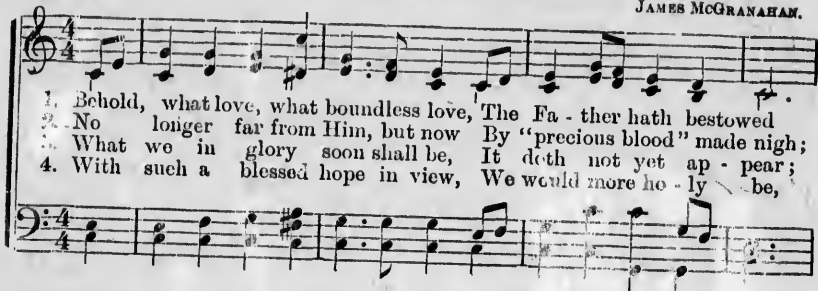
## 80 More to Follow.

P. P. BLISS. Key of E. (G. H. 32)

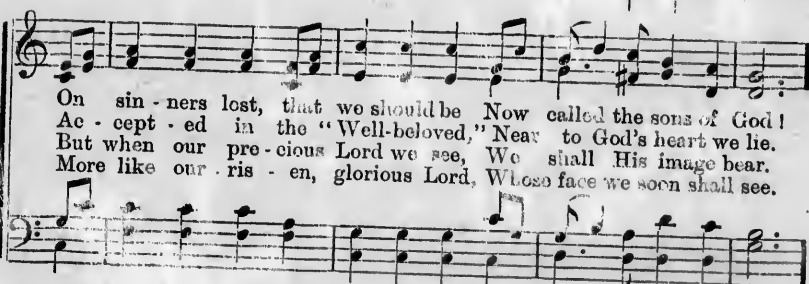
- 1 Have you on the Lord believed?  
Still there's more to follow;  
Of His grace have you received?  
Still there's more to follow,  
Oh, the grace the Father shows!  
Still there's more to follow;  
Freely He His grace bestows,  
Still there's more to follow.
- CHO —More and more, more and more,  
Always more to follow;  
Oh, His matchless, boundless love!  
Still there's more to follow.
- 2 Have you felt the Saviour near?  
Still there's more to follow;  
Does His blessed presence cheer?  
Still there's more to follow.  
Oh! the love that Jesus shows!  
Still there's more to follow;  
Freely He His love bestows,  
Still there's more to follow.
- 3 Have you felt the Spirit's power?  
Still there's more to follow:  
Falling like the gentle shower,  
Still there's more to follow:  
Oh, the power the Spirit shows,  
Still there's more to follow:  
Freely He His power bestows,  
Still there's more to follow.

## Behold, what Love!

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

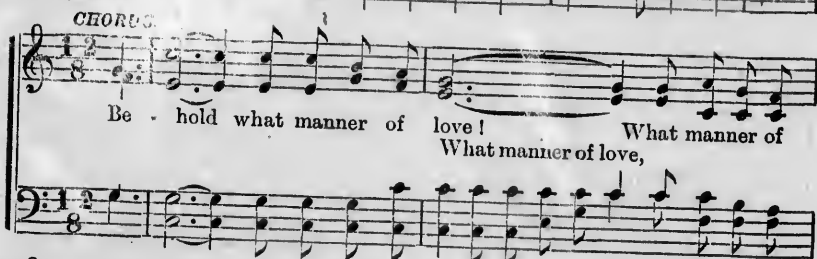


1. Behold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa - ther hath bestowed  
 2. No longer far from Him, but now By "precious blood" made nigh;  
 3. What we in glory soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear;  
 4. With such a blessed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,

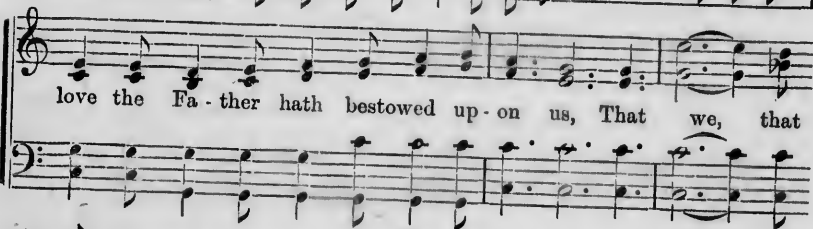


On sin - ners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!  
 Ac - cept - ed in the "Well-beloved," Near to God's heart we lie.  
 But when our pre - cious Lord we see, We shall His image bear.  
 More like our ris - en, glorious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

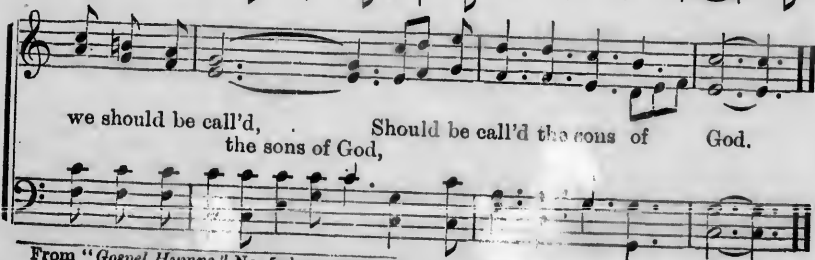
## CHORUS.



Be - hold what manner of love! What manner of  
 What manner of love,



love the Fa - ther hath bestowed up - on us, That we, that



we should be call'd, Should be call'd the sons of God.  
 the sons of God,

## All for Jesus.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. All for Jesus! all for Jesus! All my being's ransomed powers;  
 2. Let my hands perform His bidding.. Let my feet run in His ways,—  
 3. Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all be - side;  
 4. Oh, what wonder! how amazing! Jesus—glorious King of kings—

All my thoughts, and words, and doings, All my days, and all my hours.  
 Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise.  
 So enchained my spir - it's vision, Looking at the Cru - ci - fied!  
 Deigns to call me His be - lov - ed, Lets me rest beneath His wings!

## CHORUS.

All for Jesus! all for Jesus! All my days, and all my hours.  
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.  
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus! All for Je - sus Cru - ci - fied!  
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus! Resting now beneath His wings!

All for Jesus! all for Jesus! All my days, and all my hours.  
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.  
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus! All for Je - sus Cru - ci - fied!  
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus! Resting now beneath His wings!

By permission.

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## Take Me as I Am.

J. H. S. Arranged.

(Use No. 101 with this Tune and Chorus)

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Unless Thou help me I must die;  
 2. Helpless I am and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,  
 3. No pre - pa - ra - tion can I make, My best resolves I on - ly break,  
 4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;  
 5. Spir - it of God, now breathe on me, The Saviour's glo - ry make me see;

*Fine.*  
 Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.  
 And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.  
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.  
 And now to Thee my soul does move, Oh, take me as I am.  
 Changed to His im - age let me be; Come take me as I am.

D. S.—bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

## REFRAIN.

*D.S.*  
 Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,  
 Take me take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am

From "Redeeming Love," by permission.

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## I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

(Use Nos. 96 and 101 with this Chorus.)

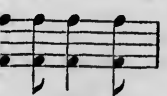
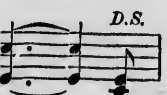
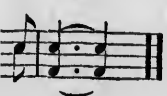
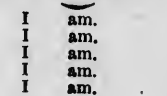
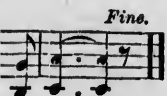
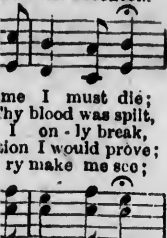
*First.* *Second.*  
 I can, I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do believe,  
 I can, I will, I do be - lieve That Je - sus saves me now.

1 Just as I am, without one plea  
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that Thou biddest me come to Thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

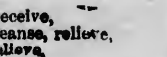
2 Just as I am, Thou dost receive,  
 Dost welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

## Not My Own.

V. J. R. STOCKTON.



e-be.



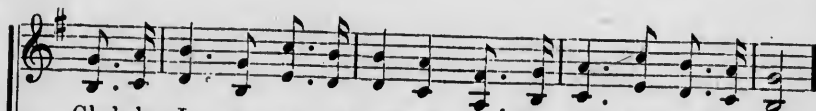
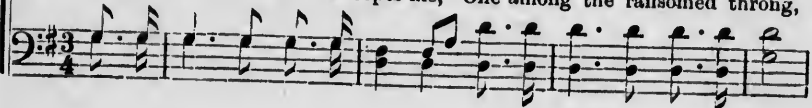
"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

EL. NATHAN.

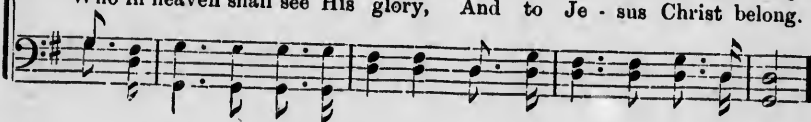
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



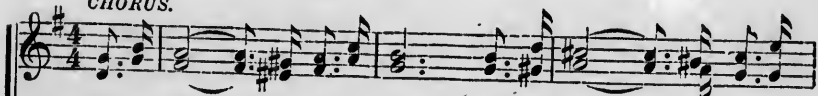
1. "Not my own," but saved thro' Jesus, Who redeemed me by His blood,
2. "Not my own!" to Christ, my Saviour, I, be - lieving, trust my soul:
3. "Not my own!" my time, my ta - lent, Free - ly all to Christ I bring,
4. "Not my own!" the Lord accepts me, One among the ransomed throng,



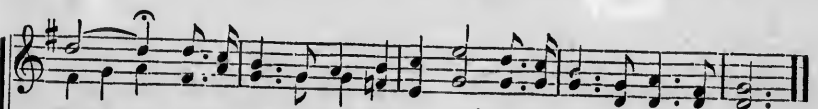
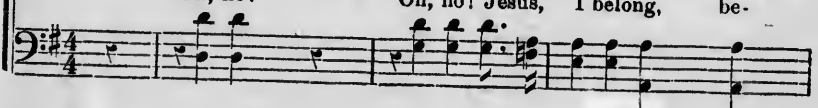
Glad - ly I ac - cept the message, I be - long to Christ the Lord.  
Ev - 'ry thing to Him committed, While e - ter - nal 'a - ges roll.  
To be used in joy - ful service For the glo - ry of my King.  
Who in heaven shall see His glory, And to Je - sus Christ belong.



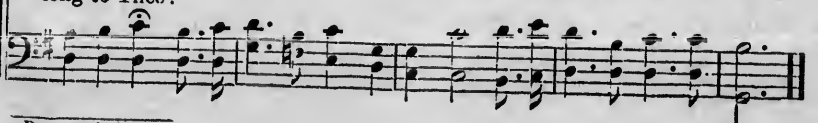
## CHORUS.



"Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!" Je - sus, I . . . belong to  
Oh, no! Oh, no! Jesus, I belong, be -



Thee! . . . All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all e - ter - ni - ty.  
long to Thee!



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## Lead Me, Saviour.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray,  
 2. Thou the refuge of my soul,  
 3. Saviour, lead me then at last,  
 Sav - our, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly

Gently lead me all the  
 When life's stormy billows  
 When the storm of life is

way;  
 roll;  
 past,  
 lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side;  
 I am safe when Thou art nigh,  
 To the land of end - less day,  
 I am safe when by Thy side;

REFRAIN.

I would in Thy love abide.  
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly.  
 Where all tears are wiped away.  
 I would in Thy love abide.

Lead me, lead me,

Saviour, lead me, lest I stray; . . . Gently down the stream of  
 lest I stray;

time stream of time Lead me, Saviour, all the way.  
 all the way.

## Kneeling, Pleading, Waiting.

"Peace through the blood of His cross."—Col. 1: 20.  
TATE & BRADY. Arranged.

E. A. HOPKINS.



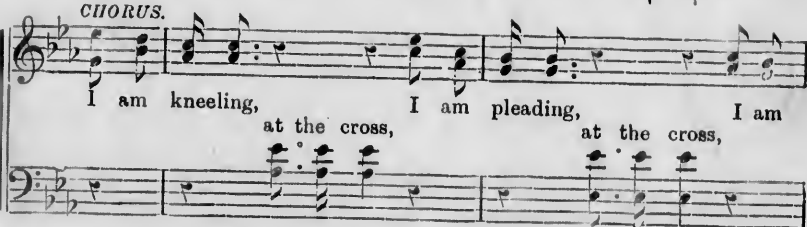
1. Have mer-cy, Lord, on me,  
2. Blot out, O Lord, my sins,  
3. Withdraw not then Thy help,  
4. The joy Thy fa-vor gives,

As Thou wert ever kind;  
And me in pit-y view;  
Nor cast me from Thy sight;  
Let me just now ob-tain,



Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt, Thy wonted mercy find.  
Cre-ate in me a heart that's clean, An upright mind re-new.  
Nor let Thy Ho-ly Spir-it take His ev-er-last-ing flight.  
And Thy free Spirit's firm support My fainting soul maintain.

## CHORUS.



I am kneeling, at the cross, I am pleading, at the cross, I am



kneeling, pleading, waiting to be saved; I am kneeling, I am  
at the cross,



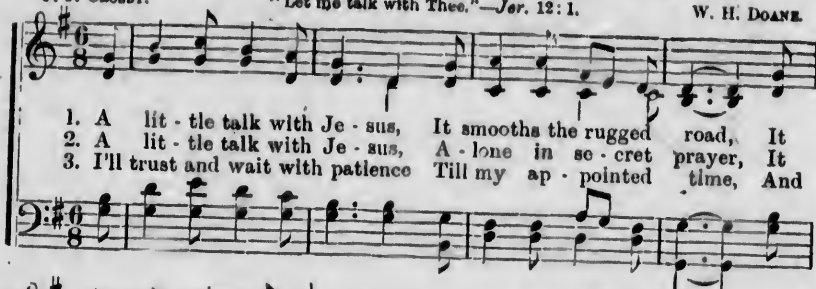
pleading, at the cross, There I'm kneeling, pleading, waiting to be saved.

## A Little Talk with Jesus.

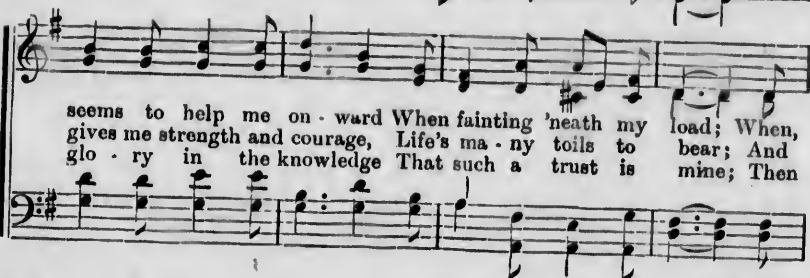
F. J. CROSBY.

"Let me talk with Thee."—Jer. 12: 1.

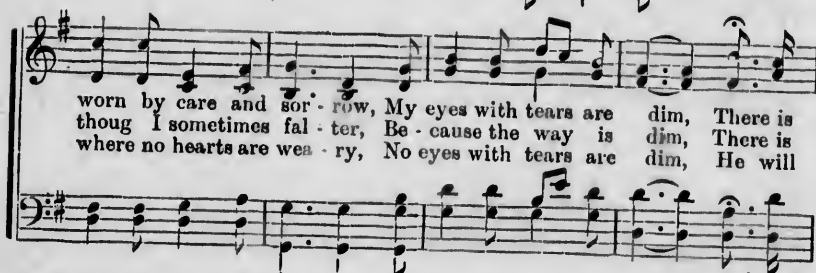
W. H. DOANE.



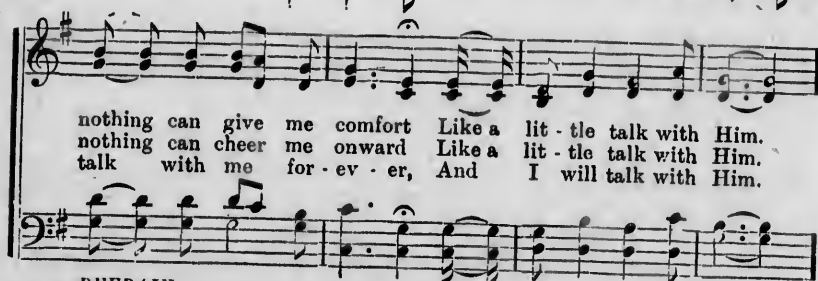
1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, It smooths the rugged road, It  
 2. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, A - lone in so - cret prayer, It  
 3. I'll trust and wait with patience Till my ap - pointed time, And



seems to help me on - ward When fainting 'neath my load; When,  
 gives me strength and courage, Life's ma - ny toils to bear; And  
 glo - ry in the knowledge That such a trust is mine; Then

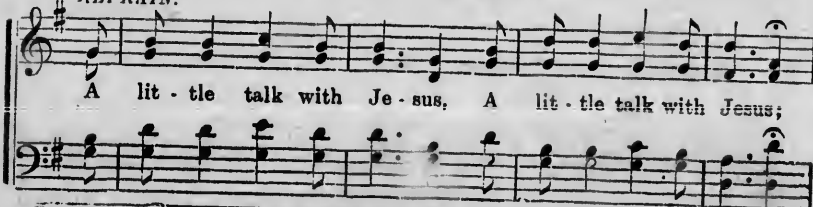


worn by care and sor - row, My eyes with tears are dim, There is  
 thoug I sometimes fal - ter, Be - cause the way is dim, There is  
 where no hearts are wea - ry, No eyes with tears are dim, He will



nothing can give me comfort Like a lit - tle talk with Him.  
 nothing can cheer me onward Like a lit - tle talk with Him.  
 talk with me for - ev - er, And I will talk with Him.

## REFRAIN.



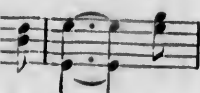
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, A lit - tle talk with Jesus;

Jesus.

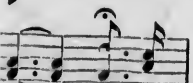
W. H. DOANE.



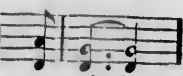
ged road, It  
cret prayer, It  
nted time, And



my load; When,  
to bear; And  
is mine; Then



dim, There is  
dim, There is  
dim, He will



ck with Him.  
k with Him.  
k with Him.

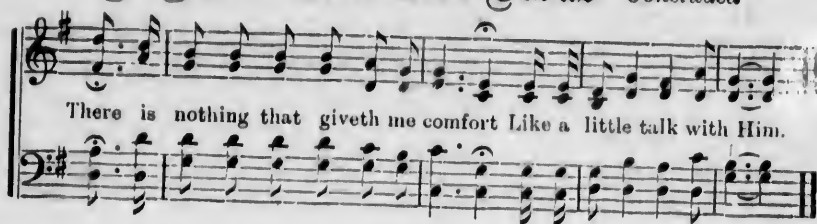


k with Jesus;



by Biglow & Main.

# A Little Talk with Jesus—Concluded



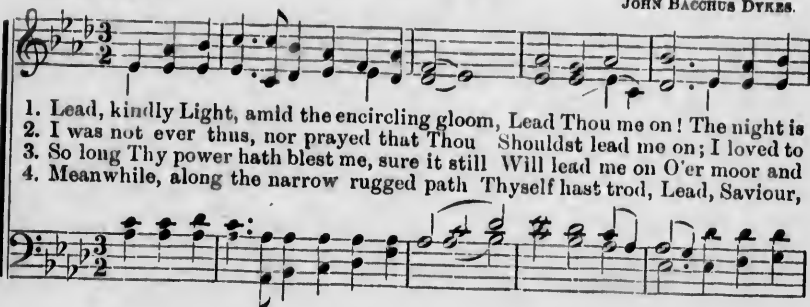
There is nothing that giveth me comfort Like a little talk with Him.

89

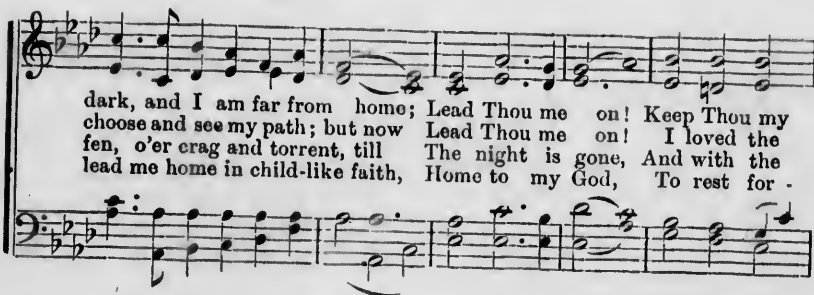
## Lux Benigna.

JNO. H. NEWMAN.

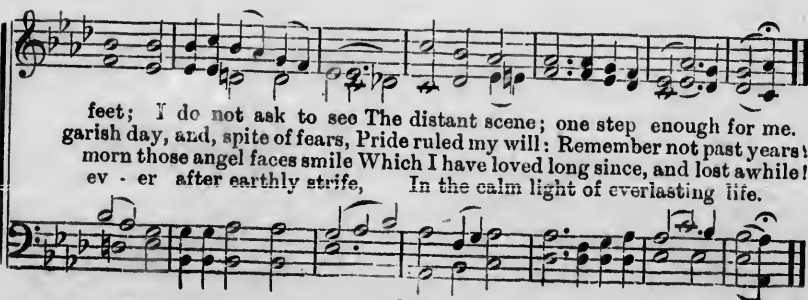
JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
4. Meanwhile, along the narrow rugged path Thyself hast trod, Lead, Saviour,



dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my  
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the  
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the  
lead me home in child-like faith, Home to my God, To rest for -



feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.  
garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years;  
morn those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!  
ev - er after earthly strife, In the calm light of everlasting life.

90

## Nearer, My God, to Thee.

S. F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it  
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,  
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

2 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||  
Nearer to Thee.

3 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||  
Nearer to Thee

91

## More Love to Thee.

MRS. PRENTISS.

TUNE: No. 90

1 More love to Thee, O Christ I  
More love to Thee;  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea,  
||: More love, O Christ, to Thee, :||  
More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best;

This all my prayer shall be,  
||: More love, O Christ, to Thee, :||  
More love to Thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath,  
Whisper Thy praise,  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise;  
This still its prayer shall be,  
||: More love, O Christ, to Thee, :||  
More love to Thee!

92

## Working with Thee.

TUNE: No. 90.

1 Working, O Christ, with Thee  
Working with Thee,  
Unworthy, sinful, weak,  
Though we may be,  
Our all to Thee we give,  
For Thee alone would live,  
And by Thy grace achieve,  
Working with Thee.

2 Saviour, we weary not  
Working with Thee;  
As hard as Thine our lot  
Can never be;

Our joy and comfort this,  
"Thy grace sufficient is,"  
This changes toil to bliss,  
Working with Thee.

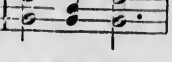
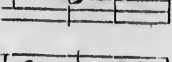
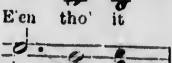
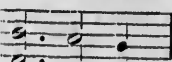
2 So let us labor on,  
Working with Thee,  
Till earth to Thee is won,  
From sin set free,  
Till man, from shore to shore,  
Receive Thee and adore,  
And join us evermore,  
Working with Thee.

93

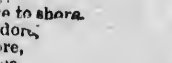
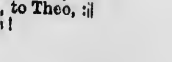
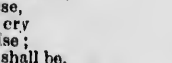
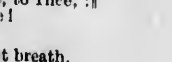
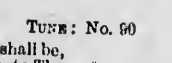
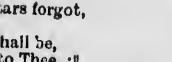
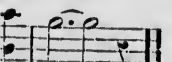
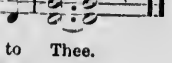
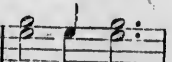
## My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Changed by H. T. G.

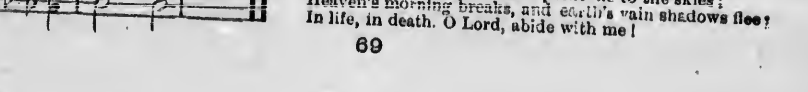
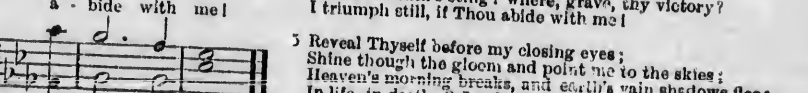
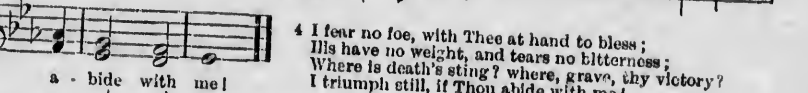
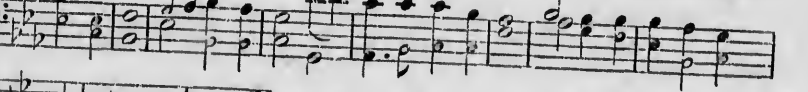
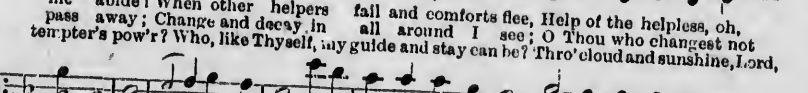
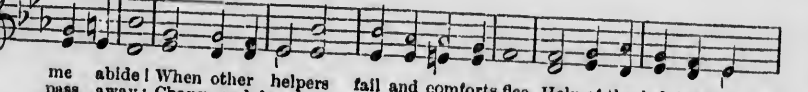
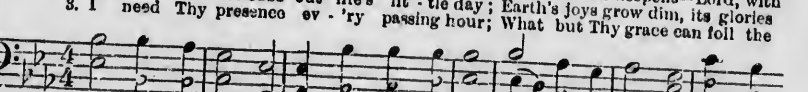
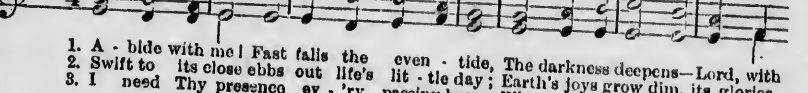
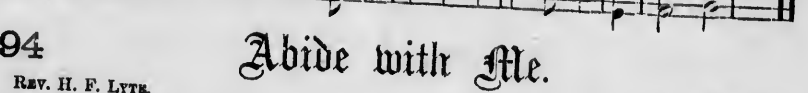
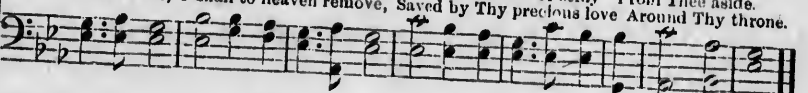
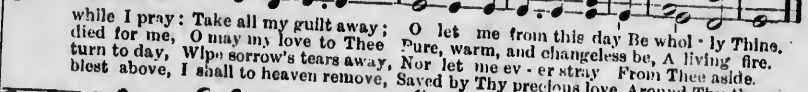
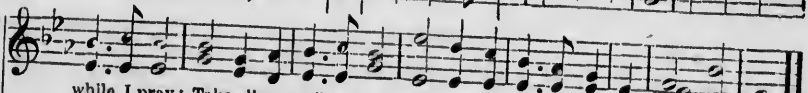
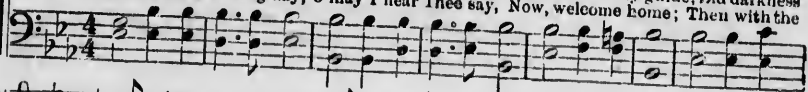
LOWELL MASON.



song shall be,



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life a dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's fleeting day, O may I hear Thee say, Now, welcome home; Then with the

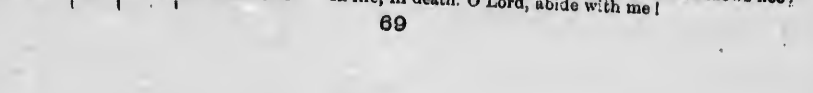
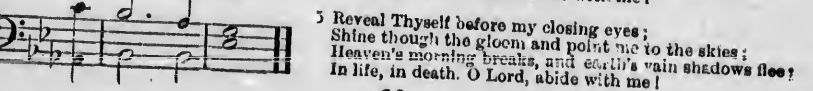
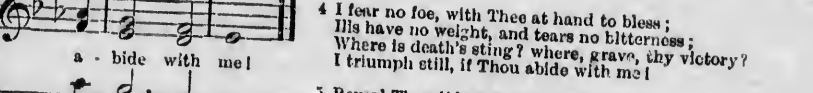
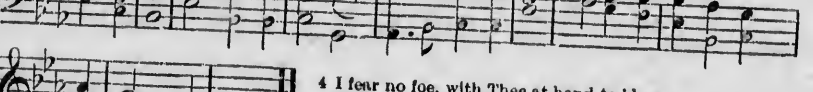
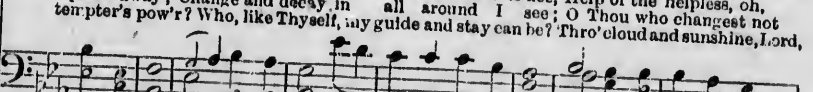
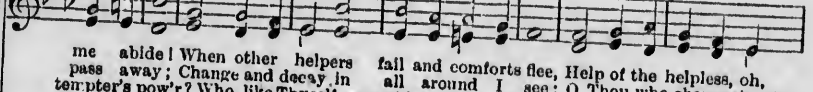
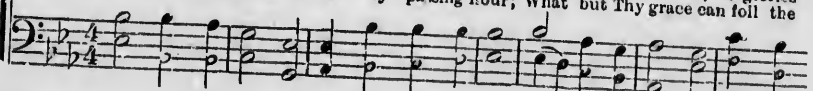
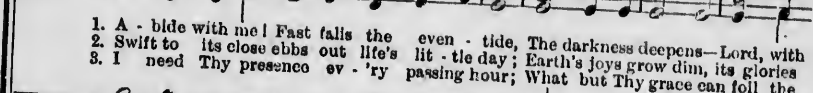
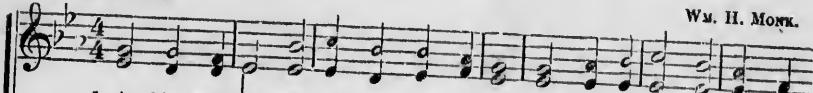


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## Abide with Me.

REV. H. F. LYKE.

WM. H. MONK.



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the even - tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
3. I need Thy presence ev - 'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the

me abide! When other helpers fall and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh,  
pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changeest not  
tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord,

a - bide with me!

- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

- 5 Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes;  
Shine though the gloom and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death. O Lord, abide with me!

## Guide Me.

W. WILLIAMS. Changed by H. T. C.

Fine.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Jeho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand:

D.C.—Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

D.C.

Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more;

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
||: Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield. ||

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid its waters then divide;  
Bear me through in faith triumphant,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
||: Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee. ||

## Come, Thou Fount.

ROBINSON. Changed by H. T. C.

TUNE: "Guide Me," No. 95.

1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.

He to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

## CHORUS.

I love Jesus, Hallelujah!  
I love Jesus, yes I do;  
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,  
Jesus smiles and loves me too.

3 O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my trusting heart to Thee.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;

4 I do trust Thee, Lord, I know it;  
I will trust, for Thou art love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above!

## Parting Hymn.

REV. W. SHIRLEY.

TUNE: "Guide Me," No. 95.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our heart with joy and peace;  
Let us each Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace;  
O refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.

In our hearts and lives abound;  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

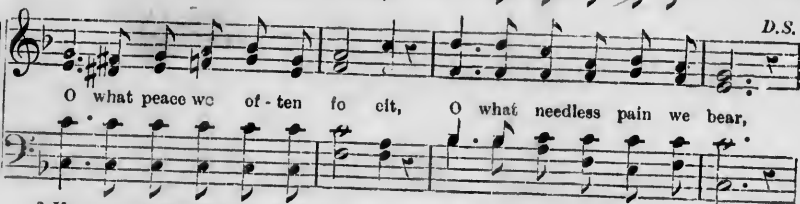
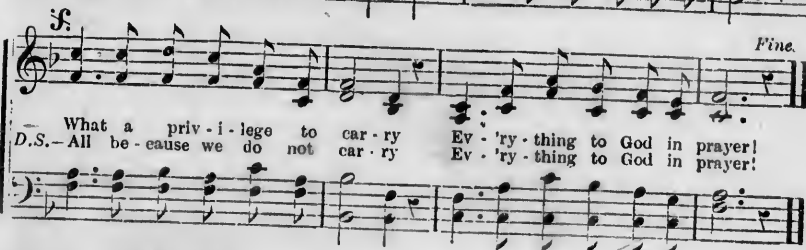
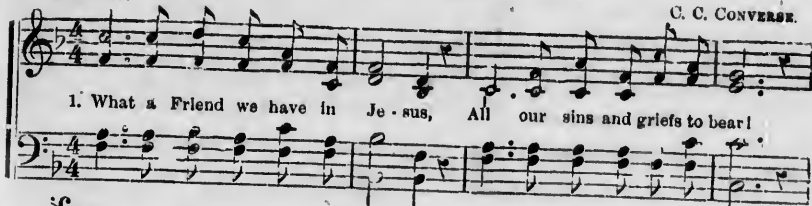
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

## What a Friend.

DR. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.



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

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

99

## Love Divine.

C. WESLEY.

TUNE: No. 98.

1 Love Divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of Heaven to earth come down;  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown;  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love Thou art.  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy grace receive,  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave!

Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee.  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

100

## Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

D. A. THRUPP.

TUNE: No. 98

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,  
Much we need Thy tend'rest care,  
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
For our use Thy folds prepare;  
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are :||

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,  
Be the Guardian of our way;  
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,

Seek us when we go astray;  
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Hear, O hear us, when we pray :||

3 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
Early let us do Thy will;  
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,  
With Thy love our bosoms fill;  
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still :||

## Just as I Am.

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6:37.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. D. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about, With many a conflict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
 With fears within, and foes without, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down;  
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

## 102

## Ashamed of Jesus.

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG.

TUNE: No. 101.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee?  
 Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend?  
 No, when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere His name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,  
 When I've no guilt to wash away,  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
 And O, may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

## 103

## The Mercy-Seat.

REV. H. STOWELL.

