

The
Brethren
HYMNAL

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THE
BRETHREN HYMNAL:

A COLLECTION OF
PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,

SUITED FOR

SONG SERVICE IN CHRISTIAN WORSHIP, FOR CHURCH SERVICE, SOCIAL
MEETINGS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

34 TH EDITION.

✓✓
*Compiled under Direction of the General Conference of the German Baptist
Brethren Church by the Committee.*

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. Serve the
Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing."

ELGIN, ILL.:
BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
1901.

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DEDICATION.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts

TO THE LORD.

PREFACE.

Among the joys and pleasures of heaven will be the glorious song service of the redeemed. "And they sang a new song, . . . saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." In this wonderful song of praise to the Redeemer of the world every creature in heaven, on the earth, and in the sea shall join in making a joyful noise unto "Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

Singing is heaven-born, and the oldest record we have of it is when the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." There is no law regulating the harmony of sweet sounds but that comes from God. Every vocal chord in all the universe is tuned by the hand of the Divine Musician. No instrument constructed with all the perfection of human skill, be it ever so accurately made and delicately tuned, can compare with the perfect human voice in producing sweet melody and praise to God. So we follow the divine instruction and teach and admonish one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in our hearts unto the Lord. The songs and hymns of the church are an important factor in her service, and this not only in her service of song, but also in the development of spirituality and in unifying the body of Christ. The hymns which our sainted fathers and mothers sang around the old hearthstone and in the church, and which we learned to lisp in our childhood days, have holy and sacred memories associated with them which form a strong bond of union among those of like precious faith.

In the revision of our hymn book the Committee have kept in mind this important fact and have retained as many as possible of these old, standard and sacred hymns endeared to the hearts of all those who love to sing the songs of Zion. In selecting new hymns care has been taken to secure only the very best to be had. In doing this a considerable sum of money was expended for copyrights, but it is believed that the money was well spent. A number of hymns that have become well known in the church by long use have been added to the collection. Some new hymns, written especially for this book, are included.

In adapting tunes to the hymns great care has been taken to select such tunes as will give the highest expression to the words, and are best suited to congregational singing. All the good old tunes, known to the compilers, sacred to the memories of the past, have found a place in the book. Some of these are the arrangements of Lowell Mason, from Gregorian chants, the most ancient form of church music extant. There is a beautiful simplicity in these tunes which renders their performance peculiarly appropriate to religious purposes. "It gives great additional interest to the performance of these tunes to know that they are derived from the songs of the earliest Christian worshipers, and *it may be*, from the very tunes sung by Paul and Silas in prison, or at the institution of the Lord's Supper." See Hamburg, Olmutz, etc.

All the tunes have been selected because of their sweetness of melody, simplicity of harmony and general musical worth. Every piece is a gem in itself, if thoroughly learned. A number of new pieces have been specially composed for this work.

Attention is called to the time signature, which consists of a figure with a small note underneath. The figure indicates the kind of measure and the small note, if a quarter note, indicates that a quarter is the pulse or beat note. If a dotted quarter note is used, it indicates that a dotted quarter is pulse or beat note.

The *sentiment of the words* always indicates how *fast* or *slow* a tune is to be sung. This implies careful study and practice, and good judgment.

Care has been exercised in the classification of the hymns, and attention has been given to the metrical as well as the topical arrangement. This feature of the work will commend itself to singers. Copious indices and a table of contents have been carefully prepared and will be appreciated by those who use the book.

The Committees now give to the church the results of their labor. The book is sent out with the fond hope that it will be acceptable to our beloved Brotherhood and that it may unify us in our song service, and also with the fervent prayer that this service may bring us all nearer to God, and that when our singing in this world shall end we may all join in the glad angel songs of all the redeemed singers at home.

D. L. MILLER,
I. T. HOLSINGER, } Hymn Committee.
H. B. BRUMBAUGH, }

GEO. B. HOLSINGER,
J. HENRY SHOWALTER, } Music Committee
WILLIAM BEERY, }

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THE BRETHREN HYMNAL

1 Thy Gracious Power. C. M. D.

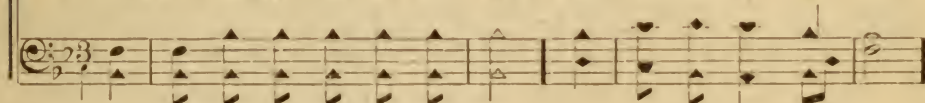
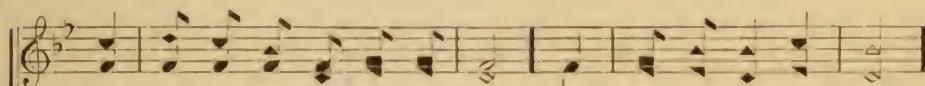
J. THOMPSON.

Omniscience.—Psa. 139: 1-6.


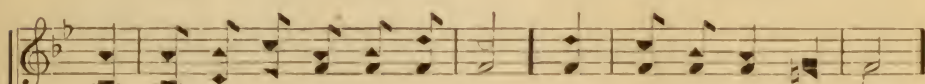
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



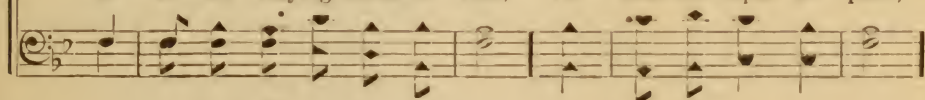
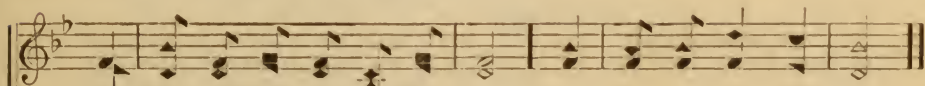
1. Je - ho - vah God! thy gra-cious pow'r On ev - 'ry hand we see;
2. From morn till noon, till la - test eve, The hand of God we see;

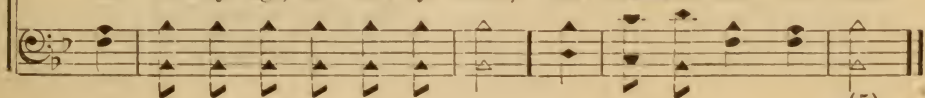
Oh, may the bless-ings of each hour Lead all our thoughts to thee.
And all the bless-ings we re - ceive Cease - less pro-ceed from thee.

Thy pow'r is in the o - cean deeps, And reach-es to the skies;
In all the varying scenes of time, On thee our hopes de - pend;

Thine eye of mer - cy nev - er sleeps, Thy good-ness nev - er dies.
In ev - 'ry age, in ev - 'ry clime, Our Fa - ther and our Friend.



Peoria. C. M.

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.—Isaiah 6: 3.

JOHN NEEDHAM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ho - ly and rev - 'rend is the name Of our e - ter - nal King.
 2. The deep - est rev - 'rence of the mind, Pay, O my soul, to God:
 3. With sa - cred awe pronounce his name, Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
 4. Thou, ho - ly God, pre - serve my soul From all pol - lu - tion free;

"Thrice ho - ly, Lord," the an - gels cry; "Thrice ho - ly," let us sing.
 Lift, with thy hands, a ho - ly heart To his sub - lime a - bode.
 A con - trite heart shall please him more Than no - blest forms of speech.
 The pure in heart are thy de - light, And they thy face shall see.

3 *Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.* C. M. 4

Psa. 139: 7-10.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
 Before they're formed within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secured by sov'reign love.

L. WATTS.

God is Love.—1 John 4: 8. C. M.

- 1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord!
 And raise your souls above;
 Let ev'ry heart and voice accord
 To sing that—God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his Word declares
 And all his mercies prove;
 While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears
 To show that—God is love.
- 3 Behold, his loving-kindness waits
 For those who from him rove,
 Till mighty grace their hearts subdues
 To teach them—God is love.
- 4 The work begun is carried on
 By power from heav'n above:
 And ev'ry step, from first to last,
 Proclaims that—God is love.
- 5 In all his doctrines and commands,
 His counsels and designs—
 In ev'ry work his hands have framed,
 His love supremely shines.
- 6 O! may we all, while here below,
 This best of blessings prove,
 Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
 Shall sing that God is love.

GEO. BURDER.

GOD—HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

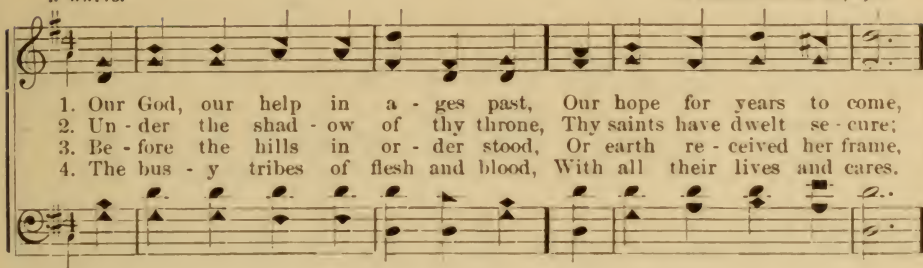
5

Mosley. C. M.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.—Psa. 90: 1.

I. WATTS.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, 1901.



1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of thy throne, Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 4. The bus - y tribes of flesh and blood, With all their lives and cares.



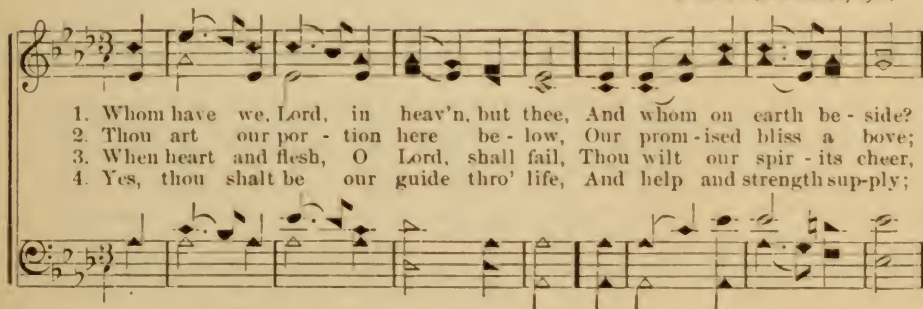
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:
 Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Are car - ried down - ward by the flood, And lost in foll - y wing years.

6

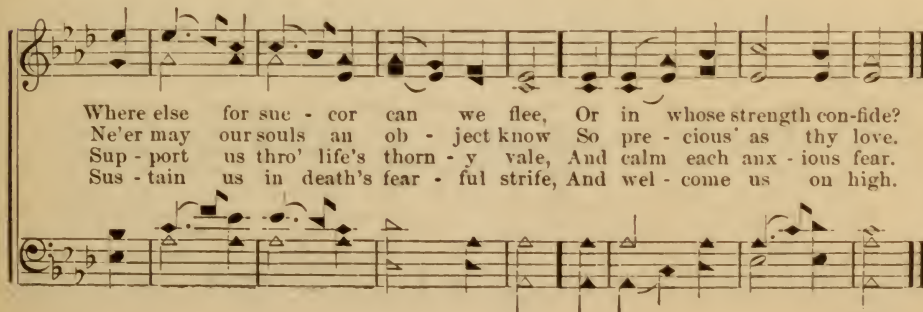
Middleton. C. M.

Thou art my portion, O Lord: I have said that I would keep thy words.—Psa. 119: 57.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, 1901.



1. Whom have we, Lord, in heav'n, but thee, And whom on earth be - side?
 2. Thou art our por - tion here be - low, Our prom - ised bliss a bove;
 3. When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail, Thou wilt our spir - its cheer,
 4. Yes, thou shalt be our guide thro' life, And help and strength sup - ply;



Where else for suc - cor can we flee, Or in whose strength con - fide?
 Ne'er may our souls an ob - ject know So pre - cious' as thy love.
 Sup - port us thro' life's thorn - y vale, And calm each anx - ious fear.
 Sus - tain us in death's fear - ful strife, And wel - come us on high.

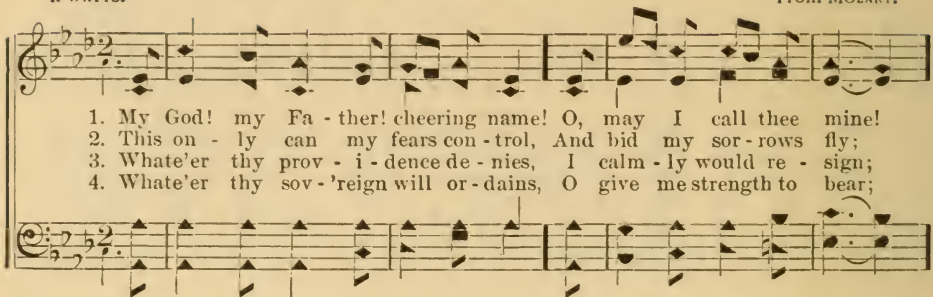
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Belmont. C. M.

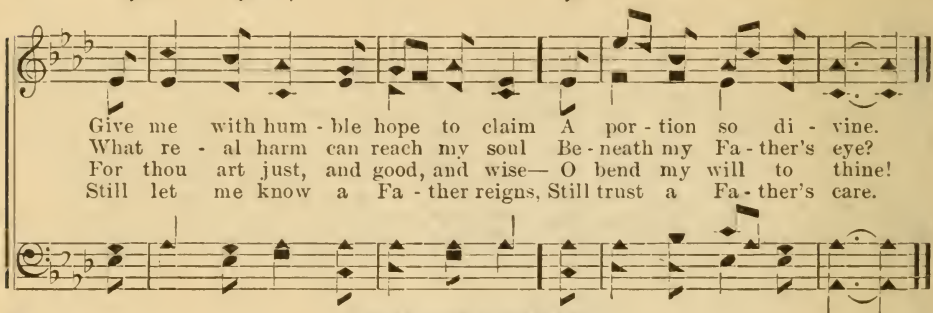
I. WATTS.

God our Father,—Matt. 6: 9.

FROM MOZART.



1. My God! my Fa - ther! cheering name! O, may I call thee mine!
 2. This on - ly can my fears con - trol, And bid my sor - rows fly;
 3. Whate'er thy prov - i - dence de - nies, I calm - ly would re - sign;
 4. Whate'er thy sov - 'reign will or - dains, O give me strength to bear;



Give me with hum - ble hope to claim A por - tion so di - vine.
 What re - al harm can reach my soul Be - neath my Fa - ther's eye?
 For thou art just, and good, and wise—O bend my will to thine!
 Still let me know a Fa - ther reigns, Still trust a Fa - ther's care.

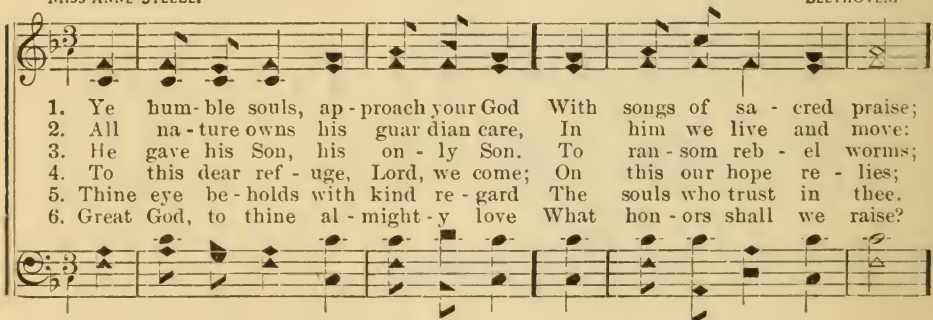
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Kyger. C. M.

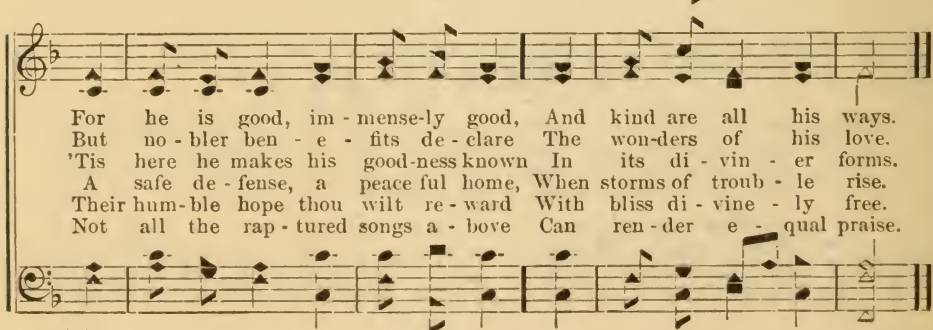
MISS ANNE STEELE.

God's Goodness and Love.—Nahum 1: 7.

BEETHOVEN.



1. Ye hum - ble souls, ap - proach your God With songs of sa - cred praise;
 2. All na - ture owns his guar - dian care, In him we live and move;
 3. He gave his Son, his on - ly Son. To ran - som reb - el worms;
 4. To this dear ref - uge, Lord, we come; On this our hope re - lies;
 5. Thine eye be - holds with kind re - gard The souls who trust in thee.
 6. Great God, to thine al - might - y love What hon - or's shall we raise?



For he is good, im - mense - ly good, And kind are all his ways.
 But no - bler ben - e - fits de - clare The won - ders of his love.
 'Tis here he makes his good - ness known In its di - vin - er forms.
 A safe de - fense, a peace - ful home, When storms of troub - le rise.
 Their hum - ble hope thou wilt re - ward With bliss di - vine - ly free.
 Not all the rap - tured songs a - bove Can ren - der e - qual praise.

Your Heavenly Father Feedeth Them.—Matt. 6: 25-34.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

1. O why despond in life's dark vale? Why sink to fears a prey?
 2. Be - hold, the birds that wing the air Nor sow nor reap the grain:
 3. Be - hold the lil - ies of the field— They toil nor la - bor know;
 4. That God who hears the ra - ven's cry, Who decks the lil - y's form.
 5. Seek first his king-dom's grace to share; Its right-eous - ness pur - sue:

Th' al-might-y pow'r can nev - er fail, His love can ne'er de - cay.
 Yet God, with all a fa - ther's care, Re - lieves when they com - plain.
 Yet roy - al robes to theirs must yield In beau - ty's rich - est glow.
 Will sure - ly all your wants sup - ply, And shield you in the storm.
 And all that needs your earth - ly care He will be - stow on you.

10 *Thy Judgments are a Great Deep.* C. M.
 Psa. 36: 6.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs
 And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

WM. COWPER.

11 *Now we See through a Glass Darkly.* C. M.
 1 Cor. 13: 12.

- 1 Thy way, O God, is in the sea;
 Thy paths I cannot trace,
 Nor comprehend the mystery
 Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
 My captive soul surround;
 Mysterious deeps of providence
 My inward thoughts confound.
- 3 As through a glass I dimly see
 The wonders of thy love;
 How little do I know of thee,
 Or of the joys above!
- 4 Though but in part I know thy will,
 I bless thee for the sight;
 When will thy love the whole reveal
 In glory's clearer light?
- 5 In rapture shall I then survey
 Thy providence and grace,
 And spend an everlasting day
 In wonder, love and praise.

JOHN FAWCETT.
 (9)

12

Caddo. C. M.

God of Bethel.—Gen. 28: 19-22.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O God of Beth-el, by whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed,
 2. Our vows, our prayers, we now pre-sent Be-fore thy throne of grace;
 3. Thro' each per-plex-ing path of life Our wand'ring foot-steps guide;
 4. O, spread thy cov-'ring wings a-round Till all our wand'rings cease,

Who thro' this wea-ry pil-grim-age Hast all our fa-thers led;
 God of our fa-thers! be the God Of their suc-ceed-ing race.
 Give us each day our dai-ly bread, And rai-ment fit pro-vide.
 And at our Fa-ther's loved a-bode Our souls ar-rive in peace.

13

The Glory of God. C. H. M.

The Unspeakable Glory of God.—Rev. 1: 17.

MUHLBERG.

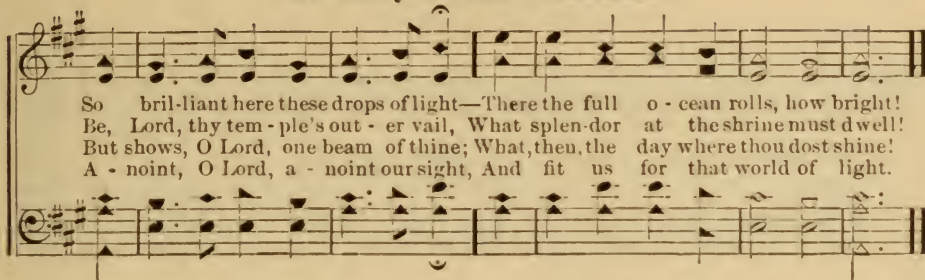
A. B. EVERETT.

1. Since o'er thy foot-stool here be-low Such ra-diant gems are strewn,
 2. If night's blue cur-tain of the sky— With thou-sand stars in-wrought,
 3. The daz-zling sun at noon-day hour—Forth from his flam-ing vase
 4. O, how shall these dim eyes en-dure That noon of liv-ing rays!

O, what mag-nif-i-cence must glow, Great God, a-bout thy throne!
 Hung like a roy-al can-o-py With glit-t'ring dia-monds fraught—
 Fling-ing o'er earth the gold-en shower Till vale and moun-tain blaze—
 Or how our spir-its, so im-pure, Up-on thy glo-ry gaze!

GOD—HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

The Glory of God—Concluded.



So bril-liant here these drops of light—There the full o - cean rolls, how bright!
 Be, Lord, thy tem - ple's out - er veil, What splen-dor at the shrine must dwell!
 But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine; What, then, the day where thou dost shine!
 A - noint, O Lord, a - noint our sight, And fit us for that world of light.

14 The Lord My Shepherd Is. S. M. D.

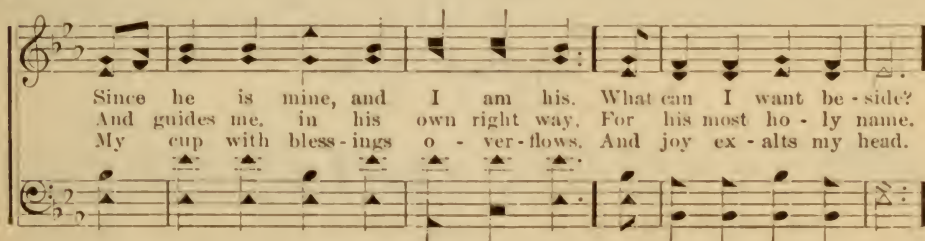
I. WATTS.

The Lord is our Shepherd.—Psa. 23.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.



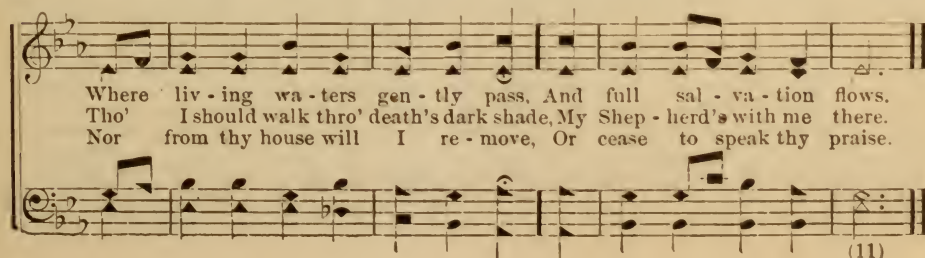
1. The Lord my Shep - herd is; I shall be well sup - plied;
 2. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim;
 3. In sight of all my foes, Thou dost my ta - ble spread;



Since he is mine, and I am his. What can I want be - side?
 And guides me, in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.
 My cup with bless - ings o - ver - flows, And joy ex -alts my head.



He leads me to the place Where heav'n - ly pas - ture grows.
 While he af - fords his aid, I can - not yield to fear;
 The boun - ties of thy love Shall crown my fu - ture days;



Where liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
 Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shep - herd's with me there.
 Nor from thy house will I re - move, Or cease to speak thy praise.

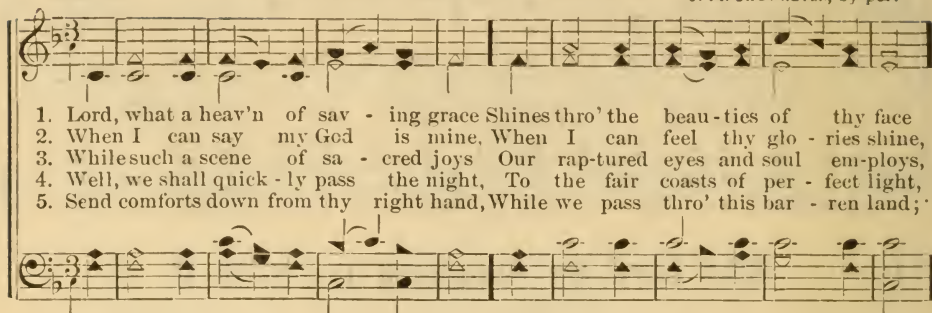
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Saving Grace. L. M.

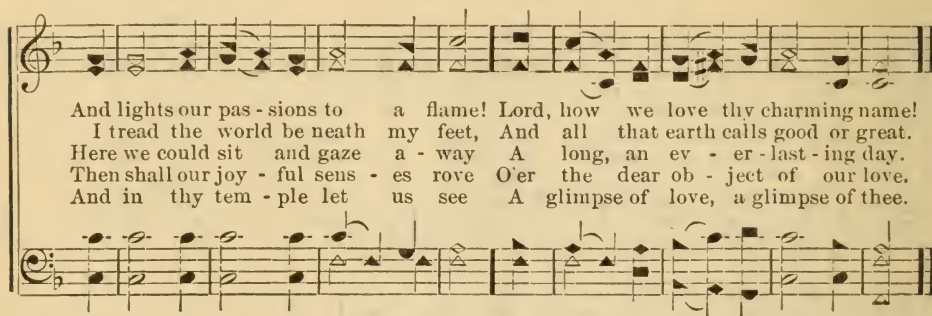
I. WATTS.

How Amiable are thy Tabernacles.—Psa. 84: 1.

J. M. SHOWALTER, by per.



1. Lord, what a heav'n of sav - ing grace Shines thro' the beau-ties of thy face
 2. When I can say my God is mine, When I can feel thy glo - ries shine,
 3. Whilesuch a scene of sa - cred joys Our rap-tured eyes and soul em-plies,
 4. Well, we shall quick - ly pass the night, To the fair coasts of per - feet light,
 5. Send comforts down from thy right hand, While we pass thro' this bar - ren land;



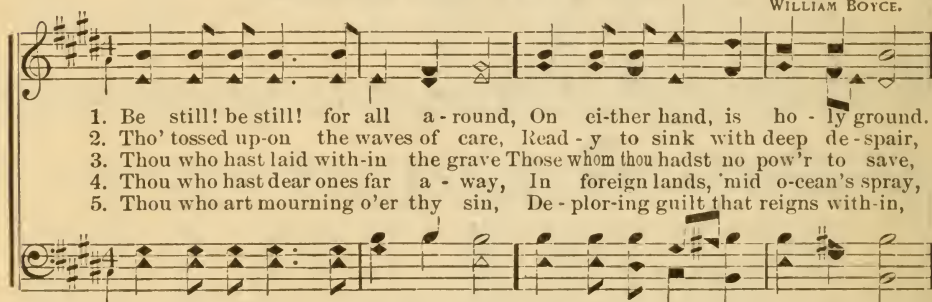
And lights our pas - sions to a flame! Lord, how we love thy charming name!
 I tread the world be neath my feet, And all that earth calls good or great.
 Here we could sit and gaze a - way A long, an ev - er - last - ing day.
 Then shall our joy - ful sens - es rove O'er the dear ob - ject of our love.
 And in thy tem - ple let us see A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

16

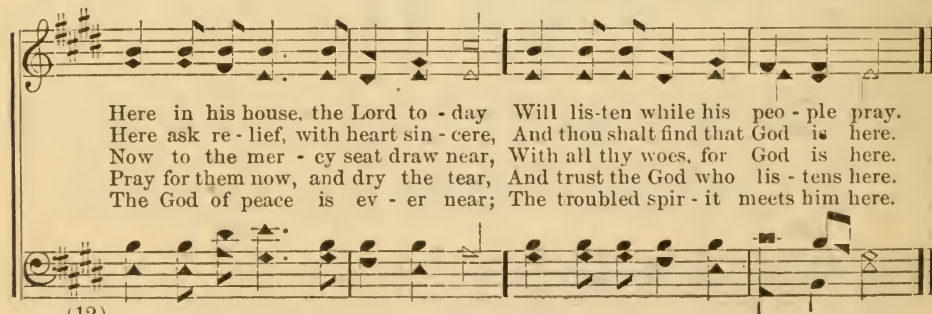
Appleton. L. M.

The Communion of Spirits in Worship.—1 Cor. 5: 4.

WILLIAM BOYCE.



1. Be still! be still! for all a - round, On ei-ther hand, is ho - ly ground.
 2. Tho' tossed up-on the waves of care, Read - y to sink with deep de-spair,
 3. Thou who hast laid with-in the grave Those whom thou hadst no pow'r to save,
 4. Thou who hast dear ones far a - way, In foreign lands, 'mid o-ccean's spray,
 5. Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin, De - plor-ing guilt that reigns with-in,



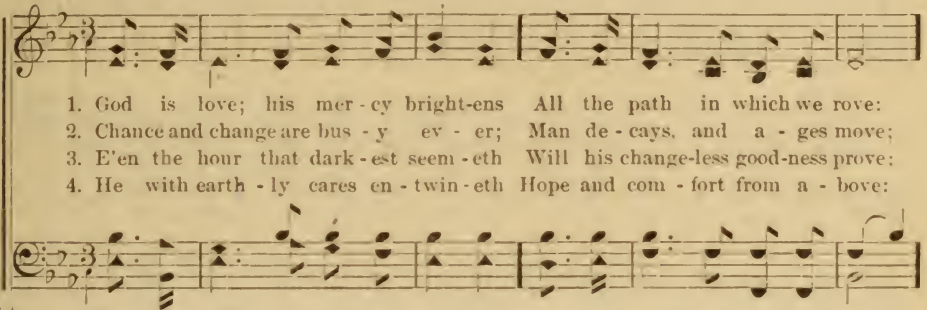
Here in his house, the Lord to - day Will lis - ten while his peo - ple pray.
 Here ask re - lief, with heart sin - cere, And thou shalt find that God is here.
 Now to the mer - cy seat draw near, With all thy woes, for God is here.
 Pray for them now, and dry the tear, And trust the God who lis - tens here.
 The God of peace is ev - er near; The troubled spir - it meets him here.

God is Love. Ss & 7s.

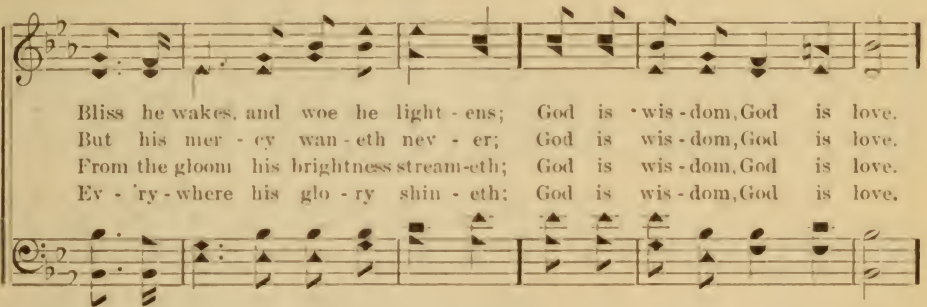
God is Love.—1 John 4: 8.

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

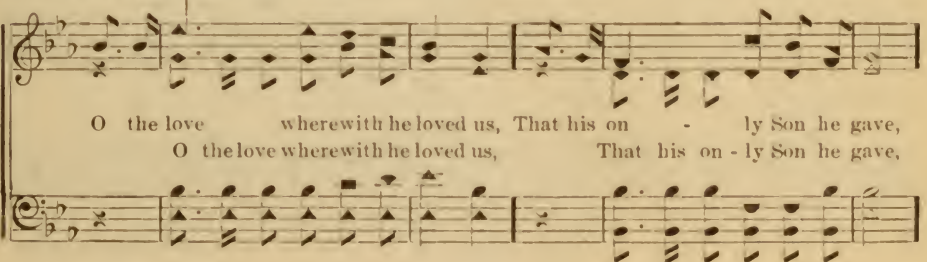


1. God is love; his mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
 2. Chance and change are bus-y ev-er; Man de-cays, and a-ges move;
 3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will his change-less good-ness prove;
 4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a-bove;

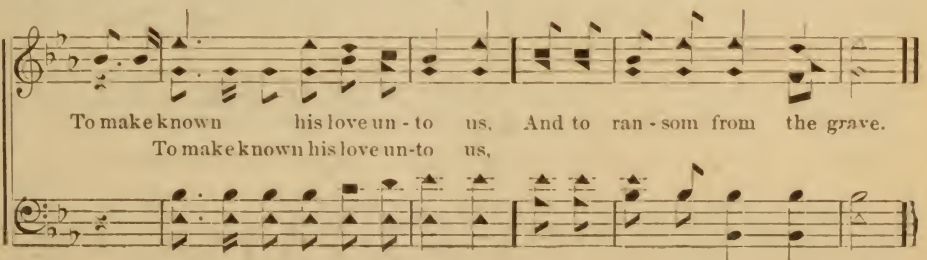


Bliss he wakes, and woe he light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 But his mer-cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 From the gloom his brightness stream-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 Ev-ry-where his glo-ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.

REFRAIN.



O the love wherewith he loved us, That his on-ly Son he gave,
 O the love wherewith he loved us, That his on-ly Son he gave,



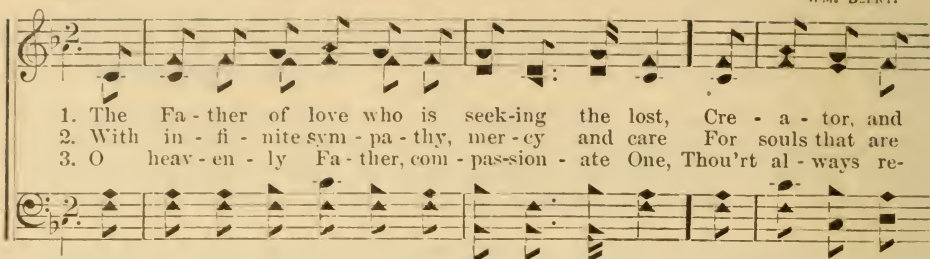
To make known his love un-to us, And to ran-som from the grave.
 To make known his love un-to us,

The Wonderful Cost. 11s.

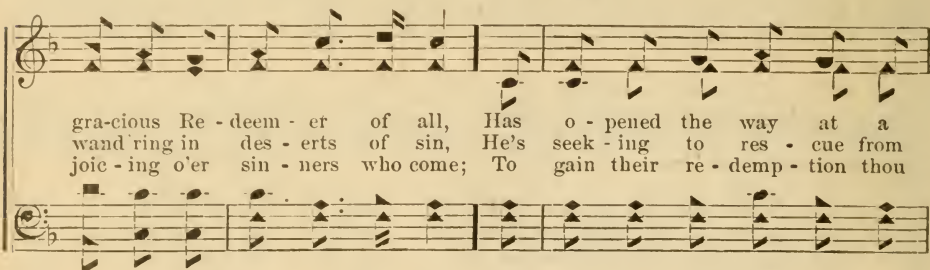
And I lay down my life for my sheep.—Jno. 3: 16.

W. B.

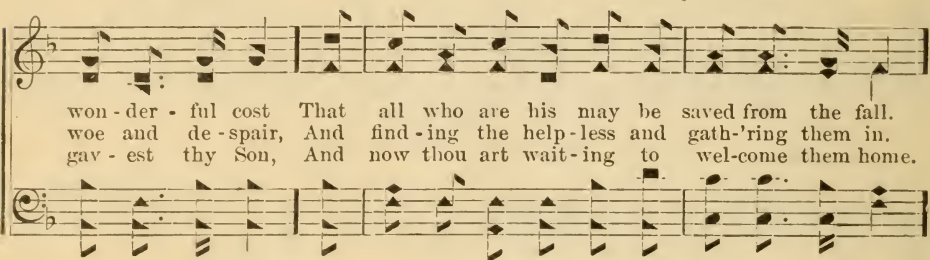
WM. BERRY.



1. The Fa - ther of love who is seek - ing the lost, Cre - a - tor, and
 2. With in - fi - nite sym - pa - thy, mer - cy and care For souls that are
 3. O heav - en - ly Fa - ther, com - pas - sion - ate One, Thou'rt al - ways re -

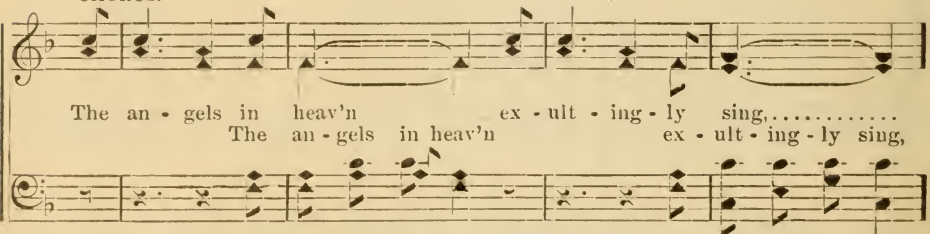


gra - cious Re - deem - er of all, Has o - pened the way at a
 wand ring in des - erts of sin, He's seek - ing to res - cue from
 joic - ing o'er sin - ners who come; To gain their re - demp - tion thou

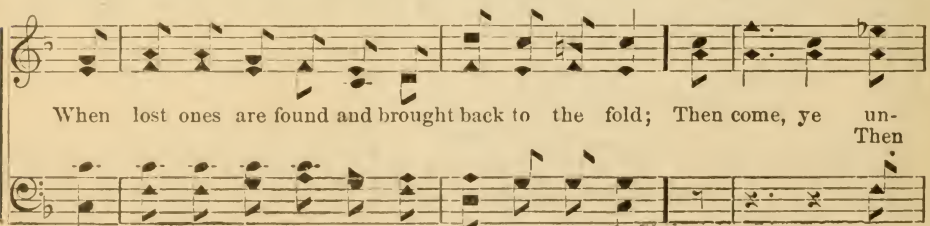


won - der - ful cost That all who are his may be saved from the fall.
 woe and de - spair, And find - ing the help - less and gath - ring them in.
 gav - est thy Son, And now thou art wait - ing to wel - come them home.

CHORUS.



The an - gels in heav'n ex - ult - ing - ly sing,.....
 The an - gels in heav'n ex - ult - ing - ly sing,



When lost ones are found and brought back to the fold; Then come, ye un -
 Then

GOD—HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

The Wonderful Cost—Concluded.

saved,..... to your heav - en - ly King:..... The
come, ye un-saved, to your heav - en - ly King:

half of his good - ness has nev - er..... been told.....
The half of his goodness has nev - er been told, has nev - er been told.
has nev - er..... been told.....

19 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy. 8s & 7s.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854.

God's Mercy—Psa. 138. 8.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.

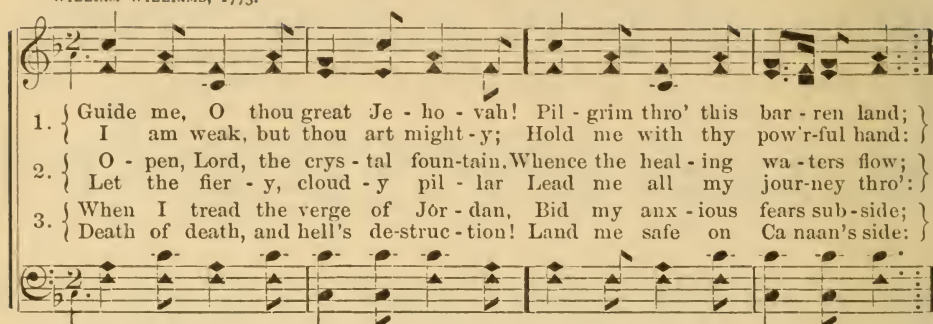
1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more gra - ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take him at his word;

There's a kind - ness in his jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal - ing in his blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

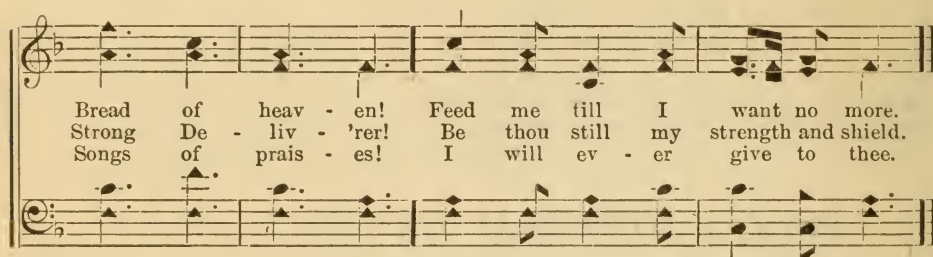
Waynesville. 8s, 7s, 4s.

God our Guide.—Psa. 25: 9.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1773.



1. { Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; }
 { I am weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand; }
 2. { O - pen, Lord, the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow; }
 { Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro': }
 3. { When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; }
 { Death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion! Land me safe on Ca naan's side: }



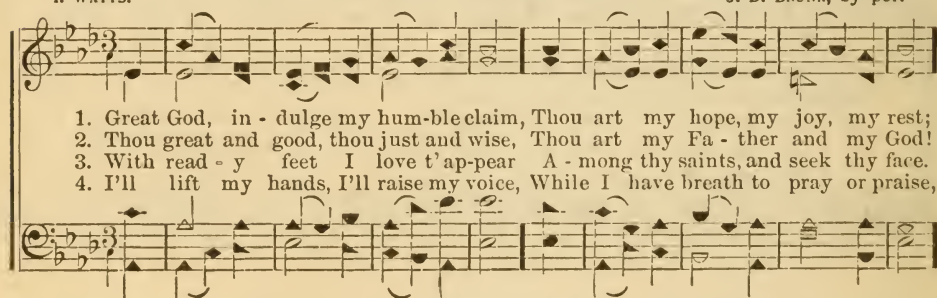
Bread of heav - en! Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De - liv - 'rer! Be thou still my strength and shield.
 Songs of prais - es! I will ev - er give to thee.

Hagerstown. L. M.

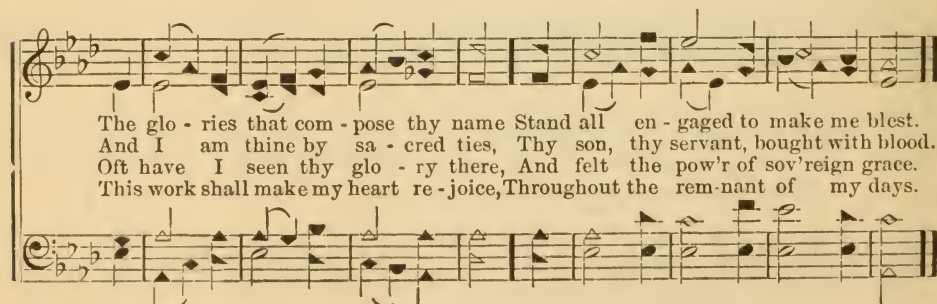
Longing after God.—Psa. 63.

I. WATTS.

J. D. BRUNK, by per.



1. Great God, in - dulse my hum - ble claim, Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
 2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise, Thou art my Fa - ther and my God!
 3. With read - y feet I love t'ap - pear A - mong thy saints, and seek thy face.
 4. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise,

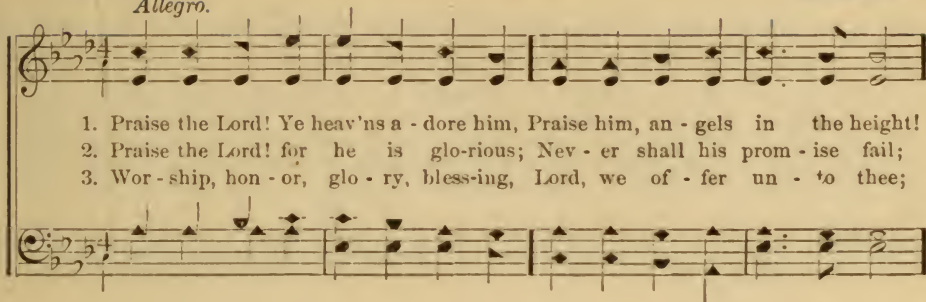


The glo - ries that com - pose thy name Stand all en - gaged to make me blest.
 And I am thine by sa - cred ties, Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
 Oft have I seen thy glo - ry there, And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.
 This work shall make my heart re - joice, Throughout the rem - nant of my days.

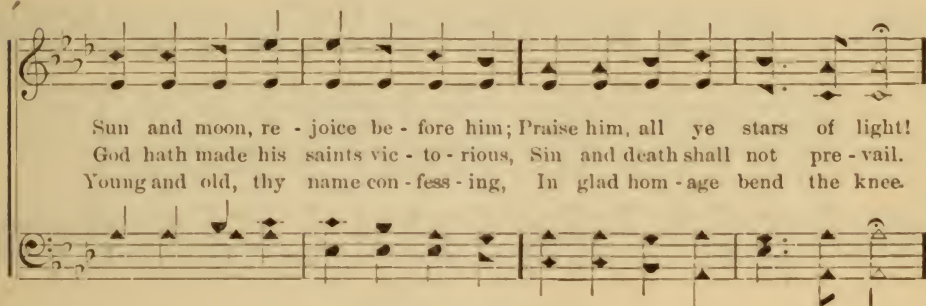
Praise the Lord! 8s & 7s D.

Praise the Lord!—Psa. 148.

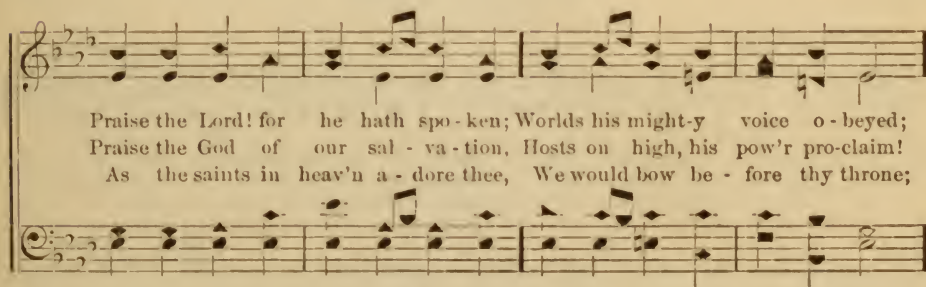
BEETHOVEN.

Allegro.


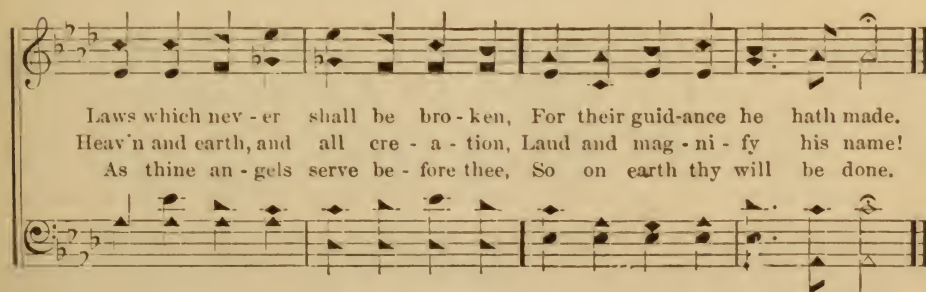
1. Praise the Lord! Ye heav'n's a - dore him, Praise him, an - gels in the height!
 2. Praise the Lord! for he is glo - rious; Nev - er shall his prom - ise fail;
 3. Wor - ship, hon - or, glo - ry, bless - ing, Lord, we of - fer un - to thee;



Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light!
 God hath made his saints vic - to - rious, Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
 Young and old, thy name con - fess - ing, In glad hom - age bend the knee.



Praise the Lord! for he hath spo - ken; Worlds his might - y voice o - beyed;
 Praise the God of our sal - va - tion, Hosts on high, his pow'r pro - claim!
 As the saints in heav'n a - dore thee, We would bow be - fore thy throne;



Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guid - ance he hath made.
 Heav'n and earth, and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy his name!
 As thine an - gels serve be - fore thee, So on earth thy will be done.

Hebron. L. M.

Grateful Adoration.—Psa. 100.

I. WATTS.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
 2. His sov' reign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay and formed us men;
 3. We are his peo - ple, we his care, — Our souls and all our mor - tal frame;
 4. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'n's our voi - ces raise;
 5. Wide as the world is thy com - mand; Vast as e - ter - ni - ty thy love;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.
 And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed, He brought us to his fold a - gain.
 What last - ing hon - ors shall we rear, Al - might - y Ma - ker, to thy name?
 And earth, with her ten thou - sand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

Ernan. L. M.

The Blest Hour of Worship.—Gen. 28: 17.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Blest hour when mor - tal man re - tires To hold com - mun - ion with his God,
 2. Blest hour when earthly cares re - sign Their em - pire o'er his anx - ious breast,
 3. Blest hour when God him - self draws nigh, Well pleased his peo - ple's voice to hear,
 4. Blest hour, for where the Lord re - sorts Fore - tastes of fu - ture bliss are giv'n,

To send to heav'n his warm de - sires, And lis - ten to the sa - cred Word.
 While all a - round the calm di - vine Proclaims the ho - ly day of rest.
 To hush the pen - i - ten - tial sigh. And wipe a - way the mourn - er's tear.
 And mortals find his earth - ly courts The house of God, the gate of heav'n.

25

With Thankful Hearts, O Lord. L. M.

With Thankful Hearts, O Lord.—Psa. 95: 1-3.

J. S. MOHLER.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, 1891.

1. With thankful hearts, O Lord, we come, To praise thy name in grate-ful song;
 2. We thank thee, Lord, for dai-ly food, For plenteous store of earth-ly good;
 3. We thank thee for this good-ly land, Where freedom reigns on ev-'ry hand;
 4. We thank thee for thy bless-ed Word, That to our souls doth life af-ford;
 5. May all the na-tions learn to know The God of heav'n and earth be-low;

Ac-cept the off-'ring, Lord, we bring, And help us loud thy prais-es sing.
 For life, and health, we still pos-sess, With house and home so rich-ly blest.
 Do thou, O Lord, our coun-try bless, With heav'nly peace and right-eous-ness.
 Help us its mes-sage to re-ceive, And from the heart its truth be-lieve.
 And walk in light, and truth, and love, And praise the Lord who reigns a-bove.

26

Winston. L. M.

Grace.—Psa. 138.

I. WATTS.

E. T. HILDEBRAND, by per.

1. With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue I'll praise my Ma-ker in my song;
 2. I'll sing thy truth and mer-cy, Lord; I'll sing the won-ders of thy Word;
 3. To God I cried when troub-les rose; He heard me, and sub-dued my foes;
 4. A-midst a thou-sand snares I stand, Up-held and guard-ed by thy hand;
 5. Grace will com-plete what grace be-gins, To save from sor-rows and from sins;

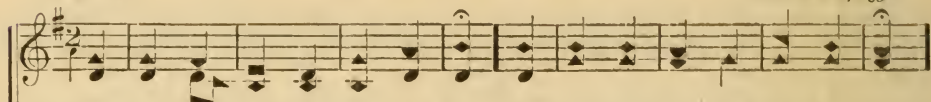
An-gels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap-prove the song, and join the praise.
 Not all the works and names be-low, So much thy pow'r and glo-ry show.
 He did my ris-ing fears con-trol, And strength dif-fused thro' all my soul.
 Thy words my faint-ing soul re-vive, And keep my dy-ing faith a-live.
 The work that wis-dom un-der-takes, E-ter-nal mer-cy ne'er for-sakes.

Old Hundred. L. M.


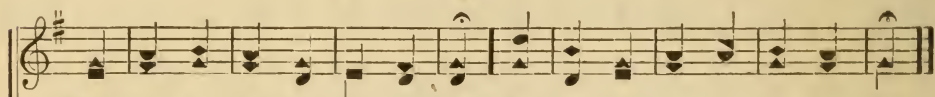
The Unspeakable Gift.—2 Cor. 9: 15.

I. WATTS.


GUIL. FRANC, 1531.



1. Come, wor-ship at Em-man-uel's feet; Be-hold in him what won-ders meet!
 2. He is the Head—each member lives And owns the vi-tal pow'r he gives;
 3. He is the Vine—his heav'nly root Sup-plies each branch with life and fruit.
 4. He is the Rock—how firm he proves; The Rock of A-ges nev-er moves;
 5. He is the Sun of right-eous-ness, Dif-fus-ing light, and joy, and peace;
 6. Yet faint-ly to us mor-tals here His glo-ry, grace, and worth ap-pear;

Words are too fee-ble to ex-press His worth, his glo-ry, or his grace.
 The saints be-low, and saints a-bove, Joined by his Spir-it and his love.
 O! may a last-ing un-ion join My soul to Christ, the liv-ing Vine.
 But the sweet streams that from him flow, At-tend us all the jour-ney through.
 What heal-ing in his beams ap-pears, To chase our clouds and dry our tears!
 His beau-ties we shall clear-ly trace, When we be-hold him face to face.

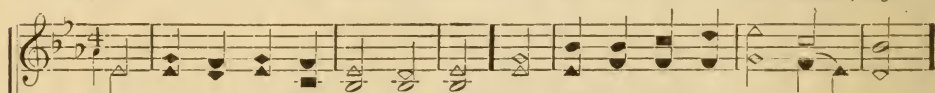


Uxbridge. L. M.

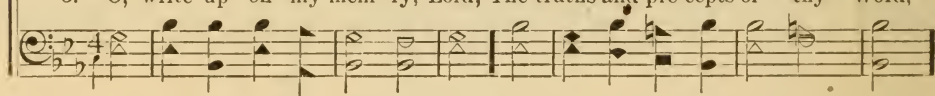
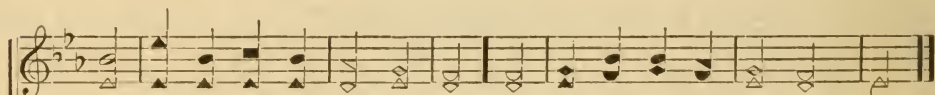
Heavenly Places in Christ.—Eph. 1: 3.

I. WATTS.

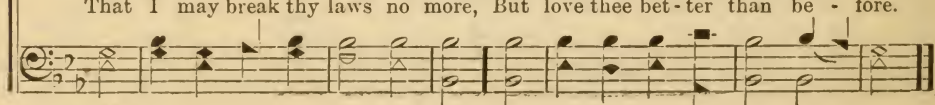
LOWELL MASON, 1830.



1. Lord, how de-light-ful 'tis to see A whole as-sem-bly wor-ship thee!
 2. I have been there, and still would go; 'Tis like the dawn of heav'n be-low;
 3. O, write up-on my mem-ry, Lord, The truths and pre-cepts of thy Word,

At once they sing, at once they pray; They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.
 Not all that care-less sin-ners say, Shall tempt me to for-get this day.
 That I may break thy laws no more, But love thee bet-ter than be-fore.



Nauweta. L. M.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy House.—Psa. 84: 4.

I. WATTS.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. How pleasant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwell - ings are!
 2. My soul would rest in thine a - bode, My pant - ing heart cries out for God;
 3. Blest are the souls who find a place With - in the tem - ple of thy grace;

With long de - sire my spir - it faints To meet th'as - sem - blies of thy saints.
 My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee!
 There they be - hold thy gen - tler rays, And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

By per. Standard Pub. Co.

Duke Street. L. M.

Praise the Lord, all ye Nations.—Psa. 117.

I. WATTS.

JOHN HATTON, 1790.

1. From all who dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise,
 2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy Word;
 3. Your loft - y themes, ye mor - tals, bring; In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;
 4. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev - 'ry land the strains be - long;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 The great sal - va - tion loud pro - claim, And shout for joy the Sav - ior's name.
 In cheer - ful sounds all voi - ces raise, And fill the world with loud - est praise.

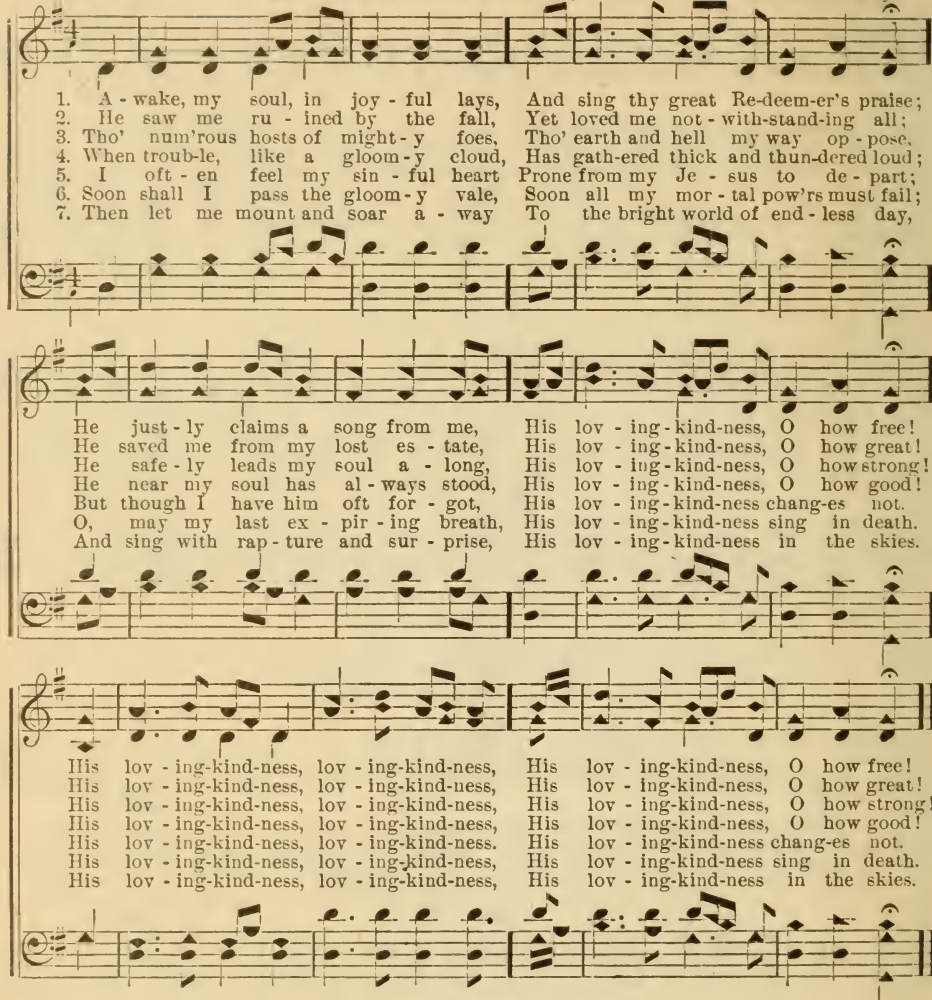
31

Loving-Kindness. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Thy Loving-kindness is Better than Life.—Psa. 63: 3.

American Melody.



1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
 2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet loved me not - with-standing all;
 3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose.
 4. When troub-le, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thun-dered loud;
 5. I oft - en feel my sin - ful heart Prone from my Je - sus to de - part;
 6. Soon shall I pass the gloom-y vale, Soon all my mor - tal pow'rs must fail;
 7. Then let me mount and soar a - way To the bright world of end - less day,

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how free!
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how great!
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how strong!
 He near my soul has al - ways stood, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how good!
 But though I have him oft for - got, His lov - ing-kind-ness chang-es not.
 O, may my last ex - pir - ing breath, His lov - ing-kind-ness sing in death.
 And sing with rap - ture and sur - prise, His lov - ing-kind-ness in the skies.

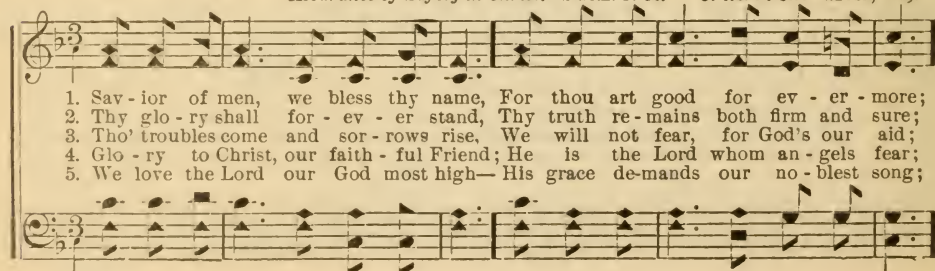
His lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how free!
 His lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how great!
 His lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how strong!
 His lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how good!
 His lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind-ness chang-es not.
 His lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind-ness sing in death.
 His lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind-ness in the skies.

32

St. Davidson. L. M.

Assurance of Safety in Christ.—2 Tim. 1: 12.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, 1889.



1. Sav - ior of men, we bless thy name, For thou art good for ev - er - more;
 2. Thy glo - ry shall for - ev - er stand, Thy truth re - mains both firm and sure;
 3. Tho' troubles come and sor - rows rise, We will not fear, for God's our aid;
 4. Glo - ry to Christ, our faith - ful Friend; He is the Lord whom an - gels fear;
 5. We love the Lord our God most high—His grace de-mands our no - blest song;

St. Davidson.—Concluded.

Thy pow'r and grace we would pro-claim, And thine e - ter - nal love a - dore.
 Our souls we ven - ture in thine hand, And there we know we are se - cure.
 Ill ti-dings can - not those sur-prise, Who are up - on Je - ho - vah stayed.
 On him we al - ways would de-pend, And in his right-eous-ness ap - pear.
 All praise to Christ who came to die, To him all glo - ry doth be - long.

33

Sterling. L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Love which Passeth Knowledge.—Eph. 3: 19.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Of him who did sal - va - tion bring, I could for - ev - er think and sing;
 2. Ask but his grace, and, lo, 'tis giv'n! Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n:
 3. 'Tis thee I love; for thee a - lone I shed my tears and make my moan:
 4. In - sa - tiate to this spring I fly; I drink, and yet am ev - er dry;

A - rise, ye need - y, he'll re - lieve: A - rise, ye guilt - y, he'll for - give.
 Though sin and sor - row wound my soul, Je - sus, thy balm will make it whole.
 Wher-e'er I am, wher-e'er I move, I meet the ob - ject of my love.
 Ah! who a - gainst thy charms is proof? Ah! who that loves can love e - nough?

34

Lord, Remember Me. C. M.

THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.

Remember Me.—Luke 23: 42.

E. A. BROOKS.

1. O thou from whom all good - ness flows, I lift my soul to thee;
 2. When on my ach - ing, bur - dened heart My sins lie heav - i - ly.
 3. When tri - als sore ob - struct my way, And ills I can - not flee,
 4. When in the sol - emn hour of death I wait thy just de - cree:

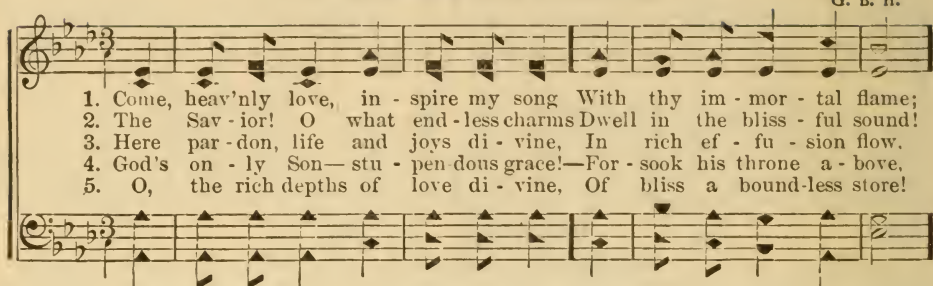
In all my sor - rows, con - flicts, woes, O Lord, re - mem - ber me!
 Thy par - don grant, new peace im - part; Thus, Lord, re - mem - ber me!
 Oh, let my strength be as my day—Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me!
 Be this the pray'r of my last breath: Now, Lord, re - mem - ber me!

35

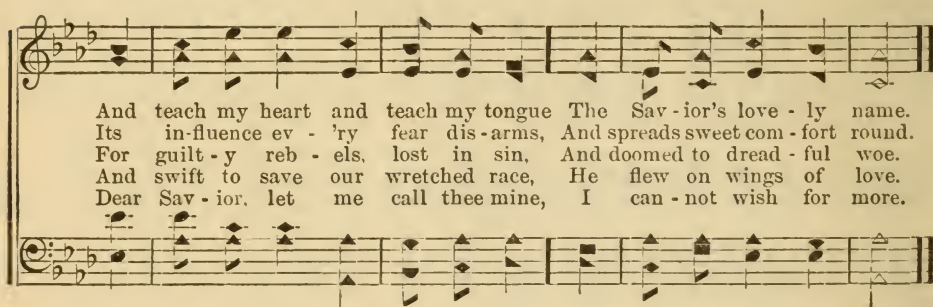
Denning's Creek. C. M.

The Loveliness of Christ.—Cant. 5: 16.

G. B. H.



1. Come, heav'nly love, in - spire my song With thy im - mor - tal flame;
2. The Sav - ior! O what end - less charms Dwell in the bliss - ful sound!
3. Here par - don, life and joys di - vine, In rich ef - fu - sion flow.
4. God's on - ly Son—stu - pen - dous grace!—For - sook his throne a - bove,
5. O, the rich depths of love di - vine, Of bliss a bound - less store!



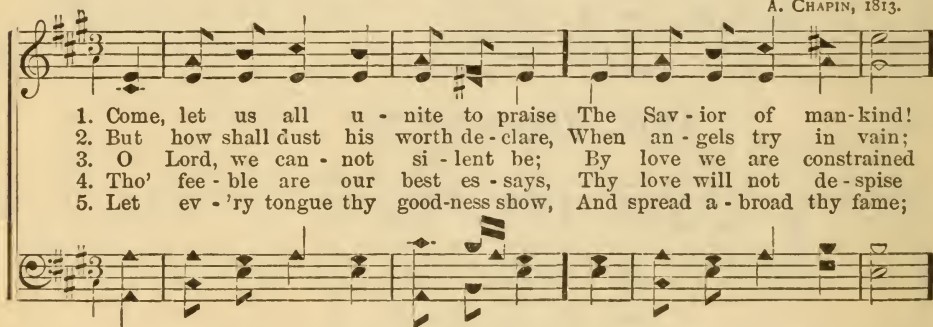
And teach my heart and teach my tongue The Sav - ior's love - ly name.
 Its in - fluence ev - 'ry fear dis - arms, And spreads sweet com - fort round.
 For guilt - y reb - els, lost in sin, And doomed to dread - ful woe.
 And swift to save our wretched race, He flew on wings of love.
 Dear Sav - ior, let me call thee mine, I can - not wish for more.

36

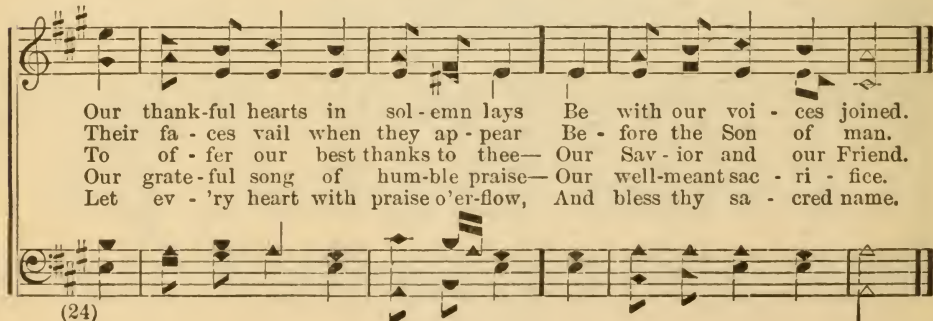
Chelmsford. C. M.

Invitation to Praise.—Heb. 13: 15.

A. CHAPIN, 1813.



1. Come, let us all u - nite to praise The Sav - ior of man - kind!
2. But how shall dust his worth de - clare, When an - gels try in vain;
3. O Lord, we can - not si - lent be; By love we are constrained
4. Tho' fee - ble are our best es - says, Thy love will not de - spise
5. Let ev - 'ry tongue thy good - ness show, And spread a - broad thy fame;



Our thank - ful hearts in sol - emn lays Be with our voi - ces joined.
 Their fa - ces veil when they ap - pear Be - fore the Son of man.
 To of - fer our best thanks to thee—Our Sav - ior and our Friend.
 Our grate - ful song of hum - ble praise—Our well - meant sac - ri - fice.
 Let ev - 'ry heart with praise o'er - flow, And bless thy sa - cred name.

The Precious Name of Jesus. C. M.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

Unto Him that Loved Us,—Rev. 1: 5.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav - ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my small-est woe,
4. Je - sus! the name I love so well, The name I love to hear!
5. This name shall shed its fra - grance still A - long this thorn-y road—
6. And there with all the blood-bought throng, From sin and sor - row free,



It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet - est name on earth.
 It tells me of his pre - cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
 Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.
 No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart con - ceive how dear.
 Shall sweet - ly smooth the rug - ged hill That leads me up to God:
 I'll sing the new e - ter - nal song Of Je - sus' love to me.



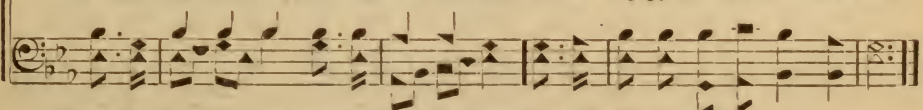
CHORUS.*



O, the name, the precious name of Je - sus, How it fills the soul with its pure love,



Yes, it cheers the way, leads us ev - 'ry day, To a hap - py home in heav'n a - bove.



*Chorus may be omitted or sung after every other stanza, or after last only.

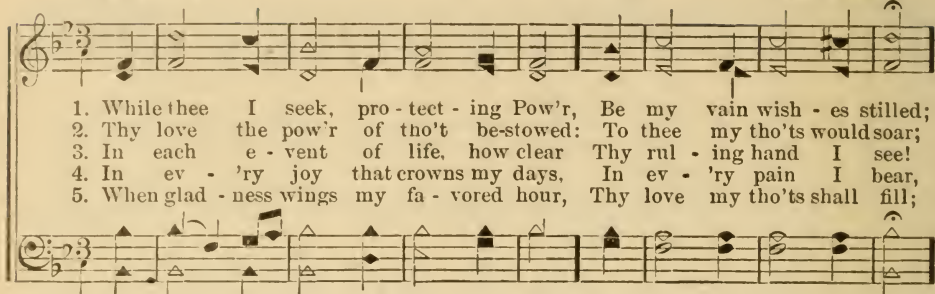
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Holy Cross. C. M.

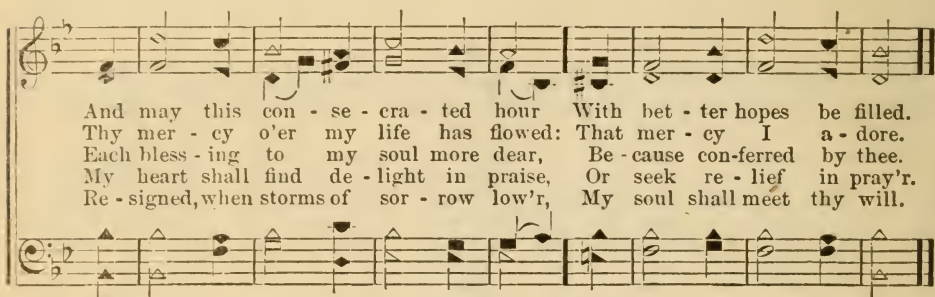
HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

Finding God in All Things.—Psa. 62: 11, 12.

MENDELSSOHN.



1. While thee I seek, pro- tect - ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish - es stilled;
 2. Thy love the pow'r of tho't be-stowed: To thee my tho'ts would soar;
 3. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see!
 4. In ev - 'ry joy that crowns my days, In ev - 'ry pain I bear,
 5. When glad - ness wings my fa - vored hour, Thy love my tho'ts shall fill;



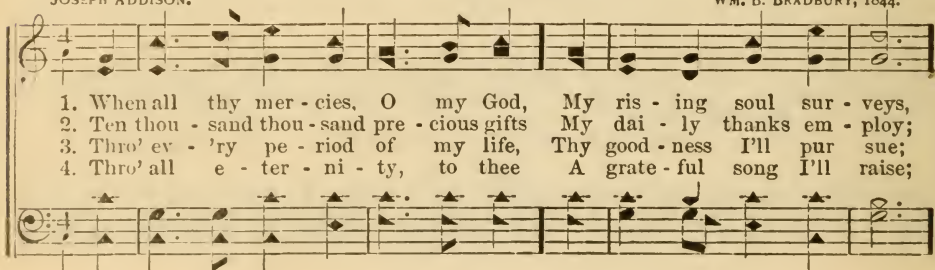
And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
 Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed: That mer - cy I a - dore.
 Each bless - ing to my soul more dear, Be - cause con - ferred by thee.
 My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in pray'r.
 Re - signed, when storms of sor - row low'r, My soul shall meet thy will.

Brown. C. M.

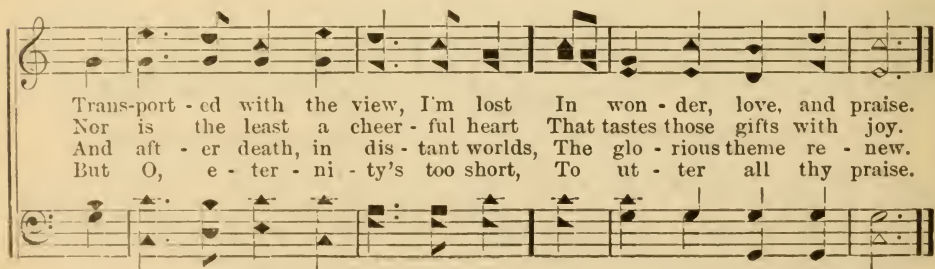
JOSEPH ADDISON.

Gratitude.—1 Chron. 29: 11-13.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1844.



1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
 2. Ten thou - sand thou - sand pre - cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em - ploy;
 3. Thro' ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life, Thy good - ness I'll pur - sue;
 4. Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, to thee A grate - ful song I'll raise;



Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
 Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart That tastes those gifts with joy.
 And aft - er death, in dis - tant worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new.
 But O, e - ter - ni - ty's too short, To ut - ter all thy praise.

Marlow. C. M.

JOSEPH HART.

The Preparation of the Heart.—Prov. 16: 1.

JOHN CHETHAM.

1. Once more we come be - fore our God, Once more his bless - ing ask;
 2. Fa - ther, thy quick'ning Spir - it send From heav'n, in Je - sus' name,
 3. May we re - ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon - est heart;
 4. To seek thee, all our hearts dis - pose, To each thy bless - ing suit,
 5. Bid the re - fresh - ing north wind wake, Say to the south wind, Blow;
 6. Re - vive the parched with heav'nly show'rs, The cold with warmth di - vine;

O, may not du - ty seem a load, Nor wor - ship prove a task.
 To make our wait - ing minds at - tend, And put our souls in frame.
 Hoard up the pre - cious treas - ure there, And nev - er with it part.
 And let the seed thy serv - ant sows, Pro - duce a co - pious fruit.
 Let ev - 'ry plant the pow'r par - take, And all the gar - den grow.
 And as the ben - e - fit is ours, Be all the glo - ry thine.

Saint's Delight. C. M.

O How I Love Thy Law.—Psalms 119: 97.

D. D. JONES, 1897.

1. I love to see the Lord be - low; His church dis - plays his grace;
 2. I love to wor - ship at his feet, Though sin an - noy me there;
 3. I love to meet him in his court, And taste his heav'n - ly love,
 4. He shines, and I am all de - light; He hides, and all is pain;
 5. O Lord, I love thy serv - ice now; Thy church dis - plays thy pow'r.

But up - per worlds his glo - ry know, And view him face to face.
 But saints, ex - alt - ed near his seat, Have no as - saults to fear.
 But still his vis - its seem too short, Or I too soon re - move.
 When will he fix me in his sight, And ne'er de - part a - gain?
 But soon in heav'n I hope to bow And praise thee ev - er - more.


By per. J. H. S.

(27)

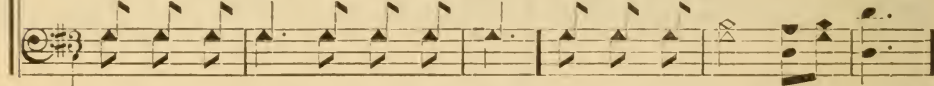
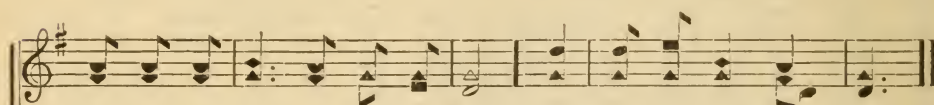
Mendota. C. M.

Grateful Acknowledgments.—Psa. 116: 12.

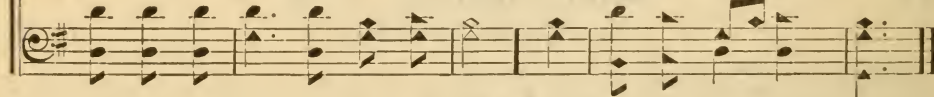
I. WATTS.



1. What shall I ren - der to my God For all his kind - ness shown?
 2. A - mong the saints that fill thine house My of - ferings shall be paid;
 3. How hap - py all thy serv - ants are! How great thy grace to me!
 4. Now I am thine, for - ev - er thine, Nor shall my pur - pose move;
 5. Here in thy courts I leave my vow, And thy rich grace re - cord;

My feet shall vis - it thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne.
 There shall my zeal per - form the vows My soul in an - guish made.
 My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I de - vote to thee.
 Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain, And bound me with thy love.
 Wit - ness, ye saints who hear me now, If I for - sake the Lord.



43 *Let Us Go into the House of the Lord.* C. M.
 Psa. 122: 1.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day.
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
 The church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show his milder face.
- 3 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest,
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
 Be her attendants blest.
- 4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains:
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Savior reigns.

L. WATTS.

44 *Worthy is the Lamb.* C. M.
 Rev. 5: 12.

- 1 Behold the glories of the Lamb,
 Amid his Father's throne;
 Prepare new honors for his name,
 And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
 The church adore around,
 With vials full of odors sweet,
 And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
 And these the hymns they raise:
 Jesus is kind to our complaints,
 He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
 Hast set the pris'ners free—
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.


I. WATTS.

Mason's Chant. C. M.

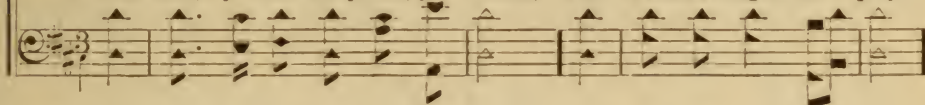
Christ Worthy of all Praise.—Isalah 12.

C. WESLEY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise,
 2. Je - sus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
 3. He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin, He sets the pris - ners free;
 4. He speaks, and list-'ning to his voice, New life the dead re - ceive;
 5. Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em - ploy:



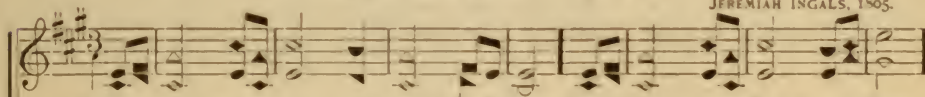

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of his grace.
 'Tis mu - sic to the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 His blood can make the foul - est clean! His blood a-vailed for me.
 The mourn-ful bro - ken hearts re - joice, The hum - ble poor be - lieve.
 Ye blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come, And leap, ye lame, for joy.




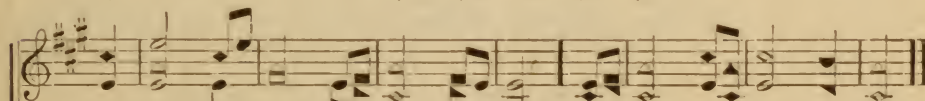
Solon. C. M.

Striving to Praise Christ.—John 10: 3.

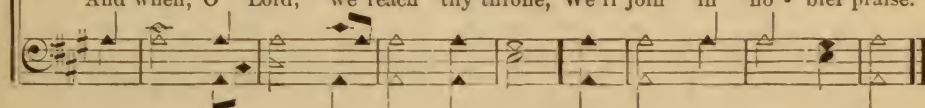
JEREMIAH INGALS, 1805.



1. Let us, the sheep by Je - sus named, Our Shep-herd's mer - cy bless;
 2. Not un - to us, to thee a - lone, Be praise and glo - ry giv'n;
 3. The hosts of spir - its now with thee, E - ter - nal an - thems sing,
 4. Till we this vail of flesh lay down, Ac - cept our weak - er lays;

Let us, whom Je - sus hath re-deemed, Show forth our thank - ful - ness.
 Here shall thy prais - es be be - gun, But car - ried on in heav'n.
 To im - i - tate them here, lo! we Our hal - le - lu - jahs bring.
 And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne, We'll join in no - bler praise.

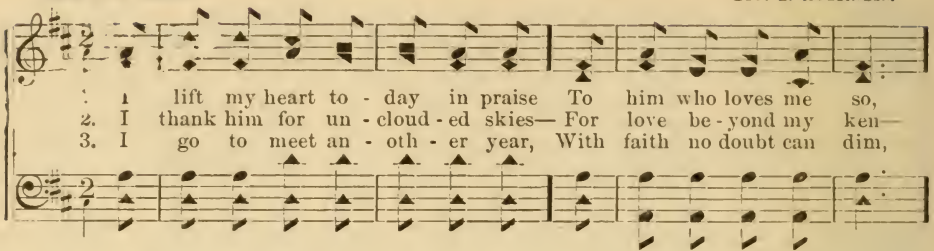


I'll Count My Blessings. C. M. D.

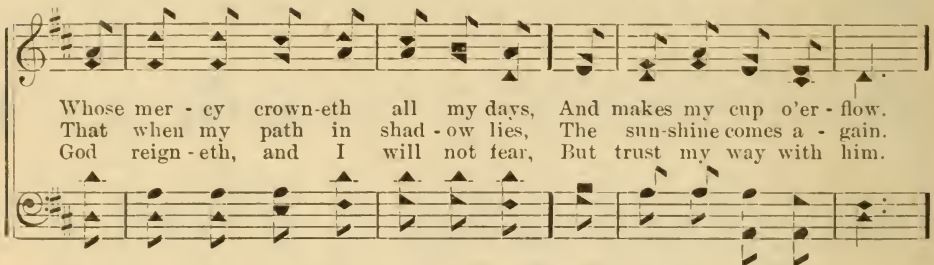
I'll Count My Blessings.—Psa. 73: 1.

Mrs. F. A. BRECK.

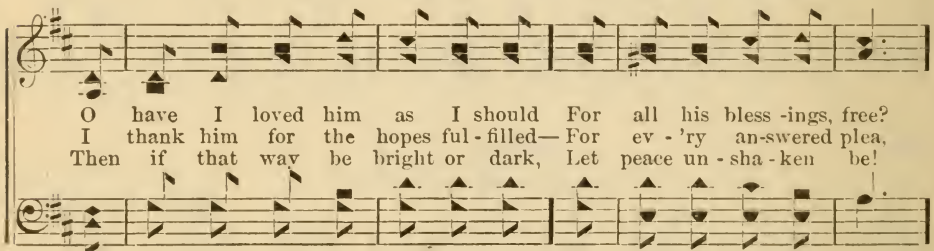
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



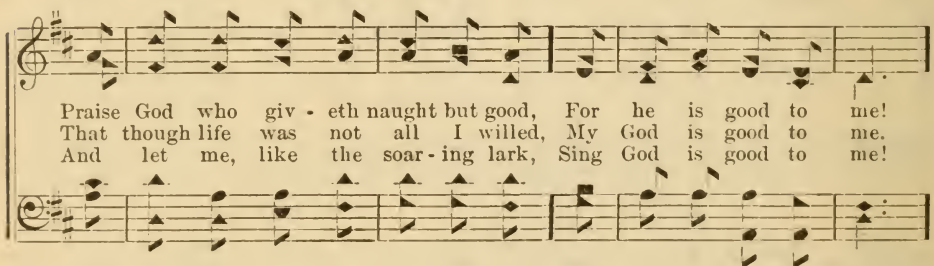
1. I lift my heart to - day in praise To him who loves me so,
2. I thank him for un - cloud - ed skies— For love be - yond my ken—
3. I go to meet an - oth - er year, With faith no doubt can dim,



Whose mer - cy crown-eth all my days, And makes my cup o'er - flow.
That when my path in shad - ow lies, The sun - shine comes a - gain.
God reign - eth, and I will not fear, But trust my way with him.

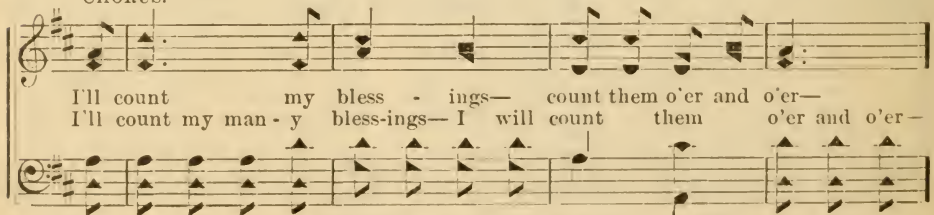


O have I loved him as I should For all his bless - ings, free?
I thank him for the hopes ful - filled— For ev - 'ry an - swered plea,
Then if that way be bright or dark, Let peace un - sha - ken be!



Praise God who giv - eth naught but good, For he is good to me!
That though life was not all I willed, My God is good to me.
And let me, like the soar - ing lark, Sing God is good to me!

CHORUS.



I'll count my bless - ings— count them o'er and o'er—
I'll count my man - y bless-ings— I will count them o'er and o'er—

I'll Count My Blessings.—Concluded.

I'll tell my Fa - ther's good - ness— I will love him more,
love him more and more,

I'll count my bless - ings boun - ti - ful and free—
I'll count my man - y bless-ings, O how boun - ti - ful and free—

Yet I can nev - er count them all— so good is God to me!

48

St. Thomas. S. M.

Worship a Delight.—Isaiah 58: 13.

G. F. HANDEL, 1762.

1. Lord, at thy sa - cred feet, Joy - ful would we ap - pear;
2. We come to wor - ship thee, For thou art God a - lone;
3. Thy Word is our de - light, Thy truth will make us free;
4. Thy good - ness we be - hold, While in thy pres - ence, Lord;
5. In all our meet - ings here Our souls are blessed with good;
6. So will we ren - der praise To thee, the God of Love;

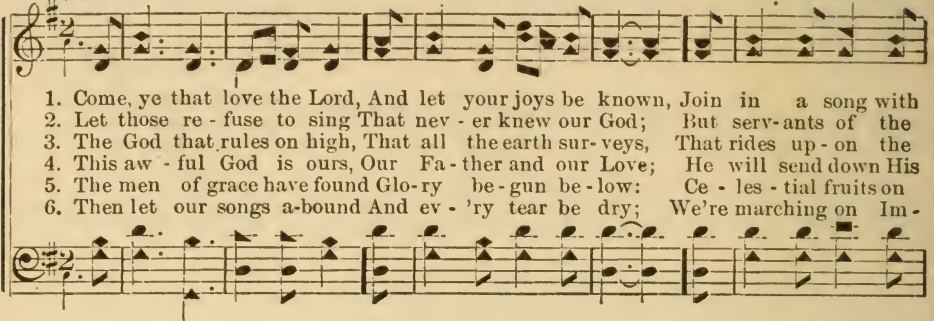
With - in thine earth - ly tem - ple meet, To see thy glo - ry here.
In hum - ble pray'r to bend the knee Be - fore thy ho - ly throne.
'Tis from thy - self a heav'n - ly light, It leads our souls to thee.
Thy won - drous truth and love un - fold— The treas - ures of thy Word.
Thou wilt to wait - ing minds be near, And give thy chil - dren food.
With pleas - ure walk in all thy ways Till we shall meet a - bove.

We're Marching to Zion. S. M.

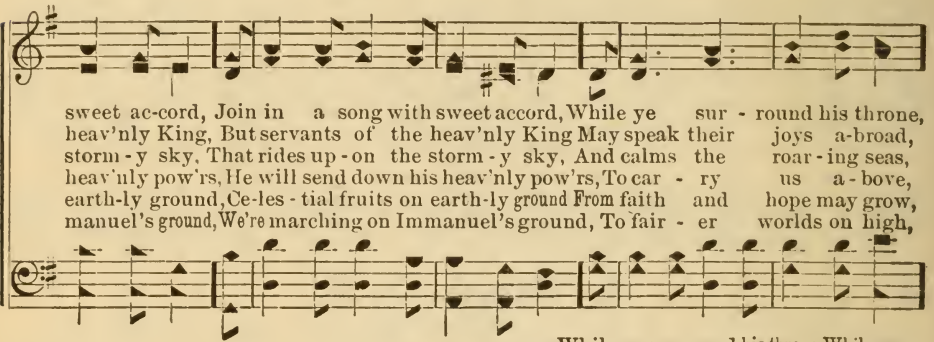
Beautiful for Situation is Mount Zion.—Psa. 48: 2.

I. WATTS, 1709.

REV. R. LOWRY.



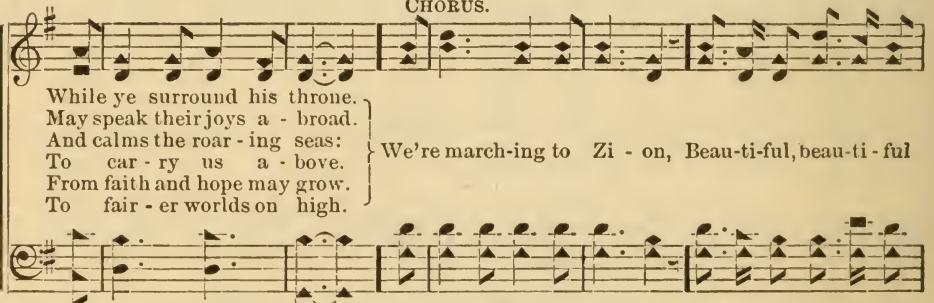
1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a song with
 2. Let those re-fuse to sing That nev-er knew our God; But serv-ants of the
 3. The God that rules on high, That all the earth sur-veys, That rides up-on the
 4. This aw-ful God is ours, Our Fa-ther and our Love; He will send down His
 5. The men of grace have found Glo-ry be-gun be-low: Ce-les-tial fruits on
 6. Then let our songs a-bound And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching on Im-



sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye sur-round his throne,
 heav'nly King, But serv-ants of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a-broad,
 storm-y sky, That rides up-on the storm-y sky, And calms the roar-ing seas,
 heav'nly pow'rs, He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs, To car-ry us a-bove,
 earth-ly ground, Ce-les-tial fruits on earth-ly ground From faith and hope may grow,
 manuel's ground, We're marching on Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high,

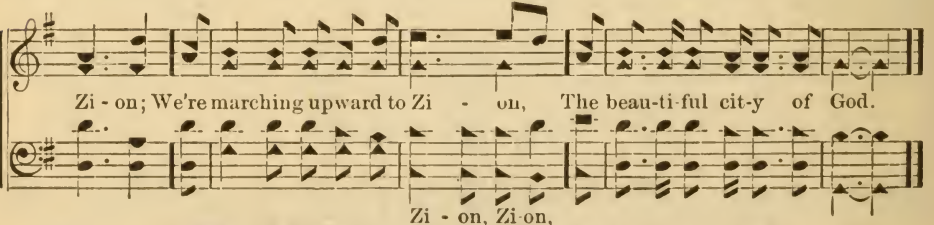
While ye surround his throne, While ye

CHORUS.



While ye surround his throne.
 May speak their joys a-broad.
 And calms the roar-ing seas:
 To car-ry us a-bove. } We're march-ing to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
 From faith and hope may grow.
 To fair-er worlds on high.

sur-round his throne. We're marching on to Zi-on,



Zi-on; We're marching upward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
 Zi-on, Zi-on,

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Car. S. M.

Praise for Mercies.—Psa. 103.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

A. B. EVERETT

1. O bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee pro - claim;
 2. O bless the Lord, my soul! His mer - cies bear in mind;
 3. He will not al - ways chide; He will with pa - tience wait;
 4. The Lord for - gives thy sins, Pro - longs thy fee - ble breath;
 5. Then bless his ho - ly name, Whose grace hath made thee whole,

And all that is with - in me, join To bless his ho - ly name.
 For - get not all his ben - e - fits— The Lord to thee is kind.
 His wrath is ev - er slow to rise, And read - y to a - bate.
 He heal - eth thine in - firm - i - ties, And ran - soms thee from death.
 Whose lov - ing - kind - ness crowns thy days; O bless the Lord, my soul!

By permission.

Hymn of Praise. S. M.

Hymn of Praise.—Psa. 9: 1.

T. JERVIS.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a - bove,
 2. Be - fore thy throne we bow, O thou al - might - y King;
 3. While in thy house we kneel, With trust and ho - ly fear,
 4. Lord, teach our hearts to pray, And tune our lips to sing;

That glo - rious tem - ple in the skies, Where dwells e - ter - nal Love.
 Here we pre - sent the sol - emn vow, And hymns of praise we sing.
 Thy mer - cy and thy truth re - veal, And lend a gra - cious ear.
 Nor from thy pres - ence cast a - way The sac - ri - fice we bring.

By permission.

52

Zebulon. H. M.

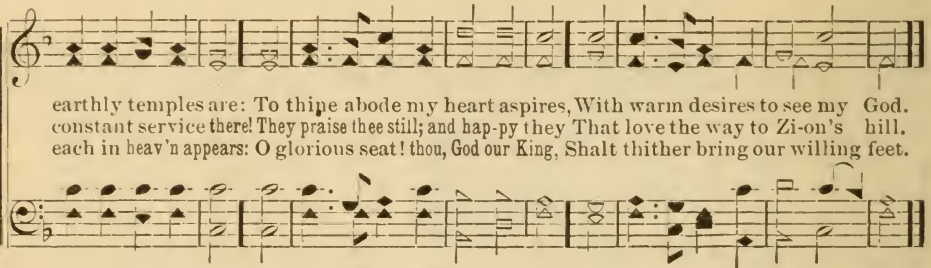
I. WATTS.

Longing for the House of God.—Psa. 84.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Lord of the worlds a-bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine
 2. O hap-py souls that pray Where God appoints to hear! O hap-py men that pay Their
 3. They go from strength to strength, Thro' this dark vale of tears, Till each ar-rives at length, Till



earthly temples are: To thine abode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.
 constant service there! They praise thee still; and hap-py they That love the way to Zi-on's hill.
 each in heav'n appears: O glorious seat! thou, God our King, Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

53

Harwich. H. M.

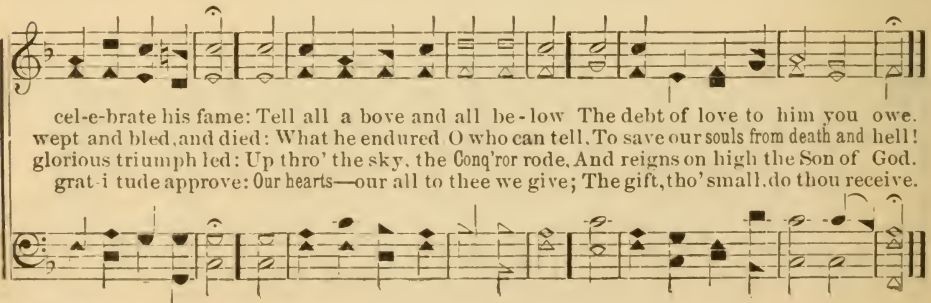
JOSEPH STENNETT.

Declare among the People his Doings.—Psa. 9: 11.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Come, ev-'ry pi-ous heart That loves the Sav-ior's name, Your noblest pow'rs ex-ert To
 2. He left his starry crown, And laid his robes a-side; On wings of love came down, And
 3. From the dark grave he rose—The mansion of the dead—And thence his mighty foes In
 4. Je-sus, we ne'er can pay The debt we owe thy love, Yet tell us how we may Our



cel-e-brate his fame: Tell all a-bove and all be-low The debt of love to him you owe.
 wept and bled, and died: What he endured O who can tell, To save our souls from death and hell!
 glorious triumph led: Up thro' the sky, the Conq'ror rode, And reigns on high the Son of God.
 grat-i-tude approve: Our hearts—our all to thee we give; The gift, tho' small, do thou receive.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

54

Cookham. 7s.

Redeeming Love.—Isalah 63: 9.

LANGFORD.

1. Now be - gin the heav'n - ly theme; Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name;
 2. Ye who see the Fa - ther's grace Beam - ing in the Sav - ior's face,
 3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears; Ban - ish all your guilt - y fears;
 4. Wel - come, all by sin op - pressed, Wel - come to his sa - cred rest.
 5. Hith - er, then, your mu - sic bring; Strike a - loud each cheer - ful string,

Ye who his sal - va - tion prove, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love.
 As to Ca - naan on ye move, Praise and bless re - deem - ing love.
 See your guilt and curse re - move, Can - celed by re - deem - ing love.
 Noth - ing brought him from a - bove, Noth - ing but re - deem - ing love.
 Mor - tals, join the host a - bove—Join to praise re - deem - ing love.

55

Children of the Heavenly King. 7s.

Strangers and Pilgrims.—1 Pet. 2. 11.

JOHN CENNICK.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing:
 2. Ye are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod;
 3. Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest; You on Je - sus' throne shall rest;
 4. Fear not, breth - ren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land;
 5. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;

Sing your Sav - ior's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.
 They are hap - py now—and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 There your seat is now pre - pared—There your king - dom and re - ward.
 Je - sus Christ, your Fa - ther's Son, Bids you un - dis - mayed go on.
 On - ly thou our lead - er be, And we still will fol - low thee.

Nettleton. 8s & 7s D.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

The Fount of Blessing.—1 Sam. 7: 12.

ASAHEL NETTLETON, 1824

Fine.

8:

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; |
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; |
D. S.—mount—Oh, fix me on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.

D. S

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove, Praise the

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

Lord, With Glowing Heart. 8s & 7s D.

F. S. KEY.

O Lord, I Will Praise Thee.—Isalah 12: 1.

English Melody.

Fine.

1. { Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love be-stows; |
For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows; |
D. C.—Thou must light the flame, or nev-er Can my love be warmed to praise.

D. C.

Help, O God, my weak en-deav-or; This dull soul to rap-ture raise;

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wand'rer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

58

Bavaria. 8s & 7s D.

*There Remaineth Therefore a Rest to the People of God.—Heb. 4: 9.*German Melody.
Fine.

1. { Sav-ior! I do feel thy mer-it, Sprinkled with re-deem-ing blood; }
 { And my wea-ry troub-led spir-it Now finds rest in thee, my God. }
D. C.—Sin and Sa-tan can-not hurt me, When the Sav-ior is so nigh.

D. C.
 I am safe and I am hap-py, While in thy dear arms I lie,

2 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
 Tell the world of his dear name,
 That if any want his spirit,
 He is still the very same:
 He that asketh, soon receiveth,
 He that seeks is sure to find,
 Come, for whosoe'er believeth
 He will never cast behind.

3 Now our Advocate is pleading
 With his Father and our God:
 Now for us he's interceding,
 As the purchase of his blood:
 Now methinks I hear him praying,
 Father, save them, I have died:
 And the Father answers, saying,
 They are freely justified.

59

Lyons. 10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY, 1744.

Wonderful Name—Isaiah 9: 6.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1770.

1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad his won-der-ful name;
 2. God rul-eth on high, al-might-y to save; And still he is nigh, his presence we have;
 3. "Sal-va-tion to God whosits on the throne." Let all cry a-loud, and hon-or the Son;
 4. Then let us a-dore, and give him his right, All glory and pow'r and wisdom and might;

The name all vic-to-rious of Je-sus ex-tol; His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
 The great congregation his triumph shall sing, Ascribing sal-va-tion to Je-sus our King.
 The prais-es of Je-sus the angels proclaim, Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
 All hon-or and blessing, with angels a-bove. And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

He is Precious. 8s & 7s D.

S. E. BANCROFT.

Unto You Therefore which Believe He is Precious.—1 Peter 2: 7.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Pre-cious—when the morn un - fold - eth O'er the hills in light a - far;
 2. Pre-cious—when day's du - ty lead - eth Oft in toil and strife to be,
 3. Pre-cious—when life's joy sur-round-eth, Shedding ra - diance all a - round;
 4. Pre-cious—when the path de - scend - eth Tow'rds death's dark and lone-some vale.

Faith's a - dor - ing gaze be - hold - eth Him the Bright and Morn - ing Star.
 "Strength" and "peace" my spir - it need - eth, Oh, how pre - cious then is he!
 Yet, when ev - 'ry joy a - bound-eth, He "ex - ceed - ing joy" is found.
 "Rod and staff" for com - fort send - eth, "When my heart and flesh do fail."

Pre-cious—when the day-light fa - deth, Hov - ers night with dark'ning wing,
 Pre-cious—when the noon-tide tir - eth, Wea - ry, faint, I wa - ter crave;
 Pre-cious—when the spoil - er blight-eth Hopes which bloomed so fair and bright;
 Pre-cious—with his own he stay - eth Through the hours of mor - tal strife;

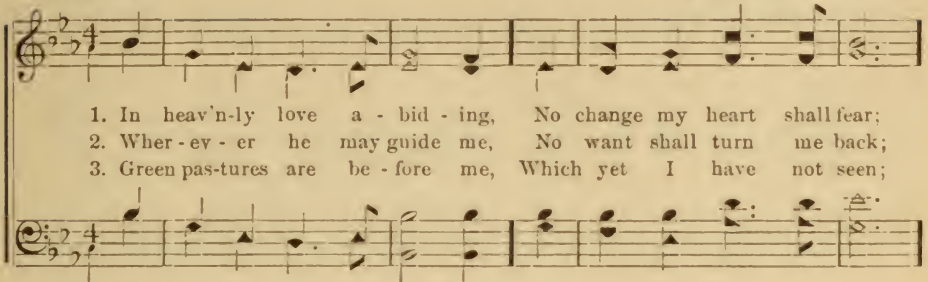
Sweet re - pose the tired one bail - eth, Pre-cious "rest" doth Je - sus bring.
 What my thirst - y soul de - sir - eth, "Liv - ing streams" in him I have.
 With "im - mor - tal hope" he light - eth Up the gloom of sor - row's night.
 Ten - der - ly each fear al - lay - eth, Pre cious then is Christ, my Life.

Heavenly Love. 7s & 6s D.

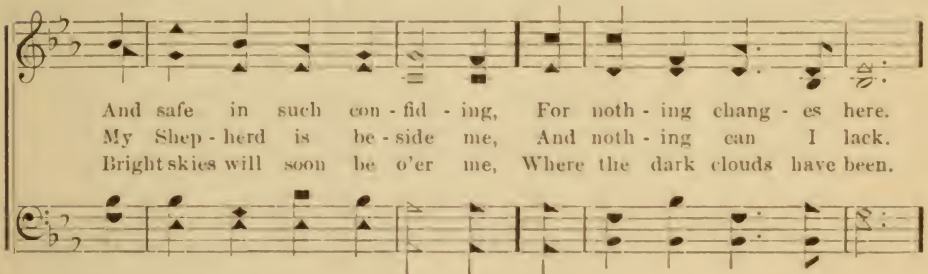
In Heavenly Love Abiding.—John 15: 4.

A. L. WARING.

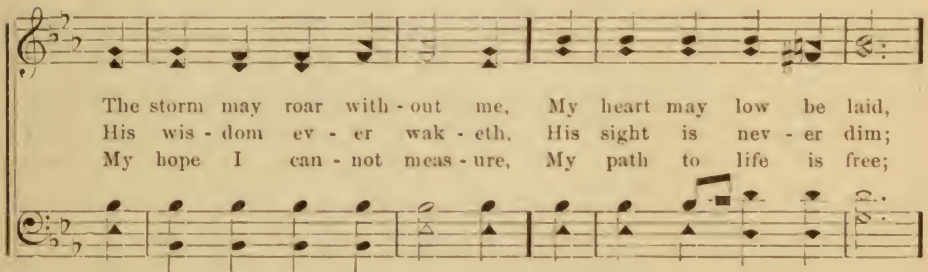
Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.



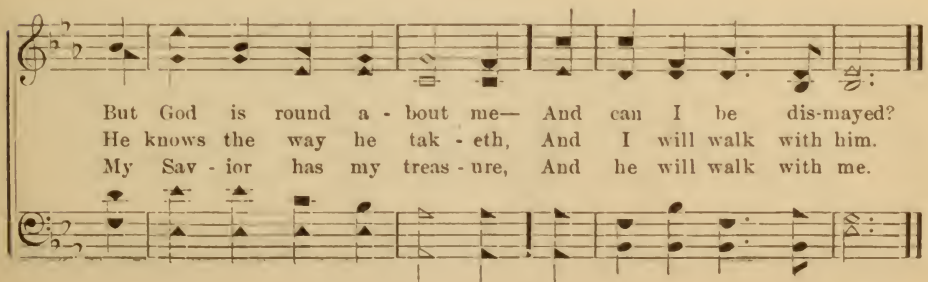
1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
 2. Wher - ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
 3. Green pas-tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;



And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.
 My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.
 Brightskies will soon be o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been.



The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
 His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;
 My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free;



But God is round a - bout me— And can I be dis-mayed?
 He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.
 My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And he will walk with me.

Lord, I Come to Thee. 7s & 5s.

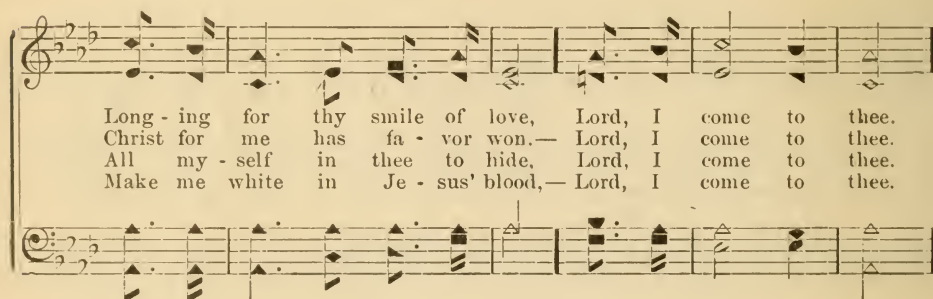
J. W. WAYLAND.

Lord, I Come to Thee.—Psa. 65: 2.

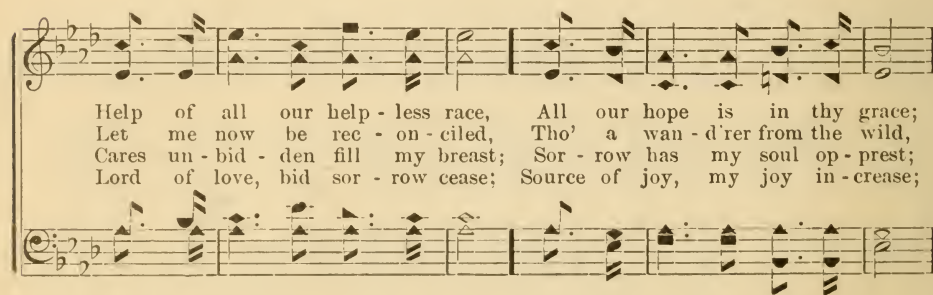
B. C. UNSELD.



1. Gra - cious King en - throned a - bove, I would come to thee;
 2. In the mer - it of thy Son, Lord, I come to thee;
 3. With the Spir - it for my guide, Lord, I come to thee;
 4. Wash me in the cleans - ing flood,— Lord, I come to thee;



Long - ing for thy smile of love, Lord, I come to thee.
 Christ for me has fa - vor won.— Lord, I come to thee.
 All my - self in thee to hide, Lord, I come to thee.
 Make me white in Je - sus' blood,— Lord, I come to thee.



Help of all our help - less race, All our hope is in thy grace;
 Let me now be rec - on - ciled, Tho' a wan - d'rer from the wild,
 Cares un - bid - den fill my breast; Sor - row has my soul op - prest;
 Lord of love, bid sor - row cease; Source of joy, my joy in - crease;



Show to me thy smil - ing face, Lord, I come to thee.
 O re - ceive me as a child,— Lord, I come to thee.
 Give a faint - ing pil - grim rest,— Lord, I come to thee.
 Fa - ther, fill my soul with peace, For I come to thee.

63

The Throne of Grace. L. M.

C. ROBBINS.

Speak, Lord, Thy Servant Heareth.—1 Sam. 3: 10.

J. M. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. While now thy throne of grace we seek, O God! with-in our spir - its speak;
 2. Speak in thy gen-tlest tones of love. Till all our best af - fec - tions move;
 3. To conscience speak thy quick'ning word Till all its sense of sin is stirred;
 4. Speak, Fa - ther, to the anx-ious heart, Till ev - 'ry fear and doubt de - part;
 5. Speak to con-vince, for-give, con-sole, Child-like we yield to thy con-trol:

For we will hear thy voice to day, Nor turn our hard - ened hearts a - way.
 We long to hear thy gen-tle call. And feel that thou art all in all.
 For we would leave no stain of guile. To cloud the ra - diance of thy smile.
 For we can find no home or rest, Till with thy Spir - it's whis-pers blest.
 These hearts, too oft - en closed be-fore, Would grieve thy pa - tient love no more.

64

Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

There Am I.—Matt. 18: 20.

JOHN HATTON, 1793.

1. Where two or three, with sweet ac - cord, O - be-dient to their sov'reign Lord,
 2. "There," said the Sav - ior, "will I be, A - mid this lit - tle com pa - ny;
 3. We meet at thy command, dear Lord, Re - ly - ing on thy faith-ful Word;

Meet to re-count his acts of grace, And of-fer sol - emn prayer and praise:
 To them un-vail my smil-ing face, And shed my glo - ries round the place."
 Now send thy Spir-it from a - bove, Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

OPENING HYMNS.

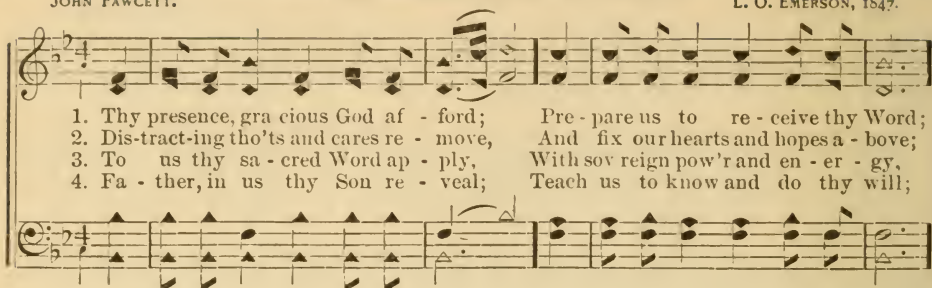
65

Sessions. L. M.

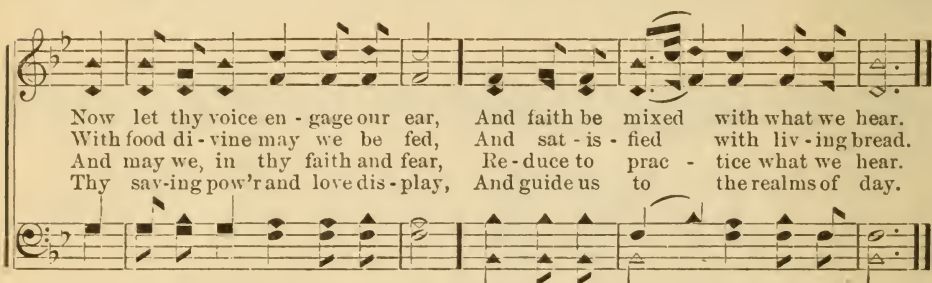
JOHN FAWCETT.

Take Heed, Therefore, How Ye Hear.—Luke 8: 18.

L. O. EMERSON, 1847.



1. Thy presence, gra - cious God af - ford; Pre - pare us to re - ceive thy Word;
 2. Dis - tract - ing tho'ts and cares re - move, And fix our hearts and hopes a - bove;
 3. To us thy sa - cred Word ap - ply, With sov reign pow'r and en - er - gy,
 4. Fa - ther, in us thy Son re - veal; Teach us to know and do thy will;



Now let thy voice en - gage our ear, And faith be mixed with what we hear.
 With food di - vine may we be fed, And sat - is - fied with liv - ing bread.
 And may we, in thy faith and fear, Re - duce to prac - tice what we hear.
 Thy sav - ing pow'r and love dis - play, And guide us to the realms of day.

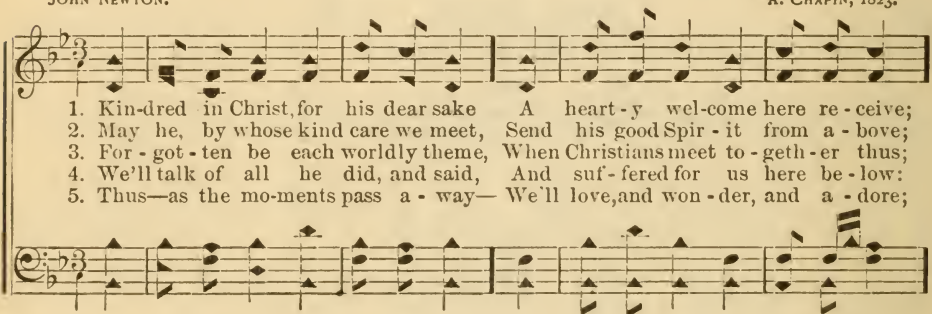
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Forest. L. M.

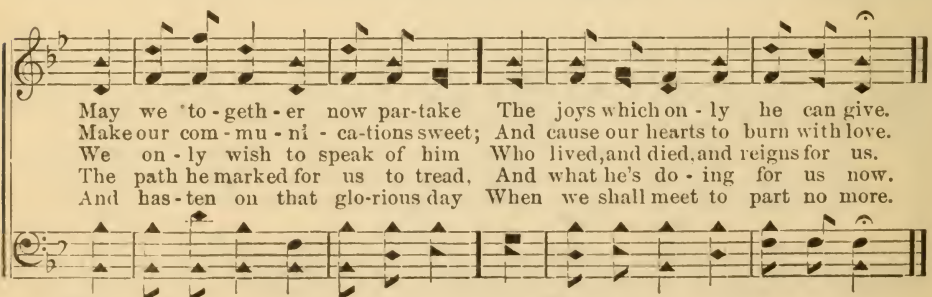
JOHN NEWTON.

Christian Fellowship.—Acts 10: 33.

A. CHAPIN, 1823.



1. Kin - dred in Christ, for his dear sake A heart - y wel - come here re - ceive;
 2. May he, by whose kind care we meet, Send his good Spir - it from a - bove;
 3. For - got - ten be each worldly theme, When Christians meet to - geth - er thus;
 4. We'll talk of all he did, and said, And suf - fered for us here be - low;
 5. Thus—as the mo - ments pass a - way— We'll love, and won - der, and a - dore;



May we to - geth - er now par - take The joys which on - ly he can give.
 Make our com - mu - ni - ca - tions sweet; And cause our hearts to burn with love.
 We on - ly wish to speak of him Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
 The path he marked for us to tread, And what he's do - ing for us now.
 And has - ten on that glo - rious day When we shall meet to part no more.

67

In Thy Great Name. C. M.

HOSKINS.

Gathered Together in My Name.—Matt. 18: 20.

Arr. by J. H. S.

1. In thy great name, O Lord, we come, To wor-ship at thy feet;
 2. We come to hear Je-ho-val's speak, To hear the Sav-ior's voice;
 3. Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear, And un-der-stand thy Word;
 4. Let sin-ners now thy good-ness prove, And saints re-joice in thee;

O, pour thy Ho-ly Spir-it down On all that now shall meet.
 Thy face and fa-vor, Lord, we seek; Now make our hearts re-joice.
 To feel thy bliss-ful pres-ence near, And trust our liv-ing Lord.
 Let reb-els be sub-dued by love, And to the Sav-ior flee.

68

A Prayer for Liberty in Worship.
 2 Cor. 3: 17.

C. M.

- 1 O Lord, our languid souls inspire,
 For here we trust thou art:
 Send down a coal of heavenly fire
 To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Show us some tokens of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise;
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls, let holy peace
 And love and concord dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humble mind bestow;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy Word,
 In faith present our prayers;
 And in the presence of our Lord
 Unbosom all our cares.

JOHN NEWTON.

69

Dependence Acknowledged.
 John 15: 5.

C. M.

- 1 The saints appear to tread the courts
 Of their dear God below;
 Behold the multitude resorts
 To hear the trumpet blow.
- 2 Lord God! appear for our relief:
 What can we do alone?
 Come, Savior, banish unbelief,
 And take us for thine own.
- 3 Our eyes, O Lord, are unto thee,
 Assist us, Lord, we pray;
 O may thy Spirit present be,
 O Lord, thy power display.
- 4 Jesus, let us thy Gospel hear,
 Teach us to know thy voice;
 Make ev'ry stubborn sinner fear
 And all thy saints rejoice.
- 5 Come, Lord, nor let us be dismayed:
 Lord, hear thy people pray;
 And let thy mercy be displayed
 Among us here this day.

70

Triumph. C. M.

The Effectual Door.—1 Cor. 16: 9.

C. WESLEY.

A. J. SHOWALTER, 1887.

1. Je - sus, thou dear re - deem-ing Lord, Thy bless-ing we im - plore;
 2. Gath - er the out - casts in, and save From sin and Sa - tan's pow'r!
 3. Lov - er of souls! thou know'st to prize What thou hast bought so dear;
 4. Ap - pear, as when of old con - fest— The suf - fring Son of God—
 5. The hard-ness of our hearts re - move, Thou who for sin hast died;

O - pen the door to preach thy Word, The great, ef - fect - ual door.
 And let them now ac - cept-ance have, And know their gra - cious hour.
 Come, then, and in thy peo - ple's eyes With all thy wounds ap - pear.
 And let us see thee in thy vest, But new - ly dipt in blood.
 Show us the to - kens of thy love, Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

71

Walter. S. M.

A Psalm before Sermon.—Psa. 95.

I. WATTS.

J. D. SHAVER.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing!
 2. He formed the deeps un - known, He gave the seas their bound;
 3. Come, wor - ship at his throne. Come, bow be - fore the Lord;
 4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod;

Je - ho - vah is the sov - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
 The wa - t'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.
 We are his work, and not our own, He formed us by his Word.
 Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.

72

Purity. 7s.

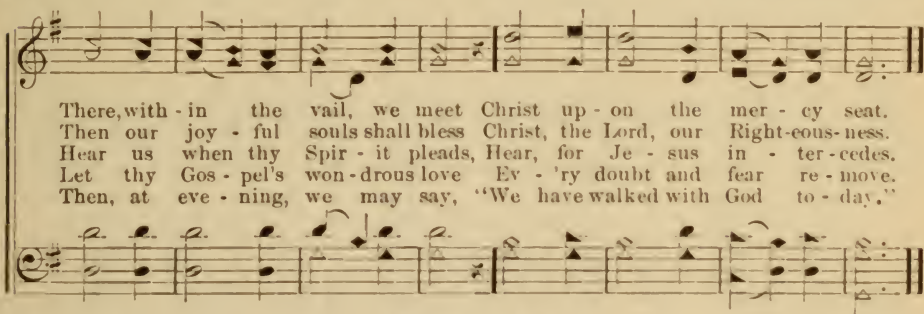
JAS. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for a Blessing on Worship.—Psalm 29: 2.

Anon.



1. To thy tem - ple we re - pair: Lord, we love to wor - ship there;
 2. While thy glo - rious name is sung. Tune our lips, in - spire our tongue;
 3. While to thee our pray'rs as - cend, Let thine ear in love at - tend;
 4. While thy Word is heard with awe, While we trem - ble at thy law,
 5. From thy house when we re - turn, Let our hearts with - in us burn;



There, with - in the vail, we meet Christ up - on the mer - cy seat.
 Then our joy - ful souls shall bless Christ, the Lord, our Right - eous - ness.
 Hear us when thy Spir - it pleads, Hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedes.
 Let thy Gos - pel's won - drous love Ev - 'ry doubt and fear re - move.
 Then, at eve - ning, we may say, "We have walked with God to - day."

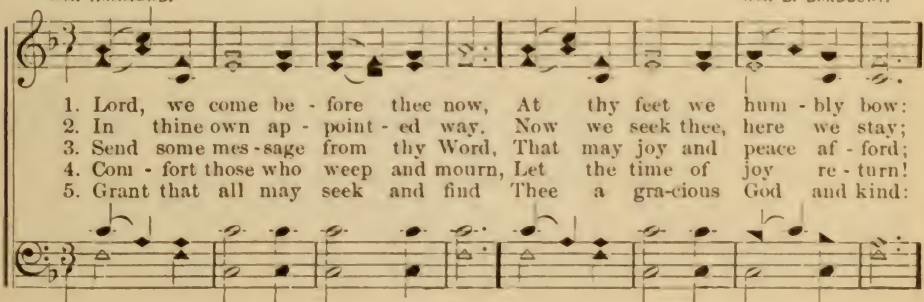
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Aletta. 7s.

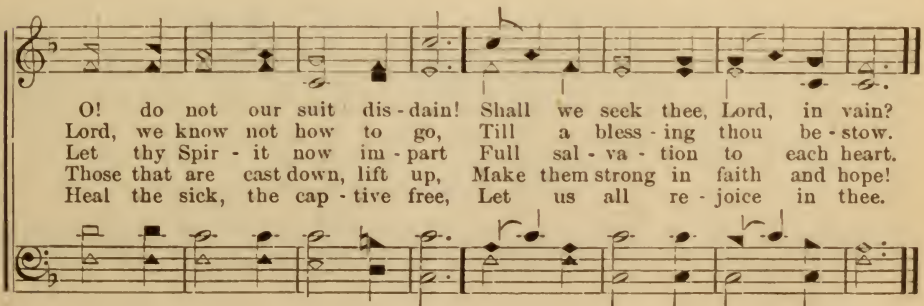
WM. HAMMOND.

A Blessing Humbly and Earnestly Sought.—Gen. 32: 26.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow:
 2. In thine own ap - point - ed way. Now we seek thee, here we stay;
 3. Send some mes - sage from thy Word, That may joy and peace af - ford;
 4. Com - fort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy re - turn!
 5. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a gra - cious God and kind:



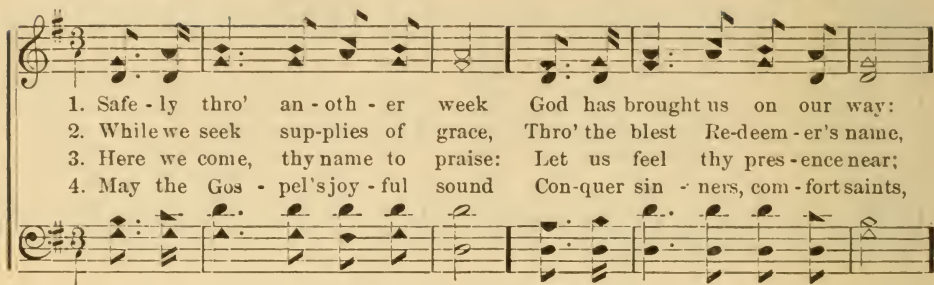
O! do not our suit dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
 Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless - ing thou be - stow.
 Let thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.
 Those that are cast down, lift up, Make them strong in faith and hope!
 Heal the sick, the cap - tive free, Let us all re - joice in thee.

Sabbath. 7s D.

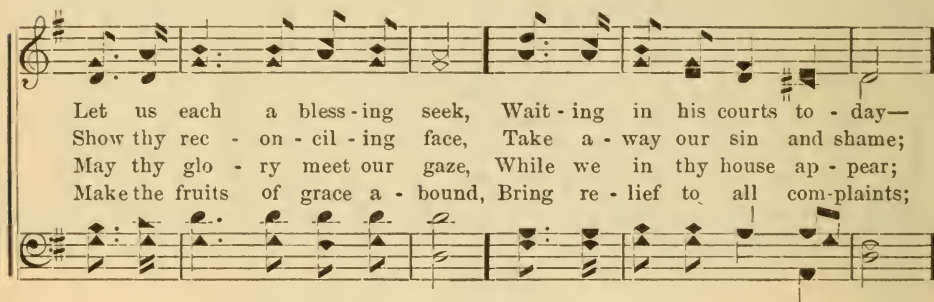
Safely Through Another Week.—Isaiah 58: 13.

JOHN NEWTON.

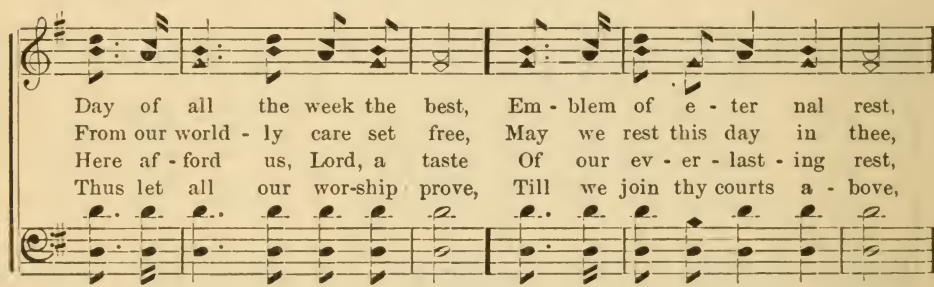
LOWELL MASON.



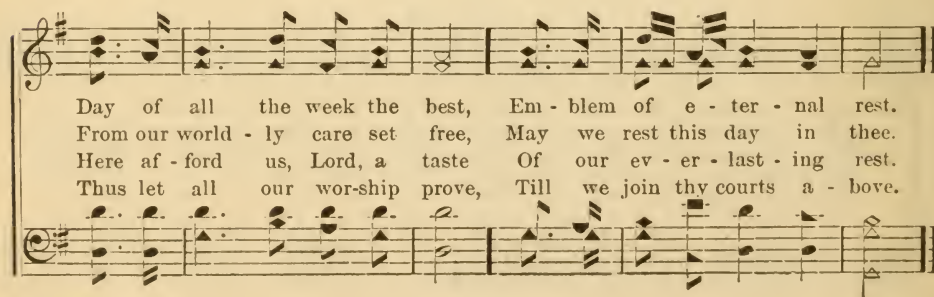
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way:
 2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the blest Re - deem - er's name,
 3. Here we come, thy name to praise: Let us feel thy pres - ence near;
 4. May the Gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints,



Let us each a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day—
 Show thy rec - on - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
 May thy glo - ry meet our gaze, While we in thy house ap - pear;
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com - plaints;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest,
 From our world - ly care set free, May we rest this day in thee,
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest,
 Thus let all our wor - ship prove, Till we join thy courts a - bove,



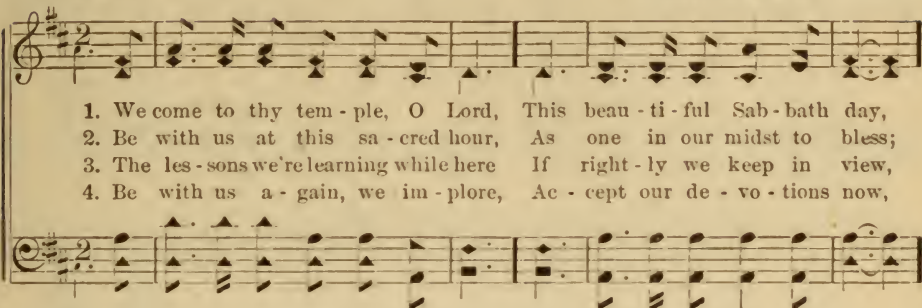
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
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 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest.
 Thus let all our wor - ship prove, Till we join thy courts a - bove.

75 We Come to Thy Temple, O Lord. Ss & 7s P.

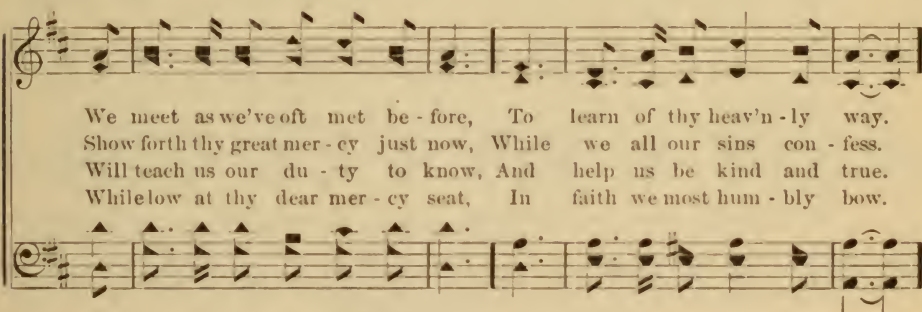
We Come to Thy Temple, O Lord.—Micah 4: 2.

G. W. LYON.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

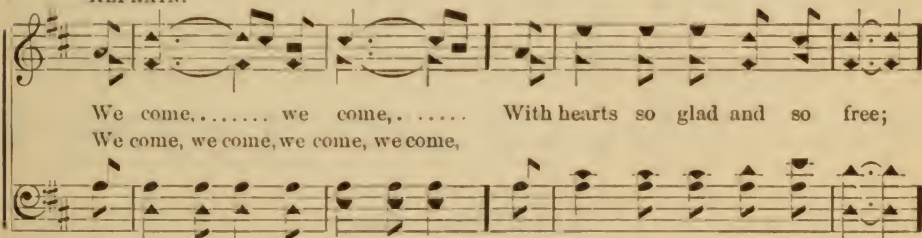


1. We come to thy tem - ple, O Lord, This beau - ti - ful Sab - bath day,
 2. Be with us at this sa - cred hour, As one in our midst to bless;
 3. The les - sons we're learning while here If right - ly we keep in view,
 4. Be with us a - gain, we im - plore, Ac - cept our de - vo - tions now,



We meet as we've oft met be - fore, To learn of thy heav'n - ly way.
 Show forth thy great mer - cy just now, While we all our sins con - fess.
 Will teach us our du - ty to know, And help us be kind and true.
 While low at thy dear mer - cy seat, In faith we most hum - bly bow.

REFRAIN.



We come, we come, With hearts so glad and so free;
 We come, we come, we come, we come,



We come, dear Lord, To learn, and to hon - or Thee.
 We come, we come, dear Lord, we come,

76

Be Thou Our Guide. 6s & 5s.

ALBERT CASSEL WIEAND.

Be Thou Our Guide.—Psa. 5: 3.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. On the ra-diant thresh-old Of this dawn - - - ing day,
 2. Lo! the Fa-ther bids us Come to seek his aid;
 3. Keep us from temp-ta-tion, Bless in ev - - - 'ry need;
 1. On the ra-diant thresh-old Of this dawn - ing day,

In the sa-cred still-ness, We will pause and pray.
 Prof-fers help and guid-ance, To the eve - - - ning's shade.
 Lead us, gen-tle Shep-herd, Where thy flocks do feed.
 In the sa-cred still-ness, We will pause and pray.

CHORUS.

In the morn-ing, noon and eve-ning, We would seek thy side;
 In the morning, noon and evening, We would seek thy side;

O do thou, dear Lord, be-friend us, O be thou our guide.
 O do thou, dear Lord, be-friend us, O be thou our guide.

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77

Eventide. 10s.

H. F. LYTE.

Abide with Me.—Luke 24: 29.

W. H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide; The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. Come not in ter-rors, as the King of kings, But kind and
 4. I need thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour; What but thy
 5. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless Ills have no
 6. Hold thou thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the

CLOSING HYMNS.

Eventide.—Concluded.

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers
dim. its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
good, with heal - ing in thy wings; Tears for all woe, a
grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who like thy - self my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bid with me!
all a - round I see; O, thou who changest not, a - bid with me!
heart for ev - 'ry plea; Come, Friend of sin - ners, thus a - bid with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bid with me!
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bid with me!
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!

78

Rockbridge. L. M.

The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.—Num 6: 24.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

1. Ere to the world a - gain we go, Its pleasures, cares, and i - dle show,
2. May the great truths we here have heard, The les - sons of thy ho - ly Word—
3. O, may the in - fluence of this day Long as our mem - 'ry with us stay,

Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave, From fol - ly and from sin to save.
Dwell in our in - most bos - oms deep, And all our souls from er - ror keep.
And as an an - gel guar - dian prove, To guide us to our home a - bove.

79

Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing. L. M.

Dismission.—Jer. 3: 15.

HART.

A. B. EVFRET.

1. Dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Lord— Help us to feed up-on thy Word;
2. Tho' we are guilt-y, thou art good— Washall our works in Je-sus' blood.

All that has been a-miss for-give, And let thy truth with-in us live,
Give ev-ry fet-tered soul re-lease, And bid us all de-part in peace,

And let thy truth with-in us live.
And bid us all de-part in peace.

80

Dismission.—1 Pet. 5: 7.

L. M.

1 Dismiss us from the house of prayer,
With blessings such as mortals need,
And make our souls thy constant care,
Till we from evil shall be freed.

2 And if we never meet again,
Till we our Lord appearing see,
O may we all with Jesus reign,
And always with our Savior be!

81

Dennis. S. M.

Christian Union.—Rom 12: 5.

JOHN FAWCETT.

From H. G. NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

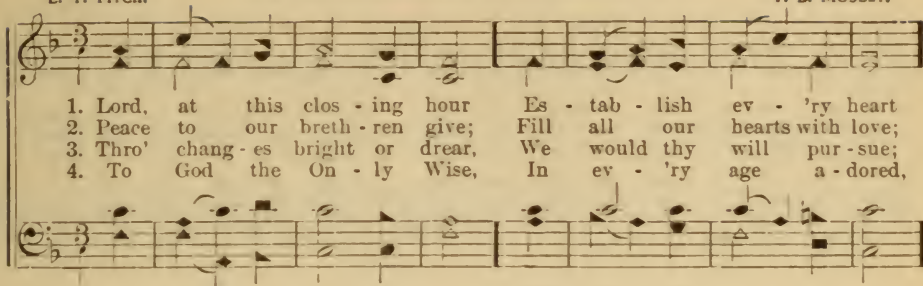
The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

Ellijay. S. M.

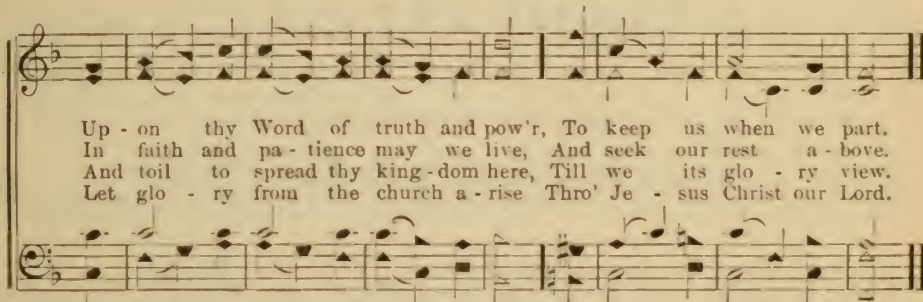
It is Good that the Heart be Established.—Héb. 13: 9.

E. T. FITCH.

T. B. MOSLEY.



1. Lord, at this clos - ing hour Es - tab - lish ev - 'ry heart
 2. Peace to our breth - ren give; Fill all our hearts with love;
 3. Thro' chang - es bright or drear, We would thy will pur - sue;
 4. To God the On - ly Wise, In ev - 'ry age a - dored,

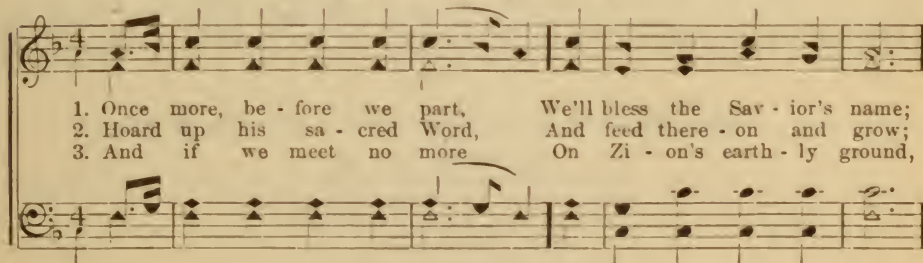


Up - on thy Word of truth and pow'r, To keep us when we part.
 In faith and pa - tience may we live, And seek our rest a - bove.
 And toil to spread thy king - dom here, Till we its glo - ry view.
 Let glo - ry from the church a - rise Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

By per. J. H. S.

St. Joseph. S. M.

At the Close of Meeting—Hosea 6: 3.



1. Once more, be - fore we part, We'll bless the Sav - ior's name;
 2. Hoard up his sa - cred Word, And feed there - on and grow;
 3. And if we meet no more On Zi - on's earth - ly ground,



Rit.
 Re - cord his mer - cies, ev - 'ry heart; Sing ev - 'ry tongue the same.
 Go on, and seek to know the Lord, And prac - tice what you know.
 O may we reach that bliss - ful state Where all thy saints are bound.

Ionia. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

GEO. BURDER.

For the Fullness of Peace and Joy.—Num. 6: 24.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 2. Thanks we give and ad-o-ra-tion, For thy Gos-pel's joy-ful sound,
 3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way—

Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace;
 May the fruits of thy sal-va-tion, In our hearts and lives a-bound!
 Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en— Glad the sum-mons to o-bey:

O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.
 Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er faith-ful, To the truth may we be found!
 May we ev-er, may we ev-er, Reign with Christ in end-less day!

By permission.

Keep Them from the Evil.—John 17: 15.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

- 1 God of our salvation, hear us;
 Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
 When we join the world, be near us,
 Lest we cold and careless grow:
 Savior, keep us—
 Keep us safe from ev'ry foe.
- 2 May we live in view of heaven,
 Where we hope to see thy face;
 Save us from unhallowed leaven,
 All that might obscure thy grace;
 Keep us walking
 Each in his appointed place.
- 3 As our steps are drawing nearer
 To the place we call our home,
 May our view of heaven grow clearer,
 Hope more bright of joys to come;
 And, when dying,
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

THOS. KELLY.

Fellowship. 8s & 7s.

Apostolic Benediction.—2 Cor. 13: 14.

JOHN NEWTON.

C. G. LINT.

1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - ior, And the Fa - ther's boundless love,
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,

With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.
And pos - sess, in sweet com - mun - ion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford.

87 This God is the God We Adore. 8s.

After Sermon.—Mal. 3: 6.

JOSEPH HART.

C. G. LINT.

1. This God is the God we a - dore, Our faith - ful, un - change - a - ble Friend;
2. 'Tis Je - sus, the first and the last, Whose Spir - it shall guide us safe home;

Whose love is as large as his pow'r, And nei - ther knows measure nor end.
We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come.

CLOSING HYMNS.

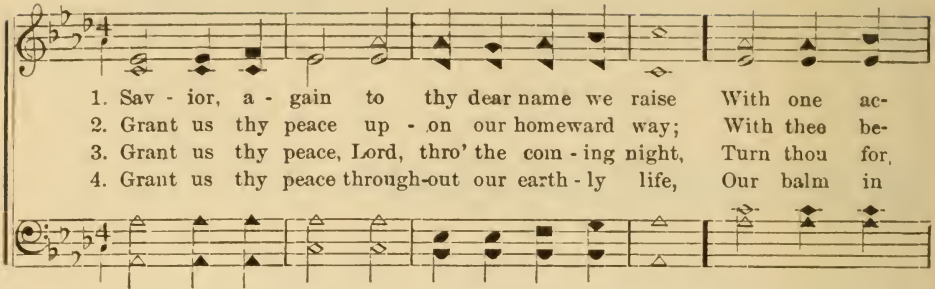
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Ellers. 10s.

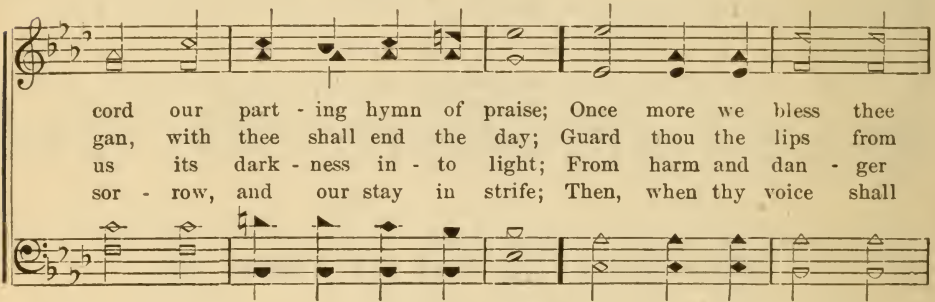
Savior, Again.—Psalm 29: 11.

JOHN ELLERTON.

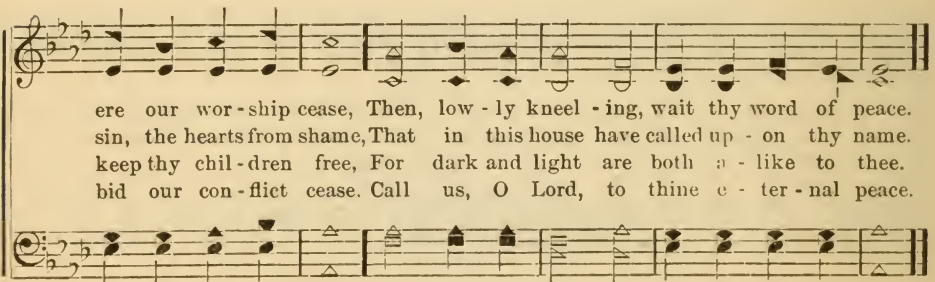
E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Sav - ior, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac-
 2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be-
 3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night, Turn thou for,
 4. Grant us thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in



cord our part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless thee
 gan, with thee shall end the day; Guard thou the lips from
 us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall



ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.
 keep thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to thee.
 bid our con - flict cease. Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace.

(Tune: LENOX. No. 164.)

89

A Prayer for Success.
 2 Cor. 9: 6.

H. M.

90

Closing Worship.
 James 1: 17.

H. M.

On what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
 The power is thine alone
 To make it spring and grow:
 Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
 And thou alone shalt have the praise.

To thee our wants are known,
 From thee are all our powers;
 Accept what is thine own,
 And pardon what is ours.
 Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
 And to thy Word a blessing give.

JOHN NEWTON.

THE LORD'S DAY.

91

Uxbridge. L. M.

I. WATTS, 1718.

It is a Good Thing to Give Thanks.—Psa. 92: 1.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
 2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast.
 3. My heart shall tri-umph in my Lord. And bless his works, and bless his Word;
 4. Lord, I shall share a glo-rious part, When grace hath well re - fined my heart,
 5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I de-sired or wished be - low;

To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.
 O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp, of sol-lemn sound.
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine, How deep thy counsels! how di - vine!
 And fresh sup-plies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil, to cheer my head.
 And ev - 'ry pow'r find sweet em - ploy In that e - ter - nal world of joy.

92

Bloomfield Chant. L. M.

J. HUTTON.

As It Began to Dawn.—Matt. 28: 1.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My op'ning eyes with rap-ture see The dawn of thy re - turn - ing day;
 2. I yield my heart to thee a - lone, Nor would re - ceive an - oth - er guest:
 3. O bid this tri - fling world re - tire, And drive each car - nal thought a - way;
 4. Then, to thy courts when I re - pair, My soul shall rise on joy - ful wing,

My tho'ts, O God, as - cend to thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.
 E - ter - nal King, e - rect thy throne. And reign sole mon - arch in my breast.
 Nor let me feel one vain de - sire, One sin - ful thought, thro' all the day.
 The won - ders of thy love de - clare, And join the strains which an - gels sing.

THE LORD'S DAY.

93

Galilee. L. M.

There Remaineth a Rest, Etc.—Heb. 4: 9.

PHILIP DUNDRIDGE.

1. Thine earthly Sab-baths, Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler rest a - bove;
 2. No more fa-tigue, no more dis tress, Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
 3. No rude a-larms of an - gry foes, No cares to break the long re - pose;
 4. O, long-ex - pec - ted day, be - gin, Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;

To that our long - ing souls as pire, With cheer-ful hope and strong de - sire.
 No groans shall min - gle with the songs, Which dwell up - on im - mor - tal tongues;
 No mid-night shade, no clouded sun, But sa - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.
 With joy we'll tread th' ap-point-ed road, And sleep in death to rest with God.

94

Evening Praise. L. M.

Lord's Day Evening.—Rom. 13: 11.

JAS. EDMESTON.

RICHARD LANGDON.

1. An - oth - er day has passed a - long, And we are near - er to the tomb,
 2. Sweet is the light of Sab-bath eve, And soft the sun-beams ling'ring there.
 3. The time, how love - ly and how still; Peace shines and smiles on all be - low—
 4. Sea - son of rest! the tran - quil soul Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love—
 5. Nor will our days of toil be long, Our pil - grim - age will soon be trod;

Near - er to join the heav'n - ly song, Or hear the last e - ter - nal doom.
 For these blest hours, the world I leave, Waft - ed on wings of faith and pray'r.
 The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill— All fair with eve - ning's set - ting glow.
 And while these sa - cred mo - ments roll, Faith sees the smil - ing heav'n a - bove.
 And we shall join the cease - less song— The end - less Sab - bath of our God.

St. Martin's. C. M.

Christ the First Fruits.—1 Cor. 15: 20.

W. TANSUR.

1. This is the day the first ripe sheaf Be - fore the Lord was waved,
 2. He rose for them for whom he died, That, like to him, they may
 3. This is the day the Spir - it came With us on earth to stay—
 4. His com - forts are the ear - nest sure Of that same heav'n - ly rest

And Christ, first fruits of them that slept, Was from the dead re - ceived.
 Rise when he comes, in glo - ry great, That ne'er shall fade a - way.
 A com - fort - er, to fill our hearts With joys that ne'er de - cay.
 Which Je - sus en - tered on, when he Was made for - ev - er blest.

Lord's Day Morning.
Mark 16: 2.

C. M.

- 1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours celestial day.
- 2 O, what a night was that which wrapped
A sinful world in gloom!
O, what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 On this glad day, a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By God's unbounded love, than when
The universe was made.
- 4 He rose who hath the nations bought
With pain and grief extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.
- 5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 6 Ten thousand joyful lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from above
On nations yet unborn.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1743-1825.

A Present Rest.—Heb. 4: 3.

C. M.

- 1 To-day God bids the faithful rest,
To-day he showers his grace;
Seek ye my face, the Lord hath said;
Lord, we will seek thy face.
- 2 Come, let us leave the things of earth,
With God's assembly join;
Lo, heaven descends to welcome man,
To taste the things divine!
- 3 We come, dear Savior, lo, we come,
Lord of our life and soul!
We come diseased, and faint, and sick,
Be pleased to make us whole.
- 4 We thirst and flee to thee, O Lord!
Thou fountain-head of good!
Filthy we come, and all unclean;
O cleanse us in thy blood!
- 5 O may we please our God to-day,
May that be all our care!
Give, Lord, thy grace, lest evil thoughts
Should mingle in our prayer.
- 6 Amid the assembly of thy saints
Let us be faithful found;
And let us join in humble prayer,
And in thy praise abound.

JNO. CENNICK, 1718-1755.

Harrisburg. C. M.

The Eternal Sabbath.—1 John 3: 2.

JOHN CENNICK.

A. B. EVERETT, 1853.

1. When, O dear Je - sus, when shall I Be-hold thee all se - rene? Blest in per -
 2. As - sist me while I wan - der here, A - midst a world of cares; In - cline my
 3. Re - lease my soul from ev - 'ry chain, No more hell's captive led; And par - don
 4. Spare me, O God, O spare the soul That gives it - self to thee; Take all that
 5. Thy Spir - it, O my Fa - ther, give, To be my guide and friend, To light my

pet - ual Sab - bath day, Without a vail be - tween, Without a vail be - tween?
 heart to pray with love, And then ac - cept my pray'rs. And then ac - cept my pray'rs.
 a re - pent - ing child, For whom the Sav - ior bled, For whom the Sav - ior bled.
 I pos - sess be - low, And give thy - self to me, And give thy - self to me.
 way to cease - less joys, Where Sabbaths nev - er end, Where Sabbaths nev - er end.

Lisbon. S. M.

Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.—Psalm 84.

I. WATTS.

DANIEL READ.

1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise:
 2. The King him - self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day;
 3. One day, a - mid the place Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
 4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this,

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast And these re - joic - ing eyes.
 Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
 Is sweet - er than ten thou - sand days Of pleas - ure and of sin.
 Till called to rise and soar a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

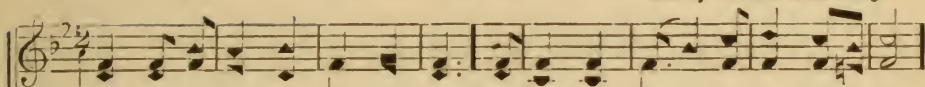
THE LORD'S DAY.

100

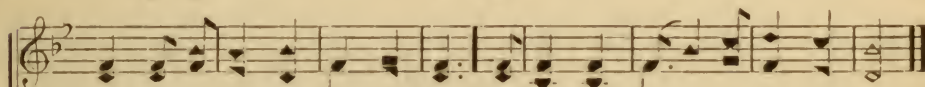
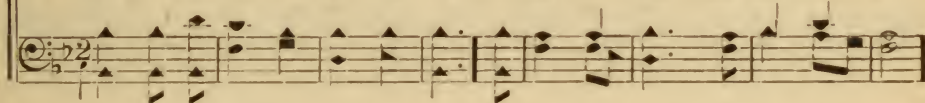
Ward. L. M.

The Sabbath a Delight.—Isaiah 58: 13.

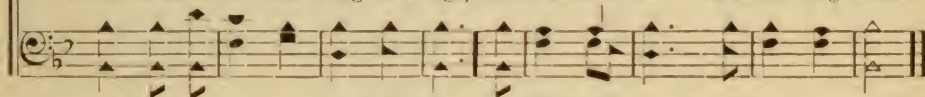
Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1836.



1. We bless thee for this sa - cred day, Thou who hast ev - 'ry bless - ing giv'n—
2. Rich day of ho - ly, thoughtful rest! May we im - prove thy calm re - pose,
3. Lord! may thy truth up - on the heart Now fall and dwell as heav'n - ly dew,
4. May pray'r now lift her sa - cred wings, Con - tent - ed with that aim a - lone



Which sends the dreams of earth a - way, And yields a glimpse of op'ning heav'n.
And, in God's serv - ice tru - ly blest, For - get the world, its joys, its woes.
And flow'rs of grace in fresh - ness start Where once the weeds of er - ror grew.
Which bears her to the King of kings, And rests her at his shelt'ring throne.



