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PREFACE.

The Best Gospel Songs and Their Composers has been contemplated by the editor and publisher for a dozen years and more, but until recently the time had not seemed ripe for its publication. It is now offered to the public in the hope that it will be found the best possible solution of the question as to how we may best unite all, old and young, in all the song service of the church, Sunday-school, young people's meetings and all other gatherings where genuine devotional music is in place. The cuts and brief sketches of many of the foremost sacred music composers of America, whose compositions make up the larger part of the book, will add very greatly to its value in the home and school, and will no doubt add much to the interest and helpfulness of many of the songs in the church and Sunday-school song service. By way of completing this department, we here append the names of many more of the foremost composers represented in the book, for which there was not room in the main cut and sketch department.

Arne, Dr. Thos. A., English composer; born 1710; died 1778.
Black, James Milton, gospel song composer and publisher; born 1855.
Bradbury, Wm. B., author, composer, publisher; born 1816; died 1868.
Dykes, Rev. J. B., English composer; born 1823; died 1876.
Entwisle, J. Howard, author, composer, teacher; born 1863; died 1901.
Giardini, Felice, Italian composer; born 1716; died 1796.
Greatorex, H. W., composer, organist; born 1811; died 1858.
Handel, G. F., German composer; born 1685; died 1759.
Haydn, Joseph, Austrian composer; born 1732; died 1809.
Holden, Oliver, composer, statesman; born 1765; died 1844.
Hastings, Dr. Thomas, author, composer, poet, teacher; born 1784; died 1872.
Marsh, S. B., author, composer; born 1798; died 1875.
Mason, Dr. Lowel, author, composer, publisher, teacher; born 1792; died 1872.
Monk, Dr. Wm. H., English composer, organist; born 1823; died 1889.
Nageli, H. G., Swiss composer, publisher; born 1768; died 1836.
Ogden, W. A., author, composer, teacher; born 1841; died 1897.
Pollock, Chas. Edw., composer; born 1853.
Rimbault, Dr. E. F., editor, lecturer; born 1816; died 1876.
Root, Dr. Geo. F., author, composer, publisher, teacher; born 1820; died 1895.
Rossini, G. A., Italian composer; born 1792; died 1868.
Stebbins, Geo. C., author, composer, evangelistic singer; born 1846.
Sullivan, Sir Arthur S., English composer; born 1842; died 1900.
Sweeney, Jno. R., author, composer, teacher; born 1837; died 1899.
Sweetser, Joseph E., composer; born 1825; died 1873.
Tansur, Wm., English composer, organist; born 1706; died 1773.
Woodbury, Isaac B., composer, teacher; born 1819; died 1858.

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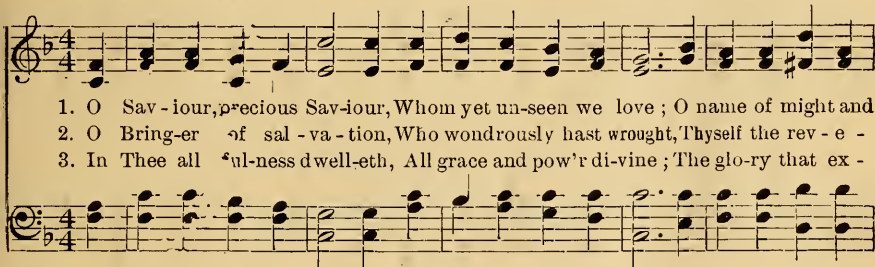
THE BEST GOSPEL SONGS AND THEIR COMPOSERS.

No. 1.

WE WORSHIP THEE.

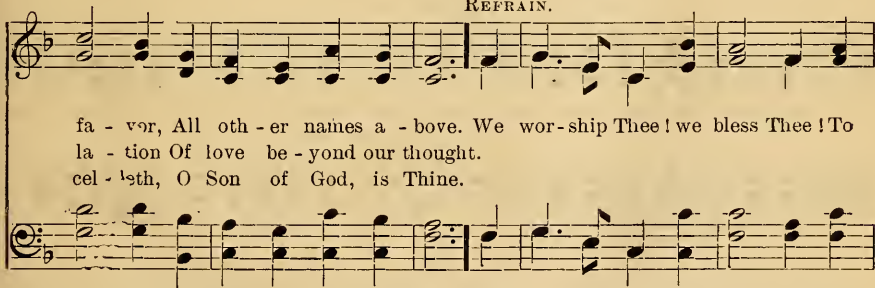
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

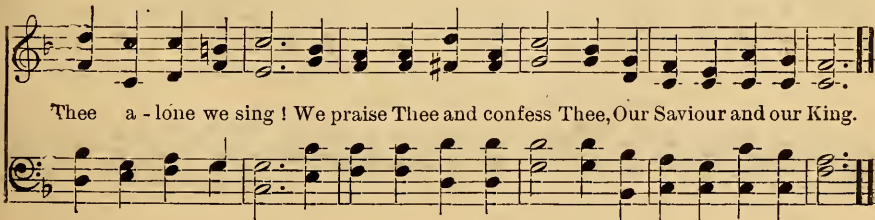


1. O Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, Whom yet un-seen we love ; O name of might and
2. O Bring-er of sal - va - tion, Who wondrously hast wrought, Thyself the rev - e -
3. In Thee all *ul-ness dwell-eth, All grace and pow'r di-vine ; The glo-ry that ex -

REFRAIN.



fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove. We wor-ship Thee ! we bless Thee ! To
la - tion Of love be - yond our thought.
cel - esth, O Son of God, is Thine.

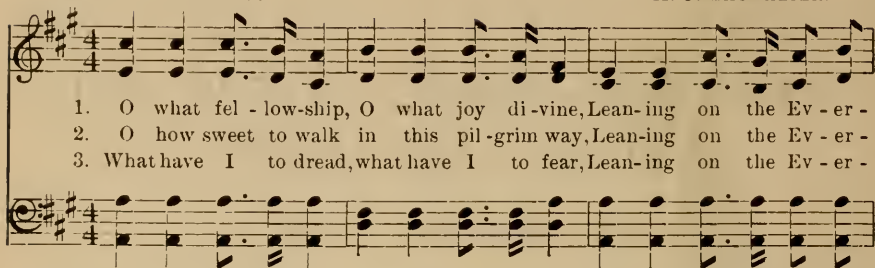


Thee a - lone we sing ! We praise Thee and confess Thee, Our Saviour and our King.

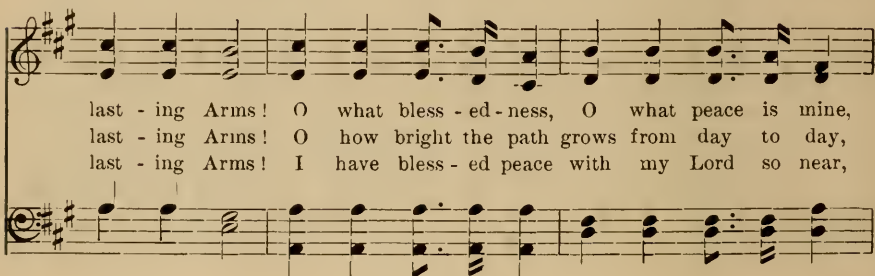
No. 2. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

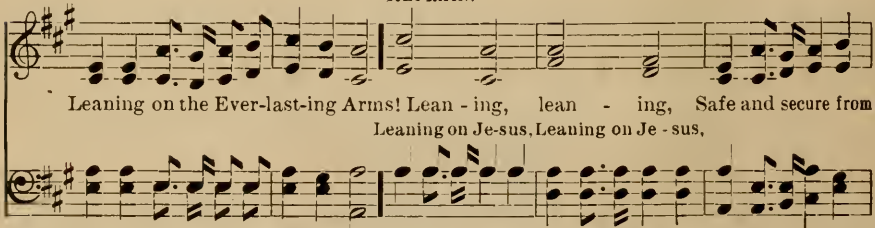


1. O what fel - low-ship, O what joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -

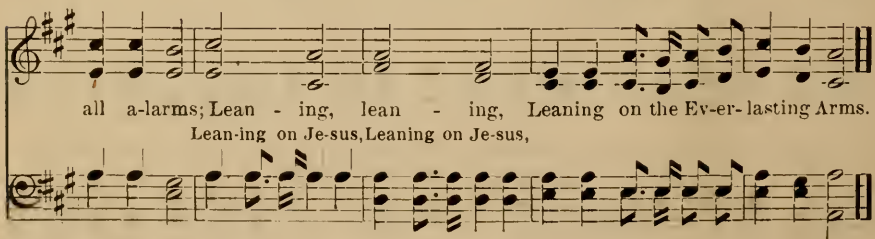


last - ing Arms! O what bless - ed - ness, O what peace is mine,
last - ing Arms! O how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing Arms! I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.



Leaning on the Ever-last-ing Arms! Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from
Leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Je - sus,



all a-larms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus, Leaning on Je-sus,

No. 3. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, . Each vic-t'ry will help you
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev-rence,
3. To him that o'er-cometh, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall conquer,

Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark pas-sions sub-due,
Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kind-hearted and true,
Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new,

CHORUS.

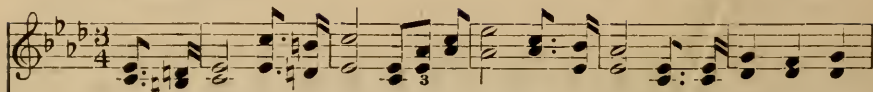
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,

Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

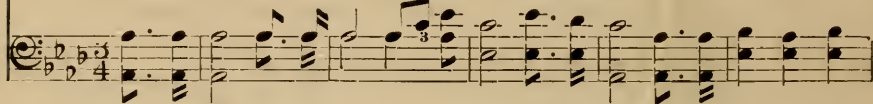
No. 4. ON THE WINGS OF THE MORN.

NELLIE MONTGOMERY.

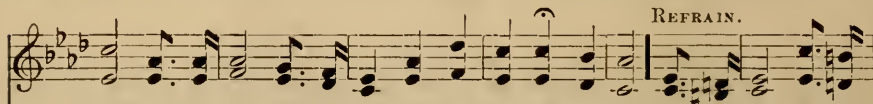
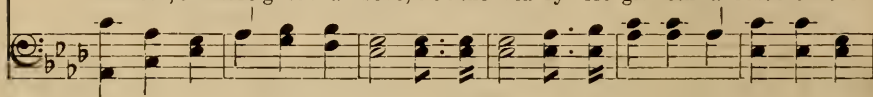
W. H. DOANE.



1. On the wings of the morn, speed, O speed ye a-way; There are millions who
2. On the wings of the morn, speed a-way, then, O speed; Lo! the hun-gry are
3. On the wings of the morn, speed ye on-ward His love; Tho' the tempter de-

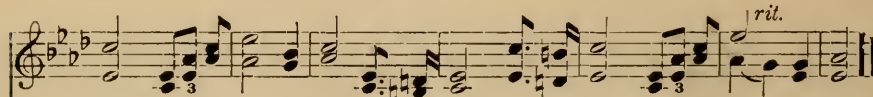
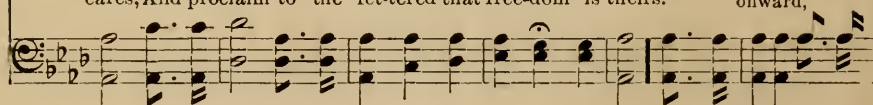


per-ish be-cause of de-lay; Sound the trump of Sal-va-tion, ye her-alds of
cry-ing; go help ye their need; When ye know that a Saviour each want can sup-
fi-eth, Christ reigneth a-bove; Tell the wea-ry He giv-eth a rest from their

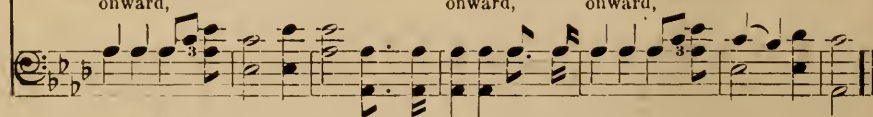


REFRAIN.

light; Let the beams of His beau-ty dis-pel all the night. Speed thee on, speed thee
ply, Will ye still lin-ger on, will ye leave them to die!
cares, And proclaim to the fet-tered that free-dom is theirs. onward,



on, Speed thee on to-day; Speed thee on, speed thee on, Speed thee on to-day.
onward, onward, onward,



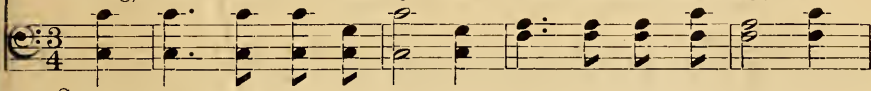
No. 5. THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



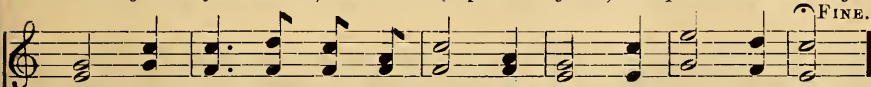
1. O spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound - less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And



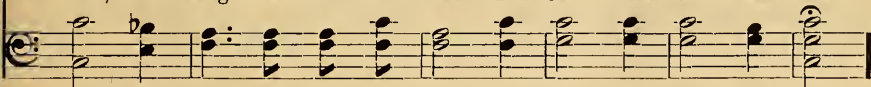
ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris - tian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant
wond'ring mor - tals tell the match - less grace di - vine — That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less



d.s. Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's promise giv'n; O spread the ti - dings



tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound; The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri - umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

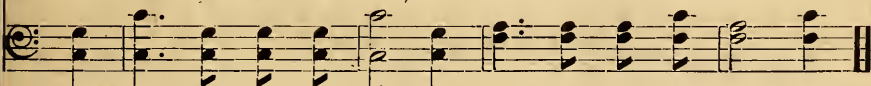


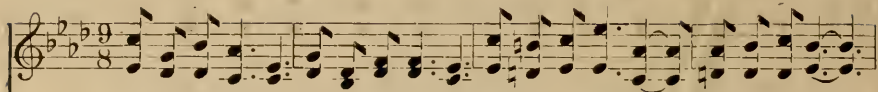
'round, Wher - ev - er man is found — The Com - fort - er has come!

REFRAIN.

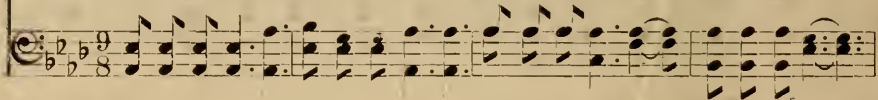


The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The





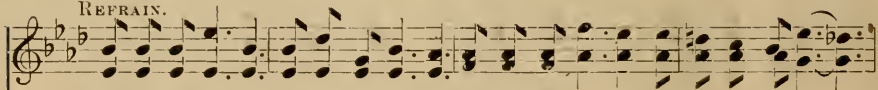
1. After the earthly shadows have lifted, And o'er the hilltops morn-ing I see,
2. Helpless He found me, lifted me to Him; Whisper'd of par-don a - bundant and free;
3. Now in His presence, daily I'm liv-ing, Walking by faith where mine eyes cannot see;

*ritard.*

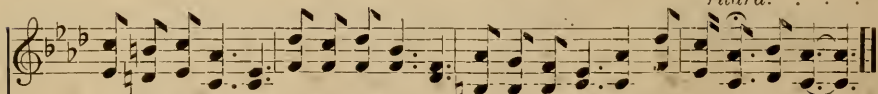
Sweetest of pros-pects, I shall behold Him, Jesus, the Saviour of sin-ners like me.
 Breath'd He His peace o'er my sin-stricken spir-it; Pointed my vi-sion to Cal-va-ry's tree.
 For He is guid-ing home to that cit - y, Built for His lov'd ones—sav'd sinners like me.



REFRAIN.



When I be-hold Him, Christ in His beauty, When with the ran-som'd His face I shall see,

*ritard.*

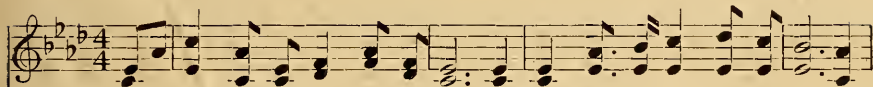
O how my heart in rap-ture will praise Him, Praise Him for saving a sin-ner like me.



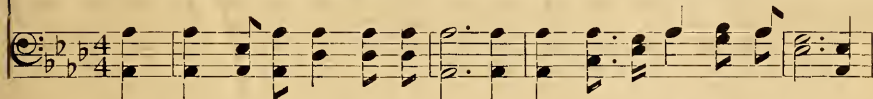
No. 7. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

E. JOHNSON.

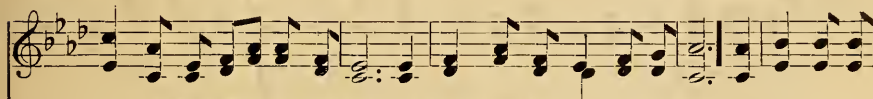
WM. G. FISCHER.



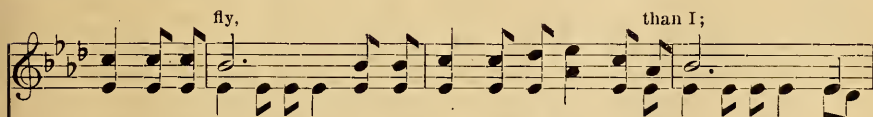
1. O, some-times the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And
2. O, some-times how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet; But
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail; Or



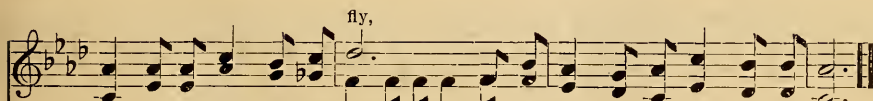
REFRAIN.



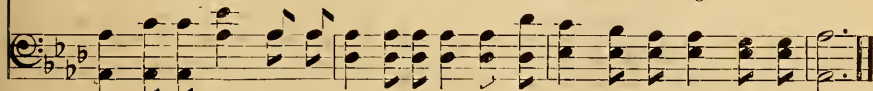
sor-rows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o-ver the soul. O, then, to the
toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shad-ow, how sweet!
climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shad-ow-y vale.



Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er, is high-er than I; O,



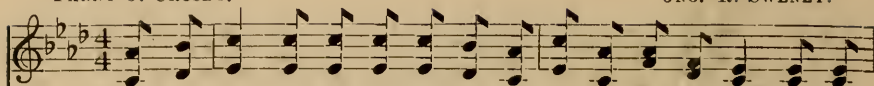
then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.



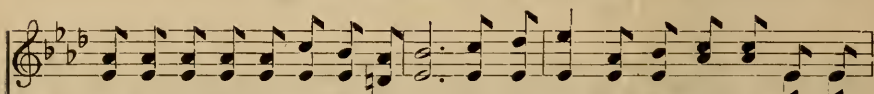
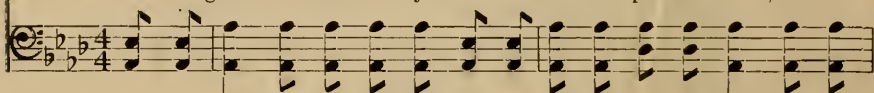
No. 8. MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

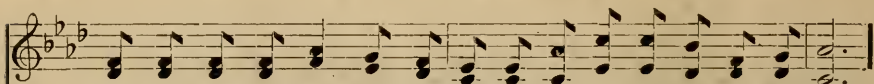
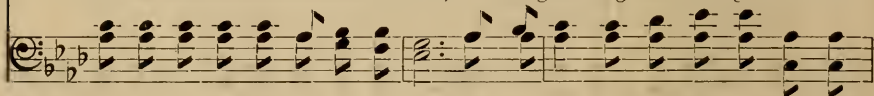
JNO. R. SWENEY.



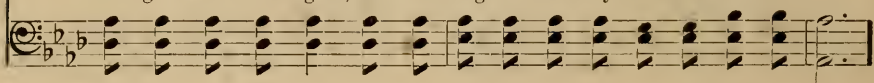
1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will



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-iour first of all.
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.

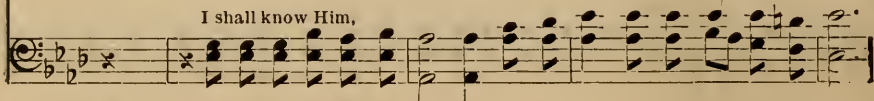


REFRAIN.



I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him, And re-deem'd by His side I shall stand,

I shall know Him,



MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

I shall know . . .

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.

No. 9.

WHAT A FRIEND.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

C. C. CONVERSE.

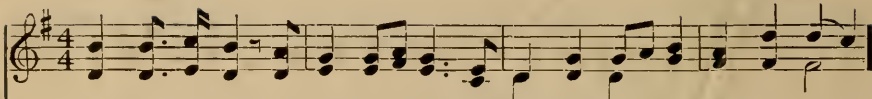
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and hea - vy la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?

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 - iour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

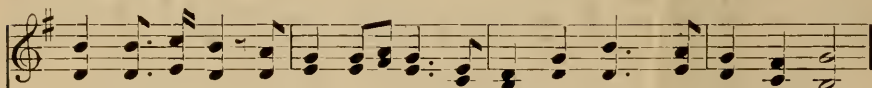
D.S. All be - cause we do not car - ry, Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
 D.S. Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 D.S. In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,

T. C. O'KANE.



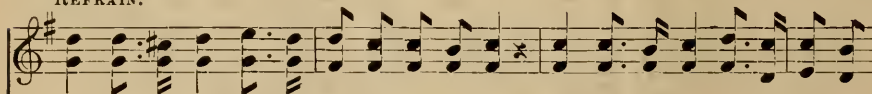
1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heav'n its head sub - lime;
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms out-spread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry bathes its head;
3. That Rock's a tow'r, whose lofty height, Il - lumed with heav'n's unclouded light,



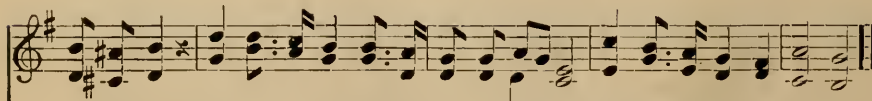
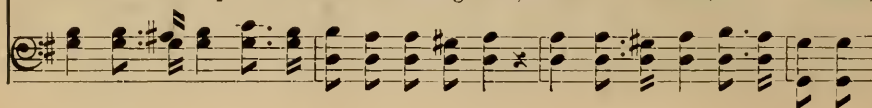
That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find with - in the cleft a rest.
To its firm base my all I bring, And to the cross of a - ges cling.
Swings wide its gates be - neath the dome, Where saints find rest with Christ at home.



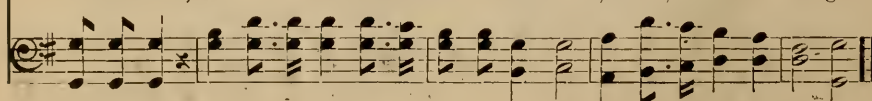
REFRAIN.



Some build their hopes on the ev - er drifting sand, Some on their fame, or their treasure,



or their land; Mine's on a Rock that fore - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."



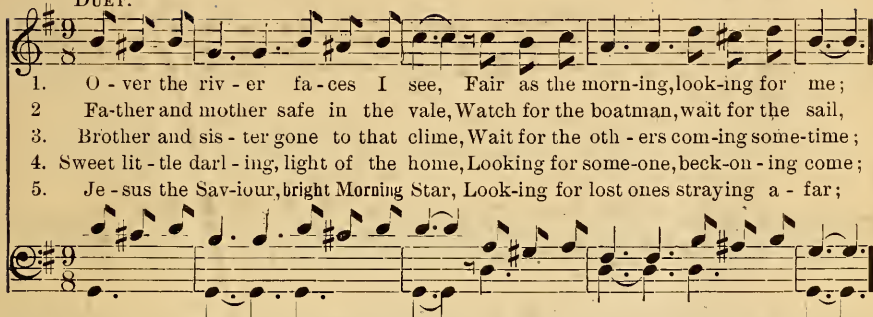
No. 11.

LOOKING THIS WAY.

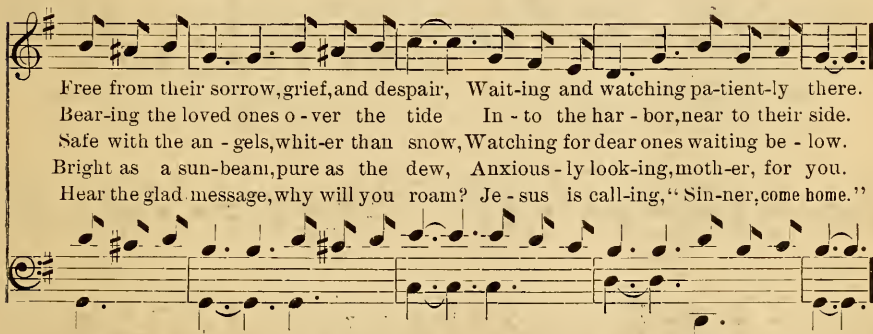
J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

DUET.

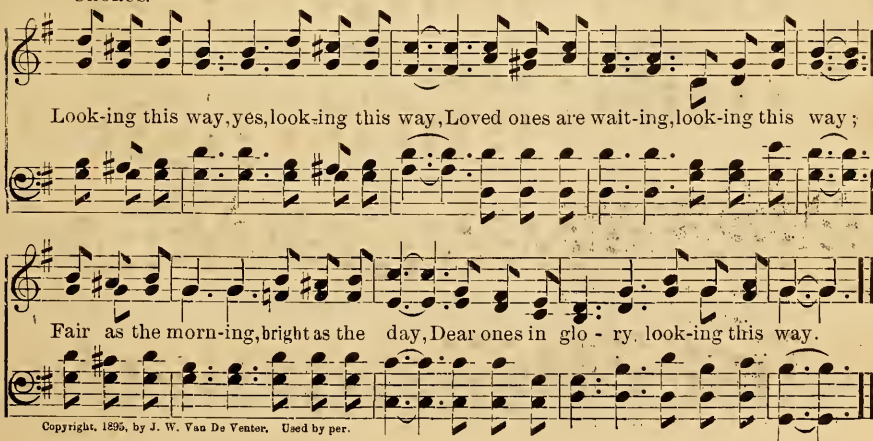


1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn - ing, look - ing for me;
 2. Fa - ther and moth - er safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
 3. Brother and sis - ter gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers com - ing some - time;
 4. Sweet lit - tle darl - ing, light of the home, Looking for some - one, beck - on - ing come;
 5. Je - sus the Sav - iour, bright Morning Star, Look - ing for lost ones straying a - far;

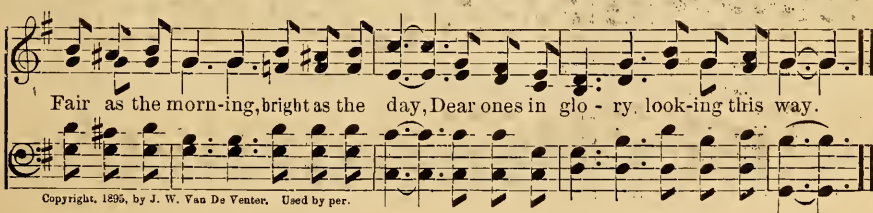


Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Wait - ing and watch - ing pa - tient - ly there.
 Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
 Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow, Watch - ing for dear ones wait - ing be - low.
 Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anxious - ly look - ing, moth - er, for you.
 Hear the glad mes - sage, why will you roam? Je - sus is call - ing, "Sin - ner, come home."

CHORUS.



Look - ing this way, yes, look - ing this way, Loved ones are wait - ing, look - ing this way;

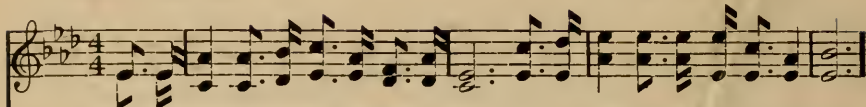


Fair as the morn - ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry, look - ing this way.

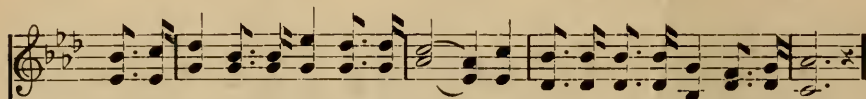
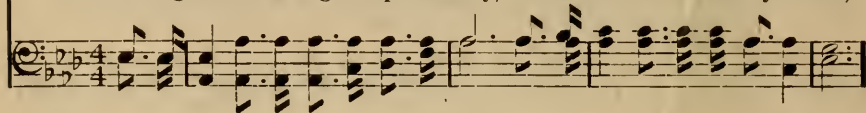
No. 12. KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

ADA BLENKHORN.

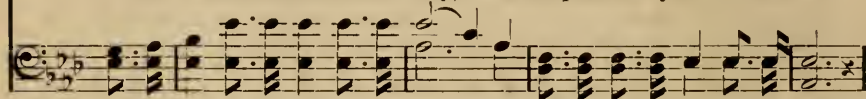
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



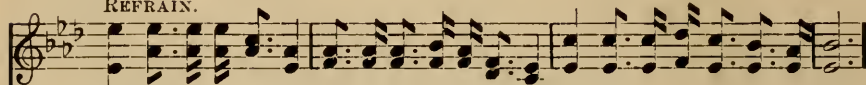
1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a sunny side, too;
2. Tho' the storm in its fu-ry break to-day, Crushing hopes that we cherished so dear;
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the moments be cloud-y or fair;



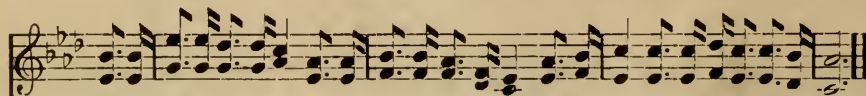
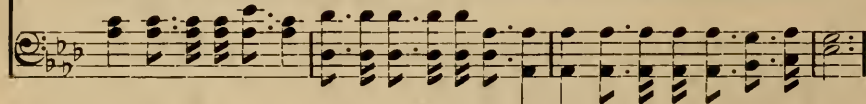
Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife, The sun-ny side we al-so may view.
Storm and cloud will in time pass a-way, The sun again will shine bright and clear.
Let us trust in our Saviour al-way, Who keep-eth ev'-ry one in His care.



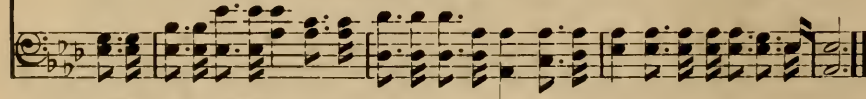
REFRAIN.



Keep on the sunny side, Always on the sunny side, Keep on the sun-ny side of life;



It will help us ev'ry day, It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sunny side of life.

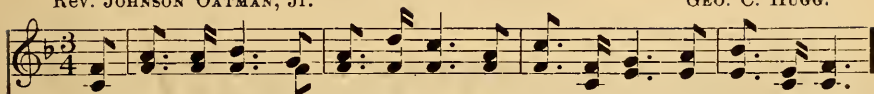


No. 13.

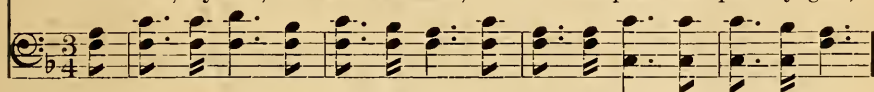
ACROSS THE BLUE.*

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

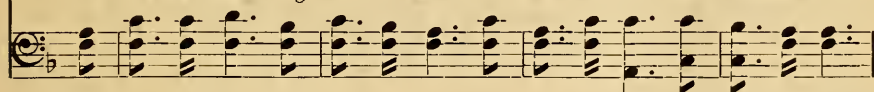
GEO. C. HUGG.



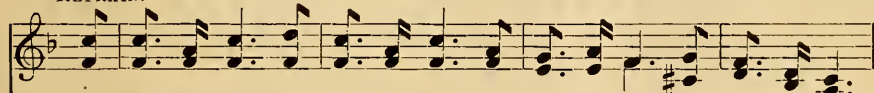
1. Be - yond the stars our loved ones wait, And watch for us be - side the gate;
2. We long to join our loved ones there, And with them breathe on heav-en's air
3. When we shall reach the streets of gold, We will our Sav - iour's face be - hold ;
4. Then let us work and do our best, Soon God will take us home to rest;
5. Till then, my soul, be still and wait, Soon thou wilt pass the pearl - y gate;



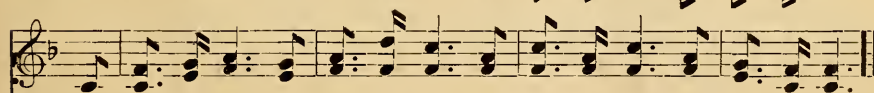
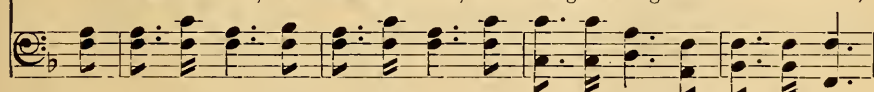
They wait for me, they watch for you, In that fair land a - cross the blue.
 The song that is for - ev - er new, In glo - ry land, a - cross the blue.
 We'll kiss the hand that led us thro' To man-sions fair a - cross the blue.
 For if He finds us tried and true, We'll live with Him a - cross the blue.
 Then what a meet - ing will en - sue With those we love a - cross the blue.



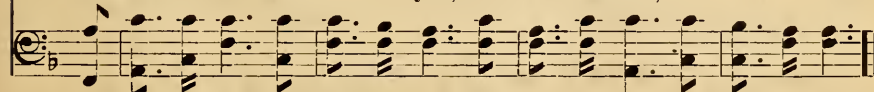
REFRAIN.



A - cross the blue, a - cross the blue, From Pis-gah's height be-hold the view;



Friends wait for me and watch for you, In sin - less land, a - cross the blue.



* At a memorial service, held at Chester Heights Camp Meeting, Aug. 2, 1897, a great wave of religious enthusiasm passed over the audience when Rev. C. M. Boswell said, concerning Rev. Wm. Swindells, D.D., "He is away from us to-day, but he is just across the blue awaiting the time for us to come and greet him there. Let us send him word that we will be sure to come."

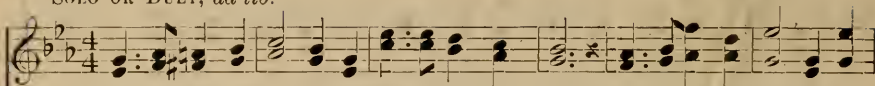
Used by permission of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of the copyrights

NO. 14. LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, FATHER.

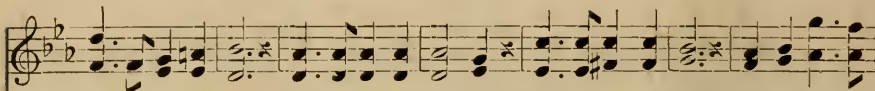
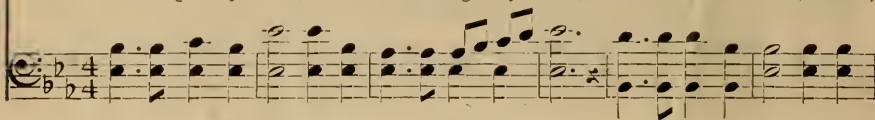
W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

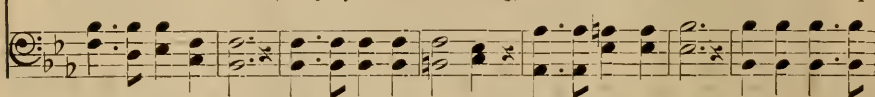
SOLO OR DUET, *ad lib.*



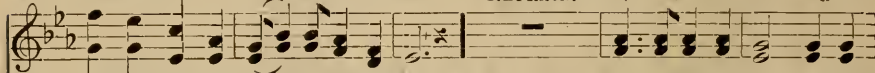
1. Lead me gen-ty home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are end-ed, And
2. Lead me gen-ty home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest hours, Father,



parting days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt only
When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-

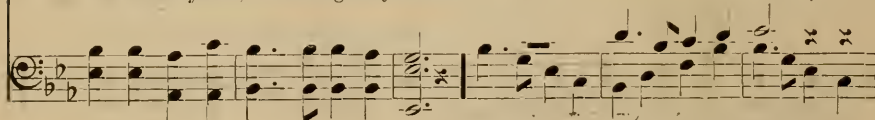


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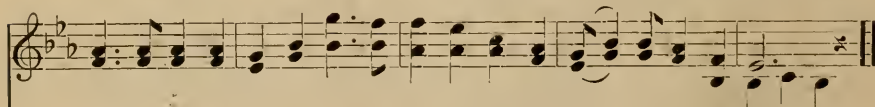


lead me, Fa-ther, Lead me gently home.
on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

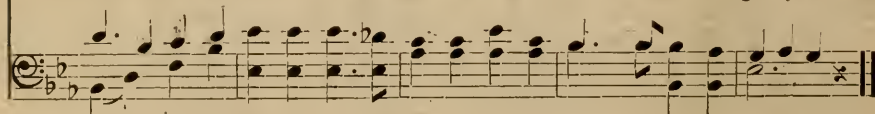
Lead me gently home, Fa-ther,



Lead me gen-ty home. Father, Lead me gen-ty



lead me gen-ty, Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-ty home.
gently home.



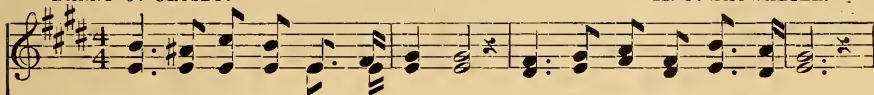
home. Fa-ther,

No. 15.

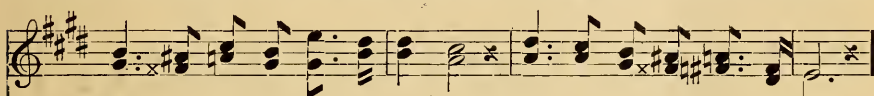
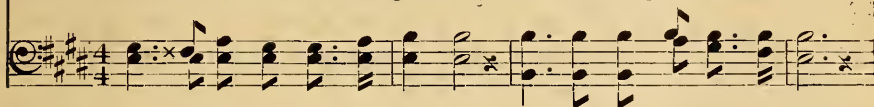
COMING HOME.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

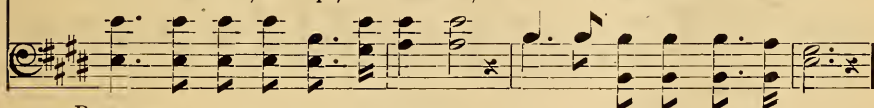
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Like a wayward child I wan-dered From my Fa-ther's house a-way,
2. I have wandered in the dark-ness, And my path was lone and drear,
3. O the rap-ture that a-waits me, When I reach my Fa-ther's door!
4. I will ask Him to for-give me, For the wrong that I have done,

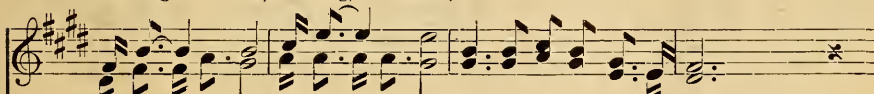


But I hear His voice en-treat-ing, And I'm com-ing home to-day.
 But my Fa-ther did not leave me, He was watching ev-er near.
 Once with-in its blest en-clos-ure, I am safe for ev-er-more.
 To re-ceive, ac-cept, and bless me, Thro' His well be-lov-ed Son.

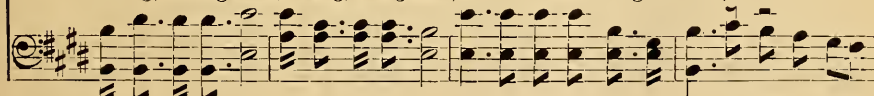


REFRAIN.

Com-ing . home, Com-ing, . home,



Coming, coming home, Coming, coming home, For I can no lon-ger roam,

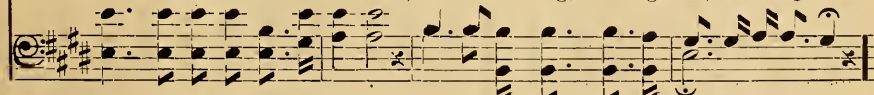


no lon-ger roam,

home.



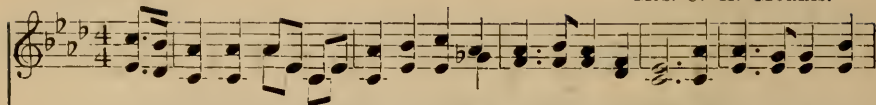
I am sad and broken-hearted, And I'm coming, coming home, I'm coming home.



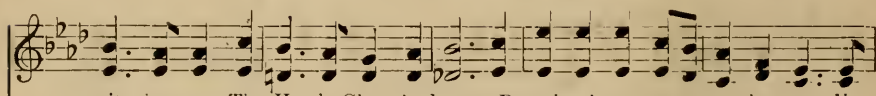
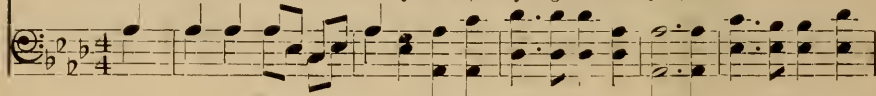
No. 16. THE PENTECOSTAL POWER.

C. H. M.

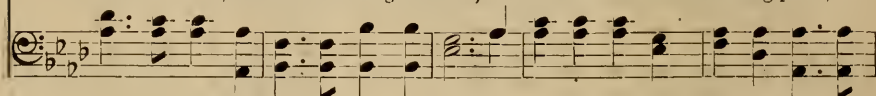
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



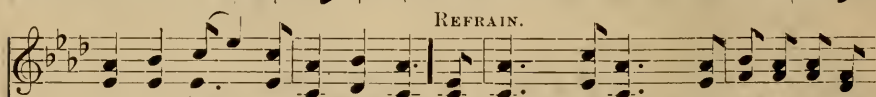
1. The pow'r that fell at Pen-te-cost, When in that upper room, Up-on the watching,
2. "Ye shall have pow'r," said Jesus "when the Holy Ghost is come;" Your loosened tongues shall
3. The wav'ring shall steadfast become; The weak in faith be strong; With holy boldness
4. Breathe on us now the Ho-ly Ghost, The young and old inspire; Let each receive the



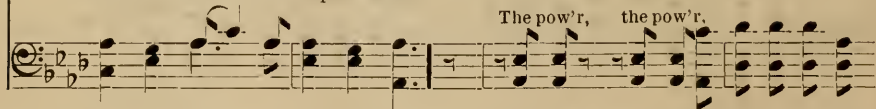
wait-ing ones, The Ho-ly Ghost had come, Remaineth ev-er-more the same, Un-speak His praise, Your lips no more be dumb; The tim-id, shrink-ing ones be brave, To go-ing forth, Denouncing sin and wrong, With burning zeal each heart a-flame, A Pen-te-cost, Send hearts and tongues of fire; Thou wonderful transforming pow'r, Come



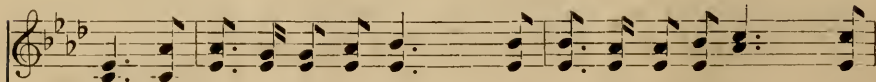
REFRAIN.



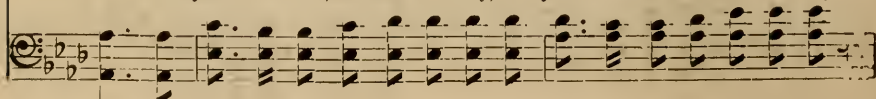
chang-ing still, O praise His name! The pow'r, the pow'r, the Pen-te-cos-tal
reach a hand the lost to save.
whole sal-va-tion to pro-claim.
now in this ac-cept-ed hour.



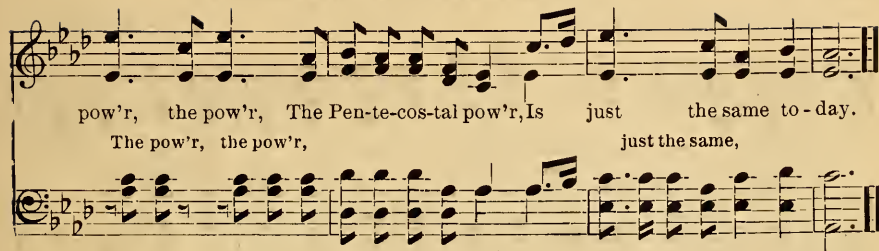
The pow'r, the pow'r.



pow'r, Is just the same to-day, Is just the same to-day; The
Is just the same, the same to-day, Is just the same, the same to-day;



THE PENTECOSTAL POWER.

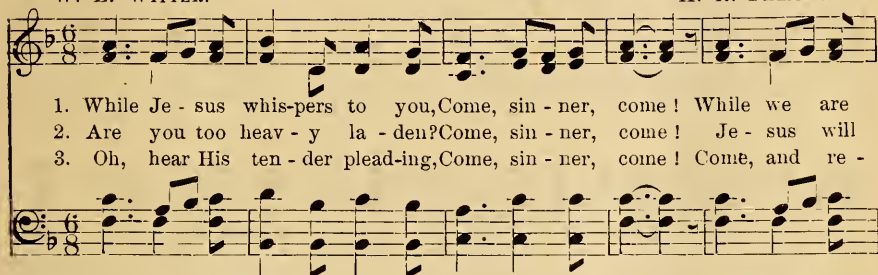


pow'r, the pow'r, The Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, Is just the same to-day.
The pow'r, the pow'r, just the same,

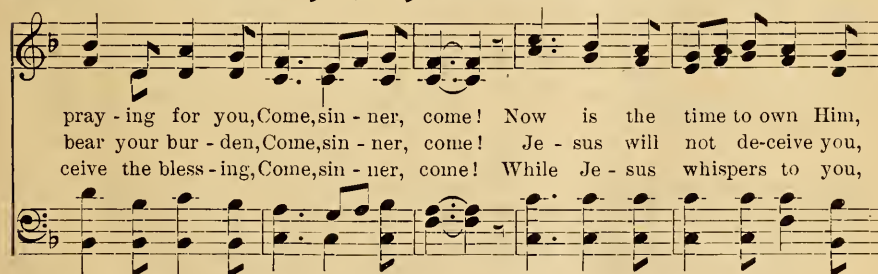
No. 17. WHILE JESUS WHISPERS TO YOU.

W. E. WITTER.

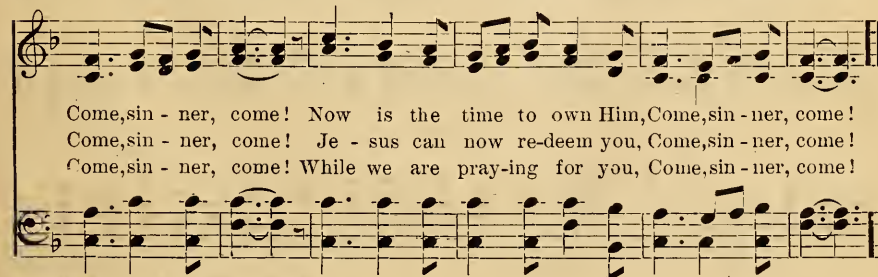
H. R. PALMER.



1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come, and re -



pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,



Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When I see life's gold-en sun - set light-ing up the ros - y West,
 2. Tho' the road at times was wea - ry, o - ver which my feet have trod,
 3. When I pass down thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow of the dead,

When the shad-ows back-ward o'er my way are cast; I shall look up-on that
 Tho' thro' ma - ny trib - u - la - tions I have passed; Yet I soon will reach my
 To my bless - ed Sav-iour's hand I will hold fast; He has prom - ised to go

D. S. work on earth is

FINE.

mo - ment as the one su - preme - ly blest, I'm go - ing home at last.
 man - sion in the cit - y of our God, I'm go - ing home at last.
 with me, so my soul will have no dread, I'm go - ing home at last.

end - ed and my race be - low is run, I'm go - ing home at last.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

I'm go - ing home at last, I'm go - ing home at last; When my
 at last; at last;

FRANK M. DAVIS.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. More like Thee, O Sav - iour, let me be, More like Thee from day to day ;
 2. More like Thee, O Sav - iour, let me be, Pure with - out and pure with - in ;
 3. More like Thee, O Sav - iour, 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,

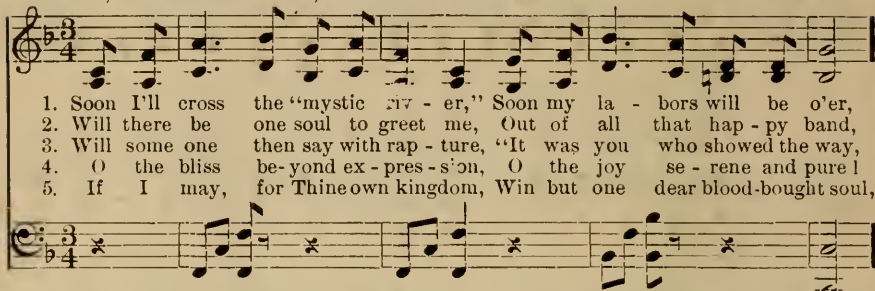
By Thy grace, O let me day by day Grow more and more like Thee.

No. 20. WILL THERE BE ONE SOUL TO GREET ME?

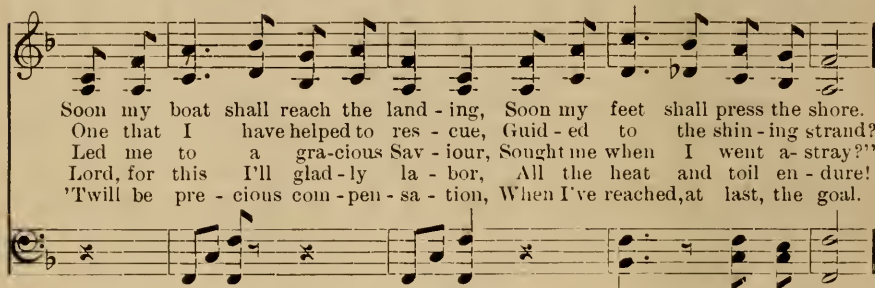
Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

J. D. PATTON.

DUET, SOPRANO AND ALTO, OR SOPRANO AND TENOR.

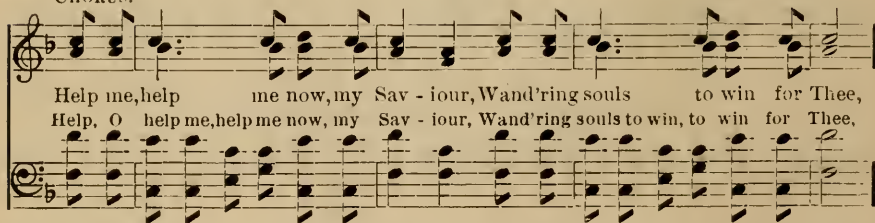


1. Soon I'll cross the "mystic riv - er," Soon my la - bors will be o'er,
 2. Will there be one soul to greet me, Out of all that hap - py band,
 3. Will some one then say with rap - ture, "It was you who showed the way,
 4. O the bliss be - yond ex - pres - sion, O the joy se - rene and pure I
 5. If I may, for Thine own kingdom, Win but one dear blood - bought soul,

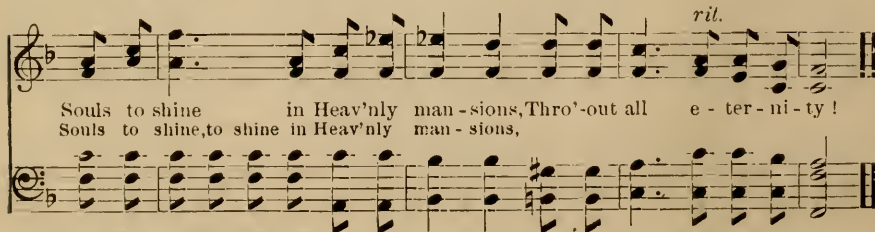


Soon my boat shall reach the land - ing, Soon my feet shall press the shore.
 One that I have helped to res - cue, Guid - ed to the shin - ing strand?
 Led me to a gra - cious Sav - iour, Sought me when I went a - stray?"
 Lord, for this I'll glad - ly la - bor, All the heat and toil en - dure!
 'Twill be pre - cious com - pen - sa - tion, When I've reached, at last, the goal.

CHORUS.



Help me, help me now, my Sav - iour, Wand'ring souls to win for Thee,
 Help, O help me, help me now, my Sav - iour, Wand'ring souls to win, to win for Thee,

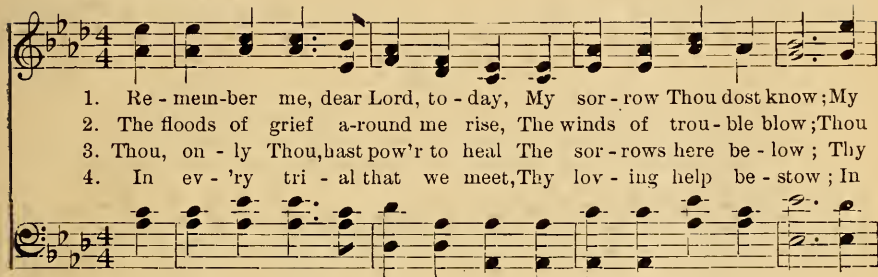


Souls to shine in Heav'nly man - sions, Thro' - out all e - ter - ni - ty!
 Souls to shine, to shine in Heav'nly man - sions,

No. 21. TO THEE, DEAR LORD, I GO.

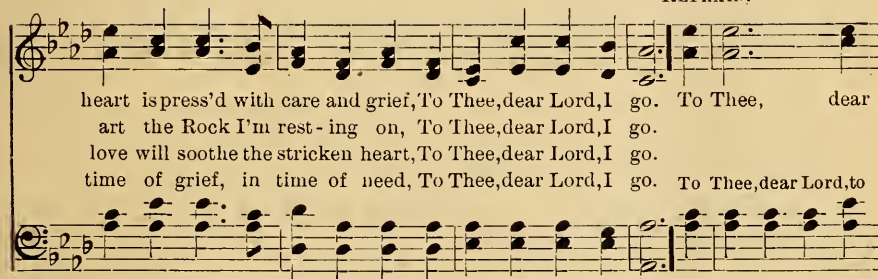
Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

R. H. CORNELIUS.

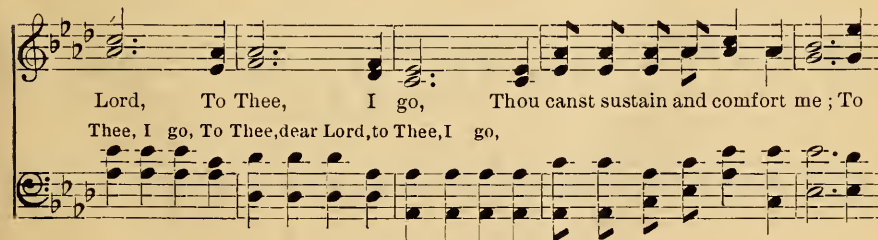


1. Re - mein - ber me, dear Lord, to - day, My sor - row Thou dost know ; My
2. The floods of grief a - round me rise, The winds of trou - ble blow ; Thou
3. Thou, on - ly Thou, hast pow'r to heal The sor - rows here be - low ; Thy
4. In ev - 'ry tri - al that we meet, Thy lov - ing help be - stow ; In


REFRAIN.



heart is press'd with care and grief, To Thee, dear Lord, I go. To Thee, dear
art the Rock I'm rest - ing on, To Thee, dear Lord, I go.
love will soothe the stricken heart, To Thee, dear Lord, I go.
time of grief, in time of need, To Thee, dear Lord, I go. To Thee, dear Lord, to



Lord, To Thee, I go, Thou canst sustain and comfort me ; To
Thee, I go, To Thee, dear Lord, to Thee, I go,



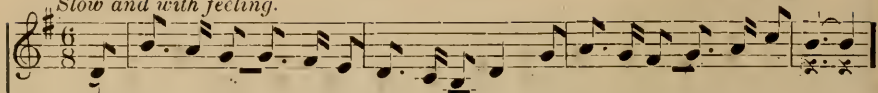
Thee, dear Lord, to Thee, I go, To Thee, dear Lord, I go.
Thee, dear Lord, to Thee I go, To Thee, dear Lord, to Thee I go,

No. 22. JESUS WILL SAVE YOU TO-DAY.

J. M. B.

J. M. BOWMAN.

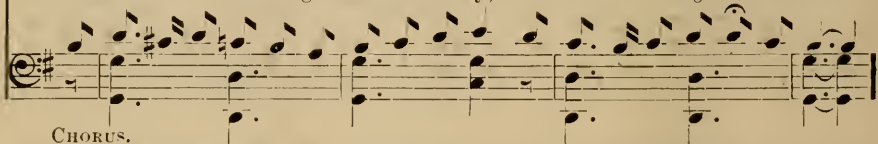
Slow and with feeling.



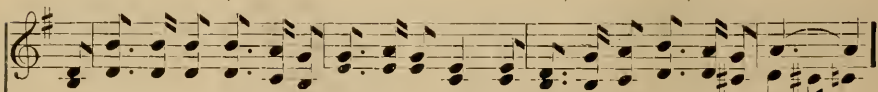
1. O sin-ner, why lin'-ger in doubt and dismay, When Jesus is read - y to save?
2. Come sinners, "why stand ye here i - dle all day?" The Master is wait-ing for you;
3. Come brothers, why wait ye here nothing to do, While oth-ers a stead - y watch keep?
4. O sin-ner, why tar - ry the call to o-bey? Persuad-ed, ac-cept-ing, al - most;



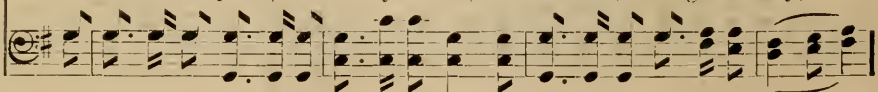
Ac-cept His sal-va-tion,—His call-ing o - bey, For you His own life-blood He gave.
Come en - ter the vineyard, why lin-ger a - way? Here you will find service to do.
The fields are all whiten'd—the lab'ers are few,—The harvest is read-y to reap.
How sad if the death-angel brook no de-lay,—So near to the kingdom,—but lost.



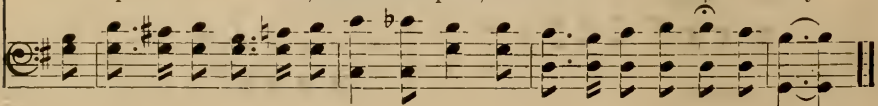
CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus will pardon,—His mercy is sure,—Come sinner, no lon-ger de - lay;



Ac-cept His sal - va - tion, His love so pure, And Je - sus will save you to - day.



No. 23.

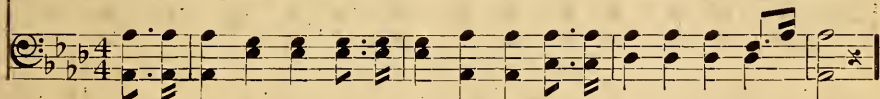
DRAW ME NEARER.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



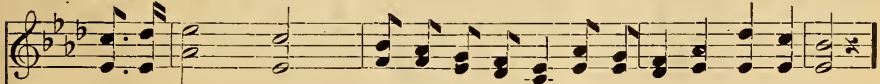
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the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



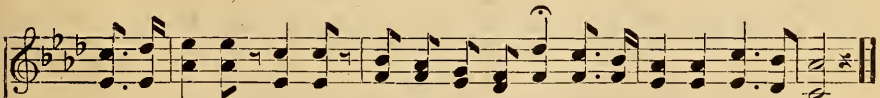
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



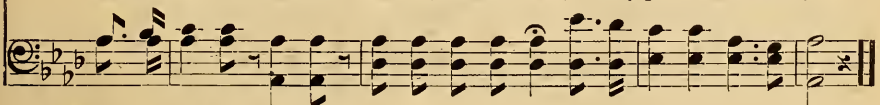
REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
 near - er, near - er,



Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



Rev. J. K. ALWOOD.

J. F. KINSEY.

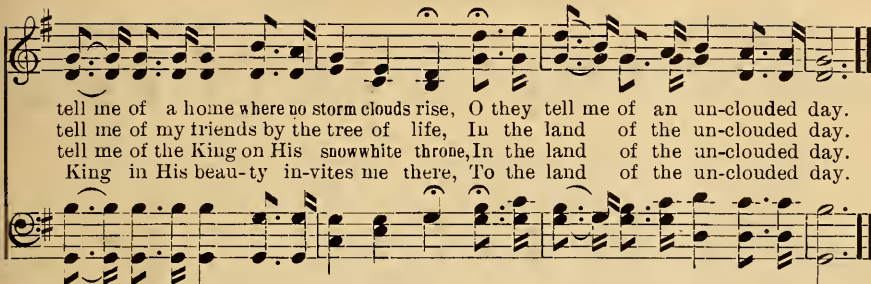
1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
 3. O they tell me of the King in His beau - ty there, And they
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His

tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home where no
 tell me of that land . far a - way, Where the tree . of . . life in e -
 tell me that mine eyes . shall be - hold Where He sits . on the throne that is
 smile drives their sorrows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er

storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day; O the
 ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un - cloud - ed day; O the
 whit-er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of . . gold; O that
 come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - cloud - ed day; O that

land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they
 land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they
 land mine eyes shall see, O that land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they
 land of love - ly smiles, O the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; O the

THE UNCLOUDED DAY.



tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-clouded day.
 tell me of my friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un-clouded day.
 tell me of the King on His snowwhite throne, In the land of the un-clouded day.
 King in His beau-ty in-vites me there, To the land of the un-clouded day.

No. 25. LORD, BE THOU MY HELPER.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. S. HENDRICKS.



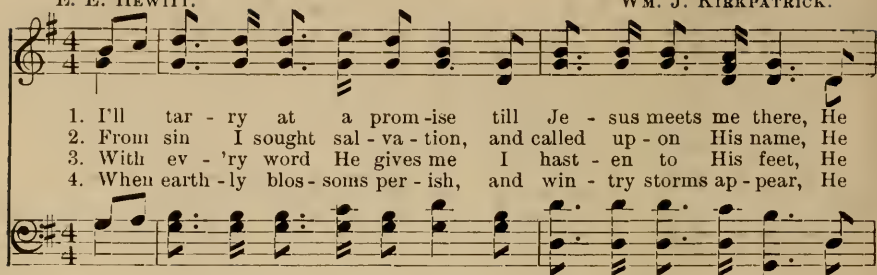
1. When all is dark a-round me, And earthly foes as-sail, With heav'nly foes sur-
 2. O keep me close be-side Thee, In life's un - e-ven way, With constant watch-care
 3. Some-times the path is lone - ly My weary feet must tread, Thy blessed presence

round me, Let pow'r di-vine pre-vail. O Lord, be Thou my help - er, In
 guide me, And nev - er let me stray. O Lord, be Thou my help - er, No
 on - ly Can glad-ness round me shed. O Lord, be Thou my help - er, My

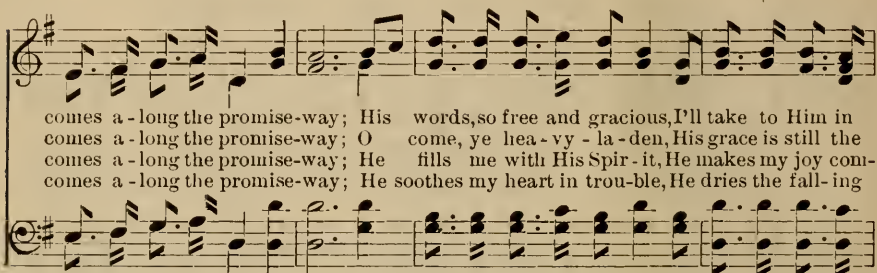
faith I turn to Thee, Un - to Thy love's dear shelter, For safe-ty would I flee.
 oth-er hand but Thine Can lead me to the homeland, Where fadeless glories shine.
 ref-uge and my rest, My soul would lean for - ev-er On Thy protecting breast.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

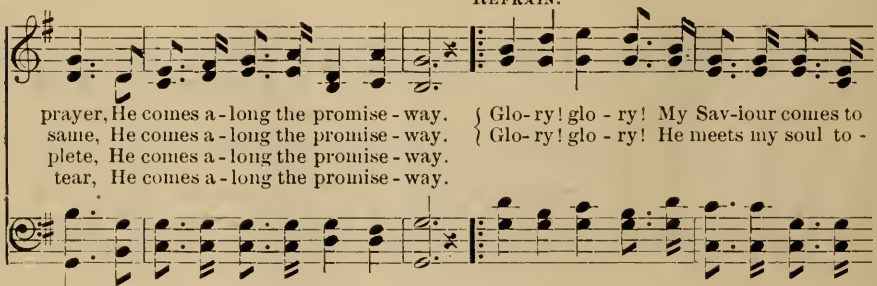


1. I'll tar - ry at a prom - ise till Je - sus meets me there, He
 2. From sin I sought sal - va - tion, and called up - on His name, He
 3. With ev - 'ry word He gives me I hast - en to His feet, He
 4. When earth - ly blos - soms per - ish, and win - try storms ap - pear, He

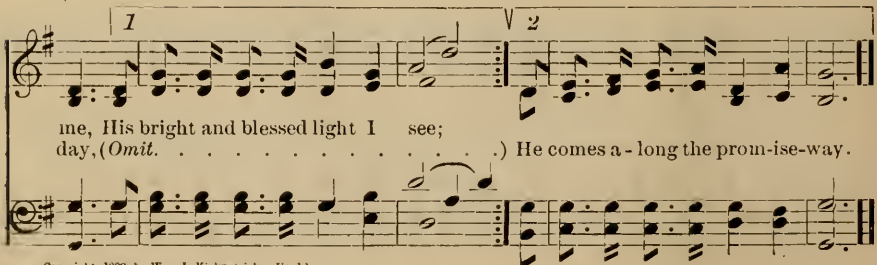


comes a - long the promise - way; His words, so free and gracious, I'll take to Him in
 comes a - long the promise - way; O come, ye hea - vy - la - den, His grace is still the
 comes a - long the promise - way; He fills me with His Spir - it, He makes my joy com -
 comes a - long the promise - way; He soothes my heart in trou - ble, He dries the fall - ing

REFRAIN.



prayer, He comes a - long the promise - way. { Glo - ry! glo - ry! My Sav - iour comes to
 same, He comes a - long the promise - way. { Glo - ry! glo - ry! He meets my soul to -
 ple, He comes a - long the promise - way.
 tear, He comes a - long the promise - way.