TUNE: No. 101.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
 From every swelling tide of woes,  
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
 The oil of gladness on our heads;  
 A place than all besides more  
 sweet;  
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

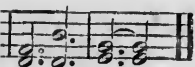
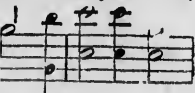
3 There is a place where spirits blend,  
 Where friend holds fellowship with  
 friend; [meet  
 Though sundered far, by faith they  
 Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

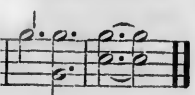
WM. D. BRADBURY.



ood was shed for me,  
al of one dark blot,  
afflict, many a doubt,



I come, I come!  
I come, I come!  
I come, I come!



y love unknown  
barrier down;  
yea, Thine alone,  
I come, I come!

TUNE: No. 101.

! Yes, I may,  
t to wash away,  
o good to crave,  
o soul to save.

y boasting vain,  
Saviour slain;  
my glory be,  
ashamed of me.

TUNE: No. 101.

ere spirits blend,  
is fellowship with  
[meet  
far, by faith they  
on mercy-seat.

we flee for aid,  
solate, dismayed?  
f hell defeat,  
s no mercy-seat?

## 104 My Heart's Desire.

C. WESLEY

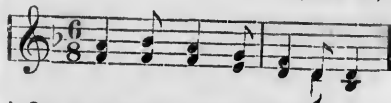
TUNE: No. 101.

- O Thou who camest from above  
The pure celestial fire to impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.
- There let it for Thy glory burn  
With inextinguishable blaze,  
And trembling to its source return  
In humble prayer and fervent  
praise.
- Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
To work, and speak, and think for  
Thee;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up Thy gift in me.
- Ready for all Thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

## 105 Near the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY.

(G. H. 45.)



- Jesus, keep me near the cross,  
There a precious fountain,  
Free to all, a healing stream—  
Flows from Calvary's mountain

## CHORUS.

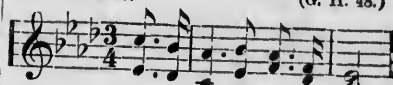
In the cross, in the cross,  
Be my glory ever;  
Till my raptured soul shal' find  
Rest beyond the river.

- Near the cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Shed its beams around me.
- Near the cross, O Lamb of God!  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadows o'er me.
- Near the cross I'll watch and wait,  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river.

## 106 Every Day and Hour.

F. J. CROSBY.

(G. H. 48.)



- Saviour, more than life to me,  
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee!  
Let Thy precious blood applied,  
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

## CHORUS.

Every day, every hour,  
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;  
May Thy tender love to me  
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

- Through this changing world below,  
Lead me gently, gently as I go;  
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,  
I can never, never lose my way.
- Let me love Thee more and more,  
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;  
Till my soul is lost in love  
In a brighter, brighter world above.

## 107 Pass Me Not.

F. J. CROSBY.

(G. H. 27.)



- Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art smiling,  
Do not pass me by.

## CHORUS.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble  
cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

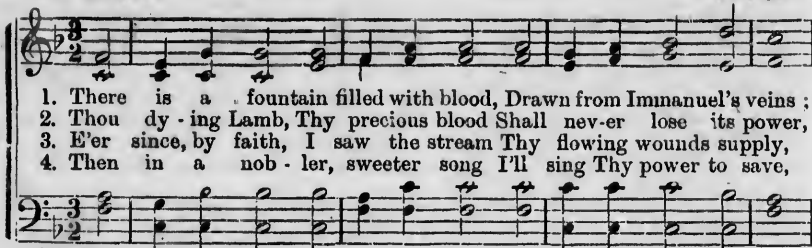
- Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief,  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.
- Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace.
- Thou the Spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
Whom in heaven but Thee?

108

## I Do Believe.

E. P. HAMMOND.

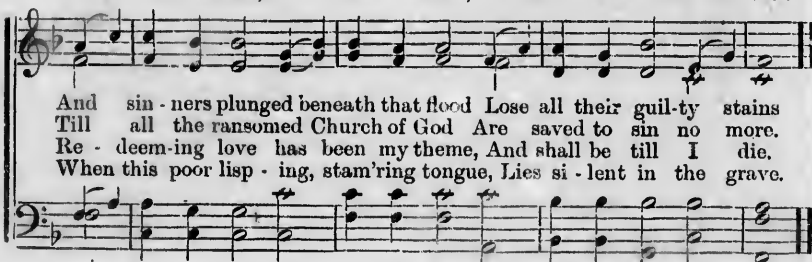
OLD MELODY.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
2. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,
3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
4. Then in a nob - ler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy power to save,

CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe, That Je - sus died for me!



And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains  
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.  
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
When this poor lisp - ing, stam - ring tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave.

A tok - en of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.

109

## All-Victorious Love.

I. WATTS.

TUNE: No. 103.

- 1 Jesus, Thine all victorious love,  
Shed in my heart abroad:  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixed in God.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe,  
That Jesus died for me;  
A token of His love He gives,  
A pledge of liberty.

- 2 O that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow,

Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow.

- 3 Refining fire go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter Thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.

- 4 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
Shall then no longer move;  
But Christ be all the world to me.  
And all my heart be love.

110

## The Name of Jesus.

J. NEWTON.

TUNE: No. 103.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear;  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away His fear.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe,  
That Jesus died for me;  
A token of His love He gives,  
A pledge of liberty.

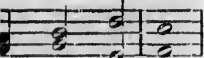
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

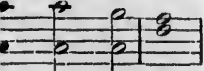
- 3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 Jesus! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, My Life, my Way, my End;  
Accept the praise I bring.

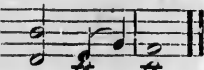
OLD MELODY.



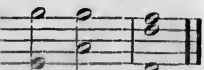
In Immanuel's veins;  
er lose its power,  
g wounds supply,  
hy power to save,



us died for me!



r guilt-y stains  
sin no more.  
till I die.  
at in the grave.



lib - er - ty.

TUNE: No. 103.

s of base desire,  
mountains flow.

through my heart,  
soul;  
through every part,  
ne whole.

d, from falling free,  
onger move;  
the world to me.  
art be love.

TUNE: No. 108.

e hungry soul,  
ary rest.

ock on which I build,  
hiding-place;  
treasury, filled  
s stores of grace.

r, Shepherd, Friend,  
riest, and King,  
e, my Way, my End;  
ise I bring.

# 111 A Charge to Keep.

J. WESLEY.

(G. H. 113.)



- 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 fulfil,  
may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I must forever die.

# 112 I Will.

EL. NATHAN.

TUNE: G. H. No. 5, 68.

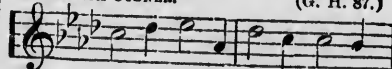
While Mr. Moody was preaching in Great Britain, he asked, "Who here will receive the gift of God and be saved?" and then paused. One said aloud, "I will," and was speedily followed by others from all parts of the house. Multitudes were saved.

- 1 Once more, my soul, thy Saviour,  
through the Word,  
Is offered full and free;  
And now, O Lord, I must, I must decide:  
Shall I accept of Thee?
- Cho. — I will! I will! I will!  
God helping me, I will be Thine!  
Thy precious blood was shed to purchase  
I will be wholly Thine! [me,
- 2 By grace I will Thy mercy now receive,  
Thy love my heart hath won;  
On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will believe,  
And trust in Thee alone!
- 3 Thou knowest, Lord, how very weak I  
And how I fear to stray: [am,  
For strength to serve I look to Thee  
alone,  
The strength Thou must supply!
- 4 And now, O Lord, give all with us  
to-day,  
The grace to join our song;  
And from the heart to gladly with us  
say:  
"I WILL to Christ belong!"
- 5 To all who came when Thou wast  
here below,  
And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"  
To them, "I will!" was ever Thy reply:  
We rest upon it now.

# 113 Lord, I Hear.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

(G. H. 87.)

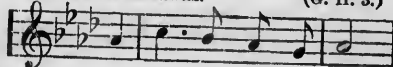


- 1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering, full and free—  
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing:  
Let some droppings fall on me—  
Even me, even me, etc.
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,  
Sinful tho' my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let thy mercy fall on me—  
Even me, even me, etc.
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favor;  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—  
Even me, even me, etc.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me—  
Even me, even me, etc.
- 5 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;  
While the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me—  
Even me, even me, etc.

# 114 I Need Thee Every Hour.

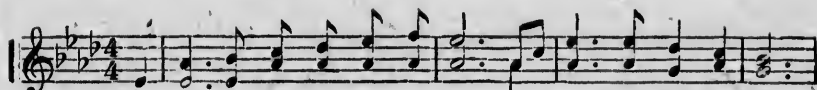
MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

(G. H. 3.)

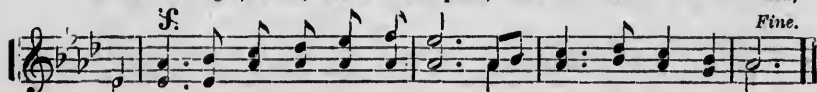


- 1 I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord:  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.
- CHORUS.  
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;  
Every hour I need Thee;  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour  
I come to Thee.
- 2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by:  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.
- 3 I need Thee every hour,  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.
- 4 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son.

## I Will, I Do Believe.



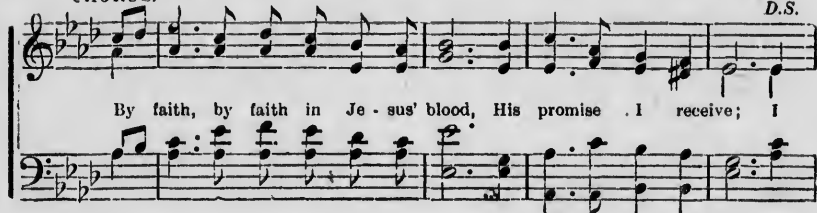
1. Come, O my God, the promise seal, This mountain sin re-move;  
2. Let an-ger, sloth, de-sire and pride, This mo-ment be sub-dued;



Now in my waiting soul re-veal The vir-tue of Thy love.  
Be-cast in - to the crimson tide Of my Redem-er's blood.  
*D.S.—come to Him, I trust in Him, I will, I do be-lieve.*

CHORUS.

D.S.



By faith, by faith in Je-sus' blood, His promise I receive; I

3 Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,  
My present Saviour Thou!  
In all the confidence of hope,  
I claim the blessing now.

'Tis done; Thou dost this moment save,  
With full salvation blessing;  
Redemption through Thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace.

## 116 O For a Heart to Praise My God.

C. WESLEY.

TUNE: No. 115.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels Thine blood  
So freely spilt for me!

CHORUS.

By faith, by faith in Jesus' blood,  
His promise I receive;  
I come to Him, I trust in Him,  
I will, I do believe.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

## 117

## Song of Trust.

FANNIE J. CROSBY.

TUNE: G. H. 4. KEY G.

1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
There by His love o'er-shaded  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,  
Borne in a song to me,  
Over the fields of glory,  
Over the jasper sea.

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
There by His love o'er-shaded,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe from corroding care,

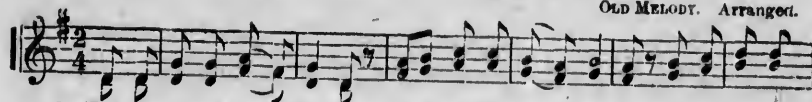
Safe from the world's temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there.  
Free from the blight of sorrow,  
Free from my doubts and fears:  
Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages,  
Ever my trust shall be.  
Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er,  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore

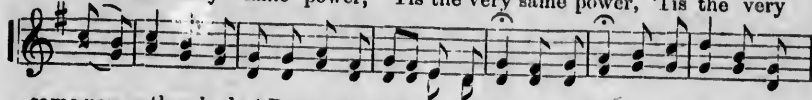
118

## Pentecostal Power.

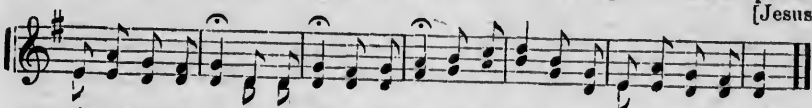
OLD MELODY. Arranged.



1. 'Tis the very same power, 'Tis the very same power, 'Tis the very



same power they had at Pentecost; 'Tis the power, 'Tis the power, 'Tis the power  
[Jesus



promised should come down. Send it now, send it now, Send the power Jesus  
[promised should come down.

2 While with one accord assembled,  
All in an upper room,  
Came the power, etc., Send it now, etc.

4 Three thousand were converted  
And added to the Church,  
By the power, etc., Send it now, etc.

3 'Twas while they all were praying,  
And believing it would come,  
Came the power, etc., Send it now, etc.

5 Our fathers had this power,  
And we may have it, too;  
Send the power, etc., Send it now, etc.

6 'Tis the very same power,  
For I feel it in my soul;  
'Tis the power, etc., Send it now, etc.

119

## Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

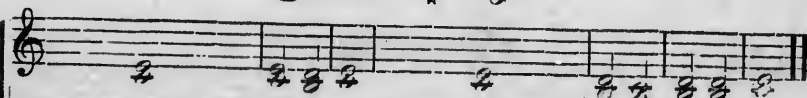
TUNE: G. H. 40. KEY G.

1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,  
Ever near the Christian's side;  
Gently lead us by the hand,  
Pilgrims in a desert land;  
Weary souls for e'er rejoice,  
While they hear that sweetest voice,  
Whispering softly, Wanderer, come!  
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

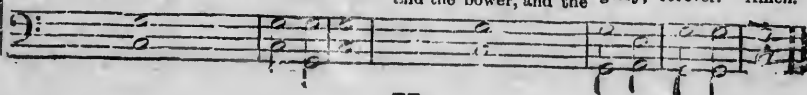
2 Ever present, truest friend,  
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear;  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,  
Whispering softly, Wanderer, come!  
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

120

## Lord's Prayer.



Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

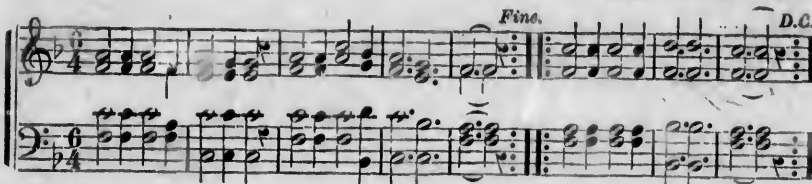


121

## Martyn.

C. WPSLEY

SIMON BUTLER



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

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.

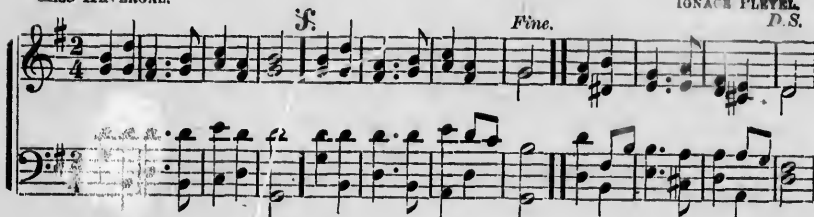
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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

122

## Consecration Prayer.

MISS HAVERGAL.

IGNACE PLEYEL.  
D.S.

1 Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love;  
Take my feet and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold—  
Not a mite would I withhold;  
Take my intellect and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

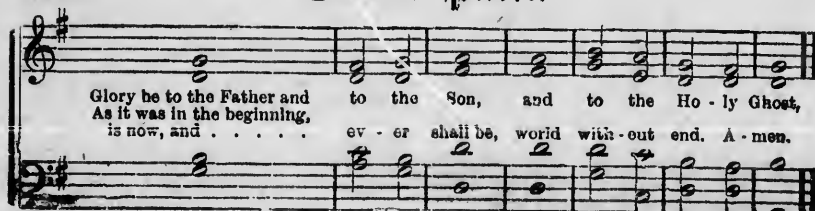
4 Take my voice and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King;  
Take my lips and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

5 Take my will and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store;  
Take myself, and I will be,  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

123

## Gloria Patri.



Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and . . . . . ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

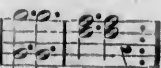
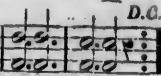
## A Child of the King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Changed by H. T. C.

REV. JOHN B. SUMNER. Arranged.

N BUTLER MAJEST.

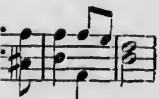
D.C.



is stayed,  
Thee I bring;  
head  
of Thy wing.

Thee is found—  
my sin;  
ama abound;  
pure within.  
tain art,  
of Thee:  
in my heart;

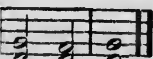
IGNACE FLEYEL  
D.S.



et me sing  
y King;  
s them be  
from Thee.

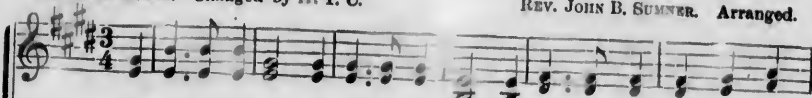
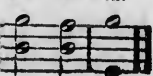
ake it Thine,  
mine;  
Thine own;  
throne.

ord, I pour  
ure store;  
ill be,  
nee.

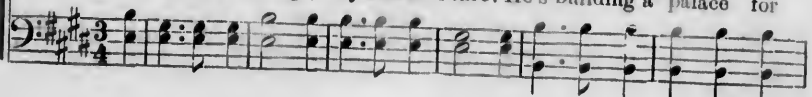


Ho - ly Ghost,

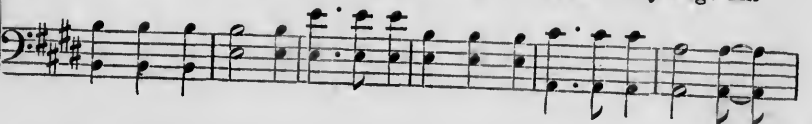
end. A - men.



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



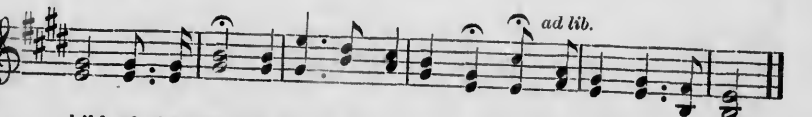
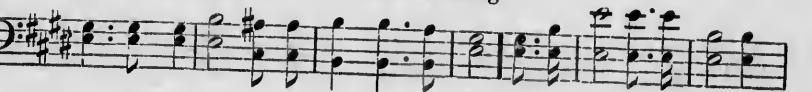
world in His hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His  
poor - est of men; But now he is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will  
al - ien by birth! But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—An  
me o - ver there! Tho' exil'd from home, yet still I may sing: All



## CHORUS.



coffers are full,—He has riches untold, I'm a child of the King, A  
give me a home in the "sweet by and by."  
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.  
glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King!

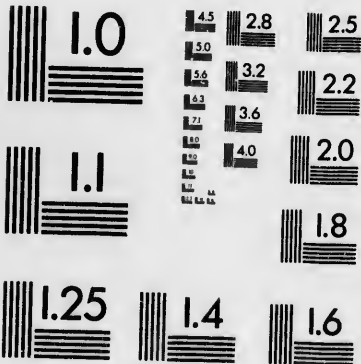


child of the King! With Jesus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!





(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

## My Precious Bible.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—*Psa. 119: 105.*

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Like a Star of the morning in its beauty, Like a  
 2. 'Tis a Light in the wilder-ness of sorrow, And a  
 3. 'Tis the Voice of a Friend for - ev - er near me, In the  
 4. It shall stand in its beauty and its glo - ry, When the

Sun is the Bi - ble to my soul; Shining clear on the way of love and  
 Lamp on the weary pilgrim way, And it guides to the bright eternal  
 toil and the battle here below, As I walk thro' the valley it will  
 earth and the heavens pass a - way, Ever telling the blessed, wondrous

*D.S.—oling to the dear, old, Ho - ly  
 Fine.*

du - ty, As I has - ten on my jour - ney to the goal.  
 mor - row, Shining more and more un - to the per - fect day.  
 cheer me, Till the glo - ry of His king - dom I shall know.  
 sto - ry, Of the lov - ing Lord, the on - ly Liv - ing Way.

*Bi - ble, As I has - ten to the Cit - y of the King.*  
**CHORUS.**

Ho - ly Bi - ble! my precious Bi - ble! Gift of  
 Ho - ly Bi - ble! Ho - ly Bi - ble! pre - cious Bi - ble! book divine!

God, and Lamp of Life, my beauti - ful Bi - ble! I will  
 Bi - ble thou art mine!

# 126 I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

REV. SAM. M'DLEY.

"I know that my Redeemer lives."—Job 19: 25.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives! What comfort this sweet message gives!  
 2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a - bove,  
 3. He lives, triumphant from the grave; He lives, e - ter - nal - ly to save;  
 4. He lives, my mansion to pre - pare; He lives, to bring me safely there;

He lives, who once was dead; He lives, all glorious in the sky;  
 My hun - gry soul to feed; He lives, to grant me rich sup - ply;  
 And while He lives I'll sing: He lives, my ev - er faith - ful Friend;  
 My Je - sus still the same: What joy this blest as - sur - ance gives!—

He lives, ex - alt - ed there on high, My ev - er - last - ing Head.  
 He lives, to guide me with His eye, To help in time of need.  
 He lives, and loves me to the end, My Pro - phet, Priest and King!  
 "I know that my Re - deemer lives;" All glo - ry to His name!

## CHORUS.

He lives! He lives! I know that my Re - deemer lives;  
 He lives! He lives!

He lives! He lives! I know that my Re - deemer lives.  
 He lives! He lives!

By permission.

Copyright.

z. 119: 106.

E. S. LORENZ.

uty, Like a  
ow, And a  
r me, In the  
ry, When the

way of love and  
bright eternal  
e valley it will  
essed, wondrous

dear, old, Ho - ly  
Fine.  
to the goal.  
er - fect day.  
I shall know.  
iv - ing Way.

the King.

Gift of  
divine!

ble! I will  
mine!

Copyright.

## He Redeemed Me.

G. F. R.

THEME CH. H. CARROLL.  
W. GEORGE F. ROOT.

1. Would you know why Christ, my Savior, Is my constant theme and song?  
 2. Oh, the days are full of gladness, That I spend in his em-ploy!  
 3. Come, be - lov - ed, bow be - fore him, Seek the par - don of your King.

Why to seek his lov - ing fa - vor Is my joy the whole day long?  
 I can ban - ish care and sad - ness In that song of heav - en - ly joy.  
 That on earth you may a - dore him, And with saints in glo - ry sing.

## CHORUS.

He redeemed me, He redeemed me, He redeemed me, How the  
 He redeemed me, He redeemed me, He redeemed me, How the

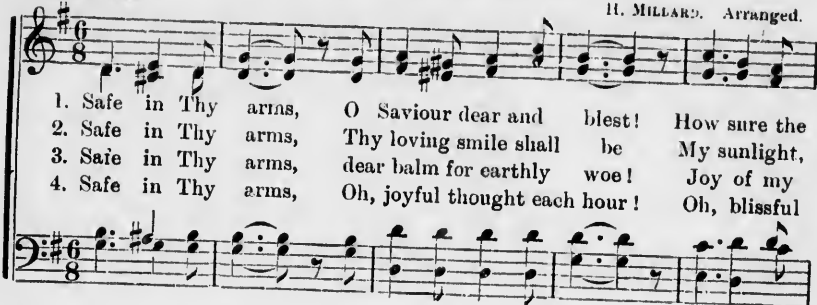
ransomed choir re - peat it o'er; and o'er He re.  
 o'er, re - peat it o'er,

deemed me, He redeemed me, He redeemed me, Glo - ry,  
 He redeemed me, He redeemed me, He redeemed me, Glo - ry,

# Safe in Thy Arms.

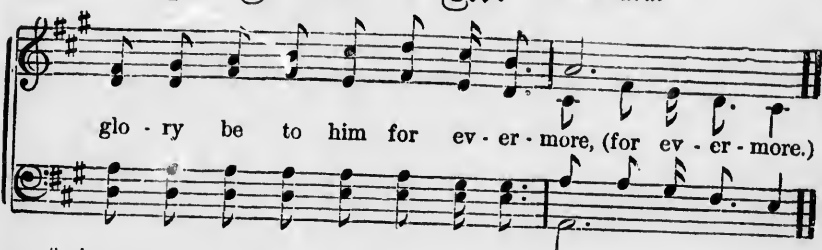
GEO. COOPER.

H. MILLARD. Arranged.

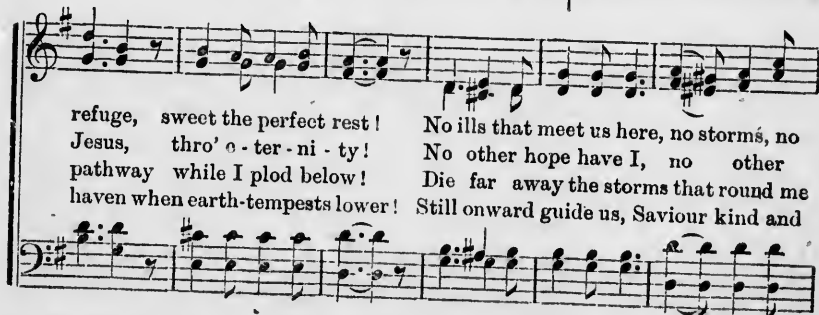


1. Safe in Thy arms, O Saviour dear and blest! How sure the  
2. Safe in Thy arms, Thy loving smile shall be My sunlight,  
3. Safe in Thy arms, dear balm for earthly woe! Joy of my  
4. Safe in Thy arms, Oh, joyful thought each hour! Oh, blissful

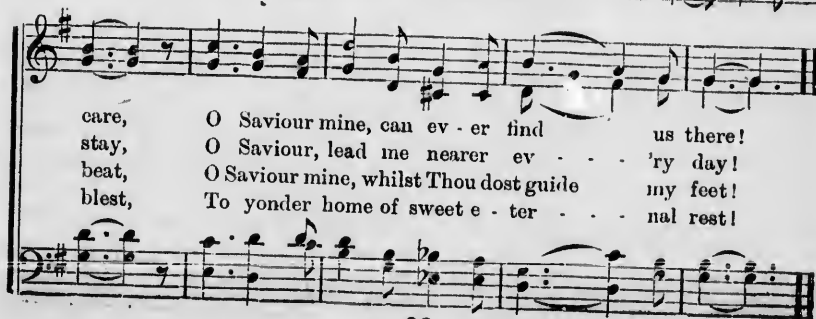
## He Redeemed Me—Concluded.



glo - ry be to him for ev - er - more, (for ev - er - more.)



refuge, sweet the perfect rest! No ills that meet us here, no storms, no  
Jesus, thro' e - ter - ni - ty! No other hope have I, no other  
pathway while I plod below! Die far away the storms that round me  
haven when earth-tempests lower! Still onward guide us, Saviour kind and

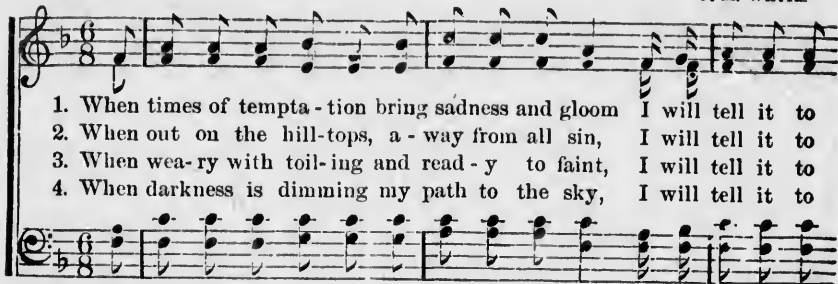


care, O Saviour mine, can ev - er find us there!  
stay, O Saviour, lead me nearer ev - - - 'ry day!  
beat, O Saviour mine, whilst Thou dost guide my feet!  
blest, To yonder home of sweet e - ter - - - nal rest!

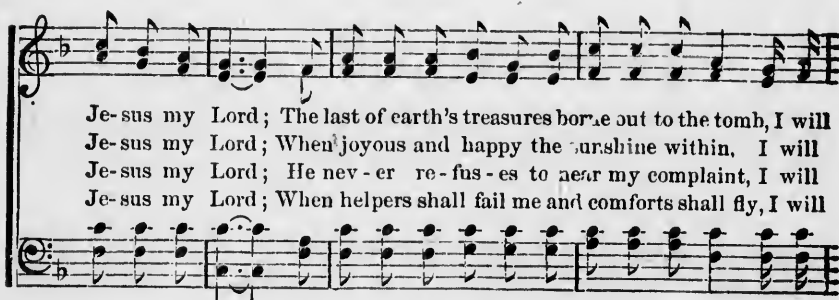
# 129 I will Tell it to Jesus my Lord.

J. M. W.

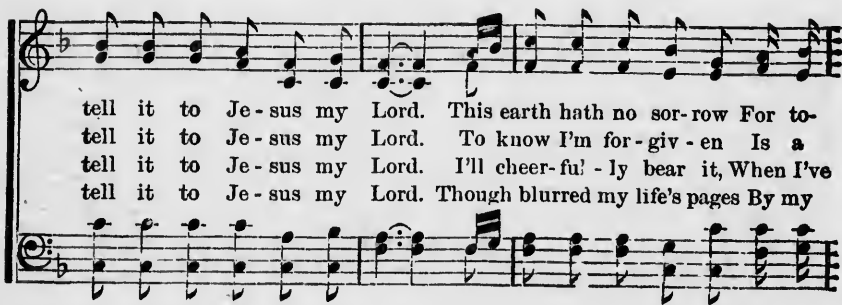
J. M. WHYTE.



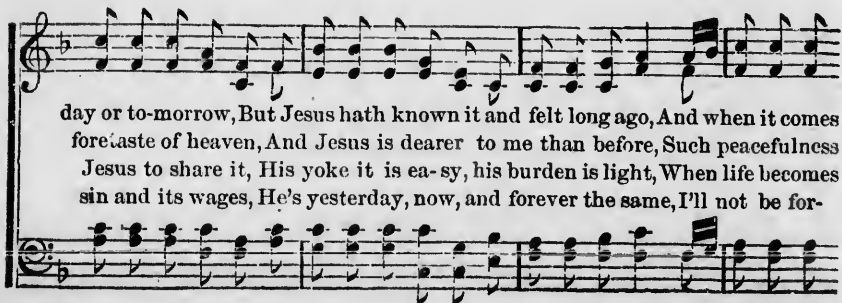
1. When times of tempta - tion bring sadness and gloom I will tell it to  
 2. When out on the hill-tops, a - way from all sin, I will tell it to  
 3. When wea - ry with toil - ing and read - y to faint, I will tell it to  
 4. When darkness is dimming my path to the sky, I will tell it to



Je - sus my Lord; The last of earth's treasures borne out to the tomb, I will  
 Je - sus my Lord; When joyous and happy the sunshine within, I will  
 Je - sus my Lord; He nev - er re - fus - es to hear my complaint, I will  
 Je - sus my Lord; When helpers shall fail me and comforts shall fly, I will



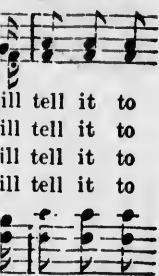
tell it to Je - sus my Lord. This earth hath no sor - row For to -  
 tell it to Je - sus my Lord. To know I'm for - giv - en Is a  
 tell it to Je - sus my Lord. I'll cheer - ful - ly bear it, When I've  
 tell it to Je - sus my Lord. Though blurred my life's pages By my



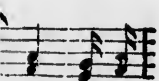
day or to - morrow, But Jesus hath known it and felt long ago, And when it comes  
 foretaste of heaven, And Jesus is dearer to me than before, Such peacefulness  
 Jesus to share it, His yoke it is ea - sy, his burden is light, When life becomes  
 sin and its wages, He's yesterday, now, and forever the same, I'll not be for -

Lord.

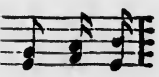
J. M. WHITE.



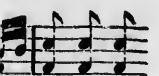
ill tell it to  
ill tell it to  
ill tell it to  
ill tell it to



he tomb, I will  
ithin, I will  
plaint, I will  
shall fly, I will



row For to-  
-en Is a  
it, When I've  
pages By my



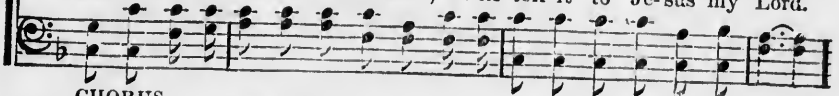
d when it comes  
ch peacefulness  
en life becomes  
ll not be for-



# I will Tell it to Jesus—Concluded.



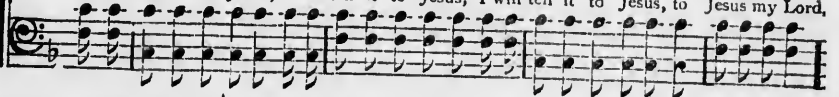
o'er me, And I'm tempted so sorely, I will tell it to Je-sus my Lord.  
fills me, Such an ecstasy thrills me, I will tell it to Je-sus my Lord.  
dreary, And I'm footsore and weary, I will tell it to Je-sus my Lord.  
saken, Tho' my life should be taken, I will tell it to Je-sus my Lord.



## CHORUS.



I will tell it to Je - sus, to Je - sus my Lord,  
I will tell it to Jesus, I will tell it to Jesus, I will tell it to Jesus, to Jesus my Lord,



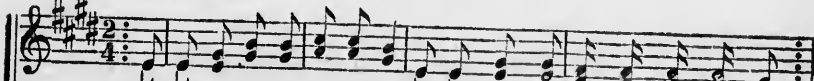
I will tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je-sus my Lord.  
I will tell it to Jesus, I will tell it to Jesus,



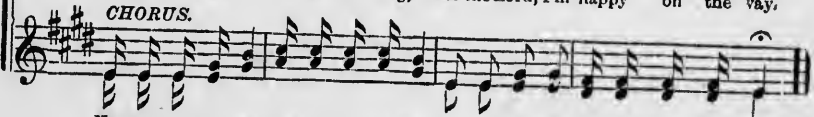
130

# Happy on the Way.

Arr. by H. T. CROSSLEY.



1. { With hearts and voices join to sing, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way  
The praises of our Saviour King, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.