101

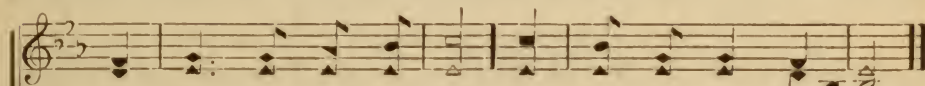
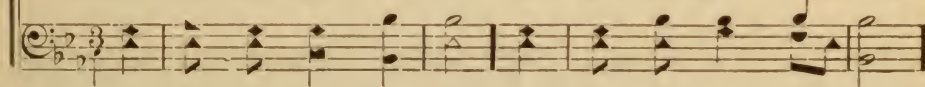
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A Solemn Review.—Ex. 31: 15.

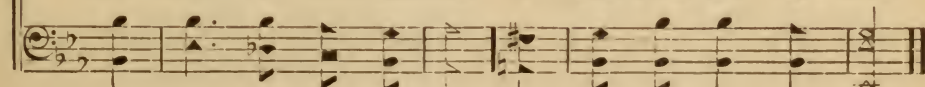
J. M. SHOWALTER, 1897, by per.



1. The light of Sab - bath eve Is fad - ing fast a - way;
2. Is it a Sab - bath spent, Of fruit - less time de - stroyed;
3. How dread - ful and how drear, In yon dark world of pain,
4. Then, in that hope - less place, The wretch - ed soul will say,
5. To waste these Sab - bath hours, O, may we nev - er dare;
6. But may our Sab - baths here In - spire our hearts with love;



What rec - ord will it leave, To crown the clos - ing day?
Or have these mo - ments lent, Been sa - cred - ly em - ployed?
Will Sab - baths lost ap - pear, That can - not come a - gain!
"I had those hours of grace, But cast them all a - way."
Nor taint with thoughts of ours, These sa - cred days of pray'r.
And prove a fore - taste clear Of that sweet rest a - bove.



THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

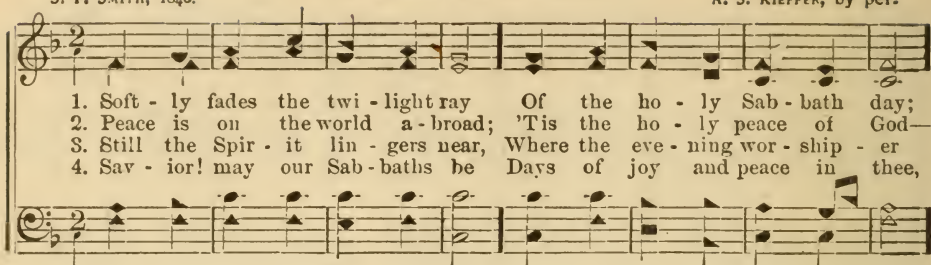
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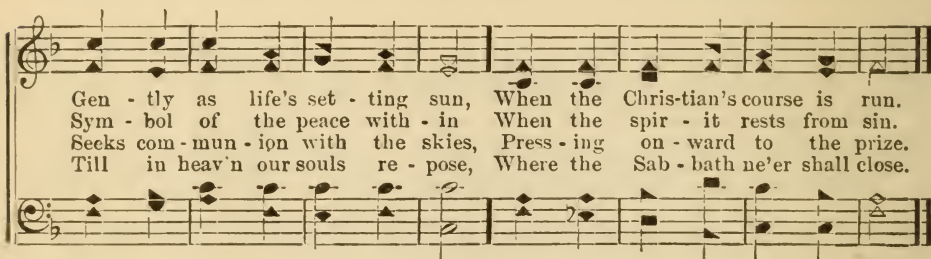
S. F. SMITH, 1840.

The Lord's Day.—Phil. 4: 7.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.



1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day;
 2. Peace is on the world a - broad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God—
 3. Still the Spir - it lin - gers near, Where the eve - ning wor - ship - er
 4. Sav - ior! may our Sab - baths be Days of joy and peace in thee,



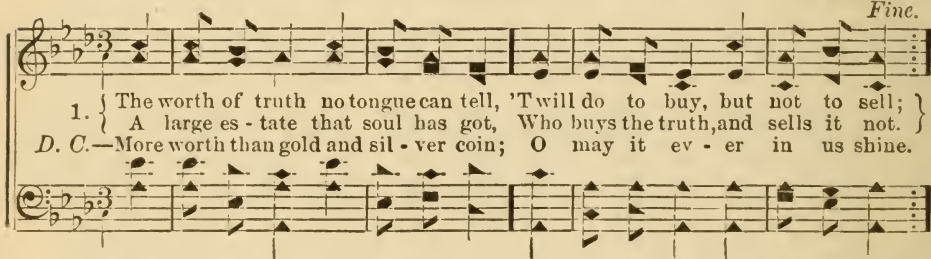
Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run.
 Sym - bol of the peace with - in When the spir - it rests from sin.
 Seeks com - mun - ion with the skies, Press - ing on - ward to the prize.
 Till in heav'n our souls re - pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.

103

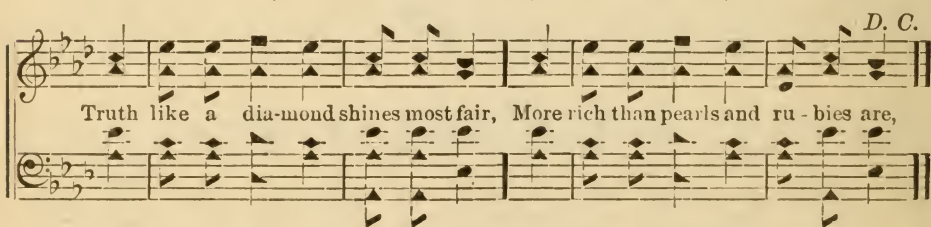
Beaufort. L. M. D.

Buy the Truth and Sell It Not.—Prov. 23: 23.

L. C. EVERETT.
Fine.



1. { The worth of truth no tongue can tell, 'Twill do to buy, but not to sell; }
 { A large es - tate that soul has got, Who buys the truth, and sells it not. }
D. C.—More worth than gold and sil - ver coin; O may it ev - er in us shine.



D. C.
 Truth like a dia - mond shines most fair, More rich than pearls and ru - bies are,

2 'T is truth that binds, and truth makes free,
 And sets the souls at liberty
 From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
 And then within the heart doth reign.
 They have a freedom then indeed,
 That doth all freedom else exceed;
 Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
 And never more shall bondage know.

3 O happy they, who in their youth
 Are brought to know and love the truth;
 For none but those whom truth makes free,
 Can e'er enjoy their liberty.
 Truth, like a girdle let us wear,
 And always keep it clean and fair;
 And never let it once be told,
 That truth by us was ever sold.

The Power of God unto Salvation.—Rom. 1: 16.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

G. J. WEBB.

1. God, in the Gos - pel of his Son, Makes his e - ter - nal coun sels known;
 2. Wis - dom its dic - tates here im - parts, To form our minds, to cheer our hearts,
 3. Our rag - ing pas - sions it con - trols, And com - fort yields to con - trite souls;
 4. May this blest vol - ume ev - er lie Close to my heart, and near my eye,

'Tis here his rich - est mer - cy shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.
 Its in - fluence makes the sin - ner live; It bids the droop - ing saint re - vive.
 It brings a bet - ter world in view, And guides us all our jour - ney through.
 Till life's last hour my soul en - gage, And be my cho - sen her - it - age.

The Progress of Truth.—Psa. 19: 4.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

W. KNAPP.

1. Up - on the Gos - pel's sa - cred page The gath - ered beams of a - gesshine;
 2. On mightier wing, in loft - ier flight, From year to year does knowledge soar;
 3. More glo - rious still as cen - t'ries roll, New re - gions blessed, new pow'rs unfurled,
 4. Flow to re - store, but not de - stroy; As when the cloud - less lamp of day

And, as it ha - stens ev - 'ry age But makes its bright - ness more di - vine.
 And, as it soars, the gos - pel light Adds to its in - fluence more and more.
 Ex - pand - ing with th' ex - pand - ing soul, Its wa - ters shall o'er - flow the world;
 Pours out its floods of light and joy, And sweeps each ling'ring mist a - way.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

106

Notting Hill. C. M.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

Thy Testimonies are my Delight.—Psalm 119: 24.

C. H. PURDY.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy Word What end - less glo - ry shines!
 2. Here may the wretch - ed sons of want Ex - haust - less rich - es find;
 3. Here the fair tree of knowl - edge grows, And yields a free re - past;
 4. Here the Re - deem - er's wel - come voice Spreads heav'n - ly peace a - round;
 5. O may these heav'n - ly pa - ges be My ev - er dear de - light;
 6. Di - vine In - struct - or, gra - cious Lord! Be thou for - ev - er near;

For - ev - er be thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.
 Rich - es a - bove what earth can grant, And last - ing as the mind.
 Sub - lim - er sweets than na - ture knows, In - vite the long - ing taste.
 And life and ev - er - las - ing joys At - tend the bliss - ful sound.
 And still new beau - ties may I see, And still in - creas - ing light!
 Teach me to love thy sa - cred Word, And view my Sav - ior there.

107 *

Quinter. C. M.

In the Beginning was the Word.—John 1: 1.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. In the be - gin - ning was the Word. A - thwart the cha - os - night
 2. Thy Word, O God! is liv - ing yet, A - mid earth's rest - less strife,
 3. And as that Word moves sure - ly on, The light, ray aft - er ray,
 4. O Word that broke the still - ness first, Sound on! and nev - er cease—
 5. Till wail of woe, and clank of chain, And bruit of bat - tle stilled—
 6. Till self - ish pas - sion, strife and wrong, Thy sum - mons shall have heard,

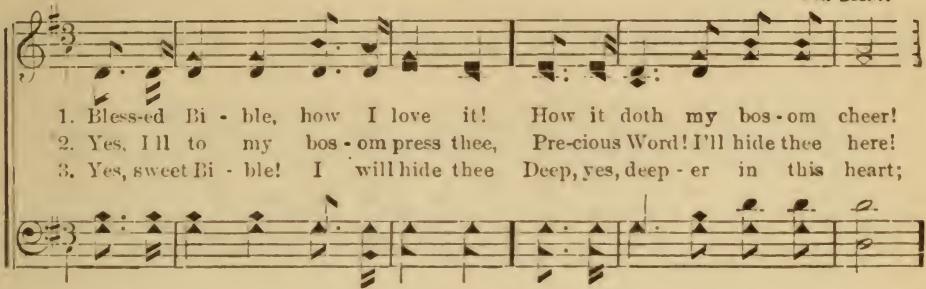
It gleamed with quick ere - a - tive pow'r, And there was life and light.
 New har - mo - ny cre - a - ting still, And ev - er high - er life.
 Streams fur - ther out a - cross the dark, And night grows in - to day.
 Till all earth's dark - ness be made light, And all her dis - cord peace!
 The world with thy great mu - sic's pulse, O Word of love! be thrilled.
 And thy cre - a - tion be com - plete, O thou e ter nal Word!

*The last hymn read by Bro. James Quinter.

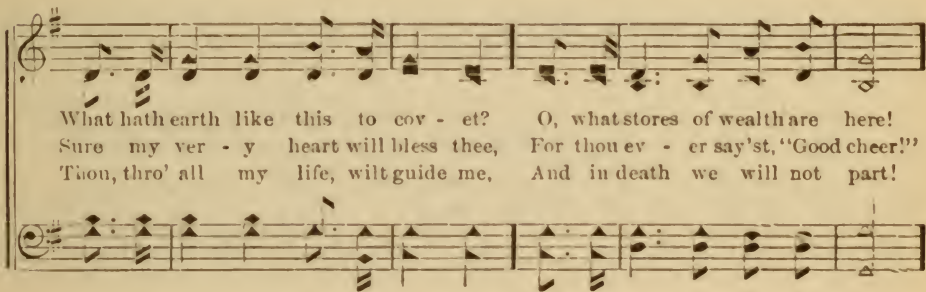
Blessed Bible. Ss & 7s D.

O, How I Love Thy Law!—Psa. 119: 97.

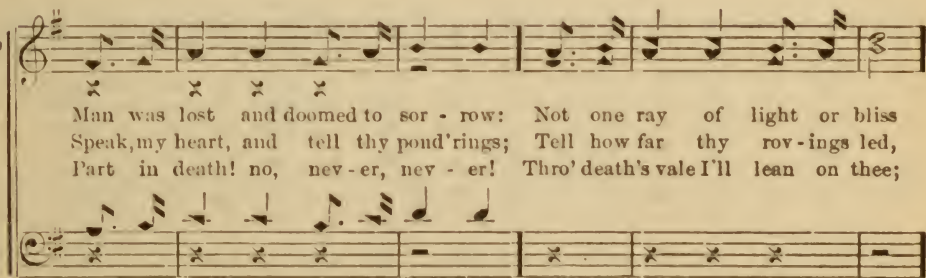
WM. BEERY.



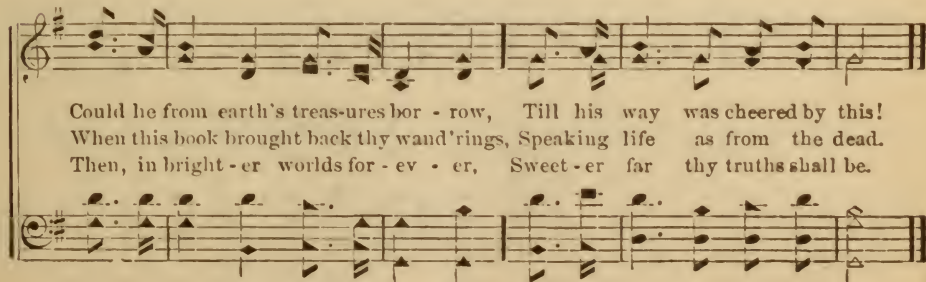
1. Bless-ed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bos-om cheer!
 2. Yes, I'll to my bos-om press thee, Pre-cious Word! I'll hide thee here!
 3. Yes, sweet Bi - ble! I will hide thee Deep, yes, deep - er in this heart;



What hath earth like this to cov - et? O, what stores of wealth are here!
 Sure my ver - y heart will bless thee, For thou ev - er say'st, "Good cheer!"
 Thou, thro' all my life, wilt guide me, And in death we will not part!



Man was lost and doomed to sor - row: Not one ray of light or bliss
 Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings; Tell how far thy rov - ings led,
 Part in death! no, nev - er, nev - er! Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee;



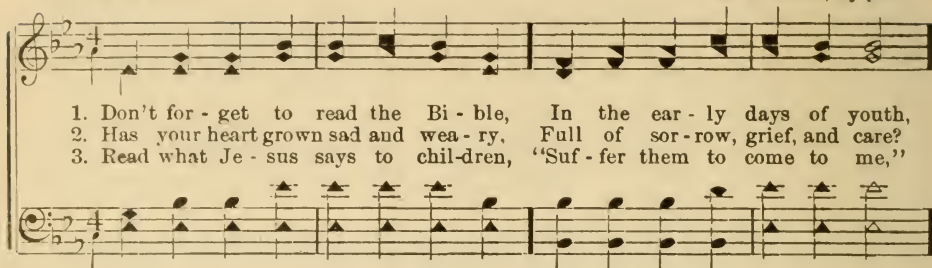
Could he from earth's treas-ures bor - row, Till his way was cheered by this!
 When this book brought back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.
 Then, in bright - er worlds for - ev - er, Sweet - er far thy truths shall be.

Read the Bible. 8s & 7s D.

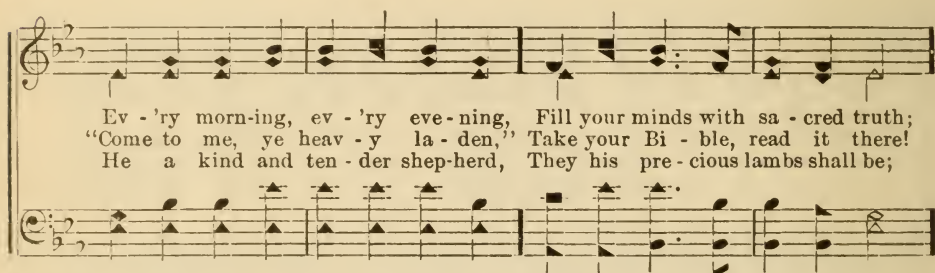
Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Read the Bible.—John 17: 17.

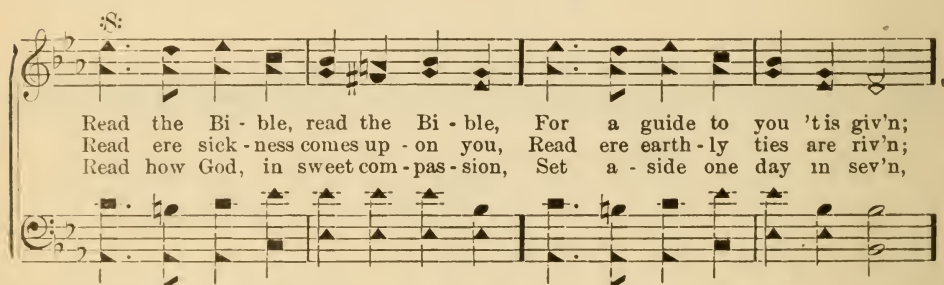
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Don't for - get to read the Bi - ble, In the ear - ly days of youth,
 2. Has your heart grown sad and wea - ry, Full of sor - row, grief, and care?
 3. Read what Je - sus says to chil - dren, "Suf - fer them to come to me,"

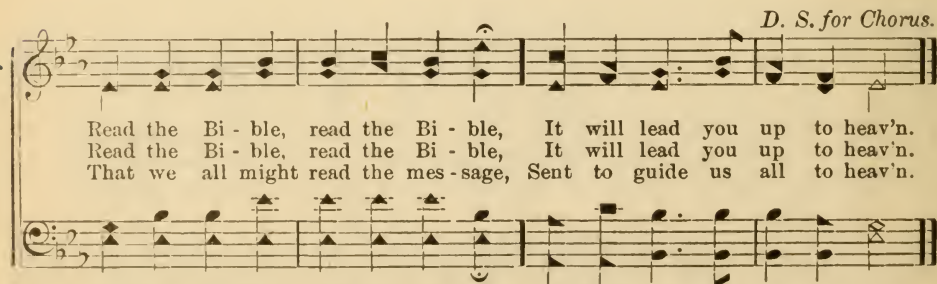


Ev - 'ry morn - ing, ev - 'ry eve - ning, Fill your minds with sa - cred truth;
 "Come to me, ye heav - y la - den," Take your Bi - ble, read it there!
 He a kind and ten - der shep - herd, They his pre - cious lambs shall be;



Read the Bi - ble, read the Bi - ble, For a guide to you 'tis giv'n;
 Read ere sick - ness comes up - on you, Read ere earth - ly ties are riv'n;
 Read how God, in sweet com - pas - sion, Set a - side one day in sev'n,

CHO.—Read the Bi - ble, read the Bi - ble, It will lead you up to heav'n,



Read the Bi - ble, read the Bi - ble, It will lead you up to heav'n.
 Read the Bi - ble, read the Bi - ble, It will lead you up to heav'n.
 That we all might read the mes - sage, Sent to guide us all to heav'n.


Read the Bi - ble, read the Bi - ble, It will lead you up to heav'n.

Treasure. 8s, 7s, 7s, 7s.


JOHN NEWTON.

Precious Bible.—Rom. 15: 4.


MRS. ADALINE H. BEERY.



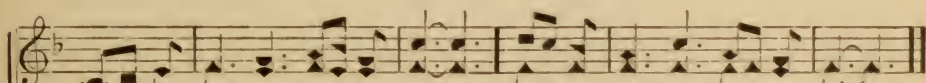
1. Pre - cious Bi - ble! what a treas - ure Does the Word of God af - ford;
 2. Food to which the world's a stran - ger, Here my hun - gry soul en - joys;
 3. When my faith is faint and sick - ly, Or when Sa - tan wound* my mind;
 4. In the hour of dark temp - ta - tion, Sa - tan can - not make me yield;



All I want for life or pleas - ure, Food and med'ine, shield and sword;
 Of ex - cess there is no dan - ger, Though it fills, it nev - er cloy's;
 Cor - dials to re - vive me quick - ly, Heal - ing med'ines here I find;
 For the word of con - so - la - tion Is to me a might - y shield;



Let the world ac - count me poor; Hav - ing this, I need no more;
 On a dy - ing Christ I feed, He is meat and drink in - deed;
 To the prom - is - es I flee, Each af - fords a rem - e - dy;
 While the scrip - ture - truths are sure, From his mal - ice I'm se - cure;



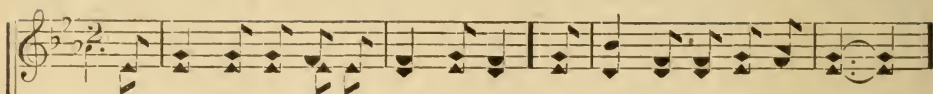
Let the world ac - count me poor; Hav - ing this, I need no more.
 On a dy - ing Christ I feed, He is meat and drink in - deed.
 To the prom - is - es I flee, Each af - fords a rem - e - dy.
 While the scrip - ture - truths are sure, From his mal - ice I'm se - cure.

The Precious Bible.

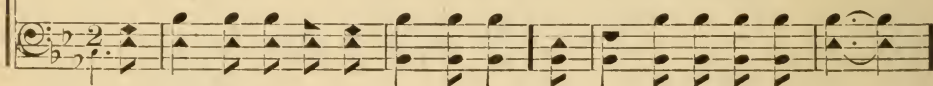
The Precious Bible.—Psa. 103.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. I have a store of all good - ly things, A store so boundless and free,
 2. I have a mine of most precious gems,—A mine of splendor un - told,
 3. I have a treas-ure of wondrous worth,—A treas-ure passing com - pare,



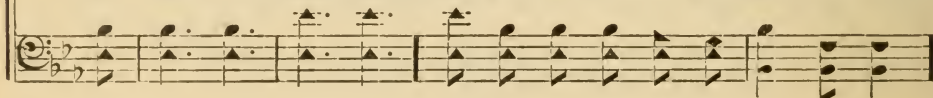
And all I ev - er may need is there, And all is giv - en to me.
 And there the jew - els of prom - ise shine, And there the pre - cepts of gold.
 The Word that's hidden with - in my heart, And joy it giv - eth me there.



CHORUS.



The pre - cious Bi - ble, Filled with all rich - es and filled for me;



The pre - cious Bi - ble, Beau - ti - ful, won - der - ful and so free.



CHRIST—THE INCARNATION.

114

Jazer. C. M.

Glory to God.—Luke 2: 14.

W. HURN.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. An - gels re - joiced and sweet - ly sung At our Re - deem - er's birth;
 2. Glo - ry to God, who dwells on high, And sent his on - ly Son
 3. Good - will to men; ye fall - en race! A - rise, and shout for joy;
 4. Lord! send the gra - cious ti - dings forth, And fill the world with light,

Mor - tals! a - wake; let ev - 'ry tongue Pro - claim his match - less worth.
 To take a serv - ant's form, and die, For e - vils we had done!
 He comes, with rich a - bound - ing grace, To save, and not de - stroy.
 That Jew and Gen - tile, thro' the earth, May know thy sav - ing might.

115

Laurel Hill. C. M.

The Advent—Isaiah 61: 1-3.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-1751.

Unknown.

1. Hark, the glad sound, the Sav - ior comes, The Sav - ior prom - ised long!
 2. On him the Spir - it, large - ly poured, Ex - erts his sa - cred fire:
 3. He comes the pris - 'ners to re - lease, In Sa - tan's bond - age held:
 4. He comes, from thick - est films of vice, To clear the men - tal ray;
 5. He comes the bro - ken heart to bind, The bleed - ing soul to cure,
 6. Our glad ho - san - nas, Prince of Peace! Thy wel - come shall pro - claim;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song.
 Wis - dom, and might, and zeal, and love, His ho - ly breast in - spire.
 The gates of brass be - fore him burst, The i - ron fet - ters yield.
 And on the eyes op - pressed with night, To pour ce - les - tial day.
 And with the treas - ures of his grace, T'en - rich the hum - ble poor.
 And heav'n's e - ter - nal arch - es ring With thy be - lov - ed name.

Antioch. C. M.

J. WATTS.

Joy at the Birth of Christ!—Psalm 98.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord has come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sav-ior reigns, Let men their songs em-ploy;
 3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground;
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
 He comes to make his bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
 The glo-ries of his right-eous-ness, And won-ders of his love, And
 And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
 peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
 as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 won-ders of his love, And won-ders, won-ders of his love.
 sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

Zerah. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON.

The Prophet Foretells His Birth—Isaiah 9: 6.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
 2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For ev-er-more a-dored,—
 3. His pow'r, in-creas-ing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know;

THE INCARNATION.

Zerah.—Concluded.

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

118

All Hail! Happy Day. P. M.

C. WESLEY.

A Christmas Hymn.—Luke 2^d 10, 11.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. All hail! hap - py day, When, en - robed in our clay The Re -
2. Ye an - gels of God, Sound his prais - es a - broad, And ac -
3. O may the re - turn Of this once bless - ed morn Be for -
4. Let ech - o pro - long The har - mo - ni - ous song— Hal - le -
decm - er ap - peared up - on earth; How can we re - frain To u -
knowl - edge him JAH, the I AM. We al - so will join In a
ev - er re - mem - bered with joy: Sweet ac - cents of praise All our
lu - jahs a - gain and a - gain. He kin - dles the fire, Whom the
nite in the strain, And to hail our Im - man - u - el's birth!
hymn so di - vine, Giv - ing glo - ry to God and the Lamb!
voi - ces shall raise; Hal - le - lu - jahs shall be our em - ploy.
na - tions de - sire, And to him we de - vote the glad strain.

By permission,

(71)

Flora. 7s.

God with Us.—Matt. 1: 23.

SARAH SLINN.

JOSEPH STUDEBAKER.

1. God with us! O glo - rious name! Let it shine in end - less fame;
 2. God with us! a - maz - ing love Brought him from his courts a - bove:
 3. God with us! O won - drous grace! Let us see him face to face:

God and man in Christ u - nite— O mys - te - rious depth and height!
 Now, ye saints, his grace ad - mire, Swell the song with ho - ly fire.
 That we may Im - man - uel sing, As we ought, our God and King.

Hither, Ye Faithful. 11s & 10s P.

(HENLEY.)

O, Come and Let Us Worship.—Psalms 95:6.

GRANT.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Hith - er, ye faith - ful, haste in songs of tri - umph, To Bethl'hem
 2. O Je - sus; for such won - drous con - de - scen - sion Our praise and
 3. Shout his al - might - y name: ye choirs of an - gels, Let the ce -

go, the Lord of life to meet; To you this day is born a
 rev - 'rence are an of - f'ring meet; Now is the Word made flesh, and
 les - tial courts his praise re - peat; Un - to our God be glo - ry

THE INCARNATION.

Hither, Ye Faithful.—Concluded.

Prince and Sav - ior: O come, and let us wor - ship at his feet!
dwells a - mong us; O come, and let us wor - ship at his feet!
in the high - est; O come, and let us wor - ship at his feet!

121 Hail the Blest Morn. 11s & 10s.

REGINALD HEBER, 1793-1826.

Hail the Blest Morn.—Matt. 2: 2.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Hail the blest morn' when the great Me - di - a - tor Down from the
2. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
3. Cold on his cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing, Low lies his
4. Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dours of
5. Vain - ly we of - fer earth's rich - est ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with


re - gions of glo - ry de - scends! Shep - herds, go wor - ship the
dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -
head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him in
E - dom, and of - frings di - vine; Gems from the moun - tain, and
gold would his fa - vor se - cure: Rich - er, by far, is the

babe in the man - ger; Lo! for your guide the bright an - gel at - tends!
ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
slum - bers re - clin - ing, Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav - ior of all!
pearls from the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?
heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor!

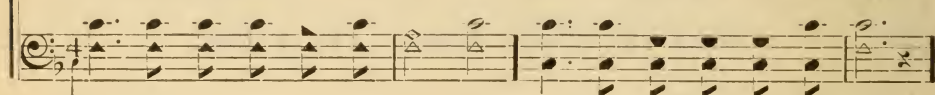
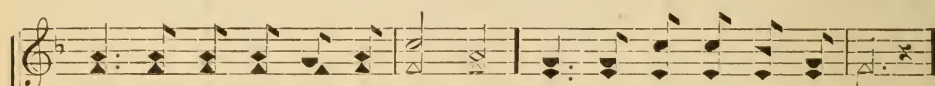
122 Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus. Ss & 7s D.

Christ, the Desire of All Nations.—Hag. 2: 7.

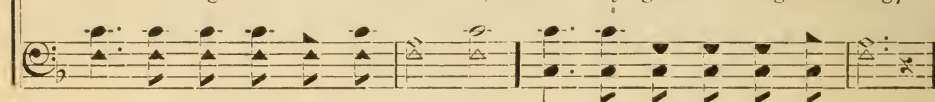
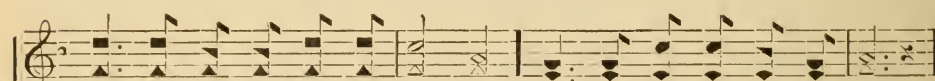
JOSEPH HART.



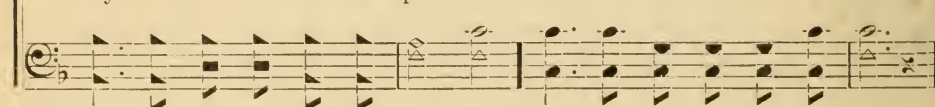
1. Come, thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set thy peo-ple free,
2. Born thy peo-ple to de-liv-er, Born a child, and yet a King;

From our fears and sins re-lease us, Let us find our rest in thee!
Born to reign in us for-ev-er, Now thy gra-cious king-dom bring;

Is-rael's strength and con-so-la-tion, Hope of all the earth thou art,
By thine own e-ter-nal Spir-it Rule in all our hearts a-lone:




Dear de-sire of ev-'ry na-tion, Joy of ev-'ry long-ing heart.
By thine all-suf-fi-cient mer-it Raise us to thy glo-rious throne.



THE INCARNATION.

123

Herald Angels. 7s D.

C. WESLEY

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.—Luke 2: 14.

MENDELSSOHN.



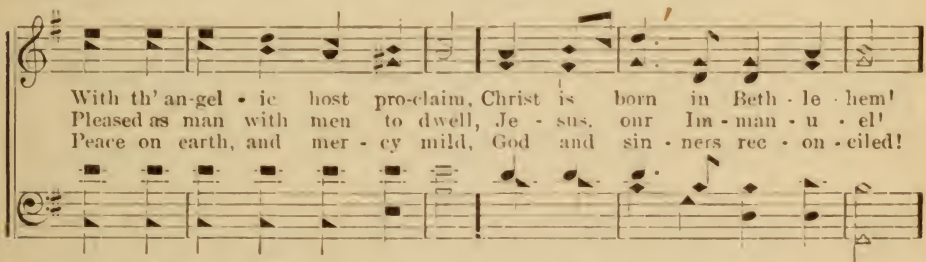
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!
 2. See, he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
 3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right - eous - ness!



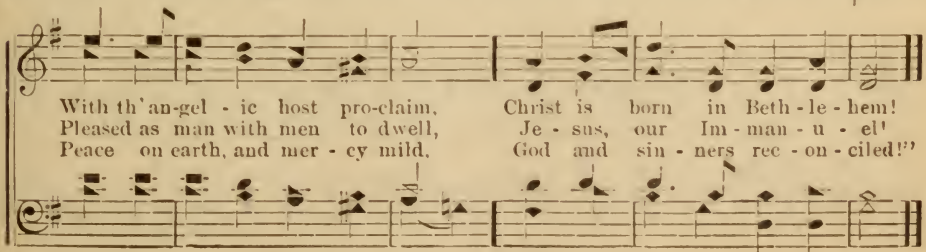
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
 Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
 Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in his wings.



Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise; Join the triumph of the skies,
 Vailed in flesh the God head see; Hail th' in - car - nate De - i - ty,
 Let us, then, with an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!



With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
 Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!
 Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!



With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
 Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!
 Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"

The Silver Star.

D. K. ES.

The Silver Star.—Matt. 2: 9.

H. R. PALMER.

1. On the brow of night there shines a sil-ver star, On the brow of night there
 2. 'Tis the lamp of God high hang-ing in the air, 'Tis the lamp of God high
 3. Bring your gifts of gold, of frankincense and myrrh, Bring your gifts of gold, of

shines a sil-ver star, And the wise men gaze on its heav'n-ly rays Till they find the
 hang-ing in the air, And it guides our feet thro' the roy-al street; There is sweet soul-
 frankincense and myrrh, For the King we own is on Da-vi-d's throne; Let the ho-ly

pp CHORUS.
 King, whose throne they sought afar, In the Babe of Beth-le-hem. Sil-ver star,
 rest for those who seek it there From the Babe of Beth-le-hem.
 child your best af-fec-tions stir; 'Tis the Babe of Beth-le-hem. Sil-ver star,

ho-ly light, shine a-far, o'er the night, Till the
 ho-ly light, shine a-far, o'er the night,

world shall come where the young child lay, And en-ter the gates of the new-born day.

Forest. L. M.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

The Christian's Pattern.—John 12: 26.

A. CHAPIN, 1823.

1. And is the Gos-pel peace and love! Such let our con-ver-sa-tion be!
 2. Whene'er the an-gry pas-sions rise, And tempt our tho'ts or tongues to strife.
 3. O how be-nev-o-lent and kind, How mild, how read-y to for-give!
 4. To do his heav'nly Father's will Was his em-ploy-ment and de-light;
 5. Dis-pens-ing good wher-e'er he came, The la-bors of his life were love;

The ser-pent blend-ed with the dove—Wis-dom and meek sim-ple-i-ty.
 On Je-sus let us fix our eyes, Bright pat-tern of the Christian life.
 Be this the tem-per of our mind, And those the rules by which we live!
 Hu-mil-i-ty and ho-ly zeal Shone thro' his life, di-vine-ly bright.
 If, then, we love the Sav-ior's name, Let his di-vine ex-am-ple move.

Heber. L. M.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Grace is Poured into thy Lips.—Psa. 45: 2.

E. BARNES.

1. How sweetly flowed the gos-pel sound From lips of gen-tle-ness and grace,
 2. Christ came from heav'n; of heav'n he spoke, To heav'n he led his foll'wers' way;
 3. "Come, wand'ers, to my Fa-ther's home; Come, all ye wea-ry ones, and rest;"
 4. De-cay, then, ten-e-ments of dust; Pil-lars of earth-ly pride, de-cay;

When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and glad-ness filled the place!
 Dark clouds of gloom-y night he broke, Un-vail-ing an im-mor-tal day.
 Yes, sa-cred Teach-er, we will come, O-bey thee, love thee, and be blest.
 A no-bler man-sion waits the just, And Je-sus has pre-pared the way.

Grace Church. L. M.

I. WATTS.

His Miracles.—John 3: 2.

I. PLEVEL.

1. Be - hold, the blind their sight re - ceive! Be - hold, the dead a - wake and live,
 2. Thus doth th'e - ter - nal Spir - it own And seal the mis - sion of the Son;
 3. He dies—the heav'n in mourn - ing stood; He ri - ses, by the pow'r of God;
 4. Hence and for - ev - er from my heart I bid my doubts and fears de - part;

The dumb speak won - ders, and the lame Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
 The Fa - ther vin - di - cates his cause, While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
 Be - hold the Lord as - cend - ing high, No more to bleed, no more to die.
 And to those hands my soul re - sign, Which bear cre - den - tials so di - vine.

Ware. L. M.

I. WATTS.

Christ Our Example.—1 Peter 2: 21.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. My dear Re - deem - er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy Word;
 2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such def - ience to thy Fa - ther's will,
 3. Cold mountains and the mid night air Wit - nessed the fer - vor of thy pray'r;
 4. Be thou my pat - tern; may I bear More of thy gra - cious im - age here;

But in thy life the law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.
 Such love, and meek - ness so di - vine, I would transcribe, and make them mine.
 The des - ert thy temp - ta - tions knew, Thy con - flict and the vic - t'ry, too.
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name A - mong the foll'wers of the Lamb.

HIS LIFE AND MISSION.

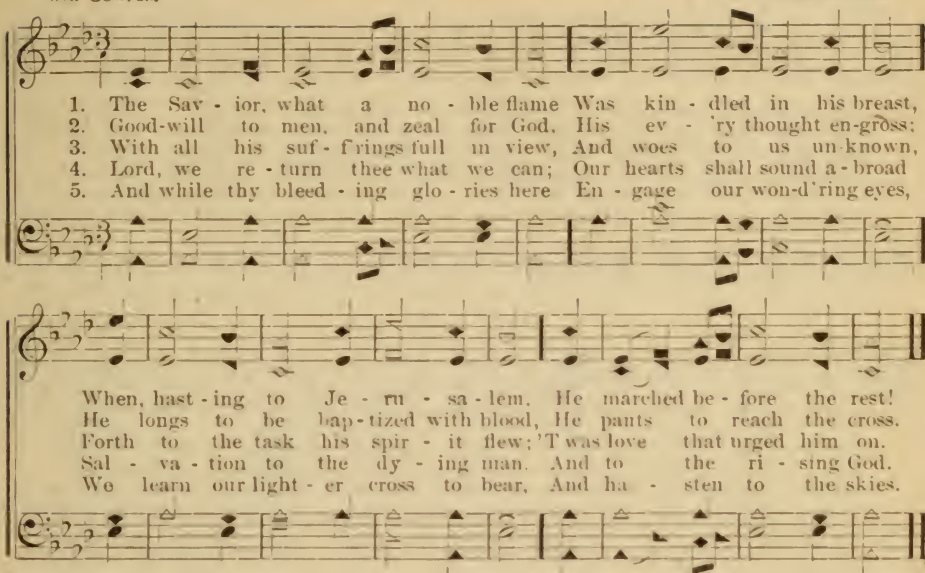
129

Avon. C. M.

His Baptism of Suffering.—Luke 12: 50.

Wm. Cowper.

HUGH WILSON.



1. The Sav - ior, what a no - ble flame Was kin - dled in his breast,
 2. Good-will to men, and zeal for God. His ev - 'ry thought en-gröss:
 3. With all his suf - frings full in view, And woes to us un-known,
 4. Lord, we re - turn thee what we can; Our hearts shall sound a - broad
 5. And while thy bleed - ing glo - ries here En - gage our won-d'ring eyes,

When, hast - ing to Je - ru - sa - lem, He marched be - fore the rest!
 He longs to be bap - tized with blood, He pants to reach the cross.
 Forth to the task his spir - it flew; 'T was love that urged him on.
 Sal - va - tion to the dy - ing man. And to the ri - sing God.
 We learn our light - er cross to bear, And ha - sten to the skies.

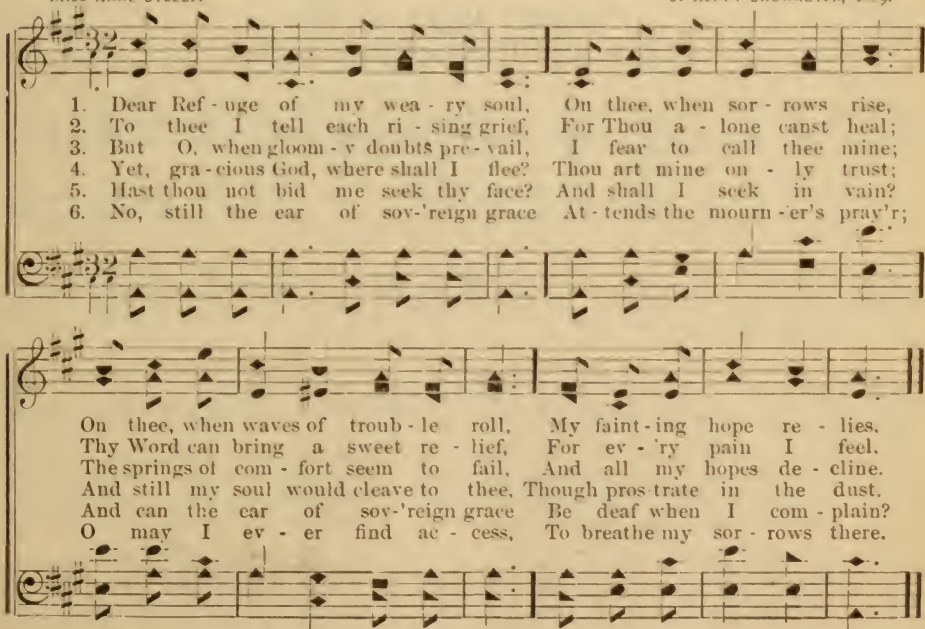
130

Immanuel. C. M.

Looking to God in Trouble.—Jer. 16: 19.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, 1889.



1. Dear Ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On thee, when sor - rows rise,
 2. To thee I tell each ri - sing grief, For Thou a - lone canst heal;
 3. But O, when gloom - y doubts pre - vail, I fear to call thee mine;
 4. Yet, gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art mine on - ly trust;
 5. Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? And shall I seek in vain?
 6. No, still the ear of sov'-reign grace At - tends the mourn - er's pray'r;

On thee, when waves of troub - le roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies,
 Thy Word can bring a sweet re - lief, For ev - 'ry pain I feel.
 The springs of com - fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.
 And still my soul would cleave to thee, Though pros - trate in the dust.
 And can the ear of sov'-reign grace Be deaf when I com - plain?
 O may I ev - er find ac - cess, To breathe my sor - rows there.

Ortonville. C M.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

Ye are Complete in Him.—Col. 2: 10.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his
 2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man - na
 3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place; My nev - er
 4. Je - sus! my Shepherd! Husband, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King; My Lord, my
 5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I
 6. Till then I would thy love proclaim With ev - 'ry fleet ing breath; And may the

sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives a-way his fear.
 to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest, And to the wea - ry rest.
 fail - ing treas - ry, filled With boundless stores of grace, With boundless stores of grace.
 Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
 see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought, I'll praise thee as I ought.
 mu - sic of thy name Re - fresh my soul in death, Re - fresh my soul in death.

Vernal Day. C M.

GEO. W. DOANE.

Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—John 14: 6.

B. C. UNSELD, by per.

1. Thou art the way; to thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;
 2. Thou art the truth; thy Word a - lone True wis - dom can im - part:
 3. Thou art the life; the rend - ing tomb Pro - claims thy conq'ring arm;
 4. Thou art the way, the truth, the life; Grant us to know that way,

And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, thro' thee.
 Thou, on - ly, canst in - struct the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.
 And those who put their trust in thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.
 That truth to keep, that life to win, Which lead to end - less day.

133

Manoah. C. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

The Chief Among Ten Thousand.—Cant. 5: 10

F. J. HAYDN.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow;
 2. No mor - tal can with him com - pare A - mong the sons of men;
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief;
 4. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
 His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned. His lips with grace o'er - flow.
 Fair - er is he than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train.
 For me he bore the shame - ful cross, And ear - ried all my grief.
 He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.

134

Wyand. C. M. D.

GEO. W. DOANE.

He Made Himself of no Reputation.—Phil. 2: 7.

L. C. EVERETT.

Fine.

1. { He came not with his heav'nly crown, His scep - ter clad with pow'r; }
 { His com - ing was in fee - ble - ness. The in - fant of an hour; }
 D. C.—And low - ing herds sur-round - ed there The Lord of heav'n and earth.
 A hum - ble man - ger era - dled, first, The Vir - gin's ho - ly birth,
 D. C.

2 He came, not in his robe of wrath,
 With arm outstretched to slay;
 But on the darkening paths of earth,
 To pour celestial day—
 To guide in peace the wandering feet,
 The broken heart to bind,
 And bear upon the painful cross
 The sins of human kind.

3 And thou hast borne them, Savior meek,
 And therefore unto thee,
 In humbleness and gratitude,
 Our hearts shall offered be;
 Our contrite hearts, an offering, Lord,
 Which thou wilt not despise,
 Our souls, our bodies, all be thine,
 A living sacrifice!

Lottie. S. M.

He Beheld the City, and Wept over It.—Luke 19: 41.

BENJAMIN BEDDOE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep. And shall our cheeks be dry?
 2. The Son of God in tears, The won - d'ring an - gels see;
 3. He wept that we might weep, Each sin de - mands a tear;

Let tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Flow forth from ev - 'ry eye.
 Be thou a - ston - ished, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee
 In heav'n a - lone no sin is found And there's no weep - ing there

136 Jesus Wept! Those Tears are Over. 8s, 7s, 7s, 7s.

Jesus Wept.—John 11: 35.

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

F. R. STATHAM.

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same:
 2. When the pangs of tri - al seize us, When the waves of sor - row roll,
 3. Je - sus wept, and still in glo - ry He can mark each mourn - er's tear—
 4. Je - sus wept! the tear of sor - row Is a leg - a - cy of love;

Kins - man, Friend, and eld - er Broth - er, Is his ev - er - last - ing name.
 I will lay my head on Je - sus— Pil - low of the troub - led soul.
 Liv - ing to re - trace the sto - ry Of the hearts he sol - aced here.
 Yes - ter - day, to - day, to - mor - row, He the same shall ev - er prove.

Jesus Wept! Those Tears are Over.—Concluded.

Sav - ior, who can love like thee? Gra - cious one of Beth - an - y!
 Tru - ly, none can feel like thee, Weep - ing one of Beth - an - y!
 Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - an - y!
 Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing one of Beth - an - y!

137

Archdale. L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.—Matt. 2: 9.

H. K. WHITE.

GEO. M. MONROE.

1. When marshaled on the night - ly plain, The glit - t'ring host be - stud the sky.
 2. Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From ev - 'ry host, from ev - 'ry gem;
 3. Once on the ra - ging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark.
 4. Deep hor - ror then my vi - tals froze, Death - struck, I ceased the tide to stem.
 5. It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark fore - bod - ings cease,
 6. Now safe - ly moored—my per - ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a - dem,

One star a - lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wan - d'ring eye.
 But one a - lone, the Sav - ior, speaks—It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.
 The o - cean yawned and rude - ly blowed The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.
 When sud - den - ly a star a - rose—It was the Star of Beth - le - hem.
 And thro' the storm and dan - ger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.
 For - ev - er and for ev - er - more, The Star—the Star of Beth - le - hem.

138

The Way of Holiness.
Isaiah 35: 8.

L. M.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The way that leads from banishment;
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long had been,
 Oppressed with unbelief and sin.

- 4 The more I strove against their power,
 I sinned and stumbled but the more;
 Till late I heard my Savior say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
 Nothing but sin I thee can give;
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Savior I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

JOHN CENNICK.

(83)

139 Jesus! the Very Thought is Sweet. L. M.

BARTON. Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

Christ Precious.—1 Peter 2: 7.

JOHN A. SHOWALTER, 1892.

1. Je - sus! the ver - y tho't is sweet; In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
 2. No word is sung more sweet than this, No name is heard more full of bliss;
 3. Je - sus, the hope of souls for - lorn! How good to them for sin that mourn;
 4. No tongue of mor - tal can ex - press, No let - ters write its bless - ed - ness;

But sweet-er than the hon - ey far The glimpses of his pres - ence are.
 No tho't brings sweet-er com - fort nigh, Than Je - sus, Son of God, most high.
 To them that seek thee, O how kind! But what art thou to them that find?
 A - lone, who hath thee in his heart Knows, love of Je - sus, what thou art.

140 Happy Day. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Rejoicing in the Lord.—Phil. 3: 1.E. F. RIMBAULT,
S: CHORUS.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - ior and my God; } Happy day,
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap - tures all abroad. }

FINE. D. S.

hap - py day, When Jesus washed my sins a - way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 { And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day; }

- 2 O, happy bond that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
 While to his altar now I move.
- 3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.


- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Here have I found a nobler part,
 Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
- 5 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed, shall daily hear,
 Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

Remember Me. C. M.

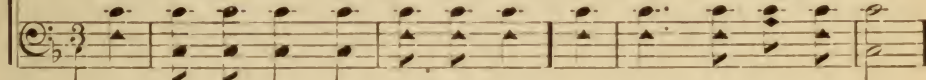
Remember Me.—Luke 23: 42.

R. BURHAM.

Music and Chorus by ASA HULL.




1. Je - sus! thou art the sin - ner's friend, As such I look to thee;
 2. Re - mem - ber thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry;
 3. Thou won - drous Ad - vo - cate with God! I yield my - self to thee:
 4. I own I'm guil - ty, own I'm vile, Yet thy sal - va - tion's free;
 5. How - e'er for - sa - ken, or dis - tressed, How - e'er op - pressed I be,
 6. And when I close my eyes in death, And crea - ture helps all flee,






Now in the full - ness of thy love, O Lord! re - mem - ber me.
 Re - mem - ber all thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.
 While thou art sit - ting on thy throne, O Lord! re - mem - ber me.
 Then, in thine all - a - bound - ing grace, O Lord! re - mem - ber me.
 How - e'er af - flict - ed here on earth, Do thou re - mem - ber me.
 Then, O my great Re - deem - er God! I pray re - mem - ber me.



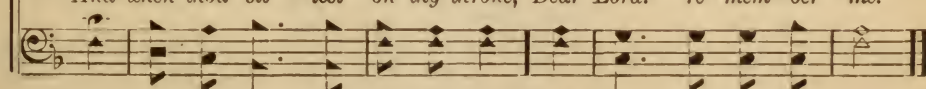
CHORUS.



Re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, O Lord, re - mem - ber me;
Chorus to hymn No. 161.
 Help me, dear Sav - ior, thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be;

Now in the full - ness of thy love, O Lord! re - mem - ber me.
 And when thou sit - test on thy throne, Dear Lord! re - mem - ber me.



142

Edwards. C. M.

Behold the Lamb,—John 1: 29.

C. WESLEY.

Not too fast.

1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all, In hell, in earth, or sky;
 2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners giv'n;
 3. O, that the world might taste and see The rich - es of his grace!
 4. His on - ly right - eous - ness I show, His sav - ing truth pro - claim;
 5. Hap - py, if with my la - test breath, I may but gasp his name!

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
 It scat - ters all their guilt - y fears; It turns their hell to heav'n.
 The arms of love that com - pass me Would all man - kind em - brace.
 'Tis all my busi - ness here be - low, To cry, "Be - hold the Lamb!"
 Preach him to all, and cry, in death, "Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb!"

143

Peterboro. C. M.

Christ a Merciful High Priest—Heb. 4: 14.

I. WATTS.

RALPH HARRISON.

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove;
 2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee - ble frame;
 3. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, Poured out his cries and tears,
 4. Then let our hum - ble faith ad - dress His mer - cy and his pow'r;

His heart is full of ten - der - ness; His bos - om glows with love.
 He knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean, For he has felt the same.
 And in his meas - ure feels a - fresh What ev - 'ry mem - ber bears.
 We shall ob - tain de - liv - ring grace In each dis - tress - ing hour.

Rock of Ages. 7s.

A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

And that Rock was Christ.—1 Cor. 10: 4.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee,
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill the law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my heart - strings break in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to thee for dress; Help - less, look to thee for grace,
 When I soar to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judg - ment - throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
 All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

(Tune: "ROCK OF AGES.")

144½

Be Merciful unto Us and Bless Us.—Psa 67: 1.

7s.

- 1 God of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of thy face,
 Shine upon us, Savior, shine,
 Fill thy church with light divine;
 And thy saving health extend
 Unto earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let the people praise thee, Lord;
 Be by all that live adored;
 Let the nations shout and sing
 Glory to their Savior King;
 At thy feet their tribute pay,
 And thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, Lord,
 Earth shall then her fruits afford,
 God to man his blessing give;
 Man to God devoted live;
 All below and all above,
 One in joy, and light, and love.

H. F. LYTE, 1834.

(87)

Garrison. S. M.

Christ the Great Sacrifice.—Heb. 7: 27.

I. WATTS.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, 1897.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain
 2. But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;
 3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of thine,
 4. My soul looks back to see The bur - dens thou didst bear,
 5. Be - liev - ing, we re - joice To see the curse re - move:

Could give the guilt - y con - science peace. Or wash a - way the stain.
 A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name And rich - er blood than they.
 While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.
 When hang - ing on the curs - ed tree, And hopes her guilt was there.
 We bless the Lamb with cheer - ful voice, And sing his bleed - ing love.

When We Stand Before the Throne. 7s.

How Much We Owe.—Luke 17: 10.

Old Melody.

Fine.

1. When we stand be - fore the throne, Dressed in beau - ty not our own,
 D.C.—Then, Lord, shall we ful - ly know— Not till then— how much we owe.

When we see thee as thou art, Love thee with un - sin - ning heart—

2 When the praise of heaven we hear,
 Loud as thunder to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
 Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
 Not till then—how much we owe.

3 Even on earth, as through a glass,
 Darkly, let thy glory pass;
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet.
 Make thy Spirit's help so meet;
 Even on earth, Lord, make us know
 Something of how much we owe.

Martyn. 7s D.

A Hiding Place from the Wind.—Isalah 32: 2.

C. WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I find;
 4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sins—

While the near - er wà - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing stream a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in;

Hide me. O my Sav - ior, hide; Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring,
 Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee:

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

148

Warwick. C. M.

B. BARTON.

Walking in the Light.—1 John 1. 7.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1810.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love,
 2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly his,
 3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a - way,
 4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;
 5. Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peace-ful, se - rene and bright;

His spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
 Who dwells in cloud - less light enshrined, In whom no dark - ness is.
 Be - cause that Light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
 Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath con - quered there.
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God him - self is Light.

149

Shepherd! with Thy Tenderest Love. 7s.

The Lord is My Shepherd.—Psa. 23.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Shep - herd! with thy ten - d'rest love, Guide me to thy fold a - bove;
 2. Filled by thee my cup o'er-flows, For thy love no lim - it knows;
 3. Je - sus, with thy pres - ence blest, Death is life, and la - bor rest;

Let me hear thy gen - tle voice, More and more in thee re - joice;
 Guardian an - gels, ev - er nigh, Lead and draw my soul on high;
 Guide me while I draw my breath, Guard me thro' the gate of death;

From thy full - ness grace re - ceive, Ev - er in thy Spir - it live.
 Con - stant to my lat - est end, Thou my foot - steps wilt at - tend.
 And at last, oh, let me stand, With the sheep at thy right hand.

150 One There Is Above All Others. Ss & 7s.

JOHN NEWTON.

Christ Our Friend.—Prov. 18: 24.

Fine.

1. { One there is a - bove all oth - ers Well deserves the name of friend: }
 { His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end. }
 D. C.—But this Sav - ior died to have us Rec - on - ciled in him to God.
 2. { When he lived on earth a - bas - ed, Friend of sin - ners was his name: }
 { Now a - bove all glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joice - s in the same. }
 D. C.—We, a - las! for - get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

D. C.
 Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?
 O! for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us, Lord, at length to love;

151 Dorrance. Ss & 7s.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Christ Our Brother.—Heb. 2: 11.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Yes, for me, for me he ear - eth With a broth - er's ten - der care;
 2. Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watch - eth, Cease - less watch - eth; night and day;
 3. Yes, for me he stand - eth plead - ing. At the mer - cy seat a - bove;
 4. Yes, in me a - broad he shed - deth Joys un - earth - ly. love and light;
 5. Yes, in me, in me he dwell eth; I in him, and he in me!
 6. Thus I wait for his re - turn - ing, Sing - ing all the way to heav'n:

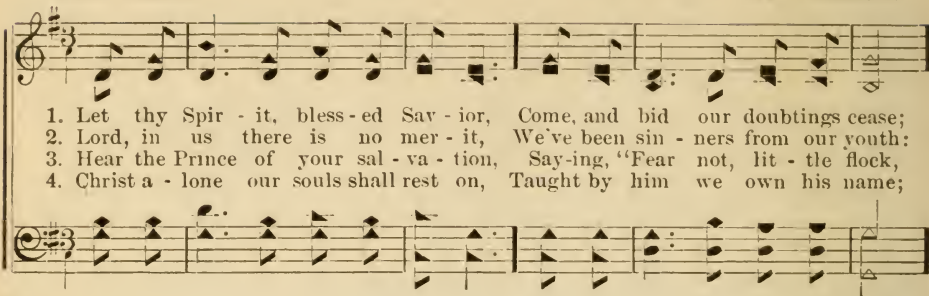
Yes, with me, with me he shar - eth Ev - ry bur - den, ev - 'ry fear.
 Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatch - eth From the per - ils of the way.
 Ev - er for me in - ter - ced - ing, Con - stant in un - tir - ing love.
 And to cov - er me he spread - eth His pa - ter - nal wing of night.
 And my emp - ty soul he fill - eth, Here and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
 Such the joy - ful song of morn - ing, Such the tran - quil song of ev'n.

Dawning. 8s & 7s D.

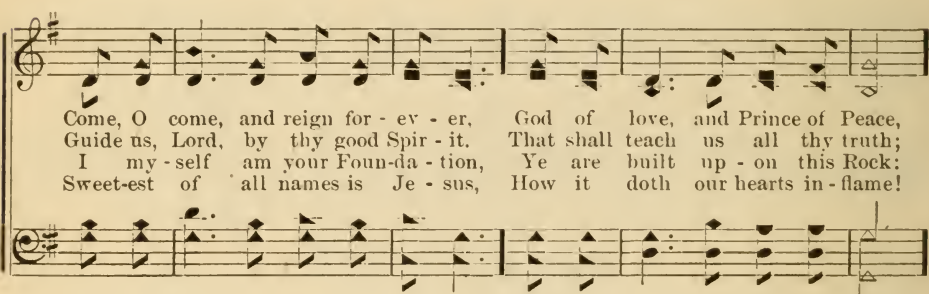
JOHN A. GRANADE.

The Longing Flock, etc.—Psa. 42: 1, 2.

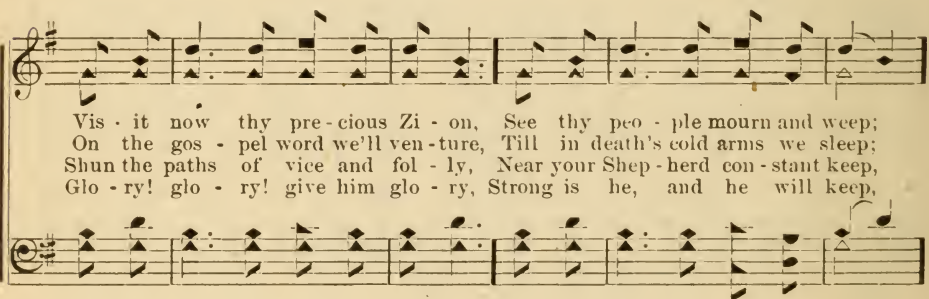
WM. B. BRADBURY.



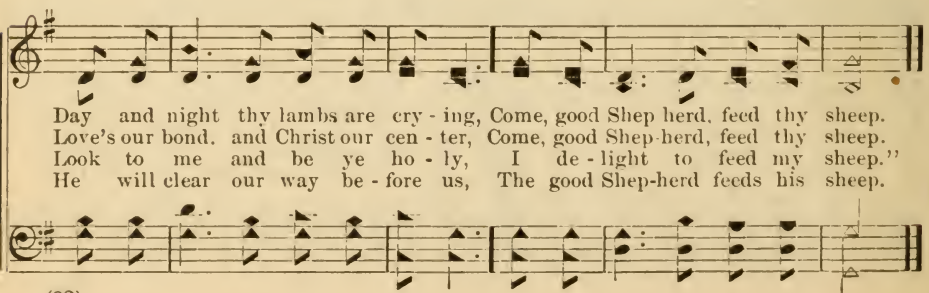
1. Let thy Spir - it, bless - ed Sav - ior, Come, and bid our doubtings cease;
 2. Lord, in us there is no mer - it, We've been sin - ners from our youth;
 3. Hear the Prince of your sal - va - tion, Say - ing, "Fear not, lit - tle flock,
 4. Christ a - lone our souls shall rest on, Taught by him we own his name;



Come, O come, and reign for - ev - er, God of love, and Prince of Peace,
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spir - it, That shall teach us all thy truth;
 I my - self am your Foun - da - tion, Ye are built up - on this Rock:
 Sweet - est of all names is Je - sus, How it doth our hearts in - flame!



Vis - it now thy pre - cious Zi - on, See thy peo - ple mourn and weep;
 On the gos - pel word we'll ven - ture, Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
 Shun the paths of vice and fol - ly, Near your Shep - herd con - stant keep,
 Glo - ry! glo - ry! give him glo - ry, Strong is he, and he will keep,



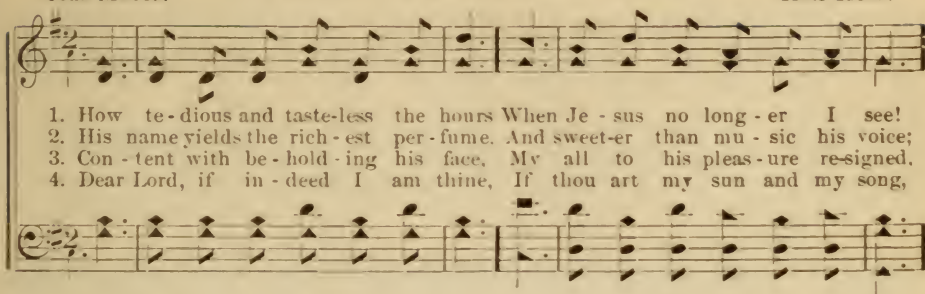
Day and night thy lambs are cry - ing, Come, good Shep - herd, feed thy sheep.
 Love's our bond, and Christ our cen - ter, Come, good Shep - herd, feed thy sheep.
 Look to me and be ye ho - ly, I de - light to feed my sheep."
 He will clear our way be - fore us, The good Shep - herd feeds his sheep.

De Fleury. Ss D.

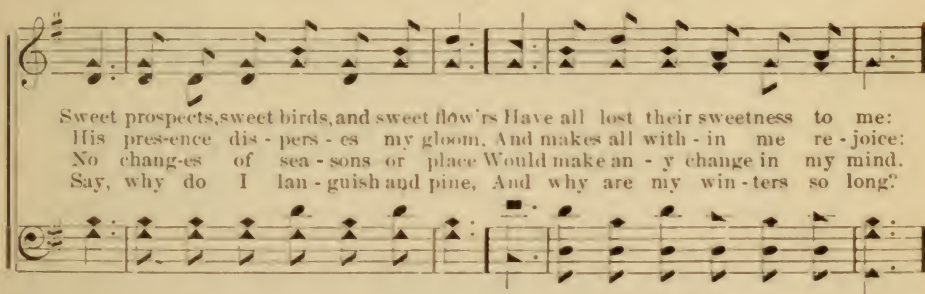
JOHN NEWTON.

The Presence of Christ Affords Delight.—Acts 16: 25.

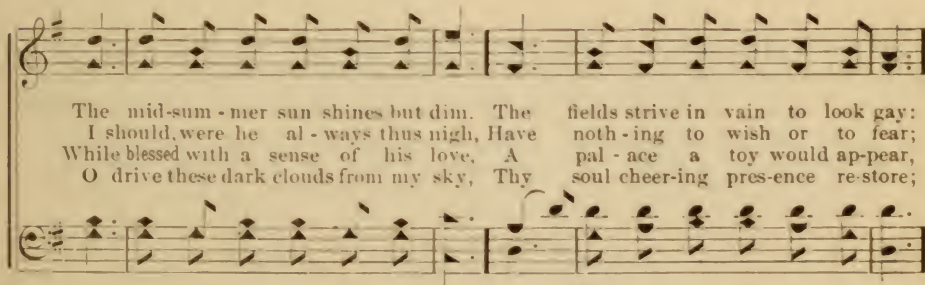
LEWIS EDSON.



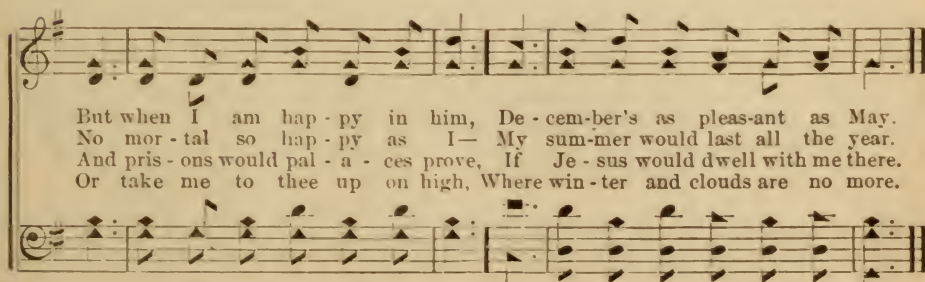
1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no long - er I see!
 2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume. And sweet-er than mu-sic his voice;
 3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing his face, My all to his pleas-ure re-signed.
 4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am thine, If thou art my sun and my song,



Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs Have all lost their sweetness to me:
 His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice:
 No chang-es of sea-sons or place Would make an-y change in my mind.
 Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win-ters so long?



The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim. The fields strive in vain to look gay:
 I should, were he al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
 While blessed with a sense of his love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear,
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul cheer-ing pres-ence re-store;



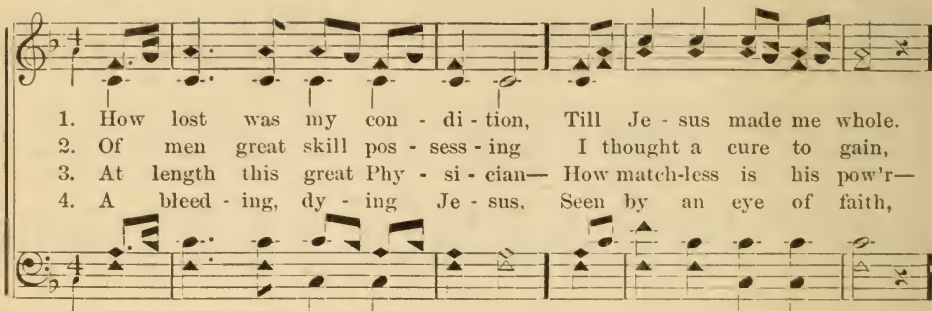
But when I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
 No mor-tal so hap-py as I— My sum-mer would last all the year.
 And pris-ons would pal-a-cies prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
 Or take me to thee up on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more.

Mendebras. 7s & 6s D.

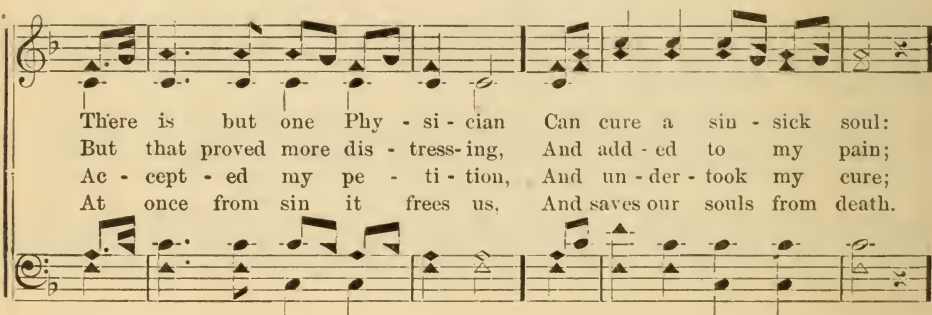
Christ Our Physician.—Jer. 8: 22.

JOHN NEWTON.

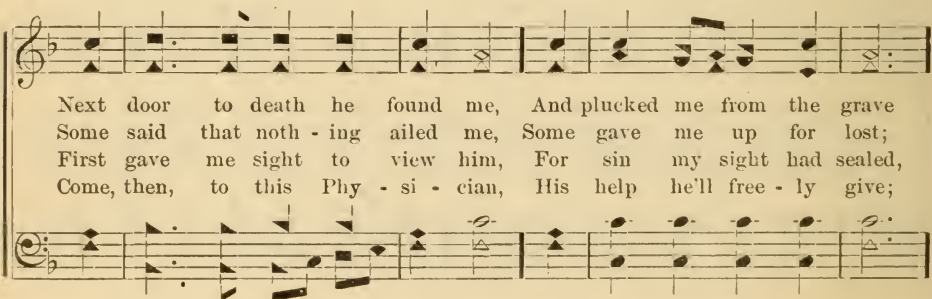
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



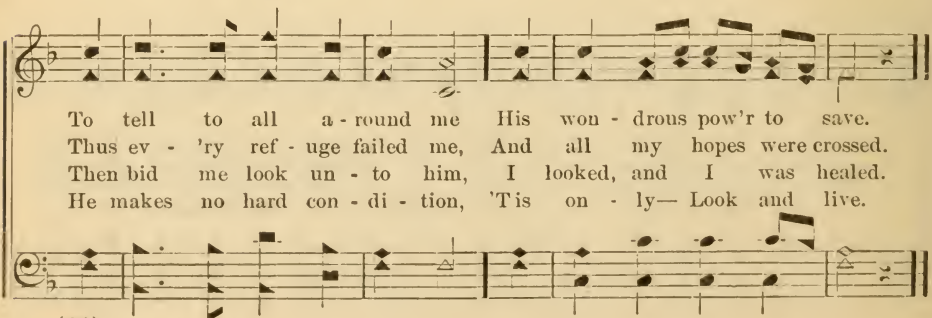
1. How lost was my con - di - tion, Till Je - sus made me whole.
 2. Of men great skill pos - sess - ing I thought a cure to gain,
 3. At length this great Phy - si - cian— How match - less is his pow'r—
 4. A bleed - ing, dy - ing Je - sus, Seen by an eye of faith,



There is but one Phy - si - cian Can cure a sin - sick soul:
 But that proved more dis - tress - ing, And add - ed to my pain;
 Ac - cept - ed my pe - ti - tion, And un - der - took my cure;
 At once from sin it frees us, And saves our souls from death.



Next door to death he found me, And plucked me from the grave
 Some said that noth - ing ailed me, Some gave me up for lost;
 First gave me sight to view him, For sin my sight had sealed,
 Come, then, to this Phy - si - cian, His help he'll free - ly give;



To tell to all a - round me His won - drous pow'r to save.
 Thus ev - 'ry ref - uge failed me, And all my hopes were crossed.
 Then bid me look un - to him, I looked, and I was healed.
 He makes no hard con - di - tion, 'Tis on - ly— Look and live.

Higher Than I. 11s.

Lead Me to the Rock that is Higher than I.—Psa. 61: 2.

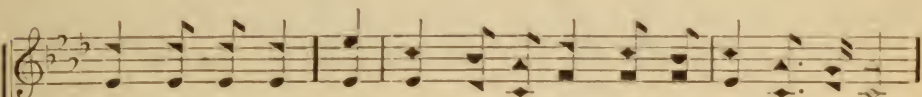
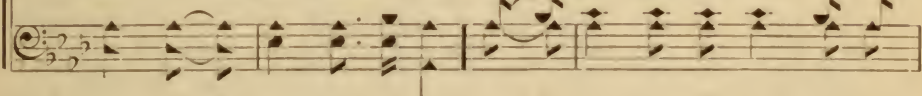
WM. HUNTER.



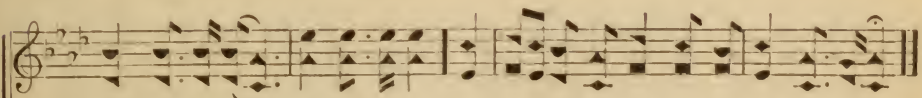
1. In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart's o - ver-
2. When Sa - tan, my foe, com - eth in like a flood, To drive my poor
3. When tempted by Sa - tan the Spir - it to grieve, And the serv - ice of
4. O Sav - ior of sin - ners, when faint and de - pressed, With man - i - fold
5. And when I have end - ed my pil - grim - age here, In Je - sus' pure
6. And when the last trump - et shall sound thro' the skies, And the dead from the



whelmed with sor - row and care; From the end of the earth, un - to
 soul from the foun - tain of God, I'll pray to the Sav - ior who
 Christ, my Re - deem - er, to leave, I'll claim my re - la - tion to
 tri - als and sor - rows oppressed, I'll bow at thy feet, and with
 right - eous - ness let me ap - pear; In the swell - ing of Jor - dan on
 dust of the earth shall a - rise; With mil - lions I'll join far a -



thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I—
 kind - ly did die, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
 Je - sus, on high—The Rock of Sal - va - tion, that's high - er than I.
 con - fi - dence cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
 thee I'll re - ly, And look to the Rock that is high - er than I.
 bove yon - der sky, To praise the kind Rock that is high - er than I.



High - er than I— high - er than I—Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.



The Lily of the Valley.

I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley.—Cant. 2: 1.

C. W. FRY.

JAS. R. MURRAY, by per.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, he's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the
 2. Yes, he all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair - est in ten thou - sand to my soul; The lil - y of the
 ta - tion he's my strong and might - tow'r; I have all for him for -
 live by faith and do his bless - ed will; A wall of fire a -

D. S.—He's the Lil - y of the

val - ley, in him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and
 sa - ken, and all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now he
 bout me, I've noth - ing now to fear, With his man - na he my

*Val - ley, the bright and morn - ing Star, He's the fair - est of ten**Fine.*

make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row he's my com - fort, in
 keeps me by his pow'r. Tho' all the world for - sake me, and
 hun - gry soul will fill. Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry, to
 thou - sand to my soul.

D. S.

trou - ble he's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on him to roll.
 Sa - tan tempt me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal.
 see his bless - ed face, Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

157

Olive's Brow. L. M.

Rev. WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN.

Christ's Midnight Prayer.—Matt. 26: 39.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1853.

1. 'T is midnight, and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
 2. 'T is midnight—and, from all re-moved, Im-man-uel wres-tles lone, with fears;
 3. 'T is midnight—and, for oth-ers' guilt, The man of sor-rows weeps in blood;
 4. 'T is midnight—and, from eth-er-plains, Is borne the song that an-gels know;

'T is mid-night, in the gar-den now The suf-fring Sav-ior prays a-lone.
 E'en the dis-ci-ple that he loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.
 Yet he, who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sa-ken by his God.
 Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sav-ior's woe.

158

Windham. L. M.

Christ Died for Our Sins.—1 Cor. 15: 3.

DANIEL READ.

1. Did our Im-man-uel die for us, To save such poor, re-bel-lious men?
 2. All hu-man lan-guage wants a name For this un-fath-omed, won-drous love.
 3. What can we add? our speech is faint; We sink be-neath the pon-d'rous load:
 4. O'erwhelmed with this a-byss of love, We stand a-ston-ish-ed at the grace
 5. Did our Im-man-uel die for us? What more can be by sounds ex-prest?

Did he dis-play his pit-y thus That we might come to God a-gain?
 This pure, im-mor-tal, fer-vent flame Sprang on-ly from the God a-bove.
 This love no el-o-quence can paint; 'T is grand! 't is wor-thy of a God.
 That brought the Sav-ior from a-bove, To die for all the fall-en race.
 For sin-ners Christ was made a curse: E-ter-ni-ty must tell the rest.

At the Cross. C. M.

He Suffered, the Just for the Unjust.—1 Peter 3: 18.

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.

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

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

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith
 rolled a - way,

I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

Chorus to Tune "He Loves Me."

(100) He loves me, he loves me, He loves me this I know;
 He gave himself to die for me, Because he loves me so.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

162

Coleshill. C. M.

S. WESLEY, Sr.

Christ on the Cross.—Matt. 27: 50-53.

KIRBY.

1. Be - hold, the Sav - ior of man - kind Nailed to the shame - ful tree!
 2. Hark, how he groans! while na - ture shakes And earth's strong pil - lars bend;
 3. 'Tis done! the pre - cious ran - som's paid, Re - ceive my soul! he cries:
 4. But soon he'll break death's pow'r - ful chain, And in full glo - ry shine!

How vast the love that him in - clined To bleed and die for thee!
 The tem - ple's veil in sun - der breaks, The sol - id mar - bles rend.
 See where he bows his sa - cred head, He bows his head and dies!
 O Lamb of God! was ev - er pain, Was ev - er love like thine?

163

Vanwert. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Come, See the Place Where the Lord Lay.—Matt. 28: 6.

1. Ye hum - ble souls that seek the Lord, Chase all your fears a - way;
 2. Thus low the Lord of life was brought; Such won - ders love can do!
 3. A mo - ment give a - loose to grief— Let grate - ful sor - rows rise;
 4. Then dry your tears, and tune your songs, The Sav - ior lives a - gain;
 5. High o'er th' an - gel - ic bands he rears His once dis - hon - ored head;
 6. With joy like his shall ev - 'ry saint His emp - ty tomb sur - vey;

And bow with pleas - ure down to see The place where Je - sus lay.
 Thus cold in death that bos - om lay Which throbb'd and bled for you.
 And wash the blood - y stains a - way With tor - rents from your eyes.
 Not all the bolts and bars of death The Con - qu'ror could de - tain.
 And thro' nu - num - bered years he reigns, Who dwelt a - mong the dead.
 Then rise, with his as - cend - ing Lord, To realms of end - less day.

Lenox. H. M.

I Will Pray the Father.—John 14: 16.

C. WESLEY

L. EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, á - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears, The bleed - ing
 2. He ev er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; With his re -
 3. Five bleeding wounds he bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef -
 4. The Fa ther hears him pray, His dear a - noint - ed one; He can - not
 5. To God I'm rec - on - ciled, His pard'ning voice I hear, He owns me

sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sav - ior stands,
 deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead: His blood was spilt for all our race,
 feet - ual pray - rs, They strongly speak for me: For - give him, O for - give! they cry,
 turn a - way The pres - ence of his Son: His Spir - it an - swers to the blood,
 for his child, I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my Sav - ior stands; My name is writ - ten on his hands.
 His blood was spilt for all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
 For - give him, O for - give! they cry, Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die!
 His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba Fa - ther! cry.

165 Vain, Delusive World, Adieu. P. M.

Jesus Crucified.—1 Cor. 2: 2.

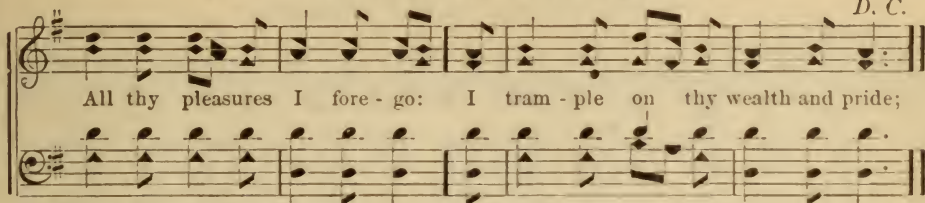
C. WESLEY.

Fine.

1. { Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dien, With all of crea - ture good; }
 { On ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood: }
 D. C.—On ly Je - sus will I know. And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

Vain, Delusive World, Adieu.—Concluded.

D. C.



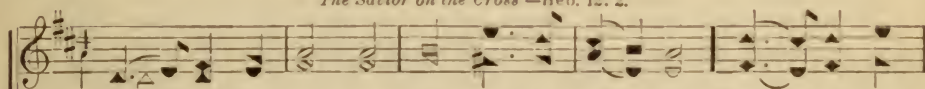
2 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 O that I could all invite
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

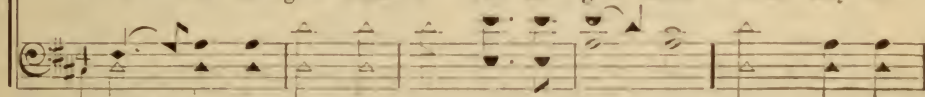
166

Atonement. P. M.

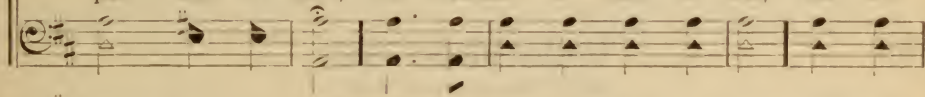
The Savior on the Cross —Heb. 12: 2.



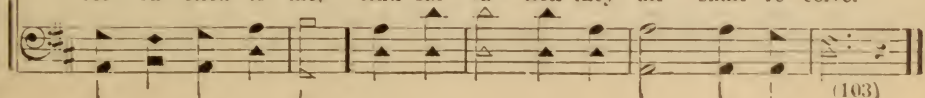
1. Saw ye my Sav-ior, saw ye my Sav-ior, Saw ye my	
2. He was ex-tend-ed, he was ex-tend-ed, Pain-ful-ly	
3. Dark-ness pre-vail-ed, dark-ness pre-vail-ed, Dark-ness pre-	
4. Hail, might-y Sav-ior! hail, might-y Sav-ior! Prince, and the	
5. There in-ter-ced-ing, there in-ter-ced-ing, Plead-ing that	
6. 'I will for-give them—I will for-give them When they re-	



Sav-ior and God? O! he died on Cal-va-ry, To a-
nailed to the cross; Here he bowed his head and died, Thus my
veiled o'er the land, And the sun re-fused to shine When his
au-thor of peace! O! he burst the bars of death, And, tri-
sin-ners may live, Cry-ing, "Fa-ther, I have died, O, be-
pent and be-lieve; Let them now re-turn to thee, And be



tone for you and me, And to pur-chase our par-don with blood.	
Lord was cru-ci-fied, To a-tone for a world that was lost.	
Maj-es-ty di-vine Was de-rid-ed, in-sult-ed, and slain.	
um phant from the earth, He as-cend-ed to man-sions of bliss.	
hold my hands and side, O, for-give them, I pray thee, for-give."	
ree-on-ciled to me, And sal-va-tion they all shall re-ceive."	



167

Sacred Crown. 7s & 6s.

Surely He Hath Borne Our Griefs.—Isalah 53: 4.

ALEXANDER.

Old Melody.

1. { O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down - }
 { O sa - cred brow, sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown: }
 2. { On me, as thou art dy - ing, O, turn thy pity - ing eye; }
 { To thee for mer - cy cry - ing, Be - fore thy cross I lie. }

Once on a throne of glo - ry, A - dorned with light di - vine,
 Thine, thine the bit - ter pas - sion; Thy pain is all for me;

Now all de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.
 Mine, mine the deep trans - gres - sion; My sins are all on thee.

3 What language can I borrow
 To praise thee, heavenly Friend,
 For all this dying sorrow,
 Of all my woes the end?
 O, can I leave thee ever?
 Then do not thou leave me;
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near when I am dying;
 Then close beside me stand;
 Let me, while faint and sighing,
 Lean calmly on thy hand:
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From thee shall never move,
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely—in thy love.

168

Gethsemane. 7s.

Sit Ye Here, etc.—Matt. 26: 36.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

RICHARD REDHEAD.

1. Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the temp - ter's pow'r;
 2. Pol - low to the judg - ment hall; View the Lord of life ar - rained.
 3. Cal - v'ry's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; There, a - dor - ing at his feet,
 4. Ear - ly ha - sten to the tomb, Where they laid his breath - less clay;

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

Gethsemane.—Concluded.

Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see: Watch with him one bit-ter hour:
 Oh, the worm-wood and the gall! Oh, the pangs his soul sus-tained!
 Mark that mir-a-cle of time, God's own sac-ri-fice com-plete.
 All is sol-i-tude and gloom: Who hath ta-ken him a-way?

Turn not from his griefs a-way; Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray
 Shun not suf-f'ring, shame or loss: Learn of him to bear the cross.
 "It is fin-ish-ed!" hear him cry; Learn of Je-sus Christ to die.
 Christ is ris'n, he seeks the skies; Sav-ior, teach us to a-rise.

169

Effie. 8s & 7s.

Glorifying in the Cross.—Gal. 6: 14.

J. ALLEN.

D. M. CLICK.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
 2. Here I'll sit, for-ev-er view-ing Mer-cy's streams, in streams of blood,
 3. Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie;
 4. Here it is I find my heav-en, While up-on the cross I gaze;
 5. Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
 6. May I still en-joy this feel-ing, In all need to Je-sus go;

Life and health, and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
 Pre-cious drops, my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
 While I see di-vine com-pas-sion Beam-ing from his gra-cious eye.
 Love I much? I'm more for-giv-en—I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.
 Con-stant still in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from his death.
 Prove his wounds each day more heal-ing, And him-self more ful-ly know.

The Prayer of Gethsemane.

Sit Ye Here, While I Go and Pray Yonder.—Matt. 26: 38.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.

Moderato.

1. Oh, won - der - ful pray'r that Je - sus prayed, Kneel-ing in dark Geth-
 2. Oh, bless-ed be e'er that pray'r di - vine. Beau - ti - ful pray'r of Geth-
 3. Oh, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." Beau - ti - ful pray'r of Geth-

sem - a - ne. On Ol - i - vet's slope, by Kid - ron's side; Beau - ti - ful
 sem - a - ne, Which Je - sus breathed forth in words sub - lime; Beau - ti - ful
 sem - a - ne, May this be my pray'r, by faith up - built, Beau - ti - ful

Slow.

pray'r of Geth - sem - a - ne. "Fa - ther," he cried, as he
 pray'r of Geth - sem - a - ne. Fa - ther, I, too, would come
 pray'r of Geth - sem - a - ne. Fa - ther, I pray for the

ten - der - ly knelt, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." This was his
 nigh un - to thee, Pray-ing the pray'r of Geth-sem - a - ne, "Not as I
 faith of thy Son, Not that my will, but thine be done, This was the

pray'r in Geth-sem - a - ne; Beau - ti - ful pray'r of Geth-sem - a - ne.
 will." be it e'er my plea; Beau - ti - ful pray'r of Geth-sem - a - ne.
 pray'r of Geth-sem - a - ne; Beau - ti - ful pray'r of Geth-sem - a - ne.

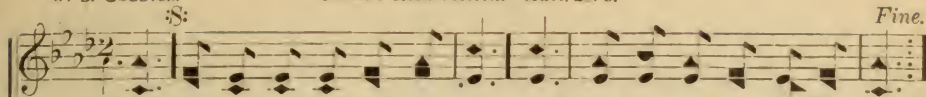
171

Clarington. Ss D.

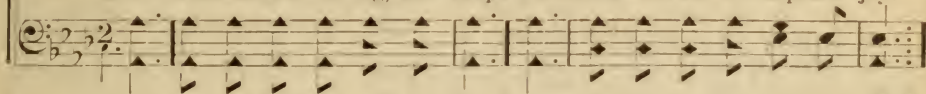
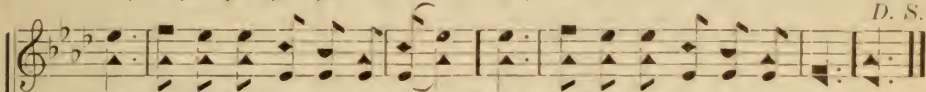
W. B. COLLYER.

Christ's Resurrection.—Matt. 28: 5.

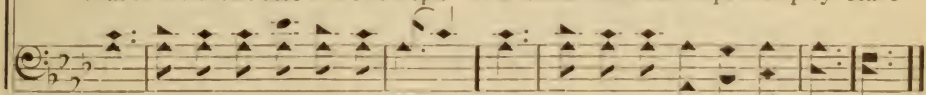
Fine.



1. { The an-gels who watched round the tomb Where low the Re-deem-er was laid, }
 { When deep in mor-tal-i-ty's gloom, He hid for a sea-son his head! }
D.S.—witnessed his ris-ing, and swept The chords with the tri-umphs of joy.

*D. S.*

That veiled their fair face while he slept. And ceased their sweet harps to employ Have



- 2 Ye saints, who once languished below,
 But long since have entered your rest,
 I pant to be glorified too,

To lean on Immanuel's breast!
 The grave in which Jesus was laid,
 Has buried my guilt and my fears,
 And while I contemplate its shade,
 The light of his presence appears.

- 3 O sweet is the season of rest,
 When life's weary journey is done;
 The blush that spreads over its west—
 The last lingering ray of its sun!

Though dreary the empire of night,
 I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
 And see immortality's light
 Arise from the shades of the tomb.

- 4 Then welcome the last rending sigh,
 When these aching heartstrings shall break;
 When death shall extinguish these eyes,
 And moisten with dew the pale cheek:
 No terror the prospect begets,
 I am not mortality's slave:
 The sunbeam of life, as it sets.
 Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

172

Martyn. 7s D.

JOHN NEWTON.

Mary Early at the Tomb.—Mark 16: 2.

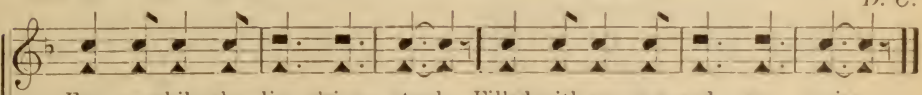
SIMEON B. MARSH.

Fine.

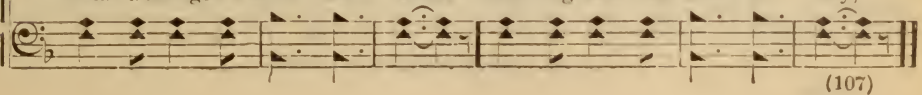


1. { Ma-ry to the Sav-ior's tomb Ha-sted at the ear-ly dawn; }
 { Spice she brought and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone. }
D.C.—Trembling, while a crys-tal flood Is-sued from her weep-ing eyes.

2. { But her sor-rows quick-ly fled, When she heard his wel-come voice; }
 { Christ has ris-en from the dead; Now he bids her heart re-joice; }
D.C.—Ye who weep for Je-sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a-way.

*D. C.*

For a-while she lin-g'ring stood, Filled with sor-row and sur-prise;
 What a change his word can make, Turn-ing dark-ness in-to day,

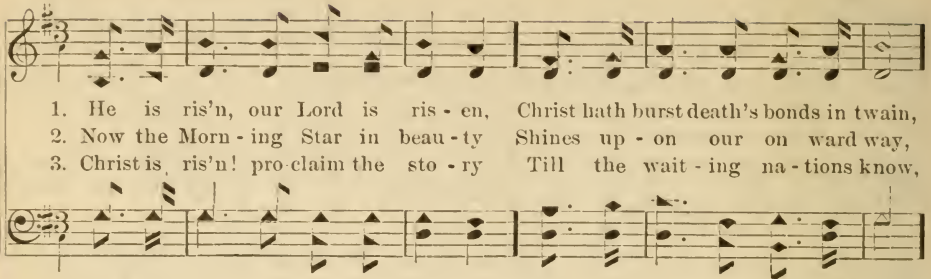


He is Risen. 8s & 7s D.

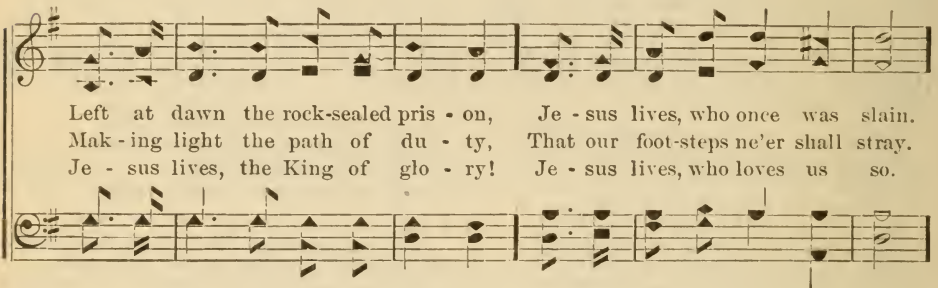
MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL.

1 Cor. 15: 54.

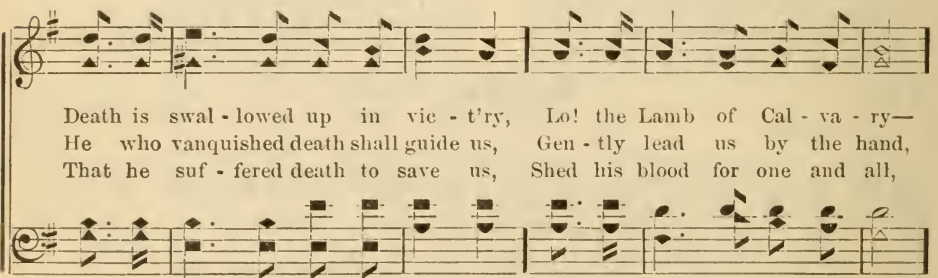
B. C. UNSELD



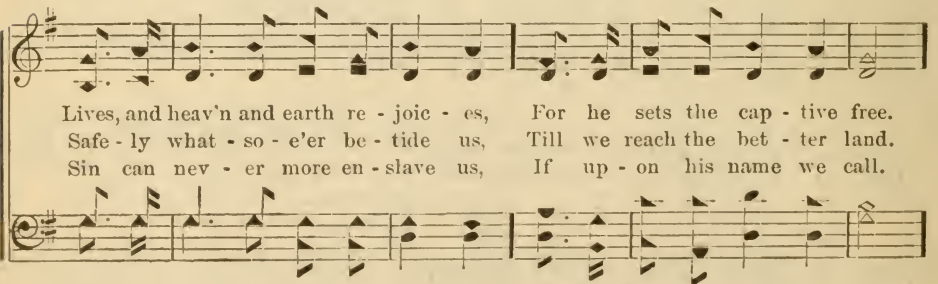
1. He is ris'n, our Lord is ris - en, Christ hath burst death's bonds in twain,
 2. Now the Morn - ing Star in beau - ty Shines up - on our on ward way,
 3. Christ is, ris'n! pro - claim the sto - ry Till the wait - ing na - tions know,



Left at dawn the rock-sealed pris - on, Je - sus lives, who once was slain.
 Mak - ing light the path of du - ty, That our foot-steps ne'er shall stray.
 Je - sus lives, the King of glo - ry! Je - sus lives, who loves us so.



Death is swal - lowed up in vic - t'ry, Lo! the Lamb of Cal - va - ry—
 He who vanquished death shall guide us, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
 That he suf - fered death to save us, Shed his blood for one and all,

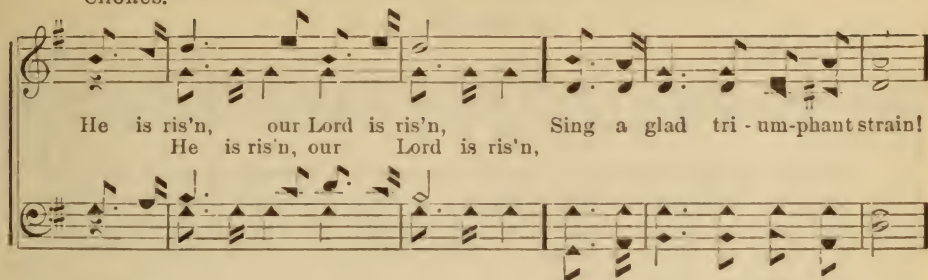


Lives, and heav'n and earth re - joic - es, For he sets the cap - tive free.
 Safe - ly what - so - e'er be - tide us, Till we reach the bet - ter land.
 Sin can nev - er more en - slave us, If up - on his name we call.

HIS RESURRECTION AND GLORY.

He is Risen.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



He is ris'n, our Lord is ris'n, Sing a glad tri-umphant strain!
He is ris'n, our Lord is ris'n,



He is ris'n, our Lord is ris'n, Christ is ris'n! he lives a - gain!

174

Lebanon. 7s.

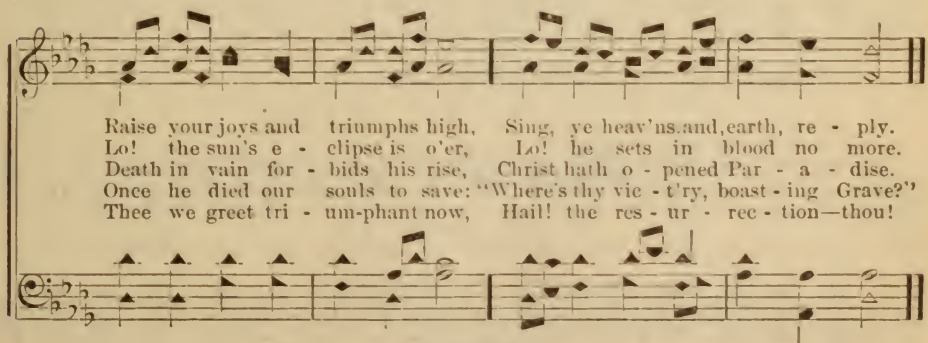
C. WESLEY.

He is Risen.—Matt. 28: 6.

A. B. EVERETT.



1. "Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day," Sons of men and an - gels say:
2. Love's re deem-ing work is done, Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ has burst the gate of hell;
4. Lives a - gain our glo-rious King! "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
5. Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n! Praise to thee by both be giv'n!



Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns and earth, re - ply.
Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er, Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Death in vain for - bids his rise, Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise.
Once he died our souls to save: "Where's thy vic - t'ry, boast - ing Grave?"
Thee we greet tri - umphant now, Hail! the res - ur - rec - tion—thou!

By permission.

Angels Rolled the Stone Away. 11s.

Matt. 28: 2.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE, op per.

1. We're hap-py, dear Sav-ior, and shall we not sing A song of thanksgiv-ing to
 2. The grave could not hold him; on pin-ions of love The bright seraphs bore him in
 3. Re - joic-ing in Je - sus, our un-ion is sweet; As heirs of his king-dom each
 4. We'll sing of sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus the Lamb, Till we on Mount Zi - on be-

Je - sus our King? We sought for his pres-ence thro' sorrow's dark way, And
 tri-umph a - bove; A con - quer-ing Sav - ior heav'n crowned him that day, For
 oth - er we greet: To - geth - er we love him, to - geth - er we pray, For
 fore him shall stand; For - ev - er with Je - sus, for - ev - er to stay, For

D. S.—We're hap - py in Je - sus, we're hap - py to - day, For

Fine. CHORUS.

an - gels of glo - ry the stone rolled a - way. We're hap-py in Je - sus, we're

an - gels of glo - ry the stone rolled a - way.

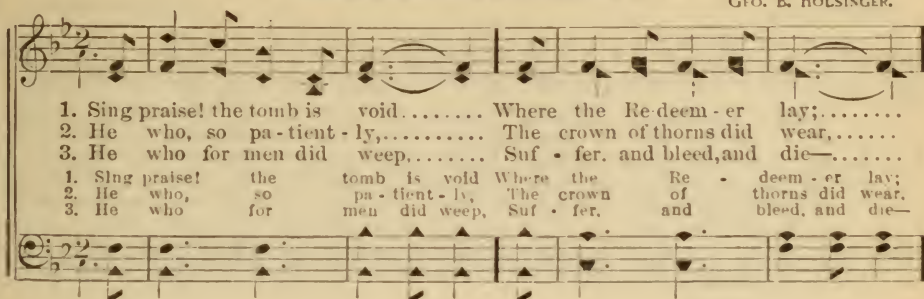
hap - py to - day, For an - gels of glo - ry the stone rolled a - way.

D. S.

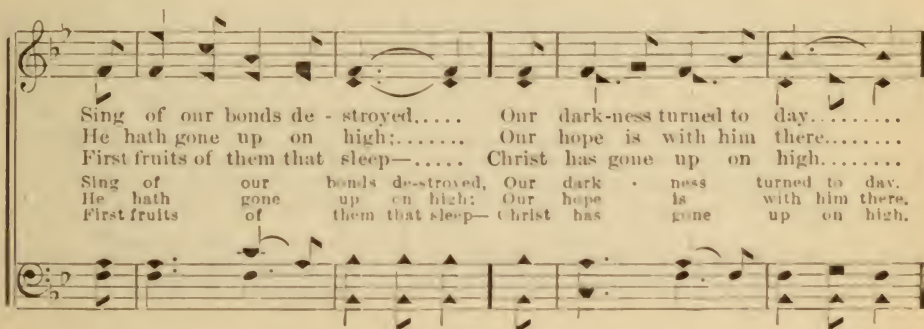
Sing Praise! the Tomb is Void. 6s D.

I Am the Resurrection and the Life.—John 11: 25.

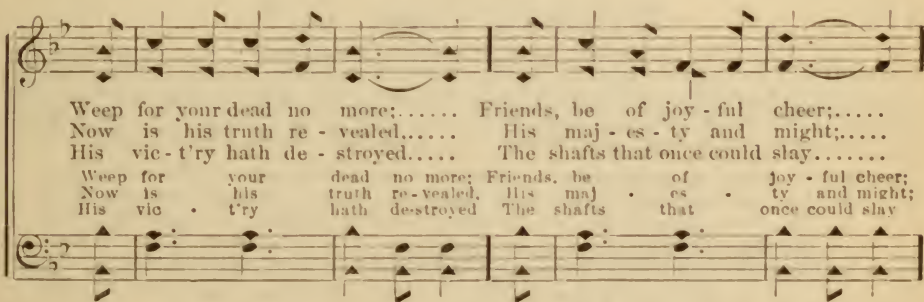
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



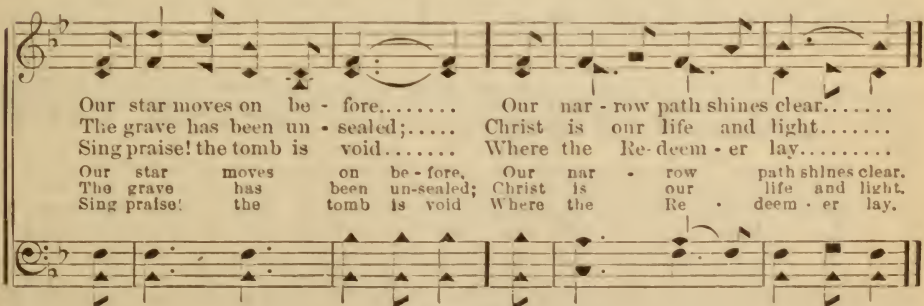
1. Sing praise! the tomb is void..... Where the Re-deem-er lay;.....
 2. He who, so pa-tient-ly,..... The crown of thorns did wear,.....
 3. He who for men did weep,..... Suf-fer, and bleed, and die.....
 1. Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Re-deem-er lay;
 2. He who, so pa-tient-ly, The crown of thorns did wear,
 3. He who for men did weep, Suf-fer, and bleed, and die—



Sing of our bonds de-royed,.... Our dark-ness turned to day,.....
 He hath gone up on high,..... Our hope is with him there,.....
 First fruits of them that sleep—.... Christ has gone up on high,.....
 Sing of our bonds de-royed, Our dark-ness turned to day,
 He hath gone up on high; Our hope is with him there,
 First fruits of them that sleep— Christ has gone up on high.



Weep for your dead no more;.... Friends, be of joy-ful cheer;....
 Now is his truth re-vealed,.... His maj-es-ty and might;....
 His vic-t'ry hath de-royed,.... The shafts that once could slay,.....
 Weep for your dead no more; Friends, be of joy-ful cheer;
 Now is his truth re-vealed, His maj-es-ty and might;
 His vic-t'ry hath destroyed The shafts that once could slay



Our star moves on be-fore,..... Our nar-row path shines clear,.....
 The grave has been un-sealed;.... Christ is our life and light,.....
 Sing praise! the tomb is void,..... Where the Re-deem-er lay,.....
 Our star moves on be-fore, Our nar-row path shines clear,
 The grave has been un-sealed; Christ is our life and light,
 Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Re-deem-er lay.

Ingham. L. M.

The Reign of Christ Glorious.—Isalah 35.

BALLOU.

LOWELL MASON.

1. When God de-scends with men to dwell, And all cre - a - tion wakes a - new,
 2. Zi - on, the des - o - late, a - gain Shall see her lands with ro - ses bloom;
 3. Ce - les - tial streams shall gen - tly flow; The wil - der - ness shall joy - ful be;
 4. The weak be strong, the fear - ful bold, The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
 5. Mon - archs and slaves shall meet in love; Old pride shall die, and meek - ness reign,

What tongue can half the won - ders tell? What eye the dazzling glo - ry view?
 And Carmel's mount, and Sharon's plain, Shall yield their spi - ces and per - fume.
 Lil - ies on parch - ed ground shall grow, And glad - ness spring on ev - 'ry tree,
 The lame shall walk, the blind be - hold, And joy thro' all the earth shall ring.
 When God de-scends from worlds a - bove, And truth and right - eous - ness pre - vail.

Missionary Chant. L. M.

The Universal Reign of Christ.—Psalm 72: 11.

I. WATTS.

H. C. ZEUNFR.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - ney run;
 2. For him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less prais - es crown his head;
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweet - est song;
 4. Blessings a - bound where'er he reigns; The pris - ner leaps to loose his chains,
 5. Where he dis - plays his heal - ing pow'r Death and the curse are known no more,

His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name, like sweet per - fume, shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless ings on his name.
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blessed.
 In him the tribes of Ad - am boast More bless - ings than their fa - ther lost.

Watchman. 7s D.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

Report of the Watchman,—Isaiah 21: 11.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Watch-man! tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are:
 2. Watch-man! tell us of the night; High - er yet that star as - cends.
 3. Watch-man! tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn.

Trav - 'ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star.
 Trav - 'ler! bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth, its course por - tends.
 Trav - 'ler! dark - ness takes its flight; Doubt and ter - ror are with - drawn.

Watch-man! does its beau - teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?
 Watch-man! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Watch-man! let thy wand' rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home.

Trav - 'ler! yes; it brings the day, Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el.
 Trav - 'ler! a - ges are its own; See it bursts o'er all the earth.
 Trav - 'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.

How Beautiful upon the Mountains.—Isaiah 52: 7.

THOS. KELLY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands, Wel-come
 2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? Have thy
 3. God, thy God, will now re-store thee: He him-self ap-pears thy Friend; All thy
 4. Peace and joy shall now at-tend thee; All thy war-fare now be past; God, thy

news to Zi-on bear-ing—Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands: Mourning cap-tive,
 foes been proud and scorn-ful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning;
 foes shall flee be-fore thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end. Great de-liv'-rance
 Sav-ior, will de-fend thee; Vic-to-ry is thine at last; All thy con-flicts

God him-self will loose thy bands, Mourning cap-tive, God him-self will loose thy bands.
 Zi-on still is well be-loved, Cease thy mourning; Zi-on still is well be-loved.
 Zi-on's King will sure-ly send, Great de-liv'-rance Zi-on's King will sure-ly send.
 End in ev-er-last-ing rest, All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest.

Concord. 11s.

The Day is at Hand.—Rom. 13: 12.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. The night is far spent, and the day is at hand: Al-read-y the
 2. What a day will that be when the Sav-ior ap-pears! How wel-come to
 3. What is loss in this world when compared with that day, To the glo-ry that
 4. O par-don us, Lord, that our love to thy name Is so faint, with so

HIS SECOND COMING AND REIGN.

Concord.—Concluded.

dawn may be seen in the sky; Re-joice then, ye saints, 'tis your
those who have shared in his cross! A crown in - cor - rupt - i - ble
then will from heav'n be re-vealed? "The Sav - ior is com - ing," his
much our af - fec - tions to move! Our dead - ness should fill us with

Lord's own command; Re - joice, for the com - ing of Je - sus draws nigh.
then will be theirs, - A rich com - pen - sa - tion for suf - f'ring and loss.
peo - ple may say: "The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield."
grief and with shame; So much to be loved, and so lit - tle to love.

182

Knox. C. M.

Zeal for the Glory of Zion.—Isaiah 62: 1.

Temple Melodies.

1. For Zi - on's sake I will not rest, I will not hold my peace
2. Un - til her right - eous - ness re - turn, As day-break aft - er night—
3. The Gen - tiles shall her glo - ry see, And kings de - clare her fame;
4. The watch-men on her walls ap - pear, And day and night pro - claim,
5. Go thro', go thro', pre - pare the way, The gates wide o - pen fling;

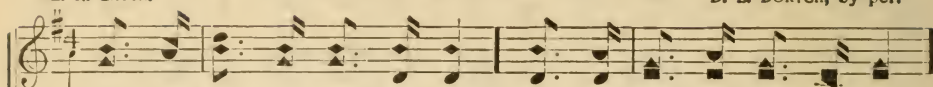
Un - til Je - ru - sa - lem be blest And Ju - dah dwell at ease.
The lamp of her sal - va - tion burn With ev - er - last - ing light.
Ap - point - ed un - to her shall be A new and ho - ly name.
"Zi - on's De - liv - er - er is near; Make men - tion of his name."
With loud - est voice let her - alds say, "Be - hold thy com - ing King."

What Shall Our Answers Be? 7s D.


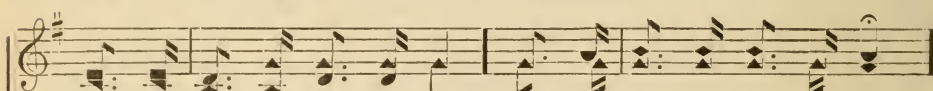
E. R. LATTÄ.

What Shall I Answer Him?—Job 31: 14.

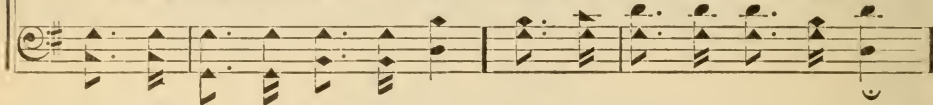
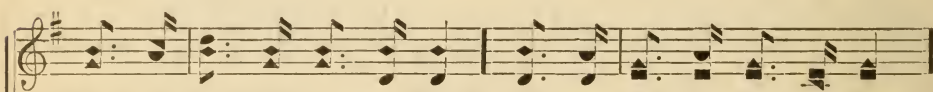
D. E. DORTCH, by per.



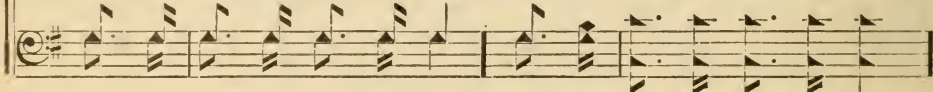
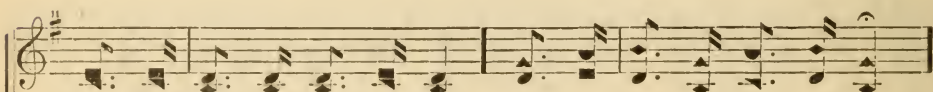
1. When we in the judg-ment stand, In that might-y com - pa - ny,
 2. When the Lord has gath-ered there, From the land and from the sea,
 3. Lord, it is a sol - emn thought, That we must ac - count to thee.


And the Judge shall ques - tion us, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?
 All the fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?
 In that great and aw - ful day, What shall our poor an - swers be?

What for ev - 'ry tri - fling thought, And each i - dle word we say?
 What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love?
 Oh, pre - pare us, Lord, we pray, In thy pres - ence there to stand!

What for ev - 'ry sin - ful act We may do from day to day?
 Can we hope a crown to gain, And a man - sion bright a - bove?
 Purge us from each sin - ful blot, Place us, Lord, on thy right hand!



THE JUDGMENT.

What Shall Our Answers Be?—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

When that aw - ful day we see, Oh, what
 When that aw - ful day we see, day we see,
 shall..... our an-swers be? When that aw - - - ful
 Oh, what shall our an-swers be, our an-swers be? When that aw - ful
 day we see, Oh, what shall..... our an - swers be?
 day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?

184

Judgment. C. M.

Judgment.—Jude 6.

I. WATTS.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th' ap - point - ed hour makes haste,
 2. Thou love - ly Chief of all my joys! Thou Sov - reign of my heart!
 3. Je - sus! I throw my arms a - round. And hang up - on thy breast;
 4. O, tell me that my worth-less name Is gra - ven on thy hands,
 When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.
 How could I hear to hear thy voice Pro - nounce the sound, "De - part!"
 With - out a gra - cious smile from thee, My spir - it can - not rest.
 Show me some prom - ise in thy book, Where my sal - va - tion stands.

185 Are You Ready for the Judgment? Ss & 7s D.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

Therefore be ye also ready, etc.—Matt. 21: 44.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Are you read - y for the judg-ment? It is com - ing by and by.
 2. God pro-vides a free sal - va - tion, He so loved the world he gave
 3. Are you read - y for the judg-ment? Soul, no long - er i - dly wait,

When the trump-et sound shall call you To the bar of God on high;
 Christ his on - ly Son be - lov - ed, Those a - stray and lost to save.
 When to - day is time ac - cept - ed, Ha - sten ere you be too late—

And the hour no mor - tal know-eth, E'en the an - gels may not know,
 There's no way, but his, be - lieve it, And ac - cept the place he gives,
 Christ the great a - tone-ment calls you, Cast on him your sins and care,

Are you read - y for the judgment? You shall reap what e'er you sow.
 Are you read - y for the judgment? Ev - 'ry one who trusts him lives.
 Are you read - y for the judgment? You a crown of life shall wear.

REFRAIN.

He is com - - - ing, Christ is com - - - ing, With the
 He is com - ing, Christ is com - ing from on high,

THE JUDGMENT.

Are You Ready for the Judgment?—Concluded.

an - - gels in the air, Are you read - - y
With the an - gels, with the an - gels in the air, Are you read-y

for the judg - - - ment, Will it fill..... you with de-spair?
for the judgment of the Lord, Will it fill you with de-spair?

186

Lisle. C. M.

Thoughts on Judgment.—Rom. 2: 6, 11.

C. WESLEY.

1. And must I be to judg-ment brought, And an - swer in that day
2. Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall short - ly be made known,
3. How care - ful then ought I to live, With what re - lig - ious fear!
4. Thou aw - ful Judge of quick and dead. Thy watch - ful pow'r be - stow!
5. If now thou stand - est at the door, O let me feel thee near!

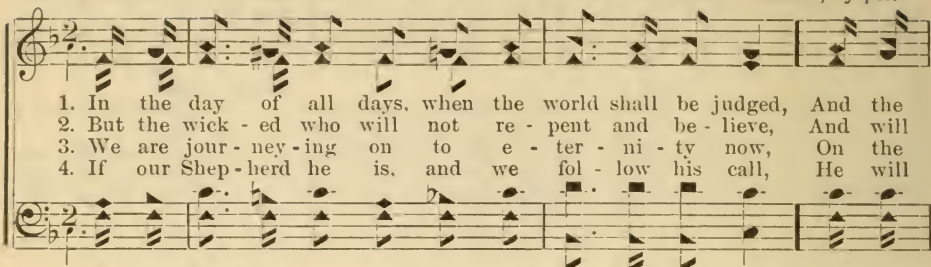
For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle thought, And ev - 'ry word I say?
And I re - ceive my just de - sert, For all that I have done.
Who such a strict ac - count must give For my be - hav - ior here.
So shall I to my ways take heed, To all I speak or do.
And make my peace with God, be - fore I at thy bar ap - pear.

At the Savior's Right Hand. 12s.

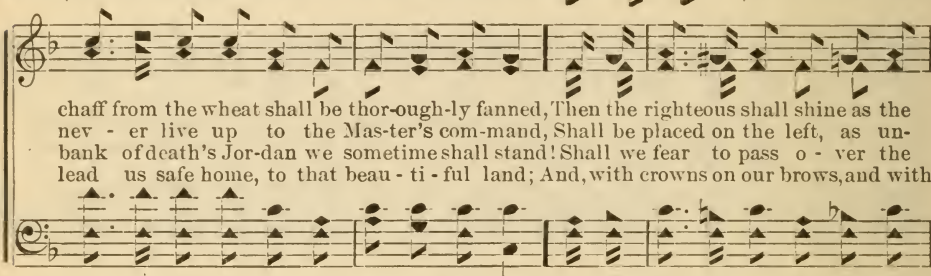
E. R. LATTÄ.

Matt. 25: 31-34.

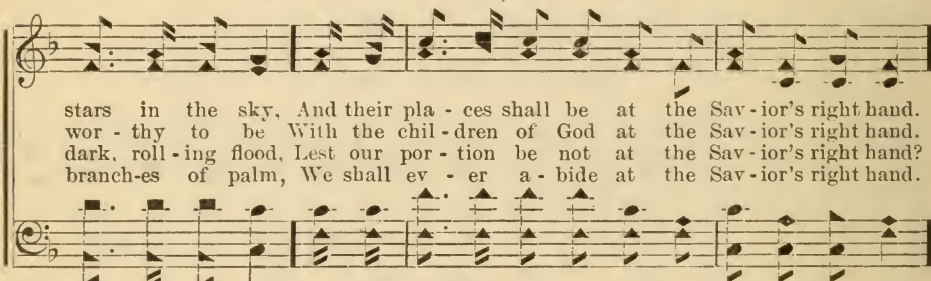
GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.



1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the
 2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be - lieve, And will
 3. We are jour - ney - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty now, On the
 4. If our Shep - herd he is, and we fol - low his call, He will

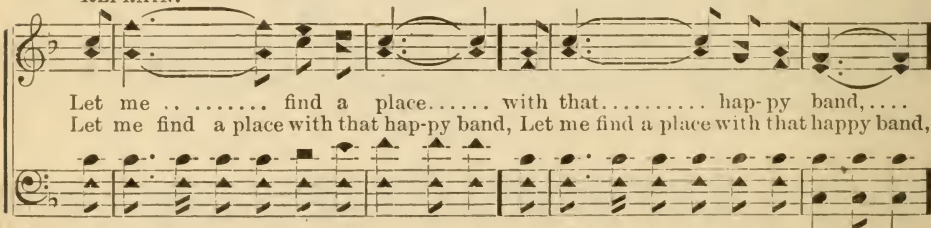


chaff from the wheat shall be thor-ough-ly fanned, Then the righteous shall shine as the
 nev - er live up to the Mas-ter's com-mand, Shall be placed on the left, as un-
 bank of death's Jor-dan we sometimes shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the
 lead us safe home, to that beau - ti - ful land; And, with crowns on our brows, and with

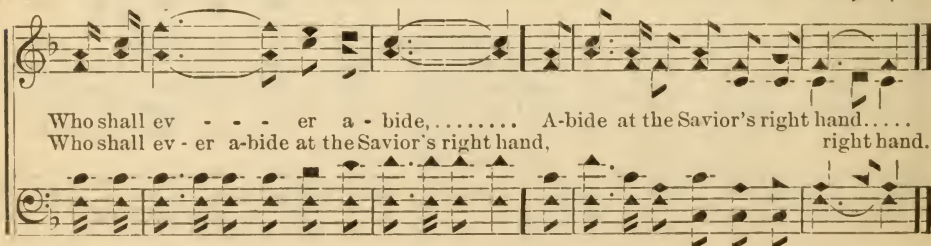


stars in the sky, And their pla - ces shall be at the Sav - ior's right hand.
 wor - thy to be With the chil - dren of God at the Sav - ior's right hand.
 dark, roll - ing flood, Lest our por - tion be not at the Sav - ior's right hand?
 branch-es of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Sav - ior's right hand.

REFRAIN.



Let me find a place with that hap - py band, . . .
 Let me find a place with that hap - py band, Let me find a place with that happy band,



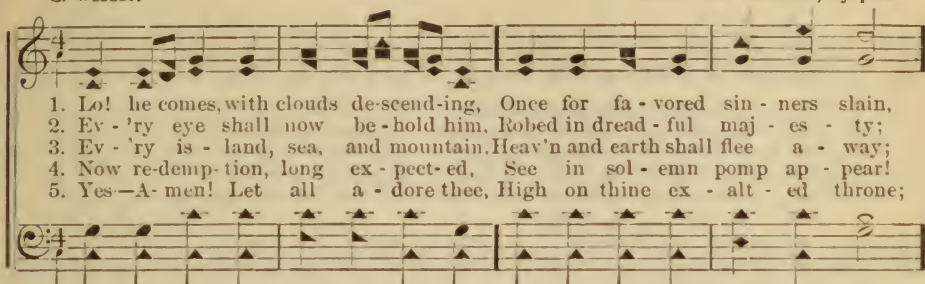
Who shall ev - - - er a - bide, A-bide at the Savior's right hand
 Who shall ev - er a-bide at the Savior's right hand, right hand.

Lo! He Comes. Ss, 7s & 4s.

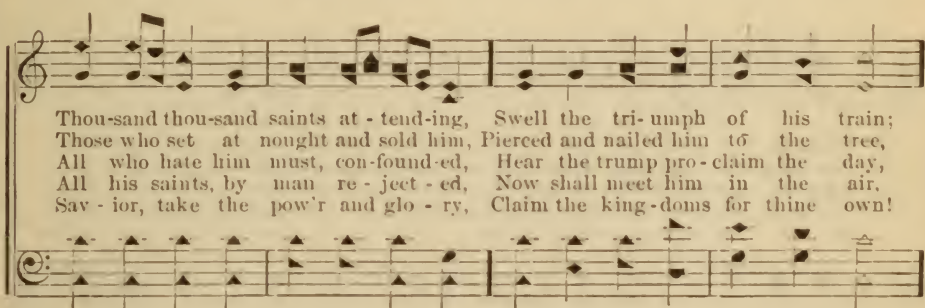
Behold He Cometh with Clouds.—Rev. 1: 7.

C. WESLEY.

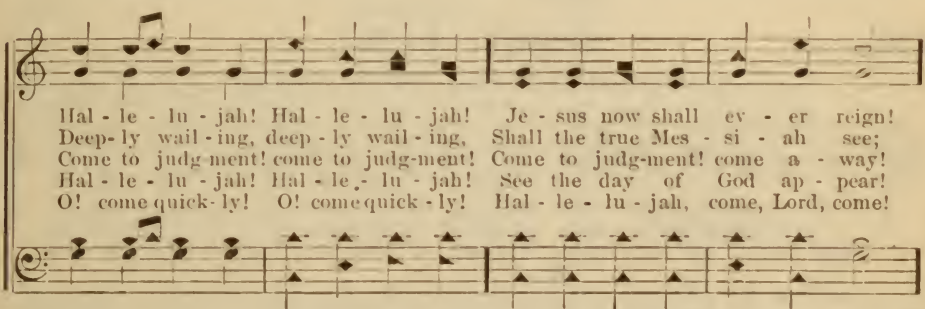
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



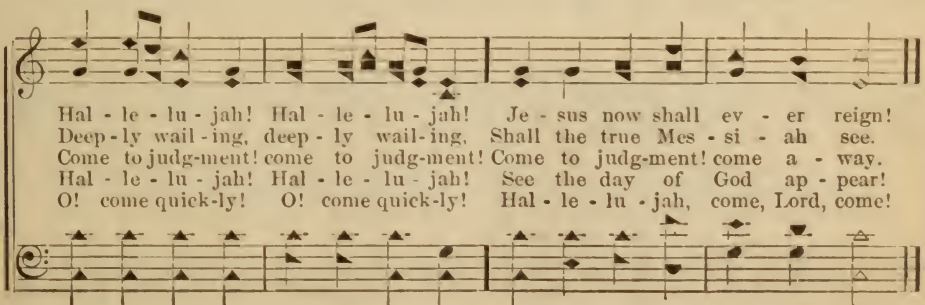
1. Lo! he comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain,
 2. Ev-'ry eye shall now be-hold him, Robed in dread-ful maj-es-ty;
 3. Ev-'ry is-land, sea, and mountain. Heav'n and earth shall flee a-way;
 4. Now re-demp-tion, long ex-pect-ed, See in sol-emn pomp ap-pear!
 5. Yes—A-men! Let all a-dore thee, High on thine ex-alt-ed throne;



Thou-sand thou-sand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of his train;
 Those who set at nought and sold him, Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 All who hate him must, con-found-ed, Hear the trump pro-claim the day,
 All his saints, by man re-ject-ed, Now shall meet him in the air.
 Sav-ior, take the pow'r and glo-ry, Claim the king-doms for thine own!



Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus now shall ev-er reign!
 Deep-ly wail-ing, deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the true Mes-si-ah see;
 Come to judg-ment! come to judg-ment! Come to judg-ment! come a-way!
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! See the day of God ap-pear!
 O! come quick-ly! O! come quick-ly! Hal-le-lu-jah, come, Lord, come!



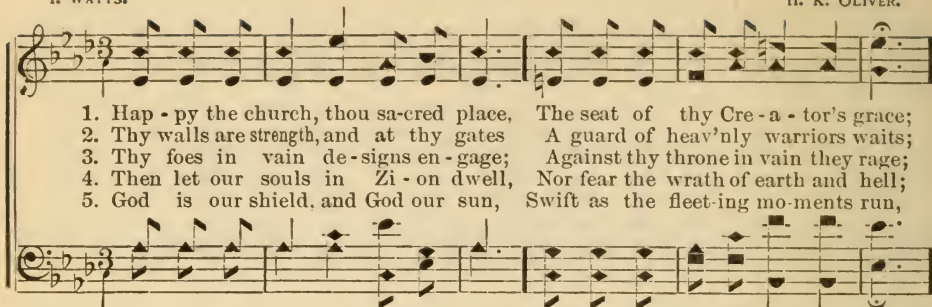
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus now shall ev-er reign!
 Deep-ly wail-ing, deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the true Mes-si-ah see.
 Come to judg-ment! come to judg-ment! Come to judg-ment! come a-way.
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! See the day of God ap-pear!
 O! come quick-ly! O! come quick-ly! Hal-le-lu-jah, come, Lord, come!

Harmony Grove. L. M.

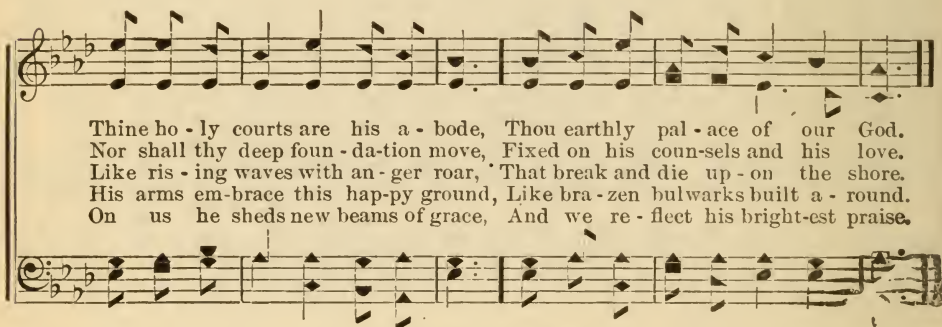
I. WATTS.

God is in the Midst of Her.—Psa. 46: 5.

H. K. OLIVER.



1. Hap - py the church, thou sa - cred place, The seat of thy Cre - a - tor's grace;
 2. Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
 3. Thy foes in vain de - signs en - gage; Against thy throne in vain they rage;
 4. Then let our souls in Zi - on dwell, Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
 5. God is our shield, and God our sun, Swift as the fleet - ing mo - ments run,

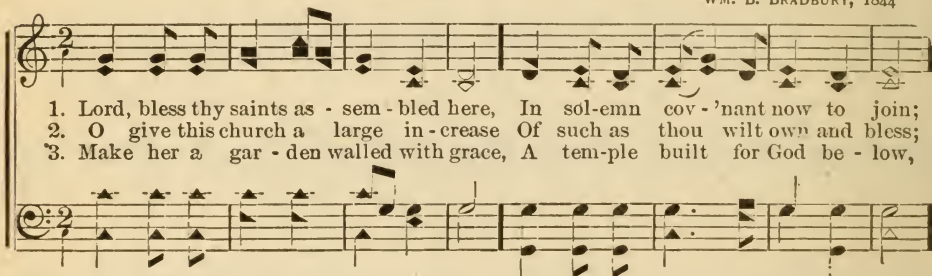


Thine ho - ly courts are his a - bode, Thou earthly pal - ace of our God.
 Nor shall thy deep foun - da - tion move, Fixed on his coun - sels and his love.
 Like ris - ing waves with an - ger roar, That break and die up - on the shore.
 His arms em - brace this hap - py ground, Like bra - zen bulwarks built a - round.
 On us he sheds new beams of grace, And we re - flect his bright - est praise.

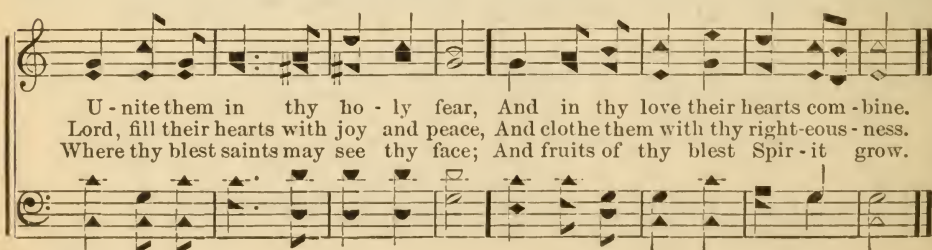
Zephyr. L. M.

A Prayer for a Church Newly Organized.—Psa. 115: 12.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1844



1. Lord, bless thy saints as - sem - bled here, In sol - emn cov - 'nant now to join;
 2. O give this church a large in - crease Of such as thou wilt own and bless;
 3. Make her a gar - den walled with grace, A tem - ple built for God be - low,



U - nit them in thy ho - ly fear, And in thy love their hearts com - bine.
 Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace, And clothe them with thy right - eous - ness.
 Where thy blest saints may see thy face; And fruits of thy blest Spir - it grow.

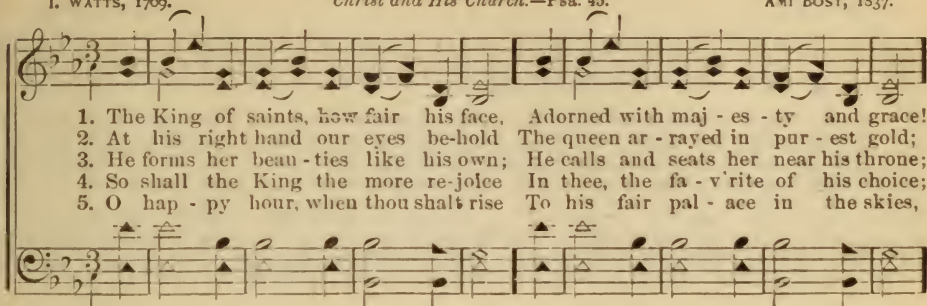
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Gratitude. L. M.

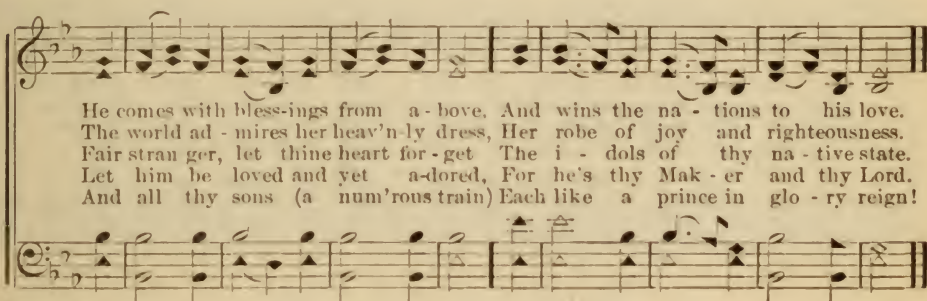
I. WATTS, 1709.

Christ and His Church.—Psa. 45.

AM BOST, 1837.



1. The King of saints, how fair his face, Adorned with maj - es - ty and grace!
 2. At his right hand our eyes be-hold The queen ar - rayed in pur - est gold;
 3. He forms her beau - ties like his own; He calls and seats her near his throne;
 4. So shall the King the more re-joice In thee, the fa - v'rite of his choice;
 5. O hap - py hour, when thou shalt rise To his fair pal - ace in the skies,



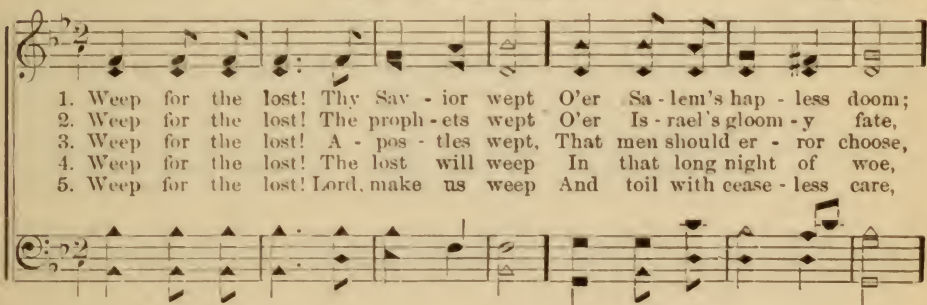
He comes with bless-ings from a - bove, And wins the na - tions to his love.
 The world ad - mires her heav'n-ly dress, Her robe of joy and righteousness.
 Fair stran - ger, let thine heart for - get The i - dols of thy na - tive state.
 Let him be loved and yet a-dored, For he's thy Mak - er and thy Lord.
 And all thy sons (a num'rous train) Each like a prince in glo - ry reign!

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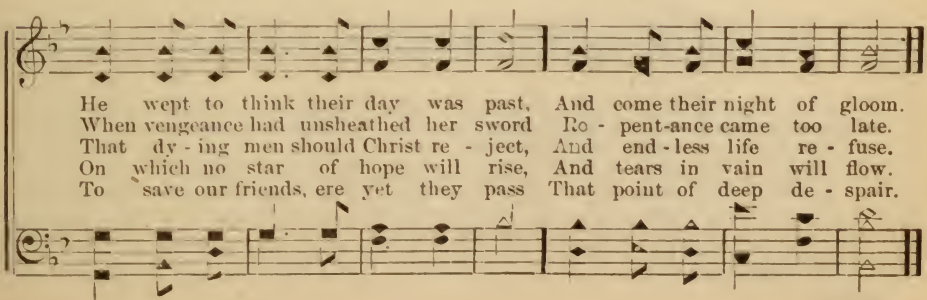
Patmos. C. M.

Weep for the Lost.—Luke 19: 41.

Gregorian.



1. Weep for the lost! Thy Sav - ior wept O'er Sa - lem's hap - less doom;
 2. Weep for the lost! The proph - ets wept O'er Is - rael's gloom - y fate,
 3. Weep for the lost! A - pos - tles wept, That men should er - ror choose,
 4. Weep for the lost! The lost will weep In that long night of woe,
 5. Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep And toil with cease - less care,



He wept to think their day was past, And come their night of gloom.
 When vengeance had unsheathed her sword Ro - pent-ance came too late.
 That dy - ing men should Christ re - ject, And end - less life re - fuse.
 On which no star of hope will rise, And tears in vain will flow.
 To save our friends, ere yet they pass That point of deep de - spair.

Give. C. M.

The Sure Foundation.—Isaiah 28: 16.

L. WATTS.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

1. Be - hold the sure foun - da - tion stone, Which God in Zi - on lays,
 2. Cho - sen of God, to sin - ners dear, Let saints a - dore the name;
 3. The fool - ish build - ers, scribe and priest, Re - ject it with dis - dain;
 4. What tho' the gates of hell with - stood, Yet must this build - ing rise;

To build our heav'n - ly hopes up - on, And his e - ter - nal praise.
 They trust their whole sal - va - tion here, Nor shall they suf - fer shame.
 Yet on this rock the church shall rest, And en - vy rage in vain.
 'Tis thine own work, al - might - y God, And won - drous in our eyes.

Elizabethtown. C. M.

Fear not, Little Flock.—Luke 12: 32.

GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.

1. Ye lit - tle flock, whom Je - sus feeds, Dis - miss your anx - ious cares;
 2. Tho' wolves and li - ons prowls a - round, His staff is your de - fense;
 3. Your Fa - ther will a king - dom give. And give it with de - light;
 4. Ten thou - sand prais - es, Lord, we bring For sure sup - ports like these:
 5. For all we hope, and they en - joy, We bless a Sav - ior's name;

Look to the Shep - herd of your souls, And smile a - way your fears.
 'Midst sands and rocks your Shep - herd's voice Calls streams and pas - tures thence.
 His fee - blest child his love shall call To tri - umph in his sight.
 And o'er the pi - ous dead we sing Thy liv - ing prom - is - es.
 Nor shall that stroke dis - turb the song Which breaks this mor - tal frame.

Woodland. C. M.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

Yet Will I not Forget Thee.—Isalah 49: 15.

D. N. GOULD.

1. A moth-er may for-get-ful be, For hu-man love is frail; But thy Cre-a-tor's
 2. No! thy dear name engraven stands, In char-ac-ters of love, On thine al-might-y
 3. Be-fore his ev-er-watch-ful eye Thy mournful state appears; And ev-'ry groan, and
 4. O Zi-on! learn to doubt no more, Be ev-'ry fear suppressed; Unchanging truth, and

love to thee, But thy Cre-a-tor's love to thee, O Zi-on! can-not fail!
 Fa-ther's hands, On thine al-might-y Fa-ther's hands, And nev-er shall re-move.
 ev-'ry sigh, And ev-'ry groan, and ev-'ry sigh, Di-vine com-pas-sion hears.
 love, and pow'r, Un-chang-ing truth, and love, and pow'r, Dwell in thy Sav-ior's breast.

Woodstock. C. M.

Not Having Spot or Wrinkle.—Eph. 5: 27.

D. DUTTON, Jr.

1. Hope-less and out-cast once we lay, Wor-thy thy hate and scorn;
 2. Dear Sav-ior, from thy bleed-ing veins A liv-ing foun-tain flows,
 3. Cleansed from her sins, re-newed by grace, Thy roy-al throne a-bove,
 4. Thine eye, in that un-cloud-ed day, Shall, with su-preme de-light,

But love like thine could find a way To res-cue and a-dorn.
 To wash thy bride from all her stains, And soothe her deep-est woes.
 Dear Sav-ior, is her des-tined place—Her sweet a-bode thy love.
 Thy fair and glo-rious bride sur-vey, Un-blem-ish'd in thy sight.

Thy Kingdom Come. C. M.

Thy Kingdom Come.—Matt. 6: 10.A special contribution to CHAS. H. GABRIEL by
Rev. S. F. SMITH, Author of "My Country, 'T is of Thee."

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thy king-dom come! we watch and wait; With fer-vent lips we pray;
2. O joy-ful scene! O world-wide rest! When land, and stream, and main,
3. So let thy glo-rious king-dom come, As comes the morn-ing ray,
4. We watch, we work, for thee a-lone, On thee, our help, we call;

Ride on, O King, in re-gal state, O come the glo-rious day!
From north to south, from east to west, Shall own thy peace-ful reign.
And fills heav'n's wide, ex-pand-ing dome With pure and per-fect day.
O King of saints, come, take thy throne, Tri-um-phant Lord of all.

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Chelmsford. C. M.

I. WATTS.

Sinai and Zion.—Heb. 12: 22.

A. CHAPIN, 1823.

1. Not to the ter-rors of the Lord, The tem-pest, fire and smoke;
2. But we are come to Zi-on's hill, The cit-y of our God,
3. Be-hold th'in-nu-mer-a-ble host Of an-gels, clothed in light!
4. Be-hold the blest as-sem-bly there, Whose names are writ in heav'n!
5. In such so-ci-e-ty as this My wea-ry soul would rest!

Not to the thun-der of that word Which God on Si-nai spoke;
Where mild-er words de-clare his will, And spread his love a-broad.
Be-hold the spir-its of the just Whose faith is turned to sight!
And God, the Judge of all, de-clare Their num-rous sins for-giv'n.
The man that dwells where Je-sus is, Must be for-ev-er blest.

199

Evan. C. M.

S. F. SMITH

Organizing a Church—Rom. 6: 5.

Arr. by HAVERGALL, 1849.

1. Plant-ed in Christ, the liv - ing vine, This day, with one ac - cord,
 2. Joined in one bod - y may we be; One in - ward life par - take;
 3. In pray'r, in ef - fort, tears and toils, One wis - dom be our guide;
 4. Com-plete in us, whom grace hath called, Thy glo - rious work be - gun,
 5. Then, when a - mong the saints in light, Our joy - ful spir - its shine,

Our-selves, with hum - ble faith and joy, We yield to thee, O Lord.
 One be our heart; one heav'n - ly hope In ev - 'ry bos - om wake.
 Taught by one Spir - it from a - bove, In thee may we a - bide.
 O thou, in whom the church on earth And church in heav'n are one.
 Shall an - thems of im - mor - tal praise, O Lamb of God, be thine.

200

Broadway. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR.

The Church Still in Conflict with Foes.—2 Tim. 3: 12.

C. W. ROLLER.

1. Far down the a - ges now, Much of her jour - ney done,
 2. No wi - der is the gate, No broad - er is the way,
 3. No sweet - er is the cup, Nor less our lot of ill;
 4. No slack - er grows the fight, No fee - bler is the foe,
 5. Thus on - ward still we press, Through e - vil and through good—
 6. Still faith - ful to our God, And to our Cap - tain true,

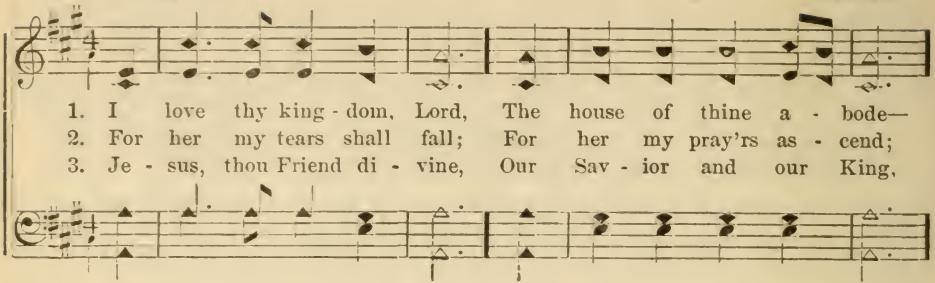
The pil - grim church pur - sues her way, Un - til her crown be won.
 No smooth - er is the an - cient path That leads to life and day.
 'Twas trib - u - la - tion a - ges since, 'Tis trib - u - la - tion still.
 Nor less the need of ar - mor tried, Of shield, and spear, and bow.
 Thro' pain, and pov - er - ty, and want, Thro' per - il and thro' blood.
 We fol - low where he leads the way; The king - dom in our view.

Bealoth. S. M. D.

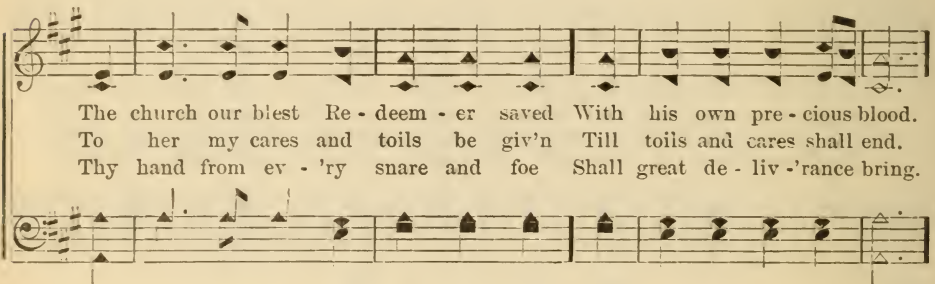
TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800.

Attachment to the Church.—Psa. 137: 6.

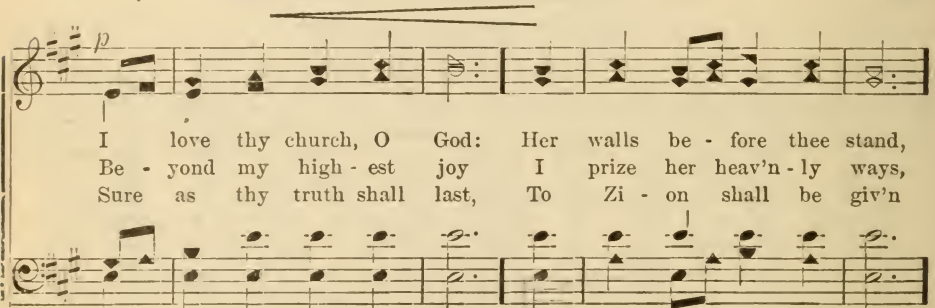
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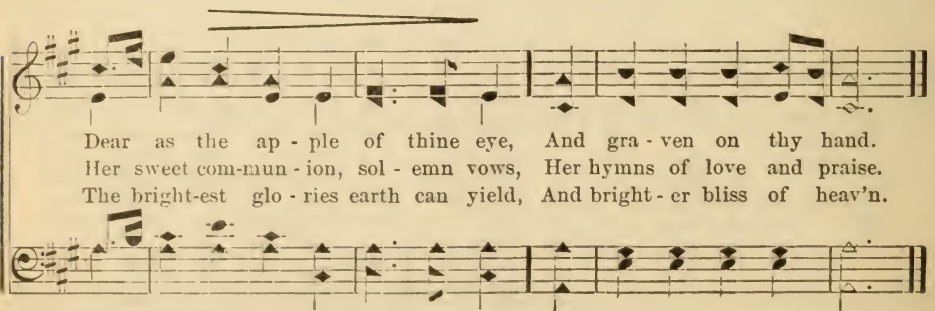
1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode—
 2. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend;
 3. Je - sus, thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav - ior and our King,



The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end.
 Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv - 'rance bring.



I love thy church, O God: Her walls be - fore thee stand,
 Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,
 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n



Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

202

Vesper. S. M.

The Ark of God.—1 Peter 3: 21.

W. A. MUHLENBURG.

Western Melody.

1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round.
 2. O cease, my wan - d'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam;
 3. Be - hold the ark of God, Be - hold the o - pen door;
 4. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest,

But not a rest - ing place a - bove The cheer - less wa - ters found—
 All the wide world to ei - ther pole Has not for thee a home.
 Ha - sten to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.
 Thy soul shall there be sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

203

Albion. S. M.

An Invitation to Examine the Church.—Psa. 48: 12, 13.

I. WATTS.

1. Far as thy name is known, The world de - clares thy praise; Thy saints, O Lord, be
 2. With joy thy peo - ple stand On Zi - on's cho - sen hill, Pro - claim the won - ders
 3. Let strangers walk a - round The cit - y where we dwell, Com - pass and view thy
 4. The or - der of thy house, The wor - ship of thy court, The cheer - ful songs, the
 5. How de - cent and how wise! How glo - rious to be - hold! Be - yond the pomp that
 6. The God we wor - ship now Will guide us till we die; Will be our God while

fore thy throne Their songs of hon - or raise, Their songs of hon - or raise.
 of thy hand, And coun - sels of thy will, And coun - sels of thy will.
 ho - ly ground, And mark the build - ing well, And mark the build - ing well.
 sol - emn vows, And make a fair re - port, And make a fair re - port.
 charms the eyes, And rites a - dorned with gold, And rites a - dorned with gold.
 here be - low, And ours a - bove the sky, And ours a - bove the sky.

The House of the Lord. 12s.

WM. HUNTER.

For a Day in Thy Courts, etc.—Psa. 84: 10.

WM. BEERY.

1. You may sing of the beau - ty of moun - tain and dale, Of the
 2. You may boast of the sweet - ness of day's ear - ly dawn, Of the
 3. You may val - ue the friend - ships of youth and of age, And se -
 4. You may talk of your pros - pects of fame, or of wealth, And the
 5. Ev - er hail, bless - ed tem - ple, a - bode of my Lord! I will

sil - ver - y stream - lets and flow'rs of the vale; But the place most de -
 sky's soft - ning gra - ces when day is just gone, But there's no oth - er
 lect for your com - rades the no - ble and sage; But the friends that most
 hopes that oft flat - ter the fa - v'rites of health; But the hope of bright
 turn to thee oft - en, to hear from his Word; I will walk to thine

light - ful this earth can af - ford, Is the place of de - vo - tion, the
 sea - son or time can com - pare With the hour of de - vo - tion, the
 cheer me on life's rug - ged road, Are the friends of my Mas - ter, the
 glo - ry, of heav - en - ly bliss—Take a - way ev - 'ry oth - er, and
 al - tar with those that I love. And re - joice in the pros - pects re -

house of the Lord; The house of the Lord, the house of the Lord,
 sea - son of pray'r; The sea - son of pray'r, the sea - son of pray'r,
 chil - dren of God; The chil - dren of God, the chil - dren of God,
 give me but this; And give me but this, and give me but this,
 vealed from a - bove; Re - vealed from a - bove, re - vealed from a - bove,

ITS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES.

The House of the Lord.—Concluded.

Is the place of de - vo - tion, the house of the Lord.
 With the hour of de - vo - tion, the sea - son of pray'r.
 Are the friends of my Mas - ter, the chil - dren of God.
 Take a - way ev - 'ry oth - er, and give me but this.
 And re - joice in the pros - pects re - vealed from a - bove.

208

Happy Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.

God the Defense of the Church.—P'sa, 135: 2.

THOS. KELLY.

B. WOODBURY.

1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-round - ed— Zi - on, kept by pow'r di - vine;
 2. Ev - 'ry hu - man tie may per - ish; Friend to friend un - faith - ful prove;
 3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright,

All her foes shall be con-found - ed, Tho' the world in arms com - bine;
 •Moth - ers cease their own to cher - ish; Heav'n and earth at last re - move;
 But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art pre - cious in his sight:

Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
 But no chang - es, but no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
 God is with thee, God is with thee— God, thine ev - er - last - ing light.

Greenland. 7s & 6s D.

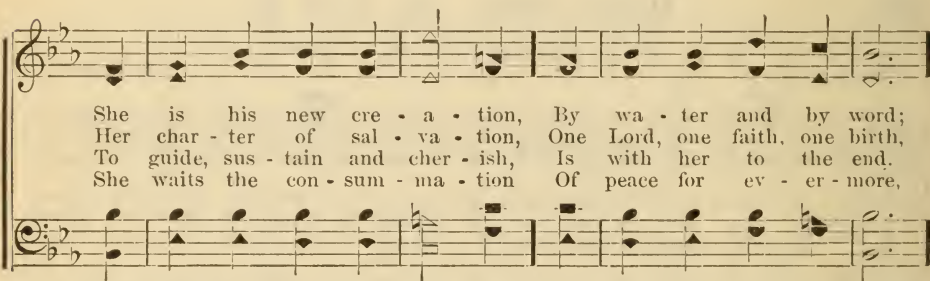
SAMUEL J. STONE.

The Church's One Foundation.—Eph. 2: 20.

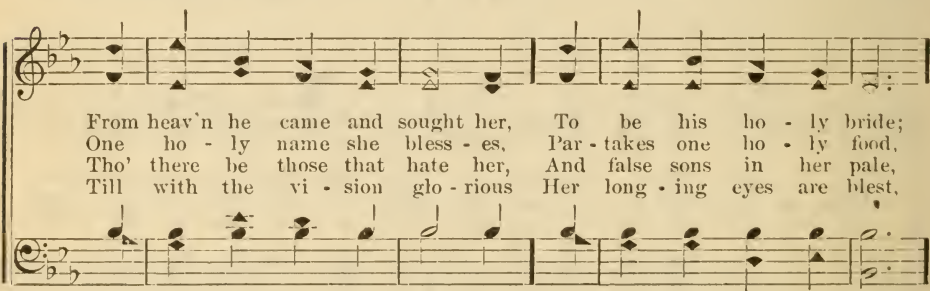
M. HAYDN.



