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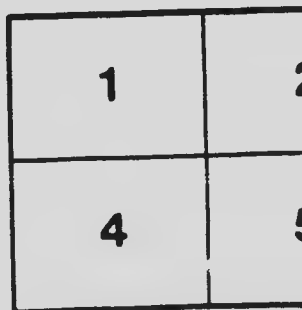
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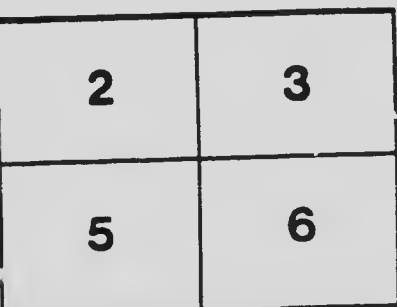
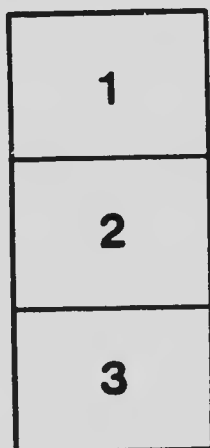
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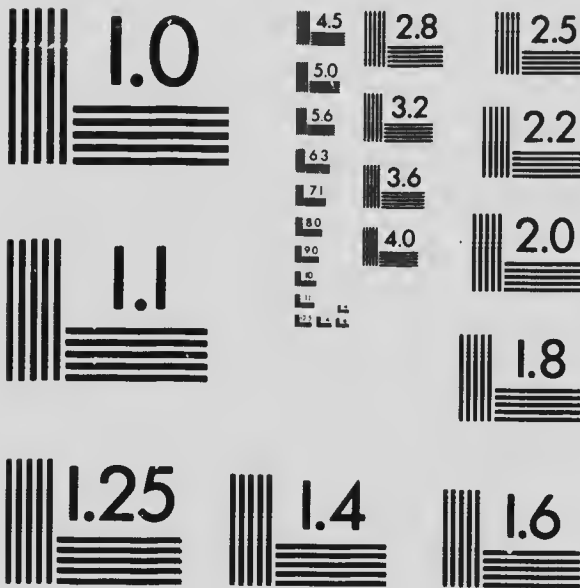
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PREFACE

The Hymns in this book have been selected mostly from other books of much greater magnitude, but were not quite suitable for the purpose this one is intended. We have endeavored to insert only Scriptural Hymns and those best adapted for use in our Gospel meetings. It contains also a number suitable for Sunday School work and Believers' meetings. We believe this little book will supply a *felt need* in this part, and pray that the Lord will graciously deign to use it, to the blessing of many souls.

If for any cause a Hymn is found without the permission of the author or publisher, the compiler hopes that such may be forgiven.

• *incouwer, B. C., 1913.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1922

PHYSICS

1

1 A ruler once came to Jesus by night,
To ask Him the way of Salvation and light:
The Master made answer in words true and
plain:

“Ye must be born again!”

Cho.—“Ye must be born again!”....

“Ye must be born again!”....

I verily, verily say unto thee—

“Ye must be born again!”....

2 Ye children of men, attend to the word,
So solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord;
And let not this message to you be in vain;
“Ye must be born again!”....

3 O ye who would enter this glorious rest,
And sing with the ransomed the song of the
blest;
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
“Ye must be born again.”....

2

1 A sinner bound for eternity,
Needs a shelter in the time of storm,
And Jesus says come unto me,
I'm a shelter in the time of storm.

Cho.—O! Jesus is a rock in a weary land,
In a weary land, a weary land;

O! Jesus is a rock in a weary land—

A shelter in the time of storm.

- 2 He died on the cross to purchase thee—
 A shelter in a time of storm;
 He lives again and offers free
 A shelter in the time of storm;
- 3 A harbor of safety He offers thee—
 A shelter in the time of storm;
 O, wilt thou now to the refuge flee;
 He's a shelter in the time of storm.
- 4 Off a rock-bound coast and fast asleep,
 Beware of the time of storm.
 When thousands will wake to wail and weep,
 Unsheltered in the time of storm.
- 5 O! trifle not with this day of grace;
 He's a shelter in the time of storm,
 For vengeance soon will take its place;
 He's a shelter in a time of storm.

3

- 1 Again the blessed Gospel I have heard,
 That Word divine and true,
 And God again hath spoken to my soul;
 Oh now what shall I do?
- Cho.—I come I come
 I come to Thee my God,
 I do Thy love believe,
 I do accept Thy gift of life and peace,
 I do Thy Son receive.
- 2 My wayward heart has wandered far from
 Thee
 And known no rest or home,
 No present peace, no hope of joy beyond,
 But now to Thee I come.

3 No words of mine, no merit can I bring,
No holiness within,
I only trust the precious blood of Christ;
It cleanses from all sin.

4

1 Ah! many years my burdened heart
Had sighed and longed to know,
The virtues of the Saviour's blood,
That washes white as snow.

Cho.—There's power in Jesus' blood,
That washes white as snow.

2 I heard the saints in rapture tell,
How much a soul may know,
Of Jesus' precious cleansing blood,
That washes white as snow.

3 I came to Jesus sick and vile,
That I His grace might know:
And trusting in His precious blood,
It washed me white as snow.

4 He cast on me a look of love
Such as no words can show,
I knew within my weary heart
He washed me white as snow.

5 Oh, tell to every saint you meet,
To sinners high and low:
That trusting in the Saviour's blood,
It washes white as snow.

5

1 All glory to Jesus be given,
That life and salvation are free;
And all may be washed and forgiven,
For Jesus has saved even me.

Cho.—Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,
And all His salvation may know,
On His bosom I lean
And His blood makes me clean,
For His blood can wash whiter than snow.

2 From darkness, and sin, and despair,
Out into the light of His love
He has brought me and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions above.

3 Oh, the rapturous height of His love!
The measureless depth of His grace!
My soul all His fulness would prove,
And live in His loving embrace.

4 In Him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely His blood is applied,
His blood that makes whiter than snow.

6

1 All things are ready—Come!
Come to the supper spread;
Come, rich and poor; come, old and young;
Come and be richly fed.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 All things are ready—Come!
The invitation's given,
Through Him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.

3 All things are ready—Come!
The door is open wide;
Oh, feast upon the love of God!
For Christ, His Son, has died.

4 All things are ready—Come!
All hindrance is removed;
And God, in Christ, His precious love
To sinners now has proved!

5 All things are ready—Come!
Tomorrow may not be;
Oh, sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee.

7

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 today!
"Almost persuaded;" turn not away.
Jesus invites you here;
Angels are lingering near;
Prayers rise from hearts so dear,
O wanderer, come!

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.

8

1 Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere He leads me in this world below;
Anywhere without Him dearest joys would
fade,
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

Cho.—Anywhere, anywhere, fear I cannot
know,
Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go.

2 Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone,
Other friends may fail me, He is still my own;
Even though He leads me over dreariest ways,
Anywhere with Jesus, is a house of praise.

3 Anywhere with Jesus, I can go to sleep,
Though the darkening shadows round about
me creep;
Knowing I shall waken never more to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus shall be home, sweet
home.

9

1 As I bid adieu to the world's fancied pleasures
You pity my weakness, alas! did you know,
The joys of salvation, that best hidden treasure,
Would you have me forsake them, ah never,
ah no!

2 In the gay scenes of life I was happiness
wooing,
But ah, in its stead, I encountered but woe;
And found I was only a phantom pursuing,
I never once found it, ah never, ah no.

3 How bright now the sunbeams of glory are
shining
Around my sweet path as to heaven I go;
With Christ in my heart on His promise
reclining,
Shall I yield up my treasure, ah never,
ah no.

4 But now in the path which you call melan-
choly,
I drink of the joys that the world does
not know;
Come taste them and try them, you'll own
your past folly,
Nor again bid me flee them, ah never, ah no.

5 By the counsels of Jesus my feet are directed
My faithful Companion, we intimate grow;
With His love I am blest, by His arm I'm
protected;
Would you have me forsake them, ah never,
ah no.

10

1 Behold Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore,
With gentle voice: Oh, heart of sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

Cho.—Beheld Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

2 I bore the cruel thorns for thee,
I've waited long and patiently:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

3 I would not plead with thee in vain;
Remember all My grief and pain!
I died to ransom thee from sin:
May I come in? may I come in?

4 I bring thee joy from heaven above,
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

11

1 Behold the Lamb of God,
Who bore a vile world's sin;
Look unto Him and be thou saved,
The promise takes thee in.

Cho.—Believe, and you'll be saved—
The promise takes thee in;
The Saviour see, He died for thee,
The promise takes thee in.

2 For God so loved the world,
He gave His only Son,
That whosoever Him believes,
Eternal death should shun.

3 Gaze on His thorn-wreathed brow,
Behold the crimson tide
Flow from His head, His hands, His feet,
And from His open side.

+ He shed His precious blood,
To cleanse thy every stain;
If thou believe, it will thee cleanse,
Nor shall one spot remain.

12

1 Behold what love, what boundless love,
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be,
Now called the sons of God!

Cho.—Behold what manner of love!
What manner of love the Father hath
bestowed upon us,
That we—that we should be called,
Should be called—the sons of God.

2 No longer far from Him, but now,
By “precious blood” made nigh
Accepted in the “Well-beloved,”
Near to God’s heart we lie.

3 What we in glory soon shall be,
It doth not yet appear;
But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.

+ With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

- 1 Bright in the glory, where my Lord has
gone before;
Safe in the glory, to go out no more!
I shall soon be sheltered, with His likeness
satisfied,
All my thoughts concentre'd on the Glorified.
Jesus, Lord Jesus! Thou art all-in-all to
me!
Jesus, Lord Jesus! all my joy's in Thee!
- 2 Soon in the glory, I shall see my Lord who
died!
Throned in the glory lives the Crucified!
Lightly weighs life's burden, as I journey
gladly on,
Precious is my guerdon, Christ, the Risen
One.
Jesus, Lord Jesus! Thou art all-in-all to
me!
Jesus, Lord Jesus! I would live to Thee!
- 3 There in the glory we shall gather every
one;
Loud in the glory raise the joyful song;
Unto Him that loved us, never ceasing
praise be given.
Sing ye Hallelujah to the Lord of Heaven.
Jesus, Lord Jesus! praise and glory be to
Thee!
Jesus, Lord Jesus! we shall reign with
Thee!

14

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

Cho.—This be my story, this be 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.

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.

15

1 By faith in a glorified Christ on the throne,
We give up the joys of the world to its own;
As strangers and pilgrims we plainly declare,
Our home is up yonder; but *will you be there?*

2 We're watching for Jesus, who entered within
The holiest of all, when He put away sin;
A place in the glory He's gone to prepare,
Where we shall be with Him; but *will you
be there?*

3 We're waiting for Jesus; His promise is plain,
His word's sure and steadfast, He's coming
again;
A numberless people will meet in the air
The Lord who redeemed them; but *will you
be there?*

4 In the home of our Father the banquet is
spread,
There the naked are clothed and the hungry
are fed;
The house is fast filling—there is yet room
to spare;
Not a seat will be vacant; but *will you be
there?*

16

1 By faith the Lamb of God I see
Expiring on the cross for me.
He paid the mighty debt I owe;
He died because He loved me so.

Cho.—He loved me so, He loved me so;
He died because He loved me so.

2 For me the Father sent His Son,
For me the victory He won.
To save my soul from endless woe,
He died because He loved me so.

3 So glad I am that He is mine,
So glad that I with Him shall shine.
I'll trust in Him, for this I know,
He died because He loved me so.

4 O Lamb of God that made me free
I consecrate my all to Thee.
My all, for this I surely know,
He died because He loved me so.

5 And when my Lord shall bid me come
To join the loved ones round the throne,
I'll sing as through the gates I go,
He died because He loved me so.

17

- 1 "Call them in!"—the poor and wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer:
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in!"—the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;
He is waiting—"Call them in!"
- 2 "Call them in!"—the Jew, the Gentile,
Bid the strangers to the feast:
"Call them in!"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe and ring, and royal sandals,
Wait the lost ones—"Call them in!"
- 3 "Call them in!"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message, low and tender—
" 'Twas for sinners Jesus came."
See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"Call them in!"

18

- 1 Christ has for sin atonement made, what a
wonderful Saviour,
We are redeemed, the price is paid, what a
wonderful Saviour.

Cho.—What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my
Jesus,
What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my
Lord.

- 2 I praise Him for the cleansing blood, what
a wonderful Saviour,
That reconciled my soul to God, what a
wonderful Saviour.
- 3 He cleansed me from my guilt and sin, what
a wonderful Saviour.
And now He rules and reigns within, what
a wonderful Saviour.
- 4 He walks beside me in the way, what a
wonderful Saviour,
And keeps me faithful day by day, what a
wonderful Saviour.

19

- 1 Christ is the Saviour of sinners,
Christ is the Saviour for me,
Long was I chained in sin's darkness,
Now by His grace I am free.
- Cho.—Sav....iour of sinners,
Saviour of sinners like me,
Shedding His blood for my ransom,
Christ is the Saviour for me.
- 2 Just as I was He received me,
Seeking from Judgment to flee.
Now there is no condemnation,
Christ is the Saviour for me.
- 3 Now I can say I am pardoned,
Happy and justified free,
Saved by my blessed Redeemer,
Christ is the Saviour for me.
- 4 Soon will the glory be dawning,
Then His own face I shall see.
Sing Oh my soul in thy gladness,
This is the Saviour for me.

20

- 1 Christ, my Redeemer, died on the Cross,
Died for the sinner, paid all his due;
All who receive Him, need never fear,
Yes, He will pass, will pass over you.

Cho.—When I... see the blood.
When I... see the blood.
When I... see the blood,
I will pass, I will pass over you.

- 2 Chiefest of sinners, Jesus can save.
As He has promised, so will He do;
Oh! sinner, hear Him, trust in His word,
Then He will pass, will pass over you.
- 3 Oh! what compassion. oh, boundless love!
Jesus hath power, Jesus is true,
All who believe are saved from the storm,
Oh! He will pass, will pass over you.
- 4 Judgment is coming, all will be there,
Who have rejected, who have refused;
Oh! sinner, hasten, let Jesus in,
Then God will pass. will pass over you.

21

- 1 Come, ev'ry soul by sin opprest,
There's mercy with the Lord;
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

Cho.—Only trust Him! only trust Him!
Only 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:
 It brings the sinner nigh to God,
 And 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.

22

- 1 Come! hear the gospel sound—
 "Yet there is room!"
 It tells to all around—
 "Yet there is room!"
 Though guilty, now draw near,
 Though vile, you need not fear,
 With joy you now may hear—
 "Yet there is room!"
- 2 God's love in Christ we see—
 "Yet there is room!"
 Greater it could not be—
 "Yet there is room!"
 His only Son He gave,
 He's righteous now to save
 All who on Him believe—
 "Yet there is room!"
- 3 "All things are ready: come!"
 "Yet there is room!"
 Christ everything hath done—
 "Yet there is room!"
 The work is now complete,
 "Before the mercy-seat,"
 A Saviour you shall meet—
 "Yet there is room!"

+ God's house is filling fast—
 "Yet there is room!"
 Some soul will be the last—
 "Yet there is room!"
 Yes, soon salvation's day
 From you will pass away,
 'Then grace no more will say—
 "Yet there is room!"

23

- 1 "Come," is the sweet invitation of grace;
 Come unto Jesus, the soul's resting place;
 "Come," for His suffering for sinners is done;
 "Come," for the Father's well pleased in
 His Son.
- Ch.o.—Jesus the Lord, says, "Come unto Me,"
 "Come unto Me," "Come unto me;"
 Jesus, the Lord, says, "Come unto Me,
 And I will give you rest."
- 2 "Come," for He died your lost soul to redeem;
 "Come," and have pardon and cleansing in
 Him;
 "Come," for the Father has raised Him on
 high
 Come unto Jesus, for why will ye die?
- 3 "Come," "discontented, in debt and distressed;"
 "Come," is the Saviour's most urgent request;
 "Come," everyone, is His world-wide call;
 "Come," for "all things are now ready" for all.
- 4 Jesus has "power on earth to forgive,"
 Jesus has power to make dead sinners live;
 Jesus will never cast out those who come;
 Jesus will keep them, and bear them safe
 home.