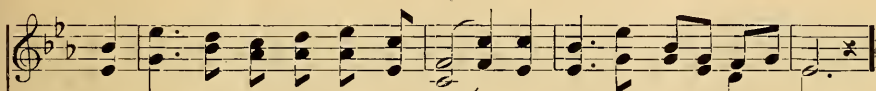
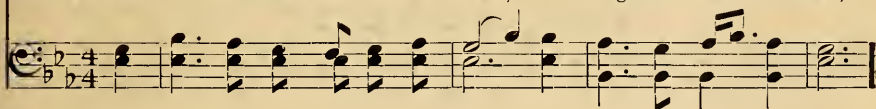
me, His bright and blessed light I see;
 day, (Omit.) He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN.

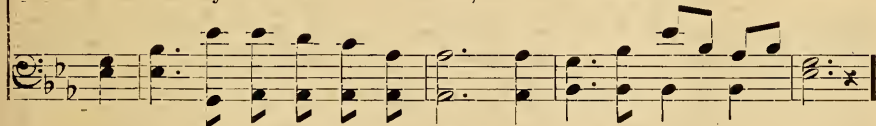
R. D. BURLESON.



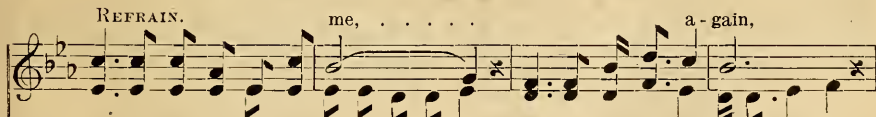
1. What-e'er the road which I must tread, What-e'er my lot may be,
 2. When sins like mountains on me pressed, For heal-ing I did flee
 3. And lo, the pre-cious cleansing flood, Which o-ver me did flow,
 4. And now I walk the nar-row road, Al-though I can-not see,



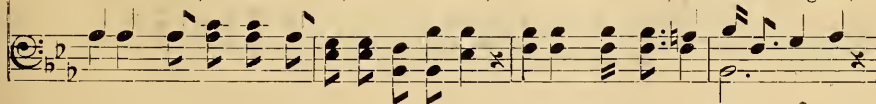
One thought I nev-er can for-get— For Je-sus died for me.
 Un-to the fount of Je-sus' blood, The blood He shed for me.
 Washed ev-'ry stain from off my soul, And made me white as snow.
 I know by faith that I am safe, For Je-sus died for me.



REFRAIN.



Je-sus died, He died for me, He died for me, But He liv-eth, He liv-eth a-gain,

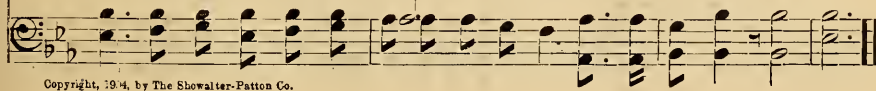


a-gain,

see,



And some day the King I'll see, the King I'll see, Hal-le-lu-jah, a-men.



B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

1. Beau-ti - ful robes so white, Beau-ti - ful land of light, Beau-ti - ful home so bright,
 2. Beau-ti - ful tho't to me, We shall for - ev - er be Thine in e - ter - ni - ty,
 3. Beau-ti - ful things on high, O - ver in yon - der sky, Thus I shall leave this shore,

Where there shall come no night; Beau-ti - ful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there, Yonder in
 When from this world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heaven-ly joys to share, Let me cross
 Counting my treasures o'er, Where we shall never die, Car-ry me by and by, Nev-er to

REFRAIN.

mansions fair, Gath-er us there. Beau-ti - ful robes, . . . Beau-ti - ful
 o - ver there, This is my pray'r.
 sor-row more, Heaven - ly store. Beau-ti - ful robes of white,

land, . . . Beau-ti - ful home, . . . Beau-ti - ful band, . . .
 Beau-ti - ful land of light, Beau-ti - ful home so bright, Beau - ti - ful band of might,

BEAUTIFUL.

Beau-ti - ful crown, Shin-ing so fair,
 Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful crown, Shin-ing, yes, shin-ing so fair,
 Beau-ti - ful man - sion bright, gath-er us there.
 Beau-ti - ful man-sion bright, gath-er us there, yes, gath-er us there.

No. 29. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

DR. L. MASON.

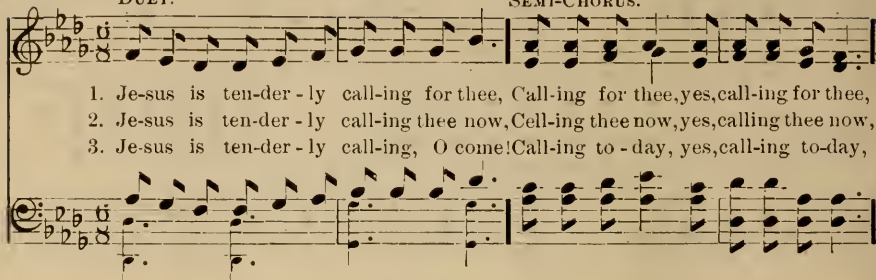
1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me,
 2. Tho' like a wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone;
 3. There let the way appear Steps unto heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n;
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs Beth-el I'll raise;
 5. Or, if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 An-gels to beck-on me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 30. JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.

D. R. LUCAS.
DUET.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

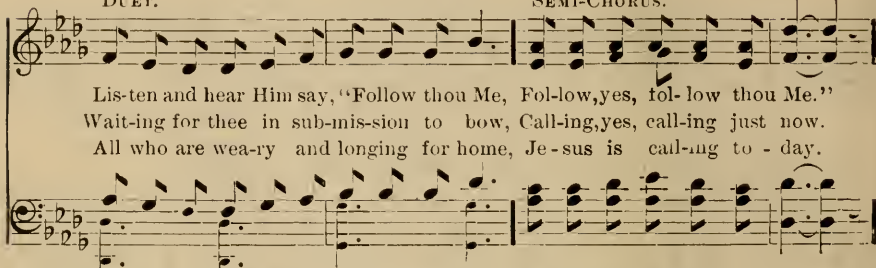
SEMI-CHORUS.



1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing for thee, Call-ing for thee, yes, call-ing for thee,
2. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee now, Cell-ing thee now, yes, calling thee now,
3. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing, O come! Call-ing to - day, yes, call-ing to-day,

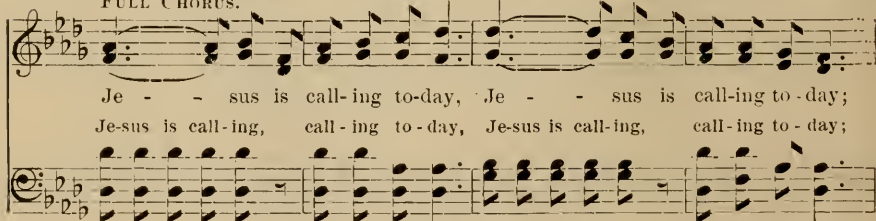
DUET.

SEMI-CHORUS.

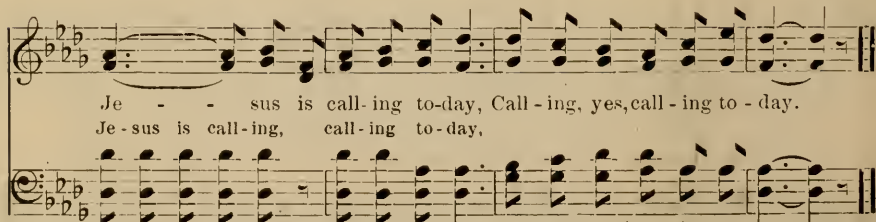


Lis-ten and hear Him say, "Follow thou Me, Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou Me."
Wait-ing for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow, Call-ing, yes, call-ing just now.
All who are wea-ry and long-ing for home, Je-sus is call-ing to - day.

FULL CHORUS.



Je - - sus is call-ing to-day, Je - - sus is call-ing to-day;
Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing to-day, Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing to-day;



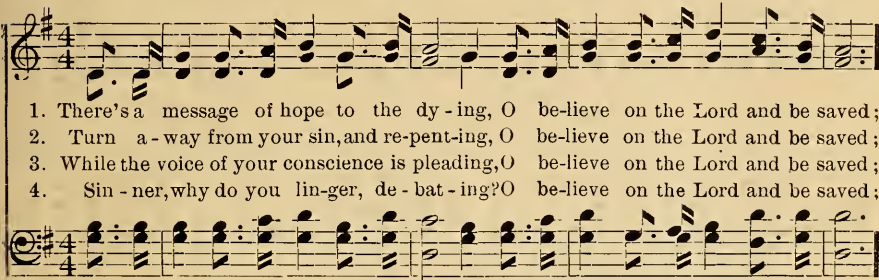
Je - - sus is call-ing to-day, Call-ing, yes, call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing to-day,

No. 31. BELIEVE AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Acts 16: 31.

ADALYN.

S. L. HOWARD.

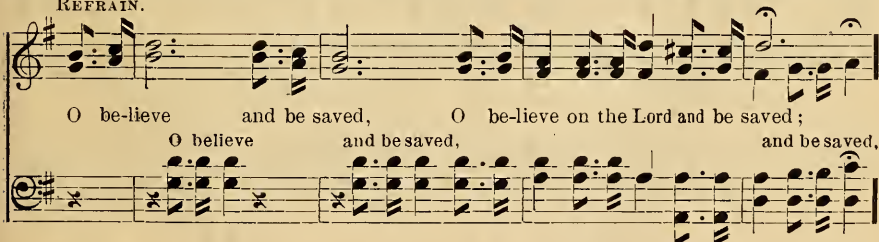


1. There's a message of hope to the dy-ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;
 2. Turn a-way from your sin, and re-pent-ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;
 3. While the voice of your conscience is pleading, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;
 4. Sin-ner, why do you lin-ger, de-bat-ing? O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;

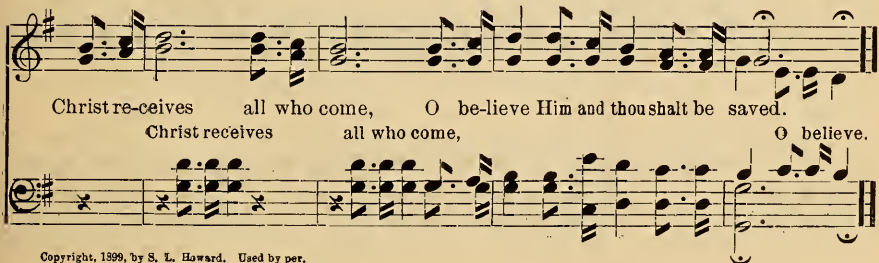


Life is short, and the moments are fly-ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved.
 Come to Christ while the heart is re-lent-ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved.
 While the Sav-iour is now in-ter-ced-ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved.
 Gra-cious par-don for you is a-wait-ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved.

REFRAIN.



O be-lieve and be saved, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;
 O believe and be saved, and be saved,



Christ-re-ceives all who come, O be-lieve Him and thou shalt be saved.
 Christ receives all who come, O believe.

MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the storm-y sea; It may not be at the
 2. Perhaps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak; There may be now in the
 3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide, Where I may labor thro'

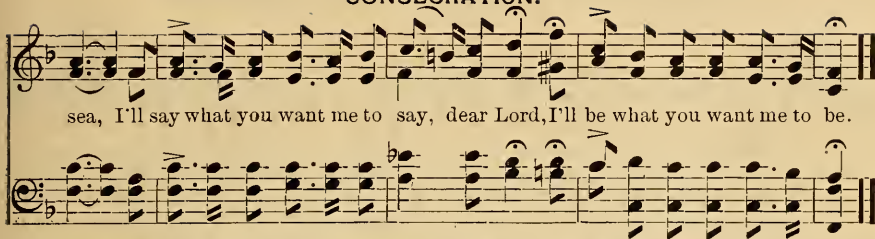
bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me; But if by a still small voice He calls To
 paths of sin Some wan-d'r'er whom I should seek. Oh, Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho'
 life's short day For Je-sus the cru-ci-fied. So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And

paths that I do not know, I'll an-swer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine. I'll go where you
 dark and rugged the way, My voice shall ech-o Thy mes-sage sweet. I'll say what you
 know-ing Thou lov-est me, I'll do . . Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you

REFRAIN.

want me to go. I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or
 want me to say.
 want me to be.

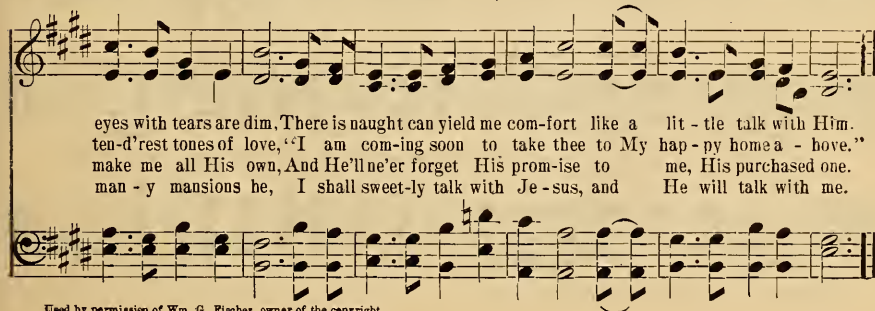
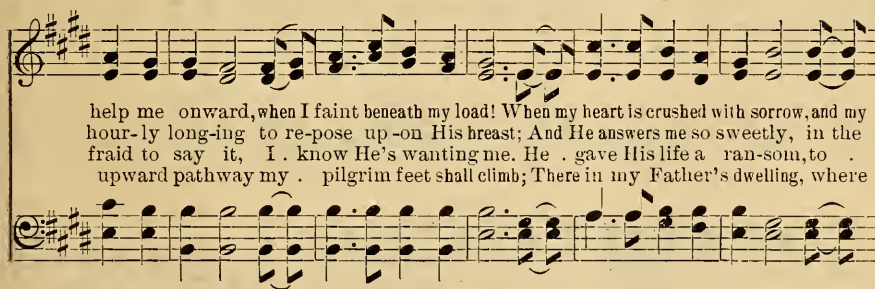
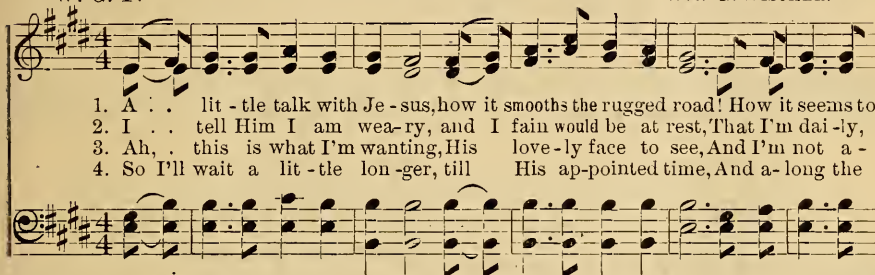
CONSECRATION.



No. 33. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

W. G. F.

WM. G. FISCHER.

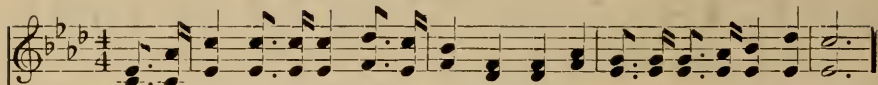


No. 34. JESUS STOOD ON THE SHORE.

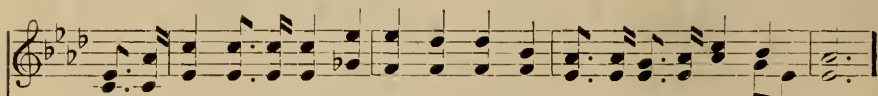
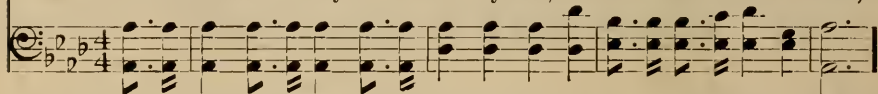
JOHN 21: 4.

H. L. G.

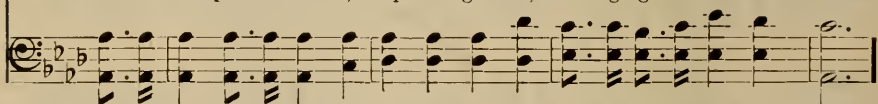
H. L. GILMOUR.



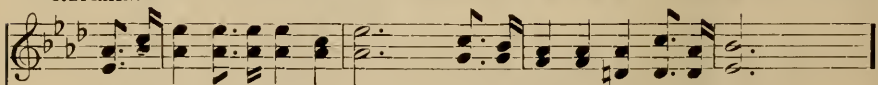
1. Je- sus stood on the shore, when the morning came, Appearing to His friends once more;
2. Je- sus stood by the way, when the beg- gar blind, For mercy cried thro' nature's night;
3. Je- sus stood by the grave of the friend He lov'd, And showed His resurrection pow'r;
4. Je- sus stand-eth to-day at the mer- cy-seat, Our Ad-vo-cate with God-a-bove;



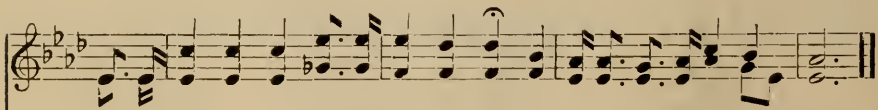
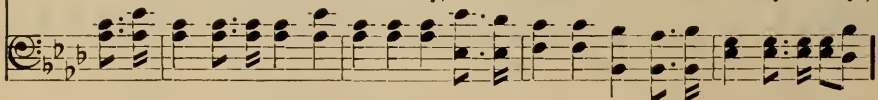
The be- lov- ed dis- ci- ple knew the Lord, Who lov'd him as in days of yore,
As he cast down his garments at His feet, By faith he there received his sight.
Quick-ly gave the command "come forth, come forth," Unloose, and let him go this hour.
Shows His nail-pierced hands, and pleading stands, Unchanging in His wondrous love.



REFRAIN.



Je- sus stands on the shore today, Helping struggling souls by the way ;
to-day, by the way ;



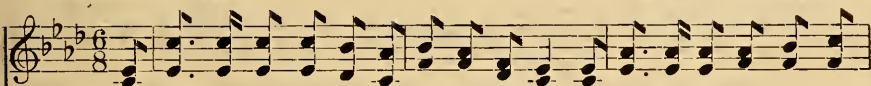
On the land, or wave, Je- sus waits to save, He nev-er turns a soul a - way.



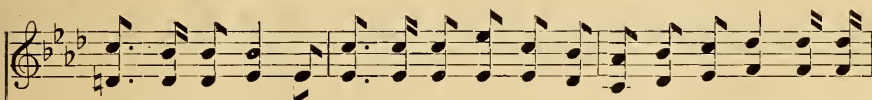
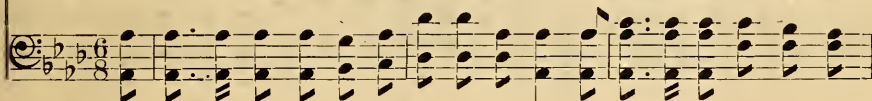
No. 35. BEAUTIFUL, GOLDEN SOMETIME.

HARRIET E. JONES.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



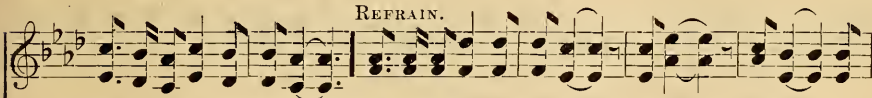
1. O glo - ri - ous homeland just o - ver the line, Prepared for the wea - ry by
2. When friends loved so dear - ly drift o - ver the tide, And days seem so drear - y when
3. When wea - ry with toil - ing, in sor - row a - lone, With bearing the bur - dens to
4. When deep are the shad - ows en - cir - cling me here, When beams of glad sun - light so



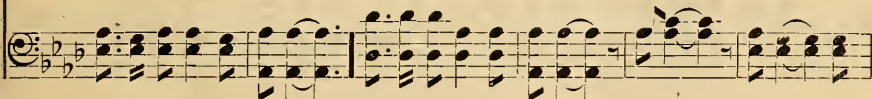
Christ the di - vine, Who says if I'm faith - ful that home shall be mine, In the
missed from our side, I think of re - un - ion where an - gels a - bid In the
oth - ers un - known, There comes to my mind the sweet rest near the throne, In the
sel - dom ap - pear, Hope whis - pers of home - land and glo - ri - fied cheer, In the



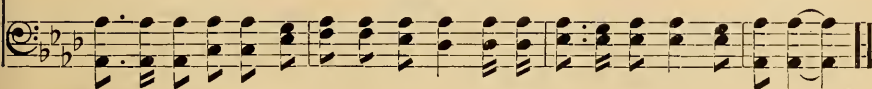
REFRAIN.



beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time. Beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time, Some - time, some - time, Thro'

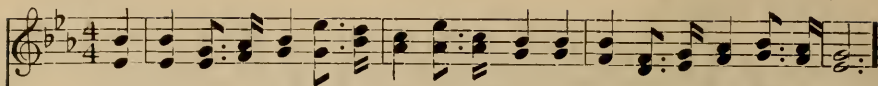


Je - sus, my Saviour, that home shall be mine, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.

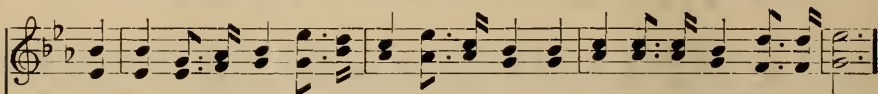
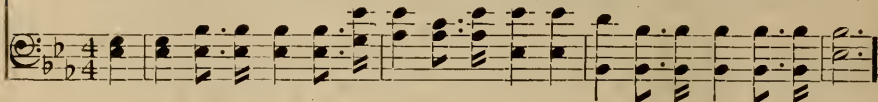


ADALYN.

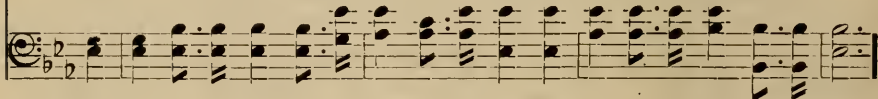
A. J. SHOWALTER.



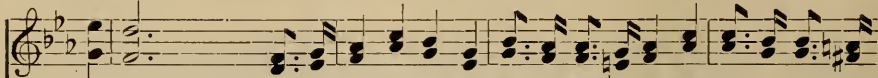
1. Sing prais-es to God for the gift of His love, That guards us with tender-est care,
2. Sing prais-es to God for the blessing of pray'r, That brings us so near to His throne;
3. Sing prais-es to God for His dear, blessed Son, Who came as a ransom from sin;
4. Sing prais-es to God for His mer-cy so free, That reach-es and saves e-ven me;



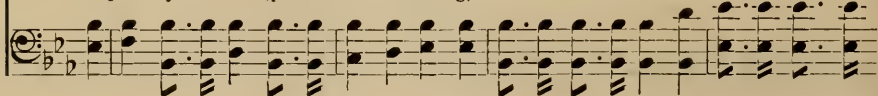
As on-ward we march to that cit-y a-bove, Its heav-en-ly mansions to share.
 For Christ in His beau-ty ap-pears to us there, And graciously welcomes His own.
 Thro' Him we shall live when our journey is done, Thro' Him we may all "en-ter in."
 That precious Redeem-er once nailed to the tree, The theme of our prais-es shall be.



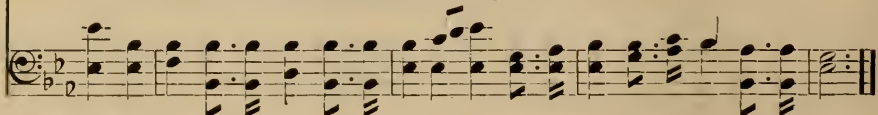
REFRAIN.



O praise ye the Lord in song, His blessed name adore, And tell His mercies
 O praise ye the Lord, praise the Lord in song,



o'er, As on - - ward we march along, Singing prais-es to God ev-er-more.
 onward and heav'nward we march along,



No. 37. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Canaan's fair and
2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day ; There God the Son for-
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for - ev - er blest ? When shall I see my
4. Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul Would here no longer stay ; 'Tho' Jordan's waves a-

REFRAIN.

hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie. We will rest in the fair and hap-py
ev - er reigns, And scat-ters night a - way.
Father'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,

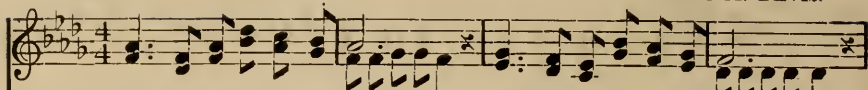
song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev - er-more.

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi: 3.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

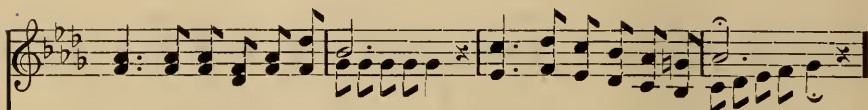


1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray,
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul
3. Sav-iour, lead me, then at last,

Gen - tly lead me all the way;
 When life's stormy billows roll,
 When the storm of life is past,



1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way,



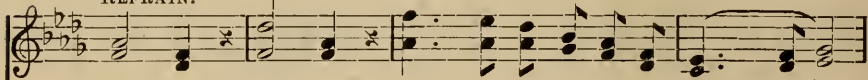
I am safe when by Thy side,
 I am safe when Thou art nigh,
 To the land of end-less day,

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

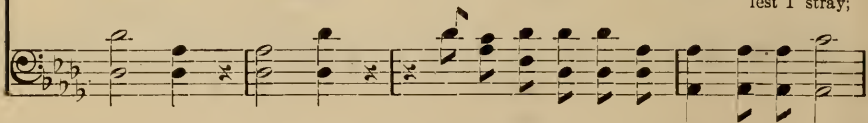
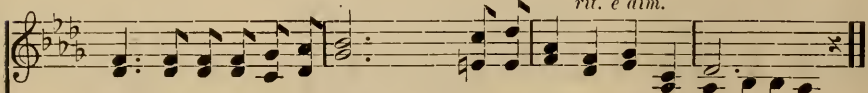


I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide.

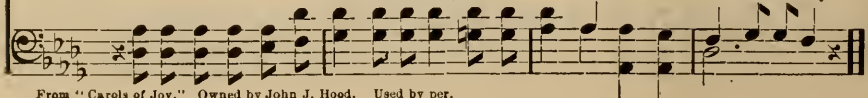
REFRAIN.



Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;.....
 lest I stray;

*rit. e dim.*

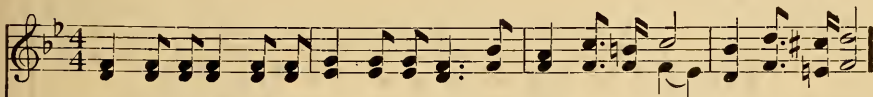
Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
 stream of time, all the way.



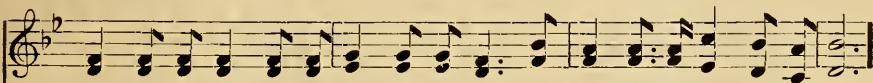
No. 39. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.



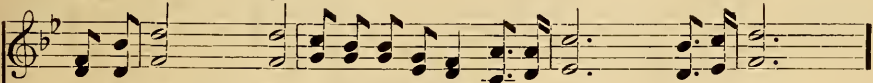
1. Would you be free from your burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than saow? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do service for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;



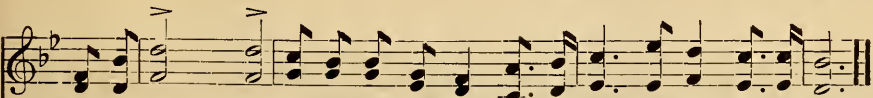
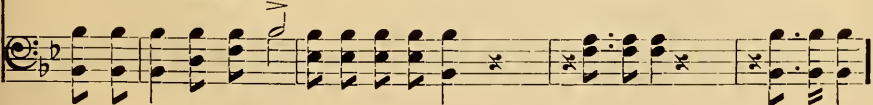
Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
 Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va-ry's tide, There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
 Sin-stains are lost in its life - giv-ing flow, There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
 Would you live dai - ly, His prais-es to sing? There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.



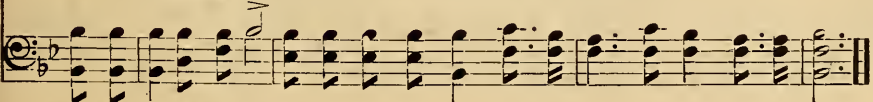
REFRAIN.



There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb;
 There is pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb;



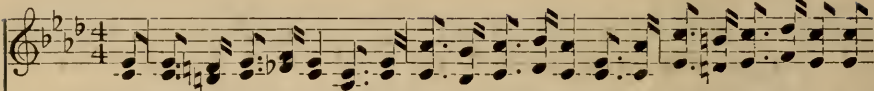
There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-work-ing pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
 there is pow'r,



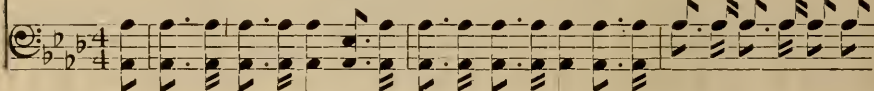
No. 40. THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

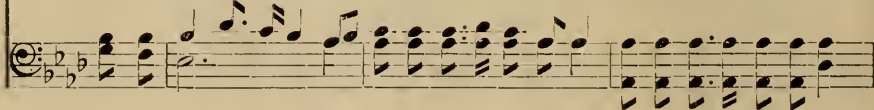
H. R. PALMER.



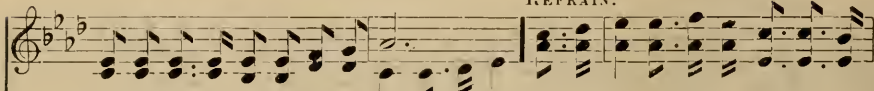
1. The prize is set before us—To win, our Lord implores us! The eye of God is o'er us,
2. We fol-low where He leadeth—We pasture where He feedeth—We yield to Him who pleadeth
3. Our home is bright above us; No tri-als there to move us, But Christ our Lord to love us,



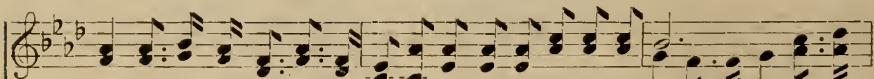
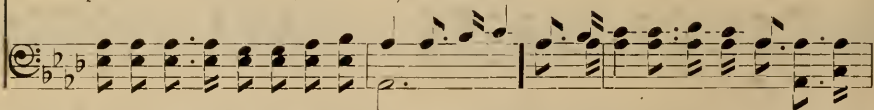
From on high, from on high! His loving tones are fall-ing, While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing, 'Tis
From on high, from on high! For naught from Him can sever; Our hope shall brighten ev-er; And
Dwells on high, dwells on high! We give Him best endeav-or; We praise His name for-ev-er; His



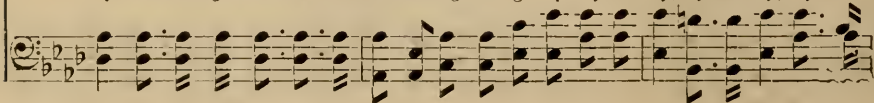
REFRAIN.



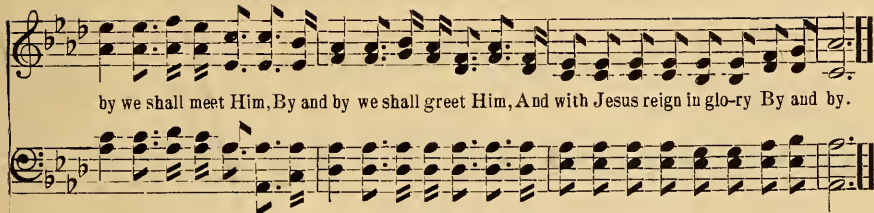
Je-sus gent-ly call-ing, He is nigh, He is nigh. By and by we shall meet Him, By and
faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
pre-cious words can nev-er, Nev-er die, nev-er die.



by we shall greet Him, And with Je-sus reign in glo-ry. By and by, by and by; By and



THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.

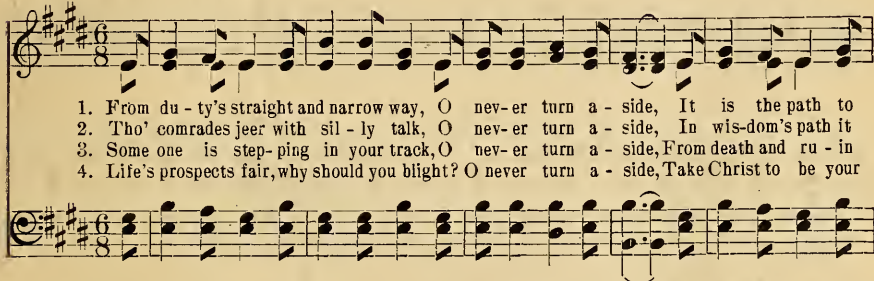


by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glo-ry By and by.

No. 41. NEVER TURN ASIDE.

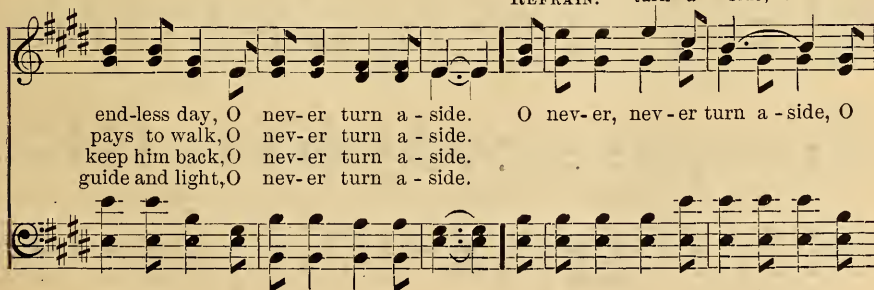
Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

JOHN M. DYE.



1. From du - ty's straight and narrow way, O nev - er turn a - side, It is the path to
2. Tho' comrades jeer with sil - ly talk, O nev - er turn a - side, In wis - dom's path it
3. Some one is step - ping in your track, O nev - er turn a - side, From death and ru - in
4. Life's prospects fair, why should you blight? O never turn a - side, Take Christ to be your

REFRAIN. turn a - side, . .



end-less day, O nev - er turn a - side. O nev - er, nev - er turn a - side, O
 pays to walk, O nev - er turn a - side.
 keep him back, O nev - er turn a - side.
 guide and light, O nev - er turn a - side.

turn a - side, . .



nev - er, nev - er turn a - side, Be firm for God and truth and right, And nev - er turn a - side.

No. 42. WHEN THE VEIL IS LIFTED.

"The Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—ii Kings 6: 17.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sing with expression.

1. 'Tis but a veil that hangs between The un-seen world and this, And hides from
 2. To calm the ser-vant's needless fears, God drew this veil a - side; When all a -
 3. De - part-ing saints such scenes behold, As in death's arms they sink; May heav-en

REFRAIN.

view the saint-ed forms, The world of per - fect bliss. When the veil is lift-ed,
 bout E - li - sha, lo! A might - y host he spied.
 not be near us now? E'en near - er than we think?

In the by and by, Scenes of wondrous beauty Will greet the raptured eye, Forms of cherished

loved ones, Hosts of an - gels bright, When the veil is lift-ed, Will dawn upon our sight.

No. 44.

I'M SEEKING A HOME.

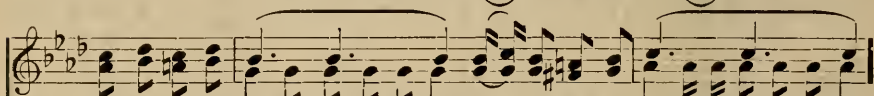
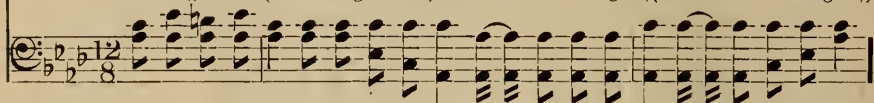
"For here have we no continuing City, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14.

R. M. B.

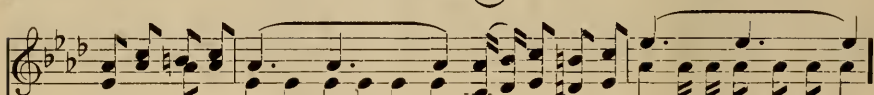
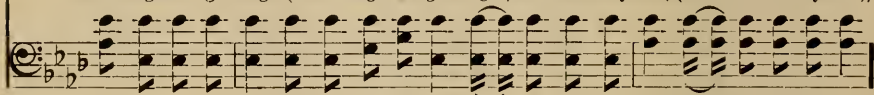
R. M. BURT.



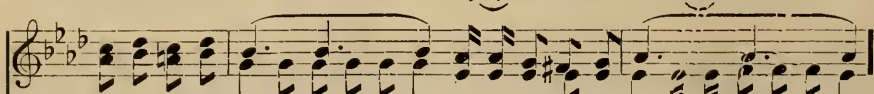
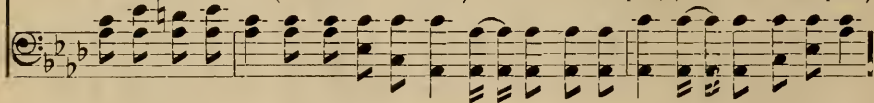
1. I'm seeking a home, (I'm seeking a home,) in the mansions a - bove, (in the mansions a-bove,)
2. I'm seeking a home, (I'm seeking a home,) thro' tri-als se-vere; (thro' tri-als se-vere;)
3. I'm seeking a home, (I'm seeking a home,) in the mansions a - bove. (in the mansions a-bove,)
4. I'm seeking a home, (I'm seeking a home,) where lov'd ones have gone, (where lov'd ones have gone,)



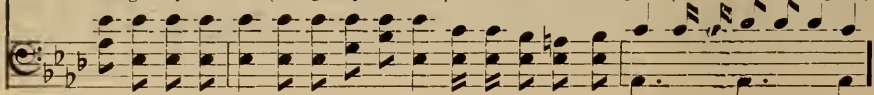
Where I can a - bide (Where I can a - bide) with the Saviour I love, (with the Saviour I love,)
 But grace will sus-tain (But grace will sus-tain) when tri-als ap-pear: (when tri-als ap-pear:)
 Con-duct-ed a - long (Con-duct-ed a - long) by the Heav-en-ly Dove. (by the Heavenly Dove.)
 Who fought the good fight (Who fought the good fight) and the victory won; (and the vic-to-ry won;)



And sing the sweet song, (And sing the sweet song,) all the glori-fied sing, (all the glo-ri-fied sing,)
 I'll la - bor, and pray, (I'll la - bor, and pray,) and dai-ly press on, (and dai-ly press on,)
 What rap-ture is mine (What rapture is mine) when I think of that bliss! (when I think of that bliss!)
 And when I'm released (And when I'm released) from sor-row and pain, (from sor-row and pain,)

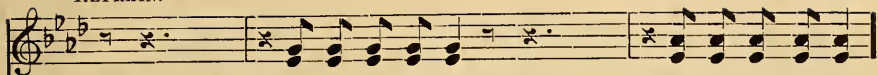


While casting their crowns (While casting their crowns) at the feet of their King, (at the feet of their King.)
 E'er trusting the Lord, (E'er trusting the Lord,) He'll not leave me alone. (He'll not leave me alone.)
 What comfort I find (What comfort I find) in a pi-lot like this! (in a pi-lot like this!)
 All glo-ry to God! (All glo-ry to God!) I shall see them a - gain! (I shall see them a-gain!)



I'M SEEKING A HOME.

REFRAIN.



By faith I can see

my Saviour's sweet smile,



By faith I can see my Saviour's sweet smile,



And hear His sweet voice,

"Come higher, my child,



And hear His sweet voice, "Come higher, my child,

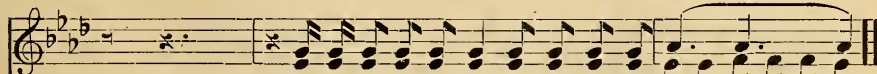


So faithful and true

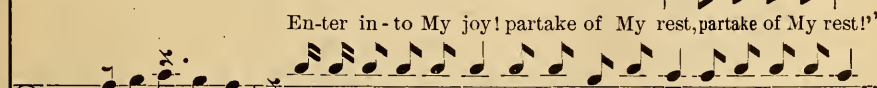
'mid care and distress!



So faith-ful and true, 'mid care and dis - tress,



rest!"

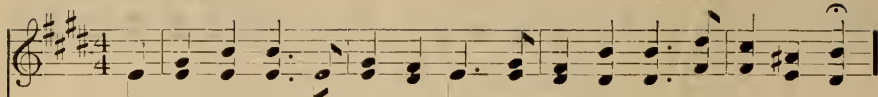


En-ter in - to My joy! partake of My rest, partake of My rest!"

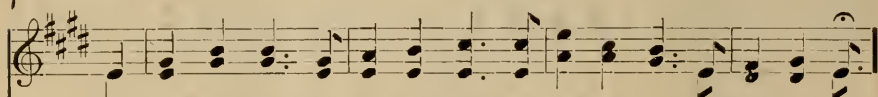
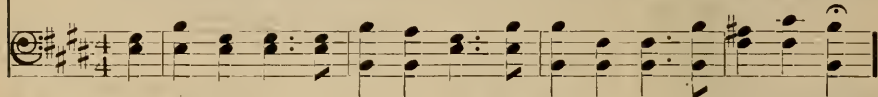
En-ter in - to My joy! par-take of My rest!"

J. S. KIMBROUGH.

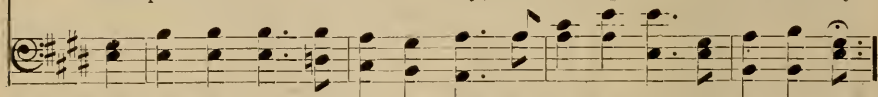
A. C. NEECE.



1. No night in heav'n! O bless-ed tho't, With joy and ho-ly rapture fraught,
2. No tears in heav'n! nothing but joy, Sweet hap-pi-ness with-out al-loy,
3. No long-ing for the day to come, No wait-ing for the com-ing morn,
4. Ce-less-tial beau-ties ev-er-more Shall bloom on that e-ter-nal shore,



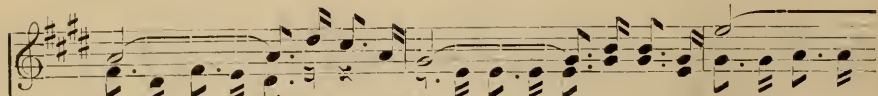
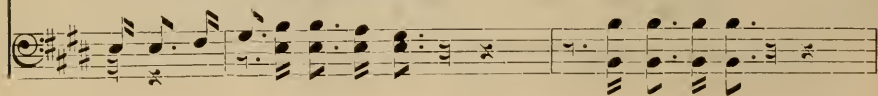
No shad-ows veil its glo-ry bright, Nor dim its ra-diant heav'nly light.
 No cry-ing there, no grief or pain, No sor-rows ev-er come a-gain.
 No wan-ing of the glo-rious light, No fad-ing of the landscape bright.
 While pleasures die not nor de-cay, In that bright clime of end-less day.



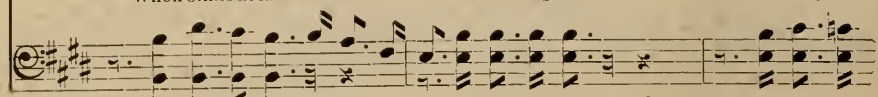
REFRAIN.



To that fair land, O let me come, When sinks at
 To that fair land, O let me come,



last life's set-ting sun, And hope in glad
 When sinks at last life's set-ting sun, And hope in



NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

glad fru - i - tion blest, . . . Shall end in ev - er - last - ing rest.

fru - i - tion blest,

No. 46. I CANNOT DRIFT BEYOND THY LOVE.

"I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care."—WHITTIER.

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I can-not drift beyond Thy love, Beyond Thy tender care ; Where'er I stray, still
2. I can-not drift beyond Thy sight, Dear Lord, the tho't is sweet ; Thy lov-ing hand will
3. I can-not drift away from Thee, No matter where I go ; Still Thy dear love doth

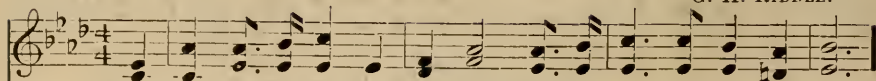
from a - bove Thine eye be - holds me there. I can - not drift so far a - way But
guide a - right My wea - ry, wand'ring feet. When rough and dark my lone - ly way, I
glad - den me, Thou all my way dost know. Where'er I jour - ney thou art there, In

what Thy love di - vine . . Up - on my path, by night and day, In mer - cy sweet doth shine.
shall not be for - got ; Thro' all life's change - ful, shadow'd day, Thou wilt forsake me not.
wind and wave I hear Thy voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that Thou art near.

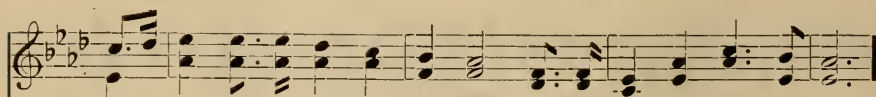
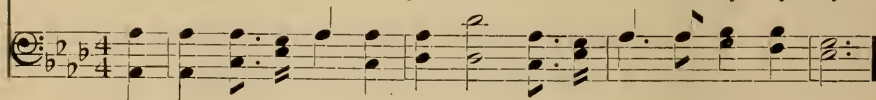
No. 47. KEEP CLOSE TO THE SIDE OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON.

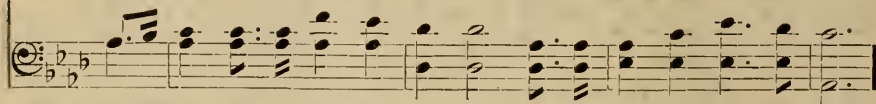
G. H. RIDDLE.



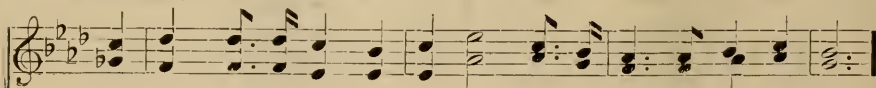
1. Keep close to the side of Je - sus, While the path of life you tread;
2. Se - cure in the Sav-iour's keep-ing, Naught of harm can you be - tide,
3. Sweet peace from on high is giv - en Un - to those who day by day



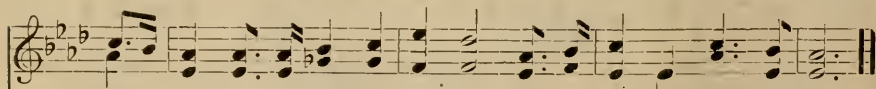
Re - sist all the world's temp-ta-tions, And by Him be safe - ly led.
And joy fills the soul that ev - er In His pres - ence doth a - bide.
Keep close to the bless-ed Je - sus, And His ho - ly will o - bey.



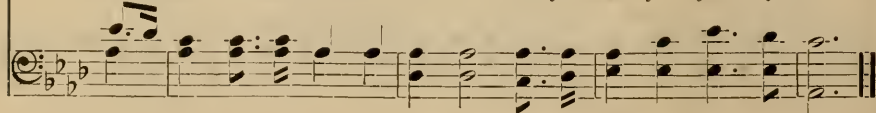
REFRAIN.



Keep close to the side of Je - sus, He's a true and lov - ing Friend;



Keep close to the side of Je - sus Till you reach your jour-ney's end.

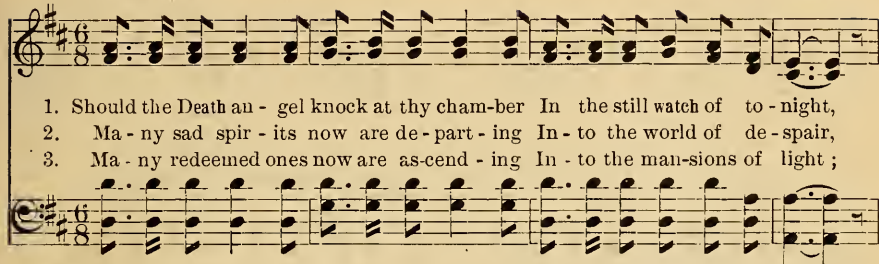


No. 48.

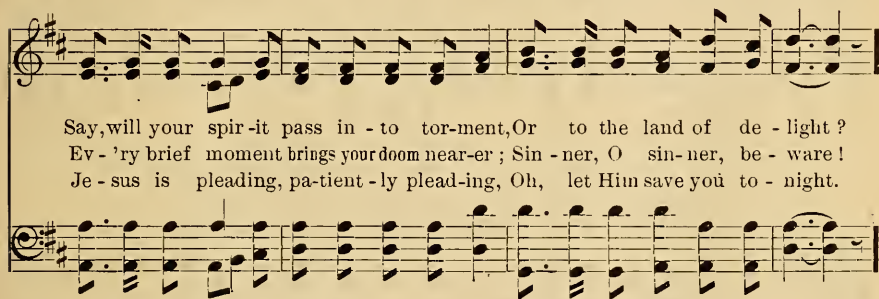
SAY, ARE YOU READY?

A. S. KIEFFER.

T. C. O'KANE.

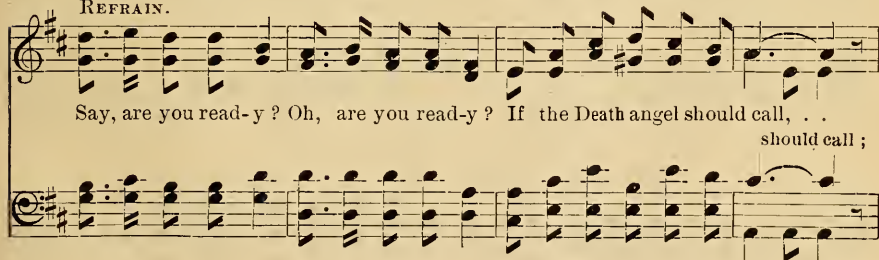


1. Should the Death an - gel knock at thy cham-ber In the still watch of to - night,
 2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair,
 3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the man - sions of light ;

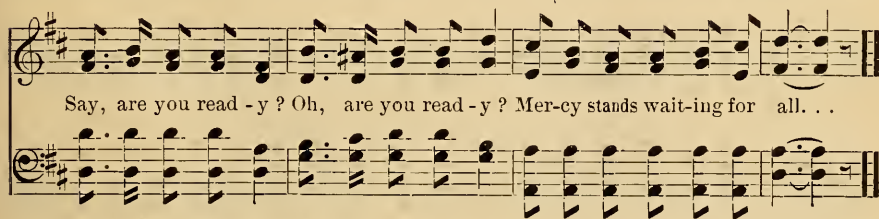


Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor - ment, Or to the land of de - light ?
 Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom near - er ; Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware !
 Je - sus is plead - ing, pa - tient - ly plead - ing, Oh, let Him save you to - night.

REFRAIN.



Say, are you read - y ? Oh, are you read - y ? If the Death angel should call, . . .
 should call ;

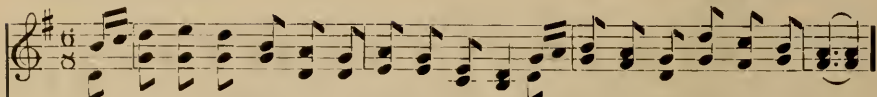


Say, are you read - y ? Oh, are you read - y ? Mer - cy stands wait - ing for all . . .

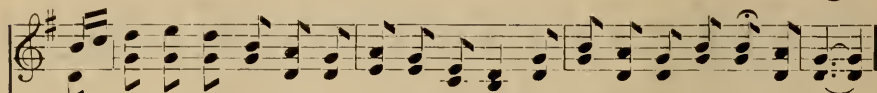
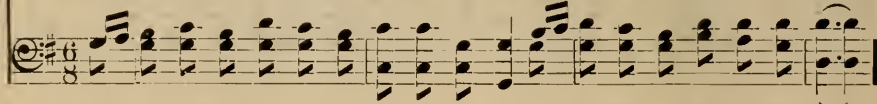
No. 49. THE STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

JOHN H. YATES.

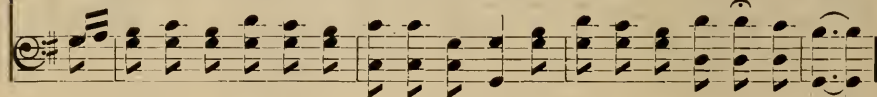
M. L. MCPHAIL.



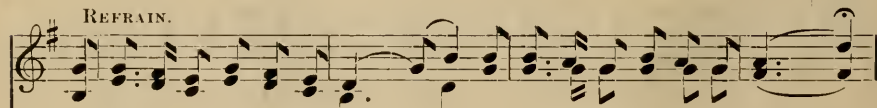
1. How dear to my heart is the sto-ry of old, The sto-ry that ev-er is new,
2. It came to my heart when, all fettered by sin, I sat in the pris-on of doubt:
3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh With snares for my way-weary feet;
4. When sorrow is mine, and on pil-lows of stone My aching head seeks for re-pose,
5. When down in the "valley and shadow of Death," I en-ter the gloom of the grave,



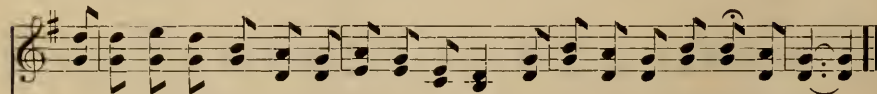
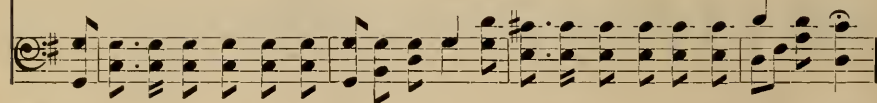
The message that saints of all a-ges have told, The message so ten-der and true.
Like an-gel of old, the glad sto-ry came in And led me triumphant-ly out.
It tells of the Rock that is high-er than I, And leads to its bliss-ful re-treat.
This sto-ry brings comfort and peace from the throne, My desert blooms forth like the rose.
I'll tell the old sto-ry with life's latest breath, Of Christ and His power to save.



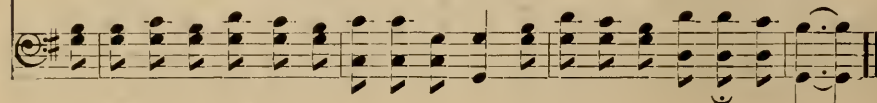
REFRAIN.



The sto-ry that nev-er grows old, . . . Tho' o-ver and o-ver 'tis told; . . .
that never grows old, 'tis told;



The sto-ry so dear, bringing heaven so near, Sweet sto-ry that nev-er grows old.

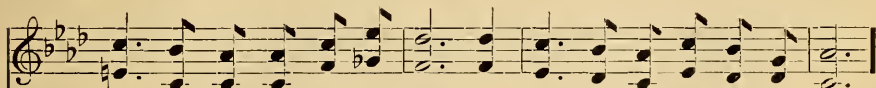


J. S. KIMBROUGH.

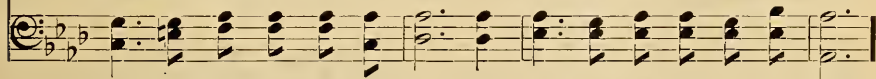
FRANK B. SMITH.



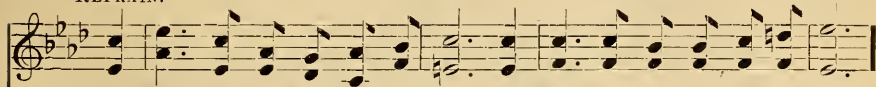
1. A-long life's pathway lead Thou me, My stay and comfort ev - er be, While
2. When waves of sor-row o'er me roll, And doubts and fears oppress my soul, O
3. When from Thee, Lord, my feet would stray, And wander from Thy fold a - way, O
4. And when life's conflict shall be o'er, Its griefs and cares oppress no more, A -



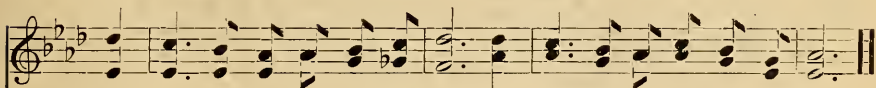
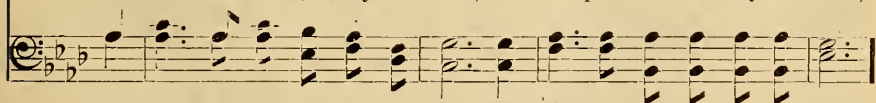
on my wea - ry pil - grim way, Dear Sav - iour, lead me day by day.
 let me still Thy foot-steps see, And hear Thy voice still call - ing me.
 draw me by Thy love and grace To seek a - gain my Saviour's face.
 cross death's dark and storm-y sea, O bless - ed Sav - iour, lead Thou me.



REFRAIN.



O lead me when the way is dark, And tem-pest-tossed is my frail bark;



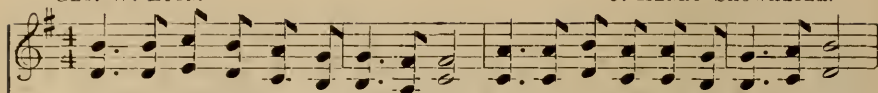
And when I cross cold Jordan's stream, Up - on Thine arm O let me lean.



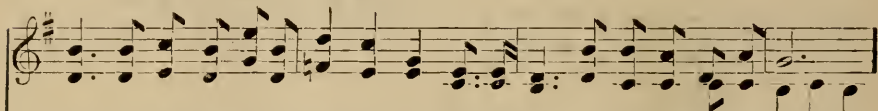
No. 51. THERE IS JOY IN MY SOUL TO-DAY.

Geo. W. Lyon.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

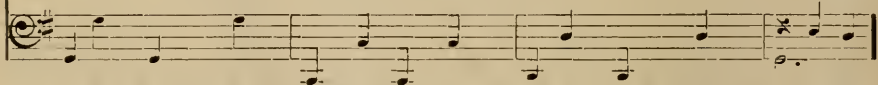


1. There is joy with-in my soul to-day, And my life is filled with wondrous light ;
2. Thro' the clouds that ma - ny times a - rise, O'er the bil-lows of life's rest-less sea,
3. So I glad - ly trust and press a-long, In my journey to the goal a - bove,

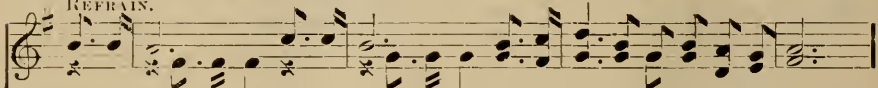


From the throne of Him who reigns a - bove, Cometh peace that makes my pathway bright.
Shines the glo - ry of my Saviour's face, As a bless - ed bea-con-light for me.
Shield-ed by His arm from day to day, Cheered by His sweet presence and His love.

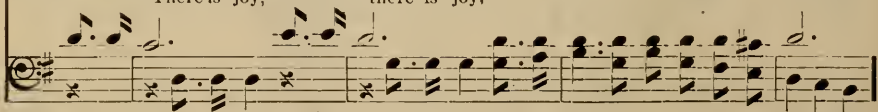
so bright.
for me.
His love.



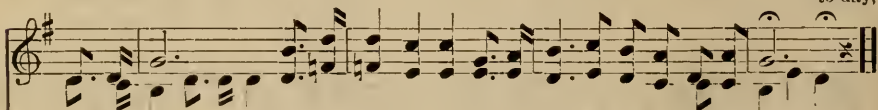
REFRAINS.



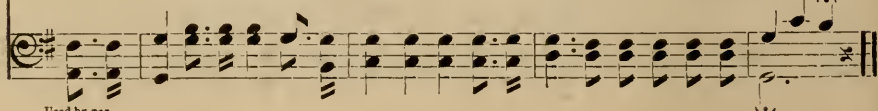
There is joy, there is joy, There is joy within my soul to-day,
 There is joy, there is joy,

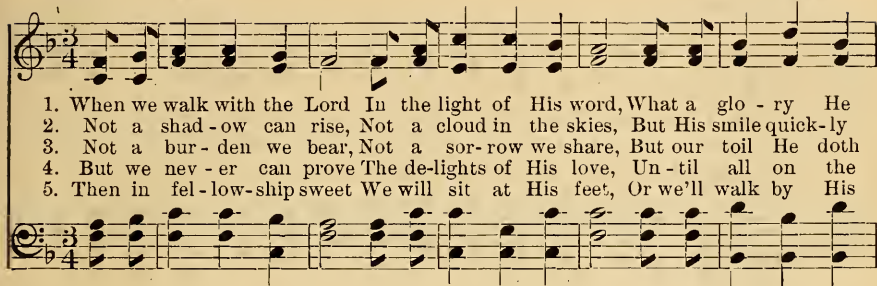


to day,

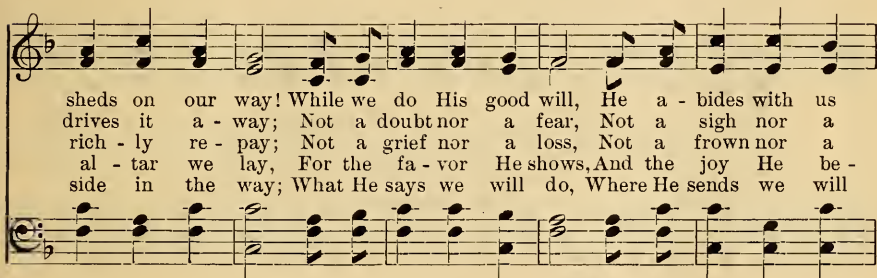


There is joy, There is sweetest joy, There is joy within my soul to-day.
 There is joy,



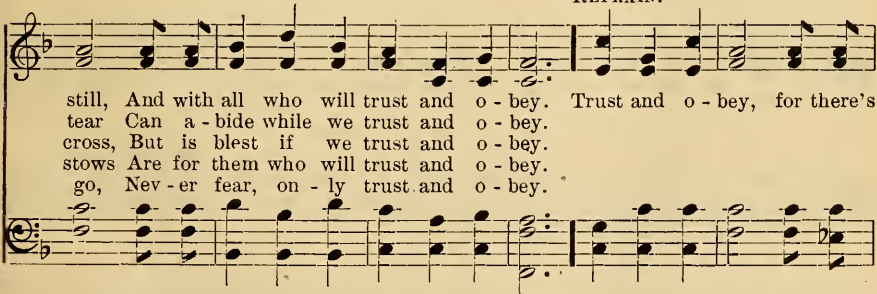


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
 2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quick - ly
 3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
 4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love, Un - til all on the
 5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

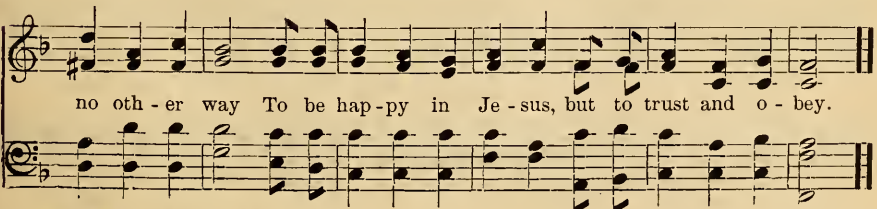


sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us
 drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
 al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be -
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will

REFRAIN.



still, And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
 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.

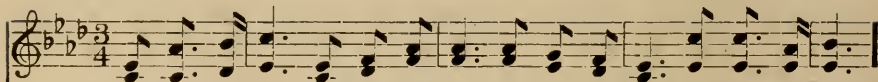


no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

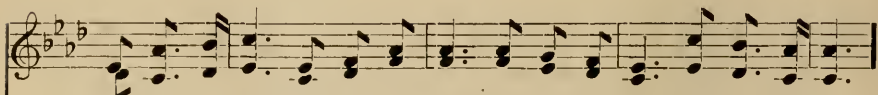
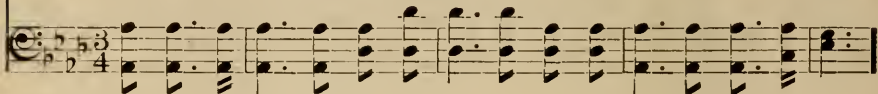
No. 53. WHERE JESUS IS, 'TIS HEAVEN.

C. M. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.



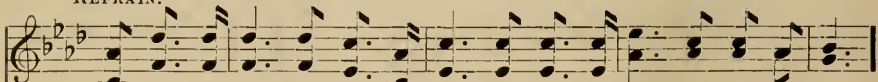
1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far-off place, Till Je-sus showed His smil-ing face;
3. What mat-ters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?



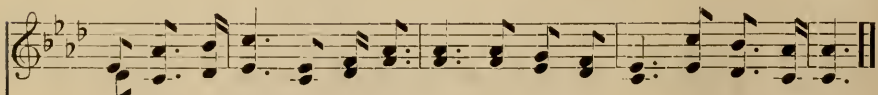
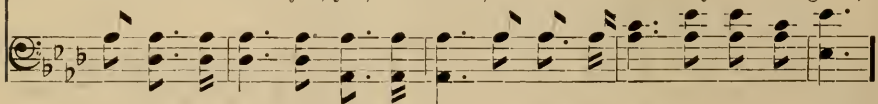
And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while end-less a-ges roll.
In cot-tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.