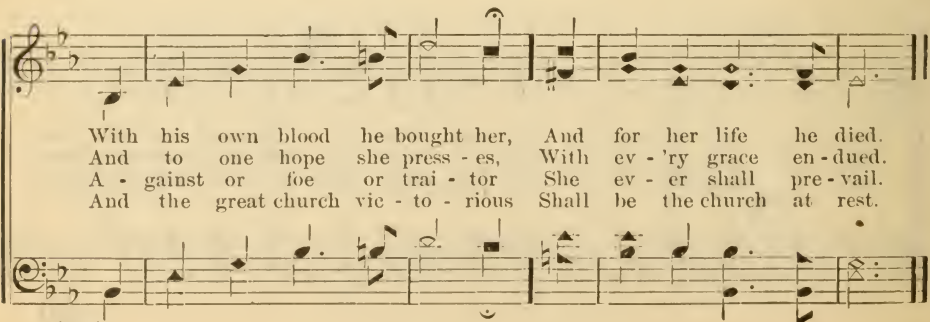
1. The church has one Foun - da - tion, 'Tis Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. The church shall nev - er per - ish! The dear Lord to de - fend.
 4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,



She is his new cre - a - tion, By wa - ter and by word;
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth,
 To guide, sus - tain and cher - ish, Is with her to the end.
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more,



From heav'n he came and sought her, To be his ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, I'ar - takes one ho - ly food,
 Tho' there be those that hate her, And false sons in her pale,
 Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,



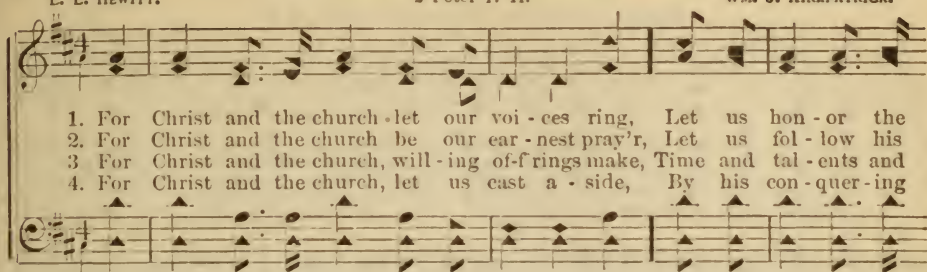
With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 A - gainst or foe or trai - tor She ev - er shall pre - vail.
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.

For Christ and the Church.

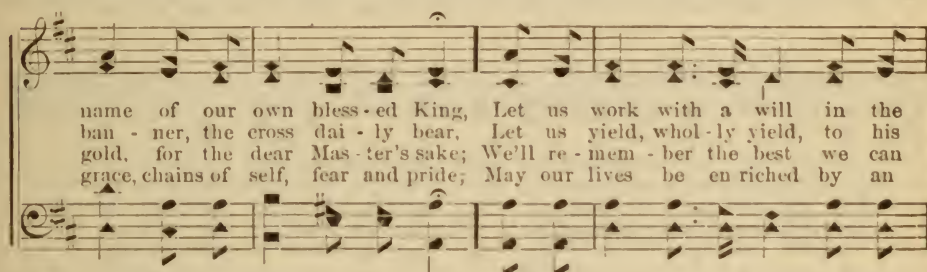
E. E. HEWITT.

2 Peter 1: 11.

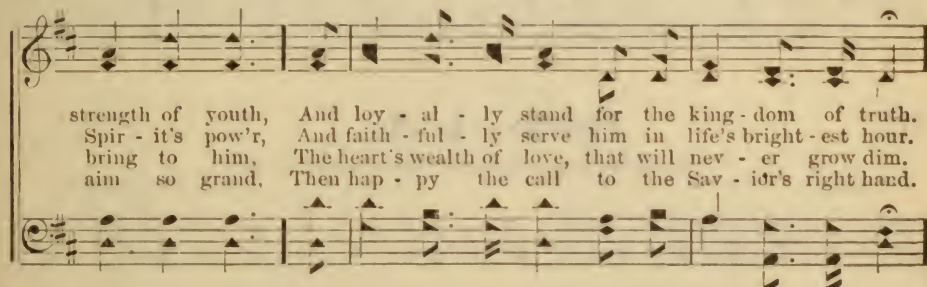
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. For Christ and the church - let our voi - ces ring, Let us hon - or the
 2. For Christ and the church be our ear - nest pray'r, Let us fol - low his
 3. For Christ and the church, will - ing of - f - rings make, Time and tal - ents and
 4. For Christ and the church, let us cast a - side, By his con - quer - ing

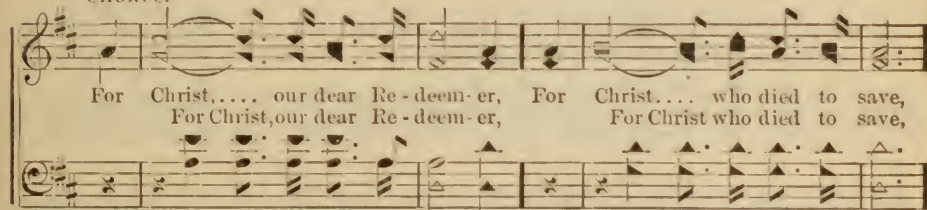


name of our own bless - ed King, Let us work with a will in the
 ban - ner, the cross dai - ly bear, Let us yield, whol - ly yield, to his
 gold, for the dear Mas - ter's sake; We'll re - mem - ber the best we can
 grace, chains of self, fear and pride; May our lives be enriched by an

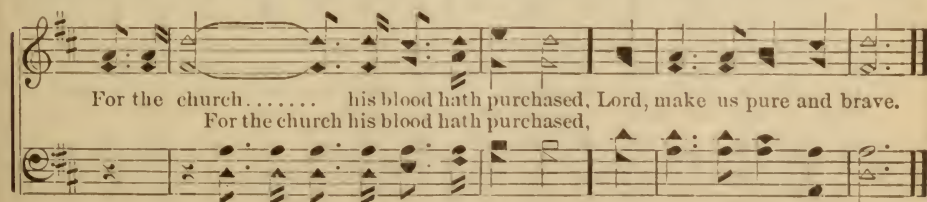


strength of youth, And loy - al - ly stand for the king - dom of truth.
 Spir - it's pow'r, And faith - ful - ly serve him in life's bright - est hour.
 bring to him, The heart's wealth of love, that will nev - er grow dim.
 aim so grand, Then hap - py the call to the Sav - ior's right hand.

CHORUS.



For Christ, . . . our dear Re - deem - er, For Christ, . . . who died to save,
 For Christ, our dear Re - deem - er, For Christ who died to save,



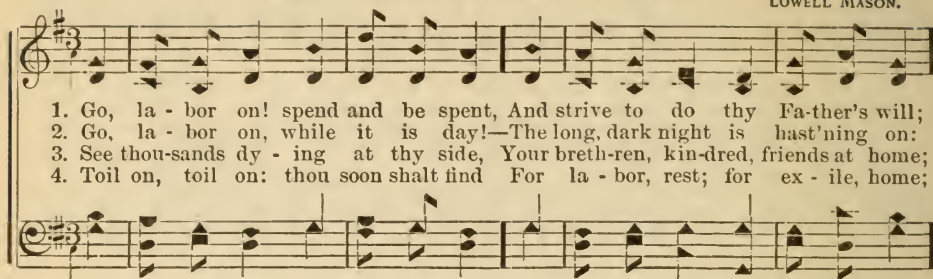
For the church, . . . his blood hath purchased, Lord, make us pure and brave.
 For the church his blood hath purchased,

211

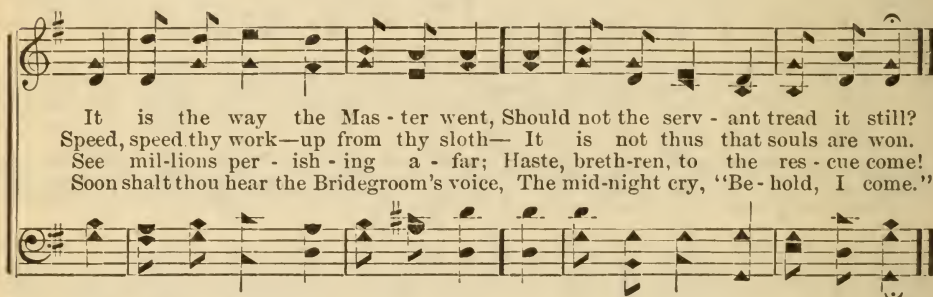
Rockingham. L. M.

Motives to Ministerial Faithfulness.—Mark 8: 36.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Go, la - bor on! spend and be spent, And strive to do thy Fa-ther's will;
 2. Go, la - bor on, while it is day!—The long, dark night is hast'ning on:
 3. See thou-sands dy - ing at thy side, Your breth-ren, kin-dred, friends at home;
 4. Toil on, toil on: thou soon shalt find For la - bor, rest; for ex - ile, home;



It is the way the Mas - ter went, Should not the serv - ant tread it still?
 Speed, speed thy work—up from thy sloth— It is not thus that souls are won.
 See mil-lions per - ish - ing a - far; Haste, breth-ren, to the res - cue come!
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The mid-night cry, "Be - hold, I come."

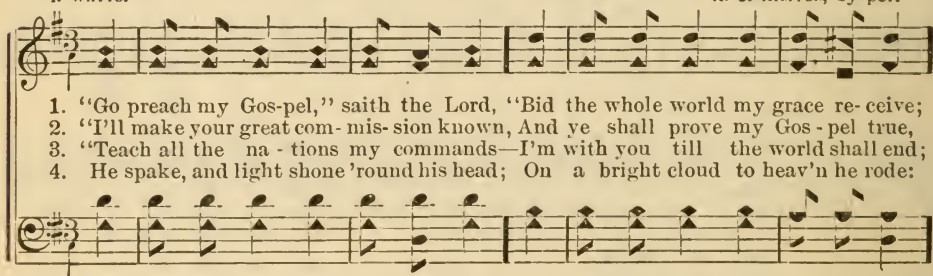
212

Fonella. L. M.

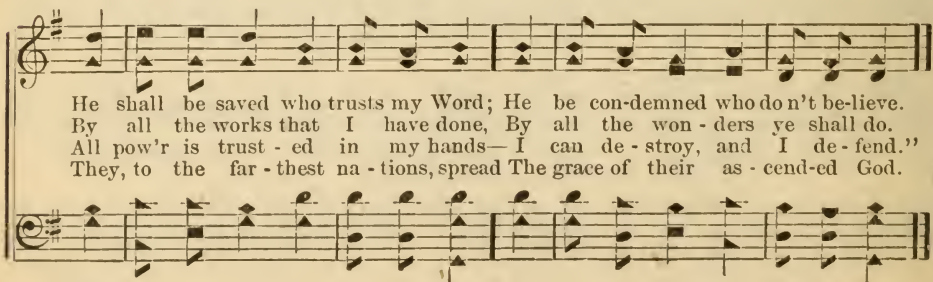
Preach the Gospel to Every Creature.—Mark 16: 15.

I. WATTS.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.



1. "Go preach my Gos-pel," saith the Lord, "Bid the whole world my grace re-ceive;
 2. "I'll make your great com-mis-sion known, And ye shall prove my Gos-pel true,
 3. "Teach all the na-tions my commands—I'm with you till the world shall end;
 4. He spake, and light shone 'round his head; On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode:



He shall be saved who trusts my Word; He be con-demned who don't be-lieve.
 By all the works that I have done, By all the won-ders ye shall do.
 All pow'r is trust - ed in my hands—I can de-stroy, and I de-fend."
 They, to the far-thest na-tions, spread The grace of their as-cend-ed God.

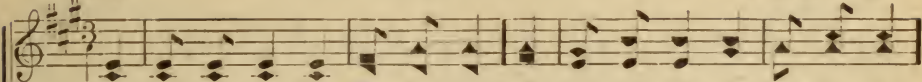
213

Berget. L. M.

Bold to Speak the Word without Fear.—Phil. 1: 14.

J. WESLEY.

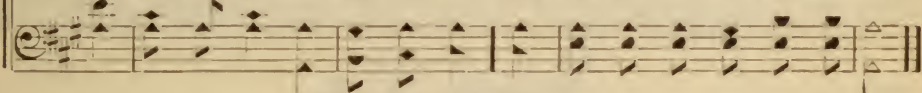
R. M. MCINTOSH.



1. Shall I, for fear of fee-ble man, The Spir-it's course in me re-strain?
2. Awed by a mor-tal's frown, shall I Con-veal the Word of God most high?
3. Shall I, to soothe th'un ho-ly throng. Soft-en thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
4. What then is he whose scorn I dread? Whose wrath or hate makes me a - fraid?
5. Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread Thy shad'wing wings a-round my head:
6. Give me thy strength, O God of pow'r, Then let winds blow, or thun-der roar,



Or, un-dis-mayed in deed and word, Be a true wit-ness of my Lord?
 How then be-fore thee shall I dare To stand, or how thine an-ger bear?
 To gain earth's gild-ed toys—or flee The cross en-dured, my Lord, by thee?
 A man! an heir of death! a slave To sin! a bub-ble on the wave!
 Since in all pain thy ten-der love Will still my sure re-fresh-ment prove.
 Thy faith-ful wit-ness will I be; 'T is fixed! I can do all thro' thee.



By permission.

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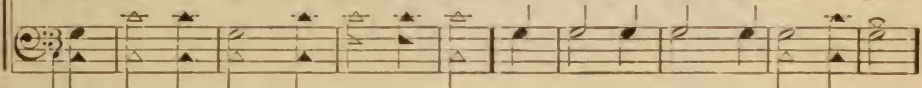
Retreat. L. M.

A Choice for Deacons.—Acts 6: 3.

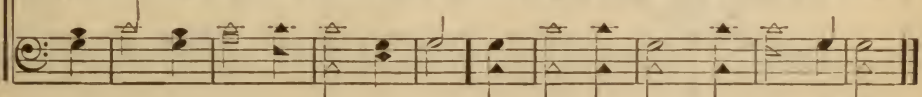
THOS. HASTINGS, 1784-1872.



1. O Zi-on's King, we sup-pliant bow, And hail the grace thy church en-joys:
2. Up to thy throne we lift our eyes, For bless-ings to at-tend our choice,
3. When pas-tor, saints, and poor they serve, May their own hearts with grace be crowned,
4. By pur-est love to Christ and truth, O may they win a good de-gree



Her ho-ly of-fi-cers are thine, With all the gifts thy love em-plays.
 Of such whose gen-erous, pru-dent zeal Shall make thy fa-vored ways re-joice.
 While pa-tience, sym-pa-thy and joy A-dorn, and thro' their lives a bound.
 Of bold-ness in the Christian faith, And meet the smile of thine and thee.



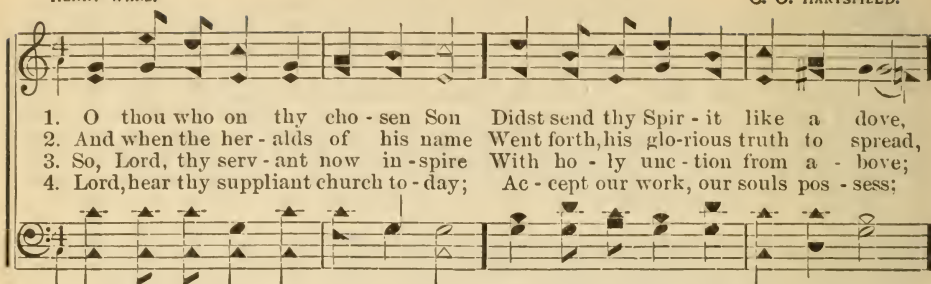
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Pine Mills. L. M.

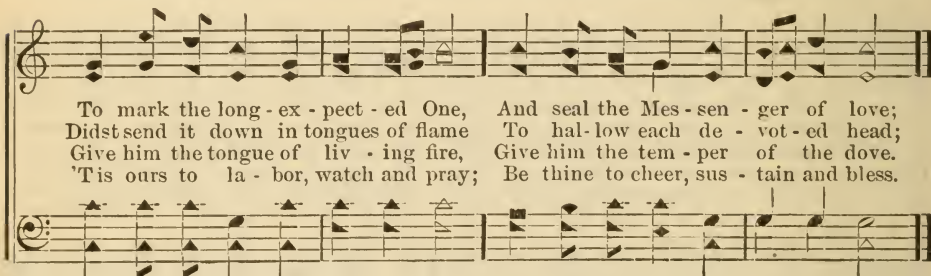
HENRY WARE.

A Prayer for the Ordained.—John 17.

C. O. HARTSFIELD.



1. O thou who on thy cho - sen Son Didst send thy Spir - it like a dove,
 2. And when the her - alds of his name Went forth, his glo - rious truth to spread,
 3. So, Lord, thy serv - ant now in - spire With ho - ly unc - tion from a - bove;
 4. Lord, hear thy suppliant church to - day; Ac - cept our work, our souls pos - sess;



To mark the long - ex - spect - ed One, And seal the Mes - sen - ger of love;
 Didst send it down in tongues of flame To hal - low each de - vot - ed head;
 Give him the tongue of liv - ing fire, Give him the tem - per of the dove.
 'Tis ours to la - bor, watch and pray; Be thine to cheer, sus - tain and bless.

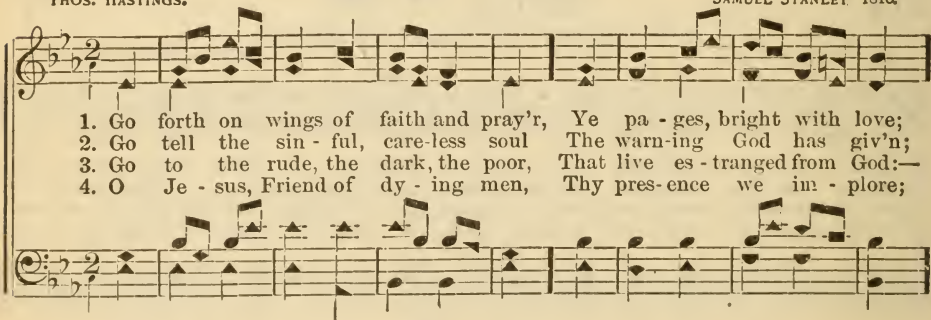
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Warwick. C. M.

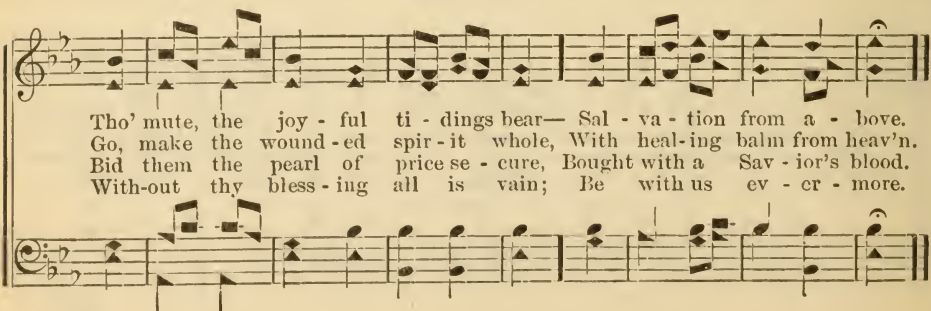
THOS. HASTINGS.

The Healing Leaves.—Rev. 22: 2.

SAMUEL STANLEY 1810.



1. Go forth on wings of faith and pray'r, Ye pa - ges, bright with love;
 2. Go tell the sin - ful, care - less soul The warn - ing God has giv'n;
 3. Go to the rude, the dark, the poor, That live es - tranged from God:—
 4. O Je - sus, Friend of dy - ing men, Thy pres - ence we im - plore;



Tho' mute, the joy - ful ti - dings bear— Sal - va - tion from a - bove.
 Go, make the wound - ed spir - it whole, With heal - ing balm from heav'n.
 Bid them the pearl of price se - cure, Bought with a Sav - ior's blood.
 With - out thy bless - ing all is vain; Be with us ev - er - more.

THE MINISTRY.

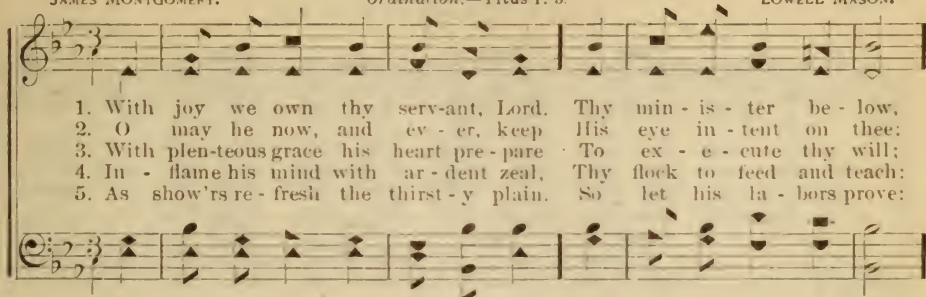
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Downs. C. M.

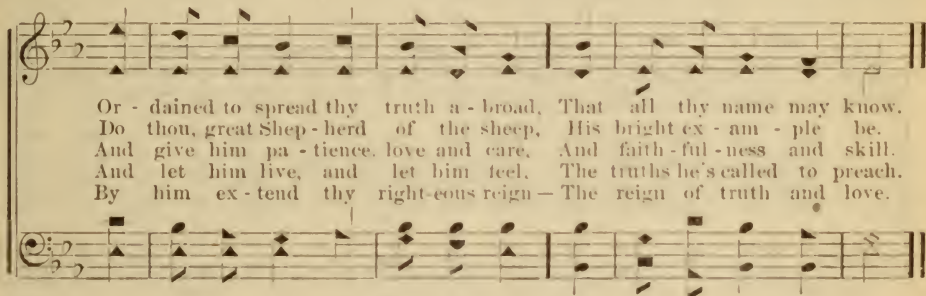
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Ordination.—Titus 1: 5.

LOWELL MASON.



1. With joy we own thy serv-ant, Lord. Thy min - is - ter be - low,
 2. O may he now, and ev - er, keep His eye in - tent on thee;
 3. With plen-teous grace his heart pre - pare To ex - e - cute thy will;
 4. In - flame his mind with ar - dent zeal, Thy flock to feed and teach;
 5. As show'rs re - fresh the thirst - y plain. So let his la - bors prove:



Or - dained to spread thy truth a - broad, That all thy name may know.
 Do thou, great Shep - herd of the sheep, His bright ex - am - ple be.
 And give him pa - tience, love and care, And faith - ful - ness and skill.
 And let him live, and let him feel, The truths he's called to preach.
 By him ex - tend thy right-eous reign — The reign of truth and love.

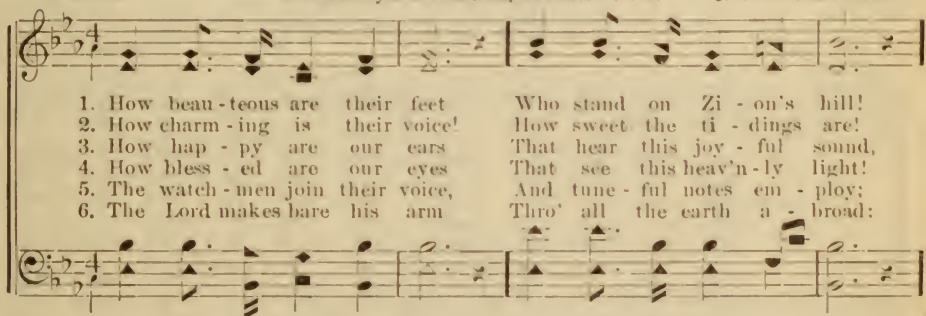
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Herold. S. M.

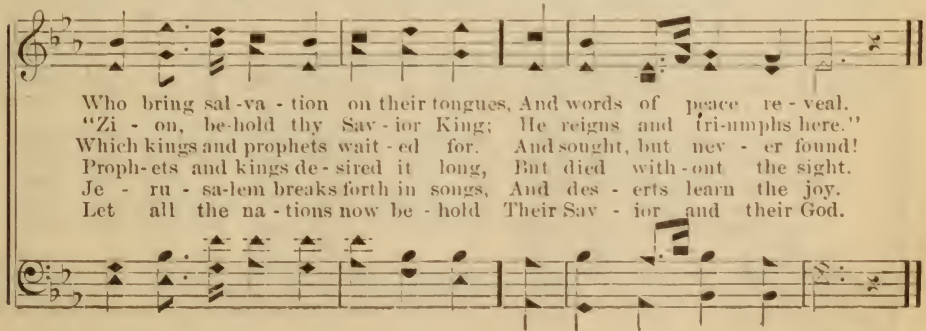
I. WATTS.

How Beautiful are the Feet, etc — Rom 10: 15.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



1. How beau-teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill!
 2. How charm-ing is their voice! How sweet the ti - dings are!
 3. How hap - py are our ears That hear this joy - ful sound,
 4. How bless - ed are our eyes That see this heav'n - ly light!
 5. The watch - men join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy;
 6. The Lord makes bare his arm Thro' all the earth a - broad:



Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.
 "Zi - on, be-hold thy Sav - ior King; He reigns and tri-umphs here."
 Which kings and prophets wait - ed for. And sought, but nev - er found!
 Proph - ets and kings de - sired it long, But died with - out the sight.
 Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And des - erts learn the joy.
 Let all the na - tions now be - hold Their Sav - ior and their God.

Alvord. S. M.

A Prayer for a Minister.—1 Thess. 5: 25.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Go with thy serv - ant, Lord, His ev - 'ry step at - tend;
 2. Pre - serve him from all wron; Stand thou at his right hand;
 3. May he pro - claim a - loud The won - ders of thy grace;
 4. Fare-well, dear la - b'rer, go; We part with thee in love;

All need - ful help to him af - ford, And bless him to the end.
 And keep him from the slan-d'rous tongue And per - se - cu - ting band.
 And do thou, to the list -'ning crowd, His faith - ful la - bors bless.
 And if we meet no more be - low, O may we meet a - bove.

Cogswell. S. M.

As Ye Go, Preach.—Matt. 10: 7.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

Mrs. VOKE.

1. You mes - sen - gers of Christ, His sov - 'reign voice o - bey;
 2. The Mas - ter whom you serve Will need - ful strength be - stow;
 3. Moun-tains shall sink to plains, And hell in vain op - pose;
 4. Go, spread a Sav - ior's fame, And tell his match - less grace,
 5. We wish you in his name The most di - vine suc - cess;

A - rise and fol - low where he leads— And peace at - tend your way.
 De - pend - ing on his prom - ised aid, With sa - cred cour - age go.
 The cause is God's and must pre - vail In spite of all his foes.
 To the most guilt - y and de - praved Of Ad - am's num'rous race.
 As - sured that he who sends you forth Will your en - deav - ors bless.

221

Olmutz. S. M.

A Prayer for an Increase of Laborers.—Matt. 9: 38.

C. WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON. ATT.

1. Lord of the har - vest, hear Thy need - y serv - ant's cry;
 2. On thee we hum - bly wait, Our wants are in thy view;
 3. A - noint and send forth more In - to thy church a - broad;
 4. O let them spread thy name, Their mis - sion ful - ly prove;

An - swer our faith's ef - fect - ual pray'r, And all our wants sup - ply.
 The har - vest, Lord, is tru - ly great, The la - bor - ers are few.
 Thy Spir - it on their spir - its pour, And make them strong for God.
 Thy u - ni - ver - sal grace pro - claim, Thine all - re - deem - ing love.

222

Hendon. 7s.

He that Winneth Souls is Wise.—Prov. 11: 30.

WM. HAMMOND.

A. MALAN.

1. Would you win a soul to God? Tell him of a Sav - ior's blood,
 2. Tell him how the streams did glide From his hands, his feet, his side;

Once for dy - ing sin - ners spilt, To a - tone for all their guilt,
 How his head with thorns was crowned, And his heart in sor - row drowned,

To a - tone for all their guilt.
 And his heart in sor - row drowned;

3 How he yielded up his breath;
 How he agonized in death;
 How he lives to intercede—
 Christ, our Advocate and Head.

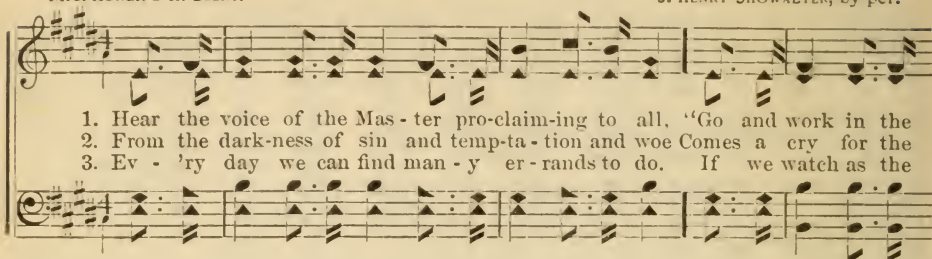
4 Tell him of that liberty
 Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
 Sweetly speak of sins forgiven—
 Earnest of the joys of heaven.

Forth to the Harvest. 12s & 9s.

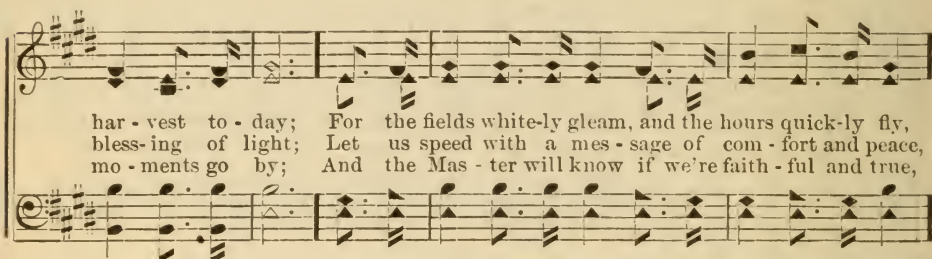
Go Ye also into the Vineyard, etc.—Matt. 20: 4.

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

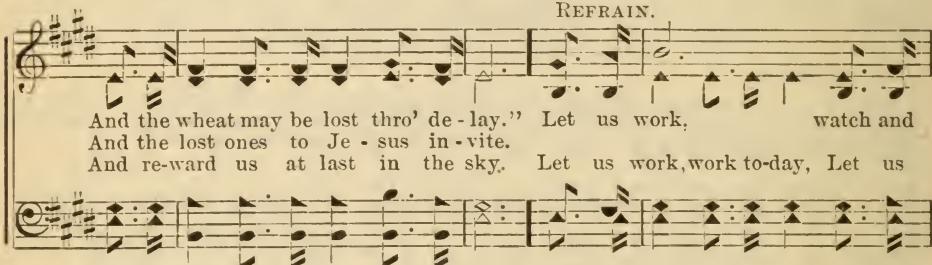


1. Hear the voice of the Mas - ter pro-claim-ing to all, "Go and work in the
2. From the dark-ness of sin and temp-ta-tion and woe Comes a cry for the
3. Ev - 'ry day we can find man - y er-rands to do. If we watch as the

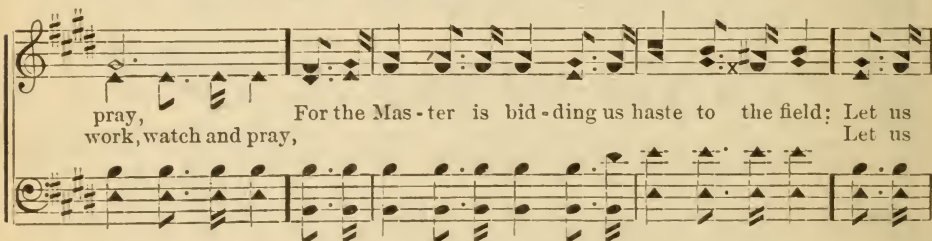


har - vest to - day; For the fields white-ly gleam, and the hours quick-ly fly,
bless-ing of light; Let us speed with a mes-sage of com-fort and peace,
mo-ments go by; And the Mas-ter will know if we're faith-ful and true,

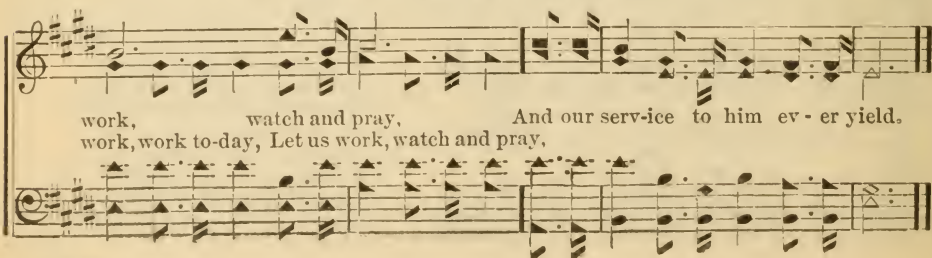
REFRAIN.



And the wheat may be lost thro' de-lay." Let us work, watch and
And the lost ones to Je-sus in-vite.
And re-ward us at last in the sky. Let us work, work to-day, Let us



pray, For the Mas-ter is bid-ding us haste to the field; Let us
work, watch and pray, Let us



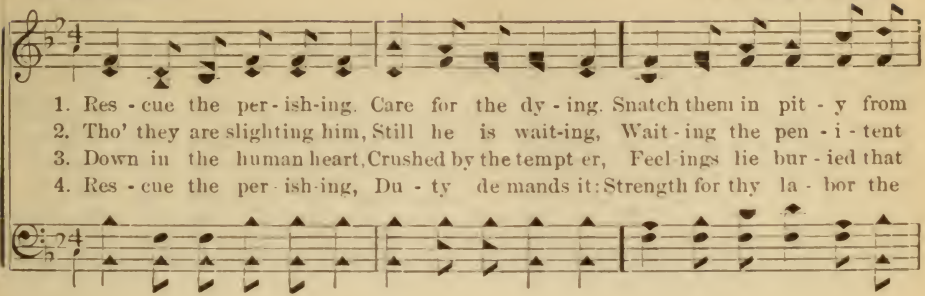
work, watch and pray, And our serv-ice to him ev-er yield.
work, work to-day, Let us work, watch and pray.

Rescue the Perishing. 11s & 10s.

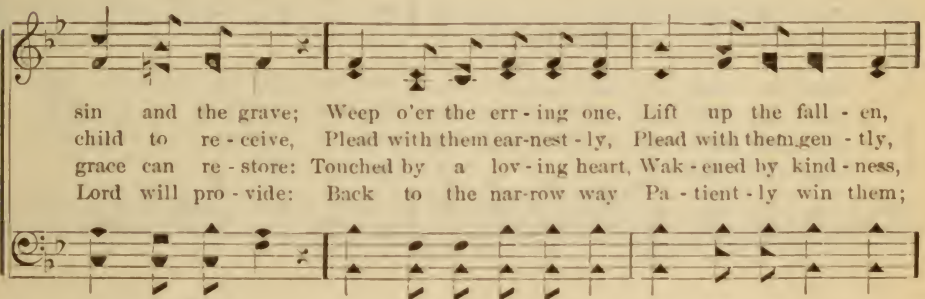
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Heb. 7: 25.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

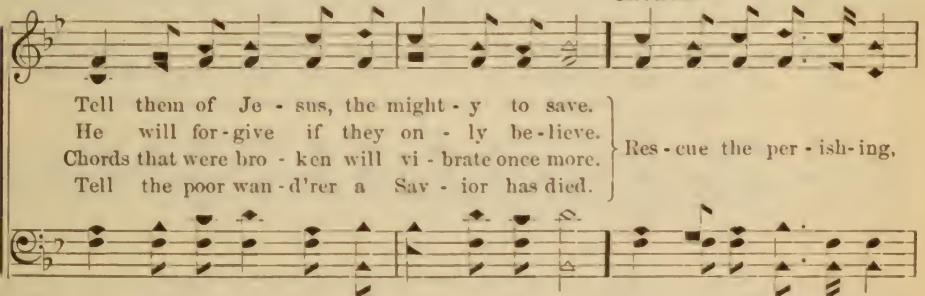


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing. Care for the dy - ing. Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempt er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

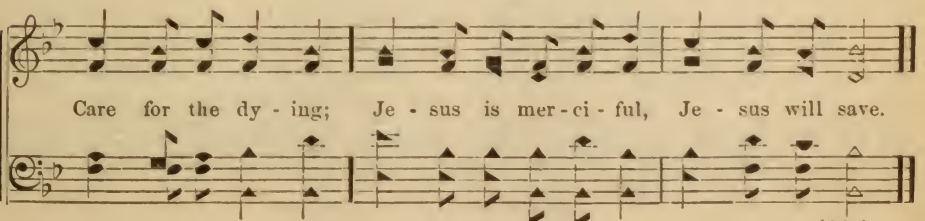


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one. Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive, Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly,
 grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
 Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
 Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
 Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - ior has died.



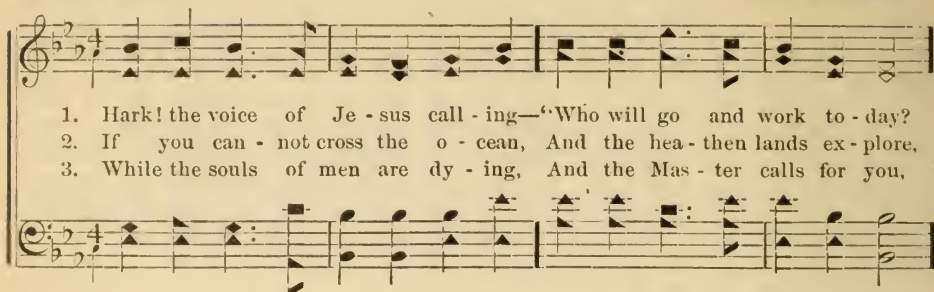
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

225 Hark! The Voice of Jesus Calling. 8s & 7s D.

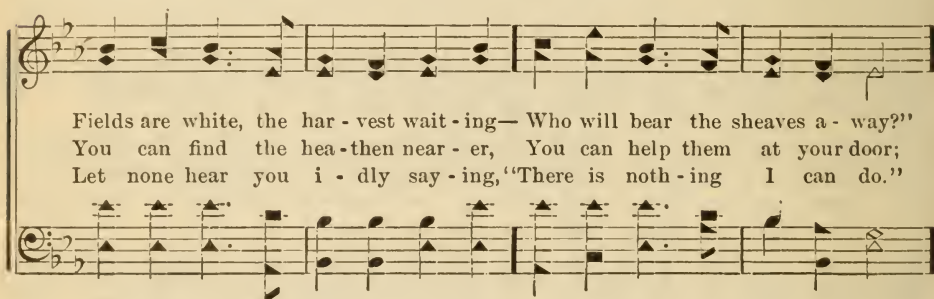
For They are White Already to Harvest.—John 4: 35.

DANIEL MARCH.

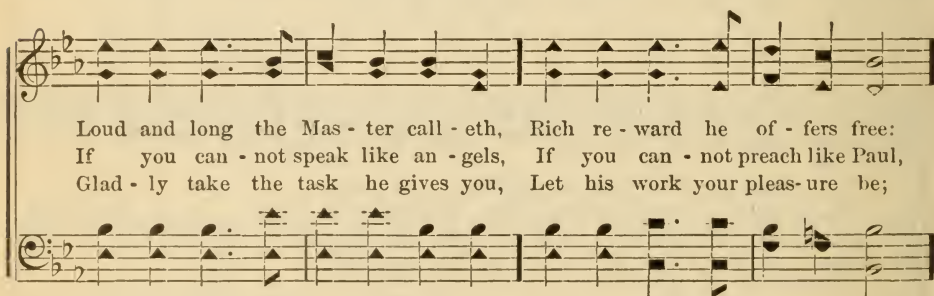
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



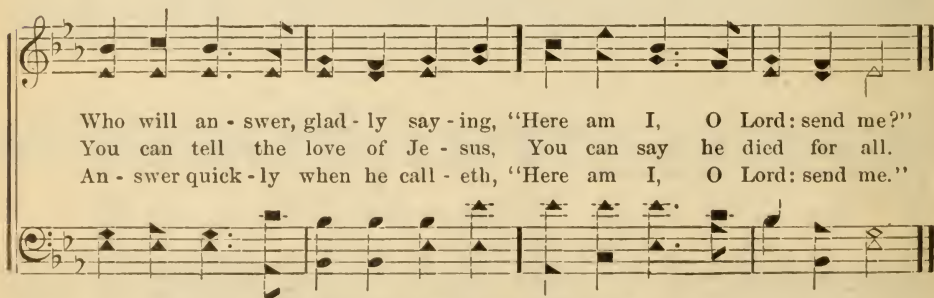
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing—"Who will go and work to - day?
 2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands ex - plore,
 3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you,



Fields are white, the har - vest wait - ing— Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
 You can find the hea - then near - er, You can help them at your door;
 Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do."



Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward he of - fers free:
 If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
 Glad - ly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleas - ure be;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord: send me?"
 You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say he died for all.
 An - swer quick - ly when he call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord: send me."

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226 Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest. 7s & 6s D.

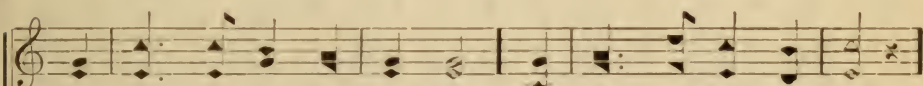
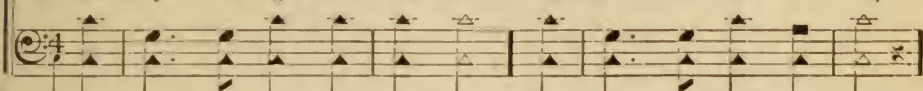
The Harvest Truly is Plenteous, but the Laborers are few.—Matt. 9: 37.

I. B. W.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Spirited.

1. Ho! reap - er of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade.
2. Thrust in thy sharp - ened sick - le, And gath - er in the grain,
3. Come down from hill and moun - tain, In morn - ing's rud - dy glow,
4. Mount up the heights of wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low;



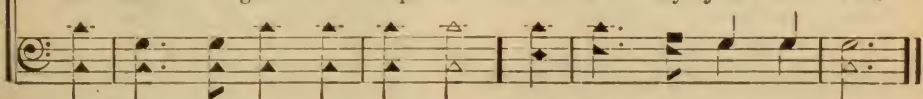
Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be - gins to fade?
 The night is fast ap - proach - ing, And soon will come a - gain.
 Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;
 Keep back no words of knowl - edge That hu - man hearts should know.



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



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



Onward, Men of Heaven. 8s & 7s D.

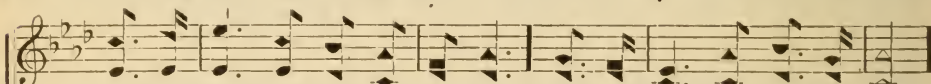
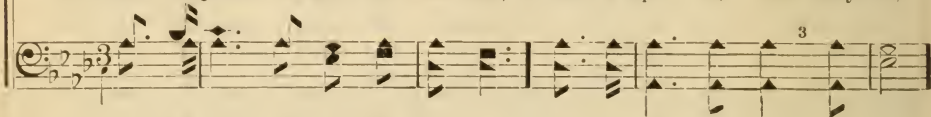
LYDIA SIGOURNEY.

They Went Everywhere Preaching.—Acts 8: 4.

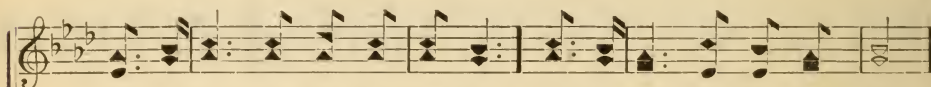
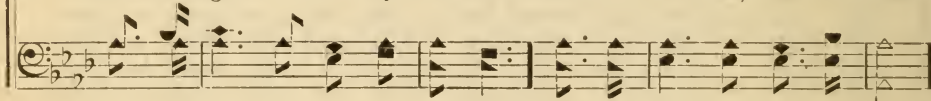
WM. B. BRADBURY. ATT.



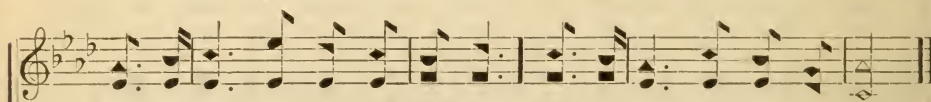
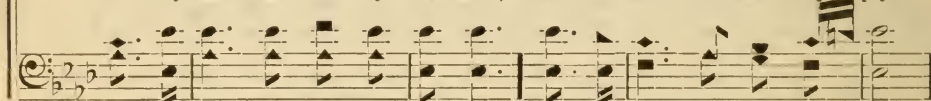
1. On - ward, on - ward, men of heav - en; Bear the gos - pel ban - ner high;
 2. Where the Are - tic o - cean thun - ders, Where the trop - ics fierce - ly glow;
 3. Rude in speech, or wild in fea - ture, Dark in spir - it, tho' they be,



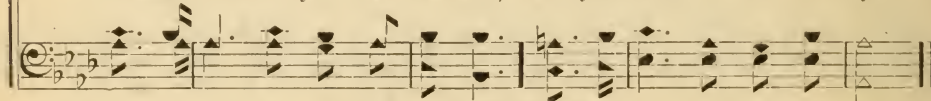
Rest not till its light is giv - en— Star of ev - 'ry pa - gan sky;
 Broad - ly spread its page of won - ders, Bright - ly bid its ra - diance flow;
 Show that light to ev - 'ry crea - ture—Prince or vas - sal, bond or free.



Send it where the pil - grim stran - ger Faints be - neath the tor - rid ray;
 In - dia marks its lus - ter steal - ing; Shiv'ring Greenland loves its rays,
 Lo! they haste to ev - 'ry na - tion; Host on host the ranks sup - ply;



Bid the hard - y for - est ran - ger Hail it, ere he fades a - way.
 Af - ric, 'mid her des - erts kneel - ing, Lifts the un - taught strain of praise.
 On - ward! Christ is your sal - va - tion, And your death is vic - to - ry.



Used by per. The Biglow & Main Co.

They Spake the Word of God, etc.—Acts 4: 31.

- 1 Bold in speech and bold in action,

Be forever! Time will test,
 Of the free-souled and the slavish.

Which fulfills life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble ancients—

Scorn the threat that bids thee fear.

Speak! no matter what betide thee;

Let them strike, but make them hear.

- 2 Be thou like the great apostle—

Be thou like heroic Paul;

If a true thought seek expression,

Speak it boldly! speak it all!

Face thy foes and thine accusers;

Scorn the prison, rack or rod!

And if thou hast truth to utter,

Speak! and leave the rest to God.

229 From Greenland's Icy Mountains. 7s & 6s D.

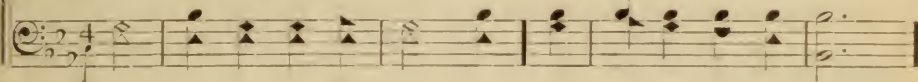
REGINALD HEBER.

The Appeal.—Matt. 28: 19.

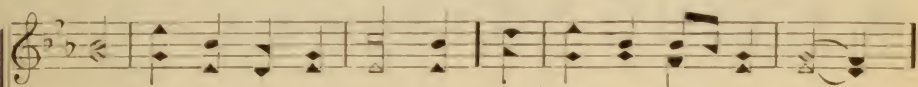
LOWELL MASON, 1823.



1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's Isle,
3. Can we whose souls are light - ed By wis - dom from on - high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry; And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
 Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
 Can we to men be - night - ed The lamp of light de - ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:



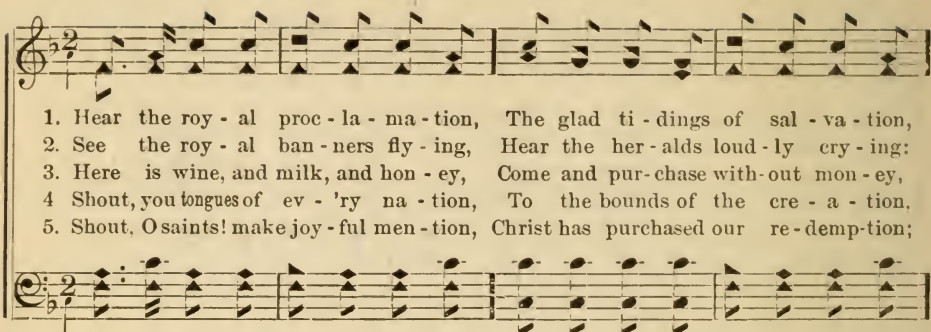
From man - y an an - cient riv - er, From man - y a palm - y plain.
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown,
 Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



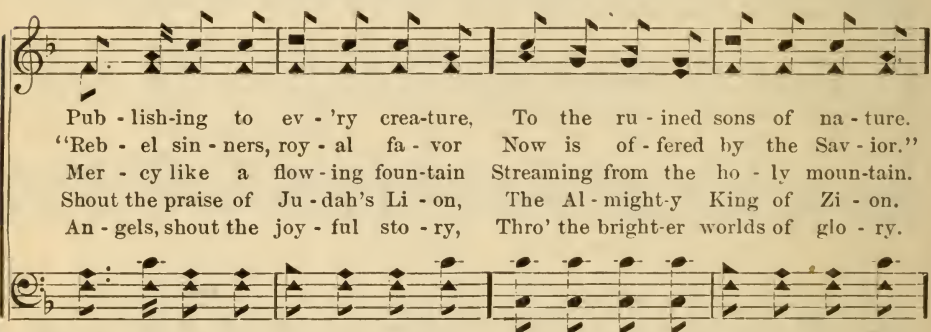
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.



Proclamation. Ss P.

The Royal Proclamation.—Psa. 72.


1. Hear the roy - al proc - la - ma - tion, The glad ti - dings of sal - va - tion,
 2. See the roy - al ban - ners fly - ing, Hear the her - alds loud - ly cry - ing:
 3. Here is wine, and milk, and hon - ey, Come and pur - chase with - out mon - ey,
 4. Shout, you tongues of ev - 'ry na - tion, To the bounds of the cre - a - tion,
 5. Shout, O saints! make joy - ful men - tion, Christ has purchased our re - demp - tion;

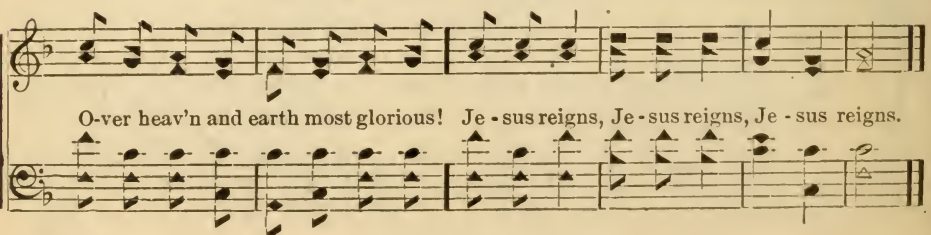


Pub - lish - ing to ev - 'ry crea - ture, To the ru - ined sons of na - ture.
 "Reb - el sin - ners, roy - al fa - vor Now is of - fered by the Sav - ior."
 Mer - cy like a flow - ing foun - tain Streaming from the ho - ly moun - tain.
 Shout the praise of Ju - dah's Li - on, The Al - might - y King of Zi - on.
 An - gels, shout the joy - ful sto - ry, Thro' the bright - er worlds of glo - ry.

CHORUS.



Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns — he reigns vic - to - rious!

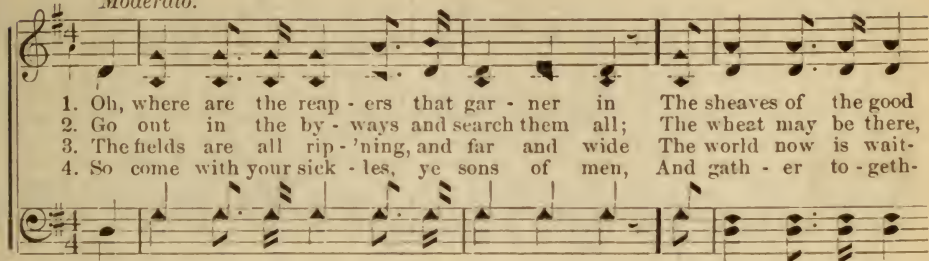


O - ver heav'n and earth most glorious! Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns.

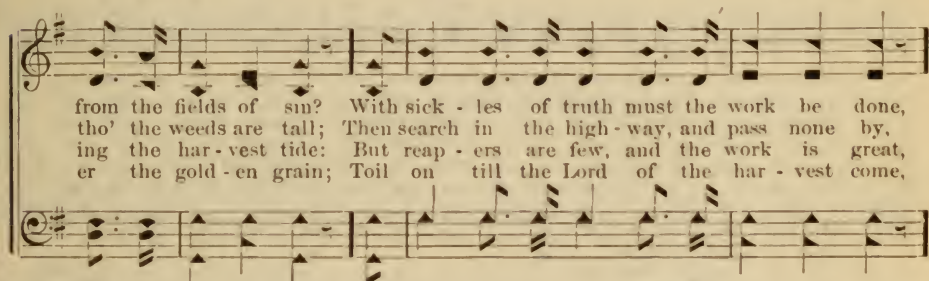
Oh, Where are the Reapers?

*I will Say to the Reapers: Gather the Wheat into My Barn.—Matt. 13: 30.*EBEN E. REXFORD.
Moderato.

GEO. F. ROOT.

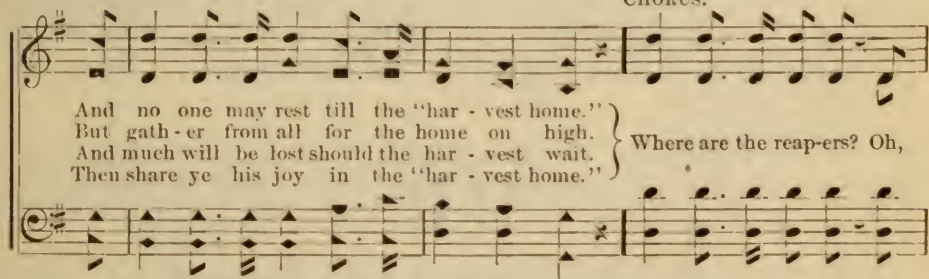


1. Oh, where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good
 2. Go out in the by - ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
 3. The fields are all rip - 'ning, and far and wide The world now is wait -
 4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth -

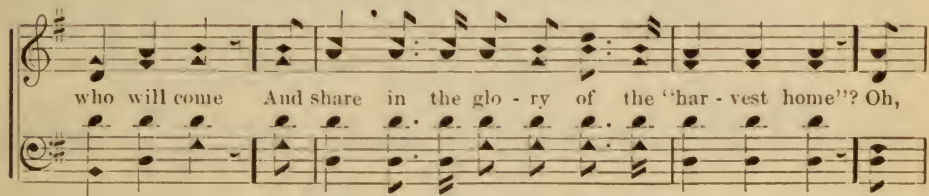


from the fields of sin? With sick - les of truth must the work be done,
 tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the high - way, and pass none by,
 ing the har - vest tide; But reap - ers are few, and the work is great,
 er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har - vest come,

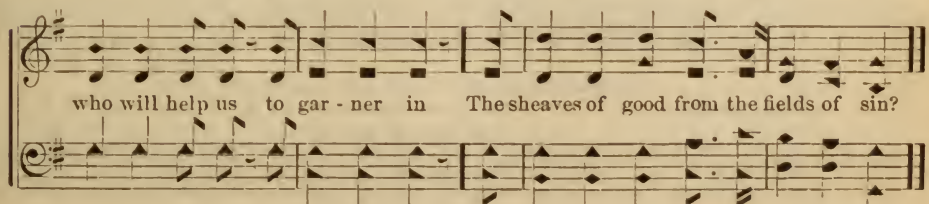
CHORUS.



And no one may rest till the "har - vest home."
 But gath - er from all for the home on high.
 And much will be lost should the har - vest wait. } Where are the reapers? Oh,
 Then share ye his joy in the "har - vest home."



who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "har - vest home"? Oh,

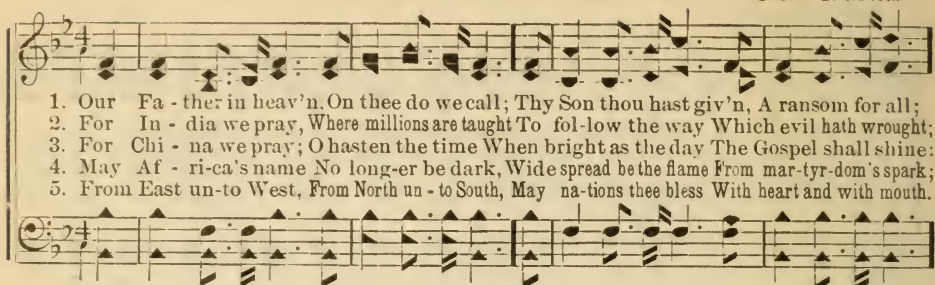


who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

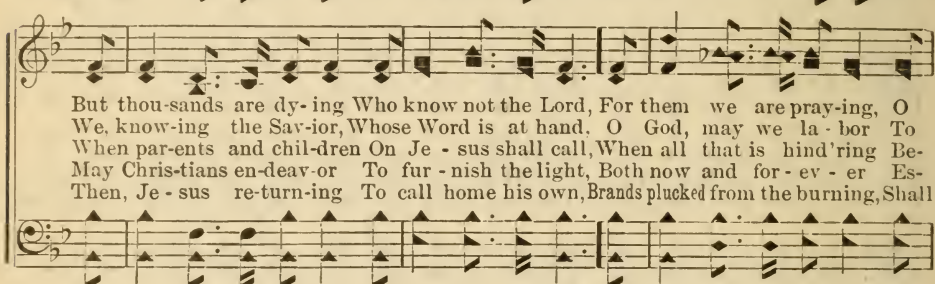
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John 17: 18.

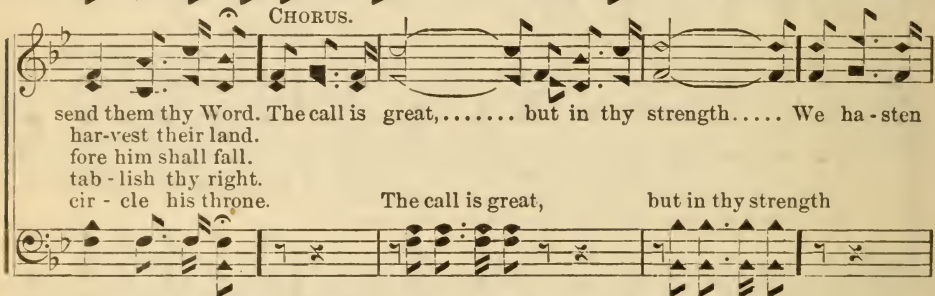
GALEN. B. ROYER.



1. Our Fa - ther in heav'n. On thee do we call; Thy Son thou hast giv'n, A ransom for all;
 2. For In - dia we pray, Where millions are taught To fol - low the way Which evil hath wrought;
 3. For Chi - na we pray; O hasten the time When bright as the day The Gospel shall shine:
 4. May Af - ri - ca's name No long - er be dark, Wide spread be the flame From mar - tyr - dom's spark;
 5. From East un - to West, From North un - to South, May na - tions thee bless With heart and with mouth.



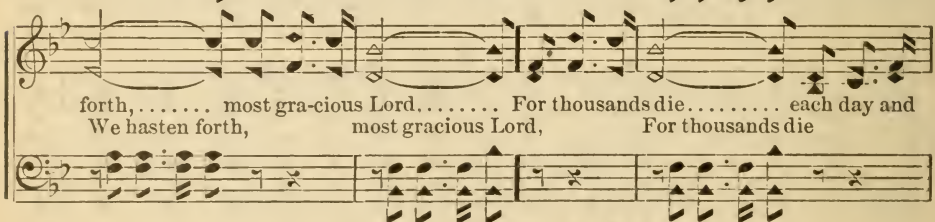
But thou - sands are dy - ing Who know not the Lord, For them we are pray - ing, O
 We, know - ing the Sav - ior, Whose Word is at hand, O God, may we la - bor To
 When par - ents and chil - dren On Je - sus shall call, When all that is hind'ring Be -
 May Chris - tians en - deav - or To fur - nish the light, Both now and for - ev - er Es -
 Then, Je - sus re - turn - ing To call home his own, Brands plucked from the burning, Shall



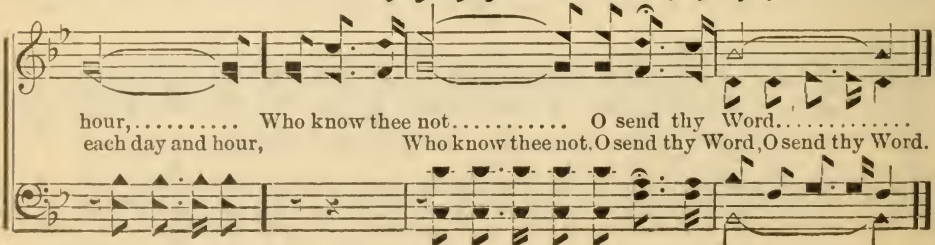
CHORUS.

send them thy Word. The call is great,..... but in thy strength..... We ha - sten
 har - vest their land.
 fore him shall fall.
 tab - lish thy right.
 cir - cle his throne.

The call is great, but in thy strength



forth,..... most gra - cious Lord,..... For thousands die..... each day and
 We hasten forth, most gracious Lord, For thousands die



hour,..... Who know thee not..... O send thy Word.....
 each day and hour, Who know thee not, O send thy Word, O send thy Word.

Who Will Answer the Call?

W. B.

Come Over into Macedonia, and help us.—Acts 16: 9.

WM. BERRY.

1. There's a call that is com - ing from o - ver the sea, It ech - oes o'er
 2. There are mil - lions of souls that are per - ish - ing there, Where ig - no - rance,
 3. 'Tis a call to your du - ty, O who will o - bey? Let will - ing hearts

val - ley and moun - tain and plain; Who is read - y to an - swer the
 vice and i - dol - a - try reign; They are wait - ing for some - one to
 take up the ten - der re - frain; Say - ing, "Yes, we are read - y to

pit - i - ful plea, The call that comes o - ver the bound - ing main?
 an - swer the call, The call that comes o - ver the bound - ing main.
 an - swer the call, The call that comes o - ver the bound - ing main."

REFRAIN.

Rit. e dim.

Hear the call! O hear the call! It is com - ing yes, com - ing in ten - der - est - strain

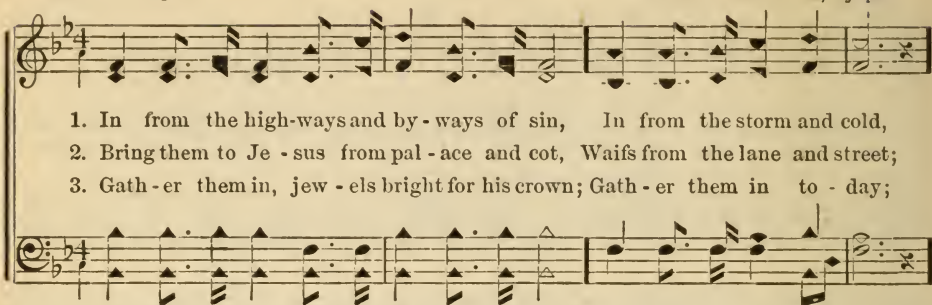
p A tempo. Hear the call! O hear the call! The call that comes o - ver the bound - ing main *f*

Gather Them Into the Fold.

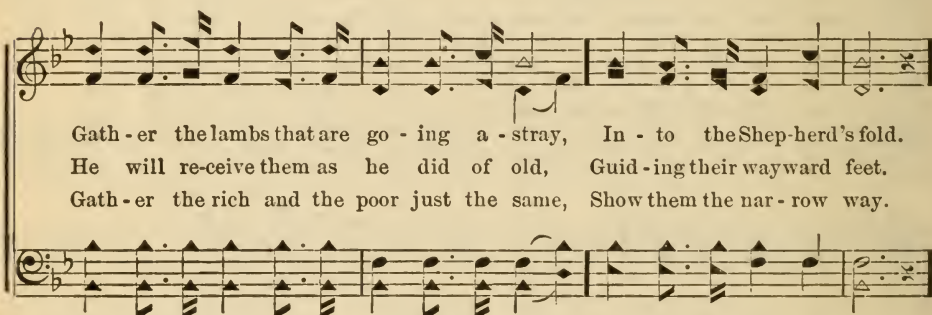
Isalah 40: 11.

Words Arranged.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

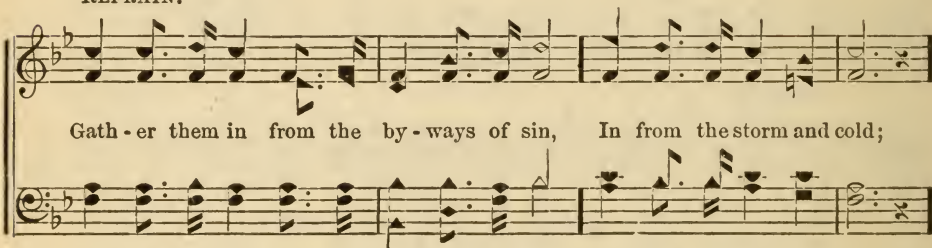


1. In from the high-ways and by-ways of sin, In from the storm and cold,
 2. Bring them to Je - sus from pal - ace and cot, Waifs from the lane and street;
 3. Gath - er them in, jew - els bright for his crown; Gath - er them in to - day;

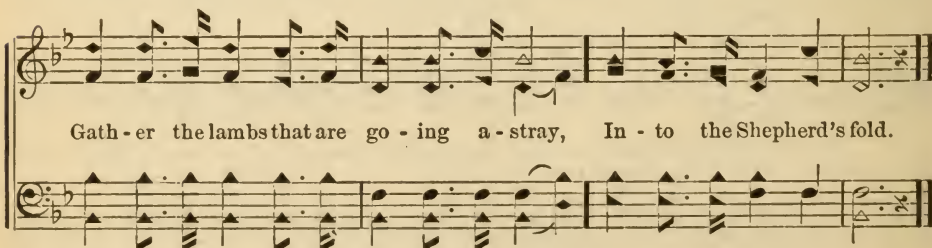


Gath - er the lambs that are go - ing a - stray, In - to the Shep - herd's fold.
 He will re - ceive them as he did of old, Guid - ing their wayward feet.
 Gath - er the rich and the poor just the same, Show them the nar - row way.

REFRAIN.



Gath - er them in from the by - ways of sin, In from the storm and cold;



Gath - er the lambs that are go - ing a - stray, In - to the Shepherd's fold.

The Lord of the Harvest Calls.

R. A. EVILSIZER.

The Harvest Truly is Great.—Luke 10: 2.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. The time of the har - vest is nigh, All ri - pened the
 2. The Lord of the har - vest needs you— There's work that you
 3. Oh, broth - er, the la - bor is blest, And aft - er the

wait - ing fields lie; The la - b'ers are few, Christ call - eth for you,
 on - ly can do; Then do not de - lay, But ha - sten a - way
 toil com - eth rest; Your Sav - ior and Lord Will rich - ly re - ward

REFRAIN.

To glean for his gar - ner on high. The la - - b'ers are few,....
 And glean where the toil - ers are few.
 If you will but heed his re - quest. The lab'ers, the lab'ers are few, are few,

Christ call - - - eth for you;.... Then ha - - - sten a -
 Christ call - eth, he call - eth for you, for you; Then ha - sten, oh, ha - sten a -

way,..... The Lord of the har - vest o - bey (to - day).
 way, a - way,

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Ashville. C. M.

Meeting for Council.—Acts 15: 6.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Lord, in thy pres - ence here we meet: May we in thee be found!
 2. With har - mo - ny thy serv - ants bless, That we may own to thee
 3. May Zi - on's good be kept in view, And bless our fee - ble aim,

O, make the place di - vine - ly sweet. And let thy grace a - bound.
 How good, how sweet, how pleas - ant 't is When breth - ren all a - gree.
 That all we un - der - take to do, May glo - ri - fy thy name.

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Old Hundred. L. M.

A Prayer for Union in Council.—Matt. 18: 19, 20.

GUIL. FRANC, 1543.

1. In - dul - gent God of love and pow'r, Be with us at this place and hour!
 2. Let each dis - cord - ant thought be gone, And love u - nite our hearts in one;
 3. O, may we feel the worth of souls, Be men of God, whom grace con - trols,

DOXOLOGY.—

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Smile on our souls; our plans ap - prove, By which we seek to spread thy love.
 Let all we have and are com - bine To for - ward ob - jects so di - vine.
 Fight the good fight and win the crown, And by our Fa - ther's side sit down.
Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

The Doxology to be used only when requested by the minister.

(154)

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Ernan. L. M.

A. JUDSON.

Baptismal Waters.—Luke 3: 22.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Dove di-vine, On these bap-tis-mal wa-ters shine.
 2. We love thy name, we love thy laws, And joy-ful-ly em-brace thy cause.
 3. We plunge beneath thy mys-tic flood, Oh, plunge us in thy cleansing blood.
 4. And as we rise, with thee to live, Oh, let the Ho-ly Spir-it give

And teach our hearts, in high-est strain, To praise the Lamb for sin-ners slain.
 We love thy cross, the shame, the pain, O Lamb of God, for sin-ners slain.
 We die to sin, and seek a grave With thee, be-neath the yield-ing wave.
 The seal-ing unc-tion from a-bove, The breath of life, the fire of love!

239

Petersburg. L. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

The Renunciation at Baptism—2 Cor. 4: 2.

J. M. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. See how the will-ing con-verts trace The path their great Re-deem-er trod;
 2. Here they renounce their for-mer deeds, And to a heav'n-ly life as-pire,
 3. O sa-cred right, by thee the name Of Je-sus we to own be-gin;
 4. Glo-ry to God on high be giv'n, Who shows his grace to sin-ful men:

And fol-low thro' his liq-uid grave The meek, the low-ly Son of God!
 Their rags for glo-rious robes exchanged, They shine in clean and bright at-tire.
 This is our res-ur-rec-tion pledge, Pledge of the par-don of our sin.
 Let saints on earth, and hosts in heav'n, In con-cert join their loud A-men.

Helen. C. M.

JOHN RYLAND.

Hinder Me Not.—Gen. 24: 56.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. In all my Lord's ap - point - ed ways My jour - ney I'll pur - sue;
 2. Thro' floods and flames, if ' Je - sus lead, I'll fol - low where he goes;
 3. Thro' tri - als and thro' suf - frings too, I'll go at his com - mand:
 4. And when my Sav - ior calls me home, Still this my cry shall be—

Hin - der me not, you much loved saints, For I must go with you.
 Hin - der me not, shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell op - pose.
 Hin - der me not, for I am bound To my Im - man - uel's land.
 Hin - der me not—come, wel - come death, I'll glad - ly go with thee.

By permission.

Whitney. C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

The Emblematic Dove.—Matt. 3: 16.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Meek - ly in Jor - dan's ho - ly stream The great Re - deem - er bowed; Bright was the
 2. Thus God de - scend - ed to ap - prove The deed that Christ had done; Thus came the
 3. So, bless - ed Spir - it, come to - day To our bap - tis - mal scene: Let tho'ts of
 4. This day we give to ho - ly joy; This day to heav'n be - longs: Raised to new

glo - ry's sa - cred beam That hushed the wond'ring crowd, That hushed the wond'ring crowd.
 em - ble - mat - ic Dove, And hov - ered o'er the Son, And hov - ered o'er the Son.
 earth be far a - way, And ev - 'ry mind se - rene, And ev - 'ry mind se - rene.
 life, we will em - ploy In mel - o - dy our tongues, In mel - o - dy our tongues.

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St. Peter. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

A Prayer for the Baptized.—Rom. 6: 5.

ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE.

1. Let plen-teous grace de - scend on those Who hop - ing in thy Word,
 2. With cheer - ful feet may they ad-vance, And run the Chris-tian race,
 3. Lord, plant us all in - to thy death, That we thy life may prove—

This day have sol-emn - ly de - clared That Je - sus is their Lord.
 And, thro' the troub - les of the way, Find all - suf - fi - cient grace.
 Par - ta - kers of thy cross be - neath, And of thy crown a - bove.

243

Arlington. C. M.

I. WATTS.

I Am Not Ashamed of the Gospel.—Rom. 1: 16.

Dr. T. A. ARNE.

1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend his cause,
 2. Je - sus, my Lord! I know his name, His name is all my trust;
 3. Firm as his throne his prom - ise stands, And he can well se - cure
 4. Then will he own my worthless name, Be - fore his Fa - ther's face,

Main - tain the hon - or of his Word, The glo - ry of his cross.
 Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
 What I've com - mit - ted to his hands, Till the de - ci - sive hour.
 And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem, Ap - point my soul a place.

Alvan. 8s, 7s & 4s.

The Baptism of Christ.—Matt. 3: 13-17.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { To the flow - ing stream of Jor - dan Lo! the King of Zi - on came;
There the an - cient Bap - tist wait - ed, To im - merse the spot - less Lamb:

They de - scend - ed, They de - scend - ed To the Sav - ior's wa - t'ry tomb.

2 Thus baptized, the great Redeemer
Showed the way his saints should tread,
And, when rising from the water,
God approved and blest the deed,
And the Spirit
Rested on his sacred head!

3 Come, then, ye who love the Savior,
Fear not now to own your Lord,
Joyful though the world should scorn you,
Follow Christ, obey his Word:
He'll defend you—
Fear ye not to follow him!

Oswald. 8s & 7s.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

These Little Ones—Matt. 18: 14.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Sav - ior! who thy flock art feed - ing With the shepherd's kind - est care,
2. Now, these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold them in thy gra - cious arm;
3. Nev - er, from thy pas - ture rov - ing, Let them be the li - on's prey;
4. Then, with - in thy fold e - ter - nal, Let them find a rest - ing place.

All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bos - om share;
There, we know, thy Word be - liev - ing, On - ly there, se - cure from harm.
Let thy ten - der - ness, so lov - ing, Keep them all life's dang'rous way:
Feed in pas - tures ev - er ver - nal, Drink the riv - ers of thy grace.

Bridgewater. Ss.

Baptism Significant.—1 Peter 3: 21.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. How love-ly the em-blem of faith In Christ, our a - dor - a - ble Head—
 2. How sweet is this beau-ti - ful rite, Our un - ion with him to pro-claim—
 3. How bless-ed, by bear-ing the cross, To show our re-gard for his will—
 4. How pleas-ant the path to pur-sue His per-fect, ex - am - ple has led;
 5. Dear Sav - ior, thine or-di-nance bless: The joy of thy pres-ence make known;

Who sought our re-demp-tion in death, And, tri-umph-ing, rose from the dead.
 Our death to each sin-ful de-light—Our ri-sing to life thro' his name.
 To seek, while pro-fess-ing his cause, "All right-eous-ness here to ful-fill."
 With the scene at the Jor-dan in view, We haste in his foot-steps to tread.
 De-scent, O thou Spir-it of grace, And seal us for-ev-er thine own.

Elgin. L. M.

J. W. WAYLAND.

Feet-washing Hymn.—John 13: 14.

G. B. H.

1. "If I your Lord have washed your feet, Ye al - so ought the same to do;
 2. To all his loved ones here be - low This plain command the Lord has giv'n;
 3. How hap-py is the man who knows That Je-sus served with his own hands!
 4. In hum-bleserv-ice we shall please The Au-thor of the liv-ing Word;

For in your serv-ice it is meet To do as I have done to you."
 And by o - be-dience we may show Our love for him who is in heav'n.
 Thrice hap-py is the man who shows O - be-dience to the Lord's com-mands!
 For as we serve the least of these, His breth-ren, we shall serve the Lord.

Lowly Service. L. M.

MRS. ADALINE H. BEERY.

Feet-washing.—John 13: 1-17.

WM. BEERY.

1. When Je - sus, Prince of Par - a - dise, In com-mon form with mor-tals dwelt,
 2. How sweet a - round the sa - cred board His part-ing words of com-fort fell!
 3. So when he bids us stoop to serve, All thought of scorn we must for - get;
 4. Praise be to thee, O Sav - ior King! Thy coun-sels will we here con - fess;

He taught the depth of sac - ri - fice, And un - to hum - ble serv - ice knelt.
 How well we love to please our Lord Our faith-ful fol - low - ing shall tell.
 From that plain path we may not swerve, Pure love shall be our on - ly debt.
 A will - ing mind to thee we bring, Do thou with peace our spir - its bless.

Obedience. L. M.

Feet-washing Taught and Practiced.—John 13.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. When Je - sus Christ was here be - low, He taught his peo - ple what to do:
 2. The Lord who made the earth and sky A - rose, and laid his gar - ments by,
 3. Pet - er said, "Lord, it shall not be, Thou shalt not stoop to wash - ing me."
 4. You call me Lord and Mas - ter too; Then do as I have done to you;
 5. Ye shall be hap - py if ye know, And do these things by faith be - low;

And if we would his pre - cepts keep, We must de - scend to wash - ing feet.
 And washed their feet, to show that we Should al - ways kind and lov - ing be.
 O that no Chris - tian here may say, I'm too un - wor - thy to o - bey.
 All my commands and coun - sels keep, And show your love by wash - ing feet.
 And I'll pro - tect you till you die, And then re - move you up on high.

FEET-WASHING.

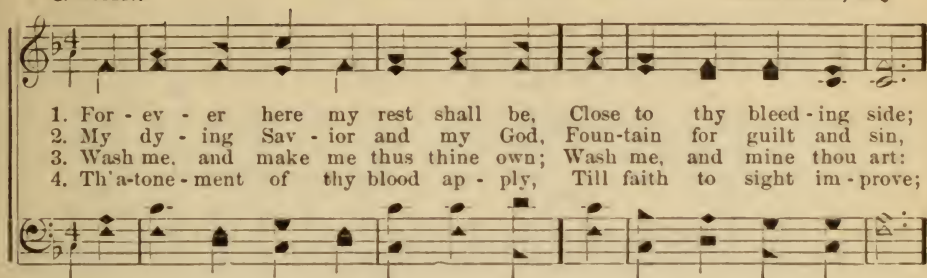
250

Dundee. C. M.

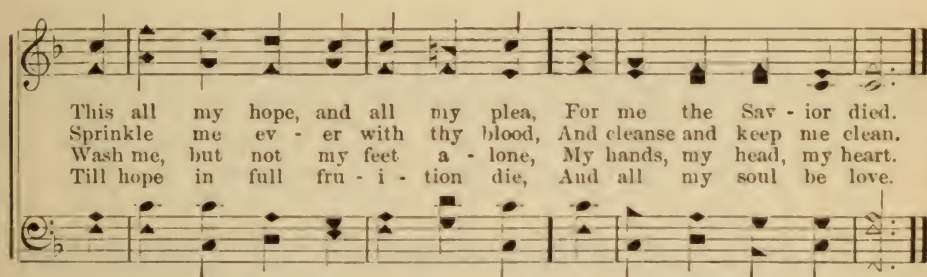
Desiring an Entire Cleansing.—John 13: 9.

C. WESLEY.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side;
 2. My dy - ing Sav - ior and my God, Foun-tain for guilt and sin,
 3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art;
 4. Th'a-tone-ment of thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;



This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - ior died.
 Sprinkle me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
 Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

251

Hartville. C. M.

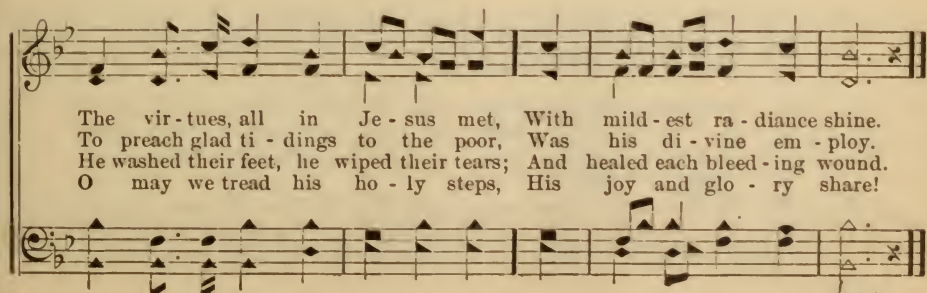
Who Went about Doing Good.—Acts 10: 38.

WM. ENFIELD.

MARGUERITE BIXLER.



1. Be - hold, where in a mor - tal form Ap - pears each grace di - vine;
 2. To spread the rays of heav'n - ly light, To give the mourn - er joy,
 3. Low - ly in heart, to all his friends A friend and serv - ant found;
 4. Be Christ our pat - tern and our guide! His im - age may we bear!



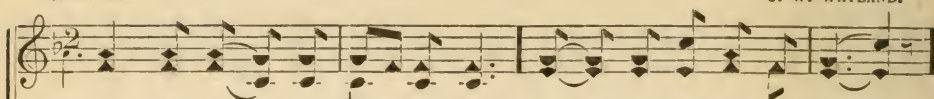
The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est ra - diance shine.
 To preach glad ti - dings to the poor, Was his di - vine em - ploy.
 He washed their feet, he wiped their tears; And healed each bleed - ing wound.
 O may we tread his ho - ly steps, His joy and glo - ry share!

Love Makes Humble Service Sweet.

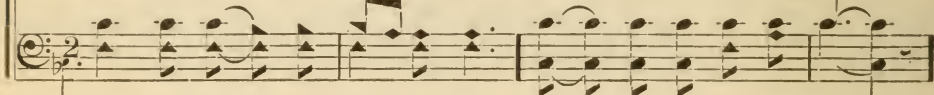

If a Man Love Me, He will Keep My Words.—John 14: 23.

J. W. W.

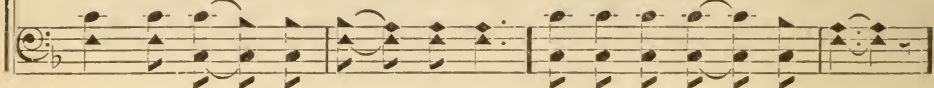
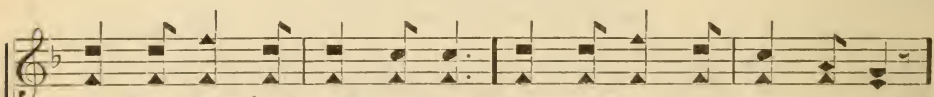
J. W. WAYLAND.




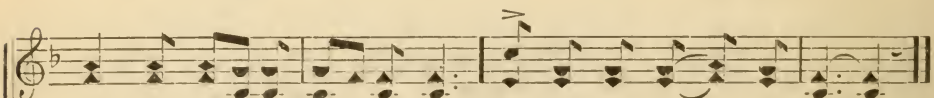
1. "Know ye what I have done to you? I, your Mas-ter and Lord?"
 2. Sa - cred rite taught in act and word, By the Sav - ior of men;
 3. Where Christ leads us we will go, Glad-ly we'll fol - low our King;

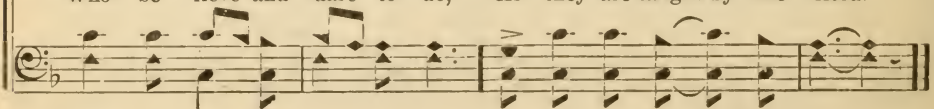
Lord ye call me and Mas - ter too, Will ye o - bey my Word?
 He who loves will do as his Lord, Till he shall come a - gain.
 None so great be - came so low, News of sal - va - tion to bring.

I, your Lord, have washed your feet, Love makes hum - ble serv - ice sweet,
 When that glo - rious morn shall rise, We shall meet him in the skies,
 Bless - ed are the serv - ants true, Tho' they be the scorn - ed few,

If ye will do what is meet, Do as hath done your Lord."
 Have a part in Par - a - dise, If we o - bey his Word.
 Who be - lieve and dare to do, As they are taught by the Lord.



LOVE FEAST AND COMMUNION.

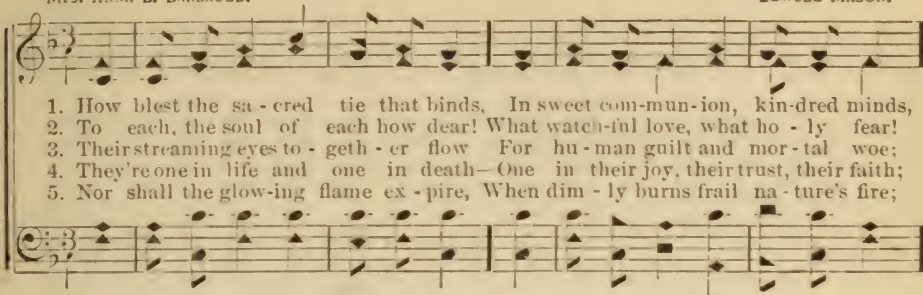
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Cowper. L. M.

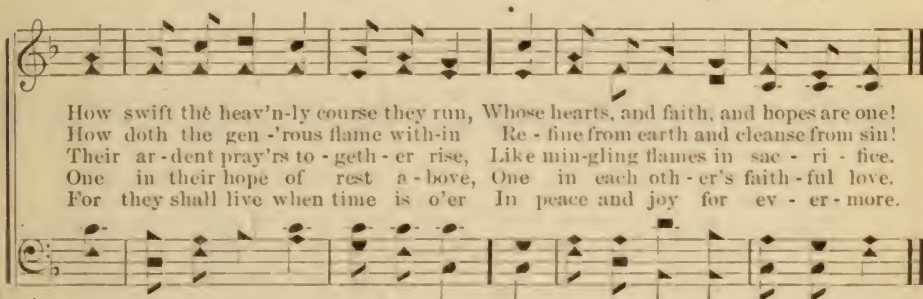
Let Brotherly Love Continue.—Heb. 13: 1.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

Lowell Mason.



1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In sweet com-mun-ion, kin-dred minds,
 2. To each, the soul of each how dear! What watch-ful love, what ho - ly fear!
 3. Their streaming eyes to - geth - er flow For hu-man guilt and mor-tal woe;
 4. They're one in life and one in death—One in their joy, their trust, their faith;
 5. Nor shall the glow-ing flame ex-pire, When dim-ly burns frail na-ture's fire;



How swift the heav'n-ly course they run, Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one!
 How doth the gen-'rous flame with-in Re - fine from earth and cleanse from sin!
 Their ar-dent pray'rs to - geth - er rise, Like min-gling flames in sac - ri - fice.
 One in their hope of rest a - bove, One in each oth - er's faith - ful love.
 For they shall live when time is o'er In peace and joy for ev - er - more.

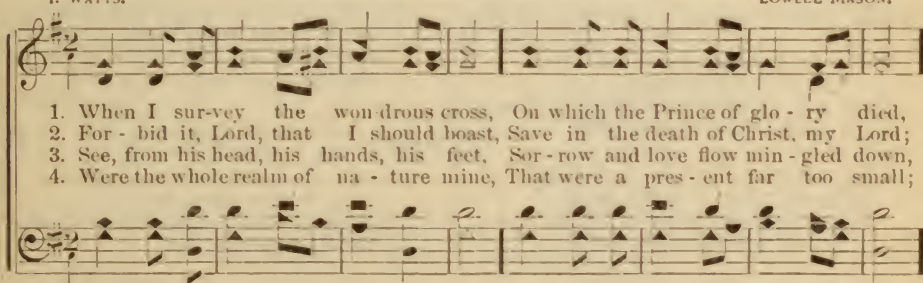
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Hamburg. L. M.

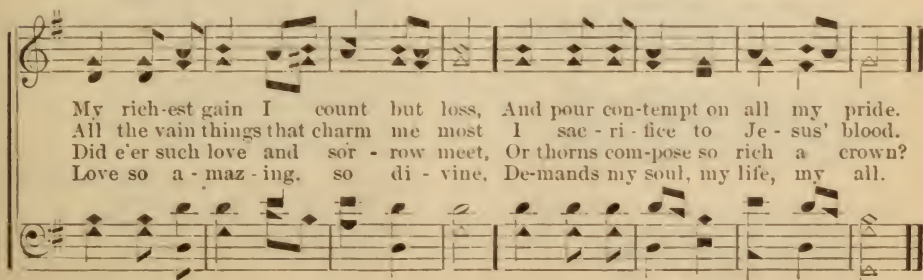
The Effects of a View of the Cross.—Gal. 6: 14.

I. Watts.

Lowell Mason.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
 3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most I sac - ri - fice to Je - sus' blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

THOS. COTTERILL.

The Feast of Charity.—Jude 12.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. In mem'-ry of the Sav-ior's love, We keep the sa-cred feast,
 2. Here let our ran-somed pow'rs u-nite His hon-ored name to raise;
 3. One fold, one faith, one hope, one Lord, One God a-lone we know;
 4. Un-der his ban-ner thus we sing The won-ders of his love,

Where ev-'ry hum-ble, con-trite heart Is made a wel-come guest.
 Let grate-ful joy fill ev-'ry mind, And ev-'ry voice be praise.
 Breth-ren we are; let ev-'ry heart With kind af-fec-tions glow.
 And thus an-tic-i-pate, by faith, The heav'n-ly feast a-bove.

256 *Christ's Compassion.*—Isa. 53: 5. C. M.

- 1 How condescending and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son!
 Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
 And pity brought him down.
- 2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
 Drew forth its dreadful sword,
 He gave his soul up to the stroke
 Without a murmuring word.
- 3 He sank beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne;
 There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
 But cost his heart a groan.
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
 That though the Savior knew
 The price of pardon was his blood
 His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great:
 Well he remembers Calvary,
 Nor lets his saints forget.

- 6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
 While we his death record,
 And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
 Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

L. WATTS.

257 *Love is the Fulfilling of the Law.* C. M.

Rom. 13: 10.

- 1 Ye followers of the Prince of Peace,
 Who round his table draw,
 Remember what his spirit was,
 What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love which all his bosom filled
 Did all his actions guide;
 Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
 Inspired by love, he died.
- 3 Let each the sacred law fulfill;
 Like his be every mind;
 Be every temper formed by love,
 And every action kind.
- 4 Let none who call themselves his friends
 Disgrace the honored name,
 But by a near resemblance prove
 The title which they claim.

—BIRMINGHAM.

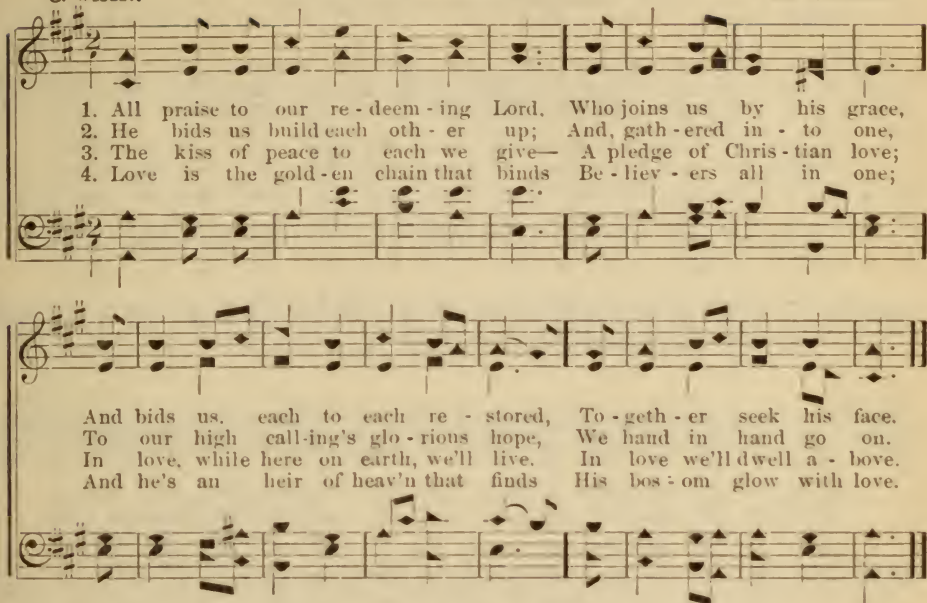
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Dedham. C. M.

Be Perfectly Joined Together.—1 Cor. 1: 10.

C. WESLEY.

WM. GARDINER.



1. All praise to our re - deem - ing Lord, Who joins us by his grace,
 2. He bids us build each oth - er up; And, gath - ered in - to one,
 3. The kiss of peace to each we give— A pledge of Chris - tian love;
 4. Love is the gold - en chain that binds Be - liev - ers all in one;

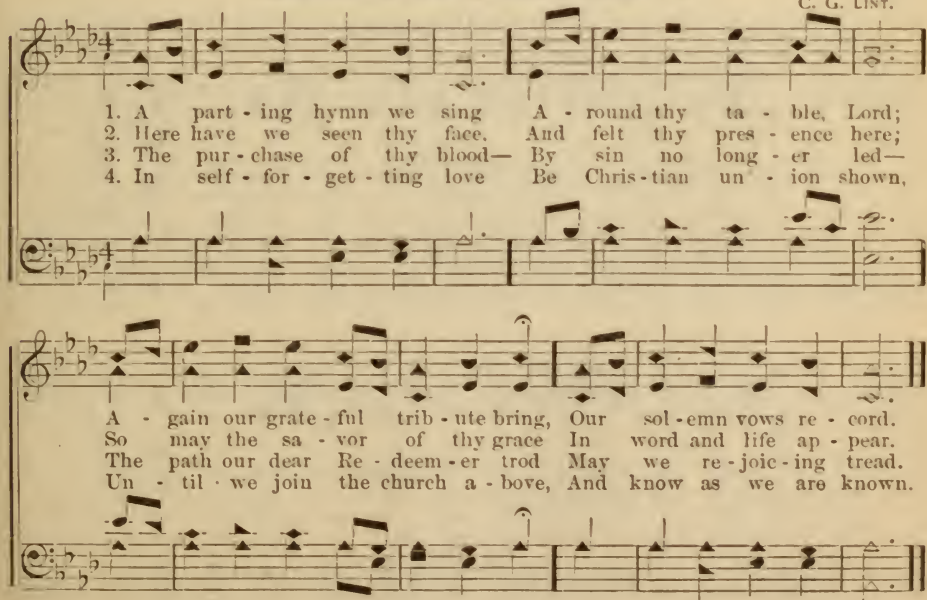
And bids us, each to each re - stored, To - geth - er seek his face.
 To our high call - ing's glo - rious hope, We hand in hand go on.
 In love, while here on earth, we'll live, In love we'll dwell a - bove.
 And he's an heir of heav'n that finds His bos - om glow with love.

259

Annie. S. M.

And when They Had Sung a Hymn.—Matt. 26: 30.

C. G. LINT.



1. A part - ing hymn we sing A - round thy ta - ble, Lord;
 2. Here have we seen thy face, And felt thy pres - ence here;
 3. The pur - chase of thy blood— By sin no long - er led—
 4. In self - for - get - ting love Be Chris - tian un - ion shown,

A - gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord.
 So may the sa - vor of thy grace In word and life ap - pear.
 The path our dear Re - deem - er trod May we re - joic - ing tread.
 Un - til we join the church a - bove, And know as we are known.

Endor. P. M.

For a Parting Blessing.—Luke 23: 33.

C. WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

Fine.

1. { Lamb of God, whose bleed - ing love We now re - call to mind, }
 { Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find: }
D. C.—O, re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

2. { Let thy blood, by faith ap - plied, The sin - ner's par - don seal; }
 { Speak us free - ly jus - ti - fied, And all our sick - ness heal: }
D. C.—O, re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

D. C.

Think on us who think on thee, And ev - 'ry strug - gling soul re - lease;
 By thy pas - sion on the tree, Let all our griefs and troub - les cease;

Molucca. 8s, 7s & 4s.

It is Finished.—John 19: 30.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS.


I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;
 2. It is fin - ished! O what pleas - ure Do these charm - ing words af - ford;
 3. Hap - py souls, ap - proach the ta - ble, Taste the soul - re - viv - ing food;
 4. Tune your hearts a - new, ye ser - aphs, Join to sing the pleas - ing theme,

See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
 Heav'n - ly bless - ings with - out meas - ure Flow to us from Christ the Lord,
 Noth - ing half so sweet and pleas - ant As the Sav - ior's flesh and blood.
 All on earth, and all in heav - en, Join to praise Im - man - uel's name—

LOVE FEAST AND COMMUNION.

Molucca.—Concluded.



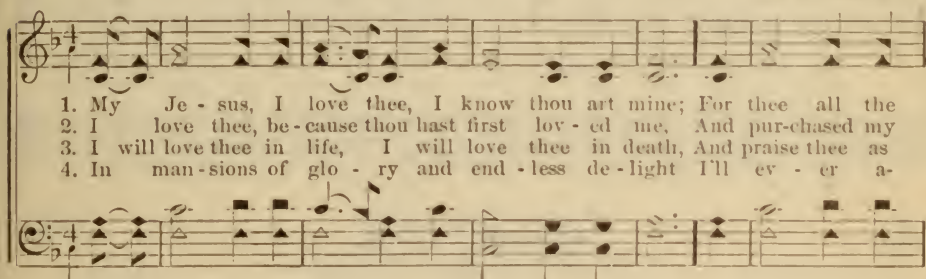
It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished! Hear the dy-ing Sav-ior cry.
 It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished! Saints, the dy-ing words re-cord.
 It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished! Christ has borne the heav-y load.
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb!

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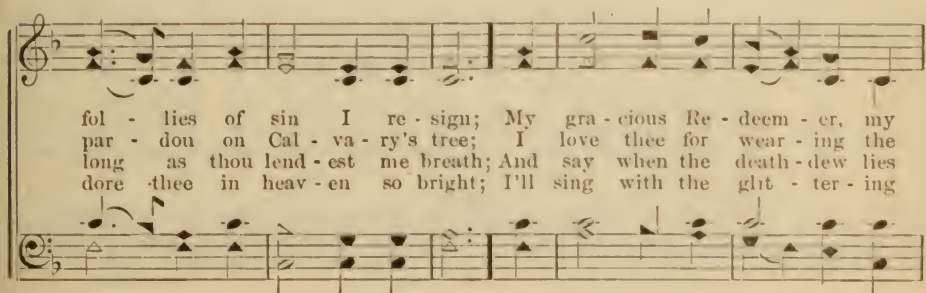
My Jesus, I Love Thee. 11s.

Whom Having Not Seen, Ye Love.—1 Peter 1: 8.

A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je-sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine; For thee all the
 2. I love thee, be-cause thou hast first lov-ed me, And pur-chased my
 3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo-ry and end-less de-light I'll ev-er a-



fol-lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my
 par-dou on Cal-va-ry's tree; I love thee for wear-ing the
 long as thou lend-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
 dore thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit-ter-ing



Sav-ior art thou; If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 't is now.
 thorns on thy brow; If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 't is now.
 cold on my brow, If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 't is now.
 crown on my brow, If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 't is now.

263

Bread of Heaven. 7s.

J. CONDOR.

I Am the Living Bread—John 6: 48.

S. G. CLINE.

1. { Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in-deed; }
 { Ev - er may our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing Bread; }
 2. { Vine of heav'n! Thy blood sup-plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice; }
 { Lord, thy wounds our heal - ing give, To thy cross we look and live; }

Day by day with strength sup-plied Thro' the life of him who died.
 Je - sus, may we ev - er be Graft-ed, root - ed, built on thee.

264

Siloam. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Danger of Divisions.—Acts 20: 29.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1842.

1. Je - sus, great Shepherd of the sheep, To thee for help we fly;
 2. Us in - to thy pro - tec - tion take, And gath - er with thine arm;
 3. O do not suf - fer him to part The souls that here a - gree;
 4. To - geth - er let us sweet - ly live, To - geth - er let us die;

Thy lit - tle flock in safe - ty keep, For O! the wolf is nigh.
 Un - less the fold we first for - sake, The wolf can nev - er harm.
 But make us of one mind and heart, And keep us one in thee.
 And each a star - ry crown re - ceive, And reign a - bove the sky.

265

Praise. C. M.

The Union of Brethren Pleasant.—Psa. 133.

I. WATTS.

T. J. COOK.

1. Lo! what an en - ter - tain - ing sight Are breth - ren that a - gree!
 2. 'Tis like the oil di - vine - ly sweet, On Aar - on's rev - 'rend head:
 3. When streams of love, from Christ the spring, De - scend to ev - 'ry soul,
 4. 'Tis pleas - ant as the morn - ing dews That fall on Zi - on's Hill,

Breth - ren whose cheer - ful hearts u - nite In bands of pi - e - ty;
 The trick - ling drops per - fumed his feet, And o'er his gar - ments spread.
 And heav'n - ly peace with balm - y wing Shades and be - dews the whole;
 Where God his mild - est glo - ry shows, And makes his grace dis - till.

266

Balerna. C. M.

Bear Ye One Another's Burden.—Gal. 6: 2.

C. WESLEY.

Arr. by R. SIMPSON.

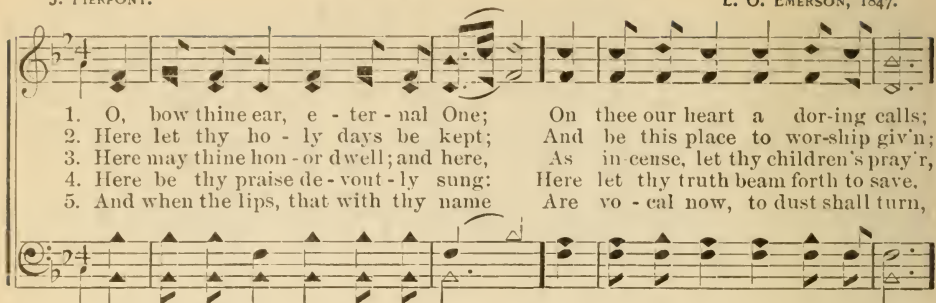
1. Help us to help each oth - er, Lord, Each oth - er's cross to bear;
 2. Help us to build each oth - er up, Our lit - tle stock im - prove;
 3. Up in - to thee, the liv - ing Head, Let us in all things grow,
 4. Then, when the might - y work is wrought, Re - ceive thy read - y bride:

Let each his friend - ly aid af - ford, And feel his broth - er's care.
 In - crease our faith, con - firm our hope, And per - fect us in love.
 Till thou hast made us free in - deed, And spot - less here be - low.
 Give us in heav'n a hap - py lot With all the sanc - ti - fied.

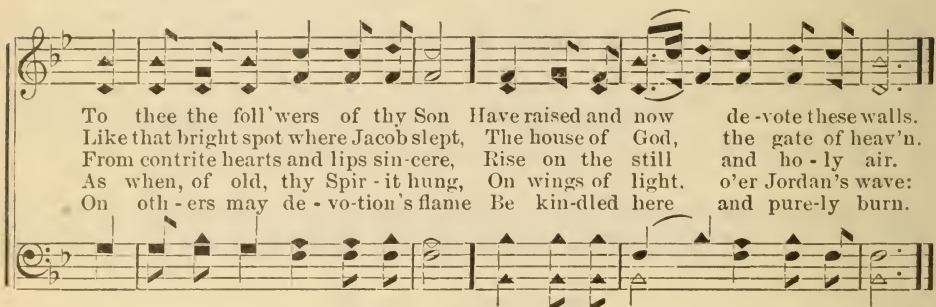
J. PIERPONT.

Bethel—the House of God.—Gen. 28: 19.

L. O. EMERSON, 1847.



1. O, bow thine ear, e - ter - nal One; On thee our heart a - dor-ing calls;
 2. Here let thy ho - ly days be kept; And be this place to wor-ship giv'n;
 3. Here may thine hon - or dwell; and here, As in cense, let thy children's pray'r,
 4. Here be thy praise de - vout - ly sung; Here let thy truth beam forth to save.
 5. And when the lips, that with thy name Are vo - cal now, to dust shall turn,

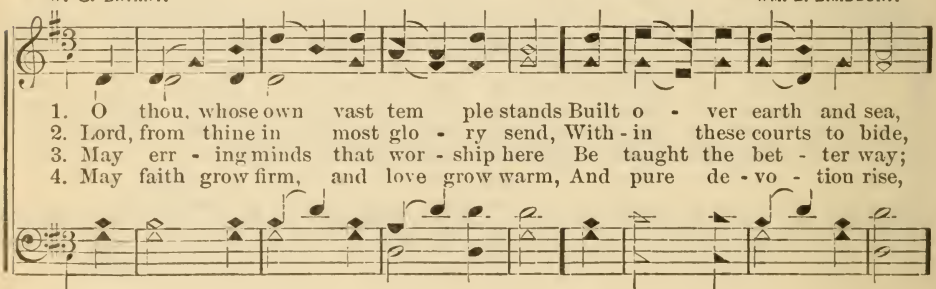


To thee the foll'wers of thy Son Have raised and now de-vote these walls.
 Like that bright spot where Jacob slept, The house of God, the gate of heav'n.
 From contrite hearts and lips sin-cere, Rise on the still and ho - ly air.
 As when, of old, thy Spir - it hung, On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave:
 On oth - ers may de - vo-tion's flame Be kin-dled here and pure-ly burn.

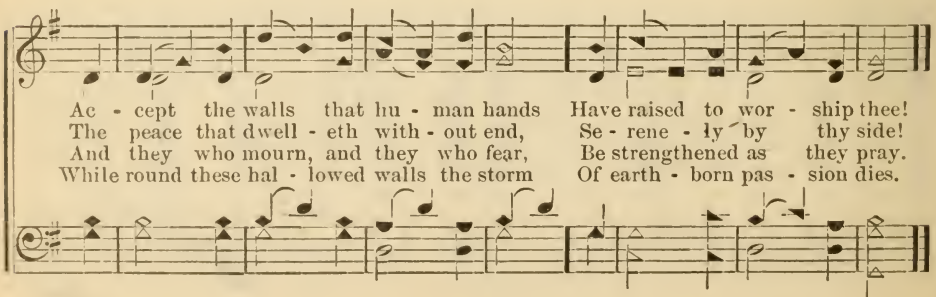
W. C. BRYANT.

My Name Shall Be There.—1 Kings 8: 29.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. O thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands Built o - ver earth and sea,
 2. Lord, from thine in - most glo - ry send, With - in these courts to bide,
 3. May err - ing minds that wor - ship here Be taught the bet - ter way;
 4. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And pure de - vo - tion rise,



Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship thee!
 The peace that dwell - eth with - out end, Se - rene - ly by thy side!
 And they who mourn, and they who fear, Be strengthened as they pray.
 While round these hal - lowed walls the storm Of earth - born pas - sion dies.

Prayer. 7s.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

House of Prayer.—Isalah 56: 7.

ASAHEL ABBOT.

1. Lord of hosts, to thee we raise Here a house of pray'r and praise;
 2. Let the liv - ing here be fed With thy Word, the heav'n - ly bread;
 3. Here to thee a tem - ple stand, While the sea shall gird the land:
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah!—earth and sky To the joy - ful sound re - ply;

Thou thy peo - ple's heart pre - pare Here to meet for praise and pray'r.
 Here, in hope of glo - ry blest, May the dead be laid to rest.
 Here re - veal thy mer - cy sure. While the sun and moon en - dure.
 Hal - le - lu - jah!—hence as - cend Pray'r and praise till time shall end.

THE GOSPEL.

Windham. L. M.

I. WATTS.

The Broad and Narrow Way.—Matt. 7: 13, 14.

DANIEL READ, 1785.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death. And thou - sands walk to - geth - er there,
 2. "De - ny thy - self, and take thy cross," Is the Re - deem - er's great command;
 3. The fear - ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
 4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new,

But wis - dom shows a nar - row path. With here and there a trav - el - er.
 Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'n - ly land.
 Is but es - teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own de - struc - tion sure.
 Which hyp - o - crites could ne'er at - tain, Which false a - pos - tates nev - er knew.

Bettever's Chant. L. M.

Invitation to Sinners.—Isaiah 55: 1.

B. H. EVERETT.

1. I long to see the sea - son come When sin - ners shall come flock - ing home
 2. Hark! 't is the glo - rious gos - pel sound, In - vit - ing sin - ners all a - round;
 3. He now is knock - ing at your heart, Wait - ing sal - va - tion to im - part;
 4. Take your com - pan - ions by the hand, And all your chil - dren in a band,
 5. And when the day of Christ shall come, And he col - lects his jew - els home;

To taste the heav'n of Je - sus' love, And seek the joys that are a - bove.
 Be - hold! the lov - ing Sav - ior stands And spreads for you his bleed - ing hands.
 To wash you in a - ton - ing blood, And seal you heirs and sons of God.
 And give them up at Je - sus' call, To par don, bless, and save them all.
 On Zi - on's mount you all shall stand, And join the bright, an - gel - ic band.

By permission.

272

Come, for all Things are Now Ready.—Luke 14: 17

L. M.

- 1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind.
- 2 Since our dear Lord to you doth call,
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world, come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest!
Ye poor and maimed, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 The message from the Lord receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live,
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 5 His love is mighty to compel,
His conquering love consent to feel:
Yield to his love's redeeming power,
And strive against your God no more.

C. WESLEY.

(172)

273

Come unto Me.—Matt. 11: 28.

L. M.

- 1 With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
- 3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."
- 4 Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to me."
- 5 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

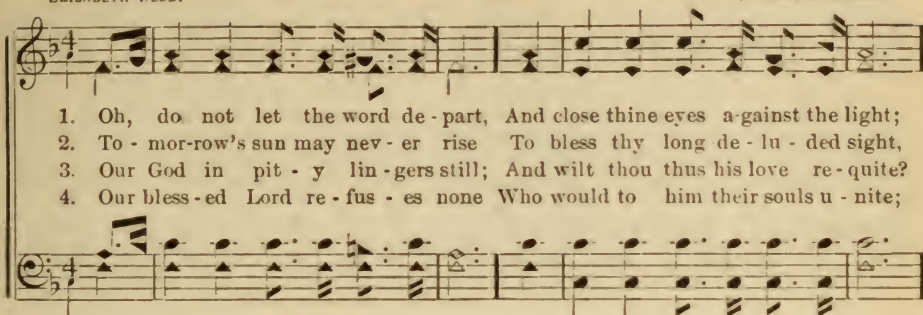
MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1835.

Oh, Why Not To-night? L. M. P.

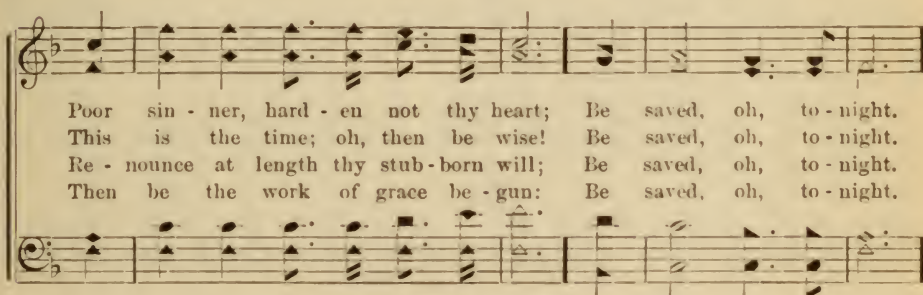
ELIZABETH REED.

Look unto Me, and be Ye Saved.—Isaiah 45: 22.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

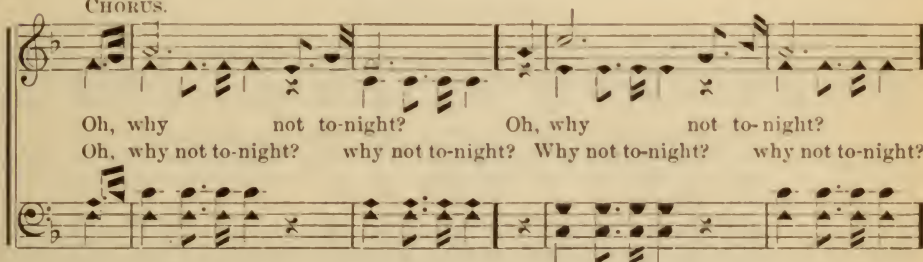


1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-against the light;
 2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lu-ded sight,
 3. Our God in pit-y lin-gers still; And wilt thou thus his love re-quite?
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to him their souls u-nite;

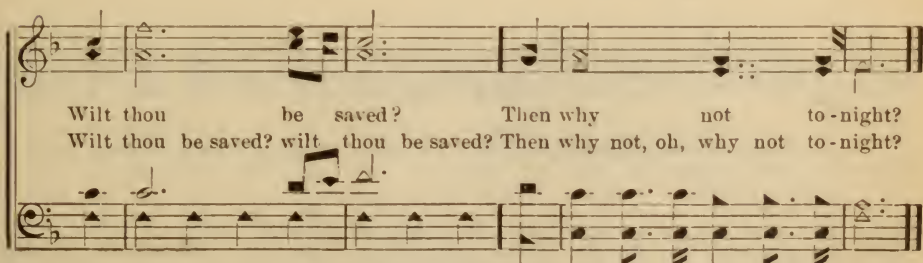


Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart; Be saved, oh, to-night.
 This is the time; oh, then be wise! Be saved, oh, to-night.
 Re-nounce at length thy stub-born will; Be saved, oh, to-night.
 Then be the work of grace be-gun: Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.



Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
 Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?



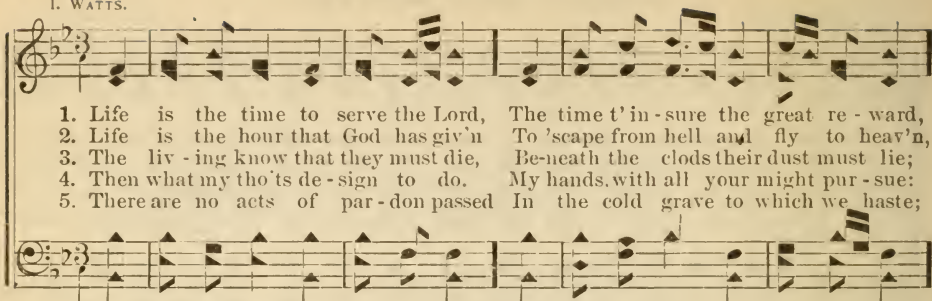
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

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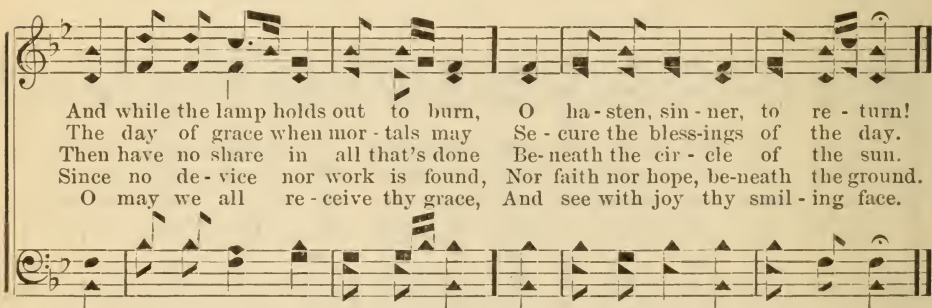
Devotion. L. M.

Life, the Time to Labor.—Eccl. 9: 10.

I. WATTS.



1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' in-sure the great re-ward,
 2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n,
 3. The liv-ing know that they must die, Be-neath the clods their dust must lie;
 4. Then what my tho'ts de-sign to do, My hands, with all your might pur-sue:
 5. There are no acts of par-don passed In the cold grave to which we haste;



And while the lamp holds out to burn, O ha-sten, sin-ner, to re-turn!
 The day of grace when mor-tals may Se-cure the bless-ings of the day.
 Then have no share in all that's done Be-neath the cir-cle of the sun.
 Since no de-vice nor work is found, Nor faith nor hope, be-neath the ground.
 O may we all re-ceive thy grace, And see with joy thy smil-ing face.

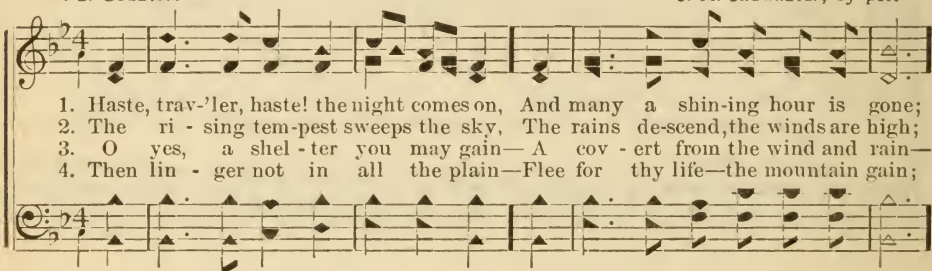
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Haste, Traveler, Haste. L. M.

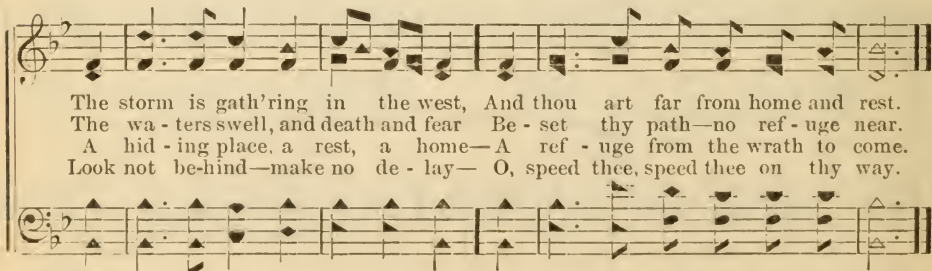
Haste Thee.—Gen. 19: 22.

W. B. COLLYER.

J. M. SHOWALTER, by per.



1. Haste, trav-ler, haste! the night comes on, And many a shin-ing hour is gone;
 2. The ri-sing tem-pest sweeps the sky, The rains de-scend, the winds are high;
 3. O yes, a shel-ter you may gain—A cov-ert from the wind and rain—
 4. Then lin-ger not in all the plain—Flee for thy life—the mountain gain;



The storm is gath'ring in the west, And thou art far from home and rest.
 The wa-ters swell, and death and fear Be-set thy path—no ref-uge near.
 A hid-ing place, a rest, a home—A ref-uge from the wrath to come.
 Look not be-hind—make no de-lay—O, speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

Behold a Stranger at the Door. L. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

Behold, I Stand at the Door.—Rev. 3: 20.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be - hold a stran-ger at the door! He gen-tly knocks—has knocked before;
 2. O! love - ly at - ti - tude—he stands With melt - ed heart and load - ed hands;
 3. But will he prove a friend in-deed? He will—the ver - y Friend you need;
 4. Rise, touch'd with grat-i - tude di-vine, Turn out his en - e - my and thine,
 5. Ad - mit him, ere his an - ger burn— His feet, de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn;

Has wait - ed long— is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 O! match-less kind-ness—and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes!
 The Friend of sin - ners—yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
 That soul - de - stroy - ing mon - ster, sin— And let the heav'nly stran-ger in!
 Ad - mit him— or the hour's at hand, You'll at his door re - ject - ed stand.

CHORUS.

O, let the dear Savior come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
 come in, from sin;

O, keep him no more, out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in.
 come in.

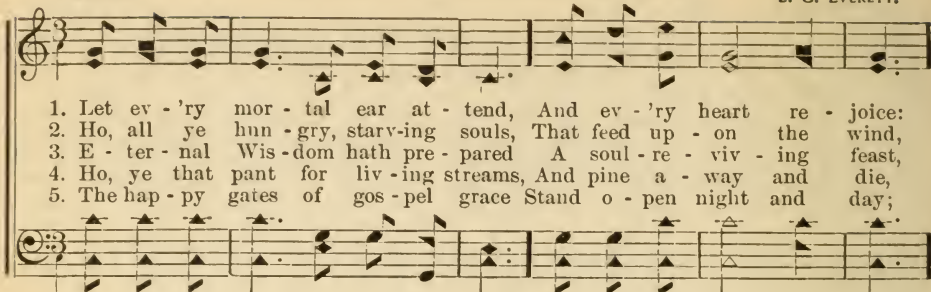
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Spring. C. M.

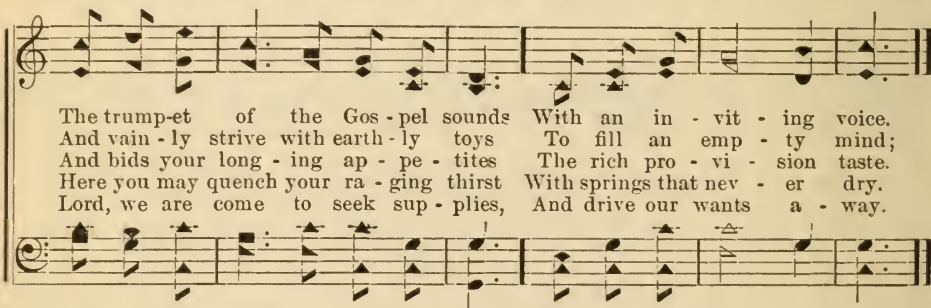
Hear, and Your Souls Shall Live.—Isalah 55: 3.

I. WATTS.

L. C. EVERETT.



1. Let ev - 'ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev - 'ry heart re - joice:
 2. Ho, all ye hun - gry, starv - ing souls, That feed up - on the wind;
 3. E - ter - nal Wis - dom hath pre - pared A soul - re - viv - ing feast,
 4. Ho, ye that pant for liv - ing streams, And pine a - way and die,
 5. The hap - py gates of gos - pel grace Stand o - pen night and day;



The trump - et of the Gos - pel sounds With an in - vit - ing voice.
 And vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys To fill an emp - ty mind;
 And bids your long - ing ap - pe - tites The rich pro - vi - sion taste.
 Here you may quench your ra - ging thirst With springs that nev - er dry.
 Lord, we are come to seek sup - plies, And drive our wants a - way.

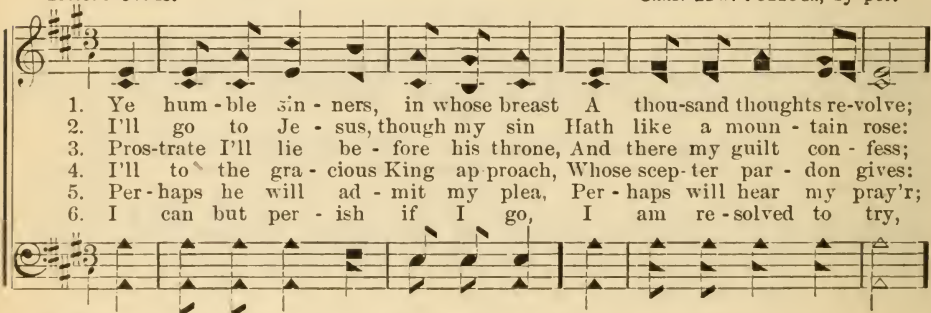
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Bessie. C. M.

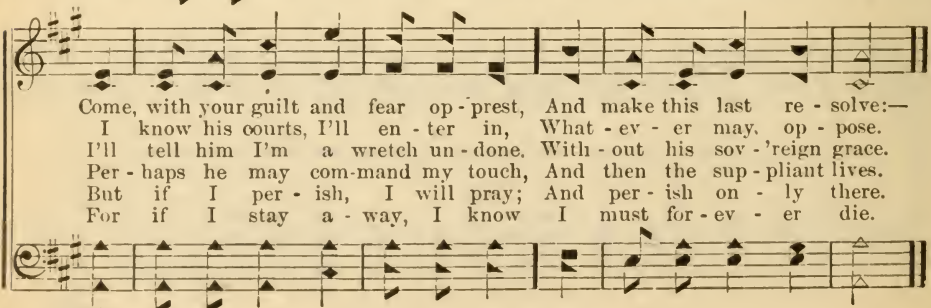
I Will Go in unto the King.—Esterh 4: 16.

EDMUND JONES.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



1. Ye hum - ble sin - ners, in whose breast A thou - sand thoughts re - solve;
 2. I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Hath like a moun - tain rose;
 3. Pros - trate I'll lie be - fore his throne, And there my guilt con - fess;
 4. I'll to the gra - cious King ap - proach, Whose scep - ter par - don gives;
 5. Per - haps he will ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my pray'r;
 6. I can but per - ish if I go, I am re - solved to try,



Come, with your guilt and fear op - prest, And make this last re - solve:—
 I know his courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may, op - pose.
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch un - done. With - out his sov - 'reign grace.
 Per - haps he may com - mand my touch, And then the sup - pliant lives.
 But if I per - ish, I will pray; And per - ish on - ly there.
 For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.

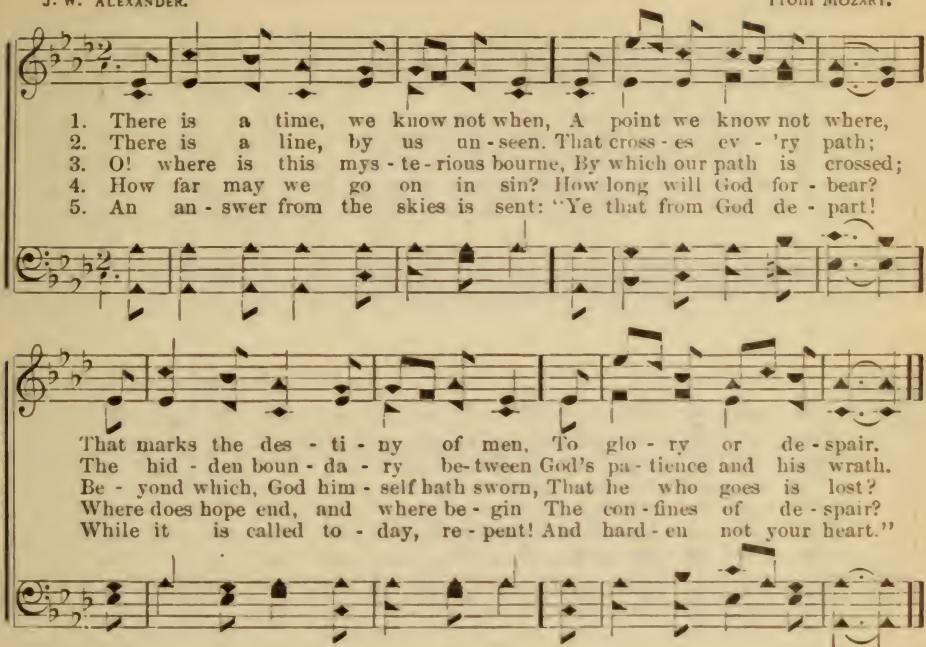
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Belmont. C. M.

J. W. ALEXANDER.

The Close of the Day of Grace.—Gen. 6: 3.

From MOZART.



1. There is a time, we know not when, A point we know not where,
 2. There is a line, by us un-seen. That cross-es ev-'ry path;
 3. O! where is this mys-te-rious bourne, By which our path is crossed;
 4. How far may we go on in sin? How long will God for-bear?
 5. An an-swer from the skies is sent: "Ye that from God de-part!
 That marks the des-ti-ny of men. To glo-ry or de-spair.
 The hid-den boun-da-ry be-tween God's pa-tience and his wrath.
 Be-yond which, God him-self hath sworn, That he who goes is lost?
 Where does hope end, and where be-gin The con-fines of de-spair?
 While it is called to-day, re-pent! And hard-en not your heart."

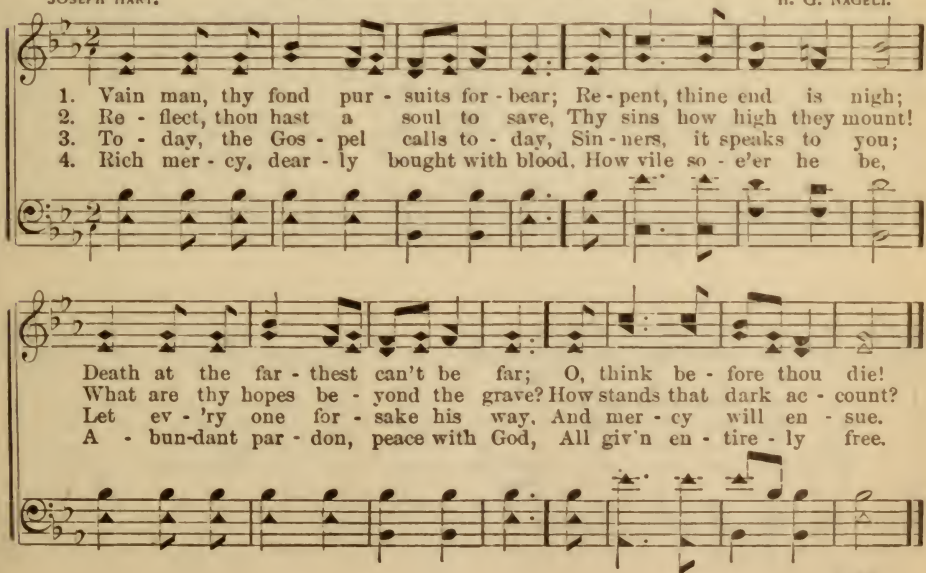
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Naomi. C. M.

JOSEPH HART.

Prepare to Meet Thy God.—Amos 1: 12.

H. G. NAGELL.



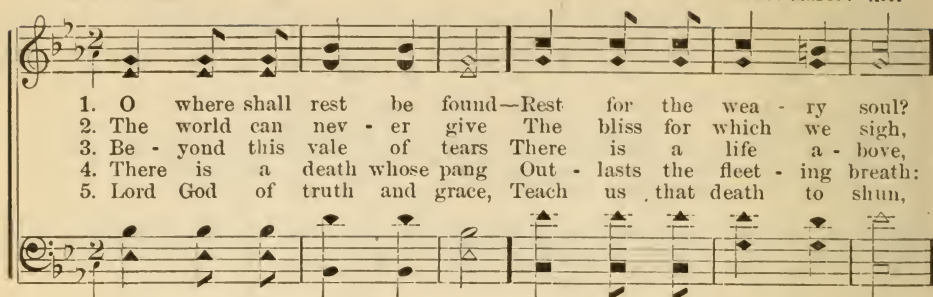
1. Vain man, thy fond pur-suits for-bear; Re-pent, thine end is nigh;
 2. Re-flect, thou hast a soul to save, Thy sins how high they mount!
 3. To-day, the Gos-pel calls to-day, Sin-ners, it speaks to you;
 4. Rich mer-cy, dear-ly bought with blood, How vile so-e'er he be,
 Death at the far-thest can't be far; O, think be-fore thou die!
 What are thy hopes be-yond the grave? How stands that dark ac-count?
 Let ev-'ry one for-sake his way, And mer-cy will en-sue.
 A-bun-dant par-don, peace with God, All giv'n en-tire-ly free.

Shawmut. S. M.

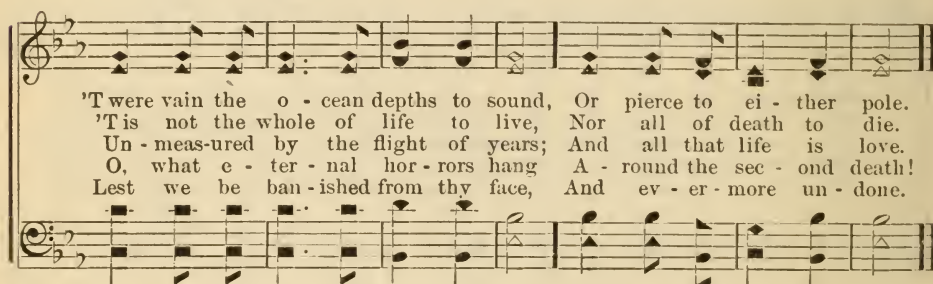
JAS. MONTGOMERY.

Eternal Life and the Second Death.—Matt. 25: 46.

LOWELL MASON. ARR.



1. O where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea - ry soul?
 2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh,
 3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,
 4. There is a death whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath:
 5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun,



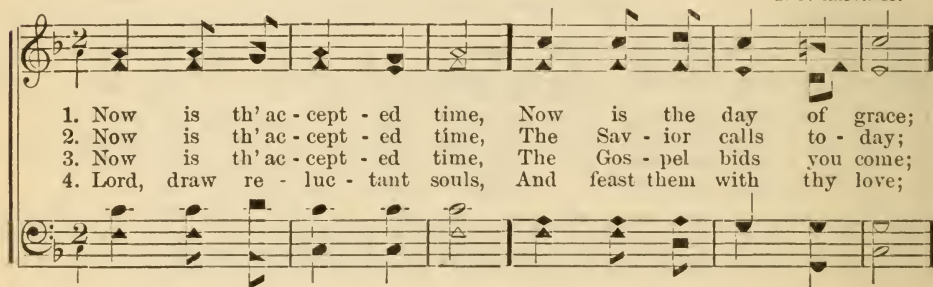
'T were vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
 'T is not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
 Un - meas - ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
 O, what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round the sec - ond death!
 Lest we be ban - ished from thy face, And ev - er - more un - done.

Detroit. S. M.

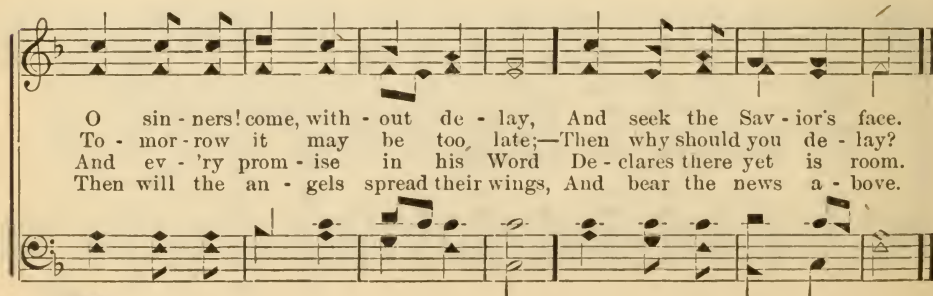
J. DOBELL.

The Accepted Time.—2 Cor. 6: 2.

E. P. HASTINGS.



1. Now is th' ac - cept - ed time, Now is the day of grace;
 2. Now is th' ac - cept - ed time, The Sav - ior calls to - day;
 3. Now is th' ac - cept - ed time, The Gos - pel bids you come;
 4. Lord, draw re - luc - tant souls, And feast them with thy love;



O sin - ners! come, with - out de - lay, And seek the Sav - ior's face.
 To - mor - row it may be too, late;—Then why should you de - lay?
 And ev - 'ry prom - ise in his Word De - clares there yet is room.
 Then will the an - gels spread their wings, And bear the news a - bove.

Only Trust Him. C. M.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—Matt. 11: 29.

Rev. J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Comethen, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his Word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;

He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

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Lenox. H. M.

The Year of Jubilee.—Isaiah 27: 13.

C. WESLEY

L. EDSON, 1782.

1. Blow ye the trump-et, blow The glad-ly sol-lemn sound! Let all the
 2. Ex-alt the Lamb of God, The sin-a-ton-ing Lamb; Re-demp-tion
 3. Ye who have sold for nought Your her-it-age a-bove, Come take it
 4. The gos-pel trump-et hear, The news of pard'ning grace; Ye hap-py
 5. Je-sus, our great High Priest, Has full a-tone-ment made; Ye wea-ry

na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come,
 by his blood Thro' all the lands pro-claim, The year of ju-bi-lee is come,
 back un-bought, The gift of Je-sus' love; The year of ju-bi-lee is come,
 souls, draw near, Be-hold your Sav-ior's face. The year of ju-bi-lee is come,
 spir-its, rest, Ye mournful souls, be glad. The year of ju-bi-lee is come,

The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.

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Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

The Danger of Delay.—Jas. 4: 13, 14.

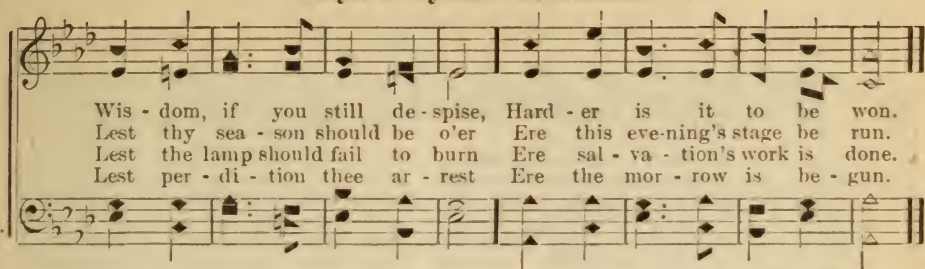
THOMAS SCOTT.

I. PLEYEL.

1. Ha-sten, sin-ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun;
 2. Ha-sten, mer-cy to im-plore! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
 3. Ha-sten, sin-ner, to re-turn! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
 4. Ha-sten, sin-ner, to be blest! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,

INVITATION AND WARNING.

Pleyel's Hymn.—Concluded.



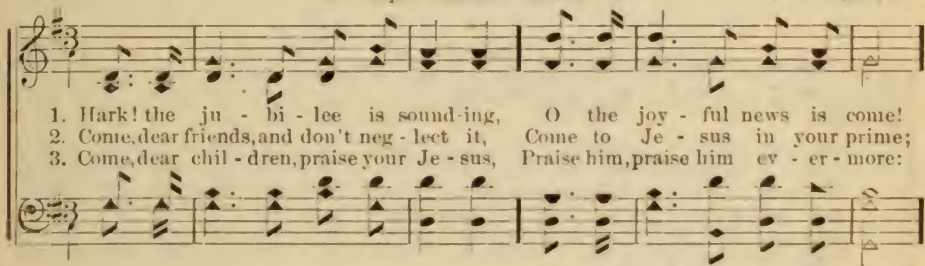
Wis - dom, if you still de - spise, Hard - er is it to be won.
 Lest thy sea - son should be o'er Ere this eve - ning's stage be run.
 Lest the lamp should fail to burn Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.
 Lest per - di - tion thee ar - rest Ere the mor - row is be - gun.

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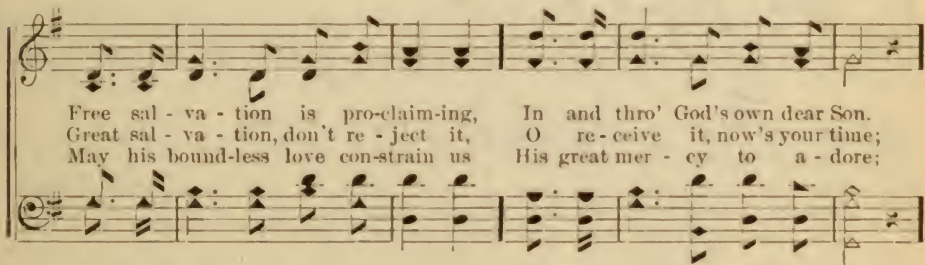
Harwell. 8s & 7s D.

The Gospel Invitation.—REV. 22: 17.

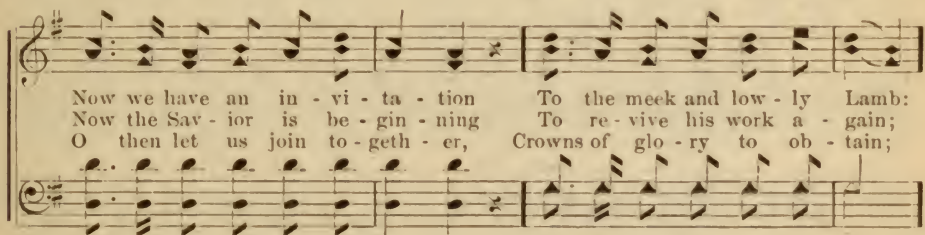
LOWELL MASON.



1. Hark! the ju - bi - lee is sound-ing, O the joy - ful news is come!
 2. Come, dear friends, and don't neg - lect it, Come to Je - sus in your prime;
 3. Come, dear chil - dren, praise your Je - sus, Praise him, praise him ev - er - more:



Free sal - va - tion is pro-claim-ing, In and thro' God's own dear Son.
 Great sal - va - tion, don't re - ject it, O re - ceive it, now's your time;
 May his bound-less love con-strain us His great mer - cy to a - dore;



Now we have an in - vi - ta - tion To the meek and low - ly Lamb:
 Now the Sav - ior is be - gin - ning To re - vive his work a - gain;
 O then let us join to - geth - er, Crowns of glo - ry to ob - tain;



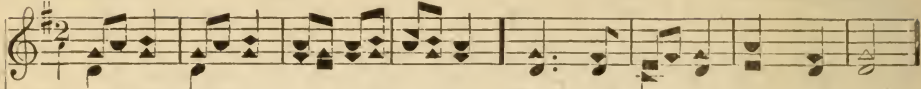
Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

Come, Ye Sinners. 8s, 7s & 4s.

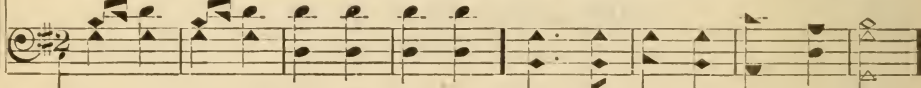
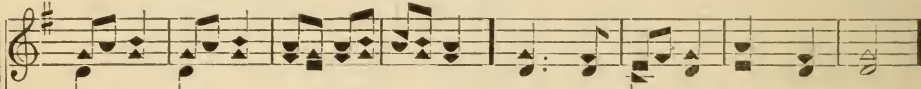
JOSEPH HART.

Look Unto Me and be Saved.—Isaiah 45: 22.



JEREMIAH INGALS.




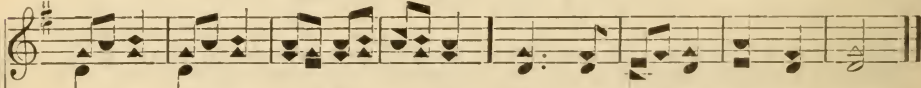
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore,
 2. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
 3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav-y la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 4. Ag - o - ni - zing in the gar - den, Lo! your Sav - ior pros - trate lies!
 5. Lo! the ri - sing Lord, as - cend-ing, Pleads the vir - tue of his blood:
 6. Saints and an - gels, joined in con-cert, Sing the prais-es of the Lamb,


Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r:
 All the fit - ness he re - quir-eth, Is to feel your need of him;
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all,
 On the blood-y tree be - hold him! Hear him cry be - fore he dies,
 Ven - ture on him, ven - ture free - ly, Let no oth - er trust in - trude:
 While the bliss - ful seats of heav-en Sweet - ly ech - o with his name,

He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing—doubt no more;
 This he gives you, this he gives you, 'Tis the Sav - ior's ri - sing beam;
 Not the right-eous—not the right-eous—Sin - ners Je - sus came to call:
 "It is fin - ished, it is fin - ished!" Sin - ners, will not this suf - fice?
 None but Je - sus, none but Je - sus Can do help - less sin - ners good;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Sin - ners here may do the same;

He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will-ing—doubt no more.
 This he gives you, this he gives you, 'Tis the Sav-ior's ri-sing beam.
 Not the right-eous—not the right-eous—Sin-ners Je-sus came to call.
 "It is fin-ished, it is fin-ished!" Sin-ners, will not this suf-fice?
 None but Je-sus, none but Je-sus Can do help-less sin-ners good.
 Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Sin-ners here may do the same.



INVITATION AND WARNING.

(Tune: COME, YE SINNERS. No. 288.)

289 *Glad Tidings.*—Acts 13:32. 8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it,
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor:
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors, groveling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the Word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

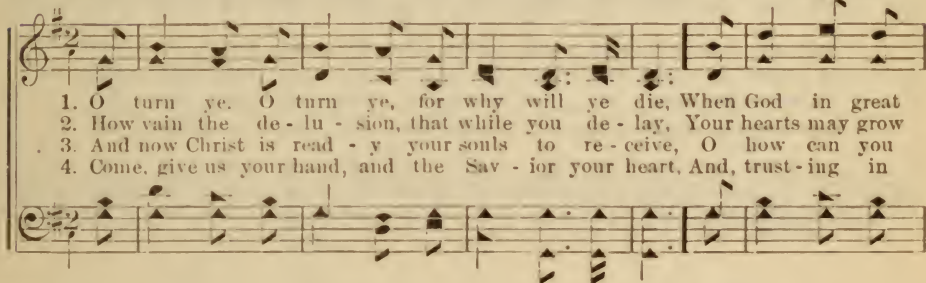
J. ALLEN.

290 0 Turn Ye, 0 Turn Ye. 11s.

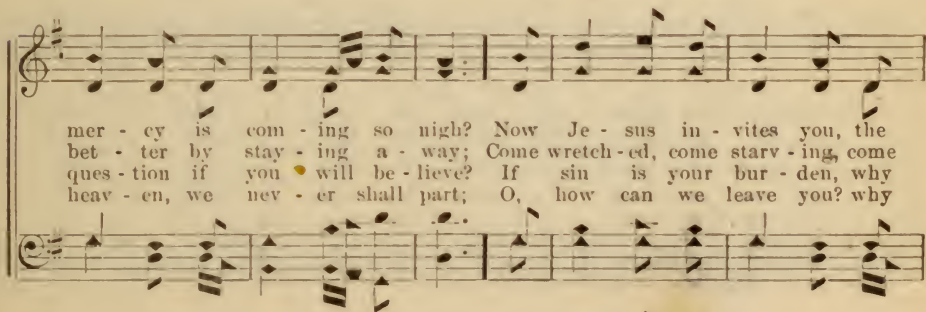
J. H.

Why Will Ye Die?—Ezek. 18: 31.

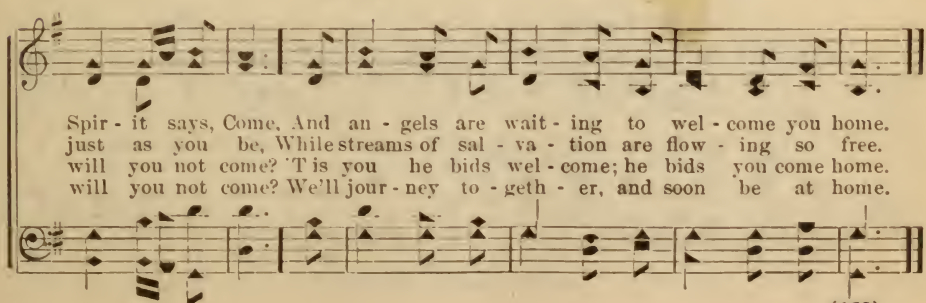
J. HOPKINS.



1. O turn ye. O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great
2. How vain the de-lu-sion, that while you de-lay, Your hearts may grow
3. And now Christ is read-y your souls to re-ceive, O how can you
4. Come, give us your hand, and the Sav-ior your heart, And, trust-ing in



mer-cy is com-ing so nigh? Now Je-sus in-vites you, the
bet-ter by stay-ing a-way; Come wretch-ed, come starv-ing, come
ques-tion if you will be-lieve? If sin is your bur-den, why
heav-en, we nev-er shall part; O, how can we leave you? why



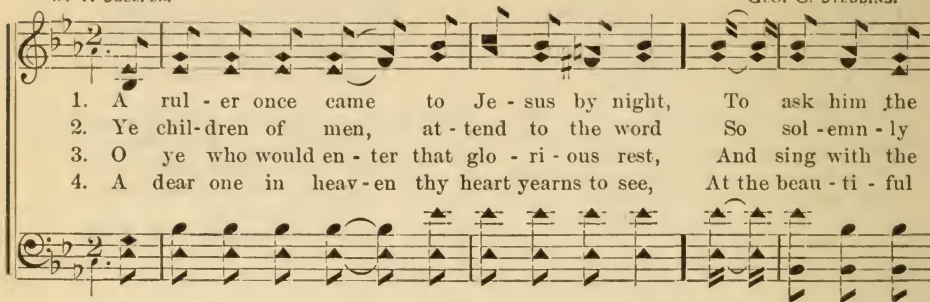
Spir-it says, Come, And an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.
just as you be, While streams of sal-va-tion are flow-ing so free.
will you not come? 'Tis you he bids wel-come; he bids you come home.
will you not come? We'll jour-ney to-gether, and soon be at home.

Ye Must be Born Again.

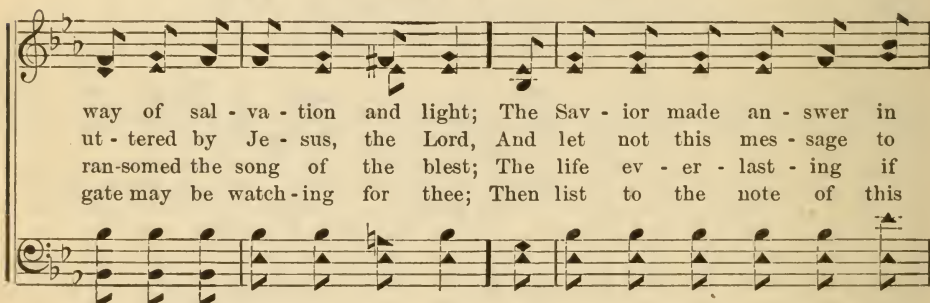
Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3: 3.

W. T. SLEEPER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

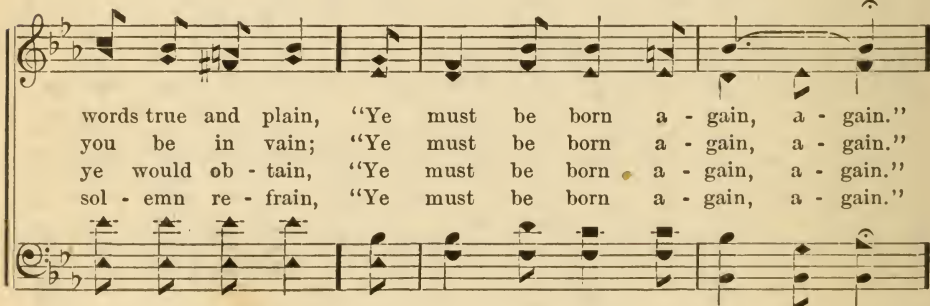


1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask him the
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly
 3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the
 4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful



way of sal - va - tion and light; The Sav - ior made an - swer in
 ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes - sage to
 ran - somed the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last - ing if
 gate may be watch - ing for thee; Then list to the note of this

a - gain,".....

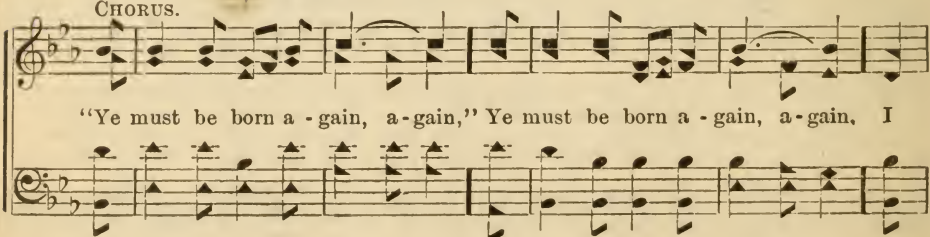


words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 you be in vain; "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."

a - gain,".....

a - gain,.....

CHORUS.



"Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain," Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, I

By per. Fleming H. Revell Co.

INVITATION AND WARNING.

Ye Must be Born Again.—Concluded.

a - gain.....

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain.

292

Amherst. H. M.

And Yet There is Room.—Luke 14: 22.

WM. BILLINGS, 1764.

1. Ye dy - ing sons of men, Im - merged in sin and woe,
2. No long - er now de - lay, Nor vain ex - cus - es frame;
3. Be - lieve the heav'n - ly word His mes - sen - gers pro - claim;
4. Compelled by bleed - ing love, Ye wan - d'ring sheep, draw near;

The gos - pel's voice at - tend, Which Je - sus sent to you;
He bids you come to - day, Though poor, and blind, and lame;
He is a gra - cious Lord, And faith - ful is his name;
Christ calls you from a - bove, His charm - ing ac - cents hear!