24

1 Come sing my soul, and praise the Lord,
Who hath redeemed thee by His blood,
Delivered thee from chains that bound,
And brought thee to redemption ground.

Cho.—Redemption ground, the ground of peace;
Redemption ground, O wondrous grace,
Here let our praise to God abound,
Who saves us on redemption ground.

2 Once from my God I wandered far,
And with His holy will made war;
But now my songs to God abound,
I'm standing on redemption ground.

3 No works of merit now I plead,
But Jesus take for all my need;
No righteousness in me is found,
Except upon redemption ground.

4 Come, weary soul, and here find rest;
Accept redemption and be blest;
The Christ Who died, by God is crowned,
To pardon on redemption ground.

25

1 Come, sinners, behold what Jesus hath done,
Behold how He suffered for thee:
They crucified Him, God's innocent Son,
Forsaken, He died on the tree!

Cho.—They crucified Him, they crucified Him,
They nailed Him to the tree,
And so there He died, a King crucified,
To save a poor sinner like me—like
me.

2 From heaven He came, He loved you—He died:

Such love as His never was known;
Behold, on the cross your Lord crucified,
To make you an heir to His throne.

3 There is nothing to do, for all has been done,
Just simply on Christ to believe;
And God has declared all who trust in the
Son,
The life everlasting receive.

26

1 Come, sinners, to the Living One;
He's just the same Jesus
As when He raised the widow's son—
The very same Jesus.

Cho.—The very same Jesus, the wonder-
working Jesus;
O praise His name, He's just the same
—the very same Jesus.

2 Come, feast upon the Living Bread—He's
just, etc.
As when the multitudes He fed,—The very,
etc.

3 Come tell Him all your griefs and fears,
He's, etc.,
As when He shed those loving tears,—The,
etc.

4 Come unto Him for clearer light,—He's, etc.,
As when He gave the blind their sight,—
The, etc.

- 5 Calm midst the waves of trouble be,—He's
etc.
As when He hushed the raging sea,—The, etc.
- 6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see—He's,
etc.,
O blessed day for you and me,—The, etc.

27

- 1 Come tell abroad a Saviour's love
In sacred melody,
In love He came from heaven above,
He went to Calvary.

Cho.—We now proclaim . . . His saving Name,
On Christ alone . . . depend,
And you shall know . . . e'en here below,
A life that ne'er shall end.

- 2 He saw us lost and doomed to die,
And when all hope had fled,
He came the law to magnify,
By dying in our stead.
- 3 Our sins had filled a bitter cup,
Which we could never drain,
In love the Saviour drank it up,
He died, He lives again.
- 4 Glad tidings now to all we bring,
'Tis God's good news we tell;
Come trust the Saviour while we sing,
He saves from death and hell.

28

- 1 Come to the Saviour, come to the Saviour,
Thou sin-stricken offspring of man;
 He left His throne above,
 To reveal His wondrous love,
And to open a fountain for sin.
- 2 Why dost thou linger? why dost thou linger?
Oh, when wilt thou haste to be saved?
 Thy time is flying fast,
 And thy day will soon be past.
Oh, arouse thee, and come and be saved.
- 3 Pardon is offered, pardon is offered,
A pardon full present and free;
 The mighty debt was paid,
 When on Calvary Jesus died,
To atone for a rebel like thee.
- 4 I do believe it! I do believe it!
I'm saved through the blood of the Lamb.
 My happy soul is free,
 For the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' name.

29

- 1 Come to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His Word He has shown us the way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
 Gently saying, "Come!"
- Cho.—Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
 When from sin our hearts are pure and
 free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with
 Thee,
 In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice;
And let us freely make Him our choice.
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest command, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, My children, come?"

30

1 "Come unto me," it is the Saviour's voice,
The Lord of Life who bids the heart rejoice.
O weary heart with heavy cares opprest,
"Come unto me" and I will give you rest.

Cho.—Come unto me, Oh come unto me,
Come unto me and I will give you rest,
I will give you rest, I will give you rest.

2 Weary with life's long struggle full of pain,
Oh, doubting soul thy Saviour calls again.
Thy doubts shall vanish and thy sorrows
cease,
"Come unto me" and I will give you peace.

3 Oh dying man with guilt and sin dismayed,
With conscience wakened, of thy God afraid,
'Twixt hopes and fears, Oh, end the anxious
strife,
"Come unto me" and I will give you life.

4 "Life, rest and peace," the flowers of death-
less bloom
The Saviour gives us, not beyond the tomb
But here, and now on earth some glimpse
is given
Of joys which await us thro' the gates of
heaven.

- 1 Come ye that fear the Lord,
Unto me, unto me.
Come, ye that fear the Lord, unto me;
I have something good to say
About the narrow way;
For Christ the other day
Saved my soul, saved my soul,
For Christ the other day saved my soul.
- 2 He gave me first to see
What I was, what I was,
He gave me first to see
My guilt and misery,
And then He set me free,
Bless His Name.
- 3 My old companions said—
"He's undone," "He's undone,"
My old companions said—
"He's surely going mad;"
But Jesus makes me glad,
Bless His Name.
- 4 Some said—"He'll soon give o'er,
You shall see," you shall see,
But time has passed away
Since I began to pray,
And I love the Lord to-day,
Bless His Name.
- 5 And now I'm going home
To the Lord, to the Lord,
And now I'm going home;
Poor sinner will you come,
Or meet an awful doom from the Lord?

32

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
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 know your need of Him!
This He gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

33

- 1 Down from the glory the Saviour came,
Down to the Cross and the death of shame;
Gazing in wonder I there exclaim—
Jesus died for me.

Cho.—Jesus died for me; Jesus died for me;
This is my boast, and this my song—
Jesus died for me.

2 There as my Surety He firmly stood,
Paid for my ransom His precious blood;
Died for my sin, to bring me to God—
Jesus died for me.

3 Now in the Gospel He sends to thee
News of salvation, and pardon free.
Whoso believeth, his song shall be—
Jesus died for me.

34

1 Eternity! Time soon will end,
Its fleeting moments pass away;
O sinner, say where wilt thou spend
Eternity's unchanging day?
Shalt thou the hopeless horror see
Of hell for all eternity?

Cho.—Eternity, Eternity!
Where wilt thou spend Eternity?

2 Eternity! O dreadful thought
For thee, a child of Adam's race,
If thou should'st in thy sins be brought
To stand before the awful Face,
From which the heaven and earth shall flee,
The Throned One of Eternity.

3 Eternity! But Jesus died—
Yes, Jesus died on Calvary,
Behold Him thorn-crowned, crucified,
The spotless One made sin for thee.
O sinner, haste! for refuge flee—
He saves, and for Eternity.

4 To-night may be thy latest breath,
Thy little moment here be done;
Eternal woe—the second death—
Awaits the grace-rejecting one.
Thine awful destiny foresee—
Time ends, and then Eternity!

35

1 Face to face with Christ, my Saviour,
Face to face—what will it be?
When with rapture I behold Him,
Jesus Christ, who died for me.

Cho.—Face to face shall I behold Him,
Far beyond the starry sky;
Face to face in all His glory,
I shall see Him by and by!

2 Only faintly now I see Him,
Through the veil that hangs between,
But a blessed day is coming,
When His glory shall be seen.

3 What rejoicing in His presence,
When are banished grief and pain;
When the crooked ways are straightened,
And the dark things shall be plain.

4 Face to face! O! blissful moment!
Face to face—to see and know;
Face to face with my Redeemer,
Jesus Christ, who loves me so.

36

1 Fairest of all the earth beside,
Chiefest of all unto Thy Bride.
Fulness Divine in Thee I see,
Beautiful Man of Calvary.

Cho.—That Man of Calvary
Has won my heart from me,
And died to set me free. Blest Man,
etc.

2 Drinking a dire and dreadful cup,
Crucified Jesus lifted up,
Bearing our guilt and misery. Sorrowful, etc.

3 Granting the sinner life and peace,
Granting the captive sweet release,
Shedding His blood to make us free. Merciful,
etc.

4 Giving the gifts obtained for men,
Pouring out love beyond our ken,—
Giving us spotless purity. Bountiful, etc.

5 Comfort of all my earthly way,—
Jesus, I'll meet Thee some sweet day.
Centre of glory Thee I'll see. Wonderful, etc.

6 Gathered with Thee eternally,
Sharing Thy love by glassy sea—
Like Thee for ever I shall be. Glorified, etc.

37

1 Free from the law, oh, happy condition!
Jesus hath bled, and there is remission,
Curs'd by the law, and bruised by th. Fall!
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

Cho.—Once for all, O sinner, receive it,
Once for all, O brother, believe it,
Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall,
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

- 2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation,
"Come unto me," oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He'll save you once for all.
- 3 Children of God, oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling,
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.

38

- 1 From the cross up-lifted high,
Where the Saviour deigned to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
- 2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burden groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 3 "Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To the Father's bosom pressed,
All thy sins to Him confessed;
Never from His house to roam.
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
- 4 Oh! the Father's boundless love,
Higher than the heavens above;
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity:
Love that found me, wondrous thought,
Found me when I sought Him not.

- 1 Gather them in! for there is yet room
 At the feast that the King has spread;
 Oh gather them in!—let His house be filled
 And the hungry and poor be fed.

Cho.—Out in the highway, out in the by-way,
 Out in the dark paths of sin,
 Go forth, go forth with a loving heart,
 And gather the wand'ers in!

- 2 Gather them in! for there yet is room;
 But our hearts—how they throb with pain,
 To think of the many who slight the call
 That may never be heard again.

- 3 Gather them in! for there yet is room,
 'Tis a message from God above;
 Oh gather them in to be saved by grace,
 And to taste of the Saviour's love.

- 1 God be with you till we meet again;
 By His counsel guide uphold you,
 With his sheep securely fold you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

Cho.—Till we meet, till we meet:
 Till we meet at Jesus' feet.
 Till we meet, till we meet,
 God be with you till we meet again.

- 2 God be with you till we meet again;
 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
 Daily manna still provide you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His loving arms around you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening waves before you
God be with you till we meet again.

41

1 God in mercy sent His Son,
To a world by sin undone.
Jesus Christ was crucified—
'Twas for sinners Jesus died.

Cho.—O the glory of the grace,
Shining in the Saviour's face,
Telling sinners from above,
"God is Light" and "God is Love."

2 Sin and death no more shall reign,
Jesus died and lives again!
In the glory's highest height—
See Him God's supreme delight.

3 All who in His Name believe,
Everlasting life receive,
Lord of all is Jesus now,
Every knee to Him must bow.

4 Christ the Lord will come again,
He who suffered once will reign,
Every tongue at last shall own,
"Worthy is the Lamb" alone.

42

1 God is calling the prodigal, come, without
 delay,
 Hear, O, hear Him calling, calling now for
 thee;
 Tho' you've wandered so far from His pres-
 ence, come today,
 Hear His loving voice calling still.

Cho.—Call...ing now for thee...,
 Oh! wea...ry, prodigal, come;
 Call...ing now for thee...,
 Oh, wea...ry, prodigal, come.

2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still our Father
 pleads,
 Hear, O, hear Him calling, calling now for
 thee;
 Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy inter-
 cedes,
 Hear His loving voice calling still.

3 Come, there's bread in the house of our Father,
 and to spare
 Hear, O, hear Him calling, calling now for
 thee;
 Lo! the table is spread, and the feast is wait-
 ing there,
 Hear His loving voice calling still.

43

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

Cho.—Oh, 'twas 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 the blood.

3 Believing souls, rejoicing go,
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below
Of endless life in heaven.

4 Of victory now o'er Satan's power,
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph to their latest hour,
Through Christ, our Lord, the King.

44

1 God so loved the world that scorn'd Him,
That He sent His Son;
Jesus came to seek and save us—
And that work is done!

Cho.—Jesus came to seek and save us,
All His work is done—
Done as God Himself desired it,
By His Blessed Son.

2 All is done, yes, all is finished,
All the debt is paid;
On the Lamb who died for sinners,
All our guilt was laid.

- 3 God the Father called Him "Jesus,"
 When He sent Him down,
And for us He bore the judgment—
 Won for us the crown.
- 4 All the ransom'd call Him "Jesus"—
 Him as Lord we own;
Once upon the cross to save us,
 Now upon the throne.
- 5 Weary sinner—call Him "Jesus,"
 Thus doth God implore,
Thou shalt then, His name confessing,
 Know His saving pow'r!

45

- 1 Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth
 entreat thee,
 And warnings with accents of mercy doth
 blend;
Give ear to His voice, lest in judgment He
 meet thee;
 "The harvest is passing, the summer will
 end."
- 2 How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told
 thee!
 How oft still the message of mercy doth
 send!
Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to
 enfold thee;
 "The harvest is passing, the summer will
 end."

3 Despised and rejected, at length He may
leave thee:

What anguish and horror thy bosom will
rend!

Then haste thee, O sinner, while He will
receive thee;

"The harvest is passing, the summer will
end."

4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in His
power;

Our God will arise with His foes to con-
tend;

Haste, haste thee, O sinner, prepare for that
hour;

"The harvest is passing, the summer will
end."

46

1 Hark! sinner, hark! we have tidings so true.
Tidings of pardon and blessing for you!
God, in his word, says that Christ on the tree
Died for guilty sinners, and "*Salvation is free.*"

Cho.

Hear the news, sinner. free! free! free!
Why not believe it, 'tis good news for thee;
Jesus, the Just One, has died on the tree,
Died for guilty sinners, and "*Salvation is free.*"

2 Guilty you are, yet we know very well
Jesus has suffered to save you from hell;
Tho' now condemned, justified you may be,
Jesus paid the ransom, and "*Salvation is free.*"

- 3 Trust not in "doing," it cannot avail,
 Good resolutions and works can but fail;
 "Grace, grace alone," is the saved sinner's
 plea
 "Not of works," the Scriptures say, "*Salvation
 is free.*"
- 4 Trust not in "feelings," your heart is depraved,
 Trust only Jesus, and you shall be saved;
 Tears of repentance, tho' real they may be,
 Ne'er can purchase heaven, for "*Salvation is
 free.*"

47

- 1 Have you any room for Jesus,
 He who bore your load of sin?
 As He knocks and asks admission,
 Sinner, will you let Him in?

Cho.—Room for Jesus, King of glory,
 Hasten now, His word obey,
 Swing the heart's door widely open,
 Let Him enter while you may.

- 2 Room for pleasure, room for business,
 But for Christ, the Crucified;
 Not a place that He can enter,
 In the heart for which He died.

- 3 Have you any time for Jesus?
 As in grace He calls again;
 Oh, "to-day" is "time accepted,"
 To-morrow *you* may call in vain.

- 4 Have you any room for Jesus?
 Soon will pass God's day of grace;
 Soon thy heart be cold and silent,
 And the Saviour's pleading cease.

48

- 1 Hell is darkness—deep and awful;
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;
Heaven is light—all bright and joyful,
And its light may shine on thee.
- 2 Hell is fire—for ever burning—
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;
Mercy waits for thy returning,
With a pardon full and free.
- 3 Hell is deep—without a bottom;
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;
Deeper down than Tyre and Sidon
Must the Christ-rejecter be.
- 4 Hear the voice of Jesus pleading,
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;
See the Man of Sorrows bleeding,
Dying on the 'cursed tree.
- 5 "It is finished"... Christ is risen,
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee,
Though the Spirit long has striven,
He'll not *always* strive with thee.