## CHORUS.

Happy on the way, Happy on the way, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

- 2 It was His love that drew my heart,  
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;  
And from my Lord I'll ne'er depart,  
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
- 3 Now will I tell to sinners round,  
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;  
What a dear Saviour I have found,  
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

- 4 Come now and seek the Saviour's face,  
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;  
And He will save you by His grace,  
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
- 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

## Oh, 'Tis Wonderful!

I. I. LESLIE.

F. A. BLACKMER

1. When I was far a-way and lost, Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 2. I once was blind but now I see; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 3. My guilt was all I had to bring; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 4. This great salva - tion all may share; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 5. Come, sinner, now and seek His grace; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!

That I was saved at such a cost! Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 Was bound by sin but now am free; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 Yet I was made His love to sing; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 Thro' - out the world the message bear; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 And find in Him a resting place; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!

## CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis won - der - ful! Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!

That Je - sus gave His life for me! Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!

## Thy Precious Fold.

SALLIE SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Saviour, tho' long I have slighted Thee, Still Thou hast kindly in-  
 2. No more the night cometh drear-i-ly, No more my feet wan-der  
 3. Saviour, how gently Thou guidest me, How in Thy mer-cy Thou  
 4. Saved by Thy grace, and so tender-ly, Glo-ry and praise I will

vited me, Praise for the love that united me To Thy precious, precious fold.  
 wearily, Sweet is Thy voice and how cheerily It has led me to Thy fold.  
 hidest me, All that I need Thou providest me, In Thy precious, precious fold.  
 render Thee, Thou in Thy mercy remembered me, Thou hast brought me to Thy fold.

## REFRAIN.

I am hap-py now, I am hap-py now, How my

heart is swell ing, All His mer-cy tell-ing! I am

happy now, I am happy now, In His precious, precious fold.


# 133 Here's a Saviour for the Lost Ones!

The popular tune of the Great Welsh revival, with hymn composed for the  
Crossley-Hunter meetings.


WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.

*Slow, with feeling.*


Tune—Caersalem.



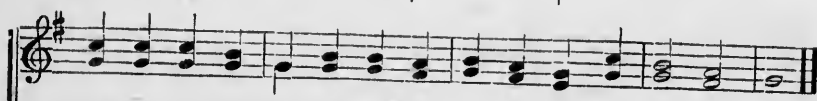
1. Here's a Sav - ior for the lost ones, Sent to earth from  
2. I was lost when Je - sus sought me, Sought me where I  
3. Je - sus seeks thee, now, O lost one! Do not flee from



God a - bove; Here is mer - cy, strength and com - fort,  
far did roam; Not more wide my steps could wan - der  
him, nor hide! Mount - ains steep and rag - ing tor - rents



Ev - 'ry bless - ing grace can prove, Thine, O lost one!  
Than his bleed - ing feet could come; And he found me!  
He hath crossed, and des - erts wide, All to find thee!

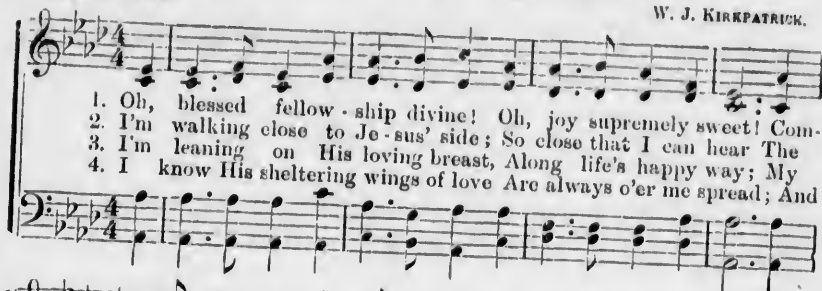


Thine, O lost one! Christ our Shepherd, full of love, God's wondrous love!  
And he found me! He has brought his lost one home, His lost one home!  
All to find thee! Come, and in his fold a - bide, His fold a - bide!

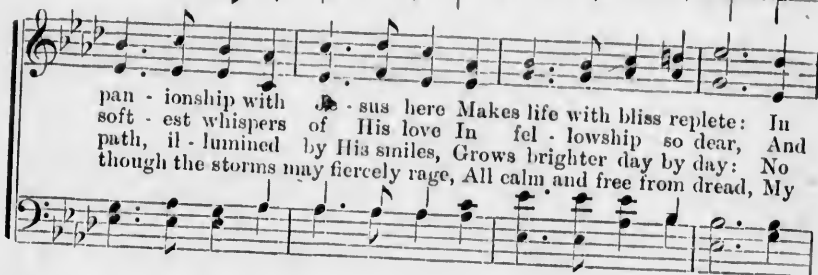
# 134 Companionship with Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

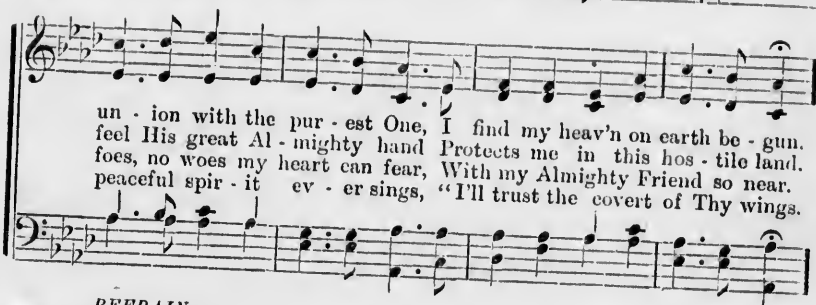
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, blessed fellow-ship divine! Oh, joy supremely sweet! Com-  
 2. I'm walking close to Je-sus' side; So close that I can hear The  
 3. I'm leaning on His loving breast, Along life's happy way; My  
 4. I know His sheltering wings of love Are always o'er me spread; And

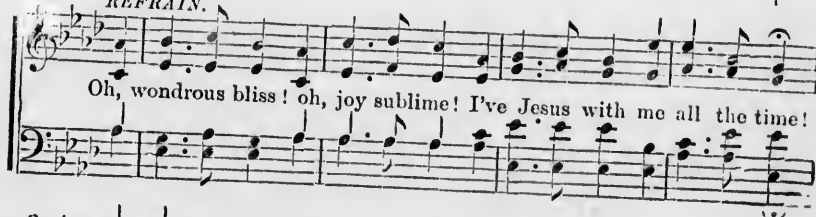


pan-ionship with Je-sus here Makes life with bliss replete: In  
 soft-est whispers of His love In fel-lowship so dear, And  
 path, il-luminated by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day: No  
 though the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My

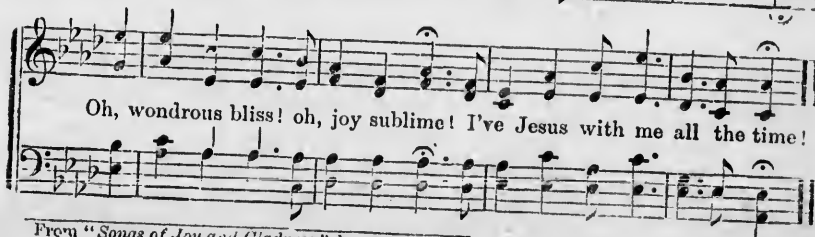


un-ion with the pur-est One, I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.  
 feel His great Al-mighty hand Protects me in this hos-tile land.  
 foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Almighty Friend so near.  
 peaceful spir-it ev-er sings, "I'll trust the covert of Thy wings.

## REFRAIN.



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time!



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time!

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by permission.

## Safe on the Rock.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

J. R. SWENEY.

1. Safe on the Rock I have anchored, There will I cling,  
 2. Safe on the Rock I have anchored, Je - sus is mine,  
 3. Safe on the Rock in the des - ert, There I a - bide,

CHORUS.—Safe on the Rock I have anchored, There will I cling,

There will I cling, Trust - ing a - lone my Re - deem - er,  
 Je - sus is mine; Strong is my heart and re - joic - ing,  
 There I a - bide; Rock where the wa - ters re - fresh - ing,

There will I cling, Trust - ing a - lone my Re - deem - er,

Fine. KEY E?

Glo - ry to Him will I sing; Safe, tho' the waves of temp  
 Filled with His ful - ness di - vine; Oh, what in - ef - fa - ble  
 Peace - ful - ly, ten - der - ly glide; Safe in the watch care of

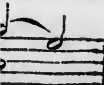
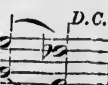
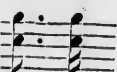
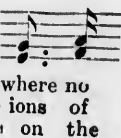
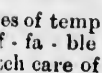
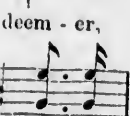
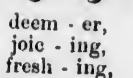
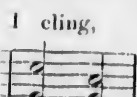
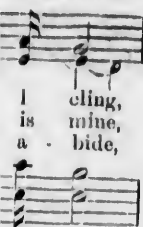
Glo - ry to Him will I sing.

ta - tion Dark - ly may roll, Dark - ly may roll; Safe where no  
 splendor Breaks on my sight, Breaks on my sight; Vis - ions of  
 Je - sus, Hap - py and blest, Hap - py and blest; Safe on the

e - vil can harm me,—Safe on the Rock of my soul.  
 home o - ver yon - der,—Vis - ions of ho - ly de - light.  
 bo - som that loves me,—Now and for - ev - er my rest.

## I Am Free.

REV. B. C. OVLIN.



1. { Now the chains of sin are broken, I am free, I'm free;  
Christ the word of power has spoken, Un-to me, to me.  
2. { Soon as I by faith received Him, Fled the night, the night;  
In the moment I believed Him, Came the light, the light.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus died for  
me; Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! I am free, I'm free.

3 All the fetters that oppressed me  
Now are riven, are riven;  
With His precious love He blessed me  
This to me is heaven.

4 I will tell the wondrous story  
Of His grace and love;  
He has filled my soul with glory,  
Praise the Lord above!

## He Leadeth Me.

REV. J. H. GILMORE. Ch'd by H. T. C.

KEY OF D.

(G. H. 51.)

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,  
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught;  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Raf.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!  
By His own hand He leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

3 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
With saints above my song shall be,  
Still 'tis my God that leadeth me.

## I Have a Saviour.

S. O. CLUFF.

KEY OF G.

(G. H. 11.)

1 I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,  
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth friends  
be few;  
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,  
And oh that my Saviour were your Saviour  
too.

CHORUS.

For you I am praying, For you I am praying,  
For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

2 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—  
A peace that the friends of the world never  
knew,  
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,  
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

3 I have a Father: to me He has given  
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;  
And soon will He call me to meet Him in  
heaven,  
But oh that He'd let me bring you with me  
too.

4 When Jesus has found you, tell others the  
story,  
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour  
too;  
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them  
to glory,  
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered  
for you!

## Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed,  
 2. I have a Christ that satis - fies, Since I have been re - deemed,  
 3. I have a witness, bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed,  
 4. I have a joy I can't express, Since I have been re - deemed,  
 5. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been re - deemed,

Of my Re - deemer, Saviour, King, Since I have been redeemed.  
 To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been redeemed.  
 Dis - pel - ling ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.  
 All thro' His blood and righteousness, Since I have been redeemed.  
 Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been redeemed.

Since I . . . have been redeemed, *First.*  
 Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been re-

*First.* *Second.*  
 deemed, I will glory in His name, I will glory in the Saviour's name.

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140

## Since I've Trusted Him.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Once I tho't I walked with Jesus, Yet such change-ful feel-ings had;  
 2. But He called me closer to Him, Bade my doubt-ing, fear-ing, cease;  
 3. Now, I'm trust-ing every mo-ment, Noth-ing less can be e-nough;

Sometimes trust-ing, some-times doubt-ing, Some-times joy-ful, some-times sad.  
 And when I had ful-ly yield-ed, Filled my soul with per-fect peace.  
 And the Sav-iour bears me gen-tly O'er those places once so rough.

## CHORUS.

Oh, the peace the Sav-iour gives, Peace I nev-er knew be-fore;

And my way has bright-er grown, Since I've learned to trust Him more.

By permission.

141

## Blest be the Tie That Binds.

J. FAWCETT.

TUNE: G. H. 114. KEY OF F.

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  
 Our comforts and our cares. [one—]

3 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
 And sin we shall be free;  
 And perfect love and friendship  
 Through all eternity. [reign]

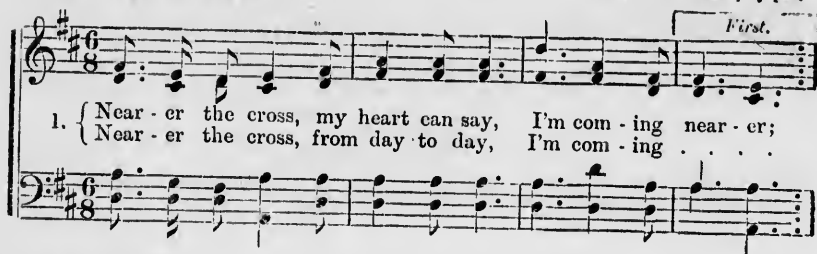
142

## Nearer the Cross.

MRS. VALENSTYNE. Arranged.

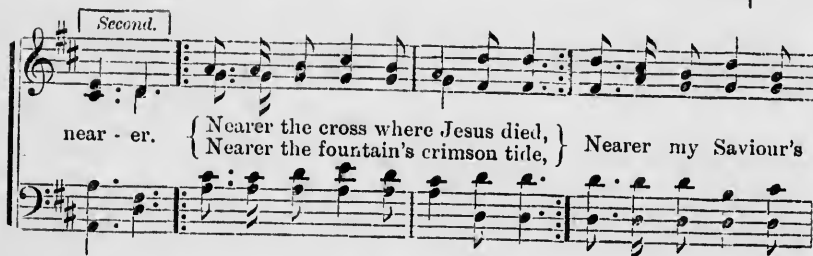
MRS. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

*First.*

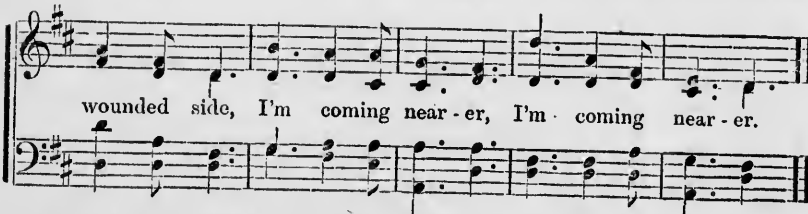


1. { Near - er the cross, my heart can say, I'm com - ing near - er;  
Near - er the cross, from day to day, I'm com - ing . . .

*Second.*



near - er. { Nearer the cross where Jesus died, } Nearer my Saviour's  
Nearer the fountain's crimson tide, }



wounded side, I'm coming near - er, I'm coming near - er.

2 Nearer the Christian's mercy-seat,  
Feasting my soul on manna sweet,  
Stronger in faith, more clear I see  
Jesus, who gave Himself for me,  
Nearer to Him I still would be,  
Still coming nearer.

3 Nearer in prayer my hope aspires  
Deeper the love my soul desires,  
Nearer the end of toil and care,  
Nearer the joy my soul shall share,  
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear,  
I'm coming nearer.

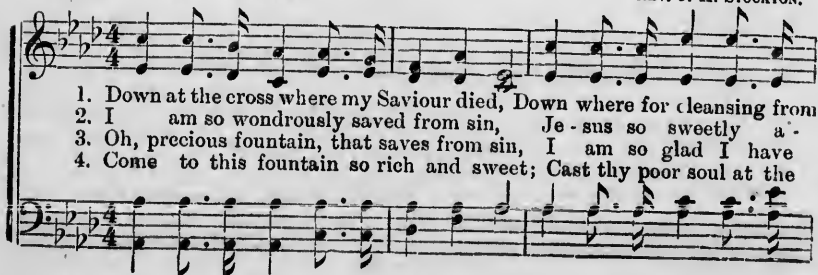
143

## Glory to His Name.

"I will glorify Thy Name forevermore."

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. Arranged.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from  
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a -  
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

# Glory to His Name—Concluded.

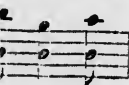
KNAPP, by per.



near - er;



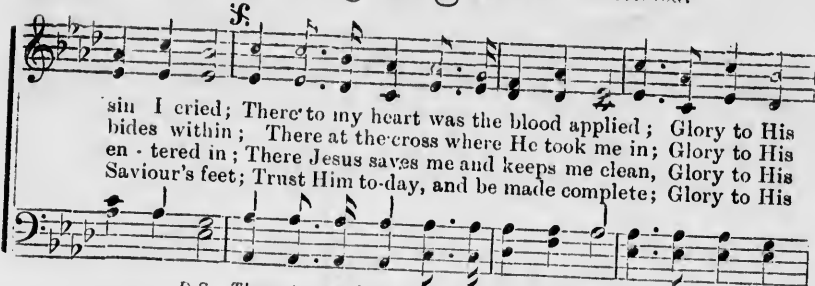
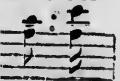
my Saviour's



be aspires  
desires,  
d care,  
shall share,  
shall wear,

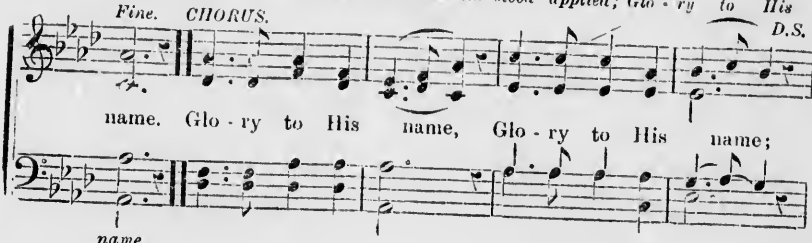
H. STOCKTON.

reansing from  
betly a -  
I have  
oul at the



sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His  
bides within; There at the cross where He took me in; Glory to His  
en - tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, Glory to His  
Saviour's feet; Trust Him to-day, and be made complete; Glory to His

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His  
CHORUS. D.S.



name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

name.

By permission.

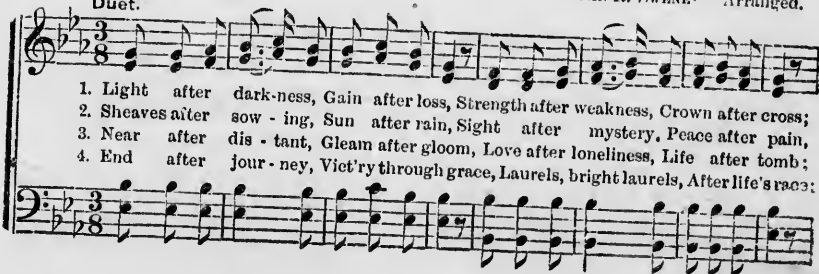
144

## Light After Darkness.

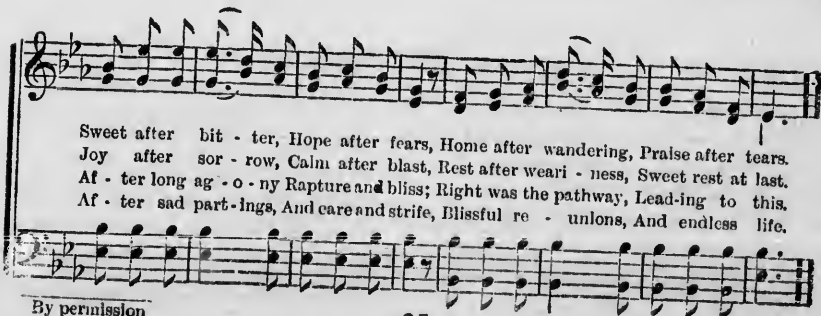
MISS F. R. HAVERGAL. Arranged.

JOHN R. SWENEY Arranged.

Duet.



1. Light after dark-ness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross;
2. Sheaves after sow - ing, Sun after rain, Sight after mystery, Peace after pain,
3. Near after dis - tant, Glean after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb;
4. End after jour - ney, Vict'ry through grace, Laurels, bright laurels, After life's race;



Sweet after bit - ter, Hope after fears, Home after wandering, Praise after tears.  
Joy after sor - row, Calm after blast, Rest after wear - ness, Sweet rest at last.  
Af - ter long ag - o - ny Rapture and bliss; Right was the pathway, Leading to this.  
Af - ter sad part - ings, And care and strife, Blissful re - unions, And endless life.

By permission

## Cleansing Wave.

PHOEBE PALMER

MRS. J. F. KNAPP, by permission.



- 1 Oh, now I see the cleansing wave!  
The fountain deep and wide;  
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,  
Points to His wounded side.

## CHORUS.

- The cleansing stream, I see, I see!  
I trust, and oh, it cleanseth me!  
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;  
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.
- 2 I see the new creation rise;  
I hear the speaking blood!

It speaks! polluted nature dies!  
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

- 3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
Above the world of sin,  
With heart made pure and garments  
white,  
And Christ enthroned within.

- 4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,  
To feel the blood applied;  
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,  
My Jesus crucified.

## 146 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

C. WESLEY.

TUNE: No. 145.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives  
And ever prays for me;  
A token of His love He gives—  
A pledge of liberty.

## CHORUS.

- The cleansing stream, I see, I see!  
I trust, and oh, it cleanseth me!  
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me;  
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.
- 2 I find Him lifting up my head;  
He brings salvation near;

His presence makes me free indeed,  
And He will soon appear.

- 3 When God is mine, and I am His,  
Of paradise possessed,  
I taste unutterable bliss  
And everlasting rest.

- 4 Thou only know'st, who didst obtain,  
And die to make it known,  
The great salvation now explain,  
And perfect us in one.

## 147

## Draw Me Nearer.

F. J. CROSBY.

TUNE: G. H. 133. KEY OF A FLAT.

- 1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,  
As it told Thy love to me;  
But I long to rise in the ranks of faith,  
And be closer drawn to Thee.

## CHORUS.

- Draw me nearer, (nearer,) nearer, blessed  
To the cross where Thou hast died; (Lord,  
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed  
To Thy precious, bleeding side. (Lord,  
2 Sanctify me now to Thy service, Lord,  
By the power of grace divine;

Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,  
And my will be lost in Thine.

- 3 O the pure delight of a single hour  
That before Thy throne I spend;  
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my  
God,  
I commune as friend with friend.

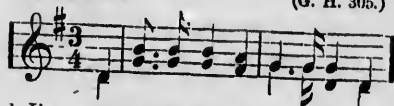
- 4 There are depths of love that I cannot know  
Till I cross the narrow sea;  
There are heights of joy that I cannot reach  
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

148

## Beulah Land.

EDGAR PAGE.

(G. H. 305.)



- 1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,  
And all its riches freely mine;  
Hecreshinesundimm'd one blissful day,  
For all my night has passed away.

## CHORUS.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,  
As on thy highest mount I stand,  
I look away across the sea, [me,  
Where mansions are prepared for  
And view the shining glory shore,  
My heaven, my home, for evermore!

- 2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,  
And sweet communion here have we;  
He gently leads me with His hand,  
For this is heaven's border land.

- 3 The zephyrs seem to float to me  
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,  
As angels, with the white-robed  
throng,

Join in the sweet redemption song.

149

## Happy Day.

DODDRIDGE.

(G. H. 305.)

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

## CHORUS.

O happy day, O happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away;  
He taught me how to watch and  
pray,

And live rejoicing every day;  
O happy day, O happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

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

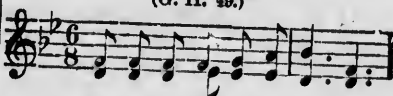
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—  
I am my Lord's and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.

- 5 High heaven that heard the solemn  
vow,  
That vow, renewed, shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

## 150 Showers of Blessing.

(G. H. 49.)



- 1 "There shall be showers of blessing:"—  
This is the promise of love;  
There shall be seasons refreshing,  
Sent from the Saviour above

## CHORUS.

Showers of blessing,  
Showers of blessing we need;  
Mercy-drops round us are falling,  
But for the showers we plead.

- 2 "There shall be showers of blessing"—  
Precious reviving again;  
Over the hills and the valleys,  
Sound of abundance of rain.

- 3 "There shall be showers of blessing:"  
Send them upon us, O Lord;  
Grant to us now a refreshing,  
Come, and now honor Thy Word.

- 4 "There shall be showers of blessing:"  
Oh, that to-day they might fall,  
Now as to God we're confessing,  
Now as on Jesus we call!

## 151 Montgomery's Last Hymn.

(S. M.)

- 1 "For ever with the Lord!"  
Amen! so let it be!  
Life from the dead is in that word  
'Tis immortality!  
Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

- 2 "For ever with the Lord!"  
Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
Even here to me fulfil.  
Be Thou at my right hand,  
Then can I never fail;  
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand.  
Fight, and I must prevail.

- 3 So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death  
And life eternal gain.  
Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
"For ever with the Lord!"

## It is Well with My Soul.

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55: 18.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows, like  
 2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest as-  
 3. My sin—oh, the bliss of that glo - rious thought—My sin—not in  
 4. But Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy com - ing we wait, The sky, not the

sea-billows, roll; Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to  
 surance control, That Christ hath regard - ed my helpless es-  
 part, but the whole—Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no  
 grave, is our goal: Oh, trump of the An - gel! oh, voice of the

*CHORUS.*  
 It is well . . . . . It is  
 say, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.  
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul  
 Lord! Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul

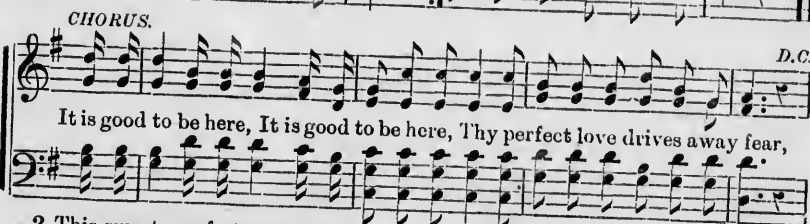
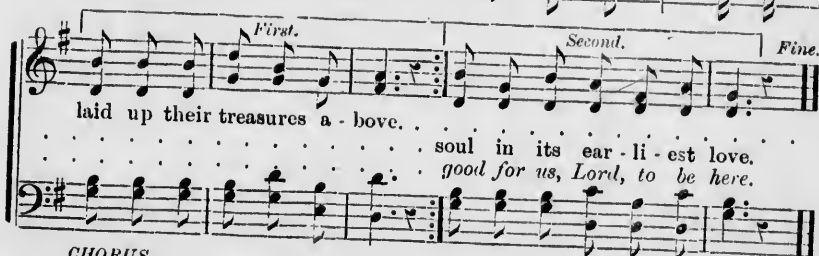
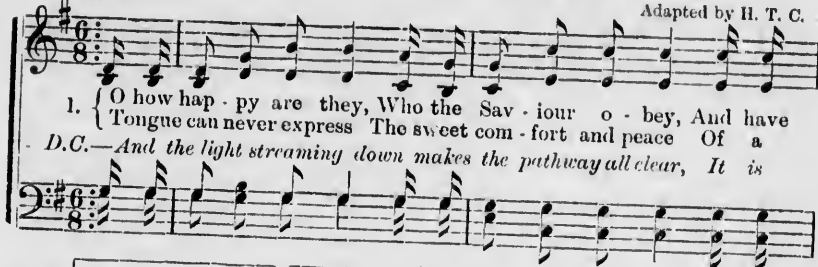
. . . . . with my soul . . . .  
 well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

153

## It is Good to be Here.

C. WESLEY.

Adapted by H. T. C.



2 This sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favor Divine [Lamb;  
I received through the blood of the  
When my heart first believed,  
What a joy I received—  
What a heaven in Jesus' Name!  
3 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song:  
O that all His salvation might see;

"He hath loved me," I cried,  
"He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem even rebels like me."

4 O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;  
Of my Saviour possessed,  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the fulness of God.

154

## O How Happy are We.

C. WESLEY.

TUNE: No. 153.

1 O how happy are we,  
Who in Jesus agree,  
To expect His return from above!  
We sit under our Vine,  
And delightfully join  
In the praise of His excellent love.  
Cho.—It is good to be here, etc.

2 O how pleasant and sweet  
Is His name when we meet,  
Is His fruit to our spiritual taste!  
We are banqueting here  
In angelical cheer,  
And the joys that eternally last.

3 All invited by Him,  
We now drink of the stream,  
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne.  
Who in Jesus believe,  
We the Spirit receive,  
That proceeds from the Father and  
Son.

4 We remember the word  
Of our crucified Lord,  
When He went to prepare us a place:  
"I will come in that day  
And transport you away,  
And admit to the sight of My face."

## Happy in the Lord.

1. <sup>A</sup> pilgrim and a stranger here, happy, happy, happy, I seek the home to  
Dear friends have reached that blissful shore, happy, happy, happy, They sorrow not and

CHORUS.

pilgrims dear, hap - py in the Lord. } We'll cross the ri - ver of Jor - dan,  
sigh no more, hap - py in the Lord. }

happy, happy, happy, happy, Cross the river of Jor - dan, happy in the Lord.

- 2 I leave this world of sin behind, happy, etc.,  
That better home in heaven to find, happy, etc.,  
Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy,  
etc.,  
But fairer is my home up there, happy, etc.  
3 O happy day when first Thy love, happy, etc.,  
Began our grateful hearts to move, happy, etc.;

- And gazing on Thy wondrous cross, happy, etc.,  
We saw all else as worthless dross, happy, etc.  
4 O happy day! when we shall see, happy, etc.,  
And fix our longing eyes on Thee, happy, etc.,  
On Thee, our Light, our Life, our Love, happy,  
etc.,  
Our All below, our Heaven above, happy, etc.

## Full Salvation.

L. M. R. Changed.

Miss BOOLE. Arranged.

First.

Second. Fine. CHORUS. D.C.

- 1 Precious Jesus, Thou hast saved me:  
Thine, and only Thine, I am:  
Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.  
CHORUS.  
Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!  
Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

- 2 Long my yearning heart was trying  
To enjoy this perfect rest,

- But I gave all trying over:  
Simply trusting, I was blest.

- 3 Consecrated to Thy service,  
I will live and die for Thee;  
I will witness to Thy glory  
Of salvation full and free.

- 4 Glory to the Lord that bought me!  
Glory to His saving power!  
Glory to the Lord that keeps me!  
Glory, glory evermore!

# 157 I Have Been at the Fountain.

Words and Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Arranged by IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

1. I have been at the fountain, at the wonder - ful fountain, Where the  
 2. I am saved, halle - lu - jah! and my heart is rejoic - ing In the  
 3. O what joy and what comfort day by day to be drinking From the  
 4. On His faithfulness rest - ing, in His great love confid - ing, I can

streams of blessing flow; I have washed my garments in the  
 gra - cious One who died, And who made a - tonement by the  
 depths of love di - vine, And to know that Jo - sus, who so  
 feel no earth - ly need; Oh, how sweet the trusting and the

blood of cleans - ing, And am made as white as snow.  
 blood so pre - cious, Flow - ing from His wounded side.  
 ful - ly saves me, Is for - ev - er whol - ly mine!  
 calm re - pos - ing! This is peace and rest in - deed!

## CHORUS.

Yes, I've been at the fountain, at the life-giving fountain, And, believing, entered in;

I have washed my garments in the blood, hallelujah! And am saved from all my sin.

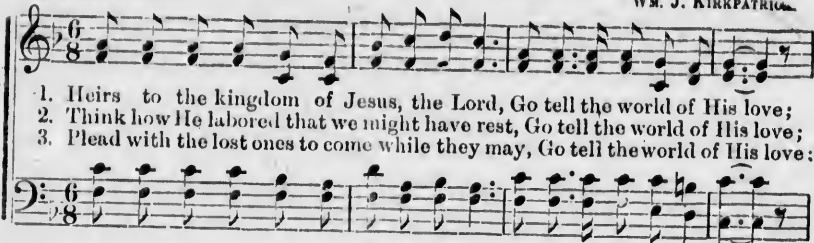
By permission.

# 158 Go Tell the World of His Love.

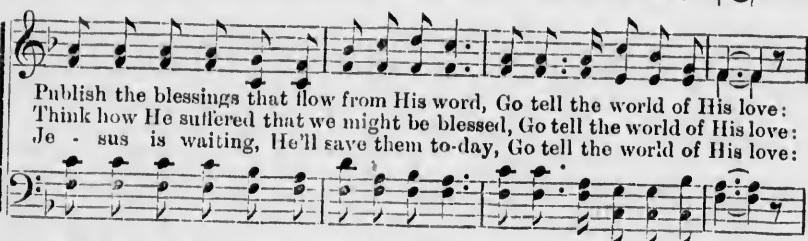
MISS ABIE MILLS.

(Dedicated to WM. TAYLOR, Bishop of Africa.)

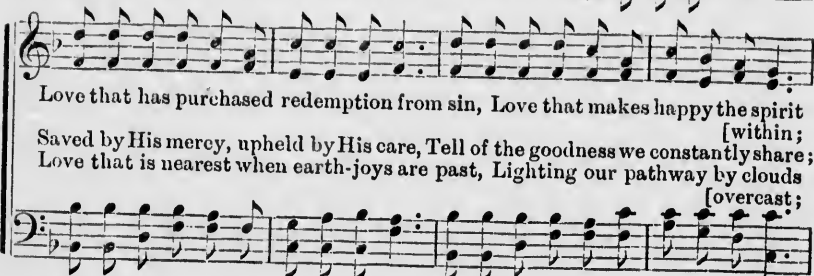
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



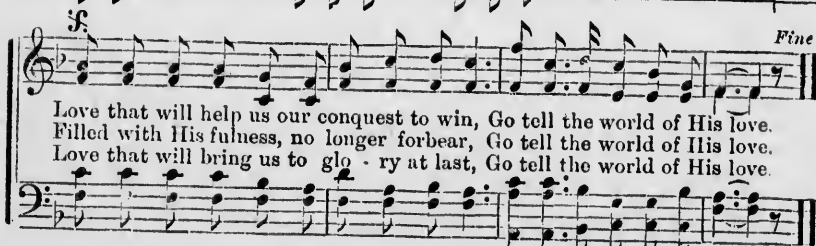
1. Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus, the Lord, Go tell the world of His love;  
 2. Think how He labored that we might have rest, Go tell the world of His love;  
 3. Plead with the lost ones to come while they may, Go tell the world of His love:



Publish the blessings that flow from His word, Go tell the world of His love:  
 Think how He suffered that we might be blessed, Go tell the world of His love:  
 Je - sus is waiting, He'll save them to-day, Go tell the world of His love:



Love that has purchased redemption from sin, Love that makes happy the spirit  
 Saved by His mercy, upheld by His care, Tell of the goodness we constantly share; [within;  
 Love that is nearest when earth-joys are past, Lighting our pathway by clouds [overcast;

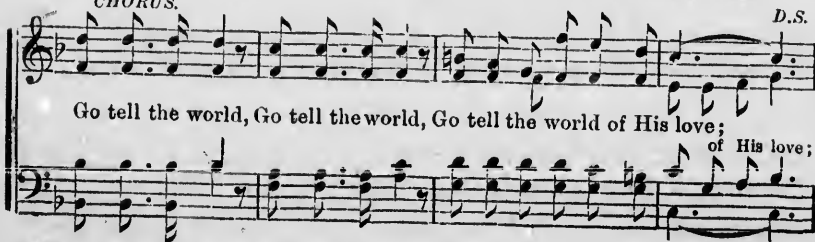


Love that will help us our conquest to win, Go tell the world of His love.  
 Filled with His fulness, no longer forbear, Go tell the world of His love.  
 Love that will bring us to glo - ry at last, Go tell the world of His love.