Ye per - ish - ing and guilt - y, come, In Je - sus' arms there yet is room.
All things are read - y; sin - ner, come; For ev - 'ry trembling soul there's room.
Back - slid - ing souls, re - turn and come, Cast off de - spair, there yet is room.
Let who - so - ev - er will, now come; In mer - cy's breast there still is room.

THOS. HASTINGS.

I Made Haste.—2 Cor. 6: 2.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near,
 2. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come,
 3. De - lay not, de - lay not, the Spir - it of grace,
 4. De - lay not, de - lay not, the hour is at hand,

The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee;
 For mer - cy still lin - gers and calls thee to - day:
 Long grieved and re - sist - ed, may take his sad flight,
 The earth shall dis - solve and the heav - ens shall fade;

No price is de - mand - ed, the Sav - ior is here;
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
 And leave thee in dark - ness to fin - ish thy race,
 The dead, small and great, in the judg - ment shall stand;

Re - demp - tion is pur - chased, sal - va - tion is free.
 Her mes - sage un - heed - ed will soon pass a - way.
 To sink in the gloom of e - ter - ni - ty's night.
 What pow'r then, O sin - ner, will lend thee its aid?

Come Unto Me. 11s & 10s P.

Come unto Me.—John 16: 1.

CATHERINE H. ESLING.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come un - to me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er,
 2. Large are the man - sions in my Fa - ther's dwell - ing,
 3. There like an E - den blos - som - ing in glad - ness,

When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis - tressed,
 Glad are the homes that sor - rows nev - er dim;
 Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rude - ly pressed;

Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'n - ly Fa - ther,
 Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing,
 Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad - ness,

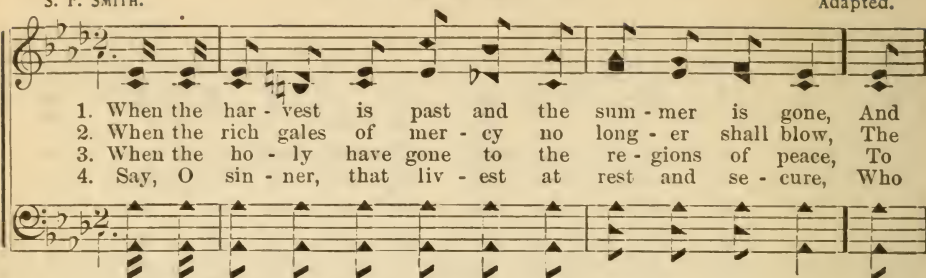
Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
 Soft are the tones which raise the heav'n - ly hymn.
 Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

When the Harvest is Past. 12s & 8s.

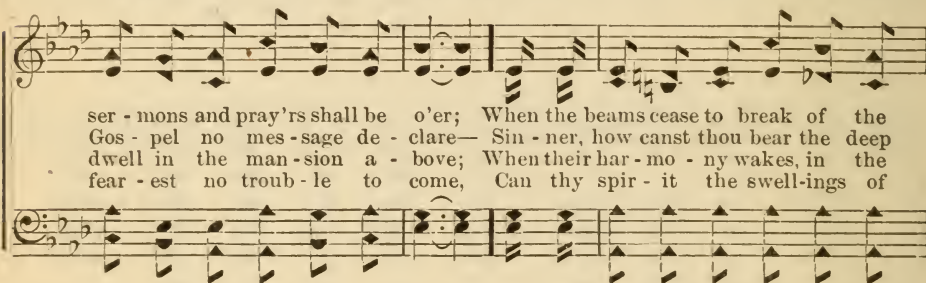
S. F. SMITH.

The Harvest is Past.—Jer. 8: 20.

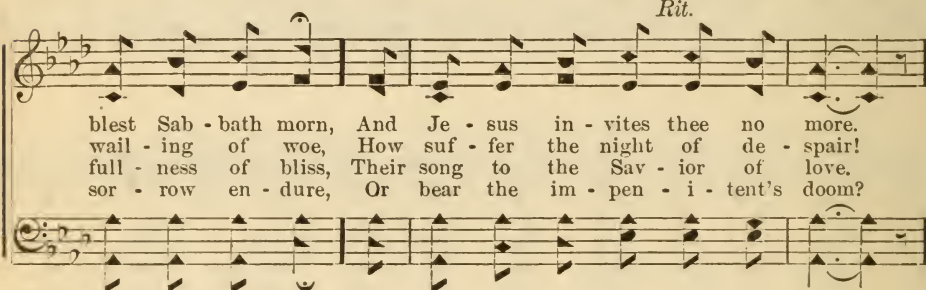
Adapted.



1. When the har - vest is past and the sum - mer is gone, And
 2. When the rich gales of mer - cy no long - er shall blow, The
 3. When the ho - ly have gone to the re - gions of peace, To
 4. Say, O sin - ner, that liv - est at rest and se - cure, Who

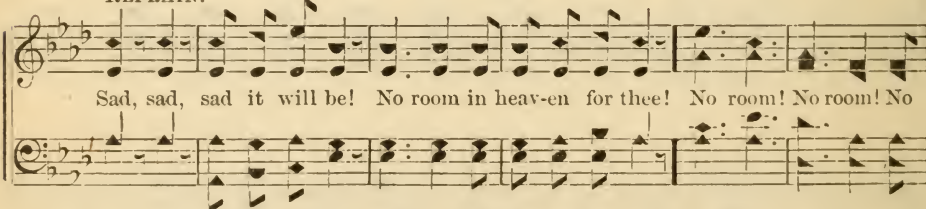


ser - mons and pray'rs shall be o'er; When the beams cease to break of the
 Gos - pel no mes - sage de - clare— Sin - ner, how canst thou bear the deep
 dwell in the man - sion a - bove; When their har - mo - ny wakes, in the
 fear - est no troub - le to come, Can thy spir - it the swell - ings of

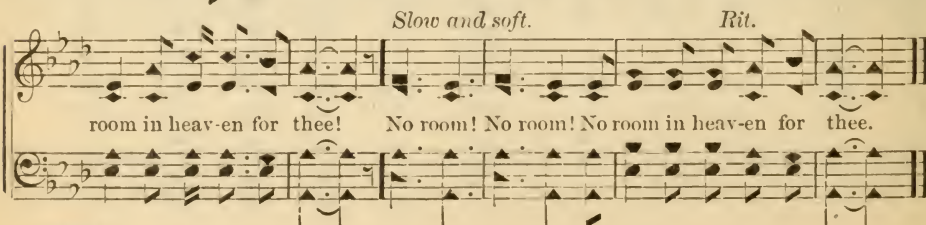


blest Sab - bath morn, And Je - sus in - vites thee no more.
 wail - ing of woe, How suf - fer the night of de - spair!
 full - ness of bliss, Their song to the Sav - ior of love.
 sor - row en - dure, Or bear the im - pen - i - tent's doom?

REFRAIN.



Sad, sad, sad it will be! No room in heav - en for thee! No room! No room! No



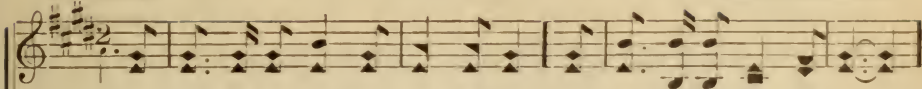
room in heav - en for thee! No room! No room! No room in heav - en for thee.

Go Not Away Unsaved.

E. R. LATTA.

Neh. 9: 30.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. Oh, go not a-way to-night unsaved, Un-saved from the blight of sin!
2. Oh, go not a-way to-night unsaved. In bond-age to still re-main!
3. Oh, go not a-way to-night unsaved, Un-fit-ted the cross to bear!
4. Oh, go not a-way to-night unsaved, Do not for a mo-ment wait!



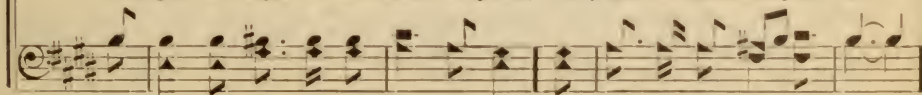
The Sav-ior has died to ran-som you, And yours is a crown to win.
 Oh, why will you risk your blood-bought soul, Un-heed-ing of end-less pain?
 The Sav-ior in-vites, and why not come His mer-cy and love to share?
 The Mas-ter may cease with you to plead, And then it will be too late.



REFRAIN.



To-night, to-night is the time to yield, To yield to the Lord your soul!



Re-pent, be-lieve in his prom-is-es! To-night he will make you whole!

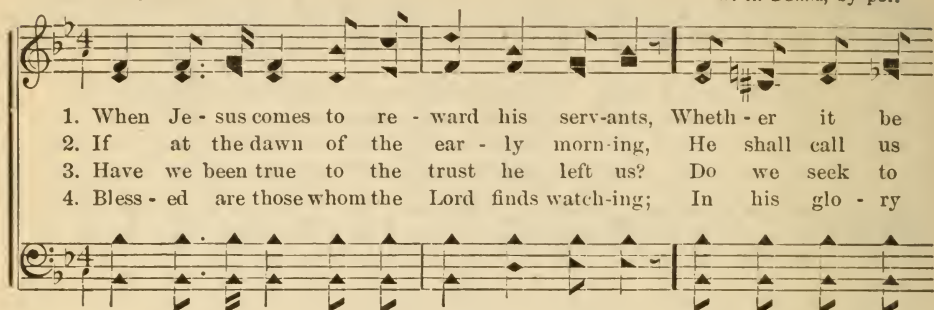


Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

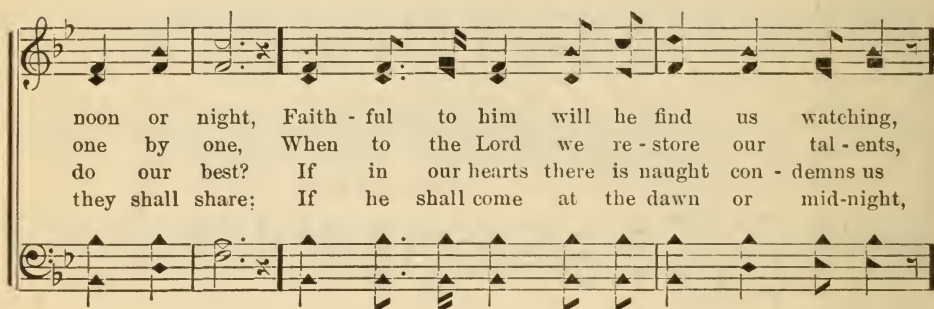
Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching.—Luke 12: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

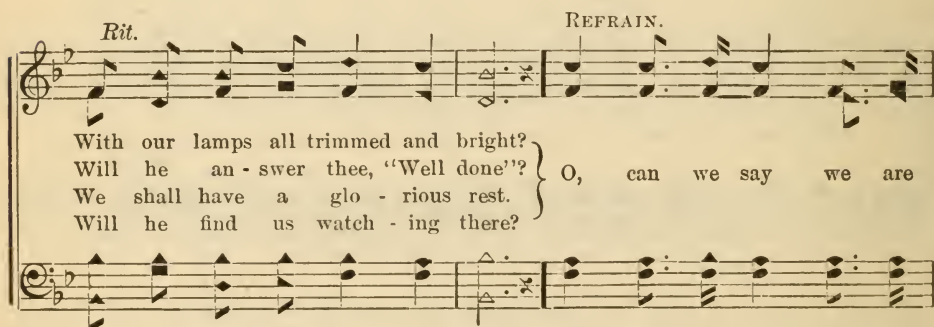


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward his serv-ants, Wheth - er it be
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch-ing; In his glo - ry

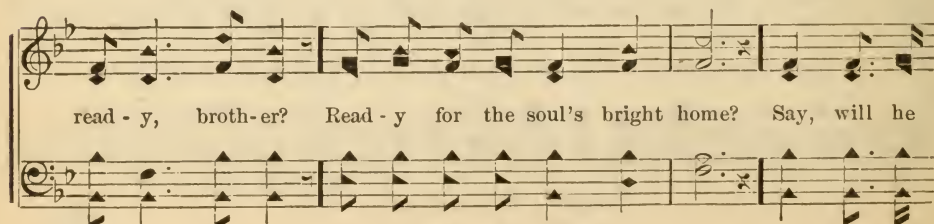


noon or night, Faith - ful to him will he find us watching,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us
 they shall share; If he shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

Rit. REFRAIN.



With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 Will he an - swer thee, "Well done?" } O, can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will he find us watch - ing there?



read - y, broth-er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will he

Will Jesus Find Us Watching?—Concluded.

find you and me still watching, Wait-ing, wait-ing, when the Lord shall come?

298 Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11s & 10s. P. M.

The Lord Healeth All Thy Diseases.—Psa. 103: 3.

THOS. MOORE and THOS. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come, at the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing. Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy seat fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure— Here speaks the Com - fort - er, in mer - cy
 throne of God, boundless in love; Come to the feast prepared; come, ev - er

an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
 say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.
 know - ing, Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

Flee the Danger.

(To my Brother, Elder J. M. Kagey.)

MRS. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Mark 12: 34.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. "Not far from the king-dom of heav-en," Its glo-ries gleam
 2. The pow'r of the tempt-er grows strong-er, God's plead-ing you
 3. O broth-er, no long-er stand wait-ing, But come to the
 4. Thy Sav-ior is ear-nest-ly call-ing, In ac-cents so

faint on thy sight; Thou'rt just on the bor-ders of Ca-naan,
 soon may not hear, The way to the king-dom grows long-er,
 blest mer-cy seat; Oh, ha-sten, the storm is now ra-ving,
 ten-der and strong, Oh, can you re-sist all his plead-ings,

REFRAIN.

But oh, there is dan-ger to-night. Flee the dan-ger, the
 While thus you stand doubting in fear.
 The bor-ders may sink 'neath thy feet.
 Or slight of-fered mer-cy too long? Flee the dan-ger, O sin-ner, God's

dan-ger. Oh, en-ter the ha-ven of rest;..... Flee the
 love do not spurn, Oh, en-ter the ha-ven of rest, sweet rest; Flee the

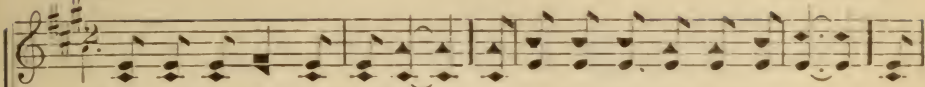
dan-ger. to Je-sus re-turn, Oh, come, and for-ev-er be blest.
 dan-ger, O sin-ner, to Je-sus re-turn,

Why Do You Wait?

Arise, He Calleth Thee.—Mark 10: 49.

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.



- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, | Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your |
| 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, | To gain by a fur-ther de-lay? There's |
| 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, | His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in? Oh, |
| 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, | The har-vest is pass-ing a-way? Your |



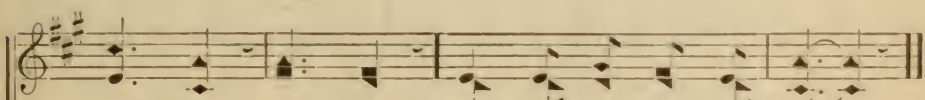
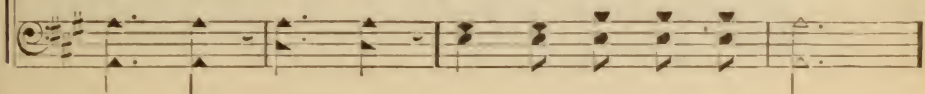
Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng.
 no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but his way.
 why not ac-cept his sal-va-tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
 Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.



CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?



Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?



Shall I Let Him In?

I Stand at the Door and Knock.—Rev. 3: 20.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knock-ing at my sad heart; Shall I let him in?
 2. Shall I send him the lov-ing word; Shall I let him in?
 3. Yes, I'll o-pen this heart's proud door; Yes, I'll let him in;

Pa-tient-ly plead-ing with my sad heart, Oh! shall I let him in?
 Meek-ly ac-cept-ing my gra-cious Lord; Oh! shall I let him in?
 Glad-ly I'll wel-come him ev-er-more; Oh! yes, I'll let him in.

Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheer-less is all with-in;
 He can in-fi-nite love im-part; He can par-don this reb-el heart;
 Bless-ed Sav-ior, a-bide with me; Cares and tri-als will light-er be;

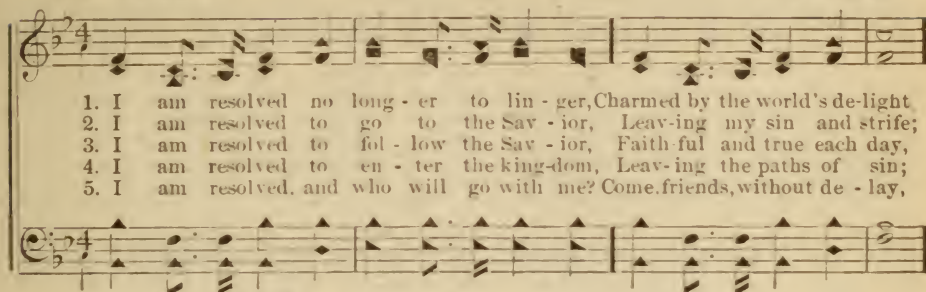
Christ is bid-ding me turn un-to him, Oh! shall I let him in?
 Shall I bid him for-ev-er de-part, Or shall I let him in?
 I am safe if I'm on-ly with thee, Oh! bless-ed Lord, come in.

1 Am Resolved No Longer to Linger.

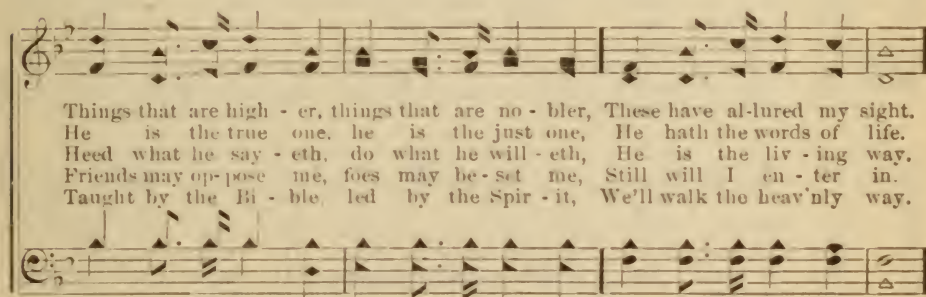
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

We will Serve the Lord.—Joshua 24: 15.

J. H. FILLMORE.

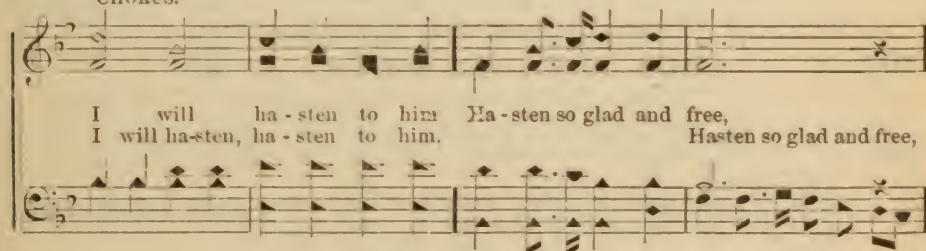


1. I am resolved no long - er to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de-light
 2. I am resolved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav - ing my sin and strife;
 3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith - ful and true each day,
 4. I am resolved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;
 5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, without de - lay,

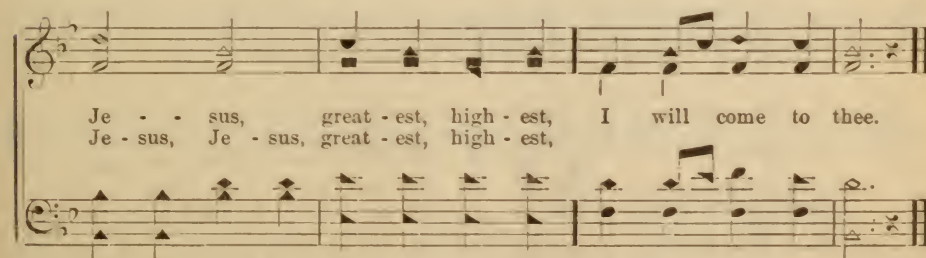


Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler, These have al - lured my sight.
 He is the true one, he is the just one, He hath the words of life.
 Heed what he say - eth, do what he will - eth, He is the liv - ing way.
 Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.
 Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it, We'll walk the heav'nly way.

CHORUS.



I will ha - sten to him Ha - sten so glad and free,
 I will ha - sten, ha - sten to him, Hasten so glad and free,



Je - - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to thee.
 Je - sus, Je - sus, great - est, high - est,

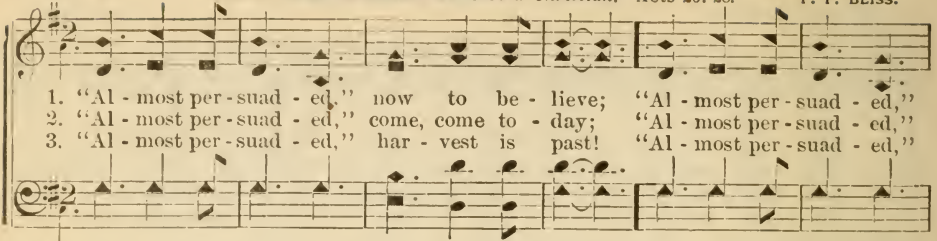
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Almost Persuaded.

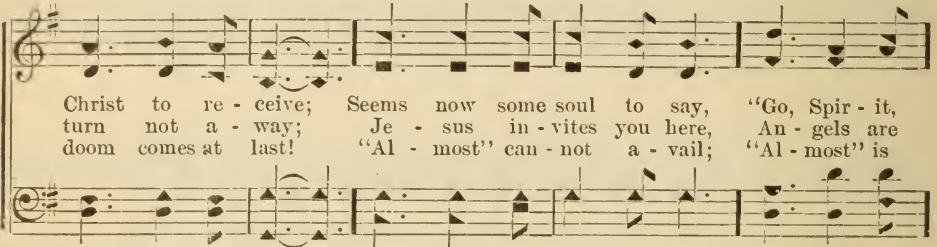
P. P. B.

Almost Thou Persuadest Me to be a Christian.—Acts 26: 28.

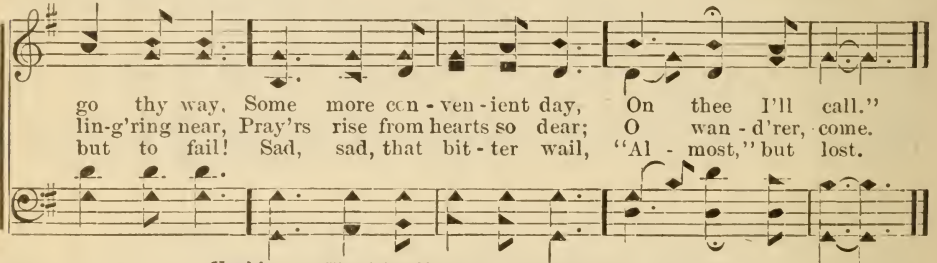
P. P. BLISS.



1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is



go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day, On thee I'll call."
 lin - g'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail, "Al - most," but lost.

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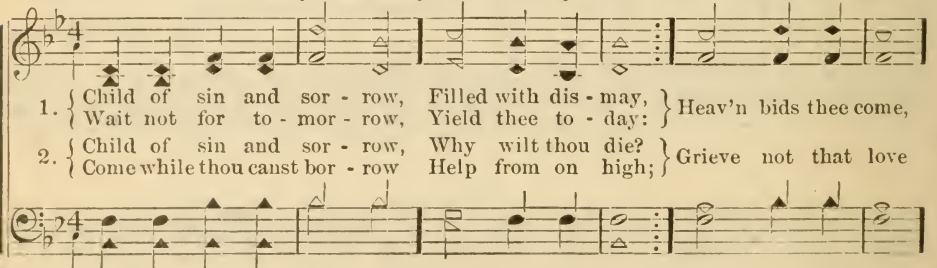
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Child of Sin and Sorrow. P. M.

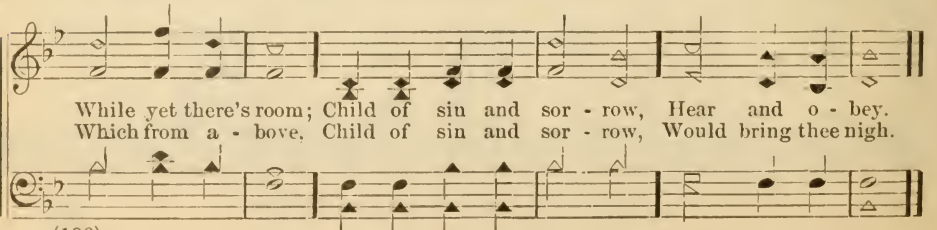
T. H.

Come, for All Things are now Ready.—Luke 14: 17.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. { Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may, } Heav'n bids thee come,
 { Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day: }
 2. { Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die? } Grieve not that love
 { Come while thou canst bor - row Help from on high; }



While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.
 Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.

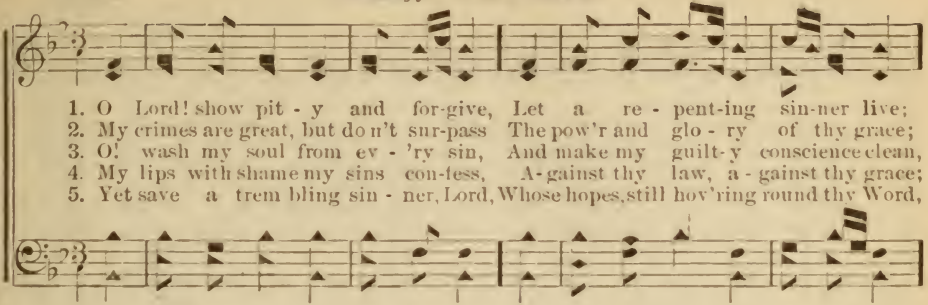
REPENTANCE.

305

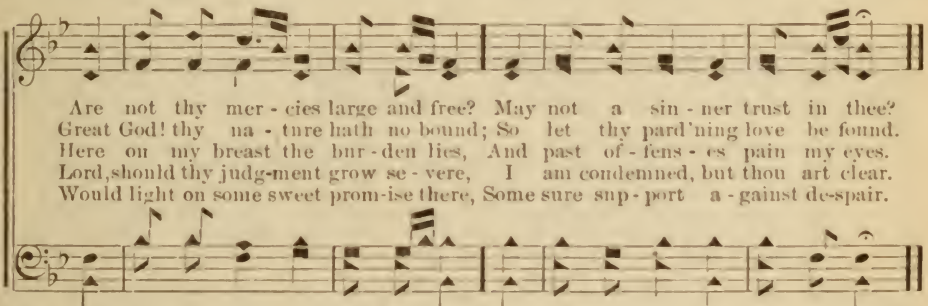
Devotion. L. M.

I. WATTS.

Pleading for Pardon.—Psa. 51.



1. O Lord! show pit - y and for-give, Let a re - pent-ing sin-ner live;
 2. My crimes are great, but do n't sur-pass The pow'r and glo - ry of thy grace;
 3. O! wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, And make my guilt-y conscience clean,
 4. My lips with shame my sins con-fess, A-against thy law, a - gainst thy grace;
 5. Yet save a trem bling sin - ner, Lord, Whose hopes, still hov'ring round thy Word,



Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?
 Great God! thy na - ture hath no bound; So let thy pard'ning love be found.
 Here on my breast the bur - den lies, And past of - fens - es pain my eyes.
 Lord, should thy judg - ment grow se - vere, I am condemned, but thou art clear.
 Would light on some sweet prom - ise there, Some sure sup - port a - gainst de - spair.

306

Supplication. L. M.

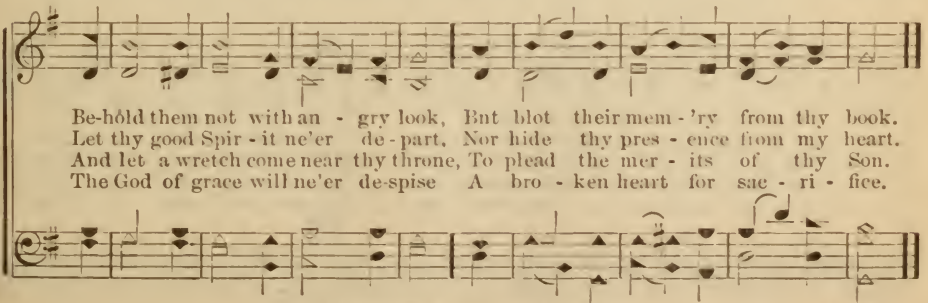
I. WATTS.

I Acknowledge My Transgression.—Psa. 51: 3.

SAMUEL L. BRUMBAUGH.



1. O thou who hear'st when sin - ners cry! Tho' all my crimes be - fore thee lie,
 2. Cre - ate my na - ture pure with - in, And form my soul a - verse to sin:
 3. Tho' I have grieved thy Spir - it, Lord, Thy help and com - fort still af - ford;
 4. A bro - ken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sac - ri - fice I bring,



Be - hold them not with an - gry look, But blot their mem - 'ry from thy book.
 Let thy good Spir - it ne'er de - part, Nor hide thy pres - ence from my heart.
 And let a wretch come near thy throne, To plead the mer - its of thy Son.
 The God of grace will ne'er de - spise A bro - ken heart for sac - ri - fice.

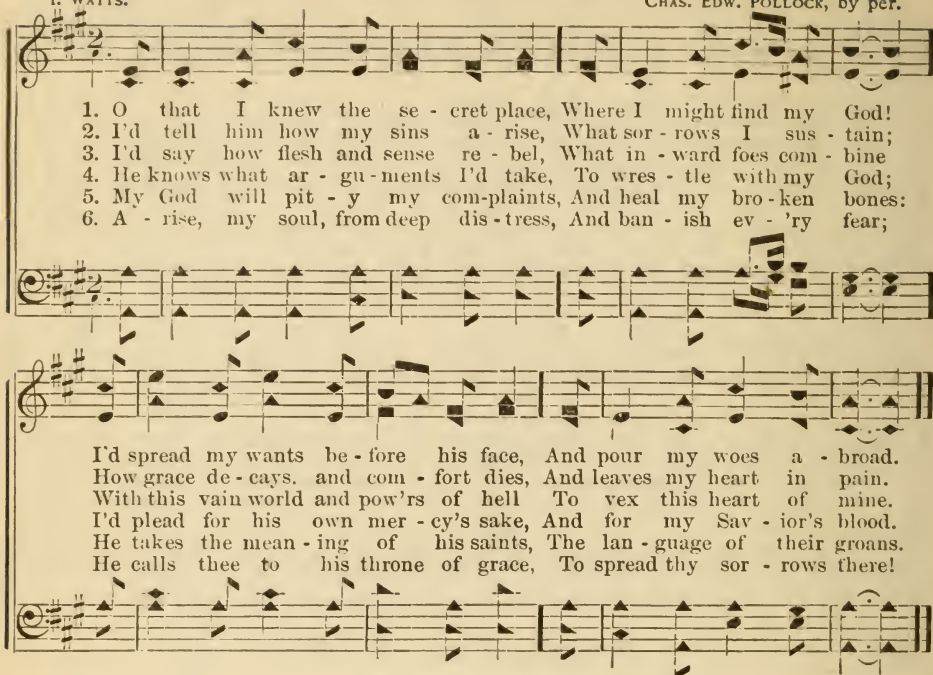
307

Ogden. C. M.

O That I Knew where I might Find Him.—Job 23: 3, 4.

I. WATTS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



1. O that I knew the se-cret place, Where I might find my God!
 2. I'd tell him how my sins a-rise, What sor-rows I sus-tain;
 3. I'd say how flesh and sense re-bel, What in-ward foes com-bine
 4. He knows what ar-gu-ments I'd take, To wres-tle with my God;
 5. My God will pit-y my com-plaints, And heal my bro-ken bones:
 6. A-rise, my soul, from deep dis-tress, And ban-ish ev-'ry fear;
 I'd spread my wants be-fore his face, And pour my woes a-broad.
 How grace de-cays, and com-fort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.
 With this vain world and pow'rs of hell To vex this heart of mine.
 I'd plead for his own mer-cy's sake, And for my Sav-ior's blood.
 He takes the mean-ing of his saints, The lan-guage of their groans.
 He calls thee to his throne of grace, To spread thy sor-rows there!

SUPPLICATION.

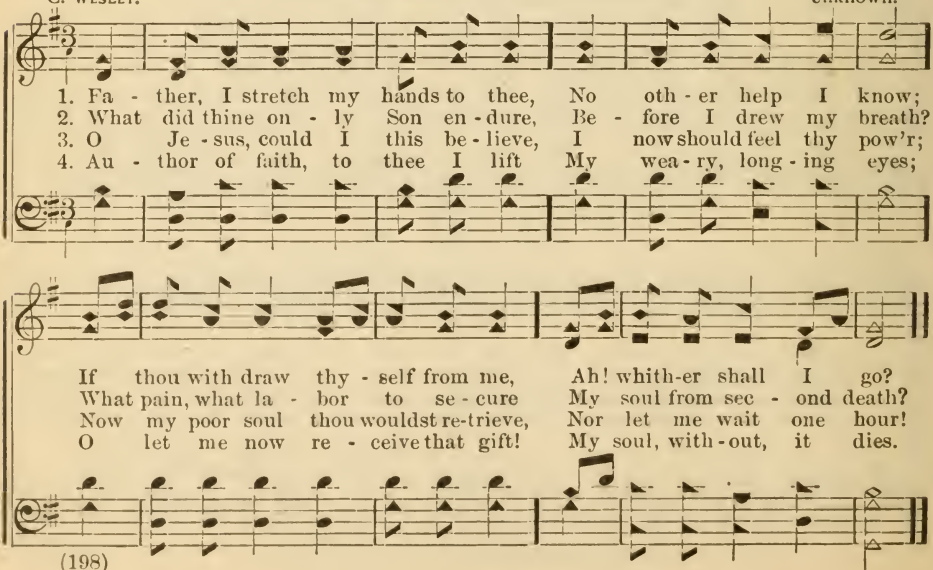
308

I Do Believe. C. M.

Pleading the Merits of Christ.—Psalm 88: 9.

C. WESLEY.

Unknown.



1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth-er help I know;
 2. What did thine on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath?
 3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel thy pow'r;
 4. Au-thor of faith, to thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes;
 If thou with draw thy-self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?
 What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from sec-ond death?
 Now my poor soul thou wouldst re-trieve, Nor let me wait one hour!
 O let me now re-ceive that gift! My soul, with-out, it dies.

309

Dundee. C. M.

I. WATTS.

The Deceitfulness of Sin.—Heb. 3: 13.

GUIL. FRANC. 1545.

1. Sin has a thou-sand treach'rous arts To prac-tice on the mind;
 2. With names of vir-tue she de-ceives The a-ged and the young;
 3. She pleads for all the joys she brings, And gives a fair pre-tense;
 4. So on a tree, di-vine-ly fair, Grew the for-bid-den food,

With flat-t'ring looks she tempts our hearts, But leaves a sting be-hind.
 And while the heed-less wretch be-lieves, She makes his fet-ters strong.
 But cheats the soul of heav'n-ly things, And chains it down to sense.
 Our moth-er took the poi-son there, And taint-ed all her blood.

310

Dayton. C. M.

I. WATTS.

Corrupt Nature from Adam.—Rom. 5: 17.

J. M. GOOD.

1. Blessed with the joys of in-no-cence, Ad-am, our fa-ther, stood,
 2. Now we are born a sen-sual race, To sin-ful joys in-clined:
 3. While flesh, and sense, and pas-sion reign, Sin is the sweet-est good;
 4. Great God! re-new our ru-ined frame, Our bro-ken pow'rs re-store;
 5. E-ter-nal Spir-it! write thy law Up-on our in-ward parts,

Till he de-based his soul to sense, And ate th'un-law-ful food.
 Rea-son hath lost its na-tive place, And flesh en-slaves the mind.
 We fan-cy mu-sic in our chains, And so for-get the load.
 In-spire us with a heav'n-ly flame, And flesh shall reign no more.
 And let the sec-ond Ad-am draw His im-age on our hearts.

311

Siloam. C. M.

Return to Me.—Mal. 3: 7.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

L. B. WOODBURY, 1842.

1. O thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears, Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh;
 2. See! low be - fore the throne of grace, A wretch - ed wan-d'r'er mourns;
 3. And shall my guilt - y fears pre - vail, To drive me from thy feet?
 4. Ab - sent from thee, my guide, my light, With - out one cheer - ing ray,
 5. O shine on this be - night - ed heart, With beams of mer - cy shine;

Whose hand, in - dul - gent, wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "Re - turn"?
 O let not this dear ref - uge fail— This on - ly safe re - treat.
 Thro' dan - gers, fears, and gloom - y night, How des - o - late the way!
 And let thy heal - ing voice im - part A taste of joys di - vine.

312

Nelson. S. M.

I. WATTS.

Ingratitude Lamented.—Isaiah 1: 2.

S. G. CLINE.

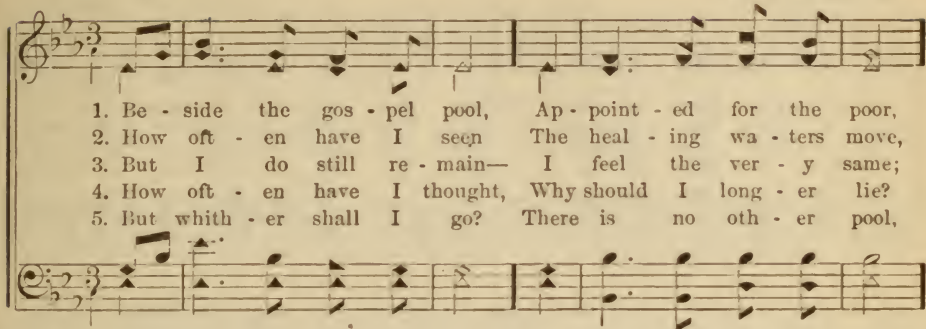
1. Is this the kind re - turn? Are these the thanks we owe,
 2. On us he bids the sun Shed his re - viv - ing rays;
 3. Turn, turn us, might - y God, And mould our souls a - fresh;
 4. Let past in - grat - i - tude Pro - voke our weep - ing eyes,

Thus to a - buse e - ter - nal Love, Whence all our bless - ings flow?
 For us the skies their cir - cles run, To length - en out our days.
 Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.
 And hour - ly, as new mer - cies fall, Let hour - ly thanks a - rise.

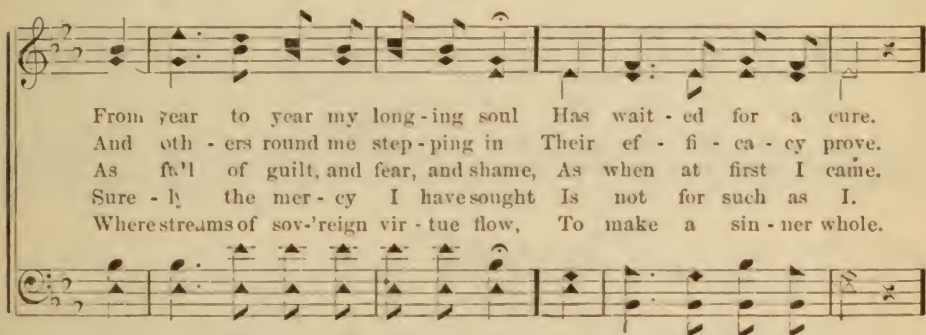
Beside the Gospel Pool. S. M.

The Pool of Bethesda,—John 5: 2.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



1. Be - side the gos - pel pool, Ap - point - ed for the poor,
 2. How oft - en have I seen The heal - ing wa - ters move,
 3. But I do still re - main— I feel the ver - y same;
 4. How oft - en have I thought, Why should I long - er lie?
 5. But whith - er shall I go? There is no oth - er pool,

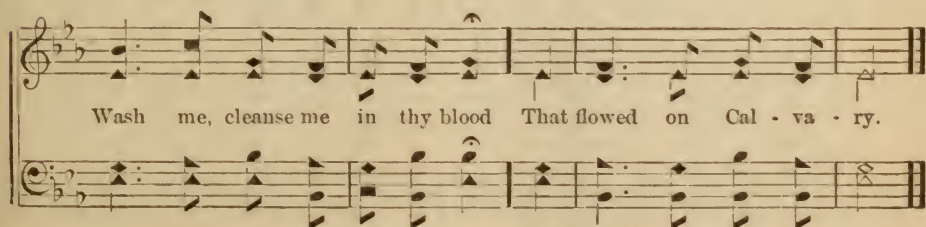


From year to year my long - ing soul Has wait - ed for a cure.
 And oth - ers round me step - ping in Their ef - fi - ca - cy prove.
 As full of guilt, and fear, and shame, As when at first I came.
 Sure - ly the mer - cy I have sought Is not for such as I.
 Where streams of sov'-reign vir - tue flow, To make a sin - ner whole.

CHORUS.



I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to thee,



Wash me, cleanse me in thy blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

Seymour. 7s.

Mercy for the Chief of Sinners.—1 Tim. 1: 15.

C. WESLEY, 1740.

C. M. VON WEBER, 1826.
Arr. by G. H. W. GREATORIX, 1849.

1. Depth of mer - cy!—can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
 2. I have long with stood his grace, Long pro - voked him to his face;
 3. Je - sus, an - swer from a - bove: Is not all thy na - ture love?
 4. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my fall la - ment,

Can my God his wrath for - bear. And the chief of sin - ners spare?
 Would not hear his gra - cious calls. Grieved him by a thou - sand falls.
 Wilt thou not the wrong for - get? Lo, I fall be - fore thy feet.
 Deep - ly my re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

Dennings. L. M.

My Grace is Sufficient for Thee.—2 Cor. 12: 9.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Grace, 'tis a most de - light - ful theme, 'Tis grace that res - cues guilt - y man,
 2. 'T was grace that quickened me when dead, And grace my soul to Je - sus led;
 3. 'Tis grace that sweet - ens ev - 'ry cross, And grace sup - ports in ev - 'ry loss;
 4. 'Tis grace de - fends when dan - ger's near, By grace a - lone I per - se - vere;
 5. Of grace, free grace, a - lone I boast, And 'tis in grace a - lone I trust;

'Tis grace di - vine. all conqu'ring, free, Or it had nev - er res - cued me.
 Grace brought me par - don for my sin, And grace sub - duces my lust with - in.
 In Je - sus' grace my soul is strong; Grace is my shield, and grace my song.
 'Tis grace constrains my soul to love. And grace will bear me safe a - bove.
 And when I rise to heav'n, my home. I'll shout free grace, free grace a - lone.

Olivet. L. M.

You Hath He Quickened.—Eph. 2: 1.

THOS. MOORE.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Like morn - ing - when her ear - ly breeze Breaks up the
 2. Thy grace can send its breath - ings o'er The spir - it
 3. Till Da - vid touched his sa - cred lyre, In si - lence
 4. So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord, Shalt deign to

sur - face of the seas, That in their fur - rows,
 dark and lost be - fore; And, fresh - 'ning all its
 lay th' un - breath - ing wire; But when he swept its
 touch its life - less chord; Till, waked by thee, its

dark with night, Her hand may sow the seeds of light—
 depths, pre - pare For truth di - vine to en - ter there.
 chords a - long, Then an - gels stooped to hear the song.
 breath shall rise In mu - sic wor - thy of the skies.

317 *The Divine Attributes Harmonized.* L. M.
 Psa. 88: 10

- 1 O love, beyond conception great,
 That formed the vast, stupendous plan,
 Where all divine perfections meet
 To reconcile rebellious man.
- 2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze
 And justice all her right maintains—
 Astonished angels stoop to gaze,
 While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too;
 In Christ they both harmonious meet;
 He paid to justice all her due;
 And now he fills the mercy seat.

318 *The Good Old Way.* L. M.
 Jer. 6: 16.

- 1 The righteousness, the atoning blood
 Of Jesus, is the way to God:
 O may we then no longer stray,
 But come to Christ, the good old way.
- 2 The prophets and apostles too,
 Pursued this path while here below;
 We therefore will without dismay
 Thus walk in Christ, the good old way.
- 3 With faith and love and holy care,
 In this dear way I'll persevere:
 And when I die, triumphant say,
 This is the right, the good old way.

319

Anchor. L. M.

The Anchor within the Vail.—Heb. 6: 19.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. My bark is on a troubled sea; The winds and waves may ad-verse be,
 2. How oft, when tem-pest-tossed at night, I watch in vain for dawn-ing light,
 3. With-in the vail—where Je-sus stands, And shows to God his blood-stained hands;
 4. My hope must have his right-eous-ness, For it can rest on noth-ing less;
 5. Al-though the bil-lows round me roll, They nev-er can o'erwhelm my soul;
 6. Whene'er I quit this changing scene, May I de-part in hope se-rene;

But hope, my an-chor, 's firm-ly cast With-in the vail, for-ev-er fast.
 Yet think, when ter-rors would pre-vail, My an-chor is with-in the vail.
 With-in the vail—he went to bear My name up-on the breast-plate there.
 With-in the vail—is still my prayer, O! may my an-chor en-ter there.
 With-in the vail my an-chor's cast, Un-shak-en by the storm-y blast.
 And find, when heart and flesh shall fail, My an-chor cast with-in the vail.

320

Grace. C. M.

Man's Ruin and Recovery.—Isaiah 55: 1.

I. WATTS.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. How sad our state by na-ture is! Our sin how deep it stains!
 2. But there's a voice of sov-erign grace Sounds from the sa-cred Word;
 3. My soul o-beys th'al-might-y call, And runs to this re-lief:
 4. To the dear foun-tain of thy blood, In-car-nate Lord, I fly;
 5. A guilt-y, weak, and help-less worm, On thy kind arms I fall;

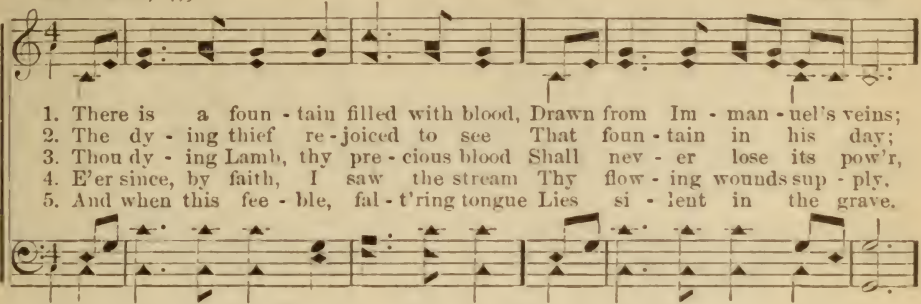
And Sa-tan binds our cap-tive minds Fast in his slav-ish chains.
 "Ho! ye de-spair-ing sin-ners, come, And trust up-on the Lord."
 I would be-lieve thy prom-ise, Lord, O, help my un-be-lief.
 Here let me wash my spot-ted soul, From crimes of deep-est dye.
 Be thou my strength and right-eous-ness, My Je-sus, and my all.

Cleansing Fountain. C. M. D.

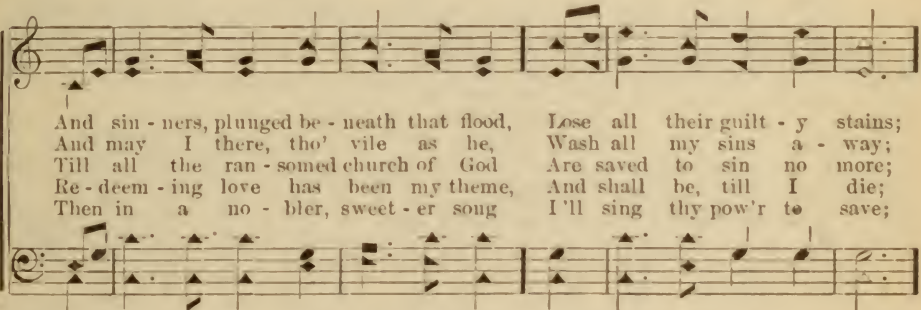
WM. COWPER, 1779.

The Fountain for Sin.—Zach. 13: 1.

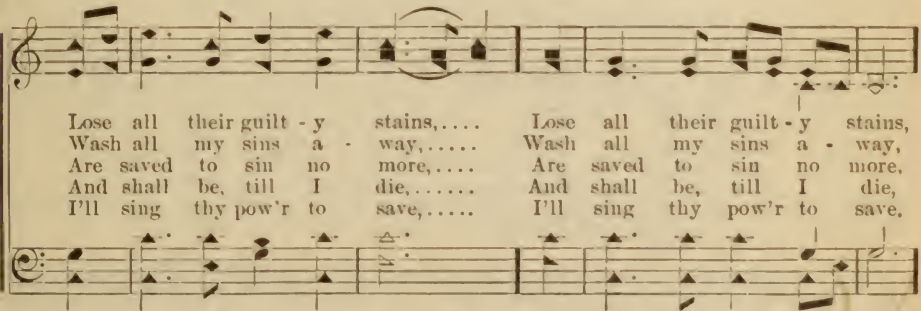
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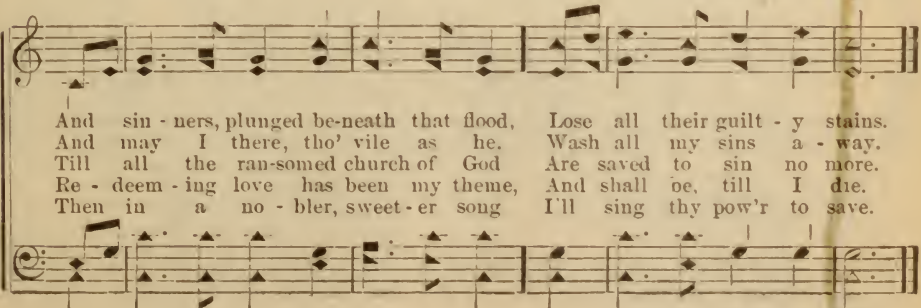
1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
 3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
 5. And when this fee - ble, fal - t'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.



And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
 And may I there, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way;
 Till all the ran - somed church of God Are saved to sin no more;
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die;
 Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing thy pow'r to save;



Lose all their guilt - y stains,.... Lose all their guilt - y stains,
 Wash all my sins a - way,.... Wash all my sins a - way,
 Are saved to sin no more,.... Are saved to sin no more,
 And shall be, till I die,.... And shall be, till I die,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save,.... I'll sing thy pow'r to save.



And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And may I there, tho' vile as he. Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ran - somed church of God Are saved to sin no more.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.
 Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

322

Azmon. C. M.

I. WATTS.

My Soul Shall Rejoice in His Salvation.—Psa. 35: 9.

C. G. GLASER.

1. Sal - va - tion! O, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears;
 2. Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
 3. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round;
 4. Sal - va - tion! O, thou bleed - ing Lamb, To thee the praise be - longs!

A sov - reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
 But we a - rise by grace di - vine To see a heav'n - ly day.
 While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.
 Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.

323

Coronation. C. M.

E. PERRONET.

The Coronation.—Phil. 2: 10, 11.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call;
 3. Ye echos - en seed of Is - rael's race, A rem - nant weak and small,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
 Who feel your sin and thrall,
 Now join with all the hosts above,
 And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

324

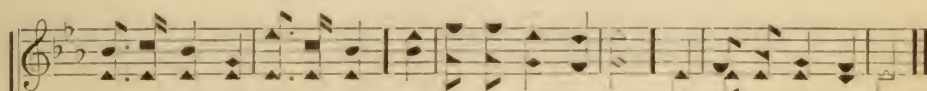
Fountain. C. M.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

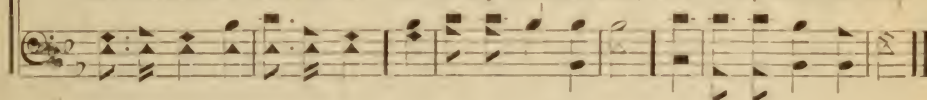
Salvation Only in Christ.—Acts 4: 12.



1. When wounded sore, the strick en soul Lies bleeding and un - bound, One
2. When sor-row swells the la - den breast, And tears of an - guish flow, One
3. When pen - i - tence has wept in vain Be - cause of some dark spot, One
4. 'Tis Je - sus' blood that wash-es white, This hand that brings re - lief; This
5. Lift up thy bleed-ing hand, O Lord, Un - seal that cleansing tide; We



on - ly hand, a pierc-ed hand, Can salve the sinner's wound, Can salve the sin-ner's wound.
on - ly heart, a bro - ken heart, Can feel the sin-ner's woe, Can feel the sin-ner's woe.
on - ly stream, a stream of blood, Can wash a-way the blot Can wash a-way the blot.
heart that's touch-ed with all our joys, And feel-eth for our grief, And feel-eth for our grief.
have no shel-ter from our sin But in thy wound-ed side, But in thy wound-ed side.



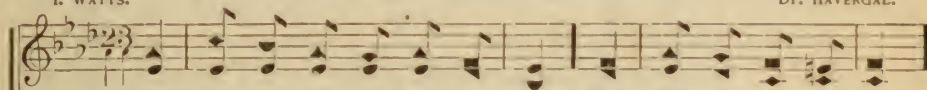
325

St. Nicholas. C. M.

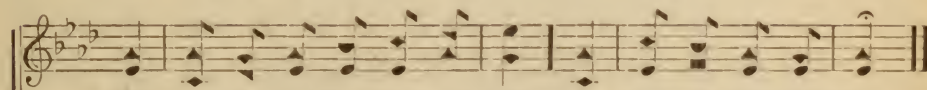
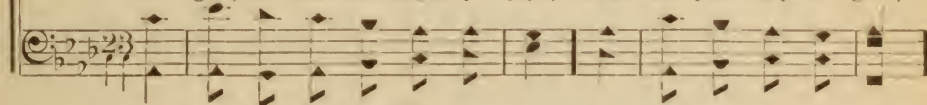
I. WATTS.

I Looked and there was None to Help —Isalah 63: 5.

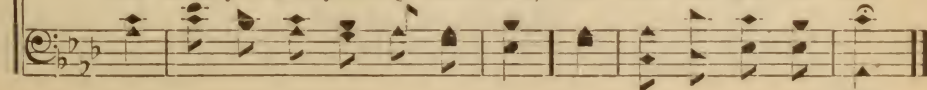
Dr. HAVERGAL.



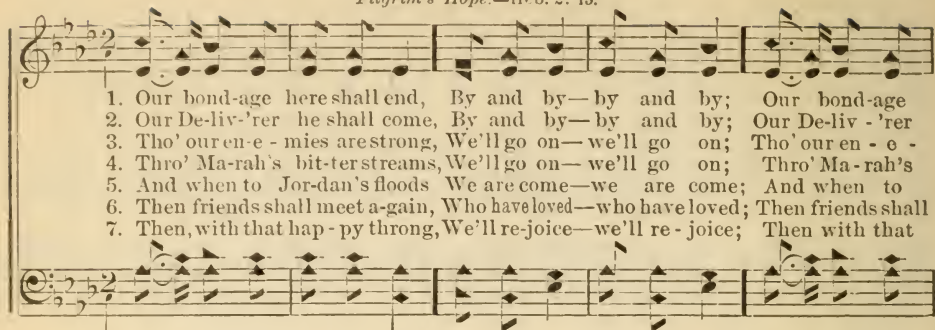
1. Plunged in a gulf of dark de - spair, We wretched sin - ners lay,
2. With pity-ing eyes the Prince of Peace Be - held our help - less grief;
3. Down from the shin - ing seats a - bove, With joy - ful haste he fled;
4. O for this love let rocks and hills Their last - ing si - lence break,
5. Au - gels, as - sist our might-y joys; Strike all your harps of gold;



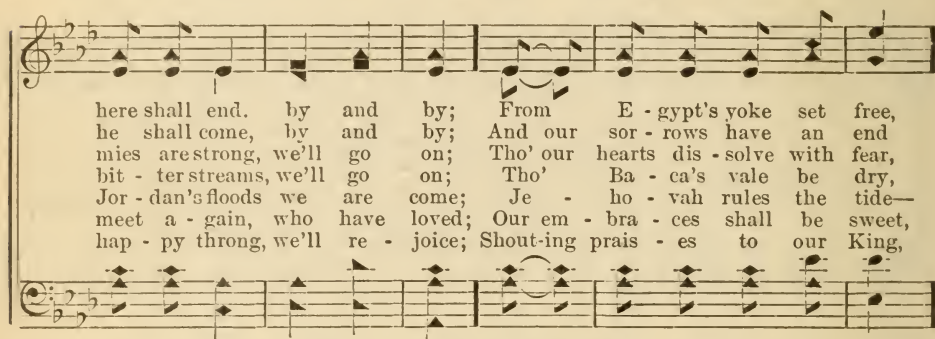
With - out one cheer-ing beam of hope, Or spark of glim-m'ring day.
He saw, and (O a - maz - ing love!) He came to our re - lief.
En - tered the grave in mor - tal flesh, And dwelt a - mong the dead.
And all har - mo-nious hu - man tongues The Sav-ior's prais - es speak.
But when you raise your high - est notes, His love can ne'er be told.



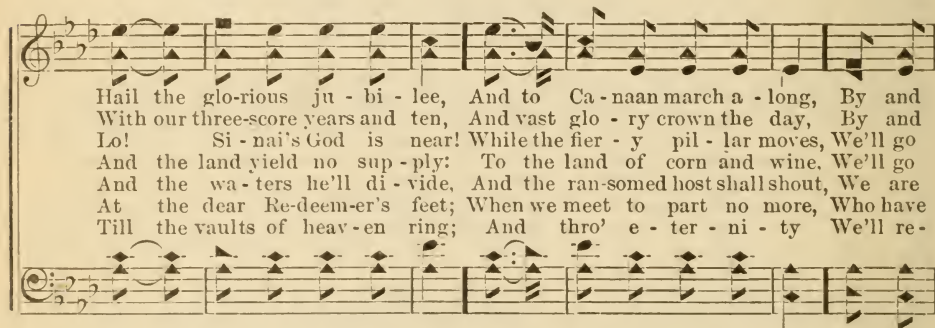
Song of Deliverance. P. M.

Pilgrim's Hope.—Heb. 2: 15.


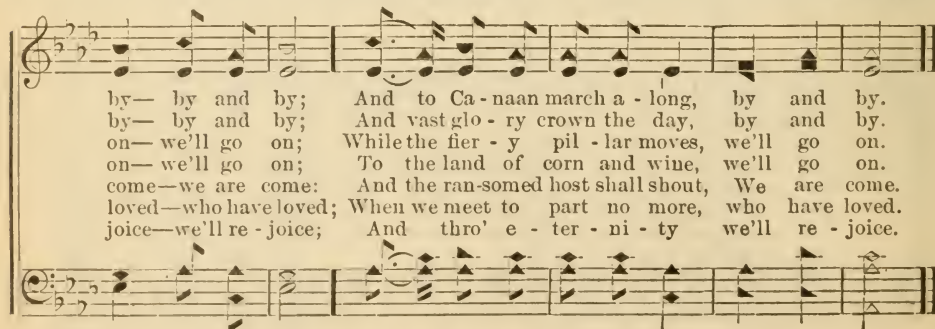
1. Our bond-age here shall end, By and by—by and by; Our bond-age
 2. Our De-liv-'rer he shall come, By and by—by and by; Our De-liv-'rer
 3. Tho' our en-e-mies are strong, We'll go on—we'll go on; Tho' our en-e-mies
 4. Thro' Ma-rah's bit-ter streams, We'll go on—we'll go on; Thro' Ma-rah's
 5. And when to Jor-dan's floods We are come—we are come; And when to
 6. Then friends shall meet a-gain, Who have loved—who have loved; Then friends shall
 7. Then, with that hap-py throng, We'll re-joyce—we'll re-joyce; Then with that



here shall end. by and by; From E-gypt's yoke set free,
 he shall come, by and by; And our sor-rows have an end,
 mies are strong, we'll go on; Tho' our hearts dis-solve with fear,
 bit-ter streams, we'll go on; Tho' Ba-ca's vale be dry,
 Jor-dan's floods we are come; Je-ho-vah rules the tide—
 meet a-gain, who have loved; Our em-bra-cés shall be sweet,
 hap-py throng, we'll re-joyce; Shout-ing prais-es to our King,



Hail the glo-ri-ous ju-bi-lee, And to Ca-na-an march a-long, By and
 With our three-score years and ten, And vast glo-ry crown the day, By and
 Lo! Si-nai's God is near! While the fier-y pil-lar moves, We'll go
 And the land yield no sup-ply: To the land of corn and wine, We'll go
 And the wa-ters he'll di-vide, And the ran-somed host shall shout, We are
 At the dear Re-deem-er's feet; When we meet to part no more, Who have
 Till the vaults of heav-en ring; And thro' e-ter-ni-ty We'll re-



by—by and by; And to Ca-na-an march a-long, by and by.
 by—by and by; And vast glo-ry crown the day, by and by.
 on—we'll go on; While the fier-y pil-lar moves, we'll go on.
 on—we'll go on; To the land of corn and wine, we'll go on.
 come—we are come; And the ran-somed host shall shout, We are come.
 loved—who have loved; When we meet to part no more, who have loved.
 joyce—we'll re-joyce; And thro' e-ter-ni-ty we'll re-joyce.

REDEMPTION.

327

Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

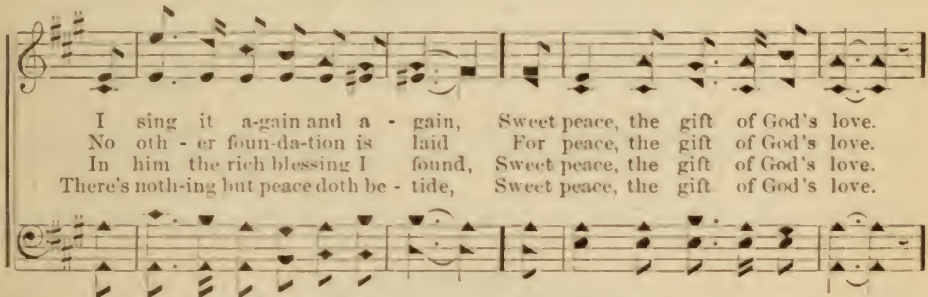
P. P. BILHORN.

Peace I Leave with You.—John 14: 27.

P. P. BILHORN.

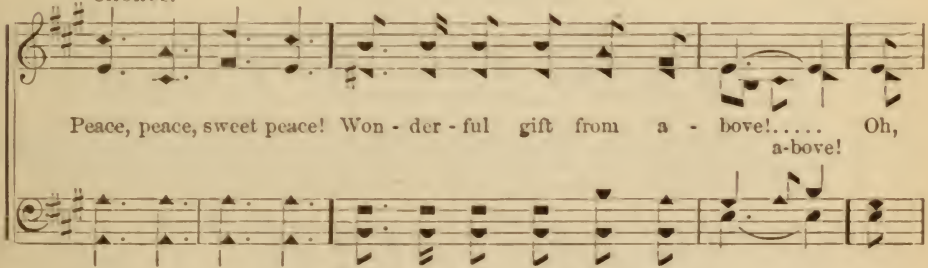


1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re - frain,....
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, sweet strain, re-frain,
 3. When Je-sus as Lord I had crowned, was made, all paid,
 4. In Je-sus for peace I a - bide,.... My heart with this peace did a-bound, abound.
 And as I keep close to his side,.... his side,

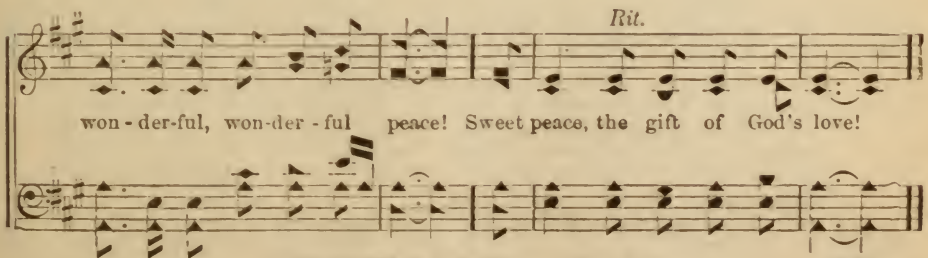


I sing it a-gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 No oth - er foun-da-tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
 In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 There's noth-ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove!.... Oh,
 a-bove!



Rit.
 won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

328

Crown Him. 8s, 7s & 6s.

THOS. KELLY.

Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith.—Heb. 12: 2.

W. H. MONK.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious! See the Man of sor-rows now
 2. Crown the Sav-ior, an-gels crown him; Rich the tro-phies Je-sus brings:
 3. Hark! those bursts of ac-cle-ma-tion! Hark! those loud, tri-um-phiant chords!

From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to him shall bow.
 In the seat of pow'r en-throne him, While the vault of heav-en rings.
 Je-sus takes the high-est sta-tion; O what joy the sight af-fords!

Crown him! Crown him! Crown him! Crowns be-come the vic-tor's brow.
 Crown him! Crown him! Crown him! Crown the Sav-ior King of kings.
 Crown him! Crown him! Crown him! King of kings; and Lord of lords.

PROMISES.

329

Playford. L. M.

I. WATTS.

The Beatitudes.—Matt. 5: 1-12.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Blessed are the hum-ble souls that see Their emp-ti-ness and pov-er-ty;
 2. Blessed are the men of 'bro-ken heart, Who mourn for sin with in-ward smart;
 3. Blessed are the souls who thirst for grace, Hun-ger and thirst for right-eous-ness;
 4. Blessed are the men of peace-ful life, Who quench the glowing coals of strife;
 5. Blessed are the suf-f'ers who par-take Of pain and shame for Je-sus' sake;

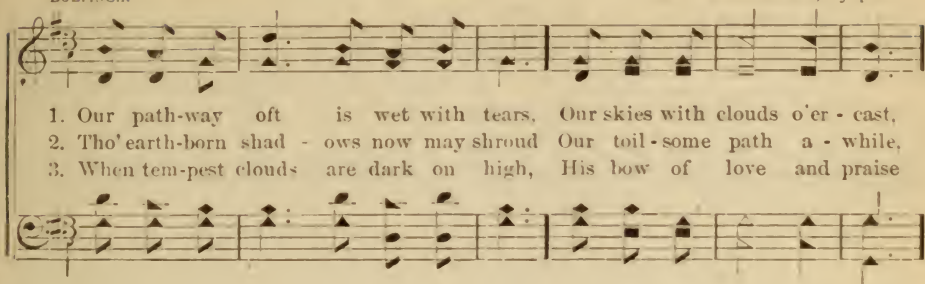
Treas-ures of grace to them are giv'n, And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
 The blood of Christ di-vine-ly flows—A heal-ing balm for all their woes.
 They shall be well sup-plied, and fed With living streams and liv-ing bread.
 They shall be called the heirs of bliss, The sons of God, the God of peace.
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord: Glo-ry and joy are their re-ward.

Father, Forsake Us Not. C. M. D.

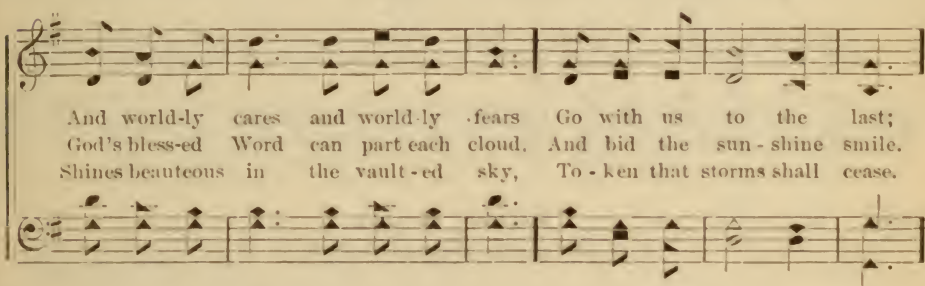
At Evening there shall be Light.—Zach. 14: 7.

BULFINCH.

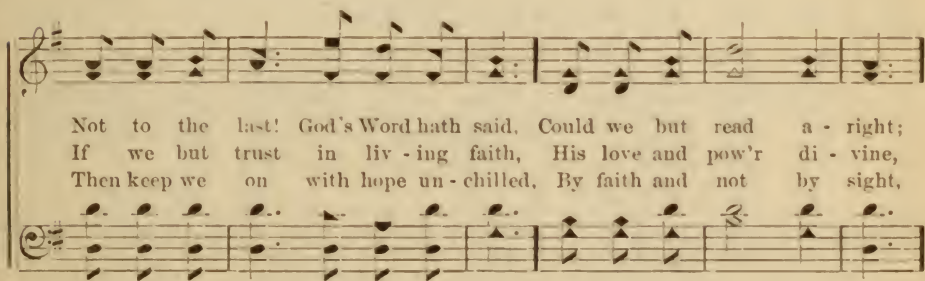
GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.



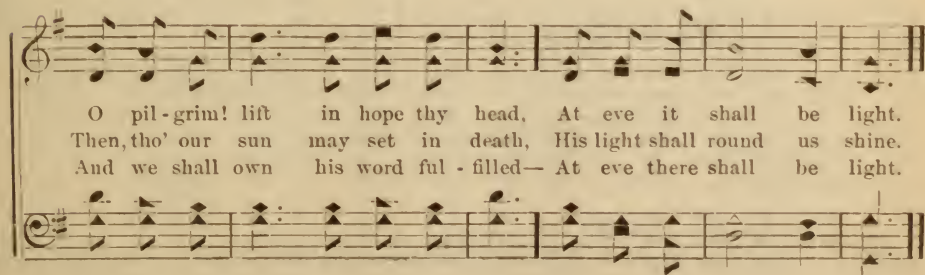
1. Our path-way oft is wet with tears, Our skies with clouds o'er - cast,
 2. Tho' earth-born shad - ows now may shroud Our toil - some path a - while,
 3. When tem-pest clouds are dark on high, His bow of love and praise



And world-ly cares and world-ly fears Go with us to the last;
 God's bless-ed Word can part each cloud, And bid the sun-shine smile.
 Shines beauteous in the vault-ed sky, To - ken that storms shall cease.



Not to the last! God's Word hath said, Could we but read a - right;
 If we but trust in liv - ing faith, His love and pow'r di - vine,
 Then keep we on with hope un - chilled, By faith and not by sight,



O pil - grim! lift in hope thy head, At eve it shall be light.
 Then, tho' our sun may set in death, His light shall round us shine.
 And we shall own his word ful - filled— At eve there shall be light.

331

Be With Me, Lord. L. M.

Desiring the Divine Presence.—Ex. 33: 15.

G. B. H.

1. Be with me, Lord, wher-e'er I go, Teach me what thou wouldst have me do,
2. As - sist and teach me how to pray; In-cline my na - ture to o - bey:

Sug - gest what-e'er I think or say, Di - rect me in the nar - row way.
What thou ab-hor'st, that let me flee, And on - ly love what pleas-es thee.

332

Eula. S. M.

It is Well with the Righteous.—Isaiah 3: 10.

J. KENT.

JOHN A. SHOWALTER, 1897.

1. What cheer - ing words are these! Their sweet-ness who can tell?
2. In ev - 'ry state se - cure, Kept by Je - ho - vah's eye,
3. 'Tis well when joys 'a - rise, 'Tis well when sor - rows flow;
4. 'Tis well when on the mount They feast on dy - ing love;
5. 'Tis well when, at his throne, They wres - tle, weep and pray:
6. 'Tis well when Je - sus calls: "From earth and sin a - rise;

In time, and to e - ter - ni - ty, 'Tis with the right-eous well.
'Tis well with them while life en - dures And well when called to die.
'Tis well when dark-ness veils the skies, And strong temp-ta - tions blow.
And 'tis as well, in God's ac - count, When they the fur - nace prove.
'Tis well when at his feet they groan, Yet bring their wants a - way.
Join with the host of vir - gin souls Made to sal - va - tion wise."

PROMISES.

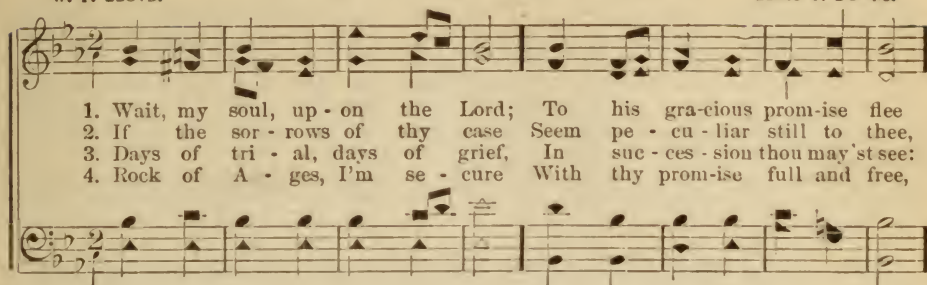
333

Wait, My Soul, Upon the Lord. 7s.

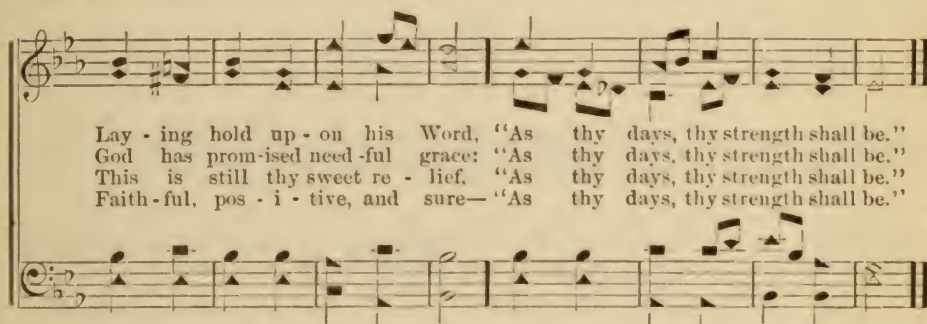
W. F. LLOYD.

As Thy Days, so shall Thy Strength Be.—Deut. 33: 25

LEWIS T. DOWNS.



1. Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord; To his gra-cious prom-ise flee
 2. If the sor - rows of thy ease Seem pe - cu - liar still to thee,
 3. Days of tri - al, days of grief, In suc - ces - sion thou may'st see:
 4. Rock of A - ges, I'm se - cure With thy prom-ise full and free,



Lay - ing hold up - on his Word, "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
 God has prom-ised need - ful grace: "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
 This is still thy sweet re - lief, "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
 Faith - ful, pos - i - tive, and sure— "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

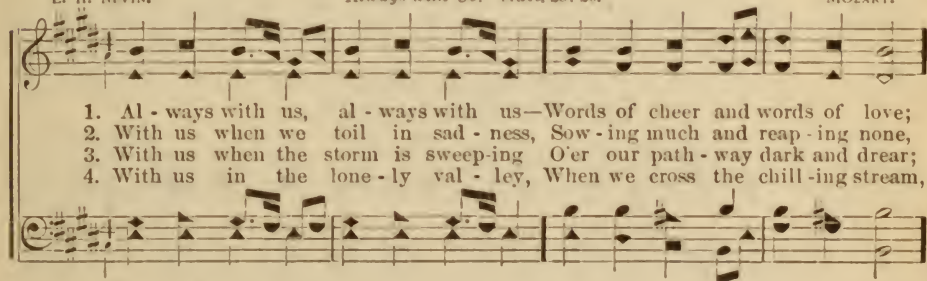
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Sicily. 8s & 7s.

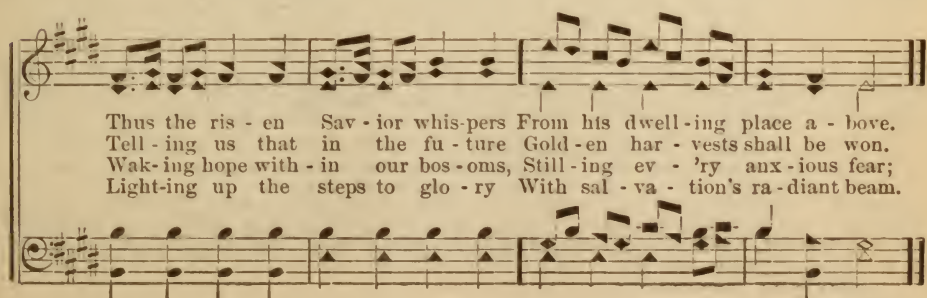
E. H. NEVIN.

Always with Us.—Matt. 28: 20.

MOZART.



1. Al - ways with us, al - ways with us—Words of cheer and words of love;
 2. With us when we toil in sad - ness, Sow - ing much and reap - ing none,
 3. With us when the storm is sweep - ing O'er our path - way dark and drear;
 4. With us in the lone - ly val - ley, When we cross the chill - ing stream,



Thus the ris - en Sav - ior whis - pers From his dwell - ing place a - bove.
 Tell - ing us that in the fu - ture Gold - en har - vests shall be won.
 Wak - ing hope with - in our bos - oms, Still - ing ev - 'ry anx - ious fear;
 Light - ing up the steps to glo - ry With sal - va - tion's ra - diant beam.

335

How Firm a Foundation. 11s.

I will Never Leave Thee, nor Forsake Thee.—Heb. 13: 5.

GEO. KEITH.

ANNIE STEBLE.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion—in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's
 3. E'en down to old age, all my peo-ple shall prove My sov'-reign, e-
 4. The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I

faith in his-ex-cel-lent Word! What more can be say than to
 vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth, At home and a-broad, on the
 ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
 will not, de-sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you he hath said—You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
 land, on the sea—As thy day may de-mand, shall thy strength ev-er be.
 tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos-om be borne.
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er, for-sake!

336

Prayer. 7s.

The Pearl of Great Price.—Matt. 13: 45.

Mrs. MASTERS.

ASAHEL ABBOT.

1. 'Tis re-lig-ion that can give Sweet-est pleas-ure while we live;
 2. Aft-er death, its joys will be Last-ing as e-ter-ni-ty!

'Tis re-lig-ion must sup-ply Sol-id com-fort when we die.
 Be the liv-ing God my friend, Then my bliss shall nev-er end.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

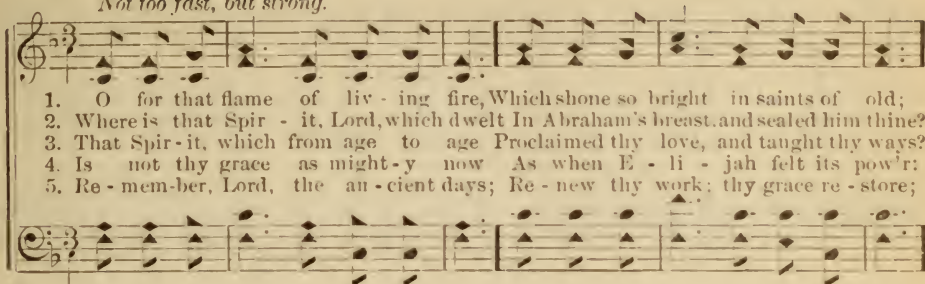
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Living Fire. L. M.

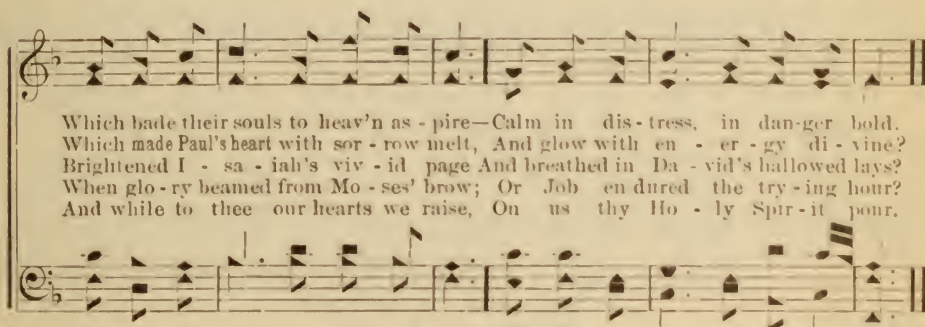
Whose Faith Follow.—Heb 13:7.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

Not too fast, but strong.



1. O for that flame of liv - ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old;
 2. Where is that Spir - it, Lord, which dwelt In Abraham's breast, and sealed him thine?
 3. That Spir - it, which from age to age Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy ways?
 4. Is not thy grace as might - y now As when E - li - jah felt its pow'r;
 5. Re - mem - ber, Lord, the an - cient days; Re - new thy work; thy grace re - store;



Which bade their souls to heav'n as - pire—Calm in dis - tress, in dan - ger bold.
 Which made Paul's heart with sor - row melt, And glow with en - er - gy di - vine?
 Brightened I - sa - iah's viv - id page And breathed in Da - vid's hallowed lays?
 When glo - ry beamed from Mo - ses' brow; Or Job en - dured the try - ing hour?
 And while to thee our hearts we raise, On us thy Ho - ly Spir - it pour.

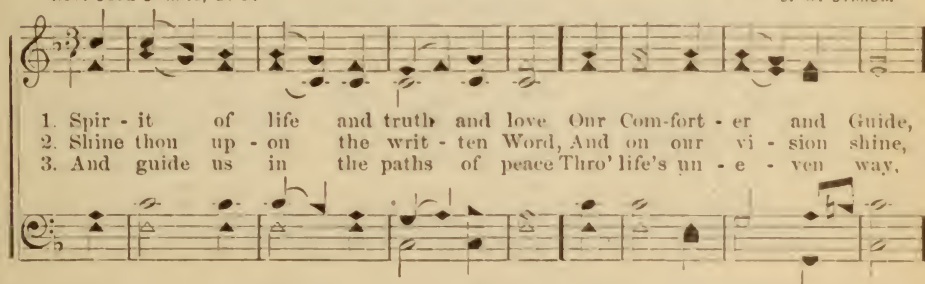
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Descend Upon Us. C. M.

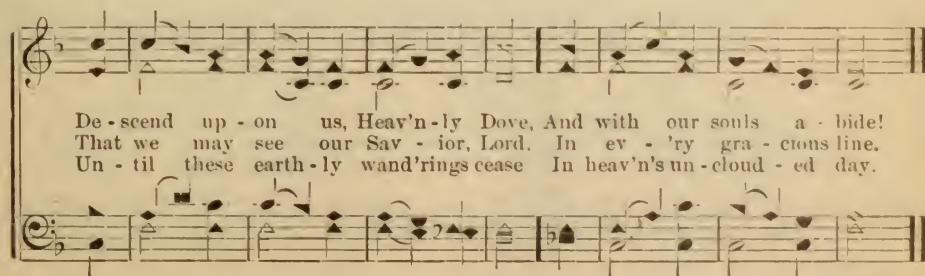
REV. JOEL SWARTZ, D. D.

Descend Upon Us.—John 16: 13.

S. W. STRAUB.



1. Spir - it of life and truth and love Our Com - fort - er and Guide,
 2. Shine thou up - on the writ - ten Word, And on our vi - sion shine,
 3. And guide us in the paths of peace Thro' life's un - e - ven way,



De - scend up - on us, Hear'n - ly Dove, And with our souls a - bide!
 That we may see our Sav - ior, Lord, In ev - 'ry gra - cious line.
 Un - til these earth - ly wand'rings cease In heav'n's un - cloud - ed day.

339

New Hundred. C. M.

HARRIET AUGER.

The Comforter Promised.—John 16: 7.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1875.

1. Our blest Re-deem - er, ere he breathed His ten - der. last fare - well,
 2. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To teach, con - vince, sub - due;
 3. He came, sweet in - fluence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing Guest,
 4. And his that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of ev'n,
 5. And ev - 'ry vir - tue we pos - sess, And ev - 'ry vir - tue won,

A Guide, a Com - fort - er be-queathed, With us on earth to dwell.
 All-pow'r - ful as the wind he came, And all as view - less, too.
 While he can find one hum - ble heart Where-in to fix his rest.
 That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And whis - pers us of heav'n.
 And ev - 'ry thought of ho - li - ness Are his and his a - lone.

340

Marlow. C. M.

I. WATTS.

Breathing after the Spirit.—John 1: 32.

JOHN CHETHAM.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these trif - ling toys;
 3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs; In vain we strive to rise;
 4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor, dy - ing rate—
 5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls can nei - ther fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

341

Horton. 7s.

JOHN STOCKER.

Gracious Spirit.—2 Cor. 1: 22.

VON WARTENSPEE.

1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Love Di - vine! Let thy light with - in me shine;
 2. Speak thy pard'ning grace to me. Set the bur - dened sin - ner free;
 3. Life and peace to me im - part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
 4. Let me nev - er from thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way;

All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me with thy heav'n - ly love.
 Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his pre - cious blood.
 Breathe thy - self in - to my breast, Ear - nest of im - mor - tal rest.
 Fill my soul with joy di - vine, Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine.

342

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide. 7s D.

M. M. W.

Lead Me into Thy Truth.—Psa. 25: 5.

M. M. WELLS.

Fine.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side,
 Gen - tly lead us by thy hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
 D. C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wan - d'r'er, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

Wear - y souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

D. C.

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

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Trusting that our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

343 Breathe Upon Us, Holy Spirit. 8s & 7s D.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

For Thou, Lord, Wilt Bless the Righteous.—Psa. 5: 12.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Breathe up - on us, Ho - ly Spir - it, As a - dor - ing - ly we bow
 2. Thou art pure and thou art ho - ly, Je - sus, make us more like thee;
 3. Now re - ceive us as re - pent - ant, To thy heart of love we fly;
 4. Here shall love, like sa - cred in - cense, Up - ward mount to thy great throne,

At these al - tars, pure and sa - cred, Pay - ing thee our sol - emn vow;
 Thou art meek and thou art low - ly, So may we thy chil - dren be;
 Par - don all our sin and fol - ly, Blot it from thy book on high;
 From the cleans - ed heart and con - science Of a peo - ple all thine own;

All our fee - ble gra - ces quick - en With the streams of thy sweet grace,
 Shed a - broad thy love with - in us, Fill our souls with light di - vine;
 O these hearts need thy re - fin - ing, And the cleans - ing of thy blood!
 Hum - ble are the gifts we bring thee, And up - on thine al - tar lay,

And make glo - rious with thy pres - ence This thy ho - ly dwell - ing place.
 Ho - ly Spir - it, seal, a - noint us, And our earth - li - ness re - fine.
 Con - se - crate and make us ho - ly, Thro' re - demp - tion's crim - son flood.
 Yet be gra - cious to thy chil - dren As they wor - ship thee to - day.

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Desiring the Spirit.—Psa. 19: 13.

344

8s & 7s D.

1 Come, descend, O heavenly Spirit!
 Fan each spark into a flame;
 Blessings let us now inherit,
 Blessings that we cannot name;
 Whilst hosannas we are singing,
 May our hearts in rapture move—
 Feel new grace in them still springing,
 Breathe the air of purest love.

2 Let us sail in grace's ocean,
 Float on that unbounded sea,
 Guided into pure devotion,
 Kept from paths of error free;
 (218)

On thy heavenly manna feeding,
 Screened from every envious foe;
 Love, O love for sinners bleeding,
 All for thee we would forego.

3 Keep us, Lord, still in communion,
 Daily nearer drawn to thee,
 Sinking in the sweetest union
 Of that heartfelt mystery.
 Keep us safe from each delusion,
 Well protected from all harms;
 Free from sin and all confusion,
 Circle us within thine arms.

345

Leesville. L. M.

Prayer for General Peace.—Matt. 6: 10.

E. T. HILDEBRAND, by per.

1. Thy foot-steps, Lord, with joy we trace, And mark the conquests of thy grace;
 2. O, show thy - self the Prince of Peace, Command the din of war to cease;
 3. Then peace shall lift her balm - y wing, Glad plen - ty laugh, the val - leys sing.
 4. Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord, All move sub - servient to thy word.

Complete the work thou hast begun, And let thy will on earth be done.
 O, bid con - tend - ing na - tions rest, And love per - vade each hu - man breast.
 Re - viv - ing com - merce lift her head, And want, and woe, and hate be fled.
 O, soon let ev - 'ry na - tion prove The per - fect joy of Chris - tian love.

346

Capello. S. M.

Born of God.—John 1: 13.

S. G. BULFINCH.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Thro' thee, O Lord, we own A new and heav'n - ly birth,
 2. How glo - rious is the hour When first our souls a - wake,
 3. With rich - er beau - ty glows The world, be - fore so fair;
 4. A - mid re - pent - ant tears We feel sweet peace with - in;
 5. Born of thy Spir - it, Lord, Thy Spir - it may we share;

Kin - dred to spir - its round thy throne, Tho' so - jour - ners of earth,
 And, thro' thy Spir - it's quick'ning pow'r, Of the new life par - take!
 Her ho - ly light Re - lig - ion throws, Re - flect - ed ev - 'ry - where.
 We know the God of mer - cy hears, And par - dons ev - 'ry sin.
 Deep in our hearts in - scribe thy Word, And place thine im - age there.

347

Kentucky. S. M.

I. WATTS.

Now are We the Sons of God.—1 John 3: 2.

A. CHAPIN, 1823.

1. Be - hold, what won - drous grace The Fa - ther has be - stowed
 2. Nor doth it yet ap - pear How great we must be made;
 3. A hope so much di - vine May tri - als well en - dure;
 4. If in my Fa - ther's love I share a fil - ial part,
 5. We would no long - er lie Like slaves be - neath the throne;

On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God!
 But when we see our Sav - ior here, We shall be like our Head.
 May pu - ri - fy our souls from sin, As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
 Send down thy Spir - it, like a dove, To rest up - on my heart.
 Our faith shall Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry, And thou the kin - dred own.

348

Wimborne. L. M.

Desire for God Only.—Psa. 73: 25.

J. WHITAKER.

1. O Lord, thou know'st my soul's de - sires, And thou canst give me per fect ease,
 2. Give me, O Lord, the hap - pi - ness To sit and hear thy gra - cious voice;
 3. Were not the Lord of hosts my strength I should have sunk in deep de - spair:
 4. There shall I rest for ev - er - more, Fear - less of storms and ra - ging seas:

Thou art the God my heart ad - mires, There's nothing but thy love can please.
 Come, Savior, come, my soul pos - sess, And make my mourning heart re - joice.
 But now I trust I shall at length Ar - rive at Ca - naan's har - bor fair.
 And sit up - on the heav'n - ly shore, And dwell at ev - er - last - ing ease.

AFFLICTIONS AND TRIALS.

349

Love Divine. L. M.

Rejoicing in Tribulation.—2 Cor. 7: 4.

O. W. HOLMES.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. O Love Di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit-t'rest tear,
 2. Tho' long the wea-ry way we tread, And sor-row crown each ling'ring year,
 3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 4. On thee we fling our burd'ning woe, O Love Di-vine, for-ev-er dear,

On thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while thou art near!
 No path we shun, no dark-ness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near!
 The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall soft-ly tell us, Thou art near!
 Con-tent to suf-fer, while we know, Liv-ing and dy-ing, thou art near!

350

All Saints. L. M.

W. C. BRYANT.

The Mourner Blest.—Matt. 5: 4.

W. KNAPP.

1. Deem not that they are blest a-lone Whose days a peace-ful ten-or keep:
 2. The light of smiles shall fill a-gain The lids that o-ver-flow with tears,
 3. O, there are days of hope and rest For ev-'ry dark and trou-bled night;
 4. And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier Dost shed the bit-ter drops like rain,
 5. Nor let the good man's trust de-part, Tho' life its com-mon gifts de-ny:

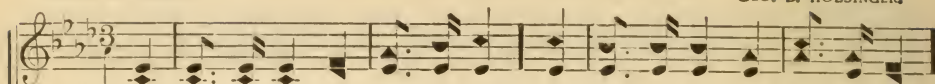
The God who loves our race has shown A bless-ing for the eyes that weep.
 And wea-ry hours of woe and pain Are ear-nests of se-ren-er years.
 And grief may bide, an evening guest, But joy shall come with ear-ly light.
 Hope that a bright-er, happier sphere Will give him to thy arms a-gain.
 Tho' with a pierced and bro-ken heart, And spurned of men, he goes to die.

When I am Glorified. L. M. D.

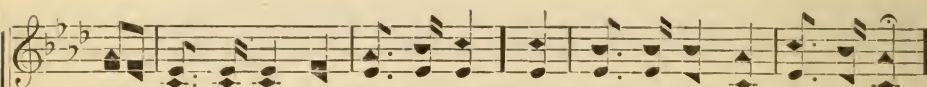
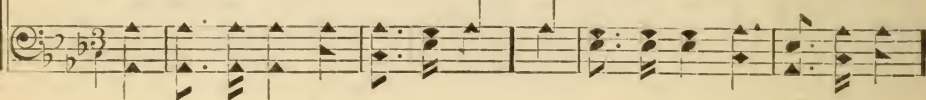
And God shall Wipe Away All Tears.—Rev. 21: 4.

ALICE M. HARPER.

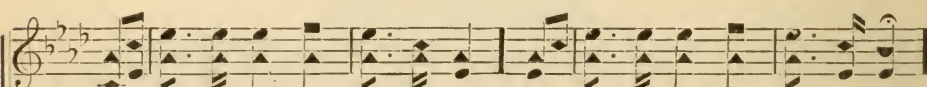
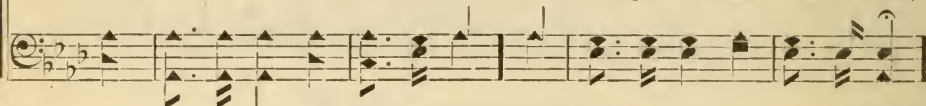
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



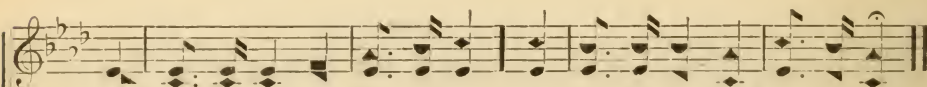
1. In hope of heav'n I find re - lief, Although my heart is bound with grief,
 2. I'll hold the hand that lead - eth me O'er life's e - vent - ful, troubled sea;
 3. In ver - dant pas - tures I may rest When E - den doffs her night - ly vest,
 4. Whose portals blest shall o - pen wide, When with the Lord I'm glo - ri - fied,



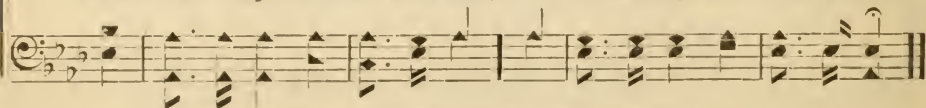
A balm for ev - 'ry wound is sent; With Christ, my Shepherd, I'm con - tent.
 And pray for strength to live a - right; Tho' cur - tains dark ob - scure the light,
 For then shall bloom im - mor - tal youth, When er - ror's lost in bless - ed truth.
 Then, bless - ed Lord, O, lead me on To that bright world, that blissful morn,



The path - way for - my trembling feet May nev - er bloom with ro - ses sweet,
 His wis - dom and his good - ness prove A fore - taste of his matchless love,
 From sin's deep stain I shall be free, Dear Lord, at last to rest with thee,
 And let me dwell in mansions fair, With all the pure from ev - 'ry care,



What - ev - er, then, shall be my fate, I'll calm - ly trust the Lord and wait.
 His wis - dom and his good - ness prove A fore - taste of his match - less love.
 From sin's deep stain I shall be free, Dear Lord, at last to live with thee.
 Where death and pain shall no more come, I'll live and reign with Christ at home.



Thou Hast Delivered my Soul.—Psa. 116: 8.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1. My God, thy serv-ice well de-mands The rem-nant of my days:
 2. Thine arms of ev-er-last-ing love Did this weak frame sus-tain,
 3. Thou, when the pains of death were felt, Didst chase the fears of hell,
 4. Calm-ly I bowed my faint-ing head On thy dear, faith-ful breast;
 5. In-to thy hands, my Sav-ior God, Did I my soul re-sign;
 6. Back from the bor-ders of the grave, At thy com-mand I come;

Why was this fleet-ing breath re-newed, But to re-new thy praise?
 When life was hov-'ring o'er the grave, And na-ture sunk with pain.
 And teach my pale and quiv-'ring lips Thy match-less grace to tell.
 Pleased to o-bey my Fa-ther's call To 'his e-ter-nal rest,
 In firm de-pend-ence on that truth Which made sal-va-tion mine.
 Nor will I urge a speed-ier flight To my ce-les-tial home.

353 *The Rivers shall not Overflow Thee.* C. M.

Isaiah 43: 2.

- 1 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.
- 2 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained our steps
And still hath been our guide.
- 3 Perhaps before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.
- 4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes—
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more to us than all the world—
Our Health, our Life, our God.

COTTON.

354 *A Song of Deliverance.* C. M.

Psa. 40: 1-5.

- 1 I waited patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry:
He saw me resting on his Word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from the bonds released my feet.
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.


I. WATTS.
(223)

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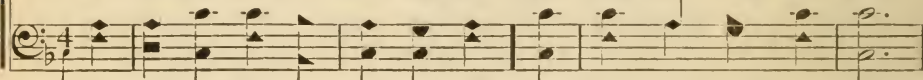
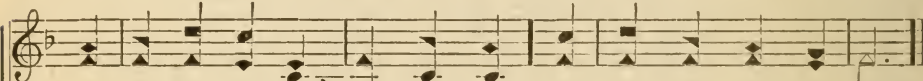
St. Etheldreda. C. M.

Light in Darkness.—Heb. 4: 9.

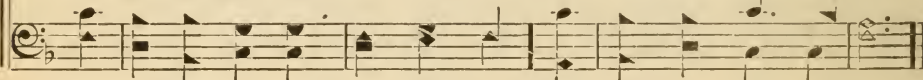
THOMAS TURTON.



1. O there's a bet - ter world on high; Hope on, thou pi - ous breast;
 2. An - guish may rend each vi - tal part; Poor man, thy strength how frail!
 3. Thro' death's dark vale of deep - est shade Thy feet must sure - ly go;
 4. Thy God—and with the tend' rest hand—Shall guard the trav - 'ler through;
 5. O Fa - ther, make our souls thy care, And bring us safe to thee:

Faint not, thou trav - 'ler; on the sky Thy wea - ry feet shall rest.
 Yet heav'n's own strength shall shield thy heart, When flesh and heart shall fail.
 Yet there, e'en there, walk un - dis - mayed; 'T is thy last scene of woe.
 "Hail!" shalt thou cry; "hail! prom - ised land! And, wil - der - ness, a - dieu!"
 Wher - e'er thou art - we ask not where—But there 't is heav'n to be.



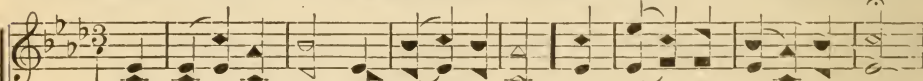
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Church. C. M.

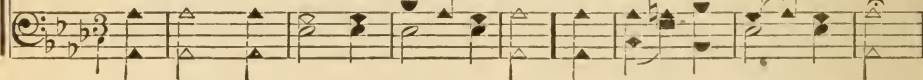
THOS. MOORE.

Songs in the Night.—Job 35: 10.


J. F. HOLBROOK.



1. O thou who dry'st the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be,
 2. The friends, who in our sunshine live, When win - ter comes, are flown;
 3. O, who could bear life's storm - y doom, Did not thy wing of love
 4. Then sor - row, touched by thee, grows bright, With more than rap - ture's ray;



If, when by sor - rows wounded here, We could not fly to thee.
 And he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears a - lone.
 Come, bright - ly waft - ing thro' the gloom Our peace-branch from a - bove?
 As dark - ness shows us worlds of light We nev - er saw by day.



AFFLICTIONS AND TRIALS.

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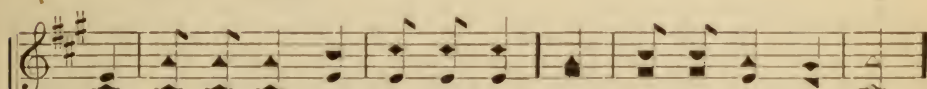
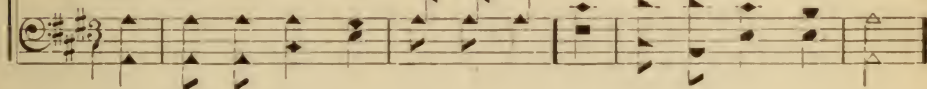
Shelley. C. M. D.

Help Thou Mine Unbelief.—Mark 9: 24.

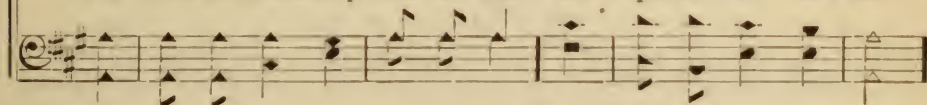
S. G. BULFINCH.



1. Fa - ther, when o'er our trembling hearts Doubt's shadows gath - 'ring brood,
2. When sor - row comes, and joys are flown, And fond - est hopes lie dead,
3. And when the pow'rs of na - ture fail Up - on the couch of pain,



When faith in thee al - most de - parts, And gloom - iest fears in - trude,
And bless - ings long es - teemed our own Are now for - ev - er fled—
Nor love nor friend - ship can a - vail The spir - it to de - tain—



For - sake us not, O God of grace, But send those fears re - lief;
When the bright prom - ise of our spring Is but a with - ered leaf—
Then, Fa - ther, be our clos - ing eyes Un - dimmed by tears of grief:



Grant us a - gain to see thy face; Lord, help our un - be - lief.
Lord, to thy truths still let us cling; Help thou our un - be - lief.
And if a trem - bling doubt a - rise, Help thou our un - be - lief.



358

Peterboro'. C. M.

Our Weakness.—Psa. 39: 13.

R. HARRISON.

1. Long have I sat be - neath the sound Of thy sal - va - tion, Lord!
 2. Oft I fre - quent thy ho - ly place, And hear al - most in vain;
 3. How cold and fee - ble is my love, How neg - li - gent my fear!
 4. Great God! thy sov - reign pow'r im - part, To give thy Word suc - cess;
 5. Show my for - get - ful feet the way That leads to joy on high:

But still how weak my faith is found, And knowl - edge of thy Word.
 How small a por - tion of thy grace My mem - 'ry can re - tain.
 How low my hopes of joys a - bove! How few.... af - fec - tions here.
 Write thy sal - va - tion in my heart, And make... me learn thy grace.
 There knowledge grows without de - cay And love.... shall nev - er die.

359

Maitland. C. M.

T. SHEPHERD.

Luke 9: 23.

G. W. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
 4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

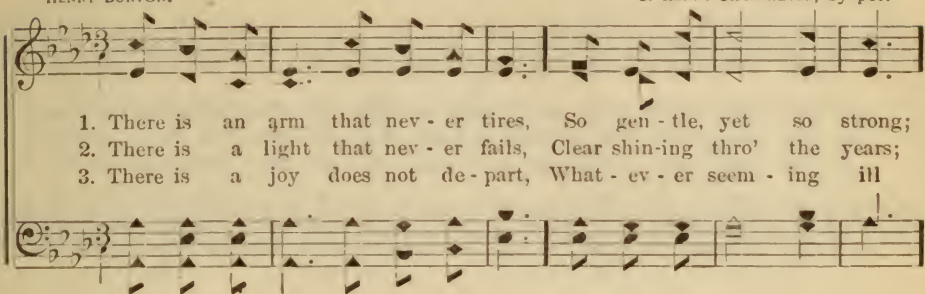
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Joy - ful I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
 May an - gels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

The Arm That Never Tires. C. M. D.

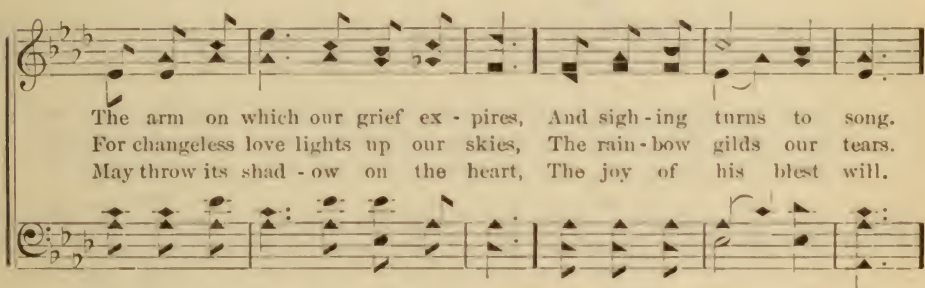
On Mine Arm Shall They Trust.—Isalah 51: 5.

HENRY BURTON.

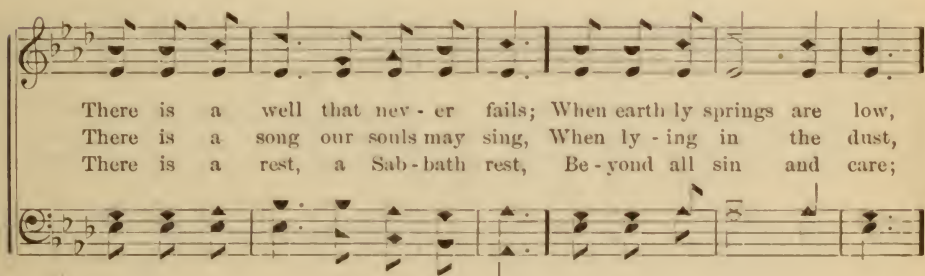
J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.



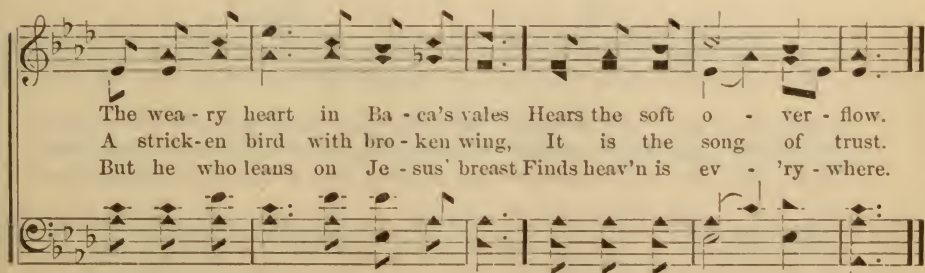
1. There is an arm that nev - er tires, So gen - tle, yet so strong;
 2. There is a light that nev - er fails, Clear shin - ing thro' the years;
 3. There is a joy does not de - part, What - ev - er seem - ing ill



The arm on which our grief ex - pires, And sigh - ing turns to song.
 For changeless love lights up our skies, The rain - bow gilds our tears.
 May throw its shad - ow on the heart, The joy of his blest will.



There is a well that nev - er fails; When earth ly springs are low,
 There is a song our souls may sing, When ly - ing in the dust,
 There is a rest, a Sab - bath rest, Be - yond all sin and care;



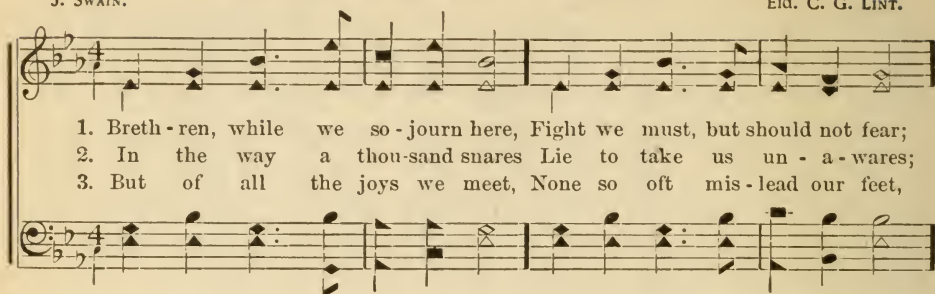
The wea - ry heart in Ba - ca's vales Hears the soft o - ver - flow.
 A strick - en bird with bro - ken wing, It is the song of trust.
 But he who leans on Je - sus' breast Finds heav'n is ev - 'ry - where.

361 Brethren, While We Sojourn Here. 7s D.

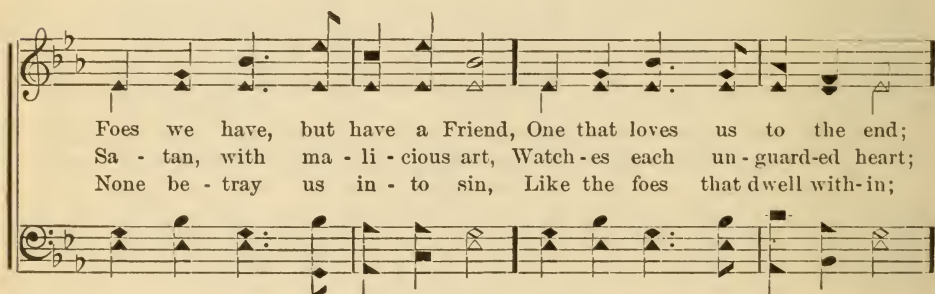
J. SWAIN.

Without were Fightings, Within were Fears.—2 Cor. 7: 5.

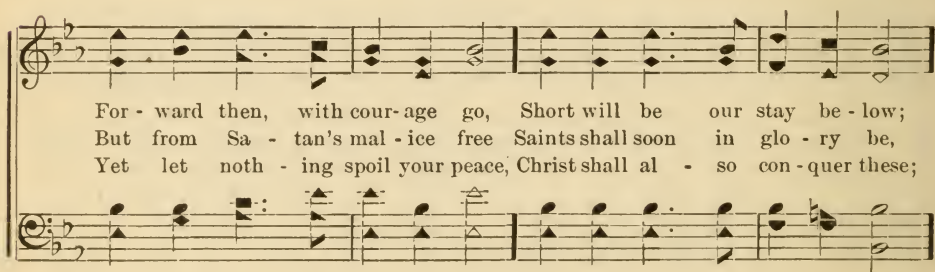
Eld. C. G. LINT.



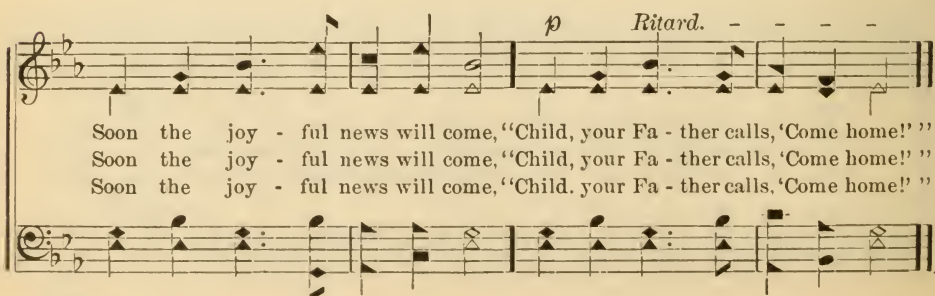
1. Breth - ren, while we so - journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear;
 2. In the way a thou-sand snares Lie to take us un - a - wares;
 3. But of all the joys we meet, None so oft mis - lead our feet,



Foes we have, but have a Friend, One that loves us to the end;
 Sa - tan, with ma - li - cious art, Watch - es each un - guard - ed heart;
 None be - tray us in - to sin, Like the foes that dwell with-in;



For - ward then, with cour - age go, Short will be our stay be - low;
 But from Sa - tan's mal - ice free Saints shall soon in glo - ry be,
 Yet let noth - ing spoil your peace, Christ shall al - so con - quer these;




Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child, your Fa - ther calls, 'Come home!'"
 Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child, your Fa - ther calls, 'Come home!'"
 Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child, your Fa - ther calls, 'Come home!'"

Autumn. Ss & 7s D.

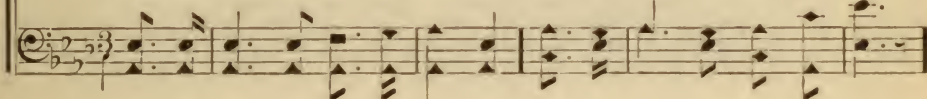

For Thy Name's Sake Lead Me.—Psa. 31: 3.

THOS. HASTINGS.


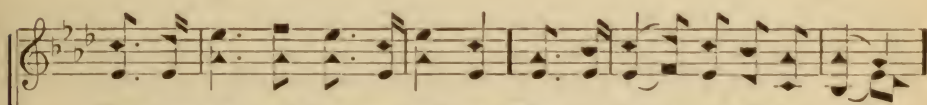
LOUIS VON ESCH.




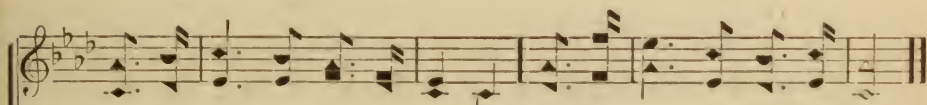
1. Gen - tly, Lord, oh, gen - tly lead us Thro' this gloom - y vale of tears;
 2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near,
 3. When this mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us in thine arms to rest,

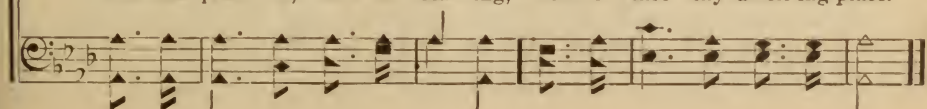
Thro' the chang - es thou'st de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.
 Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear.
 Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest.

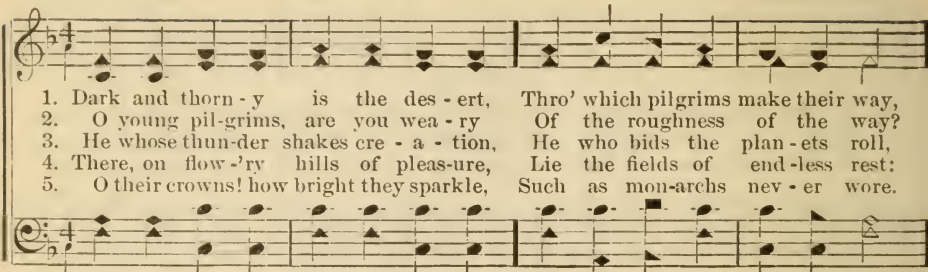
When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
 Let thy prom - ise to be near us Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Then, oh, crown us with thy bless - ing, Thro' the tri - umphs of thy grace;

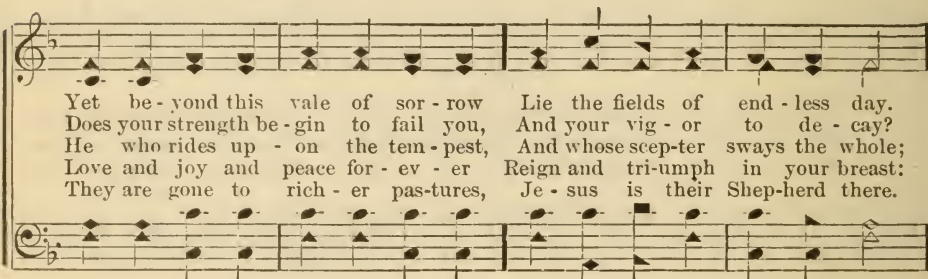
Let thy good - ness nev - er fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way.
 May thy pres - ences sweet - ly cheer us, Till our con - flicts all shall cease.
 Then shall prais - es, nev - er ceas - ing, Ech - o thro' thy dwell - ing place.



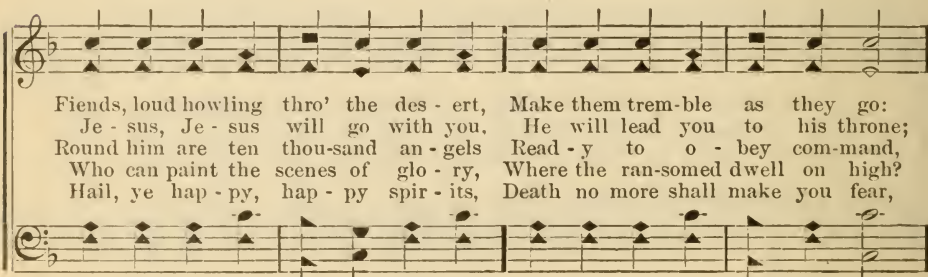
Otto. 8s & 7s D.

The Pilgrim's Hopes.—Heb. 7: 16.


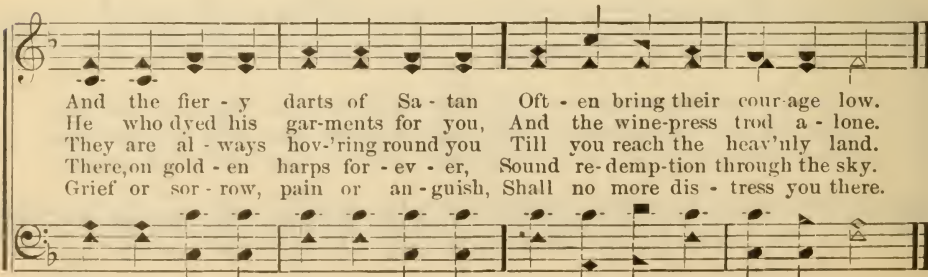
1. Dark and thorn-y is the des-ert, Thro' which pilgrims make their way,
 2. O young pil-grims, are you wea-ry Of the roughness of the way?
 3. He whose thun-der shakes cre-a-tion, He who bids the plan-ets roll,
 4. There, on flow-ry hills of pleas-ure, Lie the fields of end-less rest:
 5. O their crowns! how bright they sparkle, Such as mon-archs nev-er wore.



Yet be-yond this vale of sor-row Lie the fields of end-less day.
 Does your strength be-gin to fail you, And your vig-or to de-cay?
 He who rides up-on the tem-pest, And whose scep-ter sways the whole;
 Love and joy and peace for-ev-er Reign and tri-umph in your breast:
 They are gone to rich-er pas-tures, Je-sus is their Shep-herd there.



Fiends, loud howling thro' the des-ert, Make them trem-ble as they go:
 Je-sus, Je-sus will go with you. He will lead you to his throne;
 Round him are ten thou-sand an-gels Read-y to o-bey com-mand,
 Who can paint the scenes of glo-ry, Where the ran-somed dwell on high?
 Hail, ye hap-py, hap-py spir-its, Death no more shall make you fear,



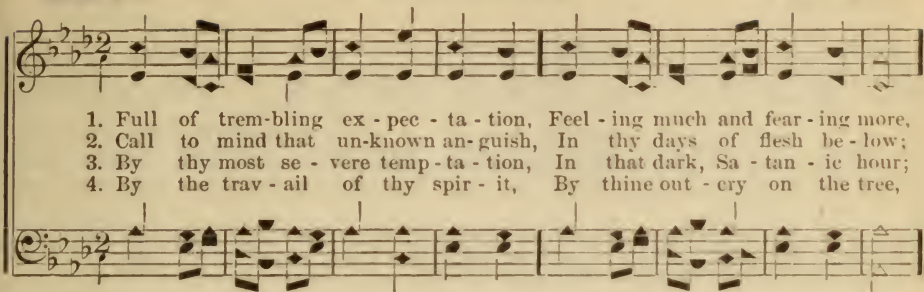
And the fier-y darts of Sa-tan Oft-en bring their cour-age low.
 He who dyed his gar-ments for you, And the wine-press trod a-lone.
 They are al-ways hov-ering round you Till you reach the heav'nly land.
 There, on gold-en harps for-ev-er, Sound re-demp-tion through the sky.
 Grief or sor-row, pain or an-guish, Shall no more dis-tress you there.

Pleading Savior. 8s & 7s D.

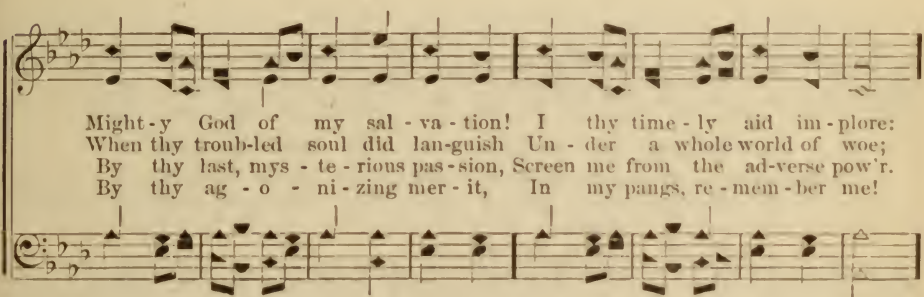
C. WESLEY.

In Deep Affliction.—Psa. 42: 7.

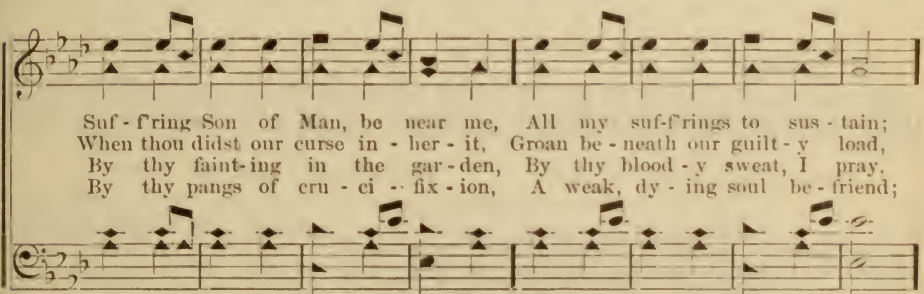
WM. WALKER.



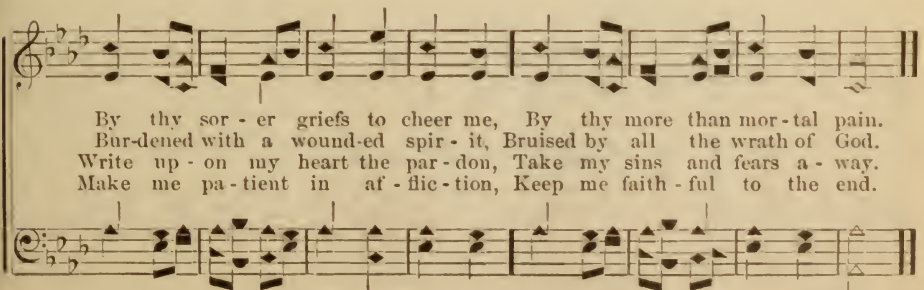
1. Full of trem-bling ex - pec - ta - tion, Feel - ing much and fear - ing more,
 2. Call to mind that un-known an-guish, In thy days of flesh be - low;
 3. By thy most se - vere temp - ta - tion, In that dark, Sa - tan - ic hour;
 4. By the trav - ail of thy spir - it, By thine out - cry on the tree,



Might-y God of my sal - va - tion! I thy time - ly aid im - plore:
 When thy troub - led soul did lan - guish Un - der a whole world of woe;
 By thy last, mys - te - rious pas - sion, Screen me from the ad - verse pow'r.
 By thy ag - o - ni - zing mer - it, In my pangs, re - mem - ber me!



Suf - fring Son of Man, be near me, All my suf-frings to sus - tain;
 When thou didst our curse in - her - it, Groan be - neath our guilt - y load,
 By thy faint - ing in the gar - den, By thy blood - y sweat, I pray.
 By thy pangs of cru - ci - fix - ion, A weak, dy - ing soul be - friend;



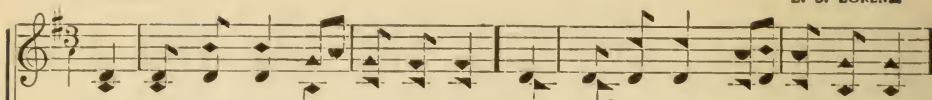
By thy sor - er griefs to cheer me, By thy more than mor - tal pain.
 Bur - dened with a wound - ed spir - it, Bruised by all the wrath of God.
 Write up - on my heart the par - don, Take my sins and fears a - way.
 Make me pa - tient in af - lic - tion, Keep me faith - ful to the end.

Amid the Trials which I Meet.



The Lord Thinketh upon Me.—Psa. 40: 17.

E. D. MUND.

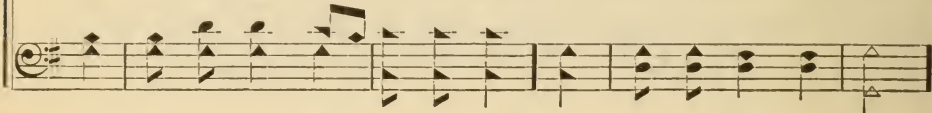
E. S. LORENZ.



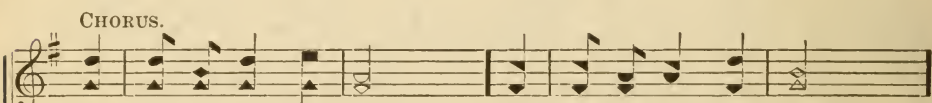
1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet;
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad-ow cast;
 3. Let shad-ows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe;

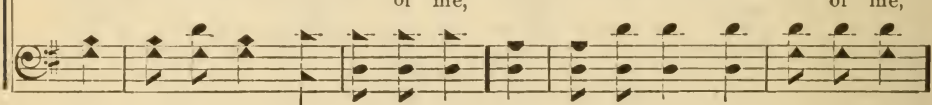
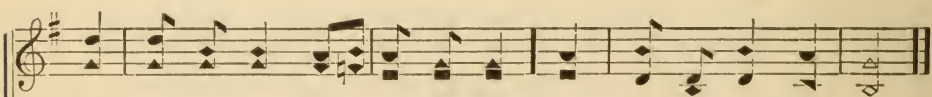
One tho't re - mains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
 I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!



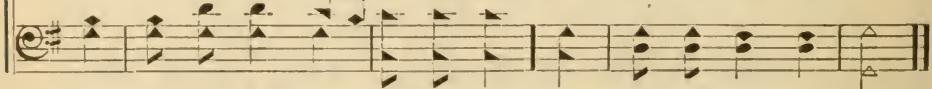
CHORUS.



Thou think-est, Lord, of me, Thou think-est, Lord, of me,
 of me, of me,

What need I fear since thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me!



366 The Rock That is Higher Than I. 8s.

E. JOHNSON.

My God is the Rock of My Refuge.—Psa. 94: 22.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail;

And sor-rows, how oft-en they sweep Like tem-pests down o-ver the soul.
But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's bless-ed shad-ow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep. Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.

CHORUS.

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

Rock that is high-er than I; O then, to the
is high-er than I;

Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high-er than I.

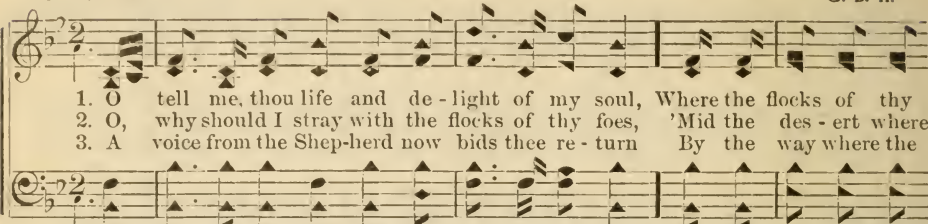
367 I Would Go Where My Shepherd is Leading.

11s & 10s P. M.

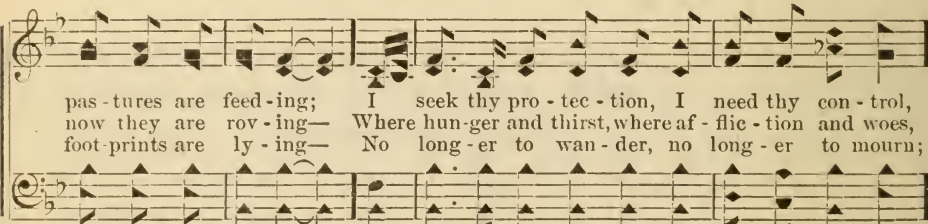
Tell Me where Thou Feedest.—Cant. 1: 7.

THOS. HASTINGS.

G. B. H.



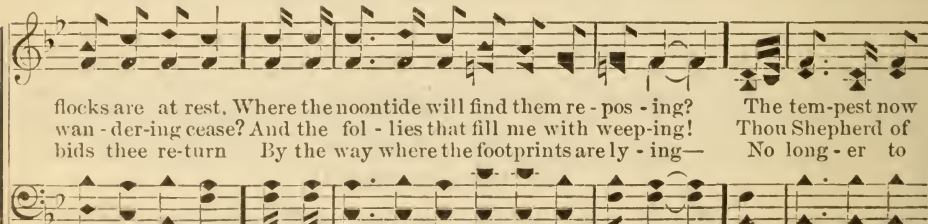
1. O tell me, thou life and de-light of my soul, Where the flocks of thy
 2. O, why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes, 'Mid the des-ert where
 3. A voice from the Shep-herd now bids thee re-turn By the way where the



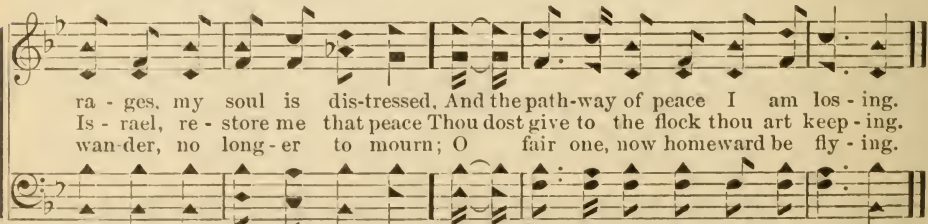
pas-tures are feed-ing; I seek thy pro-tec-tion, I need thy con-trol,
 now they are rov-ing— Where hun-ger and thirst, where af-flic-tion and woes,
 foot-prints are ly-ing— No long-er to wan-der, no long-er to mourn;



I would go where my Shep-herd is lead-ing. O, tell me the place where thy
 And temp-ta-tions their ru-in are prov-ing! O, when shall my foes and my
 O fair one, now homeward be fly-ing! A voice from the Shep-herd now



flocks are at rest, Where the noontide will find them re-pos-ing? The tem-pest now
 wan-der-ing cease? And the fol-lies that fill me with weep-ing! Thou Shep-herd of
 bids thee re-turn By the way where the footprints are ly-ing— No long-er to

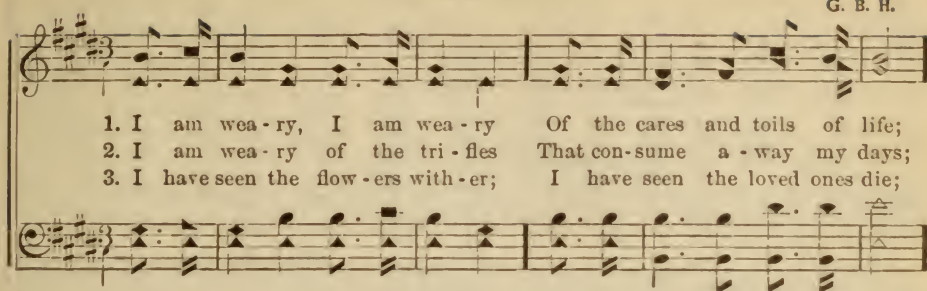


ra-ges, my soul is dis-tressed, And the path-way of peace I am los-ing.
 Is-rael, re-store me that peace Thou dost give to the flock thou art keep-ing.
 wan-der, no long-er to mourn; O fair one, now homeward be fly-ing.

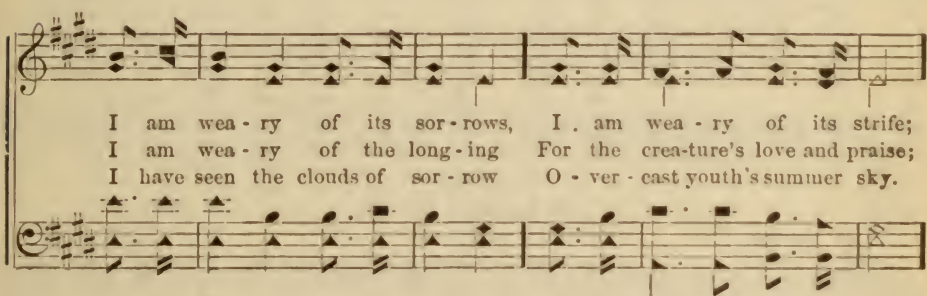
I Am Weary. 8s & 7s D.

All is Vanity.—Eccl. 1: 2.

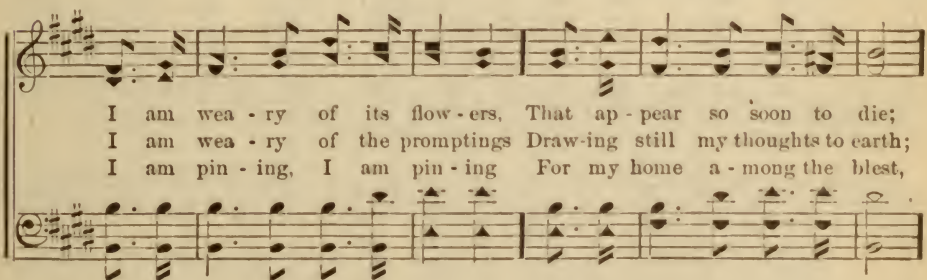
G. B. H.



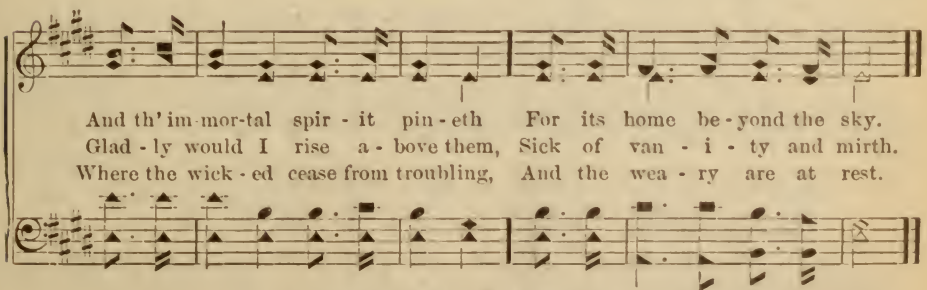
1. I am wea-ry, I am wea-ry Of the cares and toils of life;
 2. I am wea-ry of the tri-fles That con-sume a-way my days;
 3. I have seen the flow-ers with-er; I have seen the loved ones die;



I am wea-ry of its sor-rows, I am wea-ry of its strife;
 I am wea-ry of the long-ing For the crea-ture's love and praise;
 I have seen the clouds of sor-row O-ver-cast youth's summer sky.



I am wea-ry of its flow-ers, That ap-pear so soon to die;
 I am wea-ry of the promptings Draw-ing still my thoughts to earth;
 I am pin-ing, I am pin-ing For my home a-mong the blest,



And th'im-mor-tal spir-it pin-eth For its home be-yond the sky.
 Glad-ly would I rise a-bove them, Sick of van-i-ty and mirth.
 Where the wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest.

369

Billows. 7s & 6s.

Afflictions Welcomed.—2 Cor. 4: 17.

G. B. H.

1. Tho' hard the winds are blow - ing, And loud the bil - lows roar;
 2. The bil - lows break - ing o'er us, The storms that round us swell,
 3. So sor - row oft - en press - es Life's mar - i - ner a - long;
 4. The sharp - er and se - ver - er The storm of life we meet,
 5. Come, then, af - flic - tions drear - y, Sharp sick - ness, pierce my breast—

Full swift - ly are we go - ing To our dear na - tive shore.
 Are aid - ing to re - store us To all we loved so well.
 Af - flic - tions and dis - tress - es Are gales and bil - lows strong,
 The soon - er and the near - er Is heav'n's e - ter - nal seat.
 You on - ly bear the wea - ry More quick - ly home to rest.

By permission.

370

Selvin. S. M.

A. M. TOPLADY.

The Lord is Good to All.—Psa. 145: 9.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. If, on a qui - et sea, Tow'rd heav'n we calm - ly sail,
 2. But soon the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lays to come,
 3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to thy con - trol;
 4. Teach us, in ev - 'ry state, To make thy will our own,

With grate - ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fa - v'ring gale;
 Blest be the tem - pest, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home;
 Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul;
 And when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone;

With grate - ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fa - v'ring gale.
 Blest be the tem - pest, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.
 Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul.
 And when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone.

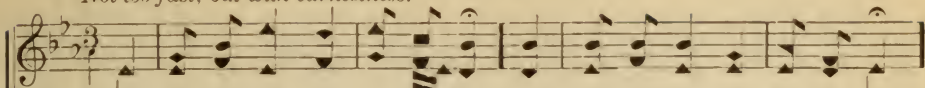
371

Wells. L. M.

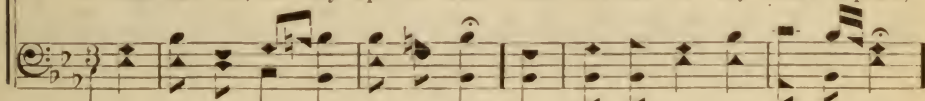
MISS ANNE STEELE.

Glimpses of Glory.—Rev. 21: 23.

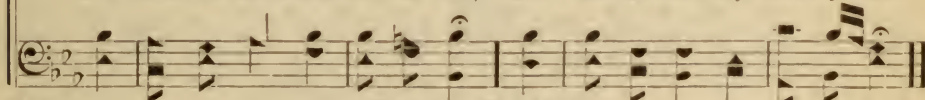
ISRAEL HOLDROYD, 1753.

Not too fast, but with earnestness.

1. O for a sweet, in-spir-ing ray, To an-i-mate our fee-ble strains,
2. There low be-fore his glo-rious throne A-dor-ing saints and an-gels fall,
3. Im-mor-tal glo-ries crown his head. While tune-ful hal-le-lu-jahs rise:
4. He smiles, and ser-aphs tune their songs To boundless rap-ture while they gaze.
5. There all the ran-somed of the Lamb Shall join at last the heav'nly choir:
6. Dear Sav-ior, let thy Spir-it seal Our int'rest in thy bliss-ful place,



From the bright realms of end-less day. The bliss-ful realms, where Je-sus reigns.
 And with de-light-ful wor-ship own His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
 And love, and joy, and tri-umph spread Thro' all th'as-sem-blies of the skies.
 Ten thou-sand thou-sand joy-ful tongues Re-sound his ev-er-last-ing praise.
 O may the joy-in-spir-ing theme A-wake our faith, our warm de-sire!
 Till death re-move this mor-tal veil, And we be-hold thy love-ly face.



372

Baca. L. M.

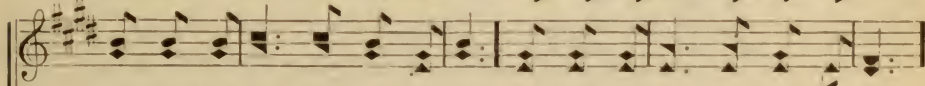
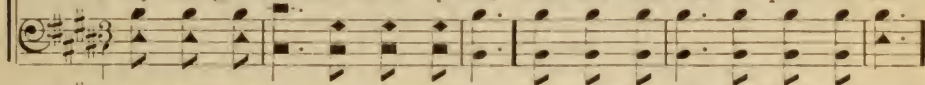
J. WATTS.

Communion with Christ in Worship.—John 6: 48.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



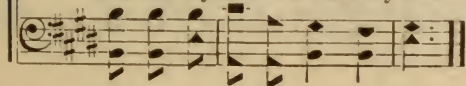
1. Far from my tho'ts, vain world, begone, Let my re-lig-ious hours a-lone;
2. My heart grows warm with ho-ly fire, And kin-dles with a pure de-sire:



Fain would my eyes my Sav-ior see; I wait a vis-it, Lord, from thee,
 Come, my dear Je-sus, from a-bove, And feed my soul with heav'n-ly love,



I wait a vis-it, Lord, from thee.
 And feed my soul with heav'nly love.



- 3 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
 And spread the table of thy grace;
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,
 And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
- 4 Blessed Jesus, what delicious fare!
 How sweet thy entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

373

Ashwell. L. M.

Give Us this Day our Daily Bread.—Matt. 6: 11.

LOWELL MASON.

1. While oth-ers pray for grace to die, O Lord, I pray for grace to live!
 2. I do not dread the hour of death—If I am thine, no fears re-main,—
 3. And if it should be then thy will A cloud should on the fu-ture be,
 4. E'en if the darkness should ap-pear Too deep for faith—as well as sight,
 5. But oh, my Lord! in life's high-way I crave the sun-shine of thy face!
 6. My wea-ry spir-it' can-not drink At springs which rise from earth a-lone;

For ev-'ry hour a fresh sup-ply—O see my need, and free-ly give.
 I know that with my part-ing breath I leave for-ev-er mor-tal pain,—
 The bow of prom-ise spans it still, I will be-lieve—I need not see!
 If I am thine, thou wilt be near, And take me to thy heav'n-ly light.
 And ev-'ry mo-ment of the day I need thy strong sup-port-ing grace.
 When I can do no more, I think Of liv-ing wa-ters from thy throne.

374

Brookville. L. M.

Christ Exalts His People.—1 Sam. 2: 8.

E. A. BROOKS.

1. O come, thou wounded Lamb of God, Come, wash us in thy cleans-ing blood;
 2. Take our poor hearts, and let them be For-ev-er closed to all but thee;
 3. How can it be, thou heav'nly King, That thou shouldst man to glo-ry bring?
 4. Ah, Lord, en-large our scant-y thought, To know the won-ders thou hast wrought;
 5. First born of man-y breth-ren, thou, To thee both earth and heav'n must bow.

Give us to know thy love, then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
 Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear The pledge of love for-ev-er there.
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne, And give them an im-mor-tal crown!
 Un-loose our stamm'ring tongues to tell Thy love immense, un-search-a-ble.
 Help us to thee our all to give—Thine may we die, thine may we live.

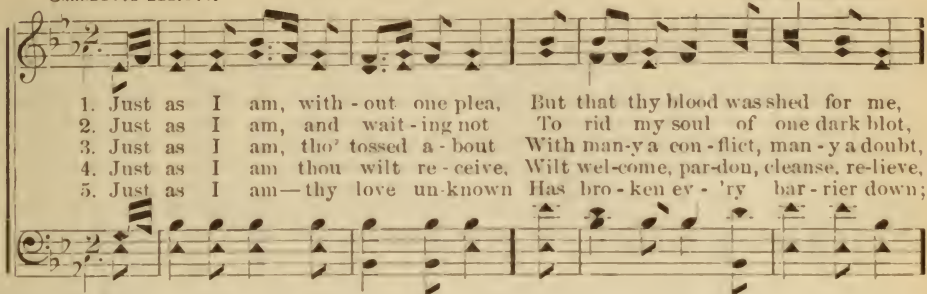
375

Just As I Am. L. M.

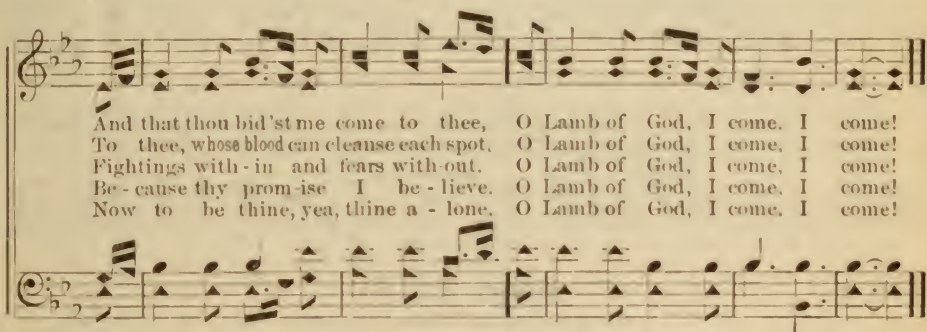
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Behold the Lamb of God.—John 1: 29.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With man - y a con - flict, man - y a doubt,
 4. Just as I am thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve,
 5. Just as I am—thy love un - known Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;



And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fightings with - in and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be - cause thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Now to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

376

Malvern. L. M.

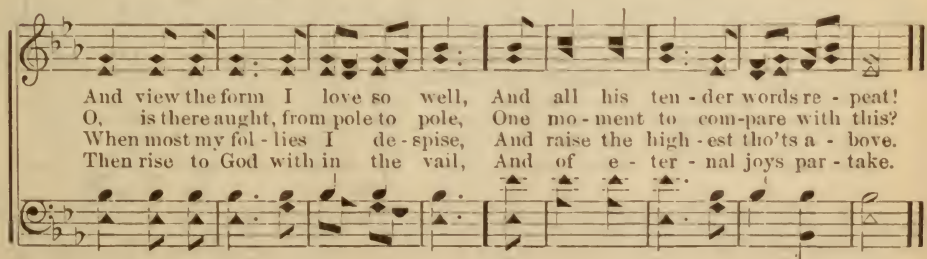
A. REED.

Desiring to be Weaned from Earth.—Psa. 131: 2.

LOWELL MASON.



1. O, that I could for - ev - er dwell With Ma - ry at my Sav - ior's feet,
 2. The world shut out from all my soul, And heav'n brought in with all its bliss;
 3. This is the hid - den life I prize— A life of pure and fil - ial love,
 4. Thus would I live, till na - ture fail And all my for - mer sins for - sake;



And view the form I love so well, And all his ten - der words re - peat!
 O, is there aught, from pole to pole, One mo - ment to com - pare with this?
 When most my fol - lies I de - spise, And raise the high - est tho'ts a - bove.
 Then rise to God with in the veil, And of e - ter - nal joys par - take.

377

Berlin. C. M.

Nearer to Thee.—Gen. 5: 22, 24.

B. CLEAVELAND.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Oh, could I find, from day to day, A near-ness to my God, Then would my
 2. Lord, I de-sire with thee to live A-new from day to day, In joys the
 3. Blest Je-sus, come and rule my heart, And make me whol-ly thine, That I may
 4. Thus, till my last, ex-pir-ing breath, Thy goodness I'll a-dore; And when my

hours glides swift a-way While leaning on his Word, While leaning on his Word.
 world can nev-er give Nor ev-er take a-way, Nor ev-er take a-way.
 nev-er more de-part, Nor grieve thy love di-vine, Nor grieve thy love di-vine.
 frame dissolves in death, My soul shall love thee more, My soul shall love thee more.

By permission.

378

Mear. C. M.

The Importance of Religion.—Phil. 3: 8.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Welsh Air.

1. Re-lig-ion is the chief con-cern Of mor-tals here be-low;
 2. More need-ful this than glit-ter-ing wealth, Or aught the world be-stows;
 3. Re-lig-ion should our thoughts en-gage A-midst our youth-ful bloom;
 4. O may my heart, by grace re-newed, Be my Re-deem-er's throne,
 5. Let deep re-pent-ance, faith and love, Be joined with god-ly fear;
 6. Let live-ly hope my soul in-spire; Let warm af-fec-tions rise:


May I its great im-por-tance learn, Its sov-erign vir-tue know.
 Not rep-u-ta-tion, food or health, Can give us such re-pose.
 'Twill fit us for de-clin-ing age, And for the aw-ful tomb.
 And be my stub-born will sub-dued, His gov-ern-ment to own.
 And all my con-ver-sa-tion prove My heart to be sin-cere.
 And may I wait with strong de-sire To mount a-bove the skies.

379 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.* C. M.


Thy Work Shall be Rewarded.—Jer. 31: 16.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

DR. WM. MILLER.

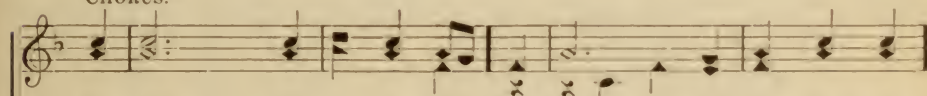


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shel-t'ring dome;
 3. To Je-sus Christ I sought for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I would at once have quit this place, Where foes in fu-ry roam,
 5. Wea-ry of wan-d'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,




When shall I lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?
 This world's a wil-der-ness of woe; This world is not my home.
 And fly for suc-cor to his breast, And he'd con-duct me home.
 But, ah! my pass-port was not sealed—I could not yet go home.
 I long to leave th'un-hal-lowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

CHORUS.*



We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,
 We'll work We'll work



We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
 We'll work

* See No. 721 for new tune and chorus.

380

May. C. M.

Desiring Divine Communion.—Psa. 25: 4, 5.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. A - las! my God, that thou shouldst be To me so much un-known:
 2. Thou know'st, my soul doth dear - ly love The place of thine a - bode:
 3. I long not for the fruit that grows With - in these gar-dens here:
 4. Thy gra - cious pres - ence, O my Christ, Can make a Par - a - dise,
 5. Give me that sweet com - mun - ion, Lord! Thy peo - ple have with thee;
 6. Like E - noch, let me walk with God, And thus walk out my day,

I long to walk and talk with thee, And dwell be - fore thy throne.
 No mu - sic gives so sweet a sound As these two words—My God.
 I find no sweet-ness in the rose, When Je - sus is not near.
 Ah, what are all the good - ly pearls Un - to this pearl of price.
 Thy Spir - it dai - ly talks with them, O, let it talk with me.
 At - tend - ed with the heav'n - ly guards, Up - on the King's high-way.

381

Balerna. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Desiring the Divine Nature.—2 Peter 1: 4.

Arr. by R. SIMPSON.

1. O for a heart to love my God! A heart from sin set free;
 2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My dear Re-deem - er's throne,
 3. A hum - ble, low - ly, con-trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean,
 4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought re-newed, And filled with love di - vine;
 5. Thy ho - ly na - ture, Lord, im - part; Come quick - ly from a - bove,

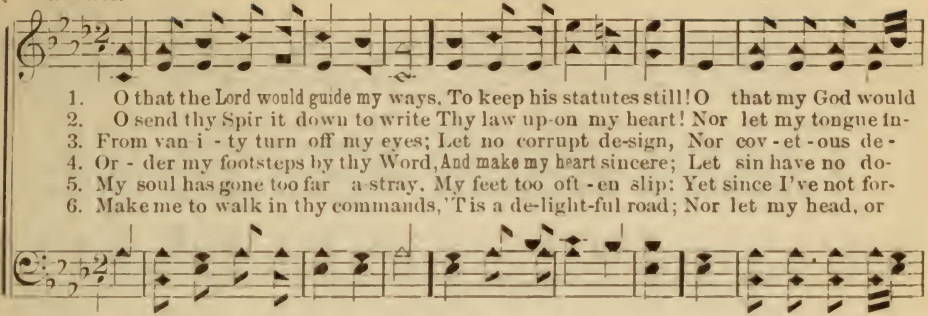
A heart that al - ways feels the blood, So free - ly shed for me.
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
 Which nei - ther life nor death can part From him that dwells with - in.
 Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of thine.
 Write thy new name up - on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.