49

- 1 He tells me words whereby I'm saved,
He points to something done,
Accomplished on Mount Calvary
By His beloved Son,
In which no works of mine have place,
Else grace with works is no more grace.

2 Believing this, how can I wait,
And ask what shall I do
To make His gift more sure to me,
His loving words more true?
Since works of mine have here no p'ace,
Else grace with works is no more grace.

3 Ah, no! it is His finished work
On which my soul relies;
And if my unbelieving heart
Its preciousness denies,
That works of mine might have a place,
Then grace with works is no more grace.

4 But in that He is raised on high,
Who came our sins to bear,
I know that I am seen of God
In oneness with Him there;
Where not a spot His eyes can trace,
Nor aught that mars His work of grace.

5 O wondrous words! O precious work!
By which the soul is saved;
And Thou who did'st it, blessed Lord,
Hast in my heart engraved
A Name which must all names displace
With me, a lost one, sav'd by grace.

50

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath
said—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled.

- 2 'Fear not, He is with thee; oh, be not dismayed!
 For He is thy God and will still give thee aid;
 He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
 to stand
 Upheld by His gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters He calls thee
 to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
 For He will be with thee, thy trials to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
 lie,
 His grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
 The flames shall not hurt thee; He only designs
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "E'en down to old age all His people shall
 prove
 His sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And then, when gray hairs shall their temples
 adorn, (borne.
 Like lambs they shall still in His bosom be
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 He will not—He cannot desert to his foes;
 That soul—though all hell should endeavor to
 shake,
 He'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

51

- 1 How good is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
 Whose love is as great as His power,
 And knows neither measure nor end.

Cho.—In the sweet...by-and-by...

We shall meet on that beautiful
shore,....

In the sweet...by-and-by

We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

- 2 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
- 3 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

52

- 1 How lost was my condition, till Jesus made
me whole!
There is but one Physician can cure a sin-
sick soul!
Next door to death He found me, and
snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me His wondrous power
to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases is light compared
with sin—
On every part it seizes, but rages most
within;
'Tis palsy, dropsy, fever, and madness all
combined,
And none but a believer the least relief can
find.

- 3 From men great skill professing, I thought
a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing, and added
to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me; some gave
me up for lost;
Thus every effort failed me, and all my
hopes were crossed.
- 4 At length this great Physician, how match-
less is His grace!
Regarded my position, and undertook my
case—
First gave me sight to see Him, for sin my
eyes had sealed;
Then bade me look unto Him; I looked and
I was healed.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus seen by the eye of
faith,
At once from anguish freed me, and saved
my soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician, His grace
He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition—'tis only look
and live.

53

- 1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"Ye must be born again."
- 2 "Ye must be born again!"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice,
'Tis LIFE poor sinners need.

- 3 "Ye must be born again!"
And life in Christ must have;
In vain the soul elsewhere may go,
'Tis He alone can save.
- 4 "Ye must be born again!"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.
- 5 "Ye must be born again!"
Then Look to Christ and live;
He is "the life" and waits in heaven
Eternal life to give.

54

- 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.
- Cho.—I am redeemed and I know it full well;
Saved by His grace I with Him shall
dwell.
I am redeemed; and a child of His love,
Heir to a glorious crown above.
- 2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear, loving arms do I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
- 3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

‡ 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.

55

1 I have a song I love to sing,
Since I have been redeemed;
Of my Redeemer, Christ, the King,
Since I have been redeemed.

Cho.—Since I have been redeemed,
Since I have been redeemed I will glory
in His name;
Since I have been redeemed
I will glory in my Saviour's name.

2 I have a Christ that satisfies, Since, etc.
To do His will my highest prize,
Since, etc.

3 I have a witness bright and clear, Since, etc.,
Dispelling every doubt and fear,
Since, etc.

4 I have a joy I can't express, Since, etc.,
Thro' Jesus Christ, God's righteousness,
Since, etc.

5 I have a home prepared for me, Since, etc.,
Where I shall dwell eternally,
Since, etc.

56

- 1 I have been at the altar and witnessed the
Lamb
Burnt *wholly* to ashes for me;
And watched its sweet savour ascending on
high,
Accepted, O Father, by Thee.
- 2 And lo, while I gazed at the glorious sight,
A voice from above reached mine ears:
"By this thine iniquity's taken away,
And no trace of it on thee appears."
- 3 "An end of thy sin has been made for thee
here
By Him who its penalty bore,
With *blood* it is blotted eternally out,
And I will not remember it more."
- 4 O Lord, I believe it, with wonder and joy—
Confirm, Thou, this precious belief;
While daily I learn that I am, in myself,
Of sinners the vilest and chief.

57

- 1 I have heard of a Saviour's love,
And a wonderful love it must be;
But did He come down from above,
Out of love and compassion for me?
- Cho.—Yes, yes, yes, for me!
Our Lord from above, in His infinite
love,
On the cross died to save you and me.

- 2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,
How He languished and died on the tree;
But then is it anywhere said
That He languished and suffered for me?
- 3 I've been told of a heav'n on high,
Which the children of God soon shall see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me?
- 4 O, yes; for the Bible doth tell
Of Salvation so priceless and free;
For every poor sinner who will,
And so there's salvation for me.

58

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.
- 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 was saved,
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 days be bright."
I look'd to Jesus and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk,
 'Till trav'ling days are done.

59

- 1 I know not why God's wondrous grace,
 To me He hath made known,
Nor why—unworthy of such love
 Redeemed me for His own.
Cho.—But "I know whom I have believed,
 And am persuaded that He is able
 To keep that which I've committed unto
 Him against that day."
- 2 I know not how this saving faith
 To me He did impart,
Nor how believing in His word
 Wrought peace within my heart.
- 3 I know not how the spirit moves,
 Convincing men of sin,
Revealing Jesus through the word,
 Creating faith in Him.
- 4 I know not what of good or ill
 May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days,
 Before His face I see.
- 5 I know not how the Spirit moves,
 At night or noonday fair,
Nor when I'll walk the vale with Him,
 Or "meet Him in the air."

1 I looked to Jesus in my sin,
 My woe and want confessing;
 Undone and lost, I came to Him,—
 I sought and found a blessing.

Cho.—“I looked.. to Him;”
 ’Tis true—His “Whosoever;”
 “He looked.. on me:..
 And we were one for ever.”

2 I looked to Jesus on the cross;
 For me I saw Him dying;
 God’s Word believed—that all my sins
 Were there upon Him lying.

3 I looked to Jesus there on high,
 From death up-raised to glory;
 I trusted in His power to save,
 Believed the old, old story.

4 He looked on me—oh, look of love!
 My heart by it was broken;
 And with that look of love He gave
 The Holy Spirit’s token.

5 Now one with Christ, I find my peace
 In Him to be abiding;
 And in His love for all my need,
 In child-like faith confiding.

1 I love to tell the Story of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love;
 I love to tell the Story, because I know it’s
 true;
 It satisfies my longings, as nothing else would
 do.

Cho.—I love to tell the Story, 'twill be my
theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story, of Jesus
and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story! More wonderful
it seems,
Than all the golden fancies of all our golden
dreams;
I love to tell the Story! It did so much for
me;
And that is just the reason, I tell it now to
thee.

3 I love to tell the Story! 'Tis pleasant to
repeat
What seems, each time I tell it, more won-
derfully sweet;
I love to tell the Story, for some have never
heard
The message of salvation from God's own
Holy Word.

62

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

Cho.—Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain,
That liveth again
To intercede for me.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death;
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

63

1 In tenderness He sought me,
Weary and sick with sin,
And on His shoulders brought me
Back to His fold again.
While angels in His presence sang
Until the courts of heaven rang.

Cho.—Oh, the love that sought me!
Oh, the blood that bought me!
Oh, the grace that brought me to the
fold,
Wondrous grace that brought me to the
fold!

2 He washed the bleeding sin-wounds,
And poured in oil and wine;
He whispered to assure me,
"I've found thee, thou art Mine;"
I never heard a sweeter voice,
It made my aching heart rejoice.

3 He pointed to the nail-prints,
For me His blood was shed,
A mocking crown so thorny,
Was placed upon His head:
I wonder what He saw in me
To suffer such deep agony.

4 I'm sitting in His presence,
The sunshine of His face,
While with adoring wonder
His blessings I retrace.
It seems as if eternal days
Are far too short to sound His praise.

5 So while the hours are passing,
All now is perfect rest;
I'm waiting for the morning,
The brightest and the best,
When He will call us to His side,
To be with Him, His spotless bride.

64

1 I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger and felt not my load;
When friends spoke in rapture of Christ on
the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

2 When free grace awoke me by light from on
high
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

3 My terrors all vanished before the sweet name,
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I
came,
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and
free—
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

4 Jehovah Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast;
Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost!
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by
field—
My Cable, my Anchor, my Breast-plate and
Shield.

65

1 Into a tent where a gipsy boy lay,
Dying alone at the close of the day
News of salvation we carried: said he,
Nobody ever has told it to me.

Cho.—Tell it again, tell it again—
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,
Till none can say of the children of
men;
Nobody ever told me it before.

2 Did He so love me, a poor little boy,
And sent to me the good tidings of joy;
Need I not perish, my hand will He hold;
Nobody to me the story has told.

- 3 Bending we caught the last words of his
breath,
Just as he entered the valley of death;
God sent His Son, whosoever said He;
Then I am sure that He sent Him for me.
- 4 Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent,
I am so glad that for me He was sent,
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the
west,
"Lord, I believe, tell it now to the rest."

66

- 1 It is the blood, it is the blood,
Which has atonement made;
It is the blood which once for all,
Our ransom price has paid.
- 2 It was the blood, the mark of blood,
The people's houses bore;
And when that mark by God was seen,
His angel passed the door.
- 3 Not water then, nor water now,
Has ever saved a soul;
Not Jewish rites, but Jesus' stripes,
Can make the wounded whole.
- 4 "I see the blood," "I see the blood,"
A voice from heaven cries;
The soul that owns this token true,
And trusts it, never dies.
- 5 For He who suffered once to all,
That we might life obtain,
Will never leave His Father's throne,
'To shed that blood again.

67

- 1 I was once far away from the Saviour,
As vile as a sinner could be,
And I wondered if Christ the Redeemer
Could save a poor sinner like me.
- 2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see;
And the thought filled my heart with sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me.
- 3 And then, in that dark, lonely hour,
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying, "Look unto Me!—I have power
To save a poor sinner like thee."
- 4 I then fully trusted in Jesus:
And oh, now a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.
- 5 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
The light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling,
How He saved a poor sinner like me.
- 6 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

68

- 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.

Cho.—Sing, O, sing...of my Redeemer!...
With His blood... He purchased me.
On the cross.. He sealed my pardon..
Paid my debt..and made me 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 has brought me,
Son of God with Him to be.

69

1 I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ, who died for me.
How He left His home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.

Cho.—Yes, I'll sing..the wondrous sto..ry,
Of the Christ.. who died for me;
Sing it with..the saints in glo..ry,
Gathered by..the crystal sea..

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me—
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.

- 3 I was bruised, but Jesus healed me;
 Faint was I from many a fall;
 Sight was gone, and fears possessed me;
 But He freed me from them all.
- 4 Days of darkness still come o'er me;
 Sorrow's paths I often tread;
 But the Saviour still is with me,
 By His hand I'm safely led.
- 5 He will keep me, should the river
 Roll its waters at my feet;
 Then He'll bear me safely over,
 Where the loved ones I shall meet.

70

- 1 I've found a Friend—oh, such a Friend!
 He loved me ere I knew Him;
 He drew me with the cords of love,
 And thus He bound me to Him.
 And round my heart still closely twine
 Those ties which nought can sever;
 For I am His and He is mine
 For ever and for ever.
- 2 I've found a Friend!—oh, such a Friend!
 He bled, He died to save me;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me.
 Nought that I have mine own I'll call;
 I'll hold it for the Giver;
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend!—oh, such a Friend;
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course
And bring me safe to Heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend!—oh, such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender;
So wise a counselor and guide,
So mighty a defender!
From Him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No; I am His for ever.

71

1 Jesus died upon the tree, *O boundless love!*
Died to set the sinner free, *O boundless love!*
To the Cross grace matchless drew Him,
There man's sin and hatred slew Him,
Now we have redemption through Him.
O boundless love.

2 Love beyond a mortal's speech, *O boundless love.*
Love that thought can never reach, *O boundless love.*
Death most cruel Jesus suffered,
When for sin His soul He offered,
And His blood to justice proffered.
O boundless love.

3 Loud and far the theme shall swell, O bound-
less love.
On it saints shall ever dwell, O boundless
love.
Matchless theme! He died, yet liveth,
To that soul Salvation giveth,
Who in Him, by grace, believeth.
O boundless love.

72

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters nearer roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past!
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my 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 me, 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.

73

1 Jesus loves me! This I know,
 For the Bible tells me so;
 Little ones to Him belong;
 They are weak, but He is strong.

Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me; yes, Jesus loves
 me;
 Yes, Jesus loves me; the Bible tells me
 so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
 Heaven's gate to open wide,
 He will wash away my sin;
 Let His ransomed one come in.

3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
 Close beside me all the way;
 When He comes, or when I die,
 He will take me home on high.

4 Saviour, take this heart of mine;
 Make it pure and wholly Thine;
 Thou hast bled and died for me,
 May I henceforth live for Thee.

74

1 Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
 Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
 Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name!
 Seeking for me, for me!

Cho.—Seeking for me! for me!
 Seeking for me! for me!
 Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His
 name!
 Seeking for me! for me!

2 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;
Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be?
Dying for me, for me!

3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
While I was wand'ring far from the fold,
Gently and long did He plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me!

75

1 Jesus the water of life will give,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus the water of life will give,
Freely to those who trust Him.
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live,
Freely, freely, freely;
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live,
Flowing for those that trust Him.

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,
Treasures unfading will there be given.

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.

- 1 Jesus, what love and compassion were thine,
 When Thou did'st heavenly glory resign,
 Bearing the Cross for the guilt that was
 mine,
 Purchasing pardon and sonship for me!

Cho.—Crucified, glorified Saviour and King,
 How shall we sing praises to Thee?
 Since by Thy blood Thou hast brought
 us to God,
 We will give glory, all glory to Thee.

- 2 Once I was helpless and dead in my sin,
 But Thou did'st in me a new life begin,
 Breathing Thine own Holy Spirit within,
 Hallowing God's holy temple in me.
- 3 When all temptations and trials are past,
 And in Thy likeness I stand at the last,
 Down at Thy feet, Lord, my crown I will
 cast,
 All is of grace—there's no glory to me!

- 1 Just as I am—without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt.
"Fightings within, and fears without,"
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

78

1 Let us labor for the Master from the dawn
till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and
care;
Let us gird our loins and serve Him, and yet
wait for Him to come;
When He calls His blood-bought yonder,
we'll be there.

Cho.—When the saints . . . are gathering yonder
(REPEAT) I'll be there.

2 On that bright and cloudless morning, when
the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share.
When His chosen ones shall gather to their
home beyond the skies,
All the ransomed caught up yonder, we'll
be there.

3 When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
and Christ returns on high,
And the morning breaks eternal bright and
fair;
All our day of service over, in the twinkling
of an eye,
When the saints are gathered yonder, we'll
be there.

79

1 Like wandering sheep o'er mountains cold,
Since all have gone astray;
To life and peace within the fold,
How may I find the way?

Chorus.

I.. am the Way.. the Truth, and the Life..
No man cometh unto the Father but by me.
I am the Way! The Truth and the Life.
No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.

2 Bewilder'd oft with doubt and care,
To God I fain would go;
But while they cry lo here! lo there!
The Truth how may I know?

3 To Christ the Way, the Truth, the Life,
I come no more to roam;
He'll guide me to my Father's house.
To my eternal home.