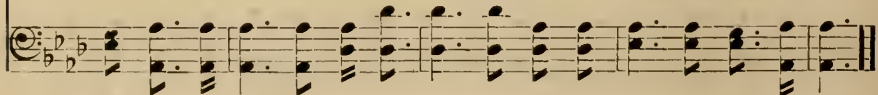
REFRAIN.



O hal-le-lu-jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;



On land or sea, what matters where, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.

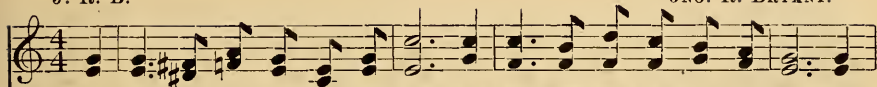


No. 54.

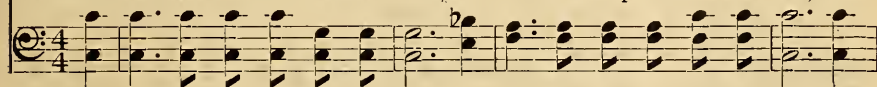
WE KNOW HE'S COMING.

J. R. B.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. O long-ing soul, be not dismayed, Thou shalt see Je-sus from on high; E'en
2. The cloud that hides the Sav-iour's face, And wraps the earth in dark-est night, Shall
3. He'll bring our loved ones back when He Shall in His glo-ry come a-gain; We'll
4. Then watch and wait till He shall come, For our re-demption then shall be; Then

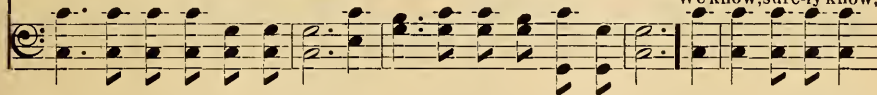


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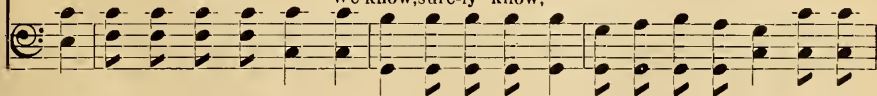


tho' His com-ing be de-layed, He's sure-ly com-ing by and by. We know
 roll a-way and in its place Shall dawn a glo-rious morning light.
 be with them e-ter-nal-ly, And with our Sav-iour too shall reign.
 He'll re-ceive us in that home, That home that lasts e-ter-nal-ly.

We know, sure-ly know,



He's com-ing by and by, We know He's com-ing by and by, In the
 We know, sure-ly know,



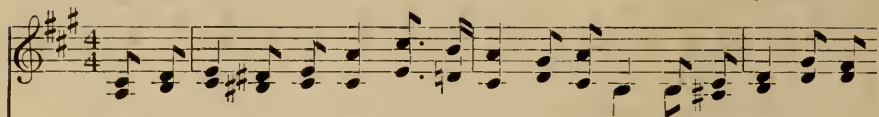
clouds of His love, He is com-ing from a-bove, We know He's com-ing by and by.



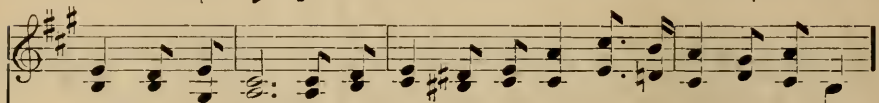
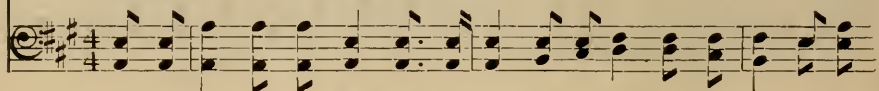
No. 55. WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

E. E. HEWITT.

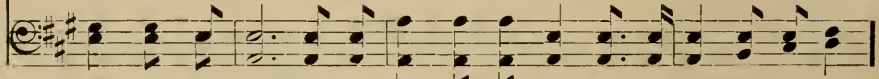
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His



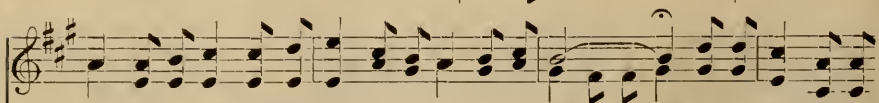
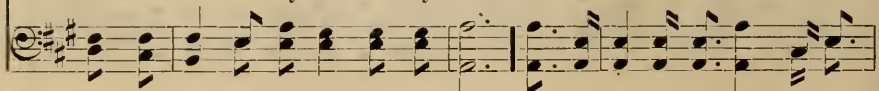
sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-iour I stand,
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,



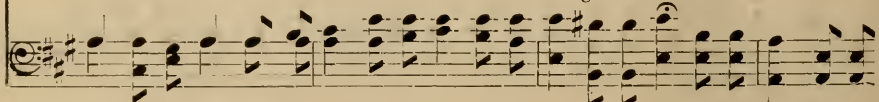
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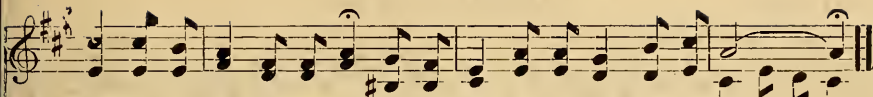
Will there be a-ny stars in my crown? Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls.
Should there be a-ny stars in my crown.



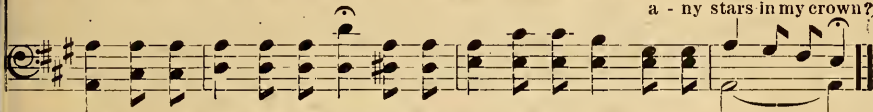
stars in my crown, When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the
go-eth down?



WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?



blest In the man-sions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
a - ny stars in my crown?



No. 56.

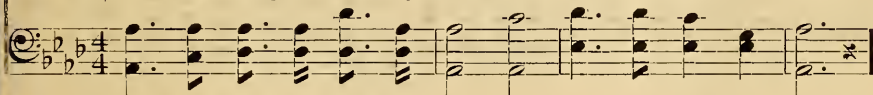
PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

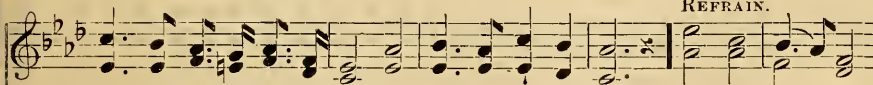
W. H. DOANE.



1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, 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;



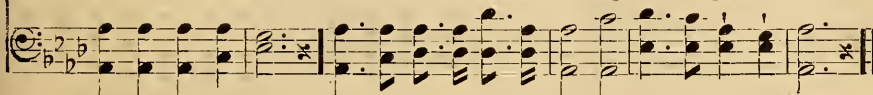
REFRAIN.



While on others Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by. Sav - iour, Sav - iour,
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief!
Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace!
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee!

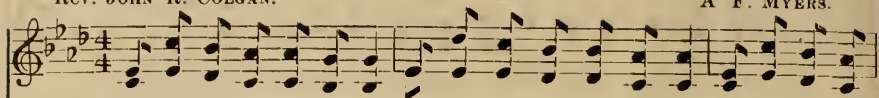


hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

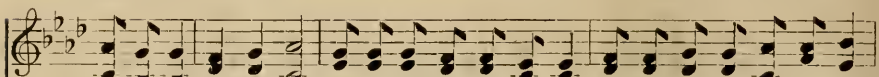
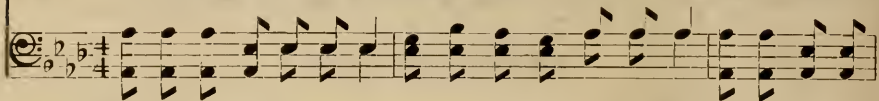


Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN.

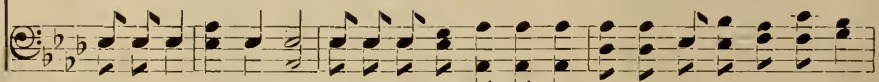
A. F. MYERS.



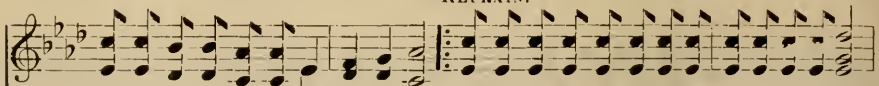
1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift your voice in cheer-ful song, Send the welcome
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth and full of glee, Sing to all on
3. Je-sus lives, O bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords! Lift the cross and



word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once He died for you and me, Bore our sins up-on the tree;
 laud and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you and all mankind, Sight for all by sin made blind;
 sheathe the swords, Jesus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall, Throws a-side the dread-ful pall,

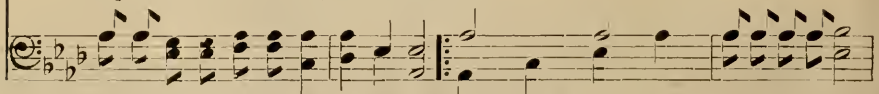


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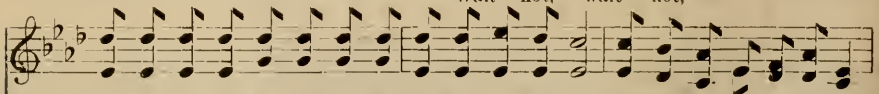


Now He lives to make us free, Je-sus lives! Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow,
 Life in Je-sus all may find, Je-sus lives!

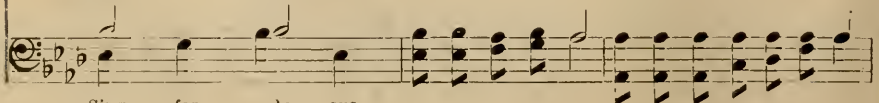
Conquers death at once for all, Je-sus lives! Wait not.



Wait not, wait not,



Ral-ly now and sing for Je-sus ev-'rywhere you go; Lift your joyful voi-ces high,
 Sing, sing,



Sing for Je-sus,

JESUS LIVES.

Repeat Chorus
rit. pp

Ring-ing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the bless-ed tid-ings fly, Je - sus lives!

No. 58.

NO, NOT ONE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow and with feeling.

1 There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. "here's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for-sake him, No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

FINE.

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

REFRAIN.

D.S.

Je - sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

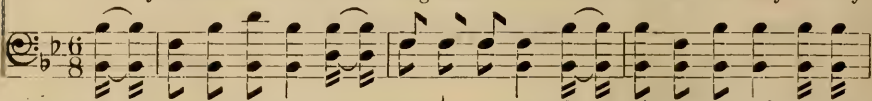
No. 59. SHALL I MEET YOU UP THERE?

To my dear friend and co-worker, Prof. F. M. Ferrell.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. There's a beau-ti-ful home far up in the sky, And mansions prepared by our
2. In that beau-ti-ful land where no sorrow will come, We shall sing hal-le-lu-jah a-
3. No night shall be there, it is one end-less day, No tears will be shed, God will
4. When my work here is done then the angels will come And take me a-way to my

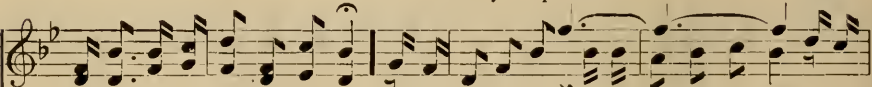


Sav-iour on high; He wants me to live in that country so fair, And when I'm in
round the bright throne; A beau-ti-ful robe and a crown we shall wear, And live there with
wipe them a-way; No sick-ness and dy-ing, no pain we shall bear, No part-ing with
beau-ti-ful home, For-ev-er to dwell in my Fa-ther's own care, With angels and



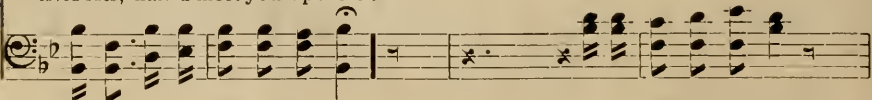
REFRAIN.

Shall I meet you up there? Shall I



glo-ry, shall I meet you up there?
Jesus, shall I meet you up there?
loved ones, shall I meet you up there?
loved ones, shall I meet you up there?

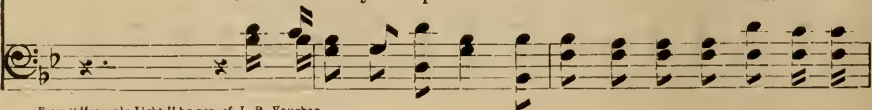
Shall I meet you up there?



meet you up there?



Shall I meet you up there? Where loved ones are wait-ing, Shall I



SHALL I MEET YOU UP THERE?

Shall I meet you up there? Shall I meet you up

meet you up there? Shall I meet you up there?

there?

Shall I meet you up there? Where loved ones are wait-ing, Shall I meet you up there?

No. 60.

MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show; More of His saving
 2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern; Spir-it of God, my
 3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Holding commu-nion with my Lord; Hearing His voice in
 4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Riches in glo-ry all His own; More of His kingdom's

D.S. More of His saving
D.S.

FINE. REFRAIN.

full-ness see, More of His love who died for me. More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus;
 teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 ev-'ry line, Making each faithful say-ing mine.
 sure increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

fullness see, More of His love who died for me.

No. 61.

HE'LL COME FOR ME.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

C. W. JAMES.

DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO, OR SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. Soon I will hear my Lord say "Come," To dwell with Him in yon-der home,
 2. What tho' the way is all un-known, Yet I will not be all a-lone,
 3. T'ward that fair man-sion in the skies, I of-ten look with long-ing eyes;
 4. I want to do for God my best, Be-fore I en-ter in-to rest;

And when life's day-light fades a-way, He'll come for me at close of day.
 My Sav-iour will point out the way, And come for me at close of day.
 But tho' God wills me now to stay, He'll come for me at close of day.
 Then when I leave this house of clay, He'll come for me at close of day.

CHORUS.

He'll come for me, He'll come for me, To spend with Him

He'll come for me, He'll come for me, To spend with Him

e - ter - ni - ty; If here I love Him and o -

e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty; If here I love,

HE'LL COME FOR ME.

bey, *rall.*

love and o-bey, He'll come for me at close of day.
He'll come for me at close of day.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in G major, 2/4 time, and features a melody with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking. The bottom part is in E minor, 2/4 time, and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

No. 62. REST IN THE ARMS OF MY SAVIOUR.

Respectfully inscribed to the pupils of West Academy, Texas, Normal, 1902.

J. W. D.

J. W. DENNIS.

1. How oft when I'm weary and sor - row oppressed, I long for the home where no
2. How sweet it will be when we meet on that strand, And hear the glad songs of the
3. The way may be rough and the jour-ney be long, The bat - tle be hard with temp-
4. When Je - sus doth call us the con - flict will cease, From ev - er - y bur - den we'll

This musical score is for a four-part setting. The top part is in G major, 4/4 time, and features a melody. The bottom part is in E minor, 4/4 time, and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

harm can mo-lest ; O may we all meet in the land of the blest, And rest in the arms
heav-en-ly land ; O may we be found of the pu - ri - fied band, And rest in the arms
ta - tion and wrong ; But when we have reached heaven's glo - ri - fied throng, We'll rest in the arms
find sweet release ; Our souls shall re-joice in e - ter - ni - ty's peace, And rest in the arms

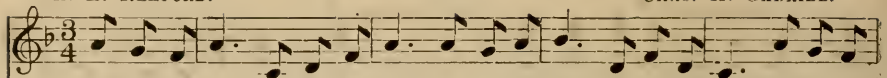
D.S. I want to go there to those mansions so fair, To rest in the arms
FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

of the Sav-iour. Rest in the arms of my Sav-iour, Rest in the arms of my Sav-iour ;
of my Sav-iour.

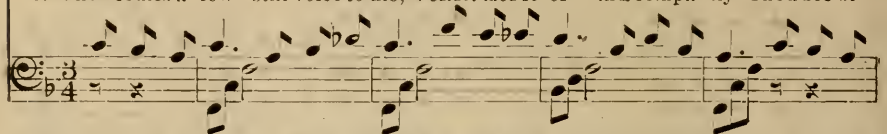
This musical score is for the refrain of the hymn. It is in G major, 4/4 time, and features a melody. The bottom part is in E minor, 4/4 time, and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

E. E. REXFORD.

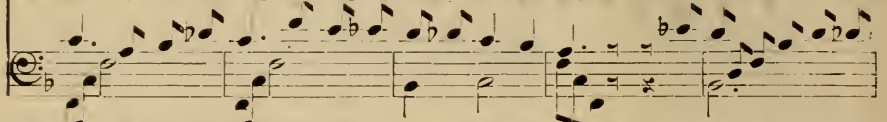
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



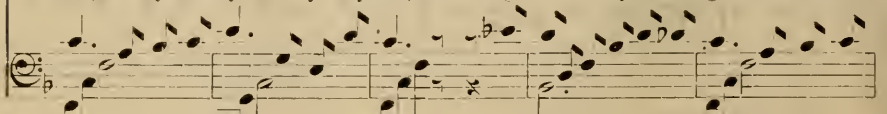
1. In dreams I see the heav'nly land, With verdant vales on ei-ther hand; Bath'd in the
 2. Thro' gates a-jar my ea-ger feet Go in to tread the golden street; And prophe-
 3. Then comes a low still voice to me; Wouldst thou be of this compa-ny Thou see-st



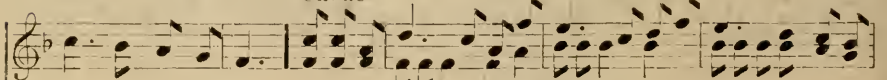
sun-shine of a day, As fair, as sweet as those of May. A day that ends not, and I
 priests, and kings I see. A grand and goodly compa-ny. And in the midst, a great white
 in thy dreams, and sing The songs of heav'n before the King? Then live, and dare, and do for



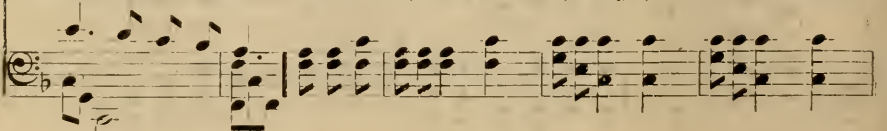
hear Glad voices ring-ing far and near With sweeter songs than earth can know, The heav'nly
 throne I see, and Him who sits therein; And oh, the awe that comes to me. When God's face
 God, And by and by, earth's journey trod, Thou shalt go in beyond the gate And claim an



CHORUS



songs that haunt us so. O land of God, so fair, so bright! O land in which there is no
 in my dreams I see. O land of God, so fair, so fair, so bright, O land in which there
 heir of God's es-tate.



O LAND OF GOD.

I dream of thee,

night!
is no night,

rit.

I dream of thee, and dreaming, pray that I may wake in thee some day;

a tempo.

rit. e dim.

I dream of thee, and dreaming, pray That I may wake in thee, some hap-py day.

No. 64.

DEEPER YET.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be free from dross Still I would
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; . But for more of His pow'r Ev-er my
3. Near to Christ I would live, Following Him each day; . What I ask He will give, So then with
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray I'll not cease Till I am

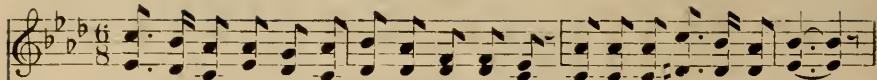
REFRAIN.

en-ter in. . . Deeper yet, deep-er yet, In-to the crimson flood; Under the precious blood.
pray'r shall be. . .
faith I pray. . .
pure withiu. . .

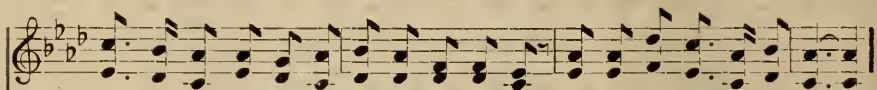
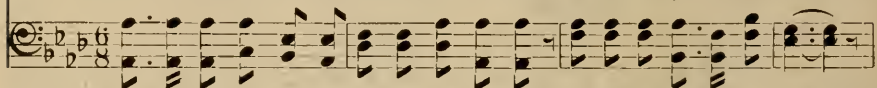
1 *2*

W. L. T.

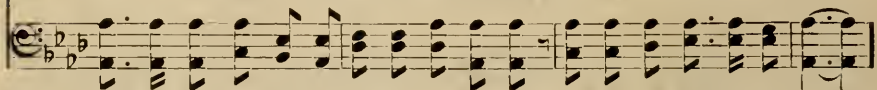
WILL L. THOMPSON.



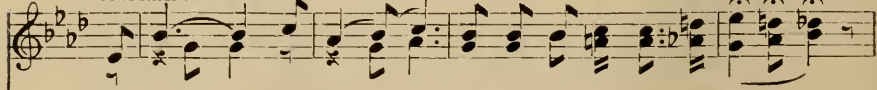
1. Soft -ly and ten-der -ly Je -sus is call-ing,—Call-ing for you and for me. .
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je -sus is pleading,—Pleading for you and for me? .
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,—Passing from you and from me. .
4. Oh, for the won-der-ful love He has promised,—Promised for you and for me. .



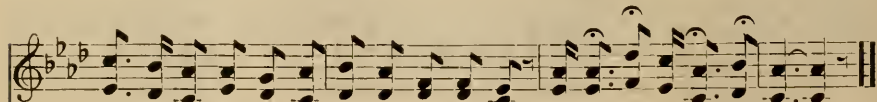
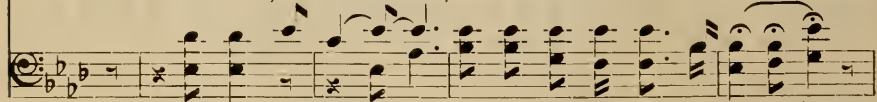
See on the por-tals He's wait-ing and watch-ing,—Watch-ing for you and for me. .
 Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer-cies,—Mercies for you and for me? .
 Shad-ows are gath-er -ing, death-beds are com-ing,—Coming for you and for me. .
 Though we have sinned He has mer-cy and pardon,—Pardon for you and for me. .



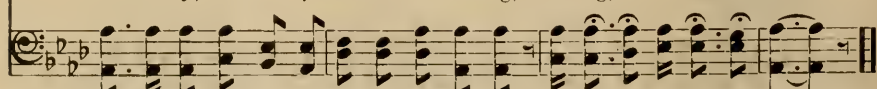
REFRAIN.



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



Earn - est-ly, ten-der - ly Je -sus is call-ing,—Calling, O sin-ner, come home !



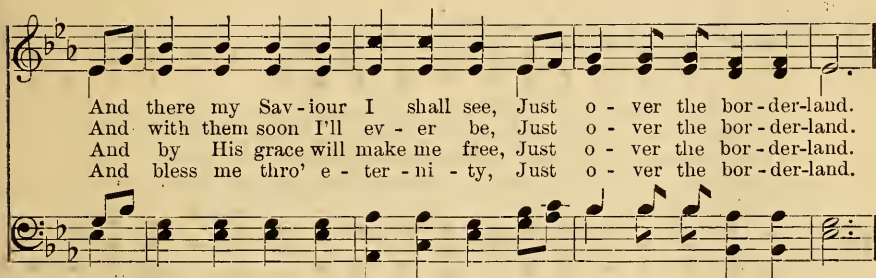
No. 66. OVER THE BORDER-LAND.

J. H. A.

J. H. ALLEMAN.



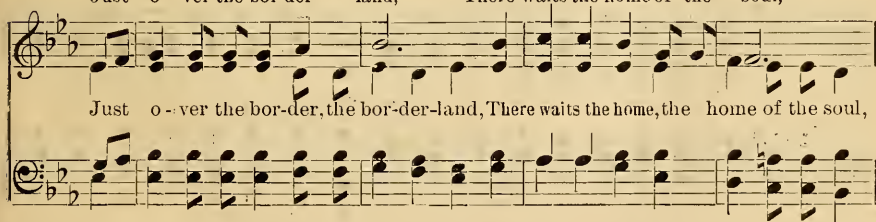
1. A home on high is wait-ing me, Just o - ver the bor - der - land ;
 2. My loved ones there will wel-come me, Just o - ver the bor - der - land ;
 3. My Sav - iour there is call - ing me, Just o - ver the bor - der - land ;
 4. The smiles of God will fall on me, Just o - ver the bor - der - land ;



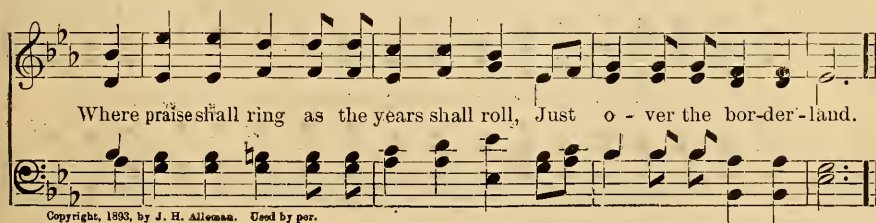
And there my Sav-iour I shall see, Just o - ver the bor-der-land.
 And with them soon I'll ev - er be, Just o - ver the bor-der-land.
 And by His grace will make me free, Just o - ver the bor-der-land.
 And bless me thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Just o - ver the bor-der-land.

REFRAIN.

Just o - ver the bor-der - land, There waits the home of the - soul,



Just o - ver the bor-der, the bor-der-land, There waits the home, the home of the soul,

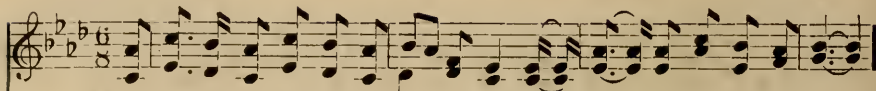


Where praises shall ring as the years shall roll, Just o - ver the bor-der-land.

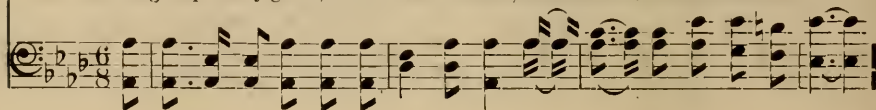
No. 67. SWING OPEN THE BEAUTIFUL GATES.

DAVID R. PIPER.

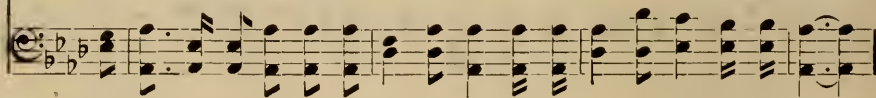
J. D. PATTON.



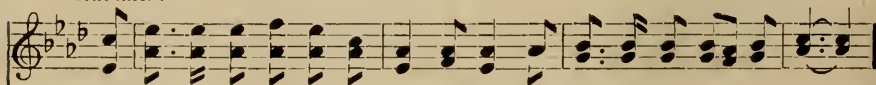
1. Swing o - pen thy gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem, For our Saviour's blood has been shed!
2. Swing o - pen the gates of the pearl-y hue, The Saviour is wait-ing with-in, .
3. Swing o - pen thy gates, cit-y Beau-ti - ful, With thy won-drous pave-ments of gold!
4. Swing o - pen thy gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem, For the Saviour's blood has been shed!



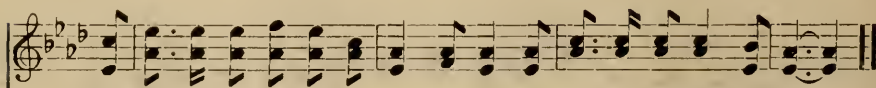
The promise lies yet in the fu - ture years, When we all shall rise from the dead!
 To welcome the home-com-ing throng of earth, Who have been redeemed from all sin!
 The loved ones thou hast with their foreheads crowned, And their forms we long to be - hold.
 The promise lies yet in the fu - ture years, When we all shall rise from the dead!



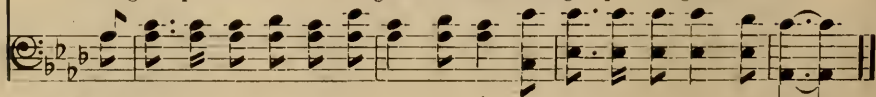
REFRAIN.



Swing o - pen the beau-ti - ful gates of heav'n, The gates by the crys - tal sea!



Swing o - pen the beau-ti - ful gates of heav'n! Swing o - pen the gates for me!



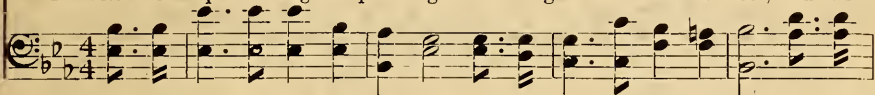
JENNIE WILSON.

Respectfully inscribed to all my pupils.

B. F. ROE.



1. Dear-est friendships here are bro-ken, But there is a cit-y fair Where no
2. Where the stream of life is flow-ing May we wan-der free and blest ; Where the
3. Where no storm-clouds throw their shad-ows On the glo-rious summer hours, Straying
4. Where redemption's song is peal-ing Forth in grandeur let us meet, And in

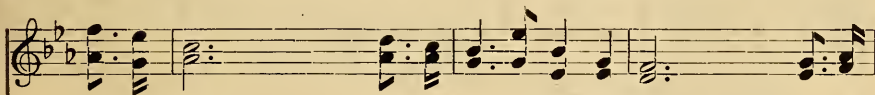
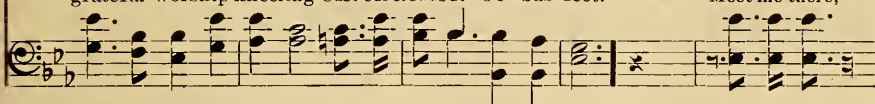


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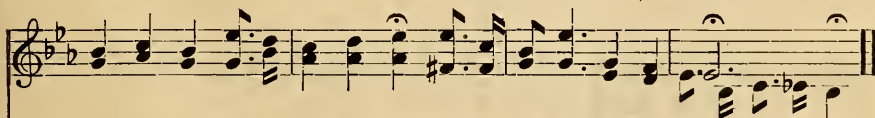
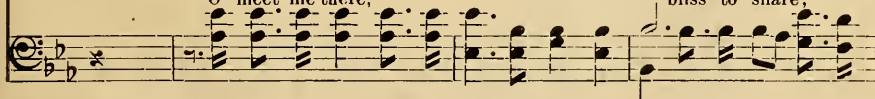


part-ing word is spo-ken, Some glad morning meet me there. Meet me there, . . . O
 heal-ing trees are growing, Af-ter toil-ing may we rest.
 thro' ce-les-tial meadows, May we gather deathless flow'rs.
 grateful worship kneeling Cast our crowns at Je-sus' feet.

Meet me there,

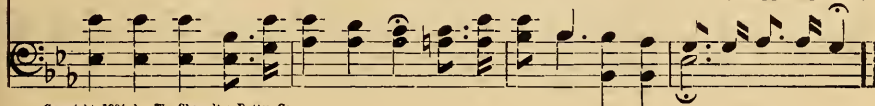


meet me there, Heav-en's un-told bliss to share ; In the
 O meet me there, bliss to share ;



home on high there's no sad good-by, Some glad morn-ing meet me there.

O meet me there.



No. 69. "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

C. H. M.

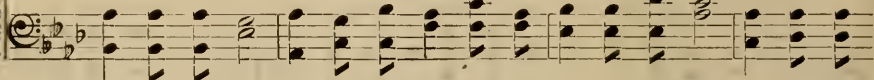
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



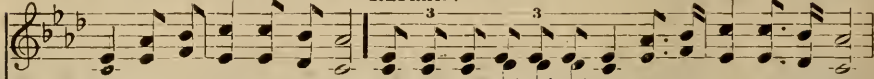
1. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," church of our God, Pur-chase of Je - sus, re -
2. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," chil-dren of light, Walk-ing with Je - sus in
3. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," praise His dear name! This blessed se - cret to
4. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," glo - ri - ous tho't! Up from the wil - der-ness
5. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," Bride of the Lamb, Waiting the Bride-groom's re -



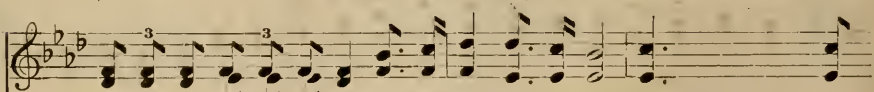
deemed by His blood; Called from the world and its i - dols to flee, Called from the
gar-ments of white; Raiment un - sul - lied, nor tarnished with sin, God's Ho - ly
faith now made plain, Not our own righteousness but Christ within, Liv - ing and
wan - der - ings bro't, Out from the shadows and darkness of night, In - to the
turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads, for the day draw-eth near When in His



REFRAIN.



bond-age of sin to be free. "Ho-li-ness un-to the Lord," is our watchword and song,
Spir - it a - bid - ing with-in.
reign-ing and sav-ing from sin.
Ca-naan of per-fect de-light.
beau-ty the King shall ap-pear.



"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord" as we're marching a-long; Sing it,
"Ho - li - ness un - to the



"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

cres.

shout it, loud and long, "Ho-li-ness un-to the Lord," now and for-ev-er.
 Lord," Sing "Ho-li-ness un-to the Lord,"

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a melody with triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over the notes) and a crescendo marking. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and some triplet markings.

No. 70. THERE'S A PLACE IN THE KINGDOM FOR YOU.

JENNIE WILSON.

G. H. RIDDLE.

1. There's a place in the kingdom of Je-sus for you, Sin-ner friend, en-ter now while you may ;
 2. Will you lin-ger out-side till the door must be closed, 'Tho' the Saviour doth tender-ly plead?
 3. Let the Lord from your soul break the fetters of sin, And come in - to the king-dom of love ;

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with various note values and rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

If you fal-ter and wait it may soon be too late, Come in faith and find par-don to-day.
 He once died on the cross to re-deem you from loss, Listen now and His call glad-ly heed.
 'Then when life ends be-low, thro' e-ter-ni-ty know All the rap-ture of saved ones a-bove.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It features a melody with a fermata over the final note and a 'FINE.' marking. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

D.S. In its safe-ty find rest and for-ev-er be blest, There's a place in the kingdom for you.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

There's a place in the king-dom for you, There's a place in the king-dom for you ;
 for you, for you;

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It features a melody with a fermata over the final note. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

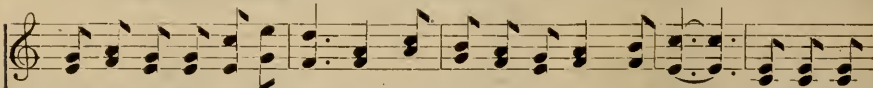
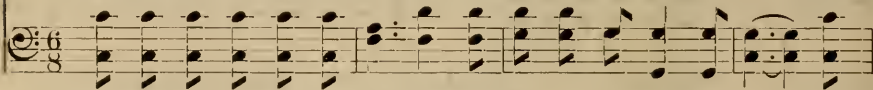
No. 71. MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

MARY A. BAKER.

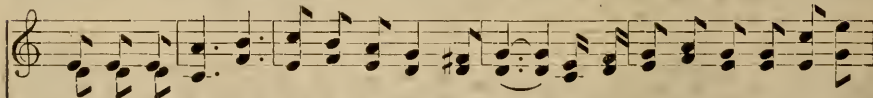
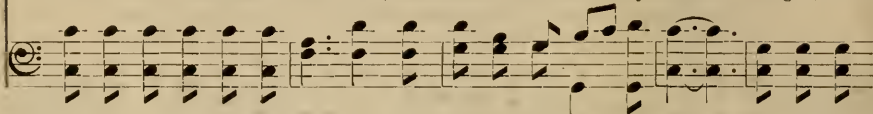
H. R. PALMER.



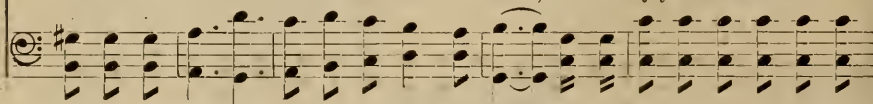
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high! The
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day, The
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet-ly rest, Earth's



sky is o'ershad-owed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh; "Car-est Thou depths of my sad heart are troubled — Oh, wak-en and save, I pray! Torrents of sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast; Lin-ger, O



not that we per-ish?" How canst Thou lie a - sleep, When each mo-ment so mad-ly is sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul; And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear bless-ed Re-deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more; And with joy I shall make the blest



REFRAIN.

threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep? The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Mas-ter — Oh, hast - en, and take con-troll! har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.



MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

p *pp* *p*

Peace, . . . be still! . . . Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

cres *cen*

demons, or men, or what-ev-er it be, No wa-ters canswal-low the ship where

do. *ff* *m*

lies The Mas-ter of o-ocean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will,

m *p* *m* *p* *rit.* *pp*

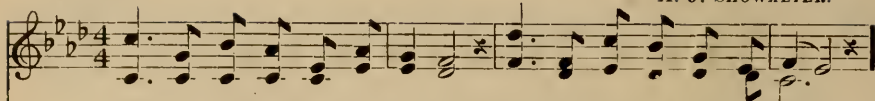
Peace, be still! peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

No. 72.

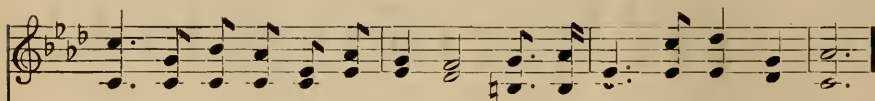
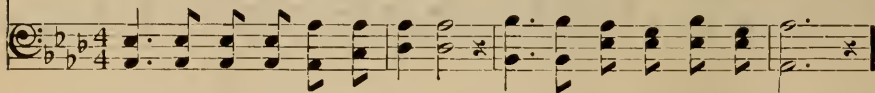
CHRIST IS NEAR ME.

ADALYN.

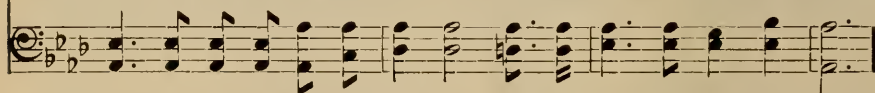
A. J. SHOWALTER.



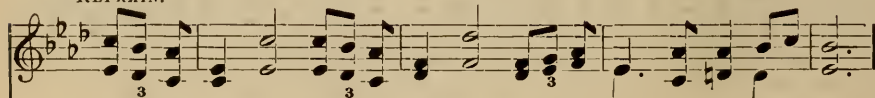
1. When the waves of time sweep o'er me, I shall nev - er be dis - mayed,
2. When the cares of life sur-round me, Christ each hea - vy bur - den bears;
3. When the way seems rough and dreary, Je - sus gen - tly takes my hand,



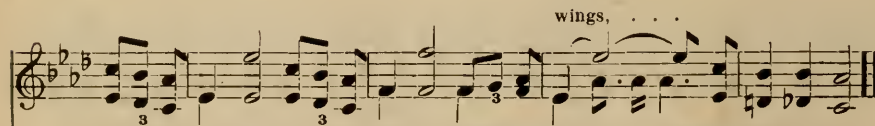
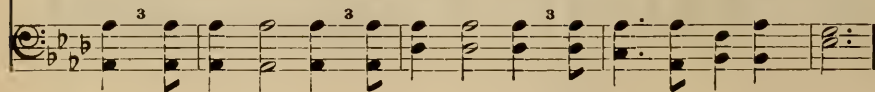
For my Sav - iour goes be - fore me, And He says, "Be not a - fraid."
 Since thro' love He sought and found me, Ev - 'ry grief He free - ly shares.
 And He whispers, "Come, ye wea - ry, Just be - yond is Beu - lah Land."



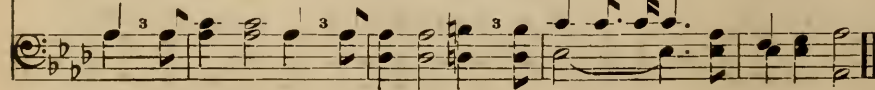
REFRAIN.



Christ is near me, He will cheer me, What-so - e'er my lot may be;



He will guide me, keep and hide me 'Neath His wings, 'neath His wings e - ter - nal - ly.



wings, . . .

No. 73. SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.

J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

1. Some-time we'll stand be-fore the judg-ment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead ;
2. I'll then re-ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give ;
3. Then we shall meet to nev - er part a - gain ; Our toil will then be o'er ;

The Lord will then make known the rec - ord there ; Our names will all be read.
And when I've been with Him ten thou-sand years, I'll have no less to live.
We'll lay our bur-dens down at Je - sus' feet And rest for ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

I'll be pres-ent when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crim-son flood ;

I will an - swer when they call my name ; Saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

1. Oh, see the wrecks . . . a-long the way, . . . As down the
 2. Yes, there are wrecks . . . a-long the shore . . . Now stranded
 3. Oh, save the wrecks . . . a-long the shore, . . . 'Mid rocks and

D.C. The Spir - it line . . . throw out to save, . . . With might-y

stream . . . of time we glide, . . . Temptation's line . . . their barks be-
 on . . . the shoals of sin, . . . With an-gry waves . . . now roll-ing
 storms . . . of doubt and fear, . . . Where many souls . . . sink day by

arm . . . of faith re - claim; . . . The lost up - on . . . the an - gry
 FINE.

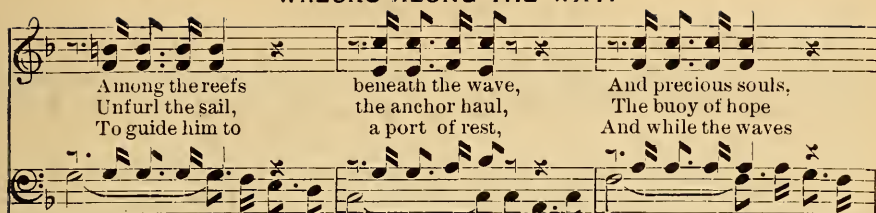
tray . . . To rocks be - neath . . . the swell-ing tide. . .
 o'er, - . . . Now sink-ing deep, . . . all dark with-in.
 day, - . . . Throw out the line . . . and haul them near.

wave . . . Bring in the pow'r . . . of Je - sus' name.

The tempter leads . . . the sail - or o'er,
 With hand up - on . . . the helm of pray'r,
 Hold out a hand . . . to some lost soul,

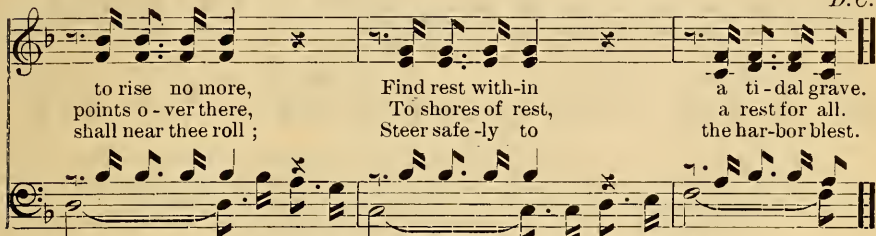
The tempt - er leads . . . the sail - or o'er, . . . A - mong the
 With hand up - on . . . the helm of pray'r, . . . Un - furl the
 Hold out a hand . . . to some lost soul, . . . To guide him

WRECKS ALONG THE WAY.



reefs beneath the wave, And precious souls, to rise no
sail, the an-chor haul, The buoy of hope points o-ver
to a port of rest, And while the waves shall near thee

D. C.

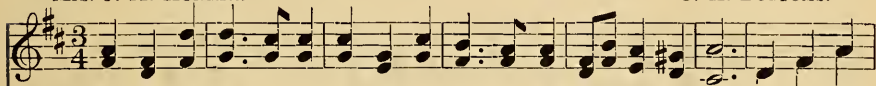


more, Find rest within a ti - dal grave.
there, To shores of rest, a rest for all.
roll, Steer safe-ly to the har - bor blest.

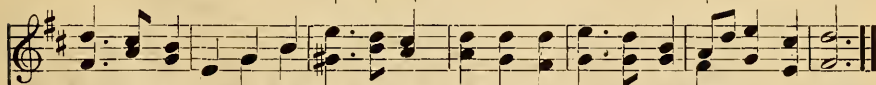
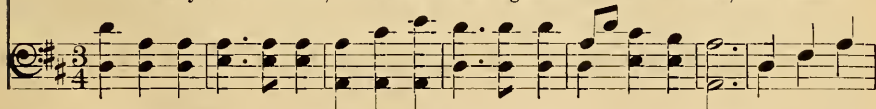
No. 75. WE BLESS THY HOLY NAME.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

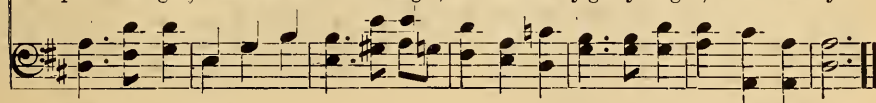
C. H. BOTTOMS.



1. We bless Thy ho - ly name, Thou who canst save from shame, Thee we a - dore ; Let all the
2. Thou art our Life and Light, Dispell-ing all our night, With mer-cy free ; We bow be -
3. Ac- cept our grateful praise, Guide us in wisdom's ways, Almight-y Friend ; Our zeal and
4. When earthly tasks are o'er, On Canaan's shin-ing shore How sweet 'twill be, 'Mid scenes of

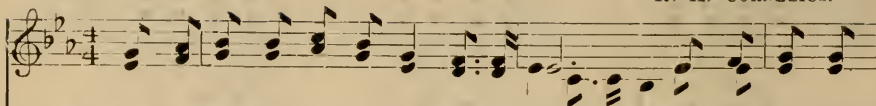


peo - ple sing ; Loud let Thy prais-es ring, Thou art our God and King For ev - er - more !
fore Thy throne, Thy sov' reign-ty we own ; Since Thou art God a - lone, We come to Thee.
strength re - new, Help us our work to do, With lov - ing hearts and true, Till time shall end.
pure de - light, Where sin can nev - er blight, To share Thy glory bright, E - ter - nal - ly !

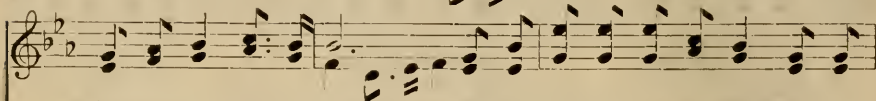
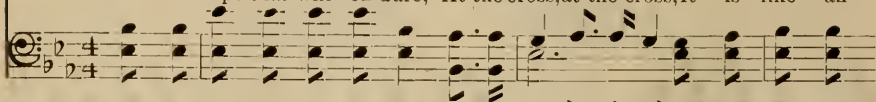


E. R. LATTA.

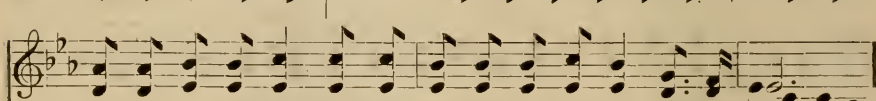
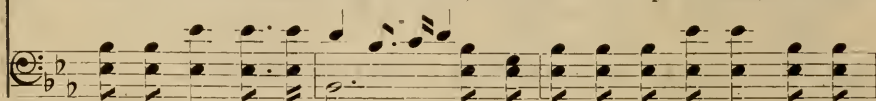
R. H. CORNELIUS.



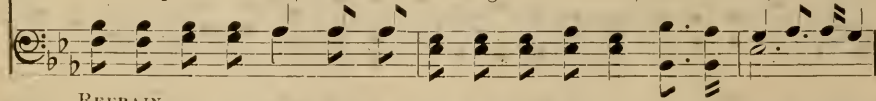
1. There is par-don, full and free, At the cross, at the cross, What so - e'er our
2. There's a peace that none can tell, At the cross, at the cross, In the Sav-iour's
3. There's a joy that all may feel, At the cross, at the cross, If in hum - ble
4. There's a hope that will en-dure, At the cross, at the cross, It is like an



sins may be, At the cross, at the cross; Let us now the Lord en-treat, With our
 "all is well!" At the cross, at the cross; Let us seek that peace to prove, That is
 faith they kneel, At the cross, at the cross; Let us taste that joy so great, Ere it
 an-chor sure, At the cross, at the cross; Let us now that hope ob-tain, That shall



burdened souls to meet, And be-stow that par-don sweet, At the cross, At the cross.
 showered from a - bove, Thro' the Mas-ter's dy - ing love, At the cross, At the cross.
 be, for us, too late, Mer-cy will not al-ways wait, At the cross, At the cross.
 nev - er prove in vain, While be - liev-ing we re-main, At the cross, At the cross.



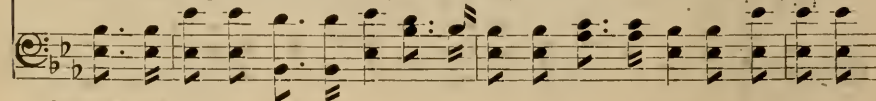
REFRAIN.

At the cross,

At the cross,



There's re-demption there for thee, There's redemp-tion there for thee, There's redemp-tion



AT THE CROSS.

At the cross, At the

there for me, At the cross; There's redemption there for thee, There's re -

At the cross;

cross,

demp-tion there for thee, There's re-demp-tion there for me, At the cross.

At the cross.

The musical score for 'At the Cross' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic background for the voice.

No. 77.

WHAT A SAVIOUR!

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. We lay our bur-dens All down at Je-sus' feet, And at His bid-ding

2. No more we wan-der In sin's de-struc-tive road; Je-sus, the might-y,

3. We now can praise Him, Our on-ly hope is He; With Him in glo-ry

The musical score for 'What a Saviour!' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic background for the voice.

d.s. On Cal-v'ry's moun-tain

FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.

Find peace and rest so sweet. O what a Sav-iour! O what a Friend is He!

Has lift-ed that great load.

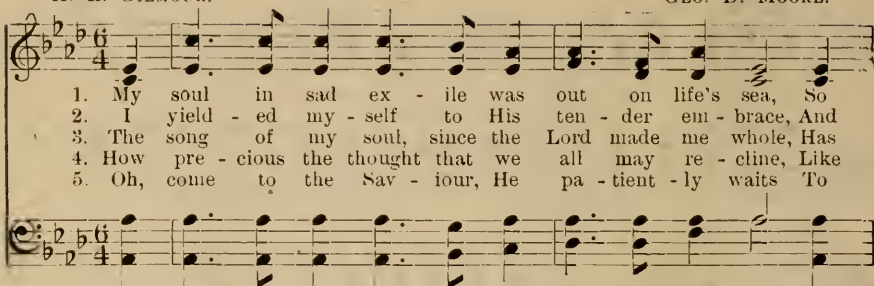
We'll spend e-ter-ni-ty.

He died to set us free.

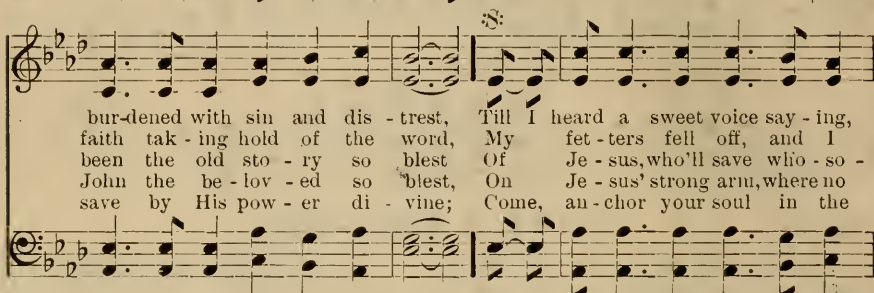
The musical score for the refrain of 'What a Saviour!' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic background for the voice.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.



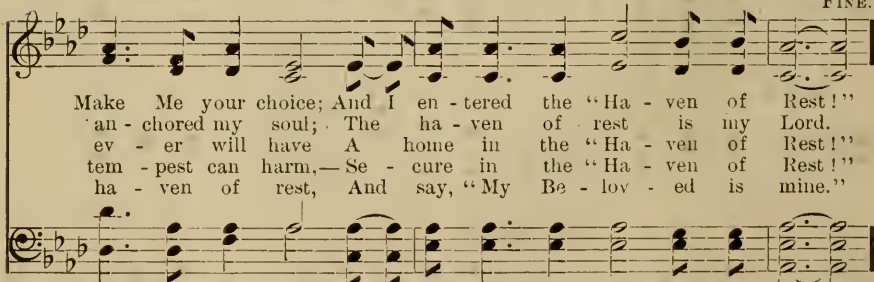
1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, He pa - tient - ly waits To



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 so 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.

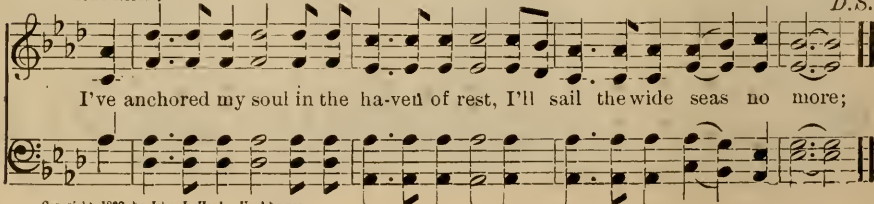


Make Me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm, — Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

D.S.



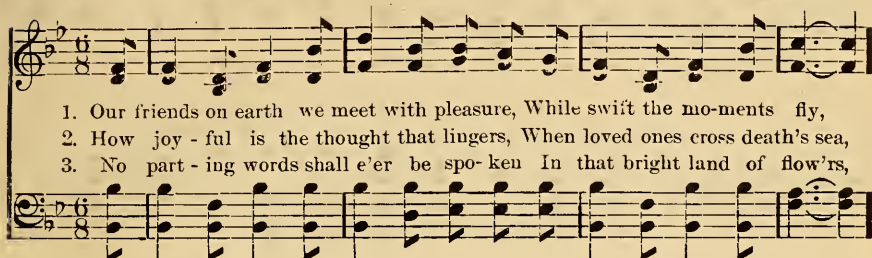
I've anchored my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

No. 79. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD BY.

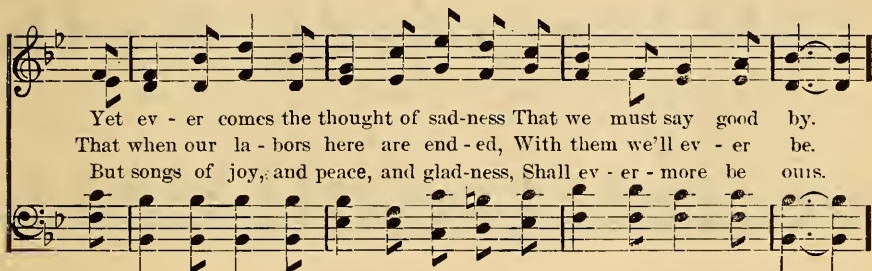
"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

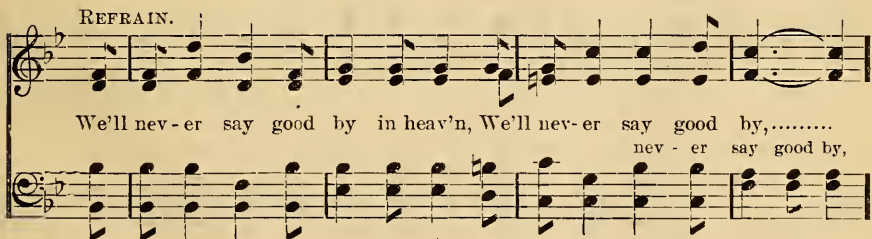


1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the mo-ments fly,
2. How joy-ful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spo-ken In that bright land of flow'rs,



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.

REFRAIN.



We'll nev - er say good by in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good by,.....
nev - er say good by,

Repeat Refrain pp.

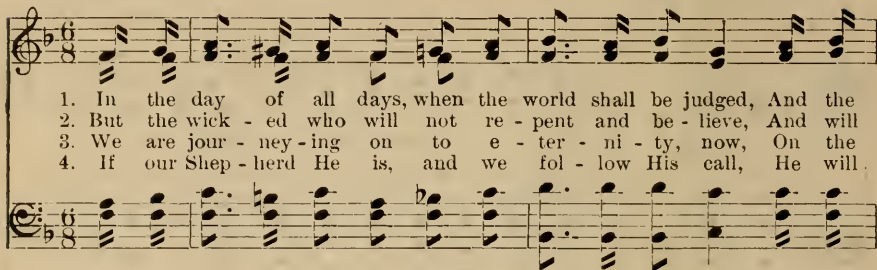


For in that land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good by.

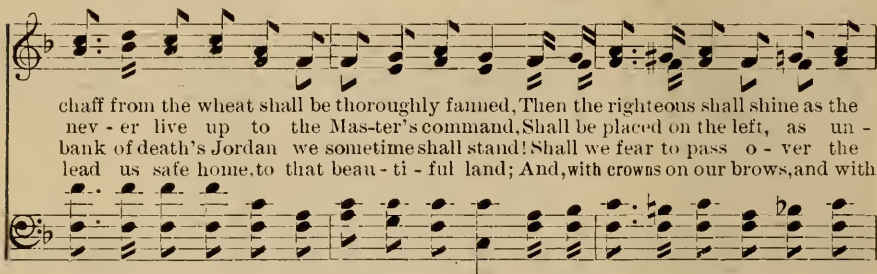
No. 80. AT THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHT HAND.

E. R. LATTA.

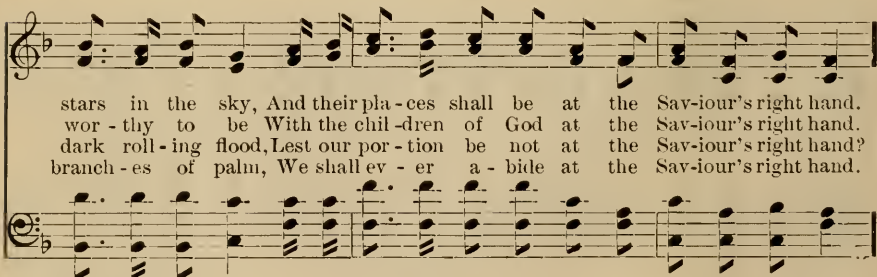
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



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 thoroughly fanned, Then the righteous shall shine as the
 nev - er live up to the Mas - ter's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un -
 bank of death's Jordan we sometime 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 - iour's right hand.
 wor - thy to be With the chil - dren of God at the Sav - iour's right hand.
 dark roll - ing flood, Lest our por - tion be not at the Sav - iour's right hand?
 branch - es of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Sav - iour's right hand.

REFRAIN.

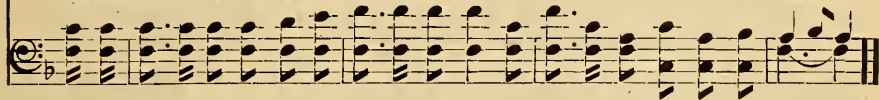


Let me . . . find a place . . . with that . . . hap - py band, . . .
 Let me find a place with that hap - py band, Let me find a place with that hap - py band,

AT THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHT HAND.



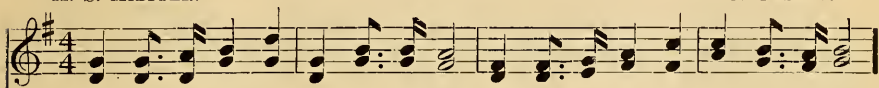
Who shall ev - - er a - bide, . . . A-bide at the Saviour's right hand.
Who shall ev - er a-bide at the Saviour's right hand, right hand.



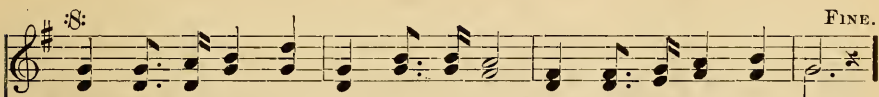
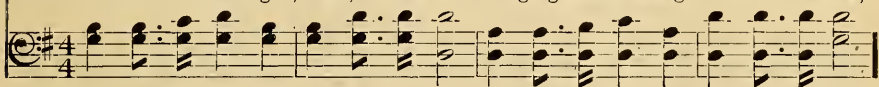
No. 81. TWILIGHT IS FALLING.

A. S. KIEFFER.

B. C. UNSELD.



1. Twi-light is steal-ing o - ver the sea, Shad-ows are fall-ing dark on the lea;
2. Voi - ces of loved ones! songs of the past! Still lin - ger round me while life shall last;
3. Come in the twi-light, come, come to me! Bringing some message o - ver the sea,

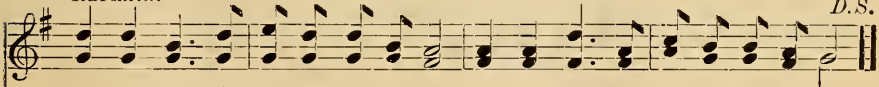


Borne on the night-winds, voi - ces of yore Come from the far - off shore.
Lone - ly I wan - der, sad - ly I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.
Cheer-ing my path-way while here I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.

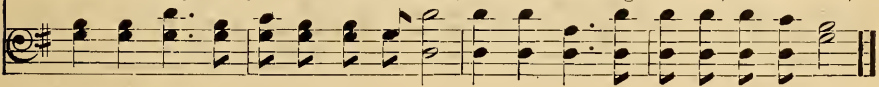


D.S. Glean-eth a man-sion filled with de-light, Sweet, hap-py home so bright!

REFRAIN.

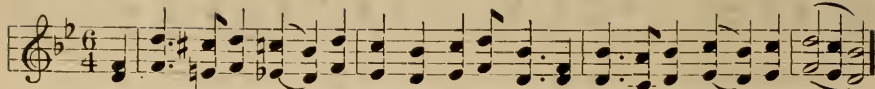


Far a - way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies,

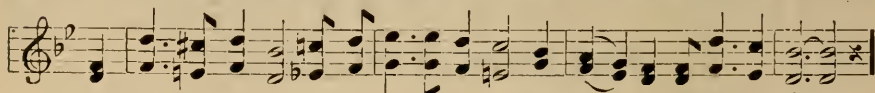


J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



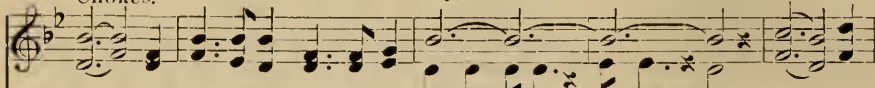
1. The won-der-ful day of judgment is coming, And we shall soon hear the call;
2. Poor sin-ner, be-lieve, the judgment is coming, O where will you stand that day?
3. The dead in their graves will come forth to meet it, All nations will hear the call!



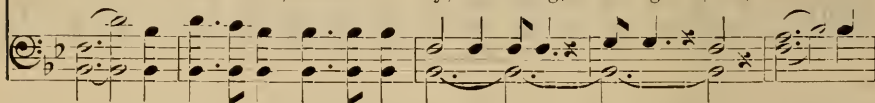
'Tis com-ing to you, and 'tis com-ing to me, That day is com-ing to all.
 The right-eous will hear "Come ye blessed of mine," The lost be driven a-way.
 That speaks in loud tones time on earth is no more—That day is com-ing to all.

CHORUS.

day,



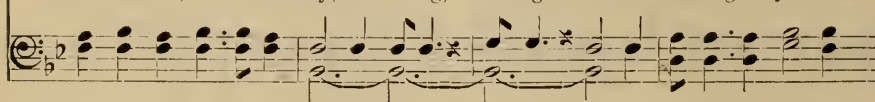
O that wonderful, won-der-ful day, it's coming, com-ing soon; O that



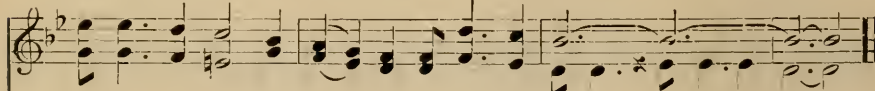
day,



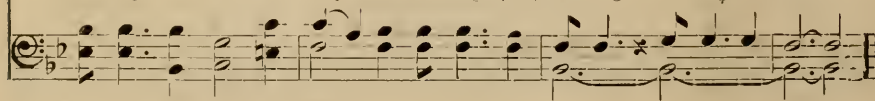
won-der-ful, won-der-ful day, it's coming, com-ing soon; It's com-ing to you, it's



to all.

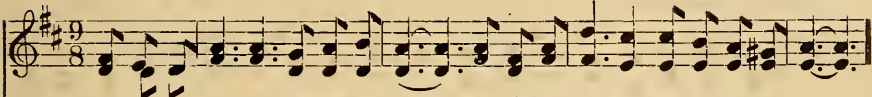


com-ing to me, That day is com-ing, yes, com-ing, com-ing to all.

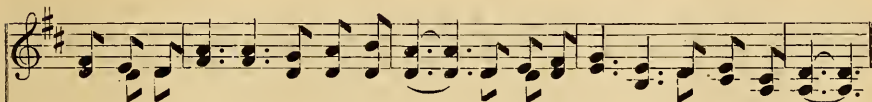
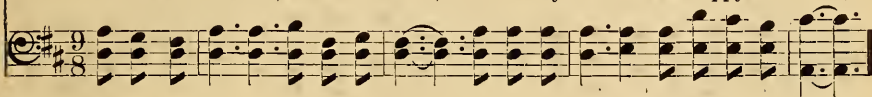


FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



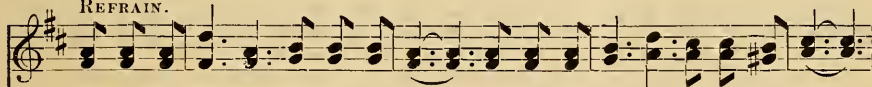
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo-ry di-vine!
2. Per-fect sub-mission, perfect de-light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight,
3. Per-fect sub-mission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am happy and blest,



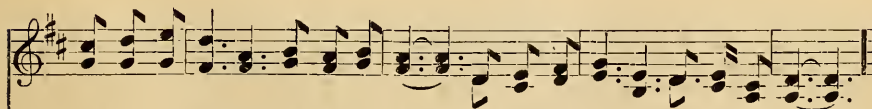
Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.
 Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



REFRAIN.