D.S.—Heirs to the kingdom of Je - sus, the Lord, Go tell the world of His love.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of His love;  
 of His love;

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by permission.

# 159 While the Days are Going By.

GEORGE COOPER.

H. MILLARD. Arr. by W. J. B.

1. { There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 2. { There are weary souls who perish, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 3. { Let your face be like the morning, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 4. { All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 5. { One by one we leave behind us, While the days are go - ing by; }

If a smile we can re - new, As our journey we pur - sue,  
 Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes,  
 But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

Oh the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.  
 Help your fall - en brother rise, While the days are go - ing by.  
 And will keep our hearts aglow, While the days are go - ing by.

## CHORUS.

While the days are going by, While the days are going by,  
 While the days are going by, going by, While the days are going by, going by,

by, All may find a field of toil, While the days are going by.

By permission.

\* Small notes for instrument.

## The Gipsy Boy.

A house missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent. Bending over him, he said, "God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard, and whispered, "Nobody ever told me."

Mrs. M. B. C. SEADY

R. M. McIntosh.

1. In - to a tent where a gip - sy boy lay Dy - ing alone at the  
 2. "Did He so love me,—a poor lit - tle boy? Send unto me the good  
 3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the  
 4. Smiling, he said, as His last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - vation we carried,—Said he,  
 tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will He hold?  
 val - ley of death; "God sent His Son!—whoso - ever? said He;  
 me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

REFRAIN.  
 "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"  
 No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"  
 Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!" Tell, it a - gain!  
 "Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!"

tell it again! Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the

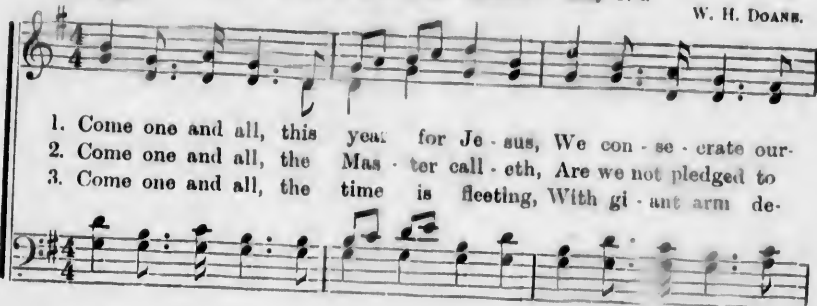
children of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me before!"

# This Year for Jesus.

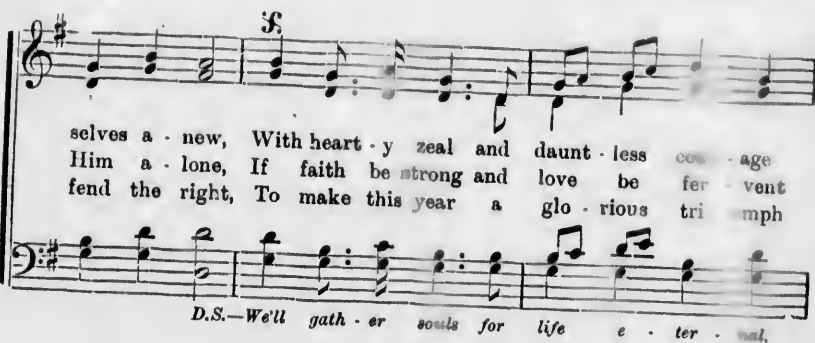
F. J. CROSBY.

"Work, for I am with you, saith the Lord."—*Isa. 2: 4.*

W. H. DOANE.

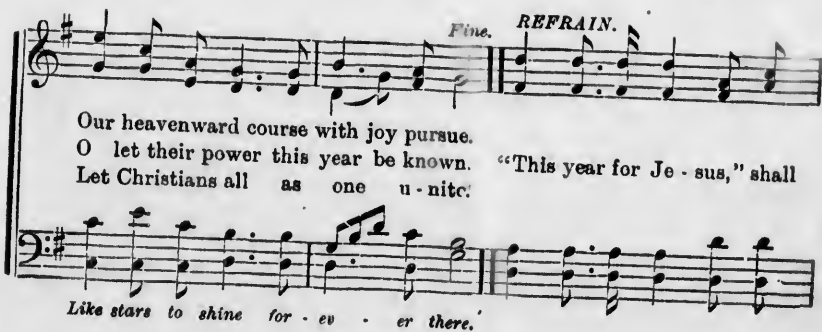


1. Come one and all, this year for Je - sus, We con - se - crate our-  
 2. Come one and all, the Mas - ter call - eth, Are we not pledged to  
 3. Come one and all, the time is fleeting, With gi - ant arm de-



selves a - new, With heart - y zeal and daunt - less cou - rage  
 Him a - lone, If faith be strong and love be fer - vent  
 fend the right, To make this year a glo - rious tri - umph

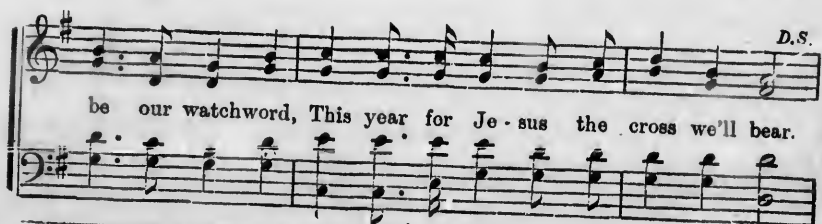
*D.S.—We'll gath - er souls for life e - ter - nal,*



*Fine. REFRAIN.*

Our heavenward course with joy pursue.  
 O let their power this year be known. "This year for Je - sus," shall  
 Let Christians all as one u - nite:

*Like stars to shine for - ev - er there.*



*D.S.*

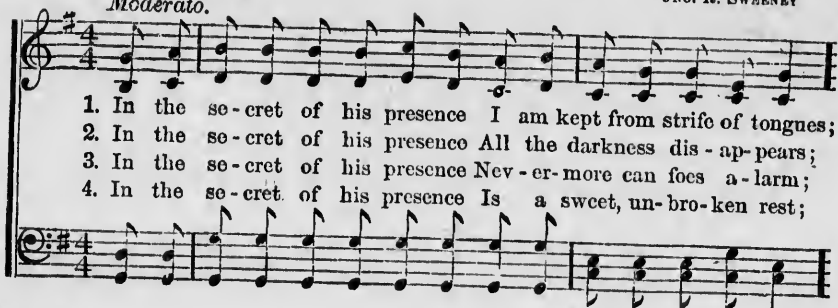
be our watchword, This year for Je - sus the cross we'll bear.

# 162 In the Secret of His Presence.

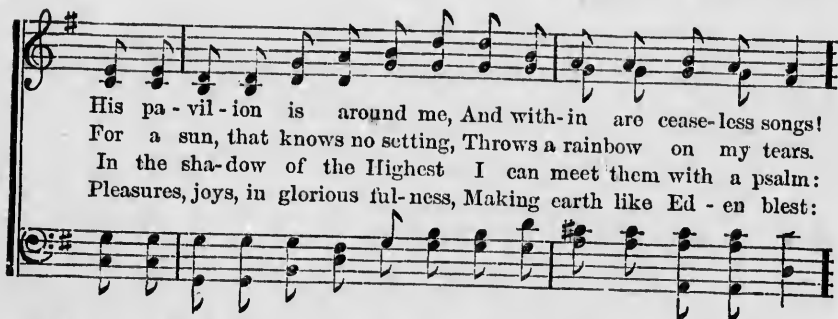
REV. HENRY BURTON, M.A.

JNO. R. SWEENEY

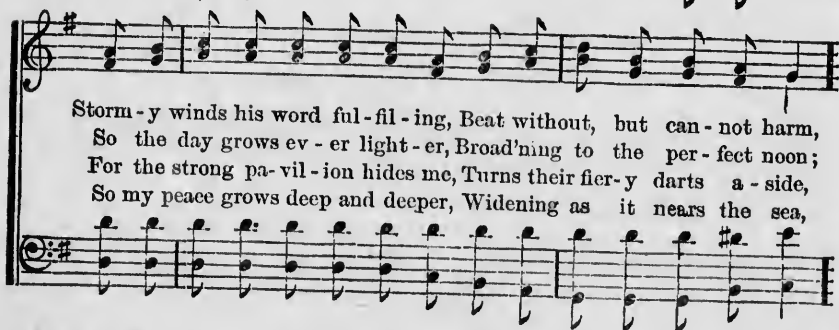
*Moderato.*



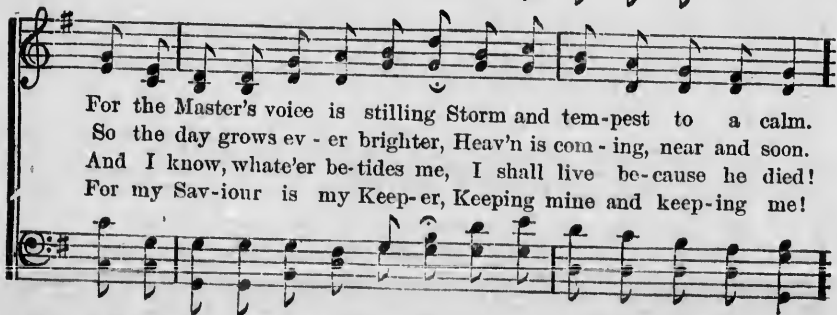
1. In the se-cret of his presence I am kept from strife of tongues;  
 2. In the se-cret of his presence All the darkness dis-ap-pears;  
 3. In the se-cret of his presence Nev-er-more can foes a-larm;  
 4. In the se-cret of his presence Is a sweet, un-bro-ken rest;



His pa-vil-ion is around me, And with-in are cease-less songs!  
 For a sun, that knows no setting, Throws a rainbow on my tears.  
 In the sha-dow of the Highest I can meet them with a psalm:  
 Pleasures, joys, in glorious ful-ness, Making earth like Ed-en blest:



Storm-y winds his word ful-fil-ing, Beat without, but can-not harm,  
 So the day grows ev-er light-er, Broad'ning to the per-fect noon;  
 For the strong pa-vil-ion hides me, Turns their fier-y darts a-side,  
 So my peace grows deep and deeper, Widening as it nears the sea,



For the Master's voice is stilling Storm and tem-pest to a calm.  
 So the day grows ev-er brighter, Heav'n is com-ing, near and soon.  
 And I know, whate'er be-tides me, I shall live be-cause he died!  
 For my Sav-iour is my Keep-er, Keeping mine and keep-ing me!

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Copyright.

ce.

R. SWHENEY

fe of tongues;  
- ap- pears;  
s a- larm;  
- ken rest;

-less songs!  
my tears.  
a psalm:  
- en blest:

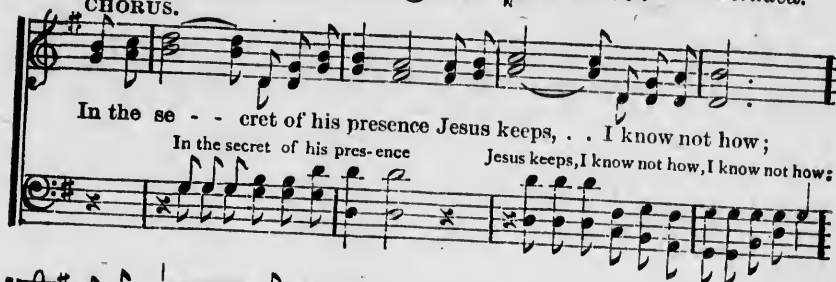
not harm,  
feet noon;  
a - side,  
the sea,

a calm.  
and soon.  
he died!  
ing me!

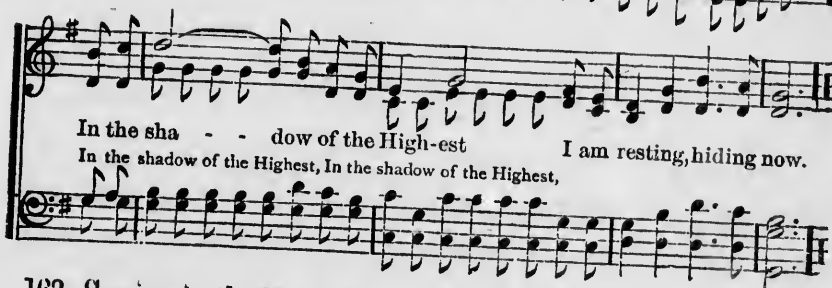
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# In the Secret of His Presence—Concluded.

## CHORUS.



In the se - - cret of his presence Jesus keeps, . . I know not how;  
In the secret of his pres-ence Jesus keeps, I know not how, I know not how;



In the sha - - dow of the High-est I am resting, hiding now.  
In the shadow of the Highest, In the shadow of the Highest,

## 163 Sowing in the Morning.

K. SHAW. Arranged. TUNE: G. H. 370.

KEY OF C.

- 1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kind-  
ness,  
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap-  
ing, [sheaves].  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

Cho.—: Bringing in the sheaves, :||  
We shall come rejoicing,  
Bringing in the sheaves.

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling  
breeze;  
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves.

- 3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the  
Master, [grieves];  
Tho' the loss sustained our spirit often  
When our labor's over, He will bid us welcome,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves.

## 164 Work To-Day.

A. L. WALTER. TUNE: D. H. 89.

KEY OF F.

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

- 2 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
We 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 da'-k'nine  
When man's work is o'er.

## 165 Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. TUNE: G. H. 18.

KEY OF B Flat.

- 1 Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying,  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
Weep o'er the erring ones;  
Lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Cho.—Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying;  
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

- 2 Though they are slighting Him,  
Still He is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive.  
Plead with them earnestly,  
Plead with them gently;  
He will forgive if they only believe.

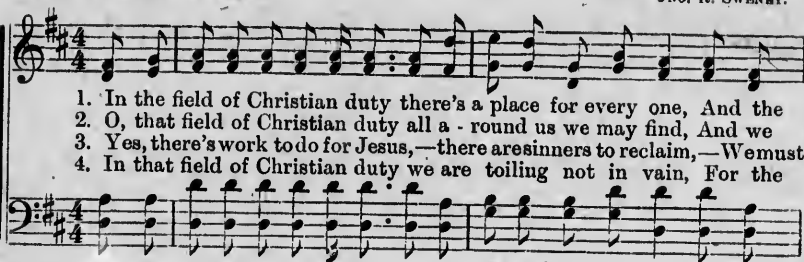
- 3 Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;  
Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

- 4 Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it;  
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;  
Back to the narrow way  
Patiently win them  
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

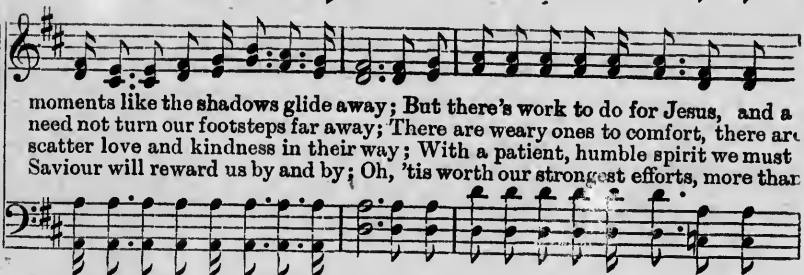
# 166 The Field of Christian Duty.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Arranged.

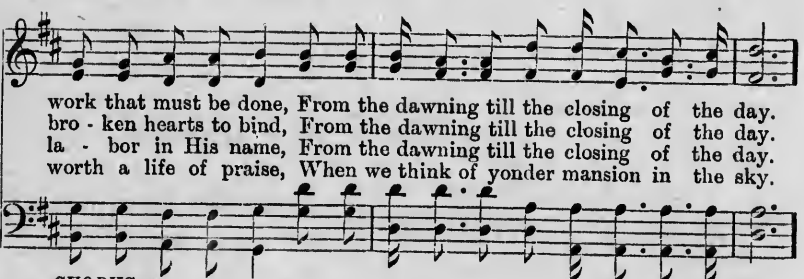
JNO. R. SWENBY.



1. In the field of Christian duty there's a place for every one, And the  
 2. O, that field of Christian duty all a - round us we may find, And we  
 3. Yes, there's work to do for Jesus, — there are sinners to reclaim, — We must  
 4. In that field of Christian duty we are toiling not in vain, For the

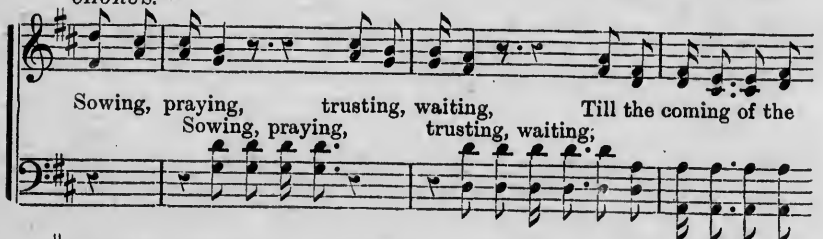


moments like the shadows glide away; But there's work to do for Jesus, and a  
 need not turn our footsteps far away; There are weary ones to comfort, there are  
 scatter love and kindness in their way; With a patient, humble spirit we must  
 Saviour will reward us by and by; Oh, 'tis worth our strongest efforts, more than



work that must be done, From the dawning till the closing of the day.  
 bro - ken hearts to bind, From the dawning till the closing of the day.  
 la - bor in His name, From the dawning till the closing of the day.  
 worth a life of praise, When we think of yonder mansion in the sky.

## CHORUS.

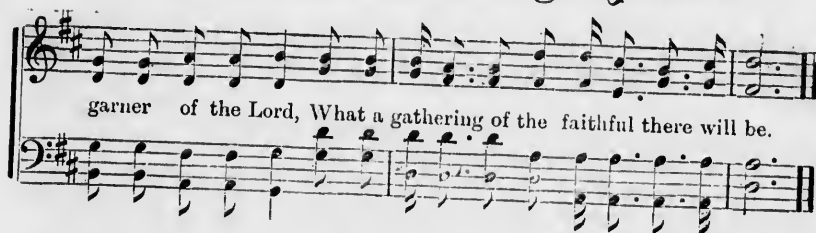


Sowing, praying, trusting, waiting, Till the coming of the  
 Sowing, praying, trusting, waiting;



Master we shall see; Then among the tried and faithful in the  
 we shall see,

# The Field of Christian Duty—Concluded.



garner of the Lord, What a gathering of the faithful there will be.

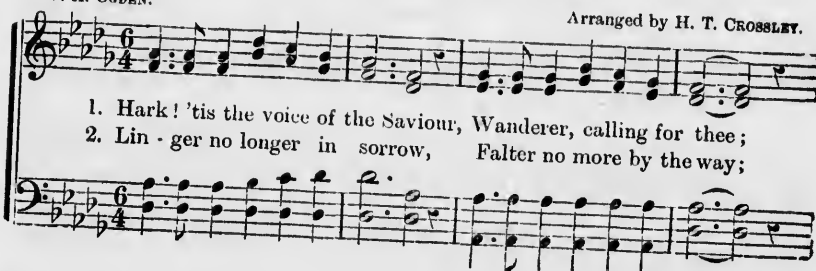
167

## The Glad Message.

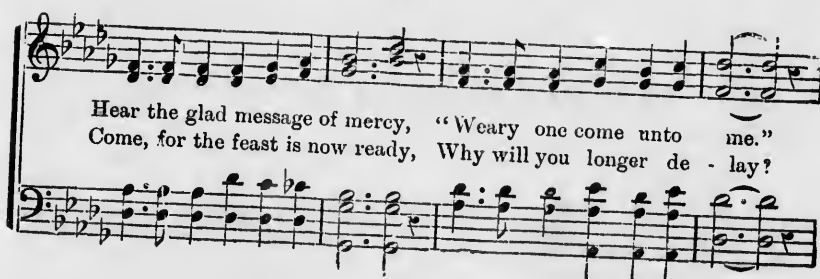
"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3:15.

W. A. OGDEN.

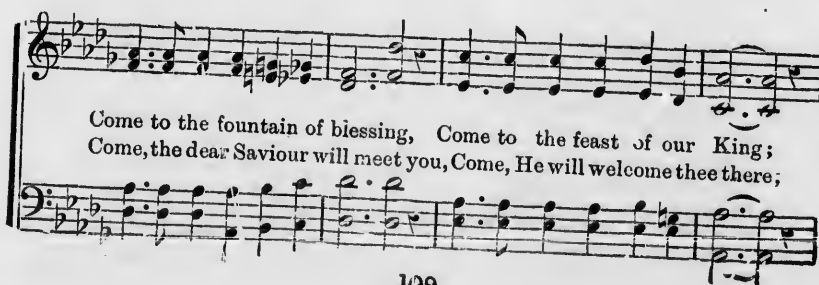
Arranged by H. T. CROSSLEY.



1. Hark! 'tis the voice of the Saviour, Wanderer, calling for thee;  
2. Lin - ger no longer in sorrow, Falter no more by the way;



Hear the glad message of mercy, "Weary one come unto me."  
Come, for the feast is now ready, Why will you longer de - lay?



Come to the fountain of blessing, Come to the feast of our King;  
Come, the dear Saviour will meet you, Come, He will welcome thee there;

# The Glad Message—Concluded

Pardon and peace He has offered, Hear the glad message we bring.  
Come to the feast of sal-va-tion, You His rich blessing may share.

**CHORUS.**

Wea - ry one come, 'tis the Savi - our invites you;  
Weary one come, Weary one come, Jesus invites you, yes, Jesus invites,

Hear His glad voice, "Heavy la - den one come!"  
Hear His glad voice, hear His glad voice, "Heavy-laden and weary one come!"

## 168 Christian Soldier's Battle-Song.

S. B. GOULD.

TUNE: No. 160.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
Looking unto Jesus,  
Who is gone before.  
Christ, the Royal Master,  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See His banners go!

**CHORUS.**

Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
Looking unto Jesus,  
Who is gone before.

2 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Christians, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,

One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail,  
We have Christ's own promise,  
Which can never fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng;  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song.  
Glory, praise, and honor,  
Men and angels sing,  
Through the countless ages,  
Unto Christ our King.

# 169 Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

T. J. POTTER. Arranged.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

we bring.  
may share.

tes you;  
es, Jesus invites,

come!"  
eary one come!"

g.  
TUNE: No. 160.  
trine,

may perish,  
wane,  
esus  
in;  
er  
h prevail,  
a promise,  
ail.

ple,  
ong;  
voices  
g.  
nor,  
g,  
s ages,  
ng.

1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sacred feet, Here, with hearts re -
3. All our days di - rect us In the way to go, Lead us on vic -
4. Then with saints and an - gels May we join above, Offering prayers and

on - ward To their home on high; Journeying o'er a de - sert.  
joic - ing, See Thy children meet; Oft - en have we left Thee,  
to - rious, O - ver ev - 'ry foe, Bid Thine an - gel shiel us,  
prais - es At Thy throne of love; When the toil is ov - er

Gladly thus we pray, And with hearts united, Take our heavenward way.  
Of - ten gone astray, Keep us, mighty Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.  
When the storm clouds lower, Be our great deliverer, In the dy - ing hour.  
Then come rest and peace, Jesus in His beau - ty, Songs that never cease.

## CHORUS.

Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the

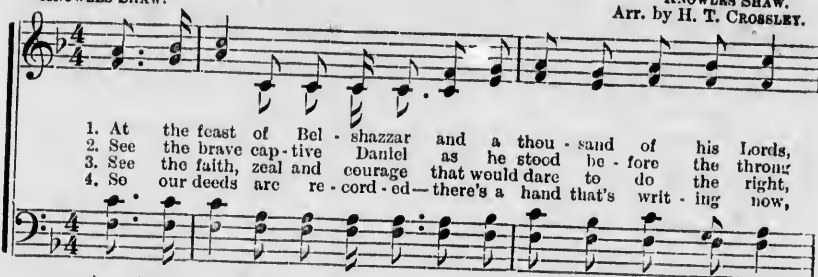
sky,  
sky, Waving Wav - ing wand'ers on - ward to their home on high.

# 170 The Handwriting on the Wall.

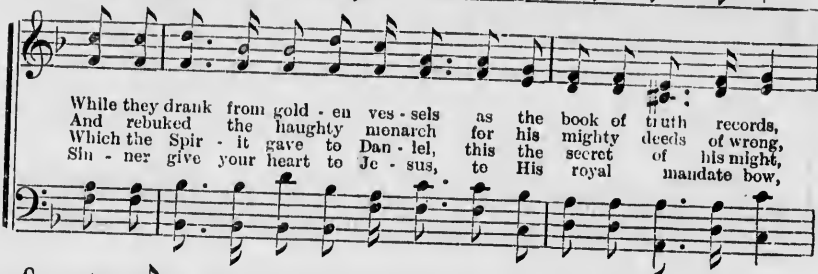
'And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote,"—Dan. 5: 5.

KNOWLES SHAW.

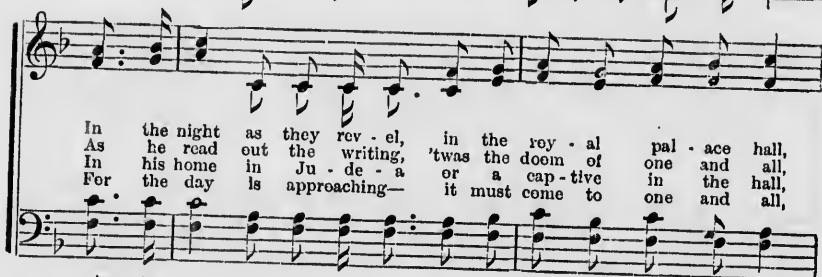
KNOWLES SHAW.  
Arr. by H. T. CROSSLEY.



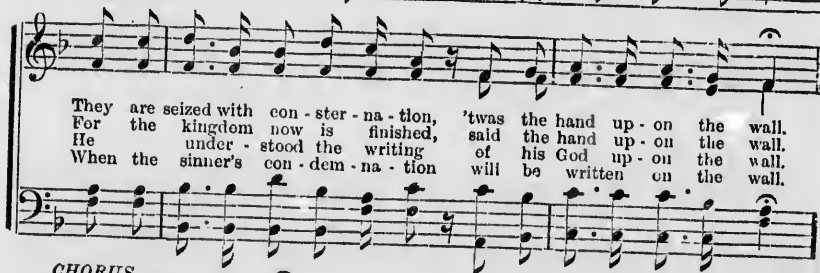
1. At the feast of Bel - shazzar and a thou - sand of his Lords,  
2. See the brave cap - tive Daniel as he stood be - fore the thron -  
3. See the faith, zeal and courage that would dare to do the right,  
4. So our deeds are re - cord - ed—there's a hand that's writ - ing now,



While they drank from gold - en ves - sels as the book of truth records,  
And rebuked the haughty monarch for his mighty deeds of wrong,  
Which the Spir - it gave to Dan - iel, this the secret of his might,  
Shu - ner give your heart to Je - sus, to His royal mandate bow,

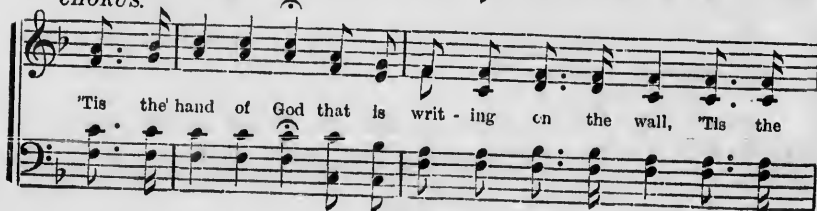


In the night as they rev - el, in the roy - al pal - ace hall,  
As he read out the writing, 'twas the doom of one and all,  
In his home in Ju - de - a or a cap - tive in the hall,  
For the day is approaching— it must come to one and all,



They are seized with con - ster - na - tion, 'twas the hand up - on the wall.  
For the kingdom now is finished, said the hand up - on the wall.  
He under - stood the writing of his God up - on the wall.  
When the sinner's con - dem - na - tion will be written on the wall.

CHORUS.



'Tis the hand of God that is writ - ing on the wall, 'Tis the

all.

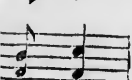
5.  
KNOWLES SHAW.  
H. T. CROSSLEY.



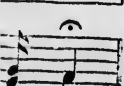
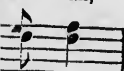
his Lords,  
the thronz  
the right,  
- ing now,



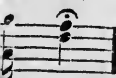
records,  
of wrong,  
his might,  
audate bow,



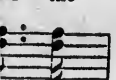
ace hall,  
and all,  
the hall,  
and all,



the wall.  
the wall.  
the wall.  
the wall.



the



# The Handwriting on the Wall—Concluded.

hand of God on the wall.  
hand of God writing on the wall, Shall the record be, "Found wanting," or

shall it be Found trusting, While that hand is writing on the wall.  
hand is writing writing on the wall.

## 171 Prayer for Increased Love.

(BELMONT. C. M.)

S. WEBER.

1. Spirit Divine, at - tend our prayers, And make this house Thy home;  
2. Come, holy Spirit, heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;  
3. Jesus, Thine all vic - tori - ous love Shed in my heart a - broad;  
4. Refining fire, go through my heart, Il - lum - in - ate my soul;

Descend with all Thy gracious powers; O come, great Spir - it, come!  
Kindle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
Then shall my feet no long - er rove, Root - ed and fixed in God.  
Scat - ter Thy life through ev - 'ry part, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.

## The Pearly Gate.

Duet.

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."

ELLEN OLIVER.

E. B. SMITH.

1. The door of God's mercy is o - pen To all who are weary of sin,  
 2. The world is e'er wantonly wooing Your soul from the ways of the blest,  
 3. So many who hear the glad message, Will never its mandates obey,  
 4. Sad hearts there will surely be moaning Outside of the gateway of life,  
 5. The door of God's mercy is o - pen, In - viting - ly o - pen to all,

And Jesus is patiently waiting, Still waiting, to welcome you in.  
 But Jesus is tender - ly bidding You turn to His heavenly rest.  
 But turn from the precious, dear pleadings, And wilfully wander away.  
 And praying to Him they rejected When earth with gay pleasure was rife.  
 Who list to the voice of the Master, And hearing shall heed His sweet call.

CHORUS.

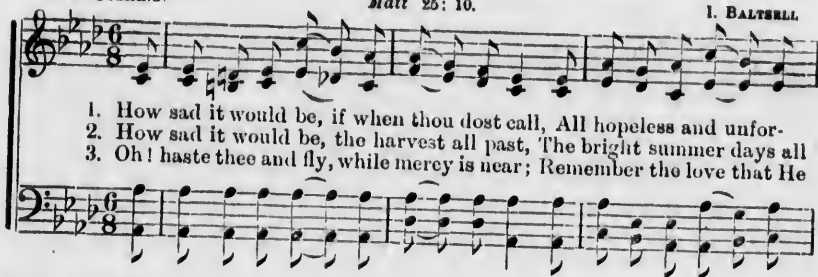
Come, says the Saviour, Come enter the gate, I watch by the portals both  
 ear - ly and late, Lest some precious soul, Not far from the goal, Should  
 wander away into darkness and hate, And miss it forever, the pearly gate

## No Room in Heaven.

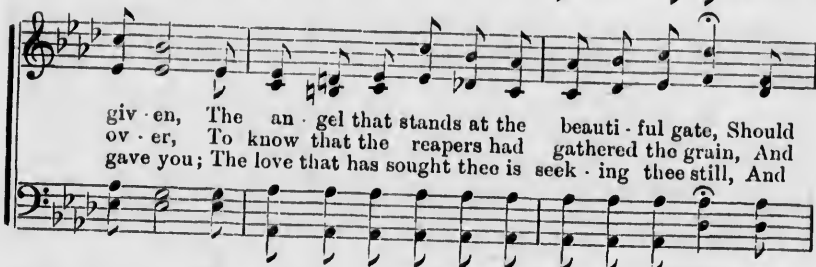
W. O. CUSHING.

Matt 25: 10.

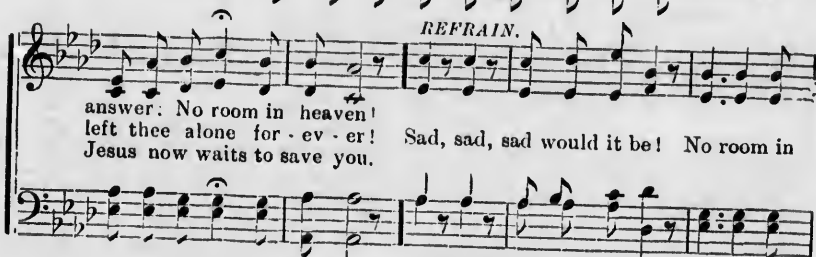
I. BALZERLL.