382

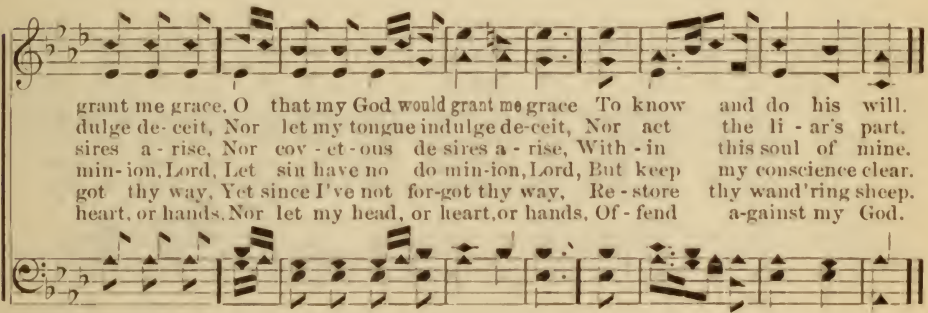
Ninety-Fifth. C. M.

Thirsting after Righteousness.—Matt. 5: 6.

I. WATTS.



1. O that the Lord would guide my ways, To keep his statutes still! O that my God would
2. O send thy Spir it down to write Thy law up-on my heart! Nor let my tongue in-
3. From van i - ty turn off my eyes; Let no corrupt de-sign, Nor cov-et-ous de-
4. Or - der my footsteps by thy Word, And make my heart sincere; Let sin have no do-
5. My soul has gone too far a-stray, My feet too oft -en slip; Yet since I've not for-
6. Make me to walk in thy commands, 'Tis a de-light-ful road; Nor let my head, or



grant me grace. O that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will.
 indulge de- ceit, Nor let my tongue indulge de- ceit, Nor act the li - ar's part.
 sires a - rise, Nor cov - et - ous de sires a - rise, With - in this soul of mine.
 min - ion, Lord, Let sin have no do min - ion, Lord, But keep my conscience clear.
 got thy way, Yet since I've not for-got thy way, Re - store thy wand'ring sheep.
 heart, or hands, Nor let my head, or heart, or hands, Of - fend a- gainst my God.

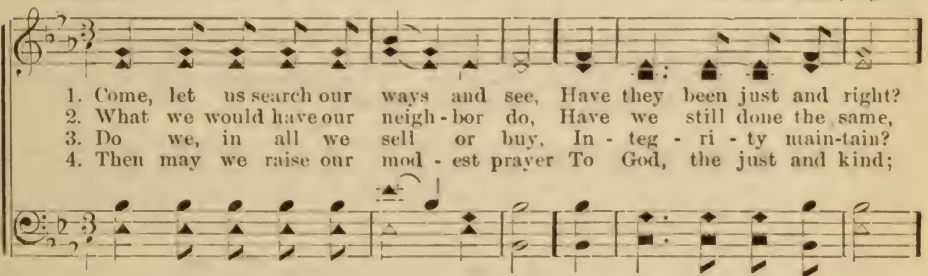
383

Elizabethtown. C. M.

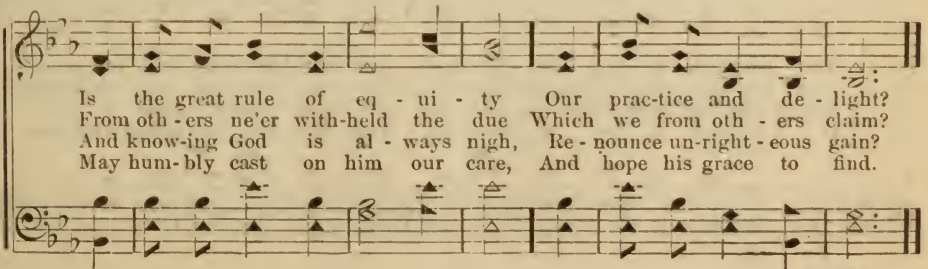
Justice and Equity.—Matt. 7: 12.

I. WATTS.

GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.



1. Come, let us search our ways and see, Have they been just and right?
2. What we would have our neigh - bor do, Have we still done the same,
3. Do we, in all we sell or buy, In - teg - ri - ty main-tain?
4. Then may we raise our mod - est prayer To God, the just and kind;




Is the great rule of eq - ui - ty Our prac-tice and de - light?
 From oth - ers ne'er with-held the due Which we from oth - ers claim?
 And know-ing God is al - ways nigh, Re - nounce un-right - eous gain?
 May hum-bly cast on him our care, And hope his grace to find.

384 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken. 8s & 7s D.

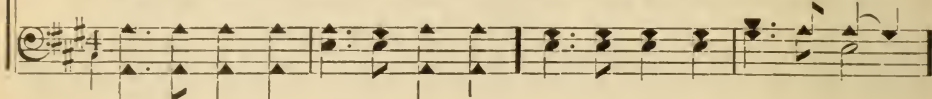
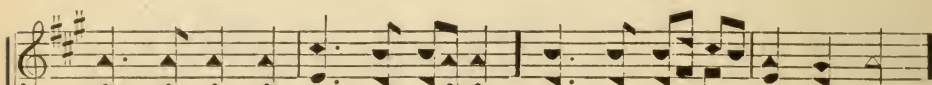
H. F. LYTE, 1827.

Luke 9: 23:

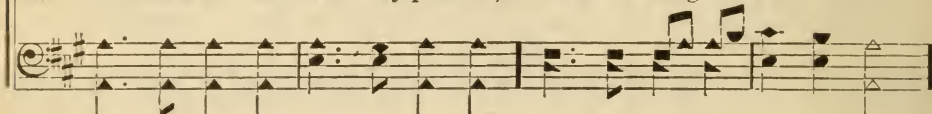

Arr. from MOZART.




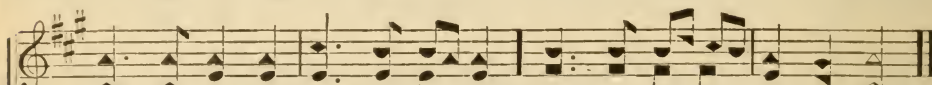
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee;
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
 3. Go then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorn and pain!
 4. Man may troub - le and dis - tress me, 'T will but drive me to thy breast;

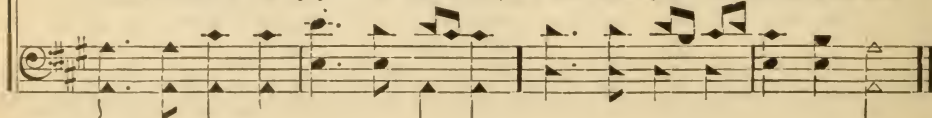
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like them, un - true;
 In thy serv - ice pain is pleas - ure; With thy fa - vor loss is gain.
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
 And while thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might,
 I have called thee, Ab - ba, Fa - ther; I have stayed my heart on thee;
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me;

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show thy face and all is bright.
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gath - er, All must work for good to me.
 O 't were not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with thee.




Near the Cross. P. M.



Peace Through the Blood of His Cross.—Col. 1: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY.


W. H. DOANE, by per.




1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
 2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! oh, Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,



Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the bright and morn - ing star Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ow o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.




CHORUS.



In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.



386

Ripley. 8s & 7s D.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP, 1838.

Lamb of the Fold.—John 21: 15.Gregorian.
Fine.

1. { Sav - ior, like a shep - herd lead us: Much we need thy ten - der care;
In thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us, For our use thy fold pre - pare;
D. C.—Keep thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.

2. { Thou hast prom - ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
D. C.—Ho - ly Lord, our on - ly Sav - ior! With thy grace our bos - om fill.

We are thine: do thou be - friend us, Be the guar - dian of our way;
Ear - ly let us seek thy fa - vor, Ear - ly help us do thy will;
D. C.

387

Ferguson. S. M.

To Live is Christ.—Phil. 1: 21.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. For me to live is Christ, To die is end - less gain;
2. A pil - grim - age my lot, My home is in the skies;
3. I fare with Christ my Lord; His path the path I choose;
4. The dawn on dis - tant hills Shines o'er the vales be - low;
5. Faith - ful may I en - dure, And hear my Sav - ior say,

For him I glad - ly bear the cross, And wel - come grief and pain.
I night - ly pitch my tent be - low, And dai - ly high - er rise.
They joy who suf - fer most with him—They win who with him lose.
The shad - ows of this world are lost In light to which I go.
Thrice wel - come home, be - lov - ed child, In - her - it end - less day!

ASPIRATIONS.

388 Nearer, My God, to Thee. 6s & 4s.

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841.

(BETHANY.)
Nearer to Thee.—Jas. 4: 8.

LOWELL MASON, 1856.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee. Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, Day - light all gone. Dark - ness be o - ver me.
3. There let the way ap - pear. Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou send - est me,
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

Fine. *D. S.—Near - er, my God, to thee, D. S.*

That rais - eth me: Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
My rest a stone: Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,

Near - er to thee!

389 Rise, My Soul. 7s & 6s P.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE,

Set Your Affection on Things Above.—Col. 3: 2.

R. M. MCINTOSH,

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }
2. { Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rd heav'n, thy na - tive place; }
3. { Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn; Press on - ward to the prize; }
4. { Soon your Sav - ior will re - turn Tri - um - phant in the skies; }

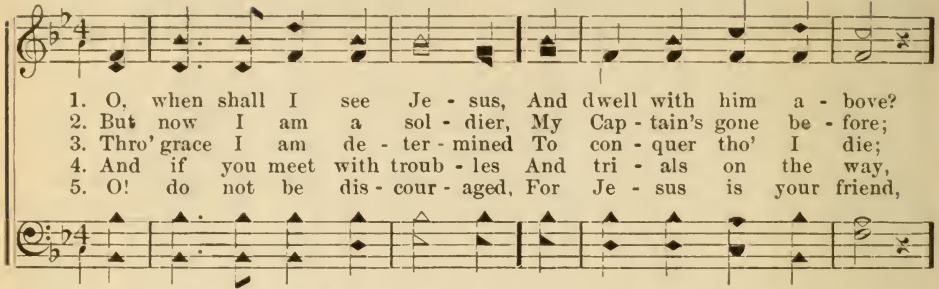
Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be giv'n,

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove!
All your sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heav'n.

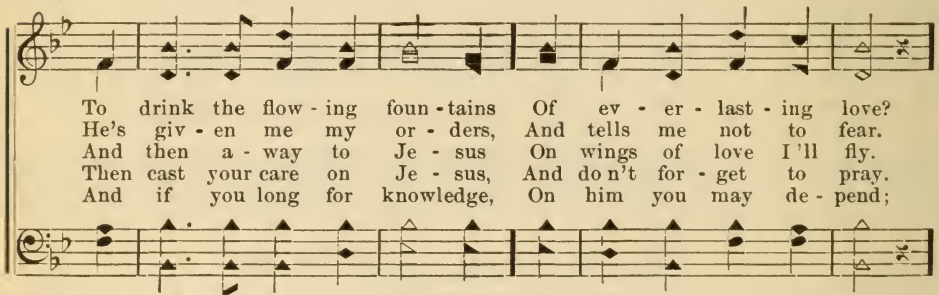
JOHN LELAND.

Longing to See Jesus.—Psa. 36: 8.

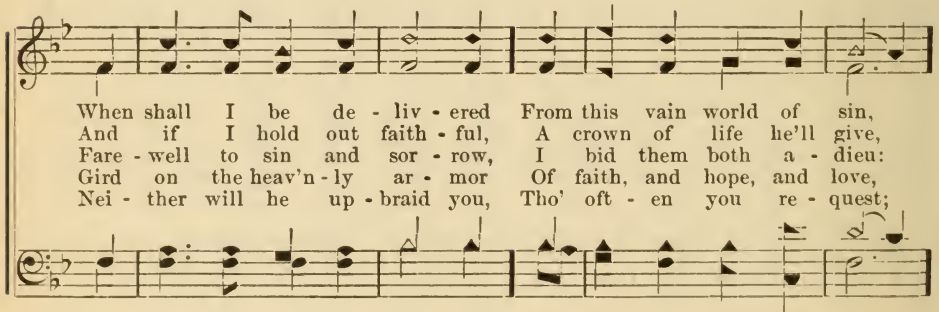
G. J. WEBB, 1830.



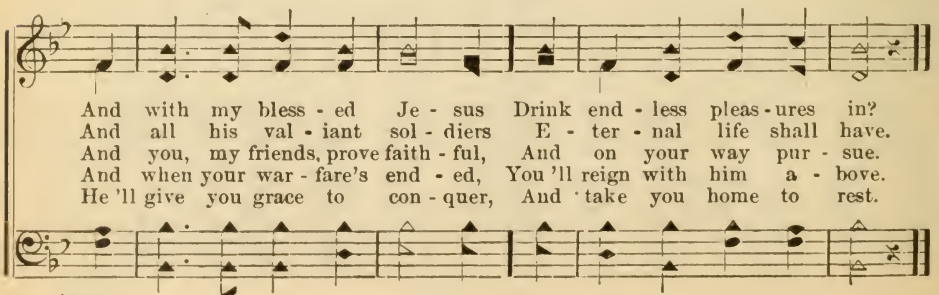
1. O, when shall I see Je - sus, And dwell with him a - bove?
 2. But now I am a sol - dier, My Cap - tain's gone be - fore;
 3. Thro' grace I am de - ter - mined To con - quer tho' I die;
 4. And if you meet with troub - les And tri - als on the way,
 5. O! do not be dis - cour - aged, For Je - sus is your friend,



To drink the flow - ing foun - tains Of ev - er - last - ing love?
 He's giv - en me my or - ders, And tells me not to fear.
 And then a - way to Je - sus On wings of love I'll fly.
 Then cast your care on Je - sus, And do n't for - get to pray.
 And if you long for knowledge, On him you may de - pend;



When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,
 And if I hold out faith - ful, A crown of life he'll give,
 Fare - well to sin and sor - row, I bid them both a - dieu:
 Gird on the heav'n - ly ar - mor Of faith, and hope, and love,
 Nei - ther will he up - braid you, Tho' oft - en you re - quest;

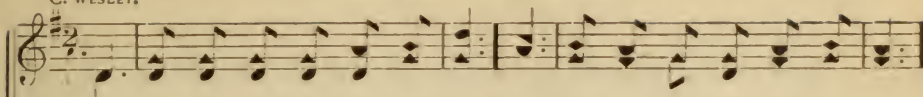


And with my bless - ed Je - sus Drink end - less pleas - ures in?
 And all his val - iant sol - diers E - ter - nal life shall have.
 And you, my friends, prove faith - ful, And on your way pur - sue.
 And when your war - fare's end - ed, You'll reign with him a - bove.
 He'll give you grace to con - quer, And take you home to rest.

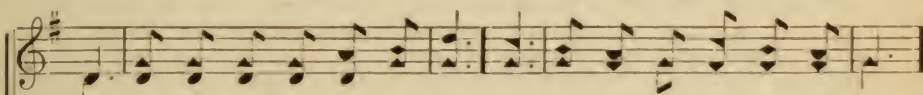
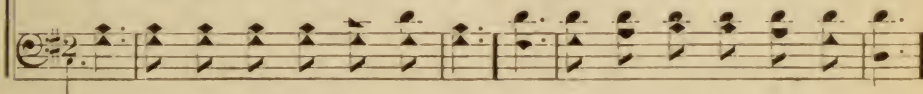
Zeta. 8s D.

Longing after Christ—Phil. 3: 10.

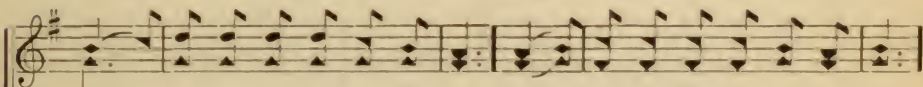
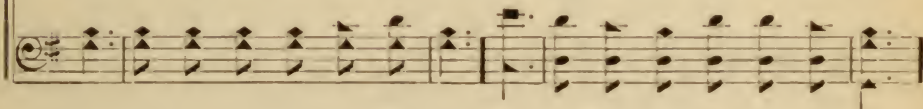
C. WESLEY.



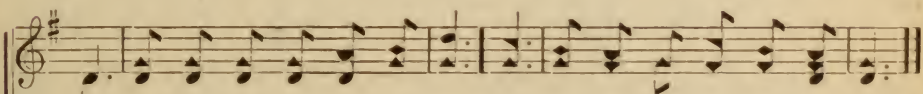
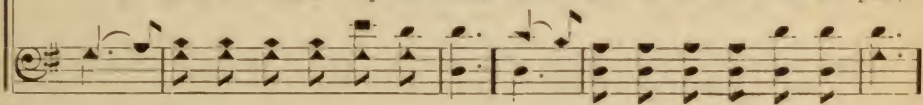
1. Thou Shepherd of Is - rael and mine, The joy and de - sire of my heart,
2. Ah! show me that hap - pi - est place, That place of thy peo - ple's a - bode,
3. 'Tis there, with the lambs of the flock, There on - ly I cov - et to rest;



For clos - er com - mun - ion I pine: I long to re - side where thou art:
Where saints in an ec - sta - sy gaze, And hang on the cru - ci - fied Lord:
To lie at the foot of the rock, Or rise to be hid in thy breast;



The pas - ture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd o - bey,
Thy love for a sin - ner de - clare, Thy pas - sion and death on the tree;
'Tis there I would al - ways a - bide, And nev - er a mo - ment de - part,



Are fed, on thy bos - om re - clined, And screened from the heat of the day.
My spir - it to Cal - va - ry bear, To suf - fer and tri - umph with thee.
Con - cealed in the cleft of thy side, E - ter - nal - ly held in thine heart.

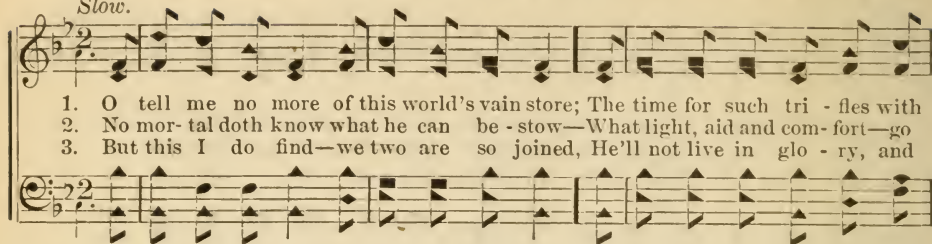


Pyermont. 10s & 11s P.

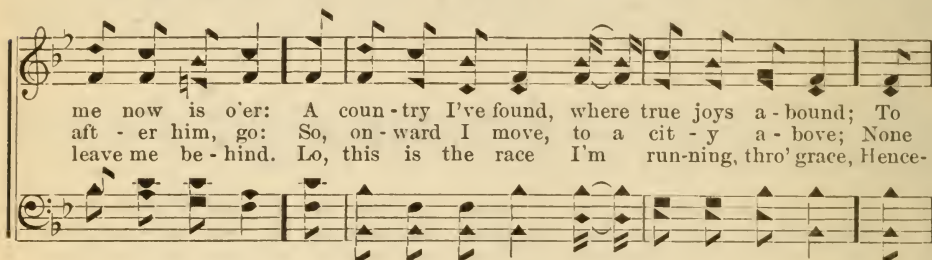
J. GAMBOLD.

They Desire a Better Country.—Heb. 11: 16.

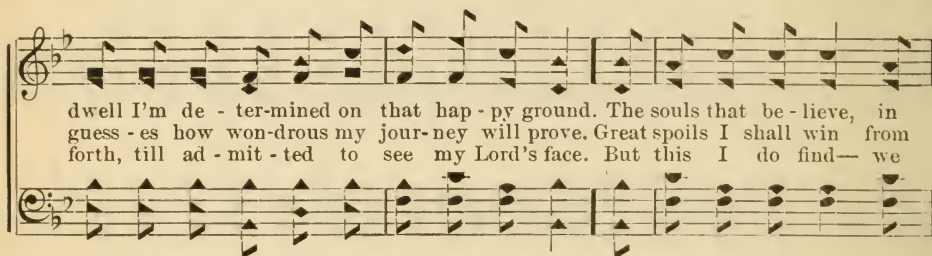
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Slow.


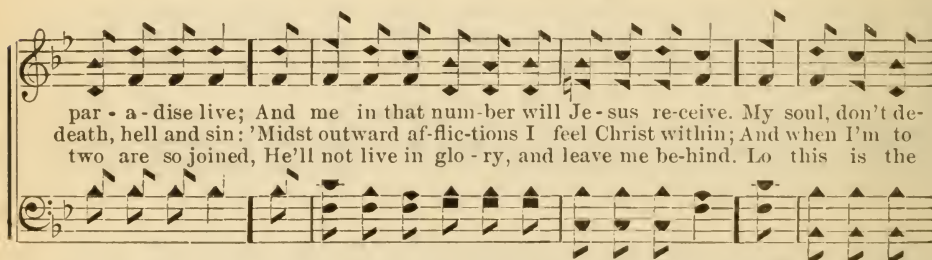
1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store; The time for such tri - fles with
 2. No mor - tal doth know what he can be - stow—What light, aid and com - fort—go
 3. But this I do find—we two are so joined, He'll not live in glo - ry, and



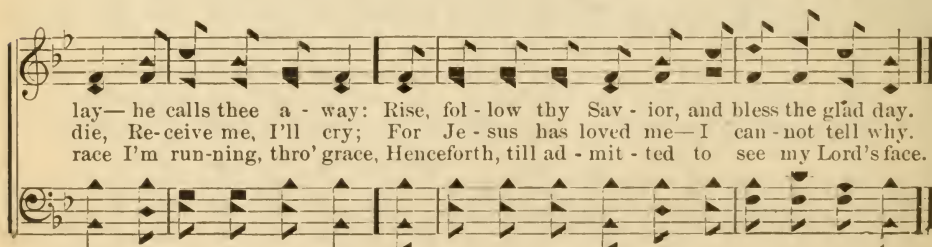
me now is o'er: A coun - try I've found, where true joys a - bound; To
 aft - er him, go: So, on - ward I move, to a cit - y a - bove; None
 leave me be - hind. Lo, this is the race I'm run - ning, thro' grace, Hence -



dwell I'm de - ter - mined on that hap - py ground. The souls that be - lieve, in
 guess - es how won - drous my jour - ney will prove. Great spoils I shall win from
 forth, till ad - mit - ted to see my Lord's face. But this I do find—we



par - a - dise live; And me in that num - ber will Je - sus re - ceive. My soul, don't de -
 death, hell and sin: 'Midst outward af - flic - tions I feel Christ within; And when I'm to
 two are so joined, He'll not live in glo - ry, and leave me be - hind. Lo this is the



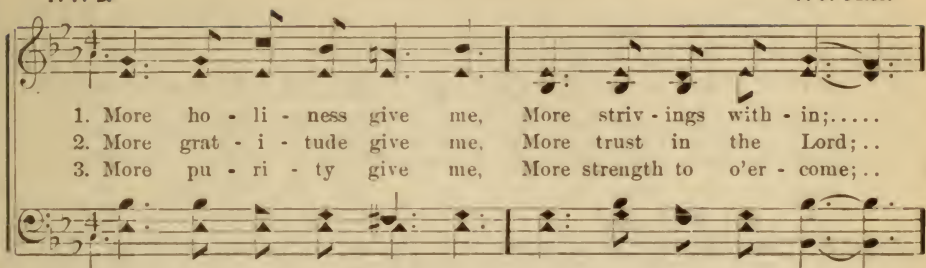
lay—he calls thee a - way: Rise, fol - low thy Sav - ior, and bless the glad day.
 die, Re - ceive me, I'll cry; For Je - sus has loved me—I can - not tell why.
 race I'm run - ning, thro' grace, Henceforth, till ad - mit - ted to see my Lord's face.

My Prayer. 6s & 5s P.

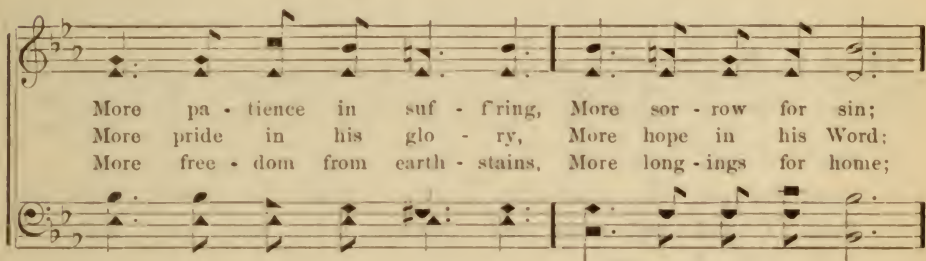
P. P. B.

Be Ye therefore Perfect.—Matt. 5: 8.

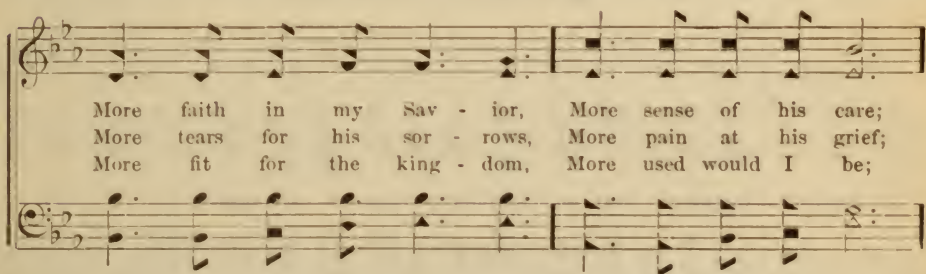
P. P. BLISS.



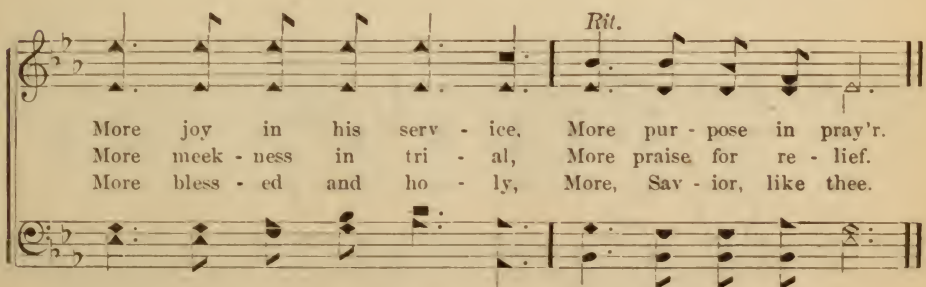
1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ings with - in;....
 2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;..
 3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come;..



More pa - tience in suf - fring, More sor - row for sin;
 More pride in his glo - ry, More hope in his Word;
 More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home;



More faith in my Sav - ior, More sense of his care;
 More tears for his sor - rows, More pain at his grief;
 More fit for the king - dom, More used would I be;



Rit.
 More joy in his serv - ice, More pur - pose in pray'r.
 More meek - ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
 More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - ior, like thee.

Nearer the Cross.

Gal. 6: 14.

CHARLOTTE ABBEY.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, Ev - er let me be;
 2. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, There I would a - bide;
 3. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, Let me live and die;

Near - er the flow - ing foun - tain That cleans - eth me.
 There let me rest for - ev - er, Near Je - sus' side.
 There I will find sweet ref - uge, And safe - ty nigh.

REFRAIN.

Near - er the cross, near - er the cross, Near - er the cross of Je - sus,

Near - er the flow - ing foun - tain That cleans - eth me.

ASPIRATIONS.

395 **My Faith Looks Up to Thee. 6s, 6s & 4.**

RAY PALMER.

Look Unto Me, and Be Ye Saved.—Isaiah 45: 22.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me
 2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide: Bid darkness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior,

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine!
 died for me. O, may my love to thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and distrust re - move; Oh, hear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul!

396 **Battle Creek. L. M.**

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Because I Live, Ye Shall Live Also.—John 14: 19.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives. What com - fort this sweet sen - tence gives!
 2. He lives, to bless me with his love; He lives, to plead for me a - bove;
 3. He lives, and grants me dai - ly breath; He lives, and I shall con - quer death;
 4. He lives—all glo - ry to his name! He lives—my Je - sus, still the same;

He lives, he lives, who once was dead; He lives—my ev - er - liv - ing Head.
 He lives, my hun - gry soul to feed; He lives, to help in time of need.
 He lives, my man - sion to pre - pare—He lives, to bring me safe - ly there.
 O, the sweet joy this sen - tence gives, "I know that my Re deem - er lives!"

397

Bradford. C. M.

Fears Calmed.—Matt. 14: 27.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. When waves of trou-ble round me swell, My soul is not dismayed;
 2. When black the threat'ning skies ap-pear, And storms my path in-vade,
 3. There is a gulf that must be crossed; Sav-ior, be near to aid!
 4. There is a dark and fear-ful vale, Death hides with-in its shade;

I hear a voice I know full well—"Tis I; be not a-fraid."
 Those ac-cents tran-quil-ize each fear—"Tis I; be not a-fraid."
 Whis-per, when my frail bark is tossed—"Tis I; be not a-fraid."
 O say, when flesh and heart shall fail—"Tis I; be not a-fraid."

398

Tabor. C. M.

Security in God's Covenant.—Deut. 7: 9.

B. H. EVERETT.

1. My God, the cov-'nant of thy love A-bides for-ev-er sure;
 2. Since thou, the ev-er-last-ing God, My Fa-ther art be-come—
 3. I wel-come all thy sov'reign will, For all that will is love;
 4. Thy cov-'nant, in my dy-ing hour, Shall dwell up-on my tongue;

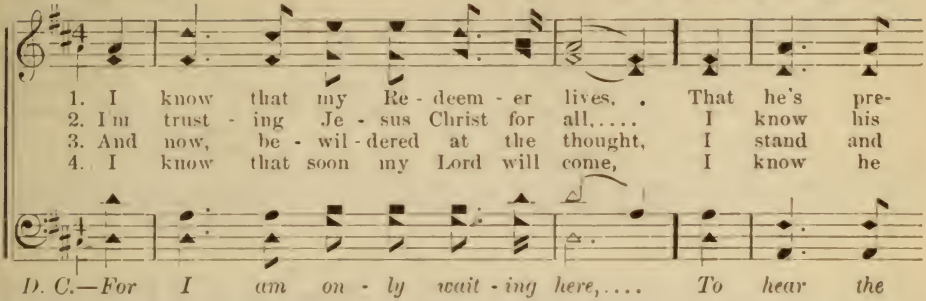
And in its bound-less grace I feel My hap-pi-ness se-cure.
 My Sav-ior, my al-might-y Friend, And heav'n my fi-nal home:
 And when thy way, great God, is dark, I wait thy light a-bove.
 And when I wake shall still em-ploy My ev-er-last-ing song.

My Redeemer Lives. L. M.

For I Know that My Redeemer Liveth.—Job 19: 25.

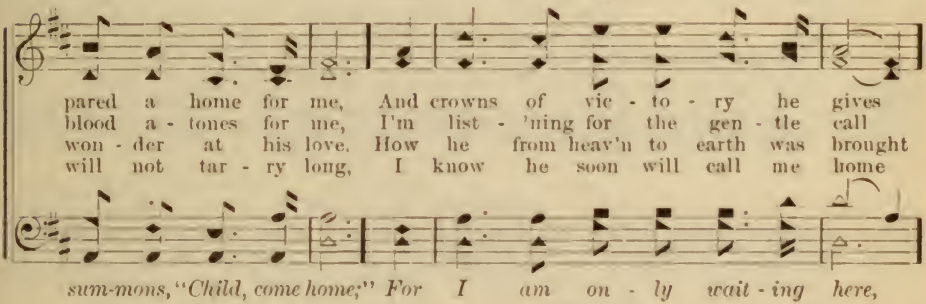
Arr. by M. G. P.

Arr. by Rev. M. G. PRESCOTT.



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives. . . That he's pre-
 2. In trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all. . . . I know his
 3. And now, be - wil - dered at the thought, I stand and
 4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know he

D. C.—For I am on - ly wait - ing here, . . . To hear the



pared a home for me, And crowns of vic - to - ry he gives
 blood a - tones for me, I'm list - 'ning for the gen - tle call
 won - der at his love. How he from heav'n to earth was brought
 will not tar - ry long, I know he soon will call me home

sum-mons, "Child, come home," For I am on - ly wait - ing here,

Fine. CHORUS.

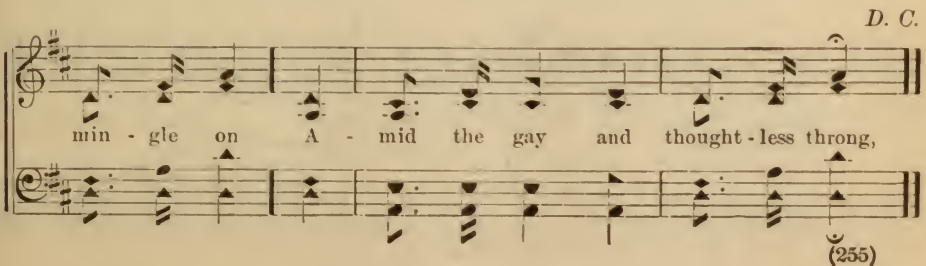


To those who would his chil - dren be.
 To say, "The Mas - ter wait - eth thee."
 To die, that I might live a - bove.
 To sing with joy the heav'n - ly song.

Then ask me not to

To hear the sum-mons, "Child, come home."

D. C.



min - gle on A - mid the gay and thought - less throng,

(255)

400 I Know that My Redeemer Liveth. 9s & 8s.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

John 14: 2, 3.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv - eth, And on the earth..... a-gain shall
 2. I know his promise nev-er fail - eth, The word he speaks,..... it can-not
 3. I know my man-sion he pre-par - eth, That where he is..... there I may
 And on the earth

stand;
 die;
 be;
 a-gain shall stand;
 I know e - ter-nal life he giv - eth, That grace and
 Tho' cru - el death my flesh as - sail - eth, Yet I shall
 O wondrous thought, for me he car - eth, And he at

CHORUS.
 pow'r..... are in his hand. I know, I know..... that Je-sus
 see..... him by and by.
 last..... will come for me. I know, I know
 That grace and pow'r

liv - eth, And on the earth..... a-gain shall stand; I know, I
 And on the earth

know..... that life he giv - eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in his hand.
 I know, I know That grace and pow'r

ASSURANCE.

401

Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rom. 8: 17.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-vation, purchased of God, Born of his
 burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir-it, washed in his blood.
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. } This is my sto-ry, this is my
 good-ness, lost in his love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

It is Well with My Soul.

He hath Delivered My Soul in Peace.—Psa, 55: 18.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like
 2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
 3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My sin—not in
 4. Oh, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -
 part, but the whole, Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no
 back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de -

CHORUS.

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well.....
 tate. And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.
 scend, "E - ven so"—It is well with my soul. It is

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

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ASSURANCE.

403 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus. Ss & 7s.



Psalm 40: 4.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



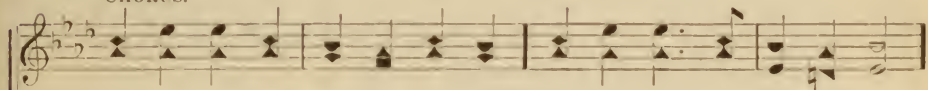
1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;
 2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleans-ing blood;
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;

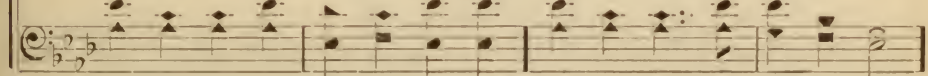

Just to rest up - on his prom - ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord,"
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans-ing flood.
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
 And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.




CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've proved him o'er and o'er.

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.

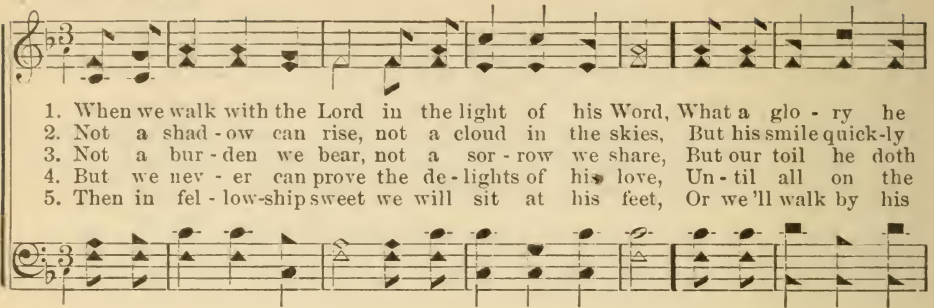


Trust and Obey.

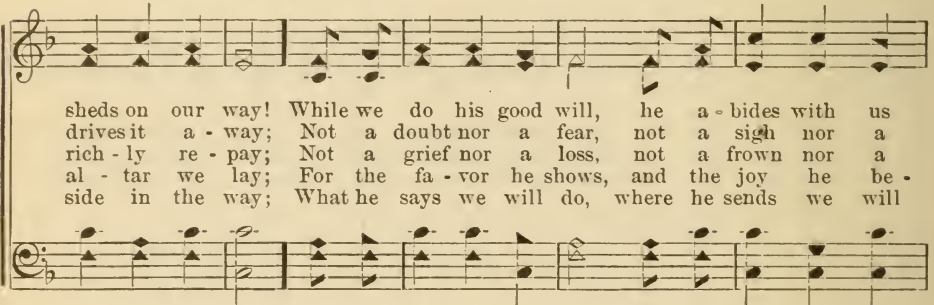
1 Tim. 4: 10.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

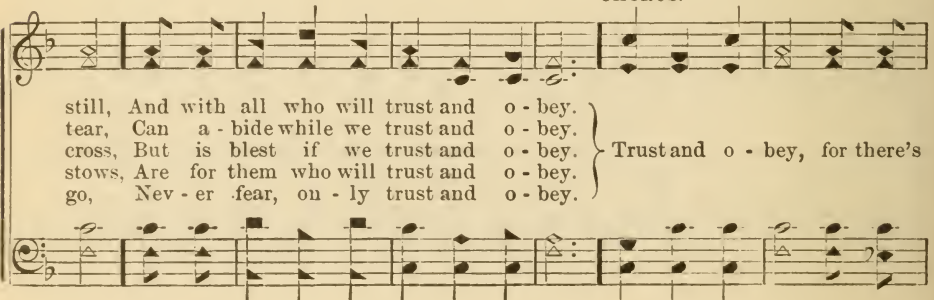


1. When we walk with the Lord in the light of his Word, What a glo - ry he
 2. Not a shad - ow can rise, not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quick - ly
 3. Not a bur - den we bear, not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth
 4. But we nev - er can prove the de - lights of his love, Un - til all on the
 5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet we will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his



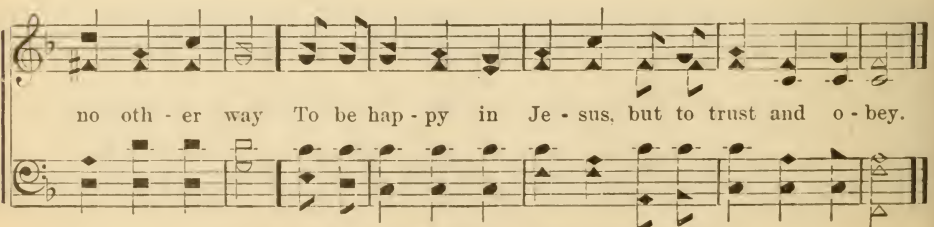
sheds on our way! While we do his good will, he a - bides with us
 drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, not a sigh nor a
 rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, not a frown nor a
 al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor he shows, and the joy he be -
 side in the way; What he says we will do, where he sends we will

CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
 tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
 stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
 go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

} Trust and o - bey, for there's



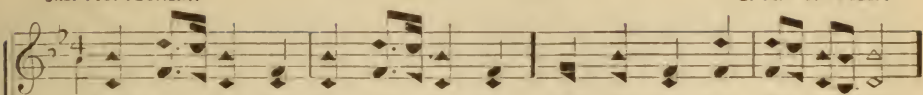
no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

Full Assurance.—1 Thess. 1: 5.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1. Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion. Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
2. Think what Spir - it dwells with - in thee; Think what Fa - ther's smiles are thine;
3. God will give thee grace and glo - ry; Fight thy way, and get thy crown;
4. Soon thou 'lt close thine earth - ly mis - sion, Soon thou 'lt pass thy pil - grim days;



Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion Some - thing still to do or bear.
Think what Je - sus did to win thee; Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine?
Ca - naan's land lies just be - fore thee—There thou 'lt lay thine ar - mor down.
Hopes shall change to glad fru - i - tion—Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.



COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Pathway. L. M.

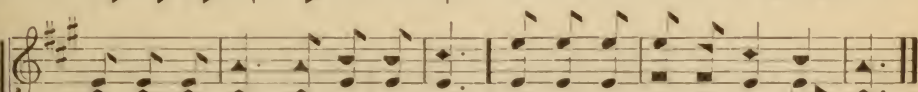
Christ All in All.—Col. 3: 11.

THOS. KELLY

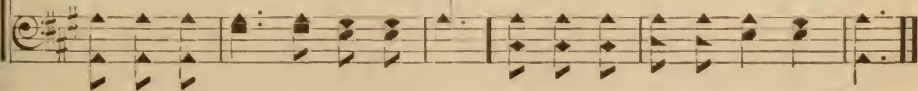
J. T. COOK.



1. There's not a hope with com - fort fraught, Tri - um - phant o - ver death and time,
2. His im - age meets me in the hour Of joy, and bright - ens ev - 'ry smile;
3. I see him, in the dai - ly round Of so - cial du - ty, mild and meek;
4. I see his pit - ying, gen - tle eye, When lone - ly want ap - peals for aid;
5. I meet him at the low - ly tomb; I weep where Je - sus wept be - fore;



But Je - sus min - gles in the tho't, Fore run - ner of our course sub - lime.
I see him, when the tem - pests low'r, Each ter - ror soothe, each grief be - guile.
With him I tread the hal - lowed ground. Com - mun - ion with my God to seek.
I hear him in the fre - quent sigh That m - urns the waste which sin has made.
And there, a - bove the grave's dark gloom, I see him rise, and weep no more.



407

Hartel. L. M.

We Joy in God.—Rom. 5: 11.

LOWELL MASON.

1. If on our dai - ly course our mind Be set, to hal - low all we find,
 2. Old friends, old scenes, will love - lier be, As more of heav'n in each we see;
 3. O could we learn that sac - ri - fice, What light would all a - round us rise!
 4. The triv - ial round, the com - mon task, Will fur - nish all we ought to ask;

New treas - ures still, of countless price, God will pro - vide for sac - ri - fice.
 Some soft'ning gleam of love and pray'r Shall dawn on ev - 'ry cross and care.
 How would our hearts with wisdom talk, A - long life's dull - est, dreariest walk!
 Room to de - ny ourselves, a road To bring us dai - ly near - er God.

408

Chimes. C. M.

God Doth Talk with Man.—Deut. 5: 24.

C. WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Talk with us, Lord, thy - self re - veal, While here o'er earth we rove:
 2. With thee con - vers - ing, we for - get All time, and toil, and care:
 3. Here then, my God, vouch - safe to stay, And bid my heart re - joice;
 4. Thou call - est me to seek thy face; 'Tis all I wish to seek;
 5. Let this my ev - 'ry hour em - ploy, Till I thy glo - ry see;

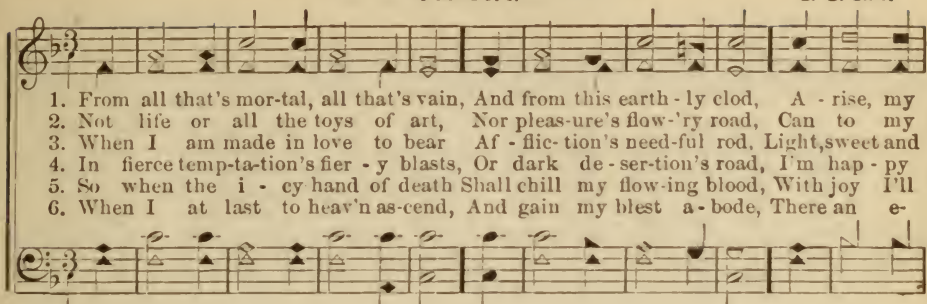
Speak to our hearts and let us feel The kin - dling of thy love.
 La - bor is rest and pain is sweet, If thou, my God, art here.
 My bound - ing heart shall own thy sway And ech - o to thy voice.
 T'at - tend the whis - pers of thy grace, And hear thee in - ly speak.
 En - ter in - to my Mas - ter's joy, And find my heav'n in thee.

409

Fellowship with God. C. M.

1 John 1: 3.

C. G. LINT.



1. From all that's mor-tal, all that's vain, And from this earth-ly clod, A - rise, my
2. Not life or all the toys of art, Nor pleas-ure's flow-'ry road, Can to my
3. When I am made in love to bear Af - flic-tion's need-ful rod, Light, sweet and
4. In fierce temp-ta-tion's fier - y blasts, Or dark de-ser-tion's road, I'm hap - py
5. So when the i - cy hand of death Shall chill my flow-ing blood, With joy I'll
6. When I at last to heav'n as-cend, And gain my blest a - bode, There an e-



soul, and strive to gain Sweet fel-low-ship with God. Sweet fel-low-ship with God.
soul such bliss im-part, As fel-low-ship with God, As fel-low-ship with God.
kind the strokes appear Thro' fel-low-ship with God, Thro' fel-low-ship with God.
if I can but taste Some fel-low-ship with God, Some fel-low-ship with God.
yield my la - test breath, In fel-low-ship with God, In fel-low-ship with God.
ter - ni - ty I'll spend In fel-low-ship with God, In fel-low-ship with God.

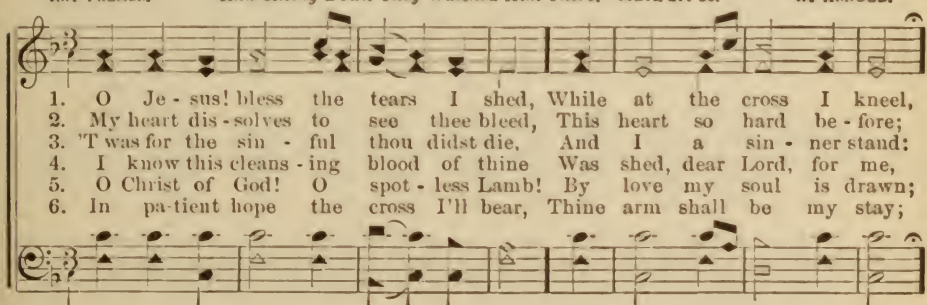
410

Fletcher. C. M.

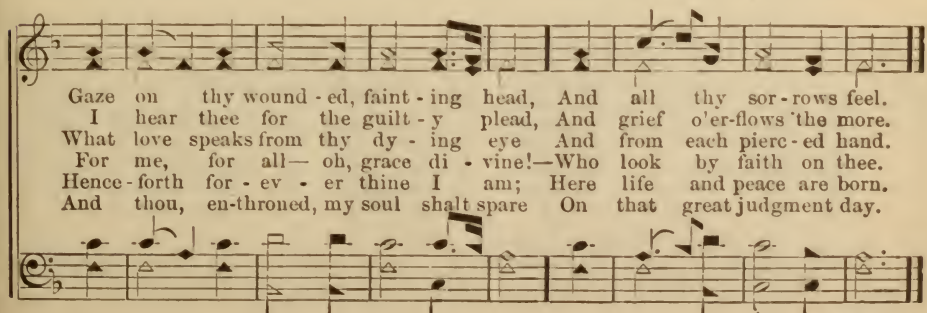
RAY PALMER.

And Sitting Down They Watched Him There.—Matt. 27: 36.

W. ARNOLD.



1. O Je - sus! bless the tears I shed, While at the cross I kneel,
2. My heart dis-solves to see thee bleed, This heart so hard be-fore;
3. 'Twas for the sin - ful thou didst die, And I a sin - ner stand:
4. I know this cleans-ing blood of thine Was shed, dear Lord, for me,
5. O Christ of God! O spot-less Lamb! By love my soul is drawn;
6. In pa-tient hope the cross I'll bear, Thine arm shall be my stay;



Gaze on thy wound-ed, faint-ing head, And all thy sor-rows feel.
I hear thee for the guilt-y plead, And grief o'er-flows the more.
What love speaks from thy dy-ing eye And from each pierc-ed hand.
For me, for all—oh, grace di-vine!—Who look by faith on thee.
Hence-forth for-ev-er thine I am; Here life and peace are born.
And thou, en-throned, my soul shalt spare On that great judgment day.

411

Shepherdstown. C. M.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

The Mercy Seat.—Isaiah 25: 22.

B. C. UNSELD, by per.

1. Dear Fa - ther, to thy mer - cy seat My soul for shel - ter flies:
 2. My cheer - ful hope can nev - er die, If thou, my God, art near;
 3. My great Pro - tect - or, and my Lord! Thy con - stant aid im - part;
 4. Oh! nev - er let my soul re - move From this di - vine re - treat;

'Tis here I find a safe re - treat When storms and tem - pests rise.
 Thy grace can raise my com - forts high, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.
 Oh! let thy kind, thy gra - cious Word Sus - tain my trem - bling heart.
 Still let me trust thy pow'r and love, And dwell be - neath thy feet.

412

Confidence. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

We Will Come unto Him.—John 14: 23.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, 1886.

1. Our heav'n - ly Fa - ther calls, And Christ in - vites us near;
 2. God pit - ies all our griefs: He par - dons ev - 'ry day;
 3. How large his boun - ties are! What va - rious stores of good,
 4. Je - sus, our liv - ing Head, We bless thy faith - ful care;
 5. Here fix, my rov - ing heart! Here wait, my warm - est love!

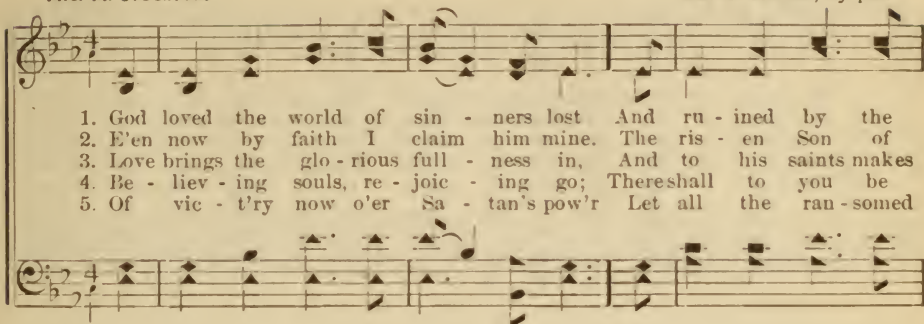
With both, our friend - ship shall be sweet, And our com - mun - ion dear.
 Al - might - y to pro - tect our souls, And wise to guide our way.
 Dif - fused from our Re - deem - er's hand, And pur - chased with his blood!
 Our Ad - vo - cate be - fore the throne, And our fore - run - ner there.
 Till the com - mun - ion be com - plete, In no - bler scenes a - bove.

Wondrous Love. C. M.

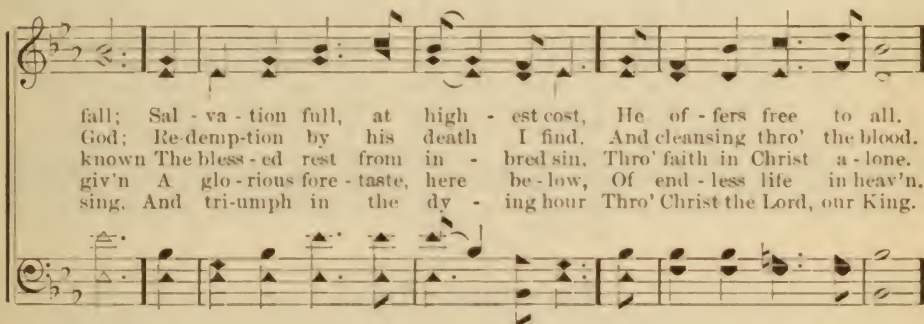
God so Loved the World.—John 3: 16.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the
 2. E'en now by faith I claim him mine. The ris - en Son of
 3. Love brings the glo - rious full - ness in, And to his saints makes
 4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be
 5. Of vic - t'ry now o'er Sa - tan's pow'r Let all the ran - somed

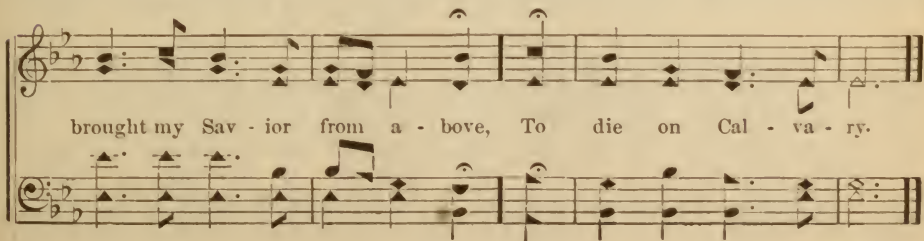


fall; Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
 God; Re - demp - tion by his death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood,
 known The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
 giv'n A glo - rious fore - taste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heav'n.
 sing, And tri - umph in the dy - ing hour Thro' Christ the Lord, our King.

CHORUS.



Oh, 't was love, 't was won - drous love! The love of God to me; It



brought my Sav - ior from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.


414

Virginia. C. M.

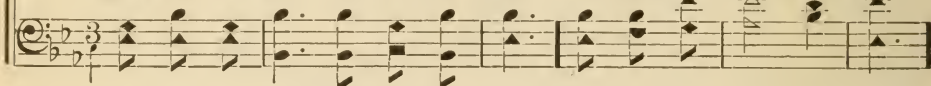
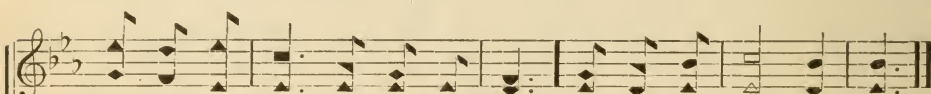
JOHN NEEDHAM.

I Can Do All Things.—Phil. 4: 13.

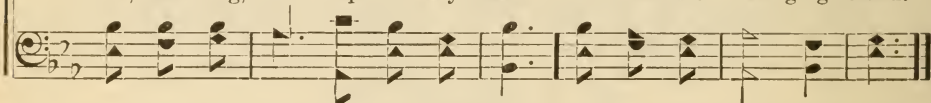
N. E. EVERETT.



1. Kind are the words that Je - sus speaks, To cheer the droop - ing saint;
 2. My grace its glo - ries shall dis - play, And make your griefs re - move;
 3. What tho' my griefs are not re - moved, Yet why should I de - spair?
 4. Je - sus, my Sav - ior and my Lord! 'Tis good to trust thy name:
 5. Weak as I am, yet thro' thy grace I all things can per - form;

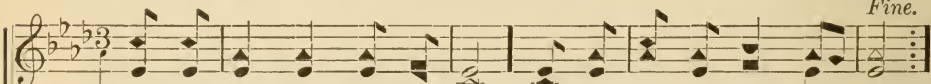
My grace suf - fi - cient is for you, Though na - ture's pow'rs may faint.
 Your weakness shall the tri - umph tell Of bound - less pow'r and love.
 While my kind Sav - ior's arms sup - port I can the bur - den bear.
 Thy pow'r, thy faith - ful - ness and love, Will ev - er be the same.
 And, smil - ing, tri - umph in thy name A - midst the ra - ging storm.



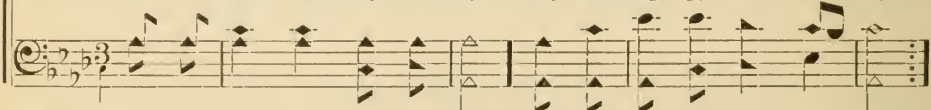
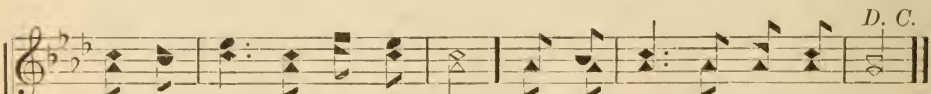
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415

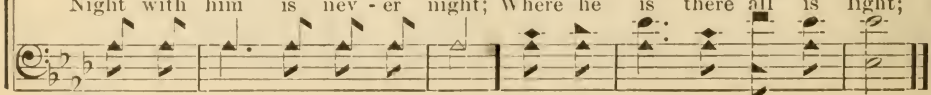
Welcome. 7s D.

Go Forward.—Ex. 14: 15.G. W. LINTON.
Fine.


1. { When we can - not see our way, Let us trust, and still o - bey; }
 { He who bids us for - ward go, Can - not fail the way to show. }
 D. C.—Fear - less let us still pro - ceed, Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.
 2. { Tho' it seems the gloom of night, Tho' we see no ray of light; }
 { Since the Lord him - self is there, 'Tis not meet that we should fear. }
 D. C.—When he calls us, why de - lay? They are hap - py who o - bey.

Though the sea be deep and wide, Though a pas - sage seem de - nied,
 Night with him is nev - er night; Where he is there all is light;



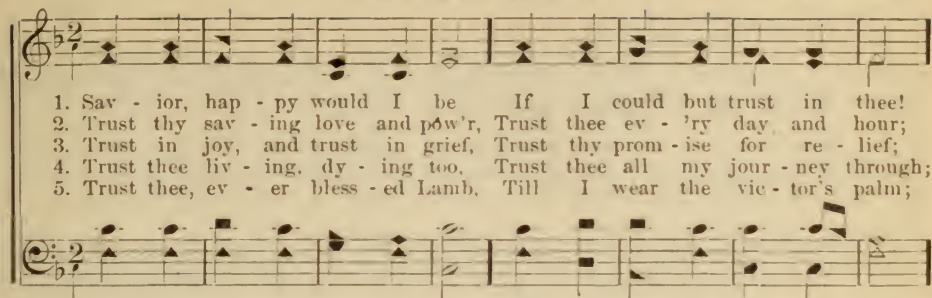
CONFIDENCE

416

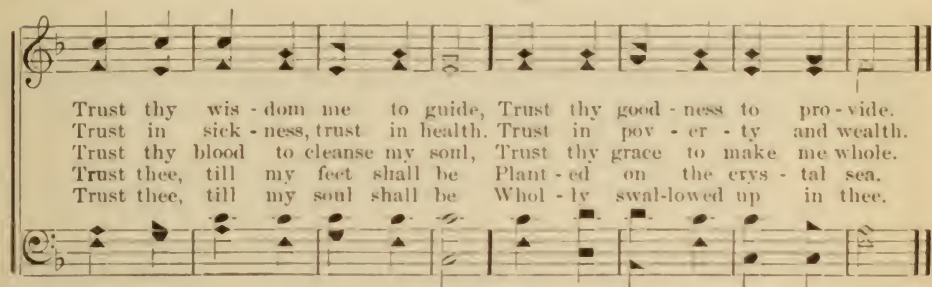
Evonia. 7s.

Trust in Jesus.—Isaiah 26: 4.

HENRY SHEPHERD.



1. Sav - ior, hap - py would I be If I could but trust in thee!
 2. Trust thy sav - ing love and pow'r, Trust thee ev - 'ry day, and hour;
 3. Trust in joy, and trust in grief, Trust thy prom - ise for re - lief;
 4. Trust thee liv - ing, dy - ing too, Trust thee all my jour - ney through;
 5. Trust thee, ev - er bless - ed Lamb, Till I wear the vic - tor's palm;



Trust thy wis - dom me to guide, Trust thy good - ness to pro - vide.
 Trust in sick - ness, trust in health. Trust in pov - er - ty and wealth.
 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul, Trust thy grace to make me whole.
 Trust thee, till my feet shall be Plant - ed on the crys - tal sea.
 Trust thee, till my soul shall be Whol - ly swal - lowed up in thee.

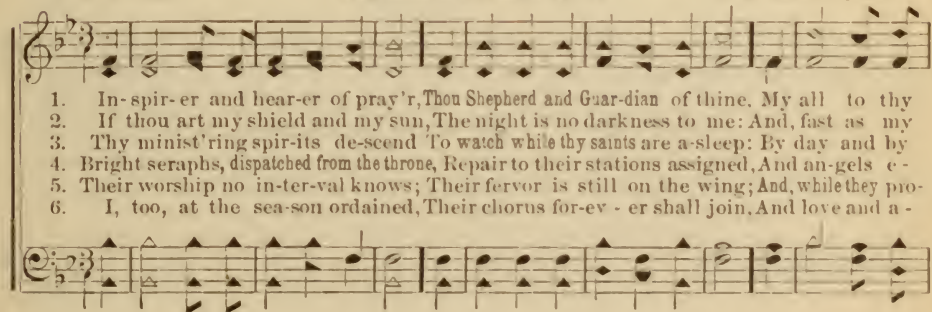
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Iowa. Ss.

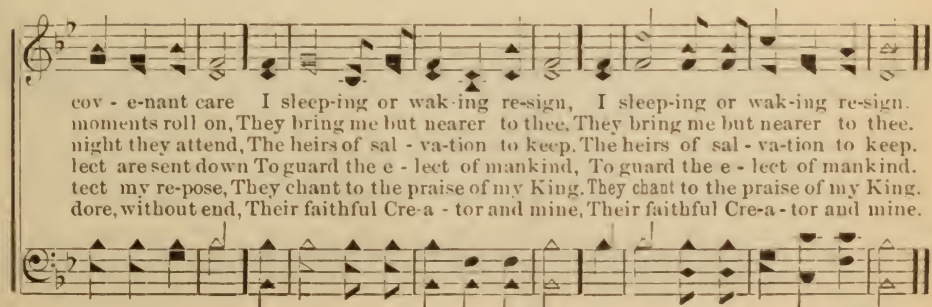
A. M. TOPLADY.

Confidence in God —Psa. 91: 12.

A. D. FILLMORE, by per.



1. In - spir - er and hear - er of pray'r, Thou Shepherd and Guard - ian of thine. My all to thy
 2. If thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no darkness to me: And, fast as my
 3. Thy minist'ring spir - its de - scend 'To watch while thy saints are a - sleep: By day and by
 4. Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne, Repair to their stations assigned, And an - gels e -
 5. Their worship no in - ter - val knows; Their fervor is still on the wing; And, while they pro -
 6. I, too, at the sea - son ordained, Their chorus for - ev - er shall join, And love and a -

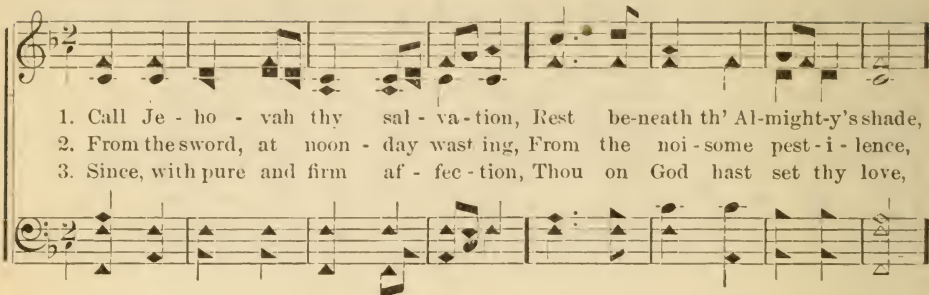


cov - e - nant care I sleep - ing or wak - ing re - sign, I sleep - ing or wak - ing re - sign.
 moments roll on, They bring me but nearer to thee. They bring me but nearer to thee.
 night they attend, The heirs of sal - va - tion to keep. The heirs of sal - va - tion to keep.
 lect are sent down To guard the e - lect of mankind, To guard the e - lect of mankind.
 tect my re - pose, They chant to the praise of my King. They chant to the praise of my King.
 dore, without end, Their faithful Cre - a - tor and mine, Their faithful Cre - a - tor and mine.

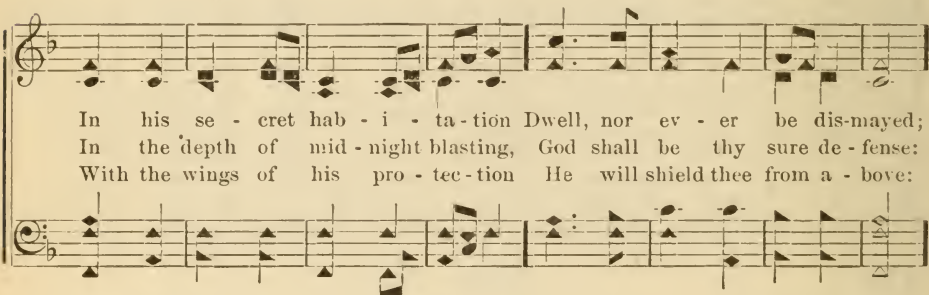
Olney. Ss & 7s D.

The Safety of the Righteous.—Psa. 91: 4-7.

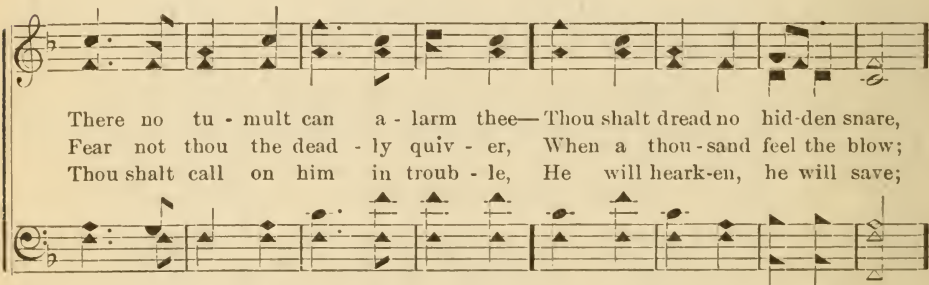
JAS. MONTGOMERY.



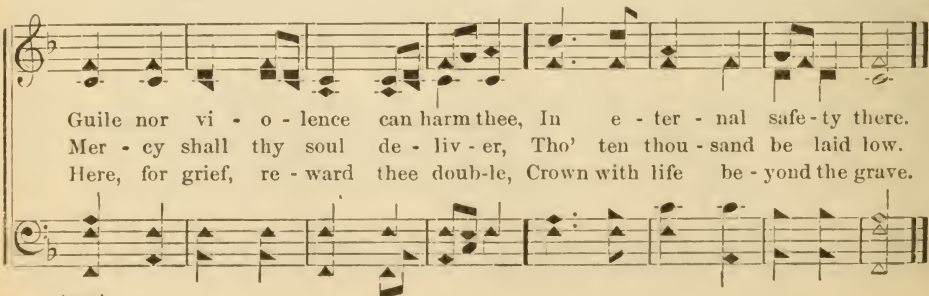
1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath th' Al - might - y's shade,
 2. From the sword, at noon - day wast ing, From the noi - some pest - i - lence,
 3. Since, with pure and firm af - fec - tion, Thou on God hast set thy love,



In his se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, nor ev - er be dis - mayed;
 In the depth of mid - night blasting, God shall be thy sure de - fense:
 With the wings of his pro - tec - tion He will shield thee from a - bove:



There no tu - mult can a - larm thee—Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare,
 Fear not thou the dead - ly quiv - er, When a thou - sand feel the blow;
 Thou shalt call on him in trou - ble, He will hear - en, he will save;



Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe - ty there.
 Mer - cy shall thy soul de - liv - er, Tho' ten thou - sand be laid low.
 Here, for grief, re - ward thee doub - le, Crown with life be - yond the grave.

419

Hazlewood. L. M.

A Conversation Becoming the Gospel.—Phil. 1: 27.

I. WATTS.

E. A. BROOKS.

1. When Je - sus, our great Mas - ter, came, To teach us in his Father's name,
 2. So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly Gos - pel we pro - fess;
 3. Thus shall we best pro - claim a - broad The hon - ors of our Sav - ior, God,
 4. Our flesh and sense must be de - nied, Am - bi - tion, en - vy, lust, and pride;
 5. Re - lig - ion bears our spir - its up, While we ex - pect that bless - ed hope,

In ev - 'ry act, in ev - 'ry tho't, He lived the pre - cepts which he taught.
 So let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine.
 When his sal - va - tion reigns with - in, And grace sub - dues the pow'r of sin.
 While jus - tice, temp'rance, truth, and love Our in - ward pi - e - ty ap - prove.
 The bright ap - pear - ance of the Lord, And faith stands lean - ing on his Word.

By permission.

420

Galilee. L. M.

Pressen' Your Bodies.—Rom. 12: 1.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

1. Now I re - solve with all my heart, With all my pow'rs to serve the Lord;
 2. O be his serv - ice all my joy! A - round let my ex - am - ple shine,
 3. Be this the pur - pose of my soul, My sol - emn, my de - ter - mined choice,
 4. O may I nev - er faint nor tire, Nor, wand'ring, leave his sa - cred ways;

Nor from his pre - cepts e'er de - part, Whose serv - ice is a rich re - ward.
 Till oth - ers love the blest em - ploy, And join in la - bors so di - vine.
 To yield to his su - preme con - trol, And in his kind com - mands re - joice.
 Great God, ac - cept my soul's de - sire, And give me strength to live thy praise.

421

Candon. L. M.

JENNIE M. B. GUYON.

Contentment.—Phil. 4: 11.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. O Lord, how full of sweet con-tent My years of pil-grim-age are spent!
 2. To me re-mains nor place nor time; My coun-try is in ev-'ry clime;
 3. While place I seek, or place I shun, The soul finds hap-pi-ness in none;
 4. Could I be cast where thou art not, That were in-deed a dread-ful lot:

Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee, In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.
 I can be calm and free from care On an-y shore, since God is there.
 But with my God to guide my way, 'Tis e-qual joy to go or stay.
 But re-gions none re-mote I call, Se-cure of find-ing God in all.

By permission.

422

Avon. C. M.

J. MASON.

The Christian's Peace Permanent.—John 14: 27.

HUGH WILSON.

1. The world can nei-ther give nor take, Nor can they com-pre-hend,
 2. The burn-ing bush was not consumed While God re-main-ed there;
 3. God's fur-nace doth in Zi-on stand; But Zi-on's God sits by,
 4. His thoughts are high, his love is wise, His wounds a cure in-tend;

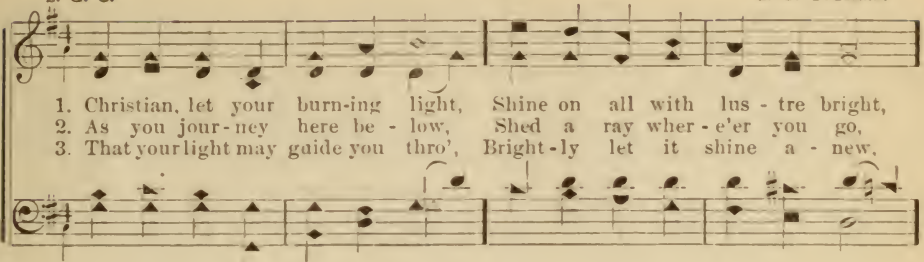
The peace of God, which Christ has bought, The peace which knows no end.
 The three, when Je-sus made the fourth, Found fire as soft as air.
 As the re-fin-er views his gold, With an ob-serv-ant eye.
 And tho' he does not al-ways smile, He loves un-to the end.

Christian, Let Your Light Shine. 7s.

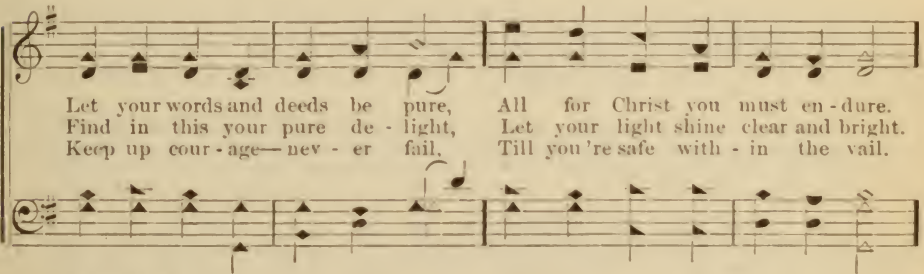
Luke 12: 35.

E. G. C.

E. G. COLEMAN.



1. Christian, let your burn-ing light, Shine on all with lus-tre bright,
 2. As you jour-ney here be-low, Shed a ray wher-e'er you go,
 3. That your light may guide you thro', Bright-ly let it shine a-new,



Let your words and deeds be pure, All for Christ you must en-dure.
 Find in this your pure de-light, Let your light shine clear and bright.
 Keep up cour-age—nev-er fail, Till you're safe with-in the veil.

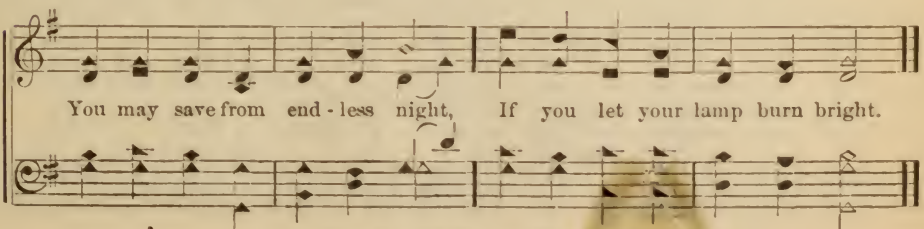
REFRAIN.



Chris-tian, let your light shine, All a-long your way,



You may guide a wan-d'rer To e-ter-nal day,



You may save from end-less night, If you let your lamp burn bright.

424

Federal Street. L. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

Ashamed of Jesus!—Mark 8: 38.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of thee;
 2. A-shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star!
 3. A-shamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let morn - ing be a-shamed of noon:
 4. A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend!

A-shamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ry shines thro' end - less days;
 He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night-ed soul of mine.
 'Tis mid - night with my soul, till ' he, Bright Morn - ing Star, bid dark - ness flee.
 No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.

425

Stand for the Right. C. M.

Prov. 28: 1.

J. M. GOOD.


1. Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true, "And dare to stand a - lone;"
 2. Nay—bend not to the swell - ing surge Of fash - ion's sneer and wrong;
 3. Stand for the right: tho' false - hood rail, And proud lips cold - ly sneer;
 4. Stand for the right, and with clean hands Ex - alt the truth on high;
 5. Stand for the right: pro - claim it loud, Thou 'lt find an an - sw'ring tone

Strive for the right, what-e'er ye do, Tho' help - ers there be none.
 'T will bear thee on to ru - in's verge, With cur - rent wild and strong.
 A poi - soned ar - row can - not wound A con - science pure and clear.
 Thou 'lt find warm, sym - pa - thiz - ing hearts A - mong the pass - ers - by.
 In hon - est hearts, and then no more Be doomed to stand a - lone.

A Friend That's Ever Near. 8s & 7s P.

Fear Not.—Gen. 15: 1.



CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.




1. { Tho' thy days are dark with trou-ble, And thy heart is filled with fear,
Cheerful hearts and smil-ing fa - ces. Oft - en make thee hap-py here.

2. { All thy pros-pects will seem brighter When the shad-ow leaves the heart,
Man-y days have dawned se-re-nely. While the birds sang with de-light.


3. { Soon will dawn a bright-er morn-ing On a bless-ed, tran-quil shore;
Thou shalt see a world of glo-ry And e-ter-nal joy and bliss;



There is one that sees thee ev - er, And will hold thee near and dear. }
Yet no one was e'er so hap-py, But some-times the clouds ap-pear. }
And the steps of time beat light-er, When the gloom-y clouds de-part. }
But the skies were dark and gloom-y Ere the sun had reached its height. }
Sighs will then give place to sing-ing, Tears to bliss for ev - er-more. }
Let not then thy soul be mourn-ing O'er the woes and cares of this. }



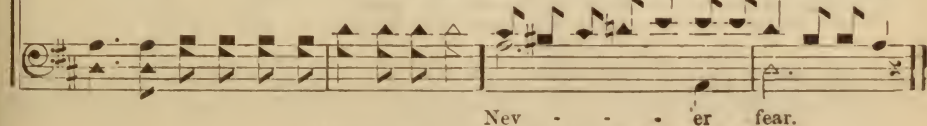
CHORUS.



There's a friend that's ev-er near, nev-er fear, He is ev-er near, nev-er, nev-er fear,

There's a friend that's ev-er near, Nev - - - er fear.
nev-er fear, He is ev-er near, nev-er fear, never fear.



Nev - - - er fear.

427

Amboy. 7s D.

*Adherence to Duty.—Acts 4: 19.*LOWELL MASON.
Fine.

1. { Dare to think, tho' big - ots frown; Dare in words your thoughts ex - press; }
 { Dare to rise, though oft cast down; Dare the wronged and scorned to bless. }
 D.C.—Dare to wear it next your heart; Dare, when sin - ners curse, to bless.

2. { Dare for - sake what you deem wrong; Dare to walk in wis - dom's way; }
 { Dare to give where gifts be - long; Dare God's pre - cepts to o - bey. }
 D.C.—Do with will - ing mind and heart; Do your du - ty and be blest.

D. C.

Dare from cus - tom to de - part; Dare the price - less pearl pos - sess;
 Do what con - science says is right; Do what rea - son says is best;

THE CROSS.

428

Olivet. L. M.

Take Up Thy Cross.—Matt. 16: 24.

C. W. EVEREST, 1833.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Take up thy cross! the Sav - ior said, If thou wouldst my dis - ci - ple be;
 2. Take up thy cross! let not its weight Fill thy weak spir - it with a - larm;
 3. Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame, And let thy fool - ish pride be still;
 4. Take up thy cross, then, in his strength, And calm - ly sin's wild del - uge brave;
 5. Take up thy cross, and fol - low me, Nor think till death to lay it down;

Take up thy cross with will - ing heart, And hum - bly fol - low aft - er me.
 My strength shall bear thy spir - it up, And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
 Thy Lord did not re - fuse to die Up - on the cross on Cal - v'ry's hill.
 'Twill guide thee to a bet - ter home, It points to bliss be - yond the grave.
 For on - ly he who bears the cross May hope to wear the glo - rious crown.

429

Lindon. L. M.

Following Christ in Suffering.—1 Peter 2: 21.

1. How shall I fol - low him I serve? How shall I cop - y him I love?
 2. Pri - va-tions, sor - rows, bit - ter scorn, The life of toil, the mean a - bode,
 3. 'T was thus he suf - fered, tho' a Son, Fore-know-ing, choos - ing, feel - ing all,
 4. Lord, should my path thro' suf - f'ring lie, For - bid it I should e'er re - pine:

Nor from those bless - ed foot-steps swerve, Which lead me to his seat a - bove?
 The faith - less kiss, the crown of thorn—Are these the con - se - cra - ted road?
 Un - til the per - fect work was done And drank the bit - ter cup of gall.
 Still let me turn to Cal - va - ry, Nor heed my griefs, rememb'ring thine.

430

Endurance. L. M.

EDWARD DENNY, 1848.

Sympathy with Christ in Suffering.—Luke 22: 28.

ADALINE H. BEERY.

1. Dear Lord, a - mid the throng that pressed A-round thee on the curs - ed tree,
 2. Like them may we re - joice to own Our dy - ing Lord, tho' crowned with thorn;
 3. Thy cross, thy lone - ly path be - low Show what thy brethren all should be;

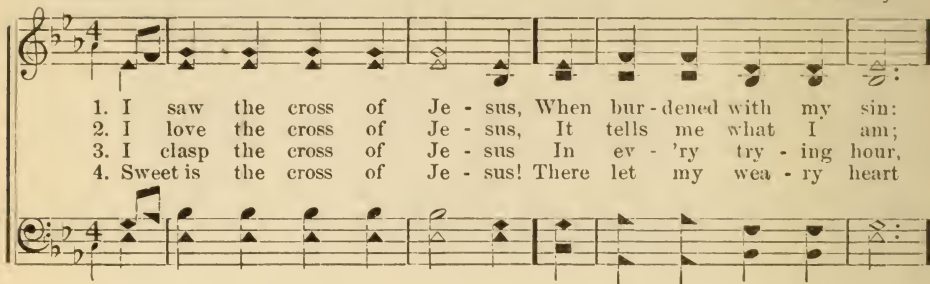
Some loy - al, lov - ing hearts were there, Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.
 Like thee, thy bless - ed self en - dure The cross with all its joy or scorn.
 Pil - grims on earth, disowned by those Who see no beau - ty, Lord, in thee.

431 I Saw the Cross of Jesus. 7s & 6s D.

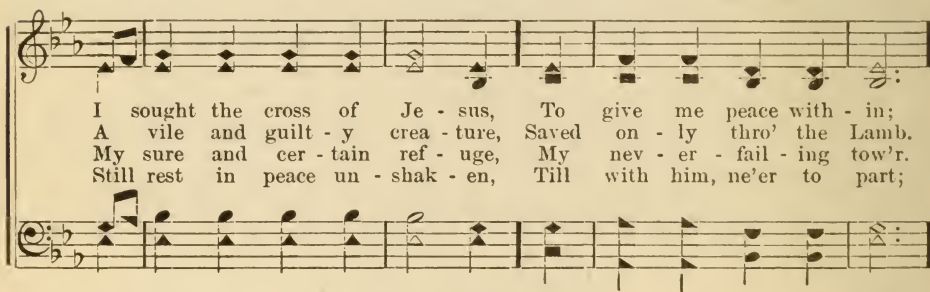
Gal. 6: 14.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

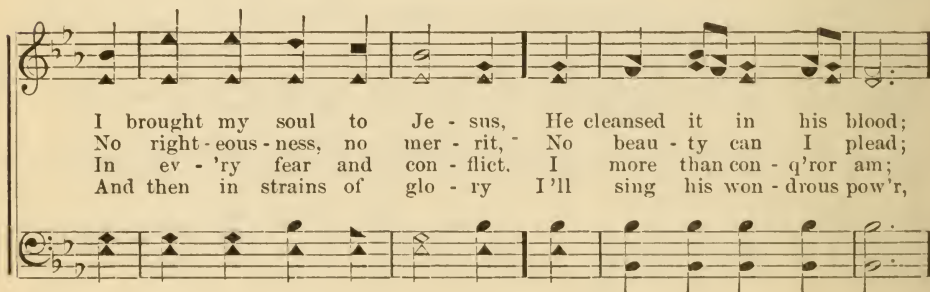
Greek Melody.



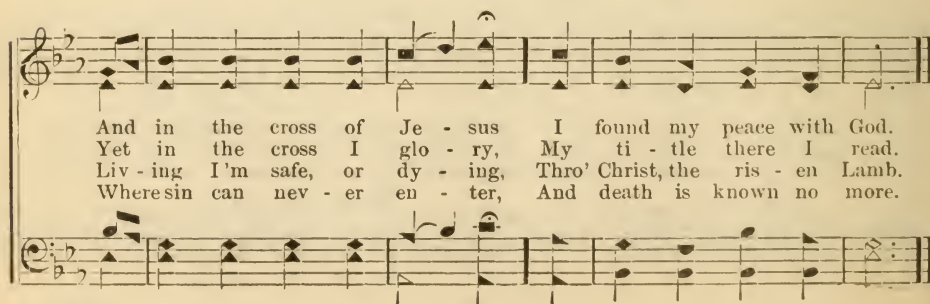
1. I saw the cross of Je - sus, When bur - dened with my sin;
 2. I love the cross of Je - sus, It tells me what I am;
 3. I clasp the cross of Je - sus In ev - 'ry try - ing hour,
 4. Sweet is the cross of Je - sus! There let my wea - ry heart



I sought the cross of Je - sus, To give me peace with - in;
 A vile and guilt - y crea - ture, Saved on - ly thro' the Lamb.
 My sure and cer - tain ref - uge, My nev - er - fail - ing tow'r.
 Still rest in peace un - shak - en, Till with him, ne'er to part;



I brought my soul to Je - sus, He cleansed it in his blood;
 No right - eous - ness, no mer - rit, - No beau - ty can I plead;
 In ev - 'ry fear and con - flict. I more than con - q'ror am;
 And then in strains of glo - ry I'll sing his won - drous pow'r,



And in the cross of Je - sus I found my peace with God.
 Yet in the cross I glo - ry, My ti - tle there I read.
 Liv - ing I'm safe, or dy - ing, Thro' Christ, the ris - en Lamb.
 Wheresin can nev - er en - ter, And death is known no more.

THE CROSS.

432

Rathbun. 8s & 7s.

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

We Glory in Tribulations.—Rom. 5: 3.

I. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'-ring o'er the wrecks of time,
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing, Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
 5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'-ring o'er the wrecks of time,

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance, streaming, Adds more lus - tre to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
 All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

DISCIPLINE.

433

Helena. C. M.

If Thou Hadst Been Here.—John 11: 21.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O Lord, hadst thou been here! but when Is not the Sav - ior nigh?
 2. And when the Mas - ter seems to stay, Re - gard - less of our grief,
 3. He loves to come when oth - ers flee, Or, com - ing, can - not aid;
 4. The house of mourn - ing he pre - fers With voice of love to cheer;
 5. Lord, not in sor - row's hour a - lone, We ask to feel thy grace;

His pow'r and love were pres - ent then, Tho' Lazarus needs must die.
 His tar - rying nev - er is de - lay, But well - timed, sure re - lief.
 To save in faith's ex - trem - i - ty, When hope's last glimm' - rings fade.
 And sor - rows are the har - bin - gers That say—the Lord is near.
 The hearts that on - cethy love have known Would be thy dwell - ing place.

434

Communion. C. M.

It is Good that I have been Afflicted.—Psa. 119: 71.

STEPHEN JENKS.

1. In trou-ble and in grief, O God, Thy smile hath cheered my way;
 2. The hours of pain have yield-ed good, Which pros-p'rous days re-fused;
 3. The oak strikes deep-er, as its boughs By fu-rious blasts are driv'n;
 4. All-gra-cious Lord, what-e'er my lot In oth-er times may be,

And joy hath bud-ded from each thorn That round my foot-steps lay.
 As herbs, tho' scent-less when en-tire, Spread fra-grance when they're bruised.
 So life's tem-pest-uous storms the more Have fixed my heart in heav'n,
 I'll wel-come still the heav-iest grief That brings me near to thee.

435

Dunlap's Creek. C. M.

As Many as I Love, etc.—Rev. 3: 19.

Western Melody.

1. Oft-en the clouds of deep-est woe So sweet a mes-sage bear,
 2. Kind, lov-ing is the hand that strikes, How-ev-er keen the smart,
 3. He was a man of sor-rows—he Who loved and saved us thus;
 4. No; we must fol-low in the path Our Lord and Sav-ior run;

Dark tho' they seem, 't were hard to find A frown of an-ger there.
 If sor-row's dis-ci-pline can chase One e-vil from the heart.
 And shall the world, that frowned on him, Wear on-ly smiles for us?
 We must not find a rest-ing place Where he we love had none.

FAITH.

436

Lanark. L. M.

I. WATTS.

Faith Looking into the Future.—Heb. 11: 13.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk thro' des erts dark as night;
 2. The want of sight she well sup-plies; She makes the pearl-y gates ap-pear;
 3. Cheerful we tread the des-ert thro', While faith in spires a heav'n-ly ray,
 4. So A-bram, by di-vine com-mand, Left his own house to walk with God;

Till we ar-rive at heav'n our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
 Far in-to dis-tant worlds she pries, And brings e-ter-nal glo-ries near.
 Tho' li-ons roar, and tem-pests blow, And rocks and dan-gers fill the way.
 His faith be-held the prom-ised land, And cheered him on his toil-some road.

437

Somerville. C. M.

I. WATTS.

Faith the Evidence of Things not Seen.—Heb. 11.

A. S. KIEFFER, 1880, by per.

1. Faith is the bright-est ev-i-dence Of things be-yond our sight;
 2. It sets time past in pres-ent view, Brings dis-tant pros-pects home,
 3. By faith we know the world was made By God's al-might-y Word;
 4. A-bram o-beyed the Lord's command, From his own coun-try driv'n;
 5. Thus thro' life's pil-grim-age we stray, The prom-ise in our eye;

It pierc-es thro' the vail of sense, And dwells in heav'n-ly light.
 Of things a thou-sand years a-go, Or thou-sand years to come.
 We know the heav'n's and earth shall fade, And be a-gain re-stored.
 By faith he sought a prom-ised land, But found his rest in heav'n.
 By faith we walk the nar-row way That leads to joy on high.

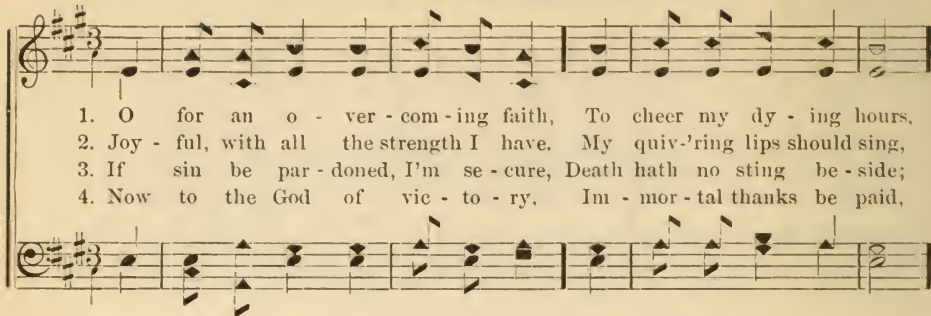
438

Azmon. C. M.

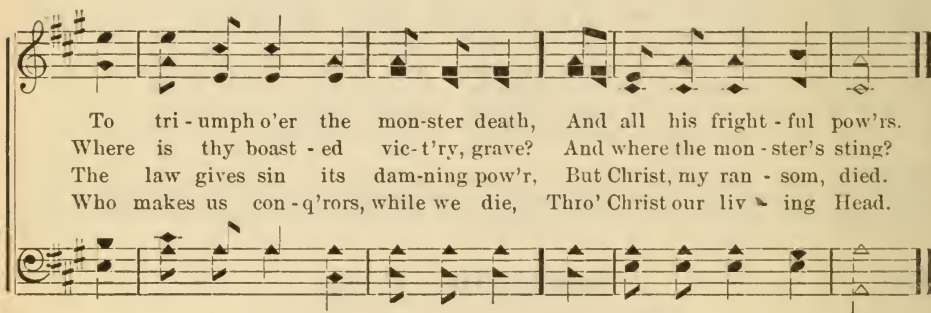
I. WATTS.

Triumph of Faith—1 John 5: 4.

C. G. GLASER.



1. O for an o - ver - com - ing faith, To cheer my dy - ing hours,
 2. Joy - ful, with all the strength I have. My quiv - ring lips should sing,
 3. If sin be par - doned, I'm se - cure, Death hath no sting be - side;
 4. Now to the God of vic - to - ry, Im - mor - tal thanks be paid,



To tri - umph o'er the mon - ster death, And all his fright - ful pow'rs.
 Where is thy boast - ed vic - t'ry, grave? And where the mon - ster's sting?
 The law gives sin its dam - ning pow'r, But Christ, my ran - som, died.
 Who makes us con - q'rors, while we die, Thro' Christ our liv - ing Head.

HOPE.

439 *The Full Assurance of Hope.*

Heb. 6: 11.

C. M.

- 1 When floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driven,
Hope, with her radiant finger, points
To brighter scenes in heaven.
- 2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubled breast be calm;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.
- 3 Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours
Of sadness and of gloom;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.
- 4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unwearied wing she hastes
To wipe the falling tear.
- 5 She bids the anguished heart rejoice:
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heaven.

440 *Heavenly Rest in Anticipation.*

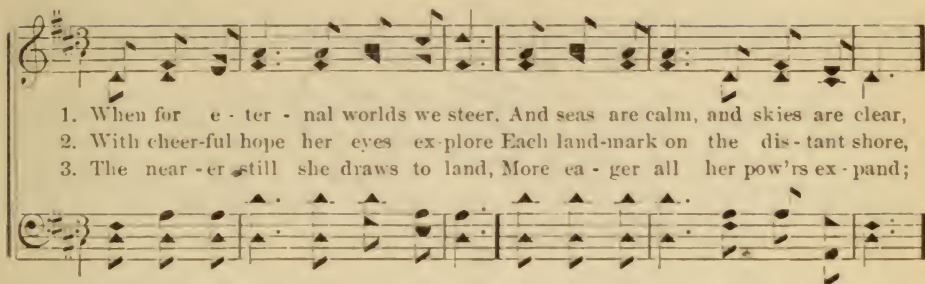
2 Peter 1: 10.

C. M.

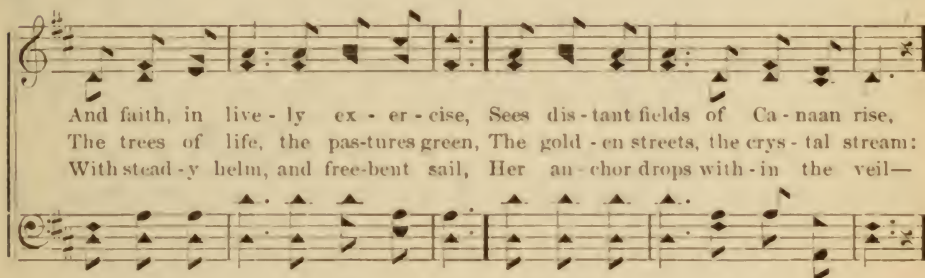
- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

I. WATTS.

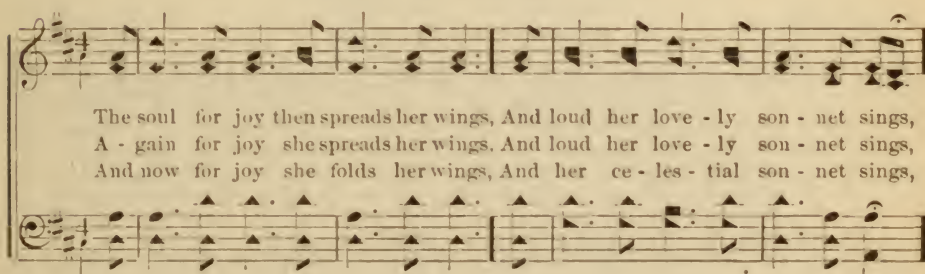
Sonnet. 8s & 4s.

The Christian Voyage.—Heb. 6: 19.


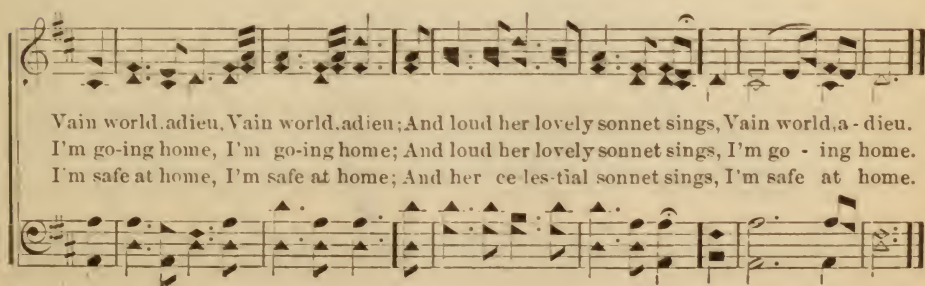
1. When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
 2. With cheer-ful hope her eyes ex-plore Each land-mark on the dis-tant shore,
 3. The near-er still she draws to land, More ea-ger all her pow'rs ex-pand;



And faith, in live-ly ex-er-cise, Sees dis-tant fields of Ca-naan rise,
 The trees of life, the pas-tures green, The gold-en streets, the crys-tal stream;
 With stead-y helm, and free-bent sail, Her an-chor drops with-in the veil—



The soul for joy then spreads her wings, And loud her love-ly son-net sings,
 A-gain for joy she spreads her wings, And loud her love-ly son-net sings,
 And now for joy she folds her wings, And her ce-les-tial son-net sings,



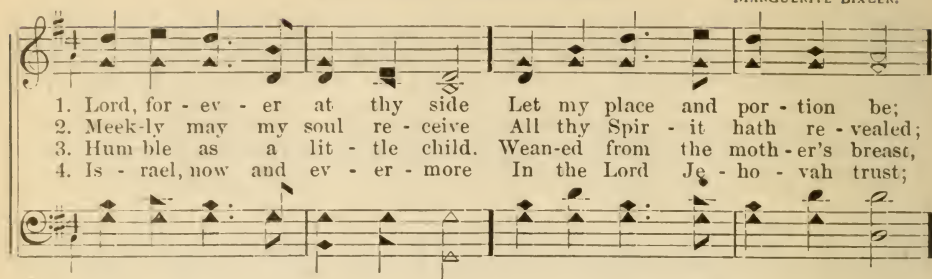
Vain world, adieu, Vain world, adieu; And loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world, a-dieu.
 I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home; And loud her lovely sonnet sings, I'm go-ing home.
 I'm safe at home, I'm safe at home; And her ce-les-tial sonnet sings, I'm safe at home.

442

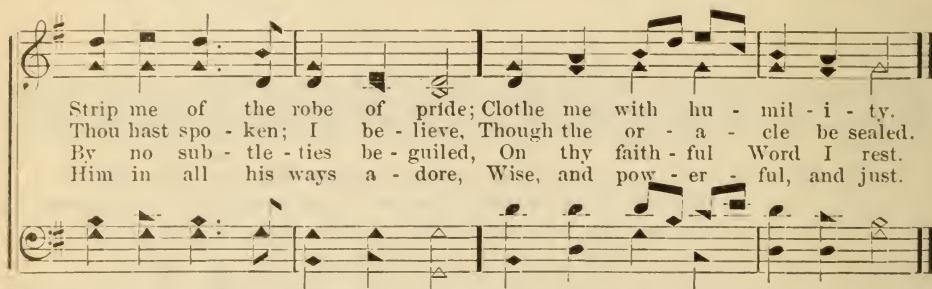
Humility. 7s.

Be Clothed with Humility.—1 Peter 5: 5.

MARGUERITE BIXLER.



1. Lord, for - ev - er at thy side Let my place and por - tion be;
 2. Meek-ly may my soul re - ceive All thy Spir - it hath re - vealed;
 3. Hum - ble as a lit - tle child. Wean-ed from the moth - er's breast,
 4. Is - rael, now and ev - er - more In the Lord Je - ho - vah trust;



Strip me of the robe of pride; Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.
 Thou hast spo - ken; I be - lieve, Though the or - a - cle be sealed.
 By no sub - tle - ties be - guiled, On thy faith - ful Word I rest.
 Him in all his ways a - dore, Wise, and pow - er - ful, and just.

JOY.

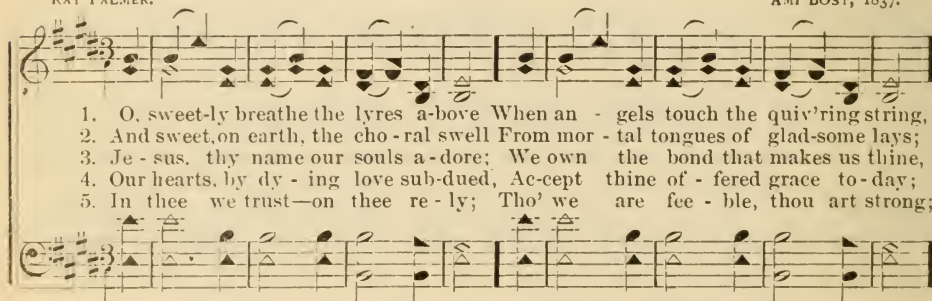
443

Gratitude. L. M.

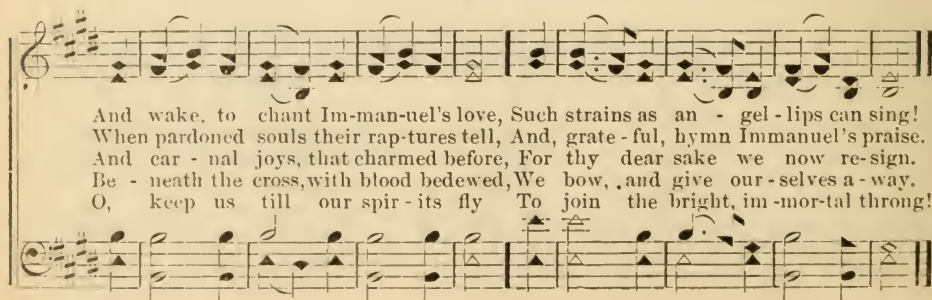
Joy of Consecration to Christ.—Isaiah 7: 14.

RAY PALMER.

AMI BOST, 1837.



1. O, sweet-ly breathe the lyres a - bove When an - gels touch the quiv'ring string,
 2. And sweet, on earth, the cho - ral swell From mor - tal tongues of glad - some lays;
 3. Je - sus, thy name our souls a - dore; We own the bond that makes us thine,
 4. Our hearts, by dy - ing love sub - dued, Ac - cept thine of - fered grace to - day;
 5. In thee we trust—on thee re - ly; Tho' we are fee - ble, thou art strong;



And wake, to chant Im-man-uel's love, Such strains as an - gel - lips can sing!
 When pardoned souls their rap - tures tell, And, grate - ful, hymn Immanuel's praise.
 And car - nal joys, that charmed before, For thy dear sake we now re - sign.
 Be - neath the cross, with blood bedewed, We bow, and give our - selves a - way.
 O, keep us till our spir - its fly To join the bright, im - mor - tal throng!

Land of Promise. C. M. D.

Joy, the Fruit of the Spirit.—Gal. 5: 22.

A. S. KIEFFER, 1876.

Fine.

1. { Joy is a fruit that will not grow In na - ture's bar - ren soil; }
 { All we can boast, till Christ we know, Is van - i - ty and toil. }
D.C.—There fruits of heav'n - ly joy and peace Are found, and there a - lone.

D. C.

But where the Lord has plant - ed grace, And made his glo - ries known,

2 A bleeding Savior, seen by faith,
 A sense of pardoning love,
 A hope that triumphs over death,
 Gives joy like those above.
 To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine,
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakable, divine.

3 These are the joys that satisfy,
 And sanctify the mind;
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.
 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
 But if you are the Lord's,
 Resign to them that know him not,
 Such joys as earth affords.

Salan. C. M. D.

C. WESLEY.

Rejoicing in Hope.—Rom 12: 12.

E. A. PERKINS.

Fine.

1. { How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv'n! }
 { This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n. }
D.C.—The land of rest, the saints' de - light, The heav'n prepared for me.
 2. { O, what a bless - ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay, }
 { We more than taste the heav'n - ly pow'rs, And an - te - date that day. }
D.C.—And with his glo - rious pres - ence here Our earth - en ves - sels filled.

D. C.

A coun - try far from mor - tal sight; Yet, O, by faith I see
 We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near, Our life in Christ con - cealed,

Berne. C. M. D.

All My Springs are in Thee.—Psa. 87: 7.

WM. BEERY.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights,
2. The op-'ning heav'ns a-round me shine With beams of sa-cred bliss,

The glo-ry of my bright-est days. The com-fort of my nights!
While Je-sus shows his mer-cy mine. And whis-pers I am his.

In dark-est shades, if thou ap-pear. My dawn-ing is be-gun;
My soul would leave this heav-y clay, At that trans-port-ing word,

Thou art my soul's bright morn-ing star, And thou my ris-ing sun.
And run with joy the shin-ing way To meet my dear-est Lord.

True Happiness.—Rom. 4: 7.

C. M. D.

1 How happy is the Christian's state
His sins are all forgiven,
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.
Though in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh,
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Delivering grace is nigh.

2 If to prevent his wandering steps,
He feels the chastening rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.
And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in rapture shall ascend
To everlasting day.

HOPE.

448 O How Happy are They. P. M. 12s & 9s.

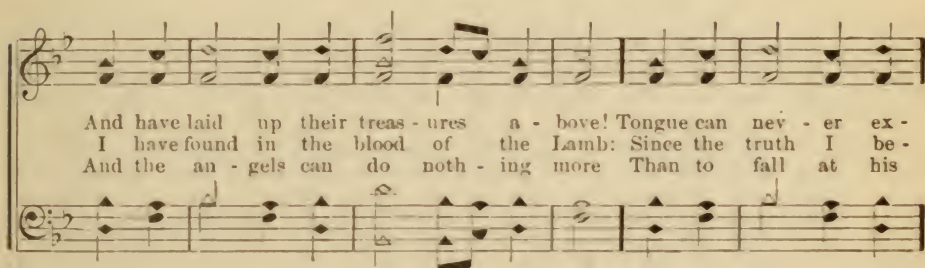
C. WESLEY, 1749.

Joy Unspeakable and Full of Glory.—1 Peter 1: 8.

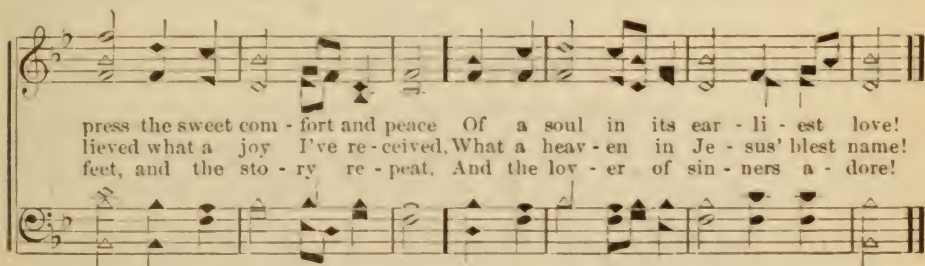
ANNANIAS DAVISSON, 1824.



1. O, how hap - py are they who their Sav - ior o - bey
 2. This sweet com - fort is mine, since the fa - vor di - vine
 3. 'Tis a heav - en be - low my Re - deem - er to know,



And have laid up their treas - ures a - bove! Tongue can nev - er ex -
 I have found in the blood of the Lamb: Since the truth I be -
 And the an - gels can do noth - ing more Than to fall at his



press the sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!
 lieved what a joy I've re - ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' blest name!
 feet, and the sto - ry re - peat, And the lov - er of sin - ners a - dore!

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
 O that all to his refuge may fly!
 He has loved me, I cried, he has suffered and died
 To redeem such a rebel as I!

5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
 All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
 O why should I grieve, while on him I believe?
 O why should I sorrow again?

6 O the rapturous height of that holy delight
 Which I find in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Savior possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
 Being filled with the fullness of God!

7 What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
 How unspeakably happy am I!
 Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
 With believers to live and to die!

449

Hermon. C. M.

Be Not Slothful.—Heb. 6: 12.

I. WATTS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My drow - sy pow'rs, why sleep ye so? A - wake, my slug - gish soul!
 2. The lit - tle ants, for one poor grain, La - bor, and tug, and strive;
 3. We, for whom God's own Son came down And la - bored for our good;
 4. Lord, shall we lie so slug-gish still, And nev - er act our parts?
 5. Then shall our act - ive spir - its move, Up - ward our souls shall rise:

Noth - ing has half thy work to do, Yet noth - ing's half so dull.
 Yet we who have a crown to gain, — How neg - li - gent we live!
 How care - less to se - cure that crown He pur - chased with his blood!
 Come, ho - ly Dove, our spir - its fill, And warm our fro - zen hearts.
 With hands of faith and wings of love We'll fly and take the prize.

450

Downs. C. M.

Ye Have the Poor always with You.—Matt. 26: 11.

WM. CROSSWELL.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1. Lord, lead the way the Sav - ior went, By lane and cell ob - scure,
 2. Like him, thro' scenes of deep dis - tress, Who bore the world's sad weight,
 3. For thou hast placed us side by side In this wide world of ill;
 4. Small are the of - f'rings we can make; Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,

And let our treas - ures still be spent. Like his, up - on the poor.
 We, in their gloom - y lone - li - ness, Would seek the des - o - late.
 And, that thy foll - 'wers may be tried, The poor are with us still.
 If giv - en for the Sav - ior's sake. They lose not their re - ward.

451

Boylston. S. M.

Occupy till I Come.—Luke 19: 13.

C. WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly;

A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 O may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will!
 And thy poor serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
 As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, A sec - ond death I'll die.

452

Gerar. S. M.

Rich in Good Works.—1 Tim. 6: 18.

LYDIA SIGOURNEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. La - b'ers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil;
 2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourn - ing hearts de - plore;
 3. Urge, with a ten - der zeal, The err - ing child a - long
 4. Be faith, which looks a - bove, With pray'r, your con - stant guest;
 5. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil,

The dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.
 And where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis - pense your hal - lowed lore.
 Where peace - ful con - gre - ga - tions kneel And pi - ous teachers throng.
 And wrap the Sav - ior's change - less love A man - tle round your breast.
 And the blest gos - pel's sav - ing health Re - pay your ar - duous toil.

Assurance. 8s & 7s.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Strengthen Thy Brethren.—Luke 22: 32.

A. B. EVERETT, 1853.

1. Tell me not, in mourn-ful num-bers, Life is but an emp-ty dream;
 2. Life is re-al! life is ear-nest! And the grave is not its goal;
 3. Not en-joy-ment, and not sor-row, Is our des-tined end and way,
 4. Lives of true men all re-mind us We can make our lives sub-lime,
 5. Footprints which per-haps an-oth-er, Sail-ing o'er life's sol-emn main,
 6. Let us, then, be up and do-ing, With a heart for an-y fate,

For the soul is dead that slum-bers, And things are not what they seem.
 Dust thou art, to dust re-turn-est. Was not spo-ken of the soul!
 But to act, that each. to-mor-row Find us fur-ther than to-day.
 And, de-part-ing, leave be-hind us Foot-prints on the sands of time;
 A for-lorn and ship-wrecked brother, See-ing shall take heart a-gain.
 Still a-chiev-ing, still pur-su-ing, Learn to la-bor and to wait.

454 *Christians a Blessing to the World.*—Gen. 12: 2. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone,
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee—press thou on!
- 2 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
Rolled o'er thee—"God is love."
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever—heaven's above."
- 3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it—press thou on!
- 4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.
- 5 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus—"Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done."

S. JOHNSON.

455 *Quit You Like Men: Be Strong.*—1 Cor. 16: 13. 8s & 7s.

- 1 We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time—
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.
- 2 Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up! O, up! thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.
- 3 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On! right onward for the right.
- 4 On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad:
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

A. C. COXE.


WORK.

456 Work, for the Night is Coming. 7s, 6s & 5s.


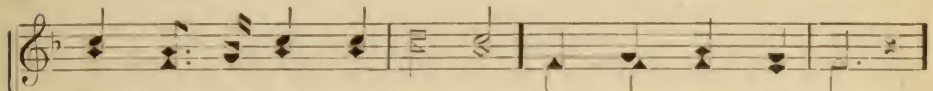
Mrs. ANNIE L. WALKER.

Work, for the Night Comes.—John 9: 4.

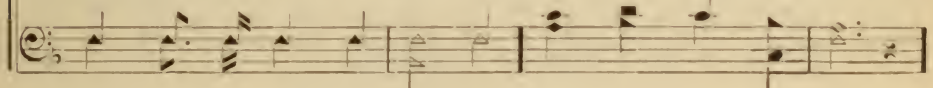
LOWELL MASON.




1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;


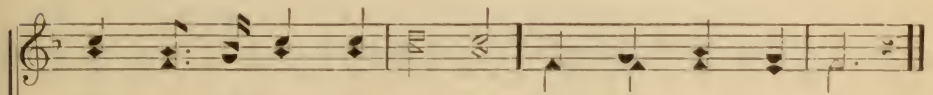
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.



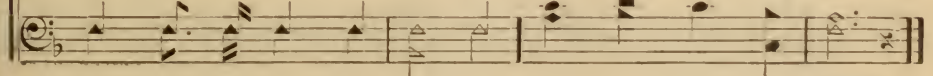
Cres.



Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing mo - ment Some - thing to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fa - deth, Fa - deth to shine no more;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Work while the day is dark - ning, When man's work is o'er.

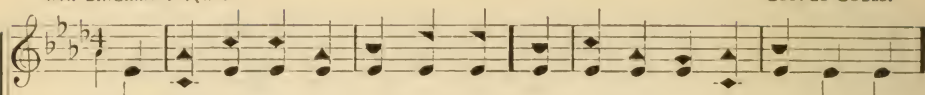


Duane Street. L. M. D.

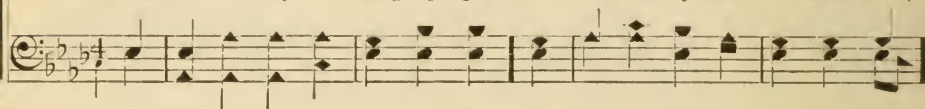
No Heaven without Love.—1 John 4: 7, 8.

WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN.

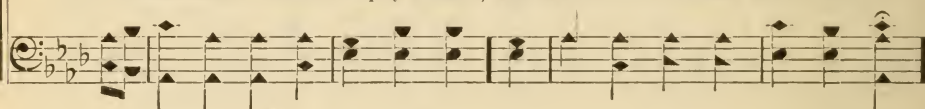
GEORGE COLES.



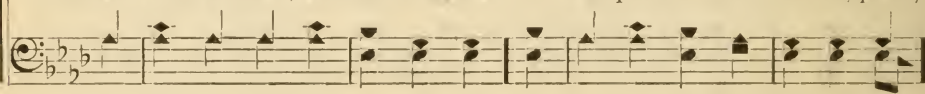
1. The ransomed spir - it to her home, The clime of cloud-less beau - ty, flies;
2. The cher - ub near the view-less throne Smit - eth the harp with trembling hand;
3. Earth, sea and sky one lan-guage speak, In har - mo - ny that soothes the soul;



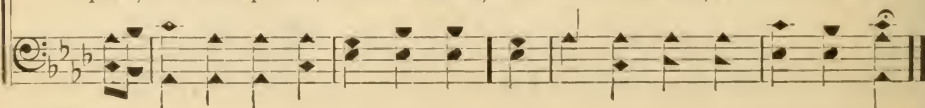
No more on storm-y seas to roam, She hails her ha - ven in the skies;
 And one with in-cense fire hath flown. To touch with flame the an - gel band;
 'T is heard when scarce the zephyrs wake, And when on thun-ders thun-ders roll:



But cheer-less are those heav'nly fields, That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
 But tune-less is the quiv'ring string; No mel - o - dy can Gabriel bring;
 That voice is heard, and tu-mults cease: It whis-pers to the bos-om, peace;



There is no bliss in bow'rs á - bove, If thou art ab - sent, ho - ly love!
 Mute are its arch-es, when a - bove, The harps of heav'n wake not to love!
 Speak, thou In-spir - er, from a - bove, And cheer our hearts, ce - les - tial love.



LOVE.

458

Tranquillity. L. M.

THOS. SCOTT.

Blessed are the Meek.—Matt. 5: 5.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Hap - py the meek, whose gen - tle breast, Clear as the summer's eve - ning ray,
 2. His heart no bro - ken friendships sting; No jars his peace - ful tent in - vade;
 3. Spir - it of grace! all meek and mild, In spire our hearts—our souls pos - sess;

Calm as the re - gions of the blest, En - joys on earth ce - les - tial day.
 He rests be - neath th' Almighty's wing, Hos - tile to none—of none a - fraid.
 Re - pel each pas - sion rude and wild, And bless us, as we aim to bless.

459

Detroy. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Thou Knowest that I Love Thee.—John 21: 17.

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart and see;
 2. Is not thy name me - lo - dious still To mine at - ten - tive ear?
 3. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock I would dis - dain to feed?
 4. Would not my heart pour forth its blood In hon - or of thy name?
 5. Thou know'st I love thee, dear - est Lord, But O! I long to soar

And turn the dear - est i - dol out That dares to ri - val thee.
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound. My Sav - ior's voice to hear?
 Hast thou a foe be - fore whose face I fear thy cause to plead?
 And chal - lenge the cold hand of death To damp th' im - mor - tal flame!
 Far from the sphere of mor - tal joys, And learn to love thee more.

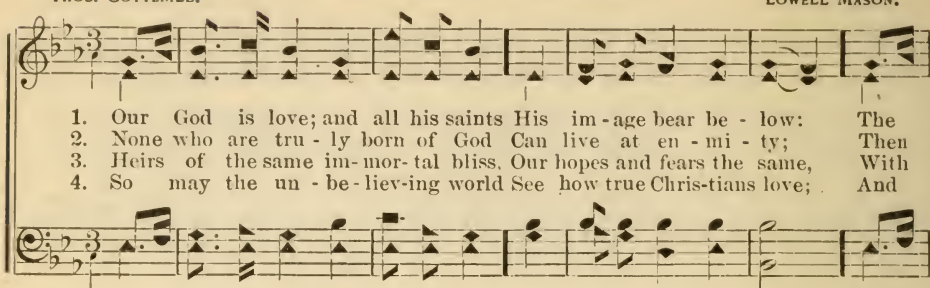
460

Cowper. C. M.

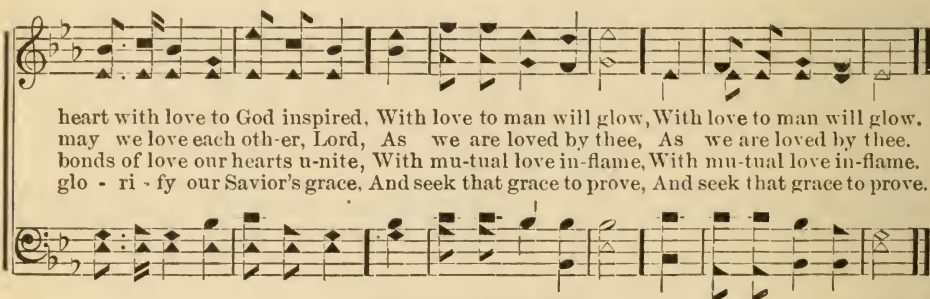
THOS. COTTERILL.

As I Have Loved You.—John 13: 34.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Our God is love; and all his saints His im-age bear be-low: The
 2. None who are tru-ly born of God Can live at en-mi-ty; Then
 3. Heirs of the same im-mor-tal bliss, Our hopes and fears the same, With
 4. So may the un-be-liev-ing world See how true Chris-tians love; And



heart with love to God inspired, With love to man will glow, With love to man will glow.
 may we love each oth-er, Lord, As we are loved by thee, As we are loved by thee.
 bonds of love our hearts u-nite, With mu-tual love in-flame, With mu-tual love in-flame.
 glo-ri-fy our Savior's grace, And seek that grace to prove, And seek that grace to prove.

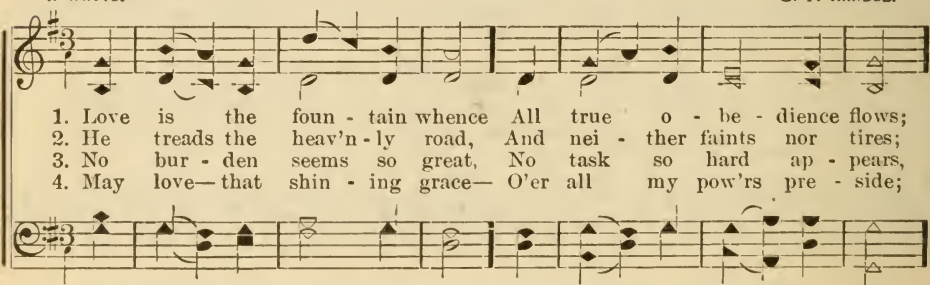
461

Thatcher. S. M.

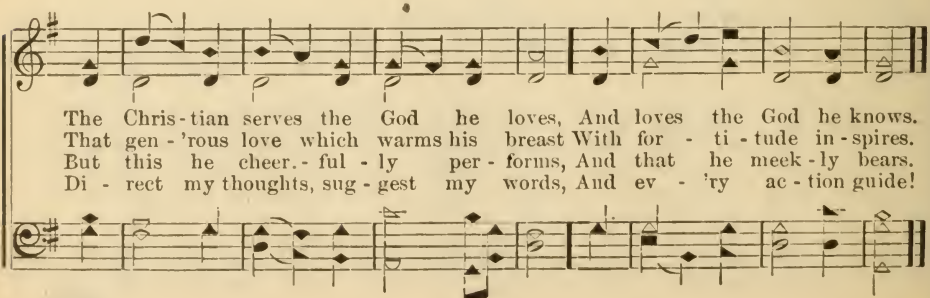
I. WATTS.

This is the Love of God, etc.—1 John 5: 3.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. Love is the foun-tain whence All true o-be-dience flows;
 2. He treads the heav'n-ly road, And nei-ther faints nor tires;
 3. No bur-den seems so great, No task so hard ap-pears,
 4. May love—that shin-ing grace—O'er all my pow'rs pre-side;



The Chris-tian serves the God he loves, And loves the God he knows.
 That gen-rous love which warms his breast With for-ti-tude in-spires.
 But this he cheer-ful-ly per-forms, And that he meek-ly bears.
 Di-rect my thoughts, sug-gest my words, And ev-'ry ac-tion guide!

LOVE.

462 Loving Him Who First Loved Me. 7s.

Unknown.

He First Loved Us.—1 John 4: 19.

C. C. CONVERSE. ARR.

1. Sav - ior! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - sons to o - bey;
 2. With a child - like heart of love, At thy bid - ding may I move;
 3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in thy grace:
 4. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy— In o - be - dience all her joy;
 5. Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe;

Sweet - er les - sons can - not be, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
 Prompt to serve and fol - low thee, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
 Learn - ing how to love from thee, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
 Ev - er new that joy will be, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
 Sing - ing, till thy face I see, Of his love who first loved me.

463 Eltham. 7s D.

W. COWPER.

Lovest Thou Me?—John 21: 16.

LOWELL MASON.

Fine.

1. } Hark, my soul! it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Sav - ior, hear his word; }
 } Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee; "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me? }
D. C.—Sought thee wan-d'ring, set thee right, Turned thy dark-ness in - to light.

D. C.
 I de - liv - ered thee when bound, And when wounded healed thy wound;

2 "Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
 Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath—
 Free and faithful—strong as death.

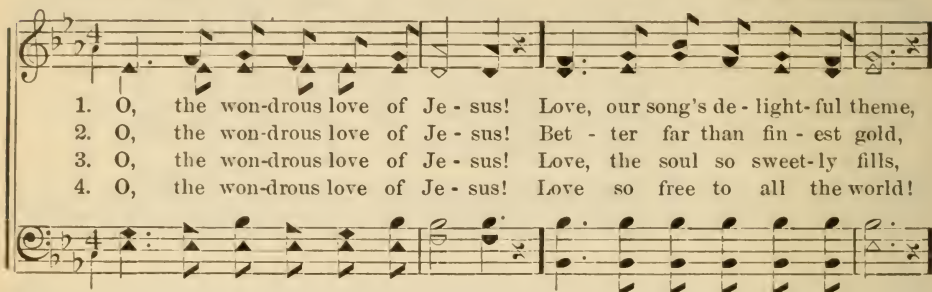
3 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done:
 Partner of my throne shalt be;
 Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee and adore,
 O for grace to love thee more!

464 O, the Wondrous Love of Jesus. Ss & 7s D.

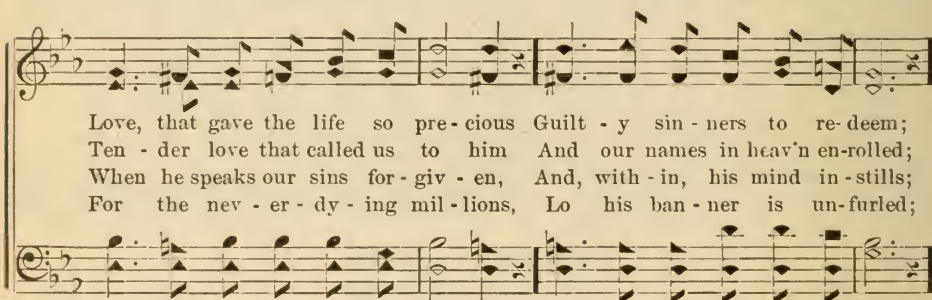
As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you.—John 15: 9.

HARRIET E. JONES.

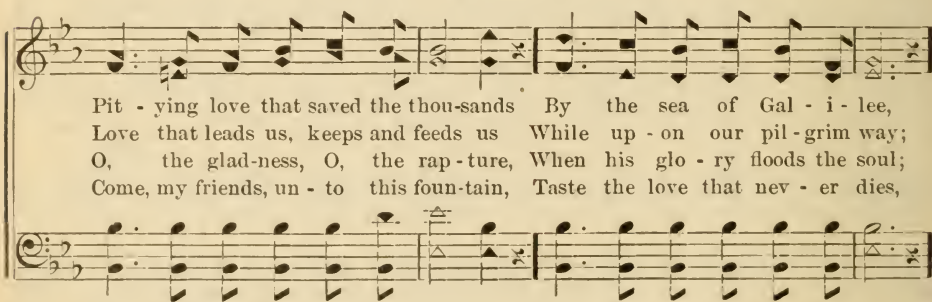
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



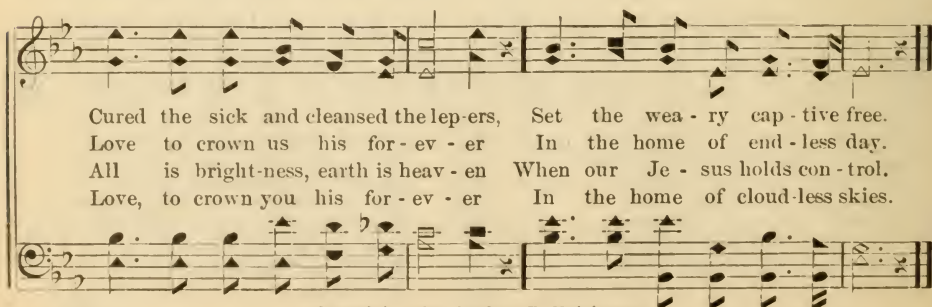
1. O, the won-drous love of Je - sus! Love, our song's de - light - ful theme,
 2. O, the won-drous love of Je - sus! Bet - ter far than fin - est gold,
 3. O, the won-drous love of Je - sus! Love, the soul so sweet - ly fills,
 4. O, the won-drous love of Je - sus! Love so free to all the world!



Love, that gave the life so pre - cious Guilt - y sin - ners to re - deem;
 Ten - der love that called us to him And our names in heav'n en - rolled;
 When he speaks our sins for - giv - en, And, with - in, his mind in - stills;
 For the nev - er dy - ing mil - lions, Lo his ban - ner is un - furled;



Pit - ying love that saved the thou - sands By the sea of Gal - i - lee,
 Love that leads us, keeps and feeds us While up - on our pil - grim way;
 O, the glad - ness, O, the rap - ture, When his glo - ry floods the soul;
 Come, my friends, un - to this foun - tain, Taste the love that nev - er dies,



Cured the sick and cleansed the lep - ers, Set the wea - ry cap - tive free.
 Love to crown us his for - ev - er In the home of end - less day.
 All is bright - ness, earth is heav - en When our Je - sus holds con - trol.
 Love, to crown you his for - ev - er In the home of cloud - less skies.

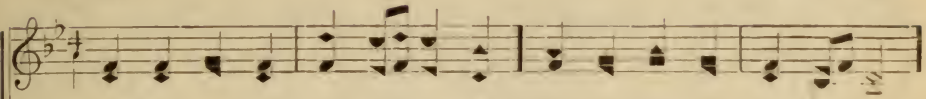
LOVE.

465 Love Divine, All Love Excelling. Ss & 7s D.

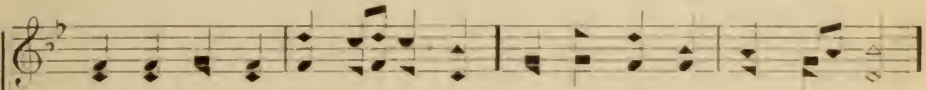
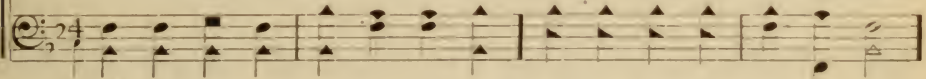
C. WESLEY.

1 John 3: 1

JOHN ZUNDEL.



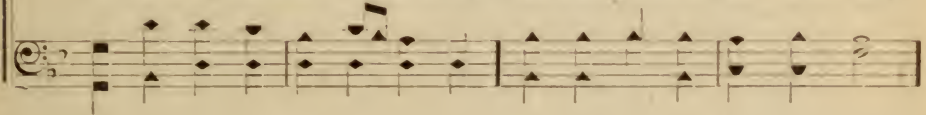
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast:



Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest.



Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art:
Take a - way the love of sin - ning, Take our load of guilt a - way;



Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
End the work of thy be - gin - ning - Bring us to e - ter - nal day.



466

Thy Love to Me. 6s & 4s.

MRS. M. E. GATES.

His Great Love, Wherewith He Loved Us.—Eph. 2: 4.

E. C. AVIS, BY PER.

With expression.

1. Thy love to me, O Christ, Thy love to me;... Not nine to
 2. Thy ree - ord I be - lieve, Thy word to me;... Thy love I
 3. Im - mor - tal love of thine, Thy sac - ri - fice.... In - fi - nite
 4. Let me now clear - ly trace Thy love to me.... See in the

thee, I plead, Not mine to thee! This is my com - fort strong,
 now re - ceive, Full, change - less, free; Love from the sin - less Son,
 need of mine On - ly sup - plies. Streams of di - vin - est pow'r
 Fa - ther's face His love for thee. Know as he loves the Son,

This is my on - ly song, Thy love, O Christ, to me, Thy love to me.
 Love to the sin - ful one, Thy love, O Christ, to me, Thy love to me.
 Flow to me ev - 'ry hour, Thy love, O Christ, to me, Thy love to me.
 So dost thou love thine own, Thy love, O Christ, to me, Thy love to me.

PRAYER.

467

Herald. L. M.

Prayer for a Revival.—Hab. 3: 2.

J. T. COOK.

1. Great Lord of all thy church-es, hear Thy min - is - ter's and peo - ple's pray'r;
 2. Re - vive thy church-es with thy grace; For - give our sins, and grant us peace;
 3. May young and old thy Word re - ceive; Dead sin - ners hear thy voice and live;
 4. May a - ged saints, matured with grace, A - bound in fruits of ho - li - ness;
 5. Thus we our suppliant voi - ces raise, And, weeping, sow the seed of praise,

Per-fumed by thee, O may it rise, Like fragrant in - cense to the skies.
 Rouse us from sloth, our hearts in - flame With ar - dent zeal for Je - sus' name.
 The wounded conscience heal - ing find, And joy re - fresh each drooping mind.
 And when trans-la - ted to the skies, May younger in their stead a - rise.
 In hum - ble hope that thou wilt hear Thy min - is - ter's and peo - ple's pray'r.

Welton. L. M.

Even as Thou Wilt.—Matt. 15: 23.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?" Lord, I would seize the gold-en hour:
 2. More of thy pres-ence, Lord, im-part; More of thine im-age let me bear;
 3. Give me to read my par-don sealed, And from thy joy to draw my strength.
 4. Grant these requests—I ask no more, But to thy care the rest re-sign:

I pray to be re-leased from guilt, And freed from sin's pol-lut-ing pow'r.
 E-rect thy throne with in my heart, And reign with-out a ri-val there.
 O be thy bound-less love re-vealed In all its height, and breadth, and length.
 Sick or in health, or rich, or poor, All shall be well, if thou art mine.

Rockingham. L. M.

W. COWPER.

Hindrances to Prayer.—1 Peter 3: 7.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. What va-rious hin-dran-ces we meet In com-ing to a mer-cy seat;
 2. Pray'r makes the dark-ened clouds withdraw, Pray'r climbs the lad-der Ja-cob saw;
 3. Re-strain ing pray'r, we cease to fight; Pray'r makes the Christian's ar-mor bright,
 4. Were half the breath that's vain-ly spent, To heav'n in sup-pli-ca-tion sent,

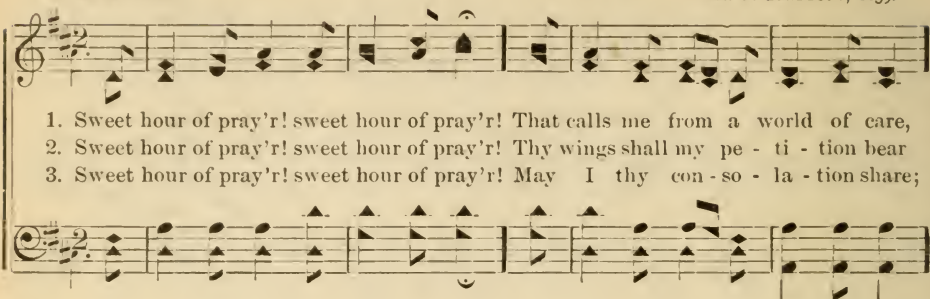
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r, But wish-es to be oft-en there.
 Gives ex-er-cise to faith and love—Gives ev-ry bless-ing from a-bove.
 And Sa-tan trem-bles when he sees The weak-est saint up-on his knees.
 Our cheer-ful song would oft-ner be, "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D.

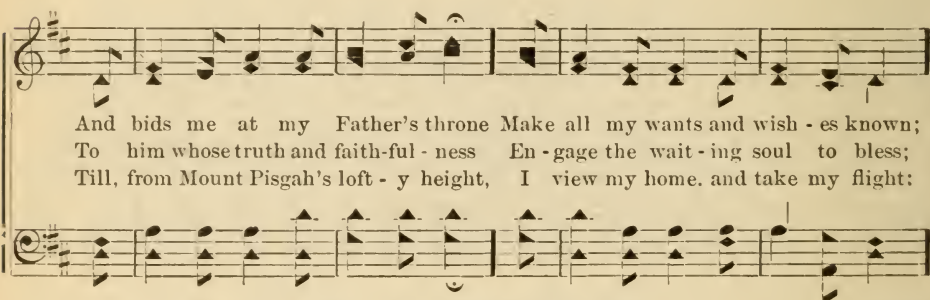
W. W. WALFORD.

Unto Thee will I Pray.—Psa. 5: 2.

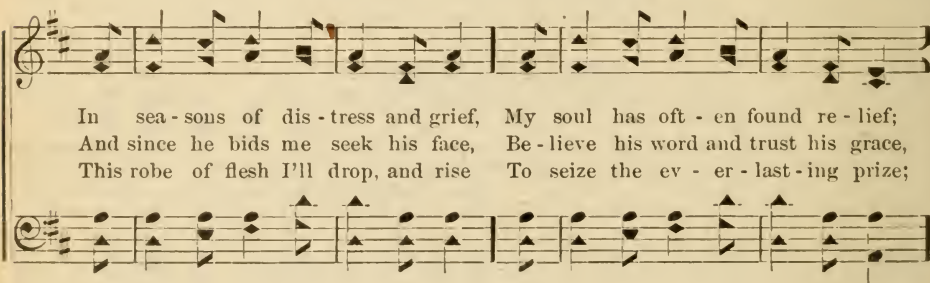
WM. B. BRADBURY, 1859.



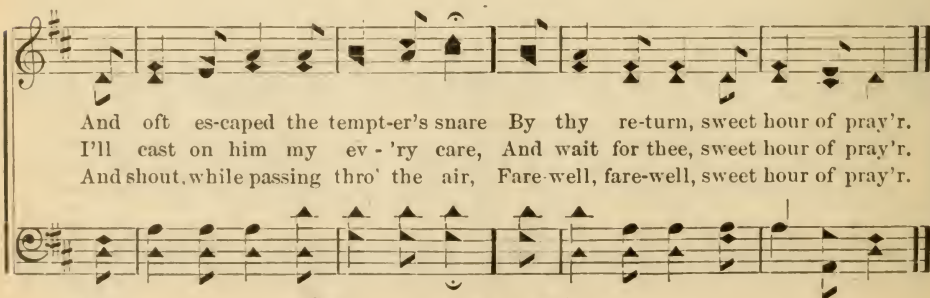
1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
 2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
 3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion share;



And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
 To him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight;



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
 And since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word and trust his grace,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;



And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
 I'll cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
 And shout, while passing thro' the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r.

PRAYER.

471

Retreat. L. M.

HUGH STOWELL, 1831.

The Mercy Seat.—Ex. 25: 22.

THOS. HASTINGS, 1784-1872.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place, where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads;
 3. There is a scene, where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend;
 4. Ah! whith - er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des - o late, dis - mayed?
 5. There, there on ea - gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re - treat 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.
 A place of all on earth most sweet—It is the blood - bought mer - cy seat.
 Though Sundered far, by faith they meet, A - round one com - mon mer - cy seat.
 Or how the hosts of hell de - feat, Had suf - f'ring saints no mer - cy seat?
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat.

472

Solitude. C. M.

MTS. PHOEBE H. BROWN.

Retirement and Prayer.—Luke 6: 12.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry cum - b'ring care;
 2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,
 3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore;
 4. I love, by faith to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heav'n;
 5. Thus when life's toil - some day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.
 And all his prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
 And all my cares and sor - rows cast On him whom I a - dore.
 The pros - pect doth my strength re - new, While here by tem - pests driv'n.
 Be calm as this im - press - ive hour, And lead to end - less day.

473

Simpson. C. M.

The Influences of the Spirit Desired.—Acts 2: 2.

ANDREW REED.

From LOUIS SPOHR.

1. Spir - it Di - vine! at - tend our pray'r, And make this house thy home;
 2. Come as the light; to us re - veal Our emp - ti - ness and woe;
 3. Come as the fire, and purge our hearts Like sac - ri - fi - cial flame;
 4. Come as the dew, and sweet - ly bless This con - se - cra - ted hour;

De - scend with all thy gra - cious pow'r, O! come, Great Spir - it, come!
 And lead us in those paths of life Where all the right - eous go.
 Let our whole souls an - of - f'ring be To our Re - deem - er's name.
 May bar - ren minds be taught to own Thy fer - til - iz - ing pow'r.

474

Newcastle. C. M.

What is Prayer?—Psa. 65: 2.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Pray'r is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed.
 2. Pray'r is the bur - den of a sigh. The fall - ing of a tear,
 3. Pray'r is the sim - plest form of speech That in - fant lips can try;
 4. Pray'r is the con - trite sin - ner's voice Re - turn - ing from his ways,
 5. Pray'r is the Chris - tian's vi - tal breath. The Chris - tian's na - tive air.

The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast.
 The up - ward glanc - ing of an eye When none but God is near.
 Pray'r the sub - lim - est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.
 While an - gels in their songs re - joice, And say, "Be - hold, he prays."
 His watch - word at the gate of death; He en - ters heav'n with pray'r.

By permission.

475

Return. C. M.

Lord, Teach us to Pray.—Luke 11: 1.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Lord, teach thy serv-ants how to pray, With rev-'rence and with fear;
 2. We come, then, God of grace, to thee! Give bro - ken, con - trite hearts;
 3. Give deep hu - mil - i - ty—the sense Of god - ly sor - row give;
 4. Give faith in that one Sac - ri - fice Which can for sin a - tone;
 5. Give pa-tience still to wait and weep, Though mer - cy long de - lay—
 6. Give these—and then thy will be done! Thus strengthened with all might,

Though dust and ash - es, yet we may, We must to thee draw near.
 Give what thine eye de - lights to see, Truth in the in - ward parts.
 A strong de - sir - ing con - fi - dence To see thy face and live.
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes On Christ—on Christ a - lone.
 Cour - age our faint - ing souls to keep, And trust thee though thou slay.
 We, through thy Spir - it and thy Son, Shall pray, and pray a - right.

476

Christmas. C. M.

Prayer in Perplexity.—John 6: 68.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Thou great First Cause! least understood; In ev-'ry clime a - dored; We all know
 2. If I am right, thy grace im-part, Still in the right to stay; If I am
 3. Save me a - like from fool-ish pride Or im-pious dis-con-tent, At aught thy
 4. Teach me to feel an - oth-er's woe, To hide the fault I see; That mer-cy

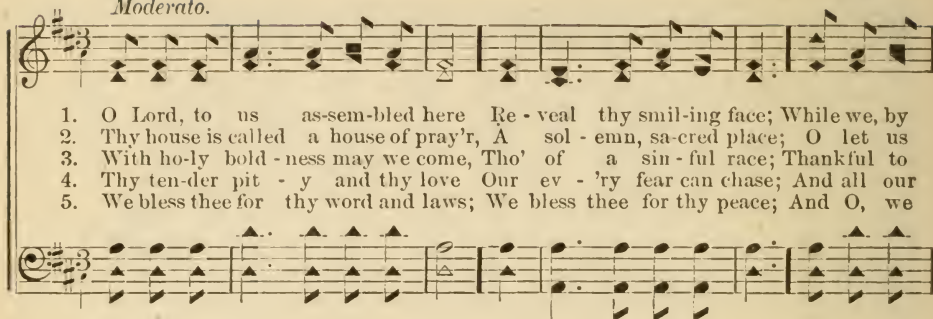
this—that thou art good, The u - ni-ver-sal Lord, The u - ni-ver-sal Lord!
 wrong, O teach my heart To find that bet-ter way, To find that bet-ter way.
 wis - dom has de - nied, Or aught thy good-ness lent, Or aught thy goodness lent.
 I to oth-ers show, That mer-cy show to me, That mer-cy show to me.

477

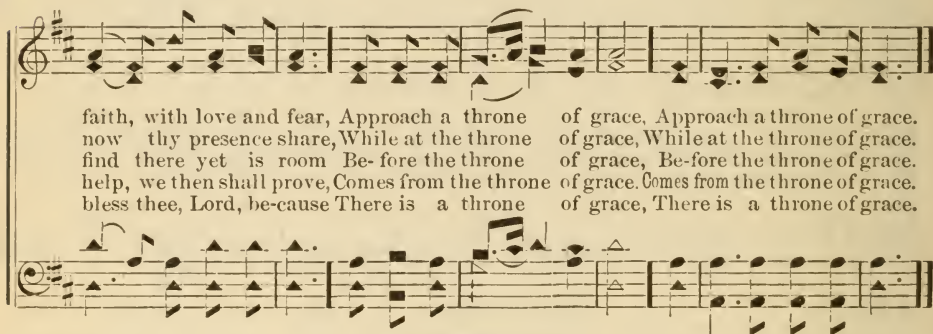
Mattie. C. M.

Throne of Grace.—Heb. 4: 16.

L. C. EVERETT.

Moderato.

1. O Lord, to us as-sem-bled here Re - veal thy smil-ing face; While we, by
2. Thy house is called a house of pray'r, A sol - emn, sa-cred place; O let us
3. With ho-ly bold - ness may we come, Tho' of a sin - ful race; Thankful to
4. Thy ten-der pit - y and thy love Our ev - 'ry fear can chase; And all our
5. We bless thee for thy word and laws; We bless thee for thy peace; And O, we



faith, with love and fear, Approach a throne of grace, Approach a throne of grace.
 now thy presence share, While at the throne of grace, While at the throne of grace.
 find there yet is room Be-fore the throne of grace, Be-fore the throne of grace.
 help, we then shall prove, Comes from the throne of grace. Comes from the throne of grace.
 bless thee, Lord, be-cause There is a throne of grace, There is a throne of grace.

By permission.

478

Prayer Divinely Inspired.
Rom. 8: 26.

C. M.

- 1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast,
Yields comfort to the mourner here,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.
- 4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

479

The Power of Prayer.
Matt. 17: 20.

C. M.

- 1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs,
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs,
That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world
To bring salvation down!

JOHN A. WALLACE.

Redeeming Love. C. M. D.

HENRY H. MILMAN.

Lord, Help Me—Matt. 15: 25.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

1. O help us, Lord! each hour of need, Thy heav'n-ly suc - cor give;
 2. O help us, thro' the pray'r of faith, More firm - ly to be - lieve;
 3. But be it, Lord of mer - cy, all, So thou wilt grant but this:

Help us in thought and word and deed, Each hour on earth we live!
 For still the more the serv - ant hath, The more shall he re - ceive.
 The crumbs that from thy ta - ble fall Are light and life and bliss.

O help us when our spir - its bleed, With con - trite an - guish sore;
 If stran - gers to thy fold we call, Im - plor - ing at thy feet
 O help us, Je - sus, from on high; We know no help but thee:

And when our hearts are cold and dead, O help us, Lord, the more!
 The crumbs that from thy ta - ble fall, 'Tis all we dare en - treat.
 O help us so to live and die, As thine in heav'n to be!

Thy Will be Done.—Matt. 6: 10.

C. M. D.

1 One prayer I have—all prayers in one—
 When I am wholly thine;
 Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.
 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
 In thee I firmly trust;
 Thy ways, unknown or understood,
 Are merciful and just.

2 May I remember that to thee
 Whate'er I have I owe;
 And back, in gratitude, from me
 May all thy bounties flow.
 And though thy wisdom takes away,
 Shall I arraign thy will?
 No; let me bless thy name, and say,
 "The Lord is gracious still."

JAS. MONTGOMERY.
 (303)

482

St. Thomas. S. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

Will Thou not Revive Us Again!—Psa. 85: 6.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. O Lord! thy work re - vive In Zi - on's gloom - y hour;
 2. O, let thy cho - sen few A - wake to ear - nest pray'r;
 3. Thy Spir - it then will speak Through lips of hum - ble clay,
 4. Now lend thy gra - cious ear, Now list - en to our cry:

And let our dy - ing gra - ces live By thy re - stor - ing pow'r.
 Their sol - emn vows a - gain re - new And walk in fil - ial fear.
 Till hearts of ad - a - mant shall break, Till reb - els shall o - bey.
 O, come and bring sal - va - tion near! Our souls on thee re - ly.

483

Compton. S. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Invitation to Prayer.—Psa. 122: 1.

1. Come to the house of pray'r! O thou af - flict - ed, come;
 2. Come to the house of praise! Ye who are hap - py now,
 3. Ye a - ged, hith - er come! For ye have felt his love;
 4. Ye young! be - fore his throne, Come, bow; your voi - ces raise;

The God of peace shall meet thee there; He makes that house his home.
 In sweet ac - cord your voi - ces raise, In kin - dred hom - age bow.
 Soon shall your trem - bling tongues be dumb—Your lips for - get to move.
 Let not your hearts his praise dis - own, Who gives the pow'r to praise.

PRAYER.

484

Sweet Day. S. M.

C. WESLEY.

A Prayer for Submission.—1 Thess. 5: 17.

B. C. UNSELD, by per.

1. I want a heart to pray, To pray and nev - er cease;
 2. This bless - ing a - bove all, Al - ways to pray, I want;
 3. I want a true re - gard, A sin - gle, stead - y aim—
 4. A jeal - ous, just con - cern For thine im - mor - tal praise;
 5. I want with all my heart Thy pleas - ure to ful - fill;

Nev - er to mur - mur at thy stay, Or wish my suf - f'ring less.
 Out of the deep on thee to call, And nev - er, nev - er faint.
 Un - moved by threat'ning or re - ward— To thee and thy great name.
 A pure de - sire that all may learn And glo - ri - fy thy grace.
 To know my - self, and what thou art, And what thy per - fect will.

485

Dennis. S. M.

Opening Meeting.—Psa. 55: 17.

H. G. NAGELI, 1768-1836.

1. It is the hour of pray'r: Draw near and bend the knee,
 2. O'er - wea - ried with the heat And bur - den of the day,
 3. O, bless - ed is the hour That lifts our hearts on high!
 4. Tho' dark may be our lot, Our eyes be dim with care,

And fill the calm and ho - ly air With voice of mel - o - dy!
 Now let us rest our wan - d'ring feet, And gath - er here to pray.
 Like sun - light when the tem - pests low'r, Pray'r to the soul is high;
 These sadd'ning thoughts shall troub - le not This ho - ly hour of pray'r.

486

Lord, Revive Us. Ss, 7s & 4s.

JOHN NEWTON.

Spare Thy People, etc.—Joel 2: 17.

Arranged.

1. Sav - ior, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain,
 2. Keep no long - er at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high.
 3. Let our mu - tual love be fer - vent; Make us prev - a - lent in pray'rs;
 4. Break the tempter's fa - tal pow - er, Turn the ston - y heart to flesh;

All will turn to des - o - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - - gain;
 Lest, for want of thy as - sist - ance, Ev - 'ry plant should droop and die.
 Let each one, es - teemed thy serv - ant, Shun the world's be - witch - ing snares;
 And be - gin from this good hour, To re - vive thy work a - - fresh;

Lord, re - vive us! Lord, re - vive us! All our help must come from thee!

487

The Hour of Prayer. Ss & 4s.

Went into the Temple at the Hour of Prayer.—Acts 3: 1.
 MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

G. B. H.

1. My God! is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning star,
 2. Blest is the tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that hour of sol - emn eve.
 3. Then is my strength by thee renewed; Then are my sins by thee for - giv'n;
 4. No words can tell what sweet re - lief There from my ev - 'ry want I find;
 5. Hushed is each doubt, gone ev - 'ry fear: My spir - it seems in heav'n to stay:

PRAYER.

The Hour of Prayer—Concluded.



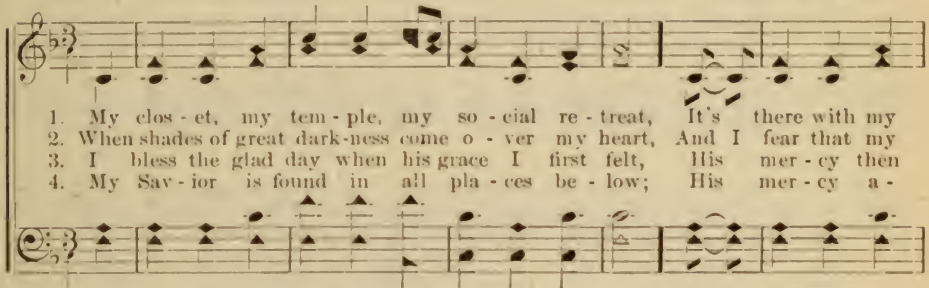
As that which calls me to thy feet, The hour of pray'r?
 When, on the wings of pray'r up-borne, The world I leave.
 Then dost thou cheer my sol-i-tude With hopes of heav'n.
 What strength for war-fare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.
 And e'en the pen-i-ten-tial tear Is wiped a-way.

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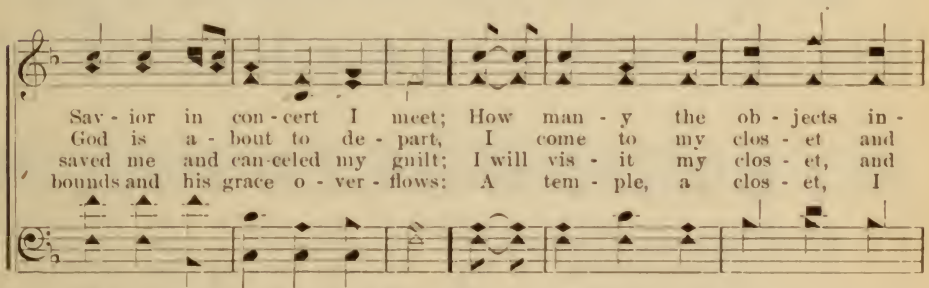
My Closet, My Temple. 11s.

Advantages of Secret Prayer.—Matt. 6: 6.