1 Life at best is very brief,
 Like the falling of a leaf,
 Like the binding of a sheaf,
 Be in time.

Fleeting days are telling fast
 That the die will soon be cast,
 And the fatal line be passed,
 Be in time.

Cho.—Be in time, be in time,
 While the voice of Jesus calls you,
 Be in time.
 If in sin you longer wait,
 You may find no open gate,
 And your cry be just too late,
 Be in time.

2 Fairest flowers soon decay,
 Youth and beauty pass away,
 Oh, you have not long to stay,
 Be in time.
 While God's Spirit bids you come,
 Sinner, do not longer roam,
 Lest you seal your hopeless doom,
 Be in time.

3 Time is gliding swiftly by,
 Death and judgment draweth nigh,
 To the arms of Jesus fly,
 Be in time.
 Come from darkness into day,
 Come to Christ, who is the way,
 Then you'll start for heaven to-day,
 Be in time.

81

- 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.

Cho.—Look! the Lord is lifted high,
Look to Him, He's ever nigh,
Look and live—why will ye die?
Look and live!

- 2 Though unworthy, vile, unclean,
Look away from self and sin,
Long by Satan's power enslaved
Look to Me, ye shall be saved.
- 3 Though you've wandered far away,
Harden not your heart today,
'Tis the Father calls thee home,
Whosoever will may come.

82

- 1 Look to the Saviour on Calvary's tree,
See how he suffered for thee and for me,
Hark, while He lovingly calls to thee,
Look, and thou shalt live!

Cho.—Look, and thou shalt live!
Look, and thou shalt live!
Look to the cross where He died for
thee,
Look, and thou shalt live!

- 2 Hast thou a sin-burdened soul to save?
Life everlasting would'st thou have?
Jesus Himself a ransom gave:
Look, and thou shalt live!
- 3 Look to the Saviour, who rose from the tomb,
Come now to Him, while there yet is room,
His saving grace will dispel thy gloom;
Look, and thou shalt live!
- 4 Jesus on high lives to intercede,
He knows the weary sinner's need;
Surely thy footsteps He will lead;
Look, and thou shalt live!

83

- 1 "Man of Sorrows," what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood;
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 3 Guilty, vile and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He;
"Full atonement!"—can it be!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 4 "Lifted up" was He to die,
"It is finished" was His cry;
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 Soon He'll come with shout on high,
Raise His saints, no more to die;
Changed, we'll meet Him in the sky;
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

6 When He comes, the glorious King,
All His ransomed with Him bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

84

1 Missing the lost, O Shepherd true,
Leaving Thy home in glory.
Thou camest to earth, the lost to woo,
O wonderful, wonderful story!

Cho.—O won—der—ful wonderful story,
Melting the heart to tears!
O won—der—ful wonderful story,
Growing richer, and richer with
years!

2 Seeking the scattered, Shepherd true,
Over the desert straying;
Thou bearest a cross none ever knew,
Thy love all its sorrow outweighing.

3 Healing the wounded, Shepherd true,
Pouring in oil and gladness;
Restoring the souls sin overthrew,
Thou givest them comfort for sadness.

4 Tending the faithful, Shepherd true,
Daily Thy tables spreading;
They feed in the pastures ever new,
No want and no enemy dreading.

1 My God, I have found the thrice-blessed
ground,
Where life, and where joy, and true comfort
abound.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus my Saviour my sins
wash'd away.

2 'Tis found in the blood of Him who once
stood
My refuge and safety, my Surety with God.

3 He bore on the tree the sentence for me,
And now both the Surety and sinner are free.

4 Accepted I am in the once-offered Lamb;
It was God who Himself had devised the
plan.

5 And soon He will come to take me safe home,
And make me to sit with Himself on the
throne.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Cho.—On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

87

1 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art
mine,
My Rock and my Fortress, my Surety divine;
My gracious Redeemer, my song shall be now,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis
Thou.

2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved
me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy
brow;
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis
Thou.

3 I would love Thee in life, I would love
Thee in death,
And would praise Thee as long as Thou
lendest me breath,
And sing, should the death-dew lie cold on
my brow,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis
Thou.

4 And when the bright morn of Thy glory
shall come,
And the children ascend to the Father's glad
home,
I'll shout, with Thy likeness impressed on
my brow,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis
Thou.

88

1 My Redeemer, oh, what beauties
In that lovely name appear;
None but Jesus in His glories
Shall the honored title wear.
My Redeemer,
Thou hast my salvation wrought.

2 Sunk in ruin, sin and misery,
Bound by Satan's captive chain,
Guided by his artful treachery,
Hurrying on to endless pain,
My Redeemer
Plucked me as a brand from hell.

3 Mine by covenant, mine for ever,
Mine by oath, and mine by blood;
Mine—nor time the bond shall sever,
Mine as an unchanging God.
My Redeemer!
Oh, how sweet to call Thee mine.

89

1 My soul is now united
To Christ the living Vine,
His grace I long have slighted,
But now I know Him mine.

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I was to God a stranger,
Till Jesus took me in;
He freed my soul from danger,
And pardon'd all my sin.

Cho.—You shall give Him glory,
And I will give Him glory;
We all shall give Him glory,
For glory is His due.

2 Soon as my all I ventur'd
On the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit enter'd,
And I was born of God.
Now Christ is my salvation—
What can I covet more!
I fear no condemnation,
Jehovah's wrath is o'er.

3 By floods and flames surrounded,
I now my way pursue;
Nor shall I be confounded
With Jesus in my view;
I have a heavenly pleasure,
And do not fear a frown,
Christ is my joy and treasure,
My glory and my crown.

4 Christians, be not faint-hearted,
Though least among the flock,
From Christ you'll ne'er be parted,
If built upon the Rock.
Let's mend our pace to glory,
We soon shall meet above,
And tell the pleasing story
Of His redeeming love.

1 Nailed upon Golgotha's tree—
 Faint and bleeding. Who is He?
 Hands and feet so rudely torn,
 Wreathed with crown of twisted thorn.
 Once He lived in heaven above,
 Happy in His Father's love,
 Son of God, 'tis He, 'tis He,
 On the cross of Calvary.

2 Nailed upon Golgotha's tree—
 Mocked and taunted. Who is He?
 Scorners tell Him to come down,
 Claim His kingdom and His crown.
 He it was who came to bless,
 Full of love and tenderness,
 Son of Man, 'tis He, 'tis He,
 On the cross of Calvary.

3 Nailed upon Golgotha's tree—
 As a victim. Who is He?
 Bearing sin, but not His own,
 Suffering agony unknown.
 He, the promised sacrifice,
 For the sinner bleeds and dies,
 Lamb of God, 'tis He, 'tis He,
 On the cross of Calvary.

1 Naught have I gotten but what I received;
 Grace hath bestowed it since I have believed;
 Boasting excluded, pride I abase;
 I'm only a sinner saved by grace!

Cho.—Only a sinner saved by grace!
 Only a sinner saved by grace!
 This is my story, to God be the glory,
 I'm only a sinner saved by grace.

- 2 Once I was foolish, and sin ruled my heart,
 Causing my footsteps from God to depart;
 Jesus hath found me, happy my case,
 I now am a sinner saved by grace!
- 3 Tears unavailing, no merit had I;
 Mercy had saved me, or else I must die;
 Sin had alarmed me, fearing God's face;
 But now I'm a sinner saved by grace!

92

- 1 Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption,
 No riches of earth could have saved my poor soul;
 The blood of the cross is my only foundation,
 The death of my Saviour now maketh me whole.

Cho.—I am redeemed, ..but not with silver..
 I am bought, ..but not with gold;..
 Bought with a price, .the blood of
 Jesus,..
 Precious price of love untold.

- 2 Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption,
 The guilt on my conscience too heavy had grown;
 The blood of the cross is my only foundation,
 The death of my Saviour could only atone.
- 3 Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption,
 The holy commandment forbade me draw near;
 The blood of the cross is my only foundation,
 The death of my Saviour removeth my fear.

4 Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption,
The way into heaven could not thus be bought;
The blood of the cross is my only foundation,
The death of my Saviour redemption hath wrought.

93

1 Not all the gold of all the world,
And all its wealth combined,
Could give relief or comfort yield
To one distracted mind.
'Tis only to the precious blood
Of Christ the soul can fly,
There only can the sinner find
A flowing full supply.

Cho.—O joyful news! O happy news!
The precious, precious blood
Of Christ can bring the sinner nigh,
And give him "peace with God."

2 Was it for gold the dying thief,
The malefactor craved?
Ah, no! 'twas Christ, and faith in Him
That dying sinner saved.
'Twas faith in Him, who bleeding hung,
A Victim by his side;
"O Lord, remember me," he said,
"I will," He heard and died.

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3 O what can equal joy divine?
And what can sweeter be,
Than knowing that the soul is safe
For all eternity?
Safe in the Lord without a doubt,
By virtue of the blood;
For nothing can destroy the life
That's hid with Christ in God.

94

- 1 Nothing either great or small;
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.
- Cho.—“It is finished!” Yes, indeed,
Finished every jot,
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?
- 2 When He from His lofty throne,
Stoop'd to do and die,
Everything was fully done,
Hearken to His cry—
- 3 Weary, working, burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done,
Long, long ago.
- 4 Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
“Doing” is a deadly thing—
“Doing” ends in death.
- 5 Cast your deadly “doing” down—
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand “In Him,” in Him alone,
Gloriously “Complete!”

- 1 Not what these hands have done
 Can save this guilty soul;
 Not what this toiling flesh has borne
 Can make my spirit whole.

Cho.—Thy work alone, my Saviour,
 Can ease this weight of sin,
 Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
 Can give me peace within.

- 2 Not what I feel or do
 Can give me peace with God;
 Not all my prayers, or sighs, or tears
 Can ease my awful load.

- 3 Thy love to me, O God,
 Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
 Can rid me of this dark unrest,
 And set my spirit free.

- 4 No other work save Thine,
 No meaner blood will do;
 No strength save that which is divine
 Can bear me safely through.

- 1 No works of law have we to boast—
 By nature ruin'd, guilty, lost,
 Condemned already; but Thy hand
 Provided what Thou didst demand.

Cho.—We take the guilty sinner's name,
 The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.

2 No faith we trust. 'Tis Christ alone—
'Tis what He is, what He has done;
He is for us as given by God,
It was for us He shed His blood.

3 We do not feel our sins are gone,
But know it from Thy word alone;
We know that Thou our sins did'st lay
On Him who has put sin away.

97

1 O Christ, in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy, I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.

Cho.—Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me!
'There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee!

2 I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee:
But while I passed the Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.

3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, ah! the waters failed!
E'en as I stooped to drink they'd fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.

4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received
Thy loveliness to see.

1 O do not let the word depart,
 And close thine eyes against the light;
 Poor sinner, harden not thine heart;
 Thou would'st be saved—
 Why not to-night?

Cho.—Why not to-night?
 Why not to-night?
 Thou would'st be saved,
 Why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
 To bless thy long-deluded sight;
 This is the time; O then be wise;
 Thou would'st be saved—
 Why not to-night?

3 The world has nothing left for thee—
 It has no new, no pure delight;
 O try the joys that Christ can give;
 Thou would'st be saved—
 Why not to-night?

4 Our God in pity lingers still,
 And wilt thou thus His love requite?
 Renounce at length thy stubborn will—
 Thou would'st be saved—
 Why not to-night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
 Who would to Him their souls unite,
 Then be the great transaction done?
 Thou would'st be saved—
 Why not to-night?

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

Cho.—Happy day! happy day!
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice Divine.

- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possess'd.

- 1 Oh, child of God, there is for thee
 A hope, that shines amid the gloom,—
 A gladsome hope that thou shalt see
 Thy Lord, for He will surely come.

Cho.—He'll come .. yes, He'll come and tarry
 not,
 He'll come .. yes, He'll come and tarry
 not,
 He'll come ... He'll come ... He'll come
 and tarry not.

- 2 When in this world His hands had made,
 No room was found for Jesus then;
 The mountain-side was oft His bed,
 Now, glorified, He comes again.

- 3 Exalted now to heaven's throne,
 The Saviour there of sinful men,
 His loving heart yearns o'er His own,
 And for them He will come again.
- 4 Oh, child of God, thy lot may be
 Oft mixed with trial, grief and pain;
 Look up! He'll surely come for thee,
 He says, "I quickly come again."
- 5 Then joy unmingled will be thine,
 Earth's tears and trials all forgot;
 So cheer thy heart, no more repine,
 His word is sure: "He'll tarry not."

101

- 1 Oh, I have got good news for you
 A story wonderful and true;
 'Twill make you happy, that I know,
 It made me glad and now I go.

Cho.—To sing my great Redeemer's song,
 To sing my great Redeemer's song,
 To sing my great Redeemer's song,
 With the happy saints above.

- 2 I once was far away from God,
 On ruin's dark and fatal road,
 And little dreamed I'd see the day,
 When I should tread the narrow way, etc.
- 3 O'er this wild waste I loved to roam,
 My back to God, and heaven, and home,
 When Jesus met me far astray,
 And beckoned me to come away, etc.

4 He said, on Calvary's cross He died—
A sacrifice for sin was made—
And all because He loved me so;
Then how could I do else than go? etc.

5 Whene'er the record you believe,
You life eternal shall receive;
And soon from pain and sorrow free
You'll join that glorious company, etc.

102

1 Oh, sing of Jesus, Lamb of God,
Who died on Calvary,
And for a ransom shed His blood,
For you and even me.

Cho.—I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,
Thro' the blood of the Lamb that was
slain!
I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

2 Oh, wondrous power of grace divine,
So vast, so full, and free,
It reaches out to all mankind,
Embracing even me.

3 All glory now to Christ the Lord,
And ever more shall be,
Who shed His blood on Calvary's cross,
And ransomed even me.

- 1 Oh! the love of Christ is boundless,
 Broad and long and deep and high,
 Every doubt and fear is groundless,
 Now the word of faith is nigh.
 Jesus Christ for my salvation,
 Came by water and by blood,
 Clear I stand from condemnation
 In the risen Son of God.
- 2 I was "waiting" once for pardon,
 I was "hoping" to be saved;
 "Waiting," though my heart might harden,
 "Hoping" danger might be braved.
 When, by God's own truth confounded,
 I, a sinner, stood confessed;
 Richly then His grace abounded,
 Jesus gave me perfect rest.
- 3 Was it weary work believing?
 Days, and weeks, and years of toil;
 Weary work a gift receiving,
 Who would God's salvation spoil.
 Not His faith's delight to ponder
 What the Son of God has done;
 On the throne to see Him yonder,
 Holy crowned the living One.
- 4 'Tis not doing, 'tis not praying,
 'Tis not weeping saves the soul;
 God is now His grace displaying,
 Jesus died to make me whole.
 Look to Him and life-works follow,
 Look to Him without delay;
 Sinner look, and ere tomorrow,
 Thou wilt weep, and praise and pray.

104

1 Oh, this uttermost salvation,
'Tis a fountain full and free,
Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,
Wondrous grace, it reaches me.

Cho.—It reaches me, it reaches me,
Wondrous grace, it reaches me
Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,
Wondrous grace, it reaches me.

2 How amazing God's compassion,
That so vile a worm should prove
This stupendous bliss of Heaven,
This unmeasured wealth of love.

3 Jesus, Saviour, I adore Thee,
Now Thy love I would proclaim,
I would tell the blessed story,
I would magnify Thy name.

4 Soon Thy saints shall rise to meet Thee,
With Thee in Thy Kingdom reign,
Thine the praise, and Thine the glory—
Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

105

1 Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour,
No Rock, no Refuge nigh
When the darkness round thee gathers,
And the storm sweeps o'er the sky.

Cho.—Oh, to have no hope in Jesus,
No peace, nor rest in Him;
Oh, to be without salvation,
How dark this world must seem.