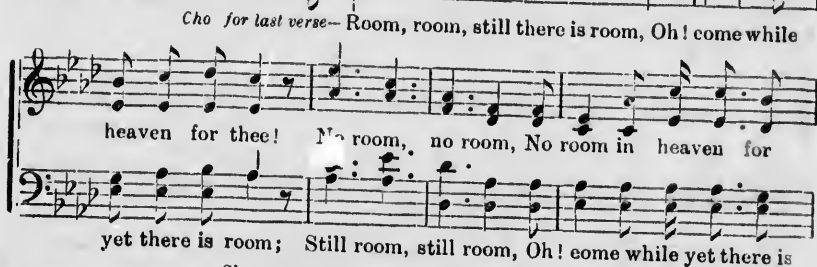
1. How sad it would be, if when thou dost call, All hopeless and unfor-  
 2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all  
 3. Oh! haste thee and fly, while mercy is near; Remember the love that He



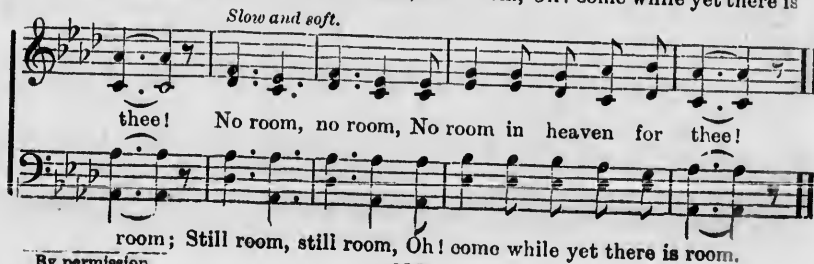
giv - en, The an - gel that stands at the beauti - ful gate, Should  
 ov - er, To know that the reapers had gathered the grain, And  
 gave you; The love that has sought thee is seek - ing thee still, And



*REFRAIN.*  
 answer: No room in heaven!  
 left thee alone for - ev - er! Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in  
 Jesus now waits to save you.



*Cho for last verse—* Room, room, still there is room, Oh! come while  
 heaven for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for  
 yet there is room; Still room, still room, Oh! come while yet there is



*Slow and soft.*  
 thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee!  
 room; Still room, still room, Oh! come while yet there is room.

## God be with You.

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

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again,  
 2. God be with you till we meet again,  
 3. God be with you till we meet again,  
 4. God be with you till we meet again,

By His counsels guide, uphold you,  
 'Neath His wings secure - ly hide you,  
 When life's perils thick confound you,  
 Keep lo - ve's ban - ner float - ing o'er you,

With His sheep secure - ly fold you,  
 Dal - ly manna still provide you,  
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,

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

## REFRAIN.

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

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, till we meet,  
 meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet,

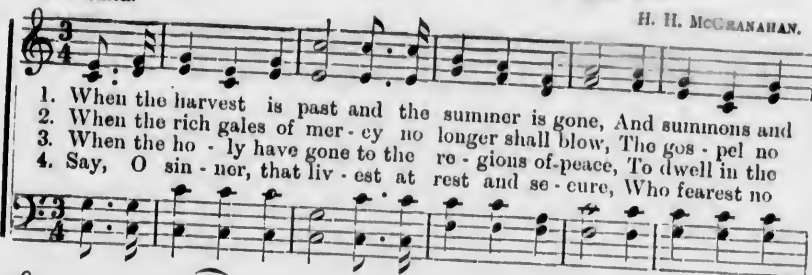
meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

By permission J. E. Rankin, D.D., Orange Valley, N. J.

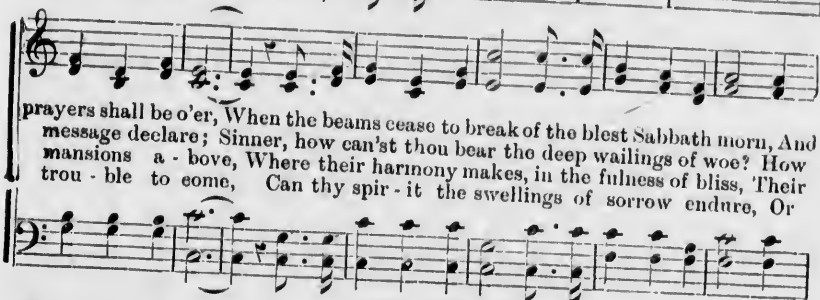
## When the Harvest is Past.

S. F. SMITH.

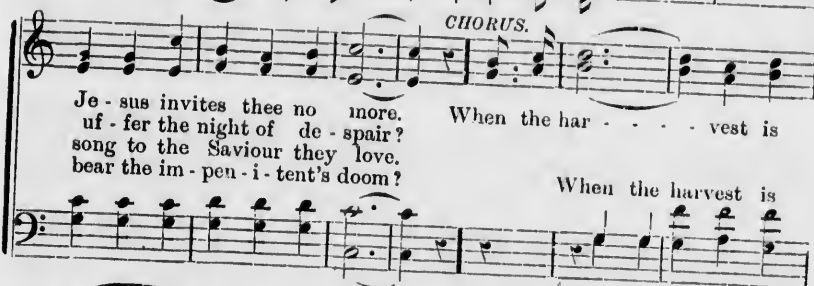
H. H. McGRANAHAN.



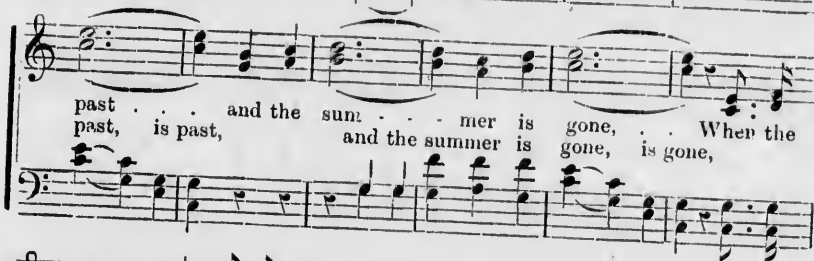
1. When the harvest is past and the summer is gone, And summons and  
 2. When the rich gales of mer-cy no longer shall blow, The gos-pel no  
 3. When the ho-ly have gone to the re-gions of-peace, To dwell in the  
 4. Say, O sin-nor, that liv-est at rest and se-cure, Who fearest no



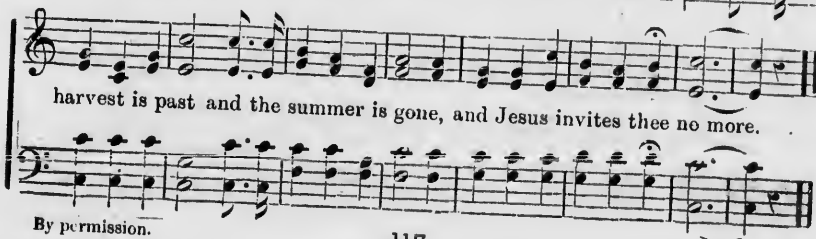
prayers shall be o'er, When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath morn, And  
 message declare; Sinner, how can'st thou bear the deep wailings of woe? How  
 mansions a-bove, Where their harmony makes, in the fulness of bliss, Their  
 trou-ble to come, Can thy spir-it the swellings of sorrow endure, Or



CHORUS.  
 Je-sus invites thee no more. When the har-vest is  
 uf-fer the night of de-spair?  
 song to the Saviour they love,  
 bear the im-pen-i-tent's doom? When the harvest is



past . . . and the sun-mer is gone, . . . When the  
 past, is past, and the summer is gone, is gone,



harvest is past and the summer is gone, and Jesus invites thee no more.

By permission.

MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Almost saved, almost saved, So near sal - vation's open gate; Where  
 2. Almost saved, almost saved, Within the sight of Christ and heaven, With  
 3. Almost saved, almost saved, But lost while love beams from on high! While  
 4. Almost saved, almost saved, Thy feet so near the threshold wait; The  
 5. Almost saved, almost saved, Come in, im - per - il not thy soul; Oh,

mercy calls in tones of love, Come in, no long er wait!  
 gracious helps and wooings oft, By God's own Spir - it given.  
 Je - sus pleads in ten - der tones, Oh, soul, why wilt thou die?  
 gracious in - vi - ta - tion sounds Still from the o - pen gate.  
 do not lin - ger on the brink, And fail to reach the goal.

## CHORUS.

Almost saved; why perish? why? When Christ and heaven are so nigh? One

step and end - less life's begun; One step and hope of heaven is won!

Oh, take that one step now! Oh, take that one step now!

From "The Quiver," by permission.

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# Eternity!—Where?

A young man was working alone in a large room in which was a big clock, the loud ticking of which seemed to  
 cause itself into the words, "Eternity!—where?" Unable to endure any longer the reflections thus  
 awakened, he arose and stopped the clock; but the question, "Eternity!—where?" still so  
 haunted him, that he threw down his work, and hurrying home, determined that  
 he would not allow anything to engage his thoughts till he could satis-  
 factorily answer that searching question, "Eternity!—where?"

JNO. R. SWENBY.

gate; Where  
 heaven, With  
 high! While  
 wait; The  
 my soul; Oh,

wait!  
 given.  
 die?  
 gate.  
 goal.

o nigh? One

is won!

1. "E - ter - nity!—where?" It floats in the air; Amid clam - or or
2. "Eternity!—where?" Oh! Eternity!—where? With redeemed ones in
3. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! how can you share The world's giddy
4. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! friend, have a care; Soon God will no
5. "Eternity!—where?" Oh! Eternity!—where? Friend, sleep not, nor

silence it ev - er is there! The question so solemn—"E -  
 glo - ry? or fiends in de - spair? With one or the oth - er—"E -  
 pleasures, or heedless - ly dare Do aught till you set - tle—"E -  
 long - er His judgment for - bear; This day may decide your—"E -  
 take in the world an - y share, Till you answer this question—"E -

ter - nity!—where?" The question so solemn—"Eter - nity!—where?"  
 ter - nity!—where?" With one or the other—"Eter - nity!—where?"  
 ter - nity!—where?" Do aught till you settle—"Eter - nity!—where?"  
 ter - nity!—where?" This day may decide your "Eter - nity!—where?"  
 eternity!—where?" Till you answer this question—"Eternity!—where?"

From "On Joyful Wing," by permission.

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## Almost Persuaded.

P. P. Bliss. Arranged.

- 1 "Almost persuaded" now to believe;  
 "Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;  
 Seems now some soul to say,  
 "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,  
 Some more convenient day  
 On Thee I'll call."
- 2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;  
 "Almost persuaded" turn not away.  
 Jesus invites you here,  
 Angels are lingering near,  
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear;  
 "O wanderer, come."

TUNE: G. H. 75. KEY OF G.

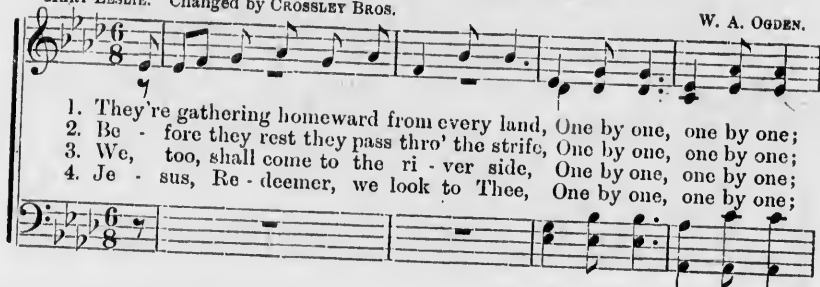
- 3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!  
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!  
 "Almost" cannot avail;  
 "Almost" is but to fail!  
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail—  
 "Almost—but lost!"
- 4 "Almost persuaded," tempt not this doom  
 "Almost persuaded," yet there is room;  
 Now the new life begin,  
 Christ will forgive your sin  
 And He will take you in;  
 "O wanderer, come."

## Gathering Home.

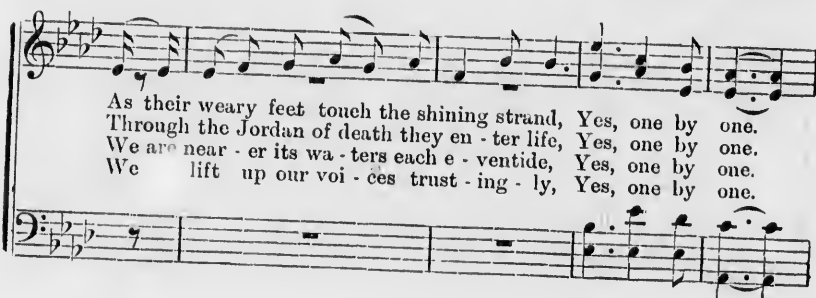
"Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel."—Ps. 27: 12.

MARY LESLIE. Changed by CROSSLEY BROS.

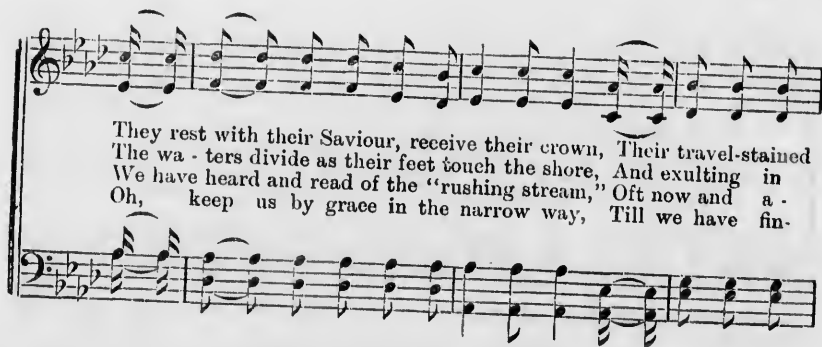
W. A. OGDEN.



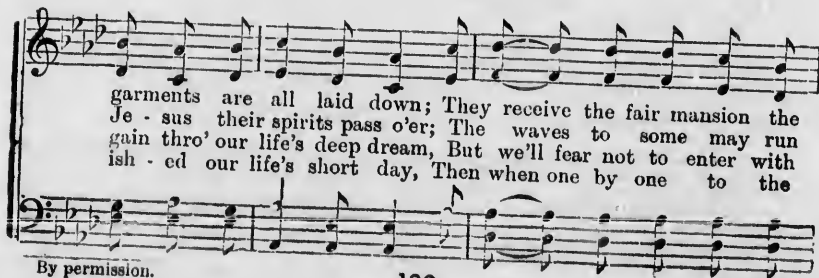
1. They're gathering homeward from every land, One by one, one by one;  
 2. Be - fore they rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one, one by one;  
 3. We, too, shall come to the ri - ver side, One by one, one by one;  
 4. Je - sus, Re - deemer, we look to Thee, One by one, one by one;



As their weary feet touch the shining strand, Yes, one by one.  
 Through the Jordan of death they en - ter life, Yes, one by one.  
 We are near - er its wa - ters each e - ventide, Yes, one by one.  
 We lift up our voi - ces trust - ing - ly, Yes, one by one.



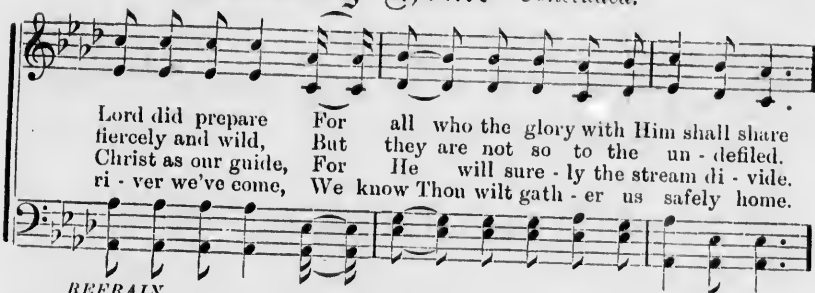
They rest with their Saviour, receive their crown, Their travel-stained  
 The wa - ters divide as their feet touch the shore, And exulting in  
 We have heard and read of the "rushing stream," Oft now and a -  
 Oh, keep us by grace in the narrow way, Till we have fin -



garments are all laid down; They receive the fair mansion the  
 Je - sus their spirits pass o'er; The waves to some may run  
 gain thro' our life's deep dream, But we'll fear not to enter with  
 ish - ed our life's short day, Then when one by one to the

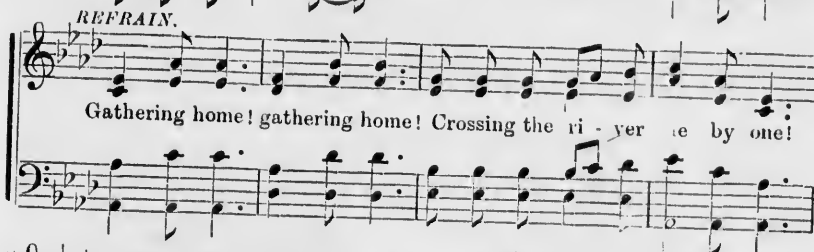
By permission.

## Gathering Home—Concluded.

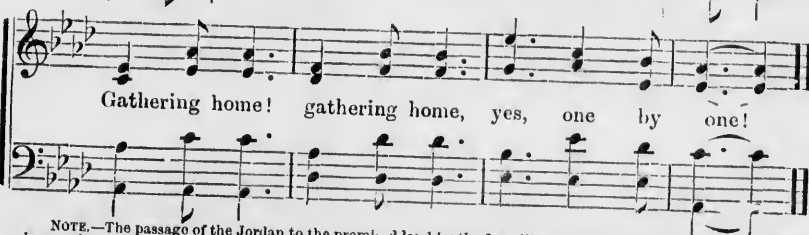


Lord did prepare For all who the glory with Him shall share  
fiercely and wild, But they are not so to the un-defiled.  
Christ as our guide, For He will sure-ly the stream di-vide.  
ri-ver we've come, We know Thou wilt gath-er us safely home.

REFRAIN.



Gathering home! gathering home! Crossing the ri-ver by one!



Gathering home! gathering home, yes, one by one!

NOTE.—The passage of the Jordan to the promised land by the Israelites, as a type of the Christian's death, is greatly misrepresented both in poetry and prose. We hear much of "fording the river," "death's cold stream," "dismal flood," "swelling current," "dark river," etc. Such expressions are entirely contrary to both scripture and experience, and give wrong ideas of death which frighten many Christians from the shore. The waters divided when reached, and the people, without fear, passed triumphantly "over on dry ground." (See Joshua III. 14-17; IV. 1-18.) Christians when they come to death are able to say with good Bishop Haven: "There is no river here." My brother (D. O. C.) and I have arranged the above hymn to accord with scripture and experience. Let each one who reads this be a Christian, march on happily in the path of duty and, as

When you reach the verge of Jordan  
He'll its waters then divide,  
Bear you through in faith triumphant,  
Land you safe on Canaan's side.—H. T. C.

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## The Crowning Day.

TUNE: G. II. 416. KEY OF A FLAT.

1 Our Lord is now rejected  
And by the world disowned,  
By the many still neglected,  
And by the few enthroned,  
But soon He'll come in glory,  
The hour is drawing nigh, [and by.  
For the crowning day is coming by

### CHORUS.

Oh, the crowning day is coming,  
Is coming by and by,  
When our Lord shall come in "power,"  
And "glory" from on high;  
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden  
Each waiting, watchful eye, [and by.  
In the crowning day that's coming by

2 The heavens shall glow with splendor,  
But brighter far than they  
The saints shall shine in glory,  
As Christ shall them array.  
The beauty of the Saviour  
Shall dazzle every eye, [and by.  
In the crowning day that's coming by

3 Let all that look for hasten  
The coming joyful day,  
By earnest consecration,  
To walk the narrow way,  
By gathering in the lost ones,  
For whom our Lord did die,  
For the crowning day that's coming by  
and by.

## The Judgment Day.

Arranged by H. T. C.

1. { The judgment day is coming,  
The judgment day is coming, Oh, com - ing, com - ing that great day.

*First.* *Second.*

## CHORUS.

Let us haste a - way to Je - sus, And find in Him sal - va - tion

Let us haste a - way to Je - sus, And sound the ju - bi - lee.

- 2 We'll hear the trumpet sounding, etc.
- 3 We'll see the Judge descending, etc.
- 4 We'll see the dead arising etc
- 5 We'll see the world assembled, etc.
- 6 We'll hear the sentence uttered, etc.
- 7 Then repentance will be useless, etc.
- 8 For no pardon will be granted, etc.

- 9 We'll hear the wicked wailing,  
For they hasted not to Jesus, nor, etc.
- 10 We'll hear the righteous shouting,  
For they fled away to Jesus, and, etc.
- 11 You'd better come to Jesus  
Just now while you may.

## Rest for the Weary.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh. By permission.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest;  
2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand;  
3. Pain and sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,  
4. Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry— Shout your tri - umphs as you go;

There my Saviour's gone before me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.  
For my stay shall not be transient In that ho - ly hap - py land.  
But, in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.  
Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, Ye shall find an en - trance through.

## CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wea - ry—There is rest for the wea - ry—  
On the other side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry—There is rest for you,  
Where the tree of life is blooming—There is rest for you.

## Some Sweet Day.

ARMOUR W. FRENCH.

"The hour is coming."—John 5: 28.

C. B. FOWLER.

*Moderato.*

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

day; We shall cross the stormy tide, Some sweet day, some sweet  
 day; Peace and plenty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet  
 day; Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall press the sands of gold, While before our eyes un-  
 day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's  
 day; By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rapture every.

fold Heaven's splendors, yet untold, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
 slain, Christ was dead, but lives again, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
 where, O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

From "Hymns New and Old," by permission.

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## Thinking of Home.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am thinking of home in Imman - u - el's land, A home that is  
 2. I am thinking of home and the Riv - er of Life That flows from the  
 3. I am thinking of home, where the gates are of pearl, No darkness e'er  
 4. I am thinking of home, and I look for the hour When He, my Re-

fadeless and fair, Where the pure and the blest from their labors shall rest: I  
 midst of the throne: They shall hunger no more, neither thirst on that shore, Where  
 man - tles the skies; And a Saviour's dear hand, in that beautiful land, Shall  
 deem, shall come! When the morning shall break, and my soul shall awake To

CHORUS.  
 know that my lov'd ones are there. O-ver the sea, far o-ver the sea,  
 Je - sus will gather his own.  
 wipe ev'ry tear from our eyes.  
 meet all the lov'd ones at home.

Voices are tender-ly calling to me: Call - ing to me,  
 Calling to me, Calling to me.

call - ing to me, O - ver the jasper sea.  
 Calling to me, calling to me, Over, yes, over the jasper sea.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by permission.

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## Home at Last.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

M. LINDSAY. Arr. by W. J. R.

1. Hark the song of ho - ly rapture, Hear it break from yonder strand,
2. Oh, the long and sweet re - union, Where the bells of time shall cease;
3. Look beyond, the skies are clearing; See, the mist dissolves away;

Where our friends for us are waiting, In the gold - en summer land;  
 Oh, the greeting, endless greeting, On the ver - nal heights of peace;  
 Soon our eyes will catch the dawning Of a bright ce - les - tial day;

They have reached the port of glory, O'er the Jordan they have passed,  
 Where the hoping and desponding Of the wea - ry heart are past,  
 Soon the shadows will be lift - ed That around us now are cast,

And with millions they are shouting, Home at last, home at last:  
 And we en - ter life e - ternal, — Home at last, home at last:  
 And re - joic - ing we shall gather Home at last, home at last:

And with millions they are shouting, Home at last, home at last.  
 And we en - ter life e - ternal, — Home at last, home at last.  
 And re - joic - ing we shall gather Home at last, home at last.

## Remembered.

DR. BONAR.

F. F. BLISS. Arr. by W. J. E.

1. Fading away, like the stars of the morning, Losing their light in the  
 2. So in the harvest, if others may gather Sheaves from the field that in  
 3. Fading away, like the stars of the morning, So let my name be un-  
 4. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels, When the bright crowns of re-

glo-ri-ous sun; So let me pass away, gently and lovingly, Only re-  
 spring I have sown; Who plowed or sowed matters not to the reaper: I'm only re-  
 honored, unknown; Here, or up yonder, I must be remembered, Only re-  
 joicing are won, Then will His faithful and loving disciples All be re-

*rit.*  
 membered by what I have done, Only remembered by what I have done.  
 membered by what I have done, Only remembered by what I have done.  
 membered by what I have done, Only remembered by what I have done.  
 membered for what they have done, All be remembered for what they have done.

*CHORUS.* *p* *m*  
 Ev - er remembered, for ev - er remembered, Ev - er re-  
 Ev - er more remembered, ever - more remembered, Ev - er re-

*f* *p*  
 membered while the years are rolling on; Ev - er remembered, for-  
 membered while the years are rolling on; Ev - er - more remembered,

By permission.

# Remembered—Concluded.

*rit.*

ev - er remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.  
 Ever-more remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.

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## I Shall be Satisfied.

DR. H. BONAR.  
*Moderato.*

REV. T. C. NEAL.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Af - ter whose dawning  
 2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou  
 3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my ea - ger  
 4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me died, with

never night returns, And with whose glory day eternal burns, I shall be satisfied.  
 wilt Thy child embrace, When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace, I shall be [satisfied].  
 arms the long removed, And find how faithful Thou to me hast proved, I shall be [satisfied].  
 eye no longer dim, And praise Him with the everlasting hymn, I shall be satisfied.

CHORUS.

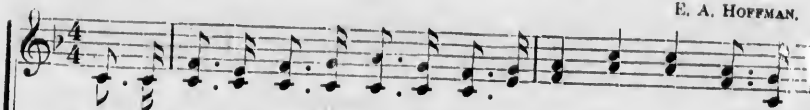
*p* *rit.*

I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, By-and-by.

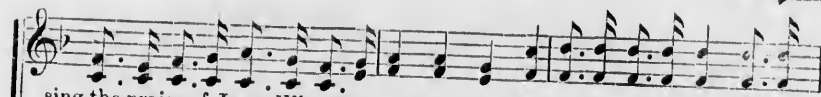
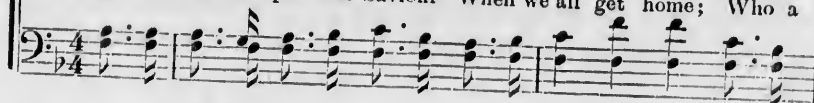
## When We All Get Home.

E. A. H. Arr.

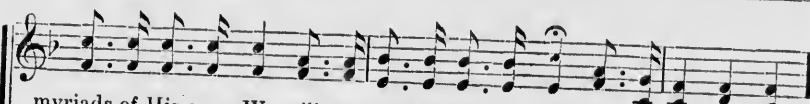
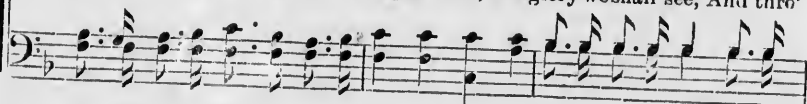
E. A. HOFFMAN.



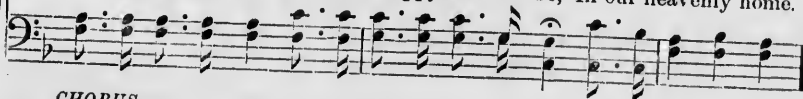
1. We will sing the praise of Je - sus When we all get home, We will
2. All our tri - als will be ov - er When we reach our home, All our
3. We will see our precious Saviour When we all get home; Who a



sing the praise of Jesus When we all get home, With millions round the throne,  
 trials will be over When we reach our home; How happy we will be, [With the  
 crown of life will give us When we all get home; His glory we shall see, And thro'



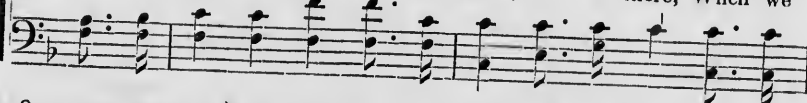
myriads of His own, We will make His glory known When we all get home.  
 sin and sor - row free, Thro' a long eter - ni - ty, In our heavenly home!  
 all e - ter - ni - ty, O how happy we shall be, In our heavenly home.



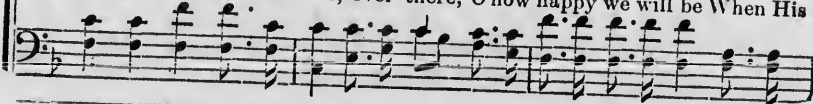
## CHORUS.



When we all get home ov - er there, ov - er there, When we



all get home ov - er there, over there, O how happy we will be When His



## When We All Get Home—Concluded.

glory we shall see When we all get home over there, ov - er there.

189

## Toiling Up the Way.

*Moderato.*

Arr. by J. R. S. Ch'd by H. T. C.

1. { We are marching up the way, Narrow way, narrow way;  
Toward the dis - tant shin - ing land, Golden land, golden land,  
2. { Though the journey may be long, Hard and long, hard and long,  
We shall en - ter by the cross, Bless - ed cross, blessed cross,

D.C.—And the shin - ing an - gels wait, An - gels wait, an - gels wait,  
*Fine.*

We have jour - neyed many a day Toward the king - dom;  
Where the heaven - ly harp - ers stand In the king - dom.  
We will cheer it with a song Of the king - dom;  
Gain - ing gold that hath no dross In the king - dom.

To un - bar the gold - en gate Of the king - dom.

CHORUS.

Still we sing, Christ, our King, Walks with us the narrow way.  
*D.C.*

3 We shall gather home at last,  
||: Sorrow past, :||  
We shall hold our jewels fast  
In the kingdom.  
We shall dwell in perfect light,  
||: Holy light, :||  
Never dimmed by tears at night  
In the kingdom.

4 We shall know each other there,  
||: Over there, :||  
When our glorious robes we wear,  
In the kingdom.  
All that's purest, holiest here,  
||: Grows more dear :||  
In the mansions drawing near,  
In the kingdom.

## One by One.

REV. E. H. STORES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. One by one, our loved ones slowly Pass beyond the bounds of time;  
 2. One by one, soon we shall gather, Not as we have gathered here—  
 3. One by one, our ranks are thinning—Thinning here but swelling there;  
 4. Good-bye! hail! the fondly cherished, Tears and joys are ours to day;

One by one, among the ho - ly, Sing the vic - tor's song sublime.  
 Bowed and broken,—but the rather, In e - ter - nal youth ap - pear.  
 One by one bright crowns are winning, Crowns they shall forever wear.  
 Some have gone, and lo! the others Hasten on the shortening way.

## CHORUS.

One by one, one by one; We shall soon, yes, soon be there;

One by one, yes, one by one, We shall end - less glo - ry share.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by permission

## Meet Me There.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest His praises sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the night dissolves away Into  
 heaven no throb of pain; Meet me there. By the river sparkling bright, In the  
 palace of the King, Meet me there. Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

*D.S.—Storms of life are o'er, On the  
 Fine.*

pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay; Meet me there.  
 city of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.  
*meet me there.*

*hap - py golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.*

## CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the  
 Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there.

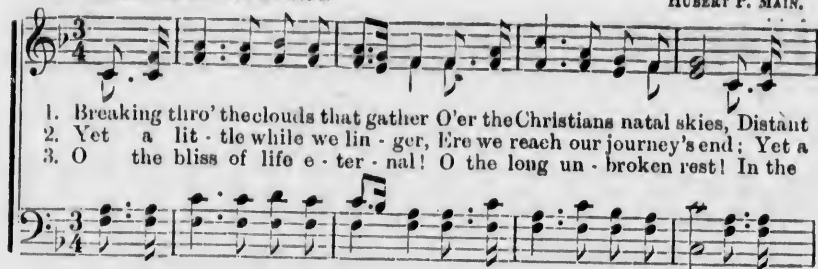
Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there. When the  
 Meet me there.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by permission.

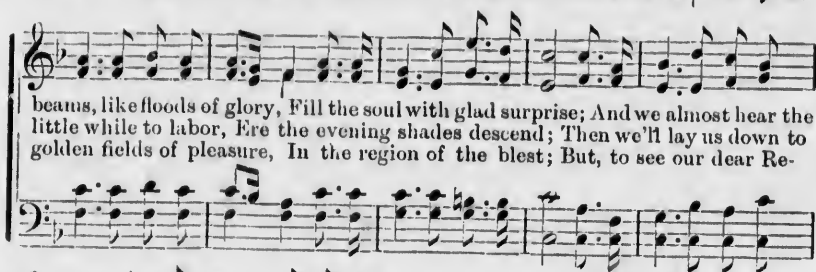
## The Bright Forever.

FRANCIS JANE CROSSBY VAN ALTYNE.

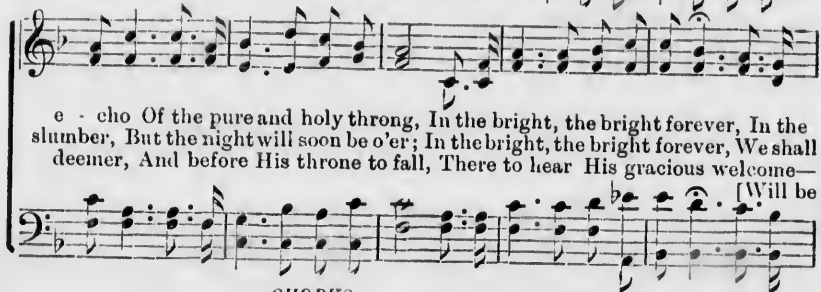
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the Christians natal skies, Distant  
 2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a  
 3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un - broken rest! In the

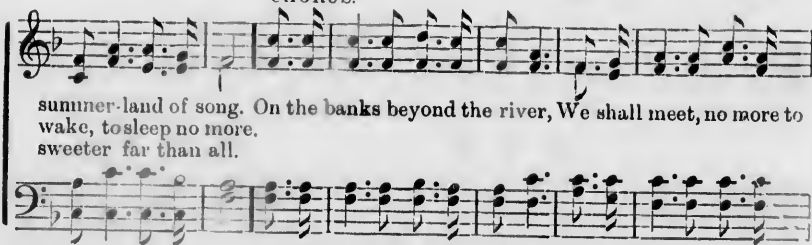


beams, like floods of glory, Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we almost hear the  
 little while to labor, Ere the evening shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to  
 golden fields of pleasure, In the region of the blest; But, to see our dear Re-



e - cho Of the pure and holy throng, In the bright, the bright forever, In the  
 slumber, But the night will soon be o'er; In the bright, the bright forever, We shall  
 deem, And before His throne to fall, There to hear His gracious welcome—  
 [Will be

## CHORUS.



summer-land of song. On the banks beyond the river, We shall meet, no more to  
 wake, to sleep no more.  
 sweeter far than all.



sev - er; In the bright, the bright forever, In the summer land of song.