This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long;



This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

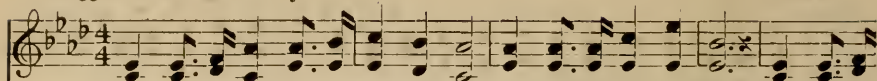


No. 84. WORK FOR THE LORD TO-DAY.

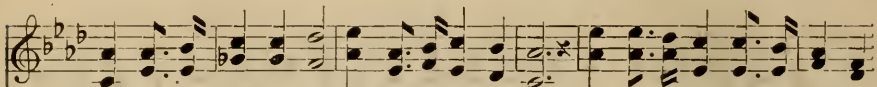
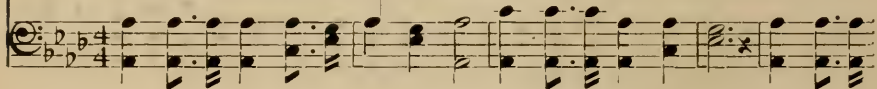
JENNIE WILSON.

Suggested and Refrain by J. W. D.

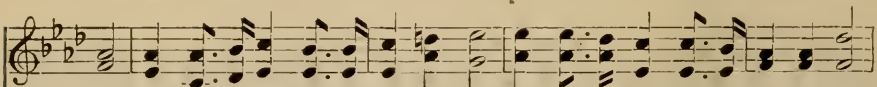
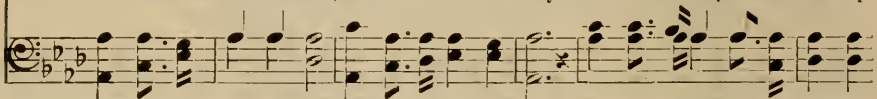
J. W. DENNIS.



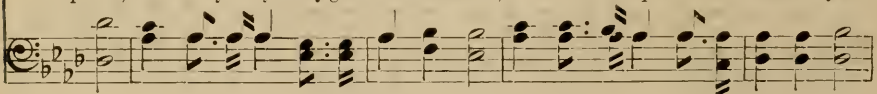
1. Hast - en a - way to the har - vest field, Work for the Lord to - day; Go and with
2. Hast - en, no lon - ger with i - dlers stand, Work for the Lord to - day; Go and o -
3. La - bor with those who have borne the heat, Work for the Lord to - day; Rest in the



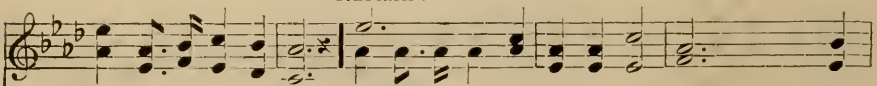
gladness the sic - kle wield, Work for the Lord to - day. Hast - en, the moments are speed - ing
bey the di - vine command, Work for the Lord to - day. Out in the field where the grain is
eve will be calm and sweet, Work for the Lord to - day. Toil with the reap - ers till dusk ap -



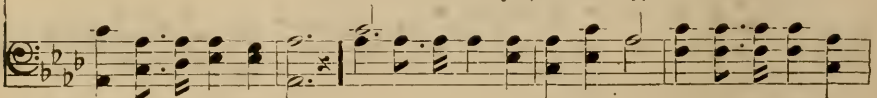
fast, Soon will the time for your toil be past; Win the reward that doth ev - er last,
white, Gath - er the sheaves that are gold - en bright, Fair will they shine in e - ter - nal light,
pears, Toil tho' your eyes may grow dim with tears, Look to the rap - ture of heav - en's years,



REFRAIN.



Work for the Lord to-day. Work, yes, work to-day, Work, yes,
Work for the Lord, yes, work to-day, Work for the Lord, yes



WORK FOR THE LORD TO-DAY.

work to-day; Go and la-bor with joy in the har-vest field, Work for the Lord to-day!

No. 85. THE LORD OMNIPOTENT SHALL REIGN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

G. N. FENN.

1. The Lord Om-nip-o-tent shall reign Where'er the sun doth shine; His right to rule earth's
 2. The Lord commands and it stands fast, He speaks and it is done; For-ev-er-more His
 3. He calls us now to do and dare, The world for Christ to gain, That in His king-dom

REFRAIN.

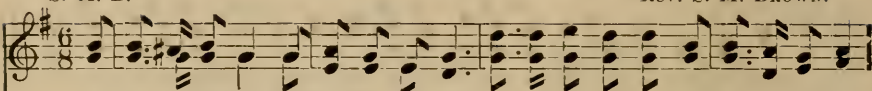
kings shall own, And bless His sway di-vine. Then mag-ni-fy His matchless name, Let anthems
 reign shall last, En-dur-ing is His throne.
 we may share, As kings and priests to reign.

ring from shore to shore, On sea and land, in loud acclaim, Ex-alt Him ev-er-more. . .
 Ex-alt, ex-alt Him ev-ermore.

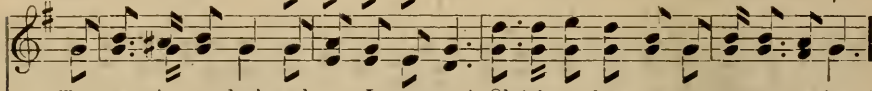
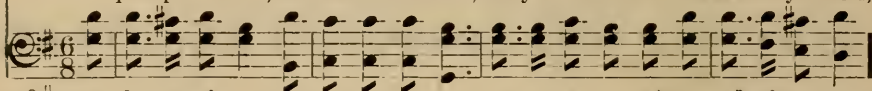
No. 86. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.*

S. M. B.

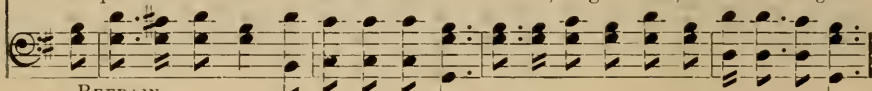
Rev. S. M. BROWN.



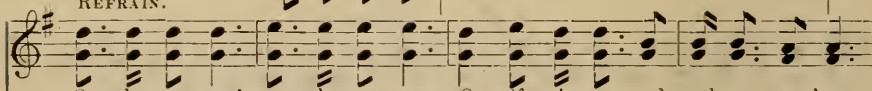
1. Compan-ion, draw nigh, they say I must die : Ear-ly the summons has come from on high ;
2. Ah ! can you not bow and pray with me now ? Sad the re-gret, we have nev-er learn'd how
3. And can you not sing a song of His love, How He came down from the man-sion's a-bove,
4. A - las ! it is so, but thus it must be ; No word of com-fort or prom-ise for me ;
5. O peo-ple of God, who have His blest word, Will you not heed the command of your Lord,



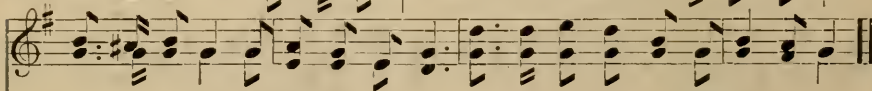
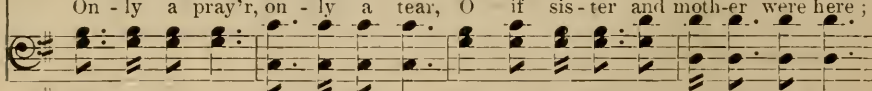
The way is so dark, and yet I must go ! Oh ! that such sor-row you never may know !
To come be-fore Him, who on-ly can save, Leading in tri-umph thro' death and the grave.
To bleed and to die on Cal-va-ry's tree, Bring-ing sal-va-tion to sinners like me ?
To die with-out God or hope in His Son, Cov-ered in darkness, bereaved and un-dore.
And pub-lish to all of A-dam's lost race Par-don, for-give-ness, sal-va-tion thro' grace ?



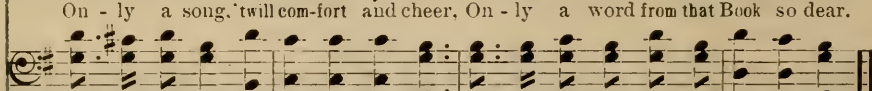
REFRAIN.



On-ly a pray'r, on-ly a tear, O if sis-ter and moth-er were here ;



On-ly a song, 'twill com-fort and cheer, On-ly a word from that Book so dear.



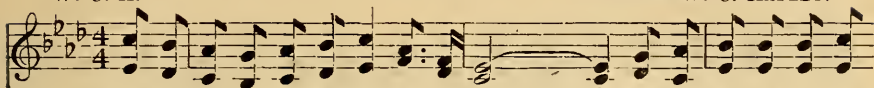
* Two young men, who had been brought up together in a distant state, came to Kansas City to get a start in the world. They were employed in laboring on the piers of one of the great railroad bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred in which several men were injured; among them was one of these young men, who was fatally crushed. He was taken into one of the tents in which the laborers were living, and being conscious, he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companion to pray with him, and stated that he was not prepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself and was not fit to pray for a dying man. Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured by his friend that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally he begged that a bible might be brought and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched, and there was not a copy of the word of God to be found, and so, among his last words the dying man exclaimed: "And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of Scripture, I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"

No. 87. THERE'S A CITY THAT IS FAR, FAR AWAY.

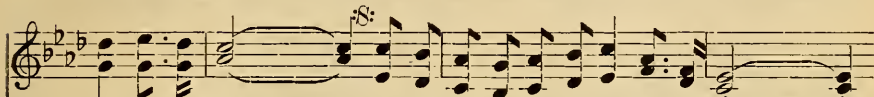
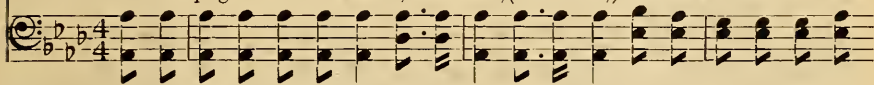
W. C. H.

Respectfully dedicated to my friend, J. H. D. Tomson, Richmond, Mo.

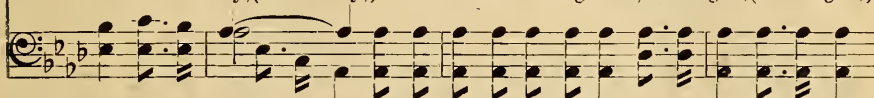
W. C. HAFLEY.



1. There's a cit - y that is far, far a - way, (far away,) You can see its sil - ver
2. We will hear the an - gels sing o - ver there, (over there,) As they hold within their
3. There the tree of life will bloom ev - er - more, (evermore,) While the cy - cles of e -
4. All the pilgrims of this earth, I am told, (I am told,) Who have suffered for their



spires o'er the sea, (o'er the sea,) 'Tis beyond the rolling waves' misty spray, (misty spray.)
hands harps of gold, (harps of gold,) In that cit - y that is bright and so fair, (and so fair,)
ter - ni - ty roll, (ever roll,) And no sickness, pain nor death we shall know, (we shall know,)
Lord on the way, (on the way,) Will receive a shining crown, made of gold, (made of gold,)



D.S. There no sorrows, sin, nor death, e'er shall come, (e'er shall come,)

FINE. REFRAIN.



Oh, that cit - y is for you and for me. Oh, that home, . . . hap - py
Oh, that cit - y is the home of the soul.
For that cit - y is the home of the soul.
In that cit - y that is far, far a - way. bless - ed home,



For that cit - y is the home of the soul.

D.S.

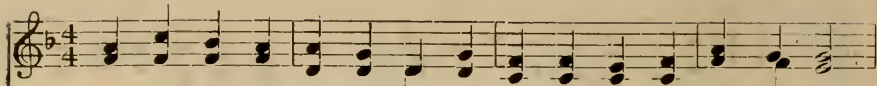


home, . . . Where the cy - cles of e - ter - ni - ty roll, ev - er roll,
hap - py home,

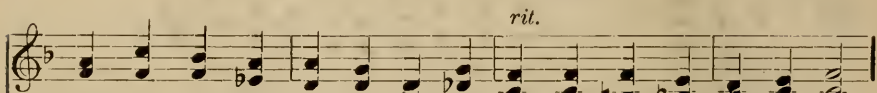
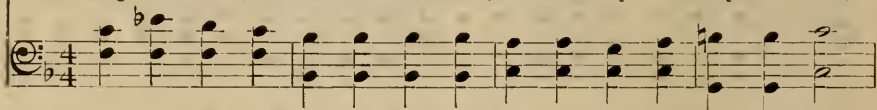


MISS ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

B. C. UNSELD.



1. Long, O Mas - ter, in Thy vine-yard, Thro' the dust and heat of day,
2. Tan-gled vines and fad-ed flow-ers Hid-den lie a-mong my sheaves,
3. Purge Thou, then, the sheaves so worth-less, That I lay at Thy dear feet,



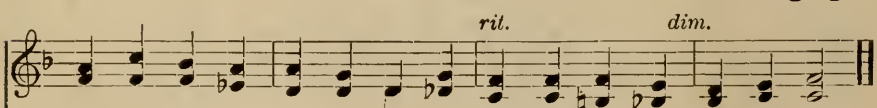
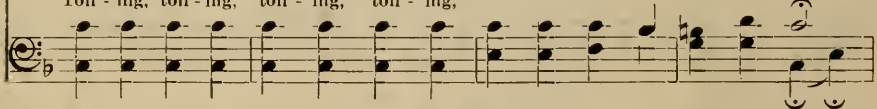
I have toiled and with my bur-den, Come I now thro' shad-ows gray.
 Look'st Thou sor-row-ful, O Mas-ter? Is there noth-ing there but leaves?
 So they yield Thee at the har-vest On-ly fin-est of the wheat.



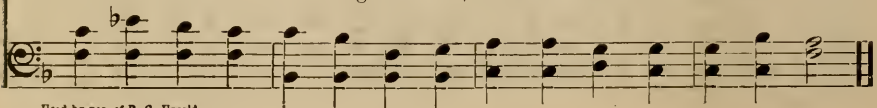
REFRAIN.



Toil-ing in Thy vine-yard All day long with wea-ry feet,
 Toil-ing, toil-ing, toil-ing, toil-ing,



Glad to rest when eve-ning com-eth, And the hours are cool and sweet.

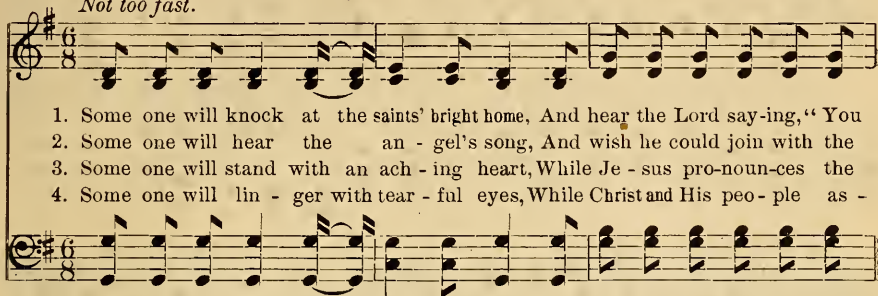


No. 89. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

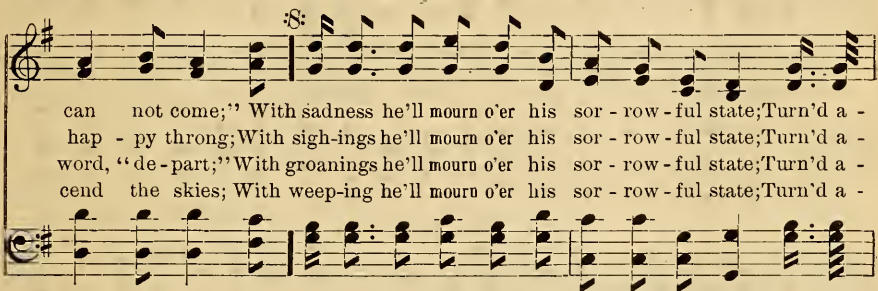
D. E. D.

REV. D. E. DORTCH.

Not too fast.

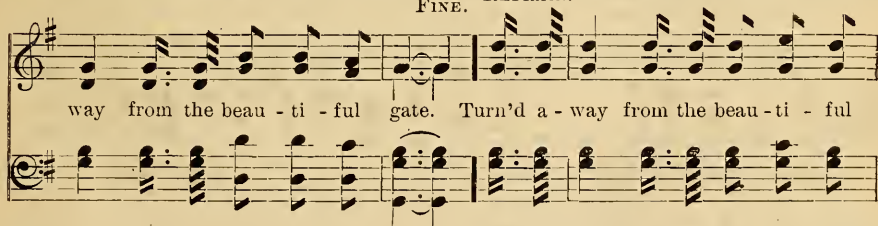


1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord say-ing, "You
 2. Some one will hear the an - gel's song, And wish he could join with the
 3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro-noun-ces the
 4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and His peo - ple as -

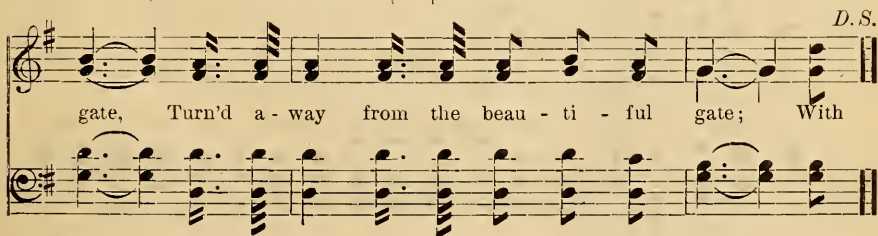


can not come;" With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state; Turn'd a -
 hap - py throng; With sigh-ings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state; Turn'd a -
 word, "de - part;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state; Turn'd a -
 cend the skies; With weep-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state; Turn'd a -

FINE. REFRAIN.



way from the beau - ti - ful gate. Turn'd a - way from the beau - ti - ful



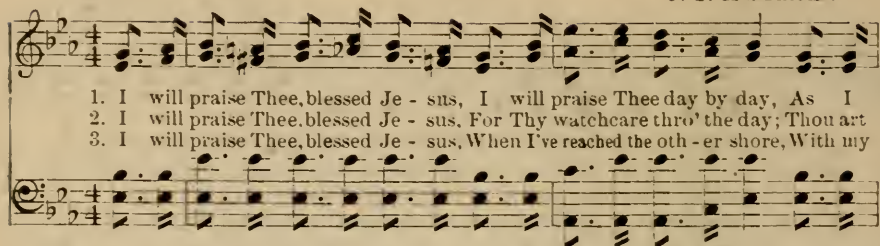
gate, Turn'd a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate; With

D. S.

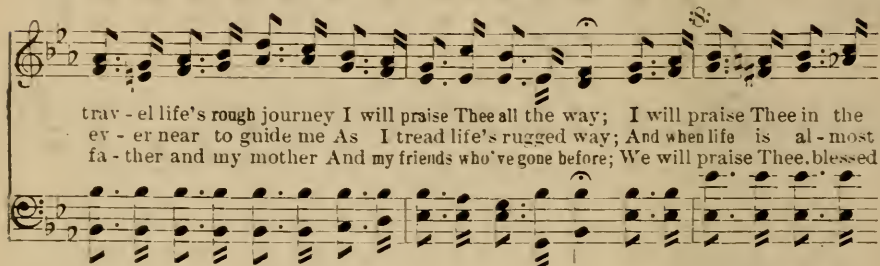
No. 90. I WILL PRAISE THEE, BLESSED JESUS.

J. S. H.

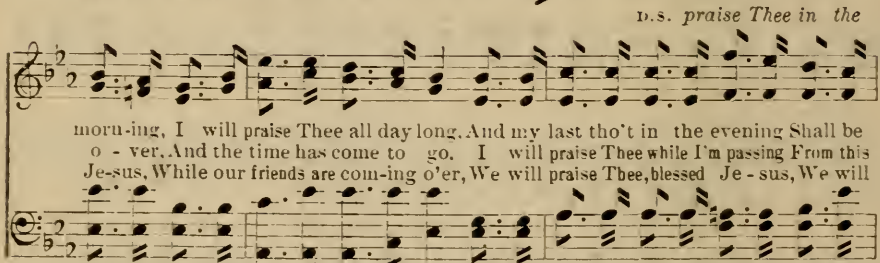
J. S. HENDRICKS.



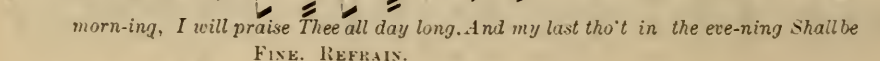
1. I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, I will praise Thee day by day, As I
 2. I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, For Thy watchcare thro' the day; Thou art
 3. I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, When I've reached the oth - er shore, With my



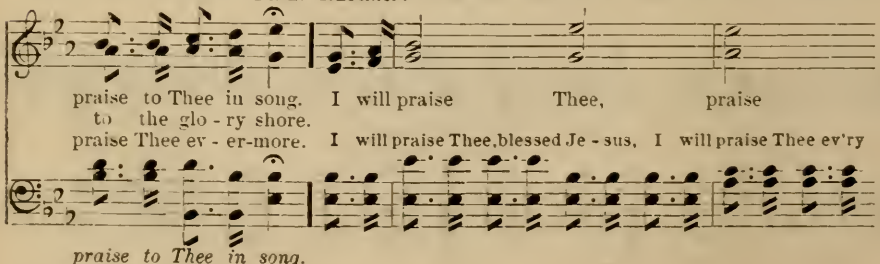
trav - el life's rough journey I will praise Thee all the way; I will praise Thee in the
 ev - er near to guide me As I tread life's rugged way; And when life is al - most
 fa - ther and my mother And my friends who've gone before; We will praise Thee, blessed



d.s. praise Thee in the
 morn - ing, I will praise Thee all day long. And my last tho't in the evening Shall be
 o - ver, And the time has come to go. I will praise Thee while I'm passing From this
 Je - sus, While our friends are com - ing o'er, We will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, We will



morn - ing, I will praise Thee all day long. And my last tho't in the eve - ning Shall be
 FINE. REFRAIN.



praise to Thee in song. I will praise Thee, praise
 to the glo - ry shore.
 praise Thee ev - er - more. I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, I will praise Thee ev'ry
 praise to Thee in song.

I WILL PRAISE THEE, BLESSED JESUS.

D.S.

Thee, I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, all the way ; I will
day, all the way ;

No. 91.

NEAR THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross ; There a pre - cious fountain, Free to all — a
2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me : There the bright and
3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me ; Help me walk from
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er. Till I reach the

REFRAIN.

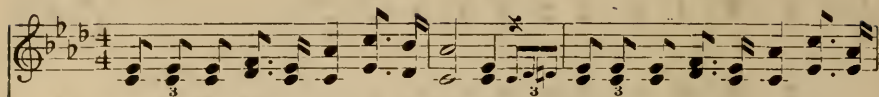
heal - ing stream—Flows from Calvary's moun - tain. In the cross, in the cross, Be my
morn - ing star Sheds its beams a - round me.
day to day With its shad - ow o'er me.
gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

glo - ry ev - er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the riv - er.

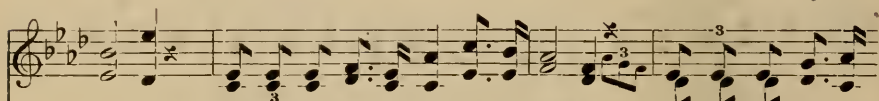
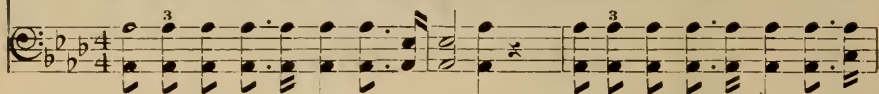
No. 92. SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN.

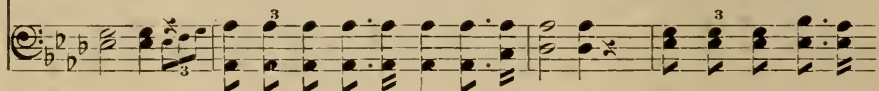
GEO. C. HUGG.



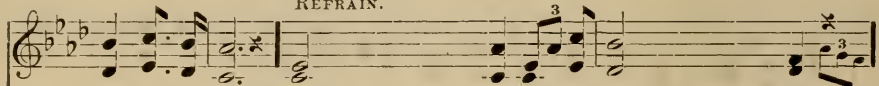
- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way-side, | Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the |
| 2. Scat-ter-ing precious seed for the growing, | Scat-ter-ing precious seed, freely |
| 3. Scat-ter-ing precious seed, doubting nev-er, | Scat-ter-ing precious seed, trusting |



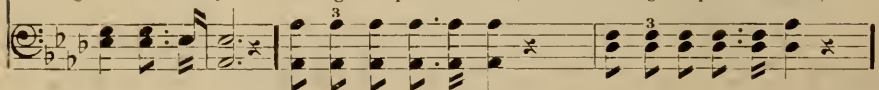
- | | | |
|-------------|--|------------------------|
| hill-side ; | Scat-ter-ing precious seed o'er the field, wide, | Scat-ter-ing pre-cious |
| sow-ing ; | Scat-ter-ing precious seed, trusting, knowing, | Sure-ly the Lord will |
| ev-er ; | Sow-ing the word with pray'r and en-deav-or, | Trust-ing the Lord for |



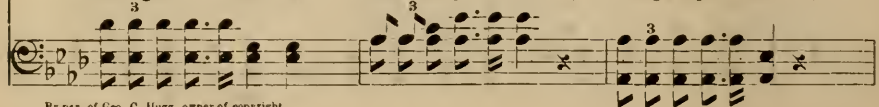
REFRAIN.



- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------|
| seed by the way. | Sow - - - ing in the morn - - ing, |
| send it the rain. | |
| growth and for yield. | Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, |
| | Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, |



- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Sow - - ing at the noon - tide ; | Sow - ing in the |
| Sowing the seed at noontide, | Sowing the precious seed ; |
| | Sowing the precious seed, |



SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

eve - - ning, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed by the way, by the way.
 Sow-ing the pre-cious seed,

No. 93.

VARINA.

ISAAC WATTS.

Dr. G. F. Root.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In - fin-ite day ex -
 2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old
 3. Oh! could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Ca-naan

cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain There ev - er-last - ing spring a-bides, And
 Canaan stood, While Jor-dan rolls 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 Mo-ses stood, And

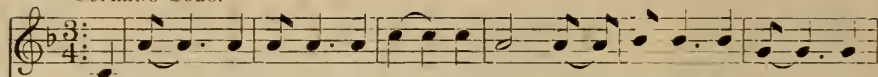
nev-er-with'ring flow'rs; Death like a nar-row sea divides This heav'nly land from ours.
 cross this narrow sea; And lin-ger, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
 view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

No. 94. THE SINNER AND THE SONG.

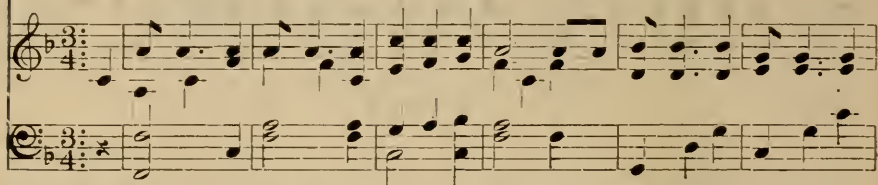
W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

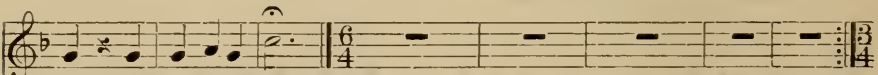
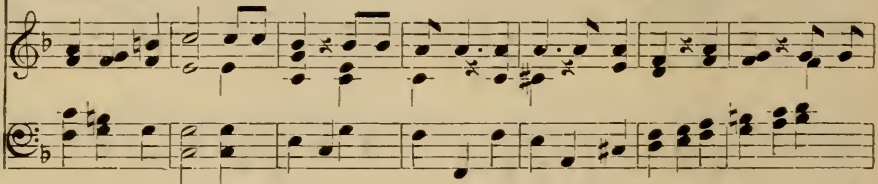
SOPRANO SOLO.



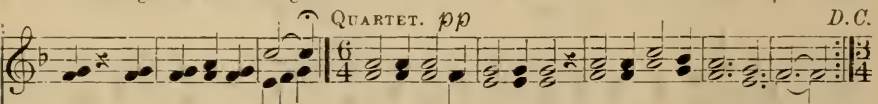
1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven-tide; His tempter was watching close
2. He lingered and list-ened to ev'ry sweet chord; He remembered the time he



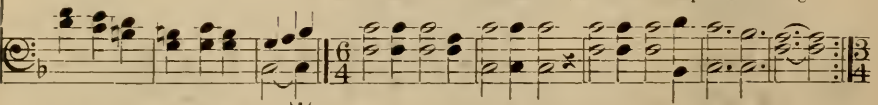
- by at his side; In his heart raged a bat-tle for right against wrong; But hark! from the
once loved the Lord. 'Come on!' says the tempter, come on with the throng; But hark! from the



- church he hears the sweet song.
church a-gain swells the song.



1. Je-sus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly. .
2. While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high!



THE SINNER AND THE SONG.

SOLO.

O, tempter, de-part, I have served thee too long. I fly to the Saviour, He dwells in the song;

O Lord, can it be that a sin-ner like me May find a sweet refuge by coming to Thee?

QUARTET. *pp* SOLO.

Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee. I come,

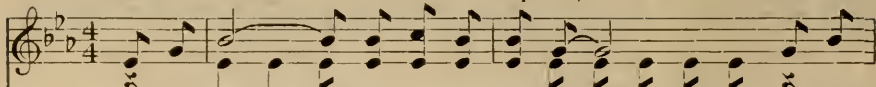
QUARTET. *pp*

Lord, I come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And O, receive my soul at last.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. There's a voice . . . that calls for reap-ers, . . . Those who

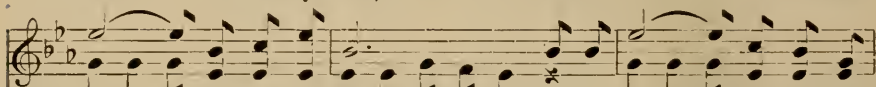


1. 'There's a voice that calls for reap-ers, (calls for reap-ers,) Those who
2. Ma - ny souls now sit in darkness, (sit in dark-ness,) Ma - ny
3. Like a dove perhaps some loved one (yes, some loved one,) Now has
4. When the shades of eve-ning gath-er, (eve-ning gath-er,) God will



hear. . . are sure-ly blest;

'Tis the voice . . . of Je - sus



Those who hear are surely blest; (are sure-ly blest;)

'Tis the voice of Je - sus

Ma - ny hearts are sore distressed; (are sore distressed;)

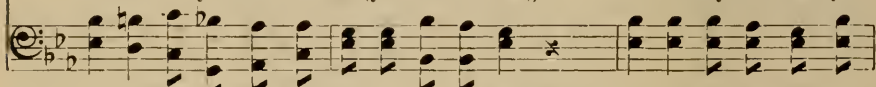
Bring to them a ray of

Now has flown from the home nest; (from the home nest;)

Where perchance some heart is

God will call you home to rest. (you home to rest,)

But to-day He needs your



call-ing. . .

Work for Him . . . and do your best.

REFRAIN.



call-ing, (Je - sus call-ing,)

Work for Him and do your best.

Do your best each

sun-shine, (ray of sun-shine,)

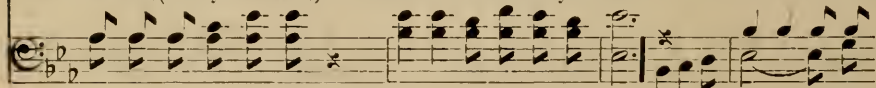
Work for Christ and do your best.

break-ing, (heart is break-ing,)

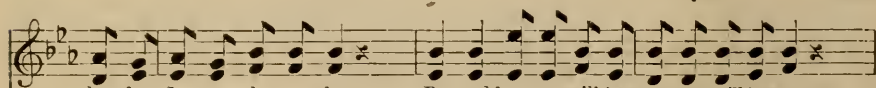
Go to-day and do your best.

ser-vice, (needs your service.)

Work for Him and do your best.

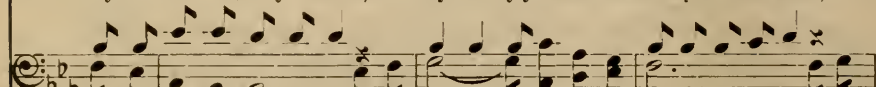


Do your best. . . each



day for Je - sus, do your best,

By and by you will have rest, you will have rest,

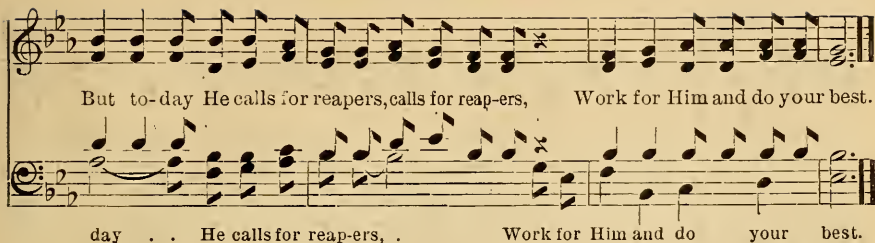


day for Je - sus,

By and by . . . you will have rest,

But to -

DO YOUR BEST.



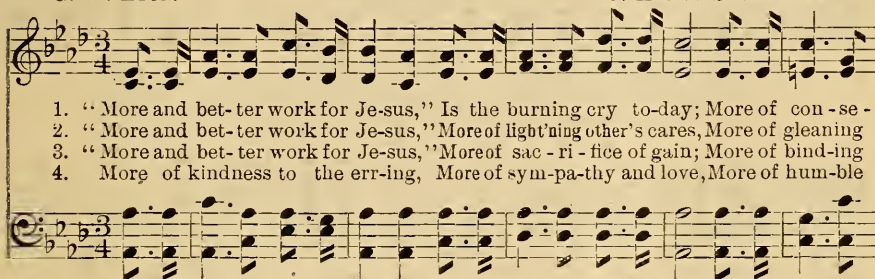
But to-day He calls for reapers, calls for reapers, Work for Him and do your best.

day . . He calls for reapers, . Work for Him and do your best.

No. 96. MORE AND BETTER WORK.

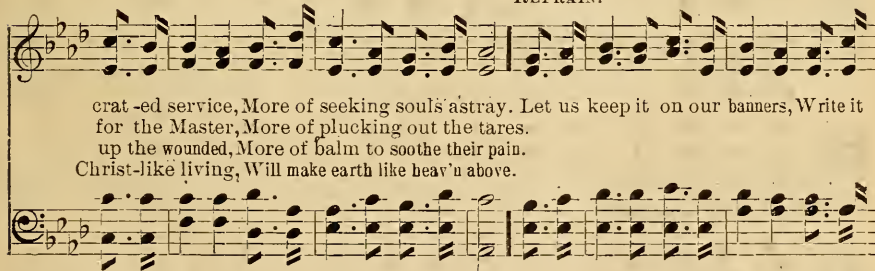
G. W. LYON.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

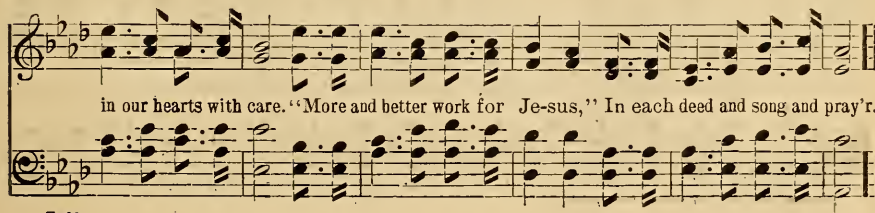


1. "More and bet-ter work for Je-sus," Is the burning cry to-day; More of con-se-
 2. "More and bet-ter work for Je-sus," More of light'ning other's cares, More of glean-ing
 3. "More and bet-ter work for Je-sus," More of sac-ri-fice of gain; More of bind-ing
 4. More of kindness to the err-ing, More of sym-pa-thy and love, More of hum-ble

REFRAIN.



crat-ed service, More of seeking souls a-stray. Let us keep it on our banners, Write it
 for the Master, More of plucking out the tares.
 up the wounded, More of balm to soothe their pain.
 Christ-like living, Will make earth like heav'n above.



in our hearts with care. "More and better work for Je-sus," In each deed and song and pray'r.

No. 97. IS IT NOTHING TO THEE?

D. B. PURINGTON.

W. H. DOANE.

1ST VOICE.

1. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That thy
2. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That thy
3. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That E -

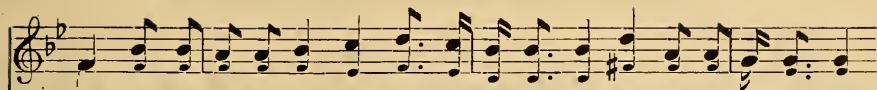
Lord and Redeem - er His love hath revealed? Is it noth-ing to thee, is it
sin - la-den feet from the Sav-iour hath turned? Is it noth-ing to thee, is it
ter - ni - ty com - eth and death draw-eth near? Is it noth-ing to thee, is it

noth-ing to thee, That He died on the cross and thy par - don sealed?
noth-ing to thee, That the voice of His mer - cy thy heart hath spurned?
noth-ing to thee, Canst thou go when He call - eth, with - out a fear?

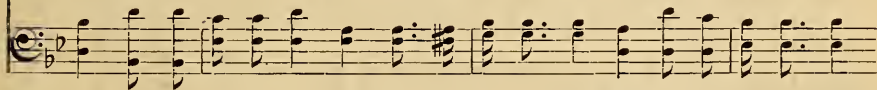
2D VOICE RESPONSE.

1. Oh, 'tis something to me, yes, 'tis something to me, That the voice of His
2. Oh, 'tis something to me, yes, 'tis something to me, That He call - eth me
3. Oh, 'tis something to me, yes, 'tis something to me, When at last I shall

IS IT NOTHING TO THEE?

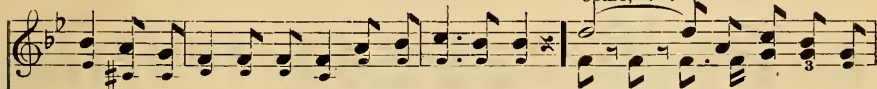


love still is call-ing to - day, Oh, 'tis something to me, Yes, 'tis something to
back, where-so - ev - er I roam, Oh, 'tis something to me, Yes, 'tis something to
stand on E - ter - ni - ty's shore, Oh, 'tis something to me, Yes, 'tis something to

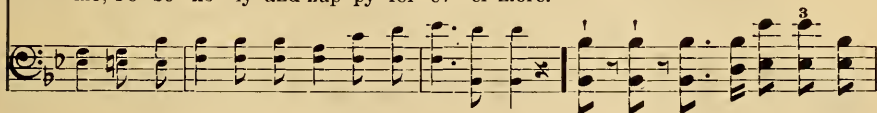


REFRAIN.

Come, . . .



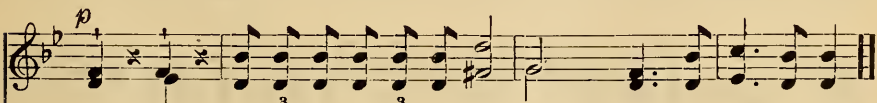
me, I will hear from my heart and with joy o - bey. Come, come, come, He's calling to -
me, That I still may re - turn and be welcomed home.
me, To be ho - ly and hap - py for ev - er - more.



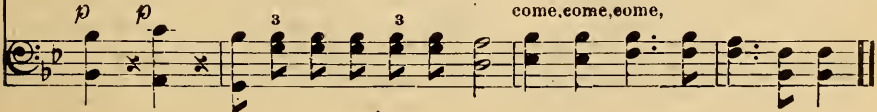
Haste, . . .



day, call-ing to-day, Haste, haste, haste, no lon-ger de-lay, lon-ger de-lay,



List, list, Je - sus is call-ing thee, now, Come, come, be - fore Him bow.
come, come, come,



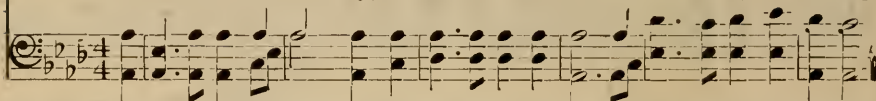
No. 98. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY.

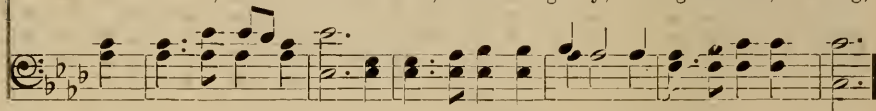
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hur - ger - ing and thirst - ing



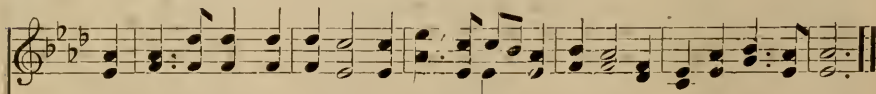
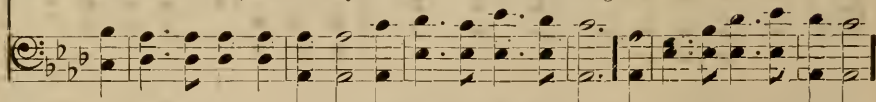
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true;
Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me —
More wonder - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard
To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



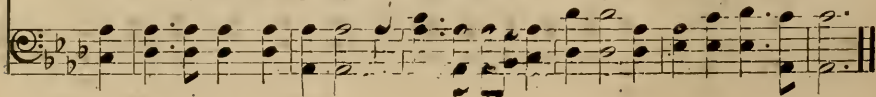
REFRAIN.



It sat - is - fies my longings, As nothing else can do. I love to tell the story —
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.



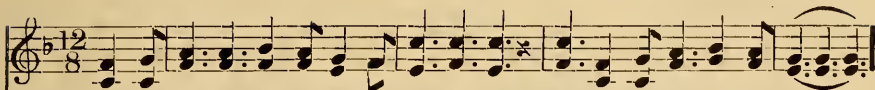
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto ry Of Je - sus and His love.



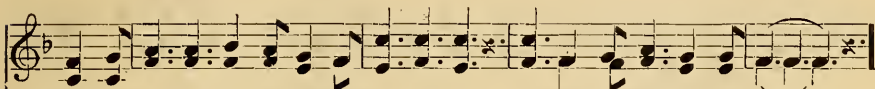
No. 99. PEACE THROUGH THE BLOOD.

E. E. HEWITT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Come while God is call-ing, hear His word to-day, Peace thro' the blood of the cross;
2. Sink the past for-ev - er 'neath the cleansing tide, Peace thro' the blood of the cross;
3. Bless-ing free and boundless flow-ing from a-bove, Peace thro' the blood of the cross;
4. Tell the joy-ful sto-ry ev - 'rywhere you go, Peace thro' the blood of the cross;



Take the gift He of-fers, come without de-lay, Peace thro' the blood of the cross.
 Let the Ho-ly Spir-it in your heart a-bide, Peace thro' the blood of the cross.
 Ev - er-last-ing mer-cy, ev - er-last - ing love, Peace thro' the blood of the cross.
 Till, the wide world o-ver, ransomed souls shall know Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

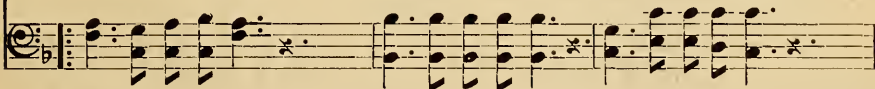


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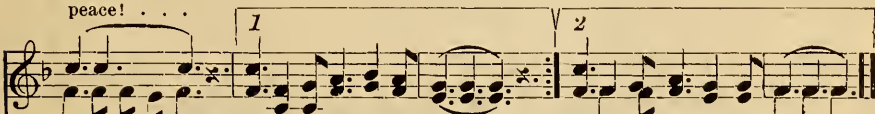
Peace! won-der-ful peace! Peace! won-der-ful



Peace! wonder-ful peace! Peace! wonderful peace! Peace! wonderful peace!



peace! . . .



Peace! wonderful peace! Peace thro' the blood of the cross; Peace thro' the blood of the cross.



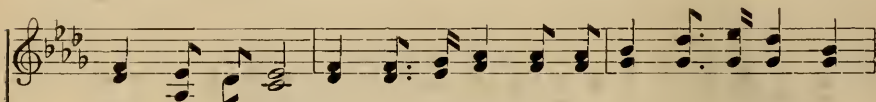
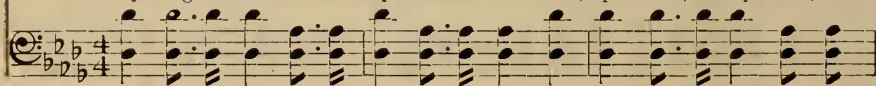
No. 100. STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



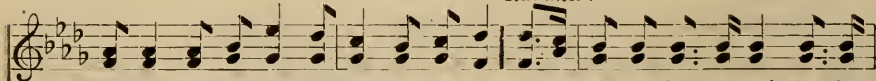
1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Press - ing more close - ly to Him who is lead - ing, When we are tempt - ed to
3. Walk - ing in foot - steps of gen - tle for - bear - ance, Footsteps of faith - ful - ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Up - ward, still up - ward, we'll



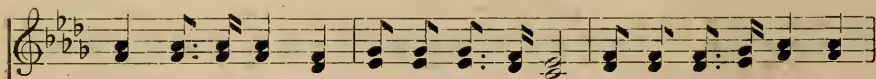
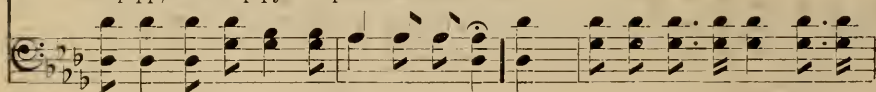
Sav - iour and King, Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
mer - cy, and love; Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"



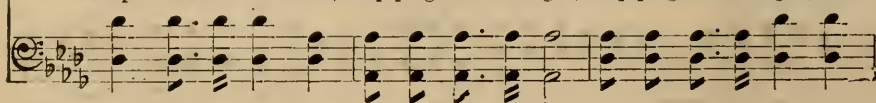
REFRAIN.



Hap - py, how hap - py the songs that we bring. How beau - ti - ful to walk in the
Hap - py, how hap - py our prais - es each day.
Hap - py, how hap - py our jour - ney a - bove.
Hap - pp, how hap - py our place at His side.



steps of the Sav - iour, Step - ping in the light, Step - ping in the light; How



STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.

beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Led in paths of light.

No. 101. CHRIST IS KNOCKING AT MY SAD HEART.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in? Patient-ly plead-ing with
 2. Shall I send Him the lov-ing word; Shall I let Him in? Meek-ly ac-cept-ing my
 3. Yes, I'll o-pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let Him in; Glad-ly I'll wel-come Him

my sad heart; Oh! shall I let Him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and gracious Lord; Oh! shall I let Him in? He can in-fin-ite love impart; He can ev-er-more; Oh! yes, I'll let Him in. Bless-ed Saviour, a-bide with me; Cares and

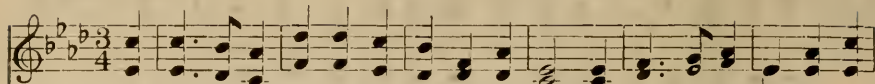
- cheer-less is all within; Christ is bid-ding me turn un-to Him, Oh! shall I let Him in? .
 par-don this reb-el heart; Shall I bid Him for-ev-er depart, Or shall I let Him in? .
 tri-als will lighter be: I am safe if I'm on-ly with Thee, Oh! blessed Lord, come in. .

No. 102. SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

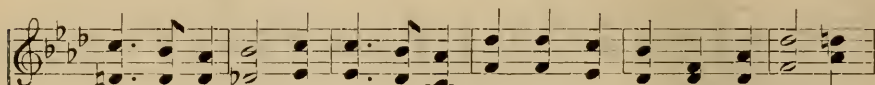
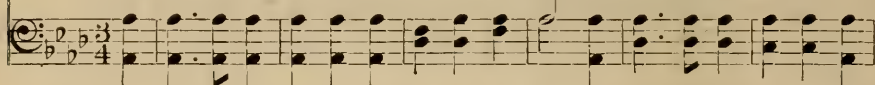
E. E. HEWITT.

Effective as a Solo.

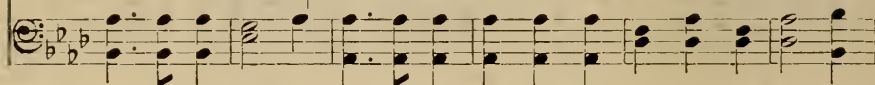
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. A - drift on the wa-ters so dark and so cold, A - far from the beau-ti - ful
2. Oh, I was the sin-ner a - lone on the sea, But love's blessed sig-nals were
3. I stepped in the life-boat, pro-vid - ed for me, And Je - sus, my Pi - lot, my
4. Life's tur - bu-lent sur-ges are kiss'd in - to peace, The bea-cons are shin-ing, and



cit - y of gold, A ves - sel is sink - ing, for heav - y the gale, The
float - ing for me; Tho' thun-ders were roll - ing, and bil - lows at strife, Lo,
Cap-tain will be; His bo - son my ref - uge, my "ha - ven of rest." I'm
songs nev - er cease; Fair moon-beams, bright sunshine, il - lu - mine the tide, While

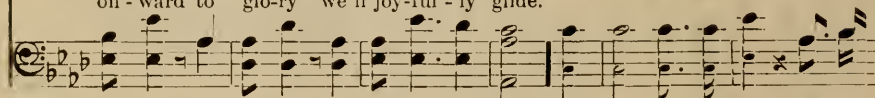


REFRAIN.

con anima.

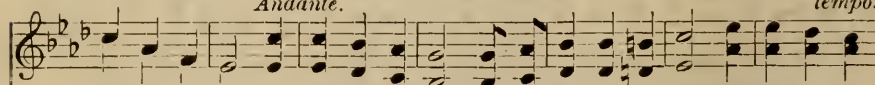


ca - ble is bro - ken, and tattered each sail. Poor child of the wreck, see the
Je - sus was call-ing, "es-cape for thy life."
res-cued from shipwreck, so hap - py and blest.
on - ward to glo - ry we'll joy - ful - ly glide.

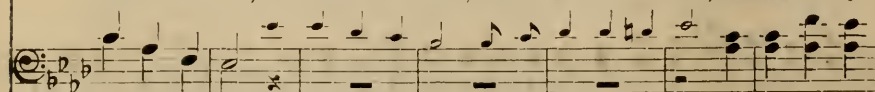


Andante.

tempo.

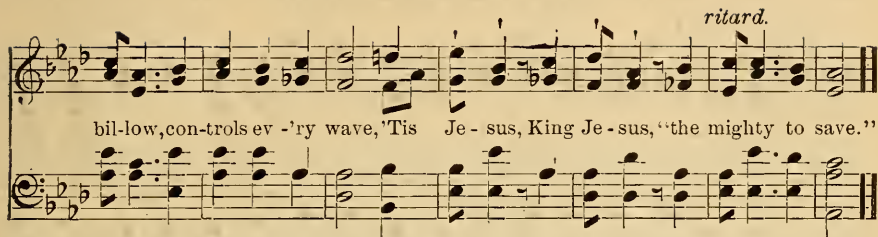


life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Mas-ter is here; He walks ev-ry



SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

ritard.



bil-low, con-trols ev-'ry wave, 'Tis Je-sus, King Je-sus, "the mighty to save."

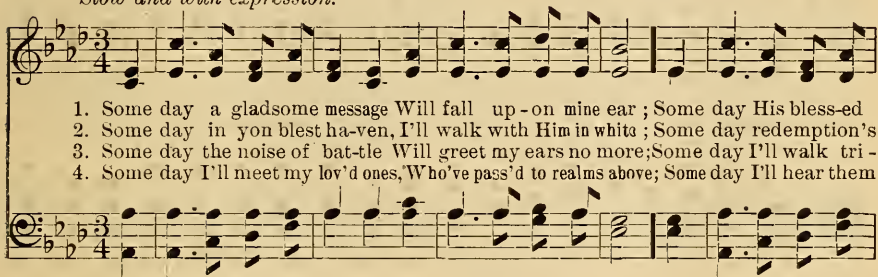
No. 103.

SOME DAY.

J. H. A.

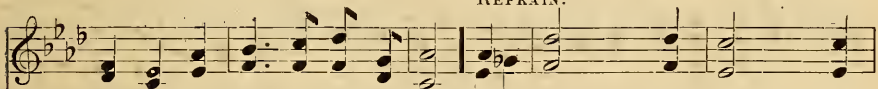
J. H. ALLEMAN.

Slow and with expression.



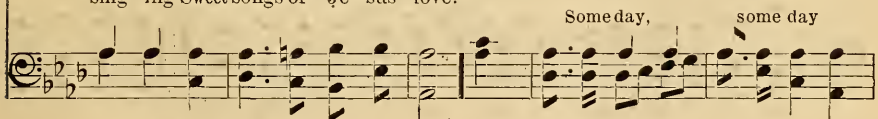
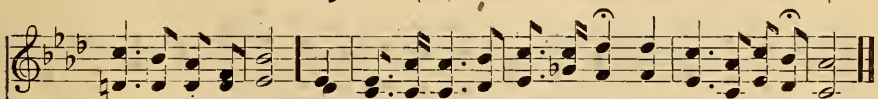
1. Some day a gladsome message Will fall up-on mine ear ; Some day His bless-ed
2. Some day in yon blest ha-ven, I'll walk with Him in white ; Some day redemption's
3. Some day the noise of bat-tle Will greet my ears no more; Some day I'll walk tri-
4. Some day I'll meet my lov'd ones, Who've pass'd to realms above; Some day I'll hear them

REFRAIN.

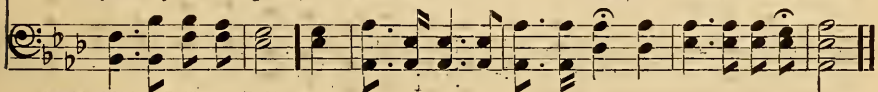


wel-come Will fill my heart with cheer. Some day, some day The
sto-ry Will be my heart's de-light.
um-phiant On Ca-naan's hap-py shore.
sing-ing Sweet songs of Je-sus' love.

Some day, some day

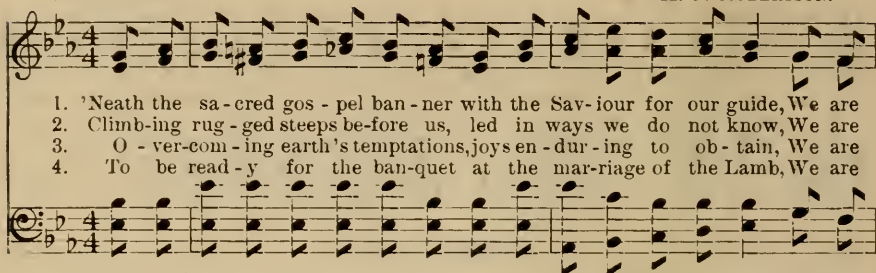
journey I'll complete, And when the Fa-ther calls me home, I'll rest at Je-sus' feet.



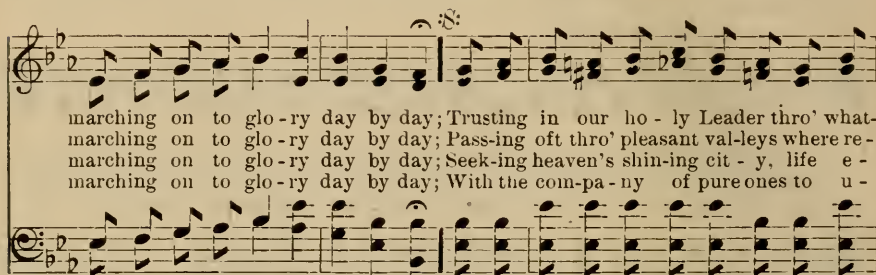
No. 104. MARCHING ON TO GLORY DAY BY DAY.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

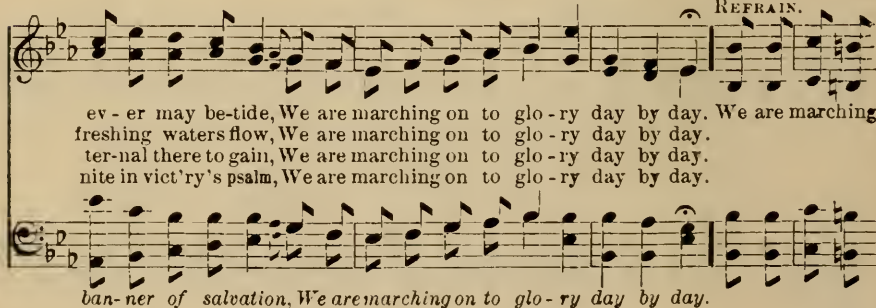


1. 'Neath the sa-cred gos-pel ban-ner with the Sav-iour for our guide, We are
 2. Climb-ing rug-ged steep-be-fore us, led in ways we do not know, We are
 3. O-ver-com-ing earth's tempta-tions, joys en-dur-ing to ob-tain, We are
 4. To be read-y for the ban-quet at the mar-riage of the Lamb, We are



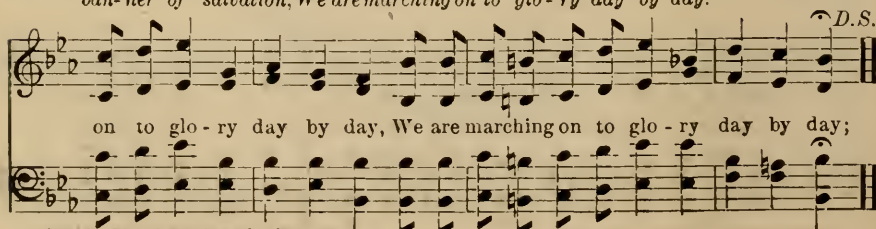
marching on to glo-ry day by day; Trusting in our ho-ly Leader thro' what-
 marching on to glo-ry day by day; Pass-ing oft thro' pleas-ant val-leys where re-
 marching on to glo-ry day by day; Seek-ing heav-en's shin-ing cit-y, life e-
 marching on to glo-ry day by day; With the com-pa-ny of pure ones to u-

D.S. Gath-er-ing from ev-'ry na-tion, 'neath the
 REFRAIN.



ev-er may be-tide, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day. We are marching
 fresh-ning waters flow, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day.
 ter-nal there to gain, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day.
 nite in vict'ry's psalm, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day.

ban-ner of sal-va-tion, We are march-ing on to glo-ry day by day.



on to glo-ry day by day, We are march-ing on to glo-ry day by day;

W. T. DALE.

Dedicated to Rev. J. W. Blosser.

S. L. HOWARD.

1. I am on my journey home, Where my Saviour beckons "come," And the saints no more shall
 2. In that land beyond the sky, There will be no pain or sigh, Tears shall never dim the
 3. Soon our tri-als will be o'er, And we'll stand on Canaan's shore, Safe with those who've gone be-
 4. What a meeting there will be, When our Saviour's face we'll see, And with loved ones ev - er

roam, Meet me there; Where the ma - ny mansions are, And no sick-ness en-ters there, Where the
 eye, Meet me there; Oh, the joy of meeting there, Where no heart is bowed with care, And each
 fore; Meet me there; There the saints shall nev-er part, Sor-row ne'er shall rend the heart; Will you
 be; Meet me there. To that land let's trav-el on, Till we stand be-fore the throne, And re -

D.S. On the bright and sunny shore, With our loved ones gone before, And with
 FINE. REFRAIN.

skies are always fair, Meet me there. meet me there. Meet me there, meet me
 mind is freed from fear, Meet me there. meet me there.
 now to glo-ry start? Meet me there. meet me there.
 ceive a shining crown; Meet me there. meet me there.

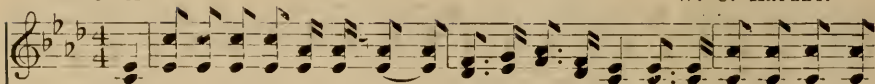
those now crossing o'er, Meet me there.

there, O - ver in the land of Prom-ise, Meet me there; meet me there;
 meet me there, meet me there;

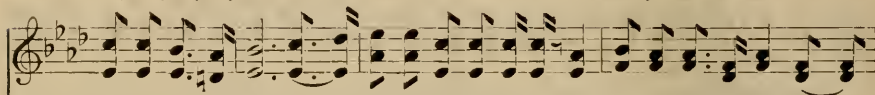
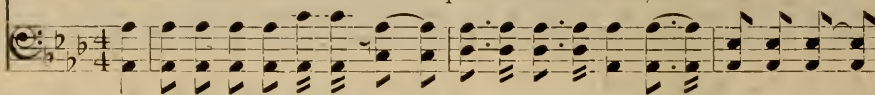
NO. 106. THE BIBLE IN THE CABIN BY THE SEA.

W. C. H.

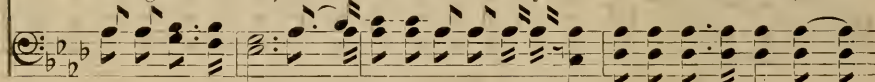
W. C. HAFLEY.



1. There is a precious volume all finger-worn and old. In the lit-tle log -
2. How of-ten have I listened at the tem-pest howl and rave, Round that lit-tle log -
3. How of-ten, O how of-ten, she read the glow-ing word, Read a message from the
4. There is no oth-er vol-ume so precious as this book, It tells me how in



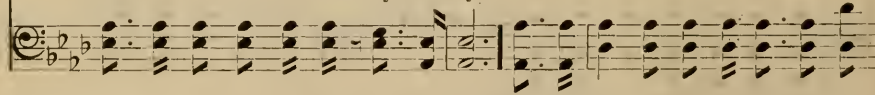
cab-in by the sea; It is the old, old Bible, More precious now than gold, 'Tis the
cab-in by the sea, While my mother read of Jesus Who walked up-on the wave, How
precious word of God; It told of faithful Daniel Who trusted in the Lord, While she
liv-ing how to die; It tells me of that cit-y. O wondrous, wondrous book, And



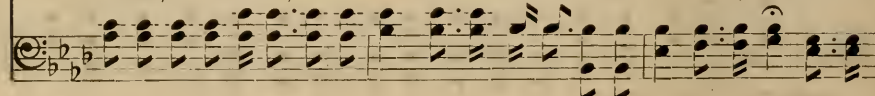
REFRAIN.



Bi - ble that my moth-er gave to me. 'Tis the old precious Bi-ble, bless-ed
Je - sus calmed the stormy Gal - i - lee.
led me in the pathway that He trod.
that I'll meet the loved ones by and by.

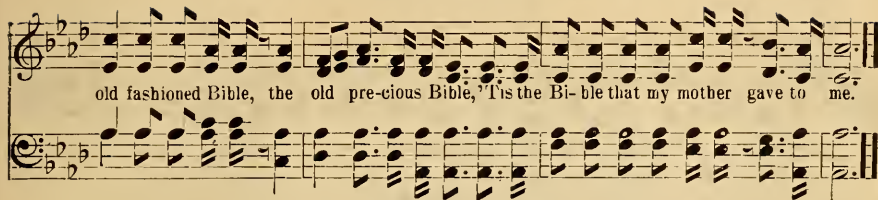


Bi - - ble, That she read in the cab-in by the sea; . . . 'Tis the
Bi - ble, blessed Bi-ble, by the sea;



THE BIBLE IN THE CABIN BY THE SEA.

ril.



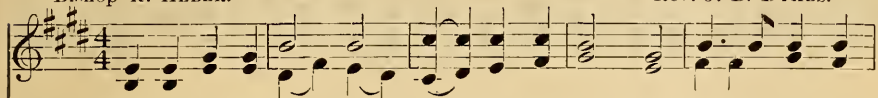
old fashioned Bible, the old pre-cious Bible, 'Tis the Bi-ble that my mother gave to me.

No. 107.

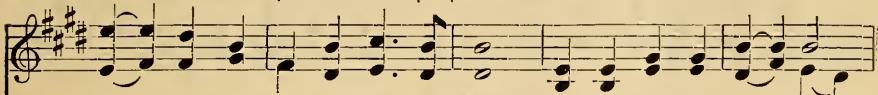
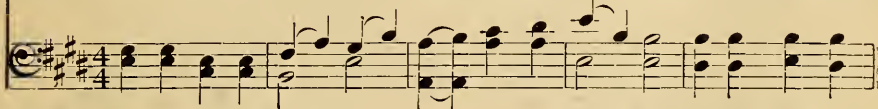
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

Bishop R. HEBER.

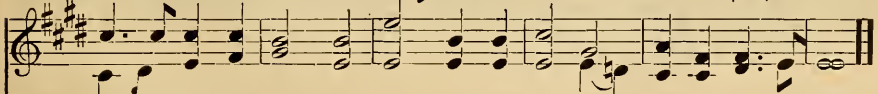
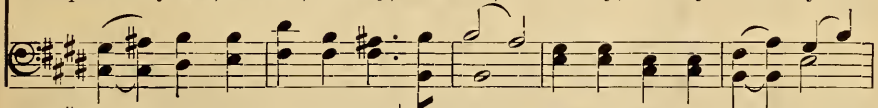
Rev. J. B. DYKES.



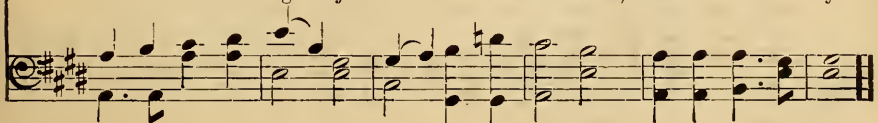
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly ! Lord God Al-might - y ! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly ! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down the
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly ! tho' the darknesshide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly ! Lord God Al-might - y ! All Thy works shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee ; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly !
gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea ; Cher - u - bim and Ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea ; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly !



Mer-ci - ful and Might - y ! God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty.
fall-ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Lord God Al-might - y ! God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty.



Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

(PARTING HYMN.)