- 2 Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour,
No port to shelter thee;
Like a sailor lost and driven
On a wide and shoreless sea.
- 3 Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour,
To death thou'rt passing on
Through this fleeting vale of shadows,
To the great eternal throne.
- 4 Now, we pray thee, come to Jesus,
To-day on Him believe;
For the Saviour yet is calling,
And he bids thee turn and live.

106

- 1 Oh, what a Saviour, that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free;
"He that believeth on the Son," said He,
"Hath everlasting life."
- Cho.—"Verily, verily," I say unto you,
"Verily, verily," message ever new,
"He that believeth on the Son," 'tis true,
"Hath everlasting life."
- 2 All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him the Lord hath said,
"Hath everlasting life."
- 3 Though poor and needy, I can trust my Lord;
Though weak and sinful, I believe His Word;
O glad message; every child of God
"Hath everlasting life."

4 Though all unworthy, yet I will not doubt,
For Him that cometh, He will not cast out.
"He that believeth, O the good news shout!"
"HATH everlasting life."

107

1 Oh, what will you do with Jesus?
The call comes low and sweet,
And tenderly He bids you
Your burden lay at His feet.
O soul, so sad and weary,
That sweet voice speaks to thee,
Then what will you do with Jesus?
Oh, what shall the answer be?

Cho.—What shall the answer be?
What shall the answer be?
What will you do with Jesus?
Oh, what shall the answer be?

2 Oh, what will you do with Jesus?
The call comes low and clear,
The solemn words are sounding
In every listening ear.
Eternal life's in the question
And joy through eternity.
Then what will you do with Jesus?
Oh, what shall the answer be?

108

1 O Jesus! O Jesus! how vast Thy love to me
I'll bathe in its full ocean to all eternity,
And wending on to glory, this all my song
shall be,
"I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for
me."

2 O Calvary! O Calvary! the thorn-crown and
the spear!

'Tis here Thy love, my Jesus, in flowing
wounds appear;

Oh! depths of grace and mercy,

To those dear wounds I flee,

"I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for
me."

3 Adore Him, adore Him, the glorious work
is done,

The Father will not punish me, 'twas laid
upon His Son;

"'Tis finished," cried His suffering soul, and
I my title see,

"I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for
me."

4 I'm coming, I'm coming, Lord Jesus, to Thy
throne,

A few more fleeting hours, and I shall be
at home;

And when I reach the pearly gates, then
Christ my only plea—

"I am a ransom'd sinner, for Jesus died for
me."

5 In glory, in glory, "forever with the Lord,"

I'll tune my harp, and with the saints I'll
sing with loud accord;

And as I strike the golden strings, this all
my song shall be—

"I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for
me."

109

- 1 Once again the Gospel message,
From the Saviour you have heard;
Will you heed the invitation?
Will you turn unto the Lord?

Cho.—Come believing!..come believing!..
Come to Jesus! look and live!..
Come believing!..come believing!..
Come to Jesus! look and live!..

- 2 Many summers you have wasted,
Ripened harvests you have seen,
Winter snows by spring have melted:
Yet you linger in your sin!

- 3 Cease of fitness to be thinking;
Do not longer try to “feel”;
It is *trusting*, and not *feeling*,
That will give the Spirit’s seal.

- 4 Let your will to God be given,
Trust in Christ’s atoning blood;
Look to Jesus now in heaven,
Rest on God’s unchanging Word.

110

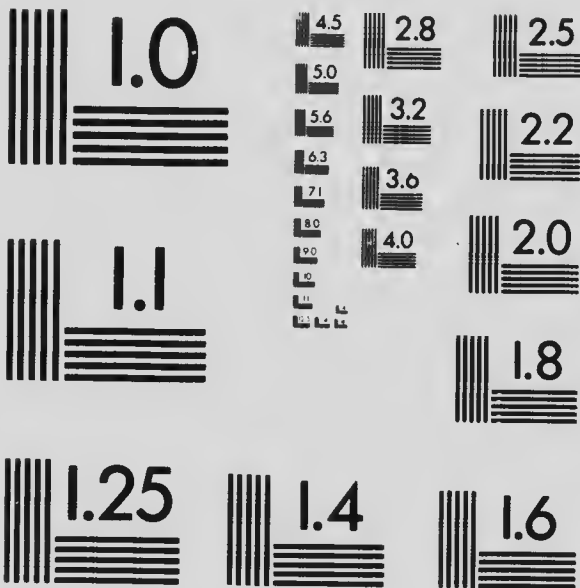
- 1 On the cross the Saviour hanging,
Bled and died for you and me;
Wondrous love! Oh! who can know it,
Boundless, priceless, full and free.

Cho.—On the cross...behold Him hang..ing,
On the blood...stain’d cross for me..
Jesus died...to bring sal-va...tion,
Jesus died for you and me.



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2 O, the blood-stained cross of Jesus,
How it fills my soul with peace,
As I there behold Him dying,
Bringing naught but my release.

3 'Tis indeed a truth most precious,
That for sinners Jesus died,
And we have a full remission
Through a Saviour crucified.

111

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,
For the Crowning day is coming by and by.

Cho.—O, the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in "power,"
And "glory" from on high;
O, the glorious sight will gladden,
Each waiting, watching eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and
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.—In etc.

3 Our pain shall then be over,
We'll sin and sigh no more,
Behind us all our sorrow,
And nought but joy before,
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to Him are nigh.—For etc.

112

1 Our sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price He fully paid
By His own precious blood,

Cho.—Tell the world there's salvation in the
blood,
Tell the world there's salvation in the
blood;
Bear the message thro' all the earth
abroad,
There is healing and cleansing in the
blood.

2 To save a world He died;
Sinner, behold the Lamb!
Believe upon the Crucified,
There's healing in His name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in His Name is found—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to Thee;
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love hath set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

113

1 Out on the desert, looking, looking,
 Sinner, 'tis Jesus looking for thee;
 Tenderly calling, calling, calling,
 Hither, thou lost one, O come unto Me.

Cho.—Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling,
 Wh, dost thou linger, why tarry away?
 Run to Him quickly, say to Him gladly,
 Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

2 Still He is waiting, waiting, waiting,
 Oh, what compassion beams in His eye:
 Hear Him repeating gently, gently,
 Come to the Saviour, O why wilt thou die?

3 Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading,
 Mercy, though slighted, bears with thee yet,
 Thou canst be happy, happy, happy,
 Come ere thy life star forever be set.

114

1 O sweet is the story of Jesus,
 The wonderful Saviour of men,
 Who suffered and died for the sinner—
 I'll tell it again and again!

Cho.—O won..derful, wonderful sto..ry,
 The dea..rest that ever was told...
 I'll repeat it in glo..ry, the wonderful
 sto..ry,
 Where I..shall His beauty behold..

2 He came from the brightest of glory;
 His blood as a ransom He gave,
 To purchase eternal redemption,
 And oh, He is mighty to save!

- 3 His mercy flows on like a river,
His love is unmeasured and free;
His grace is forever sufficient,
It reaches and purifies me.

115

- 1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as
you be
While streams of salvation are flowing so
free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
And pardon you freely, if you will believe;
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come
home.

116

- 1 O! What a glorious truth is this—
He opened up the path to bliss—
God loved the world, His Son He gave,
That all who do in Him believe
Should full and gracious pardon have—
Jesus died.
- Jesus died.
Jesus died.
- Jesus died.

2 To save our souls from death and hell,
Such love amazing who can tell!
Yes, He for ruined men was slain,
That they through Him might life obtain,
And everlasting glory gain—
Jesus died.

3 O! tell it unto all around,
'Tis such a precious, blessed sound,
Entreat poor sinners to rely
On that which brings the guilty nigh;
E'en to the blood of Christ to fly—
Jesus died.

4 Soon heaven shall raise the happy song,
Which endless ages shall prolong;
By virtue of that precious blood,
Believers are brought nigh to God;
O! spread the glorious news abroad—
Jesus died.

117

1 Passing onward, quickly passing;
But I ask you whither bound?
Is it to the many mansions,
Where eternal rest is found?
Passing onward—
Tell me sinner, whither bound?

2 Passing onward, quickly passing,
Nought the wheels of time can stay!
Sweet the thought that some are going
To the realms of perfect day,
Passing onward—
Christ their leader—Christ their way.

3 Passing onward, quickly passing,
Many on the downward road,
Careless of their soul's salvation,
Heeding not the call of God,
Passing onward—
Trampling on the Saviour's blood.

4 Passing onward, quickly passing,
Time its course will quickly run;
Still we hear the fond entreaty
Of the ever-gracious One—
"Come and welcome,
'Tis by ME that life is won."

118

1 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels and for sinners,
Shed for me.

2 Precious blood that hath redeemed us
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

3 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole,
Let its mighty power in cleansing
Reach thy soul.

4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep as scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.

1 "Redeemed," "redeemed!"

O sing the joyful strain!

Give praise, give praise

And glory to His name;

Who gave His blood our souls to save,

And purchased freedom for the slave!

And purchased freedom for the slave!

Cho.—"Redeemed!" "redeemed" from sin and all
its woe!

"Redeemed!" "redeemed," eternal life to
know!

"Redeemed!" "redeemed" by Jesus' blood!

"Redeemed!" "redeemed!" Oh, praise the
Lord!

2 What grace! What grace!

That He who calmed the wave,

Should stoop, my soul,

My guilty soul to save!

That He the curse should bear for me,

A sinful wretch, His enemy!

A sinful wretch, His enemy!

3 "Redeemed!" "redeemed!"

The word has brought repose,

And joy, and joy,

That each redeemed one know

Who sees his sins on Jesus laid

And knows His blood the ransom paid,

And knows His blood the ransom paid.

4 "Redeemed!" "redeemed!"

O Joy that I should be

In Christ, in Christ,

From sin forever free!

Forever free to praise His name,

Who bore for me the guilt and shame,

Who bore for me the guilt and shame.

120

- 1 Redemption, O wonderful story,
Glad message for you and for me,
That Jesus has purchas'd our pardon,
And paid all the debt on the tree.

Cho.—Believe it, O sinner believe it,
Receive the glad message, 'tis true,
Trust now in the crucified Saviour,
Salvation He offers to you.

- 2 From death unto life He has brought us,
And made us by grace sons of God;
A fountain is opened for sinners,
O wash and be cleans'd in His blood.

- 3 Accept now God's offer of mercy,
To Jesus, O hasten to-day,
For He will receive him that cometh,
And never will turn him away.

121

- 1 Rejoice and be glad! the Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His
tomb!
- 2 Sound His praises! tell the story of Him who
was slain!
Sound His praises! tell with gladness, He
liveth again!
- 3 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free!
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.
- 4 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was
slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
- 5 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again;
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain,

122

- 1 Repeat the story o'er and o'er,
Of *grace* so full and free;
I love to hear it more and more,
Since grace has rescued me.

Cho.—The half was never told,
Of grace divine, so wonderful, etc.

- 2 Of *peace* I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest,
Until the voice of Jesus came
To soothe my weary breast.
- 3 My highest place is—lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real *joy* in life I know
But in His presence sweet.
- 4 And oh, what rapture will it be
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of His love.

123

- 1 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know—
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

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

4 While I draw this fleeting breath;
When my eyelids close in death;
Or when changed I mount above,
Still I'll triumph in Thy love.
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

124

1 Salvation! oh, salvation! endearing, precious
sound!

Shout, shout the word "*Salvation!*" to earth's
remotest bound.

Salvation for the guilty, salvation for the lost,
Salvation for the wretched, the sad and sor-
row-toss'd.

2 Salvation for the aged, salvation for the
young,

Salvation e'en for children, proclaim with joy-
ful tongue;

Salvation for the wealthy, salvation for the
poor.

Salvation for the lowly, e'en life for evermore.

3 Salvation without money, salvation without
price,

Salvation without labor—believing doth suf-
fice;

Salvation now—this moment! then why, O
why delay!

You may not see to-morrow; *now* is salvation's
day!

- 1 Satisfied with Thee, Lord Jesus, I am blest;
 Peace which passeth understanding on Thy
 breast,
 No more doubting, no more trembling;
 Oh, what rest!
- 2 Occupied with me, Lord Jesus, in Thy grace;
 All Thy ways and thoughts about me, Only
 trace
 Deeper stories of the glories:
 Of Thy grace.
- 3 Taken up with Thee, Lord Jesus, I would be;
 Finding joy and satisfaction All in Thee;
 Thou the nearest and the dearest:
 Unto me.
- 4 Listening for Thy shout, Lord Jesus, in the
 air:
 When Thy saints shall rise with joy to meet
 Thee there.
 Oh, what gladness! No more sadness,
 Sin nor care.
- 5 When Thy blood-bought church, Lord Jesus,
 is complete;
 When each soul is safely landed at Thy feet;
 What a story in the Glory:
 She'll repeat!

1 Say, poor sinner, take salvation,
 Jesus died to set you right,
 Do not give the dreadful answer,
 I'll be saved, but not to-night.
 Give me just a little longer,
 For the world looks now so bright,
 When I feel that I am dying
 I'll be saved, but not to-night.

Cho.—Give me just, etc.

2 When the Judgment overtakes you,
 And those words appear in sight.
 How they prayed and pleaded with you
 But you answered, not to-night.
 This will be the time, poor sinner,
 When you stand on death's cold brink,
 When your soul is lost forever,
 Without Christ you're sure to sink.

3 Oh, how vain is the delusion,
 That the Lord your time will wait.
 Millions now are lost forever,
 Just outside the golden gate.
 Once like you the Saviour bade them,
 Enter into glorious light,
 But like you they softly answered,
 I'll be saved, but not to-night.

4 Listen, sinner, to the Saviour,
 Pleading with the erring one,
 Listen to His kind entreaties,
 Come, ye weary wanderer, come.
 List no longer to the tempter,
 To the world the words seem bright.
 Answer Jesus, gladly saying,
 I'll be saved, yes, saved to-night.

1 Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner,
 And what is thy prospect to-day?
 Why toil for the wealth that will perish,
 The treasures that rust and decay?
 Oh, think of thy soul that forever
 Must live on Eternity's shore,
 When thou in the dust art forgotten,
 When pleasures can charm thee no more.

Cho.—'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the
 cost
 To gain the whole world if thy soul
 should be lost.
 To gain the whole world if thy soul
 should be lost.

2 The Saviour is calling the sinner
 In tones of compassion and love,
 To have that sweet rapture and pardon
 And lay up thy treasure above;
 Oh, look at the cross where He suffered
 To ransom thy soul from the grave.
 The arm of His mercy will hold thee—
 The arm that is mighty to save.

3 As summer is waning, poor sinner,
 Repent ere the season is past.
 God's goodness to thee is extended
 As long as the sunbeam shall last.
 Then list to the warning repeated:
 With all the bright moments that roll,
 Nor say, when the harvest is ended,
 That nobody cared for thy soul.

128

1 Settled forever! sin's tremendous claim,
 Glory to Jesus, blessed be His name,
 No part-way measures doth His grace provide,
 Finished the work was, when the Saviour died.

Cho.—Settled forever! sin's tremendous claim,
 Glory to Jesus, blessed be His name.

2 Settled forever! fear not then to trust
 Thy soul upon Him even as thou must;
 On Calvary's cross, the claims of God were
 met;
 Settled forever all the grievous debt.

3 Settled forever! let no doubt nor fear
 Mix with thy love; nor in thy robe appear
 One single thread of thine own righteousness,
 We are complete in Him who came to bless.

4 Settled forever! yes; no work of thine
 Nor tears, nor sorrow add to grace divine,
 God says, "I blot out every sin and stain
 And will remember them no more again."

129

1 Since Christ my soul from sin set free,
 This world has been a heav'n to me;
 And, 'mid earth's sorrow and its woe,
 'Tis heav'n my Jesus here to know.

Cho.—O hallelujah, yes, 'tis heav'n,
 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;
 On land or sea, what matters where,
 Where Jesus is, 'tis heav'n there.