## No Night in Heaven.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. No night shall be in heaven; no gathering gloom Shall o'er that glorious land-  
 2. No night shall be in heaven; forbid to sleep, These eyes no more their mournful [escape  
 3. No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon; No fast-declining sun, no  
 4. No night shall be in heaven; no darkened room, No bed of death, nor silence

ev - er come; No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers That  
 vi - gils keep; Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away, They  
 waning moon; But there the Lamb shall yield per - petual light, 'Mid  
 of the tomb, But breez - es ev - er fresh with love and truth Shall

CHORUS.

breathe their fragrance thro' celestial bowers. No night in heaven,  
 gaze un - dazzled on e - ter - nal day.  
 pas - tures green and waters ev - er bright.  
 brace the frame with an im - mor - tal youth.

No night in heaven.

No night in heaven, But all is joy and light, — No night in heaven.  
 No night in heaven,

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by permission.

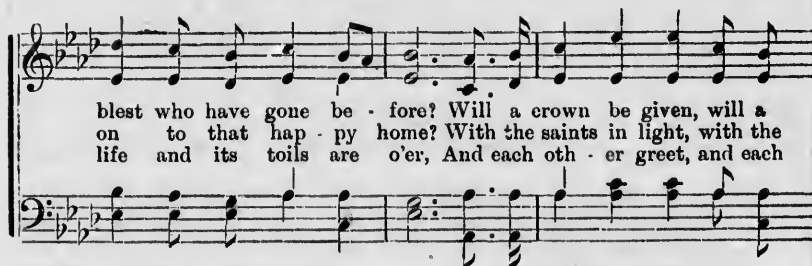
# 194 Shall We Meet in Heaven?

WM. STEVENSON.

WM. STEVENSON.

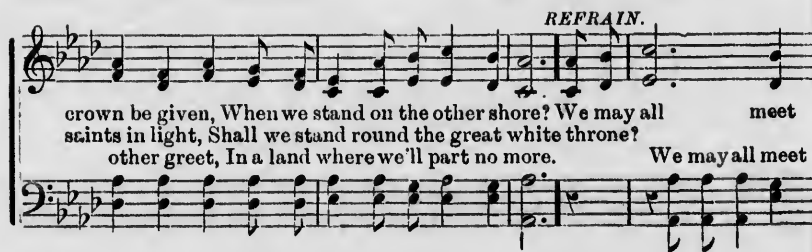


1. Shall we meet in heaven, shall we meet in heaven, With the  
 2. Will the an - gels bright, will the an - gels bright, Bear us  
 3. Yes, we all may meet, yes, we all may meet, When this

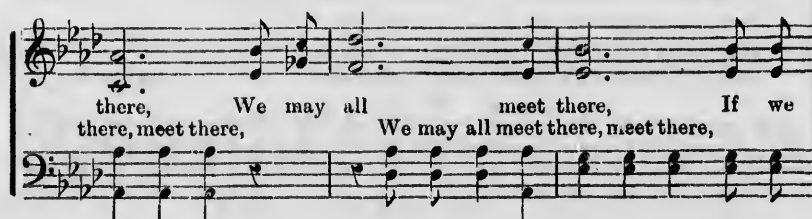


blest who have gone be - fore? Will a crown be given, will a  
 on to that hap - py home? With the saints in light, with the  
 life and its toils are o'er, And each oth - er greet, and each

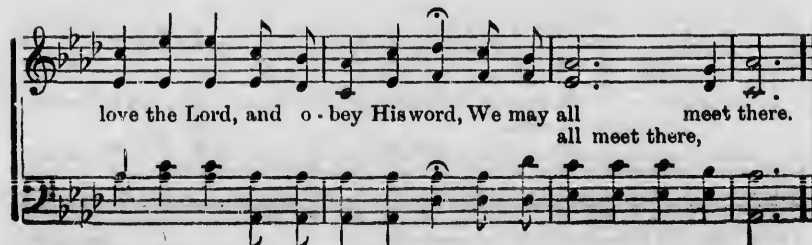
*REFRAIN.*



crown be given, When we stand on the other shore? We may all meet  
 saints in light, Shall we stand round the great white throne?  
 other greet, In a land where we'll part no more. We may all meet



there, We may all meet there, If we  
 there, meet there, We may all meet there, meet there,



love the Lord, and o - bey His word, We may all meet there.  
 all meet there,

## Welcome to Glory.

MRS. P. PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. O, when shall I sweep thro' the gate, The scenes of mor - tal - i - ty o'er,  
 2. When from Calvary's mount I arise, And pass thro' the portals above,  
 3. Yes! loved ones who knew me below, Who learned the new song with me here,  
 4. The beau - ti - ful gates will unfold, The home of the blood-washed I'll see;  
 5. A sinner made whiter than snow, I'll join in the mighty acclaim,

What then for my spirit awaits? Will they sing on the glo - rified shore?  
 Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies! Resound thro' the regions of love?  
 In chorus will hail me, I know, And welcome me home, with good cheer.  
 The cit - y of saints I'll behold! For, O, there's a welcome for me!  
 And shout thro' the gates as I go, Sal - vation to God and the Lamb!

## CHORUS.

Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome in glo - ry for  
 Welcome home! Welcome home!

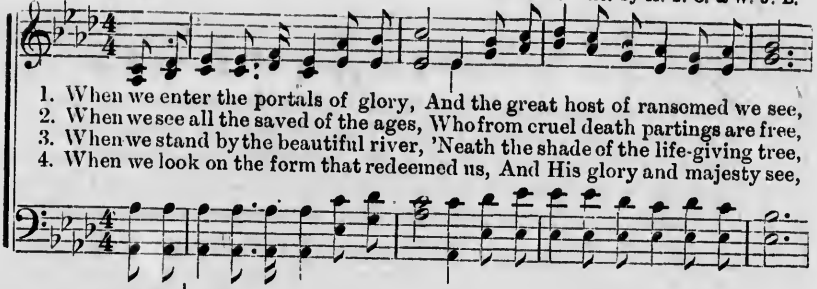
me; Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome for me.  
 Welcome home! Welcome home! Welcome home!

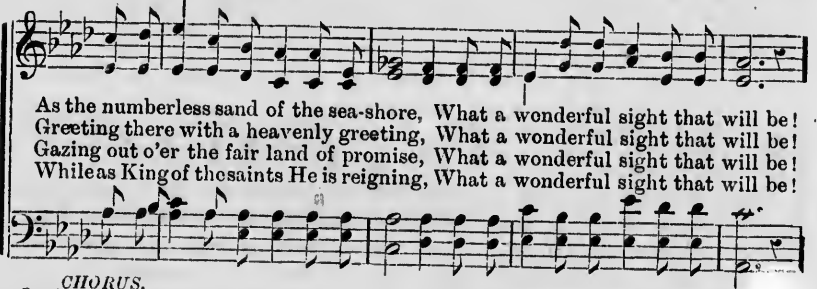
By permission.

## The Numberless Host.

F. A. BLACKMER.

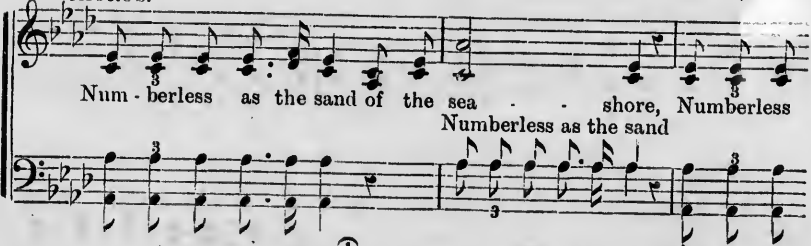
F. A. B. Arr. by H. T. C. &amp; W. J. B.

- 
1. When we enter the portals of glory, And the great host of ransomed we see,
  2. When we see all the saved of the ages, Whom from cruel death partings are free,
  3. When we stand by the beautiful river, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
  4. When we look on the form that redeemed us, And His glory and majesty see,

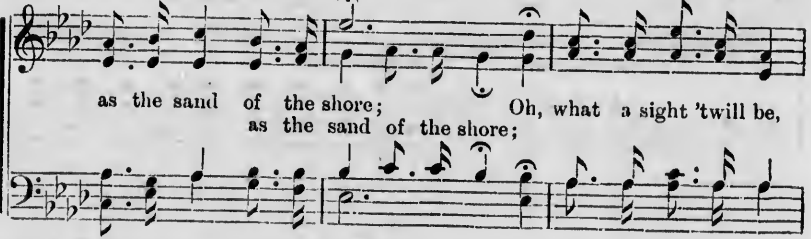


As the numberless sand of the sea-shore, What a wonderful sight that will be!  
 Greeting there with a heavenly greeting, What a wonderful sight that will be!  
 Gazing out o'er the fair land of promise, What a wonderful sight that will be!  
 Whileas King of the saints He is reigning, What a wonderful sight that will be!

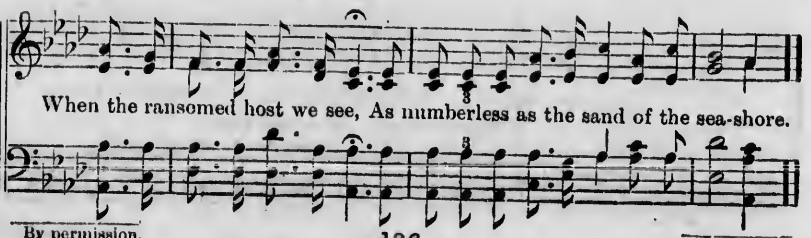
## CHORUS.



Num - berless as the sand of the sea shore, Numberless  
 Numberless as the sand



as the sand of the shore; Oh, what a sight 'twill be,  
 as the sand of the shore;



When the ransomed host we see, As numberless as the sand of the sea-shore.

# 197 Our Loved Ones in Heaven.

REV. J. W. DADMUN.

LESSON.

1. Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain, Come view our home beyond the tide;
2. There endless springs of life are flowing, There are the fields of living green;
3. Faith now beholds the flowing river, Coming from underneath the throne;

Hear now the voices of our loved ones, What they sing on the other side;  
Man - sions of beauty are provided, And the King of the saints is seen.  
There, too, the Saviour reigns forever, And He'll welcome the faithful home.

Some are singing of bright crowns of glory, Some of dear ones who stand near the shore;  
Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended; I shall join the who've passed on before;  
Would you sit by the banks of the river With the friends you have loved by your side?

CHORUS.

D.S.—O the prospect! it is so transporting, And no danger I fear from the tide;

D.S.

For the fond heart must ever be clinging To the faithful we love evermore.  
For my loved ones, O how I do miss them! I must press on and meet them once more.  
Would you join in the song of the angels? Then be ready to follow your Guide.

Let me go to the home of the Christian, Let me stand robed in white by their side.

T. C. & W. J. B.

nsomed we see,  
rtings are free,  
ife-giving tree,  
d majesty see,

t that will be!  
t that will be!  
t that will be!  
t that will be!

Numberless

ht 'twill be,

he sea-shore.

198

## That Beautiful World.

O. SNOW.

O. SNOW.

1. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and an - gels sing;  
2. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sor - row nev - er comes;

A world where peace and pleasure reign, And heavenly praises ring.  
A world where tears shall nev - er fall In sighing for our home.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, we'll be there: Palms of victory, Crowns of glory, we shall wear

*rit.*

In that beautiful world on high.

3 There is a beautiful world,  
Unseen to mortal sight,  
And darkness never enters there,  
That home is fair and bright.

4 There is a beautiful world  
Of harmony and love;  
Oh, may we safely enter there,  
And dwell with God above.

199

## Sweet By and By.

S. F. BENNETT.

(G. H. 204. KEY OF G.)

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we can see it afar,  
For the Father waits over the way,  
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

## CHORUS.

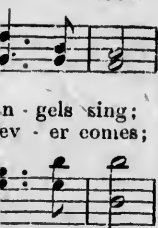
||: In the sweet by and by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore. :||

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
The melodious songs of the blest;  
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—  
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

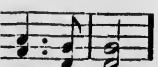
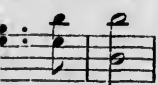
3 To our bountiful Father above  
We will offer the tribute of praise,  
For the glorious gift of His love,  
And the blessings that hallow our days.

4 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall  
reign,  
In the land where the saved never  
die;  
We shall rest free from sorrow and  
pain,  
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

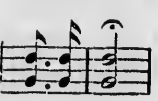
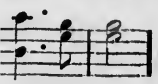
O. SNOW.



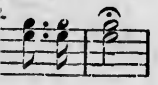
an - gels sing;  
ev - er comes;



praises ring.  
for our home.



y, we shall wear



l world,  
l sight,  
r enters there,  
r and bright.

l world  
love;  
enter there,  
God above.

204. KAY OR G.)

er above  
oute of praise,  
His love,  
at hallow our

l sing, we shall

e saved never

m sorrow and

rest by and by.

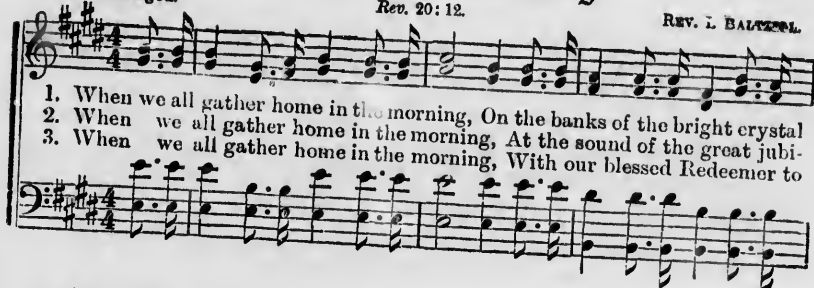
200

# What a Gathering.

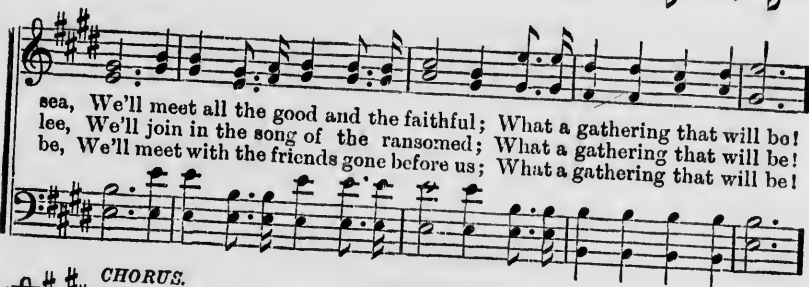
L. B. Arranged.

Rev. 20: 12.

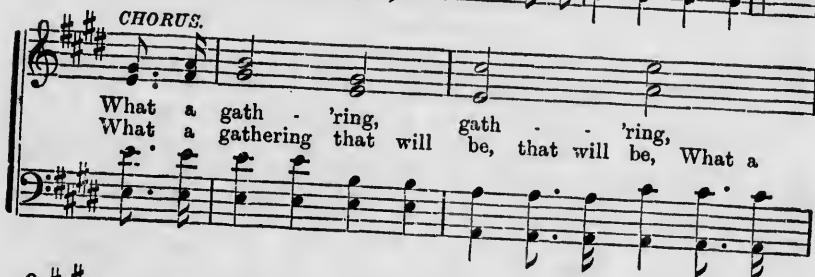
REV. L. BALZEE.



1. When we all gather home in the morning, On the banks of the bright crystal
2. When we all gather home in the morning, At the sound of the great jubilee,
3. When we all gather home in the morning, With our blessed Redeemer to

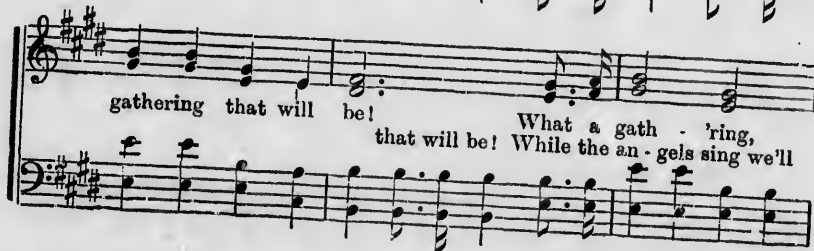


sea, We'll meet all the good and the faithful; What a gathering that will be!  
lee, We'll join in the song of the ransomed; What a gathering that will be!  
be, We'll meet with the friends gone before us; What a gathering that will be!

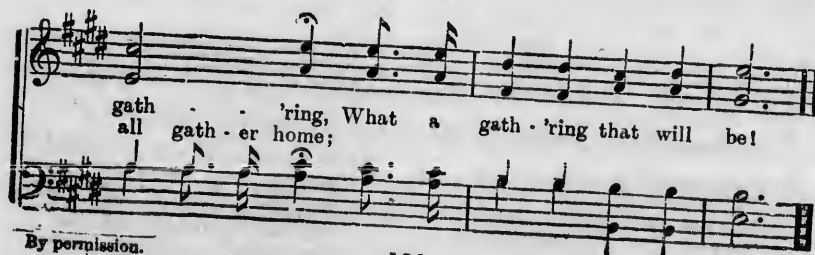


## CHORUS.

What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring,  
What a gathering that will be, that will be, What a



gathering that will be! What a gath - 'ring,  
that will be! While the an - gels sing we'll



gath all gath - 'ring, What a gath - 'ring that will be!  
er home;

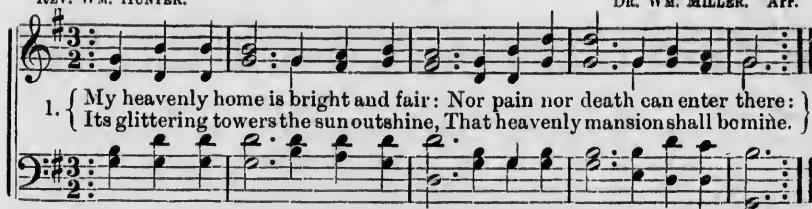
By permission.

201

## I'm Going Home.

REV. WM. HUNTER.

DR. WM. MILLER. ARR.



1. { My heavenly home is bright and fair: Nor pain nor death can enter there: }  
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine, That heavenly mansion shall beminie. }

CHORUS. { I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more: }  
 To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more. }

2 My Father's house is built on high,  
 Far, far above the starry sky;  
 When from this earthly prison free,  
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.  
 I'm going home, etc.

3 Let others seek a home below,  
 Which flames devour, or waves o'er-  
 flow;

Be mine the happier lot to own  
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.  
 I'm going home, etc.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,  
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
 All nature sink, and cease to be,  
 That heavenly mansion stands for me  
 I'm going home, etc.

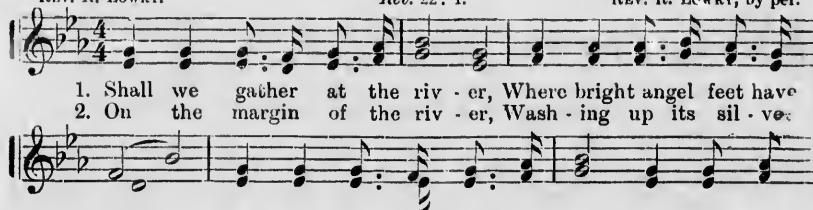
202

## Beautiful River.

REV. R. LOWRY.

Rev. 22: 1.

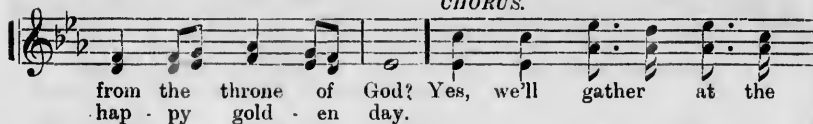
REV. R. LOWRY, by per.



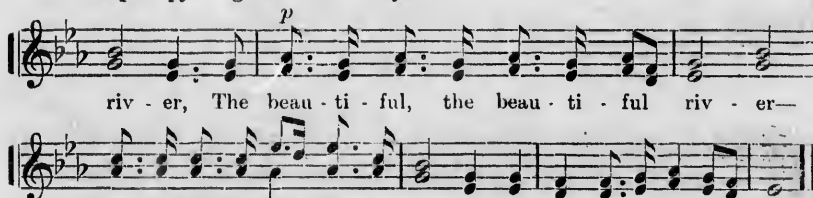
1. Shall we gather at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have  
 2. On the margin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver

trod; With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing  
 spray, We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the

CHORUS.



from the throne of God? Yes, we'll gather at the  
 hap - py gold - en day.



*p*  
 riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er—

Gather with the saints at the river That flows from the throne of God

3 Ere we reach the shining river,  
 Lay we every burden down;  
 Grace our spirits will deliver,  
 And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,  
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,

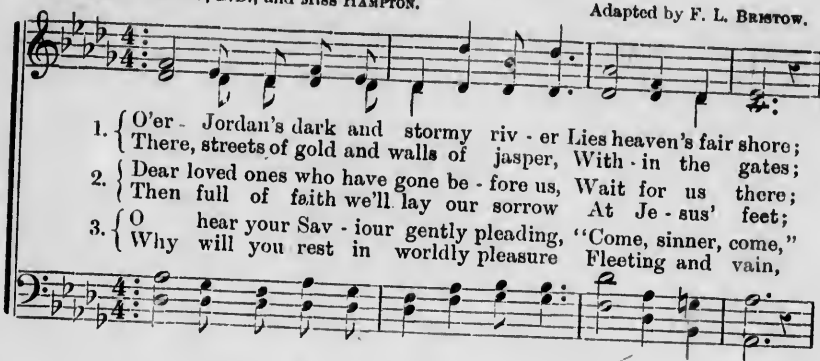
Saints whom death will never sever,  
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease,  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
 With the melody of peace.

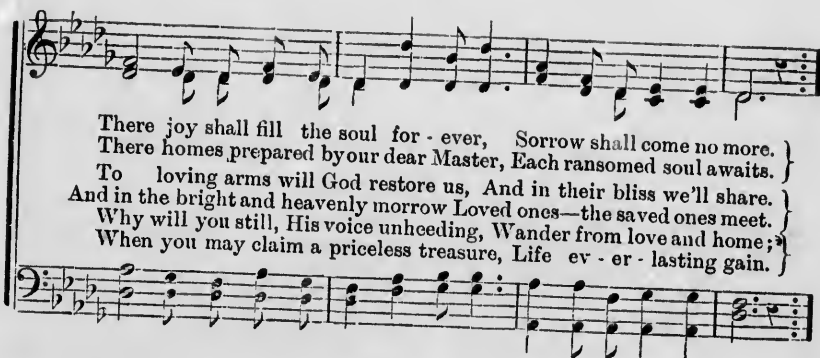
## Sweet Rest at Home

REV. GEO. T. GOULD, D.D., and MISS HAMPTON.

Adapted by F. L. BRISTOW.

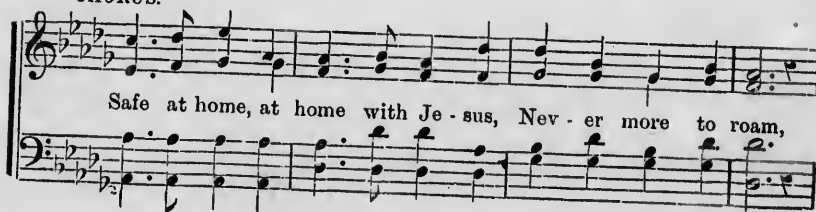


1. { O'er - Jordan's dark and stormy riv - er Lies heaven's fair shore;  
There, streets of gold and walls of jasper, With - in the gates;  
2. { Dear loved ones who have gone be - fore us, Wait for us there;  
Then full of faith we'll lay our sorrow At Je - sus' feet;  
3. { O hear your Sav - iour gently pleading, "Come, sinner, come,"  
Why will you rest in worldly pleasure Fleeting and vain,

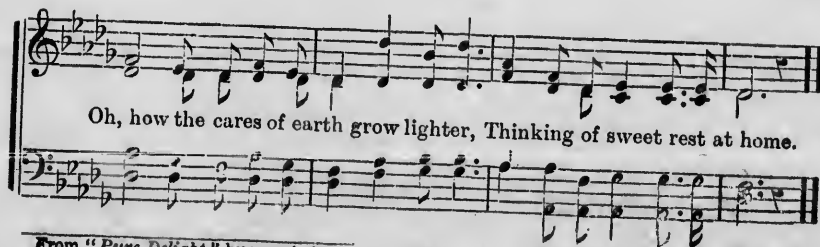


There joy shall fill the soul for - ever, Sorrow shall come no more. }  
There homes prepared by our dear Master, Each ransomed soul awaits. }  
To loving arms will God restore us, And in their bliss we'll share. }  
And in the bright and heavenly morrow Loved ones—the saved ones meet. }  
Why will you still, His voice unheeding, Wander from love and home; }  
When you may claim a priceless treasure, Life ev - er - lasting gain. }

## CHORUS.



Safe at home, at home with Je - sus, Nev - er more to roam,



Oh, how the cares of earth grow lighter, Thinking of sweet rest at home.

## My Ain Countrie.

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

MRS. JANE T. HANNA.  
Har. by H. P. MAIN.

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aften whiles, For the  
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un-til mine e'en do see The  
D.C.—But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I

langed-for hame - bring - in', an' my Faither's welcome smiles }  
gow - den gates o' heav'n an' my { Omit. : : : : } ain coun - trie.  
hear the angels singin' in my { Omit. : : : : } ain coun - trie.

{ The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mon - y tint - ed fresh an' gay, }  
The bird - ies war - ble blithely, for my Father made them sae: }

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2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King  
To His ain royal palace His absent w'an will bring;  
Wi' e'en an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see  
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.  
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,  
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair  
For His bluid has made me white, and His han' shall dry my e's.  
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,  
I only ken its Hame, whaur we shall see His face;  
It wad surely be enuch for ever mair to be  
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.  
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
I will soon be gangin' hame, unto my Saviour's breast,  
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,  
An' carries them Himself to His ain countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again.  
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;  
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,  
To gang at any moment to my ain countrie.  
Sae I'm watchin' aye, an' singin' o' my hame, as I wait  
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate:  
Ged gie His grace to ilka aye wha' listens noo to me,  
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

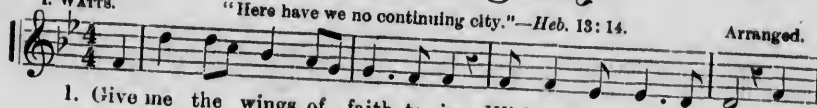
205

## Calling Us Away.

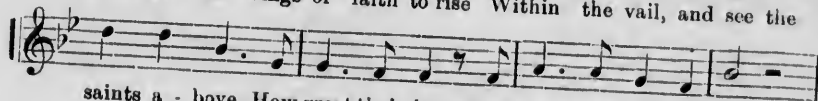
I. WATTS.

"Here have we no continuing city."—Heb. 13: 14.

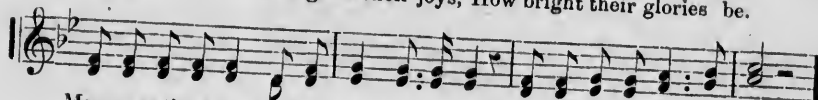
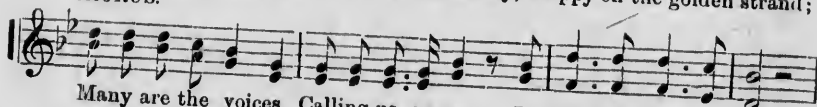
Arranged.



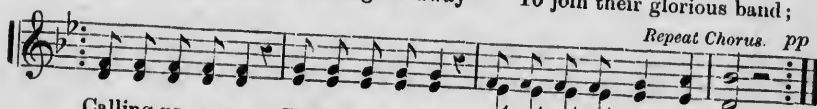
1. Give me the wings of faith to rise Within the veil, and see the



saints a - bove, How great their joys, How bright their glories be.

Many are the friends, Who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand;  
*CHORUS.*

Many are the voices Calling us away To join their glorious band;

*Repeat Chorus. pp*

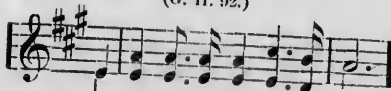
Calling us away, Calling us away, Calling to the bet - ter land.

2 I ask them whence their victory came,  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.3 They marked the footsteps that He  
His zeal inspired their breast; [trod,And following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For His own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Shows the same path to heaven.

206

## Over There.

(G. H. 92.)

1 Oh, think of the home over there,  
By the side of the river of light,  
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,  
Are robed in their garments of white.*REFRAIN.*

Over there, over there, etc.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,  
Who before us the journey have trod,  
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,  
In their home in the palace of God.3 My Saviour is now over there,  
There my kindred and friends are at  
rest;Then away from my sorrow and care,  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.4 I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart over there,  
Are watching and waiting for me.

## 207 Nearer My Home.

MISS P. CAREY.

(G. H. 192.)

1 One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,  
Than I have been before.*CHORUS.*Nearer my home, nearer my home,  
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,  
Than I have been before.2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne to-day,  
Nearer the crystal sea.3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down;  
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,  
And nearer to the crown.4 Be near me when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink;  
For I am nearer home to-day,  
Perhaps, than now I think.

## In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and weary oft we roam, But we  
 2. O these tender broken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like  
 3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the narrow sea, And we  
 4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us

know 'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor firmly cast, Ev'ry  
 jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our  
 hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the  
 watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the

stormy wave is past, And we gather safe at last in the morning.  
 robes immortal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morning.  
 feet of Christ our King, What a chorus we shall sing in the morning.  
 love that crowns our days, and to Jesus give the praise in the morning.

*D.S. - sun - ny re - gion bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn - ing.*  
 CHORUS.

When we all meet a - gain in the morning, On the sweet blooming

hills in the morning; Nevermore to say good-night In that

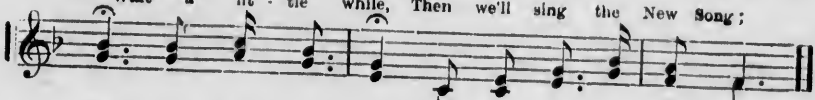
## "The New Song."

H. POLLARD.  
CHORUS.

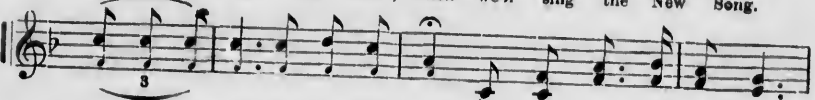
SOUTHERN MELODY.



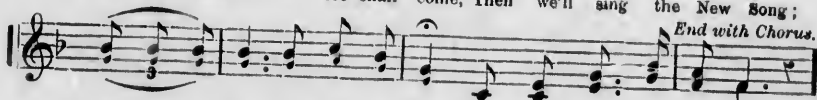
Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song;



Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song.



1. When the great Ju - bi - lee shall come, Then we'll sing the New Song;



End with Chorus.

And Christ shall take His ransomed home, then we'll sing the New Song.

- 2 When the glad shout shall rend the  
Then we'll sing the New Song; [sky,  
"O grave, where is thy victory?"  
Then we'll sing the New Song.

- 3 When sorrow, pain, and death are o'er,  
Then we'll sing the New Song;  
And sighs and tears shall be no more,  
Then we'll sing the New Song.

- 4 When to the pearly gates we come,  
Then we'll sing the New Song;

When we have reached our blissful  
Then we'll sing the New Song. [home,

- 5 When we shall tread Life's river brink,  
Then we'll sing the New Song;  
And of those crystal waters drink,  
Then we'll sing the New Song.

- 6 Where all will be immortal, fair,  
There we'll sing the New Song;  
When blood-washed robes are ours to  
Then we'll sing the New Song. [wear,

## 210 Shall We Meet.

TUNE: G. H. 199. KEY OF A.

- 1 Shall we meet beyond the river?  
Where the surges cease to roll?  
Where, in all the bright "forever,"  
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

## CHORUS.

Shall we meet? shall we meet?  
Shall we meet beyond the river?  
Shall we meet beyond the river,  
Where the surges cease to roll?

- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,  
When the voyage of life is o'er?  
Shall we meet and cast the anchor  
By the fair celestial shore?

- 3 Shall we meet with many a loved one,  
That was torn from our embrace?  
Shall we listen to their voices,  
And behold them face to face?

- 4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,  
When He comes to claim His own?  
Shall we know his blessed favour,  
And sit down upon His throne?

## 211 Till Jesus Comes.

TUNE: G. H. 304. KEY OF F.

- 1 Our souls are in His mighty hand,  
And He shall keep them still;  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With Him on Zion's hill.

## CHORUS.

We'll work till Jesus comes,  
We'll work till Jesus comes,  
We'll work till Jesus comes,  
And we'll be gathered home.

- 2 Him eye to eye we there shall see;  
Our face like His shall shine:  
Oh! what a glorious company,  
When saints and angels join!

- 3 Oh! what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white arrayed,  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.

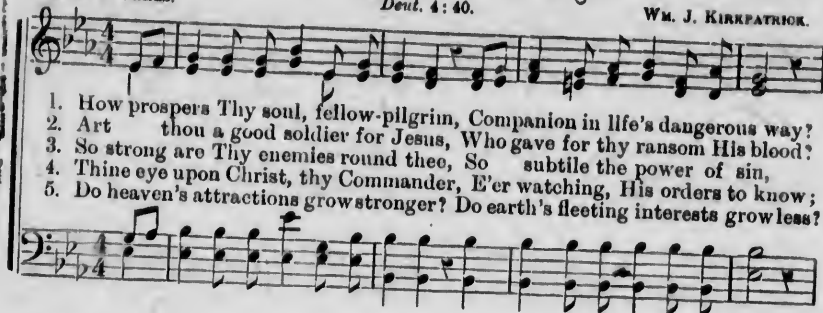
- 4 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through;  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.