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. These scenes, so bright, now take their flight As birds in sum - mer seem to fly;
 2. As oft we meet, and dear ones greet, Heart speaks to heart and eye to eye;
 3. Sometime we'll meet, sometime we'll greet Each oth - er in that land on high;

A - gain we stand with part - ing hand, Good-bye, good-bye, good - bye.
 Time speeds a - way, and soon we say, Good-bye, good-bye, good - bye.
 There we will stay, and nev - er say, Good-bye, good-bye, good - bye.

REFRAIN.

Good-bye, good-bye, we breathe a sigh, We say farewell with tear-dimmed eye;

God bless you all, God keep you all, Good-bye, good - bye, good - bye.

No. 109. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

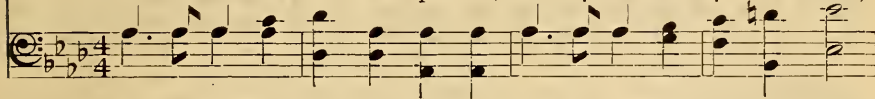
ALLEN-SHIRLEY.

REF. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



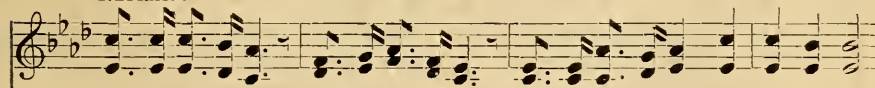
1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll rest for - ev - er view-ing, Mer - cy pour'd in streams of blood;
3. Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for - giv - en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in cease-less con - tem - plation, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,



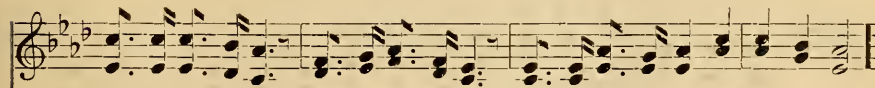
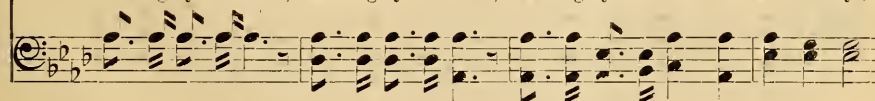
Life, and health and peace pos - sess-ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops my soul be - dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di - vine com - pas - sion, Beam-ing in His gra - cious eye.
And my tho'ts are all of heav - en, And my lips o'er-flow with praise.
Till I taste Thy full sal - va - tion, And, un-veiled, Thy glo - ries see.



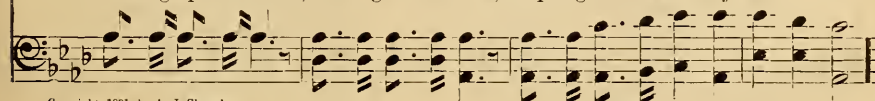
REFRAIN.



Stand-ing by the cross, stand-ing by the cross, Stand-ing by the cross of Cal - va - ry;



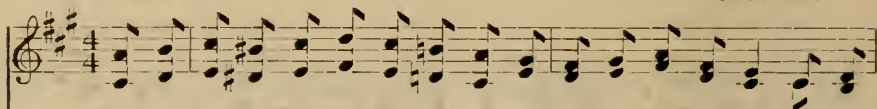
Look-ing up to Christ, trust-ing in His love, Hop-ing in His mer-cy full and free.



No. 110. THE GLORIOUS MARRIAGE SUPPER.

JENNIE WILSON.

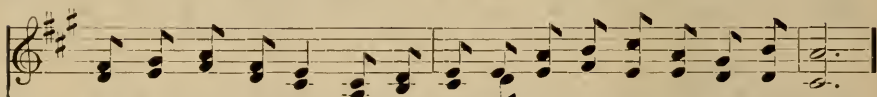
G. N. FENN.



1. When 'mid sounds of earth-ly voi-ces none your ac-cents ev - er hear, Will your
2. Will you be a-mong the num-ber who are pure and un-de-filed, Called from
3. Now put on the wed-ding rai-ment and be rea-dy for the call, With your



tones be thrill-ing in redemption's psalm? Will your soul in blood-washed garments fair and earth-ly con-flict in - to heaven's calm? Will you by His Son's a-tonement un-to sin-wounds cured by Calv'ry's healing balm; Bow be-fore the bless-ed Je-sus and pro-



spot-less then ap-pear, At the glo-rious mar-riage sup-per of the Lamb?
God be rec-on-ciled, Ere the glo-rious mar-riage sup-per of the Lamb?
claim Him Lord of all, At the glo-rious mar-riage sup-per of the Lamb.



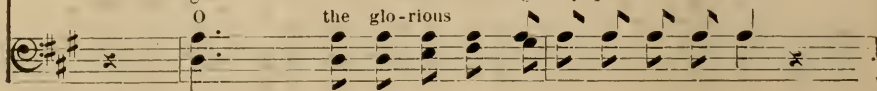
REFRAIN.

O the glo-rious mar-riage sup-per of the Lamb,

O the



O the glo- - - - - rious mar-riage sup-per of the Lamb, O the



THE GLORIOUS MARRIAGE SUPPER.

glorious marriage supper of the Lamb ;

glor - ious mar - riage sup - per of the Lamb ; Robed in gar - ments snowy - white will you
 O the glorious marriage supper of the Lamb ;
 of the Lamb ?
 meet the saints of light, At the glo - rious mar - riage sup - per, the sup - per of the Lamb ?
 of the Lamb ?

No. 111.

M. M. W.

FAITHFUL GUIDE.

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 the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land ;

D.C. Whis - p'ring soft - ly, wan - d'r'er, come ! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

D.C.

Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

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.

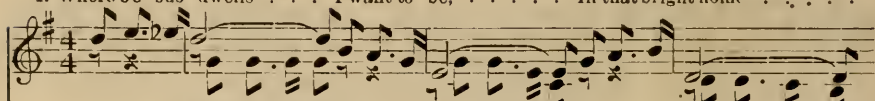
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there ;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading nought but Jesus' blood ;
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come !
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home !

No. 112. WHERE JESUS DWELLS I WANT TO BE.

J. M. B.

J. M. BOWMAN.

1. Where Je-sus dwells . . . I want to be, In that bright home



1. Where Je-sus dwells

I want to be,

In that bright home

2. Where Je-sus dwells

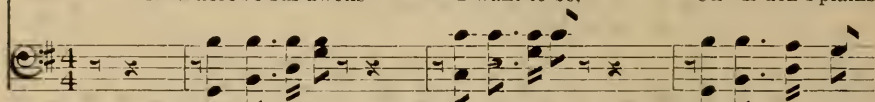
I want to go,

Where liv - ing streams

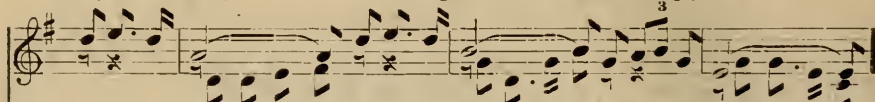
3. Where Je-sus dwells

I want to be,

On E-den's plains



be-yond life's sea; I'm crossing o'er the an - gry tide,



beyond life's sea;
shall ev - er flow,
He waits for me;

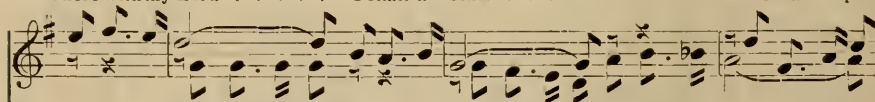
I'm crossing o'er
I want to see
No eye hath seen

the angry tide,
Him first of all,
nor ear hath heard



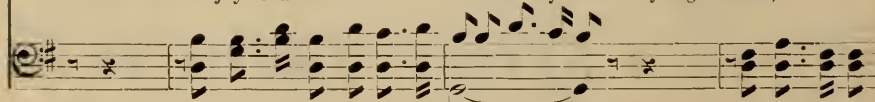
Where with my Lord I shall a - bide.

He walks upon



Where with my Lord
Who sav'd me when
The joys that wait

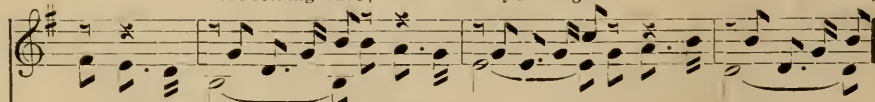
I shall abide. He walks up - on
I heard His call; When mercy's door
me from my Lord. "Thy kingdom come,"



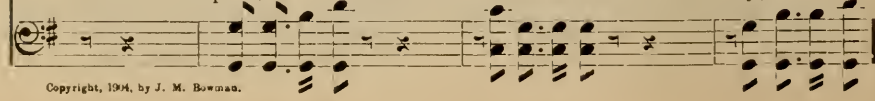
the roll - ing wave;

My sinking soul

He comes to save;



the roll - ing wave; . . . My sinking soul . . . He comes to save; . . .
had o - pen'd wide. . . I plung'd beneath . . . the crimson tide; . . .
I'll ev - er pray, . . . His blessed will . . . I shall o - bey; . . .



WHERE JESUS DWELLS I WANT TO BE.

With hand held out He bears me o'er, And guides me to

With hand held out
My guilt-y stains
I soon shall reach

He bears me o'er,
are wash'd a-way,
the oth - er shore,

And guides me to
My night of sin
And sing His praise

REFRAIN.

that hap-py shore. Where Je - sus dwells I want to be,

that hap-py shore.
has turn'd to day.
for ev - er more.

Where Je - sus dwells

I want to be,

In that E - den home beyond life's sea; There by His side

In that Eden home

beyond life's sea;

There by His side

redeemed I'll stand, And receive my crown from His own hand.

redeem'd I'll stand,

And receive my crown

from His own hand.

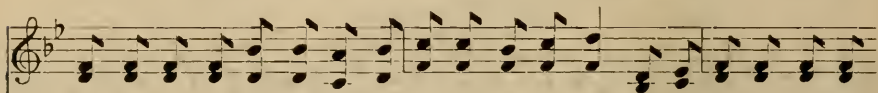
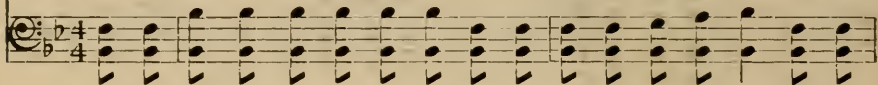
No. 113. THE GLORY OF THE WELCOME.

Rev. W. LOMAX CHILDRESS.

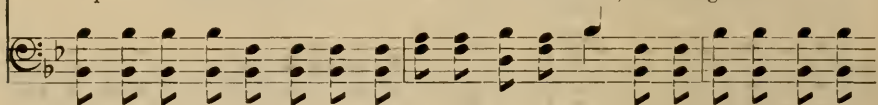
E. T. HILDEBRAND.



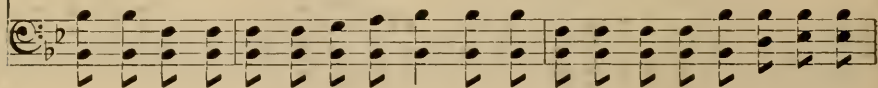
1. When the lamp of faith has light-ed bright The trav-ler to his goal, And it
2. All the loved of life shall meet us, Who have gone the way be-fore, And the
3. Oh, the hour is draw-ing near-er To the day of peace and rest, When the



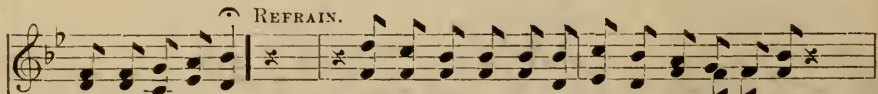
falls up-on the riv-er, And the waves be-gin to roll, Lo, be-yond the Jor-dan
mother's song shall greet us, There up-on the oth-er shore, And the sis-ter and the
ship of God shall an-chor In the har-bor of the blest, And the good of all the



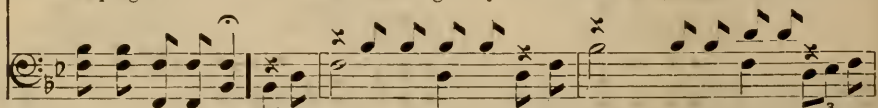
bil-lows Are the bright e-ter-nal strands; What a glo-ry in the welcome, And the
broth-er, There a-mong the an-gel bands, And the lit-tle child that left us, Sweet the
a-ges Meet us on the gold-en sands; Oh, the glo-ry of the Fa-ther, And the



REFRAIN.



clasping of the hands! What a glo-ry in the welcome, in the welcome,

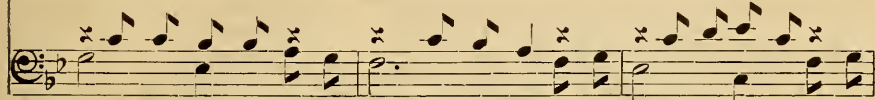


What a glo-ry in the wel - - come, And the

THE GLORY OF THE WELCOME.



And the clasp ing of the hands, of the hands, And the welcome,



clasp - ing of the hands, And the wel - come of the

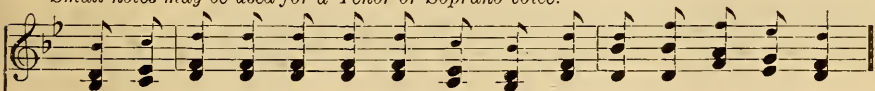


of the Fa - ther, in the sin - less sum - mer lands, summer lands;

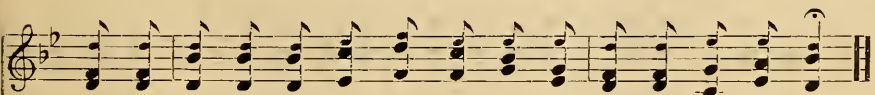


Fa - ther, in the sin - less sum - mer lands, sum - mer lands;

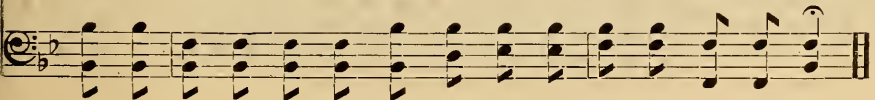
Small notes may be used for a Tenor or Soprano voice.



What a glo - ry in the king - dom, When the toil of life is o'er!



What a glo - ry of the right - eous, On the bright e - ter - nal shore!

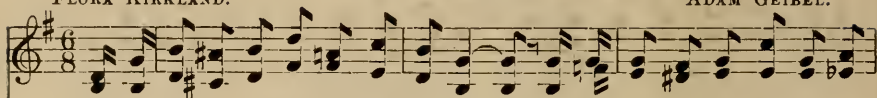


No. 114. O BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM OF PITY!

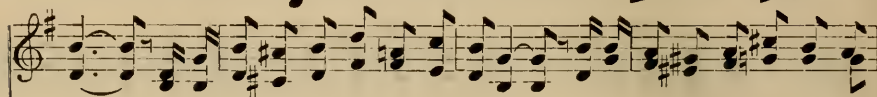
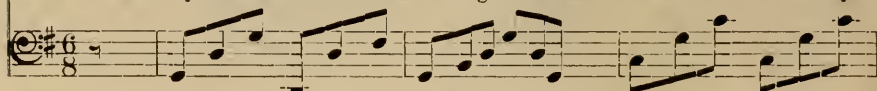
(SOLO OR DUET.)

FLORA KIRKLAND.

ADAM GEIBEL.



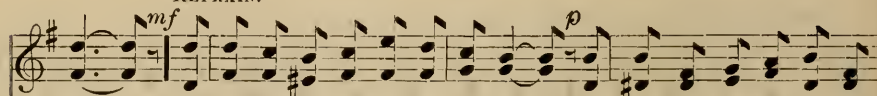
1. There's a beau-ti - ful blossom called Pit - y, . And it grew in a heav-en - ly
2. In His love and His pit - y He sought us, . The Re-deem-er and lov-er of
3. See the mul-ti-tude thronging a-round Him! See His beau-ti - ful pit - y - ing
4. And to - day there are ten-der hearts car - ing . For the sick ones in ev - er - y



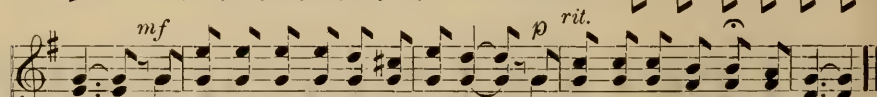
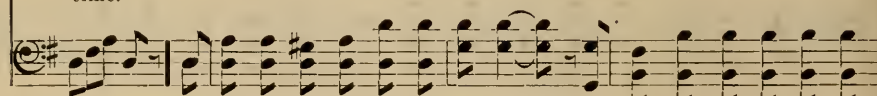
cline; But it bloom'd in the lifetime of Je - sus, On the sor-row-ful low-lands of
all; . And He found us and bought us for heaven, . And He help-eth us now when we
love . Flowing forth in His mar-vels of heal-ing, Shedding perfume from heav-en a -
cline; 'Tis the seed from the blossom of Pit - y, . Taking root in the low-lands of



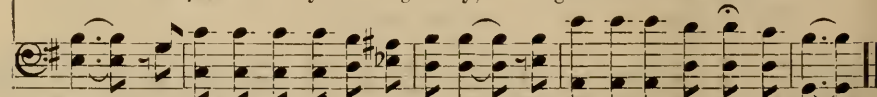
REFRAIN.



time. O, beau-ti - ful blos-som of Pit - y! . A flow'r from a heav-en - ly
call.
bove.
time.



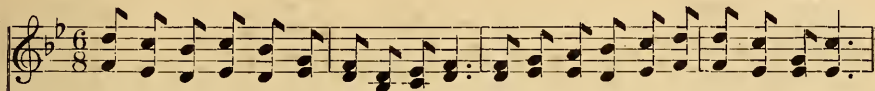
cline! Transplant-ed from yonder bright cit-y, . It grows in the low-lands of time.



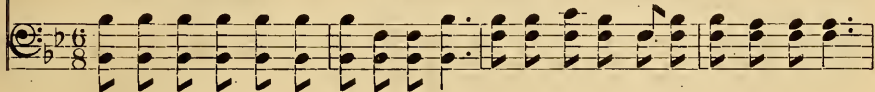
No. 115. ONWARD AND UPWARD.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.



1. Onward and upward, go forth in thy might, Onward and upward for God and the right;
2. Onward! the prize and high calling to win; Onward, for Je - sus and vic-t'ry o'ersin;
3. Upward, look upward, O mor-tal and see, Je-sus is standing and pleading for thee;



Onward and upward from darkness to light, Bravely and cheerfully, Christian, press on.
Onward! the work of the Mas-ter be-gin; Brave-ly and cheerfully, Christian, press on.
Upward, yes, up-ward, look now and be free; Brave-ly and cheerfully, Christian, press on.



REFRAIN.

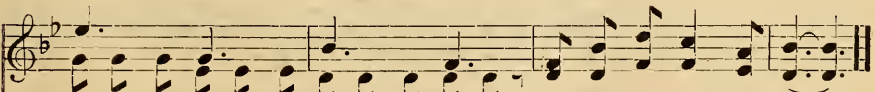
On - - ward, up - - ward,



Onward and upward, yes, onward and upward, yes, Bravely and cheerful-ly go;



On - - ward, up - - ward,



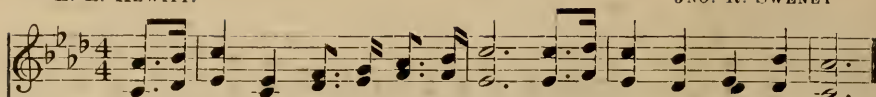
Onward and upward, yes, on-ward and upward, God and the right to know.



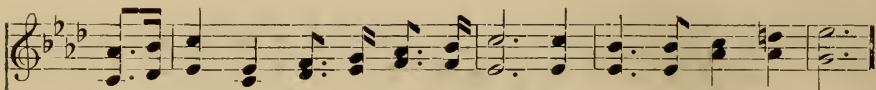
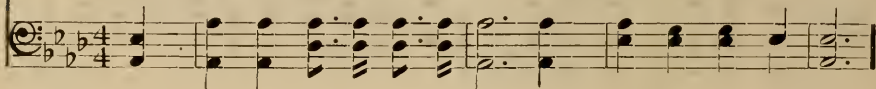
No. 116. SUNSHINE IN MY SOUL.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY



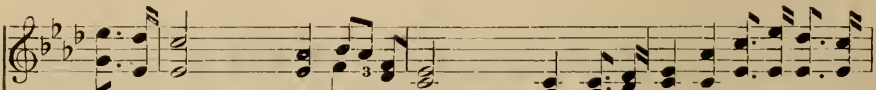
1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright,
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near.
4. There's glad - ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



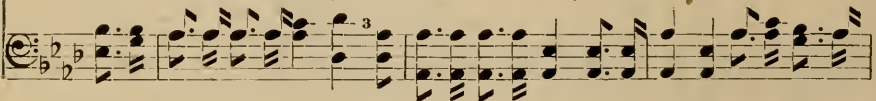
Than glows in a - ny earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up," a - bove.



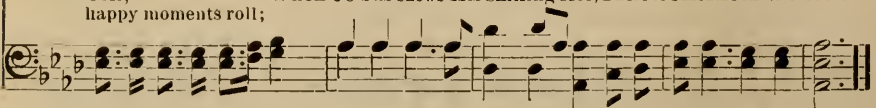
REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful hap - py mo - ments
 sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,

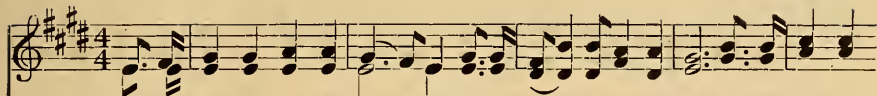


roll; When Je - sus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in the soul.
 happy moments roll;

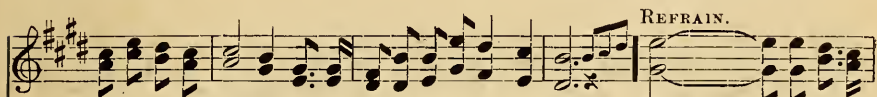
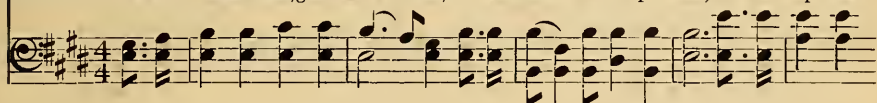


J. M. D.

JOHN M. DYE.



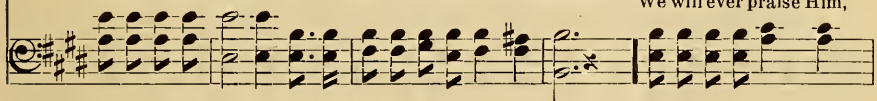
1. We would thank Thee, heav'nly Fa - ther, For the blessings of our past days; And our hearts to-
2. We would thank Thee for Thy guid-ance, Thou hast kept us from day to day; For our com-mon
3. We would thank Thee, gracious Fa - ther, Life and health we still pos-sess; Now ac-cept the



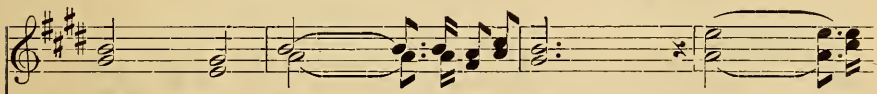
REFRAIN.

day o'erflow with gladness, Unto Thee, we render grateful praise.
 good, dear Lord, we thank Thee, Thou wilt ever be our shield and stay.
 trib-ute, Lord, we bring Thee, We Thy holy name with praises bless.

Praise . . Him, ev-er

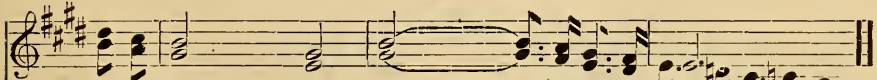
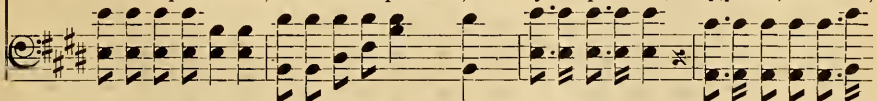


We will ever praise Him,



praise Him, And . . His love proclaim, Glo - - ry,

We will ev-er praise Him, And His love proclaim, His ho-ly love proclaim, Glory, praise, and honor,



praise and hon - or Be . . . un-to His name, (His ho - ly name.)

glo - ry, Glo-ry, praise and honor Be un-to His name, To His ho - ly name.



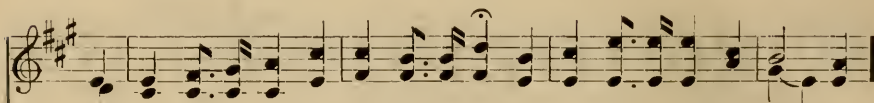
No. 118. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. The light of the world is Je - sus ! It shines with a radiance beaming so bright,
2. The light of the world is Je - sus ! Ef - ful-gent its rays and lustrous its shine,
3. The light of the world is Je - sus ! Tho' rough be my path and long be the way,

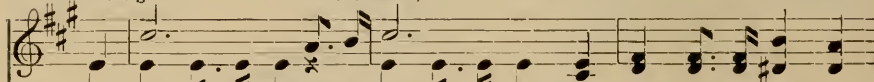


Dis - pell - ing the gloom and dark-ness of night, The light of the world is Je - sus !
 No clouds can obscure its beams so di-vine, The light of the world is Je - sus !
 It leads to those man - sions " fair-er than day," The light of the world is Je - sus !



REFRAIN.

The light of the world,



The light of the world, light of the world, The light of the world is



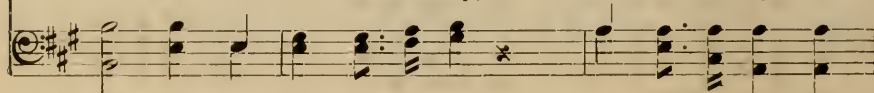
It shines

on the way,



Je - sus ! It shines on the way,

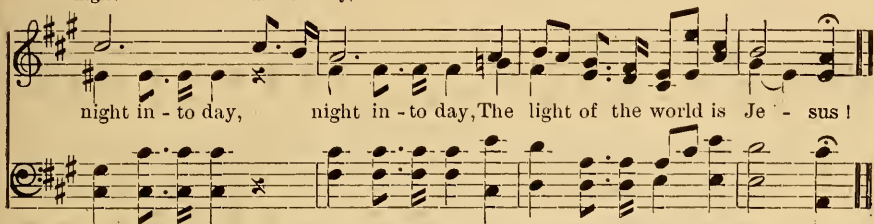
shines on the way, Turns



THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.

night

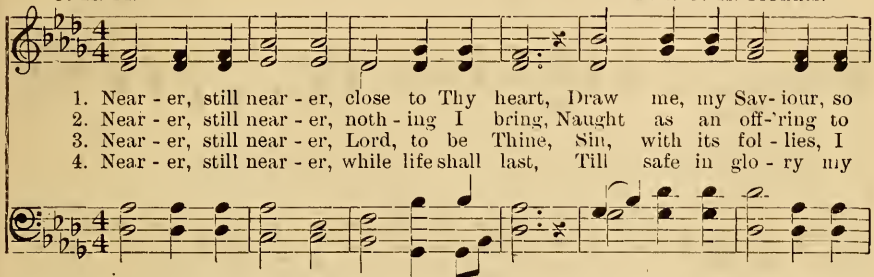
in - to day,



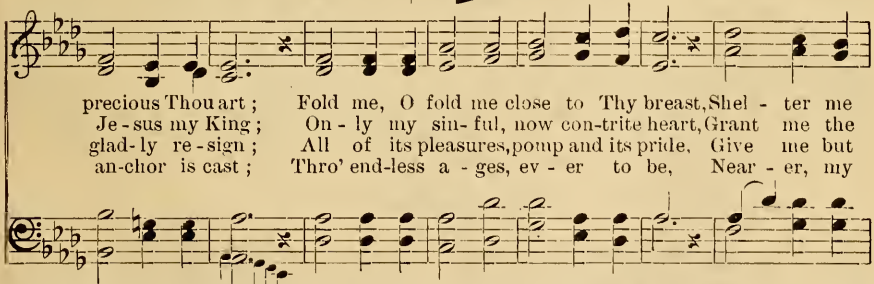
No. 119. NEARER, STILL NEARER.

C. H. M.

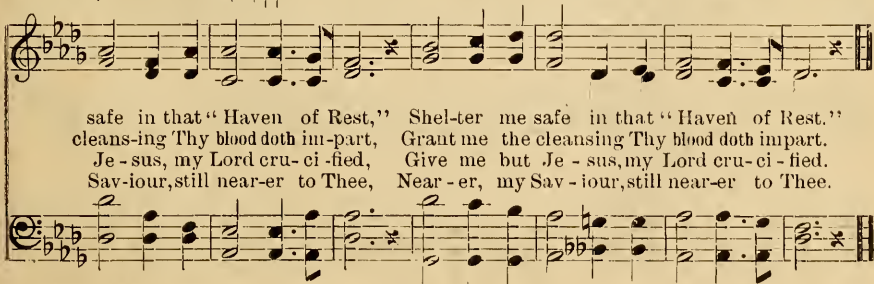
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my



precious Thou art ; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me
Je - sus my King ; On - ly my sin - ful, now con - trite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign ; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast ; Thro' end - less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my



safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth im - part, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee, Near - er, my Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee.

No. 120. 'Twill BE GLORY BY AND BY.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. My Redeem-er has gone to pre-pare, (in the sky,) Blessed mansions of rest by and
 2. I've no treasures to bind me be-low, (here below,) In this land full of sor-row and
 3. I shall sing home at last by and by, (by and by,) And my voice will be tuned to the

by; (by and by;) Soon He'll call me home to rest with the ransomed and the blest, For it
 woe; (here be-low;) All my treasures are a-bove in that land of peace and love. Soon I'll
 lyre; (heav'nly lyre;) Then my song shall ev-er be, home at rest beyond the sea, It will

REFRAIN.

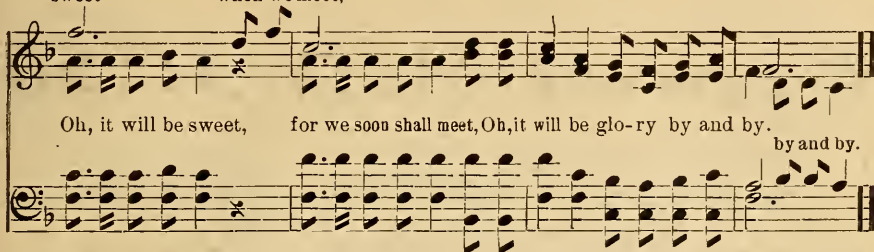
How I long for that
 all will be glo-ry by and by. (by and by.) How I long for rest
 go and shall rest for ev-er-more. (ev-er-more.)
 all soon be glo-ry by and by. (by and by.)

rest, In the home of the blest, 'Twill be
 with the good and blest, In that home of rest, with the good and blest,

'T'WILL BE GLORY BY AND BY.

sweet

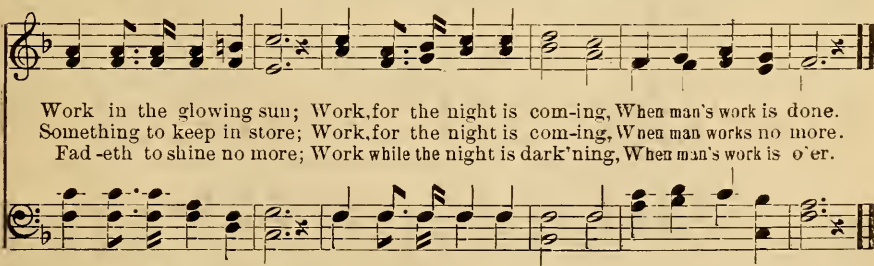
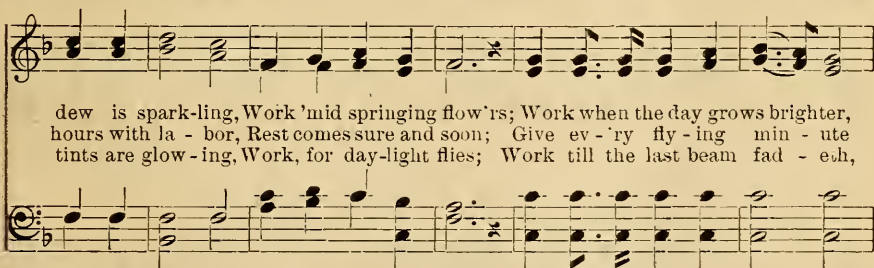
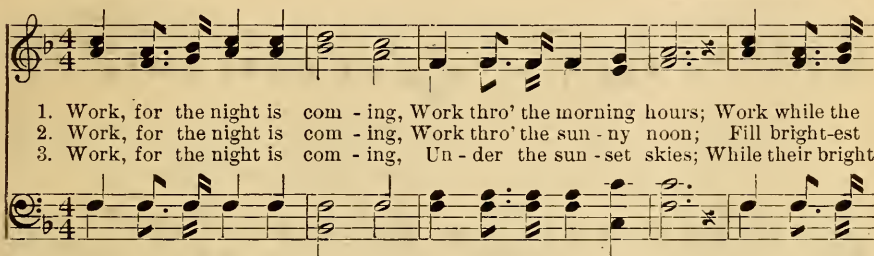
when we meet,



No. 121. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

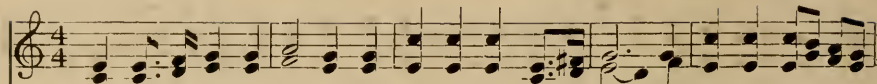
SIDNEY DYER.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

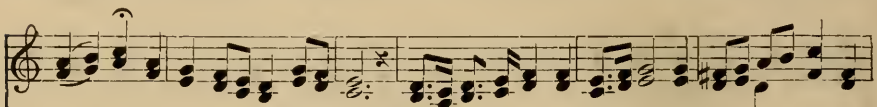
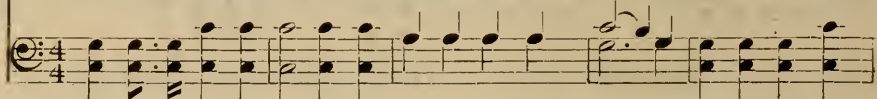


KATE HANKEY.

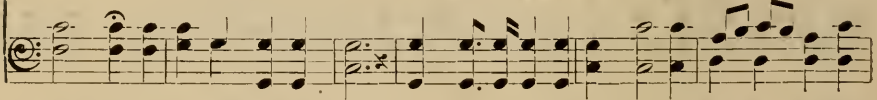
W. H. DOANE.



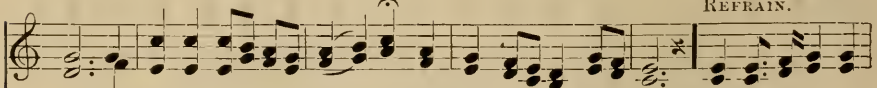
1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in — That won - der - ful re -
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Re - mem - ber, I'm the
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty



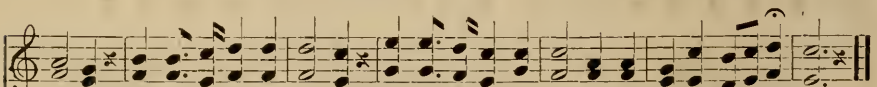
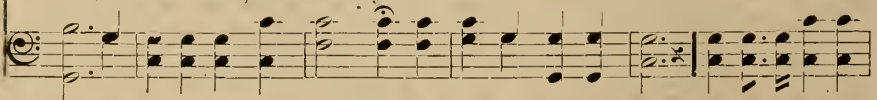
glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle
 demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so
 sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me that sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly
 glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glory Is drawing on my



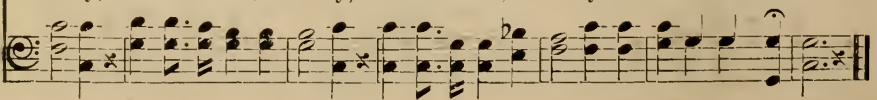
REFRAIN.



child; For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old
 soon; The ear - ly dew of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.
 be, In a - ny time of trou - ble, A com - fort - er to me.
 soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."



story, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



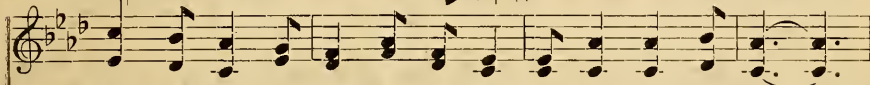
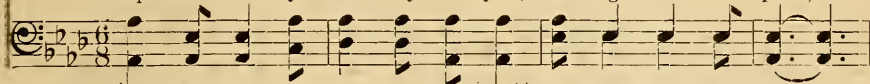
No. 123. WAITING AT THE POOL.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

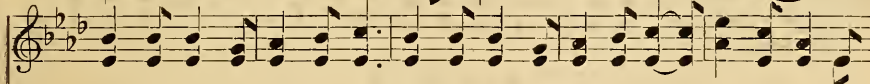
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. Thou-sands stand to-day in sor-row, Wait-ing at the pool ; .
2. Souls, your filth-y gar-ments wear-ing, Wait-ing at the pool ; .
3. Thou-sands once were stand-ing near you, Wait-ing at the pool ; .
4. Moth-er leaves the son, the daugh-ter, Wait-ing at the pool ; .
5. Step in bold-ly—death may smite you, Wait-ing at the pool ; .



Say-ing they will wash to-mor-row, Wait-ing at the pool ; .
 Hearts, your hea-vy bur-den bear-ing, Wait-ing at the pool ; .
 Come their voi-ces back to cheer you, Wait-ing at the pool ; .
 Calls to them a-cross the wa-ter, Wait-ing at the pool ; .
 Je-sus may no more in-vite you, Wait-ing at the pool ; .



Oth-ers step in left and right, Wash their stain-ed gar-ments white, Leaving you in
 Can it be you nev-er heard, Je-sus long a-go hath stirred The waters with His
 Back from Canaan's happy shore, Sorrows past and la-bor o'er, Where they stand in
 You can nev-er more embrace Moth-er, or be-hold her face, If you keep the
 Faith is near you, take her hand, Seek with her the bet-ter land, And no lon-ger



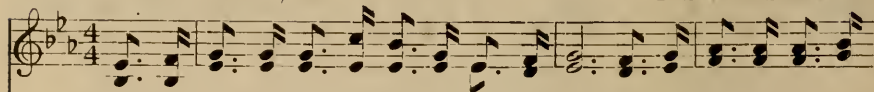
sorrow's night, Waiting at the pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.
 might-y word, Waiting at the pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.
 tears no more, Waiting at the pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.
 leper's place, Waiting at the pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.
 doubting stand, Waiting at the pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.



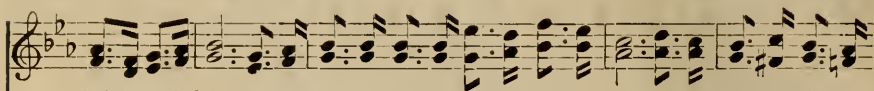
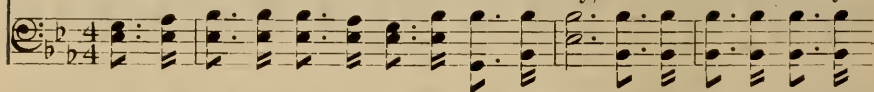
No. 124. THE SKIES ARE ALWAYS BRIGHT UP THERE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

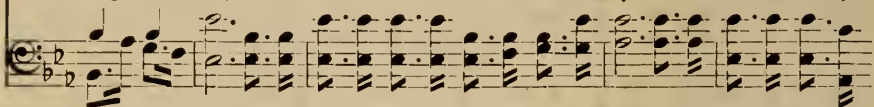
FRANK B. SMITH.



1. Though the shadows gath - er o'er our pathway here, Tho' the day may not be
2. If our hearts are breaking o'er some loved one gone, Still we smile thro' grief and
3. Night ne'er draws her curtains o'er that peaceful shore, There 'tis light for-ev - er,
4. So thro' clouds and shadows we will wend our way, Till we reach that cit - y



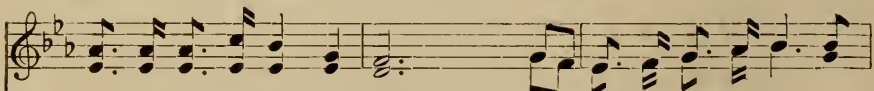
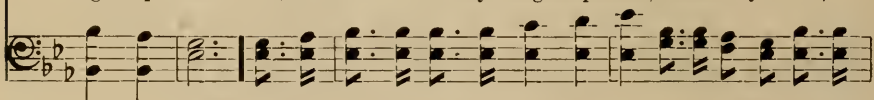
bright and fair, Yet the tho't of heaven brings us hope and cheer, For the skies are always
dark de - spair, For we'll know no sor-row in that golden dawn, For the skies are always
ev - 'ry-where: There the gloom of midnight we shall know no more, For the skies are always
bright and fair, Then we'll rest for-ev - er in those realms of day, For the skies are always



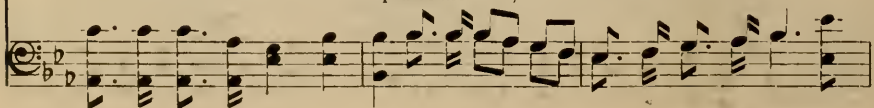
REFRAIN.




bright up there. Oh, the skies are al-ways bright up there, hal-le-lu - jah! Yes, the



skies are al-ways bright up there, No storm-clouds hov-er o'er the
praise the Lord,



THE SKIES ARE ALWAYS BRIGHT UP THERE.



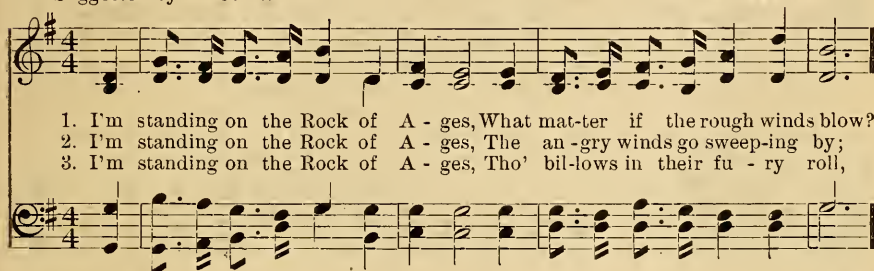
cit - y of our God, For the skies are always bright up there. (are bright up there.)

No. 125. I'M STANDING ON THE ROCK OF AGES.

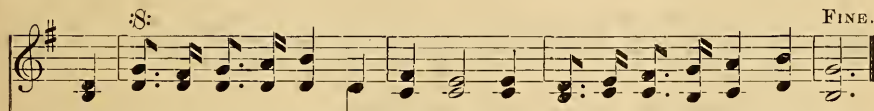
BIRDIE BELL.

Suggested by A. J. R.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

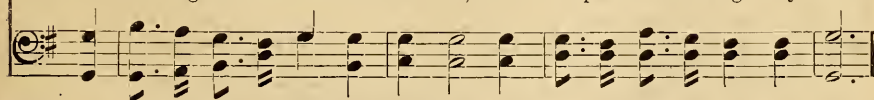


1. I'm standing on the Rock of A - ges, What mat - ter if the rough winds blow?
 2. I'm standing on the Rock of A - ges, The an - gry winds go sweep - ing by;
 3. I'm standing on the Rock of A - ges, Tho' bil - lows in their fu - ry roll,



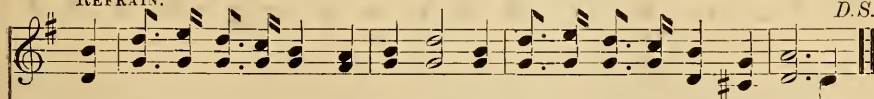
FINE.

I'm fear - ing not the storms which gath - er, There's safe - ty with the Lord I know.
 No storm can shake the Rock be - neath me, I'm sing - ing as the waves dash high.
 I'm trust - ing in the Lord for - ev - er, No tem - pest can af - fright my soul.



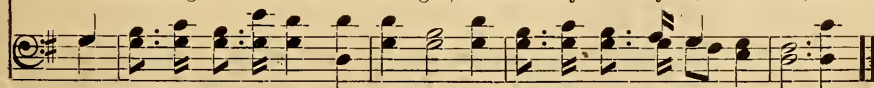
D.S. *sur - ing waves will not o'er - whelm me, I'm fear - ing neith - er wind nor tide.*

REFRAIN.



D.S.

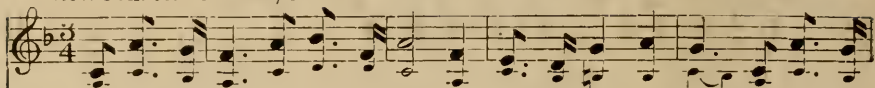
I'm standing on the Rock of A - ges, In safe - ty I may here a - bide; The



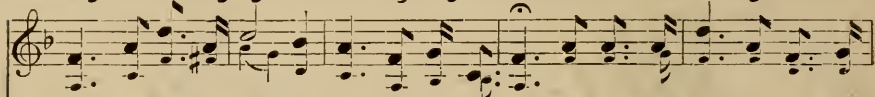
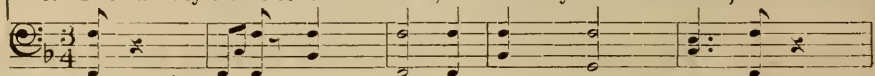
No. 126. SONGS THAT MOTHER SANG.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. D. PATTON.

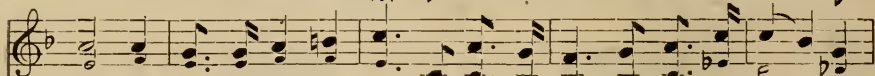
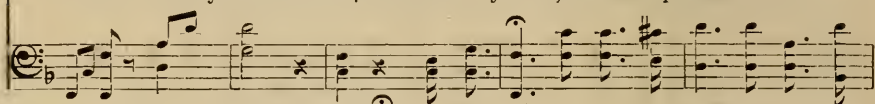


1. I love to think of oth - er days, Of years that come no more, When I en -
2. When win - ter made the earth seem bare, And eve - nings then were long, I used to
3. My moth - er loved her fam - ily well, But lov'd her Sav - iour more; And she has
4. Tho' friends may gath - er round me here, Friends who are true and kind; Yet such a
5. I've had my trou - bles on life's road, I've had my doubts and fears; Tho' sor - row

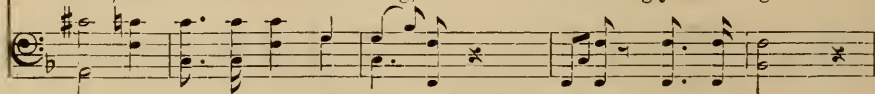


joy'd my child-hood plays, Be - side my moth - er's door; And thro' the chambers of my
stand be - side her chair To hear some sa - cred song; When from her voice so rich and
gone with Him to dwell On that ce - les - tial shore. Oh, how her dear face used to
friend as moth - er dear On earth I'll nev - er find. But here the best of friends must

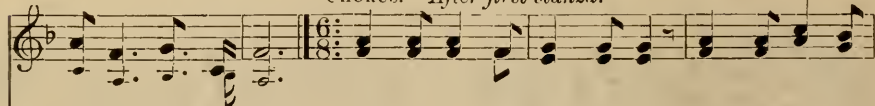
I have borne my load While hope has dried my tears; For tears up there will nev - er



soul Sweet ech - oes seem to ring; Once more that old hymn seems to roll That
clear, The sweet - est mu - sic rang; Methinks the an - gels hov - er'd near To
shine, Re - mind - ing one of spring, As when in notes al - most di - vine My
part, Tho' close - ly we may cling, I learn'd in child-hood this in part When
flow, Sin there will leave no sting, I learn'd of this long years a - go When

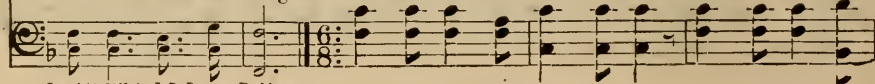


CHORUS. *After first stanza.*



moth - er used to sing.
hear when moth - er sang.
moth - er used to sing.
moth - er used to sing.
moth - er used to sing.

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest



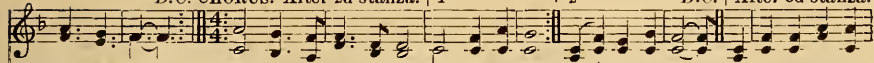
SONGS THAT MOTHER SANG.

D.C. CHORUS. After 2d stanza.

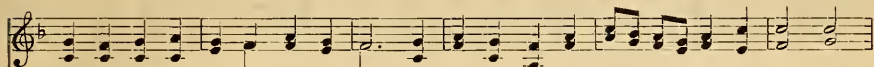
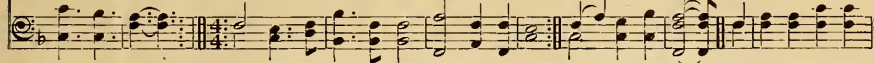
1

2

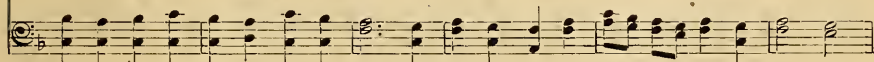
CHORUS.
After 3d stanza.



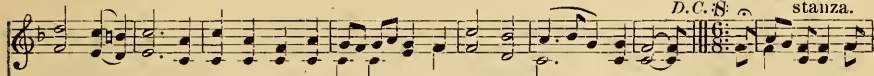
bos-om fly, . Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee;
still is high. E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit. . .) That raiseth me! All hail the pow'r of



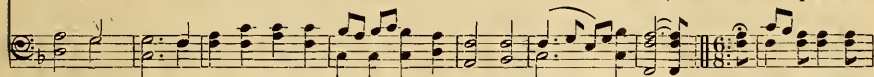
Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him



CHORUS. After 4th stanza.



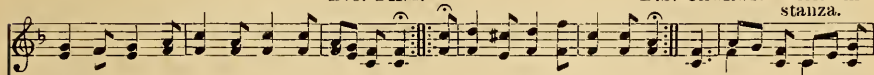
Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all. { My Christian friends in
Your friendship's like a



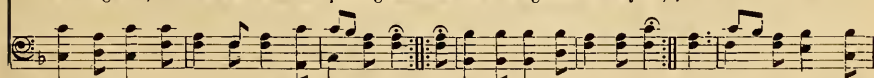
D.S. Yet when I see that

D.C. FINE.

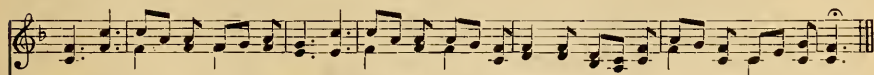
D.S. CHORUS. After 5th stanza.



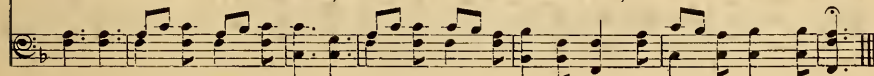
bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweet-est un-ion join, Your company's sweet, your union dear,
draw-ing band, Yet we must take the part-ing hand. Your words de-light-ful to my ear, } There'll be no sor-row



we must part, You draw, like cords around my heart.



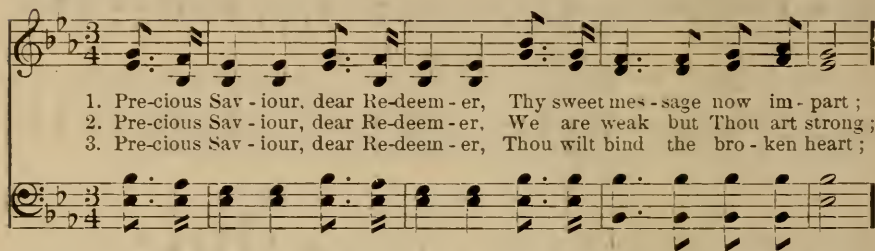
there. There'll be no sor-row there, In heav'n a-bove where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.



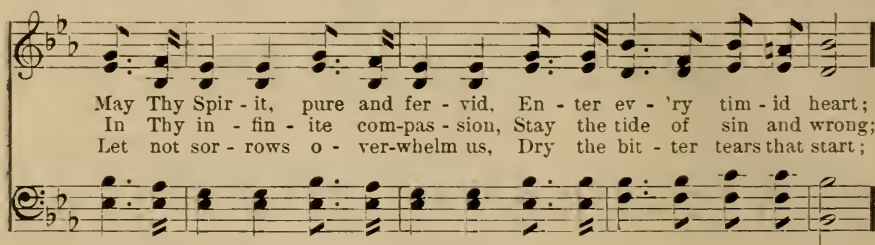
No. 127. PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, DEAR REDEEMER.

H. R. P.

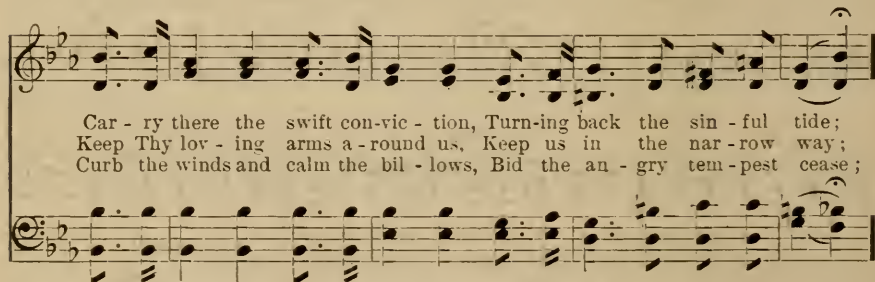
H. R. PALMER.



1. Pre-cious Sav - iour, dear Re-deem - er, Thy sweet mes - sage now im - part ;
 2. Pre-cious Sav - iour, dear Re-deem - er, We are weak but Thou art strong ;
 3. Pre-cious Sav - iour, dear Re-deem - er, Thou wilt bind the bro - ken heart ;



May Thy Spir - it, pure and fer - vid, En - ter ev - 'ry tim - id heart ;
 In Thy in - fin - ite com - pas - sion, Stay the tide of sin and wrong ;
 Let not sor - rows o - ver - whelm us, Dry the bit - ter tears that start ;



Car - ry there the swift con - vic - tion, Turn - ing back the sin - ful tide ;
 Keep Thy lov - ing arms a - round us, Keep us in the nar - row way ;
 Curb the winds and calm the bil - lows, Bid the an - gry tem - pest cease ;

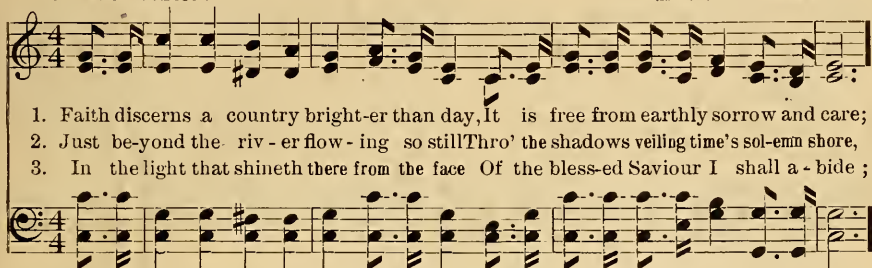


Pre-cious Sav-iour, dear Re-deem-er, May each soul in Thee a - bide.
 Pre-cious Sav-iour, dear Re-deem-er, Let us nev - er from Thee stray.
 Pre-cious Sav-iour, dear Re-deem-er, Grant us ev - er - last - ing peace. A - MEN.

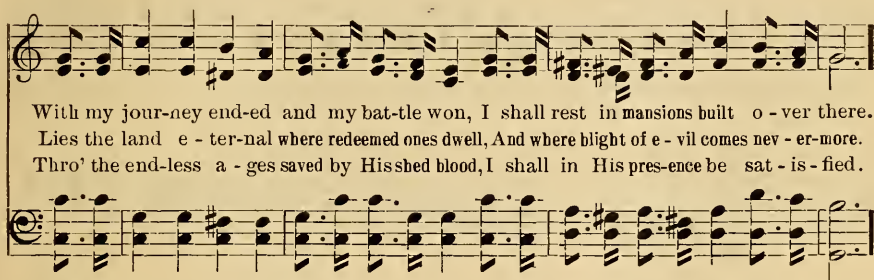
No. 128. FAITH DISCERNS A COUNTRY.

JENNIE WILSON.

B. N. HULTSMAN.

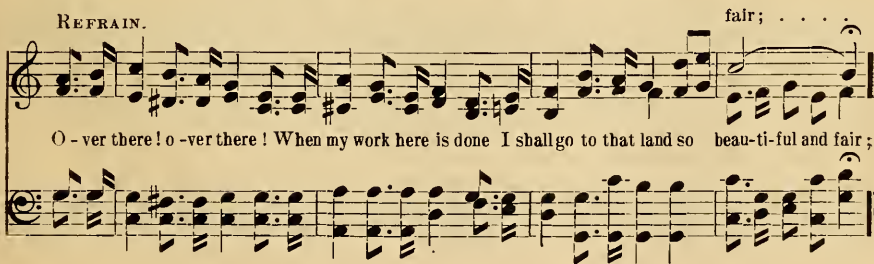


1. Faith discerns a country bright-er than day, It is free from earthly sorrow and care;
 2. Just be-yond the riv - er flow - ing so still Thro' the shadows veiling time's sol-enn shore,
 3. In the light that shineth there from the face Of the bless-ed Saviour I shall a - bid;

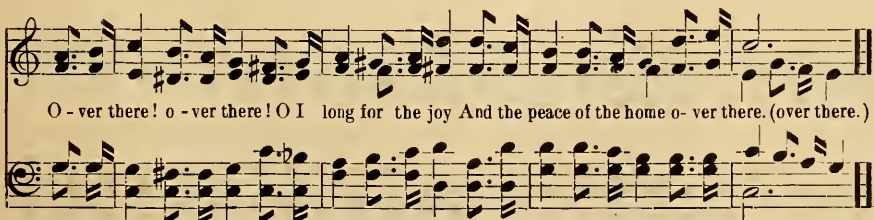


With my jour-ney end-ed and my bat-tle won, I shall rest in mansions built o - ver there.
 Lies the land e - ter-nal where redeemed ones dwell, And where blight of e - vil comes nev - er more.
 Thro' the end-less a - ges saved by His shed blood, I shall in His pres-ence be sat - is - fied.

REFRAIN.



O - ver there! o - ver there! When my work here is done I shall go to that land so beau-ti-ful and fair;



O - ver there! o - ver there! O I long for the joy And the peace of the home o - ver there. (over there.)

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. 'Mid the bil-lows of temp-ta-tion, on the rest-less sea of life, When the threat'ning
 2. O how sweet the ten-der pit-y of our hu-man-hearted Lord! At His word our
 3. Tem-pest-tost, yet worn and wea-ry, ye who pine in sore distress, Yield in full sur-

waves with dread our spirits fill, If we on-ly look to Je-sus, o-ver all the din and
 souls with love and gladness thrill! He can understand each tri-al, He will re-a-dy help af-
 ren-der to His ho-ly will; He will save, and guide and keep you, He will ev-er cheer and

REFRAIN.

strife, We can hear Him calmly saying, "peace, be still." "Peace, be still, peace, be still, Peace, be
 ford,— On-ly hear Him calmly saying, "peace, be still."
 bless, You shall hear Him sweetly saying, "peace, be still."

still" the Saviour whispers, "peace, be still," He will let no ill be-tide, At His word the storms sub-

"PEACE, BE STILL."

side, "Peace, be still," the Saviour whispers, "peace, be still, Peace, be still, peace, be still, Peace, be still."

No. 130. THAT GRAND WORD, WHOSOEVER.

E. E. H.

E. E. HEWITT.

1. That grand word "whoso-ev-er" is ring-ing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev-er will may come;
2. When -ev-er this sweet message in God's own word I see, Who-so-ev-er will may come,
3. I heard the lov-ing message, and now to oth-ers say, Who-so-ev-er will may come;
4. To God be all the glo-ry! His on-ly Son He gave, Who-so-ev-er will may come;

In riv-ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing waters roll, Who-so-ev-er will may come.
 I know 'tis meant for sinners. I know 'tis meant for me, Who-so-ev-er will may come.
 Seek now the precious Saviour, and he'll be yours today, Who-so-ev-er will may come.
 And those who come believ-ing, He'll to the utmost save, Who-so-ev-er will may come.

D. S. The Saviour's in-vi-ta-tion is free-ly sound-ing still, Who-so-ev-er will may come.

REFRAIN.

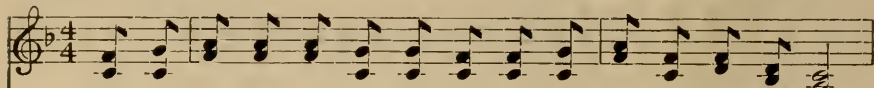
D. S.

O that "who - - so-ev - - er!" Who-so-ev-er will may come;
 Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will,

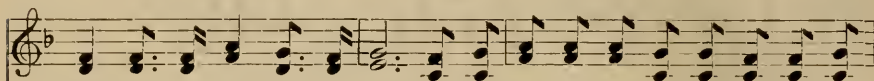
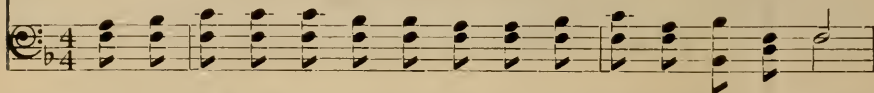
No. 131. SAVED BY THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

E. E. HEWITT.

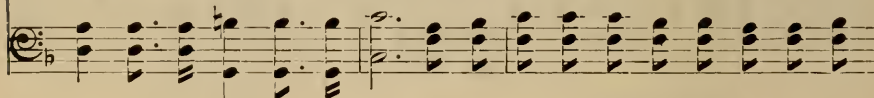
E. E. HEWITT.



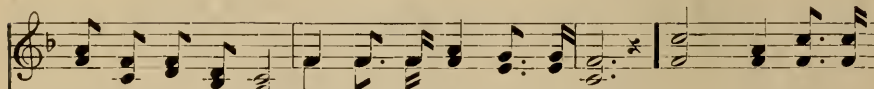
1. Praise the Lord for His sal - va - tion! sing His mer - cies full and free,
2. There is now no con - dem - na - tion, for He takes my sins a - way;
3. Out of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, there shall come a might - y throng,
4. In the house of ma - ny man - sions, there's a home for you and me,



Saved by the blood of the Lamb; 'Tis the Christian's shout of tri-umph, 'tis the
 Saved by the blood of the Lamb; In the com-fort of His Spir - it, I am
 Saved by the blood of the Lamb; When be-fore the throne they gather, they shall
 Saved by the blood of the Lamb; There we too shall join the cho - rus in love's



REFRAIN.



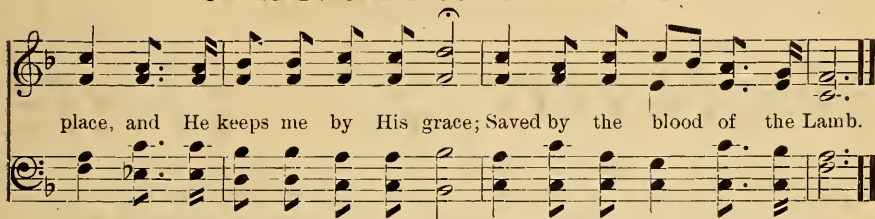
con-trite sin-ner's plea, Saved by the blood of the Lamb. Saved! saved by the
 walk-ing day by day, Saved by the blood of the Lamb.
 lift the joy - ful song, Saved by the blood of the Lamb.
 ev - er - last - ing key, Saved by the blood of the Lamb. Saved, I'm



blood of the Lamb; Saved, saved by the blood of the Lamb; He died in my
 Saved, I'm



SAVED BY THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.



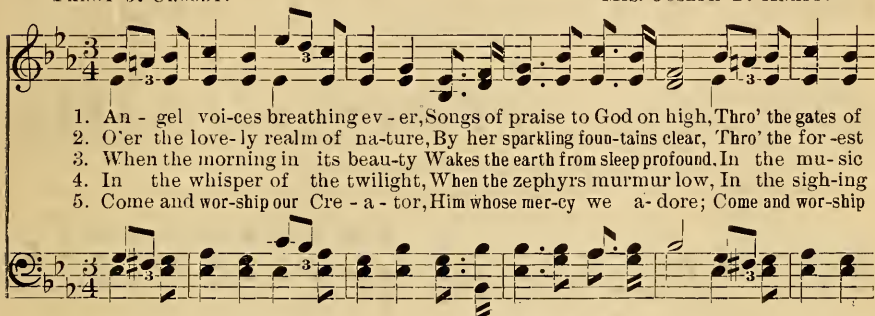
place, and He keeps me by His grace; Saved by the blood of the Lamb.

No. 132.

COME AND WORSHIP.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



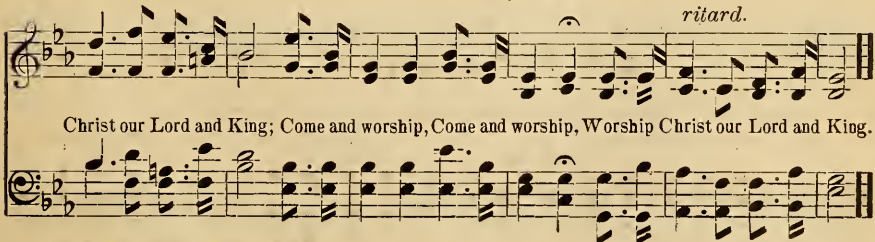
1. An - gel voi-ces breathing ev - er, Songs of praise to God on high, Thro' the gates of
2. O'er the love-ly realm of na-ture, By her sparkling foun-tains clear, Thro' the for-est
3. When the morning in its beau-ty Wakes the earth from sleep profound, In the mu-sic
4. In the whisper of the twilight, When the zephyrs murmur low, In the sigh-ing
5. Come and wor-ship our Cre - a - tor, Him whose mer-cy we a-dore; Come and wor-ship

REFRAIN.



light and glo - ry, Call us now from yon - der sky. Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship
and the val - ley, Still the earn - est call we hear.
of the song bird We can hear the grate - ful sound.
of the leaf - let, We can hear where'er we go.
our Re-deem - er, Sing and praise for - ev - er more.