2 Once heaven seemed a far-off place,
Till Jesus showed His smiling face;
Now it's begun within my soul,
'Twill last while endless ages roll.

3 What matters where on earth we dwell?
On mountain top, or in the dell?
In cottage, or in mansion fair,
Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.

130

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, etc.;

All so freely given, wooing us to heaven,

Beautiful words, wonderful words, etc.

3 Sweetly echo the Gospel call, wonderful, etc.;

Offer pardon and peace to all, wonderful, etc.

Jesus only Saviour, sanctify forever,

Beautiful words, wonderful words, etc.

131

1 Sinner, hark! 'tis God proclaiming

Full salvation now to thee;

If thou wilt believe on Jesus,

He who died on Calvary.

Cho.—Trusting Jesus, Jesus only,
He can wash thy sin away;
Nought of thine can ever save thee,
Jesus bids thee come to-day.

2 All thy working, weeping, praying,
Never could salvation win;
'Tis the blood of God's beloved,
Cleanseth sinners from all sin.

3 Thou hast wandered, sadly wandered,
Down the broad and crowded way;
Near to hell and far from heaven,
But He bids thee turn to-day.

+ Yes, He waits in grace so wondrous,
Waits to bid thee welcome home,
Longs, with outstretched arms to save thee
From thy dark impending doom.

5 Dare you hesitate, or linger,
Trifle with His loving heart,
Soon will grace give way to judgment,
Now 'tis come, but then depart.

132

1 Sinner, how thy heart is troubled!
God is coming very near;
Do not hide thy deep emotion,
Do not check that falling tear.

Cho.—Oh, be saved, His grace is free!
Oh, be saved, He died for thee!
Oh, be saved, He died for thee!

2 Jesus now is bending o'er thee,
Jesus lowly, meek, and mild;
To the Friend who died to save thee,
Wilt thou not be reconciled?

3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?
Thou may'st never see its light;
Come at once! accept His mercy:
He is waiting—come to-night!

4 Let the angels bear the tidings
Upward to the courts of heaven!
Let them sing with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven!

133

1 Sinner turn and come to Jesus,
Ere the day of grace is ended;
He is waiting to receive you,
Come, come to-day.

Cho.—While the Holy Spirit's moving,
Wandering sheep to Jesus bringing,
All His love and mercy proving,
Teaching us salvation's way.

2 All our sins were laid on Jesus,
When He died that He might save us,
Jesus' death to life doth raise us;
Come, come to-day.

3 He ascended up to glory,
To send down the Holy Spirit,
And He prays the Father for us,
Come, come to-day.

4 He can break the chain that binds you,
Raging thirst or deeds unholy;
Satan's bondage now that grinds you,
Come, come to-day.

5 Tho' your sins be red as crimson,
Jesus' blood's a cleansing fountain,
All your sins will be forgiven,
Only believe.

134

1 Sinners, Jesus will receive,
 Sound this word of grace to all,
 Who the heavenly pathway leave,
 All who linger, all who fail.

Cho.—Sing it o'er . . . and o'er again,
 Christ receiv . . . eth sinful men;
 Make the mes . . . sage clear and plain
 Christ receiveth sinful men.

2 Come and He will give you rest,
 Trust Him, for His word is plain;
 He will take the sinfulest—
 Christ receiveth sinful men.

3 Christ receiveth sinful men,
 Even me with all my sin;
 Purged from every spot and stain,
 Heav'n with Him I enter in.

135

1 Some day the silver cord will break,
 And I no more as now shall sing:
 But oh, the joy when I shall wake
 Within the palace of the King!

Cho.—And I shall see . . . Him face to face,
 And tell the story—Saved by grace;
 And I shall see . . . Him face to face,
 And tell the story—Saved by grace.

2 Some day my earthly house will fall,
 I cannot tell how soon 'twill be;
 But this I know—my All-in-All
 Has now a place in heaven for me.

- 3 Some day, when fades the golden sun
 Beneath the rosy-tinted west,
 My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!"
 And I shall enter into rest.
- 4 Some day; till then I'll watch and wait—
 My lamp all trimmed and burning bright—
 And when my Saviour opes the gate,
 I'll rise with joy and take my flight.

136

- 1 Sound aloud the wondrous story,
 Jesus died upon the tree;
 As we onward march to glory, Jesus, etc.
 Sinners of the deepest dye,
 Who the God of love defy,
 Unto you we're sent to cry, Jesus, etc.
- 2 Yes, lost one, it was for you, Jesus, etc.
 Oh, what love—how deep, how true, Jesus, etc.
 See Him there, the spotless One,
 See the blood which doth atone.
 Hear Him cry, "'Tis done!" "'Tis done!"
 As He, etc.
- 3 Sinner, you have heard the story, Jesus, etc.
 And you fain would meet in glory, Him
 who, etc.
 Then on Christ just now rely,
 Ere in judgment He pass by,
 And no more you'll hear the cry, Jesus
 died, etc.

1 Stop, poor sinner, stop and think before you
further go;

Can you sport upon the brink of everlasting
woe?

Hell beneath is gaping wide, vengeance waits
the dread command

Soon to stop your sport and pride and sink
you with the damned.

Cho.—Once again I charge you, stop, for unless
you warning take,

Ere you are aware, you'll drop into the
burning lake.

2 Ghastly death will quickly come and drag
you to the bar,

Then to hear your awful doom, will fill you
with despair;

All your sins will round you crowd, sins of
blood and crimson dye:

Each for vengeance crying loud, and what
will you reply?

3 But as yet there is a hope. You may His
mercy know;

Though His arm be lifted up, He still for-
bears the blow.

'Twas for sinners Jesus died; sinners He in-
vites to come,

None who come will be denied. He says
there yet is room.

- 1 Take the world, but give me Jesus:
 All its joys are but a name,
 But His love abideth ever,
 Through eternal years the same.

Cho.—O the height and depth of mercy!
 O the length and breadth of love!
 O the fulness of redemption,
 Pledge of endless life above!

- 2 Take the world, but give me Jesus,
 Sweetest comfort of my soul;
 With my Saviour watching o'er me
 I can sing though billows roll.
- 3 Take the world, but give me Jesus,
 Let me see His constant smile;
 Then throughout my pilgrim journey,
 Light will cheer me all the while.
- 4 Take the world but give me Jesus,
 In His cross my trust shall be;
 Till with clearer, brighter vision,
 Face to face my Lord I see.

- 1 Tell me the story of Jesus,
 Write on my heart every word;
 Tell me the story most precious,
 Sweetest that ever was heard.
 Tell how the angels in chorus
 Sang, as they welcomed His birth,
 "Glory to God in the highest!
 Peace and good tidings to earth!"

Cho.—Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word,
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.

2 Fasting alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that He passed,
How He was tried and was tempted,
Yet was triumphant at last.
Tell of the years of His labor,
Tell of the sorrows He bore,—
He was despised and afflicted,
Homeless, rejected, and poor.

3 Tell of the cross where they nailed Him,
Bleeding, in sorrow and pain;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him;
Tell how He liveth again.
Love, in that story so tender,
Clearer than ever I see,—
Love for the guilty and helpless,
Love for a sinner like me.

140

1 That grand word "Whosoever" is ringing
thro' my soul,
Whosoever will may come!
In rivers of salvation, the living waters roll,
Whosoever will may come!

Cho.—O that "who...so...ever"!
Whosoever will may come;
The Saviour's invitation is freely sound-
ing still
Whosoever will may come!

- 2 Whenever this glad message in God's own
Word I see,
Whosoever will may come!
I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis
meant for me,
Whosoever will may come!
- 3 I heard the loving message, and now to
others say,
Whosoever will may come!
Trust now this precious Saviour, and He'll
be yours to-day,
Whosoever will may come!
- 4 To God be all the glory! His only Son He
gave,
Whosoever will may come!
And all who come believing, He'll to the
utmost save,
Whosoever will may come!

141

- 1 The blood has always precious been,
'Tis precious now to me;
Through it alone my soul has rest,
From fear and doubt set free.

Cho.—Oh, wondrous is the crimson tide,
Which from my Saviour flowed;
And still in heaven my song shall be,
"The precious, precious blood."

- 2 "I will remember now no more,"
God's faithful Word has said,
"The follies and the sins of him
For whom my Son has bled."

3 Not all my well-remembered sins
Can startle or dismay;
That precious blood atones for all,
And bears my guilt away.

4 Perhaps this feeble frame of mine,
May soon in sickness lie;
But, resting on that precious blood
How peacefully I'll die.

142

1 The blast of the trumpet so loud and so shrill,
Will shortly re-echo o'er ocean and hill,

Cho.—When t mighty, mighty, mighty
trump sounds,

Come, come away;

O sinner, be ready to hail that great
day.

2 The earth and the waters will yield up the
dead,

The righteous with joy will awake from their
bed.

3 The chorus of angels will burst from the skies,
And blend with the shout of the saints as
they rise.

4 The cry of the "Bridegroom" will echo around,
And the bride in her beauty go forth at the
sound.

143

1 The Cross! the Cross! the wondrous Cross,
'Twas there the Saviour died;

I gaze upon that thorn-clad brow
That pierced and bleeding side!

Cho.—At the Cross! at the Cross! where I first
saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled
away.
It was there by faith I received my
sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

2 I see the burden of my sin
By God upon Him laid—
And He, the spotless Lamb of God,
My sacrifice was made!

3 The Cross of Christ is all my boast,
His Blood my only plea;
My passport to the realms of bliss
Is—Jesus died for me.

144

1 The Gospel bells are ringing,
Over land from sea to sea;
Blessed news of free salvation
Do they offer you and me.
'For God so loved the world,
That His only Son He gave;
Whosoe'er believeth in Him
Everlasting life shall have.'

Cho.—... Gospel bells!... how they ring,
Over land from sea to sea!
... Gospel bells!... freely bring,
Blessed news to you and me.

2 The Gospel bells invite us
To a feast prepared for all;
Do not slight the invitation,
Nor reject the gracious call.
"I am the Bread of Life;
Eat of Me, thou hungry soul:
Though your sins be red as crimson,
They shall be as white as wool."

3 The Gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them
Who forever will delay.
"Escape thou for thy life!
Tarry not in all the plain;
Nor behind thee look, oh never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain."

4 The Gospel bells are joyful,
As they echo far and wide,
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
Through a Saviour crucified.
"Good tidings of great joy
To all people do I bring;
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ the Lord and King."

145

1 The gospel of Thy grace, my stubborn heart
has won;
For God so loved the world, He gave His
only Son,
That "Whosoever will believe, shall everlasting
life receive!"

- 2 The serpent "lifted up" could life and heal-
ing give,
So Jesus on the cross bids me to look and live:
For "Whosoever will believe, shall everlast-
ing life receive!"
- 3 "The soul that sinneth dies;" my awful doom
I heard;
I was forever lost, but for Thy gracious Word,
That "Whosoever will believe, shall everlast-
ing life receive!"
- 4 "Not to condemn the world" the "Man of
Sorrows" came:
But that the world might have salvation
through His name;
For "Whosoever will believe, shall everlast-
ing life receive!"
- 5 "Lord, help my unbelief!" give me the peace
of faith,
To rest with child-like trust on what the
gospel saith,
That "Whosoever will believe, shall everlast-
ing life receive!"

146

1 The Lamb of God for sinners died,
A Victim on the tree;
He gave Himself a sacrifice,
To set the guilty free.

Cho.—I seek no other argument,
I want no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died,
And rose again for me.

2 The great Redeemer left the throne,
The radiant throne on high,
Surprising mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die!

3 He took the guilty sinner's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man (O miracle of grace!)
For man, the Saviour bled.

147

1 The love of God is righteous love,
Inscribed upon Golgotha's tree,
Love that exacts the sinner's debt,
Yet in exacting sets him free.

Cho.—Oh, wondrous love for sinners given,
To save from hell, and bring to heaven.
O tell the virtues all abroad
Of love divine—the love of God.

2 Love that condemns the sinner's sin,
Yet in condemning, pardon seals;
That saves from righteous wrath, and yet
In saving, righteousness reveals.

3 No, not the love without the blood;
That were to me no love at all;
It could not reach my sinful soul,
Nor hush the fears that me appal.

148

1 The Love that Jesus had for me,
To suffer on the cruel tree,
That I, a ransomed soul might be,
Is more than tongue can tell.

Cho.—His love is more than tongue can tell;
The love that Jesus had for me
Is more than tongue can tell.

2 The many sorrows that He bore,
And oh, the crown of thorns He wore,
That I might live for evermore,
Is more than tongue can tell.

3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,
Who pleads before the throne of God
The merits of His precious blood,
Is more than tongue can tell.

4 The joy that comes when He is near,
The rest He gives, so free from fear,
The hope in Him so bright and clear,
Is more than tongue can tell.

149

“The wages of sin is death.”
“Prepare to meet thy God.”
“Ye must be born again.”
“Behold the Lamb of God.”
“Hear, and your soul shall live.”

150

1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Cho.—I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross, He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there *have* I, though vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy wounds supplied for me,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall for ever be.

151

- 1 There is a happy land,
 Far, far away;
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 "Worthy is our Saviour King,
 Loud let His praises ring—
 Praise, praise for aye."
- 2 Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand?
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free!
 Lord, we shall live with Thee!
 Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to Jesus run;
Trust in God's beloved Son;
Then bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye.

152

1 There comes to my heart one sweet strain,
A glad and a joyous refrain,
I sing it again and again.
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Cho.—Peace, peace, sweet peace,
Wonderful gift from above.
Oh! wonderful, wonderful peace,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

2 By Christ on the cross peace was made,
My debt by His death was all paid.
No other foundation is laid. For peace, etc.

3 When Jesus as Lord I had crowned,
My heart with His peace did abound;
In Him the rich blessing I found. Sweet, etc.

4 In Jesus for peace I abide,
And as I keep close to His side,
There's nothing but peace doth abide.
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

153

- 1 There is a Saviour waiting,
 Earnest in His call;
 Why be hesitating?
 Welcome are one and all!
 Long the world you've been trying—
 Trying its pleasure and sin;
 Blind to the fact that you're dying—
 To His rich banquet come in!
- Cho.—Come, come to Him now!—
 Come, come to Him now!—
 All welcome to Jesus:
 Come—come to Him now!
- 2 Pardon He gives, Salvation,
 Life eternal, peace;
 Hear the proclamation,
 Giving the slave release!
 "Wine and milk without money!"
 All that you need "without price!"
 Words, "sweeter than honey"—
 Jesus the heart doth suffice.
- 3 Come, and till life is ended,
 Earth forever gone,
 Serve Him—now ascended!—
 Living for Him alone.
 Here we wait His returning,
 Back He has promised to come;
 Oh, that our lamps may be burning—
 Burning till He call us Home!

154

- 1 There is a story sweet to hear,
 I love to tell it, too;
 It fills my heart with hope and cheer,
 'Tis old, yet ever new.

Cho.—'Tis old...yet ever new;
'Tis old...yet ever new,
I know...I'm sure 'tis true,
'Tis old, yet ever new.

2 It tells me God's own Son came down
From glory's throne, to die,
That I might live to wear a crown,
And reign with Him on high.

3 It says He bore the Cross for me,
And suffered in my place,
That I from sin might ransomed be,
And praise Him for His grace.

4 O wondrous love, so great, so vast,
So boundless and so free!
Lord, at Thy feet myself I cast:
Myself I give to Thee.

155

1 There is forgiveness, God doth say,
Through the Blood;
Both sin and guilt are put away,
Through the Blood;
And sinners fitted for the sky,
Yes, unto God Himself brought nigh
Made meet to dwell with Christ on high,
Through the Blood.

2 'Tis not year work puts sin away,
But the Blood;
Nor is it gold, God's Word doth say,
But the Blood;
Yes, 'tis the Blood, the precious Blood
Of Christ, the chosen Lamb of God,
That clears away sin's heavy load:
Precious Blood!