## Is it Well with Thee?

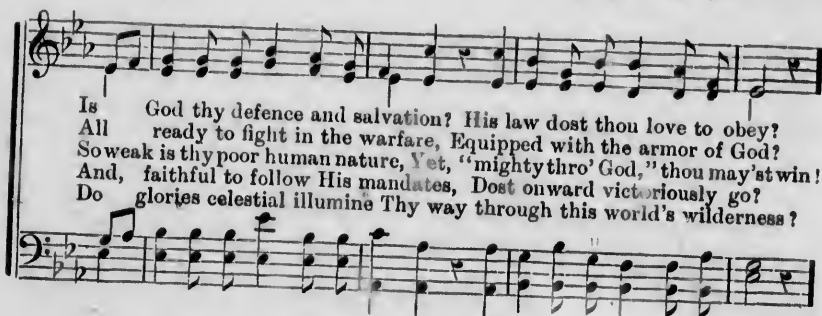
MARY D. JAMES.

Deut. 4: 40.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

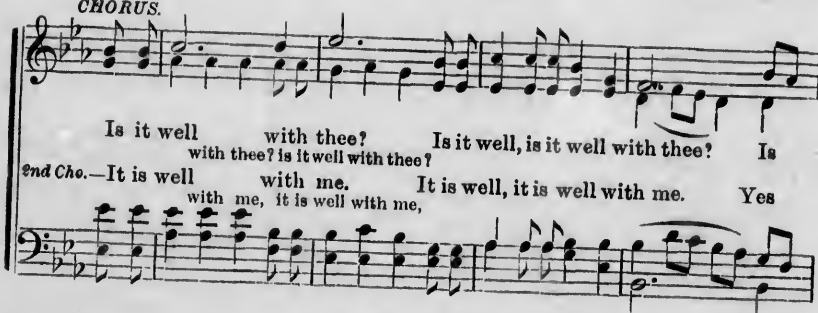


1. How prospers Thy soul, fellow-pilgrim, Companion in life's dangerous way?
2. Art thou a good soldier for Jesus, Who gave for thy ransom His blood?
3. So strong are Thy enemies round thee, So subtle the power of sin,
4. Thine eye upon Christ, thy Commander, E'er watching, His orders to know;
5. Do heaven's attractions grow stronger? Do earth's fleeting interests grow less?

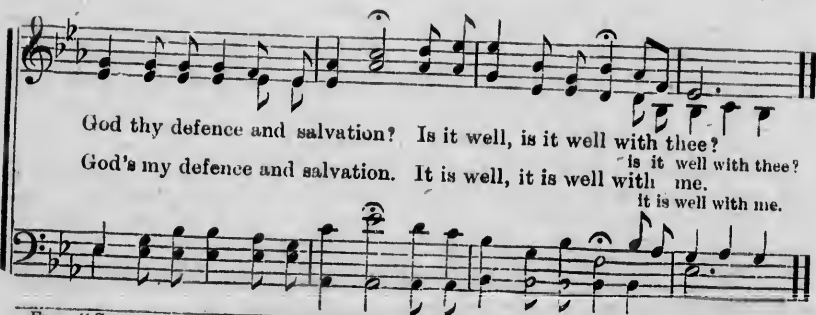


Is God thy defence and salvation? His law dost thou love to obey?  
 All ready to fight in the warfare, Equipped with the armor of God?  
 So weak is thy poor human nature, Yet, "mighty thro' God," thou may'st win!  
 And, faithful to follow His mandates, Dost onward victoriously go?  
 Do glories celestial illumine Thy way through this world's wilderness?

## CHORUS.



Is it well with thee? Is it well, is it well with thee? Is  
 with thee? Is it well with thee?  
 end Cho.—It is well with me. It is well, it is well with me. Yes  
 with me, it is well with me,



God thy defence and salvation? Is it well, is it well with thee?  
 God's my defence and salvation. It is well, it is well with me.  
 Is it well with thee?  
 It is well with me.

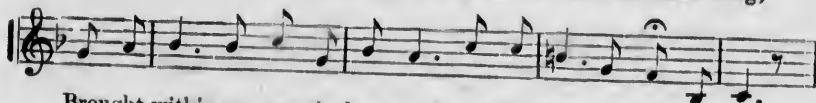
## My Mother's Prayer.

Solo.

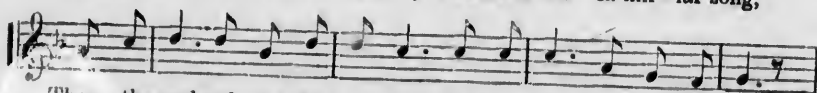
H. T. CROSSLEY.



1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Many a dear fa-miliar spot
2. Tho' the house was held by strangers, All remained the same within;
3. Quick I drew it from the rub-bish, Covered o'er with dust so long;



Brought within my rec-ol-lection Scenes I'd seem-ing-ly forgot;  
Just as when a child I rambled Up and down, and out and in;  
When, behold, I heard in fan-cy Strains of one fa-mil-iar song,

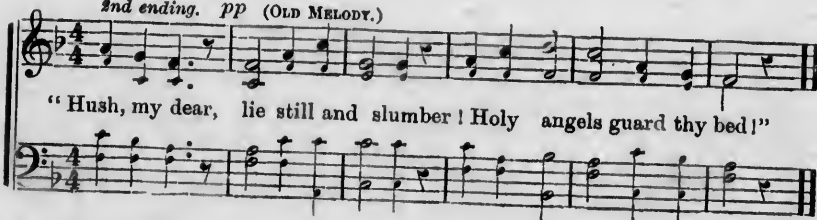


There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—Here the deep, old-fashioned well,  
To the garret dark as-cending—Once a source of childish dread—  
Often sung by my dear mother To me in that trundle bed;



With its old moss-covered bucket, Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.  
Peer-ing thro' the misty cobwebs, Lo! I saw my trundle bed.  
[Omit . . .]

2nd ending. pp (OLD MELODY.)



"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber! Holy angels guard thy bed!"

- 4 While I listen to the music  
Stealing on in gentle strain,  
I am carried back to childhood—  
I am now a child again:  
'Tis the hour of my retiring,  
At the dusky eventide;  
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,  
As of yore, by mother's side.

- 5 Hands are on my head so loving,  
As they were in childhood's days;  
I, with weary tones, am trying  
To repeat the words she says;  
'Tis a prayer in language simple  
As a mother's lips can frame:  
"Father, Thou who art in heaven,  
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

\* Use second ending.

- 6 Prayer is over: to my pillow  
With a "good-night!" kiss I creep,  
Scarcely waking while I whisper,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
Then my mother, o'er me bending,  
Prays in earnest words, but mild:  
\* "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,  
Bless, oh bless, my precious child!"

- 7 Yet I am but only dreaming:  
Ne'er I'll be a child again;  
Many years has that dear mother  
In the quiet graveyard lain;  
But her blessed, blessed spirit  
Daily hovers o'er my head,  
Calling me from earth to heaven,  
Even from my trundle bed.

## To the Rescue.

P. J. OWENS. Ch'd by H. T. C.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Death-bells tolling, tolling, tolling, Wrecks adrift and breakers rolling;  
 2. Voices cheering, life-boats steering, See, the helping hands are nearing,  
 3. Joy-bells ringing, ringing, ringing, Friends a hearty welcome bringing;

Where the floods of intemperance rave, Light the beacon and speed to save.  
 Je - sus comes with His power to save, For their ransom His life He gave.  
 Heaven bends down with joy to hear, Greet the rescued with words of cheer.

## CHORUS.

Sign . . . our pledge, now sign,

Sign our pledge, oh, sign, now sign, And strength divine shall yet be thine;

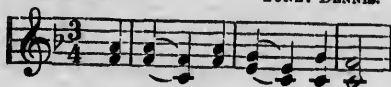
Sign . . . our pledge, now sign,

Sign our pledge, oh, sign, now sign, Touch not, taste not the wine.

## 215 Redeeming the Time.

DR. BONAR.

TUNE: DENNIS.



- 1 Make haste, O man, to live,  
For thou so soon must die;  
Time hurries past thee like the breeze  
How swift its moments fly
- 2 Make haste, O man, to do  
Whatever must be done;  
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,  
Thy day will soon be gone.
- 3 Up, then, with speed, and work;  
Fling ease and self away;  
This is no time for thee to sleep;  
Up, watch, and work, and pray!
- 4 Make haste, O man, to live,  
Thy time is almost o'er;  
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,  
The Judge is at the door!

## 216 Where is My Boy To-Night?

DR. R. LOWRY.

(G. H. 279.)



- 1 Where is my wandering boy to-night?  
The boy of my tenderest care,  
The boy that was once my joy and light,  
The child of my love and prayer?

CHORUS.

O where is my boy to-night?  
O where is my boy to-night? [knows,  
My heart o'erflows, for I love him he  
O where is my boy to-night?

- 2 Once he was pure as morning dew,  
As he knelt at his mother's knee;  
No face was so bright, no heart more true  
And none was so sweet as he.
- 3 O could I see you now, my boy,  
As fair as in olden time,  
When prattle and smile made home a joy,  
And life was a merry rhyme!
- 4 Go for my wandering boy to-night;  
Go, search for him where you will;  
But bring him to me with all his blight,  
And tell him I love him still.

## 217 Heaven My Home.

MISS M. HAMPTON.

TUNE: "Home, Sweet Home." KEY OF E FLAT.

- 1 A pilgrim I journey o'er life's rugged way,  
And know I am nearing my home day by day;  
Tho' storm-clouds may gather, no evil I'll fear,  
My Saviour is with me to comfort and cheer.

CHORUS.

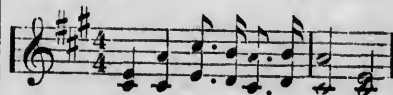
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Oh, the joy of the meeting with loved ones  
at home.

- 2 When burdened and weary I faint by the way,  
His strong hand supports me, His staff is my  
stay;  
My burden grows lighter, I rise and rejoice  
At the touch of His hand and the sound of His  
voice.
- 3 My journey grows shorter, I soon shall behold  
The beautiful gates of the city of gold,  
And through their bright portals with rapture  
I'll see  
The mansion prepared by my Saviour for me.
- 4 Oh, what are my conflicts, my trials and tears?  
They'll all be forgotten when heaven appears;  
Oh, glorious prospect! no more I shall roam,  
But dwell evermore with my Saviour at  
home.

## 218 The Precious Name.

MRS. BAXTER.

(G. H. 72.)



- 1 Take the Name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe—  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it, then, wherever you go.

CHORUS.

Precious Name, O how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

- 2 Take the Name of Jesus ever  
As a shield from every snare;  
If temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.
- 3 Oh! the precious Name of Jesus;  
How it thrills our souls with joy,  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ!
- 4 At the Name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,  
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,  
When our journey is complete.

# 219 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

SIR J. BOWRING.

J. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;  
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,  
 4. Baue and bless - ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sancti - fi - ed;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lustre to the day.  
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.

# 220 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER.

TUNE: No. 219.

- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
 Like the wideness of the sea;  
 There's a kindness in His justice,  
 Which is more than liberty.
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
 And more graces for the good;  
 There is mercy with the Saviour;  
 There is healing in His blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measure of man's mind;  
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal  
 Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take Him at His word;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

# 221 Grace and Glory.

A. GARDNER.

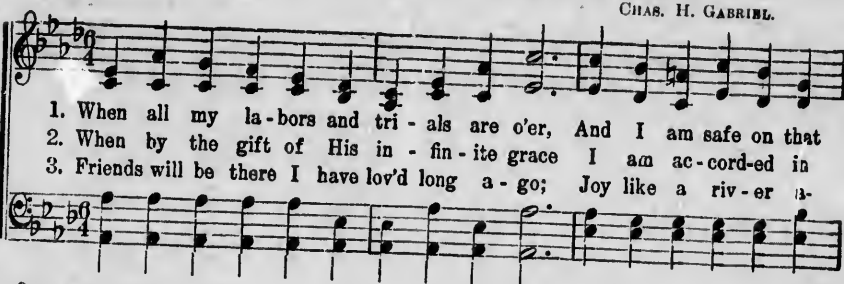
TUNE: No. 222.

- 1 Jesus our Saviour—How great is Thy love,  
 Coming to seek us from heaven above;  
 Loving us freely, when wand'ring and lost,  
 Stopping to ransom at infinite cost.  
 Jesus our Lord—Praises we bring,  
 Glory to Thee, gladly we sing;  
 Jesus our Saviour, Redeemer and Friend,  
 Thine be the glory, Whose praise ne'er shall  
 end.
- 2 Jesus our Saviour—Thine only the power,  
 Snapping ein's fetters in sorrow's dark hour;  
 Gone is our bondage, and now we are free  
 Ours is the vict'ry, all honour to Thee.
- 3 Jesus our Saviour—Thy merits we praise,  
 Songs of thanksgiving unitedly raise;  
 Mercy and truth in Thy person combine,  
 Glory and honour and power are Thine.

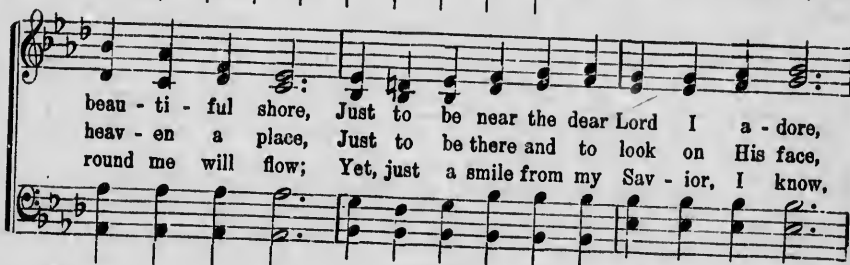
## Oh, That Will Be Glory.

C.H.G.

CHAR. H. GABRIEL.

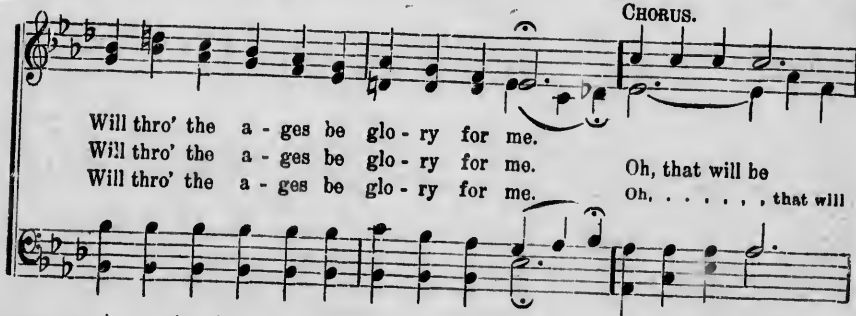


1. When all my la-bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that  
 2. When by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace I am ac-cord-ed in  
 3. Friends will be there I have lov'd long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-



beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,  
 heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,  
 round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,

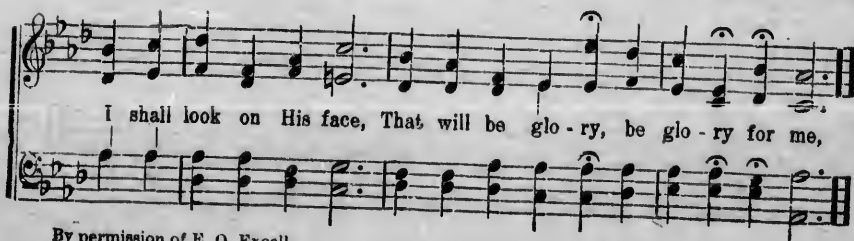
## CHORUS.



Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me.  
 Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me.  
 Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me. Oh, that will be  
 Oh, . . . . . , that will



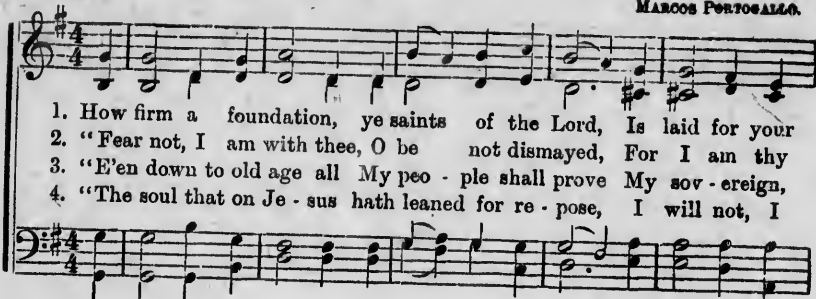
glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me, When by His grace  
 be glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me, . . . . .



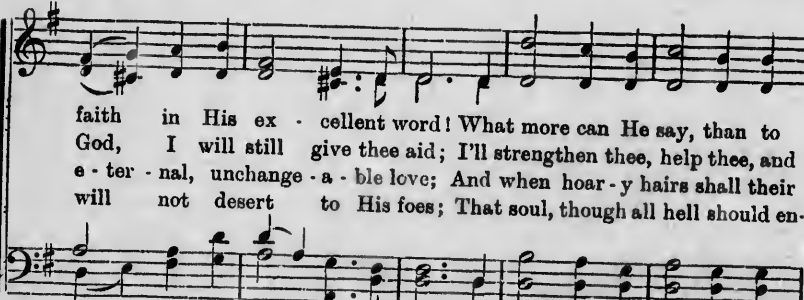
I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me,

G. KEITH.

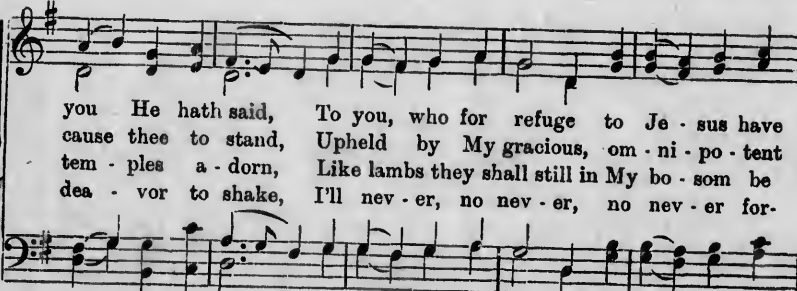
MARCOs PORTUGALLO.



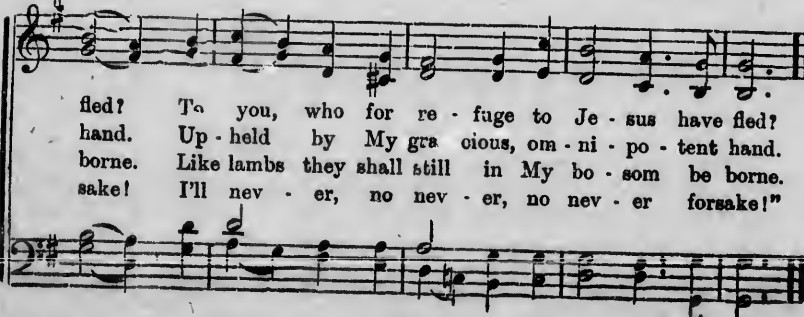
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy  
 3. "E'en down to old age all My peo - ple shall prove My sov - ereign,  
 4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex - cellent word! What more can He say, than to  
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
 e - ter - nal, unchange - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their  
 will not desert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should en -



you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Je - sus have  
 cause thee to stand, Upheld by My gracious, om - ni - po - tent  
 tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bo - som be  
 dea - vor to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for -



fied? To you, who for re - fuge to Je - sus have fled?  
 hand. Up - held by My gra - cious, om - ni - po - tent hand.  
 borne. Like lambs they shall still in My bo - som be borne.  
 sake! I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er forsake!"

## 224 O Weep for the Fallen.

Arranged.

TUNE: No. 223.

- 1 O weep for the fallen, hang your head in sorrow,  
And mournfully sing the requiem, sad and slow;  
Thousands have perished by the fell destroyer,  
||: O weep for youth and beauty: || in the grave laid low.
- 2 Sad voices of wailing tell of hopeless anguish,  
While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go;  
Hark to their accents, there's the broken-hearted,  
||: Who weep for youth and beauty: || in the grave laid low.
- 3 O hear how they bid us sound the timely warning,  
While yet there is hope to shun the cup of woe;  
For, is it nothing, ye who see no danger,  
||: To weep for youth and beauty: || in the grave laid low?
- 4 Then weep for the fallen, but, amid your sorrow,  
Still point them to Christ Who freedom can bestow;  
Rescue the nation from the fell destroyer,  
||: For why should youth and beauty: || in the grave lie low.

## 225 Montgomery.

(C. M.)

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O Thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way!  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

## 226 Adeste Fideles.

TUNE: No. 222.

- 1 O come, all ye faithful, enter now the temple,  
Which here our great God has made for all  
who Him serve;  
Raise we our voices, joyful in thanksgiving,  
||: With cheerful adoration: || thus praise we the Lord.
- 2 Come, let us worship our dear Lord and Saviour,  
Who gave His precious self the sinner to save;  
Grateful devotion offer we unto Him,  
||: With cheerful adoration: || thus praise we the Lord.
- 3 Ever sincerely offering our homage  
To our benign, forgiving Lord and God;  
Bless Him forever, sing His praise eternally,  
||: With cheerful adoration: || thus praise we the Lord.
- 4 Glorious, eternal, merciful Redeemer,  
Deign to receive our earnest fervent prayers:  
Graciously hear us, bending thus before Thee,  
||: With cheerful adoration: || thus praise we the Lord.

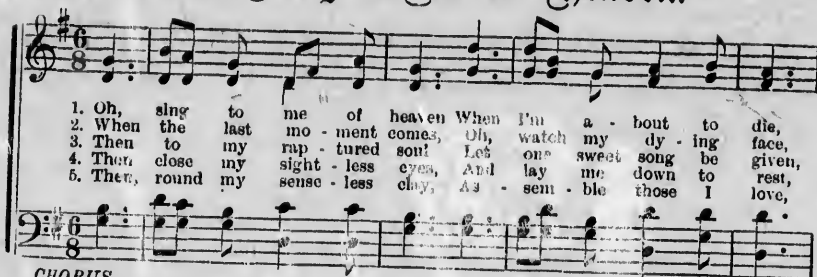
## 227 Don't Go Near the Bar-Room.

KEY OF B FLAT.

TUNE: "Just before the Battle."

- 1 Don't go near the bar-room, brother,  
Listen to a sister's prayer,  
Do not yield to its temptation, —  
Sin and death are lurking there.  
Do not heed the gilded palace,  
'Tis a mask the tempter wears,  
For deep destruction lurks beneath it,  
And will meet you unawares.
- CHORUS.
- Dearest brother, will you never  
From the luring wine abstain,  
O by the love you bear me, brother,  
Break, O break the demon's chain.
- 2 Don't go near the bar-room, brother,  
Shun it as an evil place;  
It will bring you desolation, —  
Cover you with deep disgrace.  
Friends and kindred all around you,  
Counsel you to pass it by;  
The pleadings of your darling sister  
Strengthen you once more to try.
  - 3 Don't go near the bar-room, brother,  
Touch not, taste not of the wine,  
There is poison in its contact, —  
Do not worship at its shrine.  
Join the grand teetotal army,  
Shun the bar-room and the cup,  
Then in strong love we'll work together,  
Till the demon shall give up.

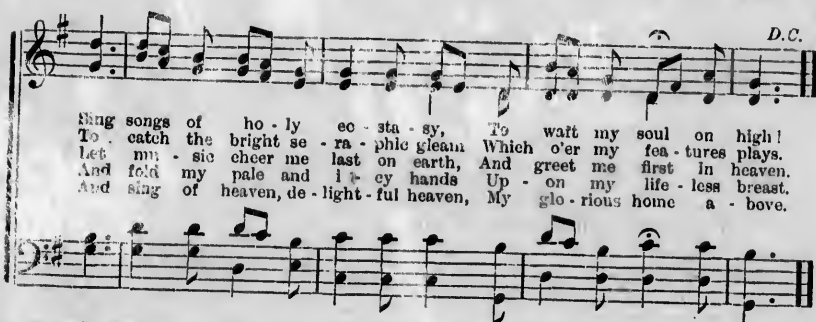
# 228 Oh, Sing to Me of Heaven.



1. Oh, sing to me of heaven When I'm a - bout to die,  
 2. When the last mo - ment comes, Oh, watch my dy - ing face,  
 3. Then to my rap - tured soul! Let one sweet song be given,  
 4. Then, close my sight - less eyes, And lay me down to rest,  
 5. Then, round my sense - less clay, As - sem - ble those I love,

## CHORUS.

There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there,



sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To wait my soul on high!  
 To catch the bright se - ra - phic gleam Which o'er my fea - tures plays.  
 Let my - sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heaven.  
 And fold my pale and i - cy hands Up - on my life - less breast.  
 And sing of heaven, de - light - ful heaven, My glo - rious home a - bove.

In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

# 229 I'm Glad Salvation's Free.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 When shall Thy love constrain,  
And force me to Thy breast?  
When shall my soul return again  
To her eternal rest?

## CHORUS.

||: I'm glad salvation's free, ||  
 Salvation's free for you and me,  
 I'm glad salvation's free.

- 2 Ah! what avails my strife,  
My wandering to and fro?

TUNE: No. 228.

Thou hast the words of endless life:  
 Ah! whither should I go?

- 3 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?

- 4 Nay, but I yield, I yield;  
I can hold out no more;  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own Thee conqueror.

# 230 I Love to Think of Heaven.

TUNE: No. 228.

- 1 I love to think of heaven,  
Where white-robed angels are,  
Where many a friend is gathered safe,  
From fear, and toil, and care.

## CHORUS.

There'll be no parting there, ||  
 In heaven above where all is love,  
 There'll be no parting there.

- 2 I love to think of heaven,  
Where my Redeemer reigns,

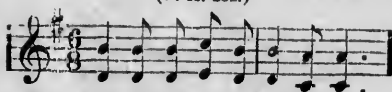
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,  
 In endless, joyous strains.

- 3 I love to think of heaven,  
The saints' eternal home, [fade,  
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'  
And all our joys are one.

- 4 I love to think of heaven,  
The greetings there we'll meet,  
The harps—the songs forever ours—  
The walks—the golden streets.

# 231 Beautiful Words.

(G. H. 282.)



- 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;  
||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,  
Wonderful words of Life. :||
- 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,  
Wooing us to heaven,  
Beautiful, etc.
- 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,  
Beautiful, etc.

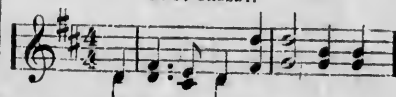
# 232 Come We.

TUNE: No. 228.

- 1 Come we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround His throne.
- CHO.—||: I'm glad salvation's free, :||  
Salvation's free for you and me,  
I'm glad salvation's free.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God;  
But servants of the Heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 There we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of His grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 4 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

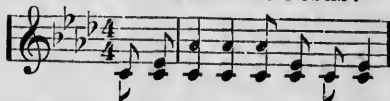
# 233 Speaking for Jesus.

F. J. CROSBY.



- 1 Now just a word for Jesus,  
Your dearest Friend so true;  
Come, cheer our hearts, and tell us,  
What He has done for you.
- 2 Now just a word for Jesus—  
'Twill help us on our way;  
One little word for Jesus,  
Oh speak, or sing, or pray.
- 3 Now just a word for Jesus;  
You feel your sins forgiven,  
And by His grace are striving  
To reach a home in heaven.

# 234 Have You Been to Jesus?

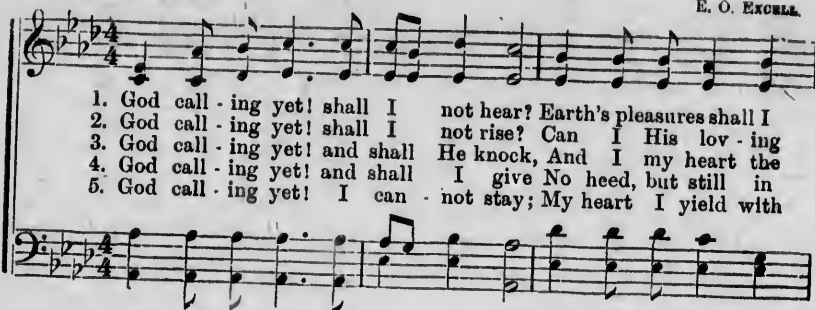


- 1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleans-  
ing power? [Lamb?  
Are you washed in the blood of the  
Are you fully trusting in His grace  
this hour? [Lamb?  
Are you wash'd in the blood of the
- CHO.—Are you wash'd in the blood,  
In the soul-cleansing blood of  
the Lamb?  
Are your garments spotless?  
Are they white as snow?  
Are you wash'd in the blood of  
the Lamb?
- 2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's  
side? [Lamb?  
Are you wash'd in the blood of the  
Do you rest each moment in the  
crucified? [Lamb?  
Are you wash'd in the blood of the
- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh will  
your robes be white, [Lamb?  
Pure and white in the blood of the  
Will your soul be ready for the man-  
sions bright? [Lamb?  
And be wash'd in the blood of the
- 4 Lay aside the garments that are  
stained with sin, [Lamb;  
And be wash'd in the blood of the  
There's a fountain flowing for the  
soul unclean—  
O be wash'd in the blood of the  
Lamb!

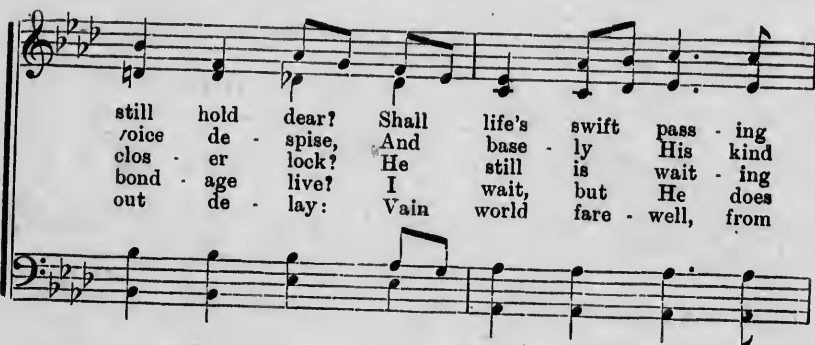
## God is Calling Yet.

GERHARD TESSTENOM.

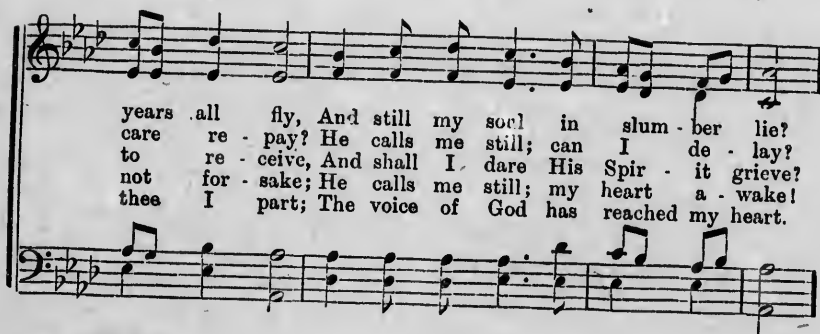
E. O. EXCELL.



1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I  
 2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing  
 3. God call - ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the  
 4. God call - ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in  
 5. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with

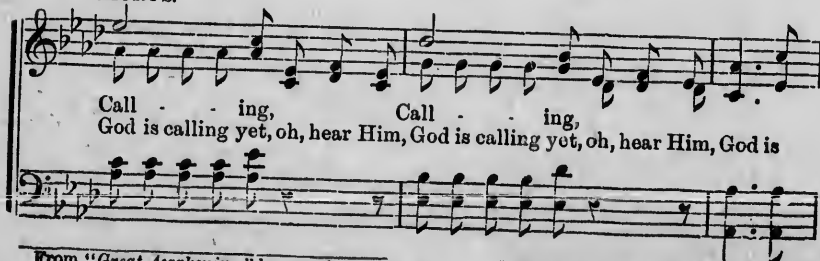


still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing  
 voice de - spise, And base - ly His kind  
 clos - er lock? He still is wait - ing  
 bond - age live? I wait, but He does  
 out de - lay: Vain world fare - well, from



years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?  
 care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?  
 to re - ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?  
 not for - sake; He calls me still; my heart a - wake!  
 thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

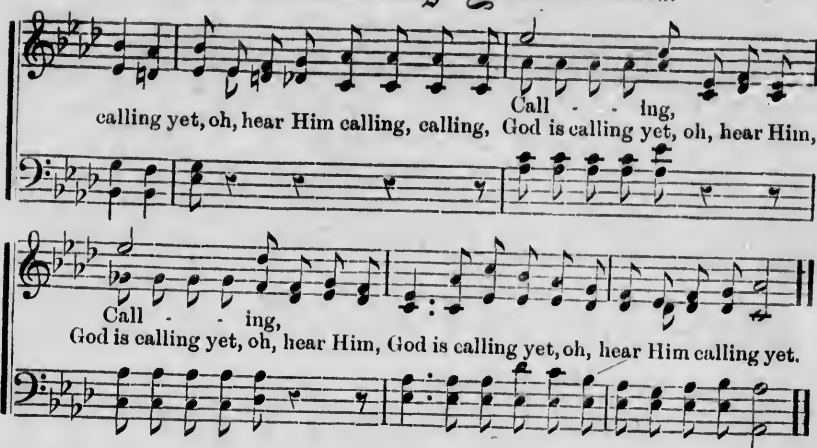
## CHORUS.



Call - ing, Call - ing,  
 God is calling yet, oh, hear Him, God is calling yet, oh, hear Him, God is

From "Great Awakening," by permission.