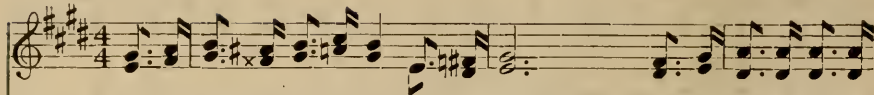
ritard.



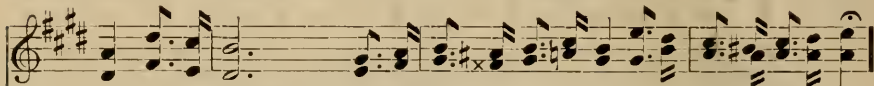
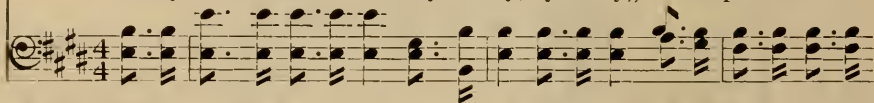
Christ our Lord and King; Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ our Lord and King.

BIRDIE BELL.

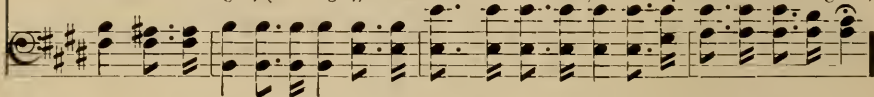
B. F. ROE.



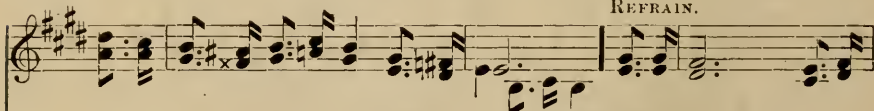
1. I have felt His guiding hand all the way, (all the way,) I have heard His sweet com-
2. When the clouds are dark o'erhead, He is near, (He is near,) When the road is rough I
3. To my Fa-ther's house I'll come by and by, (by and by,) For the promised rest at



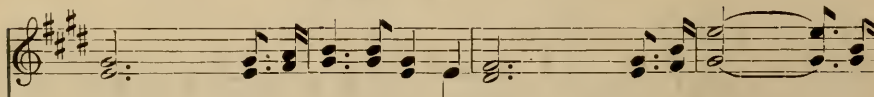
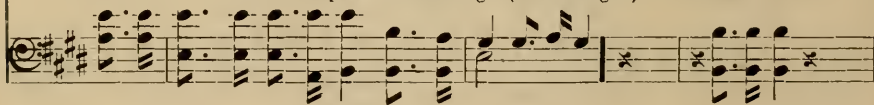
mand day by day ; (day by day ;) He has made my heart re-joice As I lis-ten to His voice,
tread, He doth cheer ; (He doth cheer ;) I can trust my heav'nly Guide, As I jour-ney at His side,
home oft I sigh ; (oft I sigh ;) I shall see Him face to face, Then I'll praise His love and grace,



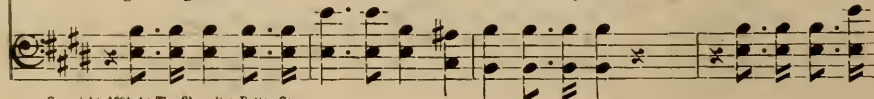
REFRAIN.



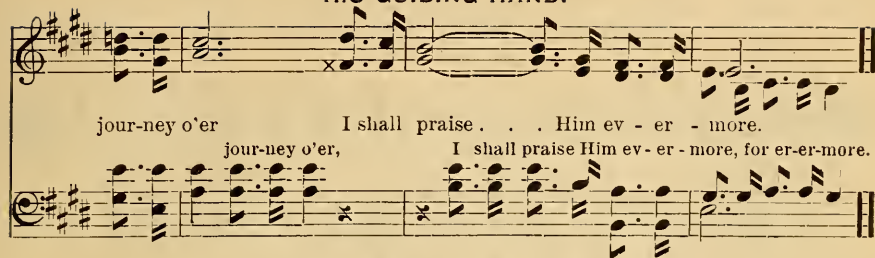
"Make the nar - row path thy choice and obey." (and obey.) Blessed hand ! guiding
And what-ev - er may be-tide, I'll not fear. (I'll not fear.)
Which have led me to that place—home on high ! (home on high !) Blessed hand !



hand ! Lead-ing to the heav'nly land, Where the wea - - ry
guid-ing hand ! heav'n-ly land, Where the wea-ry



HIS GUIDING HAND.



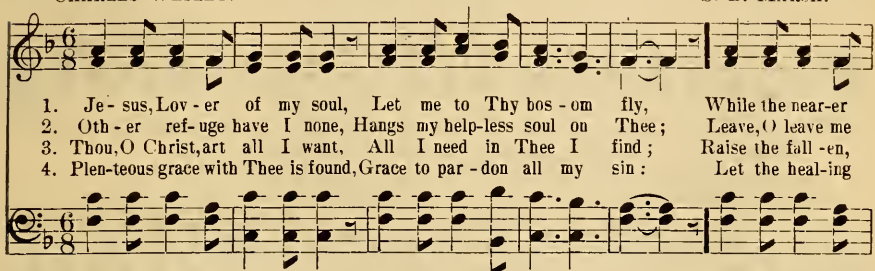
jour-ney o'er I shall praise . . . Him ev - er - more.
 jour-ney o'er, I shall praise Him ev - er - more, for er-er-more.

No. 134.

MARTYN.

CHARLES WESLEY.

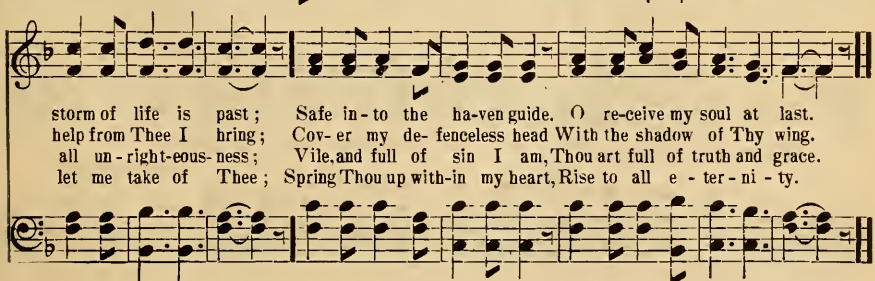
S. B. MARSH.



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, While the near-er
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee; Leave, O leave me
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, All I need in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en,
 4. Plen-tuous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin: Let the heal-ing



wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high ! Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the
 not a - lone, Still support and com-fort me : All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
 cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
 streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the Foun-tain art ; Free-ly



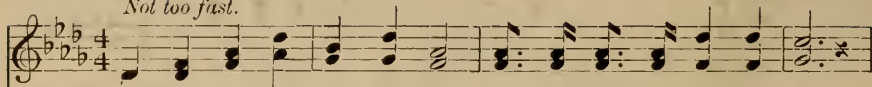
storm of life is past ; Safe in-to the ha - ven guide. O re - ceive my soul at last.
 help from Thee I bring ; Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
 all un - right - eous - ness ; Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 let me take of Thee ; Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 135. LET THE BLESSED SUNLIGHT IN.

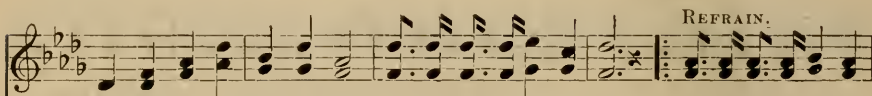
A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

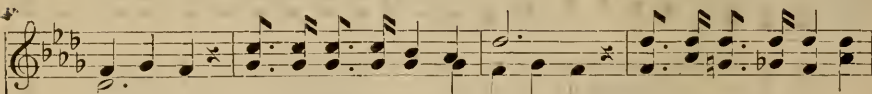
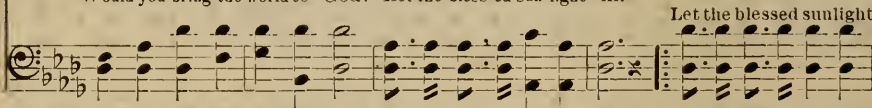
Not too fast.



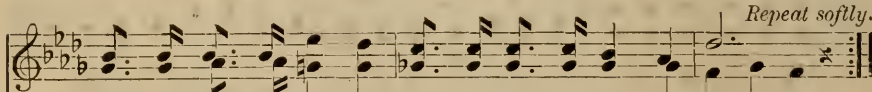
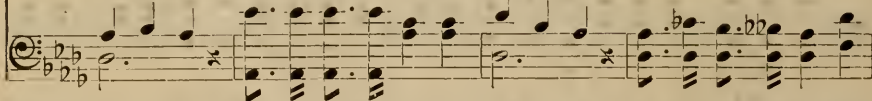
1. Would you al - ways cheer - ful be ? Let the bless - ed sun - light in ;
2. Would you bright - en drear - y days ? Let the bless - ed sun - light in ;
3. Would you ease a bur - dened heart ? Let the bless - ed sun - light in ;
4. Would you speed the truth a - broad ? Let the bless - ed sun - light in ;



Would you bid the dark - ness flee ? Let the bless - ed sun - light in. Let the blessed sunlight,
 Would you fill your heart with praise ? Let the bless - ed sun - light in.
 Would you joy and strength impart ? Let the bless - ed sun - light in.
 Would you bring the world to God ? Let the bless - ed sun - light in.



sun - light in ! Let the bless - ed sun - light in ! Would you nev - er wea - ry
 in ! Let the bless - ed sun - light, sun - light in !



When the days are drear - y ? Let the bless - ed sun - light in !
 sun - light in !



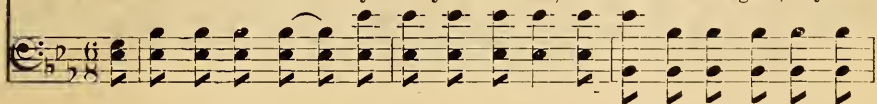
No. 136. YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

W. T. SLEEPER.

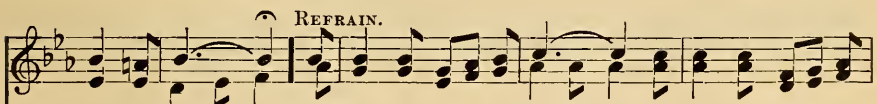
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



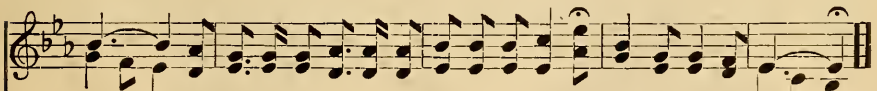
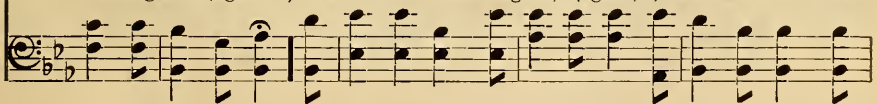
1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal -
2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word, So sol - emn - ly ut - tered by
3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the ransomed the
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At beau - ti - ful gate, may be



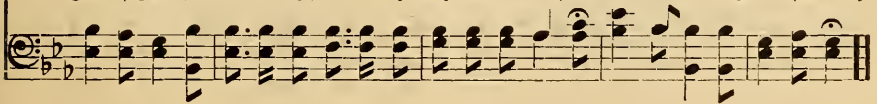
va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an - swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be
Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes - sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be
song of the blest; The life ev - er - last - ing if you would ob - tain, "Ye must be
watch - ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be



born again." (again.) "Ye must be born a gain," (again,) "Ye must be born a -

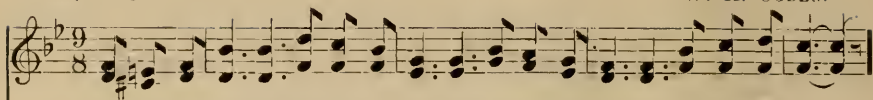


gain, (again,) I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un - to thee, Ye must be born again." (again.)

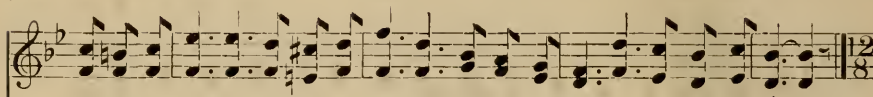
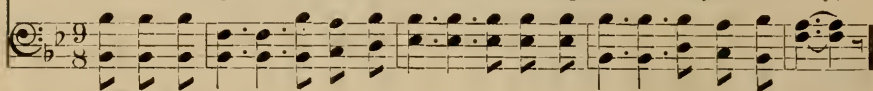


W. A. O.

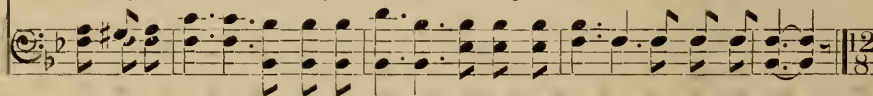
W. A. OGDEN.



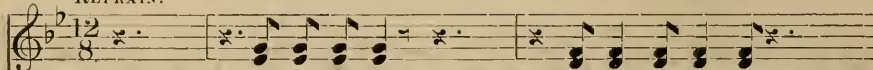
1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kindly en-treat-ing Wanderers on the mountain a - stray ;
2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore ;
3. Thus I would go on missions of mer - cy, Follow-ing Christ from day un - to day ;



“Come un-to Me,” His message repeating, Words of the Mas-ter speaking to - day.
 Leading them forth in ways of sal-va-tion, Showing the path to life ev - er - more.
 Cheering the faint, and raising the fall-en; Pointing the lost to Je - sus the way.



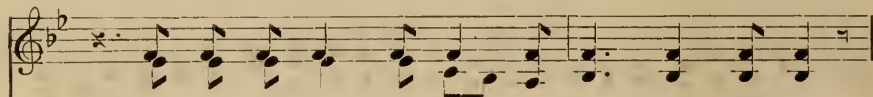
REFRAIN.



Go - ing a - far up - on the mountain,



Go - ing a - far up - on the moun - tain, . . . Bring-ing the



Bring - ing the wan - d'r'er back a - gain, back a - gain,



wan - - - - - d'r'er back a - gain,

SEEKING THE LOST.

In - to the fold of my Redeem - er,

In - to the fold of my Re - deem - er, Je - sus, the

Je - sus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sin - ners slain.

Lamb for sin - ners slain.

No. 138. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

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

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

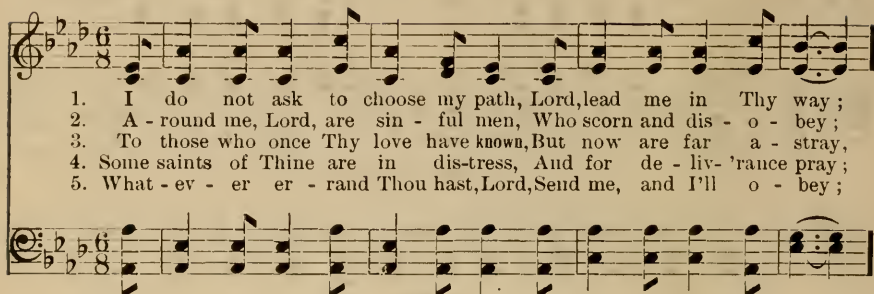
- 2 He will save you.
- 3 Oh, believe Him.
- 4 He is able.
- 5 He is willing.
- 6 He'll receive you.
- 7 Call upon Him.
- 8 He will hear you.

- 9 Look unto Him.
10. He'll forgive you.
- 11 Only trust Him.
- 12 Jesus loves you.
- 13 Don't reject Him.
- 14 I believe Him.
- 15 Hallelujah, Amen.

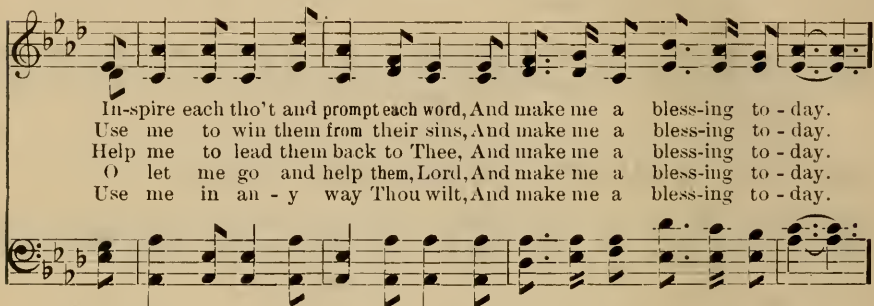
No. 139. MAKE ME A BLESSING TO-DAY.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

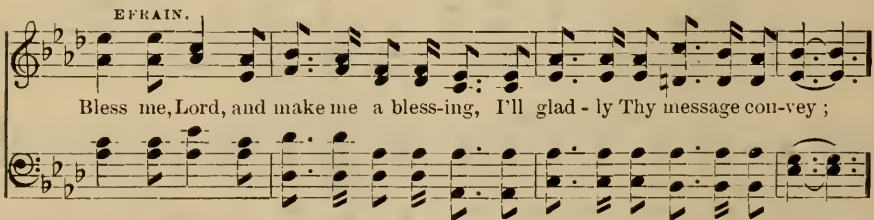


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in Thy way ;
 2. A - round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey ;
 3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far a - stray,
 4. Some saints of Thine are in dis-tress, And for de - liv - rance pray ;
 5. What - ev - er er - rand Thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey ;

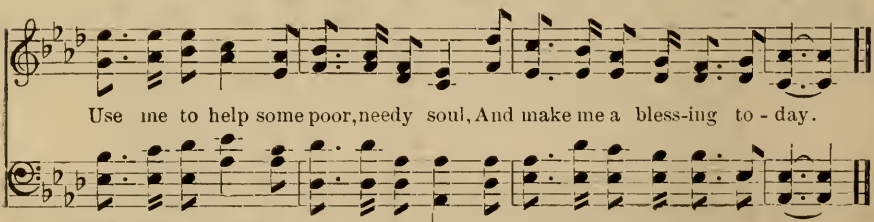


In-spire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
 Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
 Help me to lead them back to Thee, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
 O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
 Use me in an - y way Thou wilt, And make me a bless-ing to - day.

REFRAIN.



Bless me, Lord, and make me a bless-ing, I'll glad - ly Thy message con-vey ;

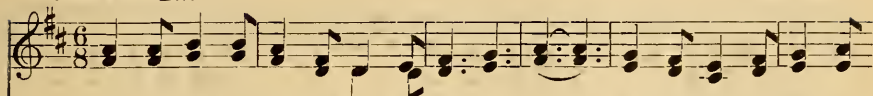


Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a bless-ing to - day.

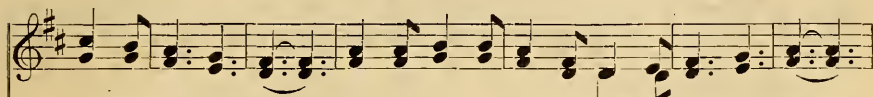
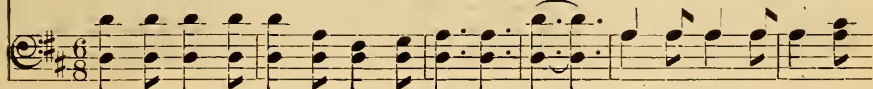
No. 140. ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

D. B. TOWNER.



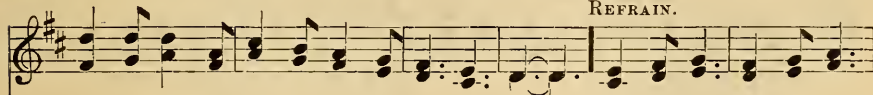
1. A - nywhere with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, . A - nywhere He leads me
 2. A - nywhere with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may fail me,
 3. A - nywhere with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning shadows



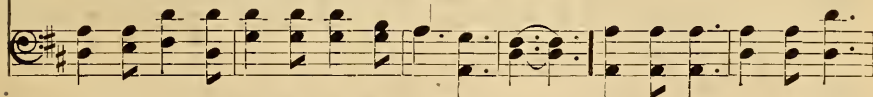
in this world be - low ; A - nywhere without Him, dearest joys would fade,
 He is still my own ; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver drear - est ways,
 round a - bout me creep ; Know - ing I shall wak - en nev - er more to roam,



REFRAIN.



A - ny - where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid. A - ny - where ! a - nywhere !
 A - ny - where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
 A - ny - where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

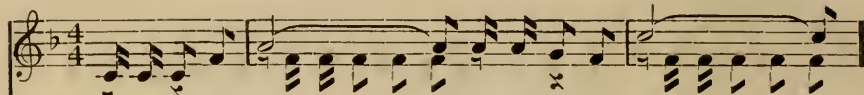


Fear I can - not know, A - ny - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go . . .


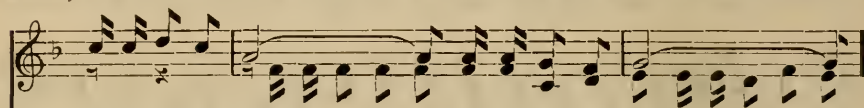


A. J. S.

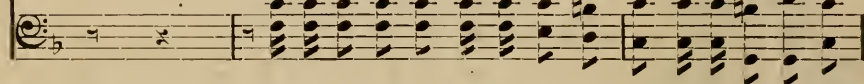
A. J. SHOWALTER.



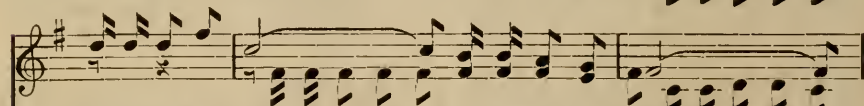
1. We are sail - ing on..... to the Promised Land,.....
 2. Tho' the waves roll high..... as we on - ward sail,.....
 3. There's a light a - gleam..... on the dark - est night,.....
 1. We are sail - ing on..... to the Promised Land,


And our Pi - lot steers..... with a stead - y hand,.....
 Tho' our ship is tossed..... by the fu - rious gale,.....
 For His bless - ed Word..... is a bea - con bright,.....
 And our Pi - lot steers..... with a stead - y hand,




We shall reach the port..... on the oth - er shore,.....
 We can rest se - cure,..... for the Lord will keep,.....
 So we hoist our sails..... to the fresh - 'ning breeze,.....
 We shall reach the port..... on the oth - er shore,

Meet the saved of earth..... who have gone be - fore,.....
 He is with us still..... on the storm - y deep,.....
 And will safe - ly land..... when the Mas - ter please.....
 Meet the saved of earth,..... who have gone be - fore.

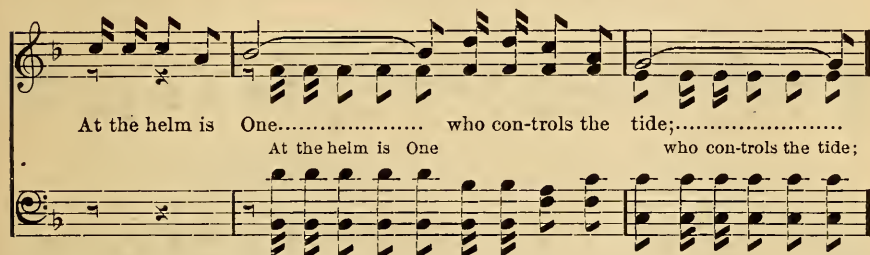


WE ARE SAILING ON.

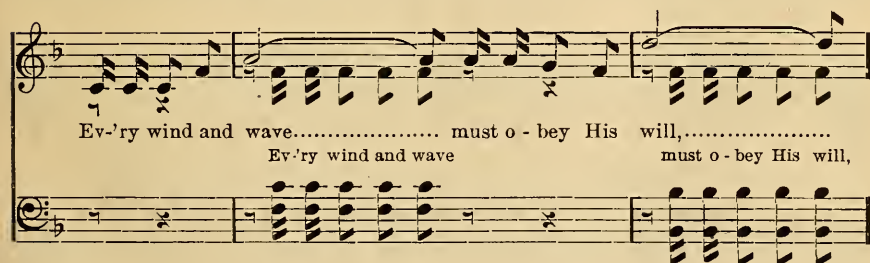
REFRAIN.



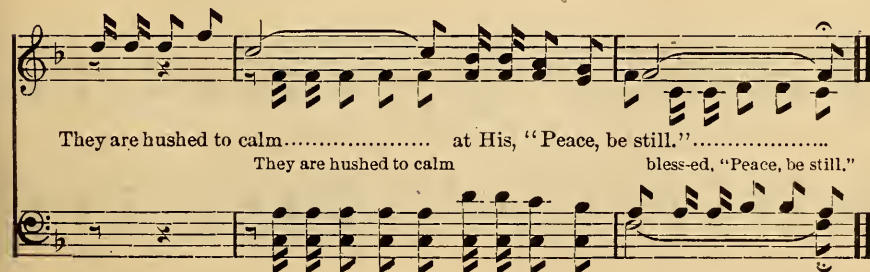
On the Gos-pel Ship..... we can safe - ly ride,
On the Gos-pel Ship we can safe-ly ride,



At the helm is One..... who con-trols the tide;.....
At the helm is One who con-trols the tide;



Ev-'ry wind and wave..... must o - bey His will,.....
Ev-'ry wind and wave must o - bey His will,

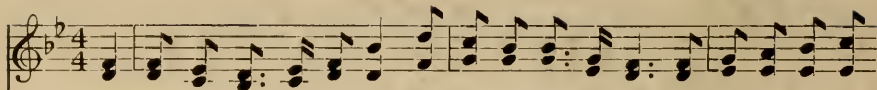


They are hushed to calm..... at His, "Peace, be still.".....
They are hushed to calm bless-ed, "Peace, be still,"

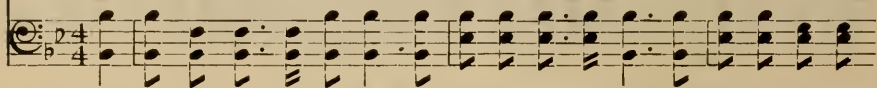
No. 142. HE ALWAYS COMES THAT WAY.

J. R. B.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. O take some precious promise And rest thy soul therein, Wait for thy Lord to
2. Each promise is most precious, And cheering to the soul, For Je-sus is the
3. When wea-ry of earth's tri-als, When sorrows great oppress, Go find the bless-ed

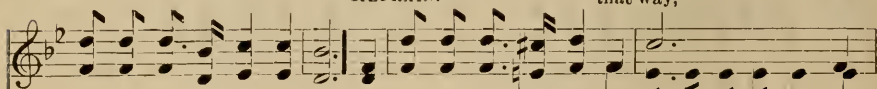


meet thee there today ; For He His word hath given Which ne'er hath bro-ken been, He
glo-ry of its lay ; What e'er He says He's a-ble—E'en waves and winds control, He
Lord without de-lay ; He's promised to re-lieve thee Of burdens and dis-tress, He

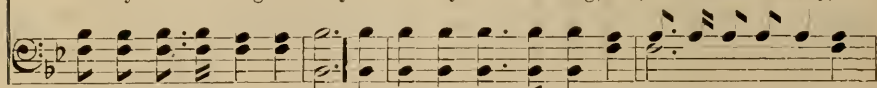


REFRAIN.

that way,

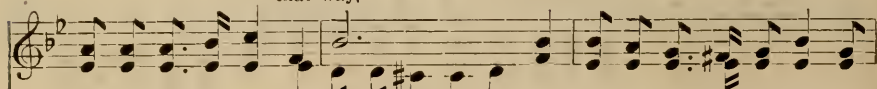


al-ways comes a-long that way. He al-ways comes a-long, Yes, Je-sus comes that way, He

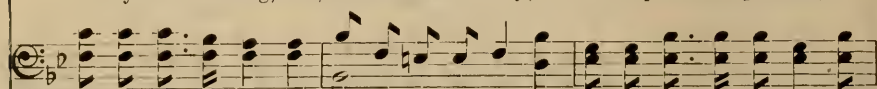


that way,

that way,



always comes a-long, Yes, Je-sus comes that way ; Come rest up-on His promise, Ne'er



that way,

HE ALWAYS COMES THAT WAY.
that way.

doubt what it may say, He al - ways comes a-long, Yes, Je - sus comes that way.

that way.

No. 143. WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er, to
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com -
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with - in me a

live in my soul; Breakdown ev'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe, Now wash me, and
plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and whatev - er I know—Now wash me, and
cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and
new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No—Now wash me, and

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

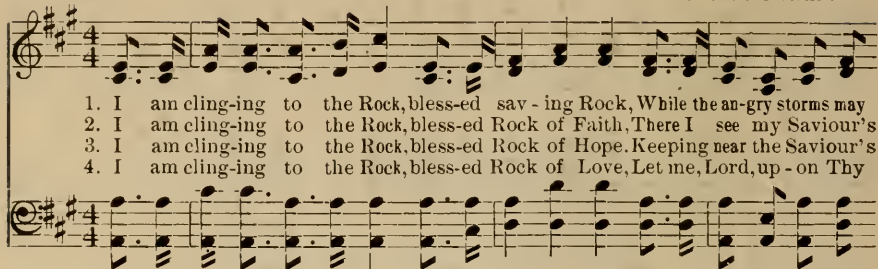
I shall be whit - er than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and

D.S. I shall be whit - er than snow.

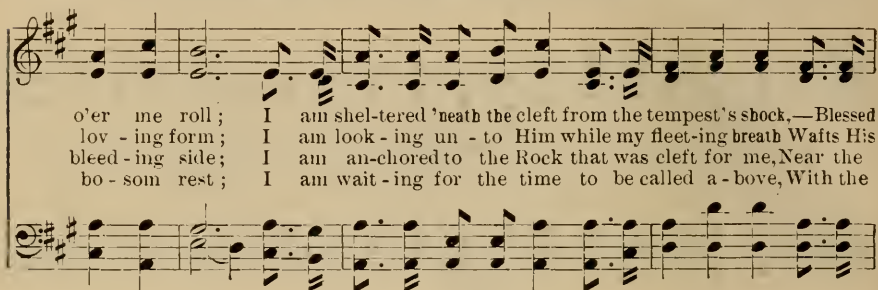
No. 144. I AM CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

J. M. B.

J. M. BOWMAN.

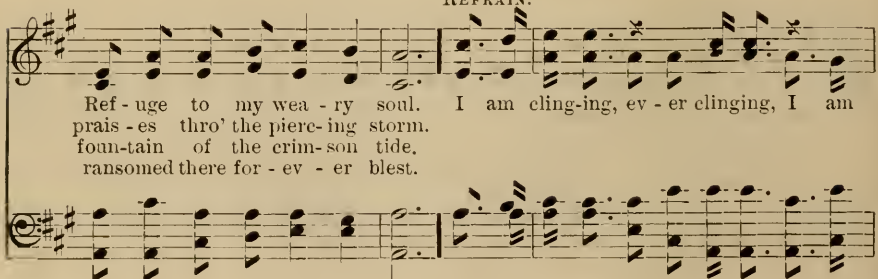


1. I am cling-ing to the Rock, bless-ed sav-ing Rock, While the an-gry storms may
 2. I am cling-ing to the Rock, bless-ed Rock of Faith, There I see my Saviour's
 3. I am cling-ing to the Rock, bless-ed Rock of Hope, Keeping near the Saviour's
 4. I am cling-ing to the Rock, bless-ed Rock of Love, Let me, Lord, up-on Thy

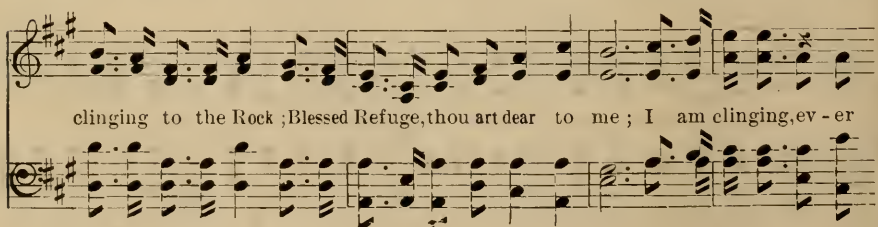


o'er me roll; I am shel-tered 'neath the cleft from the tempest's shock. — Blessed
 lov-ing form; I am look-ing un-to Him while my fleet-ing breath Wafts His
 bleed-ing side; I am an-chored to the Rock that was cleft for me, Near the
 bo-som rest; I am wait-ing for the time to be called a-bove, With the

REFRAIN.



Ref-uge to my wea-ry soul. I am cling-ing, ev-er cling-ing, I am
 prais-es thro' the pierc-ing storm.
 foun-tain of the crim-son tide.
 ransomed there for-ev-er blest.



cling-ing to the Rock; Blessed Refuge, thou art dear to me; I am cling-ing, ev-er

I AM CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

clinging, I am cling-ing to the Rock, Blessed Sav-iour, I will cling to Thee.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a rhythmic, clinging effect. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

No. 145. THE HOME BEYOND THE RIVER.

F. B. S.

FRANK B. SMITH.

1. There's a home beyond death's river, Where sad partings come no more, And if true to
 2. There our conflicts will be o-ver, When we reach that land so blest, When o'er sin and
 3. There in that bright land of E-den, Robed in garments pure and white, Stand the bloodwashed
 4. There the tree of life is blooming, By the wa-ters pure and sweet; There we'll join the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody is a simple, hymn-like tune. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

REFRAIN.

Christ our Saviour He will guide us to that shore. Are you going to that country,
 death we've triumphed, And have en-tered in - to rest.
 of all a- ges, Who from earth have tak - en flight.
 ang - els' sing-ing, Bending low at Je - sus' feet.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody is a simple, hymn-like tune. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

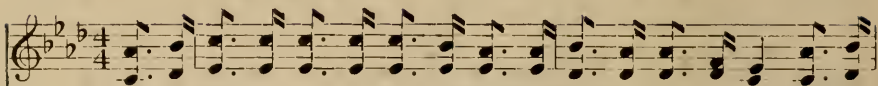
To that home so bright and fair? Will you meet me, surely meet me, Will you meet me o-ver there?

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody is a simple, hymn-like tune. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

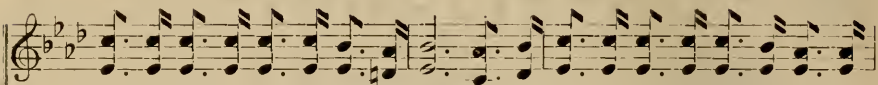
No. 146. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.

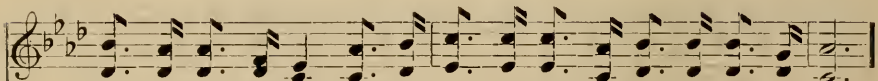
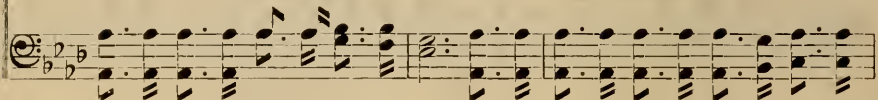
J. M. BLACK.



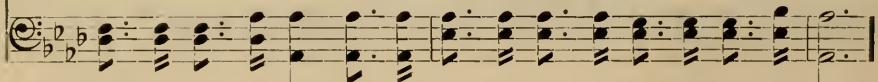
1. When the trump-et of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Chris: shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us



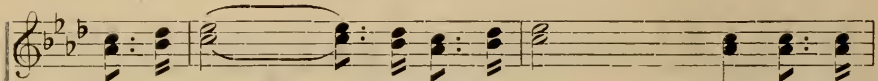
morn-ing breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gath-er to their
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver and our



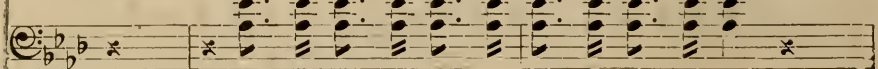
on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there.



REFRAIN.



When the roll . . . is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der I'll be there,



WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.

roll . . . is called up yon - - der, When the roll . . .
 When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll
 is called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

No. 147. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With great feeling.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast-ed ma-n-y pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home; I now repent with
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home, That Je-sus died, and
6. I need His cleansing blood I know, Now I'm coming home; Oh, wash me whit-er

D.S. Open wide Thine

FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.

long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home, Never more to roam;
 bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
 hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.
 died for me, Lord, I'm coming home.
 than the snow, Lord, I'm coming home.

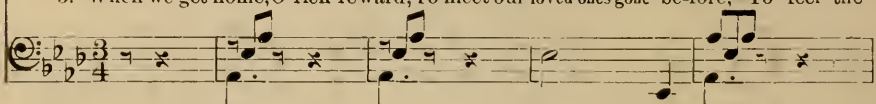
arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

WINIFRED A. CHEANEY.

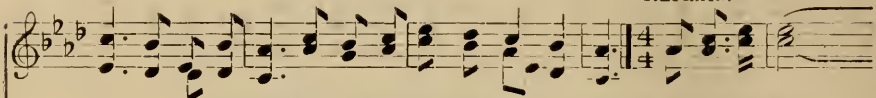
R. D. BURLESON.



1. When we get home, O blessed hope! We speak the words with trembling tongue, While in this
2. When we get home, O sweet release, From sin and sorrow, pain and tears, To feel the
3. When we get home, O rich reward, To meet our loved ones gone be-fore, To feel the

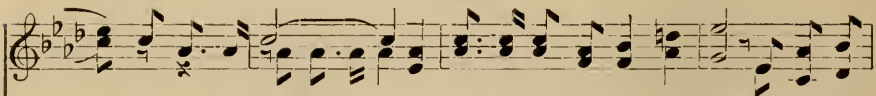
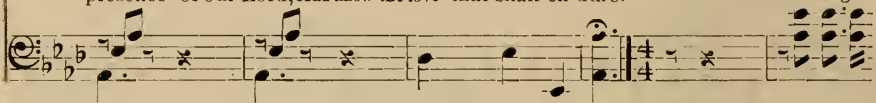


REFRAIN.



world of sin we grope, Where heads are bowed and hearts are wrung. When we get home, . .
 calm of perfect peace, And know all joy thro' endless years.
 presence of our Lord, And know the love that shall en-dure.

When we get



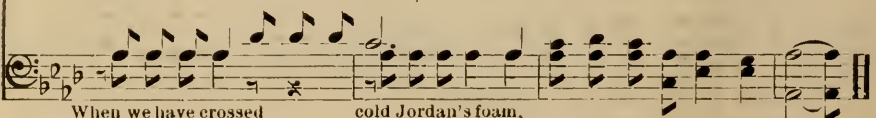
. . . when we get home, . . . To heav'nly lands and mansions fair, When we have
 home,



when we get home,



crossed . . cold Jordan's foam, How sweet will be our welcome there.



When we have crossed

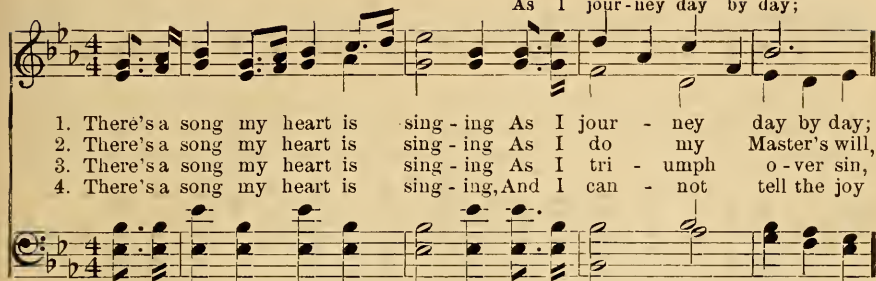
cold Jordan's foam,

No. 149. THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

GEO. RUNION.

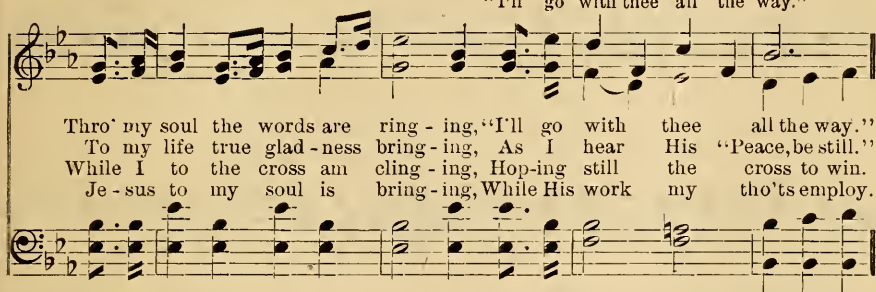
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

As I jour-ney day by day;



1. There's a song my heart is sing - ing As I jour - ney day by day;
 2. There's a song my heart is sing - ing As I do my Master's will,
 3. There's a song my heart is sing - ing As I tri - umph o - ver sin,
 4. There's a song my heart is sing - ing, And I can - not tell the joy

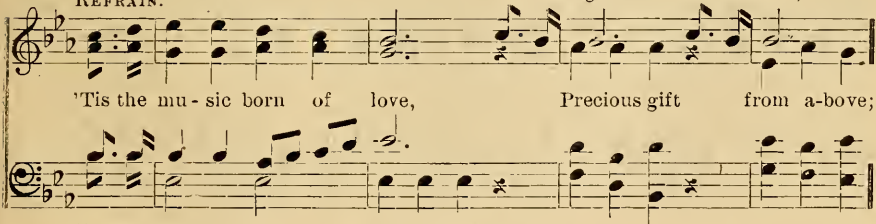
"I'll go with thee all the way."



Thro' my soul the words are ring - ing, "I'll go with thee all the way."
 To my life true glad - ness bring - ing, As I hear His "Peace, be still."
 While I to the cross am cling - ing, Hop - ing still the cross to win.
 Je - sus to my soul is bring - ing, While His work my tho'ts employ.

REFRAIN.

Precious gift from a - bove;



'Tis the mu - sic born of love, Precious gift from a - bove;

'Tis the mu - sic born of love,



Sing, my soul, in ec - sta - cy, Praise to Him who set you free.

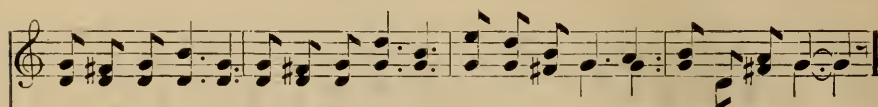
Sing, my soul, in ec - sta - cy,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

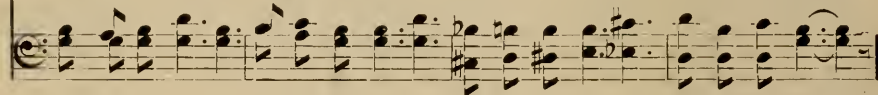
MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



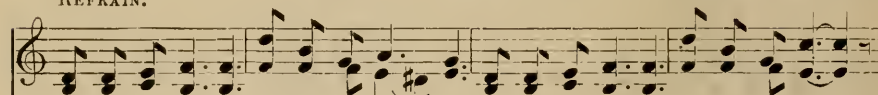
1. Won-der-ful Saviour, bless-ed Re-deem-er, Ev-er in glo-ry, dwelling a - bove;
2. Sing of His greatness, in - fi-nite greatness, Sing of His goodness day af-ter day;
3. He is our ref-uge, He is our safeguard, Peace to the youthful kindly He brings;



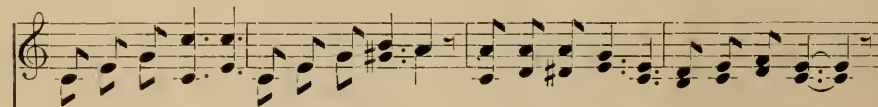
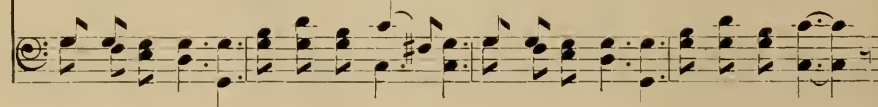
Yet in His mer-cy ten-der-ly smil-ing, O-ver the chil-dren bending in love.
Guarding from e-vil, shielding from danger, Leading us on-ward, cheering the way.
Sweet is the promise He will protect us, He will de-fend us un-der His wings.



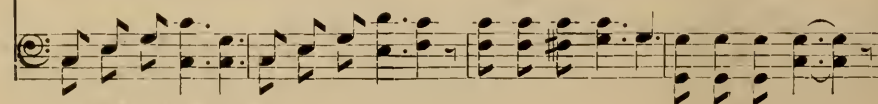
REFRAIN.



We will a-dore Him, gather and praise Him, Voices in con-cert joy-ful-ly blend;



His be the kingdom, power and glo-ry, Now and for-ev-er, world without end;



WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

His be the kingdom, pow-er and glo-ry, Now and for - ev - er, world without end.

No. 151. HEAVEN'S MY HOME.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. This world is not my rest - ing place, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home;
 2. In that blest home there is no night, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home,
 3. O wea - ry one, with sin op - prest, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home,

FINE.
 I seek a bet - ter home than this, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home.
 The face of Je - sus is the light, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home.
 Come, go with me and find sweet rest, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home.

D.S. A man - sion fair a - waits me there, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*
 My home a - bove! sweet home of love! Tho' a - while the earth I roam,

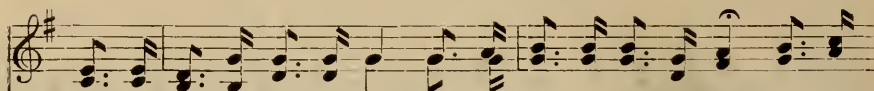
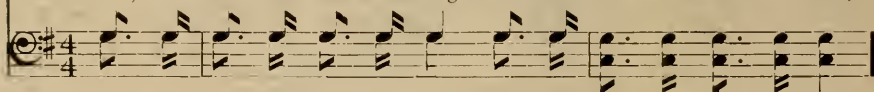
No. 152. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

E. R. LATTA.

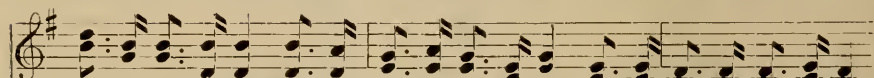
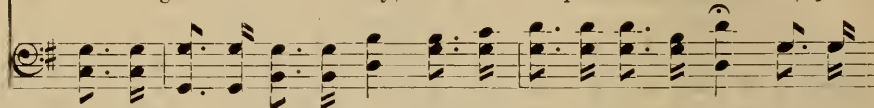
D. E. DORTCH.



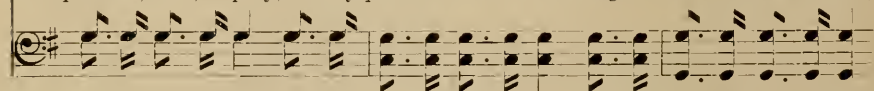
1. When we in the judg-ment stand, In that might - y com - pa - ny,
2. When the Lord has gath - ered there, From the land and from the sea,
3. Lord, it is a sol - emn thought That we must ac - count to Thee,



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



ev - 'ry tri-fling tho't, And each i - dle word we say? What for ev - 'ry sin - ful act,
all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain,
pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy presence there to stand! Purge us from each sin - ful blot,



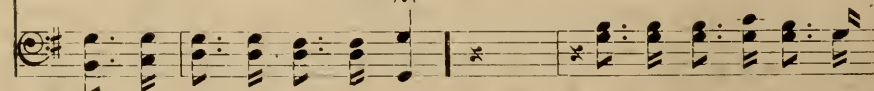
REFRAIN.

When that aw - - - ful day we



We may do from day to day?
And a man - sion bright a - bove?
Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand!

When that aw - ful day we



WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

see, Oh, what shall . . . our an-swers be? When that

see, day we see, Oh, what shall our answers be, our answers be?

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

When that aw - ful day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our answers be?

No. 153. LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die, In His mer - cy
 2. Moth - ers then the Sav - iour sought, In the pla - ces where He taught, Un - to Him their
 3. Did the Sav - iour say them nay? No, He kind - ly bid them stay; Suffer'd none to
 4. Children then should love Him now, Strive His ho - ly will to do, Pray to Him and

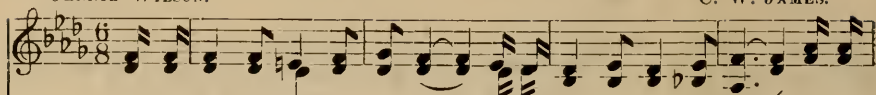
FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

passed not by Lit - tle ones like me. Lit - tle ones like me, Lit - tle ones like me;
 chil - dren bro't, Lit - tle ones like me.
 turn a - way Lit - tle ones like me.
 praise Him too, Lit - tle ones like me.

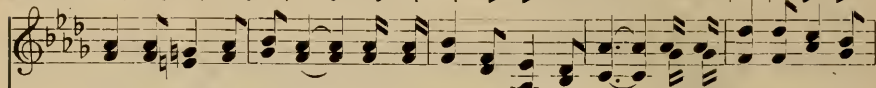
No. 154. SINGING IN THE STORM.

JENNIE WILSON.

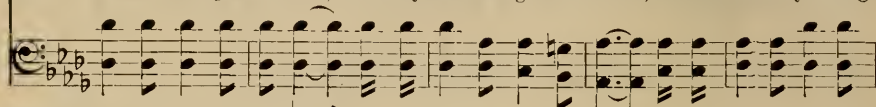
C. W. JAMES.



1. O-ver-head dark clouds had gath-er'd, Hid-ing all the depths of blue; And the
2. Safe-ly shelter'd from the tem-pest, In its nest be-side the wall, Sat a
3. To my heart I took the les-son Taught me by that bird so frail, And I
4. When deep clouds of sor-row gath-er, E'en a-mid the shades of death, Rest-ing



landscape was o'ershadow'd By their dreary lead-en hue, Echoed loud the pealing
lit-tle brown wren sing-ing. Fear-ing not what might be-fall; While the rain was fast de-said,
I have a ref-uge When the storms of life as-sail; Trusting in the heav'nly
in di-vine pro-tec-tion, I may have the light of faith; Well I know my loving



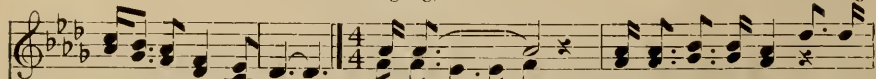
thun-der Round my cot-tage bright and warm, Then a bird-voice near the window Rang out
scend-ing, Ver-y close its ti-ry form 'Neath the eaves the wee bird nestled, Sing-ing
Fa-ther, Shelter'd 'neath His mighty arm. When the tem-pest wild is beat-ing O, my
Fa-ther, Bane to bless-ing will trans-form, And con-fid-ing in His good-ness I wil



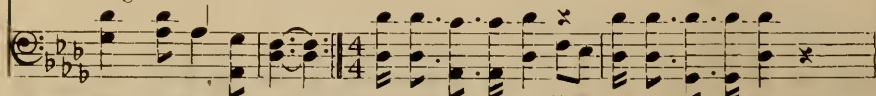
REFRAIN.

Sing-ing,
Sing-ing,

Sing-ing
Trust-ing



sweet-ly in the storm. 1. REF. Singing in the storm, Singing in the storm,
sweet-ly in the storm. 2. REF. Singing in the storm, Singing in the storm,
soul, sing in the storm.
sing a-mid the storm.

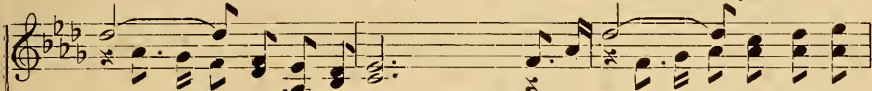


Yes,

SINGING IN THE STORM.

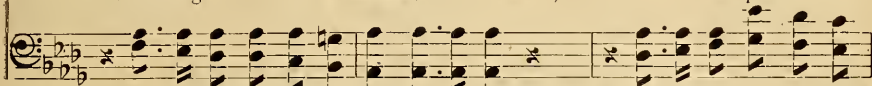
soft - - - ly in the storm;
God to shield from harm;

To a clear bird voice I
When the tem - - - pest wild is



Sing-ing soft-ly in the storm, in the storm;
Trust-ing God to shield from harm, from all harm;

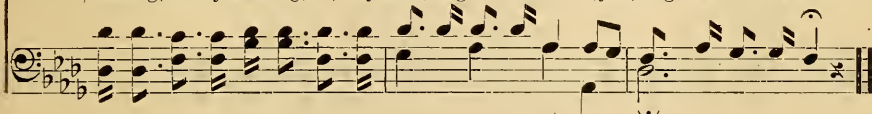
To a clear bird voice I
When the tempest wild is



lis - ten'd, Sing ing sweet - ly in the storm.
beat-ing, O, my soul, sing in the storm.



listen'd, gladly listen'd, Singing sweetly in the storm, yes, sweet-ly in the storm.
beating, wildly beating, O, my soul, sing in the storm, yes, sing a - mid the storm.



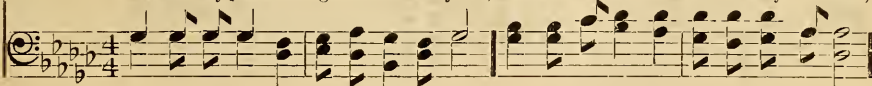
No. 155.
ELLERTON.

PARTING HYMN.

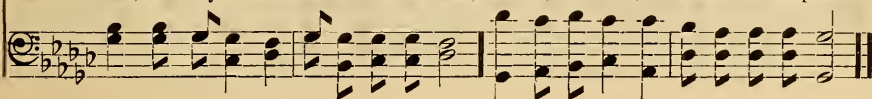
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Say - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way ; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night ; Turn Thou for us its darkness in - to light ;
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row and our stay in strife ;



We stand to bless Thee, ere our worship cease. Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon Thy name.
From harm and dan - ger keep Thy children free ; For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

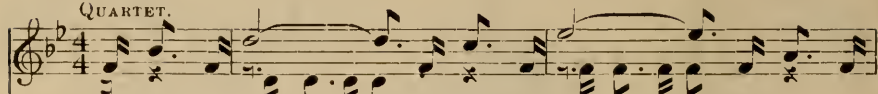


No. 156. MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

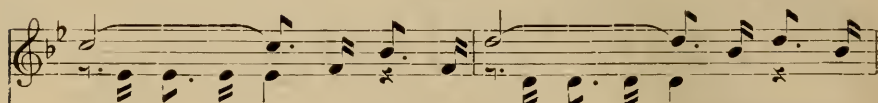
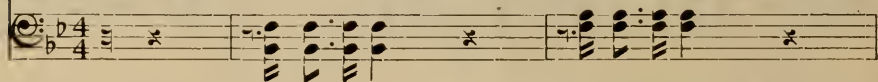
Dr. R. MORRIS.

H. R. PALMER.

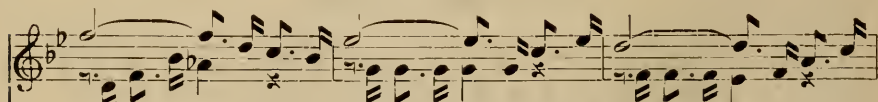
QUARTET.



1. Each coo - ing dove, . . . and sigh - ing bough . . . That makes the
2. Each flow - ry glen, . . . and mos - sy dell, . . . Where hap - py
3. And when I read . . . the thrill - ing lore, . . . Of Him who



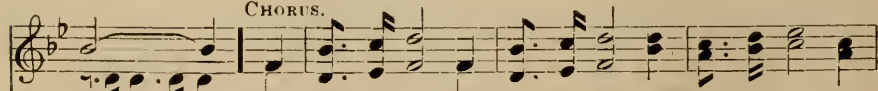
eve . . . so blest to me, . . . Has some-thing
birds . . . in song a - gree, . . . Thro' sun - ny
walk'd . . . up - on the sea, . . . I long, oh,



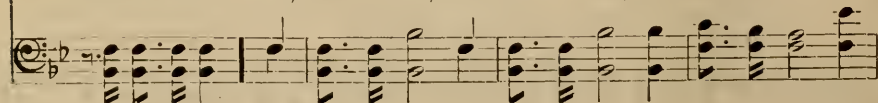
far . . . di-vin-er now, . . . It bears me back . . . to Gal - i -
morn . . . the praises tell . . . Of sights and sounds . . . in Gal - i -
how . . . I long once more . . . To fol - low Him . . . in Gal - i -



CHORUS.



lee. . . Oh, Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus lov'd so



MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

much to be, Oh, Gal - i - lee, Blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

No. 157. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, — There by His love o'er -
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corroding care; Safe from the world's temp -
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of

D.S. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast; There by His love o'er -
 FINE.

shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels Borne in a
 ta - tions, Sin can not harm me there. Free from the hight of sor - row, Free from my
 A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with patience, Wait till the

shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

D.C. REFRAIN.

song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 night is o'er; Wait till I see the morning Break on the gold - en shore.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Ar - mies of Zi - on, the trum - pet sounds,
 2. Ar - mies of Zi - on, thy ban - ner bright
 3. Ar - mies of Zi - on, the God a - bove

1. Ar - mies of Zi - on, the trum - pet sounds,

Now un - to you comes Je - ho - vah's call;
 Now to the breeze be it wide un - furl'd;
 Lead - eth thee on till the war shall cease;

Now un - to you comes Je - ho - vah's call;

Form in the ranks, for the foe surrounds, Ready for battle, ye soldiers all. . .
 Beau-ti-ful sym-bol of joy and light, Bear it in triumph o'er all the world. .
 Till un-to all He is known in love, Till o-ver all He is Prince of Peace. .

Form in the ranks, for the foe sur - rounds, Ready for bat - tle, ye soldiers all. . .

REFRAIN.

Ar - mies of Zi - on, . . Fear not the might-y foe; ,

Armies of Zi - on, Ar-mies of Zi - on, Fear not the mighty foe, fear not the foe;

ARMIES OF ZION.

Ar - - mies of Zi - - on, . . For-ward to vic-t'ry go,

Ar-mies of Zi - on, Ar-mies of Zi - on, Forward to vic-t'ry go, to vic-to-ry go.

No. 159.

TURN TO JESUS.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

R. A. MARTIN.

1. Sweet and wondrous is the sto - ry Of our heav'nly Father's love; Sin-ner, can you
2. Things of time and sense are fleet-ing, Earthly pleasure can - not last, Just be-yond lies
3. Shun, O shun the sin and madness That has wrecked so ma - ny souls; Life is but ex -
4. Not for-ev - er will He lin - ger, This dear Friend, so good, so kind; Love at last, re -
5. There is glad-ness in His ser-vice; Light and joy and peace He gives; Come and find the

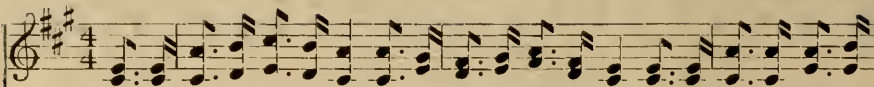
REFRAIN.

slight it lon-ger? Turn your heart to things a - bove. Sin-ner, turn, O turn to Je - sus, It is
death's dark riv - er, Then e - ter - ni - ty so vast!
tend - ed sor - row Un-less God the heart controls!
members jus - tice, If the call you will not mind.
precious comfort In the life the christian lives.

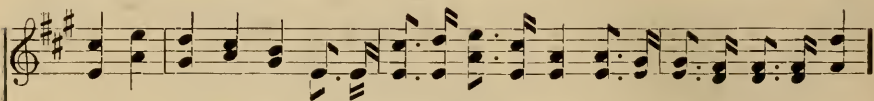
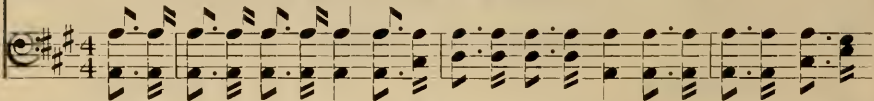
fol - ly to de - lay! Heed to - day the call of mer - cy, Seek the blessed, up - ward way.

HARRIET E. JONES.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



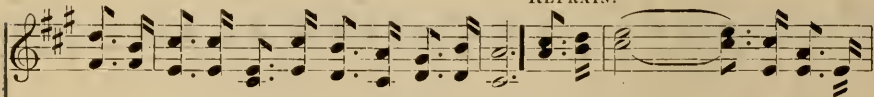
1. As the days are go-ing by, do you raise God's banner high Who has bought you with His
2. When the foes of God a-rise, who His blest commands despise, Do you bold-ly stand for
3. Be the crowd the more, the less, do you Jesus' name confess, Do you show your col-ors,



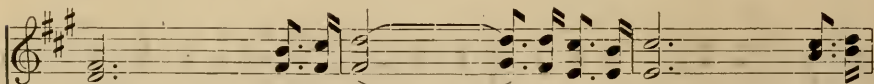
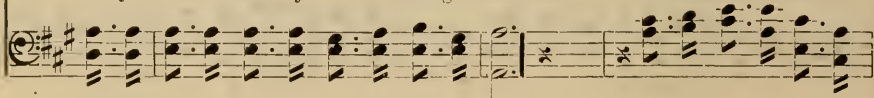
own most precious blood? Do you own your Lord each day, while up - on your pilgrim way,
 Je - sus and the right? Are you found within His field, there His might-y sword to wield,
 pilgrims, ev-'rywhere? When before God's host you stand, in the wondrous glo-ry land,



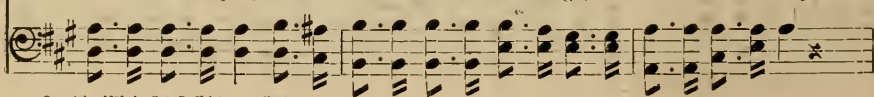
REFRAIN.



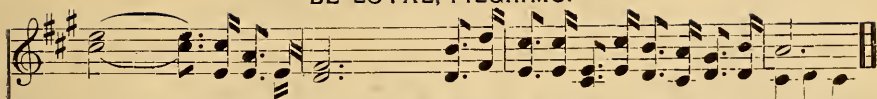
Are you loy - al to the matchless Son of God? O be faith - ful, O be
 Clad in ar - mor that is ev - er shin-ing bright?
 Will your Lord confess you 'mid the angels there? O be faith-ful to the



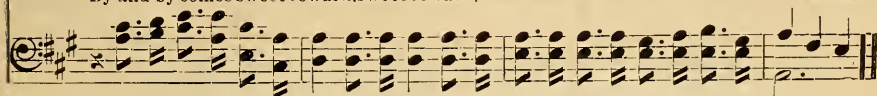
true, To the One . . . who died for you, By and
 One who died for you, Face the world with Christian courage, for the One who died for you,



BE LOYAL, PILGRIMS.



by . . . comes sweet reward, That shall last while blissful a-ges roll a - way.
By and by comes sweet reward, sweet reward, a-way.



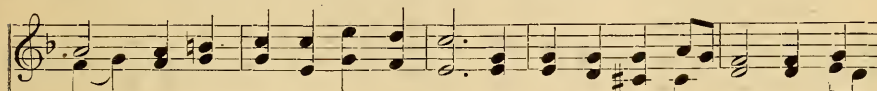
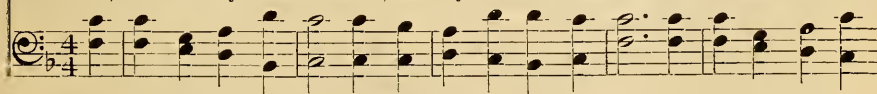
No. 161. IMMANUEL'S LAND.

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN.

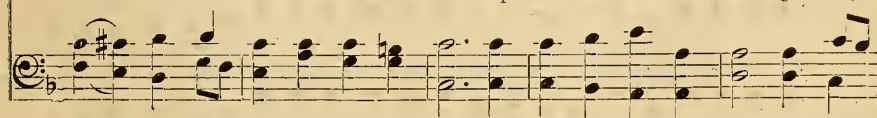
E. S. LORENZ.



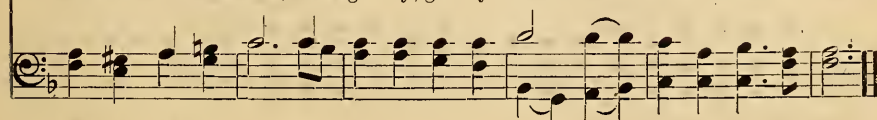
1. The sands of time are sink-ing, The dawn of heaven breaks; The summer morn I've
2. Oh, Christ, He is the foun-tain; The deep, sweet well of love; The streams of earth I've
3. Oh, I am my be - lov-ed's, And my be - lov-ed's mine; He brings a poor vile



sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a-wakes. Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, But
tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove. There to an o - cean full - ness His
sin - ner In - to His house di - vine. Up - on the rock of a - ges My



day-spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - manuel's land.
mer - cy doth ex - pand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - manuel's land.
soul redeemed shall stand, Where glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - manuel's land.

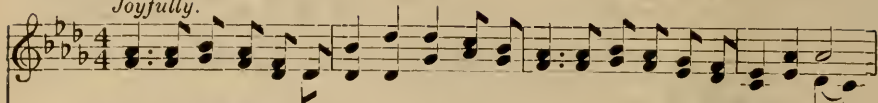


No. 162. THE FIRE IS BURNING.

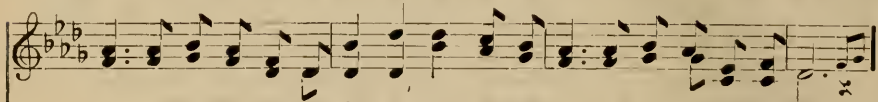
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Joyfully.