3 You may be washed as white as snow
 In the Blood;
And then to glory bright will go,
 Through the Blood.
So come to Christ; oh, come *to-day*,
That you may praise—yes, praise for aye,
The Lamb who washed your sins away,
 In His Blood.

4 Thousands of souls in heaven will be,
 Through the Blood,
Praising the Lamb, who on the tree
 Shed His Blood.
All white and pure, all glorious fair,
They praise the Lamb, whose joy they share;
O happy throng! will you be there?
 Through the Blood.

156

1 There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
 There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
 Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

Cho.—Look! look! look and live!
 There is life in a look at the Crucified
 One,
 There is life at this moment for thee.

2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
 If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing
 blood,
 If His dying thy debt has not paid?

- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance nor prayers,
But the *Blood* that atones for the soul;
On Him then who shed it thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
- 4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has
declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared
And completed the work He begun.

157

- 1 There's a Friend for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious Name He bears.
- 2 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
Where Jesus dwells in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.
- 3 There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky—
And all who look for Jesus,
Shall wear it by and by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who trust the Saviour,
And love His name below.

158

1 There's a Stranger at the door:
Let....Him in!....
He has been there oft before:
Let....Him in!....
Let Him in, ere He is gone;
Let Him in, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son:
Let....Him in!....

2 Open now to Him your heart:
Let....Him in!....
If you wait He will depart:
Let....Him in!....
Let Him in, He is your Friend;
He your soul will sure defend;
He will keep you to the end:
Let....Him in!....

3 Now admit the heav'nly Guest:
Let....Him in!....
He will make for you a feast:
Let....Him in!....
He will speak your sins forgiven;
And when earth-ties all are riven;
He will take you home to heaven:
Let....Him in!....

159

1 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly
crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found
no room
For Thy holy nativity.

Cho.—Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heav'n's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree:
But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord, on
earth,
And in great humility.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their
nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of
God,
In the deserts of Galilee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of
thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heav'n's arches shall ring, and her
choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet
there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."

And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus!
When Thou comest and callest for me;
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus!
When Thou comest and callest for me.

160

- 1 Thro' the name of Jesus mercy flows today,
Fount of loving kindness blest and free;
See how Jesus suffered when upon the tree,
All to bring Salvation e'en to thee.

Chorus.

Welcome, welcome, now to Jesus come!
Welcome, welcome to the Father's Home!
Jesus will receive you; in His love confide;
'Twas to save lost sinners Jesus died!

- 2 Thro' the work of Jesus peace is preached
to-day;
God now sends His message far and wide,
Message of Salvation, life eternally,
Righteousness thro' Jesus now supplied.
- 3 Thro' the Blood of Jesus sins are washed
away,
Cleansing fount of blessing let it be!
Christ endured sin's judgment when upon the
tree
Everlasting favor still for thee.

161

- 1 Tidings, happy tidings! Hark, hark, the
sound!
Hear the joyful echo through the world
resound;
Christ the Lord proclaims them, hear and heed
the call,
Come, ye starving ones that perish, room, room
for all.

Chorus.

"Whosoever cometh," Jesus will receive;
"Whosoever thirsteth," Jesus will relieve;
See the living fountain, flowing full and free;
Oh, that blessed "whosoever"—That means
me!

- 2 Tidings, happy tidings! Hark, hark, they
say;—
Do not slight the warning; come, O come
to-day;
Christ, the loving Saviour, still repeats the
call,
"Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, room, room for
all."
- 3 Tidings, happy tidings! Hark, hark, again,
Rushing o'er the mountain, sweeping o'er the
plain,
Onward goes the message, 'tis the Saviour's
call:
"Come, for everything is ready; room, room
for all!"

162

- 1 Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.
- 2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er
Thou returnest never more;
Earnest is eternity.
Wilt thou never serious be?
- 3 Heaven is earnest; solemnly
Float its voices down to thee;
Hell is earnest; art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?

+ Christ is earnest; bids thee come,
God declares that all is done;
Wilt thou spurn the Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

163

1 'Tis a true and faithful saying,
Jesus died for sinful men;
Though we've told the story often,
We must tell it o'er again.

Cho.—Oh glad and glorious Gospel,
With joy we now proclaim,
A full and free salvation,
Through faith in Jesus' name.

2 He has made a full atonement,
His atoning work is done;
He has glorified the Father,
Who accepts us in His Son.

3 Still upon His hands the nail-prints,
And the scars upon His brow:
Our Redeemer, Lord, and Saviour,
In the glory standeth now.

4 But remember, this same Jesus
In the clouds will come again;
And with Him His blood-bought people
Evermore shall live and reign.

164

1 'Tis time to be prepared, prepared, prepared,
'Tis time to be prepared for that great day.

Cho.—Oh, turn, poor sinner, and escape
eternal fire,
Or you must stand your trial on that
great day.

- 2 You'll see the Judge descending,
With myriad hosts attending, on that great
day.
- 3 You'll hear the wicked wailing,
'Neath storms of wrath prevailing, on that
great day.
- 4 You'll see the saints rejoicing,
Safe with the Lord rejoicing, on that great
day.
- 5 Oh! sinner come to Jesus!
Oh! come and trust in Jesus, for that great
day.
- 6 And Jesus will prepare you,
With garments white prepare you, for that
great day.

165

1 'Tis the promise of God
Full salvation to give,
Unto all who on Jesus,
His Son, will believe.

Cho.—Hallelujah! 'tis done,
I believe on the Son,
I am saved by the blood
Of the crucified One.

2 Many loved ones have I
In yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory,
And this is their song.

3 There's a part in that chorus
For you and for me,
And the theme of our praises
For ever will be—Hallelujah, etc.

1 To God be the glory! Great things He hath
done;
So loved He the world that He gave us His
Son;
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
And opened the Life-gate that all may go in.

Cho.—Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let
the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let
His people rejoice!
Oh, come to the Father, thro' Jesus
the Son,
And give Him the glory! Great things
He hath done.

2 O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
To every believer the free gift of God;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment, through Jesus, a pardon re-
ceives.

3 Great things He hath taught us, great things
He hath done,
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the
Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our triumph, when Jesus we see.

1 Was it for me, for me alone,
The Saviour left His glorious throne—
The dazzling splendors of the sky—
Was it for me He came to die?

Cho.—It was for me, yes, all for me;
Oh, love of God so great, so free;
Oh, wondrous love, I'll shout and sing,
He died for me, my Lord, the King.

- 2 Was it for me sweet angel strains
Came floating o'er Judea's plains,
That starlight night so long ago?
Was it for me God planned it so?
- 3 Was it for me He wept and prayed,
When prostrate in the garden laid,
That night within Gethsemane?
Was it for me, that agony?
- 4 Was it for me He bowed His head
Upon the cross, and freely shed
His precious blood—that crimson tide?
Was it for me the Saviour died?

168

- 1 Was there anything that Jesus left undone,
left undone,
When He came to earth to save us every one,
every one?

Cho.—Oh, no, no, no, there was nothing left
undone. Repeat.

- 2 Hear Him in the garden, saying, "Not My
will, not My will."
Oh! it was an awful mission to fulfil, to, etc.
- 3 See Him now betrayed by Judas to His foes,
to, etc.
All the terror that awaits Him well He knows,
well, etc.

- 4 See the crown upon His forehead, thorny
crown, thorny, etc.
How the tender flesh it pierces, pressing down,
etc.
- 5 See Him on the cross suspended, agony, etc.
It was all that He might rescue such as we,
etc.

169

- 1 Weeping will not save thee—
Though thy face were bathed in tears—
That could not allay thy fears—
Could not wash the sins of years—
Weeping will not save thee.
- Cho.—Jesus wept and died for thee;
Jesus suffered on the tree;
Jesus waits to make thee free;
He alone can save thee.
- 2 Working will not save thee—
Purest deeds that you can do—
Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
Cannot form thy soul anew—
Working will not save thee.
- 3 Waiting will not save thee—
Helpless, guilty, lost you lie;
In your ears is mercy's cry;
If you wait you'll surely die—
Waiting will not save thee.
- 4 Faith in Christ will save thee;
Sinner, trust God's risen Son;
Trust the work that He has done;
To His arms now quickly run;
Faith in Christ will save thee.

170

- 1 We have heard the joyful sound
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 Spread the tidings all around,
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 Bear the news to every land,
 Climb the steeps, and cross the waves;
 Onward! 'tis our Lord's command,
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

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

- 3 Sing above the din and strife: Jesus, etc.
 By His death and endless life: Jesus, etc.
 Sing it softly through the gloom,
 When the heart for mercy craves;
 Sing in triumph o'er the tomb! Jesus, etc.

- 4 Sound it with a mighty voice: Jesus, etc.
 Let His people all rejoice: Jesus, etc.
 Shout salvation, full and free,
 Highest hills and deepest caves;
 This our song of victory: Jesus, etc.

171

- 1 We have heard the wondrous tidings
 Of Thy grace in other climes;
 And we pray that Thou wouldst grant us
 Similar refreshing times.

Cho.—Lord, revive us, Lord, revive us,
 Save and gather wand'ers in!

- 2 We have heard how halls and houses
 Are with anxious sinners thronged;
 Many to the Saviour turning,
 Who to Satan once belonged.
- 3 We have heard how young and aged,
 Count their richest gain but loss;
 How the wealthiest and the poorest
 Meet together at the Cross.
- 4 There are crowds of careless sinners
 Rushing to destruction's gate:
 Hear our cry, O Lord, and save them,—
 Save them ere it be too late.

172

- 1 We love to sing of the Lord who died,
 And His wondrous love proclaim;
 How there's life and peace through the Cru-
 cified,
 And salvation through His name.

Chorus.

- Salvation! Salvation! vast, full and free;
 Through the precious blood of the Son of God,
 Who was slain on Calvary.
- 2 Oh! the height and depth of His boundless
 love,
 And His mercy who can tell,
 When He came to the Cross from the Throne
 above,
 To save our souls from hell!
- 3 Our sins and guilt were upon Him laid,
 He the wrath of God endured,
 By His precious blood an atonement made,
 And our full discharge procured.

- 4 Ascended now to God's right hand,
A conqueror o'er the grave,
He bids us tell through every land,
His mighty power to save.

173

- 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.

- 2 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 hath 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: rouse the dead from their
tomb:
May they now come to Jesus, while yet there
is room.

- 1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there!

Cho.—To be there!...to be there!...
Oh, what must it be to be there!...

- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare.
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

- 3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above;
But what must it be to be there!

- 1 We're trav'ling home to heaven above,
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? will you go?
Millions have reached that blissful shore,
Their trials and their labours o'er,
And yet there's room for millions more;
Will you go? will you go?
- 2 We're going to walk the plains of light, etc.
Far, far from death, and sin, and night, etc.
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The Conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven shall share, etc.

- 3 The way to heaven is st aight and plain, etc.
 But mind "Ye must be born again," etc.
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 O sinner come, "Believe on Me,
 And thou shalt My salvation see," etc.
- 4 Come all ye halting ones and say,
 "I will go! I will go!
 I'll start the journey here to-day,
 Let me go! let me go!
 My old companions, fare you well,
 I will not go with you to hell,
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell;
 I will go! I will go!"

176

- 1 What can wash away my stain?
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
 What can make me whole again?
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
- Cho.—O precious is the flow
 That cleanses white as snow,
 No other fount I know—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
- 2 For my cleansing this I see:
 For my pardon, this my plea:
- 3 Nothing can for sin atone:
 Nought of good that I have done:
- 4 This is all my hope and peace:
 This is all my righteousness:

177

- 1 "What must I do," has oft been asked,
 "Eternal life to gain?"
 Man anxious seems for any task,
 If this He may obtain.

c.
Cho.—Oh, the Blood of Jesus,
The precious blood of Jesus,
Oh, the Blood of Jesus, it cleanseth from all sin.

2 But all the doing has been done,
As God has clearly shown,
When by the offering of His Son
His purpose He made known.

3 He laid on Him the sinner's guilt,
When came the appointed day,
And by that blood on Calvary spilt,
Took all our sins away.

4 Such was the sacrifice He made,
The law could ask no more;
For not a mite was left unpaid
When He my judgment bore.

178

1 When all my labours and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near by the Lord I adore,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

Cho.—Oh, that will be... glory for me, ...
Glory for me... Glory for me, ...
When by His grace I shall look on His
face,
That will be glory, be glory for me.

2 When by the gift of His infinite grace
I am accorded in heaven a place,
Just to be there and to look on His face,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

3 Friends will be there I have lov'd long ago;
Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet, just a smile from my Saviour, I know,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

179

1 When God the way of life would teach, and
gather all His own,
He placed them safe beyond the reach of
death by blood alone.

Cho.—It is His word, God's precious word,
It stands forever true;
When I, the Lord, shall see the blood,
I will pass over you."

2 By Christ, the sinless Lamb of God, the
precious blood was shed,
When He fulfilled God's holy word, and
suffered in our stead.

3 O soul, for thee salvation thus by God is
freely given;
The blood of Christ atones for sin and makes
us meet for heaven.

4 The wrath of God that was our due, upon
the Lamb was laid,
And by the shedding of His blood, the debt
for us was paid.

5 How calm the judgment hour shall pass, to
all who do obey
The word of God about the blood, and make
that word their stay.

180

1 When He cometh, when He cometh
 To make up His jewels;
 All His jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and His own.

Cho.—Like the stars of the morning,
 His bright crown adorning,
 They shall shine in their beauty,
 Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
 The gems for His Kingdom,
 All the saved ones, all the bright ones,
 His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children,
 Who love their Redeemer,
 Are the jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and His own.

181

1 When I was far away and lost,
 Oh! 'tis wonderful.
 That I was saved at such a cost,
 Oh! 'tis wonderful.

Cho.—Oh! 'tis wonderful; Oh! 'tis wonderful,
 That Jesus gave His life for me,
 Oh! 'tis wonderful.

2 I once was blind, but now I see,
 Oh! 'tis wonderful.
 Was bound by sin but now am free,
 Oh! 'tis wonderful.

- 3 My guilt was all I had to bring,
 Oh! 'tis wonderful.
 Yet I was made His love to sing,
 Oh! 'tis wonderful.
- 4 This great salvation all may share,
 Oh! 'tis wonderful.
 Throughout the world the message bear,
 Oh! 'tis wonderful.
- 5 Come, sinner now, receive His grace,
 Oh! 'tis wonderful.
 And find in Him a resting place,
 Oh! 'tis wonderful.

182

- 1 When I was sinking down with my soul—
 When I was sinking down with my soul—
 When I was sinking down
 Beneath God's righteous frown,
 Christ laid aside His crown for my soul—
 Christ laid aside His crown for my soul—
- 2 Oh! see Him crucified for my soul—
 Blood gushing from His side;
 It was for thee He died! oh, my soul.
- 3 What wondrous love was this for my soul
 That the Lord of life and bliss
 Would stoop to earth's abyss, for my soul.
- 4 Our embraces will be sweet by and by,
 At the great Redeemer's feet,
 When in glory we shall meet, by and by.
- 5 And now I am going home to the Lord;
 Guilty sinner, won't you come,
 Or you'll meet an awful doom, from the
 Lord.

- 1 When Mothers of Salem
 Their children brought to Jesus,
 The stern disciples drove them back,
 And bade them depart;
 But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
 And sweetly looked, and kindly said,
 "Suffer the children to come unto Me."
- 2 For I will receive them
 And fold them to My bosom,
 I'll be a shepherd to these lambs—
 Oh! drive them not away;
 For if they in their hearts believe,
 They shall with Me in glory live,
 "Suffer the children to come unto Me."
- 3 How kind was the Saviour
 To bid these children welcome!
 But there are many thousands
 Who have never heard His name;
 The Bible they have never read.
 They know not that the Saviour said,
 "Suffer the children to come unto Me."
- 4 How happy the children
 Who rest on Jesus' bosom,
 And there, like little folded lambs,
 Lie safely and at rest;
 Thence, none can pluck them e'er away,
 For He who keeps them loves to say,
 "Suffer the children to come unto Me."