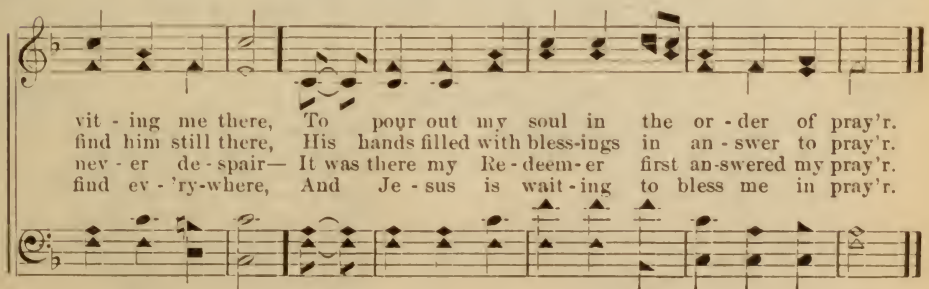
JEREMIAH INGALS.



1. My clos-et, my tem-ple, my so-cial re-treat, It's there with my
 2. When shades of great dark-ness come o-ver my heart, And I fear that my
 3. I bless the glad day when his grace I first felt, His mer-cy then
 4. My Sav-ior is found in all pla-ces be-low; His mer-cy a-



Sav-ior in con-cert I meet; How man-y the ob-jects in-
 God is a-bout to de-part, I come to my clos-et and
 saved me and can-cel'd my guilt; I will vis-it my clos-et, and
 bounds and his grace o-ver-flows: A tem-ple, a clos-et, I



vit-ing me there, To pour out my soul in the or-der of pray'r.
 find him still there, His hands filled with bless-ings in an-swer to pray'r.
 nev-er de-spair— It was there my Re-deem-er first an-swer'd my pray'r.
 find ev-'ry-where, And Je-sus is wait-ing to bless me in pray'r.

Messiah. 7s D.

JOHN NEWTON.

*Encouragement to Prayer.—Matt. 7: 7.*L. J. F. HEROLD, 1830.
Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer pray'r;
 2. With my bur - den I be - gin, Lord, re - move this load of sin;
 3. While I am a pil - grim here, Let thy love my spir - its cheer;

He him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay.
 Let thy blood, for sin - ners spilt, Set my con - science free from guilt.
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my jour - ney's end.

Thou art com - ing to a King, Large pe - ti - tions with thee bring;
 Lord, I come to thee for rest, Take pos - ses - sion of my breast;
 Show me what I have to do, Ev - 'ry hour my strength re - new;

For his grace and pow'r are such, None can ev - er ask too much.
 There thy blood-bought right main-tain, And with - out a ri - val reign.
 Let me live a life of faith, Let me die thy peo - ple's death.

God is Present Everywhere.—Eph. 5: 18.

1 They who seek the throne of grace
 Find that throne in every place,
 If we live a life of prayer,
 God is present everywhere.
 In our sickness and our health,
 In our want, or in our wealth,
 If we look to God in prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

2 When our earthly comforts fail,
 When the woes of life prevail,
 'T is the time for earnest prayer;
 God is present everywhere.
 Then, my soul, in every strait,
 To thy Father come, and wait;
 He will answer every prayer:
 God is present everywhere.

The Answer on the Way.

And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking,
 Mrs. F. A. BRECK. *I will hear.*—Isaiah 65: 24. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Your pray'r shall be an-swered, Hear the Father's word of cheer, Ere they
 2. His word fail-eth nev-er; Oh, 't is bless-ed to be-lieve! 'T is the
 3. His grace is un-meas-ured, Reach-ing in - to realms a - far. And he

call I will an-swer, While they're speaking I will hear. If your soul still is
 soul that is stead-fast Won-drous bless-ings shall re-ceive. Yea! his prom-ise re-
 yeans to be-stow it Ev-er where the need-y are. Ask,—oh! ask and be-

trust-ing He will nev-er say thee nay, The an-swer is com-ing,
 main-eth Though stars should flee a - way, The an-swer is com-ing,
 liev-ing God will hear you when you pray, His an-swer is com-ing.

CHORUS.

It is now on the way. Now on the way,..... Now on the
 It is now on the way. Now on the way, It is now on the way.

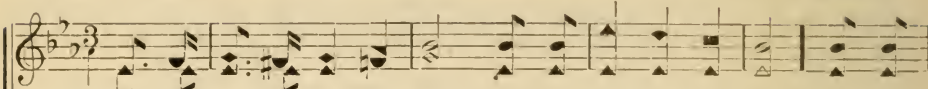
way,..... The an-swer is com-ing, It is now on the way.
 Now on the way,

'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

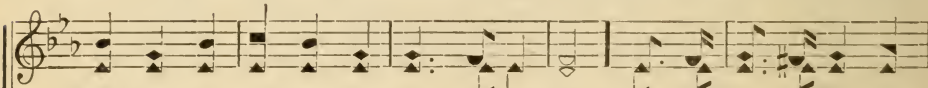
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Went into the Temple at the Hour of Prayer.—Acts 3: 1.

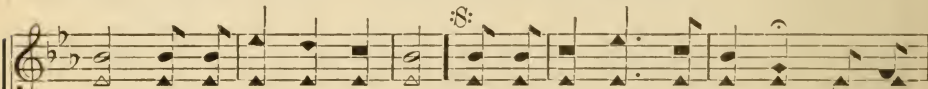
W. H. DOANE.



1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
 2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
 3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the tempt - ed and tried To the
 4. At the bless - ed hour of pray'r, trust - ing him we be - lieve That the



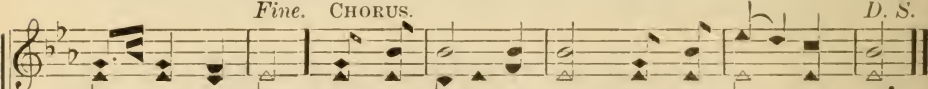
gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to him in
 ten - der com - pas - sion his chil - dren to hear; When he tells us we may
 Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa - thiz - ing
 bless - ing we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive, In the full - ness of this



faith, his pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
 cast at his feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
 heart he re - moves ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
 trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how

D. S.—What a balm for the wea - ry! O how

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*



sweet! to be there! Bless - ed hour of pray'r, Bless - ed hour of pray'r;
 sweet to be there!

Used by per. of W. H. Doane.

493

Winchester. C. M.

The Christian Race.—Heb. 12: 1.

PHILIP DODDRIEGE.



1. A - wake, my soul; stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on;
 2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey;
 3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high;
 4. That prize, with peer - less glo - ries bright, Which shall new lus - ter boast,



A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.
 For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And on - ward urge thy way.
 'Tis his own hand pre - sents the prize To thine up - lift - ed eye;—
 When vic - tors' wreaths and mon - archs' gems Shall blend in com - mon dust.



494

Heber. C. M.

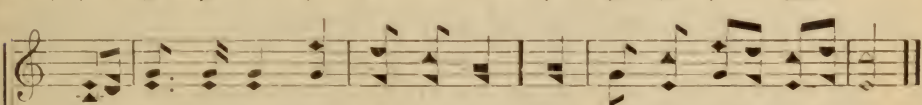
He Being Dead, Yet Speaketh.—Heb. 11: 4.

JOHN NEEDHAM.

*GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. Rise, O my soul, pur - sue the path By an - cient wor - thies trod;
 2. Tho' dead, they speak in rea - son's ear And in ex - am - ple live;
 3. 'T was thro' the Lam'b's most pre - cious blood They con - quered ev - 'ry foe;
 4. Lord, may I ev - er keep in view The pat - terns thou hast giv'n,



As - pir - ing, view those ho - ly men Who lived and walked with God.
 Their faith, and hope, and might - y deeds, Still fresh in - strue - tion give.
 To his al - might - y pow'r and grace Their crowns of life they owe.
 And ne'er for - sake the bless - ed road That led them safe to heav'n.



495

Ordinal. C. M.

Rooted and Built Up in Him.—Col. 2: 7.

T. TALLIS.

1. Teach me yet more of thy blest ways, Thou ho - ly Lamb of God;
 2. O tell me oft - en of each wound, Of ev - 'ry grief and pain;
 3. For this, O may I free - ly count What - e'er I have but loss;
 4. En - grave this deep - ly on my heart With an e - ter - nal pen:

And fix and root me in the grace So dear - ly bought with blood.
 And let my heart with joy con - fess, From hence comes all my gain.
 And ev - 'ry name, and ev - 'ry thing, Com - pared with thee, but dross.
 That I may, in some small de - gree, Re - turn thy love a - gain.

WARFARE.

496

Arlington. C. M.

If We Suffer, We Shall also Reign.—2 Tim. 2: 12.

I. WATTS.

Dr. T. A. ARNE, 1710-1778.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r - y beds of ease?
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;
 5. Thy saints, in all this 'glo - rious war, Shall con - quer, tho' they die;
 6. When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all thy ar - mies shine,

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 Whilst oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy Word.
 They view the tri - umph from a - far, And seize it with their eye.
 In robes of vic - t'ry, thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be thine.

497

New York Tune. C. M.

F. G. LEE.

Admonish Him as a Brother.—2 Thess. 3: 15.

Scotch Melody.

1. Speak gen - tly to the err - ing ones;— Ye know not all the pow'r
 2. Ye may not know how ear - nest - ly They strug - gled, or how well,
 3. Speak gen - tly to the err - ing one:— O do not thou for - get,
 4. Heir of the self - same her - it - age, Child of the self - same God,
 5. Speak gen - tly to the err - ing ones;— For is it not e - nough
 6. It sure - ly is a wea - ry lot That sin - crushed heart to bear;

With which the dark temp - ta - tion came In some un - guard - ed hour.
 Un - til the hour of weak - ness came And sad - ly thus they fell.
 How - ev - er dark - ly stained by sin, He is thy broth - er yet.
 He hath but stum - bled in the path Thou hast in weak - ness trod.
 That in - no - cence and peace are gone, With - out our cen - sure rough?
 And they who share a hap - pier fate Their chid - ings well may spare.

498

Cooper. S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Mind of Christ.—Phil. 2: 5.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. E - quip me for the war, And teach my hands to fight;
 2. Con - trol my ev - 'ry thought: My whole of sin re - move;
 3. O, arm me with the mind, Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
 4. With calm and tem - pered zeal Let me en - force thy call;
 5. O may I love like thee— In all thy foot - steps tread,
 6. O may I learn the art, With meek - ness to re - prove;

My sim - ple, up - right heart pre - pare, And guide my words a - right.
 Let all my works in thee be wrought, Let all be wrought in love.
 And let my know - ing zeal be joined With per - fect char - i - ty.
 And vin - di - cate thy gra - cious will, Which of - fers life to all.
 Thou ha - test all in - iq - ui - ty, But noth - ing thou hast made.
 To hate the sin with all my heart, But still the sin - ner love.

499

Servitude. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

The Watchful Servant.—Matt. 24: 42.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Ye serv - ants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait,
 2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold - en flame;
 3. Watch; 'tis your Lord's com - mand, And while we speak he's near;
 4. O hap - py serv - ant he, In such a pos - ture found!
 5. Christ shall the ban - quet spread, With his own boun - teous hand,

Ob - serv - ant of his heav'n - ly word, And watch - ful at his gate.
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight, For aw - ful is his name.
 Mark the first sig - nal of his hand, And read - y all 'ap - pear.
 He shall his Lord with rap - ture see, And be with hon - or crowned.
 And raise that fa - v'rite serv - ant's head A - midst th' an - gel - ic band.

By permission.

500

Laban. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH, 1781.

Christian Watchfulness.—1 Cor. 16: 13.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
 2. O, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 Thy ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
 He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath To his di - vine a - bode.

WARFARE.

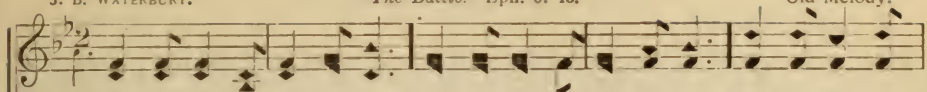
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Overton. 7s & 6s P.

J. B. WATERBURY.

The Battle.—Eph. 6: 13.

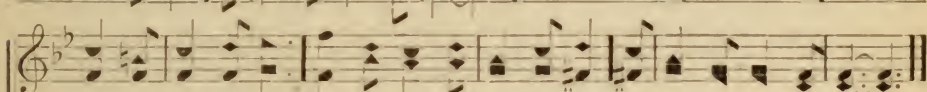
Old Melody.



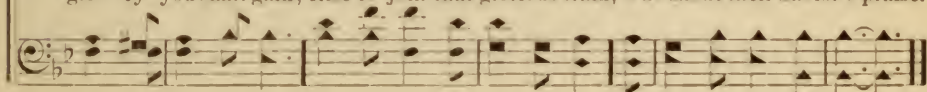
1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Lo! your Lead-er from the skies, Waves before you
2. Je-sus conquered when he fell—Met and vanquished earth and hell: Now he leads you
3. On-ward, then, ye hosts of God! Je - sus points the vic-tor's rod—Follow where your



glo-ry's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry. Seize your ar-mor—gird it on; Now the
on, to swell The triumphs of his cross. Tho' all earth and hell ap-pear, Who will
Lead er trod; You soon shall see his face. Soon, your en - e - mies all slain, Crowns of



bat - tle will be won; See! the strife will soon be done; Then struggle manful-ly,
doubt, or who can fear? God, our strength and shield, is near; We cannot lose our cause.
glo - ry you shall gain; Rise to join that glorious train, Who shout their Savior's praise.



DEATH.

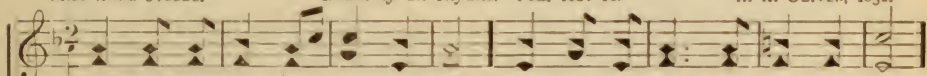
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Federal Street. L. M.

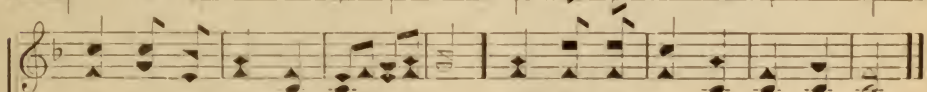
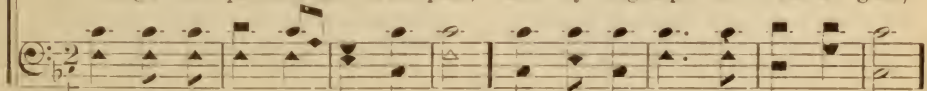
MISS ANNE STEELE.

Death of an Infant.—Psa. 103: 16.

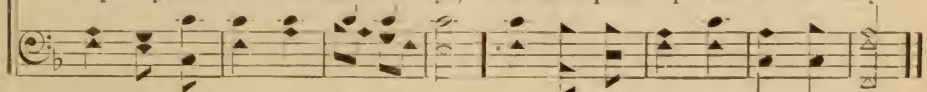
H. K. OLIVER, 1832.



1. So fades the love - ly, bloom-ing flow'r, Frail, smil-ing sol - ace of an hour;
2. Is there no kind, no heal-ing art, To soothe the an - guish of the heart?
3. Then gen-tle pa-tience smiles on pain, And dy-ing hope re - vives a - gain;



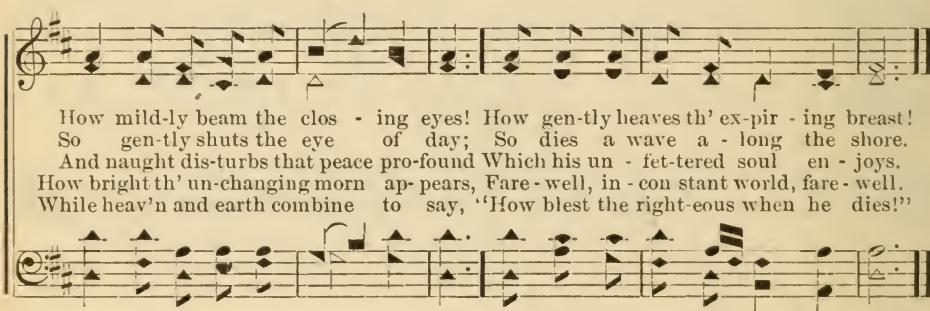
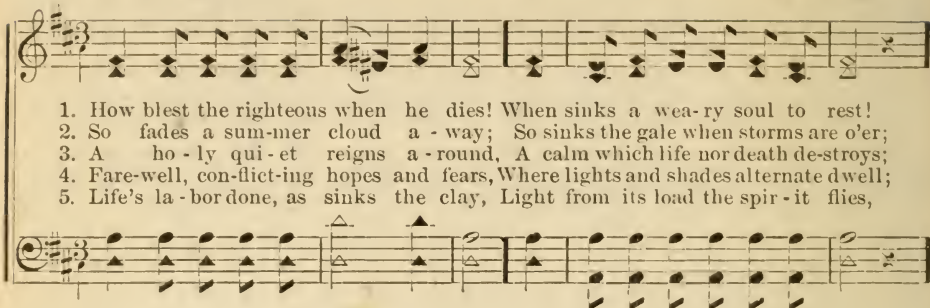
So soon our tran-sient com-forts fly, And pleas-ure on - ly blooms to die.
Di - vine Re-deem - er, be thou high; Thy com-forts were not made to die.
Hope wipes the tear from sor-row's eye, And faith points up-ward to the sky.



The Death of the Righteous.—Num. 23: 10.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

A. B. EVERETT.



By per. Standard Pub. Co.

Death of an Infant.
Matt. 19: 14.

L. M.

- 1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy
Perhaps had spared a heavier doom—
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ill to come.
- 4 He died to sin; he died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings and soared to God.

J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Here We Have No Continuing City. L. M.

Heb. 13: 14.

- 1 "We've no abiding city here,"
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost a saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
Had I the pinions of the dove
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine.
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine;
And his to fix my time of rest.

THOS. KELLY.

DEATH.

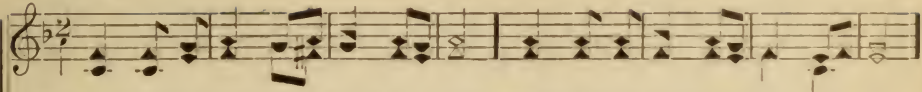
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Hamburg. L. M.

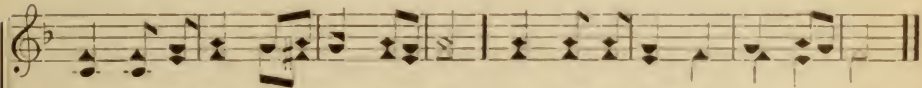
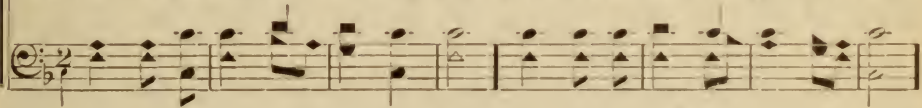
Death the Gate of Heaven.—Psa. 23: 4.

I. WATTS.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1824.



1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mor - tals are;
2. The pains, the groans, the dy - ing strife, Fright our ap - proach - ing souls a - way,
3. O! if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
4. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are,



Death is the gate of end - less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.
 Still we shrink back a - gain to life, Fond of our pris - on and our clay.
 Fly fear - less thro' death's i - ron gate, Nor feel the ter - rors as she passed.
 While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there.



507

The Christian's Parting Hour.

Luke 20: 35, 36.

L. M.

- 1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
 When all is peaceful and serene,
 And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
 Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
 So peacefully he sinks to rest;
 When faith, endued from heaven with power,
 Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
 The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
 And angels are attending near,
 To bear him to their bright abode.
- 4 Who would not wish to die like those
 Whom God's own spirit deigns to bless?
 To sink into that soft repose,
 Then wake to perfect happiness?

Wm. H. BATHURST.

508

The Widow's God

Jer. 49: 11.

L. M.

- 1 In this lone hour of deep distress,
 When heavy sorrows round me press,
 Encouraged by thy gracious Word,
 I trust thee as the widow's God.
- 2 A husband lies in death's embrace,
 The grave is now his resting place;
 O, as I pass beneath thy rod,
 Reveal thyself the widow's God
- 3 Assuage my grief, remove my fears,
 Suppress my murmuring, dry my tears;
 Help me to own thee as my Lord,
 And bless thee as the widow's God.
- 4 Be thou my counselor and stay,
 Protect by night, and guide by day;
 Then, as I travel life's rough road,
 I'll praise thee as the widow's God.

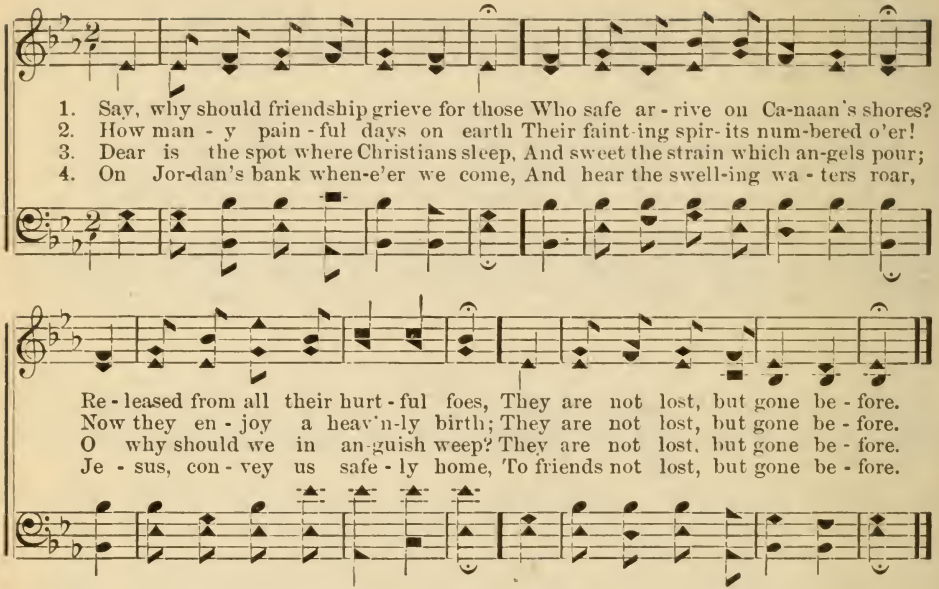
—DENNIS.

509

Gone Before. L. M.

Not Lost, but Gone Before.—Jer. 22: 10.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



1. Say, why should friendship grieve for those Who safe ar - rive on Ca-naan's shores?
 2. How man - y pain - ful days on earth Their faint-ing spir-its num-bered o'er!
 3. Dear is the spot where Christians sleep, And sweet the strain which an-gels pour;
 4. On Jor-dan's bank when-e'er we come, And hear the swell-ing wa-ters roar,

Re - leased from all their hurt - ful foes, They are not lost, but gone be - fore.
 Now they en - joy a heav'n - ly birth; They are not lost, but gone be - fore.
 O why should we in an-guish weep? They are not lost, but gone be - fore.
 Je - sus, con - vey us safe - ly home, To friends not lost, but gone be - fore.

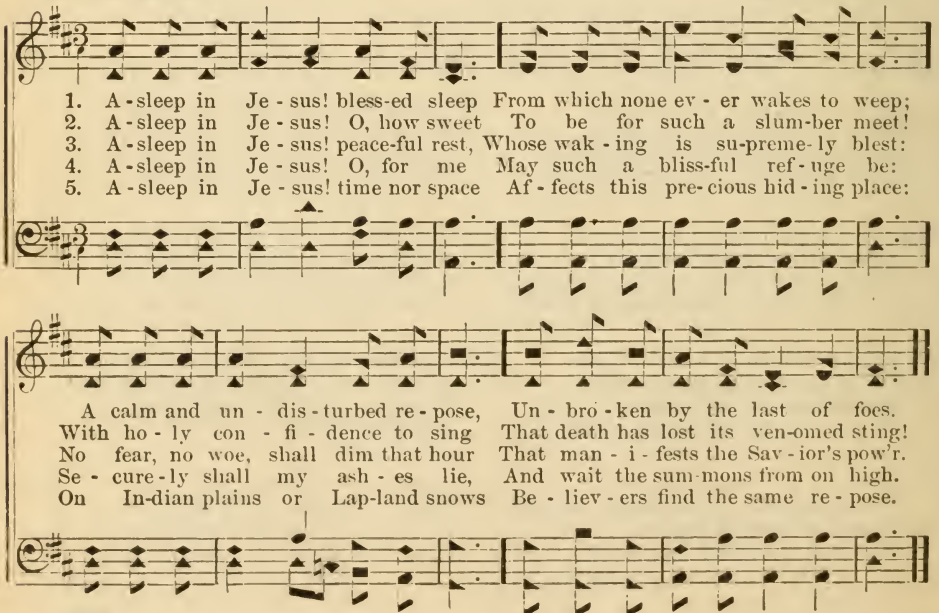
510

Rest. L. M.

Asleep in Jesus.—1 Thess. 4: 14.

MARGARET MACKAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
 2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
 3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace - ful rest, Whose wak - ing is su-preme - ly blest:
 4. A - sleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a bliss-ful ref - uge be:
 5. A - sleep in Je - sus! time nor space Af - fects this pre-cious hid - ing place:

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its ven-omed sting!
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav - ior's pow'r.
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the sum-mons from on high.
 On In-dian plains or Lap-land snows Be - liev - ers find the same re - pose.

DEATH.

511

The Sainted Dead. L. M.

Life is not in Length of Days.—Eccl. 12: 5.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Go, spir - it of the saint - ed dead, Go to thy longed-for, hap - py home!
 2. If life be not in length of days, In silvered locks and fur-rowed brow,
 3. Tho' earth may boast one gem the less May not e'en heav'n the rich - er be?

The tears of man are o'er thee shed; The voice of an - gels bids thee come.
 But liv - ing to the Sav - ior's praise, How few have lived so long as thou!
 And myr - iads on thy foot-steps press, To share thy blest e - ter - ni - ty.

512

Farewell, Vain World. L. M.

The Believer's Hopeful Departure.—John 16: 28.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Fare-well, vain world, I'm go - ing home, My Sav - ior smiles and bids me come;
 2. I'm glad that I was born to die, From grief and woe my soul shall fly,
 3. And when to that bright world I fly, And join the an-thems in the sky,
 4. I hope to meet my brethren there, Who once did join with me in pray'r;
 5. There shall I see my glo-rious God, And tri-umph in his blest a - bode;

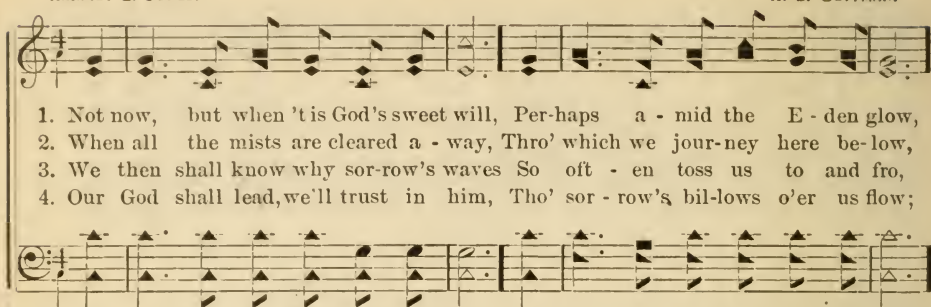
Bright an - gels beck - on me a - way, To sing God's praise in end-less day.
 Bright an - gels shall con - vey me home, A - way to New Je - ru - sa - lem.
 O then my hap - py soul shall tell, My Je - sus has done all things well.
 Our mourning times shall then be o'er, And we shall live to die no more.
 My theme thro' all e - ter - ni - ty Shall glo - ry to my Je - sus be.

513 Sometime We'll Surely Know. L. M. D.

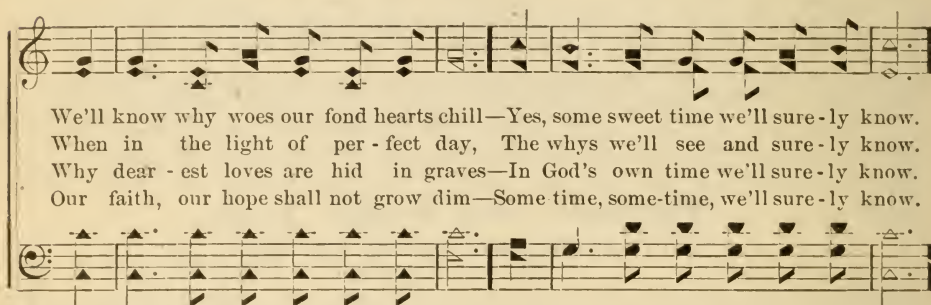
But then shall I know even as also I am known.—1 Cor. 13: 12.

HARRIET E. JONES.

A. B. COFFMAN.

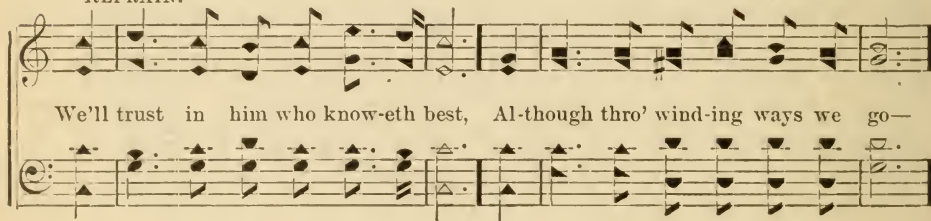


1. Not now, but when 't is God's sweet will, Per-haps a - mid the E - den glow,
 2. When all the mists are cleared a - way, Thro' which we jour-ney here be-low,
 3. We then shall know why sor-row's waves So oft - en toss us to and fro,
 4. Our God shall lead, we'll trust in him, Tho' sor - row's bil-lows o'er us flow;

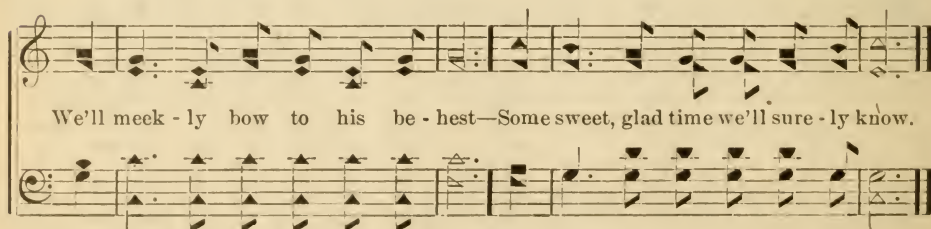


We'll know why woes our fond hearts chill—Yes, some sweet time we'll sure-ly know.
 When in the light of per-fect day, The whys we'll see and sure-ly know.
 Why dear - est loves are hid in graves—In God's own time we'll sure-ly know.
 Our faith, our hope shall not grow dim—Some time, some-time, we'll sure-ly know.

REFRAIN.



We'll trust in him who know-eth best, Al-though thro' wind-ing ways we go—



We'll meek - ly bow to his be - hest—Some sweet, glad time we'll sure - ly know.

DEATH.

514

Ashville. C. M.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

The Promised Land.—Rev. 21: 4.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Far from these nar - row scenes of night, Un - bound - ed glo - ries rise,
 2. There pain and sick - ness nev - er come, And grief no more com - plains;
 3. No clouds those bliss - ful re - gions know, For - ev - er bright and fair;
 4. There no al - ter - nate night is known, Nor sun's faint, sick - ly ray;
 5. O, may the heav'n - ly pros - pect fire Our hearts with ar - dent love,
 6. Pre - pare us, Lord, by grace di - vine, For thy bright courts on high;

And realms of in - fi - nite de - light, Un - known to mor - tal eyes.
 Health tri - umphs in im - mor - tal bloom, And end - less pleas - ure reigns.
 For sin, the source of mor - tal woe, Can nev - er en - ter there.
 But glo - ry from the sa - cred throne Spreads ev - er - last - ing day.
 Till wings of faith and strong de - sire Bear ev - 'ry thought a - bove!
 Then bid our spir - its rise and join The cho - rus of the sky.

515

Blessed are the Dead, etc.
 Rev. 14: 13.

C. M.

- 1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
 For all the pious dead;
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
 How kind their slumbers are!
 From suffering and from sin released,
 And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with their Lord;
 The labors of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

I. WATTS.

516

Christ Blessing Children.
 Matt. 19: 15.

C. M.

- 1 Thy life I read, my dearest Lord,
 With transport all divine;
 Thine image trace in every word,
 Thy love in every line.

- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
 Spread o'er thy lovely face,
 While infants in thy tender arms,
 Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these tender lambs," said he,
 "And lay them in my breast;
 Protection they shall find in me,
 In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
 But can't dissolve my love;
 Millions of infant souls compose
 The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise
 And mold with heavenly skill:
 I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout with joys divine,
 Dear Savior, all we have and are
 Shall be forever thine.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

Belief. C. M. D.

Mrs. COOPER.

Deliverance at Hand.—Psa. 39: 5.

1. My span of life will soon be done, The pass - ing mo - ments say,
 2. Cour - age, my soul, thy bit - ter cross, In ev - 'ry tri - al here,
 3. Soon will the toil - some strife be o'er Of sub - lu - na - ry care,
 4. Ere first I drew this vi - tal breath, From na - ture's pris - on free,

As length'n'ing shad - ows o'er the mead Pro - claim the close of day.
 Shall bear thee to thy heav'n a - bove, But shall not en - ter there.
 And life's dull van - i - ties no more This an - xious breast en - snare.
 Cross - es in num - ber, meas - ure, weight, Were writ - ten, Lord, for me,

O that my heart might dwell a - loof From all cre - at - ed things,
 The sigh - ing ones that hum - bly seek, In sor - rowing paths be - low,
 Cour - age, my soul, on God re - ly, De - liv - rance soon will come,
 But thou, my Shep - herd, Friend and Guide, Hast led me kind - ly on,

And learn that wis - dom from a - bove, Whence true con - tent - ment springs!
 Shall in e - ter - ni - ty re - joice, Where end - less com - forts flow.
 A thou - sand ways has Prov - i - dence To bring be - liev - ers home.
 Taught me to rest my faint - ing head On Christ, the cor - ner stone.

The Death of Children.
Ecc. 12: 7.

C. M. D.

- 1 Ye mourning saints whose streaming tears
 Flow o'er your children dead,
 Say not in transports of despair,
 That all your hopes are fled,
 While cleaving to that darling dust,
 In fond distress ye lie,
 Rise and with joy and reverence view
 A heavenly Parent nigh.
- 2 Though your young branches torn away,
 Like withered trunks ye stand,
 With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
 Touched by th' Almighty's hand.

"I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
 "In my own house a place;
 No names of daughters and of sons
 Could yield so high a grace.

- 3 "Transient and vain is every hope,
 A rising race can give,
 In endless honor and delight,
 My children all shall live."
 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
 Through which thy face we see, [hearts
 And bless those wounds which through our
 Prepare a way for thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

DEATH.

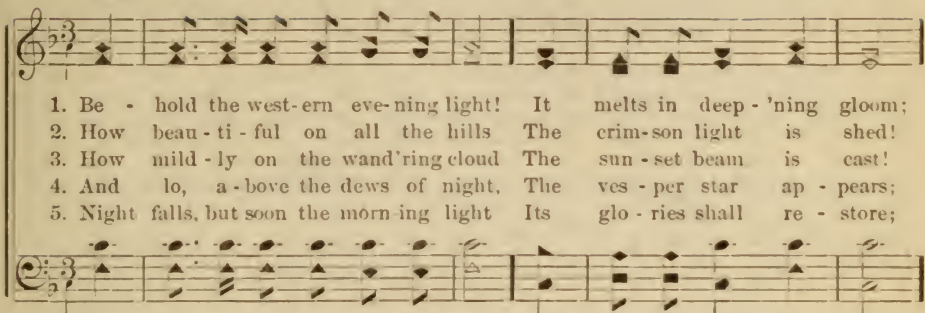
519

Byefield. C. M.

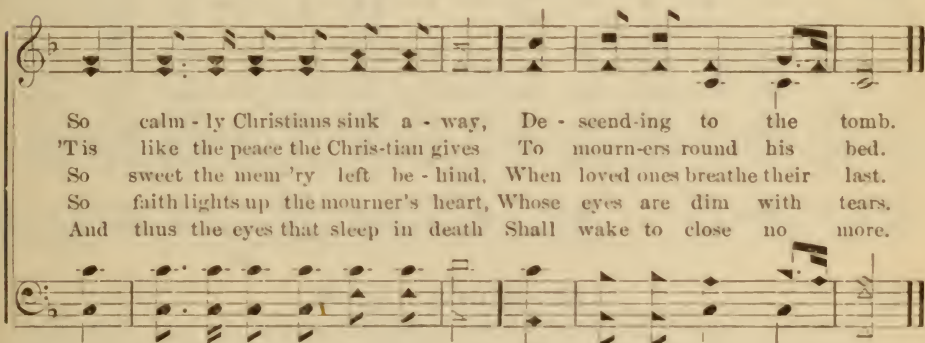
WM. PEABODY.
Slow.

Beautiful Emblems, etc —Psa. 116: 15.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Be - hold the west-ern eve-ning light! It melts in deep - 'ning gloom;
 2. How beau - ti - ful on all the hills The crim-son light is shed!
 3. How mild - ly on the wand'ring cloud The sun - set beam is cast!
 4. And lo, a - bove the dews of night, The ves - per star ap - pears;
 5. Night falls, but soon the morn-ing light Its glo - ries shall re - store;



So calm - ly Christians sink a - way, De - scend-ing to the tomb.
 'Tis like the peace the Chris-tian gives To mourn-ers round his bed.
 So sweet the mem'ry left be - hind, When loved ones breathe their last.
 So faith lights up the mourner's heart, Whose eyes are dim with tears.
 And thus the eyes that sleep in death Shall wake to close no more.

520

Preparation for Death.
Heb. 9: 27.

C. M.

1 If I must die, O, let me die
 With hope in Jesus' blood—
 The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
 And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, O, let me die
 In peace with all mankind,
 And change these fleeting joys below
 For pleasures more refined.

3 If I must die—and die I must—
 Let some kind seraph come
 And bear me on his friendly wing
 To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgab's top,
 May I but have a view,
 Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
 I'll boldly venture through.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

521

Ye are not Your Own.
1 Cor. 5: 19.

C. M.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
 When God recalls his own;
 And bids them leave a world of woe
 For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
 Whose life to God was given?
 Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
 To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
 And they are fully blest:
 They fought the fight, the victory won,
 And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow—
 God has recalled his own;
 And let our hearts, in every woe,
 Still say, "Thy will be done!"

WM. H. BATHURST

DEATH.

522

Stephens. C. M.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

Death of a Youth.—John 7: 6.

WM. JONES.

1. When bloom-ing youth is snatched a - way By death's re - sist - less hand,
 2. While pit - y prompts the ris - ing sigh, O may this truth, im - prest
 3. Let this vain world en - gage no more; Be - hold the gap - ing tomb!
 4. The voice of this a - larm-ing scene, May ev - 'ry heart o - bey;
 5. O let us fly, to Je - sus fly, Whose pow'r - ful arm can save,
 6. Great God, thy sov - 'reign grace im - part, With cleans-ing, heal - ing pow'r;

Our hearts the mourn - ful trib - ute pay, Which pit - y must de - mand.
 With aw - ful pow'r—I too must die— Sink deep in ev - 'ry breast.
 It bids us seize the pres - ent hour, To - mor - row death may come.
 Nor be the heav'n - ly warn-ing vain, Which calls to watch and pray.
 Then shall our hopes as - cend on high, And tri - umph o'er the grave.
 This on - ly can pre - pare the heart, For death's sur - pris - ing hour.

523

St. Ann's. C. M.

I. WATTS.

A House not Made with Hands.—2 Cor. 5: 1.

WM. CROFT.

1. There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal, and on high,
 2. 'Tis he, by his al-might - 'y grace, That forms thee fit for heav'n:
 3. We walk by faith of joys to come, Faith lives up - on his Word;
 4. 'Tis pleas - ant to be - lieve thy grace, But we had ra - ther see:

And here my spir - it wait - ing stands, 'Till God shall bid it fly.
 And as an ear - nest of the place, Has his own Spir - it giv'n.
 But while the bod - y is our home We're ab - sent from the Lord.
 We would be ab - sent from the flesh, And pres - ent, Lord, with thee.

DEATH.

524

Invitation. C. M.

I. WATTS.

Death Disarmed.—2 Cor. 5: 8.

W. V. WALLACE.

1. Why do we mourn de-part-ing friends Or shake at death's a-larms?
 2. Why should we trem-ble to con-vey Their bod-ies to the tomb?
 3. The graves of all the saints he blest, And soft-ened ev-'ry bed,
 4. Thence he a-rose; as-cend-ed high, And showed our feet the way;

'Tis but the voice that Je-sus sends To call them to his arms.
 There the dear flesh of Je-sus lay, And left a long per-fume.
 Where shall the dy-ing mem-bers rest, But with their dy-ing Head?
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly At the great ris-ing day.

525

York. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

The Moment after Death.—Job 14: 10.

Scotch Psalter.

1. In vain our fan-cy strives to paint The mo-ment aft-er death—
 2. One gen-tle sigh his fet-ters breaks; One ef-fort—and he's gone!
 3. We strive, but all our ef-forts fail To trace that up-ward flight;
 4. Yet, though we see them not, we know Saints are su-preme-ly blest;
 5. On harps of gold his name they praise, His face they al-ways view;

The glo-ries that sur-round a saint, When he re-signs his breath.
 And lo! the will-ing spir-it takes Its man-sion near the throne.
 No eye can pierce with-in the veil Which hides the world of light.
 And freed from sin, and care, and woe, And with their Sav-ior rest.
 And if we here their foot-steps trace, There we shall praise him too.

DEATH.

526

It is Not Death to Die. S. M.

G. W. BETHUNE.

The Christian never Dies,—John 11: 26.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. It is not death to die, To leave this wea-ry road, And, 'midst the broth - er -
 2. It is not death to close The eye long dimmed by tears, And wake in glo - - ri -

And, 'midst the brother-

hood on high, And, 'midst the broth-er-hood on high, To be at home with God,
 ous re- pose, And wake in glo - ri - ous re - pose, To spend e - ter - nal years,

To be..... at home with God.
 To spend.... e - ter - nal years.

To be at home with God.

By permission.

527

Go to Thy Rest, Fair Child.
 Rom. 6: 7.

S. M.

528

At Midnight there was a Cry Made.
 Matt. 25: 6.

S. M.

- 1 Go to thy rest, fair child!
 Go to thy dreamless bed,
 While yet so gentle, undefiled,
 With blessings on thy head.
- 2 Before thy heart had learned
 In waywardness to stray;
 Before thy feet had ever turned
 The dark and downward way;
- 3 Ere sin had seared the breast,
 Or sorrow woke the tear;
 Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
 In yon celestial sphere!
- 4 Because thy smile was fair,
 Thy lip and eye so bright,
 Because thy loving cradle-care
 Was such a dear delight;
- 5 Shall love, with weak embrace,
 Thy upward wing detain?
 No! gentle angel, seek thy place
 Amid the cherub train.

(326)

LYDIA SIGOURNEY.

- 1 Servant of God, well done!
 Rest from thy loved employ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The voice at midnight came;
 He started up to hear:
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
 He fell, but felt no fear.
- 3 Tranquil amid alarms,
 It found him on the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield.
- 4 At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy God, prepare!"
 He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;
 Then strong in faith and prayer,
- 5 His spirit, with a bound,
 Left its incumbering clay;
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
 A darkened ruin lay.
- 6 The pains of death are past,
 Labor and sorrow cease;
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

DEATH.

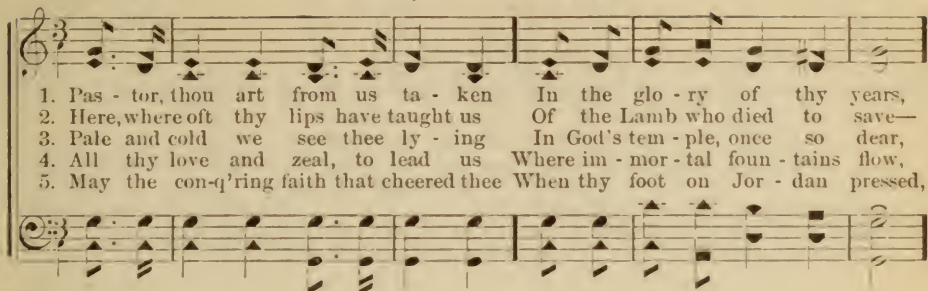
529

Memoria. 8s & 7s.

LYDIA SIGOURNEY.

Death of a Pastor.—Acts 8: 2.

H. S. PERKINS.



1. Pas - tor, thou art from us ta - ken In the glo - ry of thy years,
 2. Here, where oft thy lips have taught us Of the Lamb who died to save—
 3. Pale and cold we see thee ly - ing In God's tem - ple, once so dear,
 4. All thy love and zeal, to lead us Where im - mor - tal foun - tains flow,
 5. May the con - q'ring faith that cheered thee When thy foot on Jor - dan pressed,



As the oak, by tem - pests sha - ken, Falls ere time its ver - dure sears.
 Where thy guid - ing hand hath brought us To the deep, bap - tis - mal wave—
 And the mourn - ers' bit - ter sigh - ing Falls un - heed - ed on thine ear.
 And on liv - ing bread to feed us, In our fond re - mem - brance glow.
 Guide our spir - its while we leave thee In the tomb that Je - sus blessed.

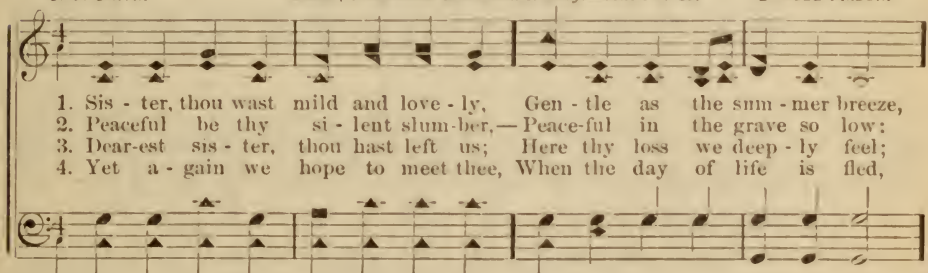
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Mount Vernon. 8s & 7s.

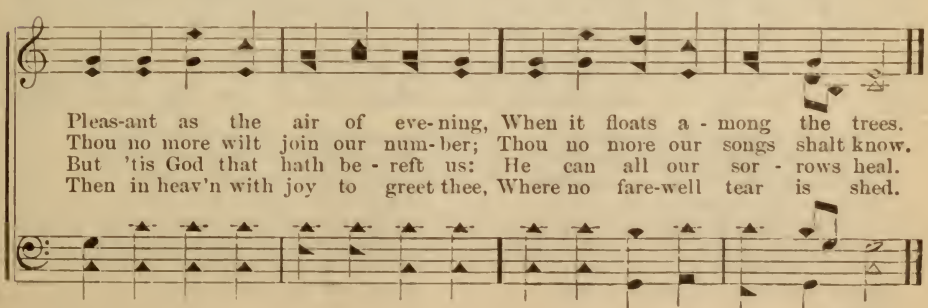
S. F. SMITH.

Sister, Thou wast Mild and Lovely.—Mark 5: 39.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze,
 2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slum - ber, — Peace - ful in the grave so low;
 3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep - ly feel;
 4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled,



Pleas - ant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our num - ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.
 But 'tis God that hath be - reft us; He can all our sor - rows heal.
 Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed.

DEATH.

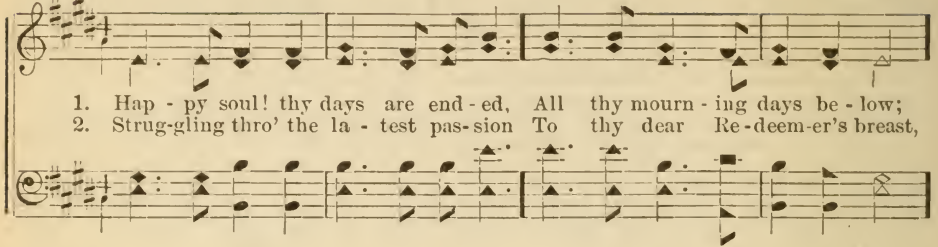
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Enee. 8s & 7s D.

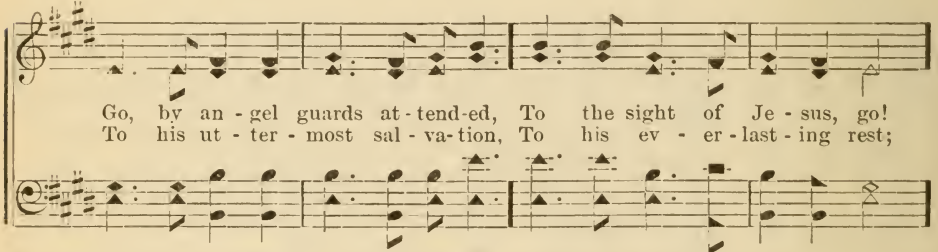
C. WESLEY.

Sorrow Turned to Joy.—John 16: 20.

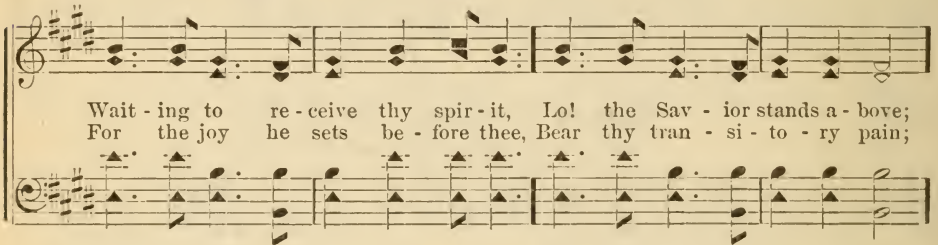
L. C. EVERETT.



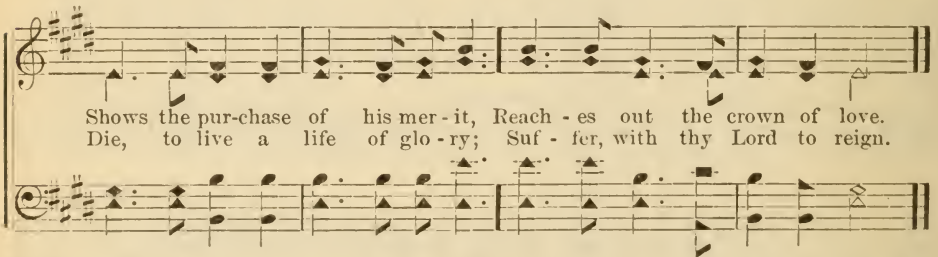
1. Hap - py soul! thy days are end - ed, All thy mourn - ing days be - low;
2. Strug - gling thro' the la - test pas - sion To thy dear Re - deem - er's breast,



Go, by an - gel guards at - tend - ed, To the sight of Je - sus, go!
To his ut - ter - most sal - va - tion, To his ev - er - last - ing rest;



Wait - ing to re - ceive thy spir - it, Lo! the Sav - ior stands a - bove;
For the joy he sets be - fore thee, Bear thy tran - si - to - ry pain;



Shows the pur - chase of his mer - it, Reach - es out the crown of love.
Die, to live a life of glo - ry; Suf - fer, with thy Lord to reign.

532

Sorrow not as Others.—1 Thess. 4: 13.

8s & 7s D.

1 Think, O ye who fondly languish
O'er the grave of those you love,
While your bosoms throb with anguish,
They are safe in heaven above;
While your silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

2 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.
Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love:
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

W. B. COLLYER.

DEATH.

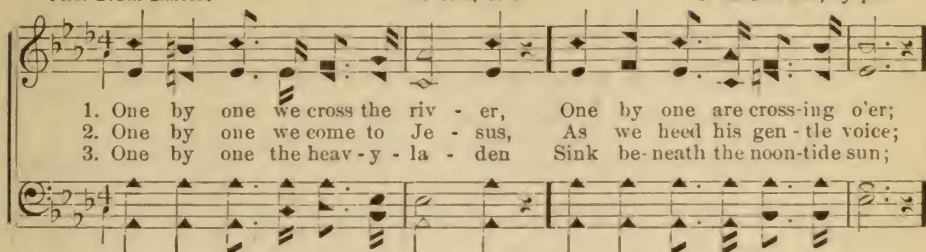
533

The Angel Guardian. 8s & 7s.

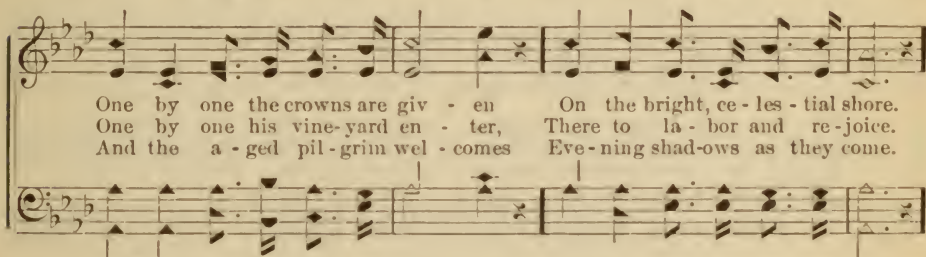
Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

2 Tim. 4: 8.

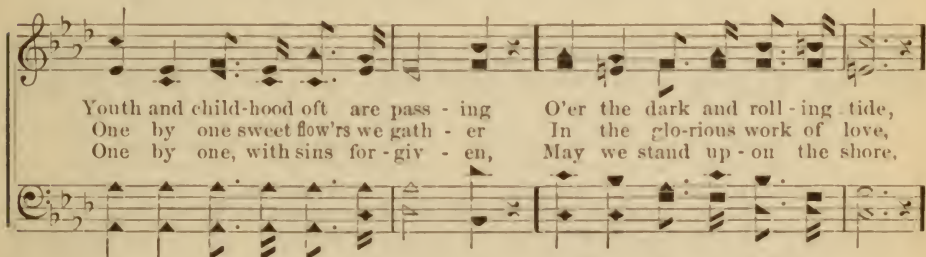
J. M. BOWMAN, by per.



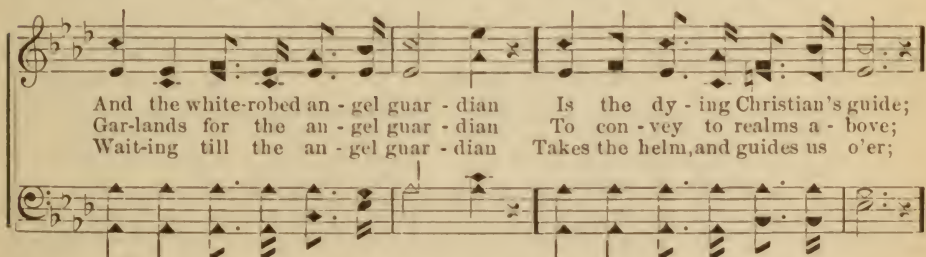
1. One by one we cross the riv - er, One by one are cross-ing o'er;
 2. One by one we come to Je - sus, As we heed his gen - tle voice;
 3. One by one the heav - y - la - den Sink be - neath the noon-tide sun;



One by one the crowns are giv - en On the bright, ce - les - tial shore.
 One by one his vine - yard en - ter, There to la - bor and re - joice.
 And the a - gel pil - grim wel - comes Eve - ning shad - ows as they come.



Youth and child-hood oft are pass - ing O'er the dark and roll - ing tide,
 One by one sweet flow'rs we gath - er In the glo - rious work of love,
 One by one, with sins for - giv - en, May we stand up - on the shore,



And the white-robed an - gel guar - dian Is the dy - ing Christian's guide;
 Gar-lands for the an - gel guar - dian To con - vey to realms a - bove;
 Wait-ing till the an - gel guar - dian Takes the helm, and guides us o'er;



And the white-robed an - gel guar - dian Bears them o'er the roll - ing tide.
 And the white-robed an - gel guar - dian Bears them to the realms of love.
 And the white-robed an - gel guar - dian Lands us on the shin - ing shore.

534 We Shall Sleep, but Not Forever. 8s & 7s D.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

1 Thess. 4: 14.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. We shall sleep, but not for-ev - er, There will be a glo-ri-ous dawn;
 2. When we see a precious blos-som, That we tend - ed with such care,
 3. We shall sleep, but not for-ev - er, In the lone and si-lent grave;

We shall meet to part no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec-tion morn.
 Rude-ly ta - ken from our bos-om, How our ach - ing hearts de-spair.
 Bless-ed be the Lord that ta - keth, Bless-ed be the Lord that gave.

From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,
 Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger Till the set - ting sun is low,
 In the bright, e - ter - nal cit - y, Death can nev - er, nev - er come;

From the val - ley and the mountain, Count-les's throngs shall rise a - gain.
 Feel-ing all our hopes have per-ish'd With the flow'r we cherished so.
 In his own good time he'll call us From our rest to home, sweet home.

REFRAIN.

We shall sleep,..... but not for - ev - er,..... There will
 We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er,.....
 not for - ev - er,

DEATH.

We Shall Sleep, but Not Forever—Concluded.

be..... a glo-rious dawn;..... We shall meet..... to
There will be a glo-rious dawn;..... We shall meet to
glorious dawn;

part no, nev-er, nev-er, On the res-ur-rec-tion morn.....

535

Shall We Meet? Ss & 7s.

HORACE L. HASTINGS,
Moderato.

Then shall ye also appear with him in glory.—Col. 3: 4.

ELIHU S. RICE, by per.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Sav-ior, When he comes to claim his own?

Where in all the bright for-ev-er Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?
Shall we know his bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on his throne?

Fine.

Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

CHORUS.

D. S.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

Passing Through the Gate. 8s & 7s.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

2 Peter 1: 10, 11.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. One by one our loved ones leave us, As the hour of life grows late:
 2. One by one are they in - vit - ed To our Mon-arch's broad es - tate;
 3. One by one we all are go - ing Down the path-way steep and straight;

One by one their part-ings grieve us, They are pass - ing thro' the gate.
 Not a loy - al soul is slight-ed, They are pass - ing thro' the gate.
 Ah, the joy there is in know-ing We shall meet be - yond the gate.

CHORUS.

They are pass - ing thro' the gate, On - ly pass - ing thro' the gate;

On the oth - er side to wait, They are pass - ing thro' the gate.

DEATH.

537

Savior, Receive Him. 6s & 5s.

Mrs. F. D. HEWANS.

Christian Parents Giving Up a Child.—John 11: 31.

G. B. H.

1. Sav - lor, now re - ceive him To thy bos - om mild;
 2. Though his eye hath bright - ened Oft our wea - ry way,
 3. Now let thought be - hold him In his an - gel rest,
 4. Yield we what was giv - en, At thy ho - ly call,
 5. Still 'mid heav - y mourn - ing, Look thee now to God!

For with thee we leave him, Bless - ed, bless - ed child.
 And his clear laugh light - ened Half our heart's dis - may:
 Where those arms en - fold him To a Sav - lor's breast,
 The dear one to heav - en Thou who giv - est all!
 There, thy spir - it turn - ing, Kneel be - side the sod.

By permission.

538

Departure. 6s & 8s.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

Separations in Time.—1 Cor. 15: 19.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Friend aft - er friend de - parts; Who hath not lost a friend? There is no
 2. Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond this vale of death, There sure - ly
 3. There is a world a - bove, Where part - ing is un - known; A whole e -
 4. Thus star by star de - clines, Till all are passed a - way, As morn - ing

un - ion here of hearts That finds not here an end; Were this frail
 is some bless - ed elme Whence life is not a breath, Nor life's af -
 ter - ni - ty of love, Formed for the good a - lone; And faith be -
 high and high - er shines, To pure and per - fect day; Nor sink those

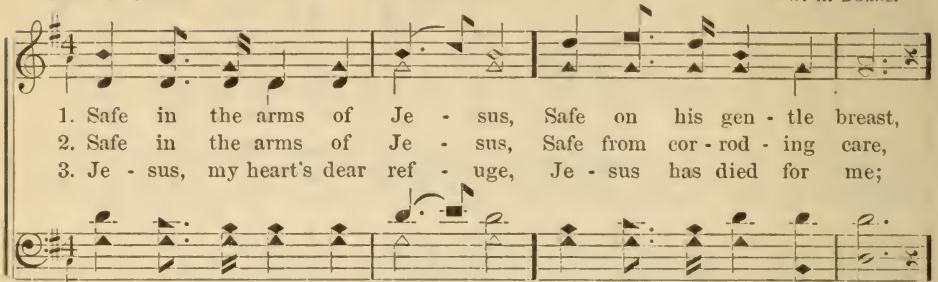
world our on - ly rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.
 fee - tions tran - sient fire, Whose sparks fly up - ward to ex - pire.
 holds the dy - ing here Trans - la - ted to that hap - pier sphere.
 stars in emp - ty night— They hide them - selves in heav'n's own light.

539 Safe in the Arms of Jesus. 7s & 6s D.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

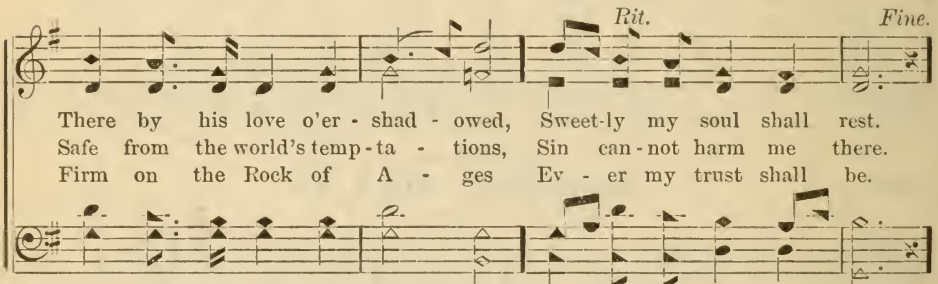
Underneath are the Everlasting Arms.—Deut. 33: 27.

W. H. DOANE.



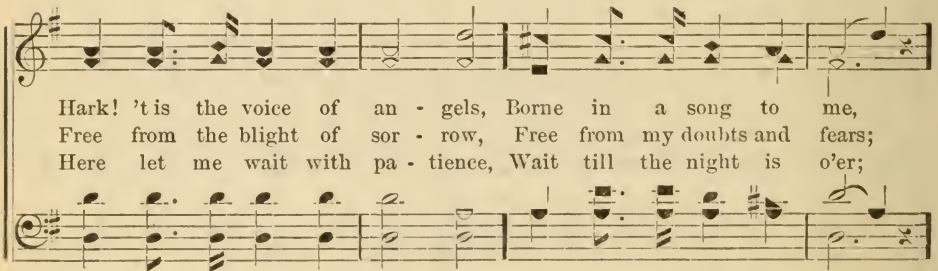
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,

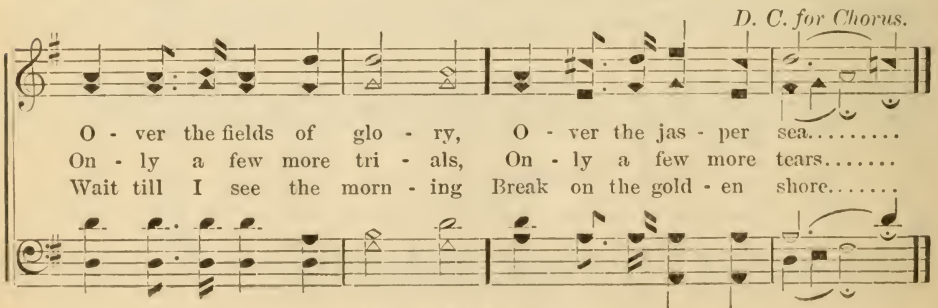


There by his love o'er - shad - owed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
 Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by his love o'er - shad - owed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.



Hark! 't is the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.....
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.....
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.....

Used by per. W. H. Doane.

We are Going Down the Valley.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.—Psa. 23: 4.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Doloroso.

1. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one. With our fa - ces tow'rd the
 2. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one. When the la - bors of the
 3. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, Hu - man com - rade you or

set - ting of the sun; Down the val - ley where the mournful cy - press grows,
 wea - ry day are done; One by one, the cares of earth for - ev - er past,
 I will there have none; But a ten - der hand will guide us lest we fall,

CHORUS.

Where the stream of death in si - lence on - ward flows.
 We shall stand up - on the riv - er bank at last. } We are going down the val - ley,
 Christ is go - ing down the val - ley with us all.

go - ing down the val - ley, Go - ing tow'rd the set - ting of the sun; We are

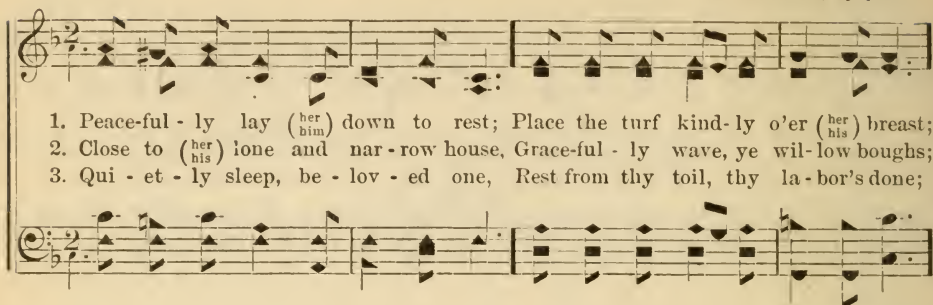
Rit.

going down the valley, going down the valley, Going down the valley, one by one.

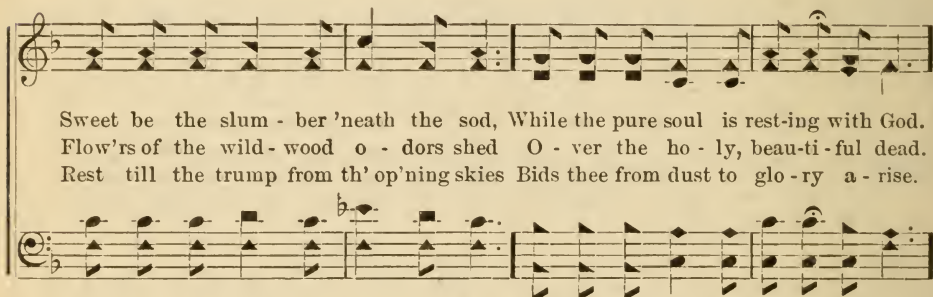
Sleep till that Morning.

And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake.—Dan. 12: 2.

B. F. SHOWALTER, by per.

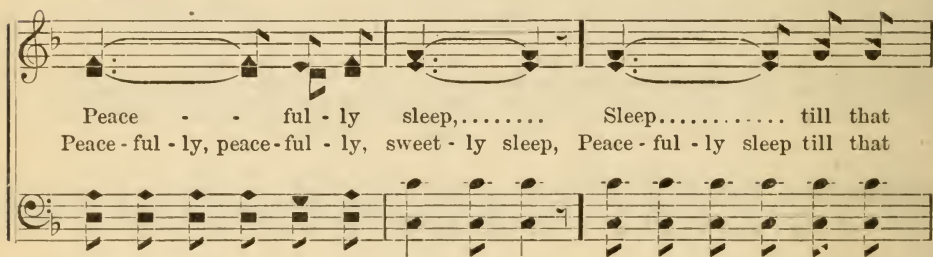


1. Peace-ful - ly lay (^{her} ^{bin}) down to rest; Place the turf kind-ly o'er (^{her} ^{his}) breast;
 2. Close to (^{her} ^{his}) lone and nar-row house, Grace-ful - ly wave, ye wil-low boughs;
 3. Qui-et - ly sleep, be-lov-ed one, Rest from thy toil, thy la-bor's done;

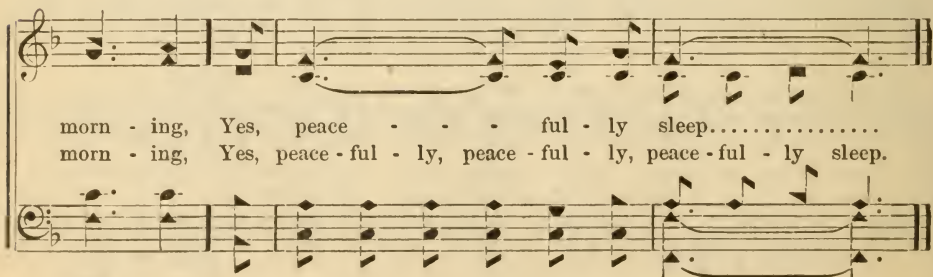


Sweet be the slum-ber 'neath the sod, While the pure soul is rest-ing with God.
 Flow'rs of the wild-wood o-dors shed O-ver the ho-ly, beau-ti-ful dead.
 Rest till the trump from th' op'ning skies Bids thee from dust to glo-ry a-rise.

REFRAIN.



Peace - - ful - ly sleep,..... Sleep..... till that
 Peace-ful - ly, peace-ful - ly, sweet - ly sleep, Peace-ful - ly sleep till that



morn-ing, Yes, peace - - - ful - ly sleep.....
 morn-ing, Yes, peace-ful - ly, peace-ful - ly, peace-ful - ly sleep.

Vale of Beulah. Ss & 6s.

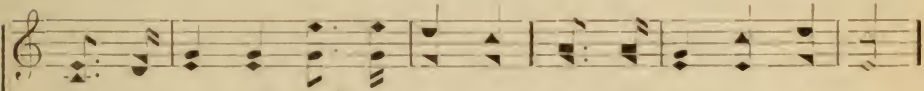
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Prov. 4: 18.

JOSEPH GARRISON.



1. I am pass - ing down the val - ley That they say is so lone,
 2. Yes, to me the Vale of Beu - lah, 'Tis a bean - ti - ful way.
 3. So I jour - ney with re - joic - ing Tow'rd the Cit - y of Light.



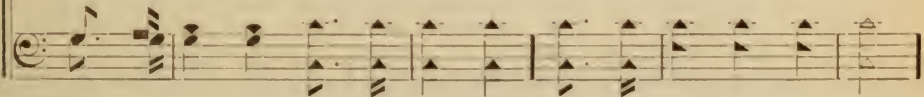
But I find that all the path - way Is with flow'rs o - ver - grown.
 For the Sav - ior walks be - side me, My com - pan - ion each day.
 While each day my joy is deep - er, And the path - way more bright.



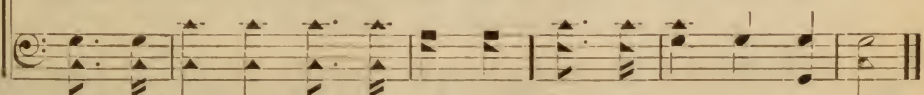
CHORUS.



Vale of Beu - lah! Vale of Beu - lah! Thou art pre - cious to me;



For the love - ly land of Ca - naan In the dis - tance I see.



543

Precious Moments. L. M.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

Value of a Moment.—Heb. 4: 7.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

Not too fast.

1. At ev - 'ry mo - tion of our breath, Life trem - bles on the brink of death;
 2. Mo - ment by mo - ment years are past, And one ere long will be our last,
 3. This is that mo - ment—who shall tell, Wheth - er it leads to heav'n or hell?
 4. Time past and time to come are not—Time pres - ent is our on - ly lot;

Rit.

A ta - per's flame that up - ward turns, While downward to the dust it burns.
 There is a point no eyes can see, Yet on it hangs e - ter - ni - ty.
 This is that mo - ment—as we choose, Th' im - mor - tal soul we save, or lose.
 O God! hence - forth our hearts in - cline To seek no oth - er love than thine.

544

Sun of My Soul. L. M.

Our Life is a Vapor.—James 4: 14.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. How vain is all be - neath the skies! How transient ev - 'ry earth - ly bliss!
 2. The even - ing cloud, the morn - ing dew, The with - ring grass, the fad - ing flow'r,
 3. But tho' earth's fair - est blos - soms die, And all be - neath the skies is vain,
 4. Then let the hope of joys to come Dis - pel your cares, and chase our fears;

How slen - der all the fond - est ties That bind us to a world like this!
 Of earth - ly hopes are em - blems true, The glo - ry of a pass - ing hour.
 There is a bright - er world on high, Be - yond the reach of care and pain.
 If God be ours, we're trav'ling home, Tho' pass - ing thro' a vale of tears.

545

Romberg. C. M.

Our Frailty.—1 Peter 1: 24.

I. WATTS.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Let oth - ers boast how strong they be, Nor death nor dan - ger fear;
 2. Fresh as the grass our bod - ies stand, And flour - ish bright and gay;
 3. Our life con - tains a thou - sand springs, And dies if one be gone;
 4. But 't is our God sup - ports our frame, The God who formed us first;

But we'll con - fess, O Lord, to thee, What fee - ble things we are.
 A blast - ing wind sweeps o'er the land, And fades the grass a - way.
 Strange! that a harp of thou sand strings Should keep in tune so long!
 Praise be to his al - might - y name, That reared us from the dust.

546

Mount Auburn. C. M.

Vanity of Earthly Enjoyments.—Ecc. 1: 2.

I. WATTS.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. How vain are all things here be - low, How false, and yet how fair!
 2. The bright - est things be - low the sky Give but a flat - t'ring light;
 3. Our dear - est joys and near - est friends, The part - ners of our blood,
 4. The fond - ness of a crea - ture's love, How strong it strikes the sense!
 5. Dear Sav - ior! let thy bean - ties be My soul's e - ter - nal food;

Each pleas - ure has its poi - son, too, And ev - 'ry sweet a snare.
 We should sus - pect some dan - ger nigh Where we pos - sess de - light.
 How they di - vide our wav - ring minds, And leave but half for God!
 Thith - er the warm af - fec - tions move, Nor can we call them thence.
 And grace com - mand my heart a - way From all cre - a - ted good.

547

Newcastle. C. M.

I. WATTS.

Brevity and Uncertainty of Life.—Psa. 39: 4-7.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal name, And hum - bly own to thee,
 2. Our wast - ing lives grow short - er still, As months and days in - crease,
 3. The year rolls round, and steals a - way The breath that first it gave;
 4. Dan - gers stand thick through all the ground, To push us to the tomb;
 5. In - fi - nite joy, or wretch - ed woe, At - tends on ev - 'ry breath;
 6. Wa - ken, O Lord, our drow - sy sense, To walk this dan - g'rous road;

How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame, What dy - ing worms are we!
 And ev - 'ry beat - ing pulse we tell, Leaves but the num - ber less.
 What - e'er we do, what - e'er we be, We're trav - ling to the grave.
 And fierce dis - eas - es wait a - round, To hur - ry mor - tals home.
 And yet how un - con - cerned we go, Up - on the brink of death!
 And if our souls are hur - ried hence, May they be found with God.

548

Gregory. C. P. M.

THOMAS GREENE.

Rapidity and Uncertainty of Time.—Job 7: 6.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rap - id as the whirl - ing spheres
 2. The grave is near the era - dle seen; How swift the mo - ments pass be - tween,
 3. My soul at - tend the soi - e - mn call! Thy earth - ly tent must short - ly fall,

A - round the stead - y pole; Time, like a tide, its mo - tion keeps,
 And whis - per as they fly; Un - think - ing man, re - mem - ber this—
 And thou must take thy flight, Be - yond the vast, ex - pan - sive blue,

And I must launch thro' end - less deeps Where end - less a - ges roll.
 Tho' fond of sub - lu - na - ry bliss— That thou must groan and die.
 To sing a - bove, as an - gels do, Or sink in gloom - y night.

549

Idumea. S. M.

Dust Thou Art, etc.—Gen. 3: 19.

I. WATTS.

ANNANIAS DAVISSON, 1817.

1. Lord, what a fee - ble piece Is this our mor - tal frame!
 2. A - las, the brit - tle clay That built our bod - y first!
 3. Our mo - ments fly a - pace, Nor will our min - utes stay;
 4. Well, if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight,
 5. They'll waft us soon - er o'er This life's tem - pest - uous sea!

Our life, how poor a tri - fle 't is, That scarce de - serves the name.
 And ev - 'ry month, and ev - 'ry day, 'T is mol - d'ring back to dust.
 Just like a flood our hast - y days Are sweep - ing us a - way.
 We'll spend them all in wis - dom's way, And let them speed their flight.
 Soon we shall reach the peace - ful shore Of blest e - ter - ni - ty.

550

Haverhill. S. M.

Boast not Thyself of To-morrow.—Prov. 27: 1.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To - mor - row, Lord! is thine, Lodged in thy sov - 'reign hand;
 2. The pres - ent mo - ment flies, And bears our life a - way;
 3. Since on this fleet - ing hour E - ter - ni - ty is hung,
 4. One thing de - mands our care; O, be it still pur - sued!

And if its sun a - rise and shine, It shines by thy com - mand.
 O, make thy serv - ants tru - ly wise, That they may live to - day.
 A - wake, by thine al - might - y pow'r, The a - ged and the young.
 Lest, slight ed once, the sea - son fair Should nev - er be re - newed.

551 Time is Winging Us Away. 7s & 6s D.

J. BURTON.

Time Fleeting.—2 Peter 1: 14.

A. B. EVERETT, by per.

1. { Time is wing-ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home;
 { Life is but a win-ter's day— A jour - ney to the [Omit.] tomb:
 D. C.—All that's mor-tal soon will be En - closed in death's cold [Omit.] arms.

2. { Time is wing-ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home;
 { Life is but a win-ter's day— A jour - ney to the [Omit.] tomb:
 D. C.—Far be-yond the world's al-loy, Se - cure in Je - sus' [Omit.] love.

D. C.

Youth and vig - or soon will flee, Bloom-ing beau - ty lose its charms;
 But the Christian shall en - joy Health and beau - ty soon a - bove;

HEAVEN.

552 Battle Creek. L. M.

The Dwelling Place of God.—Heb 11: 16.

TUCK.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

1. There is a re-gion love-lier far Than sa-ges tell or po - ets sing,
 2. It is not fanned by summer's gale: 'T is not refreshed by ver - nal show'rs;
 3. No; for that world is ev - er bright With pur - est radiance all its own:
 4. It is all ho - ly and se - rene, The land of glo - ry and re - pose;
 5. In vain the cu - rious, searching eye May seek to view the fair a - bode,

Brighter than noon-day glo - ries are, And soft - er than the tints of spring.
 It nev - er needs the moonbeam pale—For there are known no eve - ning hours.
 The streams of un - cre - a - ted light Flow round it from th'e - ter - nal throne.
 No cloud ob - scures the ra - diant scene; There not a tear of sor - row flows.
 Or find it in the star - ry sky: It is the dwell - ing place of God.

553

Zion's Summit. L. M.

J. KENT.

The New Song.—Rev. 14: 3.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. On Zi-on's glo - rious sum - mit stood A num'rous host re-deemed by blood;
 2. Here all who suf - fered sword or flame For truth, or Je - sus' love - ly name,
 3. While ev - er - last - ing a - ges roll, E - ter - nal love shall feast their soul,
 4. O sweet em - ploy to sing and trace Th' a - maz - ing heights and depths of grace:
 5. O what a sweet, ex - alt - ed song, When ev - 'ry tribe and ev - 'ry tongue,
 6. My soul an - ti - ci - pates the day, Would stretch her wings and soar a - way,

They hymned their King in strains di - vine, I heard the song and strove to join.
 Shout vic - t'ry now, and hail the Lamb, And bow be - fore the great I Am.
 And scenes of bliss for - ev - er new Rise in suc - ces - sion to their view.
 And spend, from sin and sor - row free, A bliss - ful, vast e - ter - ni - ty.
 Re - deemed by blood, with Christ ap - pear, And join in one full cho - rus there!
 To aid the song, the palm to bear, And praise my great Re - deem - er there.

By permission.

554

My Heavenly Home. L. M.

WM. HUNTER.

My Father's Home.—Rev. 21: 4.

WM. MILLER.

1. { My heav'n - ly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can en - ter there; }
 { Its glit - t'ring tow'rs the sun out - shine, That heav'n - ly man - sion shall be mine. }
 CHO. { I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, to die no more; }
 { I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, to die no more. }

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 While here a stranger far from home,
 Affliction's waves may round me foam;
 And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
 My heavenly mansion is secure.

- 4 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour or waves o'erflow;
 Be mine the happier lot to own
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 All nature sink and cease to be—
 This heavenly mansion stands for me.

555

Rose Hill. L. M.

They Shall Walk with Me in White.—Rev. 3: 4

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

1. O hap - py saints that dwell in light And walk with Je - sus clothed in white,
 2. Released from sor - row, sin and strife, Death was the gate to end - less life,
 3. They gaze up-on his beau-teous face, And tell the won-ders of his grace;
 4. Ah, Lord! with fal - t'ring steps I creep, And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep.

Safe land-ed on that peace-ful shore, Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
 And now they range the heav'n-ly plains, And sing his love in melt - ing strains.
 Or, o-ver-whelmed with raptures sweet, Sink down, a-dor - ing at his feet.
 When shall I wake in heav'n, to prove The heights and depths of Je - sus' love?

556

Posten. C. M.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

The Holy Jerusalem.—Rev. 21: 10.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my glo-rious home! Name ev - er dear to me;
 2. When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold?
 3. O, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
 4. There hap - pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know:
 5. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may?
 6. A - pos - tles, mar-tyrs, proph-ets, there, A - round my Sav - ior stand;

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?
 Thy bul-warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
 Where con - gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths nev - er end?
 Blest seats! thro' rude and storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you.
 I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.
 And soon my friends in Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band.

HEAVEN.

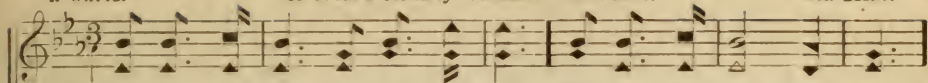
557

Wings of Faith. C. M.

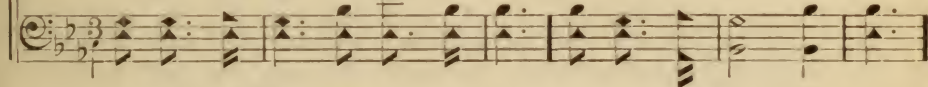
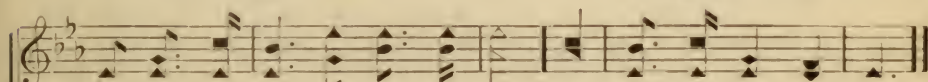
I. WATTS.

So Great a Cloud of Witnesses.—Heb. 12: 1.

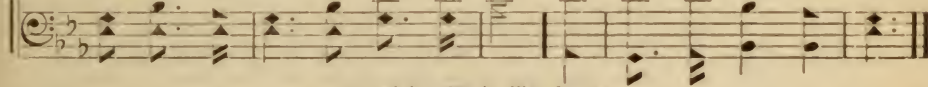
Wm. BEERY.



1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the vail, and see
 2. Once they were mourn-ing here be-low, And wet their couch with tears;
 3. I ask them whence their vic-t'ry came; They, with u-nit-ed breath,
 4. They marked the foot-steps that he trod, His zeal in-spired their breast;
 5. Our glo-rious Lead-er claims our praise For his own pat-tern giv'n,

The saints a-bove—how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be!
 They wres-tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
 As-cribe their con-quest to the Lamb, Their tri-umph to his death.
 And, fol-l'wing their in-car-nate Lord, Pos-sess the prom-ised rest.
 While the long cloud of wit-ness-es Show the same path to heav'n.



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Simpson. C. M.


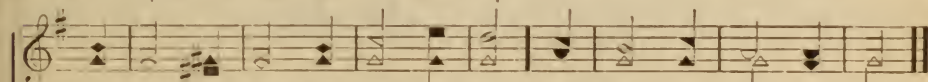
A. M. TOPLADY.

Comfort in Affliction.—2 Cor. 12: 10.


FROM LOUIS SPOHR.



1. When lan-gnor and dis-ease in-vade This trem-bling house of clay,
 2. Sweet to look in-ward, and at-tend The whis-pers of his love;
 3. Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down;
 4. Sweet on his faith-ful-ness to rest, Whose love can nev-er end,
 5. Sweet, in the con-fi-dence of faith, To trust his firm de-crees;
 6. If such the sweet-ness of the stream, What must the foun-tain be;

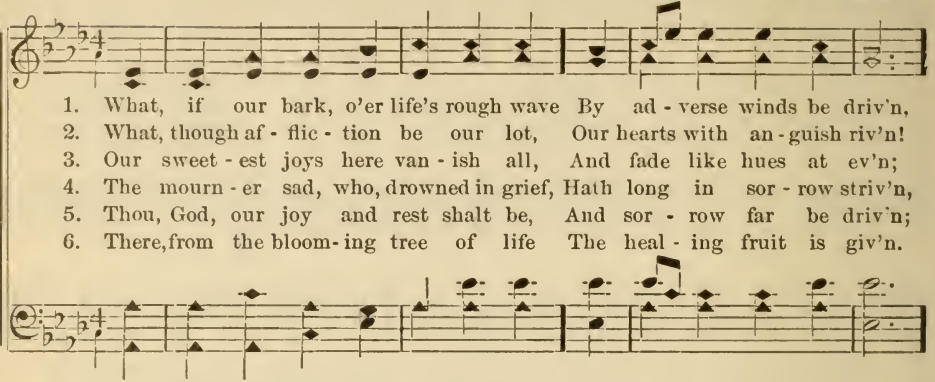
'Tis sweet to look be-yond my pain, And long to fly a-way:
 Sweet to look up-ward, to the place Where Je-sus pleads a-bove:
 Sweet to look for-ward, and be-hold E-ter-nal joys my own:
 Sweet on the cov-'nant of his grace For all things to de-pend:
 Sweet to lie pas-sive in his hands, And know no will but his.
 Where saints and an-gels draw their bliss, O Lord, di-rect from thee!



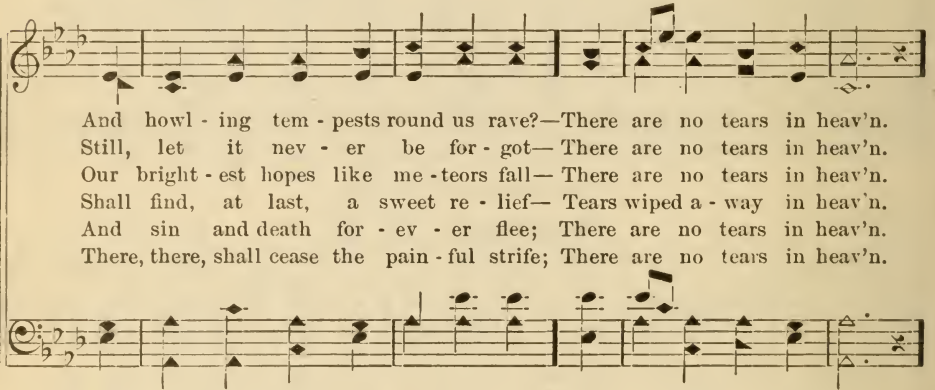
My Beautiful Home. C. M.

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Rev. 21: 4.

J. O. SPIRGEON.

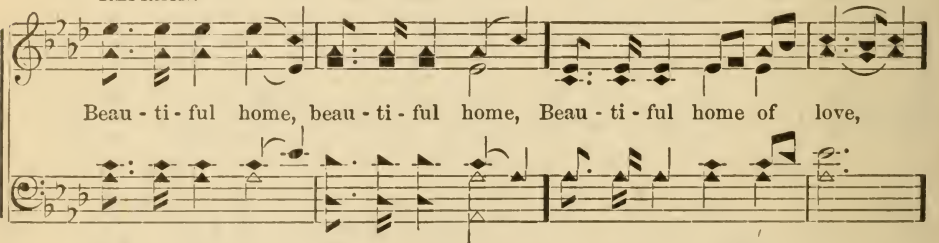


1. What, if our bark, o'er life's rough wave By ad - verse winds be driv'n,
 2. What, though af - flic - tion be our lot, Our hearts with an - guish riv'n!
 3. Our sweet - est joys here van - ish all, And fade like hues at ev'n;
 4. The mourn - er sad, who, drowned in grief, Hath long in sor - row striv'n,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

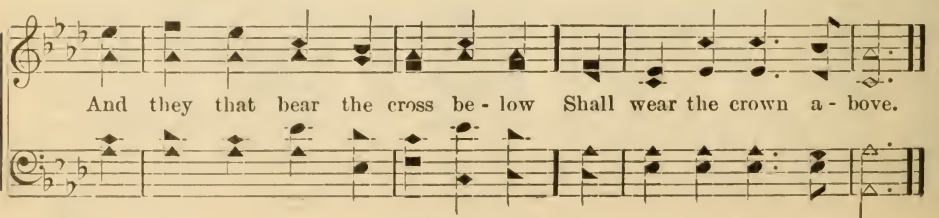


And howl - ing tem - pests round us rave?—There are no tears in heav'n.
 Still, let it nev - er be for - got—There are no tears in heav'n.
 Our bright - est hopes like me - teors fall—There are no tears in heav'n.
 Shall find, at last, a sweet re - lief—Tears wiped a - way in heav'n.
 And sin and death for - ev - er flee; There are no tears in heav'n.
 There, there, shall cease the pain - ful strife; There are no tears in heav'n.

REFRAIN.



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



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

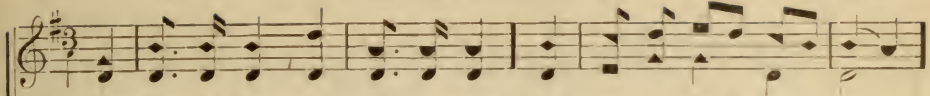
HEAVEN.

560

Woodstock. C. M.

A Better Country.—Heb. 11: 16.

D. DUTTON.



1. O, what a lone - ly path were ours, Could we, O Fa - ther, see
2. But thou art near, and with us still, To keep us on the way
3. There shall thy glo - ry, O our God! Break ful - ly on our view;
4. There Je - sus. on his heav'n-ly throne, Our wond'ring eyes shall see;
5. Sweet hope! we leave with - out a sigh A blight-ed world like this;



No home of rest be - yond it all, No guide or help in thee.
That leads a - long this vale of tears, To the bright world of day.
And we, thy saints, re - joice to find That all thy Word was true.
While we the blest as - so - ciates there Of all his joy shall be.
To bear the cross, de - spise the shame, For all that weight of bliss.



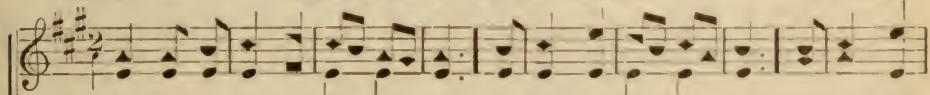
561

Devizes. C. M.

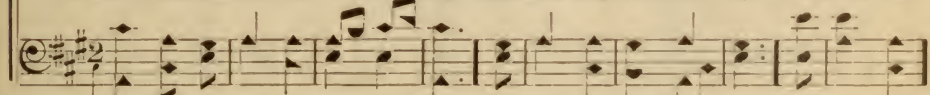
I. WATTS.

Behold, the Tabernacle of God.—Rev. 21: 3.

L. TUCKER.



1. Lo! what a glorious sight ap - pears To our be - liev - ing eyes! The earth and
2. From the third heav'n, where God re - sides, That ho - ly, hap - py place, The new Je -
3. At - tend - ing an - gels shout for joy, And the bright ar - mies sing—' Mortals, be -
4. "The God of glo - ry down to men Re - moves his blest a - bode! Men, the dear
5. "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears From ev - 'ry weep - ing eye; And pains and
6. How long, dear Sav - ior, O how long Shall this bright hour de - lay? Fly swift - er



seas are passed a - way, And the old roll - ing skies, And the old roll - ing skies.
ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorned with shining grace, A domed with shining grace.
hold the sa - cred seat Of your de - scend - ing King, Of your de - scend - ing King.
ob - jects of his grace, And he the lov - ing God, And he the lov - ing God.
groans, and griefs and fears, And death it - self shall die, And death it - self shall die."
round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel - come day, And bring the wel - come day.



562

Varina. C. M. D.

I. WATTS.

A Prospect of Heaven, etc.—Deut. 34: 5.

GEO. F. ROOT, 1849.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In - fi-nite day ex-
 2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old
 3. O, could we make our doubts remove—These gloomy doubts that rise—And see the Canaan

cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And
 Ca-naan stood, While Jordan rolled be-tween. But tim'rous mor-tals start and shrink To
 that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes; Could we but climb where Moses stood, And

nev-er-with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar-row sea di-vides That heav'nly land from ours.
 cross this narrow sea; And lin-ger, shiv'ring on the brink. And fear to launch a-way.
 view the landscape o'er—Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Could fright us from the shore.

563

Cassville. C. M.

I. WATTS.

Heaven Invisible.—1 Cor. 2: 9.

E. A. BROOKS.

1. Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard, Nor sense nor rea-son known,
 2. But the good Spir-it of the Lord Re-veals a heav'n to come;
 3. Pure are the joys a-bove the sky, And all the re-gion peace;
 4. Those ho-ly gates for-ev-er bar Pol-lu-tion, sin and shame;
 5. He keeps the Fa-ther's book of life, There all their names are found;

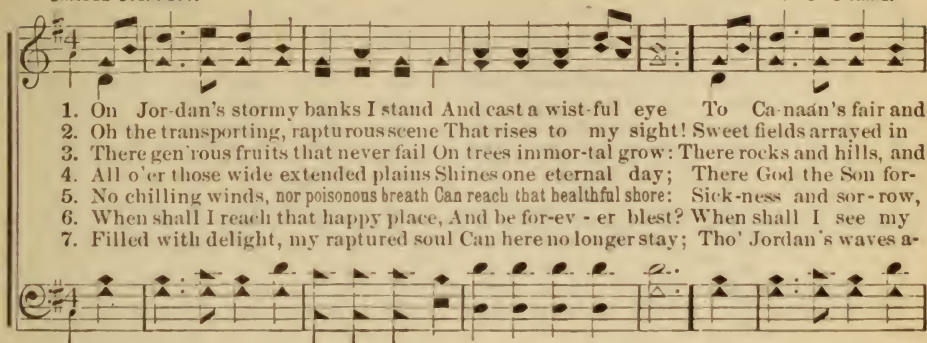
What joys the Fa-ther has pre-pared For those that love the Son.
 The beams of glo-ry in his Word Al-lure and guide us home.
 No wan-ton lips nor en-vi-ous eye Can see or taste the bliss.
 None shall ob-tain ad-mit-tance there, But foll-owers of the Lamb.
 The hyp-o-crite in vain shall strive To tread the heav'n-ly ground.

On Jordan's Stormy Banks. C. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

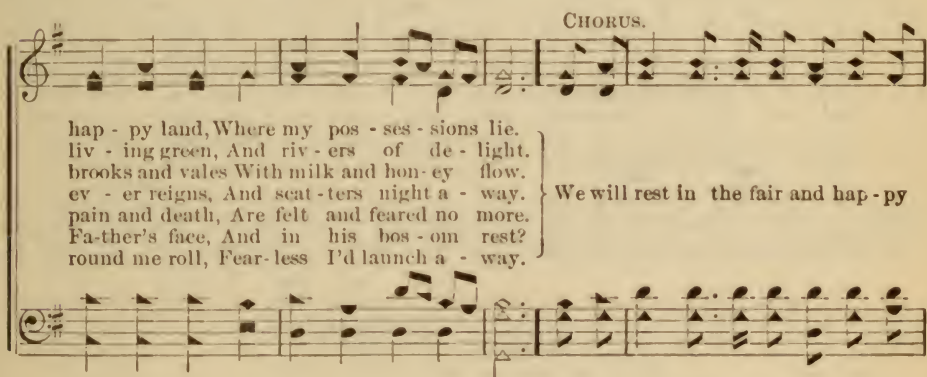
Thine eyes shall behold the land.—Isaiah 33: 17.

T. C. O'KANE.

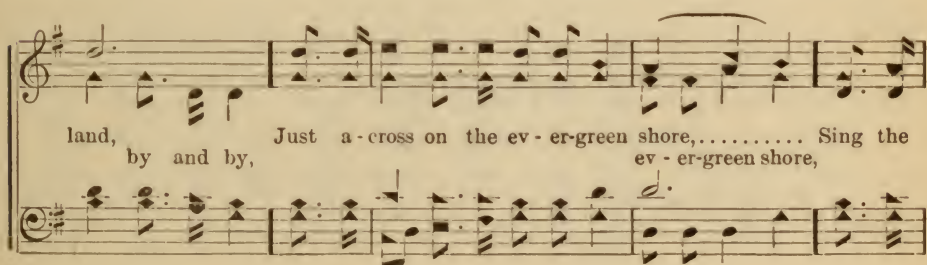


1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand And cast a wist-ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and
 2. Oh the transporting, rapturous scene That rises to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in
 3. There gen'rous fruits that never fail On trees im-mor-tal grow: There rocks and hills, and
 4. All o'er those wide extended plains Shines one eternal day; There God the Son for-
 5. No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore: Sick-ness and sor-row,
 6. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for-ev-er blest? When shall I see my
 7. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Can here no longer stay; Tho' Jordan's waves a-

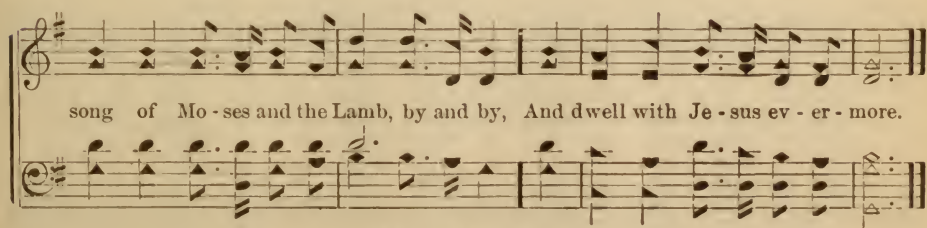
CHORUS.



hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.
 brooks and vales With milk and hon-ey flow.
 ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way. } We will rest in the fair and hap-py
 pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
 Fa-ther's face, And in his bos-om rest?
 round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.



land, Just a-cross on the ev-er-green shore,..... Sing the
 by and by, ev-er-green shore,



song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.

HEAVEN.

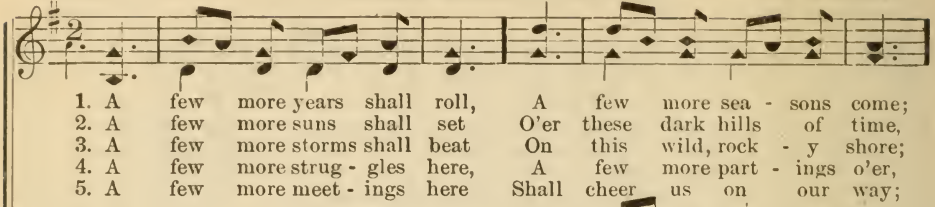
565

A Few More Years shall Roll. S. M. D.

HORATIUS BONAR.

A Little While.—John 16: 16.

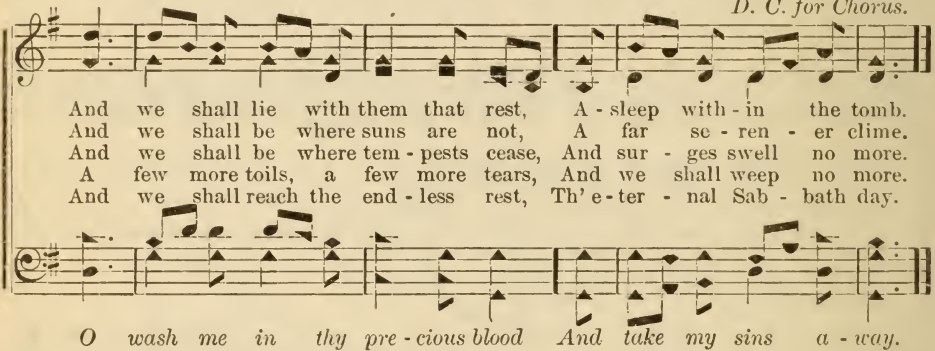
E. W. DUNBAR.



1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come;
 2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time,
 3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock - y shore;
 4. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er,
 5. A few more meet - ings here Shall cheer us on our way;

CHO.—Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;

D. C. for Chorus.



And we shall lie with them that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb.
 And we shall be where suns are not, A far se - ren - er clime.
 And we shall be where tem - pests cease, And sur - ges swell no more.
 A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.
 And we shall reach the end - less rest, Th' e - ter - nal Sab - bath day.

O wash me in thy pre - cious blood And take my sins a - way.

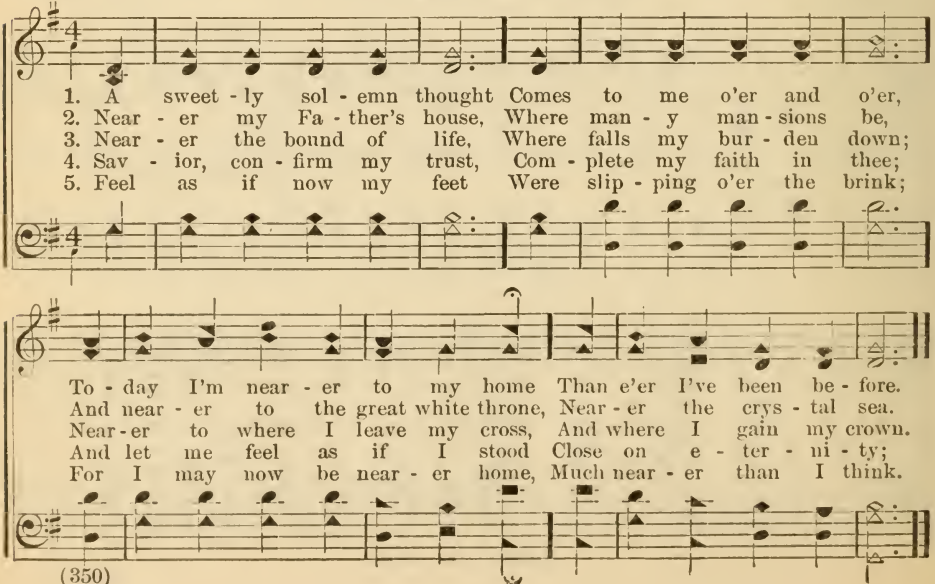
566

Saylor. S. M.

PHEBE CARY.

Now is Our Salvation Nearer, etc.—Rom. 13: 1.

C. G. LINT.



1. A sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be,
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where falls my bur - den down;
 4. Sav - ior, con - firm my trust, Com - plete my faith in thee;
 5. Feel as if now my feet Were slip - ping o'er the brink;

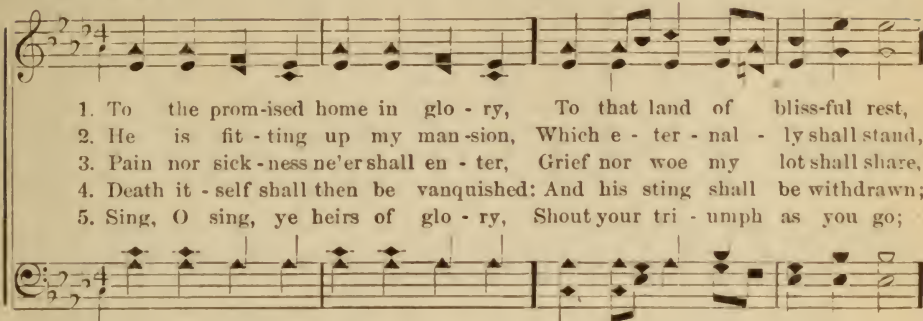
To - day I'm near - er to my home Than e'er I've been be - fore.
 And near - er to the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
 Near - er to where I leave my cross, And where I gain my crown.
 And let me feel as if I stood Close on e - ter - ni - ty;
 For I may now be near - er home, Much near - er than I think.

Rest Over Jordan. 8s & 7s.

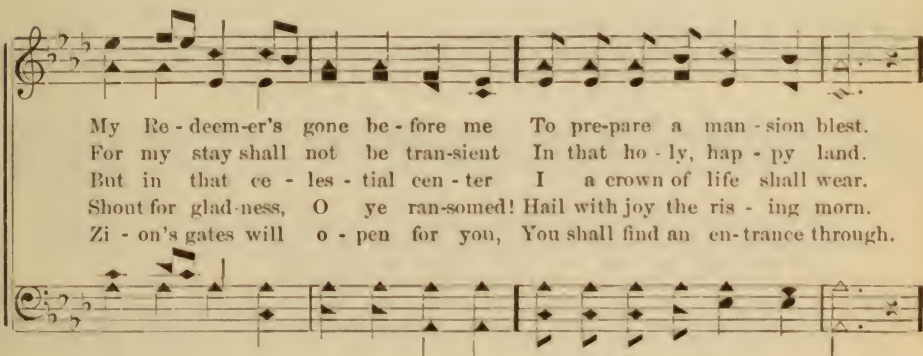
In My Father's House are Many Mansions.—John 14: 2.

WM. HUNTER, 1857.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, 1892.

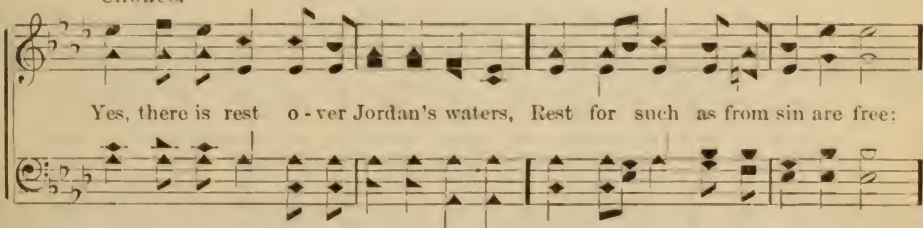


1. To the prom-ised home in glo - ry, To that land of bliss-ful rest,
 2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
 3. Pain nor sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
 4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished: And his sting shall be withdrawn;
 5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri - umph as you go;

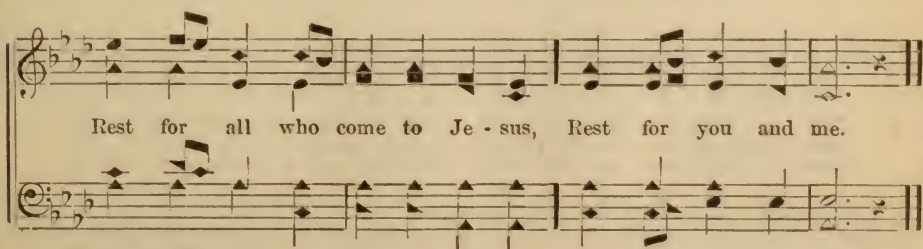


My Re-deem-er's gone be-fore me To pre-pare a man-sion blest.
 For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho-ly, hap-py land.
 But in that ce-les-tial cen-ter I a crown of life shall wear.
 Shout for glad-ness, O ye ran-somed! Hail with joy the ris-ing morn.
 Zi-on's gates will o-pen for you, You shall find an en-trance through.

CHORUS.



Yes, there is rest o-ver Jordan's waters, Rest for such as from sin are free:



Rest for all who come to Je-sus, Rest for you and me.

568

There is a Happy Land. P. M.

Rev. 5: 12.

1. There is a hap - py land, Bright, bright as day; There saints in
 2. Come to this hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye
 3. Bright in that hap - py land Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a

glo - ry stand, In glad ar - ray: O, how they sweet-ly sing—Wor-thy
 doubt-ing stand? Why still de - lay? O, we shall hap - py be! When from
 Fa-ther's hand, Love can - not die. O, then to glo - ry run; Be a

is the Sav - ior King! Loud let his prais-es ring For ev - er - more.
 sin and sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest ev - er - more.
 crown and king-dom won, And bright a - bove the sun, Reign ev - er - more.

569

Benevento. 7s D.

They Rest from their Labors.—Rev. 14: 13.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1770.

1. High in yon - der realms of light, Dwell the rap-tured saints a - bove,
 2. 'Mid the cho - rus, of the skies, 'Mid th' an - gel - ic lyres a - bove,
 3. All is tran - quil and se - rene, Calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose;

Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man - uel's love.
 Hark! their songs me - lo - dious rise, Songs of praise to Je - sus' love!
 There no cloud can in - ter - vene, There no an - gry tem - pest blows!

HEAVEN.

Benevento—Concluded.

Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be-low,
Hap-py spir-its, ye are fled, Where no grief can en-trance find,
Ev-'ry tear is wiped a-way. Sighs no more shall heave the breast,

Gloom-y doubts, dis-tress-ing fears, Torturing pain and heav-y woe....
Lulled to rest the ach-ing head, Soothed the an-guish of the mind.
Night is lost in end-less day, Sor-row in e-ter-nal rest.

570

Meyersdale. 8s, 7s, 7s, 7s.

THOS. KELLY.

Termination of the Christian Warfare.—Rev. 2: 10.

C. G. LINT.

1. When we pass thro' yon-der riv-er, When we reach the far-ther shore,
2. Aft-er war-fare, rest is pleas-ant: O, how sweet the prospect is!
3. When we gain the heav'nly re-gions, When we touch the heav'nly shore—
4. O, that hope! how bright, how glo-rious; 'Tis his peo-ple's blest re-ward;

There's an end of war for-ev-er; We shall see our foes no more:
Though we toil and strive at pres-ent, Let us not re-pine at this:
Bless-ed thought!—no hos-tile le-gions Can a-larm or tronb-le more:
In the Sav-ior's strength vic-to-rious, They at length be-hold their Lord:

All our con-flicts then shall cease, Fol-lowed by e-ter-nal peace.
Toil, and pain, and con-flict past, All en-dear re-pose at last.
Far be-yond the reach of foes, We shall dwell in sweet re-pose.
In his king-dom they shall rest, In his love be-ful-ly blest.

The Golden City. 7s & 6s.

Rev. 21: 21.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. We seek the Gold - en Cit - y, The cit - y of our King,
 2. Its walls are built of jas - per, Its streets are of pure gold,
 3. The pearl - y gates stand o - pen, For there they have no night,
 4. And there is no more sor - row, Nor pain, nor death, nor sin,
 5. And there life's crys - tal riv - er E - ter - nal - ly shall flow;
 6. But thro' that Gold - en Cit - y Our loud - est praise shall ring,

And as we jour - ney thith - er, We joy - ful - ly will sing.
 And count - less are the glo - ries Which we shall there be - hold.
 Nor sun, nor moon, nor can - dle— The Lamb, he is the light.
 For naught that work - eth e - vil Shall ev - er en - ter in.
 While leaves to heal the na - tions Close by its wa - ters grow.
 When we be - hold our Sav - ior, Our Proph - et, Priest, and King.

CHORUS.

Come, friends, come, friends, to - geth - er let us sing, Of the

Gold - en Cit - y, The beau - ti - ful Gold - en Cit - y,

Of the Gold - en Cit - y, the cit - y of our King.

Shining Shore. 8s & 7s P.

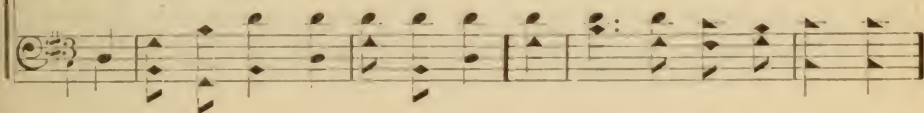
DAVID NELSON, 1835.

Joshua 1: 11.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I a - pil - grim stran - ger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth - ren dear, Our heav'n - ly home dis - cern - ing;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing;
4. Let sor - row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er,



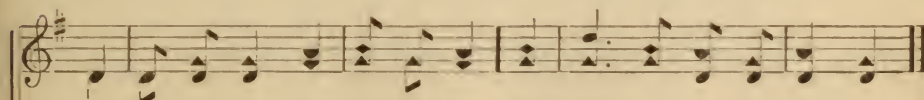
Would not de - tain them as they fly - Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
 Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing.
 That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
 Our King says come, and there's our home, For - ev - er! O for - ev - er!



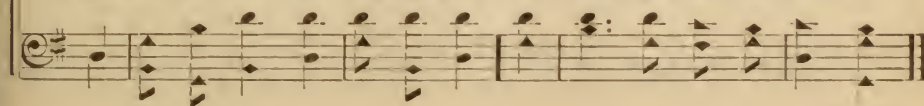
REFRAIN.



For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver,



And, just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

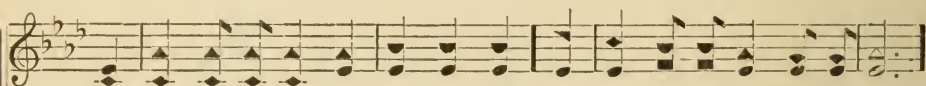


My Fatherland. 9s & 8s.

Ezek. 47: 12.



1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there;
2. There is a place where the an - gels dwell—A pure and a peace-ful a - bode;
3. There is a place where my friends have gone Who suf-fered and worshiped with me,
4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its la - bors are o'er;



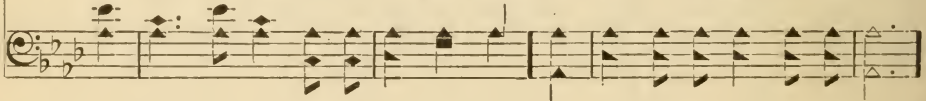
Where ver-dure and blossoms nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal-ly fair.
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell; For there is the pal - ace of God!
 Ex - alt - ed with Christ, high on his throne, The King in his beau - ty they see.
 A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sor - row no more.



CHORUS.



That bliss - ful place is my fa - ther-land; By faith its delights I ex-plore:



Come, fa - vor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.



HEAVEN.

574

Frederick. 11s.

W. A. MUHLENBURG.

I Would not Live Always.—Job 7: 16.

GEO. FREDERICK.

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay
 2. I would not live al - way; if fet - tered by sin—
 3. I would not live al - way; no— wel - come the tomb;
 4. Who, who would live al - way a - way from his God,
 5. There saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet,

Where storm aft - er storm ri - ses dark o'er the way;
 Temp - ta - tion with - out and cor - rup - tion with - in;
 Since Je - sus hath lain there I dread not its gloom.
 A - way from yon heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode,
 Their Sav - ior and breth - ren trans - port - ed to greet;

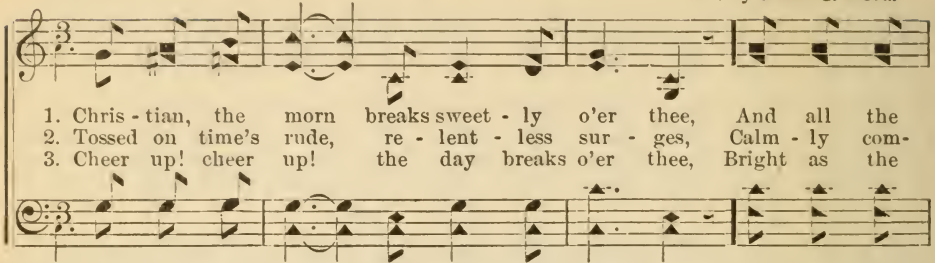
The few lu - cid morn - ings that dawn on us here
 And the rap - ture of par - don be min - gled with fears,
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise
 Where riv - ers of pleas - ure flow bright o'er the plains,
 While an - thems of rap - ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll,

Are fol - lowed by gloom or be - cloud - ed with fear.
 And the cup of thanks - giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears.
 To hail him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.
 And the noon - tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns?
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

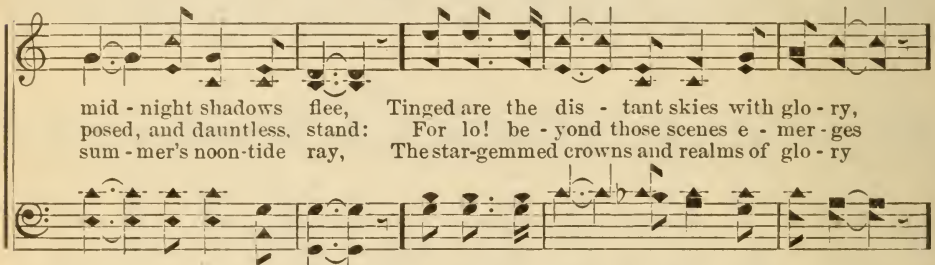
The Day is at Hand. 9s & 8s.

The Night is Far Spent, the Day is at Hand.—Rom. 13: 12.

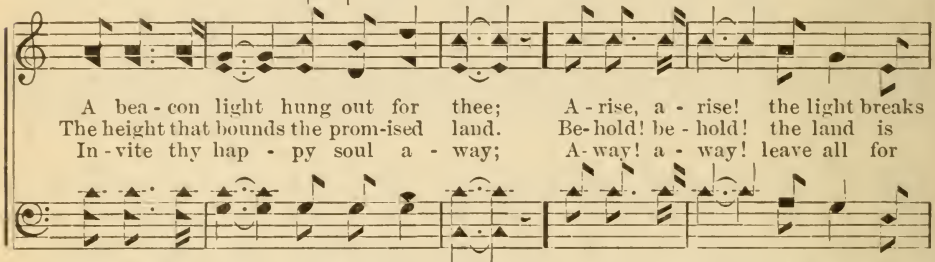
Att. by HENRY C. WORK.



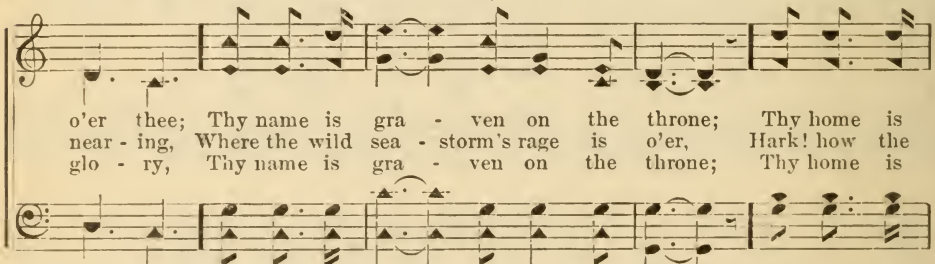
1. Chris - tian, the morn breaks sweet - ly o'er thee, And all the
 2. Tossed on time's rude, re - lent - less sur - ges, Calm - ly com -
 3. Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the



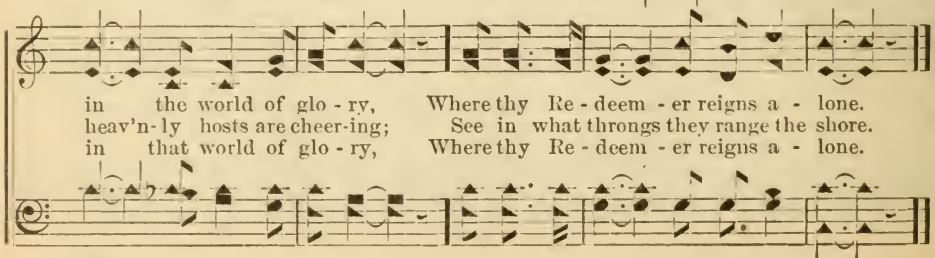
mid - night shadows flee, Tinged are the dis - tant skies with glo - ry,
 posed, and dauntless, stand: For lo! be - yond those scenes e - mer - ges
 sum - mer's noon - tide ray, The star - gemmed crowns and realms of glo - ry



A bea - con light hung out for thee; A - rise, a - rise! the light breaks
 The height that bounds the prom - ised land. Be - hold! be - hold! the land is
 In - vite thy hap - py soul a - way; A - way! a - way! leave all for



o'er thee; Thy name is gra - ven on the throne; Thy home is
 near - ing, Where the wild sea - storm's rage is o'er, Hark! how the
 glo - ry, Thy name is gra - ven on the throne; Thy home is



in the world of glo - ry, Where thy Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.
 heav'n - ly hosts are cheer - ing; See in what throngs they range the shore.
 in that world of glo - ry, Where thy Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.

HEAVEN.


576

Joyfully. 10s P.

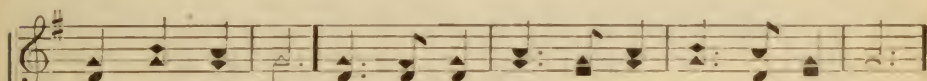
Rejoicing in Hope.—Rom. 12: 12.

WM. HUNTER.


A. D. MERRILL, 1845.



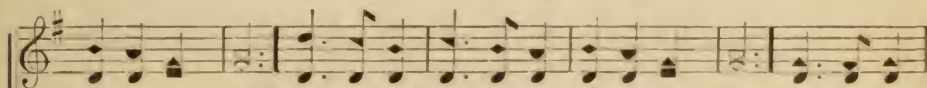
1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound to the land of bright
 2. Friends fondly cher - ished, but passed on be - fore; Wait - ing, they watch me ap -
 3. Death, with thy weap - ons of war, lay me low, Strike, king of ter - rors! I



spir - its a - bove: An - gel - ic chor - is - ters, sing as I come—
 proach - ing the shore: Sing - ing to cheer me thro' death's chill - ing gloom—
 fear not thy blow; Je - sus hath bro - ken the bars of the tomb!



Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home! Soon, with my pil - grim - age
 Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home. Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy
 Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly will I go home. Bright will the morn of e -



end - ed be - low, Home to the land of bright spir - its I go, Pil - grim and
 fall on my ear; Harps of the bless - ed, your voi - ces I hear! Rings with the
 ter - ni - ty dawn, Death shall be ban - ished, his scep - ter be gone; Joy - ful - ly,



stran - ger, no more shall I roam: Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.
 har - mo - ny heaven's high dome—Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.
 then, shall I wit - ness his doom, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, safe - ly at home.

Home Over There.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

Rev. 7: 14.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have
 3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I

light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
 trod; Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 see; (o - ver there,) Man - y dear to my heart o - ver there Are

REFRAIN.
 robed in their gar - ments of white. O - ver there, o - ver
 home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
 watching and wait - ing for me. O - ver there, O - ver there,
 o - ver there.

there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there; O - ver
 there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there; O - ver
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there; O - ver
 o - ver there, o - ver there;

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
 O - ver there,

My Home Above.

Whose Builder and Maker is God.—Heb. 11: 10.

LOUISA E.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. I love to think of my home a - bove, In the glo - rious realms of light,
 2. I love to think of my home a - bove, Of that pure and ho - ly clime,
 3. I love to think of my home a - bove, Of the an - gel forms so bright,

Of the pearl - y gates and the gold - en streets, In that
 Where the sor - rows of earth can nev - er come, But e -
 Of the bless - ed ones there a - - round the throne, In the

CHORUS.

land where there is no night. Home, sweet home! Hap - py
 ter - nal joys will be mine.
 land of pure de - light. Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home!

home, sweet home! Oh! say, will you meet me there,
 Home, sweet home! Happy home, sweet home!

In that home a - bove, where all is love, And joys be - yond com - pare?

Meet Me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Rev. 14: 2.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more, When the
 2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est ties are rent in twain, But in
 3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way In - to
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the
 cit - y of our King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend, Heart with

Fine.
 pure and per - fect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 cit - y of de - light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

D. S. - hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.
 Meet me there. meet me there, Where the tree of life is
 Meet me there, meet me there,

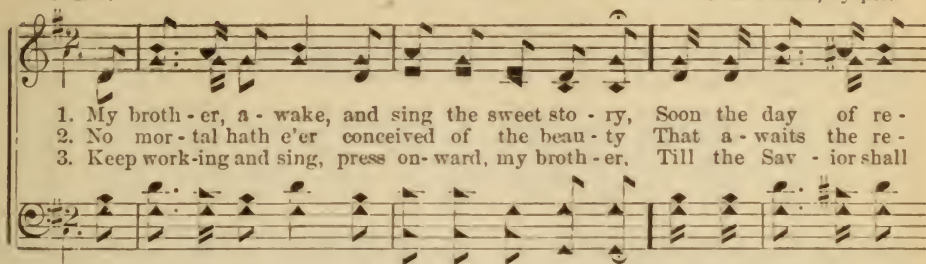
D. S.
 bloom - ing, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
 Meet me there;

When All the Singers Get Home.

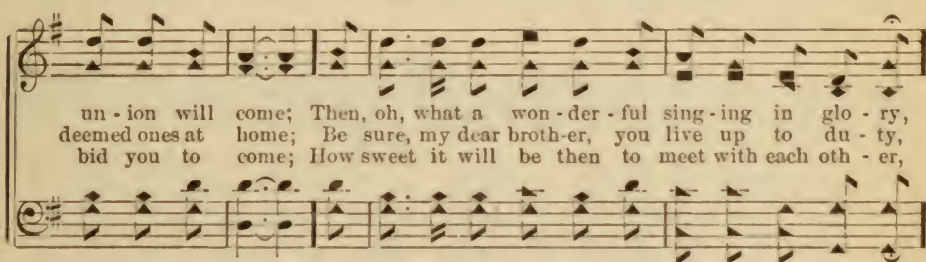
J. B. V.

But the Redeemed shall Walk There.—Isaiah 35: 9.

J. B. VAUGHN, by per.

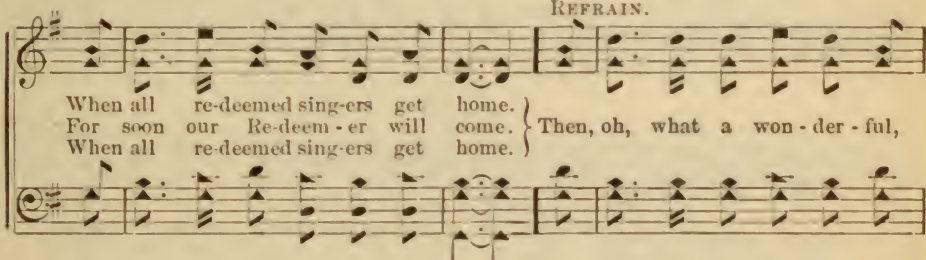


1. My broth - er, a - wake, and sing the sweet sto - ry, Soon the day of re -
 2. No mor - tal hath e'er conceived of the beau - ty That a - waits the re -
 3. Keep work - ing and sing, press on - ward, my broth - er, Till the Sav - ior shall

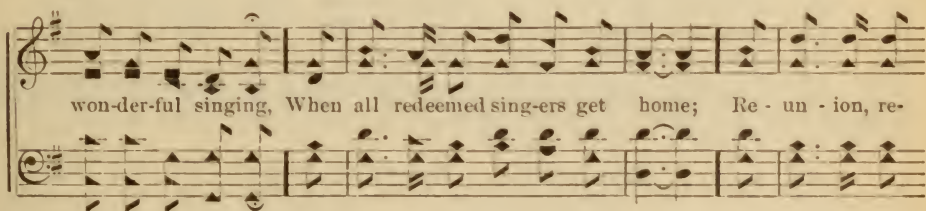


un - ion will come; Then, oh, what a won - der - ful sing - ing in glo - ry,
 deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear broth - er, you live up to du - ty,
 bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each oth - er,

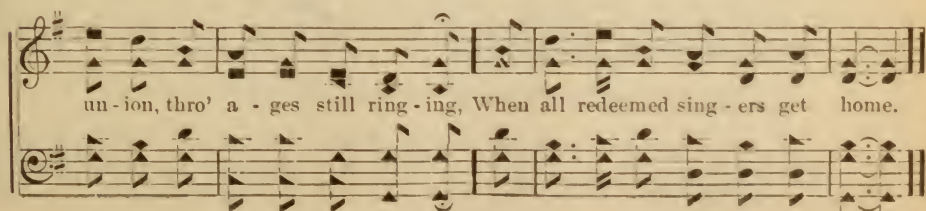
REFRAIN.



When all re - deemed sing - ers get home. } Then, oh, what a won - der - ful,
 For soon our Re - deem - er will come. }
 When all re - deemed sing - ers get home. }



won - der - ful sing - ing, When all re - deemed sing - ers get home; Re - un - ion, re -



un - ion, thro' a - ges still ring - ing, When all re - deemed sing - ers get home.

The Haven of Rest.

So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.—Psa. 107: 30.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, he pa - tient - ly waits To

bur - dened with sin and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 faith tak - ing hold of the Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the OLD STO - RY so blest, Of Je - sus who'll save who - so -
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by his pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

*D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the**Fine.*

"Make me your choice;" And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 "Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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Home of the Soul. 12s & 8s.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

In my Father's house are many mansions.—John 14: 2.
Rev. 21: 18.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of the beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way
 2. O the home of the soul, in my vi-sions and dreams, Its bright jas-per
 3. There the fair tree of life in its bean-ty doth grow, And the riv-er of
 4. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of
 5. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all

home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the
 walls I can see, Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-
 life flow-eth by; For no death ev-er en-ters that cit-y, you know, And
 Naz-a-reth stands: The King of all king-doms for-ev-er is he, And he
 sor-row and pain! With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To

years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no
 tween the fair cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I
 noth-ing that mak-eth a lie, And noth-ing that mak-eth a lie; For no
 hold-eth our crowns in his hands, And he hold-eth our crowns in his hands; The
 meet one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With

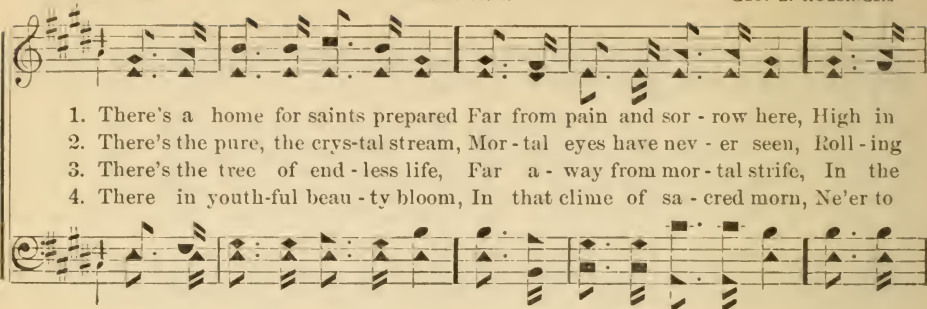
storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
 fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
 death ev-er en-ters that cit-y, you know, And noth-ing that mak-eth a lie.
 King of all king-doms for-ev-er is he, And he hold-eth our crowns in his hands.
 songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain!

Meet Me in Heaven.

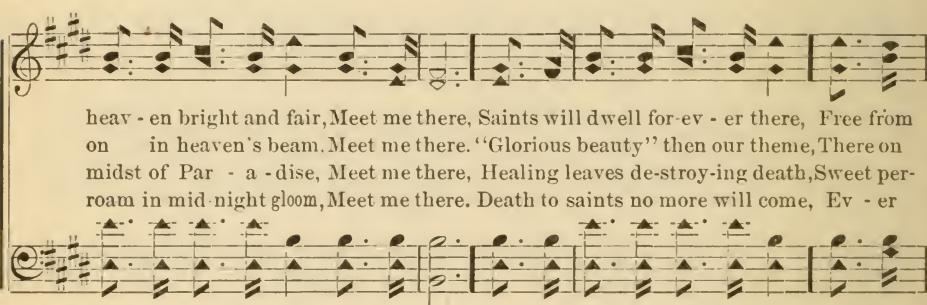
J. S. MOHLER.

Rev. 22: 1.

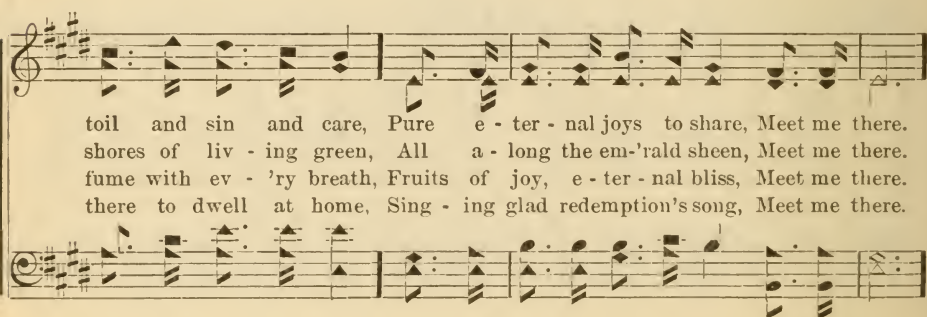
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. There's a home for saints prepared Far from pain and sor - row here, High in
 2. There's the pure, the crys - tal stream, Mor - tal eyes have nev - er seen, Roll - ing
 3. There's the tree of end - less life, Far a - way from mor - tal strife, In the
 4. There in youth - ful beau - ty bloom, In that clime of sa - cred morn, Ne'er to

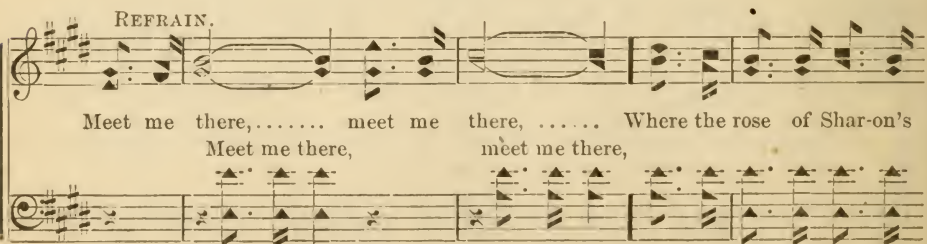


heav - en bright and fair, Meet me there, Saints will dwell for - ev - er there, Free from
 on in heaven's beam. Meet me there. "Glorious beauty" then our theme, There on
 midst of Par - a - dise, Meet me there, Healing leaves de - stroy - ing death, Sweet per -
 room in mid - night gloom, Meet me there. Death to saints no more will come, Ev - er



toil and sin and care, Pure e - ter - nal joys to share, Meet me there.
 shores of liv - ing green, All a - long the em - 'rald sheen, Meet me there.
 fume with ev - 'ry breath, Fruits of joy, e - ter - nal bliss, Meet me there.
 there to dwell at home, Sing - ing glad redemption's song, Meet me there.

REFRAIN.



Meet me there, meet me there, Where the rose of Shar-on's
 Meet me there, meet me there,

HEAVEN.

Meet Me in Heaven—Concluded.

bloom-ing, Meet me there, When the toils of life are o'er, We shall
 Meet me there,
 rest for-ev-er more, On that calm and peaceful shore, Meet me there.
 Meet me there.

584

Pierce. 8s.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

What Must It be to be There?—REV. 21: 21.

I. B. WOODBURY.

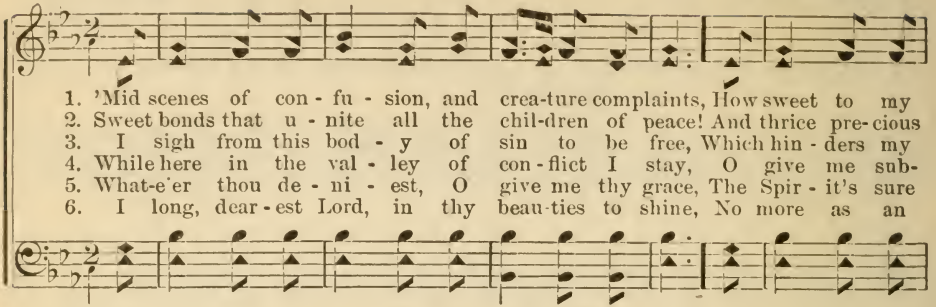
1. We speak of the realms of the blest— That coun-try so bright and so fair;
 2. We speak of its path-ways of gold— Its walls decked with jewels so rare—
 3. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor-row, temp-ta-tion and care—
 4. We speak of its serv-ice of love— The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear—
 5. O Lord, a-midst glad-ness or woe, For heav-en our spir-its pre-pare;
 And oft are its glo-ries con-fessed: But what must it be to be there?
 Its won-ders and pleas-ures un-told; But what must it be to be there?
 From tri-als with-out and with-in: But what must it be to be there?
 The church of the first-born a-bove: But what must it be to be there?
 And short-ly we al-so shall know, And feel what it is to be there.

Home, Sweet Home. 11s.

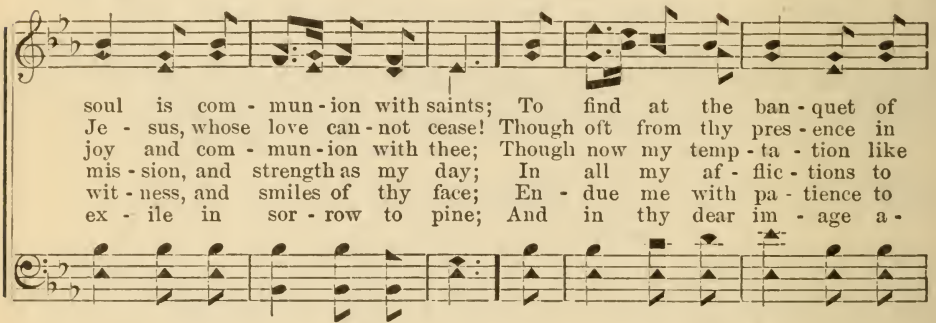
DAVID DENHAM.

Phil. 3: 20.

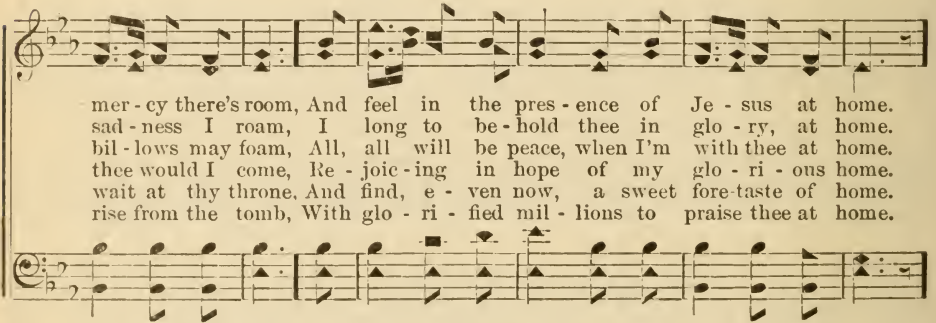
H. R. BISHOP, 1829.



1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion, and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my
 2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil-dren of peace! And thrice pre-cious
 3. I sigh from this bod - y of sin to be free, Which hin - ders my
 4. While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stay, O give me sub-
 5. What-e'er thou de - ni - est, O give me thy grace, The Spir - it's sure
 6. I long, dear - est Lord, in thy beau-ties to shine, No more as an

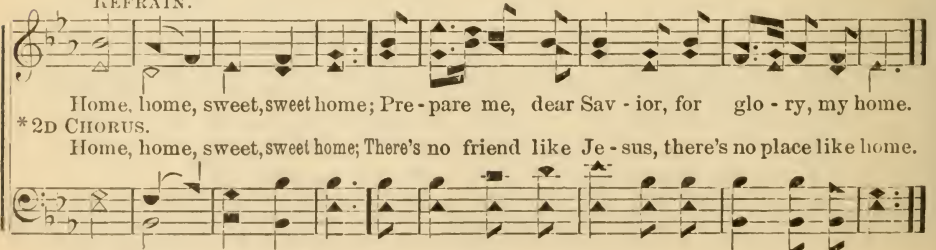


soul is com - mun-ion with saints; To find at the ban-quet of
 Je - sus, whose love can-not cease! Though oft from thy pres-ence in
 joy and com - mun-ion with thee; Though now my temp - ta - tion like
 mis - sion, and strength as my day; In all my af - flic - tions to
 wit - ness, and smiles of thy face; En - due me with pa - tience to
 ex - ile in sor - row to pine; And in thy dear im - age a -



mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pres-ence of Je - sus at home.
 sad - ness I roam, I long to be-hold thee in glo - ry, at home.
 bil - lows may foam, All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
 thee would I come, Re - joic-ing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home.
 wait at thy throne, And find, e - ven now, a sweet fore-taste of home.
 rise from the tomb, With glo - ri - fied mil - lions to praise thee at home.

REFRAIN.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Pre - pare me, dear Sav - ior, for glo - ry, my home.
 *2D CHORUS.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home; There's no friend like Je - sus, there's no place like home.

*2d Chorus may be used instead of first, if preferred.

HEAVEN.

(Tune: HOME, SWEET HOME. No. 585.)

The Christian's Home.—Jer. 14: 8.

11s.

586

1 An alien from God and a stranger to grace,
I wander through earth its gay pleasures to trace;

In the pathway of sin I continue to roam,
Unmindful, alas, that it leads me from home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Savior, direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,

They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given—
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms,

The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,

O there may I feast with his children at home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home!

4 Farewell, vain amusements—my follies, adieu,

While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne.

The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home!

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus shall say,

"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,

And dwell in my presence forever at home."

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

6 Affliction and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,

The saints shall unite, to be parted no more,
Their loud hallelujah fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.

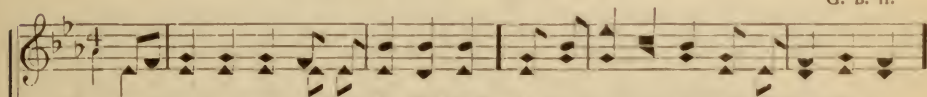
MEETING AND PARTING.

587

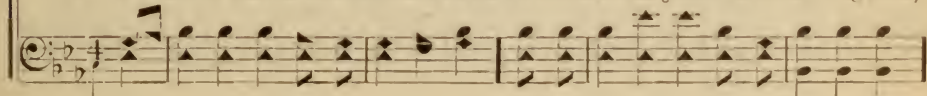
A Home in Heaven. 10s.

An house not made with hands.—2 Cor. 5: 1, 2.

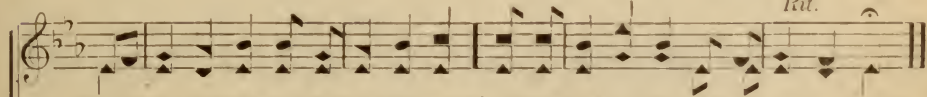
G. B. H.



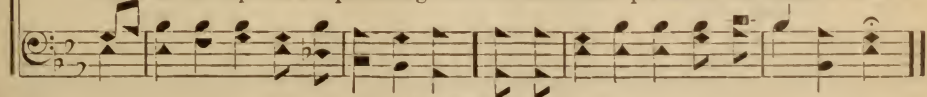
1. A home in heav'n! What a joyful tho't, As the poor man toils in his wea-ry lot!
2. A home in heav'n! As the sufl'rer lies On his bed of pain, and up-lifts his eyes
3. A home in heav'n! When our pleasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
4. A home in heav'n! When the faint heart bleeds By the Spirit's strokes for its e-vil deeds,
5. A home in heav'n! When our friends are fled To the cheerless gloom of the mold'ring dead,



Rit.



His heart oppressed, and with anguish driv'n From his home below to his home in heav'n.
To that bright home, what a joy is giv'n, With the bless-ed tho't of his home in heav'n!
And strength decays, and our health is riv'n, We are hap-py still with our home in heav'n.
O, then what bliss in that heart forgiv'n, Does the hope inspire of a home in heav'n!
We wait in hope on the promise giv'n—We will meet up there in our home in heav'n.

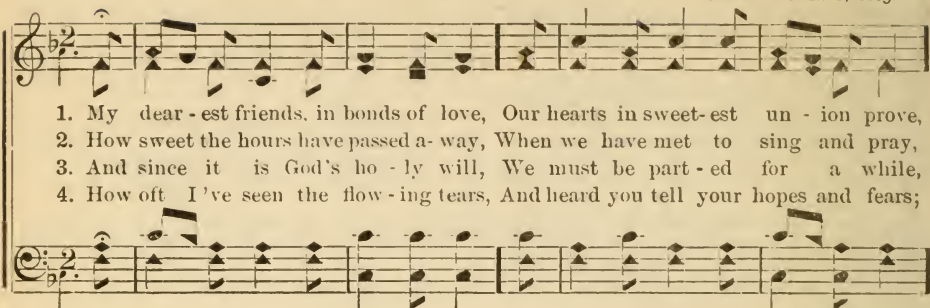


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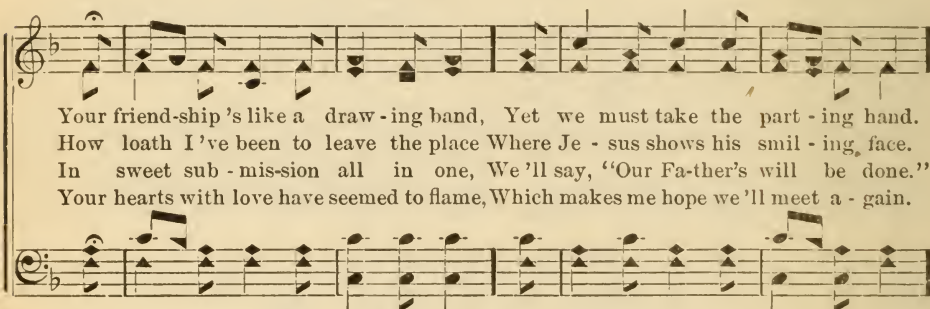
Parting Hand. L. M. D.

A Farewell Hymn.—1 Thess. 4: 9.

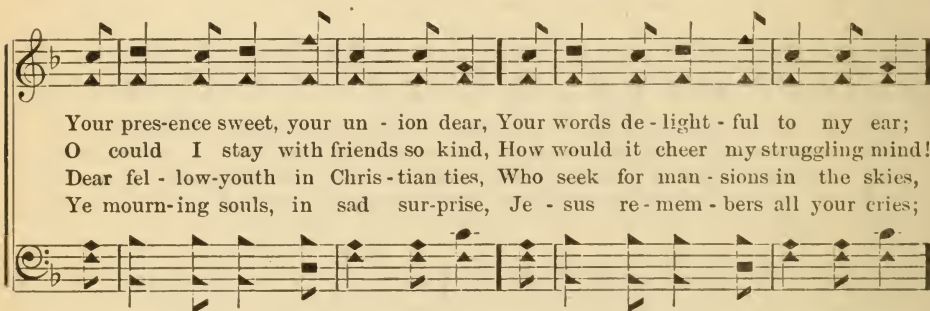
JEREMIAH INGALS, 1805.



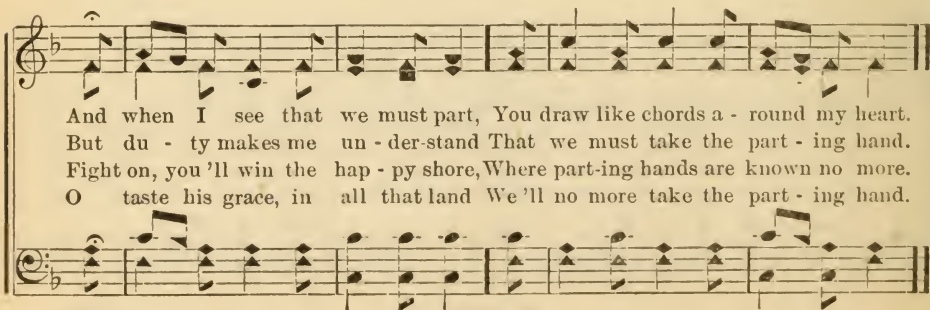
1. My dear - est friends, in bonds of love, Our hearts in sweet - est un - ion prove,
 2. How sweet the hours have passed a - way, When we have met to sing and pray,
 3. And since it is God's ho - ly will, We must be part - ed for a while,
 4. How oft I've seen the flow - ing tears, And heard you tell your hopes and fears;



Your friend - ship's like a draw - ing band, Yet we must take the part - ing hand.
 How loath I've been to leave the place Where Je - sus shows his smil - ing face.
 In sweet sub - mis - sion all in one, We'll say, "Our Fa - ther's will be done."
 Your hearts with love have seemed to flame, Which makes me hope we'll meet a - gain.



Your pres - ence sweet, your un - ion dear, Your words de - light - ful to my ear;
 O could I stay with friends so kind, How would it cheer my struggling mind!
 Dear fel - low - youth in Chris - tian ties, Who seek for man - sions in the skies,
 Ye mourn - ing souls, in sad sur - prise, Je - sus re - mem - bers all your cries;



And when I see that we must part, You draw like chords a - round my heart.
 But du - ty makes me un - der - stand That we must take the part - ing hand.
 Fight on, you'll win the hap - py shore, Where part - ing hands are known no more.
 O taste his grace, in all that land We'll no more take the part - ing hand.

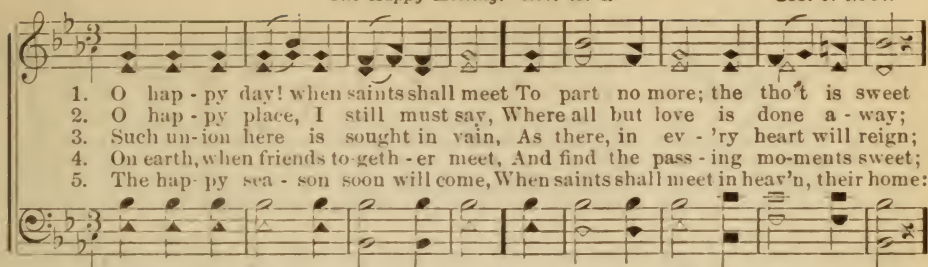
MEETING AND PARTING.

589

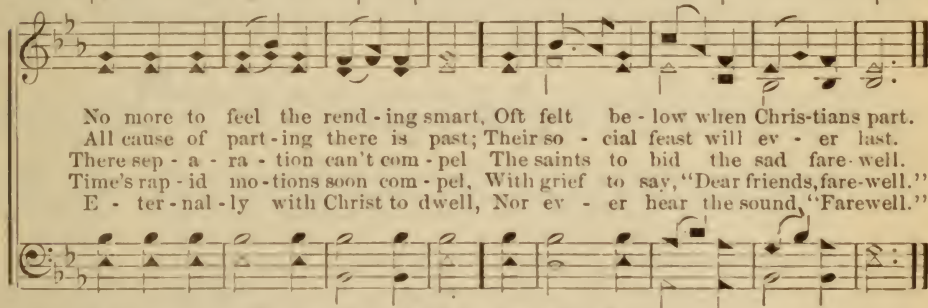
Rosedale. L. M.

The Happy Meeting.—Rev. 21: 4.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. O hap - py day! when saints shall meet To part no more; the tho't is sweet
 2. O hap - py place, I still must say, Where all but love is done a - way;
 3. Such union here is sought in vain, As there, in ev - 'ry heart will reign;
 4. On earth, when friends to - geth - er meet, And find the pass - ing mo - ments sweet;
 5. The hap - py sea - son soon will come, When saints shall meet in heav'n, their home:



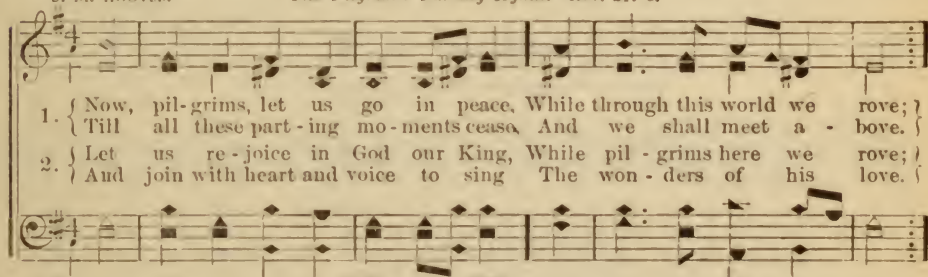
No more to feel the rend - ing smart, Oft felt be - low when Chris - tians part.
 All cause of part - ing there is past; Their so - cial feast will ev - er last.
 There sep - a - ra - tion can't com - pel The saints to bid the sad fare - well.
 Time's rap - id mo - tions soon com - pel, With grief to say, "Dear friends, fare - well."
 E - ter - nal - ly with Christ to dwell, Nor ev - er hear the sound, "Farewell."