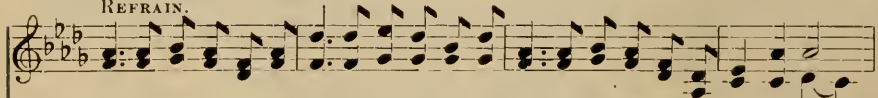
1. I've been on Mount Pisgah's lofty height, And I've sat-is-fied my longing heart's desire ;
2. I will walk with Jesus, bless His name, And to be like Him I ev-'ry day as-pire ;
3. I my all up-on the al-tar lay, As I to my clos-et lov-ing-ly re-tire ;
4. By faith's eye I scan the ocean's foam, And beyond I see the ha-ven I de-sire ;



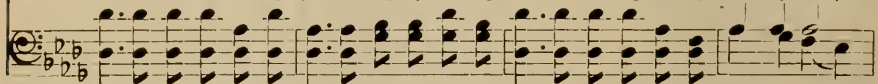
For I caught a glimpse of glo-ry bright, And my soul is burn-ing with the fire.
 For His love is like a heav'n-ly flame, And my soul is burn-ing with the fire.
 And the flame consumes while there I pray, And my soul is burn-ing with the fire.
 There I view the bea-con lights of home, And my soul is burn-ing with the fire.



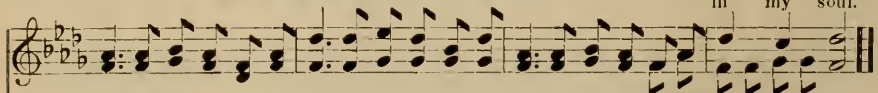
REFRAIN.



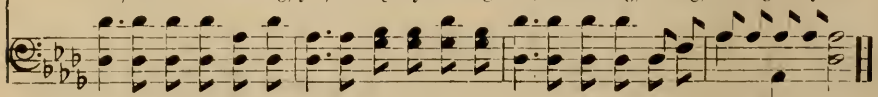
Oh, the fire is burn-ing, yes, 'tis brightly burn-ing, Oh, 'tis burn-ing, burning in my soul ;



in my soul.



Oh, the fire is burn-ing, yes, 'tis brightly burn-ing. Oh, 'tis burn-ing, burning, burn-ing in my soul.



No. 163. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

"And an highway shall be there, . . . and it shall be called the way of holiness."—Isa. 35: 8.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We're bound for glo - ry - land on high, Walk-ing in the King's high-way ;
 2. This is the way our fa - thers trod, Walk-ing in the King's high-way ;
 3. The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing, Walk-ing in the King's high-way ;
 4. No un - clean thing may pass this road, Walk-ing in the King's high-way ;
 5. No li - ons here, nor rag - ing beast, Walk-ing in the King's high-way ;
 6. We sing glad songs of joy and peace, Walk-ing in the King's high-way ;

We'll reach its man-sions by and by, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.
 The way that leads to heav'n and God, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.
 The way - ert lands shall burst a spring, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.
 But bur-dened souls may here un - load, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.
 But ran-somed souls as kings and priests, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.
 From doubt and fear we've found re - lease, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.

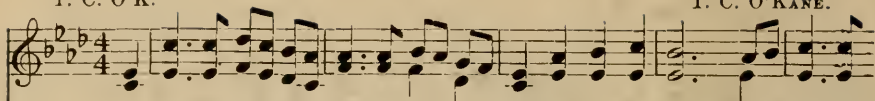
REFRAIN.

Walk-ing in the King's highway, Walking in the King's highway ;
 Walk-ing, Yes, walk-ing in His way, Walk-ing, Yes, walk-ing in His way ;

And life is grand and glo - ri - ous, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.

T. C. O'K.

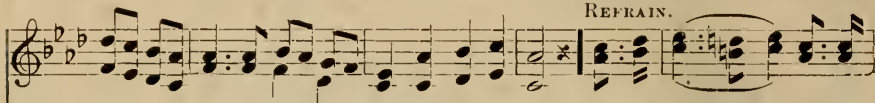
T. C. O'KANE.



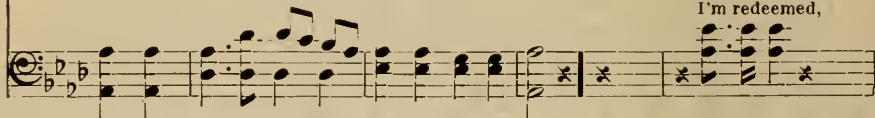
1. O, sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry, And for a
2. O, wondrous pow'r of love di - vine, So pure, so full, so free! It reach-es
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er - more shall be; He hath re -



REFRAIN.



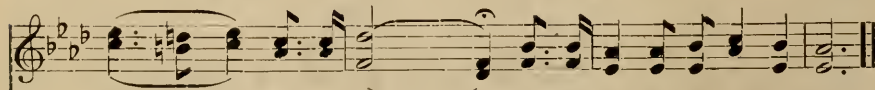
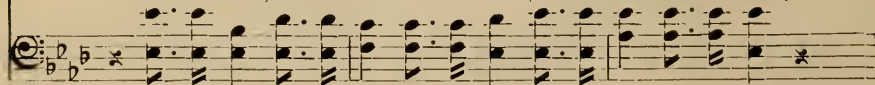
ran - som shed His blood For you and e - ven me. I'm re - deemed, . I'm re
out to all mankind, Em - bra - ces e - ven me.
deemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.



I'm redeemed,



deemed, . . . 'Thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain; . . . I'm re -
I'm redeemed, 'Thro' the blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb that was slain;



deemed, . . . I'm re - deemed, . . . Hal - le - lu - jah un - to His name.
I'm re - deemed, I'm re - deemed,



No. 165. I REMEMBER CALVARY.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
 2. O I de-light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand,
 3. On-ward I go, no doubt nor fear, Hap-py with Christ, my Sav-iour, near,

And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal-va-ry.
 His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal-va-ry.
 Trust-ing that I some day shall see Je-sus, my Friend of Cal-va-ry.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus shall lead me night and day, Je-sus shall lead me all the way;

He is the tru-est Friend to me, For I re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry.

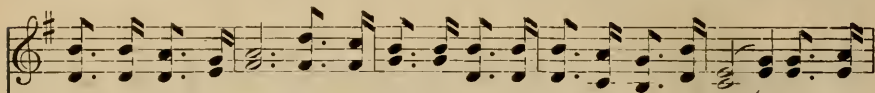
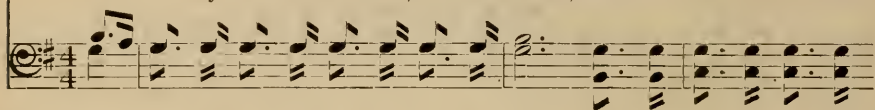
No. 166. EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

W. T. G.

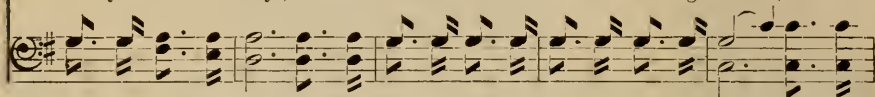
W. T. GIFFE.



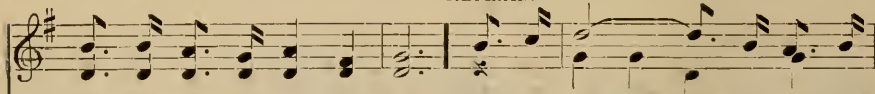
1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, come and drink, For the crys - tal tide is
2. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, come and drink, There is heal - ing in the
3. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, come and drink, Drink the sa - cred tide be -



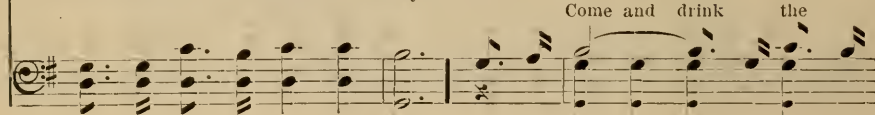
flow - ing free to - day; There is par - don in the foun - tain of His love, Drink ye
stream for all who come; Wonder - ful its pow'r to cleanse from ev - 'ry ill; Je - sus
fore you turn a - way; From the fountain of the Saviour's lov - ing heart, It is



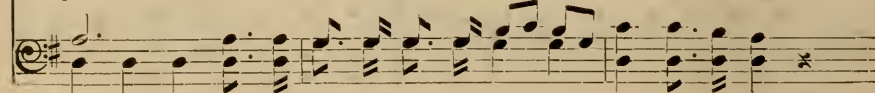
REFRAIN.



free - ly of it while you may. Come and drink . . . the pre - cious
speaks the word and it is done.
of - fered free to all to - day.



tide, Flow - ing free - ly from the Mas - ter's love; Come and
pre - cious tide, Come and drink,



EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

drink, Come and drink, Drink the life that cometh from a - bove.
Come and drink, Come and drink,

No. 167. EVERLASTING LOVE.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Wondrous words! how rich in bless-ing! Deep-er than th' unfathomed sea; Broader than its
2. Down to low - est depths it reach-es—The all-lov - ing Fa-ther's arm, Toward His rebel
3. Wea - ry spir-its—sad with toil-ing, 'Mid the sor-rows of life's way—Feel their hea-vy
4. I have set thee as a sig - net, Gra-ven on my hands thy name; Lo, I still am
5. In my house of man - y man-sions, I've prepared a place for thee, Where are no dark

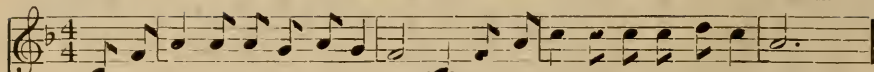
world of wa-ters, Boundless, in - fi - nite and free, Higher than the heavens a-bove, Is that
children yearning, Drawing them with magic charm. Till the yielding spir-its move, Touch'd by
burdens lightened, As they journey day by day. How with quickened steps they move, Cheer'd by
with thee al-ways, Ev-er-more thy Friend—the same; Never changing—thou wilt prove Mine is
clouds or tempests, Where I am, there thou shalt be—All the un - told bliss to prove, Of my

Ev - er - last - ing Love; High - er than the heav'ns a - bove, Is that Ev - er - last - ing Love.
Ev - er - last - ing Love; Till the yielding spirits move, Touch'd by Ev - er - last - ing Love.
Ev - er - last - ing Love; How with quickened steps they move, Cheer'd by Ev - er - last - ing Love.
Ev - er - last - ing Love; Nev - er chang - ing—thou wilt prove Mine is Ev - er - last - ing Love.
Ev - er - last - ing Love; All the un - told bliss to prove, Of my Ev - er - last - ing Love.

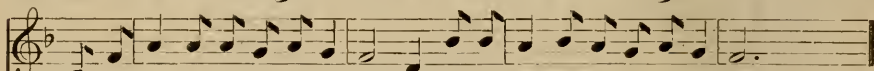
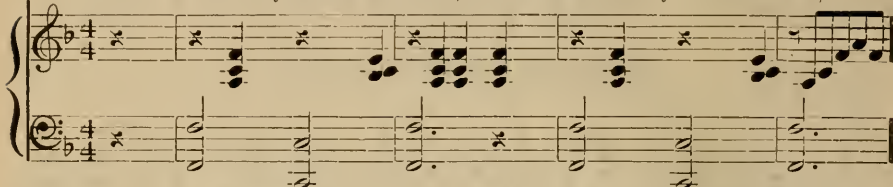
H. R. P.

Inscribed to Mrs. Palmer.

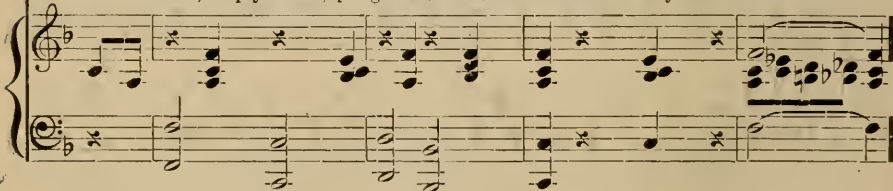
H. R. PALMER.



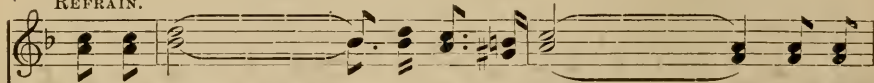
1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me;
2. Long a - go in the val - ley so fair, friend, Far a - way by the beau - ti - ful sea,
3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend, All in vain did they shat - ter the tree,



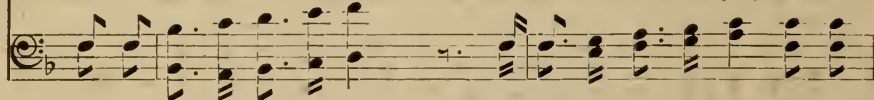
Its perfume is per - vading the world, friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.
 This pure Rose in its beauty first bloomed, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.
 For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.



REFRAIN.



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



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



THE ROSE OF SHARON.

love - ly Rose, Its per - fume is for you and for me.
A Rose that blooms for you,

No. 169. I'M GLAD I HAVE A SAVIOUR.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. I'm glad I have a Sav-iour Who came to res-cue me; When sunk in
2. I'm glad I have a Sav-iour Who sought His wand'ring sheep, Who brought me
3. I'm glad I have a Sav-iour Who hears and answers pray'r; My bur-dens
4. I'm glad I have a Sav-iour Whose mer-cy is so free; O come, poor

REFRAIN.

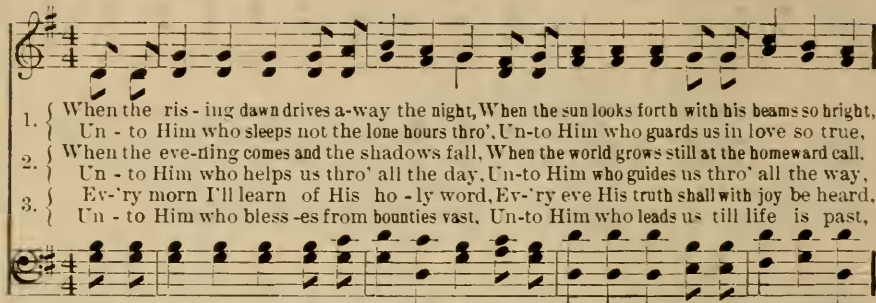
sin and ru-in, He died to set me free. I'm glad I have a Sav-iour, I'm
home re-joic-ing, And still doth safe-ly keep.
and my sor-rows He ten-der-ly doth bear.
soul, and trust Him, There's gladness too for thee.

glad, I'm glad to-day; I'm glad I have a Sav-iour Who washed my sins a-way.

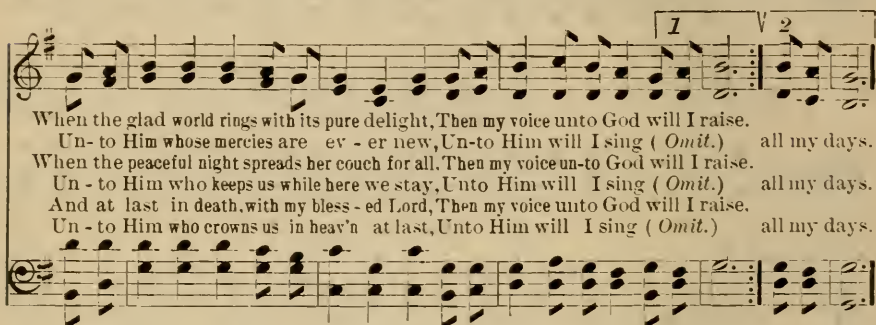
No. 170. UNTO HIM WILL I SING.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

M. A. AULICK.

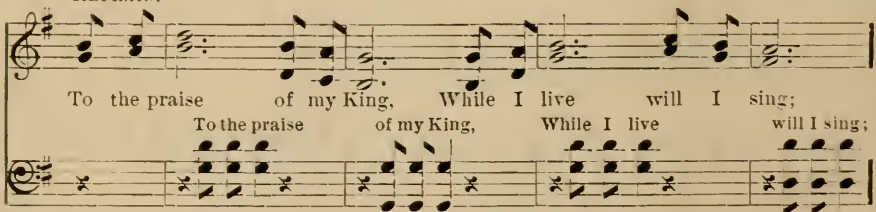


1. { When the ris - ing dawn drives a-way the night, When the sun looks forth with his beams so bright,
Un - to Him who sleeps not the lone hours thro', Un-to Him who guards us in love so true,
2. { When the eve-ning comes and the shadows fall, When the world grows still at the homeward call.
Un - to Him who helps us thro' all the day, Un-to Him who guides us thro' all the way,
3. { Ev-'ry morn I'll learn of His ho - ly word, Ev-'ry eve His truth shall with joy be heard,
Un - to Him who bless-es from bounties vast, Un-to Him who leads us till life is past,

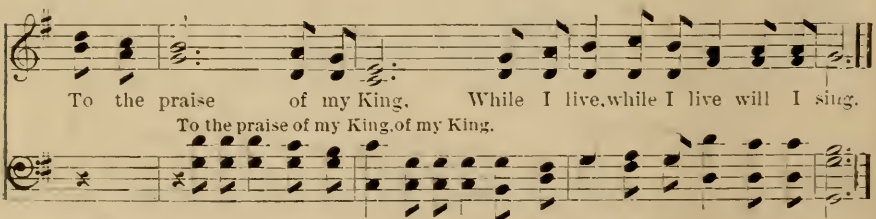


When the glad world rings with its pure delight, Then my voice unto God will I raise.
Un - to Him whose mercies are ev - er new, Un-to Him will I sing (Omit.) all my days.
When the peaceful night spreads her couch for all, Then my voice un-to God will I raise.
Un - to Him who keeps us while here we stay, Unto Him will I sing (Omit.) all my days.
And at last in death, with my bless - ed Lord, Then my voice unto God will I raise.
Un - to Him who crowns us in heav'n at last, Unto Him will I sing (Omit.) all my days.

REFRAIN.



To the praise of my King, While I live will I sing;
To the praise of my King, While I live will I sing;

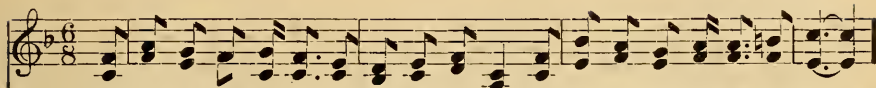


To the praise of my King. While I live, while I live will I sing.
To the praise of my King, of my King.

No. 171. JESUS IS EVER THE SAME.

E. R. LATTA.

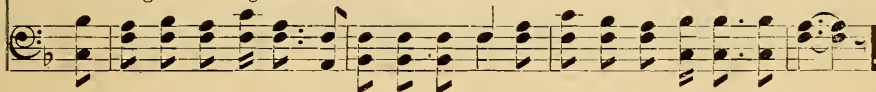
H. A. DAVIS.



1. The friends we have trusted may turn us a - way, The lips that have praised us may blame;
2. The hopes that we cherish may prove to be vain, And per-ish the joys that we claim;
3. The beau-ti - ful morning a tempest may bring, And lightnings about us may flame;
4. Then let us in gladness o - bey His commands, His love and His goodness proclaim;



But there is one Friend who will nev - er be - tray, For Je - sus is ev - er the same.
 But there is a promise that still will remain, For Je - sus is ev - er the same.
 But, cer - tain as win - ter is followed by spring, The Saviour is ev - er the same.
 The King of all kingdoms and Lord of all lands Is ev - er and ev - er the same.



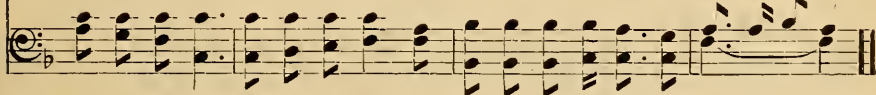
REFRAIN.



Ev - er the same, ev - er the same, Je - sus is ev - er the same;

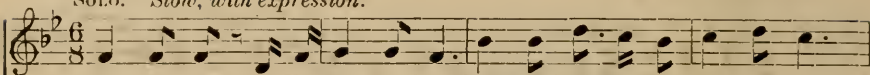


Ev - er the same, ev - er the same, Yes, Je - sus is ev - er the same. . . .
 is ev - er the same.

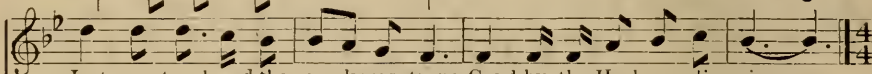
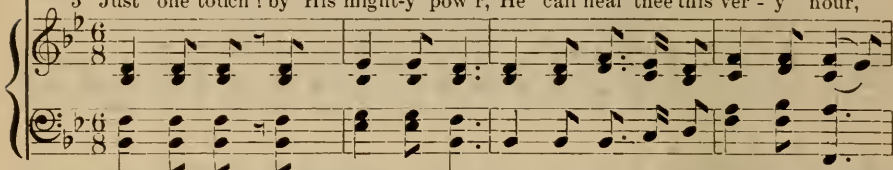


BIRDIE BELL.

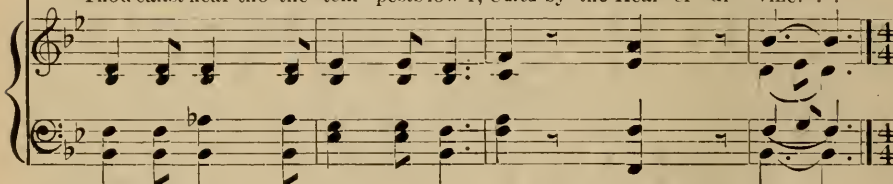
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

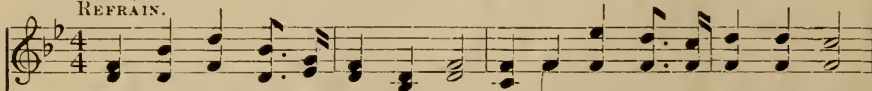
1. Just one touch as He moves a - long, Pushed and pressed by the jost - ling throng,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin - sick soul,
3. Just one touch ! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless - ed Son,
4. Just one touch ! and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see !
- 5 Just one touch ! by His might - y pow'r, He can heal thee this ver - y hour,



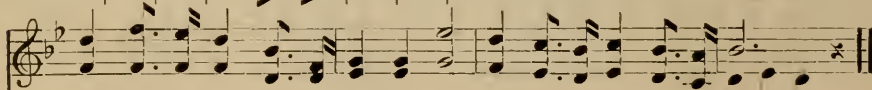
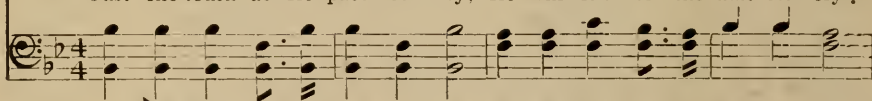
Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine. . .
 At His feet all my bur - dens roll, — Cured by the Heal - er di - vine. . .
 I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine. . .
 I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine. . .
 Thou canst hear tho' the tem - pests low'r, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine. . .



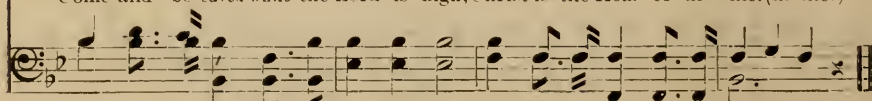
REFRAIN.



Just one touch as He pass - es by, He will list to the faint - est cry :



Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal - er di - vine. (divine.)



E. E. LATTÄ.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Come to Je - sus! He will save you, Tho' your sins as crim - son glow; If you
 2. Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry, En - ter in at mer - cy's gate; Oh, de -
 3. Come to Je - sus, dy - ing sin - ner! Oth - er Sav - iour there is none; He will

REFRAIN.

give your hearts to Je - sus, He will make them white as snow. Come to Je - sus!
 lay not till the mor - row, Lest thy com - ing be too late.
 share with you His glo - ry, When your pil - grim - age is done.

Come, come to - day!

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

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

A. C. N.

A. C. NEECE.

Not too fast.

1. Hap - py are they who trust and o - bey, And walk in the King's high-way,
 2. Hap - py are they who walk in the light, That shin-eth so wondrous-ly bright,
 3. Hap - py are they who live for their Lord, Who treasure His ho - ly word,

Do - ing the will of Je - sus their Lord, As-sured of a bless-ed re - ward.
 Striv-ing each day more use - ful to grow, And more of Christ's spir-it to show.
 Pow - er di - vine shall keep them from harm, Up-held by the Saviour's strong arm.

REFRAIN.

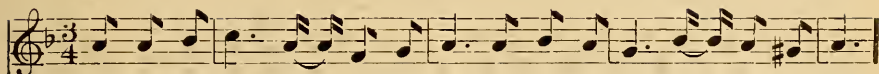
Hap - py are they who walk in this way, And toil for the Mas - ter each day ;

He is their Priest, their Prophet and King, And glad-ly His prais-es they sing.

No. 175. THE SHEPHERD'S FOLD.

J. M. BOWMAN.

I. T. DAVIS.



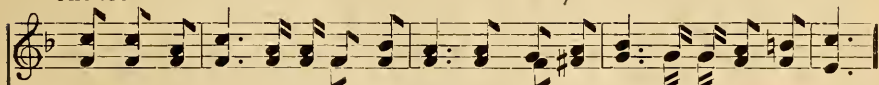
1. Far, far a-way from the Shepherd's care, Out on the moun - tains cold and bare,
2. The Shepherd said, "Tho' the way is steep, I go to res - cue my lost sheep;"
3. The Shepherd found the lamb once lost, That o'er the bar - ren hills had cross'd;
4. A sin - ner out in the des - ert cold Was wand'ring far from the Shepherd's fold,



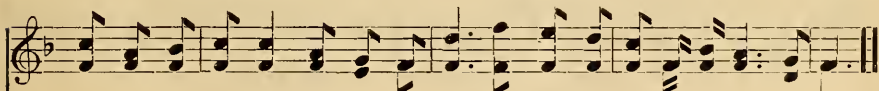
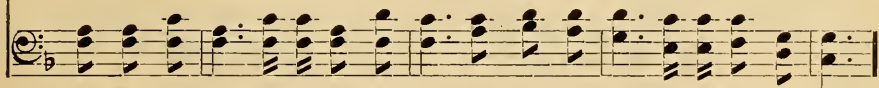
There one had stray'd from the shelt'ring fold, And wander'd far from the gates of gold.
 Out on the des - ert far a-way, He hast-ens while 'tis yet to - day.
 He took it in His ten - der arms, And shel-ter'd it from des - ert storms.
 Thro' chilling winds of sin's long night, Redeem'd at last by Gos - pel light.



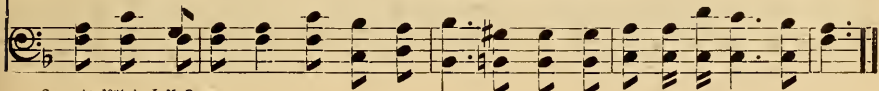
CHORUS.



There ma - ny lay in the Shepherd's fold, While one was far from the gates of gold;



Out on the des - ert, thro' sin's dark night, Wander'd a - far till the morning light.



No. 176. OUT FROM THE HEDGES OF THIS LIFE.

Inscribed to my pupils of Carroll County, Ga. J. M. V.

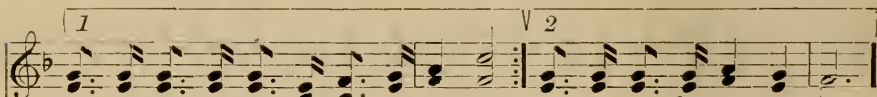
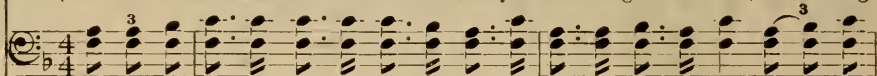
RAYMOND W. DOSTER.

J. M. VINES.

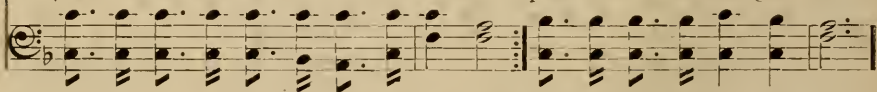
Cheerfully.



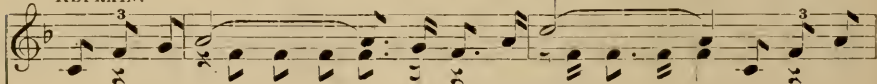
1. { Out from the hedg-es of this life, And to the Lord your ser-vice give; Out from the
Out from the way that is a strife, And go the way that you should live, Then the
2. { Go ye a-mong the ways of sin, And throw a light to some poor soul, O - ver the
In - to some heart a light with-in Would be a lov-ing, kind pa - trol, Lead - ing
3. { Then your reward will be with Him Whose light shall shine for-ev-er more. O - ver the
In - to a world that ne'er shall end. And where you'll walk the gold-en shore, Sing - ing



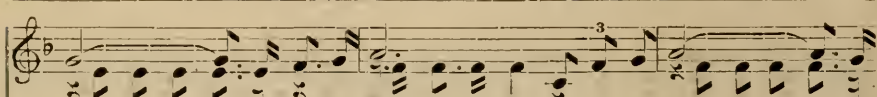
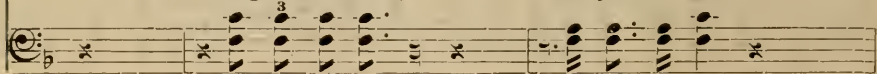
way of wrong and go the way of hon - or ;
(Omit dark-ness of this life 'twill shine the brightest ; an - gels of the heav'ns will sing.
(Omit him in - to the home of homes.
toils of life you'll say, 'tis well" for-ev - er ;
(Omit prais-es with the an - gels fair.



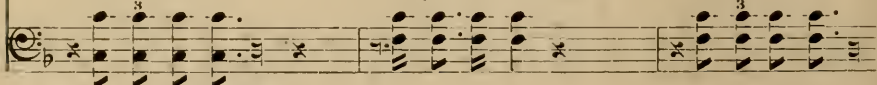
REFRAIN.



Sing of His name with praise to Him, Sing of His
Sing of His name, with praise to Him,



love and pow'r to save ; Sing of the love and
Sing of His love and pow'r to save ; Sing of the love



OUT FROM THE HEDGES OF THIS LIFE.

glad-ness there, . . . O - ver in that home be-yond the grave.
and glad-ness there,

No. 177. BLESSED CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

S. L. H.

S. L. HOWARD.

1. In the blessed crim-son fountain I've been washed and saved from sin, He who died on
2. Tho' life's road is rough and dreary, Tho' thro' dangers I must go, Christ is with me
3. I will trust my lov-ing Saviour, Faith-ful will I strive to be, Till I reach the

REFRAIN.

Cal-v'ry's mountain Gives me pre-cious peace within. O the blessed cleansing fountain! Free for
as I jour-ney, And no harm my soul shall know.
land of promise, And His wondrous glo-ry see.

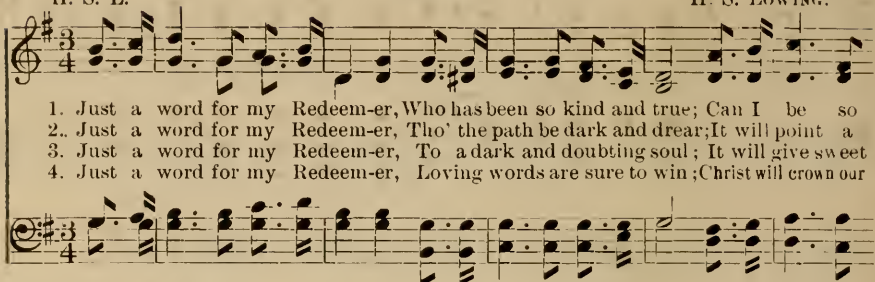
all its wa-ters flow; Come and test its heal-ing mer-it, — It will make you white as snow.

No. 178. JUST A WORD FOR MY REDEEMER.

Romans 10: 10.

H. S. L.

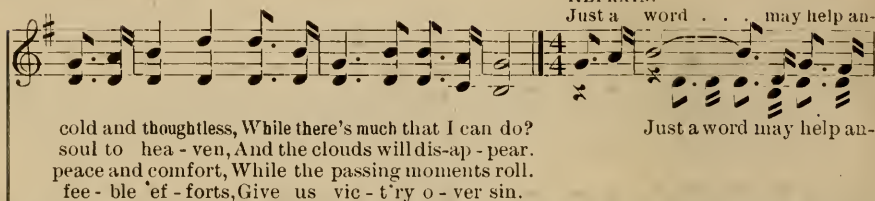
H. S. LOWING.



1. Just a word for my Redeem-er, Who has been so kind and true; Can I be so
 2. Just a word for my Redeem-er, Tho' the path be dark and drear; It will point a
 3. Just a word for my Redeem-er, To a dark and doubting soul; It will give sweet
 4. Just a word for my Redeem-er, Loving words are sure to win; Christ will crown our

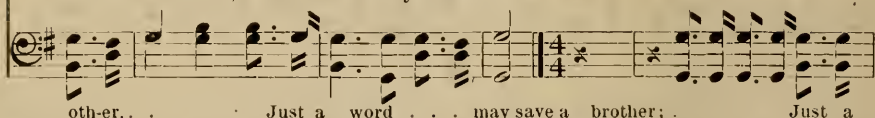
REFRAIN.

Just a word . . . may help an-

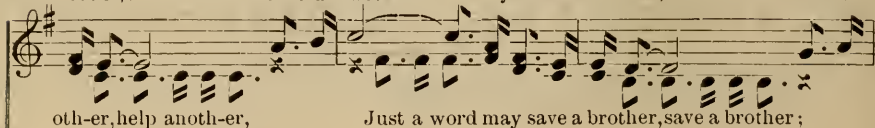


cold and thoughtless, While there's much that I can do?
 soul to hea - ven, And the clouds will dis-ap - pear.
 peace and comfort, While the passing moments roll.
 fee - ble ef - forts, Give us vic - t'ry o - ver sin.

Just a word may help an-



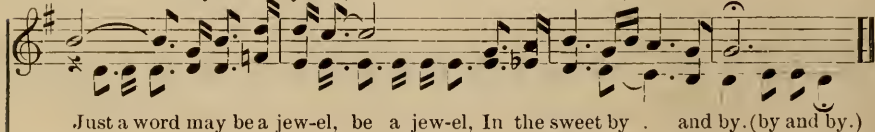
oth-er, . . . Just a word . . . may save a brother; . . . Just a



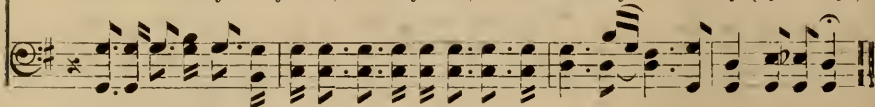
oth-er, help anothe-er, Just a word may save a brother, save a brother;



word . . . may be a jew-el,



Just a word may be a jew-el, be a jew-el, In the sweet by . . . and by. (by and by.)



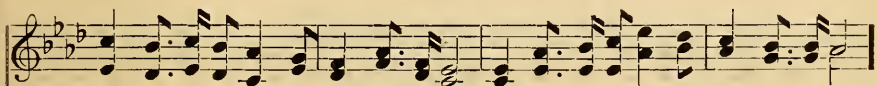
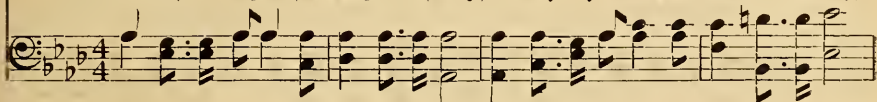
No. 179. EACH STEP OF THE WAY.

BIRDIE BELL.

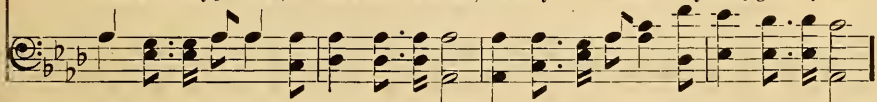
A. J. ROBERTSON.



1. Lead us, O Shepherd, each step of the way, Fain would we wander and oft would we stray;
2. Lead us, O Shepherd, each step of the way, Teach us Thy mandates and help us o - bey;
3. Lead us, O Shepherd, each step of the way, Guide by Thy counsels lest foes should dismay;



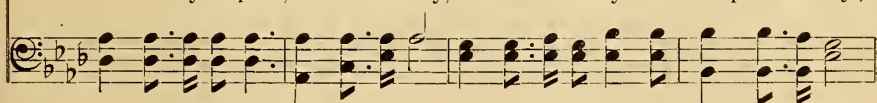
Keep us from danger and save us from harm, Per-ils surround us, temp-ta - tions' alarm.
Sweet are Thine accents and loving Thy voice, Follow Thy footsteps, Thy flock shall rejoice.
Green are Thy pastures, O there would we feed, Down by still wa-ters Thy sheep gent - ly lead.



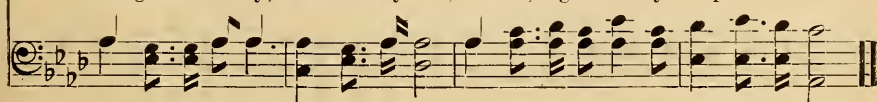
REFRAIN.



Heav - en - ly Shepherd, lead us each day, Guide us in mercy each step of the way ;



Dan-gers are many, safe is Thy fold, Gath-er, O gather Thy sheep from the cold.



E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je-sus all of my tri-als; I can-not bear these burdens a-lone;
 2. I must tell Je-sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, com-passion-ate Friend;
 3. Tempt-ed and tried I need a great Saviour, One who can help my burdens to bear;
 4. O how the world to e-vil allures me! O how my heart is tempt-ed to sin!

In my dis-tress He kindly will help me; He ev-er loves and cares for His own.
 If I but ask Him, He will de-liv-er; Make of my troubles quickly an end.
 I must tell Je-sus, I must tell Je-sus; He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
 I must tell Je-sus, and He will help me O-ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.

REFRAIN.

I must tell Je-sus! I must tell Je-sus! I can-not bear my burdens a-lone;

I must tell Je-sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a-lone.

No. 181. LIFT ME UP TO WALK WITH THEE.

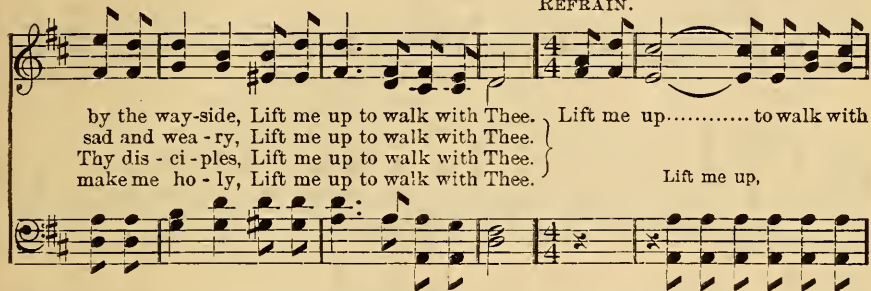
H. S. L.

H. S. LOWING.

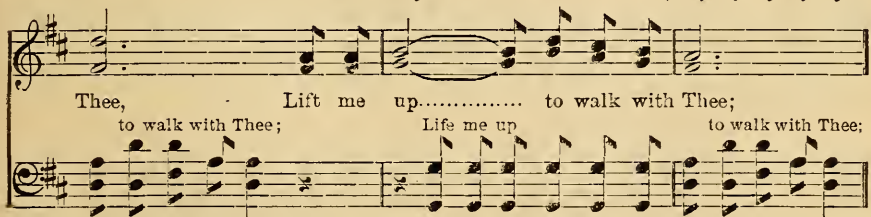


1. Kind-ly lead me, gen-tle Saviour, Tho' my step unstead-y be; If I fal - ter
 2. Kind-ly lead me, gen-tle Saviour, Give me faith to lean on Thee; When my heart is
 3. Kind-ly lead me, gen-tle Saviour, Day by day re-mem-ber me; Make me one of
 4. Kind-ly lead me, gen-tle Saviour, Let the light en-cir-cle me; Make me pure and

REFRAIN.



by the way-side, Lift me up to walk with Thee. Lift me up..... to walk with
 sad and wea - ry, Lift me up to walk with Thee.
 Thy dis - ci - ples, Lift me up to walk with Thee.
 make me ho - ly, Lift me up to walk with Thee. Lift me up,



Thee, Lift me up..... to walk with Thee;
 to walk with Thee; Life me up to walk with Thee;

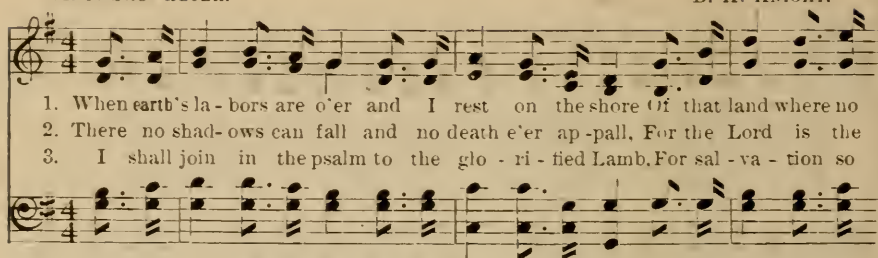


If I fal - ter by the way - side, Lift me up to walk with Thee.
 When my heart is sad and wea - ry, Lift me up to walk with Thee.
 Make me one of Thy dis - ci - ples, Lift me up to walk with Thee.
 Make me pure and make me ho - ly, Lift me up to walk with Thee.

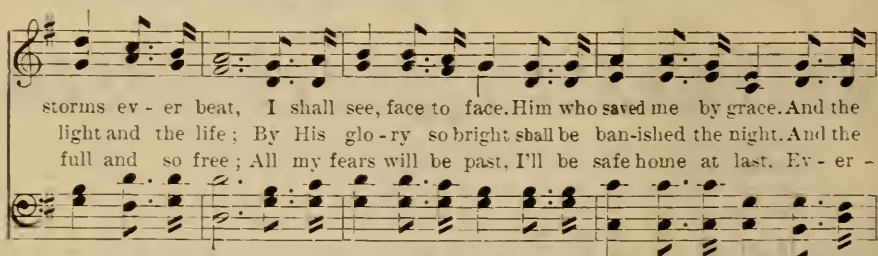
No. 182. WHEN EARTH'S LABORS ARE O'ER.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

B. K. KNIGHT.

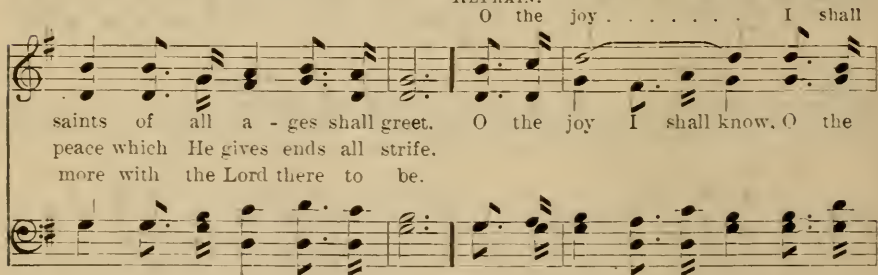


1. When earth's la-bors are o'er and I rest on the shore Of that land where no
 2. There no shad-ows can fall and no death e'er ap-pall, For the Lord is the
 3. I shall join in the psalm to the glo-ri-fied Lamb, For sal-va-tion so

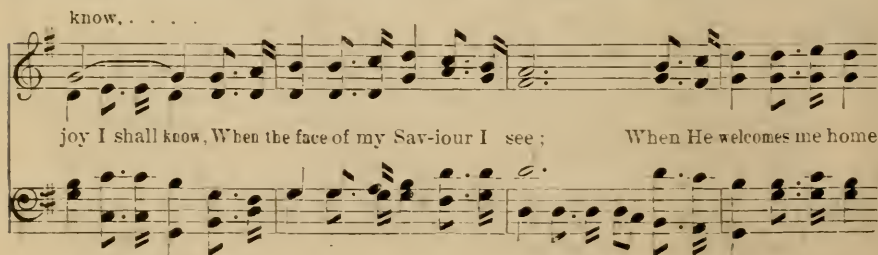


storms ev-er beat, I shall see, face to face. Him who saved me by grace. And the
 light and the life; By His glo-ry so bright shall be ban-ished the night. And the
 full and so free; All my fears will be past, I'll be safe home at last. Ev-er -

REFRAIN.

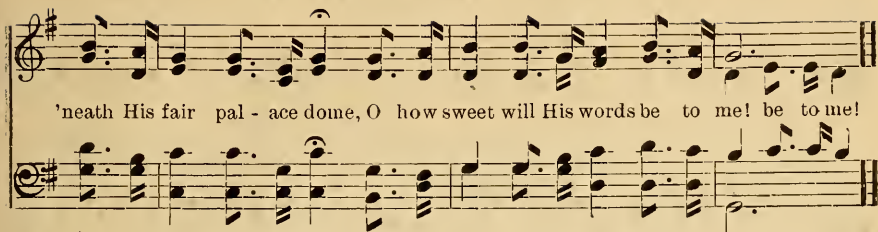


O the joy I shall
 saints of all a-ges shall greet. O the joy I shall know, O the
 peace which He gives ends all strife.
 more with the Lord there to be.



know,
 joy I shall know, When the face of my Sav-iour I see; When He welcomes me home
 glad-ly see;

WHEN EARTH'S LABORS ARE O'ER.



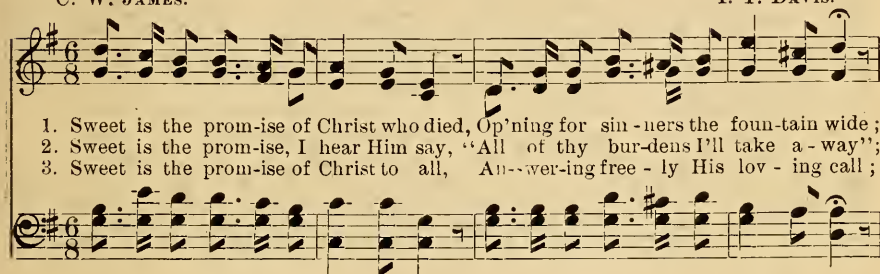
'neath His fair pal - ace dome, O how sweet will His words be to me! be to me!

No. 183. SWEET IS THE PROMISE.

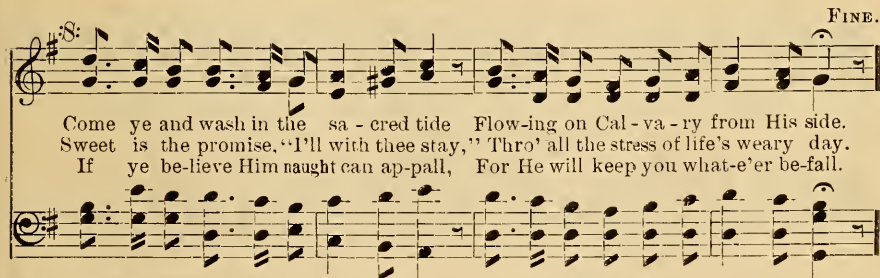
Dedicated to my friend and teacher, J. M. Bowman.

C. W. JAMES.

I. T. DAVIS.



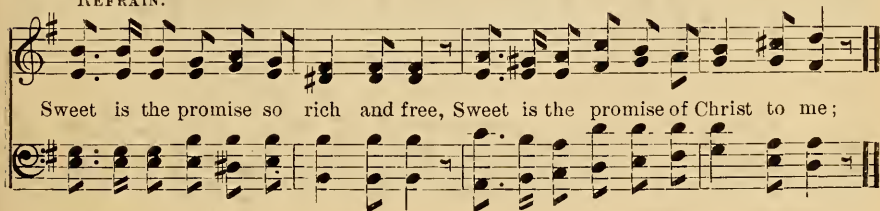
1. Sweet is the prom-ise of Christ who died, Op'ning for sin - ners the foun-tain wide;
2. Sweet is the prom-ise, I hear Him say, "All of thy bur-dens I'll take a-way";
3. Sweet is the prom-ise of Christ to all, An-swer-ing free - ly His lov - ing call;



FINE.

Come ye and wash in the sa - cred tide Flow-ing on Cal - va - ry from His side.
 Sweet is the promise, "I'll with thee stay," Thro' all the stress of life's weary day.
 If ye be-lieve Him naught can ap-pall, For He will keep you what-e'er be-fall.

D.S. Where He a - bid - eth I soon shall be, Saved by His grace thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
 REFRAIN.

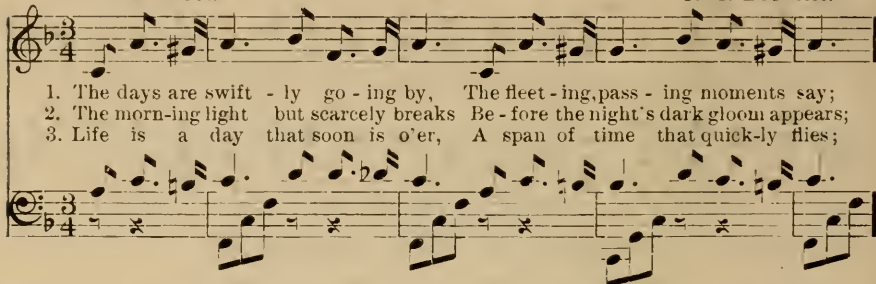


Sweet is the promise so rich and free, Sweet is the promise of Christ to me;

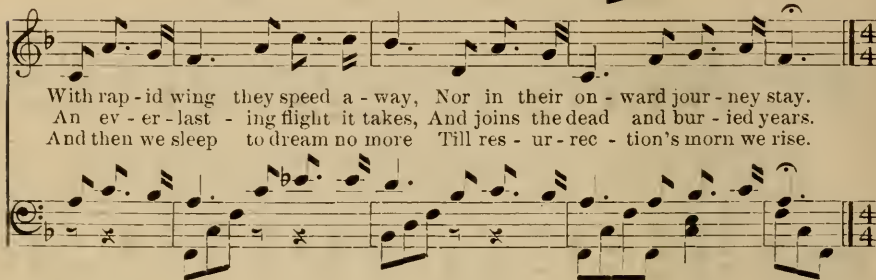
No. 184. THE DAYS ARE SWIFTLY GOING BY.

J. S. KIMBROUGH.

C. H. BOTTOMS.

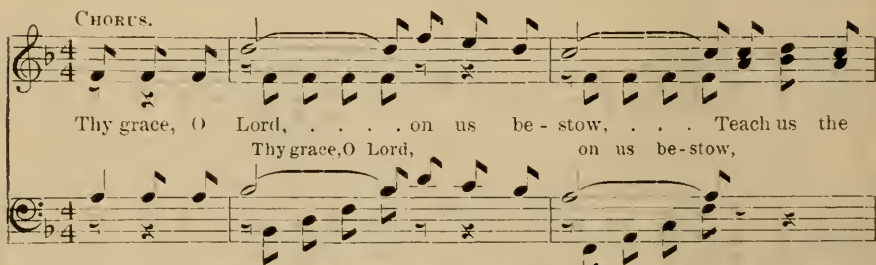


1. The days are swift - ly go - ing by, The fleet - ing, pass - ing moments say;
 2. The morn - ing light but scarcely breaks Be - fore the night's dark gloom appears;
 3. Life is a day that soon is o'er, A span of time that quick - ly flies;

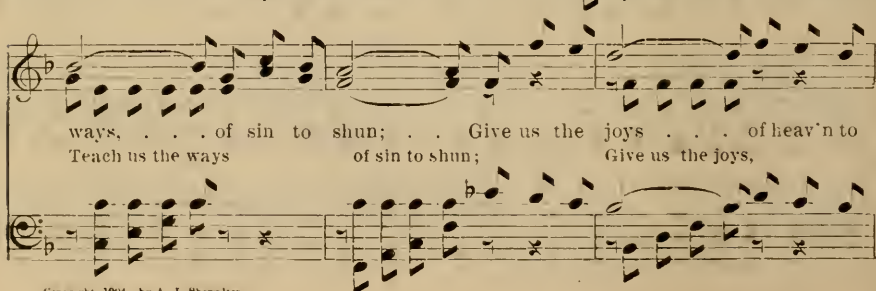


With rap - id wing they speed a - way, Nor in their on - ward jour - ney stay.
 An ev - er - last - ing flight it takes, And joins the dead and bur - ied years.
 And then we sleep to dream no more Till res - ur - rec - tion's morn we rise.

CHORUS.

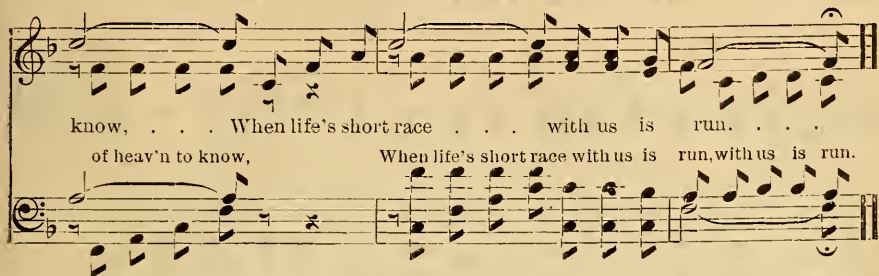


Thy grace, O Lord, . . . on us be - stow, . . . Teach us the
 Thy grace, O Lord, on us be - stow,



ways, . . . of sin to shun; . . . Give us the joys . . . of heav'n to
 Teach us the ways of sin to shun; Give us the joys,

THE DAYS ARE SWIFTLY GOING BY.



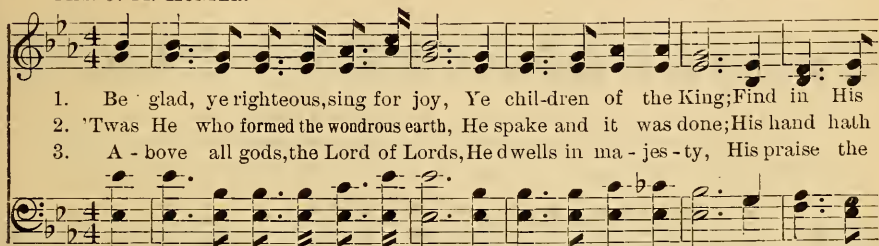
know, . . . When life's short race . . . with us is run. . . .
of heav'n to know, When life's short race with us is run, with us is run.

No. 185.

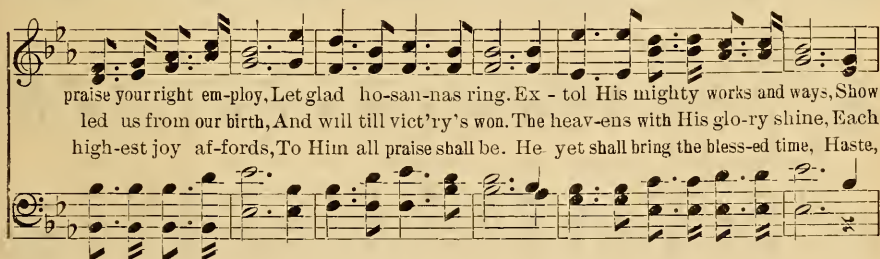
SING FOR JOY.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

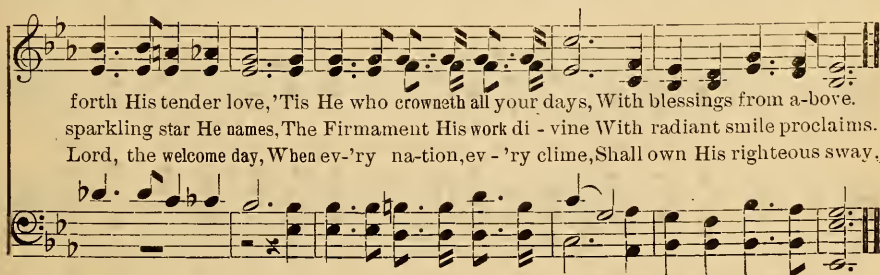
WALTER E. RUSH.



1. Be glad, ye righteous, sing for joy, Ye chil-dren of the King; Find in His
2. 'Twas He who formed the wondrous earth, He spake and it was done; His hand hath
3. A - bove all gods, the Lord of Lords, He dwells in ma - jes - ty, His praise the



praise your right em-ploy, Let glad ho-san-nas ring. Ex - tol His mighty works and ways, Show
led us from our birth, And will till vict'ry's won. The heav-ens with His glo-ry shine, Each
high-est joy af-fords, To Him all praise shall be. He yet shall bring the bless-ed time, Haste,

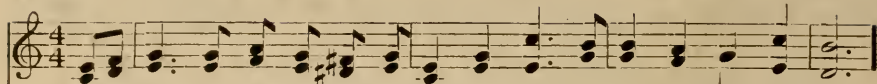


forth His tender love, 'Tis He who crowneth all your days, With blessings from a-bove.
sparkling star He names, The Firmament His work di - vine With radiant smile proclaims.
Lord, the welcome day, When ev-'ry na-tion, ev-'ry clime, Shall own His righteous sway,

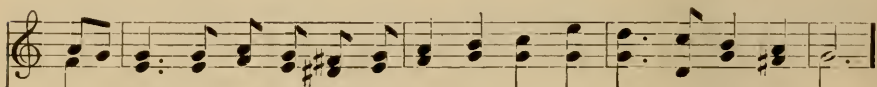
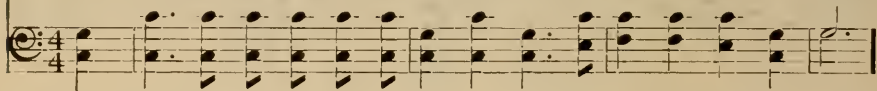
No. 186. THE SHELTER OF GOD'S LOVE.

MARY E. BROWN.

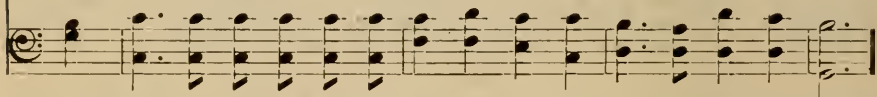
W. H. DOANE.



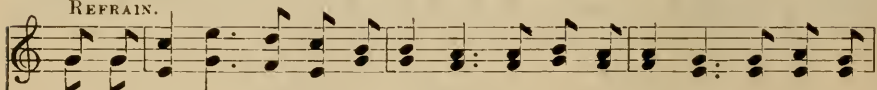
1. When on the wea-ry heart there gent - ly dawns The ful - ness of His love.
2. Safe in the sha-dow of His might-y wings, He hides us day by day ;
3. And when we each shall en - ter death's dark vale, Our earth-ly race well run,



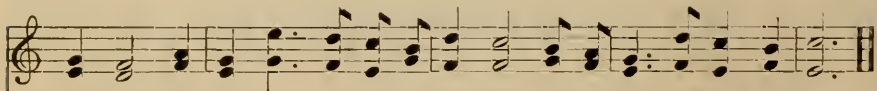
Then with our spir-its tuned to joy and praise, We sing "God rules a - bove!"
In that sweet shel-er we may sweet-ly gain Cour-age to tread life's way.
He'll grant us faith and cour-age still to say, Dear Lord, Thy will be done.



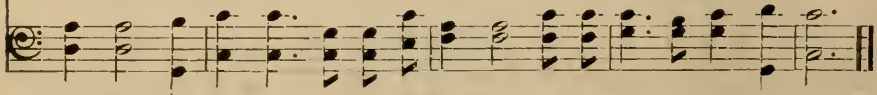
REFRAIN.



How He loves us, the notes com-er-ing, From all the faith-ful, His mer-cy




sing - ing ; The whole earth to Him is bring-ing Prais-es for His love and care.



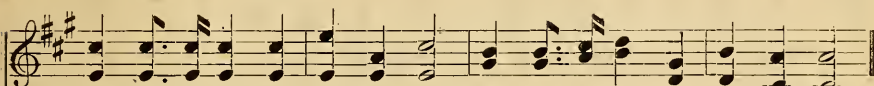
Stand therefore having your loins girt about with truth. Eph. vi: 14.

R. TORREY.

ASA HULL.

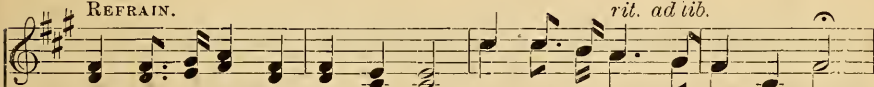


1. Stand up for Je - sus, Chris-tian, stand, Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand!
 2. Stand up for Je - sus, Chris-tian, stand! Sound forth His name o'er sea and land!
 3. Stand up for Je - sus, Chris-tian, stand! Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
 4. Stand up for Je - sus, Chris-tian, stand! Soon with the blest im - mor - tal band

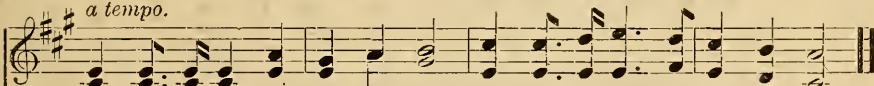


Beat back the waves of sin that roll Like rag-ing floods a - round thy soul.
 Spread ye His glo-rious word a - broad, Till all the world shall own Him Lord.
 Till heath-en lands, with wond'ring eye, Its ris - ing glo - ry shall de - sery.
 We'll dwell for aye, life's jour - ney o'er, In realms of light, on heav'n's bright shore.

REFRAIN.

rit. ad lib.


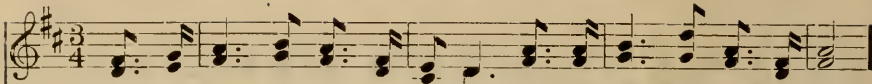
Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand, Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand!

a tempo.


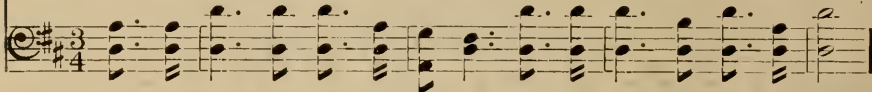
Stand up, His righteous cause de - fend; Stand up for Je - sus, your best friend.

E. E. HEWITT.

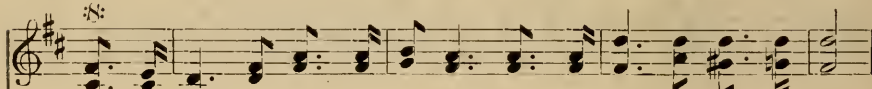
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. There's a word of ten - der beau-ty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Though I'm least of all His chil-dren, So un-wor - thy of His love,
3. O 'the wound-ed hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,



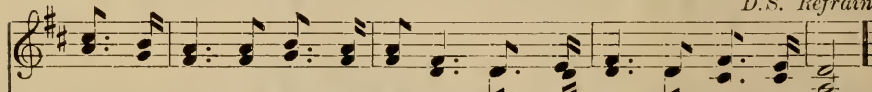
How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat - i - tude's sweet chord;
 Yet, for me, there's kind re - mein - brance In the Fa - ther-heart a - bove;
 Is there an - y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?



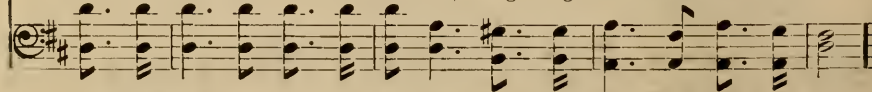
For it tells me that "Our Fa - ther," From His throne of roy - al might,
 He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way;
 Let me, like the lit - tle spar-row, Trust Him where I can - not see,



REF. In my Fa - ther's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe, and free;
D.S. Refrain.



Bends to note a fall - ing spar-row, For 'tis pre - cious in His sight.
 For my Sav - iour gent - ly whis-pers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
 In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, Sing - ing "He will care for me."



While His eye is on the spar-row I will not for - got - ten be.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sun-light all of my jour-ney ; O-ver the mountains, thro' the deep vale ;
 2. Shad-ows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my Saviour and Guide ;
 3. In the bright sunlight, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to man-sions a-bove ;

Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee, Promise di-vine that nev-er can fail.
 He is the light, in Him is no darkness, Ev-er I'm walking close to His side.
 Singing His prais-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing, Walking in sunlight, sunlight of love.

REFRAIN.

Heav-en-ly sun-light, heav-en-ly sunlight ; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine :

Hall-le-lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Sing-ing His prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I have a Friend, a pre-cious Friend, Who keeps me day by day,
 2. I need not feel one anx-ious thought, Or know one press-ing care,
 3. O sin-ner, take Him for your Friend, His grace is free to all;
 4. 'Tis sweet to feel His pres-ence near, And on His strength re-ly;
 5. 'Tis sweet to work for such a Friend; Dear Lord, our ef-forts guide,

On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend, Who is my guide and stay.
 But that I may—His word hath taught—Take un-to Him in pray'r.
 He will the trust-ing soul de-fend, Nor suf-fer it to fall.
 To know that He thro' life will cheer, Sup-port when death is nigh.
 For if Thou wilt Thy bless-ing send, The work shall e'er a-bide.

REFRAIN.

My dear-est Friend, my tru-est Friend,

My dear-est Friend, my tru-est Friend, My Friend in

life My Friend in death; Un-to His name let

life, my Friend in life, My Friend in death, my Friend in death; Unto His name let praise ascend, Un-

MY DEAREST FRIEND.

praise as - cend,

breath.

to His name let praise as-cend, With glad, with glad, ex-ult-ant breath, ex-ult-ant breath.

No. 191. WE SHALL MEET AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

"My boy, I know we shall meet at the Beautiful Gate, and I'll hear you sing some sweet song again," were the dying words of Mr. J. A. Taylor's mother for whom these stanzas were written.
 MRS. J. M. HUNTER. W. A. STEWART.

1. Dear mother, safe on that bright shore, For me will watch and wait; I love to pic-ture
2. My mind goes back to oth-er days, When she was with me here; I sang for her sweet
3. And now when of-ten-times I try Some old and cherished strain, Their tender mem'ries
4. Then comes the tho't, we'll meet a-gain At heaven's gate so fair, And I shall sing some
5. Yes, there 'twill be the glad new song Which Christ Himself shall give, Thro' Him I'll reach the
6. There ransom'd ones se-cure-ly dwell, And sing redeeming love, Methinks I'll hear the

REFRAIN.