- 1 When my life-work is ended, and I cross the
 swelling tide,
 When the bright and glorious morning I
 shall see;
 I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the
 other side,
 And His smile will be the first to welcome
 me.

Cho.—I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him,
 As redeemed by His side I shall stand,
 I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him,
 By the print of the nails in His hands.

- 2 Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view
 His blessed face,
 And the lustre of His kindly beaming eye;
 How my full heart will praise Him for the
 mercy, love and grace,
 That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
- 3 Oh, the dear ones in glory. how they wait for
 me to come,
 And our parting at the river I recall;
 To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my
 welcome home,
 But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
- 4 Thro' the gates to the city in a robe of spotless
 white,
 He will lead me where no tears will ever
 fall;
 In the glad song of ages I shall mingle with
 delight
 But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

1 When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
 When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
 Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to
 know

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

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

2 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.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
 My sin—not in part, but in whole—
 Was nailed to His cross; and I bear it no
 more;
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

4 For me be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live;
 Though sorrows around me may roll,
 No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
 Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

5 But Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we
 wait,
 The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
 Oh, trump of the angel! oh, voice of the Lord!
 Blessed hope! blessed rest of my soul!

- 1 When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone
 And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
 When the beams cease to break on the blest
 Lord's day morn,
 And Jesus invites thee no more:

Cho.—When the har . . . vest is past, . . .
 And the sum . . . mer is o'er, . . .
 With the wheat or the tares,
 When the Judgment appears
 Oh, which shall it be evermore?

- 2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall
 blow,
 The Gospel no message declare;
 Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings
 of woe?
 How suffer the night of despair?
- 3 Sav, O sinner, that livest at ease and secure,
 Who fearest no trouble to come;
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
 Or bear the impenitent's doom?

- 1 When upon life's billows you are tempest
 tossed,
 When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
 Count your many blessings, name them one
 by one,
 And it will surprise you what the Lord hath
 done.

Chorus.

Count your blessings, name them one by one,
Count your blessings, see what God hath done;
Count your blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath
done.

2 Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to
bear?

Count your many blessings, every doubt will
fly,
And you will be singing as the days go by.

3 When you look at others with their lands and
gold,

Think that Christ has promised you His
wealth untold,

Count your many blessings, money cannot buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on
high.

4 So amid the conflict, whether great or small,
Do not be discouraged, God is over all,
Count your many blessings, angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you to your journey's
end.

188

1 When we enter the portals of Glory,
And the great host of ransomed we see,
As the numberless sands of the sea shore,
What a wonderful sight that will be.

Cho.—Numberless as the sand of the seashore,
Numberless as the sand of the shore,
Oh, what a sight 'twill be
When the ransomed host we see,
As numberless as the sand of the sea
shore.

- 2 When we see all the saved of the ages,
Who from cruel death's parting are free;
Meeting there with a heavenly greeting,
What a wonderful sight that will be.
- 3 When we stand by the beautiful river,
'Neath the shades of the life-giving tree,
Gazing out o'er the fair land of promise,
What a wonderful sight that will be.
- 4 When at last we behold our Redeemer,
And His glory and majesty see,
While as King of all kingdoms He reigneth,
What a wonderful sight that will be.

189

- 1 Where will you spend Eternity?
This question comes to you and me!
Tell me, what shall your answer be—
Where will you spend Eternity?

Eternity! Eternity!
Where will you spend Eternity?

- 2 Many are choosing Christ to-day,
Turning from all their sins away;
Heaven shall their blessed portion be:
Where will you spend Eternity?
- 3 Passing the strait and narrow way,
Going the downward road to-day;
What shall the final ending be—
Where will you spend Eternity?

+ Turn, and believe this very hour,
Trust in the Saviour's grace and power;
Then shall your joyous answer be,
"Saved through a long Eternity!"

Eternity! Eternity!
Saved through a long Eternity.

190

- 1 Who laid His heavenly glory by, and came
on earth to live and die?
That He might lift me up on high? Jesus,
my Saviour.
- 2 Who called the weary heart to rest, and
soothed its sorrows on His breast,
And e'en the little children blessed? Jesus,
my Saviour.
- 3 Who was it in Gethsemane sweat drops like
blood in agony,
And drank the cup of woe for me? Jesus,
my Saviour.
- 4 Who was it once on yonder tree was made
a curse that I might be
Released from guilt and misery? Jesus, my
Saviour.
- 5 Oh, Christ, and could it ever be, that once
I felt no love for Thee
Thou loving Lord of Calvary? Jesus, my
Saviour.
- 6 But now my eyes await to see, what pains
and griefs Thou'st borne for me,
My heart, my life I give to Thee! Jesus, my
Saviour.

191

- 1 Who'll be the next to trust in Jesus,
Who'll be the next His gift to claim?
Some one is ready, some one is waiting;
Who'll be the next to praise His name?

Cho.—Who'll be the next to trust in Jesus?
Who'll be the next to trust the Saviour
now?

- 2 Who'll be the next to trust in Jesus—
Trust His precious cleansing blood?
Who'll be the next to praise Him for pardon,
Cleansing from sin and peace with God?
- 3 Who'll be the next to trust in Jesus?
Who'll be the next to own His name?
Who'll swell the chorus of full redemption?
Sing Hallelujah! Praise the Lamb!

192

- 1 Whosoever heareth! shout, shout the sound!
Send the blessed tidings all the world around!
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:
Whosoever will may come.

Cho.—Whosoever will! whosoever will!
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
'Tis a loving Saviour calls the wanderer
home:
Whosoever will may come.

- 2 Whosoever cometh need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while ye may;
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way,
Whosoever will may come.

- 3 Whosoever will, the promise is secure;
Whosoever will, for ever shall endure;
Whosoever will—'tis life for evermore:
Whosoever will may come.

193

- 1 Whoever receiveth the Crucified One,
Whoever believeth on God's only Son,
A free and a perfect salvation shall have:
For He is abundantly able to save.

Cho.—O sinner, the Saviour is calling for thee;
His grace and His mercy are wondrously free;
His blood as a ransom for sinners He gave;
And He is abundantly able to save.

- 2 Whoever receiveth the message of God,
And trusts in the power of the soul-cleansing blood,
A full and eternal redemption shall have:
For He is both able and willing to save.
- 3 Whoever receives the forgiveness of sin,
And opens his heart for the Lord to come in,
A present and perfect salvation shall have:
For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

194

- 1 Why do you wait a convenient day?
Jesus is calling you now.
Why do you turn from His pleadings away?
Jesus is calling you now.
He stands at the door of your heart just now.
The dews of the morning are on His brow.
He is there waiting and calling you now.
O will you not come to Him now?

Cho.—Will you not come to Him now?

Will you not trust in Him now?

Just now, right now.

O hear Him. He's calling you now.

2 Days have gone by and the months and the years.

Jesus is calling you now.

Joys have departed and sorrow appears,

Jesus is calling you now.

The promise you made Him was never kept

When down by the graveside you mourned
and wept.

Turn to Him now and His free grace accept.

O will you not come to Him now?

3 Darkness is deepening and O, 'tis too late,

Jesus is calling you now.

What if the Spirit left you to your fate?

Jesus is calling you now.

Escape for thy life, tarry not, O my soul,

Escape for thy life, you may miss the goal,

And if you miss it, what horrors, O soul!

O will you not come to Him now?

195

1 Why do you wait, O sinner?

Oh, why do you tarry so long?

When Jesus is waiting to give you

A place in His sanctified throng.

Cho.—Why not?—Why not?—

Why not come to Him now?

2 What do you hope, O sinner?

To gain by a further delay?

There's no one to save you but Jesus;

There's no other way but His way.

- 3 Why do you wait, O sinner?
The harvest is passing away;
Your Saviour is longing to bless you;
There's danger and death in delay.

196

- 1 Will your anchor hold in the storm of life?
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife,
When the storm-tides lift and the cables
strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

Cho.—We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll:
Fasten'd to the rock that cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's
love.

- 2 Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear?
When the breakers roar and the reef is near,
While the surges rave, and the wild winds
blow,
Shall the angry waves your bark o'erflow?
- 3 Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill your latest breath?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
While your anchor holds within the veil.
- 4 Will your eyes behold through the morning
light
The city of gold, and the harbor bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
When life's storms are past for evermore?

1 Wondrous love of Jesus! spread the news
around—

Pardon freely offered, what a joyful sound!
Jesus, loving Saviour, died to set me free;
Oh that blessed "Whosoever"—that means me.

Cho.—Pardon freely offered, all who will
believe;

Whosoever cometh Jesus will receive;
Jesus, loving Saviour, died to set us
free:

Hallelujah! "Whosoever"—that means
me.

2 Whosoever means me better than my name,
Anyone, everyone, is not that the same?
Believing is salvation, present, full, and free;
Whosoever is the message—that means me.

3 Whosoever cometh may the promise claim,
Precious blood of Jesus cleanseth every stain.
The Son of God has loved me, wonder can
it be?

"Whosoever," saith the Saviour—that means
me.

4 Do not trust your feelings, trust His Word
alone,
Prayers can never save you, tears cannot
atone.

"Finished!" cried the Saviour; nothing now
to do.

Come, believe this "Whosoever"—that means
you.

198

- 1 Would you be free from your burden of sin?
There's power in the blood;
Would you o'er evil a victory win,
There's wonderful power in the blood.

Chorus.

There is pow'r, .. pow'r, wonder-working power,
In the blood .. of the Lamb, ..
There is pow'r .. pow'r, wonder-working power,
In the precious blood of the Lamb.

- 2 Would you be free from your passion and
pride?

There's power in the blood;
Come for your cleansing to Calvary's tide,
There's wonderful power in the blood.

- 3 Would you be whiter, much whiter than
snow?

There's power in the blood;
Sin stains are lost in its life-giving flow,
There's wonderful power in the blood.

199

- 1 Years I spent in vanity and pride,
Caring not my Lord was crucified;
Knowing not it was for me He died
On Calvary.

Chorus.

Mercy there was great and grace was free,
Pardon there was multiplied to me,
There my burdened soul found liberty,
At Calvary.

- 2 By God's word at last my sin I learned,
Then I trembled at the law I'd spurned,
Till my guilty soul, imploring, turned
To Calvary.

3 Oh! the love that drew salvation's plan,
Oh! the grace that brought it down to man,
Oh! the mighty gulf that God did span
At Calvary.

4 Now I'd give to Jesus ev'rything,
Now I gladly own Him as my King,
Now my raptured soul can only sing
Of Calvary.

200

1 "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall
of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
Room, room, still room, Oh, enter, enter now.

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low:
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go,
Room, room, still room, Oh, enter, enter now.

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's
guest,
Room, room, still room, Oh, enter, enter now.

4 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call.
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall,
Room, room, still room, Oh, enter, enter now.

5 Ere night that gate may close and seal thy
doom,
Then the last low, long cry, "No room, no
room."
No room, no room, Oh, woeful cry, "No room."

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- 77 Just as I Am Without One Plea
- 78 Let Us Labor for the Master
- 79 Like Wandering Sheep
- 80 Life at Best Is Very Brief
- 81 Look to Jesus
- 82 Look to the Saviour
- 83 Man of Sorrows
- 84 Missing the Lost, O Shepherd
- 85 My God I Have Found
- 86 My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less
- 87 My Jesus, I Love Thee
- 88 My Redeemer, O What Beauties
- 89 My Soul Is Now United
- 90 Nailed Upon Golgotha's Tree
- 91 Naught Have I Gotten
- 92 Nor Silver Nor Gold
- 93 Not All the Gold of All the World
- 94 Nothing Either Great or Small
- 95 Not What These Hands Have Done
- 96 No Works of Law Have We
- 97 O Christ in Thee My Soul
- 98 O Do Not Let the Word Depart
- 99 O Happy Day That Fixed My
- 100 Oh Child of God, There Is for Thee
- 101 Oh, I Have Got Good News
- 102 Oh, Sing of Jesus, Lamb
- 103 Oh, the Love of Christ Is
- 104 Oh, This Uttermost Salvation
- 105 Oh, to Have No Christ, No
- 106 Oh, What a Saviour That
- 107 Oh, What Will You Do With
- 108 O Jesus, O Jesus, How
- 109 Once Again the Gospel

- 110 On the Cross the Saviour
- 111 Our Lord Is Now Rejected
- 112 Our Sins on Christ Were Laid
- 113 Out on the Desert Looking
- 114 O Sweet Is the Story of Jesus
- 115 O Turn Ye, O Turn Ye
- 116 O What a Glorious Truth
- 117 Passing Onward Quickly
- 118 Precious, Precious Blood of
- 119 Redeemed, Redeemed,
- 120 Redemption, O Wonderful
- 121 Rejoice and Be Glad
- 122 Repeat the Story O'er and
- 123 Rock of Ages
- 124 Salvation, O Salvation
- 125 Satisfied With Thee, Lord Jesus
- 126 Say, Poor Sinner, Take
- 127 Say, Where Is Thy Refuge
- 128 Settled Forever! Sins Tremendous
- 129 Since Christ My Soul From
- 130 Sing Them Over Again to Me
- 131 Sinner Hark, 'Tis God Proclaiming
- 132 Sinner, How Thy Heart Is
- 133 Sinner, Turn and Come to
- 134 Sinners, Jesus Will Receive
- 135 Some Day the Silver Cord
- 136 Sound Aloud the Wondrous
- 137 Stop, Poor Sinner, Stop and
- 138 Take the World, But Give Me
- 139 Tell Me the Story of Jesus
- 140 That Grand Word, Whosoever
- 141 The Blood Has Always Precious
- 142 The Blast of the Trumpet
- 143 The Cross, the Cross
- 144 The Gospel Bells Are Ringing
- 145 The Gospel of Thy Grace
- 146 The Lamb of God for Sinners

- 147 The Love of God Is Righteous
148 The Love That Jesus Had for
149 The Wages of Sin Is Death
150 There Is a Fountain Filled
151 There Is a Happy Land
152 There Comes to My Heart
153 There Is a Saviour Waiting
154 There Is a Story Sweet to
155 There Is Forgiveness, God
156 There Is Life in a Look
157 There's a Friend for Little
158 There's a Stranger at the
159 Thou Did'st Leave Thy Throne
160 Thro' the Name of Jesus
161 Tidings, Happy Tidings
162 Time Is Earnest, Passing By
163 'Tis a True and Faithful
164 'Tis Time to Be Prepared
165 'Tis the Promise of God
166 To God Be the Glory
167 Was It for Me, for Me Alone
168 Was There Anything That
169 Weeping Will Not Save Thee
170 We Have Heard the Joyful
171 We Have Heard the Wondrous
172 We Love to Sing of the Lord
173 We Praise Thee, O God
174 We Speak of the Realms of the
175 We're Travelling Home to
176 What Can Wash Away My
177 What Must I Do, Has Oft
178 When All My Labors and Trials
179 When God the Way of Old
180 When He Cometh, When He Cometh
181 When I Was Far Away and
182 When I Was Sinking Down
183 When Mothers of Salem

- 184 When My Life's Work Is
185 When Peace Like a River
186 When the Harvest Is Past
187 When Upon Life's Billows
188 When We Enter the Portals
189 Where Will You Spend Eternity
190 Who Laid His Heavenly Glory
191 Who'll Be the Next to Trust
192 Whosoever Heareth, Shout
193 Whoever Receiveth the
194 Why Do You Wait a Convenient
195 Why Do You Wait, O Sinner
196 Will Your Anchor Hold
197 Wondrous Love of Jesus
198 Would You Be Free From
199 Years I Spent in Vanity
200 Yet There Is Room