590

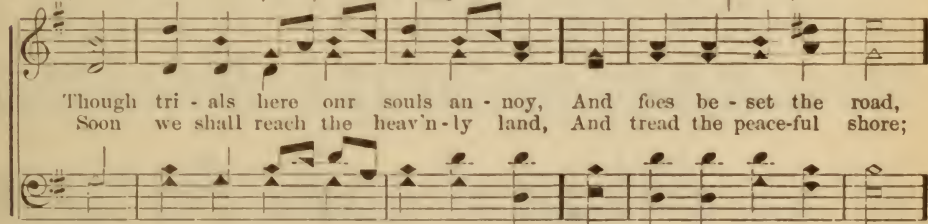
Salvation. C. M. D.

S. M. HOOVER.

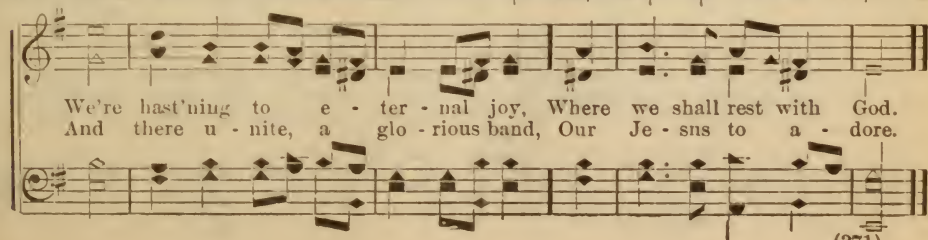
The Pilgrim's Parting Hymn.—Rev. 21: 3.



1. { Now, pil - grims, let us go in peace, While through this world we rove; }
 { Till all these part - ing mo - ments cease, And we shall meet a - bove. }
 2. { Let us re - joice in God our King, While pil - grims here we rove; }
 { And join with heart and voice to sing The won - ders of his love. }



Though tri - als here our souls an - noy, And foes be - set the road,
 Soon we shall reach the heav'n - ly land, And tread the peace - ful shore;



We're hast'ning to e - ter - nal joy, Where we shall rest with God.
 And there u - nite, a glo - rious band, Our Je - sns to a - dore.

591

Arcadia. C. M.

ANDREW REED.

Thanks Rendered, etc.—Psa. 91: 3.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Come, let us strike our harps a-fresh To great Je-ho-vah's name; Sweet be the
 2. 'T was by his bid-ding we were called In pain a-while to part; 'T is by his
 3. Blest be the hand that has preserved Our feet from ev-'ry snare, And blest the
 4. O, may the Spir-it's quick'ning pow'r Now sanc-ti-fy our joy, And warm our
 5. Fast, fast our min-utes fly a-way; Soon shall our wand'rings cease; Then with our

ac-cents of our tongues When we his love proclaim, When we his love pro-claim.
 care we meet a-gain, And gladness fills our heart, And gladness fills our heart.
 good-ness of the Lord, Which to this hour we share, Which to this hour we share.
 zeal in works of love Our tal-ents to em-ploy, Our tal-ents to em-employ.
 Fa-ther we shall dwell, A fam-i-ly of peace, A fam-i-ly of peace.

592

Dedham. C. M.

S. M. HOOVER.

Upon the Closing of a Series of Services.—Col. 4: 2.

WM. GARDINER.

1. Now, breth-ren, to your homes re-pair; And as you pass a-long,
 2. Praise God for what your ears have heard, For what your eyes have seen;
 3. Im-prove the strength you here have gained, To do God's ho-ly will;
 4. Let not the world have cause to say You've served your God for nought;
 5. Fare-well—and to your homes re-pair; And as you pass a-long,

Em-ploy your hearts in hum-ble pray'r, And raise the cheer-ful song.
 Praise him for what has here oc-curred— For all you feel with-in.
 Im-prove the knowl-edge here at-tained, To love and serve him still.
 But grow in grace from day to day, As you have here been taught.
 Em-ploy your hearts in hum-ble pray'r, And raise to God a song.

MEETING AND PARTING.

593

Fair Haven. C. M.

SUTTON.

We All Shall Meet in Heaven.—Eph. 4: 4.

Slow.

1. Hail, sweet - est, dear - est tie that binds Our glow - ing hearts in one;
 2. What though the north - ern, win - try blast Shall howl a - round our cot;
 3. From east - ern shores, from north - ern lands, From west - ern hill and plain.

*Fine. CHORUS.**

Hail, sa - cred hope that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine. }
 What tho' be - neath an east - ern sun Be cast our dis - tant lot. } It is the hope, the
 From southern climes, the brother bands May hope to meet a - gain.

D. S.—The hope, when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heav'n.

D. S.

blissful hope, Which Jesus' grace has giv'h—

4 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
 From India's burning plain.
 From Europe, from Columbia's land.
 We hope to meet again.

5 No lingering look, nor parting sigh.
 Our future meeting knows;
 There friendship beams from every eye,
 And love immortal glows.

*Chorus may be used as 2d stanza.

594

Salem. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Unity and Love.—Acts 4: 32.

E. T. HILDEBRAND, by per.

1. Blest be the dear u - nit - ing love, That will not let us part:
 2. Joined in one spir - it to our Head, Where he ap - points we go,
 3. O may we ev - er walk in him, And noth - ing know be - side,
 4. Clos - er and clos - er let us cleave To his be - loved em - brace;
 5. Par - tak - ers of the Sav - ior's grace, The same in mind and heart;
 6. But let us has - ten to the day Which shall our flesh re - store;

Our bod - les may far off re - move. We still are one in heart.
 And still in Je - sus' foot - steps tread, And show his praise be - low.
 Noth - ing de - sire, noth - ing es - teem, But Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
 Ex - pect his full - ness to re - ceive, And grace to an - swer grace.
 Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place, Nor life nor death can part.
 When death shall all be done a - way, And bod - ies part no more.

Parting Hymn. C. M. D.

And My Soul Shall be Joyful in the Lord.—Psa. 35: 9.

1. How pleas - ant thus to dwell be - low, In fel - low - ship of love;
 2. Yes, hap - py thought when we are free From earth - ly grief and pain,
 3. The chil - dren who have loved the Lord Shall hail their teach - ers there;
 4. Then let us walk in strength di - vine, Still walk in wis - dom's ways;

And though we part, 't is bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove;
 In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain;
 And teach - ers gain the rich re - ward Of all their toil and care;
 That we, with those who love, may join In nev - er - end - ing praise;

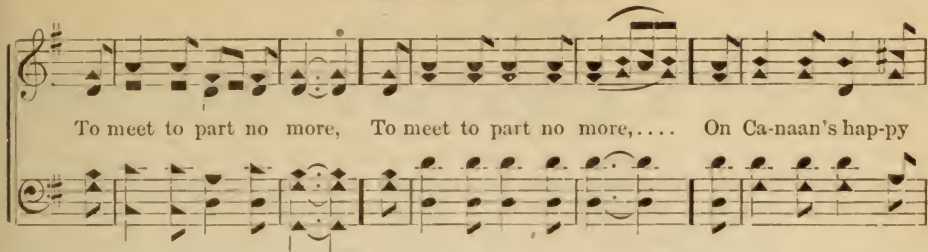
The good shall meet a - bove,.... The good shall meet a - bove,
 And nev - er part a - gain,.... And nev - er part a - gain,
 Of all their toil and care,.... Of all their toil and care,
 In nev - er - end - ing praise,... In nev - er - end - ing praise,

And though we part, 't is bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
 In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain.
 And teach - ers gain the rich re - ward Of all their toil and care.
 That we, with those who love, may join In nev - er - end - ing praise.

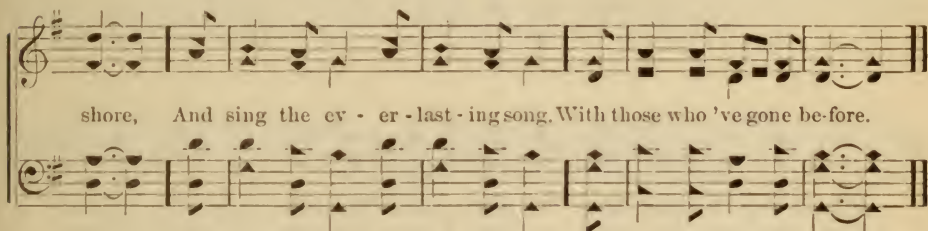
CHORUS.
 Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, Oh! that will be joy - ful,

MEETING AND PARTING.

Parting Hymn—Concluded.



To meet to part no more, To meet to part no more,... On Ca-naan's hap-py



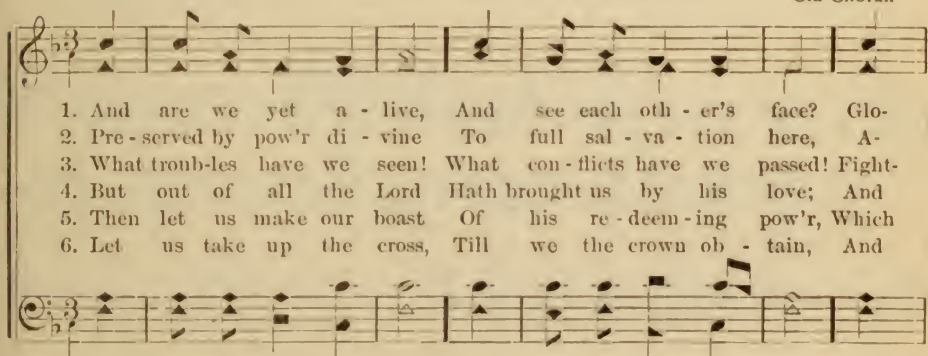
shore, And sing the ev - er - last - ing song, With those who've gone be - fore.

596

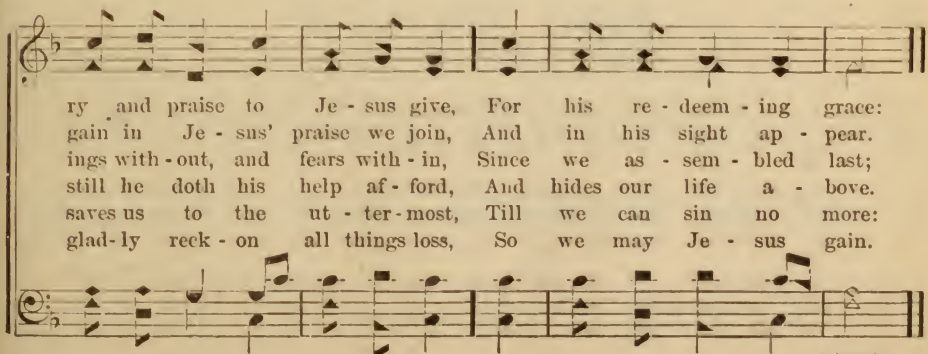
Robinson. S. M.

Acknowledgment for Preserving Mercy.—Phil. 3: 8.

Old Choral.



1. And are we yet a - live, And see each oth - er's face? Glo-
 2. Pre - served by pow'r di - vine To full sal - va - tion here, A-
 3. What troub - les have we seen! What con - flicts have we passed! Fight-
 4. But out of all the Lord Hath brought us by his love; And
 5. Then let us make our boast Of his re - deem - ing pow'r, Which
 6. Let us take up the cross, Till we the crown ob - tain, And



ry and praise to Je - sus give, For his re - deem - ing grace:
 gain in Je - sus' praise we join, And in his sight ap - pear.
 ings with - out, and fears with - in, Since we as - sem - bled last;
 still he doth his help af - ford, And hides our life a - bove.
 saves us to the ut - ter - most, Till we can sin no more:
 glad - ly reck - on all things loss, So we may Je - sus gain.

597

Vernon. 7s.

Friends Parting.—Rev. 5: 10.

1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain?
 2. Tho' in dis - tant lands we sigh, Parched be - neath the hos - tile sky;
 3. When the dreams of life are fled, When its wast - ed lamps are dead,

Oft shall glow - ing hope ex - pire, Oft shall wea - ried love re - tire,
 Tho' the deep be - tween us rolls, Friend - ship shall u - nite our souls;
 When in cold ob - liv - ion's shade, Beau - ty, wealth, and fame are laid—

Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.
 And in faith's well-known do - main, Within the vail, we'll meet a - gain.
 Where im - mor - tal spir - its reign, There may we all meet a - gain.

598

Unity. 6s & 5s P. M.

When Shall We Meet Again?—Eph. 1: 10.

LOWELL MASON.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
 2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
 3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Sav - ior; May we all

MEETING AND PARTING.

Unity—Concluded.

wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose Safe
friend - ship glow Change-less for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where
there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er: Where kin - dred spir - its dwell, There

from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes— Nev - er— no, nev - er!
bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill— Nev - er— no, nev - er!
may our mu - sic swell, And time our joys dis - pel, Nev - er— no, nev - er!

599

Greenville. Ss & 7s D.

ATKINS.

The Parting Prayer.—Phil. 4: 4.

J. J. ROUSSEAU, 1712-1778.

Fine.

1. { Je - sus, grant us all a bless - ing, Send it down, Lord, from a - bove; }
2. { May we all go home a pray - ing, And re - joic - ing in thy love! }
3. { Je - sus, par - don all our fol - lies, While to - geth - er we have been; }
4. { Make us hum - ble, make us ho - ly, Cleanse us all from ev - 'ry sin! }
5. { May thy bless - ing, Lord, go with us, To each one's re - spect - ive home, }
6. { And the pres - ence of our Je - sus, Rest up - on us ev - 'ry one! }

D. C.—Farewell, brethren, fare - well, sis - ters, Till we all shall meet a - gain.

Fare-well, breth-ren, fare - well, sis - ters, Till we all shall meet a - gain;

God be With You.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.—Rom. 16: 20.

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN.

WILLIAM G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun-sels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings pro-tect - ing
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float - ing

hold you, With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be
 found you, Put his arms un - fail - ing round you, God be
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning waves be - fore you, God be

CHORUS.
 with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we
 Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we
 meet a - gain, Till we meet,

meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

MEETING AND PARTING.

601

We'll Never Say Good-by. 9s & 6s.

"We shall never say 'Good-by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

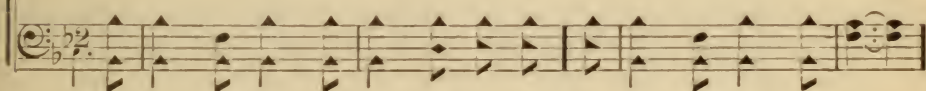
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

1 Thess. 5: 10.

J. H. TENNEY.



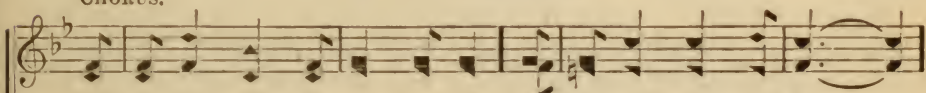
1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleas-ure, While swift the mo - ments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the thought that lin-gers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spo - ken In that bright land of flow'rs,



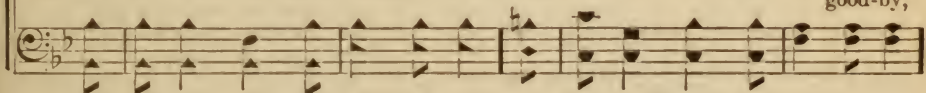
Yet ev - er comes the thought of sad-ness, That we must say good - by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and glad-ness, Shall ev - er - more be ours.



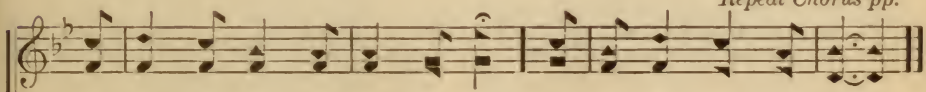
CHORUS.



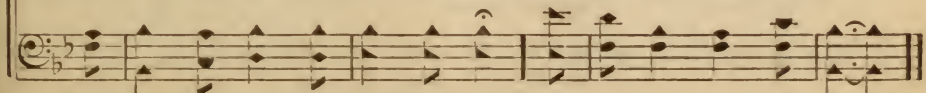
We'll nev - er say good - by in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good - by,.....
good-by,



Repeat Chorus pp.



For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev - er say good - by.



MEETING AND PARTING.

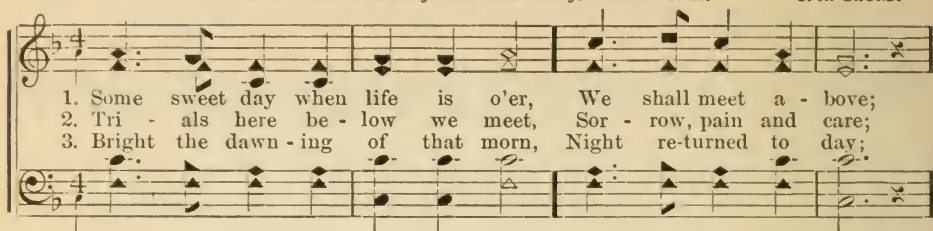
602

Some Sweet Day. 7s & 5s.

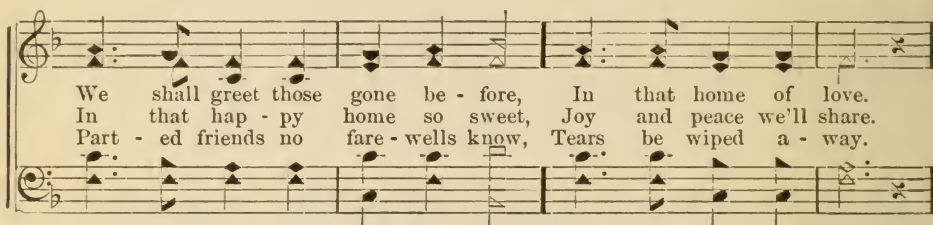
S. H. C.

Sorrow and Mourning Shall Flee Away.—Isaiah 51: 11.

S. H. CHORD.

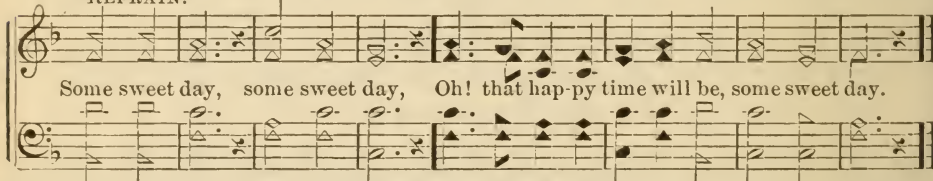


1. Some sweet day when life is o'er, We shall meet a - bove;
 2. Tri - als here be - low we meet, Sor - row, pain and care;
 3. Bright the dawn - ing of that morn, Night re - turned to day;



We shall greet those gone be - fore, In that home of love.
 In that hap - py home so sweet, Joy and peace we'll share.
 Part - ed friends no fare - wells know, Tears be wiped a - way.

REFRAIN.



Some sweet day, some sweet day, Oh! that hap - py time will be, some sweet day.

By permission The Home Music Co.

THE FAMILY—MORNING HYMNS.

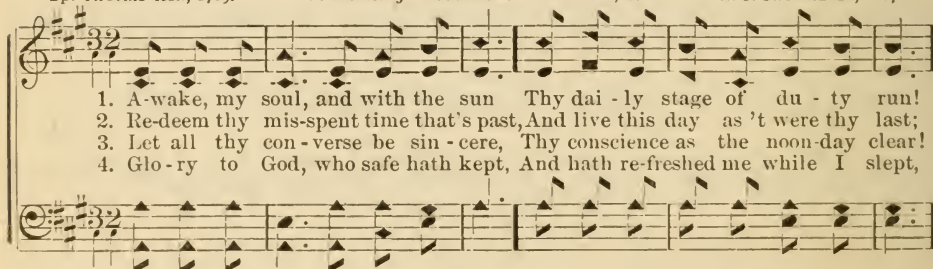
603

Watson. L. M.

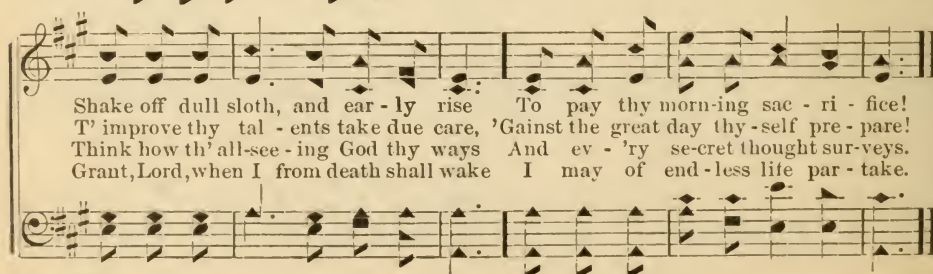
Bp. THOMAS KEN, 1709.

A Morning Invocation.—Psa. 57: 8, 9.

A. J. SHOWALTER, 1887.



1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run!
 2. Re - deem thy mis - spent time that's past, And live this day as 't were thy last;
 3. Let all thy con - verse be sin - cere, Thy conscience as the noon - day clear!
 4. Glo - ry to God, who safe hath kept, And hath re - freshed me while I slept,



Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice!
 T' improve thy tal - ents take due care, 'Gainst the great day thy - self pre - pare!
 Think how th' all - see - ing God thy ways And ev - 'ry se - cret thought sur - veys.
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake I may of end - less life par - take.

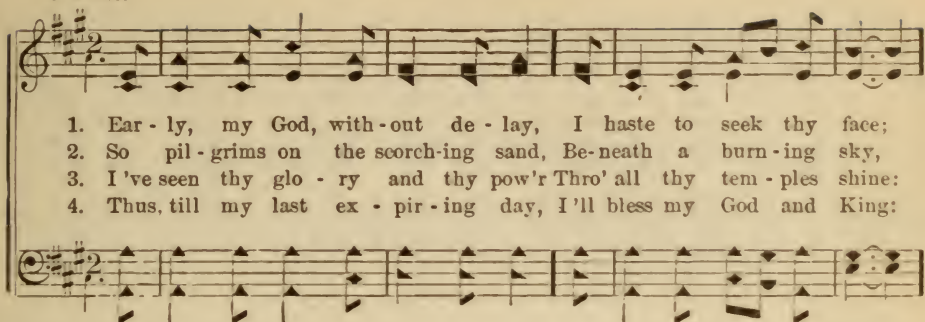
MORNING HYMNS.

604

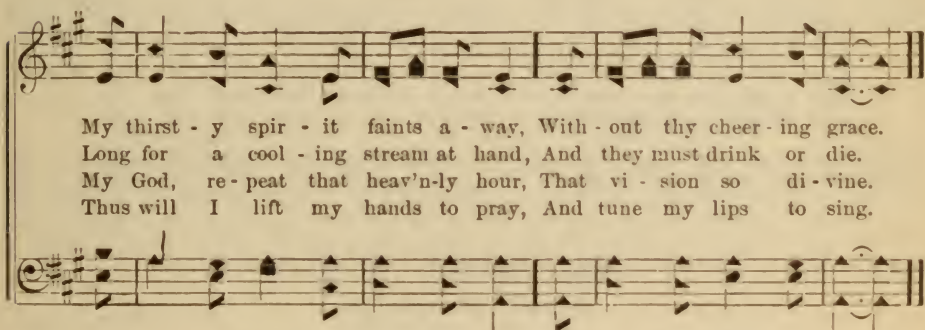
Mt. Hope. C. M.

Early Will I Seek Thee.—Psa. 63: 1.

I. WATTS.



1. Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face;
2. So pil - grims on the scorch - ing sand, Be - neath a burn - ing sky,
3. I've seen thy glo - ry and thy pow'r Thro' all thy tem - ples shine:
4. Thus, till my last ex - pir - ing day, I'll bless my God and King:



My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.
 Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.
 My God, re - peat that heav'n - ly hour, That vi - sion so di - vine.
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.

605

A Morning Prayer.
Psa. 5: 3.

C. M.

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there,
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

L. WATTS.

606

Morning Hymn.
Psa. 19: 2.

C. M.

- 1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide on the heaven, on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light:
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

I. WATTS.

607

Evan. C. M.

Divine Protection Acknowledged.—Psa. 3: 5.

Arr. by HAVERGALL, 1849.

1. My God was with me all the night, And gave me sweet re - pose;
 2. Now for the mer - cies of the night My hum - ble thanks I'll pay,
 3. In press - ing dan - gers, fears and death, Thy good - ness I'll a - dore,
 4. My life, if thou pre - serve my life, Thy sac - ri - fice shall be;

His an - gels watched me while I slept, Or I had nev - er rose.
 And un - to God I'll ded - i - cate, The first fruits of the day.
 And praise thee for thy mer - cies past, And hum - bly hope for more.
 And death, when death must be my lot, Shall join my soul to thee.

608

State Street. S. M.

Begin with God.—Matt. 6: 33.

J. C. WOODMAN, 1844.

1. Be - gin the day with God! He is thy sun and day;
 2. Look up, be - yond these clouds! Thith - er thy path - way lies;
 3. Cast ev - 'ry weight a - side! Do bat - tle with each sin;
 4. Take thy first walk with God! Let him go forth with thee;
 5. Thy first trans - ac - tion be With God him - self a - bove;

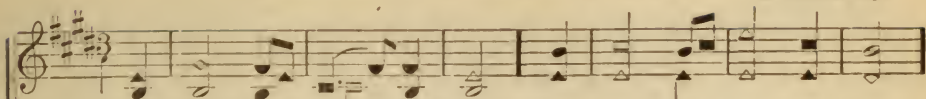
His is the ra - diance of thy dawn, To him ad - dress thy lay.
 Mount up, a - way, and lin - ger not, Thy goal is yon - der skies.
 Fight with the faith - less world with-out, The faith-less heart with - in.
 By stream or sea or moun-tain path, Seek still his com - pa - ny.
 So shall thy busi - ness pros - per well, And all the day be love.

609

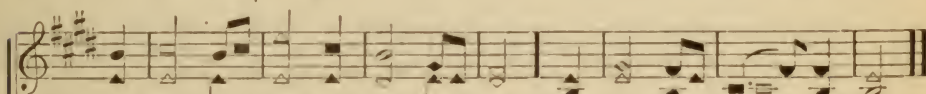
Golden Hill. S. M.

Morning Reminding Us of Eternity.—2 Cor. 5: 2.

A. CHAPIN, 1832.



1. The night is past and gone, The eve - ning shades are fled;
 2. We put our gar - ments on, Our la - bor to pur - sue;
 3. Lord, keep us safe this day, Sup - port us by thine arm;
 4. Now may we all as one The Chris - tian course pur - sue;
 5. And when our nights are past, And time bears us a - way,



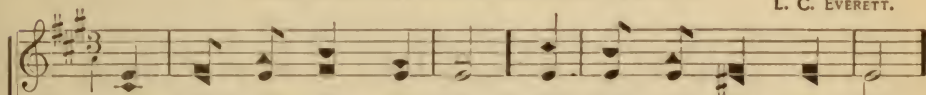
O may each morn - ing bring to mind Our ri - sing from the dead!
 So in the res - ur - rec - tion morn Saints shall be clothed a - new.
 May an - gels guard us on our way Se - cure from ev - 'ry harm.
 And with new strength and cour - age run To win the prize in view.
 May we pos - sess a crown of life In an e - ter - nal day.

610


McCoy. S. M.

Prayer at Evening, Morning and Noon.—Psa. 55: 17.

L. C. EVERETT.



1. Come to the morn - ing pray'r, Come, let us kneel and pray;
 2. At noon, be - neath the Rock Of A - ges, rest and pray;
 3. At eve, shut to the door, Round the home al - tar pray,
 4. When mid - night seals our eyes, Let each in spir - it say,



Pray'r is the Chris - tian pil - grim's staff To walk with God all day.
 Sweet is that shad - ow from the heat When the sun smites by day.
 And find - ing there "the house of God," At "heav'n's gate" close the day.
 "I sleep, but my heart wak - eth, Lord, With thee to watch and pray."

611

Lindale. L. M.

Hide Me Under the Shadow of Thy Wings.—Psa. 17: 8.

Bp. THOMAS KEN.

J. M. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings of the light:
 2. For - give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, What - ev - er ills this day I've done,
 3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed,
 4. O may my soul on thee re - pose, And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close,
 5. Let my blest guardian, while I sleep, Close to my bed his vig - ils keep;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Un - der thine own al - might - y wings.
 That with the world, my-self and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
 Teach me to die, that so I may Tri - um - phant rise at the last day.
 Sleep that may me more vig - rous make, To serve my God, when I a - wake.
 Let no vain dreams dis - turb my rest, Nor pow'rs of dark - ness me mo - lest.

612

Hebron. L. M.

Evening Hymn.—Psa. 4: 8.

I. WATTS.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro - longs my days,
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per - haps, am near my home!
 3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;
 4. Thus when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest be - neath the ground,

And ev - 'ry eve - ning shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.
 But he for - gives my fol - lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.
 While well - ap - point - ed an - gels keep Their watch - ful sta - tions round my bed.
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet sal - va - tion in the sound.

613

Notting Hill. C. M.

Cheerful Confidence.—Psa. 25: 6.

C. H. PURDY.

1. In mer-cy, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Thro' all the hours of night,
 2. With cheer-ful heart I close mine eyes, Since thou wilt not re-move:
 3. Or, if this night should prove my last, And end my tran-sient days,

And grant to me, most gra-cious-ly, The safe-guard of thy night.
 O, in the morn-ing let me rise Re-joic-ing in thy love.
 Lord, take me to thy prom-ised rest, Where I may sing thy praise.

614

Boardman. C. M.

The Evening Sacrifice.—Psa. 141: 2.


I. WATTS.

Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

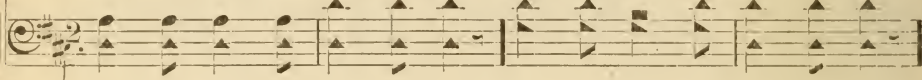

1. Now from the al-tar of my heart, Let in-cense flames a-rise;
 2. This day was God my sun and shield, My keep-er and my guide,
 3. Min-utes and mer-cies mul-ti-plicated Have made up all this day;
 4. New time, new fa-vor, and new joys, New songs of praise re-quire;
 5. Lord of my time, whose hand hath set New time up-on my score,

As-sist me, Lord, to of-fer up, My eve-ning sac-ri-fice.
 His ten-der care o'er me was shown, His mer-cies mul-ti-plicated.
 Min-utes came quick, but mer-cies were More fleet and free than they.
 Till I shall praise thee as I would, Ac-cept my heart's de-sire.
 Thee shall I praise for all my time, When time shall be no more.


Sabbath Evening. 7s.

Sabbath Evening Hymn.—Psa. 106: 3.


1. Ere an - oth - er Sab - bath's close, Ere a - gain we seek re - pose,
 2. For the mer - cies of the day, For this rest up - on the way;
 3. One there is at thy right hand, An - gels bow at his com - mand;
 4. By the mer - its of thy Son, By the vic - to - ry he won,
 5. Let these earth - ly Sab - baths prove Sweet fore - tastes of joys a - bove;

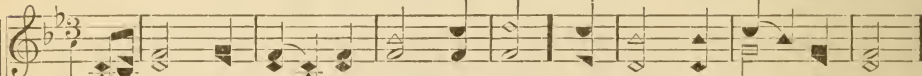
Lord, our song as - cends to thee, At thy feet we bow the knee.
 Thanks to thee a - lone be giv'n, Lord of earth and King of heav'n.
 Yet he suf - fered in our stead, And his wounds our par - don plead.
 Pard - 'ning grace and peace be - stow, Whilst we jour - ney here be - low.
 While their steps thy pil - grims bend To that rest which knows no end.



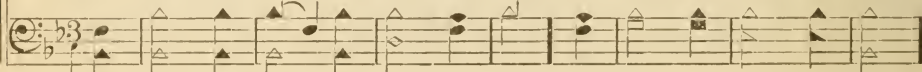
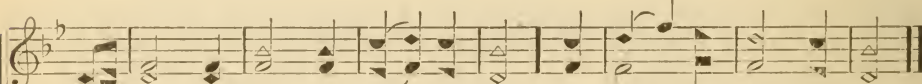
Jehovah. C. M.

A Review at the Close of the Day.—Eph. 1: 3.


J. M. SHOWALTER, by per.



1. Thou sov - reign, let my eve - ning song Like ho - ly in - cense rise;
 2. Thro' all the dan - gers of the day, Thy hand was still my guard,
 3. Per - pet - ual bless - ings from a - bove En - com - pass me a - round;
 4. Sprinkled a - fresh with pard - ning blood, I lay me down to rest,

As - sist the of - frings of my tongue To reach the loft - y skies.
 And still to drive my wants a - way Thy mer - cy stood pre - pared.
 But, O, how few re - turns of love Hath my Cie - a - tor found!
 As in th' em - bra - ces of my God, Or on my Sav - ior's breast.



EVENING HYMNS.

617

St. Bernard. C. M.

Self-examination.—Rom. 13: 11, 12.

J. RICHARDSON.

1. Now, O my soul! the cir - cling sun Has all his beams with-drawn;
 2. Thus one day more of life is gone, A doubt-ful few re - main:
 3. Dost thou get for - ward in thy race, As time still posts a - way?
 4. This day, what con - quest hast thou gained? What sin is o - ver-come?
 5. Thus let us still our course re - view, Our re - al state to learn;

Once more his dai - ly race is run, And gloom - y night comes on.
 Come, then, re - view what thou hast done E - ter - nal life to gain.
 And die to sin, and grow in grace, With ev - 'ry pass - ing day?
 What fresh de - gree of grace ob - tained, To bring thee near - er home?
 And with re - doub - led zeal pur - sue Our great and chief con - cern.

618

Evening. S. M.

J. LELAND.

Thoughts Suggested by Evening.—Psa. 4: 8.

A. CHAPIN.

1. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear,
 2. We lay our gar - ments by, Up - on our beds to rest;
 3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears;
 4. And if we ear - ly rise, And view th' un - wea - ried sun,
 5. And when our days are past, And we from time re - move,

O may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death draws near.
 So death will soon dis - robe us all Of what we here pos - sess.
 May an - gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.
 May we set out to win the prize, And aft - er glo - ry run!
 O may we in thy bos - om rest— The bos - om of thy love!

619

Evening Prayer. Ss & 7s.

JAS. EDMESTON.

The Safety of the Righteous, etc.—Job 5: 19-21.

WM. BEERY.

1. Sav - ior, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
 2. Though de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - rows past us fly,
 3. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from thee;
 4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us And com - mand us to the tomb,

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
 An - gel guards from thee sur - round us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.
 Thou art he who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where thy peo - ple be.
 May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in bright, e - ter - nal bloom.

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620

Berry. 8s & 7s.

C. C. Cox.

While I Was Musing.—Psa. 39: 3.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er round my low - ly door;
 2. O! the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Though the world be oft for - got;
 3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
 4. How such ho - ly mem - ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past;

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.
 O! the shroud - ed and the lone - ly— In our hearts they per - ish not.
 They un - linked with earth - ly troub - le, We, still hop - ing for its end.
 Point - ing up to that far heav - en We may hope to gain at last.

By permission.

EVENING HYMNS.

621

Sun of My Soul. L. M.

Luke 24: 29.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827.

P. RITTER, 1792.
Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1861.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - for dear, It is not night if thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out thee I can - not live;
 4. If some poor wan-d'ring child of thine hath spurned to-day the voice di - vine,
 5. Watch by the sick, en - rich the poor With bless-ings from thy bound-less store;
 6. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - lor's breast.
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be - gin, Let him no more lie down to sin.
 Be ev - 'ry mourner's sleep to - night, Like in-fant's slum - bers, pure and light.
 Till in the o - cean of thy love We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

TABLE HYMNS.

622

Adoration. L. M.

Be Content with Such Things as Ye Have.—Heb. 13: 5.

H.

1. If peace and plen - ty crown my days, Then help me, Lord, to sing thy praise;
 2. Be pres - ent at our ta - ble, Lord! Be here, and ev - 'ry - where a - dored!

If bread of sor - row be my food, Those sor - rows work my re - al good.
 Thy peo - ple bless, and grant that we May feast in par - a - dise with thee.

623

Give Thanks.—Psa. 106.

L. M.

624

Thou Preparest a Table.
Psa. 23: 5.

L. M.

- O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love.
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall forever last.
- Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
A tribute equal to his praise!

- Blessings to God, forever blest—
To God, the Master of the feast—
Who hath for us a table spread,
And from his hands are creatures fed.
- O, give us all a thankful heart;
Help us from evil to depart;
Our daily meat, Lord, let it be,
Thy will to do, and follow thee.

625

Home. S. M.

God the Fount of All Good.—James 1: 17.

W. L. MONTAGUE.



1. God is the foun - tain whence Ten thou - sand bless - ings flow;
2. The com - forts he af - fords Are nei - ther few nor small,
To him my life, my health and friends, And ev - 'ry good, I owe.
He is the source of fresh de - lights, My por - tion and my all.

626 *Divine Goodness.*—Psa. 103: 1. S. M.

(Tune: PRAYER. No. 336.)

- 1 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.
2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

627 *Thy Blessing Grant.*—Phil. 4: 19. 7s.

Son of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply our every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed;
From thy fullness we are fed.

I. WATTS.

PARENTAL HYMNS.

628

Gates. C. M.

The Happy Home.—John 17: 11.

T. J. GRIGGS.

Moderato.



1. Hap - py the home, when God is there, And love fills ev - 'ry breast;
2. Hap - py the home where Je - sus' name Is sweet to ev - 'ry ear;
3. Hap - py the home where pray'r is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
4. Lord! let us in our homes a - gree, This bless - ed peace to gain;
Where one their wish, and one their pray'r, And one their heav'n - ly rest.
Where chil - dren ear - ly lisp his fame And par - ents hold him dear.
Where par - ents love the sa - cred Word, And live but for the skies.
U - nite our hearts in love to thee, And love to all will reign.

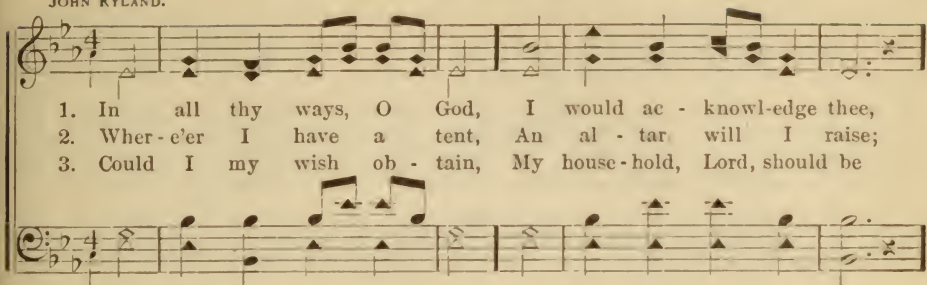
PARENTAL HYMNS.

629

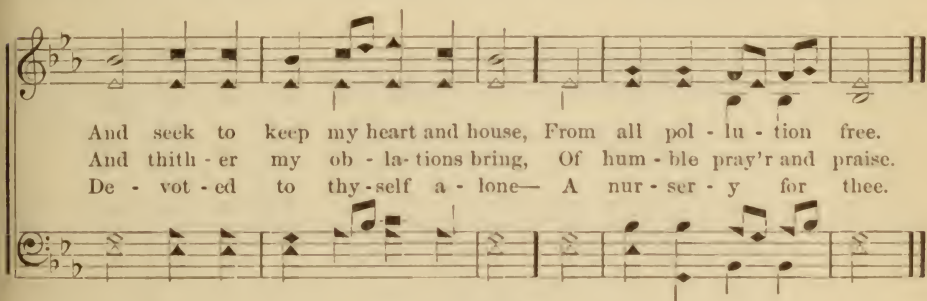
Webster. S. M.

In All Thy Ways Acknowledge Him.—Prov. 3: 6.

JOHN RYLAND.



1. In all thy ways, O God, I would ac - knowl-edge thee,
2. Wher-e'er I have a tent, An al - tar will I raise;
3. Could I my wish ob - tain, My house - hold, Lord, should be



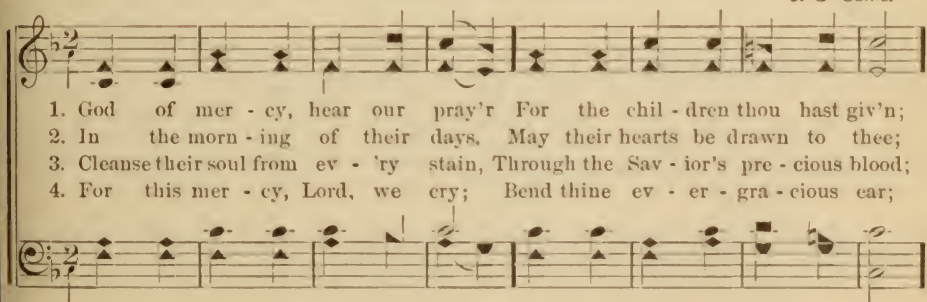
And seek to keep my heart and house, From all pol - lu - tion free.
And thith - er my ob - la-tions bring, Of hum - ble pray'r and praise.
De - vot - ed to thy-self a - lone— A nur - ser - y for thee.

630

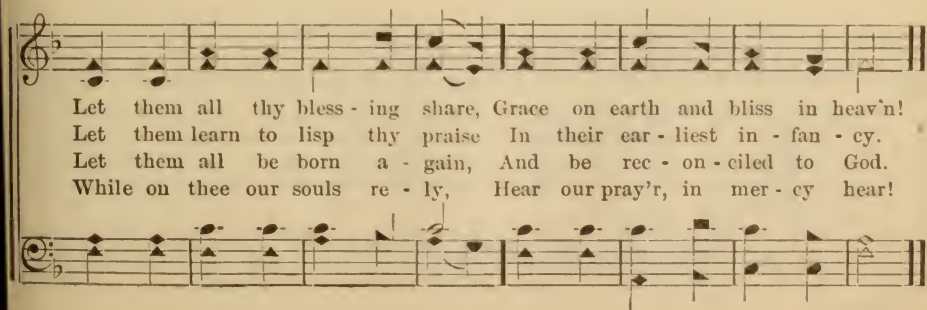
Clinton. 7s.

A Prayer of Parents for their Children.—3 John 4.

S. G. CLINE.



1. God of mer - cy, hear our pray'r For the chil - dren thou hast giv'n;
2. In the morn - ing of their days, May their hearts be drawn to thee;
3. Cleanse their soul from ev - 'ry stain, Through the Sav - ior's pre - cious blood;
4. For this mer - cy, Lord, we cry; Bend thine ev - er - gra - cious ear;



Let them all thy bless - ing share, Grace on earth and bliss in heav'n!
Let them learn to lisp thy praise In their ear - liest in - fan - cy.
Let them all be born a - gain, And be rec - on - ciled to God.
While on thee our souls re - ly, Hear our pray'r, in mer - cy hear!

631

Happy Home. 7s & 6s P. M.

A Friend Loveth at All Times.—Prov. 17: 17.

G. B. H.

1. { Sweet - est bonds of friend - ship here Bind our hearts to - geth - er; }
 { Where our fire - side com - forts cheer In the wild - est weath - er: }
 2. { Bonds of ev - er - last - ing love Draw our souls in un - ion }
 { To our Fa - ther's house a - bove, To the saints' com - mun - ion. }

O, they wan - der wide, who roam, For the joys of life, from home!
 Thith - er may our hopes as - cend; There may all our la - bors end!

YOUTH.

632

Security. C. M.

Early Instructions.—Prov. 4: 1, 5.

LOGAN.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. How hap - py are the young who hear In - struction's warning voice;
 2. For she has treas - ures great - er far Than east or west un-fold;
 3. She guides the young with in - no - cence In pleas - ure's path to tread;
 4. Ac - cord - ing as her la - bors rise, So her re - wards in - crease;

And who ce - les - tial wis - dom make Their ear - ly, on - ly choice.
 And her re - wards more pre - cious are Than all their stores of gold.
 A crown of glo - ry she be - stows Up - on the a - ged head.
 Her ways are ways of pleas - ant - ness, And all her paths are peace.

633

Grigg. C. M.

Before the Evil Days Come.—Ecc. 12: 1.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

1. O, in the morn of life, when youth With vi - tal ar - dor glows,
 2. Deep in thy soul, be - fore its pow'rs Are yet by vice en-slaved,
 3. Ere yet the shades of sor - row cloud The sun - shine of thy days,
 4. Ere yet thy heart the woes of age, With vain re - gret, de - plore,
 5. True wis - dom, ear - ly sought and gained, In age will give thee rest;

And shines in all the fair - est charms That beau - ty can dis - close—
 Be thy Cre - a - tor's glo - rious name And char - ac - ter en-graved;
 And cares and toils, in end - less round, En - com - pass all thy ways;
 And sad - ly muse on for - mer joys, That now re - turn no more.
 O then im - prove the morn of life, To make its eve - ning blest.

634

Solitude. C. M.

Youth the Seedtime of Life.—Gal. 6: 8.

JAMES VERY.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. The bud will soon be - come a flow'r, The flow'r be - come a seed,
 2. Do thy best al - ways—do it now; For in the pres - ent time,
 3. The sun and rain will ri - pen fast Each seed that thou hast sown,
 4. And soon the har - vest of thy toil, Re - joic - ing, thou shalt reap,

Then seize, O youth, the pres - ent hour: Of that thou hast most need.
 As in the fur - rows of a plow, Fall seeds of good or crime.
 And ev - 'ry act and word at last By its own fruit be known.
 Or o'er thy wild, neg - lect - ed soil Go forth in shame to weep.

635

By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill. C. M.

REGINALD HEBER.

Heb. 13: 5.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill, How fair the lil-y grows! How
 2. Lo! such the child, whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose
 3. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill, The lil-y must de-cay; The
 4. And soon, too soon, the win-try hour Of man's ma-tur-er age Will
 5. O thou who giv-est life and breath, We seek thy grace a-lone, In

sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew-y rose, Of Shar-on's dew-y rose!
 se-cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God, Is upward drawn to God.
 rose that blooms beneath the hill Must short-ly fade a-way, Must short-ly fade a-way.
 shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r And stormy passion's rage, And stormy passion's rage.
 childhood, manhood, age and death, To keep us still thine own, To keep us still thine own.

By permission.

636

Haven. C. M.

L. WATTS.

Benefits of Early Piety—Psa. 63: 1.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Hap-py is he whose ear-ly years Re-ceive in-struction well,
 2. 'Tis eas-ier work, if we be-gin To serve the Lord be-times:
 3. It saves us from a thou-sand snares, To mind re-lig-ion young:
 4. To thee, Al-might-y God! to thee Our hearts we now re-sign;
 5. Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise Em-ploy our dai-ly breath:

Who hates the sin-ner's path, and fears The road that leads to hell.
 While sin-ners who grow old in sin Are hard-ened by their crimes.
 With joy it crowns suc-ceed-ing years, And makes our vir-tues strong.
 'T will please us to look back and see That our whole lives were thine.
 Thus we're pre-pared for fu-ture days, Or fit for ear-ly death.

Scripture Instruction.—Psa. 119. 9.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, 1840.

I. WATTS.

1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts And guard their lives from sin?
 2. When once it en - ters in the mind. It spreads such light a - broad,
 3. 'Tis like the sun, a heav'n - ly light, That guides us all the day;
 4. Thy pre - cepts make me tru - ly wise; I hate the sin - ner's road—
 5. Thy Word is ev - er - last - ing truth; How pure is ev - 'ry page!

Thy Word the choic - est rules im - parts, To keep the con - science clean.
 The mean - est souls in - struc - tion find, And raise their thoughts to God.
 And through the dan - gers of the night A lamp to lead our way.
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise, But love thy law, my God.
 That ho - ly book shall guide our youth, And well sup - port our age.

Youth Invited to Christ.
Prov. 8: 17.

C. M.

- 1 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near:
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Savior's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain:
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'T is here I fix my lasting choice
And here true bliss I find.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Prayer for Young Persons.
3 Tim. 1: 7.

C. M.

- 1 Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 For you the public prayer is made,
O, join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed;
O, shed yourselves a tear!
- 5 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach:
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

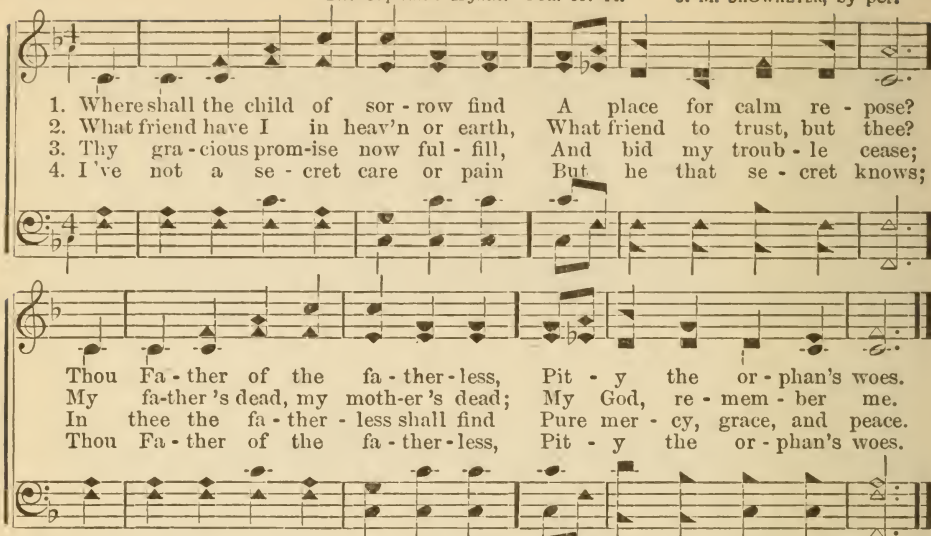
WM. COWPER.

640

Mt. Zion. C. M.

The Orphan's Hymn.—Psa. 10: 14.

J. M. SHOWALTER, by per.



1. Where shall the child of sor - row find A place for calm re - pose?
 2. What friend have I in heav'n or earth, What friend to trust, but thee?
 3. Thy gra - cious prom - ise now ful - fill, And bid my troub - le cease;
 4. I've not a se - cret care or pain But he that se - cret knows;

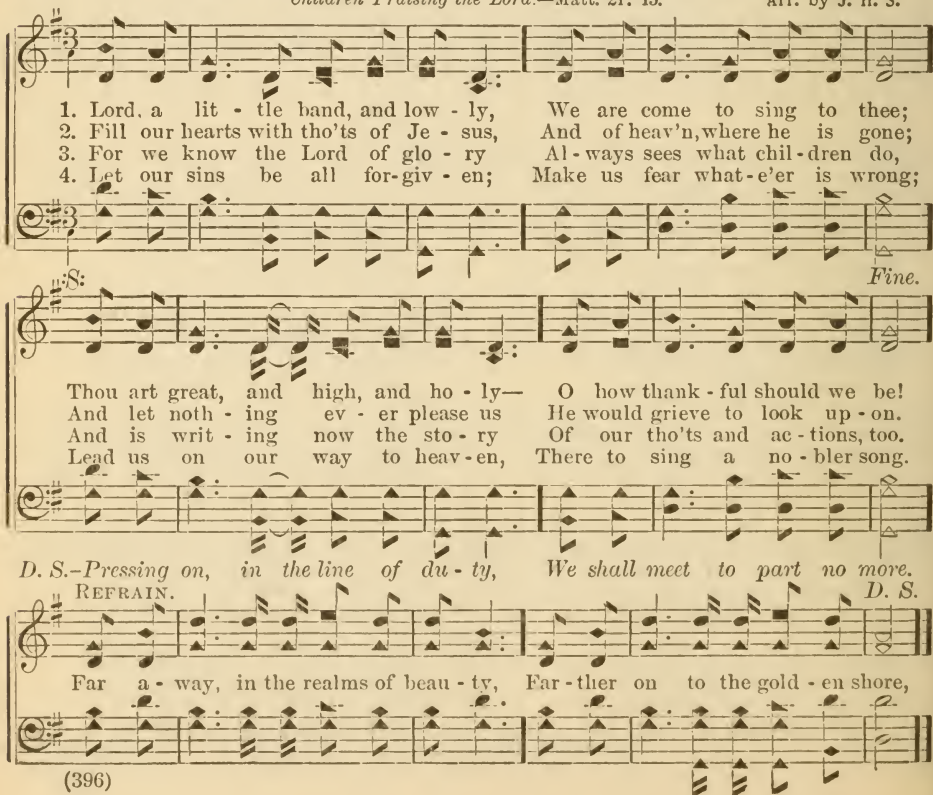
Thou Fa - ther of the fa - ther - less, Pit - y the or - phan's woes.
 My fa - ther's dead, my moth - er's dead; My God, re - mem - ber me.
 In thee the fa - ther - less shall find Pure mer - cy, grace, and peace.
 Thou Fa - ther of the fa - ther - less, Pit - y the or - phan's woes.

641

Childrens' Song of Praise. 8s & 7s.

Children Praising the Lord.—Matt. 21: 15.

Arr. by J. H. S.



1. Lord, a lit - tle band, and low - ly, We are come to sing to thee;
 2. Fill our hearts with tho'ts of Je - sus, And of heav'n, where he is gone;
 3. For we know the Lord of glo - ry Al - ways sees what chil - dren do,
 4. Let our sins be all for - giv - en; Make us fear what - e'er is wrong;

Thou art great, and high, and ho - ly— O how thank - ful should we be!
 And let noth - ing ev - er please us He would grieve to look up - on.
 And is writ - ing now the sto - ry Of our tho'ts and ac - tions, too.
 Lead us on our way to heav - en, There to sing a no - bler song.

Fine.

D. S.—Pressing on, in the line of du - ty, We shall meet to part no more.
 REFRAIN. D. S.

Far a - way, in the realms of beau - ty, Far - ther on to the gold - en shore,

642

Manchester. 8s & 7s.

Child's Evening Prayer.—Isalah 40: 11.

C. S. IKENBERRY.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me! Bless a lit - tle child to - night;
 2. All this day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care;
 3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the dark-ness be thou near me, Watch my sleep till morn-ing light.
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me, Lis - ten to my eve-ning pray'r.
 Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with thee to dwell.

643

Belleville. 7s & 6s.

Early Piety.—Ecc1, 12: 1.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Fine.

1. { Go thou in life's fair morn - ing, Go, in thy bloom of youth, }
 { And seek, for thine a - dorn - ing, The pre - cious pearl of truth; }
D. C.—And let no earth - ly pleas - ure E'er cause it to de - part.

D. C.
 Se - cure the heav'n - ly treas - ure, And bind it on thy heart;

By permission.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
 Go, while thy heart is light,
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,
 While every sense is bright:
 Sell all thou hast and buy it;
 'T is worth all earthly things—
 Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
 Scepters and crowns of kings.

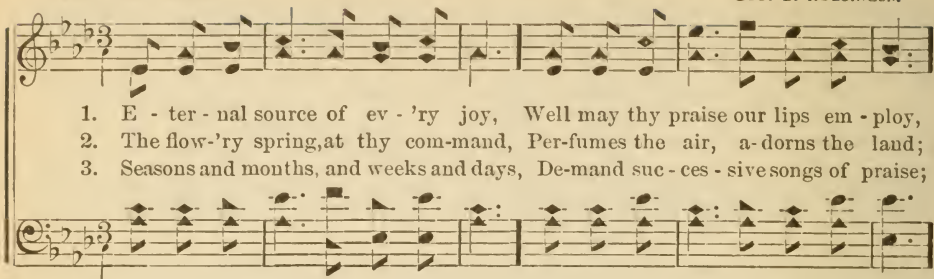
3 Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
 Steals o'er thy bloom of youth;
 Defer not till to-morrow;
 Go now, and buy the truth.
 Go, seek thy great Creator;
 Learn early to be wise;
 Go, place upon the altar
 A morning sacrifice.

Seasons. L. M. D.

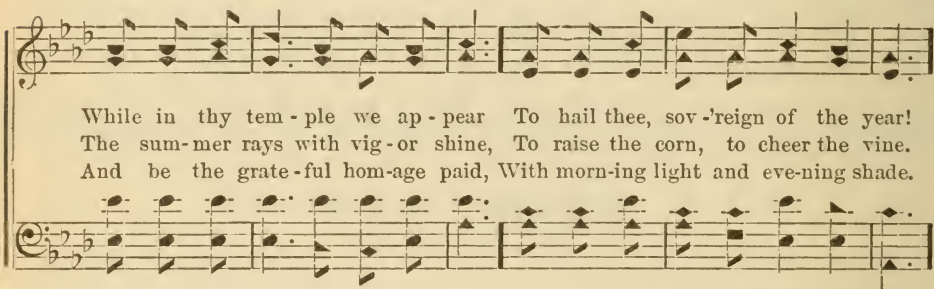
PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

In the Seasons.—Prov. 5: 8-10.

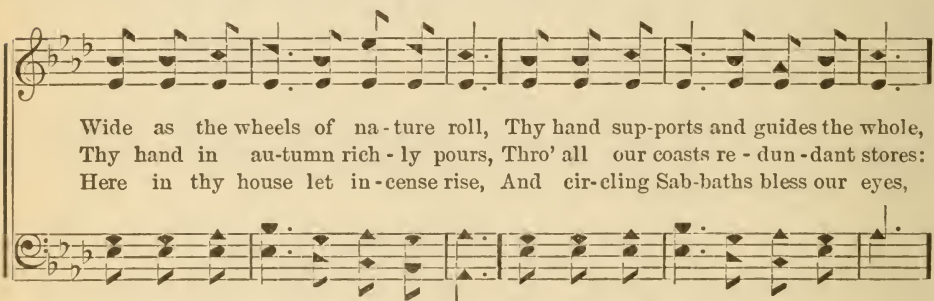
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



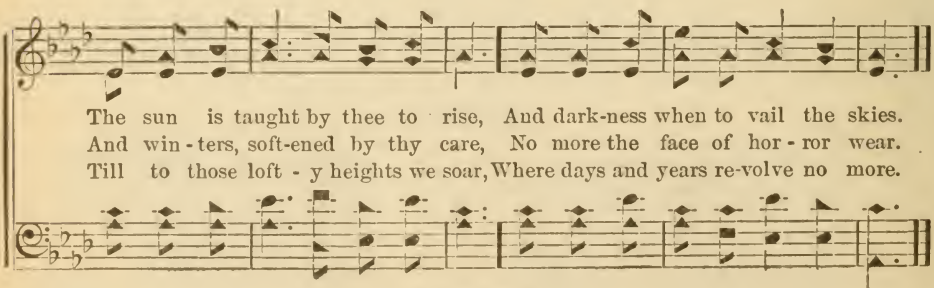
1. E - ter - nal source of ev - 'ry joy, Well may thy praise our lips em - ploy,
2. The flow - 'ry spring, at thy com - mand, Per - fumes the air, a - dorns the land;
3. Seasons and months, and weeks and days, De - mand suc - ces - sive songs of praise;



While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear To hail thee, sov - 'reign of the year!
The sum - mer rays with vig - or shine, To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.
And be the grate - ful hom - age paid, With morn - ing light and eve - ning shade.



Wide as the wheels of na - ture roll, Thy hand sup - ports and guides the whole,
Thy hand in au - tumn rich - ly pours, Thro' all our coasts re - dun - dant stores:
Here in thy house let in - cense rise, And cir - cling Sab - baths bless our eyes,



The sun is taught by thee to rise, And dark - ness when to vail the skies.
And win - ters, soft - ened by thy care, No more the face of hor - ror wear.
Till to those loft - y heights we soar, Where days and years re - volve no more.

By permission.

Meditation. C. M.

Reflections at the End of the Year.—Rom. 13: 11, 12.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. And now, my soul, an - oth - er year, Of thy short life is past;
 2. Much of my ha - sty life is gone, Nor will re - turn a - gain;
 3. A - wake, my soul, with ut - most care Thy true con - di - tion learn:
 4. Be - hold, an - oth - er year be - gins; Set out a - fresh for heav'n;
 5. De - vout - ly yield thy - self to God, And on his grace de - pend;

I can - not long con - tin - ue here, And this may be my last.
 And swift my pass - ing mo - ments run— The few that yet re - main.
 What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair? What is thy great con - cern?
 Seek par - don for thy for - mer sins, In Christ so free - ly giv'n.
 With zeal pur - sue the heav'n - ly road, Nor doubt a hap - py end.

646 *New Year's Day.—Psa. 90: 16.* C. M.

- 1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known,
Now, let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Savior's name,
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free,
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.
- 4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.
- 5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

JOHN NEWTON.

647 *Spring.—Cant. 2: 11, 12.* C. M.

- 1 When brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joys arise!
What prospects bright appear!
- 2 Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.
- 3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.
- 4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Savior rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.
- 5 No winter there, no shades of night,
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

WM. PEABODY.

648

Ozie. C. M.

JOHN NEEDHAM.

Summer: A Harvest Hymn.—Isaiah 9: 3.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. To praise the ev - er - boun - teous Lord, My soul, wake all thy pow'rs:
 2. His cov - e - nant with earth he keeps; My tongue, his good - ness sing;
 3. Well pleased, the toil - ing swains be - hold The wav - ing, yel - low crop;
 4. Thus teach me, gra - cious God, to sow The seeds of right - eous - ness;
 5. Then, in the last great har - vest, I Shall reap a glo - rious crop;

He calls—and at his voice come forth The smil - ing har - vest hours.
 Sum - mer and win - ter know their time; His har - vest crowns the spring.
 With joy they bear the sheaves a - way, And sow a - gain in hope.
 Smile on my soul, and with thy beams The rip - 'ning har - vest bless.
 The har - vest shall by far ex - ceed What I have sowed in hope.

649

Stockwell. Ss & 7s.

HORNE.

Autumn.—Eccl. 11: 9.

D. E. JONES.

1. See the leaves a - round us fall - ing, Dry and with - ered, to the ground,
 2. "Youth, on length of days pre - sum - ing, Who the paths of pleas - ure tread,
 3. "What tho' yet no loss - es grieve you— Gay with health and man - y a grace;
 4. On the tree of life e - ter - nal Let our high - est hopes be stayed:

Thus to thought - less mor - tals call - ing, In a sad and sol - emn sound—
 View us, late in beau - ty bloom - ing, Num - bered now a - mong the dead.
 Let not cloud - less skies de - ceive you; Sum - mer gives the au - tumn place."
 This a - lone, for - ev - er ver - nal, Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Come, Let Us Anew. P. M.

C. WESLEY.

New Year.—Phil. 3: 13, 14.

JAMES LUCAS.

1. Come, let us a - new our jour - ney pur - sue— Roll
 2. Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream, Glides
 3. O that each in the day of his com - ing may say: I have

round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear;
 swift - ly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive mo - ment re - fus - es to stay;
 fought my way thro'; I have fin - ished the work thou didst give me to do.

His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fill, And our
 The ar - row is flown; the mo - ment is gone; The mil -
 O that each from his Lord may hear the glad word: "Well and

tal - ents im - prove By the pa - tience of hope, and the
 len - ni - al year Rush - es on to our view— and e
 faith - ful - ly done; En - ter in - to my joy, and sit

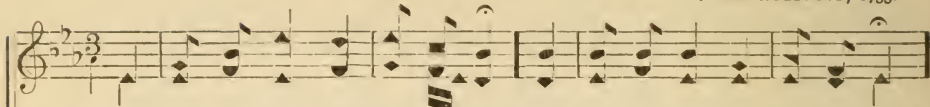
la - bors of love, By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bors of love.
 ter - ni - ty's near, Rush - es on to our view— and e - ter - ni - ty's near.
 down on my throne, En - ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne."

651

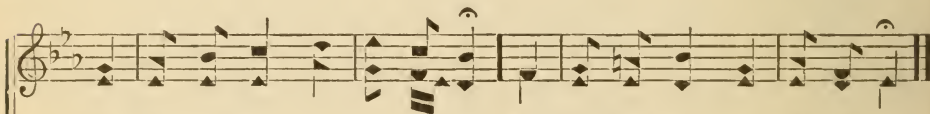
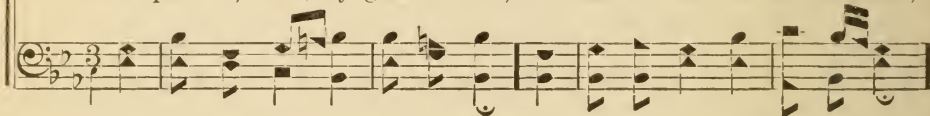
Wells. L. M.

The Season of Harvest Suggestive.—Psa. 65: 11-13.

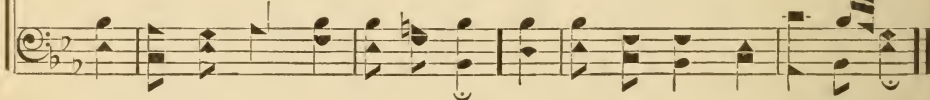
ISRAEL HOLDROYD, 1753.



1. Great God, as sea - sons dis - ap - pear, And chang - es mark the roll - ing year;
2. Long has thy fa - vor crowned our days, And sum - mer shed a - gain its rays;
3. Our har - vest months have o'er us rolled, And filled our fields with wav - ing gold;
4. The sol - emn har - vest comes a - pace, The clos - ing day of life and grace:
5. Pre - pare us, Lord, by grace di - vine, Like stars in heav'n to rise and shine;



- As time with rap - id pin - ions flies, May ev - 'ry sea - son make us wise.
 No dead - ly cloud our sky has veiled; No blast - ing winds our path as - sailed.
 Our ta - bles spread, our gar - ners stored! Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?
 Time of de - ci - sion, aw - ful hour! A - round it let no tem - pests low'r!
 Then shall our hap - py souls a - bove Reap the full har - vest of thy love!



652

Grateful Review.—Heb. 13: 6. L. M.

- 1 Our helper, God, we bless thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

(402)

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God Acknowledged, etc.—Jer. 10: 7. L. M.

- 1 Great God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our Guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

THANKSGIVING.

654

Baca. L. M.

I. WATTS.

Praise for National Blessings.—Psa. 100: 2.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Al-might-y Sov'-reign of the skies, To thee let songs of glad-ness rise,
2. From thee our choic-est bless-ings flow, Life, health and strength thy hands be-stow;
3. The rich pro-fu-sion na-ture yields, The bar-vest wav-ing o'er the fields,
4. At thy com-mand the ver-nal bloom Re-vives the world from win-ter's gloom.

Each grate-ful heart its trib-ute bring, And ev-'ry voice thy good-ness sing,
The dai-ly good thy crea-tures share Springs from thy prov-i-den-tial care,
The cheer-ing light, re-fresh-ing show'r, Are gifts from thy ex-haust-less store,
The sum-mer's heat the fruit ma-tures, And au-tumn all her treas-ures pours,

And ev-'ry voice thy goodness sing,
Springs from thy prov-i-den-tial care,
Are gifts from thy ex-haust-less store,
And au-tumn all her treas-ures pours.

5 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, parental joys;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

6 Let every power of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the Majesty divine.

655

Fountain of Mercy. C. M.

JOHN NEEDHAM.

Seedtime and Harvest.—Gen. 8: 22.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Foun-tain of mer-cy, God of love, How rich thy boun-ties are!
2. When in the bos-om of the earth The sow-er hid the grain,
3. The spring's sweet in-fluence, Lord, was thine; The plants in beau-ty grew;
4. These var-ied mer-cies from a-bove Ma-tured the swell-ing grain:
5. We own and bless thy gra-cious sway, Thy hand all na-ture hails:

The chang-ing sea-sons as they move, Pro-claim thy con-stant care.
Thy good-ness marked its se-cret birth, And sent the ear-ly rain.
Thou gav'st re-ful-gent suns to shine, And soft, re-fresh-ing dew.
A kind-ly har-vest crowns thy love, And plen-ty fills the plain.
Seed-time nor har-vest, night nor day, Sum-mer nor win-ter fails.

656

Praise to God. 7s.

God the Source of Every Blessing.—James 1: 17.

MRS. ANNA L. B. BAULD.

W. H. RUEBUSH, by per.

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
 2. For the bless - ings of the field, For the stores the gar - dens yield;
 3. Flocks that whit - en all the plain; Yel - low sheaves of rip - ened grain;
 4. All that spring, with boun - teous hand, Scat - ters o'er the smil - ing land;
 5. These to thee, my God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow;

Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.
 For the fruits in full sup - ply, Rip - ened neath the sum - mer sky;
 Clouds that drop their fat - t'ning dews; Suns that tem - p'rate warmth dif - fuse;
 All that lib - ral au - tumn pours From her rich, o'er - flow - ing stores;
 And for these my soul shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.

657

Day Dawn. C. M.

A Thanksgiving Hymn.—Psa. 147: 7.

I. WATTS.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high;
 2. He sends his show'rs of bless - ings down, To cheer the plains be - low;
 3. His stead - y coun - sels change the face Of the de - clin - ing year;
 4. His hoar - y frost, his fleec - y snow, De - scend and clothe the ground;
 5. He sends his word, and melts the snow, The fields no long - er mourn;
 6. The chang - ing wind, the fly - ing cloud, O - bey his might - y word;

O - ver the heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.
 He makes the grass the moun - tains crown, And corn in val - leys grow.
 He bids the sun cut short his race, And win - try days ap - pear.
 The liq - uid streams for - bear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound.
 He calls the warm - er gales to blow, And bids the spring re - turn.
 With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Praise ye the sov - 'reign Lord.

THANKSGIVING.

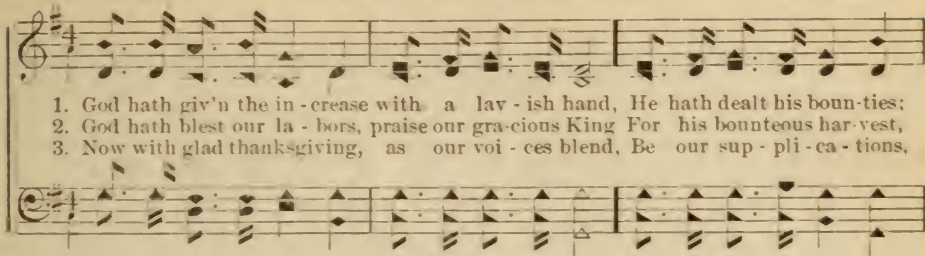
658

God Gave the Increase. 6s & 5s D.

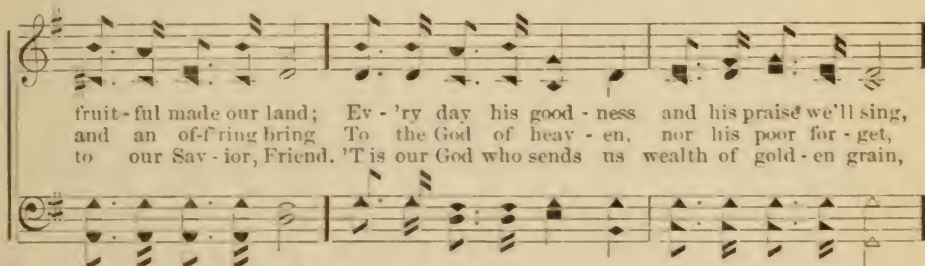
LAURA E. NEWELL.

But God Gave the Increase.—1 Cor. 3: 6.

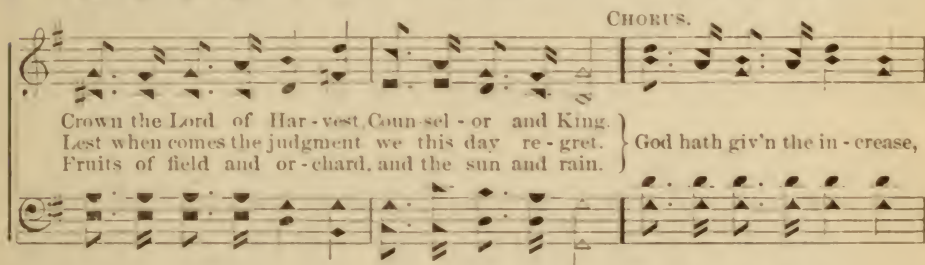
B. C. UNSELD.



1. God hath giv'n the in - crease with a lav - ish hand, He hath dealt his boun - ties;
 2. God hath blest our la - bors, praise our gra - cious King For his bon - teous har - vest,
 3. Now with glad thanksgiving, as our voi - ces blend, Be our sup - pli - ca - tions,

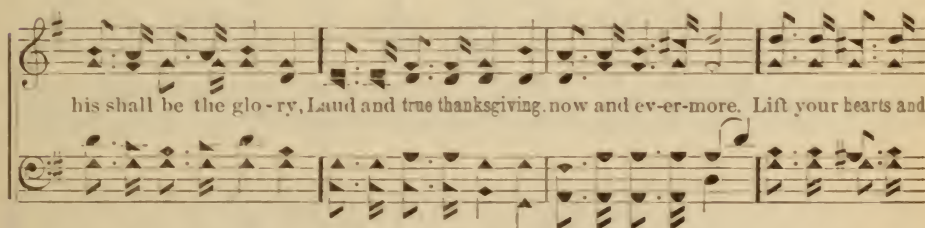


fruit - ful made our land; Ev - 'ry day his good - ness and his praise we'll sing,
 and an of - f'ring bring To the God of heav - en, nor his poor for - get,
 to our Sav - ior, Friend, 'Tis our God who sends us wealth of gold - en grain,

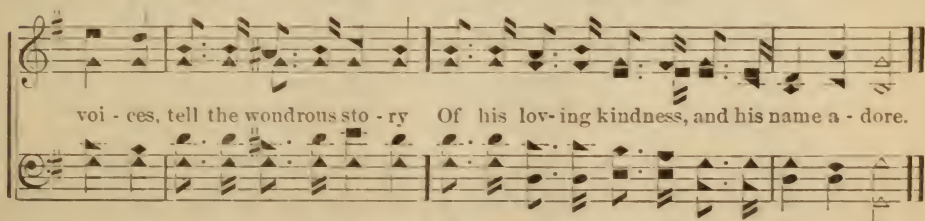


CHORUS.

Crown the Lord of Har - vest Coun - sel - or and King.
 Lest when comes the judgment we this day re - gret.
 Fruits of field and or - chard, and the sun and rain. } God hath giv'n the in - crease,



his shall be the glo - ry, Laud and true thanksgiving, now and ev - er - more. Lift your hearts and



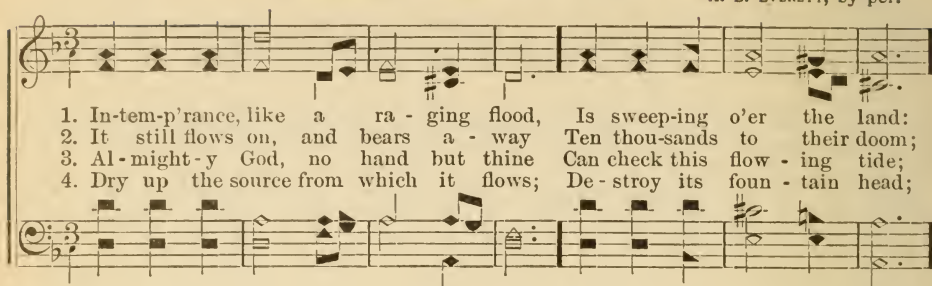
voi - ces, tell the wondrous sto - ry Of his lov - ing kindness, and his name a - dore.

659

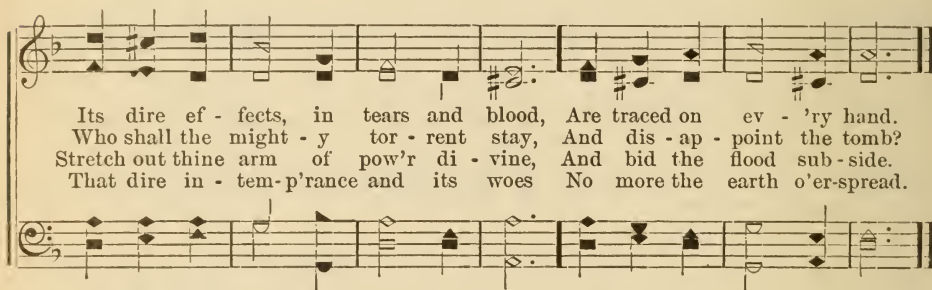
Enon. C. M.

The Prevalence of Intemperance.—Isaiah 28: 7.

A. B. EVERETT, by per.



1. In-tem-p'rance, like a ra - ging flood, Is sweep-ing o'er the land;
 2. It still flows on, and bears a - way, Ten thou-sands to their doom;
 3. Al-might-y God, no hand but thine Can check this flow - ing tide;
 4. Dry up the source from which it flows; De - stroy its foun - tain head;



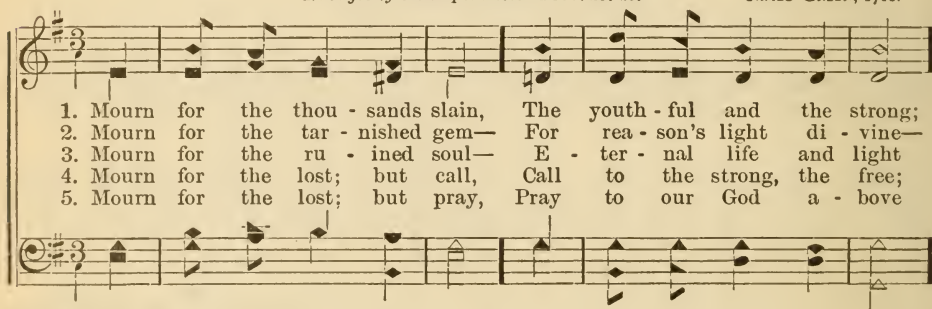
Its dire ef - fects, in tears and blood, Are traced on ev - 'ry hand.
 Who shall the might - y tor - rent stay, And dis - ap - point the tomb?
 Stretch out thine arm of pow'r di - vine, And bid the flood sub-side.
 That dire in - tem-p'rance and its woes No more the earth o'er-spread.

660

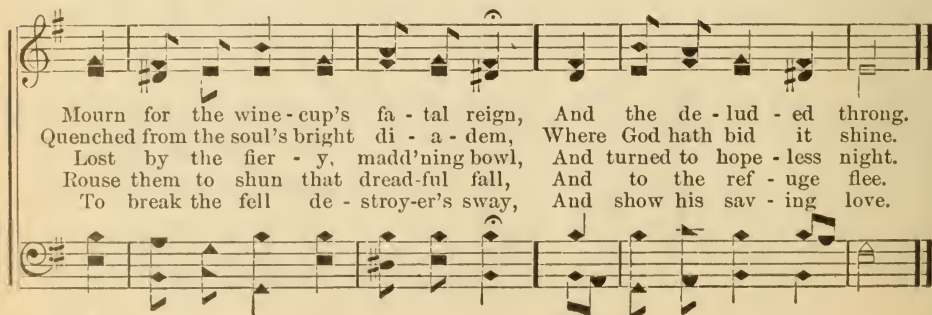
Aylesbury. S. M.

Ravages of Intemperance.—Prov. 23: 29.

JAMES GREEN, 1710.



1. Mourn for the thou - sands slain, The youth - ful and the strong;
 2. Mourn for the tar - nished gem— For rea - son's light di - vine—
 3. Mourn for the ru - ined soul— E - ter - nal life and light
 4. Mourn for the lost; but call, Call to the strong, the free;
 5. Mourn for the lost; but pray, Pray to our God a - bove



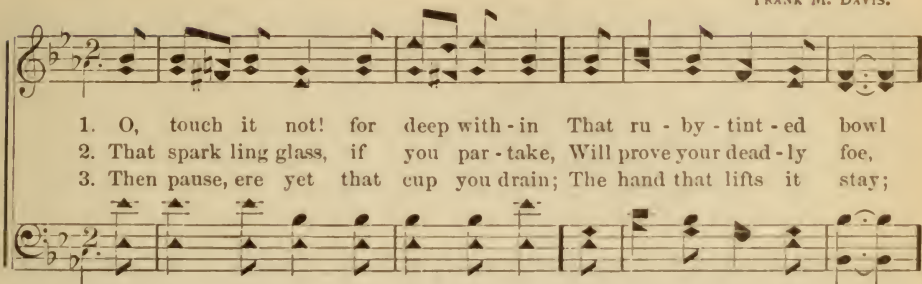
Mourn for the wine-cup's fa - tal reign, And the de - lud - ed throng.
 Quenched from the soul's bright di - a - dem, Where God hath bid it shine.
 Lost by the fier - y, madd'ning bowl, And turned to hope - less night.
 Rouse them to shun that dread-ful fall, And to the ref - uge flee.
 To break the fell de - stroy-er's sway, And show his sav - ing love.

661

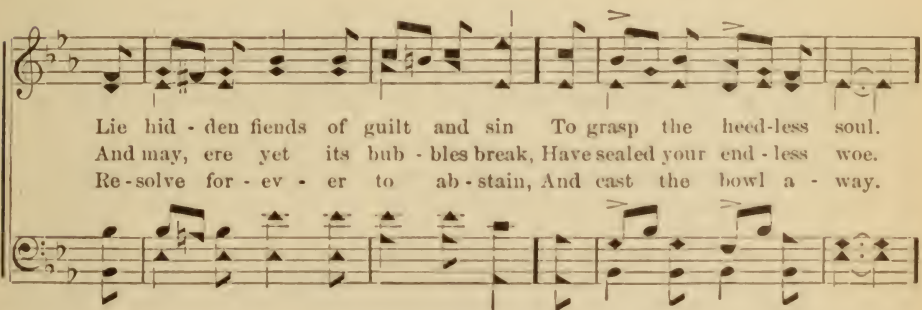
O, Touch Not the Wine-Cup! C. M.

Touch Not, Taste Not, Handle Not.—Col. 2: 21.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

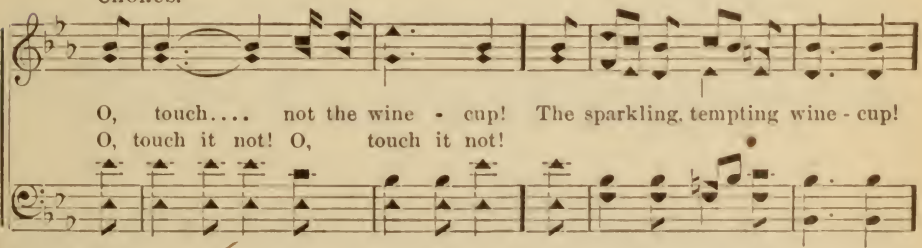


1. O, touch it not! for deep with-in That ru - by - tint - ed bowl
 2. That spark ling glass, if you par - take, Will prove your dead - ly foe,
 3. Then pause, ere yet that cup you drain; The hand that lifts it stay;

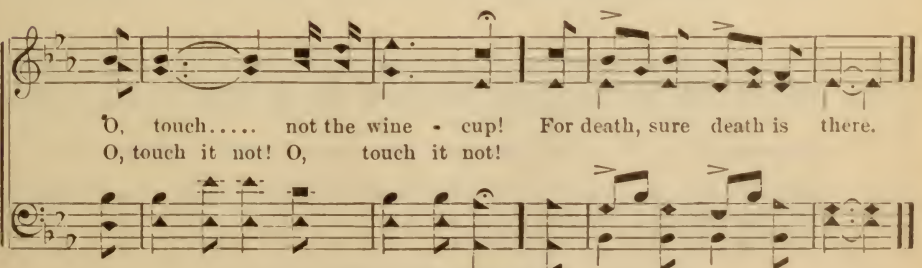


Lie hid - den fiends of guilt and sin To grasp the heed-less soul.
 And may, ere yet its bub - bles break, Have sealed your end - less woe.
 Re - solve for - ev - er to ab - stain, And cast the bowl a - way.

CHORUS.



O, touch.... not the wine - cup! The sparkling, tempting wine - cup!
 O, touch it not! O, touch it not!



O, touch.... not the wine - cup! For death, sure death is there.
 O, touch it not! O, touch it not!

Who Hath Sorrow? 7s.

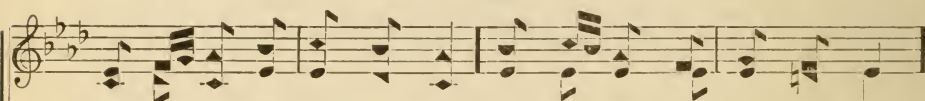
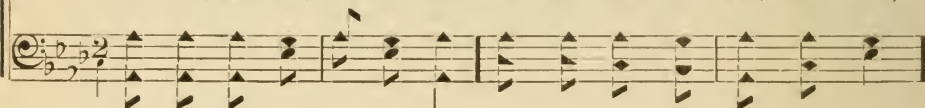
Rev. J. B. ATCHISON.

Prov. 23: 29, 30.

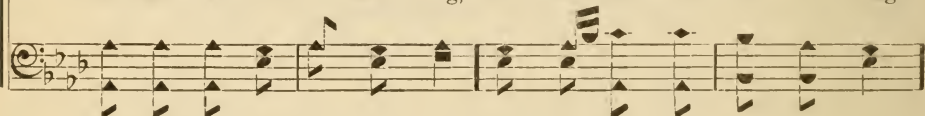
W. S. MARSHALL.



1. Who hath sor-row? who hath woe? They who dare not an-swer, "No!"
2. Who hath babblings? who hath strife? He who leads a drunk-ard's life,
3. Who hath wounds without a cause? He who breaks God's ho-ly laws;
4. Who hath red-ness in the eyes? Who bring pov-er-ty and sighs
5. Touch not, taste not, han-dle not; Wine will make a dark, dark blot;



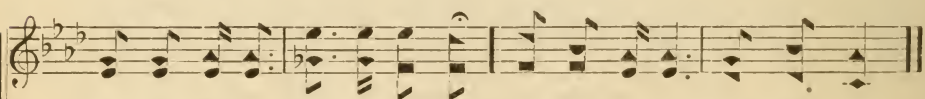
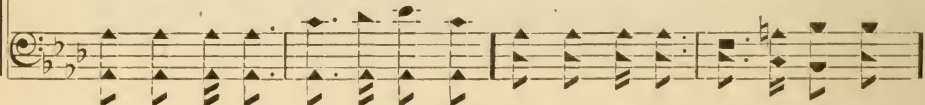
They whose feet to sin in-cline; They who tar-ry long at wine.
 He who scorns the Lord di-vine; He who goes to seek mixed wine.
 He whose loved ones weep and pine While he tar-ries at the wine.
 In-to homes al-most di-vine? They who tar-ry at the wine.
 Like an ad-der it will sting, And at last to ru-in bring.



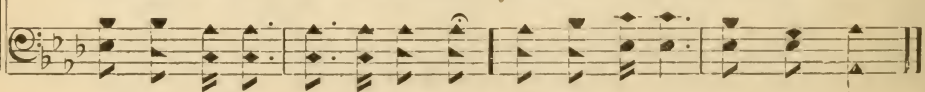
CHORUS.



They who tar-ry at the wine cup, They who tar-ry at the wine cup,



They who tar-ry at the wine cup, They have sor-row; they have woe.



Used by per. of D. C. Cook.

Say "No."

Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20: 1.

M. SNYDER.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. When you are temp-ted the wine to drink, Pause a mo-ment, my
 2. Think of a moth-er's grief and pain; Think of tears that will
 3. Think of a man-hood's taint-ed breath; Of the sor-row and
 4. Think of lone graves, un-wept, un-known, Hid-ing the hopes that were
 5. Think of the de-mon that fills the bowl, Bring-ing ru-in to

friend, and think! Think of the wrecks on life's o - cean tossed,
 fall like rain; Think of her heart, and the cru - el blow;
 pain and death; Think of the home that is dark with woe,
 once your own; Think of loved forms in the dust laid low,
 life and soul; Think of all this as life's path you go,

CHORUS.

All for the fail - ure to count the cost. An - swer them "No,"
 Think of her love, and then an - swer "No."
 On - ly be - cause you did not say "No."
 Who would be here had they an - swered "No."
 And when you're temp - ted, say, bold - ly, "No."

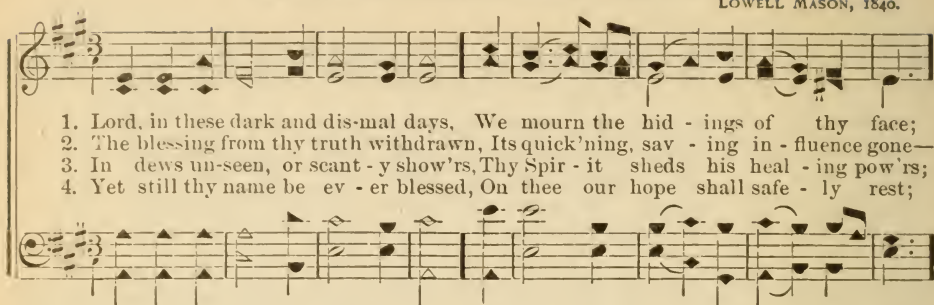
answer them "No;" When you are tempted, bold-ly say "No;" bold - ly say "No."

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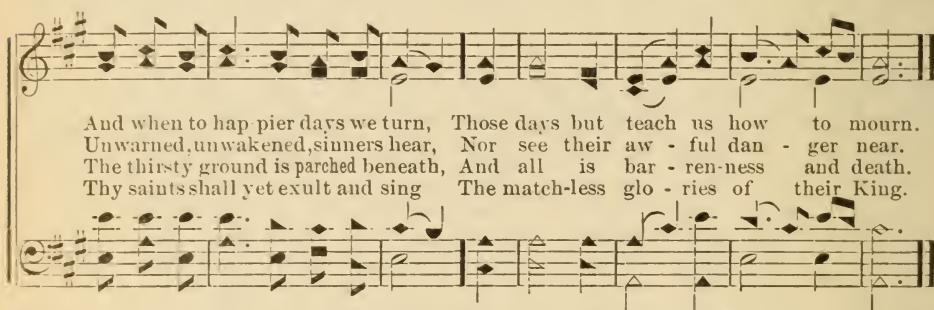
Migdol. L. M.

For the Hiding of God's Countenance.—Isalah 8: 17.

LOWELL MASON, 1840.



1. Lord, in these dark and dis-mal days, We mourn the hid - ings of thy face;
 2. The blessing from thy truth withdrawn, Its quick'ning, sav - ing in - fluence gone—
 3. In dew's un-seen, or scant - y show'rs, Thy Spir - it sheds his heal - ing pow'rs;
 4. Yet still thy name be ev - er blessed, On thee our hope shall safe - ly rest;



And when to hap - pier days we turn, Those days but teach us how to mourn.
 Unwarned, unawakened, sinners hear, Nor see their aw - ful dan - ger near.
 The thirsty ground is parched beneath, And all is bar - ren-ness and death.
 Thy saints shall yet exult and sing The match-less glo - ries of their King.

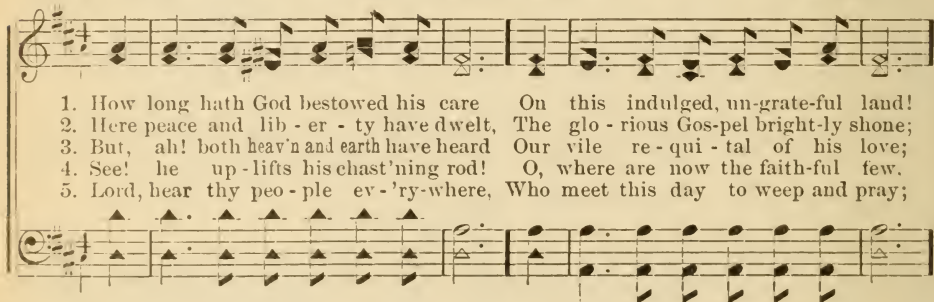
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Melmore. L. M.

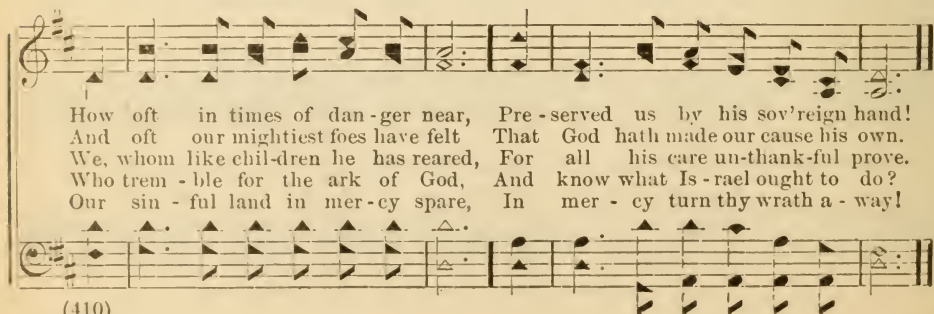
JOHN NEWTON.

National Ingratitude. Mat. 3: 7.

W. MARTIN.



1. How long hath God bestowed his care On this indulged, un-grate-ful land!
 2. Here peace and lib - er - ty have dwelt, The glo - rious Gos-pel bright-ly shone;
 3. But, ah! both heav'n and earth have heard Our vile re-qui - tal of his love;
 4. See! he up - lifts his chast'ning rod! O, where are now the faith-ful few.
 5. Lord, hear thy peo - ple ev - 'ry-where, Who meet this day to weep and pray;

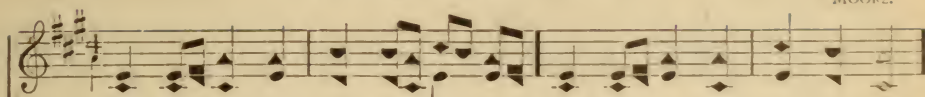


How oft in times of dan-ger near, Pre-served us by his sov'reign hand!
 And oft our mightiest foes have felt That God hath made our cause his own.
 We, whom like chil-dren he has reared, For all his care un-thank-ful prove.
 Who trem - ble for the ark of God, And know what Is - rael ought to do?
 Our sin - ful land in mer-cy spare, In mer - cy turn thy wrath a - way!


Holy Manna. 8s & 7s.

We Have Met to Worship.—Heb. 10: 25.

MOORE.




1. Breth - ren, we have met to wor - ship And a - dore the Lord our God:
 2. Breth - ren, see poor sin - ners round you Slum - b'ring on the brink of woe;
 3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us, While we speak the Gos - pel true?
 4. Let us love our God su - preme - ly, Let us be to Je - sus true;
 * 5. Christ will call us home to heav - en; At his ta - ble we'll sit down;

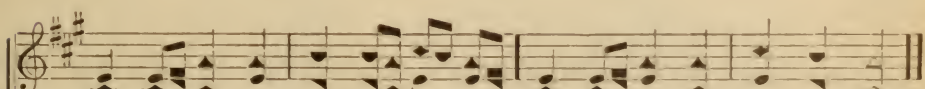


Will you pray with all your pow - er While we try to preach the Word?
 Sin al - lures them, death is com - ing, Can you bear to let them go?
 Will you tell to trem - bling sin - ners, "Je - sus waits to wel - come you"?
 Let us love and pray for sin - ners, Till our God makes all things new.
 Christ will gird him - self and serve us With sweet man - na all a - round.

CHORUS.



All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down.



Breth - ren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show - ered all a - round.

* 5th stanza not in hymn book.

667

Beloved. 11s & 8s.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

My Hope, My Salvation, My All.—Psa. 23.

FREEMAN LEWIS, 1813.

1. O thou in whose pres-ence my soul takes de - light, On
 2. Where dost thou at noon-tide re - sort with thy sheep To
 3. Dear Shep - herd, I hear and will fol - low thy call; I

whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com - fort by day and my
 feed on the pas - tures of love? O why in the val - ley of
 know the sweet sound of thy voice; Re - store and de - fend me, for

song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.
 death should I weep, Or a - lone in the wil - der - ness rove?
 thou art my all, And in thee I will ev - er re - joice.

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The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever, A - men.

The Sunday-School Army.

Isalah 35: 10.

E. R. LATTA.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. I hear the sound of march-ing feet, It is the Sun-day-school ar - my!
 2. I see a count-less mul - ti - tude, It is the Sun-day-school ar - my!
 3. They do not strive with sword and spear, The faith-ful Sun-day-school ar - my!
 4. They go with pray'r and song and shout, The trust-ing Sun-day-school ar - my!
 5. They're bidding us to go a - long, The joy - ful Sun day-school ar - my!

In win - ter's cold and sum-mer's heat, It is the Sun-day-school ar - my!
 They're bat-tling for the good and true, The val - iant Sun-day-school ar - my!
 But with God's ho - ly Word ap - pear, The conqu'ring Sun-day-school ar - my!
 The hosts of sin can-not hold out A-gainst the Sun-day-school ar - my!
 O, let us join the heav'n-bound throng, The Sav-ior's Sun-day-school ar - my!

CHORUS.

They're marching on the King's highway, The King's highway, the King's highway,

To re - gions of e - ter - nal day, The might - y Sun-day-school ar - my!

Throw Out the Life-Line.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

Matt. 14: 30.

E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan - ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in
 4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they

broth - er whom some one should save; Some - bod - y's broth - er! oh,
 tar - ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing, oh,
 an - guish where you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and
 drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth - er, no

who, then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
 ha - sten to - day And out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!
 bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
 time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.

CHORUS.

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift ing a - way;

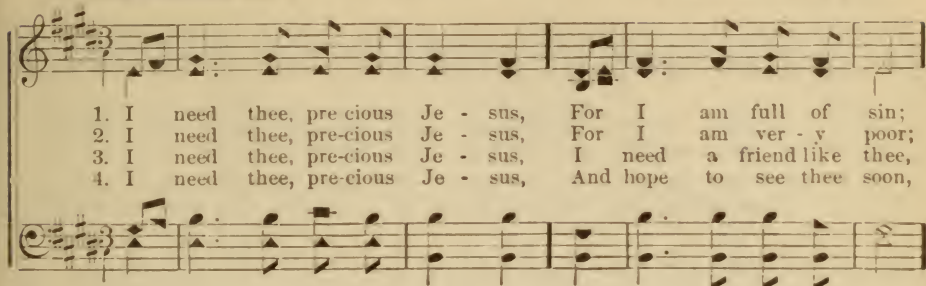
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink - ing to - day.

670 I Need Thee, Precious Jesus. 7s & 6s D.

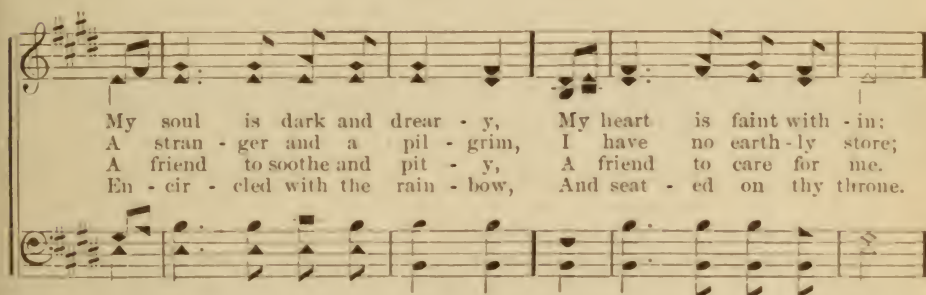
FREDERICK WHITFIELD, 1859.

He is Precious.—1 Peter 2: 7.

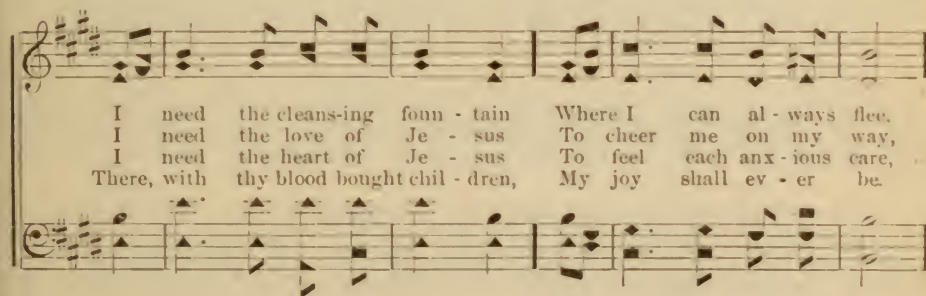
J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.



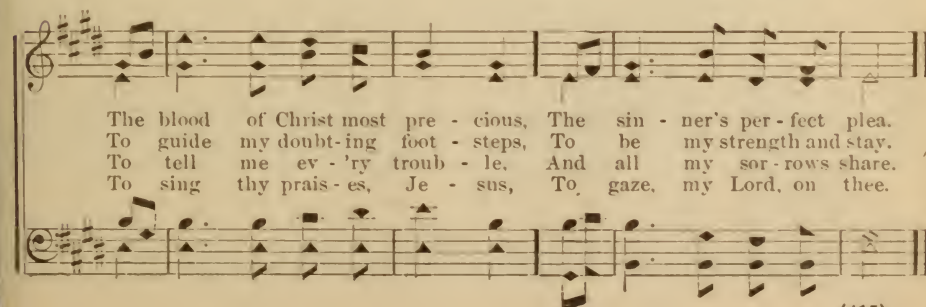
1. I need thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
 2. I need thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor;
 3. I need thee, pre-cious Je - sus, I need a friend like thee,
 4. I need thee, pre-cious Je - sus, And hope to see thee soon,



My soul is dark and drear - y, My heart is faint with - in;
 A stran - ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store;
 A friend to soothe and pit - y, A friend to care for me.
 En - cir - cled with the rain - bow, And seat - ed on thy throne.



I need the cleans-ing foun - tain Where I can al - ways flee,
 I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
 I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx - ious care,
 There, with thy blood bought chil - dren, My joy shall ev - er be.



The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
 To guide my doubt-ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
 To tell me ev - 'ry troub - le, And all my sor - rows share.
 To sing thy prais - es, Je - sus, To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

Redeeming Grace. 8s & 7s.

Zach. 13: 1.

E. R. LATTA.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. O I long to see the beau - ty Of my Sav - ior's smil - ing face,
 2. O to feel the bur - den lift - ed, I have car - ried all my days,
 3. O to leave my sins be - hind me, And to walk in all his ways,
 4. O to know that in his king - dom, I at last shall find a place,

And to feel the wondrous rap - ture Of a sin - ner saved by grace!
 And to know the peace un - spo - ken, Shared by ev - 'ry child of grace!
 Sing - ing songs of praise and glad - ness, For the rich - es of his grace!
 With the hosts of shin - ing an - gels, And the heirs of bound - less grace!

REFRAIN.

Lead me to the liv - ing foun - tain, O - pened for a fall - en race!

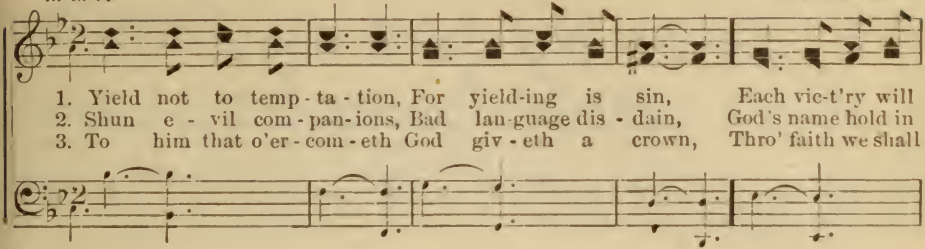
Let me there be cleansed and pardoned, Thro' my Lord's re - deem - ing grace!

Yield Not to Temptation. 6s & 5s P.

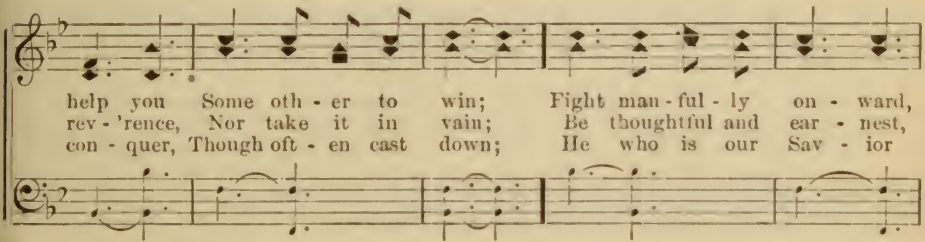
H. R. P.

Blessed is the Man that Endureth Temptation.—James 1: 12.

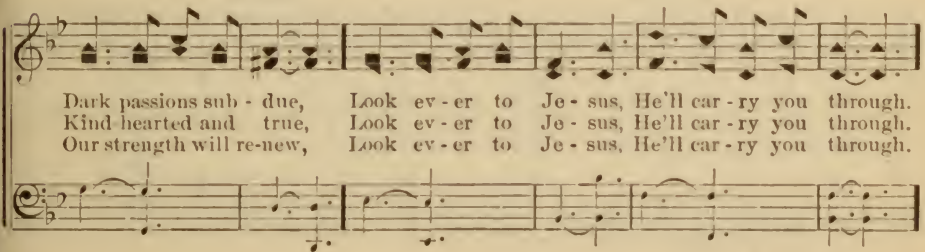
H. R. PALMER.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

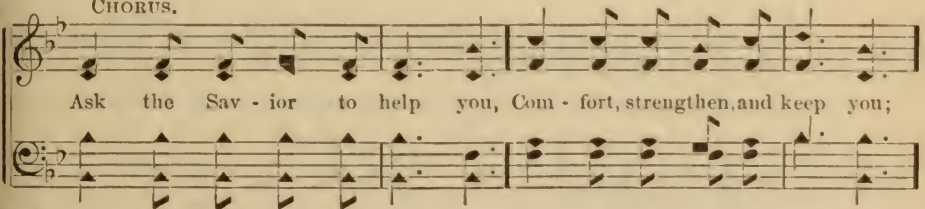


help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior

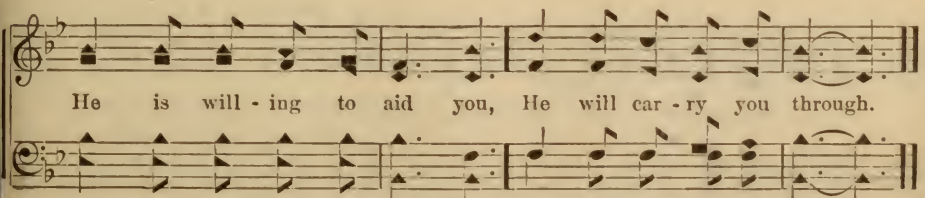


Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

Over in the Sunshine. 6s & 5s D.

E. E. HEWITT.

And a Light Unto My Path.—Psa. 119: 105.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. O - ver in the sunshine, There's a heal-ing balm, There the hap - py pil-grims
 2. O - ver in the sunshine, Leaving doubts and fears, Leav-ing earth-ly shad-ows
 3. O - ver in the sunshine, When the sky seems dim, Faith, a - mid the dark-ness,

Lift a joy - ful psalm; Walk-ing in the bless-ing Of the Sav-ior's love,
 For the light that cheers; 'Tis the light un - fad - ing Of his sav - ing grace,
 Clos-er clings to him; For his gra-cious prom-ise Com-fort will af - ford,

CHORUS.
 They are ev - er sing-ing Of the King a-bove. }
 Light that beams for-ev - er From his lov - ing face. } O - ver in the sun-shine,
 Pre-cious con - so - la - tion, Trust-ing in the Lord. }

Bright and heav'nly sunshine, O-ver in the sun-shine, Streaming from on high, Telling love's sweet

sto - ry, Sing-ing of his glo - ry, Pressing tow'rd the cit - y Built be-yond the sky.

Trouble the Waters.

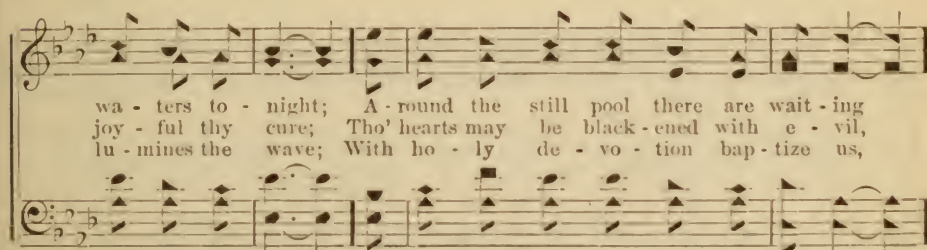
ADALINE H. BEERY.

John 5: 2.

WM. BEERY.

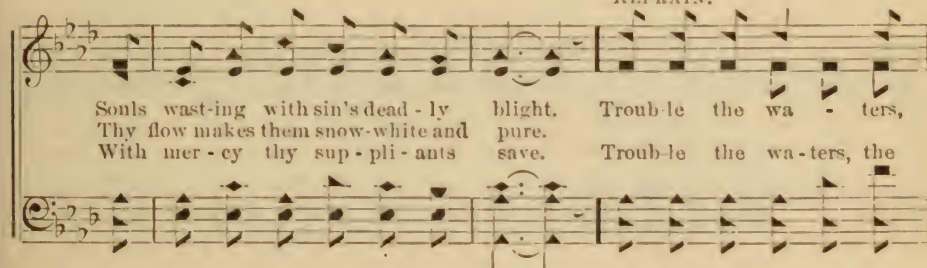


1. O an - gel with mis - sion of heal - ing, Come troub - le the
 2. O health - giv - ing foun - tain, we praise thee, All per - fect and
 3. O source of the sweet, heal - ing wa - ters, Our Lord who il -

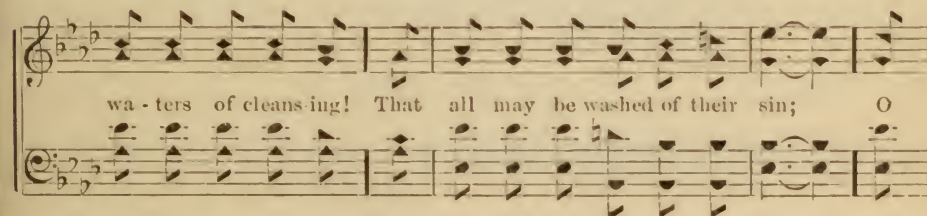


wa - ters to - night; A - round the still pool there are wait - ing
 joy - ful thy cure; Tho' hearts may be black - ened with e - vil,
 lu - mines the wave; With ho - ly de - vo - tion bap - tize us,

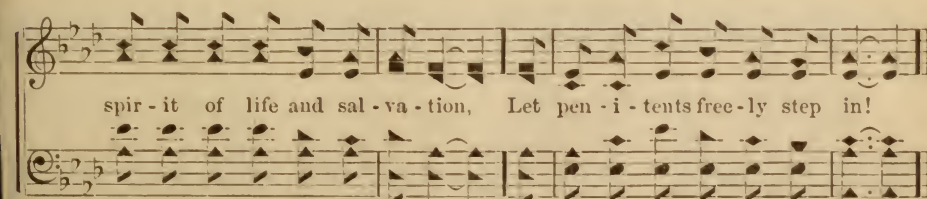
REFRAIN.



Souls wast - ing with sin's dead - ly blight, Troub - le the wa - ters,
 Thy flow makes them snow - white and pure.
 With mer - cy thy sup - pli - ants save, Troub - le the wa - ters, the



wa - ters of cleans - ing! That all may be washed of their sin; O



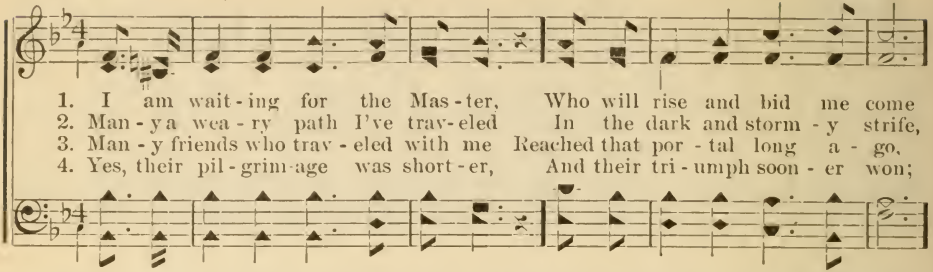
spir - it of life and sal - va - tion, Let pen - i - tents free - ly step in!

Waiting at the Portal. 8s & 7s.

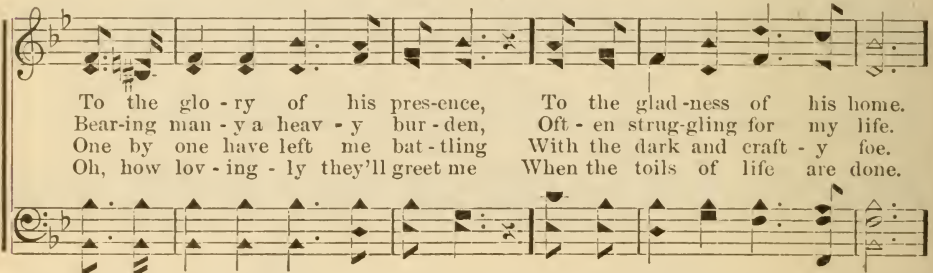
K. M. REASONER.

I will Come Again, and Receive You unto Myself.—John 14: 3.

T. C. O'KANE.

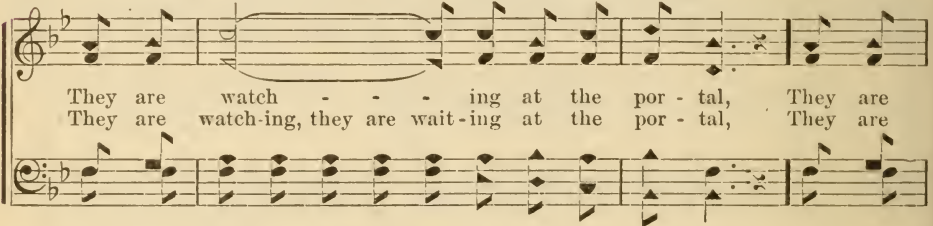


1. I am wait-ing for the Mas-ter, Who will rise and bid me come
 2. Man - ya wea - ry path I've trav-eled In the dark and storm - y strife,
 3. Man - y friends who trav - eled with me Reached that por - tal long a - go,
 4. Yes, their pil - grin-age was short-er, And their tri - umph soon - er won;

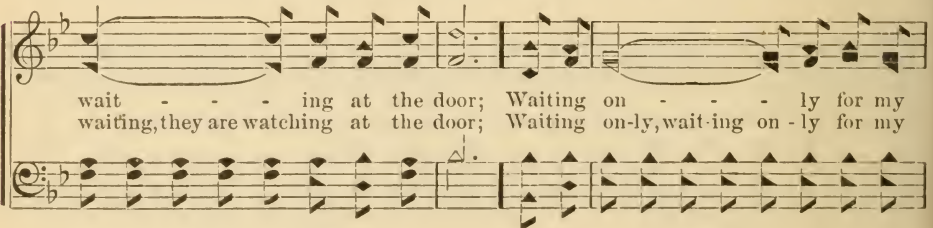


To the glo - ry of his pres-ence, To the glad-ness of his home.
 Bear-ing man - ya heav - y bur-den, Oft - en strug-gling for my life.
 One by one have left me bat-ting With the dark and craft - y foe.
 Oh, how lov - ing - ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done.

CHORUS.



They are watch - - - ing at the por - tal, They are
 They are watch-ing, they are wait-ing at the por - tal, They are



wait - - - ing at the door; Waiting on - - - ly for my
 wait-ing, they are watching at the door; Waiting on-ly, wait-ing on - ly for my



com - ing, All the loved ones gone be - fore.
 com - ing, All the loved ones, all the loved ones gone be - fore.

JESUS' PRESENCE.

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Never Alone.

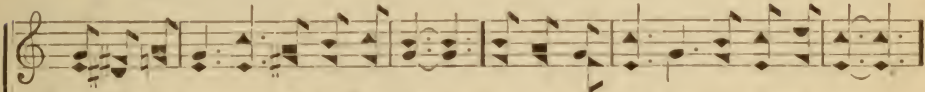
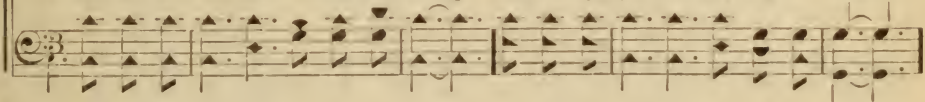
A. B. BOWSER.

And, Lo, I am With You Always.—Matt. 28: 20.

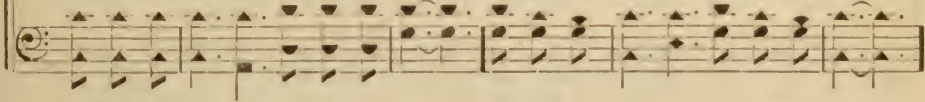
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



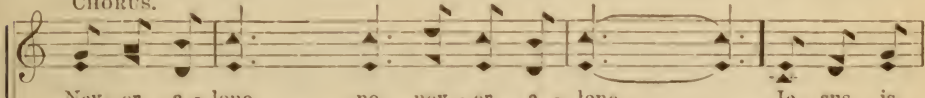
1. Nev-er a-lone, no, nev-er a-lone, Je-sus is with me, Je-sus my own;
2. Nev-er a-lone, when danger is near, Walking with Je sus, why should I fear?
3. Nev-er a-lone, when tempted and tried, Safe-ly he keeps me close to his side;
4. Nev-er a-lone, when death shadows creep O'er wea-ry eye-lids clos-ing in sleep;



Cheered by his presence, led by his hand, Joy-ons I march thro' this desert land.
Trust-ing in him when pressed by the foe, I find a ref-uge from all my woe.
Lean-ing on Je-sus—Sav-ior di-vine— Claiming his prom-ise, vic-t'ry is mine.
Sweetly with Je-sus, when night is o'er, I shall a-wake on yonder bright shore.



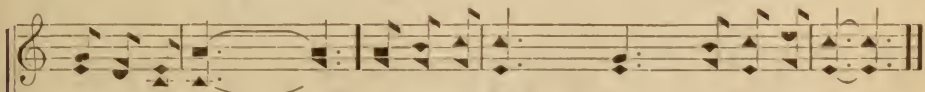
CHORUS.



Nev-er a-lone, no, nev-er a-lone,..... Je-sus is
Nev-er a-lone, no, nev-er a-lone,



with me, Je-sus my own..... Oh, what a com-fort
Je-sus is with me, Je sus, yes, Je-sus my own. Oh, what a com-fort



dai-ly I know,..... Je-sus is with me wher-e'er I go.
dai-ly, yes, dai-ly I know, Je-sus is with me wher-e'er I go.



The Open Door.

Behold, I have Set Before Thee an Open Door.—Rev. 3: 8.MRS. URANIA LOCKE BAILEY.
Tenderly.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. The mis-takes of my life have been man - y, The sins of my
 2. I am low - est of those who love him, I am weak - est of
 3. My mis-takes his free grace will cov - er, My sins he will
 4. The mis-takes of my life have been man - y, And my spir - it is

heart have been more, And I scarce can see for weep-ing, But I'll
 those who pray; But I come as he has bid - den, And
 wash a - way, And the feet that shrink and fal - ter Shall
 sick with sin, And I scarce can see for weep-ing, But the

CHORUS.
 knock - at the o - pen door.
 he will not say me nay. } I know I am weak and
 walk thro' the gates of day. }
 Sav - ior will let me in.

sin - ful, It comes to me more and more; But when the dear

Sav - ior shall bid me come in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.

LOVE.

678

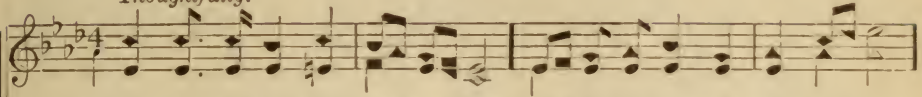
I Love Jesus. L. M.

G. B. H.

I will Love Thee, O Lord, My Strength.—Psa. 18: 1.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Thoughtfully.



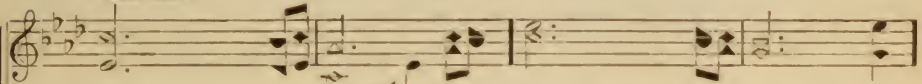
1. Dear Je - sus, I would love thee more, Thy help-ing grace I now im-plore;
2. My Sav - ior, I would learn to be More like the pat - tern laid for me:
3. The countless bless-ings thou dost give, Should lead my soul for thee to live,
4. Dear Sav - ior, at thy feet I bow, And cast my sins be - fore thee now!



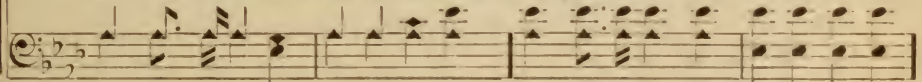
I pray thee, heal my sin - ful heart, And let it ne'er from thee de - part.
In thine own foot steps I would walk, And of thy lov - ing-kind-ness talk.
And now to thee, in faith, I call, My on - ly hope, my all in all.
Oh, do thou hear my hum - ble pray'r, My guilt re-move, my heart make fair.



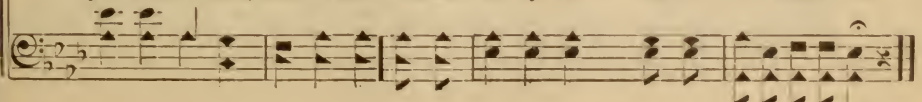
REFRAIN.



I love Je - - sus, Yes, I do, And
Je - sus, I love thee, yes, I do; Wilt thou, precious Sav-ior, love me too? Oh,



he..... loves me, For the Bi - - ble tells me so.
yes, he loves me, this I know, For the ho - ly Bi - ble, the Bible tells me so.



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Wait, and Murmur Not. L. M.

W. H. BELLAMY.

It is Good that a Man Hope and Quietly Wait.—Lam. 3: 26.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O troub - led heart, there is a home Be - yond the reach of toil and care;
 2. Yet when bowed down be neath the load By heav'n allowed, thine earthly lot;
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow;
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r for - got;

A home where changes nev - er come; Who would not fain be rest - ing there?
 Look up! thou 'lt reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not.
 If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not.

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,

wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not; O, wait, meek - ly wait,


O, wait, meek - ly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. O, mur - mur not.

680 There's a Friend That's Ever Near. 8s & 7s.


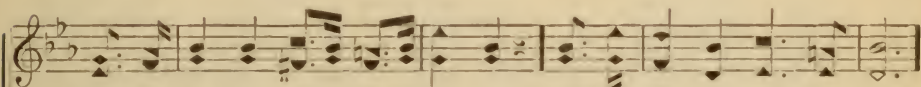
There is a Friend that Sticketh Closer than a Brother.—Prov. 18: 24.

J. W. WAYLAND.

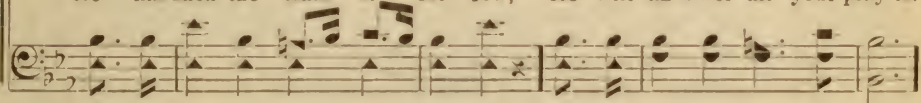
B. C. UNSELD.




1. There's a Friend that's ev - er near us, He is near us day by day,
 2. There's a Friend that's ev - er near us, When all earth - ly friends de - part;
 3. In the mid - night vale of sor - row Je - sus sheds a beam of light,
 4. Broth - er, tell your woes to Je - sus, Talk to him a - bout your cares;

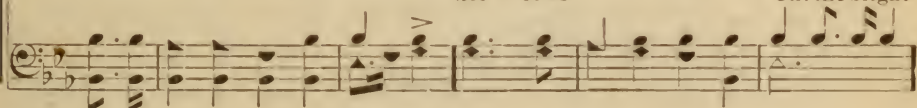
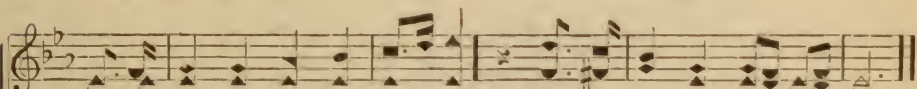
With his lov - ing smile to cheer us And to drive our tears a - way.
 In his mer - cy he will hear us And re - vive our faint - ing heart.
 Paints in hope a bright to - mor - row, Leads our wea - ry steps a - right.
 He has shed the tears of sor - row, He will an - swer all your pray - rs.



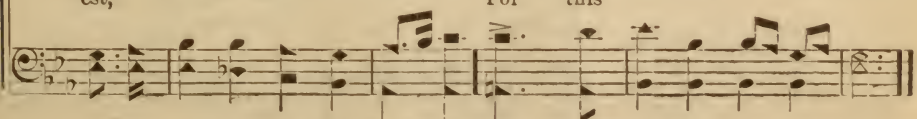
CHORUS.



Oh! the heav - y heart grows light - er, Sor - rows fly like mists a - way;
 Sor - rows Oh! the bright -

Oh! the bright - est way grows bright - er For this friendship day by day.
 est, For this



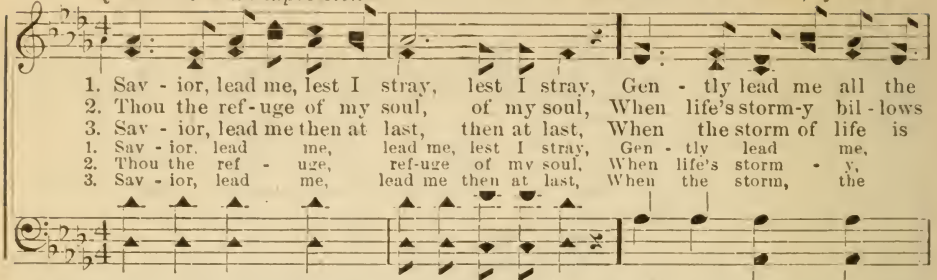
Lead Me, Savior. 7s D.

F. M. DAVIS.

Lead Me, O Lord, in Thy Righteousness.—Psa. 5: 8.

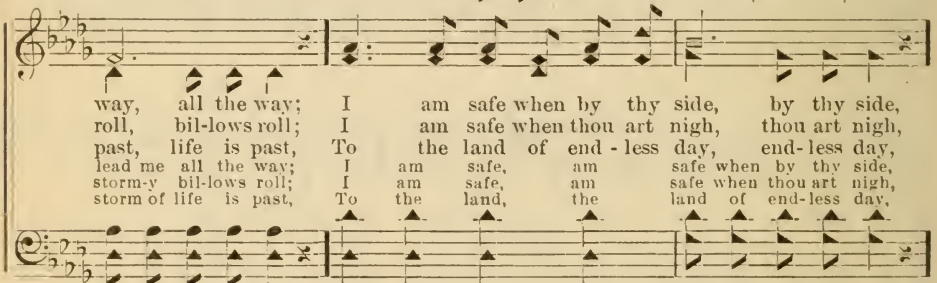
QUARTET. *With expression.*

Arr. from F. M. DAVIS, by A. J. S.



1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the
 2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul, of my soul, When life's storm-y bil - lows
 3. Sav - ior, lead me then at last, then at last, When the storm of life is

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me,
 2. Thou the ref - uge, ref - uge of my soul, When life's storm - y,
 3. Sav - ior, lead me, lead me then at last, When the storm, the



way, all the way; I am safe when by thy side, by thy side,
 roll, bil-lows roll; I am safe when thou art nigh, thou art nigh,
 past, life is past, To the land of end - less day, end - less day,
 lead me all the way; I am safe, am safe when by thy side,
 storm-y bil-lows roll; I am safe, am safe when thou art nigh,
 storm of life is past, To the land, the land of end - less day,

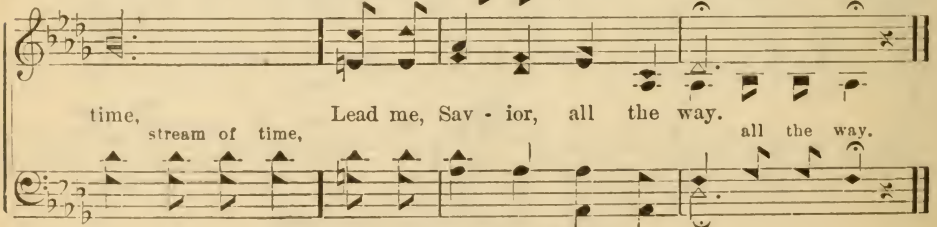


FULL CHOIR.

I would in thy love a - bide, love a-bide. }
 All my hopes on thee re - ly, thee re-ly. } Lead me, lead me,
 Where all tears are wiped a - way, wiped a-way. }
 I would in, would in thy love a-bide.
 All my hopes, my hopes on thee re - ly.
 Where all tears, all tears are wiped a - way.



Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray,..... Gen - tly down the stream of
 lest I stray,



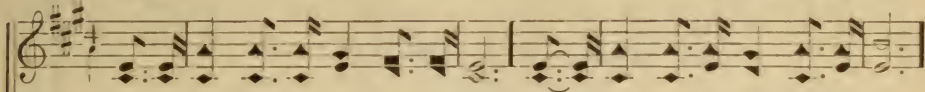
time, stream of time, Lead me, Sav - ior, all the way. all the way.

The Riches of Grace. 9s & 8s.

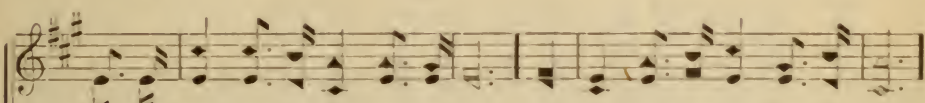
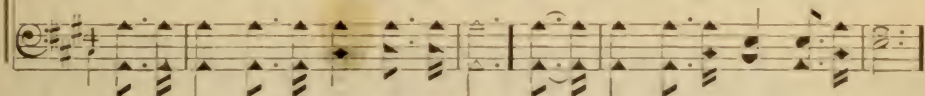
Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

By Grace Ye are Saved.—Eph. 2: 5.

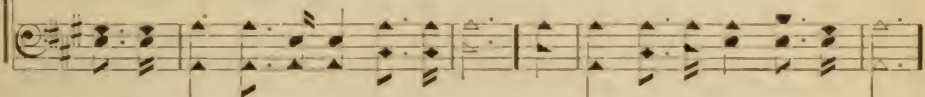
J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



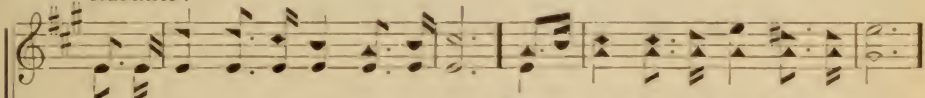
1. We are saved by the grace of our God, And are kept by his pow - er and love;
2. We were sunk in the ru - ins of sin, But swift - ly he came to our aid,
3. O, how wondrous the grace of our God, How sweet and how joy - ous the thought,
4. Ye poor souls, who are wand'ring a-stray, So far, far a - way from your God.



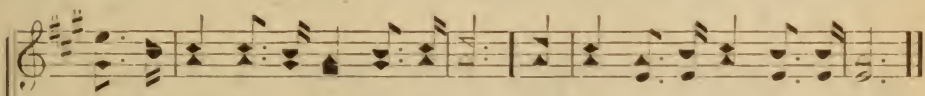
All our sins washed a-way in the blood, Each day we his faith - ful - ness prove.
 O'er our foes he did vic - to - ry win, For us, peace with God he has made.
 That Christ ransomed our souls with his blood, For us he sal - va - tion has bought.
 If ye come to the Sav - ior to - day, He'll cleanse all your sins in his blood.



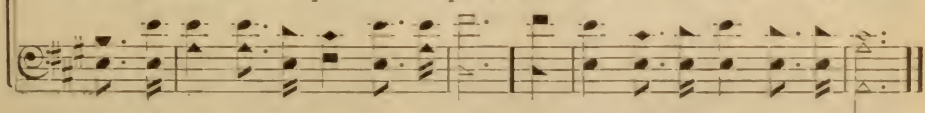
REFRAIN.



O, how deep are the rich - es of grace, How great is the love Christ has shown,



When he stood in the poor sin - ner's place, No love like his ev - er was known.



683

We'll Be There.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

Matt. 25: 31.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. When the Lord in glo - ry com - eth with the hosts in bright ar - ray,
 2. We shall see our bless - ed Sav - ior and shall know him in the skies
 3. We shall see the count - less right - eous gath - ring for their great re - ward,

And we wak - en at his sum - mons in that new and glad - some light,
 As he comes to take his chil - dren thro' the gates of shin - ing gold,
 We shall see the palms of vic - t'ry that the saints in glad - ness bring,

O. the won - der, O, the rap - ture as we greet the heav'n - ly day,
 We shall hear the shouts of joy that from un - num - bered thousands rise,
 We shall hear the might - y cho - rus to the Ho - ly One a - dored,

CHORUS.
 When the dawn e - ter - nal breaks up - on our sight. We'll be there,
 As his beau - ty and his glo - ry they be - hold.
 As in robes of white they stand be - fore their King. We'll be there,

we'll be there, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing we'll be
 we'll be there,

ADMONITION.

We'll Be There—Concluded.

there, We'll be there, we'll be there,
we'll be there, We'll be there, we'll be there,

On the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing we'll be there.
we'll be there.

684 Jesus Christ is Passing By. 7s.

J. DENHAM SMITH, 1860.

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.—Luke 18: 37.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner, lift to him thine eye;
2. Lo! he stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?"
3. "Lord, I would thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal thy love to me;
4. Oh, how sweet! the touch of pow'r Comes,—it is sal - va - tion's hour;

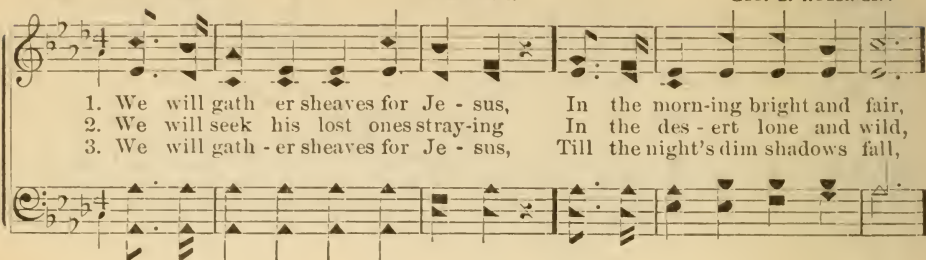
As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry, Be mer - ci - ful to me.
Rise and tell him all thy need; Rise, he call - eth thee in - deed.
Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."
Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease. "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

685 We Will Gather Sheaves for Jesus. Ss & 7s D.

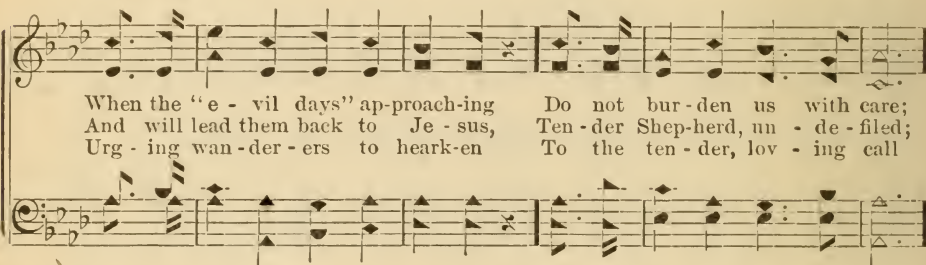
MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL.

Psa. 126: 6.

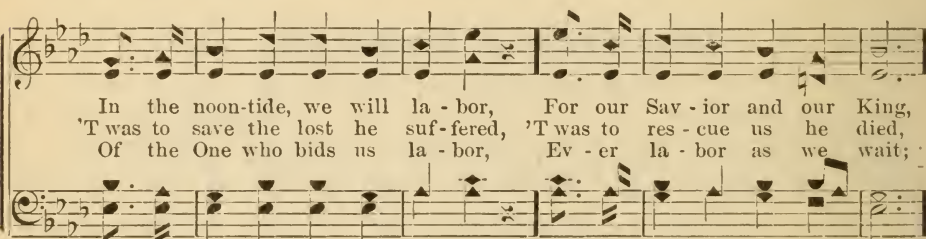
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



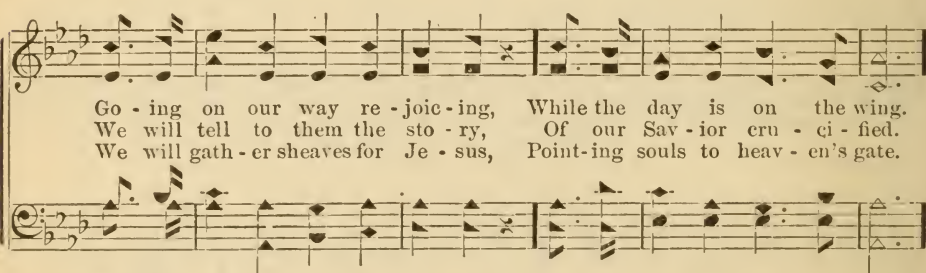
1. We will gath er sheaves for Je - sus, In the morn-ing bright and fair,
 2. We will seek his lost ones stray-ing In the des-ert lone and wild,
 3. We will gath er sheaves for Je - sus, Till the night's dim shadows fall,



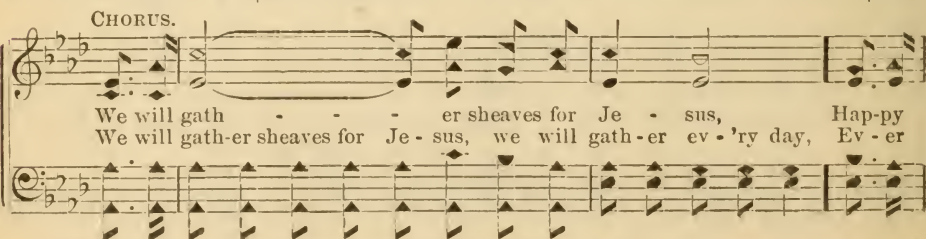
When the "e - vil days" ap-proach-ing Do not bur-den us with care;
 And will lead them back to Je - sus, Ten-der Shep-herd, un - de - filed;
 Urg - ing wan-der - ers to heark-en To the ten-der, lov - ing call



In the noon-tide, we will la - bor, For our Sav - ior and our King,
 'T was to save the lost he suf-fered, 'T was to res - cue us he died,
 Of the One who bids us la - bor, Ev - er la - bor as we wait;



Go - ing on our way re - joic - ing, While the day is on the wing.
 We will tell to them the sto - ry, Of our Sav - ior cru - ci - fied.
 We will gath - er sheaves for Je - sus, Point-ing souls to heav - en's gate.



CHORUS.
 We will gath - - - er sheaves for Je - sus, Hap-py
 We will gath-er sheaves for Je - sus, we will gath-er ev - 'ry day, Ev - er

We Will Gather Sheaves for Jesus—Concluded.

joy - ous as we roam, Toil - ing cheer - - ful - ly we'll
hap - py, joy - ous, hap - py as we roam, Toil - ing cheer - ful - ly, we're toiling, we will

serve. him, As we jour - ney tow'rd our home.
ev - er love and serve him,

686 The Great Physician. Ss & 7s P.

WM. HUNTER.

They that be Whole Need Not a Physician.—Matt. 9: 12.

Arr. by REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

Fine.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian's ev - er near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }
{ He speaks, the droop - ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. }

2. { Your man - y sins are all for - giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus, }
{ Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }

D. C.— Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus,
O how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

4 The children, too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

687

Spread the News.

Go Ye Therefore and Teach All Nations.—Matt. 28: 19.

HARRIET E. JONES.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Je - sus came to bring sal - va - tion to a ru - ined race, Spread the
 2. Je - sus came to save poor sin - ners, spread it far and wide! Spread the
 3. Spread the news o'er plain and hill - side, Je - sus came to save, Spread the

news, spread the news, Came to save from con-dem-na - tion
 news, spread the news, Came to save the chief of sin - ners,
 news, spread the news, Sing and shout it thro' the world wide,
 Spread the news, spread the news,

thro' his cleans - ing grace, Spread the news,.....spread the news! Ring the
 't was for this he died, Spread the news,.....spread the news! Yes, he
 Je - sus came to save, Spread the news,.....spread the news! Save the
 Spread the news,

news from ev - 'ry stee - ple, Shout it forth a - mong the peo - ple,
 came from bright - est glo - ry— All ye sin - sick hear the sto - ry—
 lost and heal back - slid - ings, O the won - drous, won - drous ti - dings!

Tell them of this great sal - va - tion, Spread the news,.....spread the news!
 Just to give his life for sin - ners, Spread the news,.....spread the news!
 Shout it, shout it thro' the world wide, Spread the news,.....spread the news!
 Spread the news,

Spread the News—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Je - sus came to bring sal - va - tion, Tell it all a - broad, Spread the
Tell it, tell it all a-broad,

news!..... O spread the news! Came to save from con-dem-
Spread the news! O spread the glo-rious news a-broad!

na-tion, make us heirs of God, Spread the glo - - rious news a - broad.
cho-sen heirs of God, Spread the glorious news a - broad.

688

Within the Fold. 6s & 5s.

Rev. T. B. POLLOCK.

Psa. 23.

T. B. MOSLEY.

1. Faith - ful Shep - herd, feed me, In the pas - tures green;
2. Hold me fast, and guide me In the nar - row way;
3. Hal - low ev - 'ry pleas - ure, Ev - 'ry gift and pain;
4. Day by day pre - pare me, As thou se - est best;

Faith - ful Shep - herd, lead me Where thy steps are seen.
So, with thee be - side me, I shall nev - er stray.
Be thy - self my treas - ure, Tho' none else I gain.
Then let an - gels bear me To thy prom - ised rest.

By per. of J. Henry Showalter.

(433)

Bethesda. L. M.

JAMES A. SELL.

John 5: 1-4.

R. C. WARD.

1. O Lord, my sin and guilt is great! At mer-cy's door I
 2. Each pulse that thrills my throb-bing heart Tells of a love be
 3. Bound by his love, the list-'ning heart Re-sounds the joys which

stand and wait; Rich par - don here I hope to find, In
 will im - part; To him I come, who died for me, And
 ne'er de - part: O then I'll praise his bless - ed name While

CHORUS.
 him who heals the lame and blind.
 paid the debt, and set me free. } Dear Je - sus, come and
 life and breath in me re - main. }

make me whole: For-give my sins and save my soul; Let an - gels

bear my song a - bove, To swell the tri - umphs of thy love.

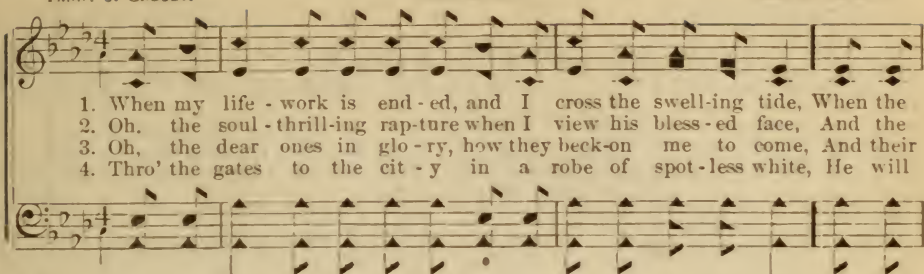
By per. of R. C. Ward, owner of copyright.

My Savior First of All.

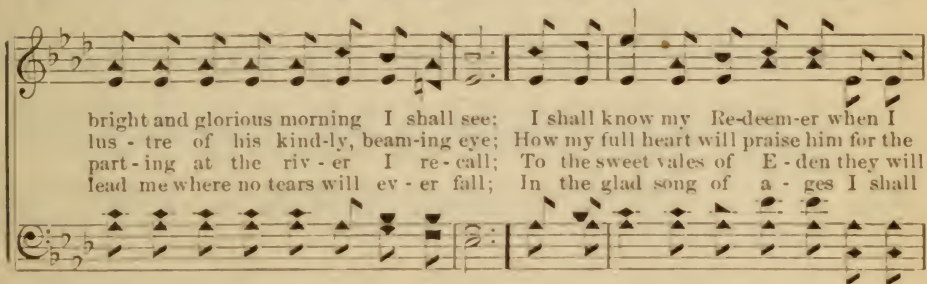
FANNY J. CROSBY.

John 20: 20.

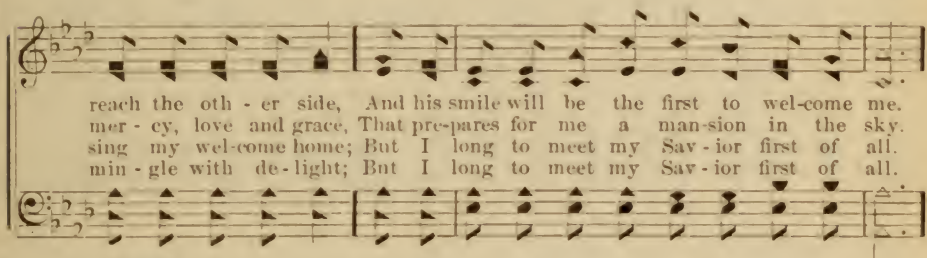
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my life - work is end - ed, and I cross the swell - ing tide, When the
 2. Oh, the soul - thrill - ing rap - ture when I view his bless - ed face, And the
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck - on me to come, And their
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot - less white, He will

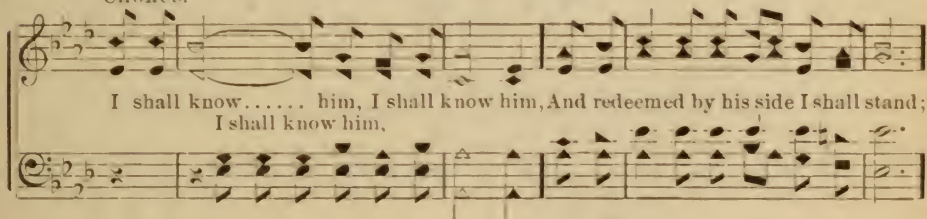


bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re - deem - er when I
 lus - tre of his kind - ly, beam - ing eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
 part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will
 lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

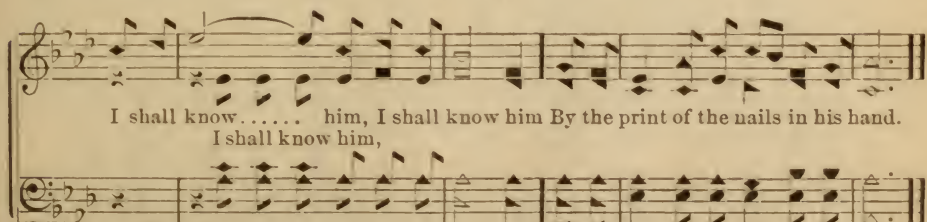


reach the oth - er side, And his smile will be the first to wel - come me.
 mer - cy, love and grace, That pre - pares for me a man - sion in the sky.
 sing my wel - come home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
 min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.

CHORUS.



I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeemed by his side I shall stand;
 I shall know him,



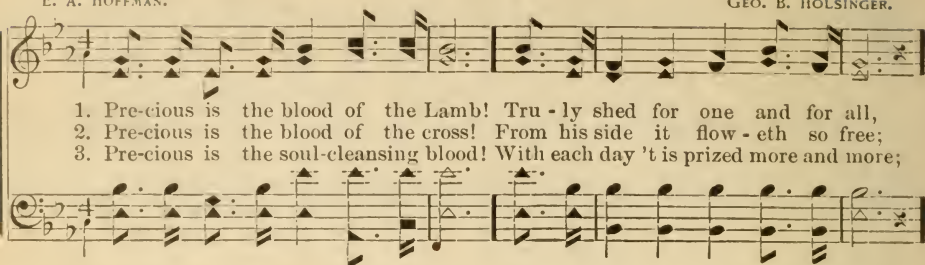
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
 I shall know him,

Precious is the Blood.

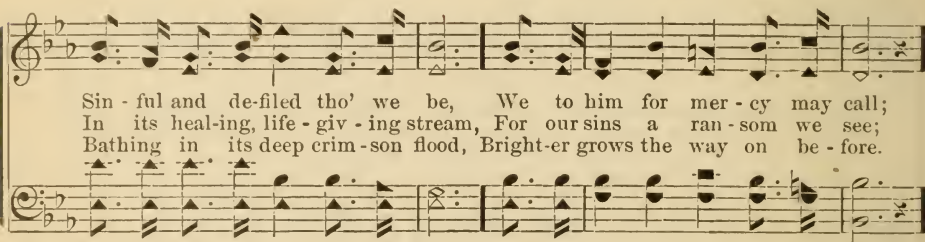
The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John 1: 7.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

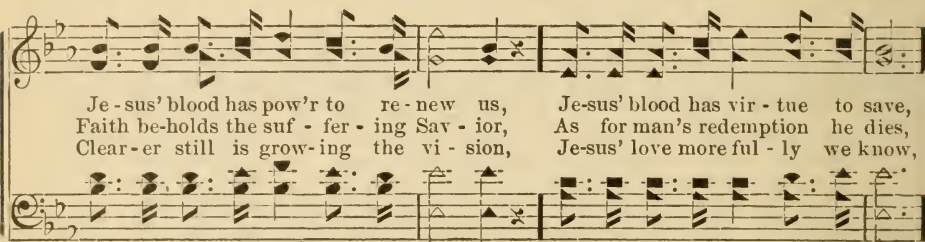
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



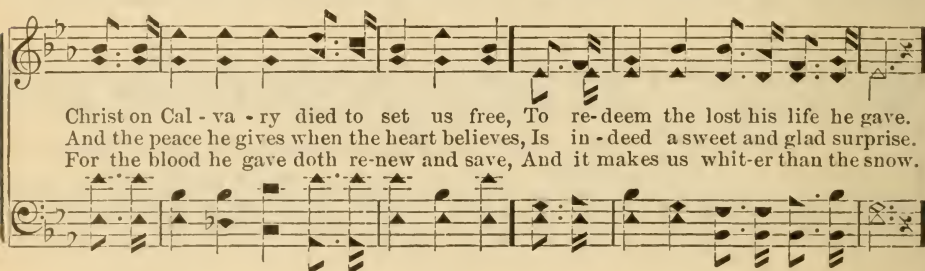
1. Pre-cious is the blood of the Lamb! Tru-ly shed for one and for all,
 2. Pre-cious is the blood of the cross! From his side it flow-eth so free;
 3. Pre-cious is the soul-cleansing blood! With each day 't is prized more and more;



Sin-ful and de-filed tho' we be, We to him for mer-cy may call;
 In its heal-ing, life-giv-ing stream, For our sins a ran-som we see;
 Bathing in its deep crim-son flood, Bright-er grows the way on be-fore.