# God is Calling Yet—Concluded.



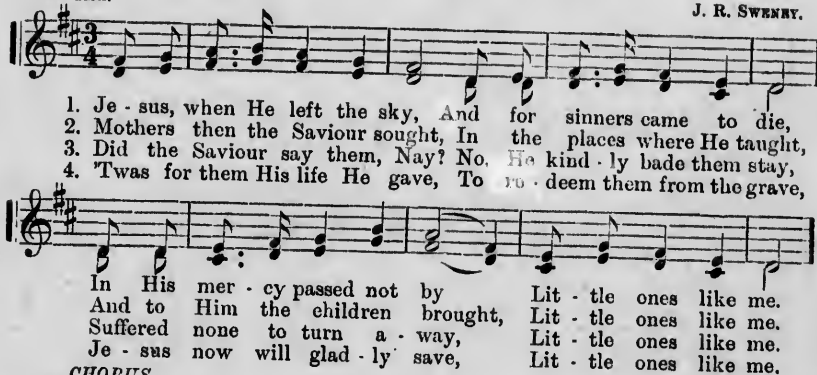
Call - ing,  
calling yet, oh, hear Him calling, calling, God is calling yet, oh, hear Him,  
Call - ing,  
God is calling yet, oh, hear Him, God is calling yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.

236

## Little Ones Like Me.

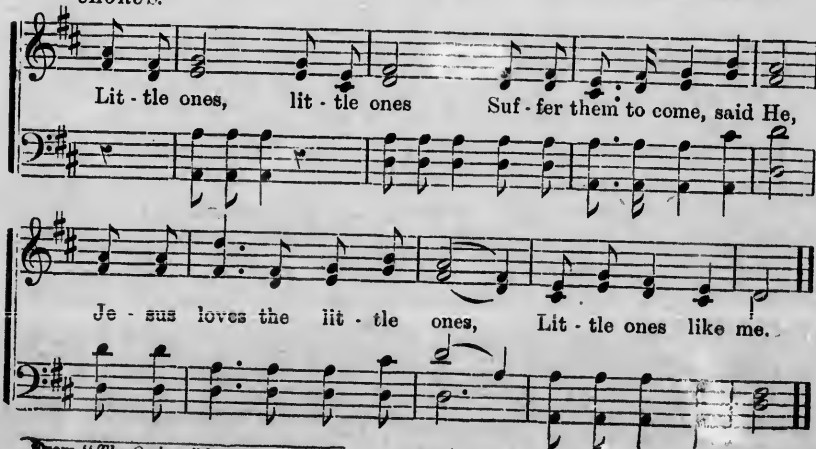
ENGLISH.

J. R. SWENNY.



1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sinners came to die,  
2. Mothers then the Saviour sought, In the places where He taught,  
3. Did the Saviour say them, Nay? No. He kind - ly bade them stay,  
4. 'Twas for them His life He gave, To re - deem them from the grave,  
In His mer - cy passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.  
And to Him the children brought, Lit - tle ones like me.  
Suffered none to turn a - way, Lit - tle ones like me.  
Je - sus now will glad - ly save, Lit - tle ones like me.

CHORUS.



Lit - tle ones, lit - tle ones Suf - fer them to come, said He,  
Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, Lit - tle ones like me.

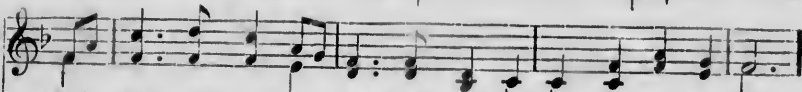
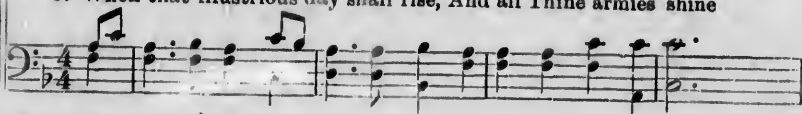
## Happy All the Day.

I. WATTS.

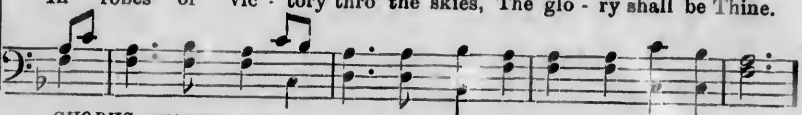
M. J. MAXWELL.



1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?  
 2. Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease,  
 3. And there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;  
 5. Thy saints in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, though they die;  
 6. When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thine armies shine



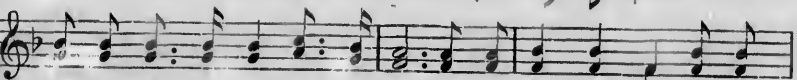
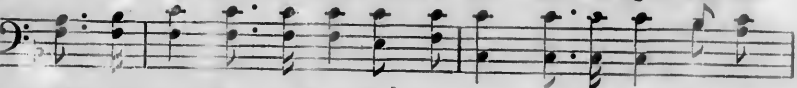
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace? To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Support - ed by Thy Word.  
 They see the triumph from a - far, By faith, they bring it nigh.  
 In robes of vic - tory thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.



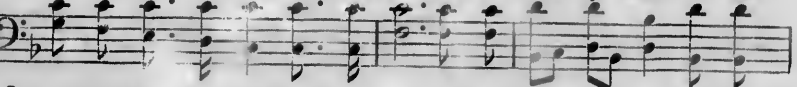
## CHORUS. (Old Southern Air.)



At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And th



burden of my heart rolled away—It was there by faith I re-



ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day, (all the day.)

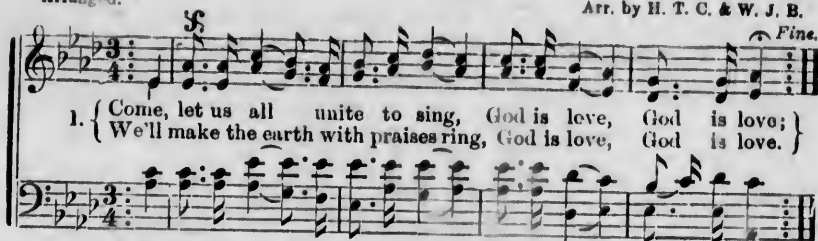


## God is Love.

Arranged.

Arr. by H. T. C. &amp; W. J. B.

*Fine.*



1. { Come, let us all unite to sing, God is love, God is love; }  
 { We'll make the earth with praises ring, God is love, God is love. }

D.S.—sing with us for Jesus' sake, God is love, God is love.



Let ev - 'ry soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet

*D.S.*



mu - sic make, And

- 2 How happy is my portion here,  
 God is love, God is love;  
 His promises my spirits cheer,  
 God is love, God is love.  
 'Twas Jesus washed my sins away,  
 And turned my darkness into day,  
 And now I can rejoice and say,  
 God is love, God is love.
- 4 When by His grace our race is run,  
 God is love, God is love,  
 The battle fought, the victory won.  
 God is love, God is love,  
 Then with united voice we'll sing  
 The praises of our Saviour King, [ring,  
 Through heaven the glad refrain shall  
 God is love, God is love.

- 3 We'll tell to earth's remotest bounds,  
 God is love, God is love,  
 In Christ we have redemption found,  
 God is love, God is love.  
 He is our Sun and Shield by day,  
 By night He near our tents will stay,  
 He will be with us all the way,  
 God is love, God is love.

## The Name of Jesus.

C. WESLEY. Arranged.

TUNE: No. 237.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise!  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace!

## CHORUS.

It was Christ, it was Christ, who first  
 gave me the light  
 And the burden of my heart rolled  
 away, [sight,  
 When I came by faith I received my  
 And now I am happy all the day.

- 2 Jesus! the Name that charms our  
 fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease,

- 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
 He sets the prisoner free;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean,  
 His blood availed for me.
- 4 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,  
 New life the dead receive;  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
 The humble poor believe.
- 5 See all your sins on Jesus laid:  
 The Lamb of God was slain,  
 His soul was once an offering made  
 For every soul of man.

## Hallelujah for the Cross!

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

DR. BONAR. Arranged.

JAS. MCGRAWHAN. Arr. by J. W. F.

*Maestoso.*

1. The cross, it stand - eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! De -  
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Its  
 3. 'Twas here the price was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Our

fy - ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The  
 triumphs let us tell, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The  
 sins on Je - sus laid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! So

*Cres.*  
 winds of hell have blown, The world its hate has shown, Yet it is not ov - er -  
 grace of God here shown Thro' Christ, the blessed Son, Who did for sin a -  
 round the cross we sing, Of Christ our Of - fer - ing, Of Christ our living

*ff* *CHORUS.*  
 thrown; Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le -  
 tone; Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!  
 King; Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah!

# Hallelujah for the Cross!—Concluded.

Gal. 6:14.

by J. W. F.

- jah! De-  
- jah! Its  
- jah! Our

ah! The  
ah! The  
ah! So

t ov-er-  
or sin a-  
ur living

hal - le-

ah!

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - - - jah for the  
hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! halle-

cross! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le  
lu - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah!

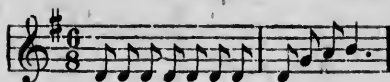
lu - jah! It shall never suffer loss;  
hal - le - lu - jah! It shall never suffer, never suffer loss;

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah for the

cross! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It shall never suffer loss.

# 241 I Am So Glad.

(G. H. 23.)



- 1 I am so glad that our Father in Heaven  
Tells of His love in the book He has given;  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;  
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

## CHORUS.

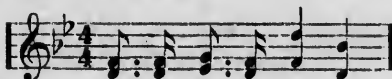
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me;  
I am so glad that Jesus loves me;  
Jesus loves even me.

- 2 Though I forget Him and wander away,  
Still he doth love me wherever I stray;  
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,  
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
- 3 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,  
Love brought Him down my poor soul to  
redeem!  
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree;  
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
- 4 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?  
Glory to Jesus, I know very well;  
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,  
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
- 5 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,  
Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;  
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,  
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

# 242 Ring the Bells.

REV. W. J. CUSHING.

(G. H. 19.)



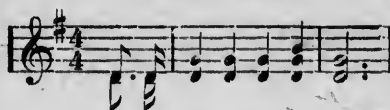
- 1 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,  
For a soul returning from the wild;  
See! the Father meets him out upon the way,  
Welcoming His weary, wandering child.

## CHORUS.

Glory! glory! how the angels sing;  
Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring;  
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,  
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

- 2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,  
For the wanderer now is reconciled:  
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,  
And is born anew a ransomed child.
- 3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast  
to-day,  
Angels swell the glad triumphant strain!  
Tell the joyous tidings! bear it far away,  
For a precious soul is born again

# 243 Angels Hovering Round.



- 1 There are angels hovering round,  
There are angels hovering round,  
There are angels hovering round.
- 2 ||: To carry the tidings home, :||
- 3 ||: To the new Jerusalem, :||
- 4 ||: Poor sinners are coming home, :||
- 5 ||: And Jesus bids them come, :||
- 6 ||: Let Him that heareth come, :||
- 7 ||: Whosoever will may come, :||
- 8 ||: O, come and trust Him now, :||
- 9 ||: Now praise we all our God, :||
- 10 ||: For His redeeming love. :||

# 244

## Come.

MRS. JOHNSON.

(G. H. 309.)



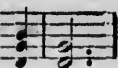
- 1 Oh word, of words the sweetest,  
Oh word, in which there lie  
All promise, all fulfilment,  
And end of mystery!  
Lamenting or rejoicing,  
With doubt or terror nigh,  
I hear the "Come!" of Jesus,  
And to His cross I fly.

## CHORUS.

"Come! oh, come to Me!  
"Come! oh, come to Me!  
"Weary, heavy-laden,  
"Come! oh, come to Me!"

- 2 O soul! why shouldst thou wander  
From such a loving Friend?  
Cling closer, closer to Him,  
Stay with Him to the end.  
Alas! I am so helpless,  
So very full of sin,  
For I am ever wandering,  
And coming back again.
- 3 Oh, each time draw me nearer,  
That soon the "Come!" may be  
Nought but a gentle whisper  
To one close, close to Thee;  
Then, over sea and mountain,  
Far from or near my home,  
I'll take Thy hand and follow.  
At that sweet whisper, "Come!"

Round.



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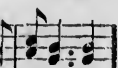
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(G. H. 809.)



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"Come!"

245

# Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Mrs. A. SMITH.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12:10.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Let us gather up the sunbeams Lying all around our path; Let us  
2. Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown; Strange that  
3. If we knew the ba-by fingers, Pressed against the window-pane, Would be  
4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fingers, How they point our memories back To the

keep the wheat and roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweetest  
we should slight the violets Till the lovely flowers are gone! Strange that summer skies and  
cold and stiff to-morrow— Never trouble us again— Would the bright eyes of our  
has-ty words and actions Strewn along our backward track! How those little hands re-

comfort In the blessings of to-day, With a patient hand re-mov-ing All the  
sunshine Never seem one-half so fair, As when winter's snowy pinions Shake the  
darling Catch the frown upon our brow? Would the prints of rosy fingers Vex us  
mind us, As in snowy grace they lie, Not to scatter thorns, but roses, For our

## CHORUS.

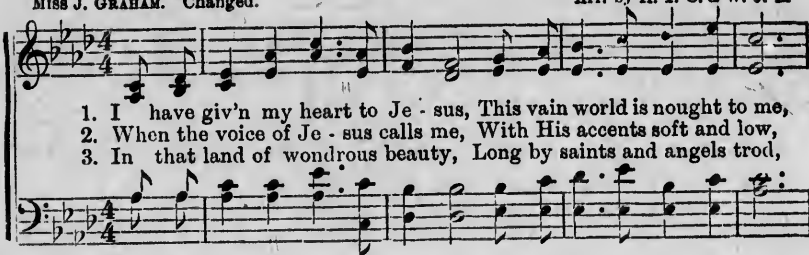
briars from the way,  
white down in the air.  
then as they do now? Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of  
reaping by and by.

ad lib.  
kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, For our reaping by and by.

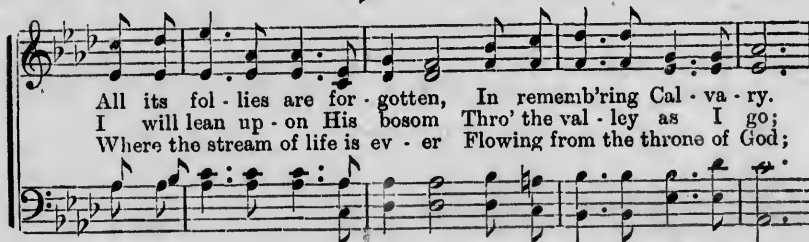
# 246 When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

Miss J. GRAHAM. Changed.

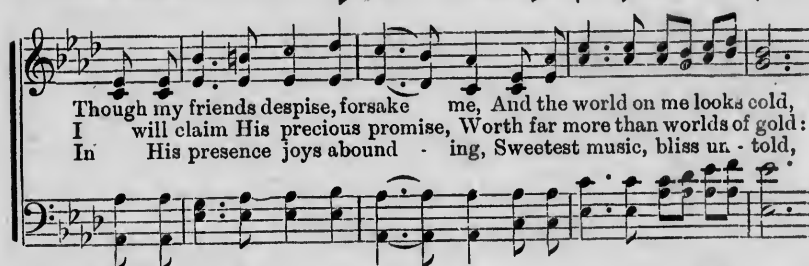
Arr. by H. T. C. & W. J. B.



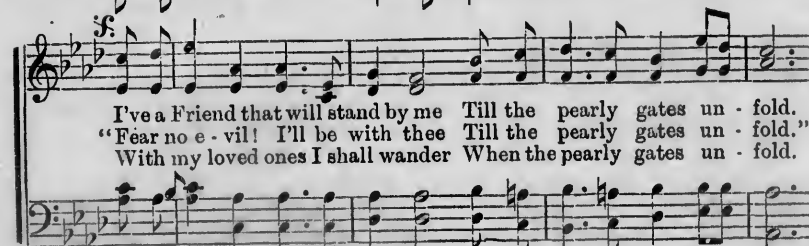
1. I have giv'n my heart to Je - sus, This vain world is nought to me,  
2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, With His accents soft and low,  
3. In that land of wondrous beauty, Long by saints and angels trod,



All its fol - lies are for - gotten, In rememb'ring Cal - va - ry.  
I will lean up - on His bosom Thro' the val - ley as I go;  
Where the stream of life is ev - er Flowing from the throne of God;



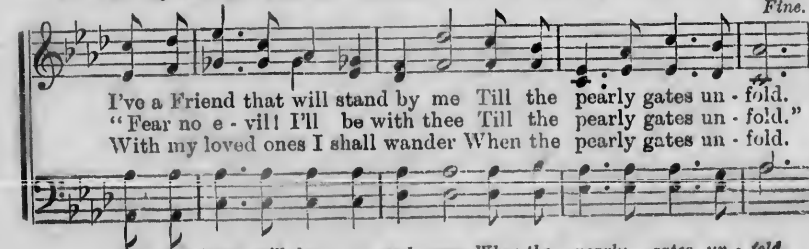
Though my friends despise, forsake me, And the world on me looks cold,  
I will claim His precious promise, Worth far more than worlds of gold:  
In His presence joys abound - ing, Sweetest music, bliss un - told,



I've a Friend that will stand by me Till the pearly gates un - fold.  
"Fear no e - vil! I'll be with thee Till the pearly gates un - fold."  
With my loved ones I shall wander When the pearly gates un - fold.

D.S.—But my heart will know no sadness, When the pearly gates un - fold.

*Fine.*

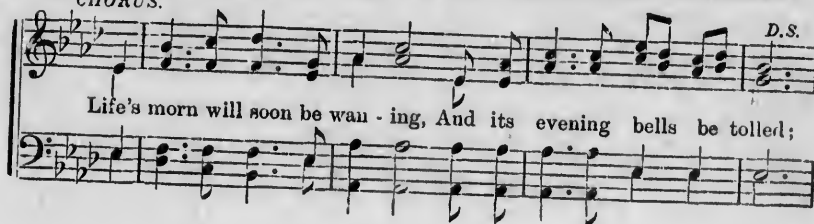


I've a Friend that will stand by me Till the pearly gates un - fold.  
"Fear no e - vil! I'll be with thee Till the pearly gates un - fold."  
With my loved ones I shall wander When the pearly gates un - fold.

But my heart will know no sad - ness, When the pearly gates un - fold.

# When the Pearly Gates Unfold—Concluded.

CHORUS.



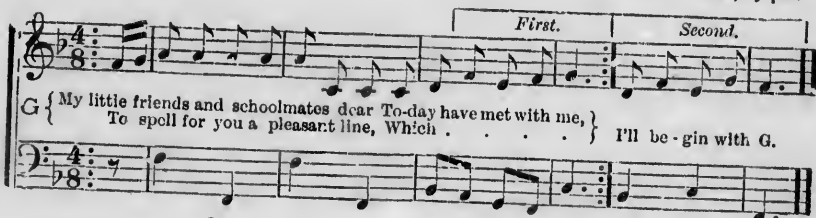
247

## Motto Song.

This concert exercise will, when properly given, be found to carry off the palm at Sunday School Anniversaries. It is to be sung by nine girls, not too small, each turning to view an appropriate letter as her verse is sung. It is well to have this song as the closing piece.—H. T. C.

T. W. HUGHES.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



G

My little friends and schoolmates dear  
To-day have met with me,  
To spell for you a pleasant line,  
Which I'll begin with G.

O

And I will do my little mite  
The precious words to show;  
And for this worthy purpose, I  
Will lend my great, round O.

D

My letter ends the holy name  
Of Him we love and fear;  
'Tis D—I'll turn it round to view,  
And you will see it here.

I

My mission is an humble one,  
Yet to do good I'll try;  
To help all, when I'm needed, so  
I now will furnish I.

S

My little aid is needed now,  
To give this song success;  
So joyfully I bring to view  
My crooked letter S.

L

And now another word we spell—  
A word endeared to all;  
And as I see my turn has come,  
The letter L I'll call.

O

Although my letter you have seen  
Upon the platform here,  
Still our sweet word, without an O,  
You could not tell, I fear.

V

As no one in our little band  
Has brought the letter V,  
I hope it will not come amiss  
If now supplied by me.

E

This and the following verse to tune No. 95.  
I will close the joyful tidings—  
Soon our motto you will see;  
All can read it very plainly  
When I add the letter E.

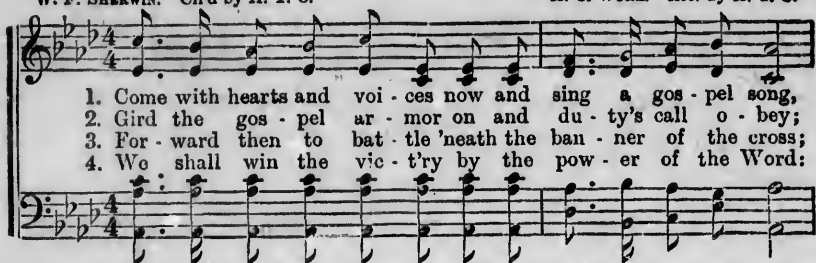
ALL.

God is love—His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove,  
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens:  
God is wisdom—God is love.

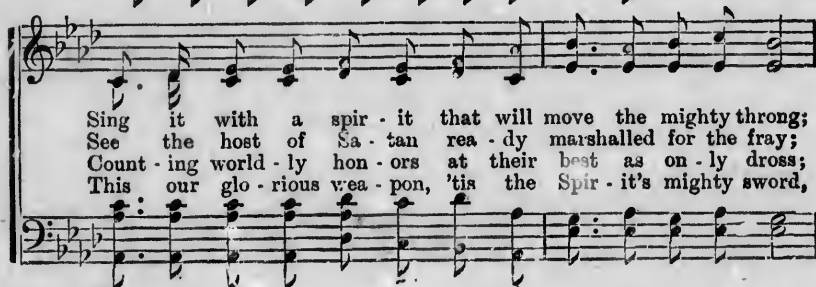
## Marching to Glory

W. F. SHERWIN. Ch'd by H. T. C.

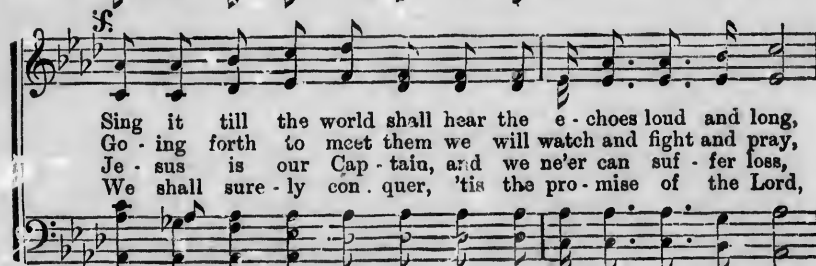
H. C. WORK. Arr. by H. T. C.



1. Come with hearts and voi - ces now and sing a gos - pel song,  
 2. Gird the gos - pel ar - mor on and du - ty's call o - bey;  
 3. For - ward then to bat - tle 'neath the ban - ner of the cross;  
 4. We shall win the vic - t'ry by the pow - er of the Word:



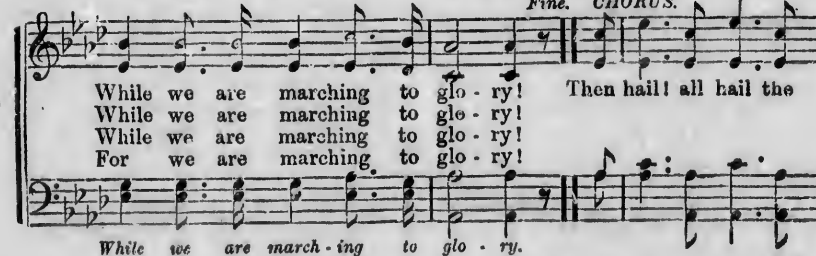
Sing it with a spir - it that will move the mighty throng;  
 See the host of Sa - tan rea - dy marshalled for the fray;  
 Count - ing world - ly hon - ors at their best as on - ly dross;  
 This our glo - rious wea - pon, 'tis the Spir - it's mighty sword,



Sing it till the world shall hear the e - choes loud and long,  
 Go - ing forth to meet them we will watch and fight and pray,  
 Je - sus is our Cap - tain, and we ne'er can suf - fer loss,  
 We shall sure - ly con - quer, 'tis the pro - mise of the Lord,

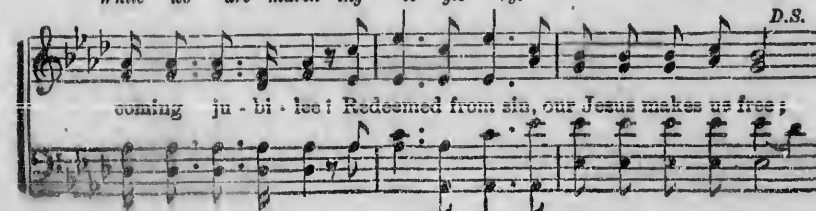
D.S.—Now we'll shout sal - va - tion ov - er mountain, land and sea,

Fine. CHORUS.



While we are marching to glo - ry! Then hail! all hail the  
 While we are marching to glo - ry!  
 While we are marching to glo - ry!  
 For we are marching to glo - ry!

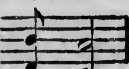
While we are march - ing to glo - ry.



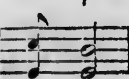
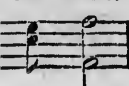
coming ju - bi - lee! Redeemed from sin, our Jesus makes us free;

Arranged by H. T. CROSSLEY.

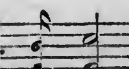
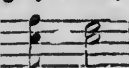
r. by H. T. O.



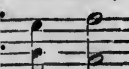
pel song,  
o - bey;  
the cross;  
the Word:



ghty throng;  
r the fray;  
- ly dross,  
ghty sword,



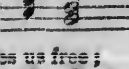
and long,  
t and pray,  
- fer loss,  
the Lord,



and sea,



all hail the



**Leader.**—"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth."—(*Ps.* 145 : 18.)

**Congregation.**—"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

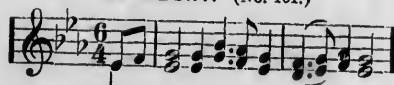
—(*1 Jno.* 1 : 9.)

**Leader.**—"He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true."

—(*Jno.* 3 : 33.)

All sing.

BRADBURY. (No. 101.)



Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

**Leader.**—"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith."—(*2 Cor.* 13 : 5.)

**Congregation.**—"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."—(*Rom.* 5 : 1.)

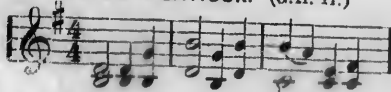
**Leader.**—"The Lord of peace Himself give you peace always by all means."—(*2 Thess.* 3 : 16.)

**Congregation.**—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

—(*Is.* 26 : 3, 4.)

All sing.

I HAVE A SAVIOUR. (G.H. 11.)



I have a peace: it is calm as a river—  
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;  
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,  
And oh, could I know it was given to you.  
¶ For you I am praying, ¶ I'm praying for you.

**Leader.**—"He is able to succor them that are tempted."—(*Heb.* 2 : 18.)

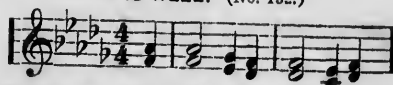
**Congregation.**—"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."—(*2 Tim.* 1 : 12.)

**Leader.**—"God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, *always* having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."—(*2 Cor.* 9 : 8.)

**Congregation.**—"Unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory."—(*Eph.* 3 : 20, 21.)

All sing.

IT IS WELL. (No. 152.)



Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,

Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

It is well with my soul,  
¶ It is well: ¶ with my soul.

**Leader.**—"Our Lord says, 'I will make an everlasting covenant with you.'"—(*Is.* 55 : 3.)

**Congregation.**—"Come and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten."—(*Jer.* 50 : 5.)

**Leader.**—"There remaineth . . . a rest to the people of God."—(*Heb.* 4 : 9.)

**Congregation.**—"Now unto Him that is able to keep us 'from falling, and to present' us 'faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.'" (*Jude* 21.)

All sing.

SWEET BY AND BY. (G.H. 204.)



We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,  
In the land where the saved never die;  
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,  
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

FOR

## INQUIRY ROOM AND HOME.

SELECTED BY H. T. CROSSLEY.

## FOR THE UNCONVERTED.

1. Are you willing to be a Christian?  
*Rev. 3:20; Jer. 29:13; 1 Jno. 1:9; Jno. 12:32; Is. 45:22; Jno. 3:14-13.*
2. Are you neglecting, halting, or resisting?  
*Heb. 2:1-3; Heb. 3:7-11; 1 Kings 18:21; Prov. 29:1; 2 Cor. 6:2.*
3. Are you ashamed to confess Christ?  
*Matt. 10:32, 33; Luke 9:26; Ps. 25:23; Rom. 1:16; Rom. 10:8-11.*
4. Are you trusting in your morality, or church membership?  
*Jer. 17:9, 10; Rom. 3:20-23; Jno. 10:8, 9; Jno. 5:10-13.*
5. Do you say: "I'm too great a sinner?"  
*Is. 1:18; Is. 43:25; Is. 55:6, 7; 1 Tim. 1:15; Heb. 7:23; Rev. 22:17.*
6. Are you afraid you will not find?  
*Jer. 29:13; Matt. 7:7, 8; Matt. 11:28, 29; Is. 45:19, 22; Jno. 7:17.*
7. Do you fear you'll fall away?—Can't God keep you?  
*1 Cor. 10:13; 2 Cor. 12:9; Rom. 8:35-39; Rom. 14:4; 1 Peter 1:5; 2 Tim. 1:12; Jude 24, 25.*
8. Have you harsh views of God?  
*Jno. 3:16; Matt. 7:9-11; 1 Jno. 3:16; Jno. 4:7-10, 16, 19; Rom. 5:6-8.*  
Do not discriminate between Jesus and God the Father.  
*Jno. 14:8, 9; 1 Tim. 3:16; 2 Cor. 5:18-21; Ps. 9:10.*
9. Are you a scorner, or an honest doubter?  
*Jno. 7:17; Jno. 3:19, 21; Jno. 19:15, 18, 30; Acts 17:11, 12; Prov. 1:20-23.*
10. Do inconsistencies of others hinder you?  
*Josh. 24:15; Phil. 4:8; Jno. 6:66-69; Rom. 14:12; Jno. 21:21, 22.*
11. Does worldly pleasure, honor, or business prevent you?  
*Matt. 6:23; Matt. 19:29, 30; Mark 8:30, 37; 2 Cor. 8:9; 1 Tim. 4:8.*
12. Do you say: "I don't feel enough?"  
*Ps. 32:9; Matt. 12:19-21; Eph. 5:14; Jno. 12:32; Is. 1:3; Ps. 95:6-11.*
13. Do you think it hard to live a Christian?  
*Micah 6:8; 1 Jno. 5:3-5; Jno. 15:15; 2 Cor. 9:8.*
14. Are you a backslider? Return now.  
*Rev. 2:5; Hos. 14:4; Jer. 2:19; Jer. 3:11-14, 22; Luke 15:13-24.*
15. Are you living in open or secret sin?  
*Ecd. 8:11; Ecd. 9:13; Ecd. 11:9; Gal. 6:7, 8; Prov. 11:19; Prov. 28:13; Is. 55:6, 7.*

## FOR CHRISTIANS.

1. Is your heart filled with love?  
*1 Jno. 4:16-19; Mark 12:29-31; Eph. 3:17-21; Jno. 14:23; Rev. 3:20.*
2. Are you doing your duty to the poor?  
*Ps. 41:1-3; Prov. 19:17; 1 Tim. 6:17-19; Matt. 25:31-46.*
3. Do not expect similar manifestations and details in all conversions and Christian experiences. The yielding trust and peace are the essentials.  
*Acts 8:26-9; Acts 9:1-22; Acts 19:42-43; Acts 16:14, 15; Acts 25:34; Heb. 10:23; Heb. 12:12; Rom. 5:1; Is. 26:3, 4.*
4. Can we be certain we are saved?  
*Matt. 24:44; 1 Cor. 2:12; Heb. 6:16-20; 1 Jno. 3:1, 2; Jno. 10:2-5, 14.*
5. How may we know we are Christians?  
*Rom. 5:1; Rom. 8:14-17; 1 Jno. 2:3; 1 Jno. 3:14, 24; 1 Jno. 5:9-12; Jno. 3:33.*
6. Have you fears of death? Read:  
*Ps. 23:4; Josh. 3:14-17; Josh. 4:1-18; Heb. 2:14, 15; 1 Cor. 15:55-58.*
7. Have you doubts about reaching heaven?  
*Lu. 12:32; Heb. 6:16-20; 2 Tim. 1:12; Jude 24, 25.*

## FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

1. There is a power that qualifies and disposes for work. Have you received this power?  
*Acts 1:8; Is. 6:5-8; Ps. 51:9-13; Lu. 24:48, 49.*
2. Have faith in God to direct and use you, though weak.  
*1 Cor. 1:27-31; 1 Cor. 3:6-9; Acts 8:29; Dan. 12:8; Ps. 126:6; Jas. 5:19, 20.*
3. Have unbounded faith that children and youth can be Christians.  
*Prov. 22:6; Matt. 18:1-6; Mark 10:13-16; Eccl. 12:1; Jno. 21:15.*
4. Do not argue, but invite to prove.  
*Jno. 1:45, 46; Is. 1:18; Is. 55:6, 7; 1 Thess. 5:21; 1 Tim. 1:15.*
5. Use God's Word and Christian experience.  
*Jer. 20:9; Jno. 1:41, 45; Acts 8:35; Acts 26:9-27; 2 Tim. 3:15.*
6. Do not tell a person he is saved. That is the Holy Spirit's work. Show how to be saved.  
*1 Jno. 5:10; Jer. 6:14; 1 Cor. 2:10-13; Rom. 8:16.*
7. Feel the necessity, and prove the power of prayer.  
*Jer. 33:8; Rom. 8:26, 27; Jas. 5:16; Heb. 11:6.*

OME.

# INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES.

ANS.

? 12: 29-31; *Eph.*  
*Rev.* 3: 20.  
the poor?  
7; 1 *Tim.* 6: 17

estations and de-  
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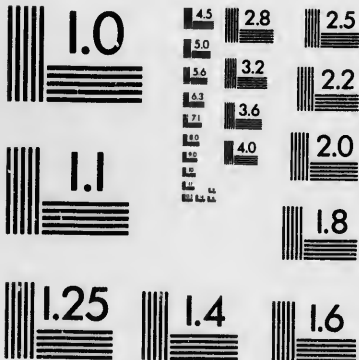
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