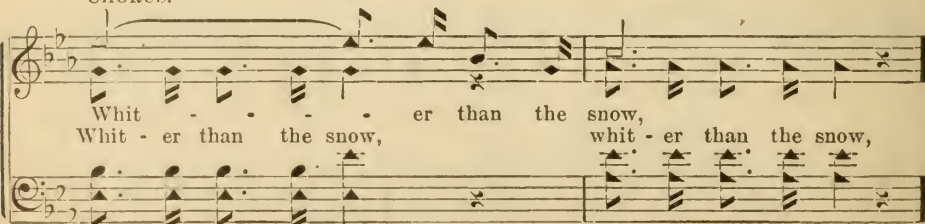


Je-sus' blood has pow'r to re-new us, Je-sus' blood has vir-tue to save,
 Faith be-holds the suf-fer-ing Sav-ior, As for man's redemption he dies,
 Clear-er still is grow-ing the vi-sion, Je-sus' love more ful-ly we know,



Christ on Cal-va-ry died to set us free, To re-deem the lost his life he gave.
 And the peace he gives when the heart believes, Is in-deed a sweet and glad surprise.
 For the blood he gave doth re-new and save, And it makes us whit-er than the snow.

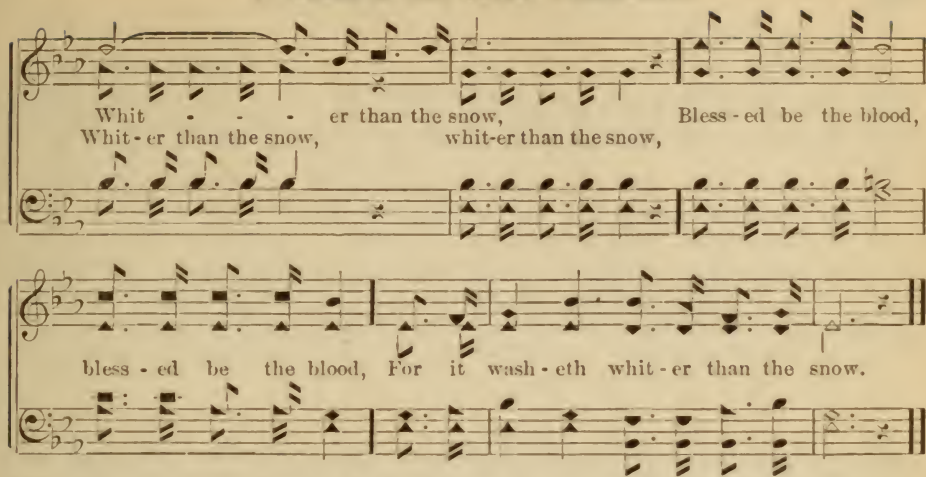
CHORUS.



Whit-er than the snow, er than the snow,
 Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow,

JESUS' BLOOD.

Precious is the Blood—Concluded.



Whit - er than the snow, Bless - ed be the blood,
Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow,
bless - ed be the blood, For it wash - eth whit - er than the snow.

692 Purer in Heart. 6s & 4s.

• Mrs. A. L. DAVIDSON.

Blessed are the Pure in Heart.—Matt. 5: 8.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.



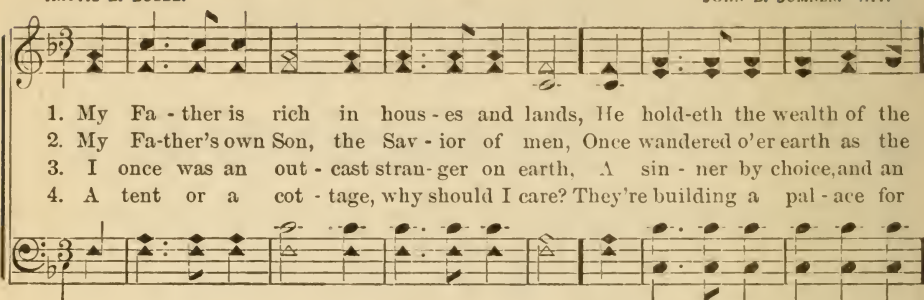
1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be, May I de -
2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be, Teach me to
3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be, That I thy
vote my life Whol - ly to thee; Watch thou my way - ward feet,
do thy will Most lov - ing - ly; Be thou my friend and guide,
ho - ly face One day may see; Keep me from se - cret sin,
Guide me with counsels sweet; Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be.
Let me with thee a - bide; Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be.
Reign thou my soul with-in; Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be.

The Child of a King.

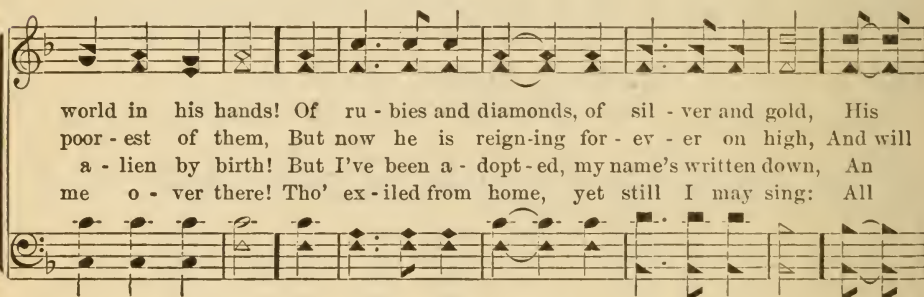
The Earth is the Lord's, and the Fulness Thereof.—Psa. 24: 1.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

JOHN B. SUMNER. ARR.

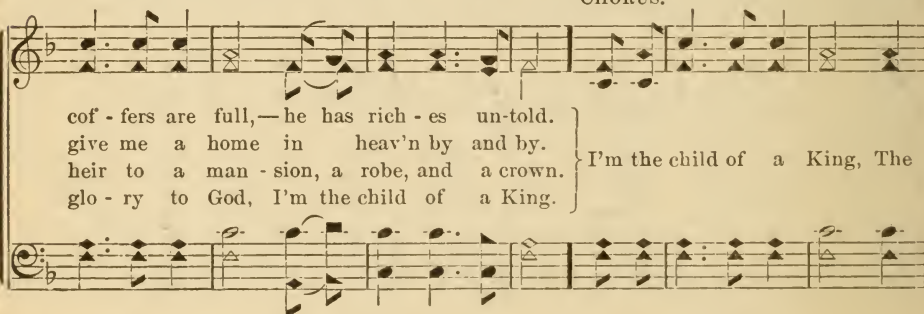


1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wandered o'er earth as the
 3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an
 4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for

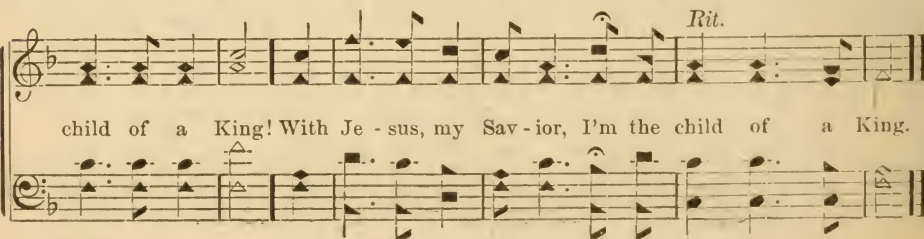


world in his hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
 poor - est of them, But now he is reign - ing for - ev - er on high, And will
 a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down, An
 me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

CHORUS.



cof - fers are full,—he has rich - es un - told.
 give me a home in heav'n by and by.
 heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown. } I'm the child of a King, The
 glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King. }



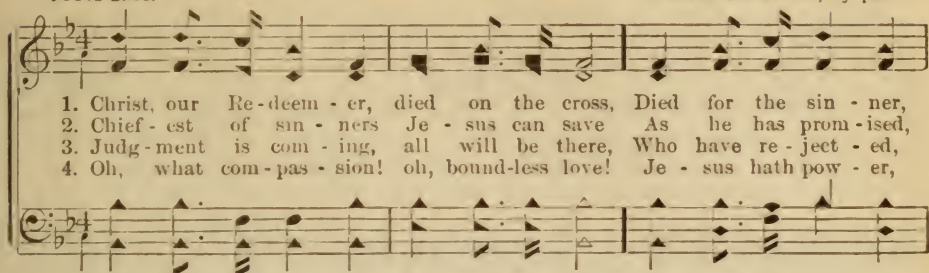
Rit.
 child of a King! With Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'm the child of a King.

The Blood of the Lamb.

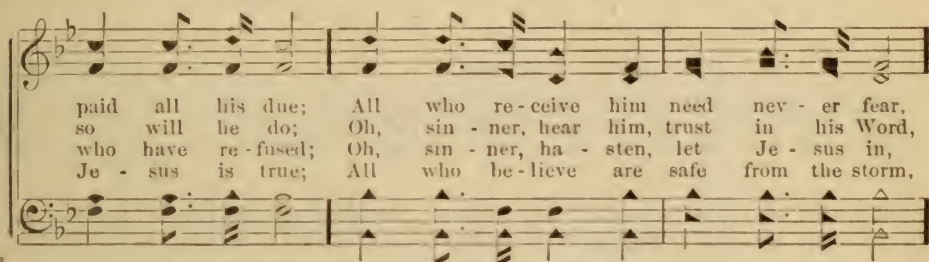
The Blood of Jesus Christ Cleanseth Us from All Sin.—1 John 1: 7.

FOOTE BROS.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

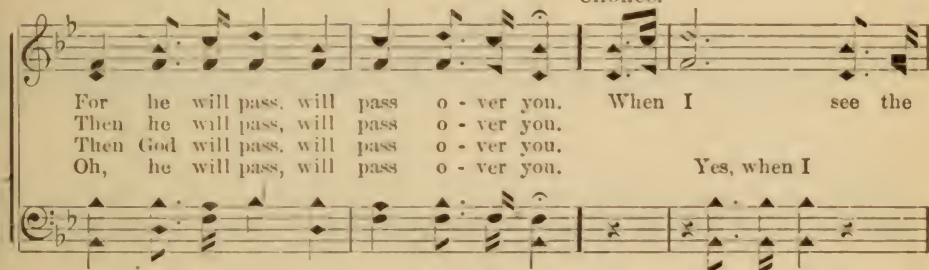


1. Christ, our Re-deem - er, died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
 2. Chief - est of sin - ners Je - sus can save As he has prom - ised,
 3. Judg - ment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed,
 4. Oh, what com - pas - sion! oh, bound - less love! Je - sus hath pow - er,

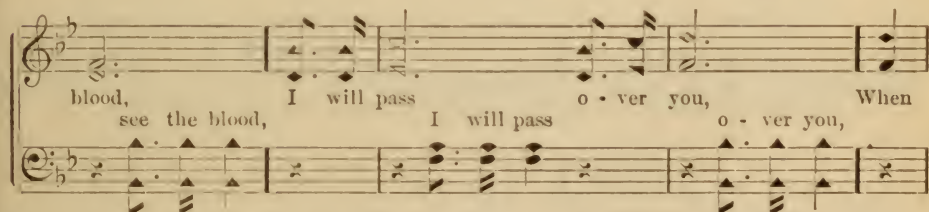


paid all his due; All who re - ceive him need nev - er fear,
 so will he do; Oh, sin - ner, hear him, trust in his Word,
 who have re - fused; Oh, sin - ner, ha - sten, let Je - sus in,
 Je - sus is true; All who be - lieve are safe from the storm,

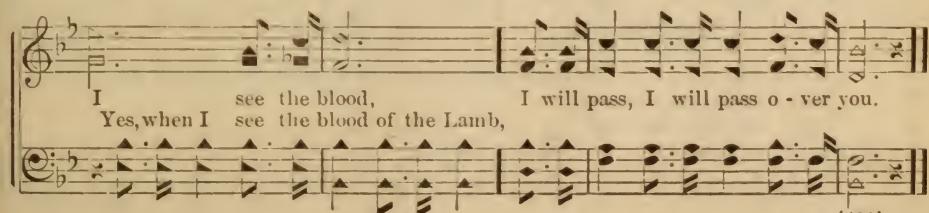
CHORUS.



For he will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
 Then he will pass, will pass o - ver you.
 Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
 Oh, he will pass, will pass o - ver you. Yes, when I



blood, I will pass o - ver you, When
 see the blood, I will pass o - ver you,

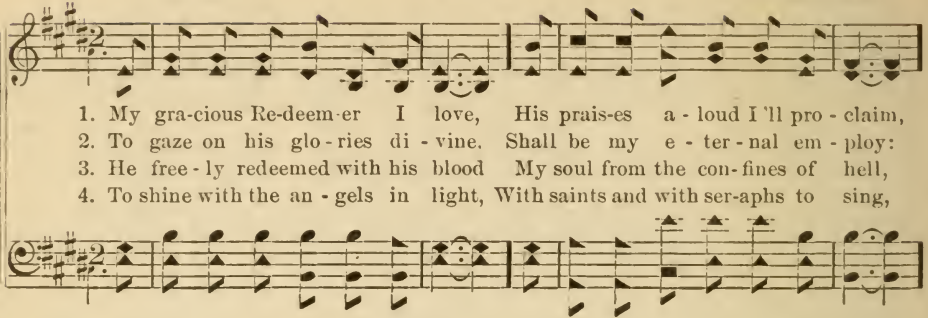


I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
 Yes, when I see the blood of the Lamb,

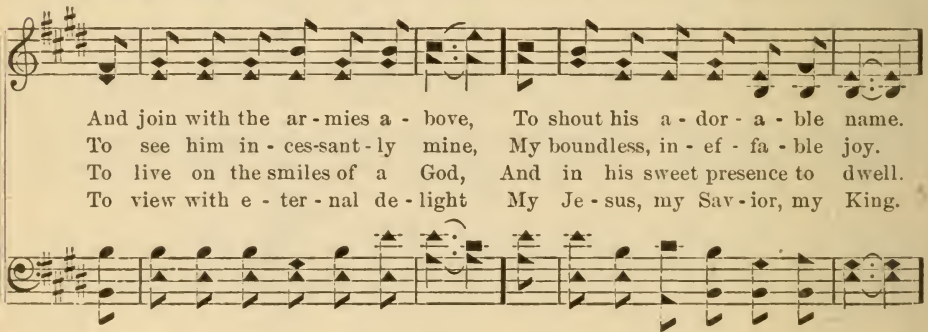
My Redeemer I Love. 8s.

John 14: 23.

HARVEY B. METZGER.



1. My gra-cious Re-deem-er I love, His prais-es a - loud I'll pro - claim,
 2. To gaze on his glo-ries di - vine. Shall be my e - ter - nal em - ploy:
 3. He free - ly redeemed with his blood My soul from the con-fines of hell,
 4. To shine with the an - gels in light, With saints and with ser-aphs to sing,

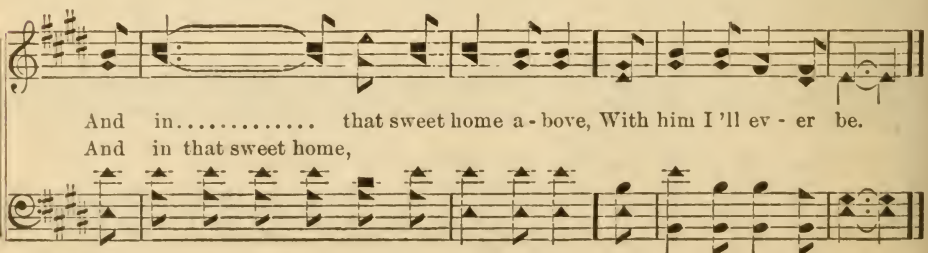


And join with the ar-mies a - bove, To shout his a - dor - a - ble name.
 To see him in - ces-sant - ly mine, My boundless, in - ef - fa - ble joy.
 To live on the smiles of a God, And in his sweet presence to dwell.
 To view with e - ter - nal de - light My Je - sus, my Sav - ior, my King.

CHORUS.



My Je - - - sus I love,..... I know..... he loves me,
 My gracious and mer-ci - ful Je-sus I love, I know, yes, I know he loves e-ven me,




And in..... that sweet home a - bove, With him I'll ev - er be.
 And in that sweet home,

Blessed are They.


Blessed are They that Do His Commandments.—Rev. 22: 14.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

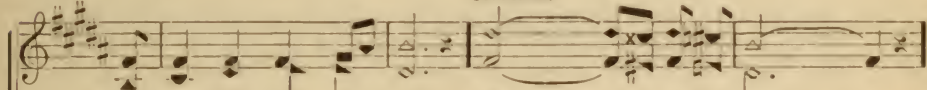


1. Bless - ed are they that do his com-mand-ments, Bless - ed are they,
 2. Bless - ed are they that do his com-mand-ments, Bless - ed are they,
 3. Bless - ed are they that do his com-mand-ments, Bless - ed are they,

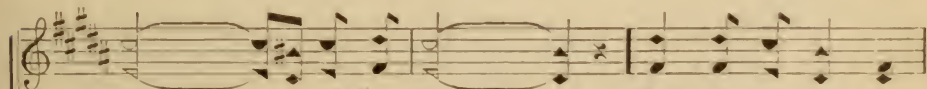


bless - ed are they; They shall re-ceive a crown of bright glo - ry
 bless - ed are they; Je - sus will take them, when life is o - ver,
 bless - ed are they; Je - sus will gen - tly guide them in safe - ty


CHORUS.



That fad - eth not a - way. Bless - - - ed are they,.....
 Up to the realms of day.
 A - long the nar - row way. Bless-ed are they, bless-ed are they,



Bless - - - ed are they;.... Bless - ed are they that
 Bless-ed are they, bless-ed are they;



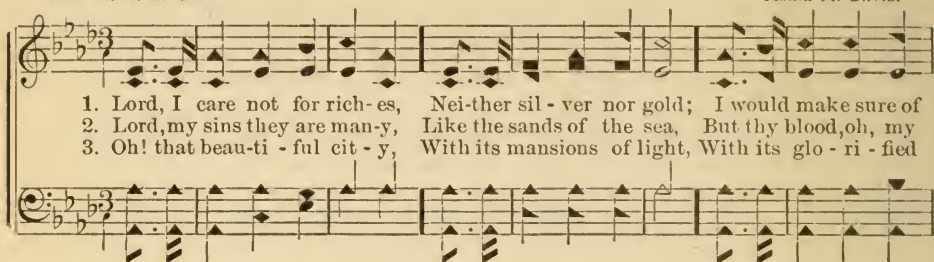
do his com-mand-ments, Bless - - - ed are they.
 Bless-ed are they, bless-ed are they.

Is My Name Written There?

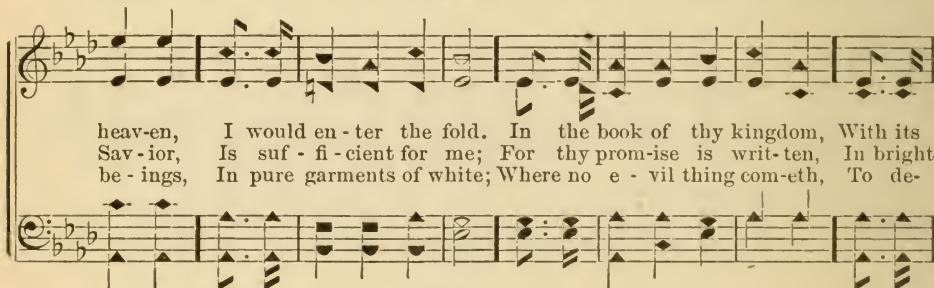
Rejoice Because Your Names are Written in Heaven.—Luke 10: 20.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

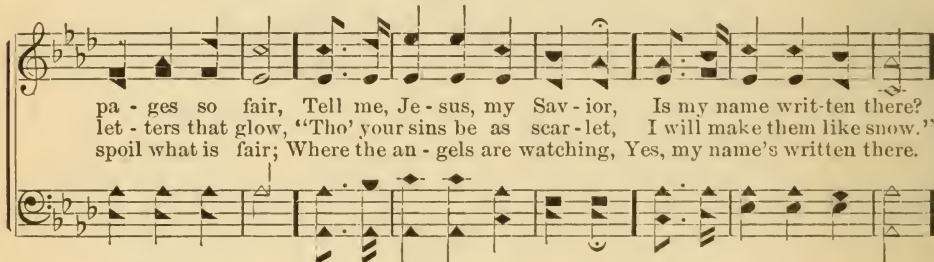
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are man-y, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, oh, my
 3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied

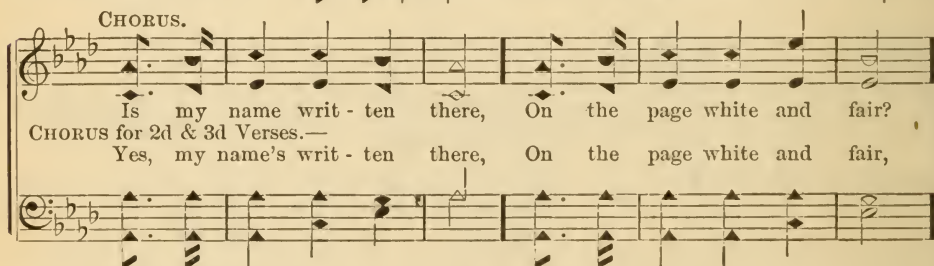


heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of thy kingdom, With its
 Sav-ior, Is suf-fi-cient for me; For thy prom-ise is writ-ten, In bright
 be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing com-eth, To de-

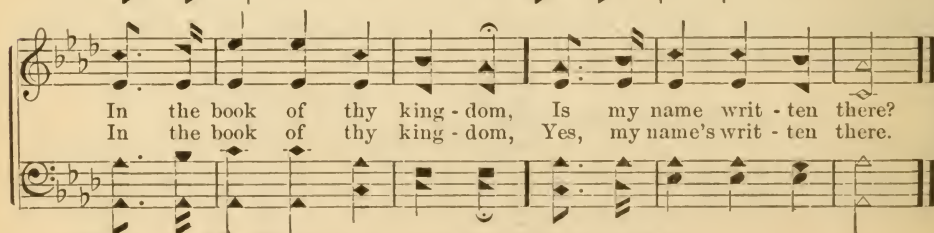


pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there?
 let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow."
 spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

CHORUS.



Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
 CHORUS for 2d & 3d Verses.—
 Yes, my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair,



In the book of thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?
 In the book of thy king-dom, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

PETITION.

698

Cross of Christ. 7s D.

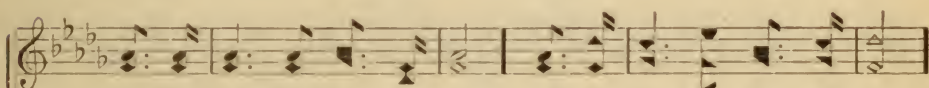
Should Glory Save in the Cross, etc.—Gal. 6: 14.

D. T. TAYLOR.


GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Hide my sins and shel - ter me;
 2. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Let me to thy shad - ow flee;
 3. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, This my boast shall ev - er be;
 4. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, This my boast shall ev - er be;



Claim of mer - it have I none, I am vile and all un - done;
 Here they mocked the Crn - ci - fied, Here the roy - al suf - frer died;
 'Twas my sins pro - voked this love; I this match - less pas - sion moved;
 That thy blood for me was shed, That for me he groaned and bled;



I to thee for suc - cor fly, Give me ref - uge or I die;
 Here was shed th' a - ton - ing blood, Here ex - pired the Son of God;
 For my soul this love was stored, On my head the bless - ings poured;
 Now I catch that gra - cious eye, Now I know I shall not die;



Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, All my hopes are hung on thee.
 Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Can the guilt - y trust in thee?
 Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Now I solve love's mys - ter - y.
 Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, All my guilt is lost in thee.

I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

Matt. 14: 12.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempt - ed and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress he kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion - ate Friend, If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me

D. S.—I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,

Fine. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for his own. }
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. } I must tell Je - sus!
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share. }
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win. }

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.

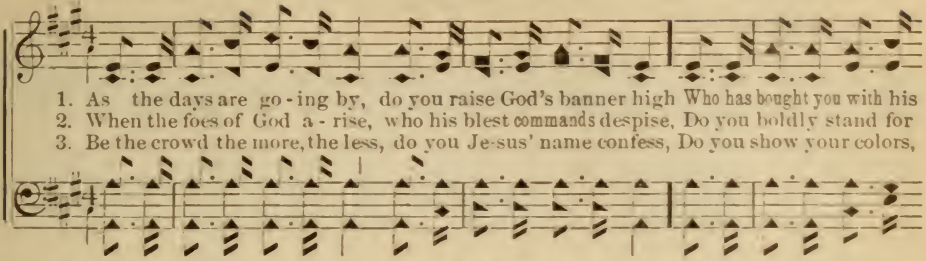
I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

Be Loyal, Pilgrims.

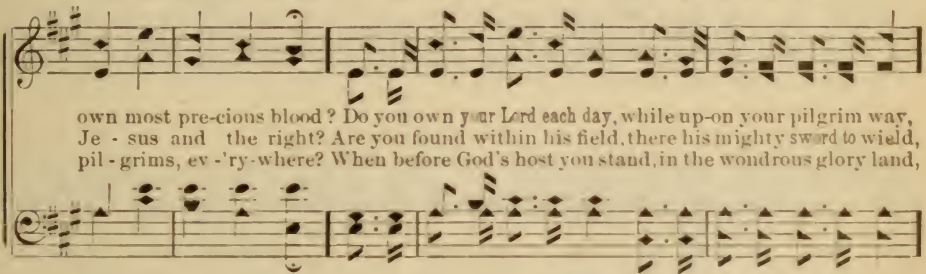
Be Thou Faithful until Death.—Rev. 2: 10.

HARRIET E. JONES.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

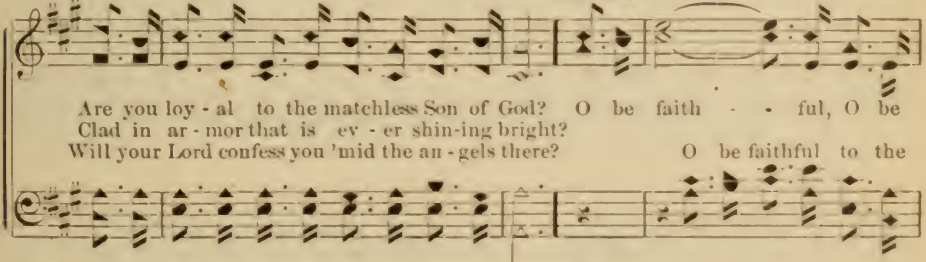


1. As the days are go-ing by, do you raise God's banner high Who has bought you with his
2. When the foes of God a-rise, who his blest commands despise, Do you boldly stand for
3. Be the crowd the more, the less, do you Je-sus' name confess, Do you show your colors,

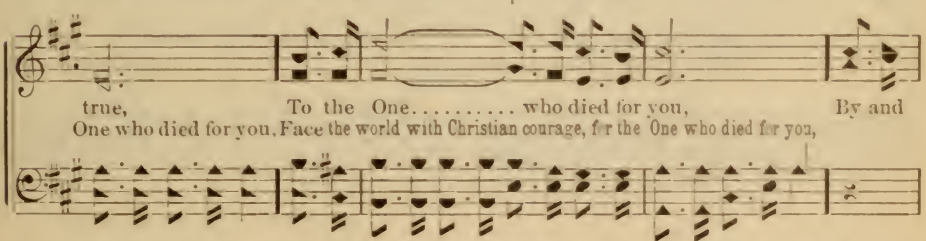


own most pre-cious blood? Do you own your Lord each day, while up-on your pilgrim way,
Je-sus and the right? Are you found within his field, there his mighty sword to wield,
pil-grims, ev-'ry-where? When before God's host you stand, in the wondrous glory land,

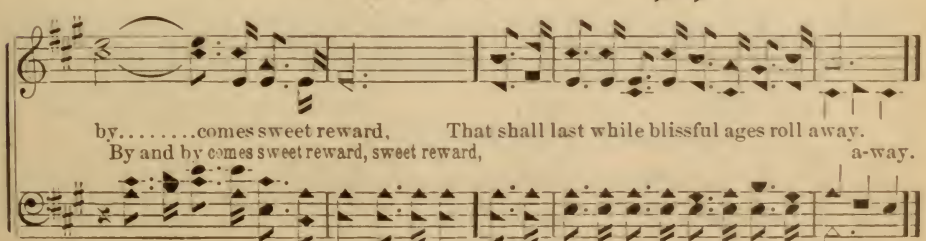
CHORUS.



Are you loy-al to the matchless Son of God? O be faith-ful, O be
Clad in ar-mor that is ev-er shin-ing bright?
Will your Lord confess you 'mid the an-gels there? O be faithful to the



true, To the One..... who died for you, By and
One who died for you, Face the world with Christian courage, for the One who died for you,



by.....comes sweet reward, That shall last while blissful ages roll away.
By and by comes sweet reward, sweet reward, a-way.

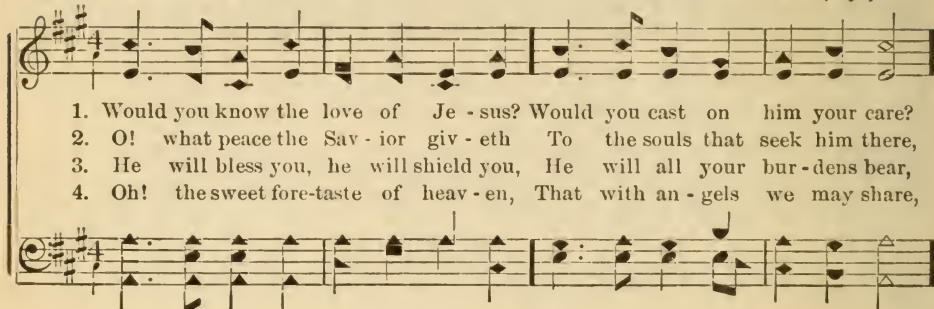
PRAYER.

701 At the Golden Gate of Prayer. Ss & 7s.

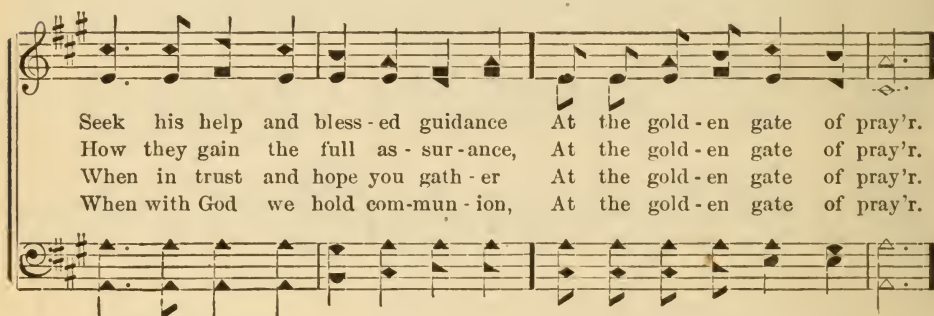
Men Ought Always to Pray and Not Faint.—Luke 18: 1.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

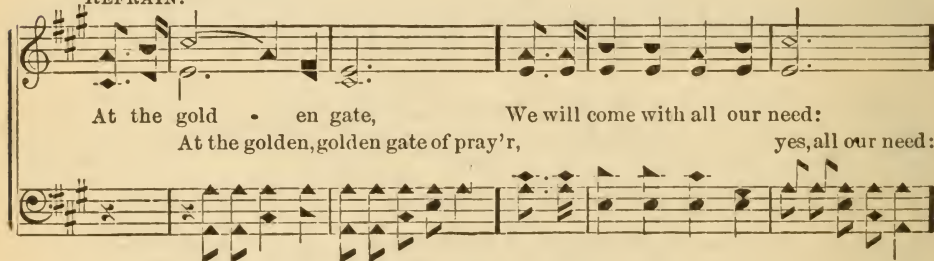


1. Would you know the love of Je - sus? Would you cast on him your care?
 2. O! what peace the Sav - ior giv - eth To the souls that seek him there,
 3. He will bless you, he will shield you, He will all your bur - dens bear,
 4. Oh! the sweet fore-taste of heav - en, That with an - gels we may share,

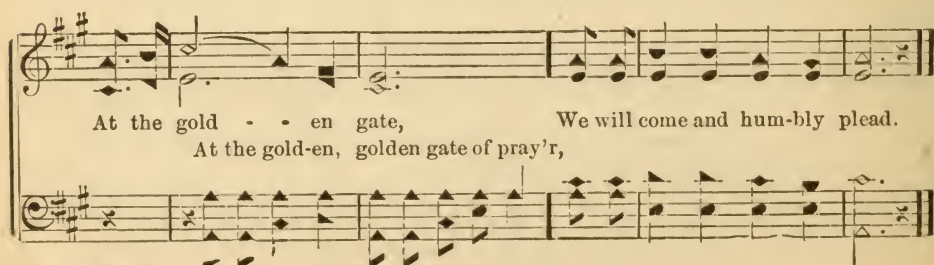


Seek his help and bless - ed guidance At the gold - en gate of pray'r.
 How they gain the full as - sur - ance, At the gold - en gate of pray'r.
 When in trust and hope you gath - er At the gold - en gate of pray'r.
 When with God we hold com - mun - ion, At the gold - en gate of pray'r.

REFRAIN.



At the gold - en gate, We will come with all our need:
 At the golden, golden gate of pray'r, yes, all our need:



At the gold - - en gate, We will come and hum - bly plead.
 At the gold - en, golden gate of pray'r,

HE LEADETH ME.

702 He Leadeth Me: O Blessed Thought! L. M.

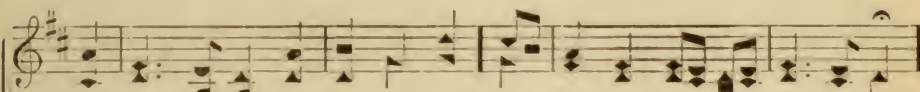
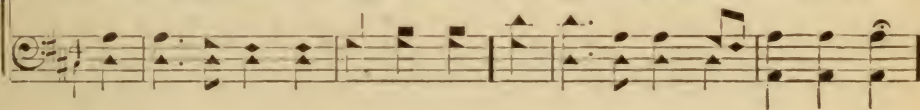
I am the Lord Thy God Which Leadeth Thee.—Isaiah 43: 17.

J. H. GILMORE.

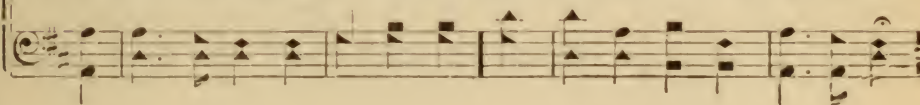
WM. B. BRADBURY.



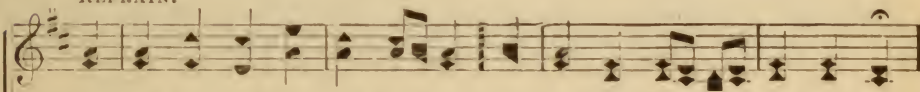
1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed thought! Oh, words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,



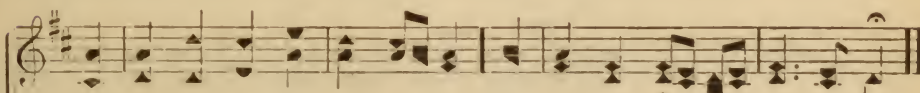
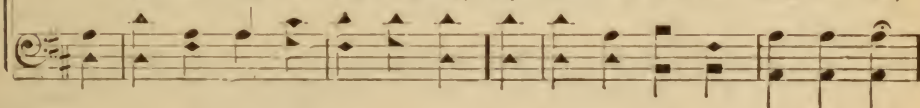
What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled sea—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.



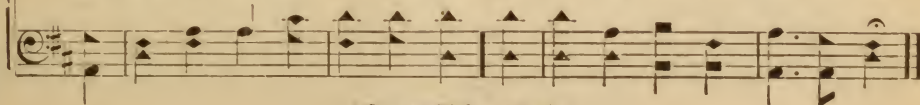
REFRAIN.



He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me; By his own hand he lead-eth me;



His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.



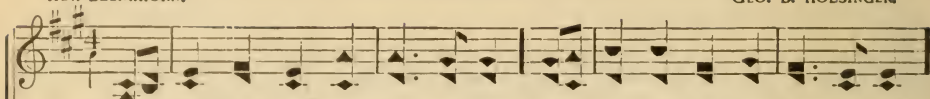
By per. Biglow & Main.

It Was for You and Me.

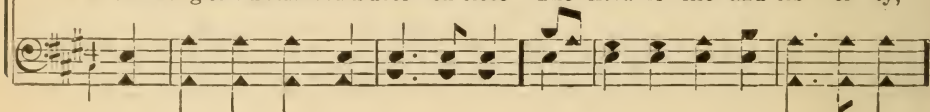
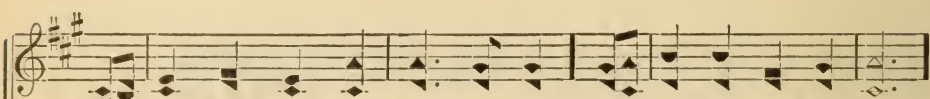
ADA BLENKHORN,

Matt. 27. 50.

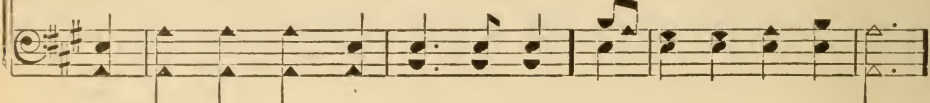
GEO. B. HOLSINGER,



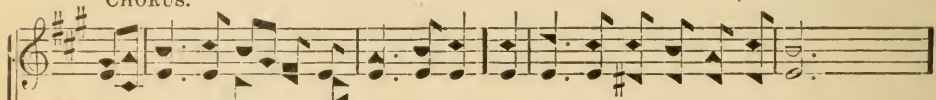
1. He came from realms of light a-bove The Sav-ior of the lost to be,
 2. A-bout the world he dai-ly went On deeds of love and mer-cy free,
 3. In dark Geth-sem-a-ne he wept And prayed in bit-ter ag-o-ny,
 4. The Lord of life, for sin he died, Was cru-ci-fied on Cal-va-ry,
 5. Not long could death's dark door en-close The Lord of life and lib-er-ty,

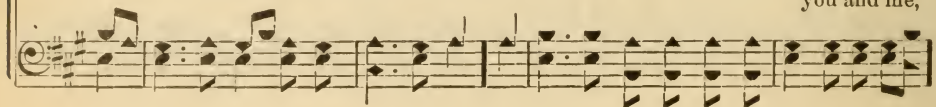
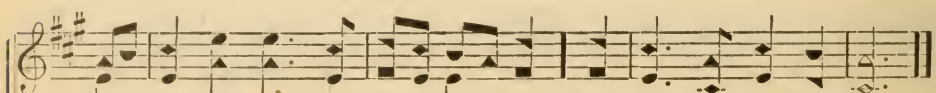
To show a dark-ened world his love; It was for you and me.
 His pre-cious life he glad-ly spent, It was for you and me.
 While his dis-ci-ples, wea-ry, slept, It was for you and me.
 For those who did his name de-ride, It was for you and me.
 The con-quer-or of death he rose, It was for you and me.



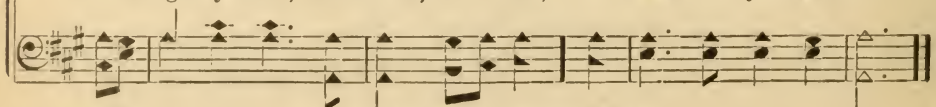
CHORUS.



For you and me, yes, for you and me, 'T was all, yes, all for you and me,
 you and me,

O night-y love, so rich, so free, It was for you and me.



Anywhere with Jesus.

I will Trust and Not be Afraid.—Isaiah 12: 2.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y - where he
 2. An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may
 3. An - y - where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark - ling

leads me in this world be - low; An - y - where with - out him, dear - est
 fail me, he is still my own: Tho' his hand may lead me o - ver
 shad - ows round a - bout me creep: Know - ing I shall wak - en, nev - er

joys would fade, An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
 drear - est ways, An - y - where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
 more to roam, An - y - where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

An - y - where! an - y - where! Fear I can - not know;

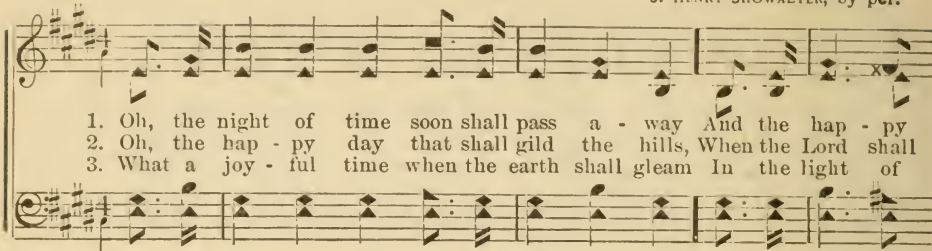
An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go....

The Morning Light.

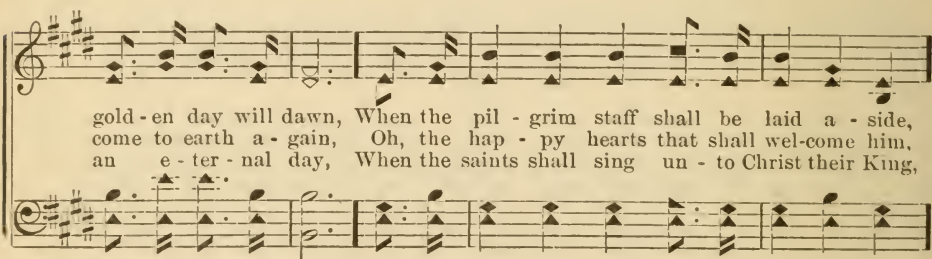
The Night is Far Spent and the Day is at Hand.—Rom. 13: 12.

A. S. KIEFFER.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

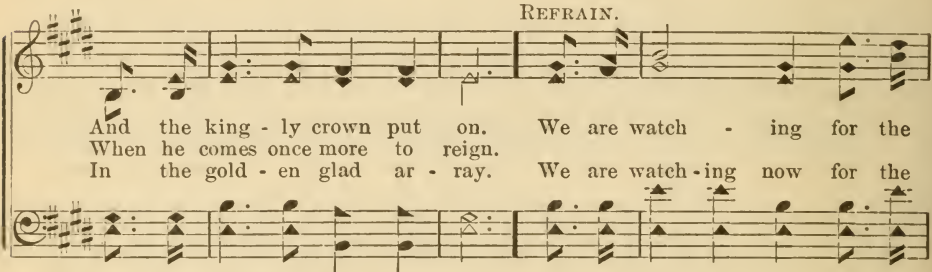


1. Oh, the night of time soon shall pass a - way And the hap - py
 2. Oh, the hap - py day that shall gild the hills, When the Lord shall
 3. What a joy - ful time when the earth shall gleam In the light of

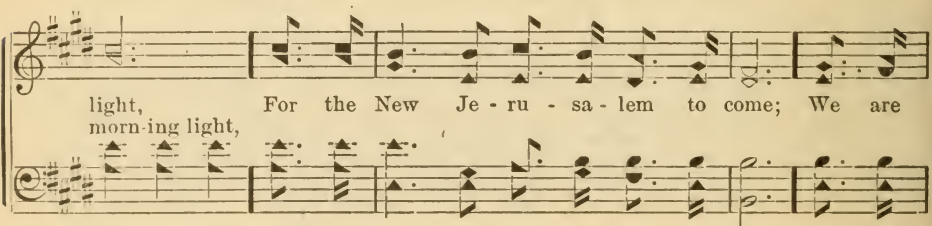


gold - en day will dawn, When the pil - grim staff shall be laid a - side,
 come to earth a - gain, Oh, the hap - py hearts that shall wel - come him,
 an e - ter - nal day, When the saints shall sing un - to Christ their King,

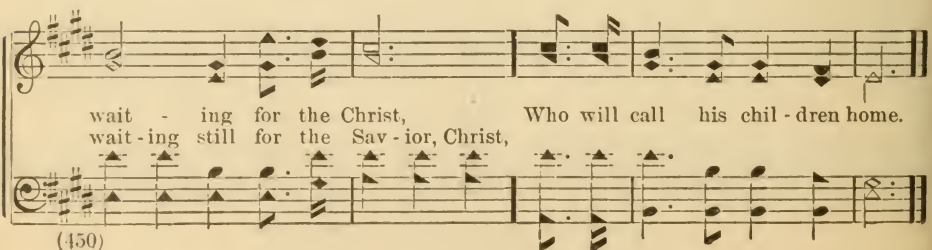
REFRAIN.



And the king - ly crown put on. We are watch - ing for the
 When he comes once more to reign. We are watch - ing now for the
 In the gold - en glad ar - ray.



light, For the New Je - ru - sa - lem to come; We are
 morn - ing light,



wait - ing for the Christ, Who will call his chil - dren home.
 wait - ing still for the Sav - ior, Christ,

Who'll be the Next?

Let Him Follow Me.—John 12: 26.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next his cross to bear?
 2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus — Fol - low his wea - ry, bleeding feet?
 3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to praise his name?
 4. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus, Down thro' the Jor-dan's roll-ing tide?

Some one is read - y, some one is wait-ing; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
 Who'll be the next to lay ev - ry bur-den Down at the Father's mer-cy seat?
 Who'll swell the chorus of free re-demp-tion—Sing, hal - le - lu-jah! praise the Lamb?
 Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed, Sing-ing up-on the oth - er side?

REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?

Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now?

CAUTIOUSNESS.

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Be Careful Where You Step. 7s D.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

Strait is the Gate and Narrow is the Way.—Matt. 7: 14.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. O be care - ful where you step, There are dan - gers that a - bound;
 2. O be care - ful how you step, You must shun e - ter - nal woe,
 3. O be care - ful as you step, On the road that leads a - bove,

Then be sure to guide your feet Where no e - vil can be found.
 There's no path you can re - trace, Choose the right then, as you go,
 With the Gos - pel for your guide Let your feet e'er move with love.

In the strait and nar - row way On - ly safe - ty is as - sured,
 And keep mov - ing right a - long, Be not i - dle by the way;
 By the sin - gle eye of faith, You the per - fect way can keep

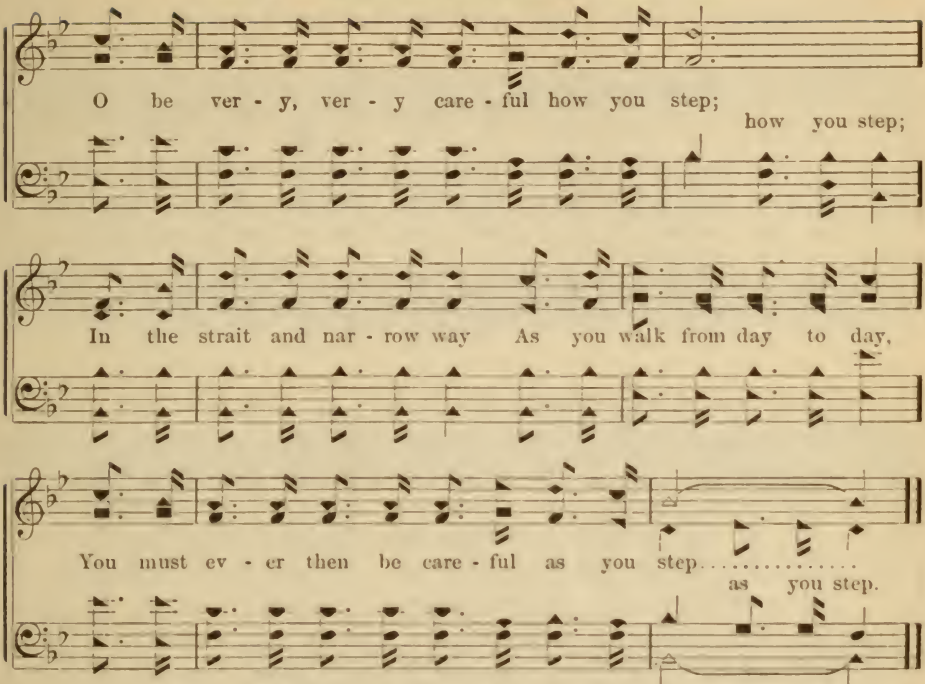
You in this must ev - er walk If you wish to please the Lord.
 Ev - er watch the road you tread, So you do not go a - stray.
 That will lead you up to heav'n. There the great re - ward you'll reap.

CHORUS.

Then be care - - - ful, yes, be care - - - ful,
 Then be care - ful where you step, yes, be care - ful how you step,

CAUTIOUSNESS.

Be Careful Where You Step—Concluded.



O be ver - y, ver - y care - ful how you step; how you step;

In the strait and nar - row way As you walk from day to day,

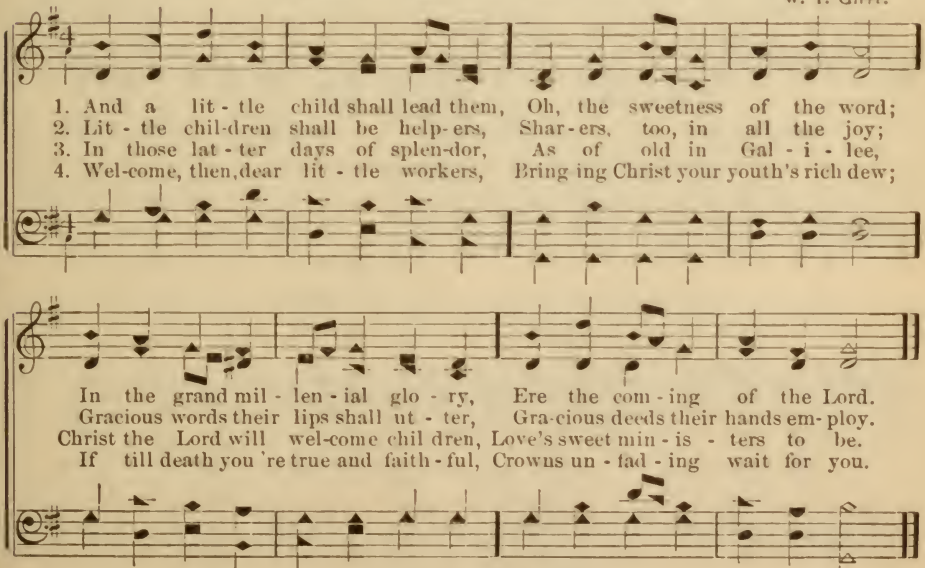
You must ev - er then be care - ful as you step..... as you step.

708

The Children's Mission. 8s & 7s.

And a Little Child shall Lead Them.—Isaiah 11: 6.

W. T. GIFFE.



1. And a lit - tle child shall lead them, Oh, the sweetness of the word;
 2. Lit - tle chil - dren shall be help - ers, Shar - ers, too, in all the joy;
 3. In those lat - ter days of splen - dor, As of old in Gal - i - lee,
 4. Wel - come, then, dear lit - tle workers, Bring ing Christ your youth's rich dew;

In the grand mil - len - ial glo - ry, Ere the com - ing of the Lord.
 Gracious words their lips shall ut - ter, Gra - cious deeds their hands em - ploy.
 Christ the Lord will wel - come chil - dren, Love's sweet min - is - ters to be.
 If till death you're true and faith - ful, Crowns un - fad - ing wait for you.

More Like Thee.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Matt. 7: 14.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. More like thee, O Sav-ior, let me be, More like thee from day to day;
 2. More like thee, O Sav-ior, let me be, Pure with-out, and pure with-in;
 3. More like thee, O Sav-ior, let me be, All my pil - grim jour-ney thro';

Nev - er let me from thy foot-steps stray, Keep me in the nar - row way.
 Keep me ev - er from the ways of sin, I the crown of life would win.
 Meek and low - ly, ev - er kind and true, Like thy-self in all I do.

REFRAIN.

More like thee, more like thee, More and more, O Christ, like thee;
 yes, more like thee, yes, more like thee,

By thy grace, O let me day by day, Grow more and more like thee.

Jesus Saves!

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Acts 16: 31.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 4. Give the winds a night - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 By his death and end - less life: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Let the na - tions now re - joice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

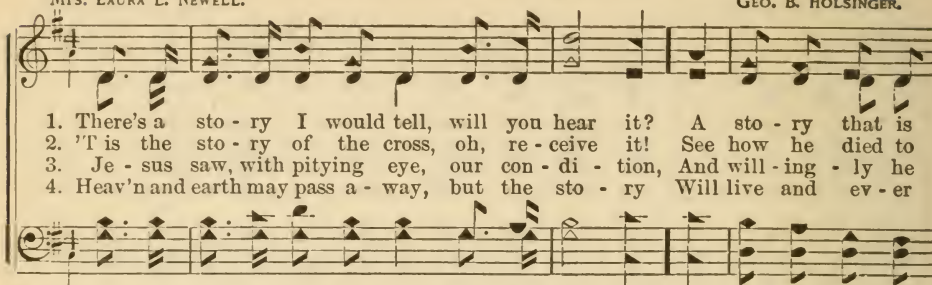
On-ward!—'t is our Lord's com - mand: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

The Story of His Love.

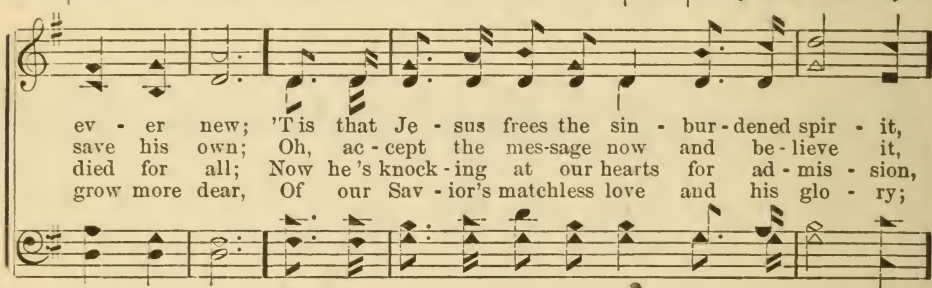
Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.—John 15: 13.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

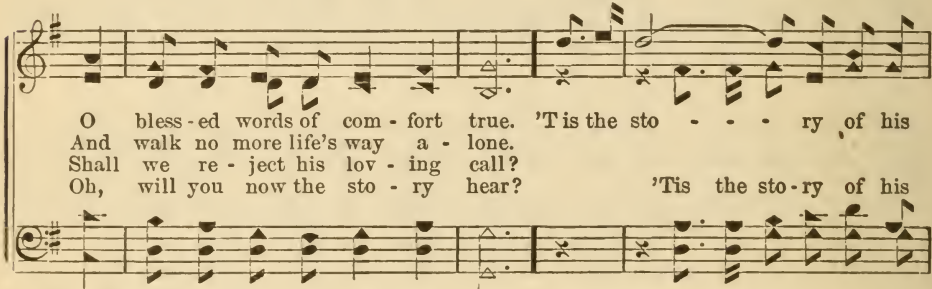


1. There's a sto - ry I would tell, will you hear it? A sto - ry that is
 2. 'Tis the sto - ry of the cross, oh, re - ceive it! See how he died to
 3. Je - sus saw, with pitying eye, our con - di - tion, And will - ing - ly he
 4. Heav'n and earth may pass a - way, but the sto - ry Will live and ev - er

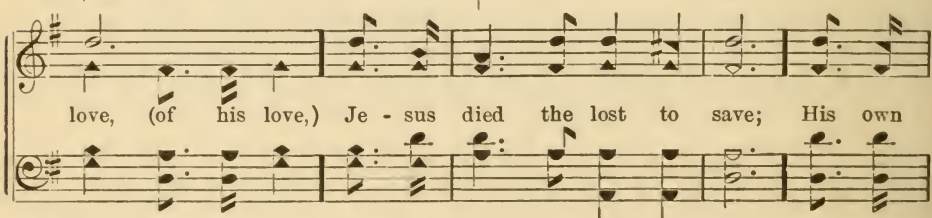


ev - er new; 'Tis that Je - sus frees the sin - bur - dened spir - it,
 save his own; Oh, ac - cept the mes - sage now and be - lieve it,
 died for all; Now he's knock - ing at our hearts for ad - mis - sion,
 grow more dear, Of our Sav - ior's matchless love and his glo - ry;

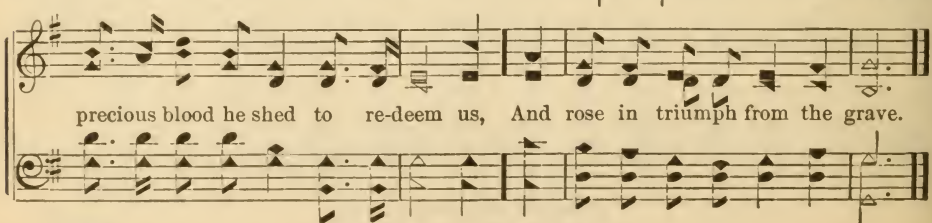
CHORUS.



O bless - ed words of com - fort true. 'Tis the sto - - - ry of his
 And walk no more life's way a - lone.
 Shall we re - ject his lov - ing call?
 Oh, will you now the sto - ry hear? 'Tis the sto - ry of his



love, (of his love,) Je - sus died the lost to save; His own



precious blood he shed to re - deem us, And rose in triumph from the grave.

Heaven, the Beautiful.

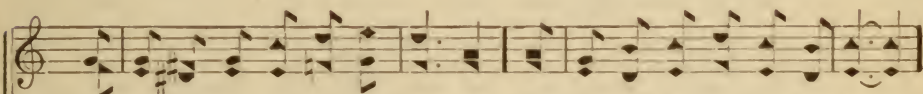
Rev. 22: 1-3.

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY.

ALFRED BEIRLY.



1. O mansions of beau-ty in heav-en, Whose walls are of jas-per and gold!
2. O gar-dens where an-gels are stray-ing, O trees with your fruitage and bloom!
3. O Sav-ior, who dwellest in heav-en, More fair than all heav-en's de-light,



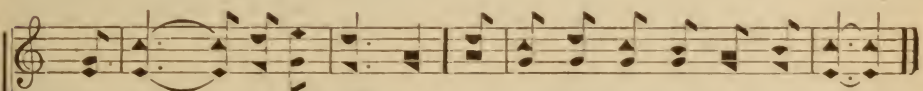
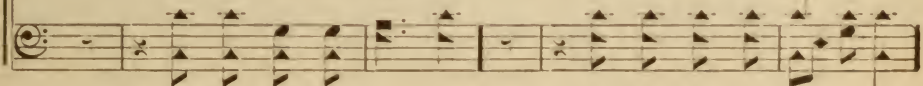
O riv-ers and fountains of crys-tal, Whose mu-sic will nev-er grow old!
 O breez-es that blow your sweet coolness, O flow-ers so rich with per-fume!
 We long for thy pres-ence most glo-rious, For-ev-er to live in thy light!



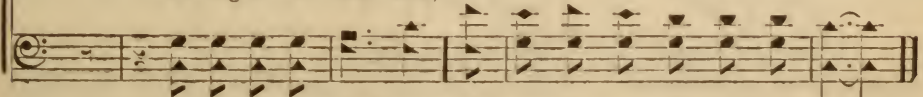
CHORUS.



O home..... of the bless-ed, So shin-ing and fair!.....
 O home of the bless-ed, So shin-ing and fair, so fair!



We long..... to be-hold thee, And dwell 'mid thy hap-pi-ness there!
 We long to be-hold thee,



Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O.

Follow Me.—John 1: 43.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, kind is the word; Dear-er far than
 2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweet-er far than
 3. List to his lov-ing words, "Come un - to me;" Wea-ry, heav - y -

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
 an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
 la - den, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in his prom-is - es,

sin - less I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
 faith - ful is he; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
 faith - ful and sure: Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se - cure.

CHORUS.

Where..... he leads I'll fol - low,
 Where he leads I'll fol - low, Where he leads I'll fol - low,

Fol - low all the way,
 Follow all the way, yes, fol-low all the way, Fol-low Je - sus ev - ry day.

A Servant of the King.

J. W. WAYLAND.

Psa. 126: 6.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Small may be my field of hum-ble serv-ice, Few the sheaves my
 2. When the hosts of sin shall come a-against me, And in rage their
 3. In the train of earth-ly lords and mas-ters Let those serve who

fee-ble hands may bring: Yet I full of joy go forth to la-bor,—
 a-lie ban-ners fling, This to ev-'ry foe shall be my chal-lenge;
 to this world would cling; But I seek a-bove a bet-ter treas-ure,—

CHORUS.

I am a serv-ant of the King. }
 "I am a serv-ant of the King." } Faint not, broth-er,
 I am a serv-ant of heav-en's King. }

be not sad and wea-ry, Look to Je-sus, vic-to-ry to bring;

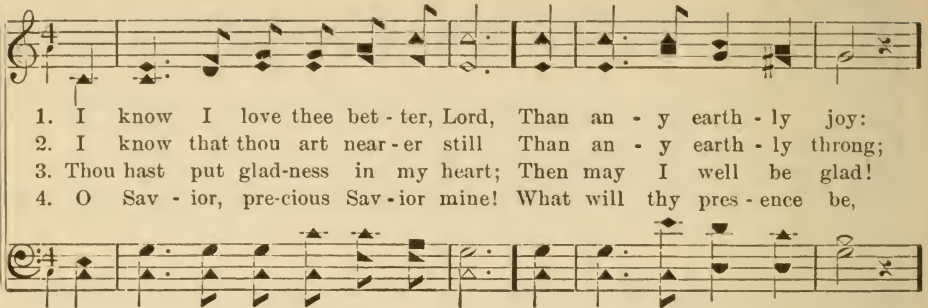
Shout a-loud with heart of joy o'er-flow-ing, "I am a serv-ant of the King."

715 I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord. C. M.

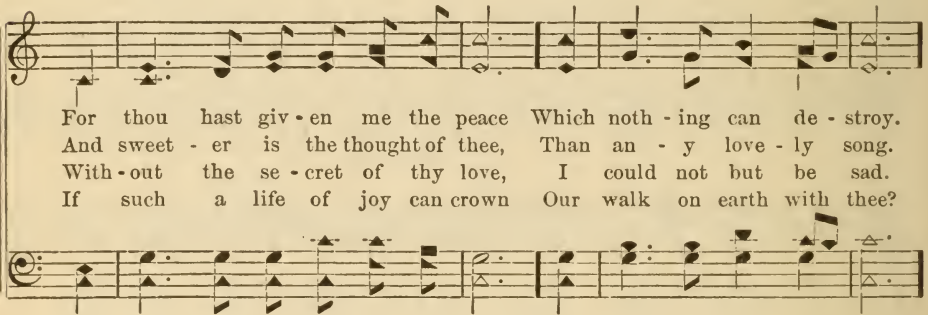
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Behold, the Half was Not Told.—1 Kings 10: 7.

R. E. HUDSON.

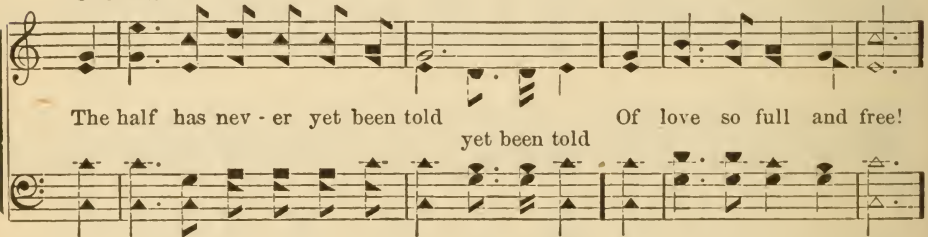


1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an-y earth-ly joy:
 2. I know that thou art near-er still Than an-y earth-ly throng;
 3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
 4. O Sav-ior, pre-cious Sav-ior mine! What will thy pres-ence be,

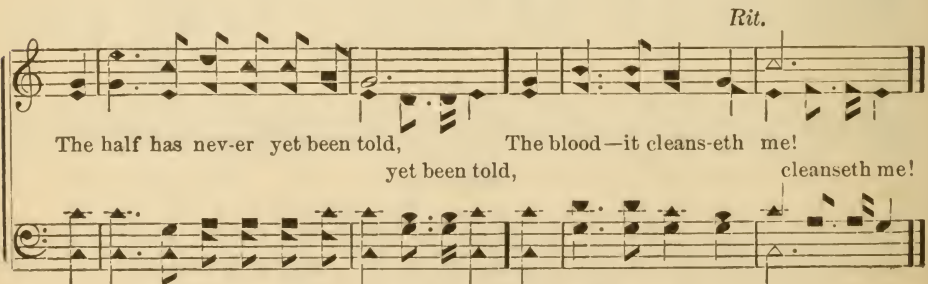


For thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
 And sweet-er is the thought of thee, Than an-y love-ly song.
 With-out the se-cret of thy love, I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

CHORUS.



The half has nev-er yet been told Of love so full and free!
 yet been told



Rit.
 The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleans-eth me!
 yet been told, cleanseth me!

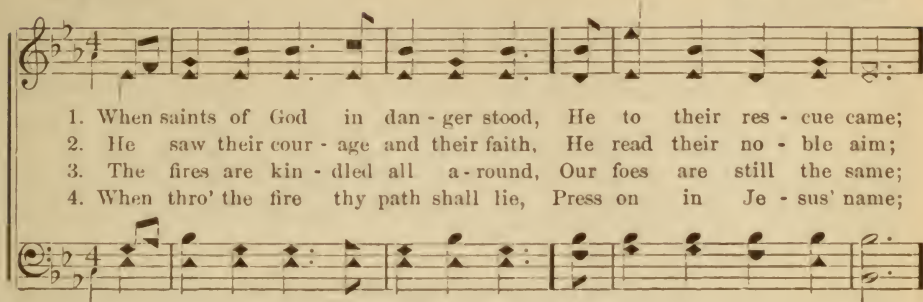
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716 He'll Quench the Raging Flame. Ss & 6s.

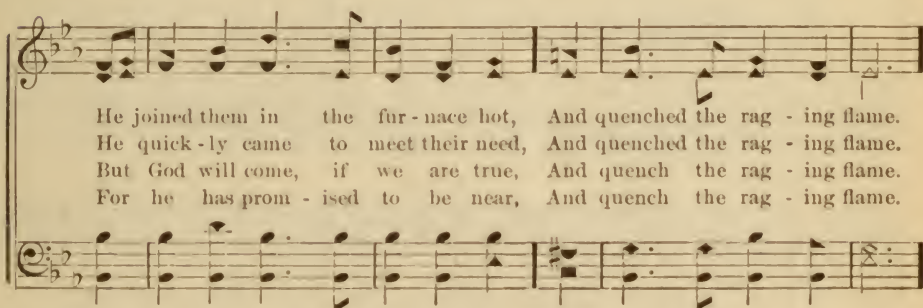
A Very Present Help in Time of Trouble, etc.—Psa. 46: 1.

H. J. ZELLEY.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. When saints of God in dan - ger stood, He to their res - cue came;
 2. He saw their cour - age and their faith, He read their no - ble aim;
 3. The fires are kin - dled all a - round, Our foes are still the same;
 4. When thro' the fire thy path shall lie, Press on in Je - sus' name;

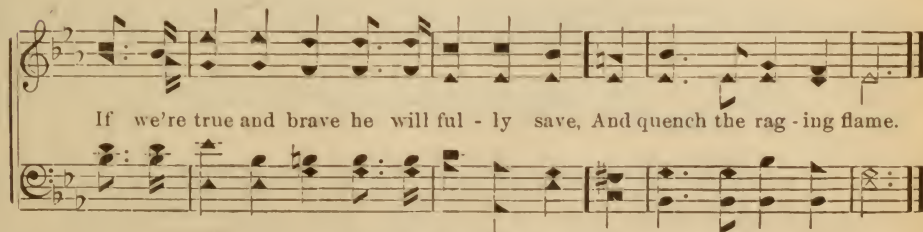


He joined them in the fur - nace hot, And quenched the rag - ing flame.
 He quick - ly came to meet their need, And quenched the rag - ing flame.
 But God will come, if we are true, And quench the rag - ing flame.
 For he has prom - ised to be near, And quench the rag - ing flame.

CHORUS.



Then nev - er fear, for the Lord is near, O glo - ry to his name;



If we're true and brave he will ful - ly save, And quench the rag - ing flame.

Fair Galilee. L. M.

JAMES A. SELL.

Peace, be Still.—Mark 4: 39.

R. C. WARD.

1. My heart goes out to Gal - i - lee: A - long its shores I fain would be.
 2. E'en while the waves were run-ning high, To them he spake, "Fear not, 't is I!"
 3. Blessed Savior, come, say, "Peace, be still;" And guide our bark to Zi-on's hill:

Up - on its breast the sore dis-tressed, In mer - cy met the Sav - ior blessed.
 So our frail bark is on the sea, Where heav - y waves dash wild and free.
 Then in that land of peace and rest, We'll praise thy name with all the blest.

CHORUS.

Dear Sav - - - ior, come while on the sea, And
 Dear Sav - ior, come while on the sea, while on the sea,

still the storm, speak peace to me; Re-move my fear and all my
 And still the storm, speak peace to me, speak peace to me; Remove my fear and all my

dread;..... And say, "'Tis I, be not a-fraid."
 dread, and all my dread; be not a-fraid."

By per. of R. C. Ward, owner of copyright.

JOY.

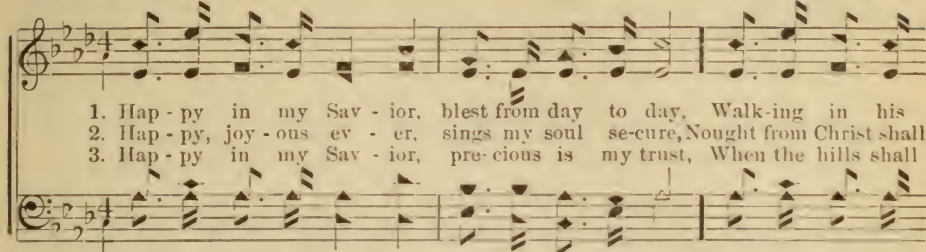
718

Happy in My Savior. 6s & 5s D.

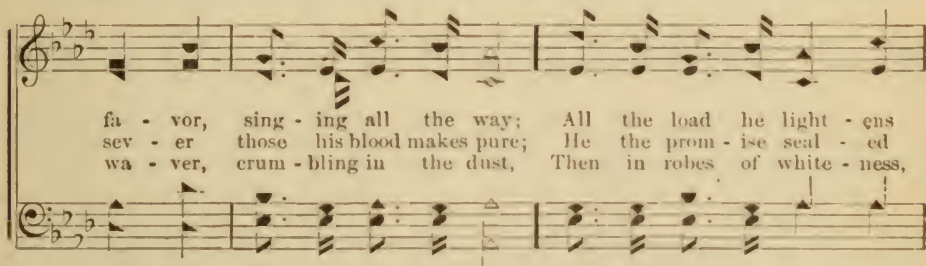
In Thy Presence is Fullness of Joy.—Psa. 16: 11.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.


GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. Hap - py in my Sav - ior, blest from day to day, Walk - ing in his
 2. Hap - py, joy - ous ev - er, sings my soul se - cure, Nought from Christ shall
 3. Hap - py in my Sav - ior, pre - cious is my trust, When the hills shall

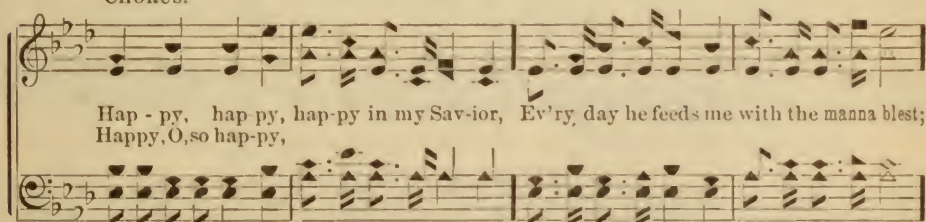


fa - vor, sing - ing all the way; All the load he light - ens
 sev - er those his blood makes pure; He the prom - ise seal - ed
 wa - ver, crum - bling in the dust, Then in robes of white - ness,

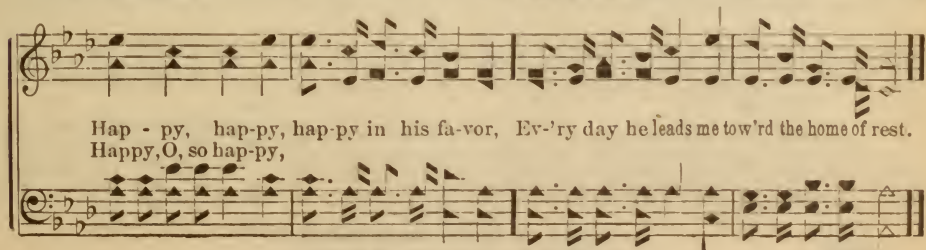


when the spir - it fails. All the path he bright - ens when the night pre vails.
 with his pre - cious blood, He the way re - veal - ed to the Fa - ther, God.
 far be - yond the sky, With my Lord in bright - ness I shall reign on high.

CHORUS.



Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py in my Sav - ior, Ev - ry day he feeds me with the manna blest;
 Happy, O, so hap - py,



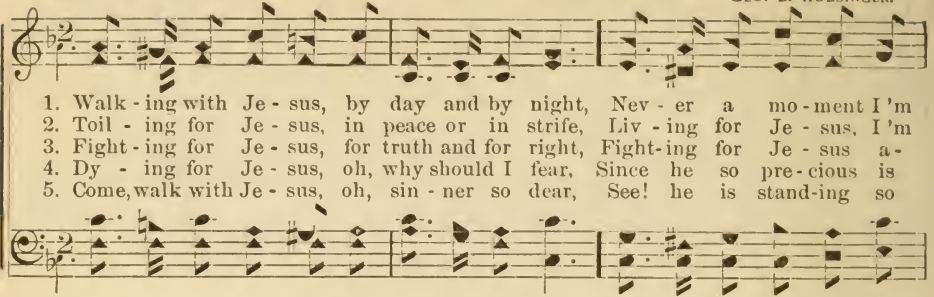
Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py in his fa - vor, Ev - ry day he leads me tow'rd the home of rest.
 Happy, O, so hap - py,

Walking with Jesus. 10s.

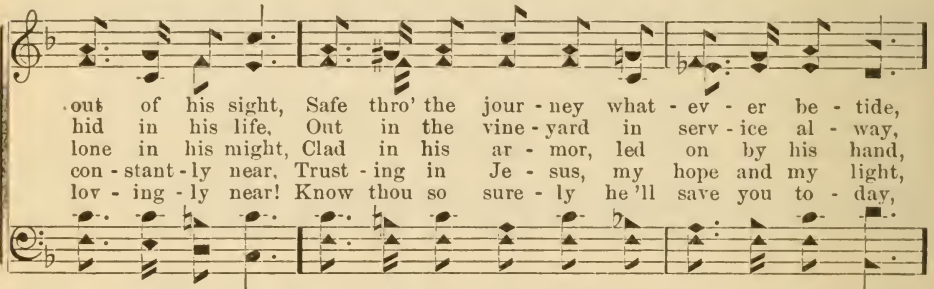
He will Be Our Guide Even Unto Death.—Psa. 48: 14.

MRS. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

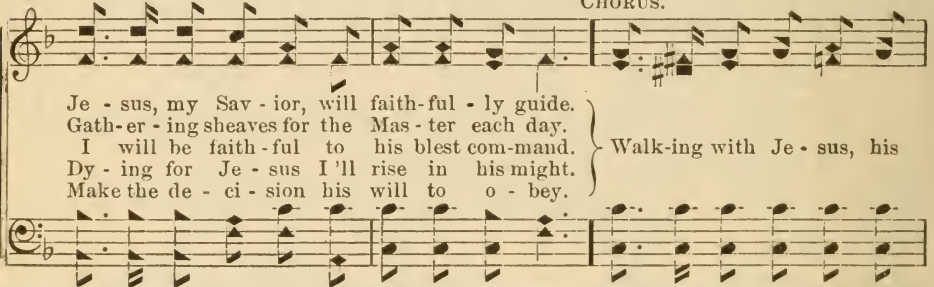


1. Walk - ing with Je - sus, by day and by night, Nev - er a mo - ment I'm
 2. Toil - ing for Je - sus, in peace or in strife, Liv - ing for Je - sus, I'm
 3. Fight - ing for Je - sus, for truth and for right, Fight - ing for Je - sus a -
 4. Dy - ing for Je - sus, oh, why should I fear, Since he so pre - cious is
 5. Come, walk with Je - sus, oh, sin - ner so dear, See! he is stand - ing so

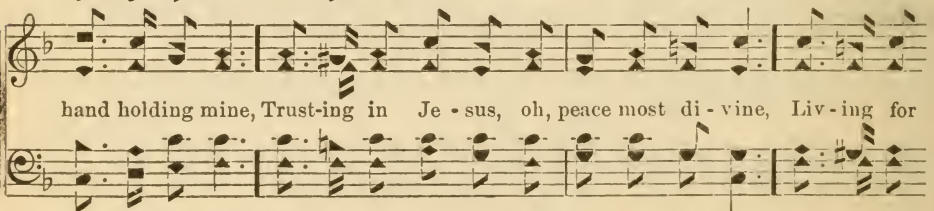


out of his sight, Safe thro' the jour - ney what - ev - er be - tide,
 hid in his life, Out in the vine - yard in serv - ice al - way,
 lone in his night, Clad in his ar - mor, led on by his hand,
 con - stant - ly near, Trust - ing in Je - sus, my hope and my light,
 lov - ing - ly near! Know thou so sure - ly he'll save you to - day,

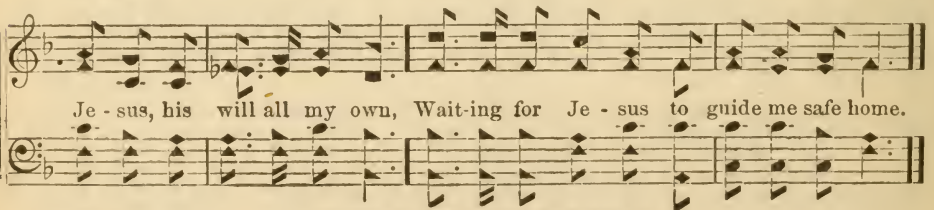
CHORUS.



Je - sus, my Sav - ior, will faith - ful - ly guide.
 Gath - er - ing sheaves for the Mas - ter each day.
 I will be faith - ful to his blest com - mand. Walk - ing with Je - sus, his
 Dy - ing for Je - sus I'll rise in his might.
 Make the de - ci - sion his will to o - bey.



hand holding mine, Trust - ing in Je - sus, oh, peace most di - vine, Liv - ing for



Je - sus, his will all my own, Wait - ing for Je - sus to guide me safe home.

More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

Eph. 3: 19.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to oth - ers show;
 2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will dis-cern;
 3. More a-bout Je - sus; in his Word Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
 4. More a-bout Je - sus; on his throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all his own;

More of his sav - ing full - ness see, More of his love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear - ing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.
 More of his kin - dom's sure in - crease; More of his com - ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus,

More of his sav - ing full - ness see, More of his love who died for me.

The Home Country. C. M.

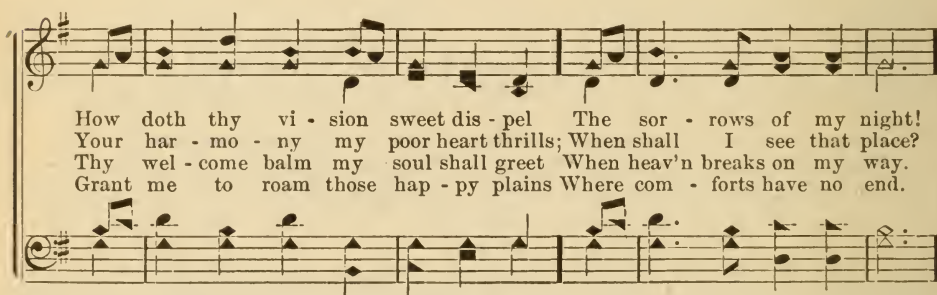
Rev. 21: 23.

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

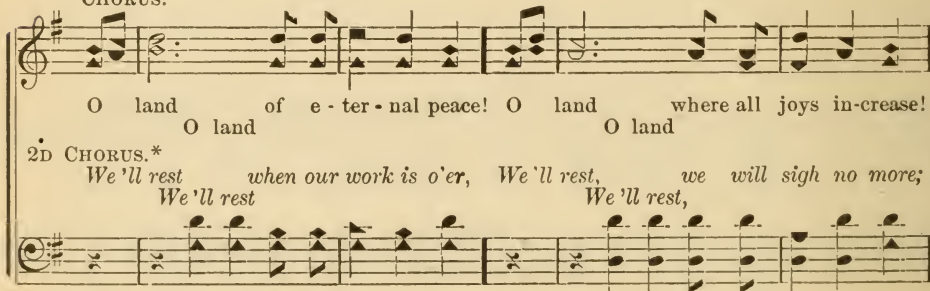


1. O bless - ed place where an - gels dwell, Where God him - self is light,
 2. O song that dwells a - bove the hills, Whose on - ly theme is grace,
 3. O rest that waits for wea - ry feet That strug - gle day by day,
 4. O coun - try where Mes - si - ah reigns! My Fa - ther, Broth - er, Friend,



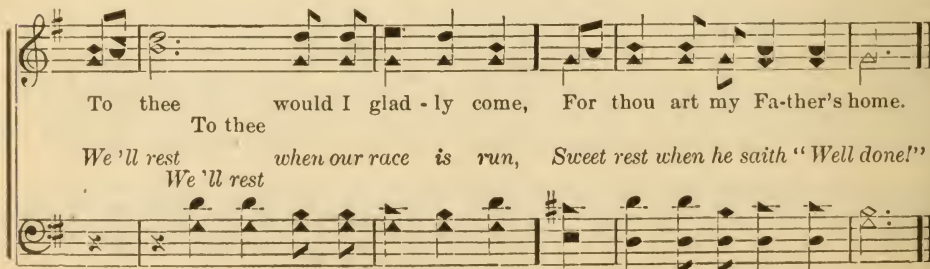
How doth thy vi - sion sweet dis - pel The sor - rows of my night!
 Your har - mo - ny my poor heart thrills; When shall I see that place?
 Thy wel - come balm my soul shall greet When heav'n breaks on my way.
 Grant me to roam those hap - py plains Where com - forts have no end.

CHORUS.



O land of e - ter - nal peace! O land where all joys in - crease!
 O land O land

2D CHORUS.*
 We'll rest when our work is o'er, We'll rest, we will sigh no more;
 We'll rest We'll rest,



To thee would I glad - ly come, For thou art my Fa - ther's home.
 To thee
 We'll rest when our race is run, Sweet rest when he saith "Well done!"
 We'll rest

* Second chorus suitable for hymn No. 379.

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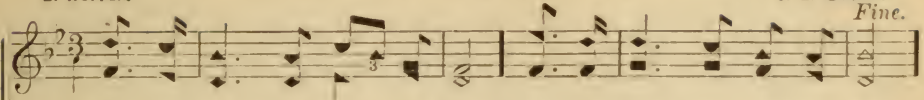
722

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me. 7s.

E. HOPPER.

I will Guide Thee with Mine Eye.—Psa. 32: 8.

J. E. GOULD.
Fine.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest-u-ous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.



Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;



2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

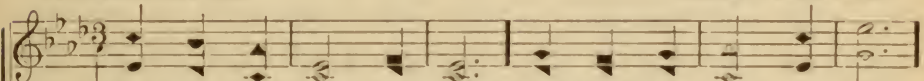
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Greenwood. S. M.

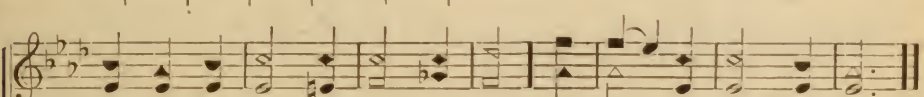
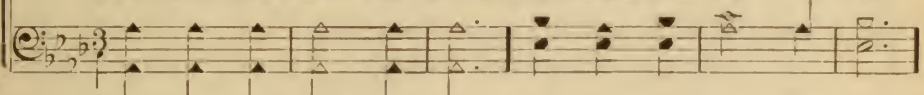
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

God's Commands.—1 John 5: 3.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER, 1849.



1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath his watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un-changed from day to day:



Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
That hand which bears cre - a - tion up Shall guard his chil - dren well.
Haste to your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

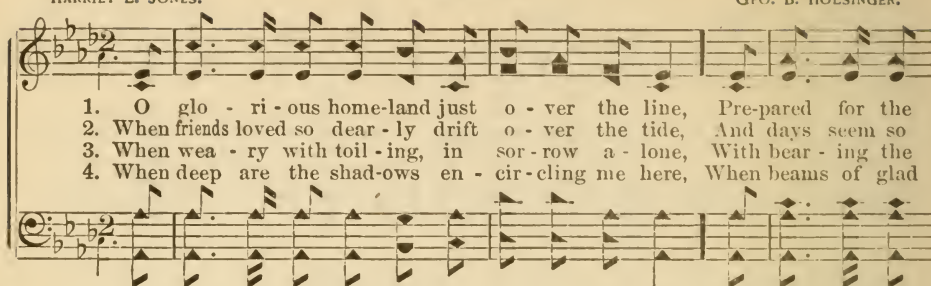


Beautiful, Golden Sometime.

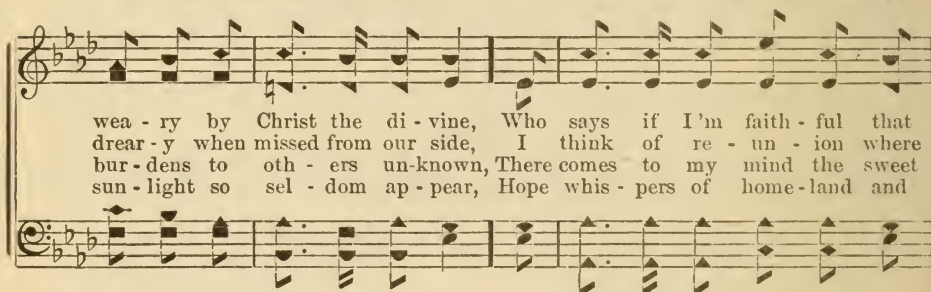
HARRIET E. JONES.

John 14: 1-3.

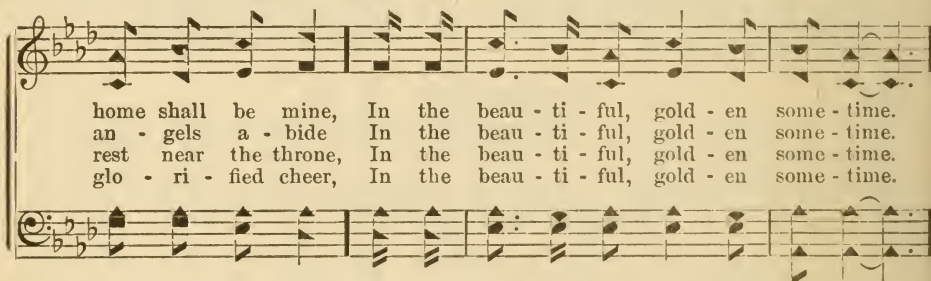
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. O glo - ri - ous home-land just o - ver the line, Pre-pared for the
 2. When friends loved so dear - ly drift o - ver the tide, And days seem so
 3. When wea - ry with toil - ing, in sor - row a - lone, With bear - ing the
 4. When deep are the shad - ows en - cir - cling me here, When beams of glad

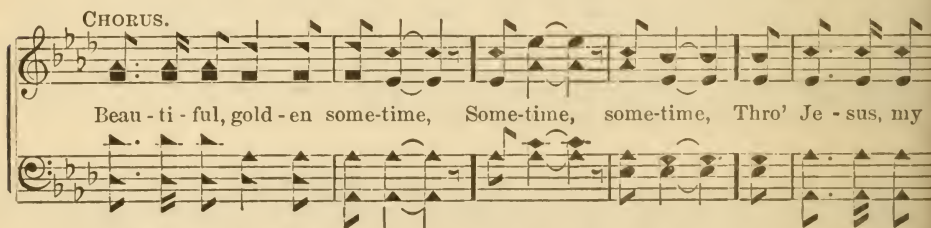


wea - ry by Christ the di - vine, Who says if I'm faith - ful that
 drear - y when missed from our side, I think of re - un - ion where
 bur - dens to oth - ers un-known, There comes to my mind the sweet
 sun - light so sel - dom ap - pear, Hope whis - pers of home-land and

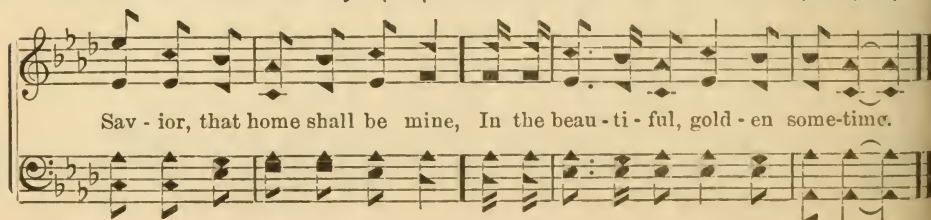


home shall be mine, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.
 an - gels a - bide In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.
 rest near the throne, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.
 glo - ri - fied cheer, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful, gold - en some-time, Some-time, some-time, Thro' Je - sus, my



Sav - ior, that home shall be mine, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some-time.

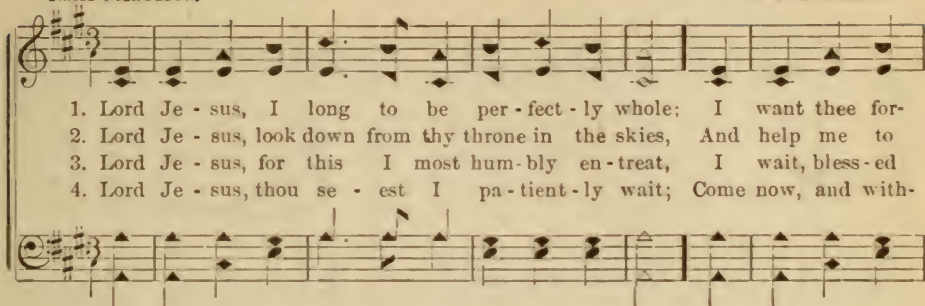
725

Whiter than Snow. 11s.

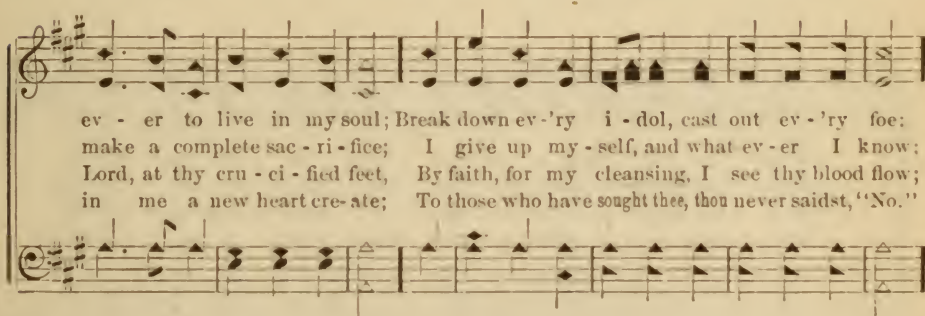
JAMES NICHOLSON.

Wash Me, and I shall be Whiter than Snow.—Psa. 51: 7.

WM. G. FISCHER.

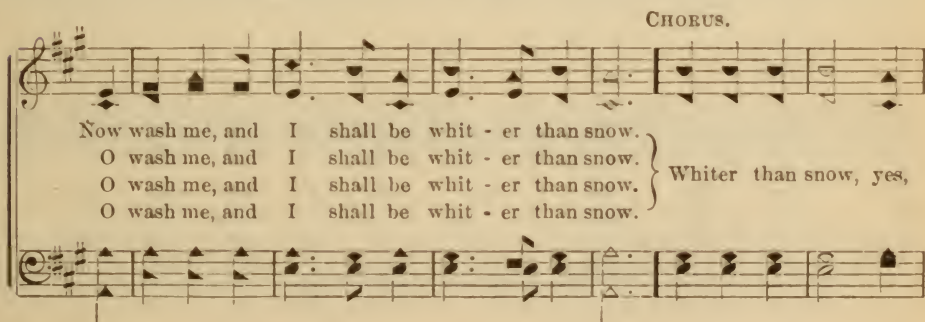


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for-
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat, I wait, bless - ed
 4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with-

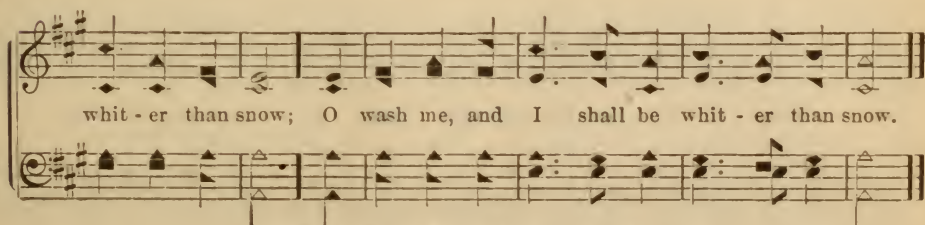


ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
 make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what ev - er I know;
 Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow;
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never saidst, "No."

CHORUS.



Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. } Whiter than snow, yes,
 O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



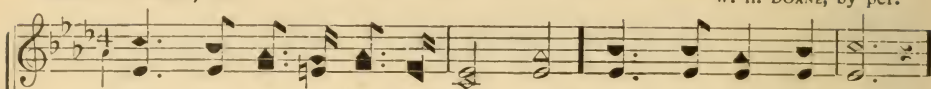
whit - er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Pass Me Not.

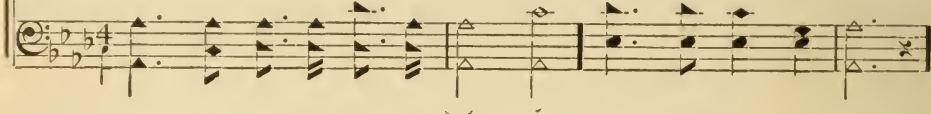
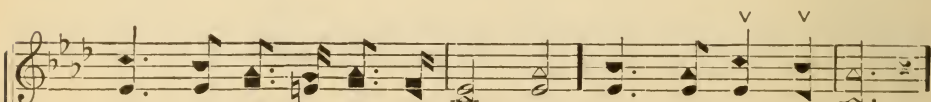
Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.—Acts 2: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

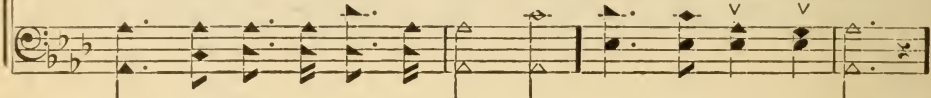
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
 2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief.
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face;
 4. Thou the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,

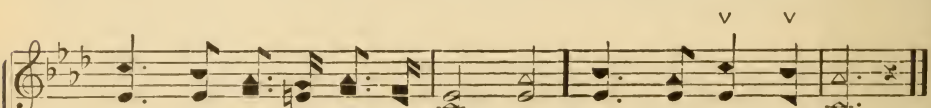
While on oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?



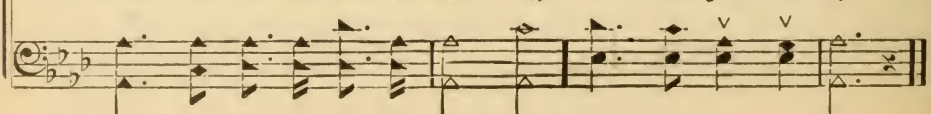
CHORUS.



Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry,

While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.



RESTING.


727

Sweetly Resting. Ss & 7s D.

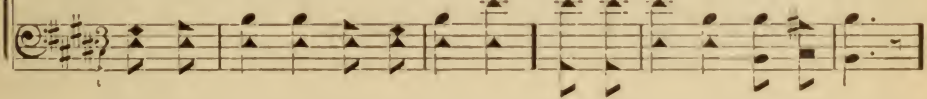

As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.—Isaiah 32: 2.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.


WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.




1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing; Safe - ly shel - tered I a - bide;
 2. Long pur - sued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea - ry, sad, I longed for rest;
 3. Peace, which pass - eth un - der - stand - ing, Joy the world can nev - er give,
 4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me Till the storms of life are past,



There no foes or storms mo - lest me, While with - in the cleft I hide.
 Then I found this heav'n - ly shel - ter, O - pened in my Sav - ior's breast.
 Now in Je - sus I am find - ing: In his smiles of love I live.
 All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heed - ing not the fierc - est blast.




REFRAIN.



Now I'm rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me;

Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in thee.



The Beckoning Light. 8s & 7s D.

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY.

I am the Light of the World.—John 8: 12.

WM. BEERY.

1. Lo, a gleam from yon - der heav - en Breaks up - on our star - less night;
 2. When we're tossed on trou - bled wa - ters,— On temp - ta - tion's o - cean wide,
 3. Out of sin, and out of weak - ness, This fair light still beck - ons on,

Like a kind - ly hand it beck - ons,—“Walk in me, I am the Light.”
 Like a sil - ver flood de - scend - ing, Thou our souls wilt safe - ly guide.
 Thro' the val - ley of all shad - ows, To his own re - splend - ent dawn.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Light se - rene, e - ter - nal! Glo - rious Sun of right - eous - ness!

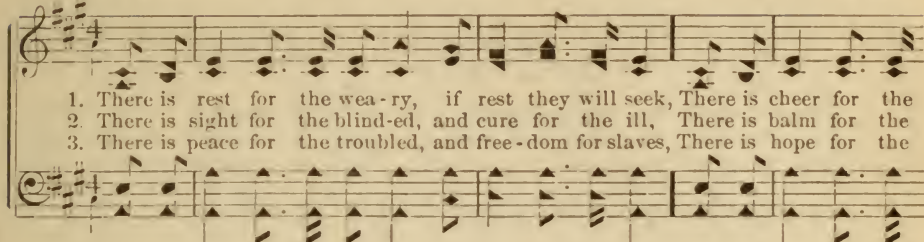
Morn - ing Star of all the a - ges, With thy beams our spir - its bless.

Will You Come? 12s.

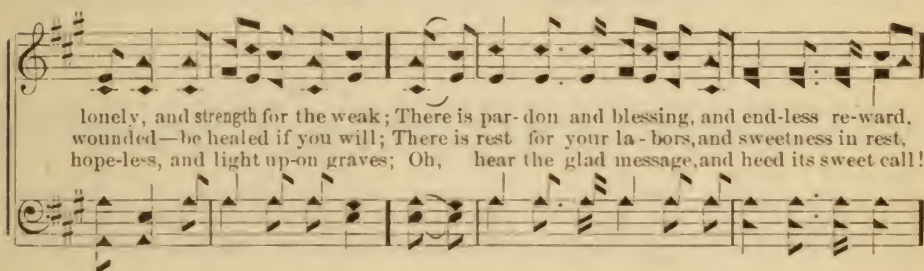
There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. 4: 9.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

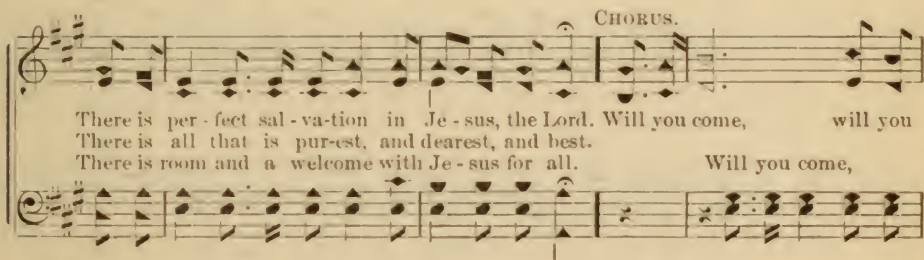
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. There is rest for the wea-ry, if rest they will seek, There is cheer for the
 2. There is sight for the blind-ed, and cure for the ill, There is balm for the
 3. There is peace for the troubled, and free-dom for slaves, There is hope for the

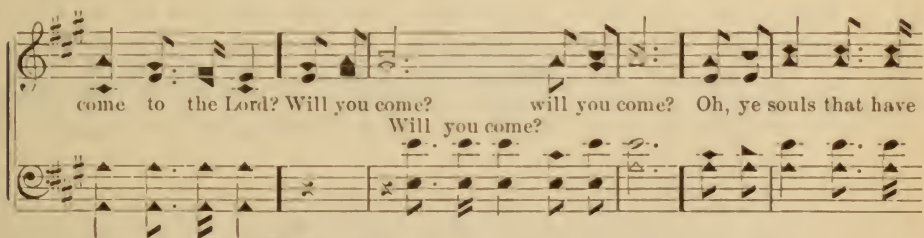


lonely, and strength for the weak; There is par-don and blessing, and end-less re-ward,
 wounded—be healed if you will; There is rest for your la-bors, and sweetness in rest,
 hope-less, and light up-on graves; Oh, hear the glad message, and heed its sweet call!

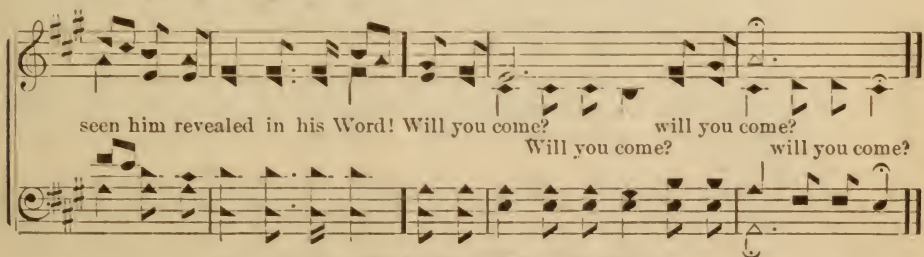


CHORUS.

There is per-fect sal-va-tion in Je-sus, the Lord. Will you come, will you
 There is all that is pur-est, and dearest, and best.
 There is room and a wel-come with Je-sus for all. Will you come,



come to the Lord? Will you come? will you come? Oh, ye souls that have
 Will you come?

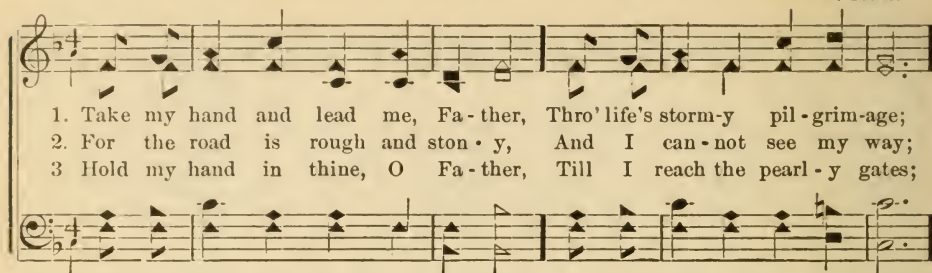


seen him revealed in his Word! Will you come? will you come?
 Will you come? will you come?

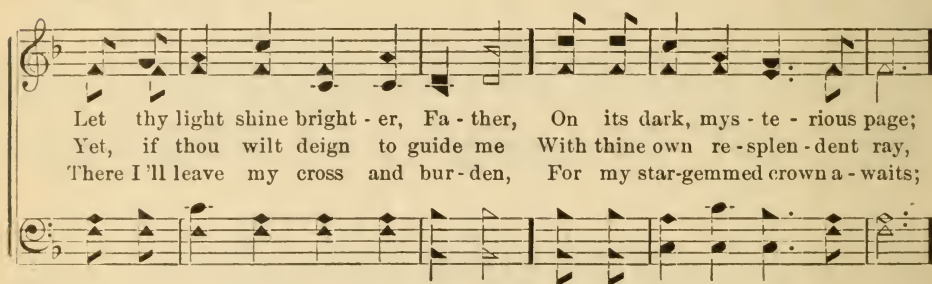
730 Take My Hand and Lead Me, Father. Ss & 7s D.

For Thy Name's Sake Lead Me and Guide Me.—Psa. 31: 3.

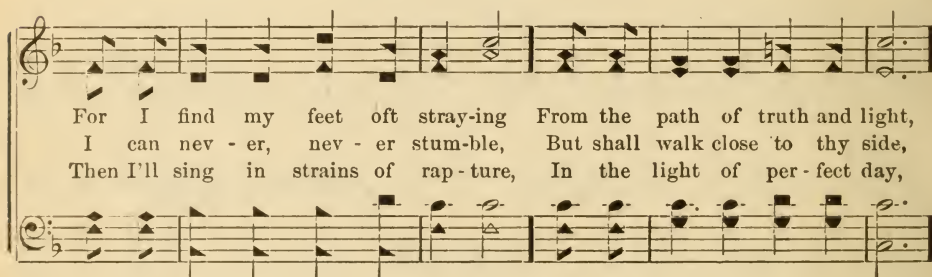
WM. BEERY.



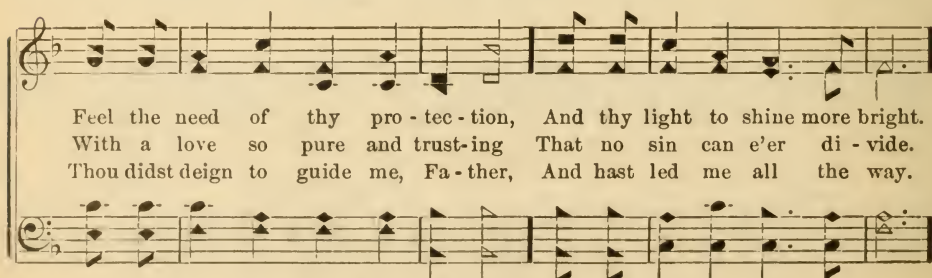
1. Take my hand and lead me, Fa-ther, Thro' life's storm-y pil-grim-age;
 2. For the road is rough and ston-y, And I can-not see my way;
 3. Hold my hand in thine, O Fa-ther, Till I reach the pearl-y gates;



Let thy light shine bright-er, Fa-ther, On its dark, mys-te-rious page;
 Yet, if thou wilt deign to guide me With thine own re-splen-dent ray,
 There I'll leave my cross and bur-den, For my star-gemmed crown a-waits;



For I find my feet oft stray-ing From the path of truth and light,
 I can nev-er, nev-er stum-ble, But shall walk close 'to thy side,
 Then I'll sing in strains of rap-ture, In the light of per-fect day,

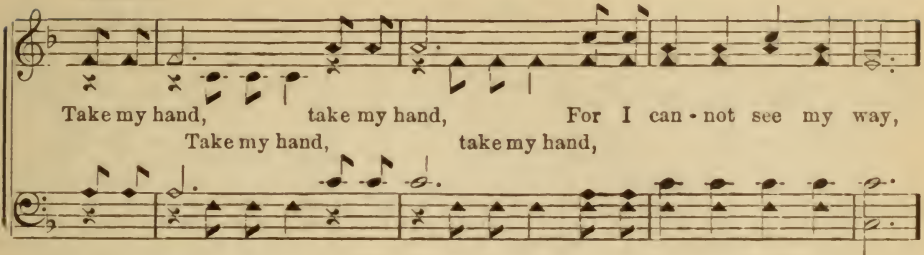


Feel the need of thy pro-tec-tion, And thy light to shine more bright.
 With a love so pure and trust-ing That no sin can e'er di-vide.
 Thou didst deign to guide me, Fa-ther, And hast led me all the way.

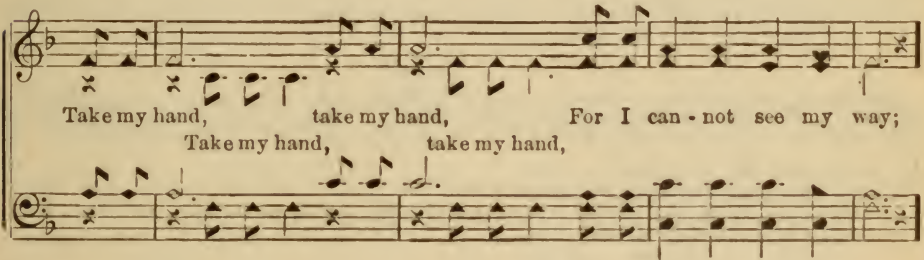
GUIDANCE.

Take My Hand and Lead Me, Father—Concluded.

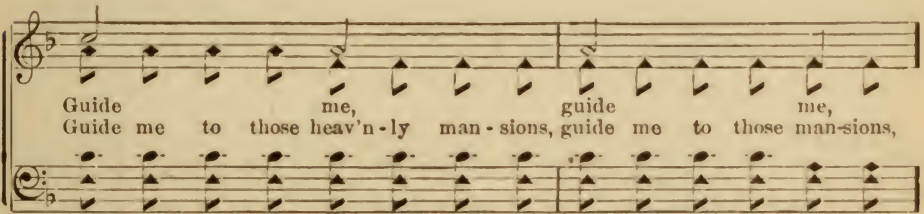
CHORUS.



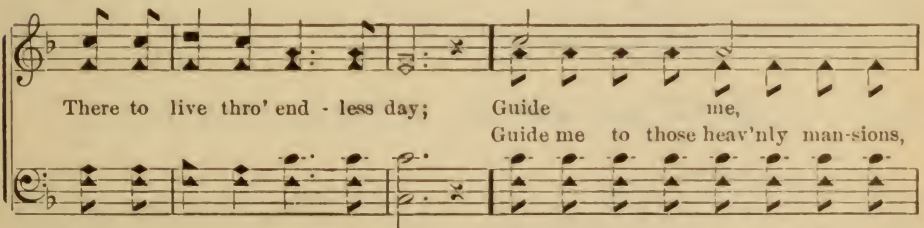
Take my hand, take my hand, For I can - not see my way,
Take my hand, take my hand,



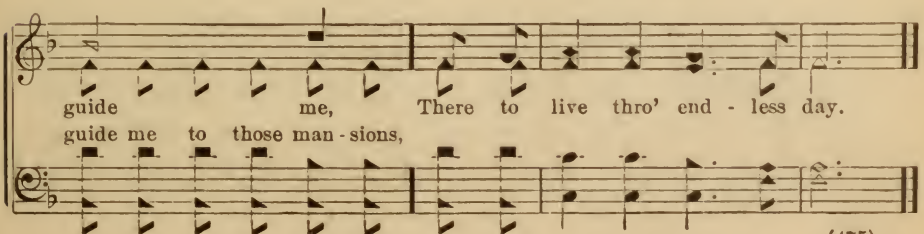
Take my hand, take my hand, For I can - not see my way;
Take my hand, take my hand,



Guide me, me, guide me, me,
Guide me to those heav'n - ly man - sions, guide me to those man-sions,



There to live thro' end - less day; Guide me,
Guide me to those heav'nly man-sions,



guide me, There to live thro' end - less day.
guide me to those man - sions,

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. MACKAY.

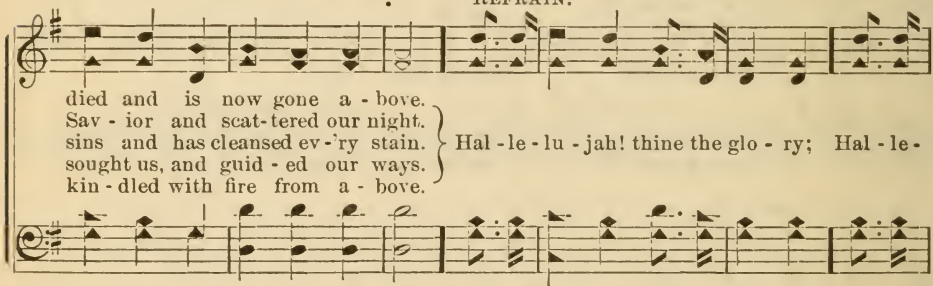
Rev. 5: 12.

J. J. HUSBAND.



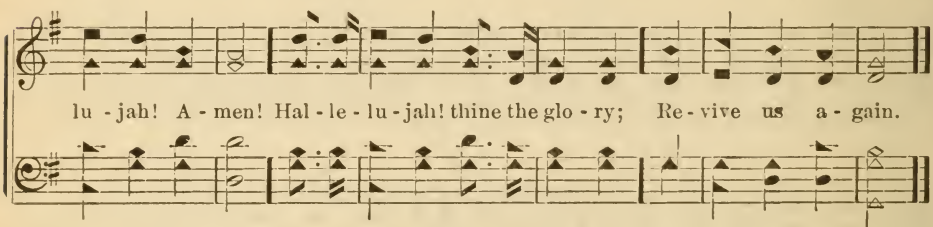
1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus who
 2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love, May each soul be re -

REFRAIN.



died and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.
 sins and has cleansed ev - ry stain.
 sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
 kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry; Hal - le -



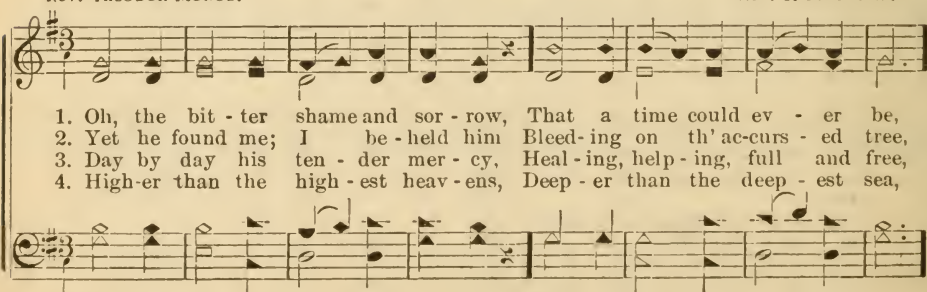
lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

None of Self, and All of Thee. 8s & 7s.

REV. THEODOR MONOD.

Luke 9: 23, 24.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.



1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be,
 2. Yet he found me; I be - held him Bleed - ing on th' ac - curs - ed tree,
 3. Day by day his ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing, full and free,
 4. High - er than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est sea,

LOYALTY.

None of Self, and All of Thee—Concluded.

When I let the Sav - ior's pit - y Plead in vain, and proud - ly an - swer'd, —
 Heard him pray, "For - give them, Fa - ther," And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, —
 Sweet and strong, and, ah! so pa - tient, Brought me low - er while I whis - per'd, —
 Lord, thy love at last hath con - quered: Grant me now my soul's pe - ti - tion, —

"All of self, and none of thee, All of self, and none of thee."
 "Some of self, and some of thee, Some of self, and some of thee."
 "Less of self, and more of thee, Less of self, and more of thee."
 "None of self, and all of thee, None of self, and all of thee."

733 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus. 7s & 6s D.

G. DUFFIELD.

Having Done All, to Stand — Eph. 6: 13.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump - et call o - bey; Forth to the night - y
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my
 con - flict, In this his glo - rious day; "Ye that are men, now serve him," Against un -
 fail you; Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put

shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 num - bered foes; Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 on with pray'r; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.

I Am Trusting Thee

His Heart is Fixed, Trusting in the Lord.—Psa. 112: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. I am trusting thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly thee! Trust-ing thee for
 2. I am trusting thee for par-don, At thy feet I bow; In thy grace and
 3. I am trusting thee for cleansing In the crim-son flood; Trust-ing thee to
 4. I am trusting thee to guide me; Thou a-lone shalt lead, Ev-'ry day and
 5. I am trusting thee, Lord Je - sus; Nev - er let me fall; I am trust-ing

CHORUS.

full sal - va - tion, Great and free. I am trust-ing, trust-ing Je - sus,
 ten - der mer - cy Trust-ing now.
 make me ho - ly By thy blood.
 hour sup - ply-ing All my need.
 thee for - ev - er, And for all. I am trust - ing, trust-ing Je - sus,

Trust-ing on - ly thee, O my pre - cious Sav - ior, Trusting on - ly thee.
 O my precious, precious Sav - ior,

Copyright, 1901, by Geo. B. Holsinger.

Open Wide Thy Gates. 8s, 7s, 7s, 7s.

BENJ. SCHMOLKE.

Psa. 107: 16.

H. L. SINGER, by per.

1. O - pen wide thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there;
 2. Yes, my God, I come be - fore thee, Come thou al - so down to me!
 3. Here thy praise is glad - ly chant-ed, Here thy seed is du - ly sown,
 4. Speak, O God, and I will hear thee, Let thy will be done in-deed;

Open Wide Thy Gates—Concluded.

Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty, Waits for him who an - swers pray'r.
 Where we find thee and a - dore thee, There a heav'n on earth must be.
 Let my soul, where it is plant - ed, Bring forth pre - cious sheaves a - lone;
 May I un - dis - turbed draw near thee, While thou dost thy peo - ple feed.

Oh, how bless - ed is that place, Filled with sol - ace, light and grace.
 To my heart, oh, en - ter thou! Let it be thy tem - ple now.
 So that all I hear may be Fruit - ful un - to life in me.
 Here of life the foun - tain flows, Here is balm for all our woes.

736

Little Builders. 6s & 5s.

E. R. LATTI.

And It Fell Not.—Matt. 7: 25.

J. D. SHAVER.

1. We are lit - tle build - ers, Rear - ing block by block; And our sure foun -
 2. We are lit - tle build - ers, Do - ing God's com - mand; Not like un - be -
 3. We are lit - tle build - ers, Build - ing for the skies; And our joy in -

da - tion, Is the sol - id rock. Not for wealth we're build - ing,
 liev - ers, Build - ing on the sand. We're a for - tress rais - ing,
 creas - es, Ev - er as we rise; Come and join our num - ber!

Nor for praise of man; But for our Re - deem - er, Do - ing all we can.
 'Gainst the pow'rs of wrong, Faith and hope in Je - sus, They shall make us strong.
 Do not i - dle stand! Come and speed our build - ing For the heav'n - ly land.

Let Him In. 7s.

And the King of Glory Shall Come In.—Psa. 24: 7.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Wide, ye heav'n-ly gates, un - fold, Closed no more by death and sin;
 2. Who shall up to that a - bode Fol - low in the Sav - ior's train?
 3. They whose dai - ly ac - tions prove Stead - fast faith and ho - ly fear,

Lo! the con-qu'ring Lord be - hold! Let the King of glo - ry in.
 They who in his cleans-ing blood Wash a - way each guilt - y stain.
 Fer - vent zeal and grate-ful love; They shall dwell for - ev - er here.

REFRAIN.

Let him in, let him in, Let the King of glo - ry in;... Let him
 Let him in, let him in,

in, let him in, Let the King of glo - ry in.
 Let him in, let him in, let him in.

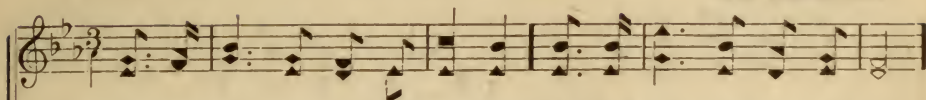
JESUS.

738

Precious Jesus. 8s & 7s.

He is Precious.—1 Peter 2: 7.

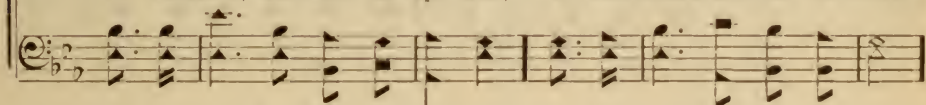
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Pre-cious Je - sus, O to love thee!—O to know that thou art mine!
2. Take my warm - est, best af - fec - tion, Take my spir - it, mind and will;
3. Bold I touch thy sa - cred gar - ments, Fear-less stretch my ea - ger hand;
4. O how pre - cious, dear Re-deem - er, Is the love, the life di - vine!



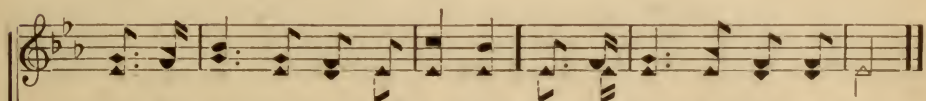
Je - sus, all my heart I give thee, If thou wilt but make me thine.
Then with all thy lov - ing Spir - it, All my emp - tied na - ture fill.
Vir - tue, like a heal - ing foun - tain, Free - ly flows at love's com - mand.
I am saved, the word is spo - ken; I am Christ's, and he is mine.



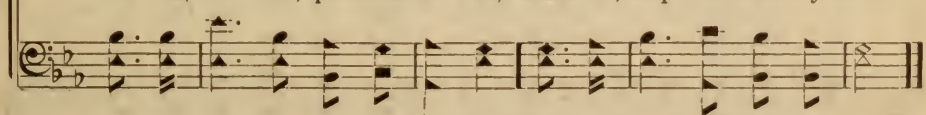
CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus, O to know that thou art mine!



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus, Make me, keep me whol - ly thine.

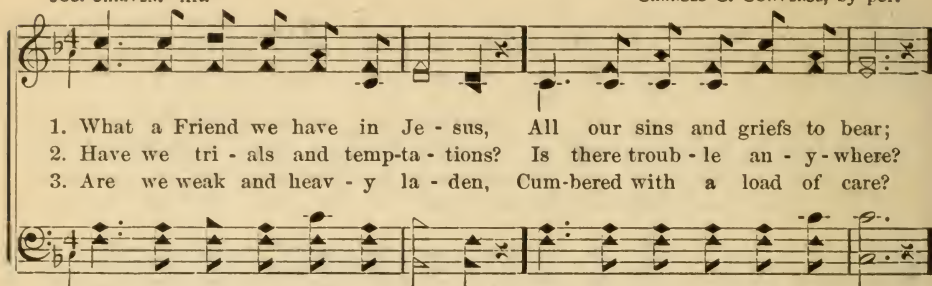


739 What a Friend We Have in Jesus. 8s & 7s B.

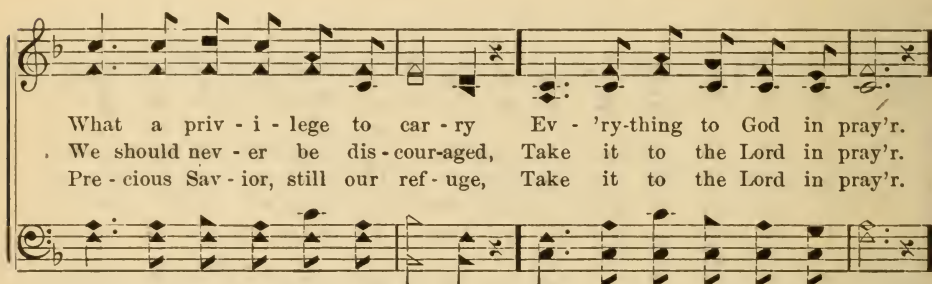
There is a Friend that Sticketh Closer than a Brother.—Prov. 18: 24.

JOS. SHRIVEN, Alt.

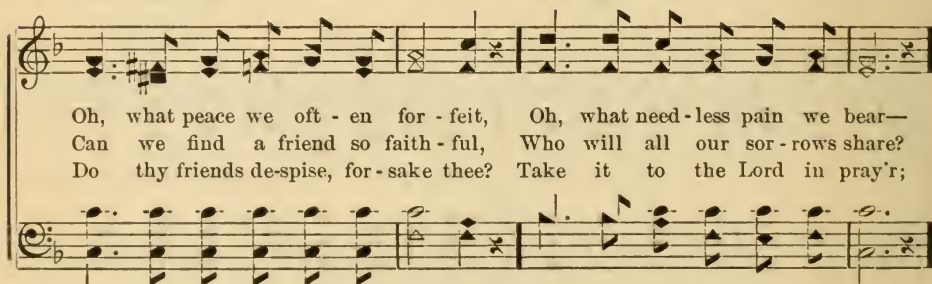
CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.



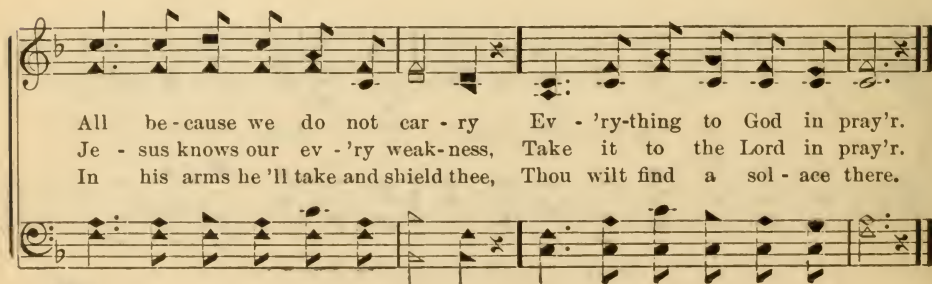
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
 We should nev - er be dis - cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feited, Oh, what need - less pain we bear—
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

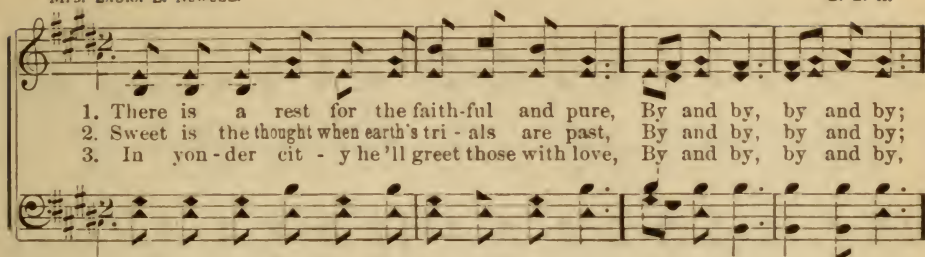


All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

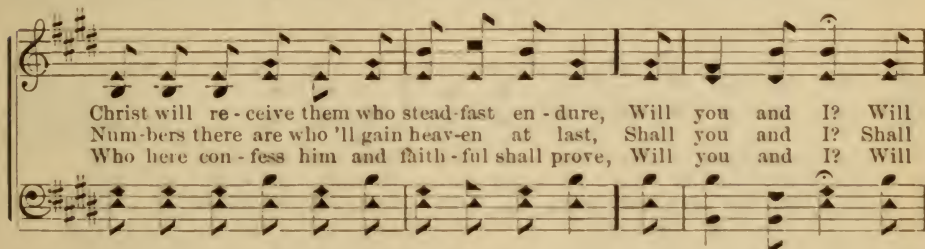
Who Will be Able to Stand?

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. 4: 5.
 Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

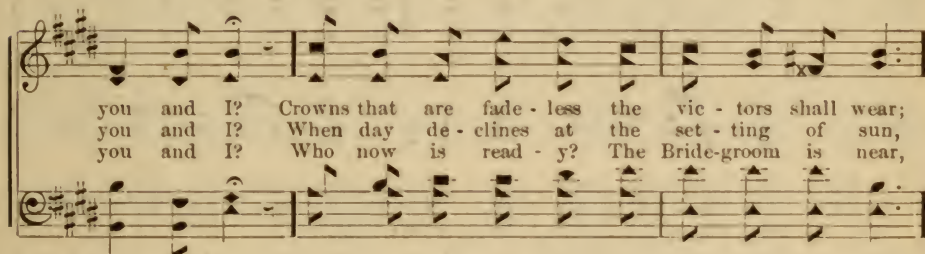
G. B. H.



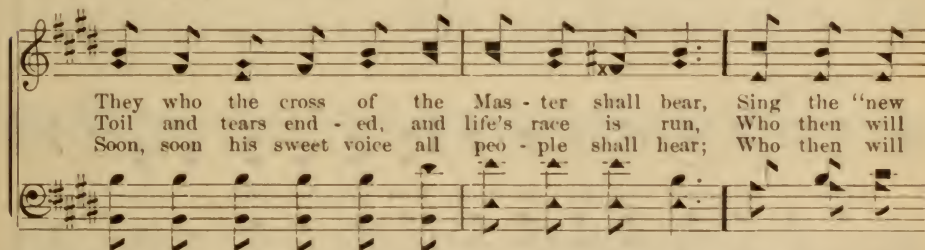
1. There is a rest for the faith-ful and pure, By and by, by and by;
 2. Sweet is the thought when earth's tri - als are past, By and by, by and by;
 3. In yon - der cit - y he'll greet those with love, By and by, by and by,



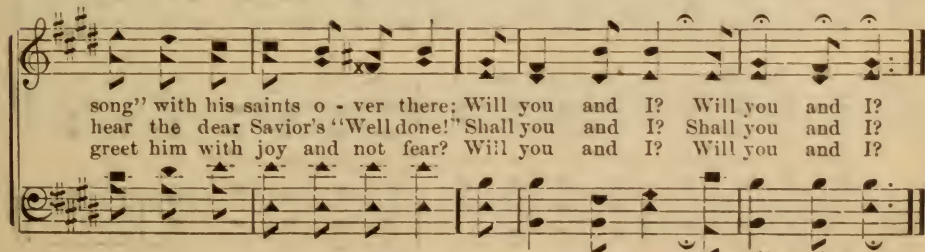
Christ will re - ceive them who stead-fast en - dure, Will you and I? Will
 Num-bers there are who 'll gain heav-en at last, Shall you and I? Shall
 Who here con - fess him and faith-ful shall prove, Will you and I? Will



you and I? Crowns that are fade - less the vic - tors shall wear;
 you and I? When day de - clines at the set - ting of sun,
 you and I? Who now is read - y? The Bride-groom is near,



They who the cross of the Mas - ter shall bear, Sing the "new
 Toil and tears end - ed, and life's race is run, Who then will
 Soon, soon his sweet voice all peo - ple shall hear; Who then will



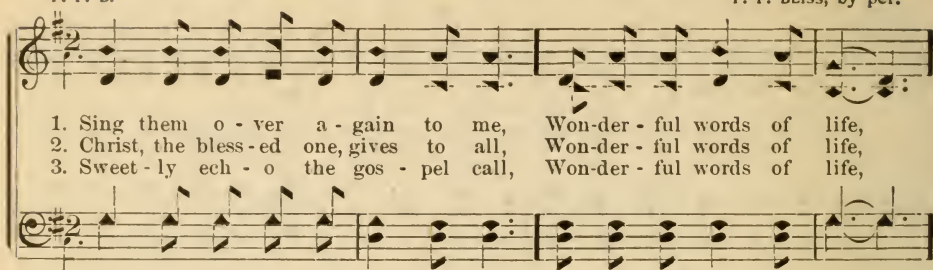
song" with his saints o - ver there; Will you and I? Will you and I?
 hear the dear Savior's "Well done!" Shall you and I? Shall you and I?
 greet him with joy and not fear? Will you and I? Will you and I?

Wonderful Words of Life.

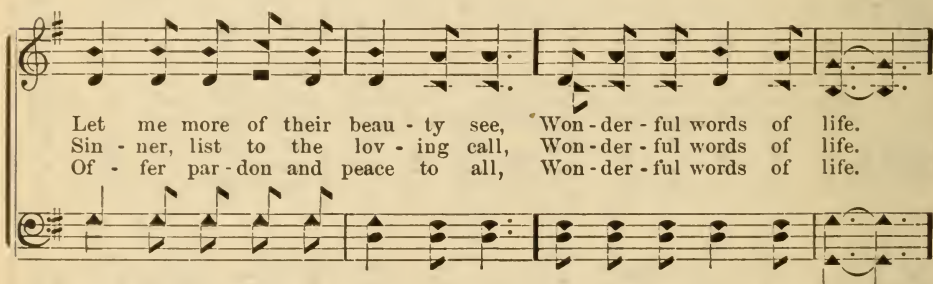
The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.—John 6: 63.

P. P. B.

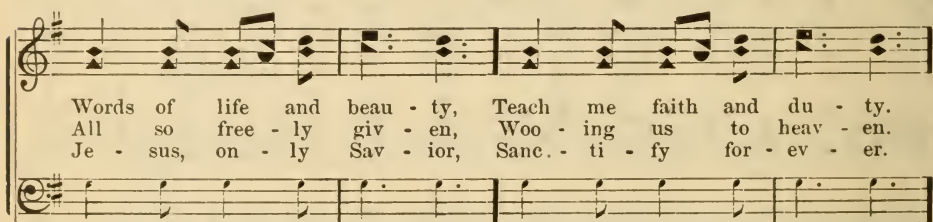
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of life,
 2. Christ, the bless - ed one, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of life,
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of life,

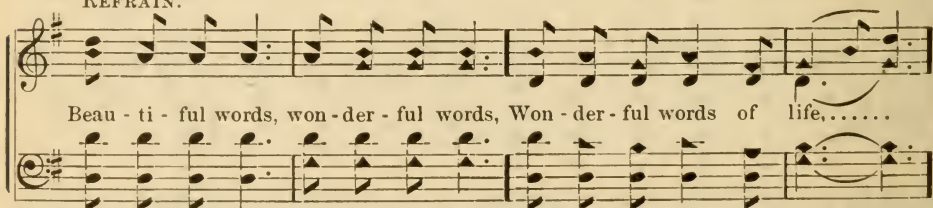


Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of life.
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of life.
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of life.

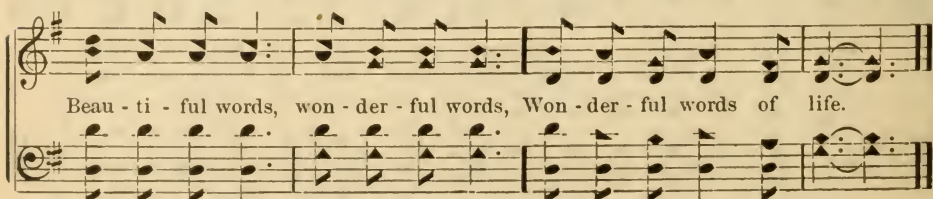


Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty.
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life,.....



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life.

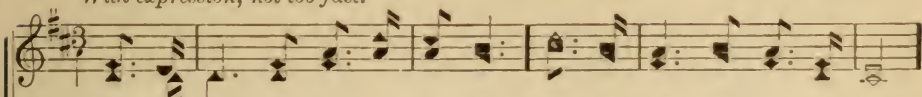
STEADFASTNESS.

742 There are Hearts that Never Falter. 8s & 7s D.


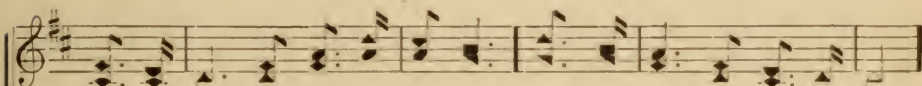
Be Ye Steadfast, Immovable.—1 Cor. 15: 58.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

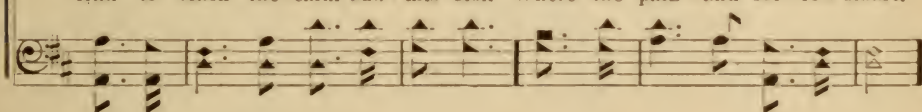

With expression, not too fast.




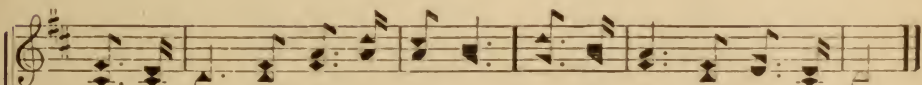
1. There are hearts that nev - er fal - ter In the bat - tle for the right;
 2. There are those who nev - er wea - ry, Bear - ing suf - fer - ing and wrong;
 3. There are those whose lov - ing mis - sion 'Tis to bind the bleed - ing heart!

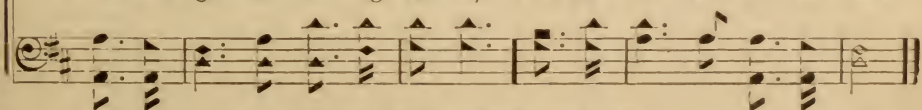
There are ranks that nev - er al - ter Watch - ing thro' the dark - est night;
 Tho' their way be long and drear - y, It is vo - cal with their song;
 And to teach the calm sub - mis - sion Where the pain and sor - row smart.

And the ag - o - ny of shar - ing In the fierc - est of the strife,
 While their spir - its in God's fur - nace, Bend - ing to his gra - cious will,
 They are an - gels bear - ing to us Love's rich min - is - try - of peace;

On - ly gives a no - ble dar - ing, On - ly makes a grand - er life.
 In a pur - er mold are fash - ioned By his lov - ing, match - less skill.
 While the night is near - ing to us, And life's bit - ter tri - als cease.



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- Bradbury, William Bachelder (1816-1868), piano maker, prolific composer and compiler (fifty-nine books) of sacred and secular songs for children and adults. Effected a generally overlooked transition in the history of our devotional music. Mason and Hastings had fixed the form for hymn tunes: during this time many song books had been issued for public and private schools. Bradbury, having studied in Europe, introduced and imitated the gay Swiss airs. Bradbury's importance lies in the fact that he won boundless popularity for lighter tunes for Sunday schools. Though trivial words often provoked criticism, this stimulated to more serious work than Bradbury's, the Rev. Robert Lowry, W. H. Doane, and others. It was not long before pieces composed for Sunday schools began to be used in devotional meetings of adults. Hence sprang the employment of the form of ballad with refrain as a musical setting for religious words. The great vogue of these "Gospel Songs" is due to the adoption of them by D. L. Moody on both sides of the ocean. Bliss and Sankey now wrote and sang, others as well known followed, until this class of music may be regarded as the American style of sacred music, which will in turn be followed, it is to be hoped, by the more serious style, in the no distant future, 12, 39, 45, 73, 92, 114, 135, 152, 157, 190, 227, 268, 372, 375, 433, 470, 510, 637, 702.
- Brooks, E. A., probably A. Brooks Everett. See Everett, A. B., 34, 374, 419, 563.
- Caldwell, William, about 1830, see "Loving Kindness," No. 31.
- Chapin, Aaron (1768 —), 36, 66, 125, 198, 609, 618.
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- Coffman, A. B. (— —), American, teacher, composer.
- Coles, Geo.* (1792-1858), 457, written about 1835.
- Coleman, E. G. (1872 —), American, teacher and composer, 423.
- Conkey, Ithamer (1815-1867), 432.
- Converse, Charles Crozat (1834 —), American Lawyer, composer, 462.
- Croft, William, Mus. D. (1678-1727), English composer to the Chapel Royal, compiler of anthem books, etc., 523.
- Davis, F. M. (1839-1896), American, composer, teacher, 661, 681. Hymn 681. 697 composed in 1876.
- Davison, Ananias (1817-48, 549, 609).
- Doane, William Howard (1832 —), American Baptist,* composer, 109, 175, 224, 297, 385, 492, 539, 726.
- Dortch, D. E.* (1851), American, author and publisher, 183.
- Downs, Lewis Thomas (1827 —), 333.
- Dunbar, E. W.* (1826 —), 565.
- Dutton, D., Jr. (1829), 196. (560).
- Dykes, John Bacchus, Mus. D. (1823-1870), English,* is regarded as first among English choral writers of the new school, and earns this rank by the excellence of his melodies, his natural use of modern harmonies, the fitness of his music to the words, and its glowing expressiveness of religious sentiment, 245.
- Everett, Dr. A. Brooks, Benjamin Holden and L. C. were brothers. Successful teachers and composers. The beauty and sweetness of their melodies are characteristic. They lived in the last half of the nineteenth century. A. B., 79, 84, 98, 174, 293, 315, 329, 377, 421, 453, 498, 503, 551, 556, 635, 659.
- Everett, B. H., 50, 271, 398.
- Everett, L. C., 103, 134, 181, 278, 472, 477, 531, 548, 552, 610, 643. Probably 201.
- Everett, N. E., 414.
- Edson, Lewis (1748-1820), American, 153, 164, 285.
- Emerson, Luther Orlando, Mus. D. (1820 —), American, composer and compiler of more vocal music books than any living composer (1901), 65, (267).
- Fillmore, James Henry (1849 —), American, popular composer of much excellent church and Sunday-school music, 113, 302, 400, 536, 540, 683, 729.
- Fisher, William Gustavus (1835 —), American, composer of many beautiful songs, 356, 413, 725.
- Franck, Guillaume, 27. This tune is sometimes attributed to Martin Luther, but was probably written by William (Guillaume) Franck one of the fifty musicians who composed tunes for the French Version of the Psalms. These tunes were printed in Strasburg, shortly before Luther's death, 309.

- Gardiner, William (1776-1853), English, adapted six volumes of sacred melodies from German Classics, and greatly extended the English acquaintance with them, 258.
- Gordon, Adoniram Judson, D. D. (1836-1895), American Baptist,* author of many religious books and excellent music, 262.
- Gould, Nathaniel Duren (1781-1864), American, taught some fifty thousand children in singing schools; author of "History of Church Music." (1852), 195.
- Gabriel, Charles H. (1857 —), American, prolific composer of much good music, 197.
- Giffe, William Thomas (1848 —), American composer and publisher, 179, 708.
- Glaser, C. G. (1784-1829), author of 322 (1828), "Azmon" which was arranged by Lowell Mason (1839).
- Gregorian, a plain song or chant, probably connected through Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, (died 397) with ancient Hebrew melodies.
- Handel, George Frederick (1685-1759), German composer, who wrote many forgotten operas, and a few immortal oratorios, chiefly notable for their choruses, the best of them remain the type of the sublime in music, 116, 397, 461, 476, 482.
- Hastings, Thomas, Mus. D. (1784-1872), American, influential writer on church music, active trainer of choirs, and co-laborer of Lowell Mason in reforming hymn tunes, 131, 144, 180, 214, 475, 519, 538, 445, 591, 636.
- Harrison, Ralph (1748-1810), English,* editor of "Sacred Harmony," 143, (358).
- Hartsough, Lewis (18— 1872), American Methodist,* 313.
- Hatton, John (— 1793), English, 30, (64).
- Havergal, William Henry (1793-1870), English* writer on psalmody, advocate of older styles, 199, (325).
- Hayden, Franz Joseph, Mus. D. (1732-1809), Austrian, his greatest works oratorios, etc., 59, 133, 209.
- Herbert, Dr. John Bunyan (1852 —), American composer of anthems, and church music of sterling worth, 534.
- Holden, Oliver (1765-1843), American psalmist, carpenter by trade but devoted much of his time to music and opened a music store. Published a number of books of sacred music. During the latter part of his life he taught and composed very little but retained his love for music. His tunes were very popular in his day, and some of them are still so, "Coronation," alone, will perpetuate his name to the end of time, 323.
- Herold, Louis Ferdinand (1791-1833), 489.
- Holdbrook, Joseph Perr, Mus. D. (1822-1888), American choir leader, composer of many church tunes, 356.
- Holdroyd, Israel (1702-1753), 371.
- Hopkins, Edward John, Mus. D. (1818 —), English organist, who also stands in the front rank as editor and composer of hymn tunes exactly fitted to their words, 88, 290.
- Judson, R. E. (1843-1901), American gospel singer and author. He arranged from an old melody the popular song, "At the Cross where I First Saw the Light," etc., and the music to "The Half Has Never Been Told," and many others. He was an ardent Prohibitionist and was a favorite singer in this cause, 161, 715.
- Hull, Asa (1828 —), American composer and publisher, 141.
- Ingals, Jeremiah (1764-1828), American psalmist mainly self-taught in music, teacher, and compiler of several volumes of music, 46, 288, 483, 588.
- Jenks, Stephen (1772-1856), American psalmist and composer, 434.
- Jones, Darius Elliott (1815-1881), Welsh, 649.
- Jones, William (1726-1800), English,* 522.
- Kieffer, Aldine Silliman (1840 —), American poet and composer of many beautiful and useful church tunes and Sunday-school songs, 9, 102, 212, 220, 437, 444, 480. Words of 705.
- Knapp, Mrs. Joseph E., American lady of wealth, devoting her time to Christianity, composer of some excellent music, 401, 684.
- Knapp, William (1698-1768), English, parish clerk of Poole, Dorsetshire, 105.
- Kingsley, George (1811-1884), American, 128, 194, 383, 387, 489, 494, 546, 583, 614.
- Kirkpatrick, William J. (1838 —), American publisher and composer of much popular Sunday-school and church music, 210, 403, 579, 679, 710.
- Lorenz, Edmund Simon (1854 —), American, United Brethren,* composer of words and music of 365.
- Lowry, Robert (1829-1899), American Baptist,* composer of very many useful and beautiful tunes, 49, 677, 706.
- Lucas, James, 650, about 1805.
- Malan, Cæsar Henry Abraham (1787-1864), Swiss writer of hymns and music, 222, 468.
- Marsh, Simeon Butler (1798-1875), 147, (172), (1834), 260.
- Mason, Lowell, Mus. D. (1792-1872), American composer, and compiler of many tune books. Music in America owes much to him. Although there was some prejudice to the introduction of music in public schools, after years of hard work he accomplished his aim. He supplanted the spurious and absurd fugueing hymn tunes inherited from Wm. Billings, then in use, by the introduction of chorals, and created an unparalleled enthusiasm for the study of vocal music. His numerous compositions are of the simplest harmonies, but are melodious and strong, expressing the sentiment of the poems, and are of lasting worth, 23, 24, 28, 33, 52, 53, 74, 91, 100, 117, 120, 121, 154, 177, 179, 205, 211, 217, 221, 229, 238, 241, 244, 253, 254, 282, 287, 294, 346, 370, 373, 376, 388, 395, 407, 408, 427, 449, 450, 451, 452, 456, 460, 463, 500, 530, 550, 598, 612, 664.
- McIntosh, Rigdon, McCoy (1836-1899), American teacher, composer of many useful songs, 29, 213, 240, 389, 620, 657.
- Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Jacob Ludwig Felix, Ph. D. (1809-1847), German of Jewish descent; a great pianist; a master of musical form, while in sub stance both delicate and strong, he was during his lifetime, partly on account of his personal charms, the most idolized of musicians, 38, 61, 123.
- Monk, William Henry, Mus. D. (1823-1889), English, professor of music in King's College, London.

- Musical editor of "Hymns Ancient and Modern,"** by far the most widely used and most influential collection of high class church music, 77, 328.
- Merrill, A. D.* (1845), 576.
- Murray, James R. (1841 —), American, musical editor and composer of much Sunday-school music, 111.
- Mozart, Johann Wolfgang Amadeus (1756-1791), German, by some considered "the greatest composer of the world from the combined versatility and power of his genius," 7, 334, 384.
- Nageli, Johann George (1768-1836), German, 81, 281.
- Nettleton, Asahel (1783-1844), American Congregationalist,* 56.
- Oliver, Henry Kemble (1800 —d), American psalmist, composer and compiler of a number of collections of sacred music. He is best known by his tune, "Federal Street," written in 1832 and still popular, 189, (424).
- O'Kane, Tullins Clinton (1830 —), American writer of very popular songs, 277, 564, 577, 675.
- Palmer, Horatio Richmond, Mus. D. (1834 —), American teacher, composer of much popular vocal music, Dean of music and Conductor at Chautauqua, N. Y., 124, 301, 672.
- Pleyel, Ignaz Josef (1757-1831), Austrian, chapel master of Strasburg Cathedral until the French Revolution, then in Paris, music publisher and piano manufacturer, 127, 286.
- Perkins, Henry Southwick (1833 —), American teacher, composer and director of choral societies 529.
- Phillips, Philip (1834-1895), American, "The Singing Pilgrim," teacher, composer and compiler of music books, 582.
- Pollock, Charles Edward, (1853 —), American, composer of Sunday-school and church music, 60, 188, 279, 307, 339, 380, 426, 578, 648, 738, 742.
- Redhead, Richard (1820-1901), English, publisher of many books of church music, and composer of many introlts and choral tunes, 168.
- Reinagle, Alexander Robert (1799-1877), English, organist in Oxford; published "Psalm Tunes for the Voice and Piano," 242.
- Read, Daniel (1757-1836), American, comb manufacturer, music teacher, composer, and editor of "Columbian Harmony," 99, 158.
- Rimbiult, Edward Francis (1816-1876), distinguished English Savant, 140.
- Richardson, John (1816-1879), English organist of various Catholic churches, composer, 617.
- Rousseau, John Jaques (1712-1778), Swiss, famous political philosopher, often copied music for livelihood. From his air called "Rousseau's Dream," has been arranged "Greenville." No. 599, which is kept alive by the church he was accustomed to ridicule, 599.
- Root, George Frederick, Mus. D. (1820-1895), one of America's favorite composers, wrote many war songs during the Civil War, many cantatas, church tunes, etc. He was a very successful teacher and conductor, and one of the most lovable characters in the world of music, 231, 300, 562, 572, 589.
- Rice, Elihu S. (1827 —), American composer and choir leader, 535, (1866).
- Schmolke, Benjamin (1672-1737), 735.
- Showalter, Andrew Johnson (1858 —), American, very popular composer, teacher and publisher, 70, 603.
- Stanley, Stanley (1767-1822), English, composed once very popular tunes, 148, 216.
- Statham, Francis Reginald (1844 —), English poet journalist in South Africa, a composer, self-taught but student of Dr. Stainer's theories, 136.
- Stebbins, George Coles (1846 —), American, a technically educated, gifted composer and admirable singer of "Gospel Songs," 291, 669 arrangement thereof.
- Simpson, Robert (1792-1832), Scotch, 266, (381).
- Spohr, Louis, Ph. D. (1784-1859), German, a great composer of oratorios, etc., 473.
- Sweetzer, Joseph Emerson (1825-1873), American; with Dr. G. F. Root, compiled "Root's and Sweetzer's Collection," of hymn tunes, 555, 723.
- Sweeney, John R. (1837-1898), American composer of much excellent music, 690, 720.
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- Tallis, Thomas (1520-1585), English Organist, founder of English church music, 495.
- Tansur, William (1699-1774), English, 95.
- Tenney, John Harrison (1840 —), American, very prolific composer of much excellent music, 149, 601, 663.
- Towner, Daniel B. (1850 —), American, popular composer and teacher, 404, 704.
- Tomer, W. C., American music teacher, 600.
- Tucker, Isaac (1761-1825), 561.
- Turton, Thomas* (1780-1864), professor of Divinity of Cambridge University, 355.
- Unsold, Benjamin Carl (1843 —), American, popular composer, teacher and choir master, 62, 132, 173, 411, 484, 571, 658, 680.
- Ufford, E. S. (1851 —), American Baptist,* 669.
- Vaughn, J. B. (1860 —), American music teacher and composer, words and music of 580.
- Wallace, William Vincent (1814-1865), English musician, 524.
- Wartensee, Xavier Schnyder von (1786-1868), 341.
- Webb, George James (1803-1887), English-American, organist in England, then in Old South Church, Boston; co-laborer of Lowell Mason. Composed at sea and published to secular words, then to sacred words, the popular tune "Webb," 104, 390, 733.
- Webbe, Samuel (1740-1816), born in Minorca, organist in London, 298, 569.
- Wilson, Hugh (1764-1824), Scotch village shoemaker, 129.
- Whittaker, John (1776-1847), 348.
- Woodbury, Isaac Baker (1819-1858), American, editor of "Musical Review," and "Pioneer," and many collections of glees and church music, 151, 208, 226, 261, 264, 316, 428, 584.
- Woodman, Jonathan Call (1813-1894), 608.
- Zundel, John (1815-1882), German-American organist, editor and composer, long a prominent leader of church music in America, 465.
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