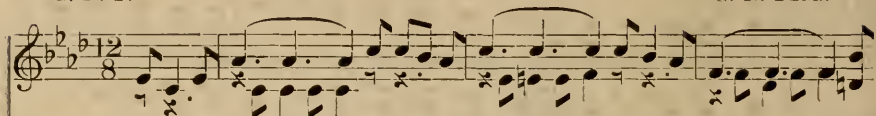
o'er and o'er My welcome at the gate. Beau-ti-ful Gate of pearl-y white,
 hymns of praise And heard her words of cheer.
 dim my eyes And fill my heart with pain.
 sweet refrain With moth-er o-ver there.
 hap-py throng, Thro' Him in glo-ry live.
 cho-rus swell "O pre-cious home a-bove."

Beau-ti-ful gate so fair, Beau-ti-ful Cit-y, God its light, I know we'll meet up there.

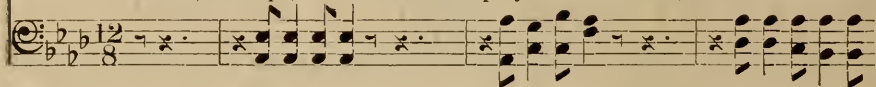
No. 192. FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS, SINCE WE MUST PART.

G. N. F.

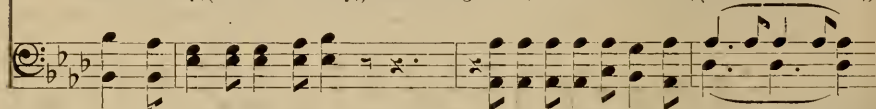
G. N. FENN.



1. Farewell, my friends, . . . since we must part; . . . The sep-a - ra - - tion
2. But peace, my soul! . . . that painful word . . . Shall cease to pierce . . . as
3. Till then, let's hope, . . . and trust and pray, . . . And wait, and watch . . . for

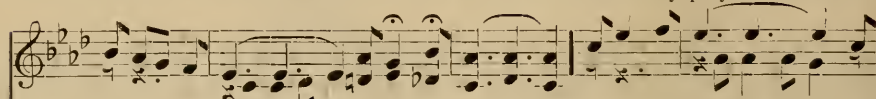


grieves my heart; (it grieves my heart;) The Master do - - eth all things well, (yes, all things well,
with a sword, (as with a sword,) When angels come, . . . the news to tell, (the news to tell,)
that sweet day, (for that sweet day,) When we'll go home, with Christ to dwell, (with Christ to dwell,)



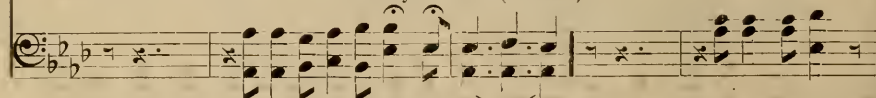
REFRAIN.

This is my prayer. . . . to

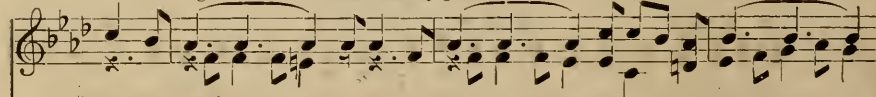


And yet I grieve . . . to say farewell. (farewell.)
That we may bid . . . all grief farewell. (farewell.)
Where friends no more . . . shall say farewell (farewell.)

This is my prayer



God most high, . . . That we may gath - - er by and by.



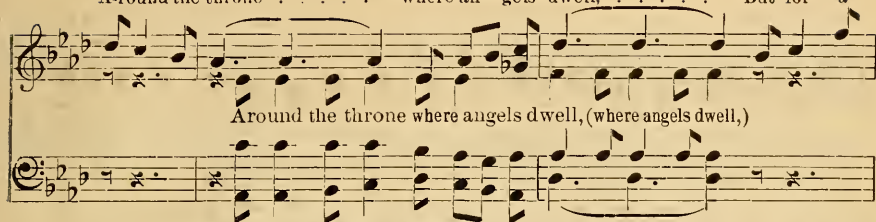
to God most high,

That we may gather by and by, yes, by and by,

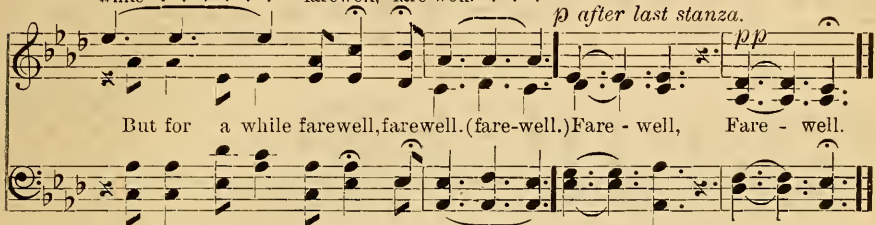


FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS, SINCE WE MUST PART.

A-round the throne where an - gels dwell, But for a



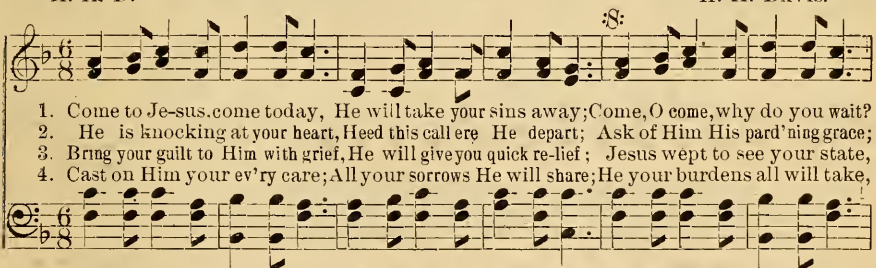
while farewell, fare-well. *p after last stanza.*



No. 193. COME TO JESUS, COME TODAY.

H. A. D.

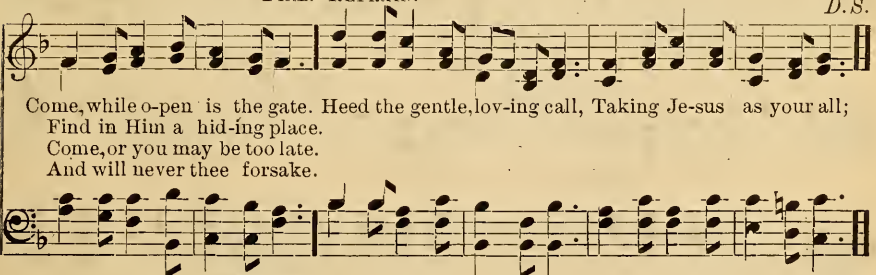
H. A. DAVIS.



D.S. Then, O then you'll happy be,

FINE. REFRAIN.

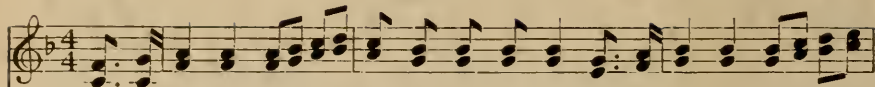
D.S.



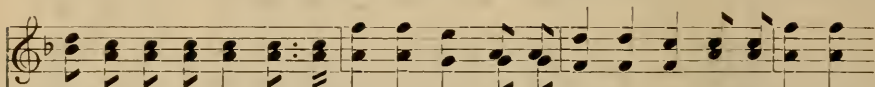
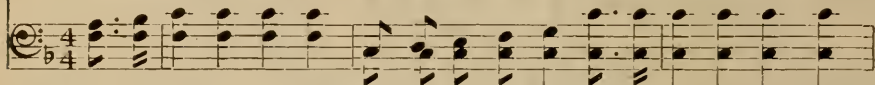
For His glo-ry you shall see.

D. K. EN.

H. R. PALMER.



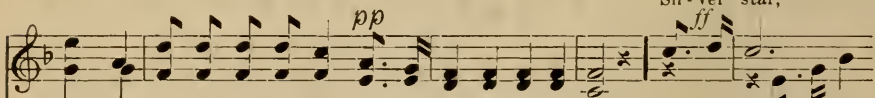
1. On the brow of night there shines a sil-ver star, On the brow of night there
2. 'Tis the lamp of God high hang-ing in the air, 'Tis the lamp of God high
3. Bring your gifts of gold, of frank-in-cense and myrrh, Bring your gifts of gold, of



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

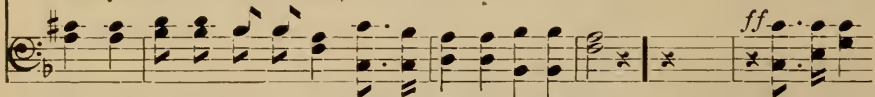


REFRAIN.
Sil-ver star,



King, whose throne they sought a-far, In the Babe of Bethle-hem.
rest for those who seek it there From the Babe of Bethle-hem.
child your best af-fec-tions stir; 'Tis the Babe of Bethle-hem.

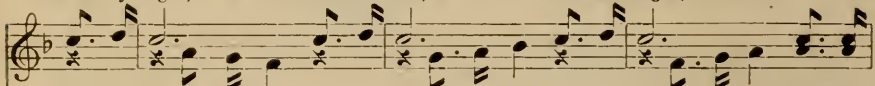
Sil-ver star,



ho-ly light,

shine a-far,

o'er the night,



ho-ly light,

shine a-far,

o'er the night, Till the



THE SILVER STAR.

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

No. 195.

I SURRENDER ALL.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.

1. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give; I will ev - er
 2. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow; World-ly pleasures
 3. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine; Let me feel the
 4. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Lord, I give my-self to Thee; Fill me with Thy
 5. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame; O the joy of

CHORUS.

love and trust Him, In His presence dai-ly live. I sur-ren-der all,
 all for-sak - en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.
 Ho - ly Spir-it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
 love and pow-er, Let Thy blessing fall on me.
 full sal-va-tion! Glo-ry, glo-ry to His name!

I sur-ren-der all,

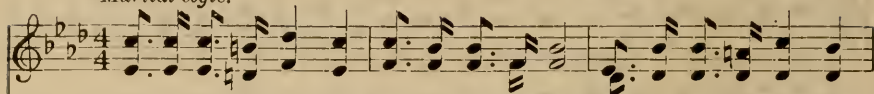
I surrender all, All to Thee, my blessed Saviour, I surrender all.
 I sur-render all,

No. 196. VOLUNTEERS, TO THE FRONT!

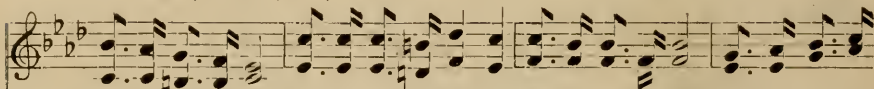
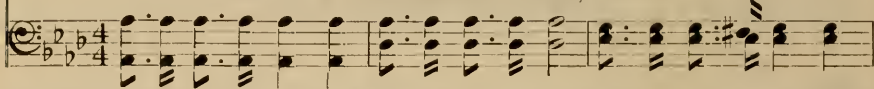
Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.

Mrs. PAULINE GILMOUR HATCH.

Martial style.



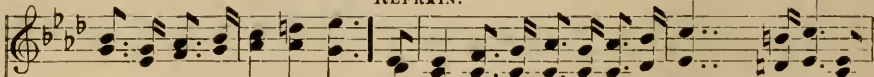
1. Vol-unteers are want-ed ! hear the stir-ring call, O be swift to an-swer,
2. Vol-unteers are want-ed ! val-iant men and true, In the ranks, my brother,
3. Vol-unteers are want-ed ! for on land and sea Sa-tan's starving bondmen
4. Vol-unteers are want-ed ! on the bat-tle-plain Sol-diers brave are fall-ing,
5. Vol-unteers are want-ed ! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din of bat-tle



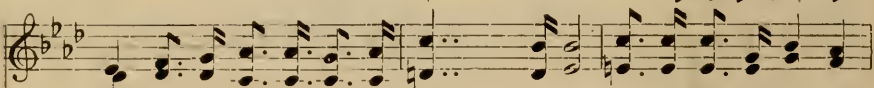
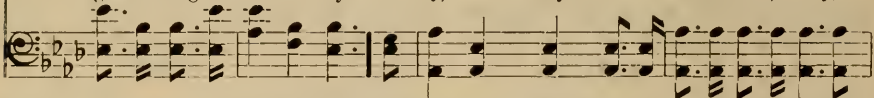
comrades, one and all; Gird-ing on your ar-mor, haste to march a-way, For the Lord is there is room for you; Christ is the Com-mand-er, let us all o-bey, When He gives the clam-or to be free; Hast-en to their res-cue, if you still delay Blood-bought souls must ne'er to fight a-gain; Who will take their pla-ces in the dead-ly fray? Who will march with will in peace be stilled; See ! the clouds are lift-ing, soon they'll clear away, Glo-ry gilds the



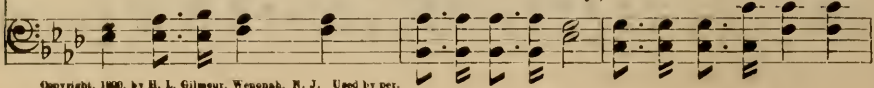
REFRAIN.



call-ing, "to the front to-day!" A-way to the bat-tle-field, a-way, a-way! The or-der, "to the front to-day!" per-ish, to the front to-day! Je-sus to the front to-day? heights a-long the front to-day. A-way, a-way to the bat-tle-field, a-way,



King calls for sol-diers in His ranks to-day; Hear the bu-gle call-ing, sol-diers in His ranks to-day;



VOLUNTEERS, TO THE FRONT!

in - to line be fall - ing, Forth to the bat - tle-field, a - way, a - way !

No. 197. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. S. L.

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 shadows come, let shad - ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One thought 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 !

D.S. What need I fear since Thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me !

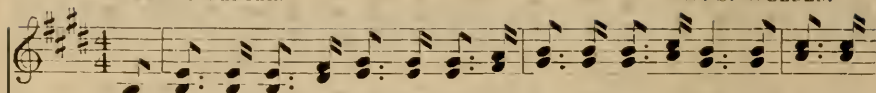
REFRAIN.

D.S.

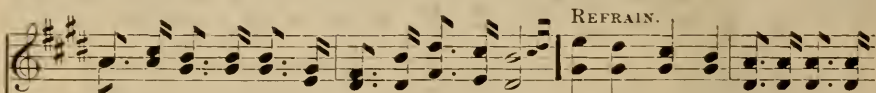
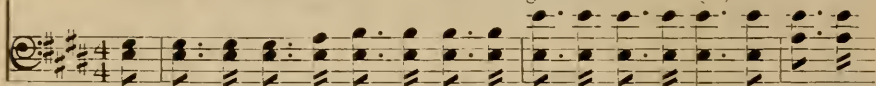
Thou think - est, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou think - est, Lord, of me, (of me,)

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

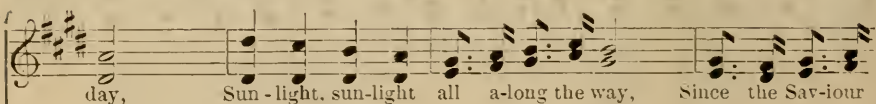
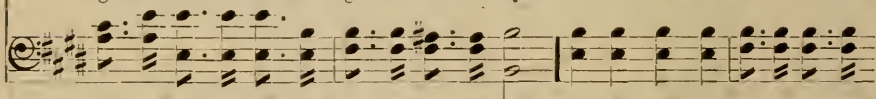


1. I wan-dered in the shades of night. Till Je - sus came to me, And with the
2. Though clouds may gath - er in the sky. And bil-lows round me roll, How ev - er
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I sweet commun-ion find; I press with
4. I cross the wide ex-tend - ed fields. I jour-ney o'er the plains. And in the
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is. The Light that came to me; Be-hold the

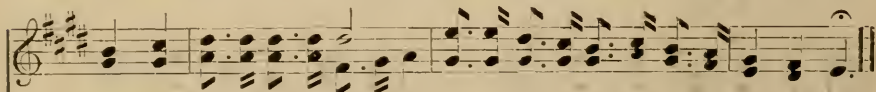


REFRAIN.

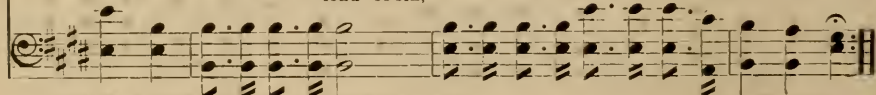
sunlight of His love Bid all my darkness flee. Sunlight, sunlight, in my soul to -
 dark the world may be I've sunlight in my soul.
 ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world behind.
 sunlight of His love I reap the gold-en grain.
 brightness of His face. Throughout e-ter - ni - ty.



day, Sun - light, sun - light all a - long the way, Since the Sav - iour
 nar - row way;
 to-day, yes,



found me, took away my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love with - in.
 load of sin,



No. 199. DO SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

ADA POWELL.

B. N. HULTSMAN.



1. Do something for Je - sus, be - liev - er, . . . Some tal - ent was giv - en to you,
2. Why stand you so i - dle and list - less? Oh, rouse you, dear Christian, take heed,
3. The har - vest so swift - ly is pass - ing, There's work for the fee - ble and strong,



What - ev - er in life is your sta - tion, There's something or oth - er to do. . .
The weak and the err - ing are near you, The sick and the helpless in need.
And fol - low - ing af - ter the Sav - iour, There's work for the old and the young.



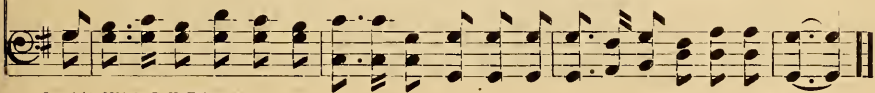
REFRAIN.



Do something for Jesus, Do something for Je - sus, Oh, work in His vineyard I pray ;



Bring one to be - lieve Him, To love and re - ceive Him. Do something for Je - sus to - day.



To my teacher, Prof. A. J. Showalter.

S. McN.

SHARP MCNIEL.

1. What bright visions come to me When I think of joys to be, 'Twill be glo - ry when we
 2. Af - ter pilgrim's paths are trod, Sharing in the peace of God. 'Twill be glo - ry when we
 3. O the bliss that we shall know With our souls made white as snow, 'Twill be glo - ry when we

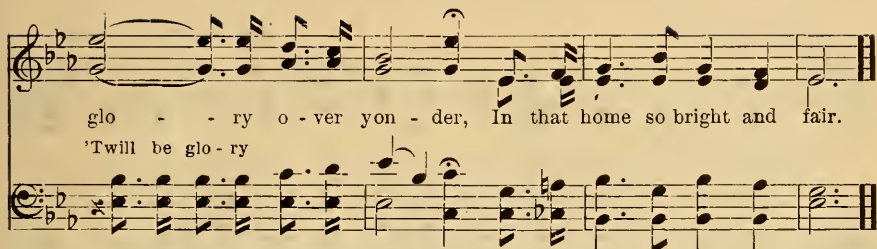
meet each oth - er there ; Je - sus has pre - pared a home for us where no harm can come, 'Twill be
 meet each oth - er there ; While the endless a - ges roll Christ's aton - ing love ex - tol, 'Twill be
 meet each oth - er there ; We shall praise the ho - ly Lamb, Chanting loud redemption's psalm, 'Twill be

REFRAIN.

glo - ry when we meet each oth - er there. 'Twill be glo - - - ry o - ver
 'Twill be glo - ry

yon - der, When we meet . . . each oth - er there ; 'Twill be
 meet, when we meet each oth - er there, each oth - er there ;

GLORY OVER YONDER.



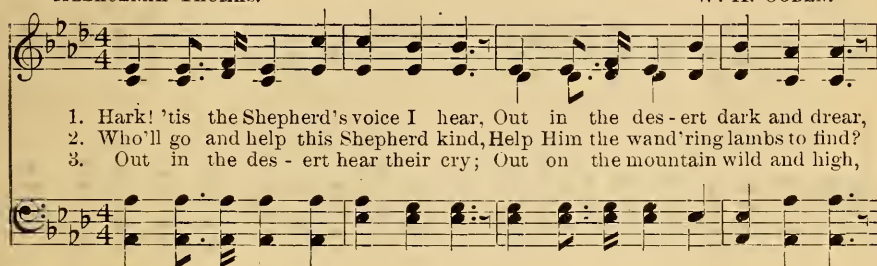
glo - - ry o - ver yon - der, In that home so bright and fair.
'Twill be glo - ry

No. 201.

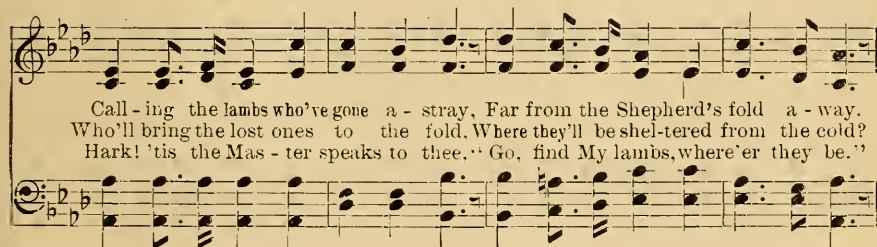
BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

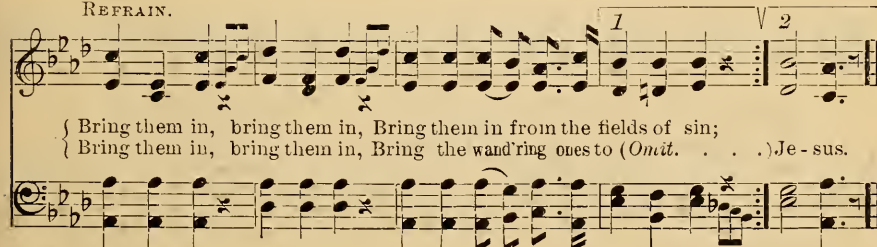


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring lambs to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,



Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shel - tered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go, find My lambs, where'er they be."

REFRAIN.

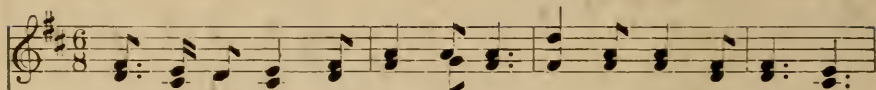


{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to (Omit. . .) Je - sus.

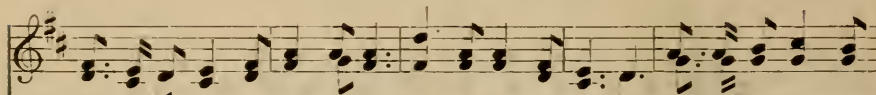
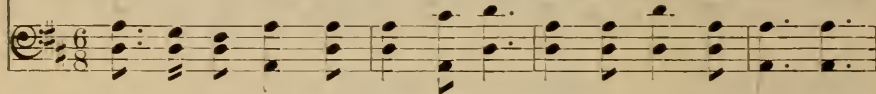
No. 202. NEARER THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

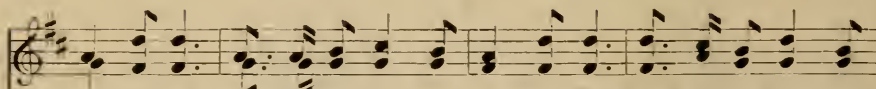
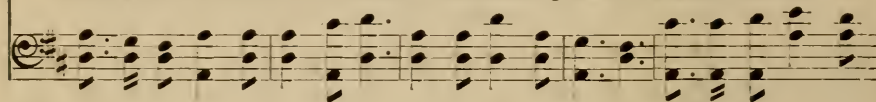
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



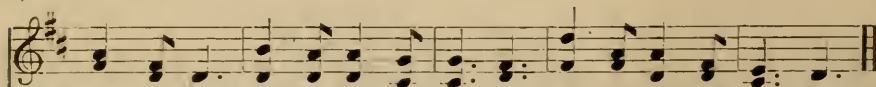
1. Near-er the cross! my heart can say. I am com-ing near-er.
2. Near-er the Chris-tian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er.
3. Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires. I am com-ing near-er.



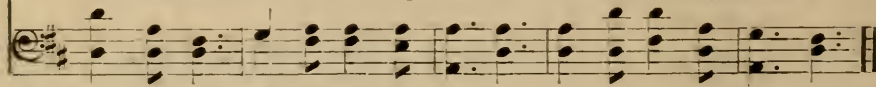
Near-er the cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
Feast-ing my soul on man-na sweet. I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more
Deep-er the love my soul de-sires. I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of



Je-sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crim-son tide. Near-er my Sav-iour's
clear I see Je-sus Who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share. Near-er the crown I



wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be; Still I'm com-ing near-er. Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.



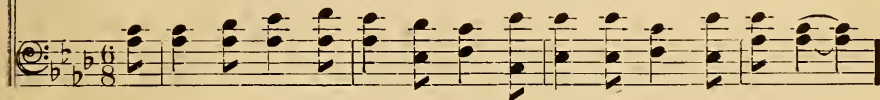
No. 203. WE'LL MEET IN HEAVEN.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

W. A. STEWART.



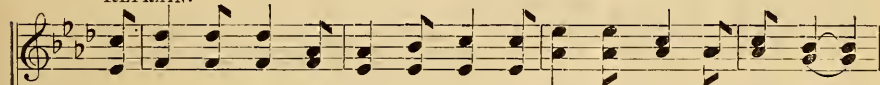
1. How beau-ti-ful and true the life Of our dear friend and broth-er!
 2. He sought to do the Sav-iour's will, Now rest, sweet rest is giv-en,
 3. Oh, let us ev-er faith-ful be, 'Till we shall meet in glo-ry,



He looked a-bove earth's sin and strife, To joys that live for-ev-er.
 And tho' the flesh lies cold and still, The spir-it lives in Heav-en.
 Then thro' a blest e-ter-ni-ty, We'll sing re-demp-tion's sto-ry.



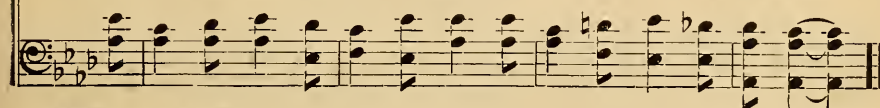
REFRAIN.



How sweet to think that by and by, Our spir-its fill'd with glad-ness,



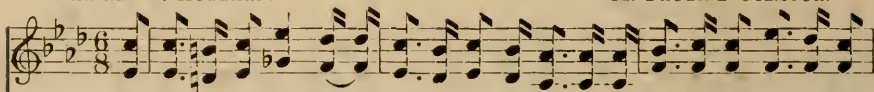
Thro' Je-sus' name, we'll meet on high, Where comes no sin or sad-ness.



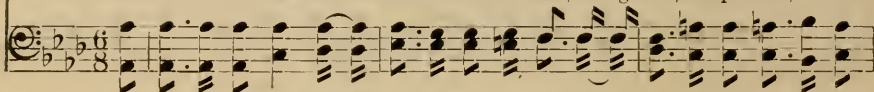
No. 204. OUR DEARLY LOVED BANNER.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD.

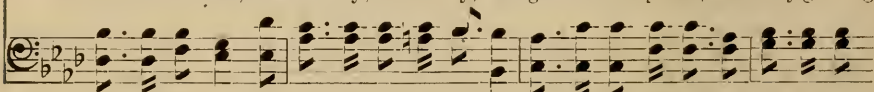
M. PAULINE GILMOUR.



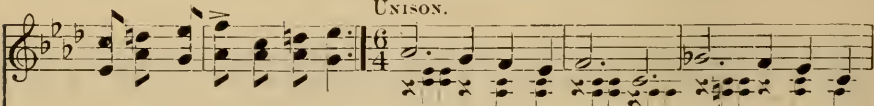
1. Our country, so dear to the hearts of thy children, In - spire us with rapture when
2. Wide o - pen we fling our doors to the homeless, From the ends of the earth they are
3. Our country! thy warm heart is always re-sponsive To the cries of the suff'ring wher-
4. O God of our fathers who made us a na-tion, Still guard, and protect, leave us



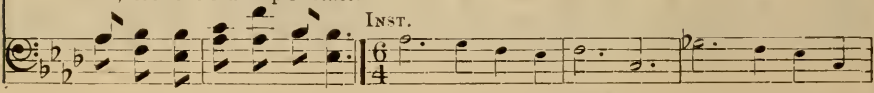
sing - ing of thee; Thy mountains and valleys, thy lakes, and thy rivers, And o - ver them
turn - ing to thee; The rich - es and learning of nations are gather'd Within thy broad
e'er they may be; From Maine un-to Tex-as, from o - cean to ocean, And hearts touch'd with
not to our fate; Bless ar - my, and na-vy, let right be triumphant, With Thy guiding



REFRAIN. UNISON.

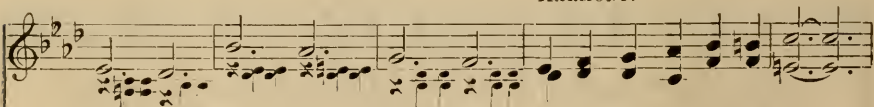


all, floats the flag of the free. Our dear-ly lov'd ban - ner, Our star-spangled
bor-ders, oh, land of the free.
sor-row far o - ver the sea.
hand, steer the old ship of state.

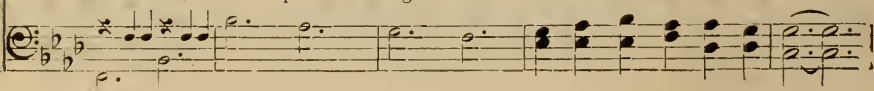


INST.

HARMONY.



ban - ner, The proud flag that ev - er floats o - ver the free;



OUR DEARLY LOVED BANNER.

UNISON.

Our dear-ly lov'd ban - ner, our star-span-gled ban - ner,

HARMONY.

The proud flag that ev - er floats o - ver the free.

No. 205. SAVIOUR, BROTHER, FRIEND.

"That I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having my own righteousness."

WM. BENNETT.

ASA HULL.

Slow and connected.

1. High-er, high-er would I soar, Rise where sin dis-turbs no more; Near-er, near-er,
2. Up-ward, upward, be my flight, Till the world is lost to sight; Heav'nward all my
3. On-ward, onward, be my cry, From earth's cares I fain would fly; Pressing t'ward the
4. For-ward, forward, I will go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low, In the nar-row,

D.S. Let me all Thy

FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.

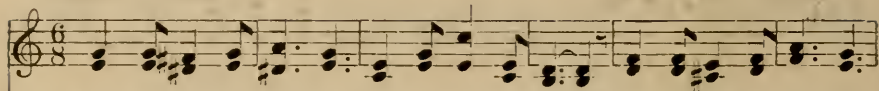
Lord, to Thee, Cleans'd from all im-pur-i-ty. Oh, my Sav-iour, Brother, Friend,
tho'ts as-cend, Till my pil-grim-age shall end. Let the cleansing show'rs descend;
heav'nly goal, To the ha-ven of my soul.
trust-ful way, Till I gain the realms of day.

ful-ness know, Let the heal-ing wa-ters flow.

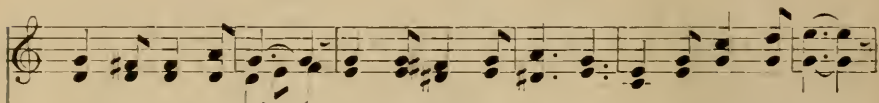
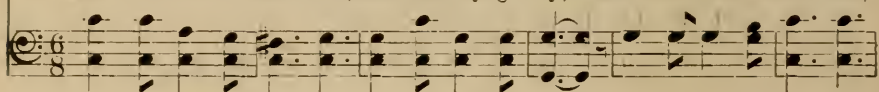
No. 206. MORE AND MORE I NEED THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

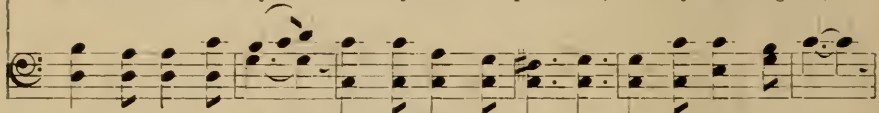
W. H. DOANE.



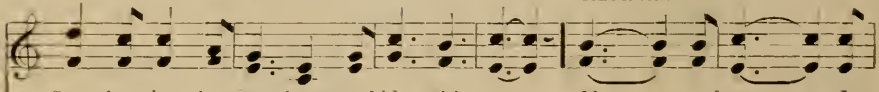
1. More and more I need Thee, Precious Friend di-vine, More and more I need Thee,
2. More and more I need Thee, Thou, my all in all; More and more I need Thee,
3. More and more I need Thee, In temp-ta-tion's hour; More and more I need Thee,
4. More and more I need Thee, While the days go by; More and more I need Thee,



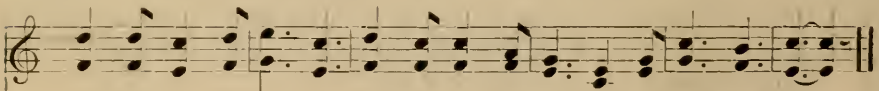
In this heart of mine. Thou hast led me ev - er, Still my ref - uge be;
Lest I faint and fall. . . I am weak and help - less. Thou, my strength must be;
Need Thy keep-ing power; Let my soul up - lift - ed, Cling by faith to Thee,
While the moments fly: In Thy se - cret pres-ence, Let my dwell-ing be;



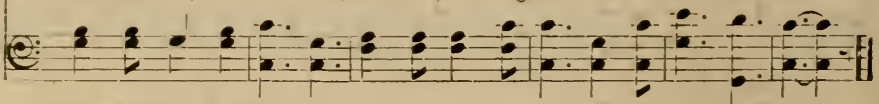
REFRAIN.



Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour, A-bide with me. More . . . and more . . . I
More and more, yes, more and more.



need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour, A-bide with me.



No. 207. REJOICE, AND BE GLAD.

"Rejoice, O young man in thy youth." Eccl. 11: 9.

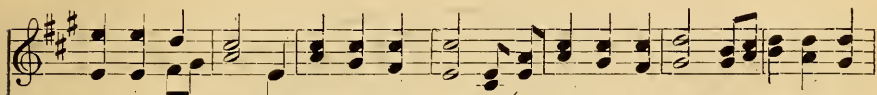
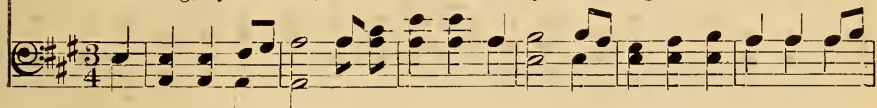
ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

Joyfully.



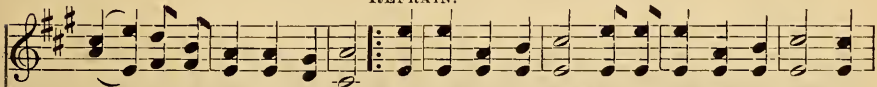
1. Re-joyce, O young man, in the glo - ry of youth, In Vir-tue and Wisdom, in
2. Re-joyce, O young maid, in thy in - no-cent grace, Let Christ be your model, that
3. Be strong, O young saint, there are foes in the way, Be strong in the faith lest they



Hon-or and Truth, Let these gird your loins as you journey a - long To mansions of
oth - ers may trace His features in yours as you journey a - bove, Se-cure from all
lead thee a - stray; Thy Captain a - lone can shield thee and save, And give thee a



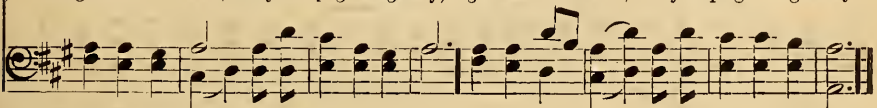
REFRAIN.



bliss in the land of sweet song. Rejoice and be glad, Thro' the night and the day, Look
sin in pure in - nocent love. Be strong and be glad, Thro' the night and the day, Look
home af-ter death and the grave.



bright and not sad, On your pilgrim-age way; bright and not sad, On your pilgrimage way.



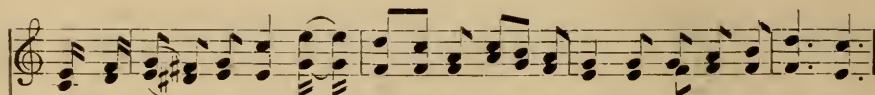
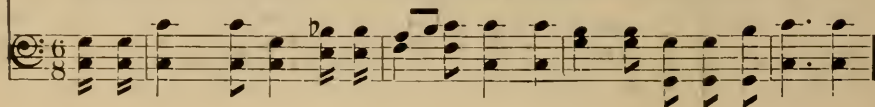
No. 208. BESIDE THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

JENNIE WILSON.

C. H. BOTTOMS.



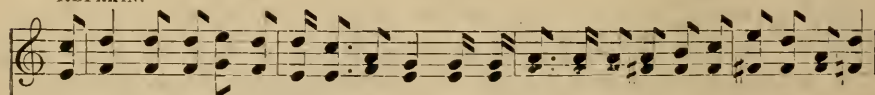
1. In the heav'n-ly clime we shall meet some time, Be-side the beau-ti-ful riv-er;
2. With the pure and blest we shall sweet-ly rest, Be-side the beau-ti-ful riv-er;
3. We shall learn the song of the blood-wash'd throng, Beside the beau-ti-ful riv-er;



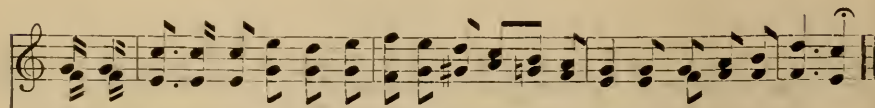
We shall find the joy that has no al-loy, Be-side the beau-ti-ful riv-er.
 With all con-flicts o'er tri-als come no more, Be-side the beau-ti-ful riv-er.
 While long a-ges roll, we shall Christ ex-tol Be-side the beau-ti-ful riv-er.



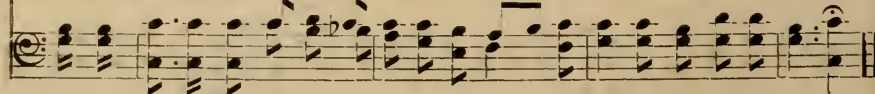
REFRAIN.



Be-side the beau-ti-ful riv-er we'll stray, In the glo-ri-ous light of e-ter-ni-ty's day;



And with sav'd ones we'll praise our Redeem-er for aye, Be-side the beau-ti-ful riv-er.



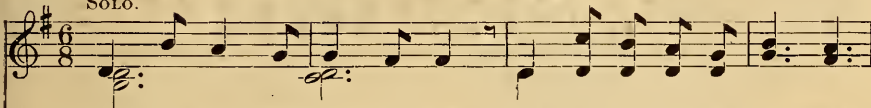
No. 209. TALK IT OVER WITH JESUS.

J. D. B.

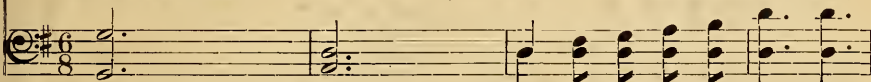
J. D. BRUNK.

Slowly.
SOLO.

CHORUS.

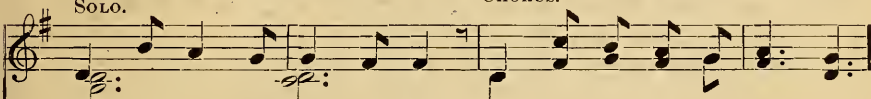


- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 1. Is your soul pressed down with care, | Talk it o-ver with Je - sus ; |
| 2. Do the clouds be-dim your eyes, | Talk it o-ver with Je - sus ; |
| 3. Je - sus loves to dwell with - in, | Talk it o-ver with Je - sus ; |

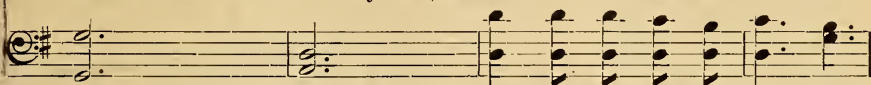


SOLO.

CHORUS.

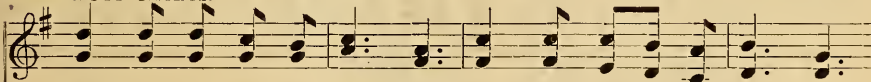


All your du - ties He will share,	Talk it o-ver with Je - sus.
He will lead to Par - a - dise,	Talk it o-ver with Je - sus.
Come and tell Him ev - 'ry sin,	Talk it o-ver with Je - sus.

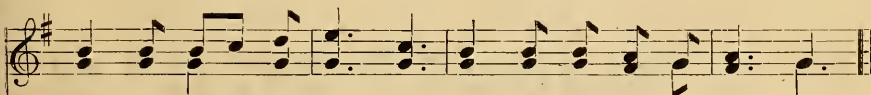
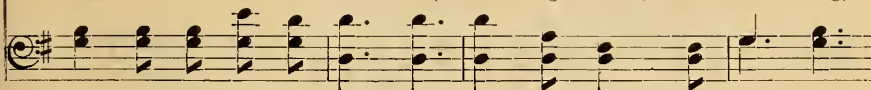


Faster.

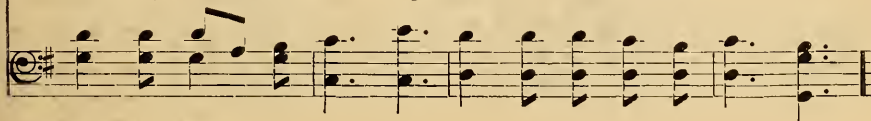
FULL CHORUS.



Talk it o-ver with Je - sus, Morn - ing, noon, and eve - ning,



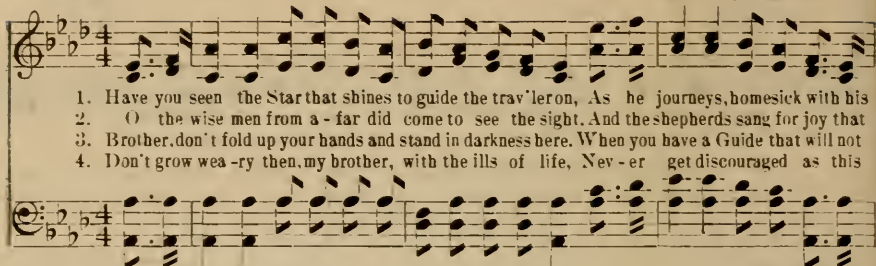
Morn - ing, noon, and eve - ing, Talk it o-ver with Je - sus.



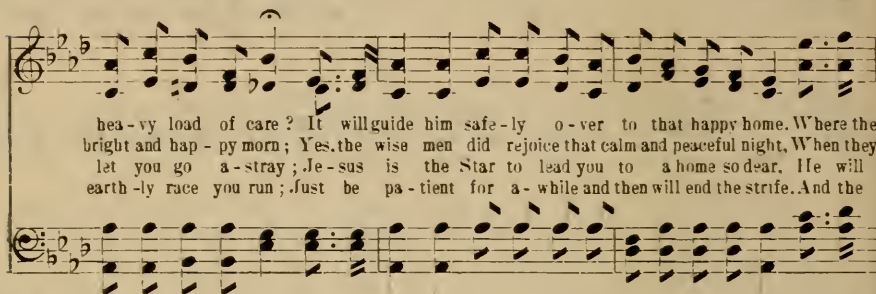
No. 210. HAVE YOU SEEN THE STAR?

W. R. C.

W. R. CHAMBERS.



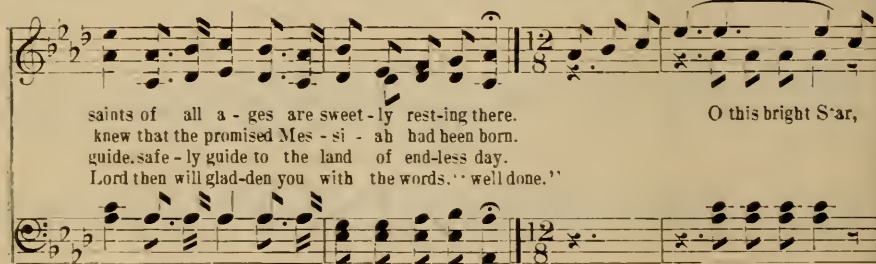
1. Have you seen the Star that shines to guide the trav'ler on, As he journeys, homesick with his
 2. O the wise men from a - far did come to see the sight. And the shepherds sang for joy that
 3. Brother, don't fold up your hands and stand in darkness here. When you have a Guide that will not
 4. Don't grow wea - ry then, my brother, with the ills of life, Nev - er get discouraged as this



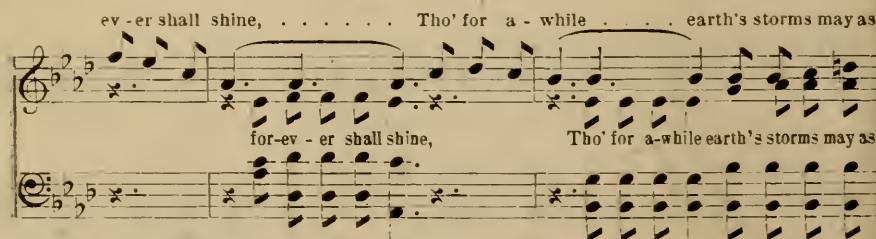
hea - vy load of care? It will guide him safe - ly o - ver to that happy home. Where the
 bright and hap - py morn; Yes, the wise men did rejoice that calm and peaceful night, When they
 let you go a - stray; Je - sus is the Star to lead you to a home so dear. He will
 earth - ly race you run; Just be pa - tient for a - while and then will end the strife. And the

REFRAIN.

O this bright Star for -



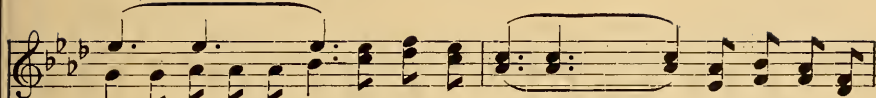
saints of all a - ges are sweet - ly rest - ing there. O this bright Star,
 knew that the promised Mes - si - ah had been born.
 guide, safe - ly guide to the land of end - less day.
 Lord then will glad - den you with the words, "well done,"



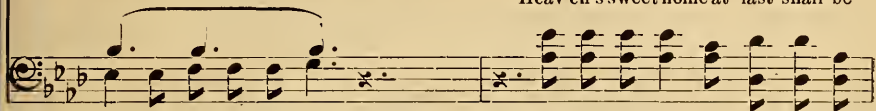
ev - er shall shine, Tho' for a - while earth's storms may as -
 for - ev - er shall shine, Tho' for a - while earth's storms may as -

HAVE YOU SEEN THE STAR?

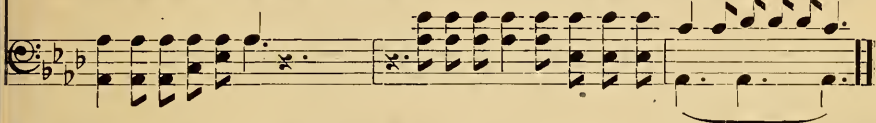
sail,



sail, earth's storms may assail, Heav'n's sweet home at last shall be
Heaven's sweet home at last shall be



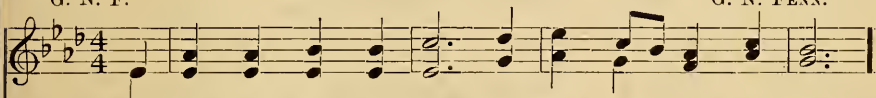
thine, Judah's bright Star o'er all shall pre-vail.
thine, at last shall be thine, Judah's bright Star o'er all shall prevail, o'er all shall prevail.



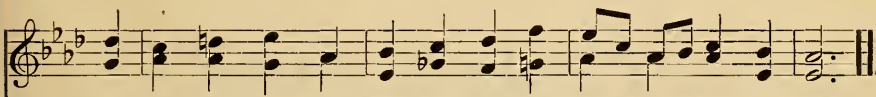
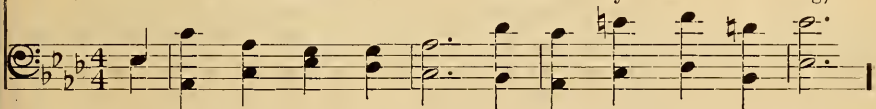
No. 211. THY PRAISE, DEAR LORD, WE'LL SING.

G. N. F.

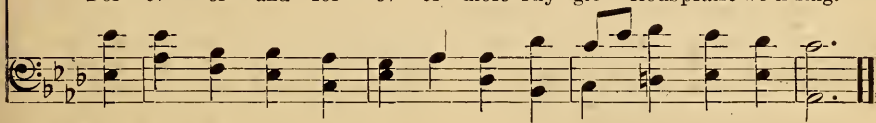
G. N. FENN.



1. Thy praise, dear Lord, we'll sing While Time's dark o - cean rolls ;
2. And when we're called to die, No less Thy praise shall be ;
3. When we have reached that shore Where heav'n - ly an - thems ring,



Let glo - ry crown our Priest and King, While rap - ture fills our souls.
Our storm-tossed barks shall land on high, And we shall be with Thee.
For - ev - er and for ev - er - more Thy glo - rious praise we'll sing.

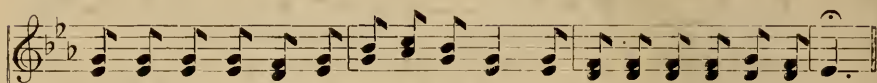
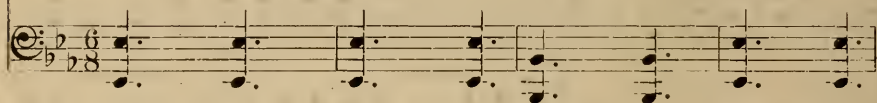


Miss MARIANA B. SLADE.

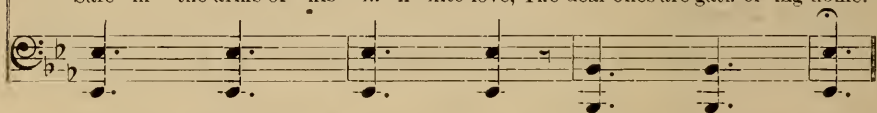
R. M. McINTOSH.



1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gather-ing home!
2. Up to the cit-y where falleth no night, Gath-er-ing home! gather-ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful man-sions a-bove, Gath-er-ing home! gather-ing home!

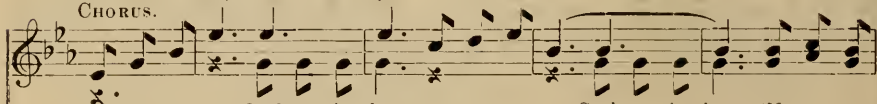


Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
 Safe in the arms of his in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.



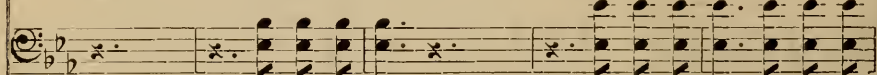
Gath-er-ing home! Gath-er-ing home!

CHORUS.

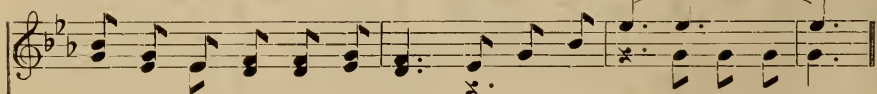


Gath-er-ing home!

Gath-er-ing home! Nev-er to

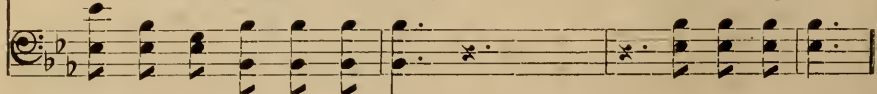


Gath-er-ing home!



sor-row more, nev-er to roam;

Gath-er-ing home!



GATHERING HOME.

Gath-er-ing home!

Musical score for 'Gathering Home'. The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics 'Gath-er-ing home! God's children are gath-er-ing home!' are written below the Treble staff.

No. 213. FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVERETT.

Musical score for 'Footsteps of Jesus'. The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff.

1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol-low Me! And we
 2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep; Or a -
 3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho-ly, Preaching the word; Or in
 4. Tho', dear Lord, in Thy path-way keep-ing, We fol-low Thee Thro' the
 5. If Thy way and its sor-rows bear-ing, We go a-gain, Up the

REFRAIN.

Musical score for 'Footsteps of Jesus' (continued). The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff.

see where Thy footprints fall-ing, Lead us to Thee. Footprints of Je-sus, that
 long by Si-lo-am's fountains Helping the weak.
 homes of the poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord.
 gloom of that place of weeping, Geth-sem-a-ne!
 slope of the hill-side, bearing Our cross of pain.

Musical score for 'Footsteps of Jesus' (continued). The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff.

make the pathway glow; We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus where-e'er they go.

6 By and by, through the shining portals,
 Turning our feet,
 We shall walk with the glad immortals,
 Heaven's golden streets.

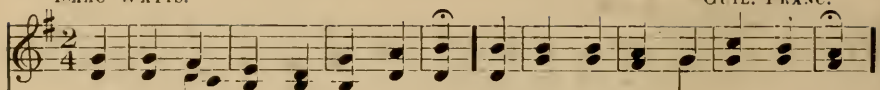
7 Then at last when on high He sees us,
 Our journey done,
 We will rest where the steps of Jesus
 End at His throne.

No. 214.

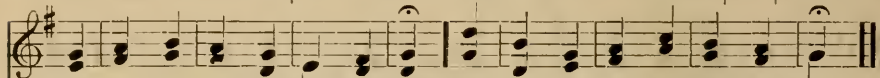
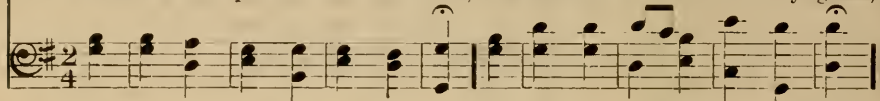
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

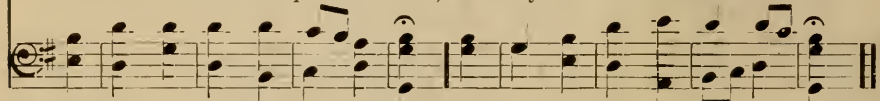
GUIL. FRANC.



1. Come, let our voi - ces join to raise A sa - cred song of sol - emn praise;
2. Come, let our souls ad - dress the Lord, Who framed our na - ture with His word;
3. Come, let us hear His voice to - day, The coun - sels of His love o - bey;
4. Seize the kind prom - ise while it waits, And march to Zi - on's heav - nly gates;



God is a sov - reign King; re - harse His hon - or in ex - alt - ed verse.
 He is our Shepherd; we the sheep His mer - cy chose, His pas - tures keep.
 Nor let our hardened hearts re - new The sins and plagues that Is - rael knew.
 Be - lieve and take the prom - ised rest; O - bey and be for - ev - er blest.

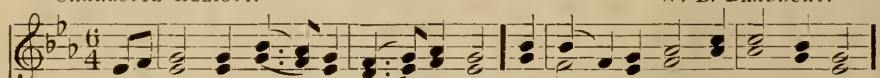


No. 215.

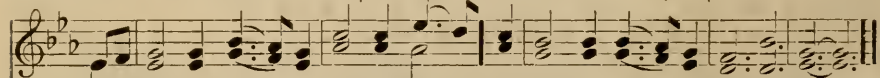
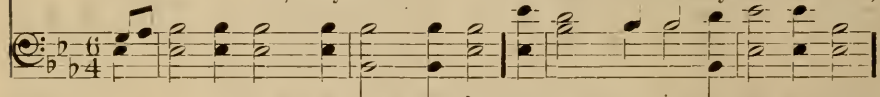
WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

W. 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' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt;
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, relieve;
5. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fightings with - in, and fears without, 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!

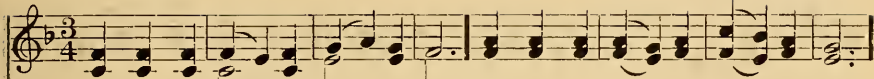


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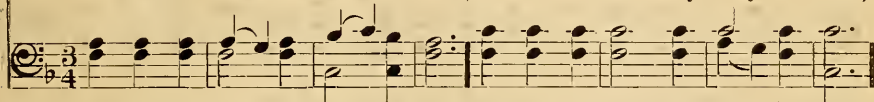
HURSLEY. L. M.

JOHN KEBLE.

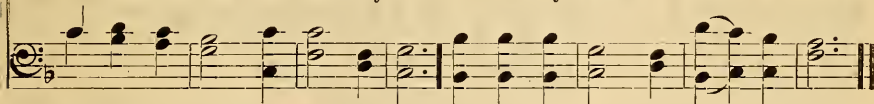
Arr. by WM. H. MONK.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour 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. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;



O, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in heav'n a-bove.

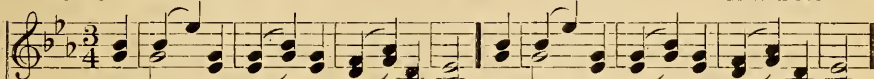


No. 217.

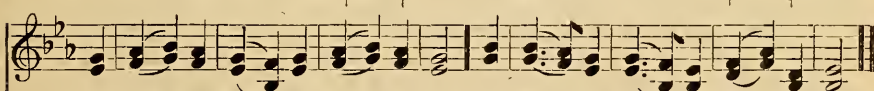
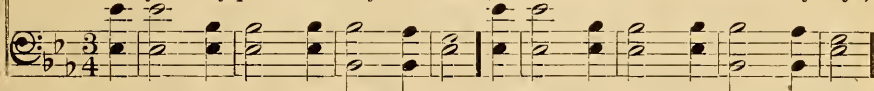
GRATITUDE. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

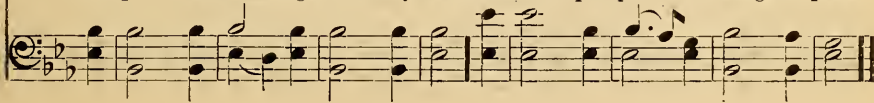
AMI BOST.



1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev-'ry eve-ning new;
 2. Thouspread'st the cur-tains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-ing hours;
 3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy command, To Thee I con-se-crate my days;



And morn-ing mer-cies from a-bove, Gen-tly dis-till like ear-ly dew.
 Thy sov'-rein word re-stores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy pow'rs.
 Per-pet-ual bless-ings from Thy hand De-mand per-pet-ual songs of praise.



No. 218.

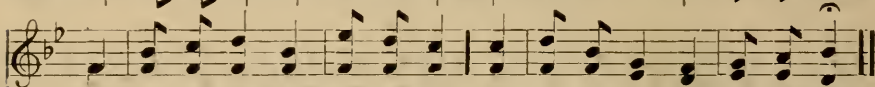
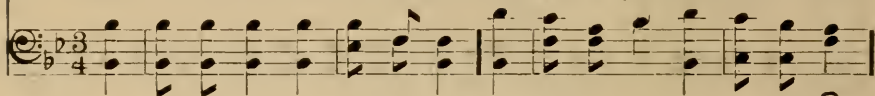
ISAAC WATTS.

HEBRON. L. M.

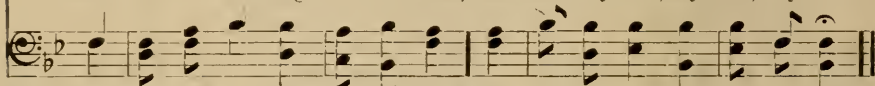
Dr. L. MASON.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous 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 God,
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were all the realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich - est gain I'll count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

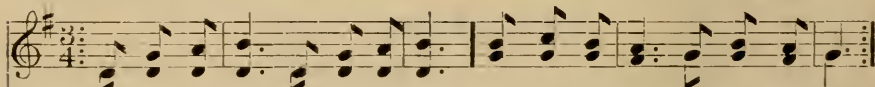


No. 219.

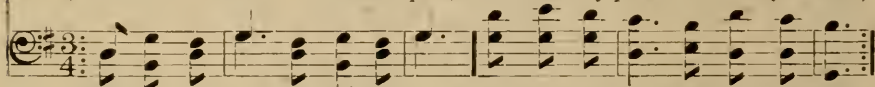
PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

E. F. RIMBAULT.



1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice. On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }
2. { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice. And tell its rap - tures all abroad. }
3. { O hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
4. { Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }
5. { 'Tis done, the great trans - ac - tion's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine; }
6. { He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine. }
7. { Now rest, my long di - vid - ed heart. Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter rest: }
8. { Here have I found a no - bler part, Here heavenly pleas - ures fill my breast. }



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }

{ And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day }



No. 220.

RETREAT. L. M.

HUGH STOWELL.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

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 - lowship with friend;
 4. There, there on ea - gle 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.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

No. 221.

REST. L. M.

MRS. MARGARET MCKAY.

W. 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! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su - preme - ly blest;
 4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be;

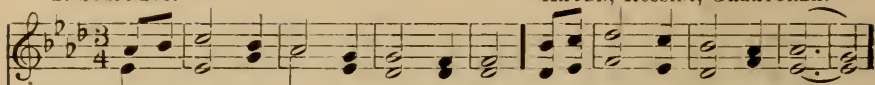
A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes!
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its ven - omed sting!
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, That man - i - fests the Sav - iour's pow'r.
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait - ing the summons from on high.

No. 222.

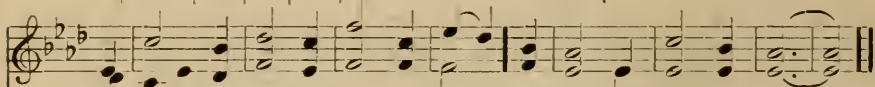
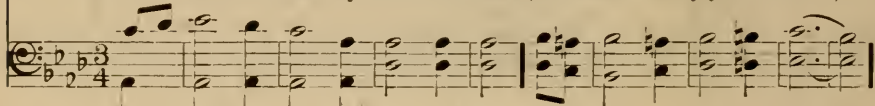
MANOAH. C. M.

S. STENNETT.

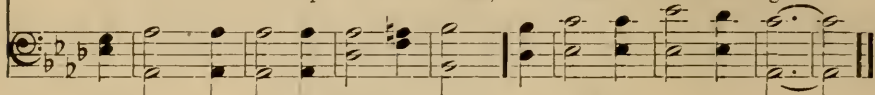
HAYDN, ROSSINI, GREATORREX.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow;
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare A - mong the sons of men;
3. He saw me plung'd 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 shameful cross, And car - ried all my grief. . .
 He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave. . .

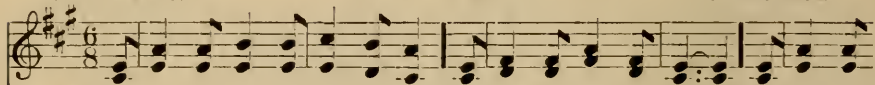


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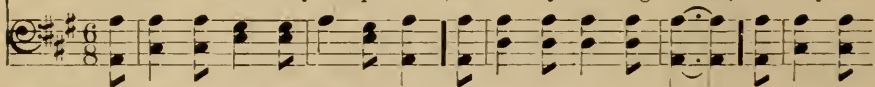
ORTONVILLE. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

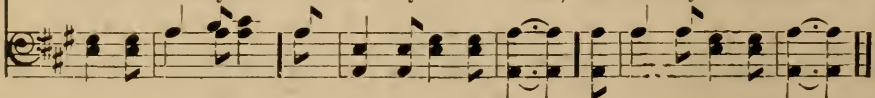
Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



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. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I
4. Till then I would Thy love proclaim, With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath; And may the



sorrows, heals His wounds, And drives a-way His fear, And drives a-way His fear.
 to the hungry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea-ry rest.
 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.



No. 224.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

DR. THOS. A. ARNE.



1. Oh, for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise!
 2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim;
 3. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
 4. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;



The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
 To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
 'Tis mu-sic in 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.



No. 225.

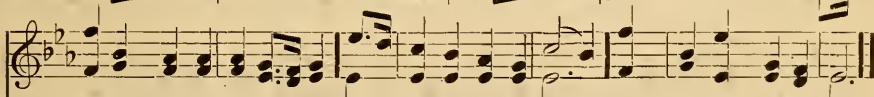
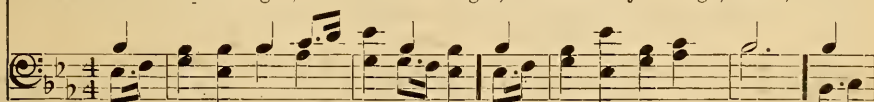
CHRISTMAS. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

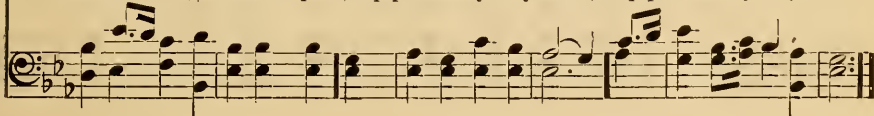
G. F. HANDEL.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb? And
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my courage, Lord; I'll



shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? Or blush to speak His name?
 others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? To help me on to God?
 bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.



No. 226.

DOWNS. C. M.

GEORGE BURDER.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your tho'ts a - bove ;
2. This pre-cious truth His word de-clares, And all His mer-cies prove ;
3. Be-hold His pa-tience, bear-ing long With those who from Him rove ;
4. Oh, may we all, while here be - low, This best of bless-ings prove ;



Let ev - 'ry heart and voice ac-cord, To sing that " God is love."
 Je - sus, the gift of gifts, ap-pears, To show that " God is love."
 Till might-y grace their hearts sub-dues, To teach them " God is love."
 Till warin-er hearts, in bright-er world, Pro-claim that " God is love."

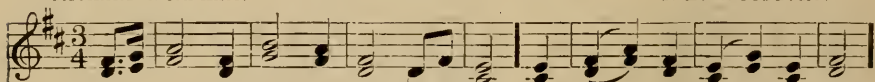


No. 227.

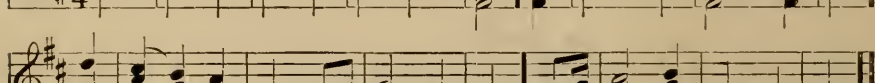
SILOAM. C. M.

RICHARD BURNHAM.

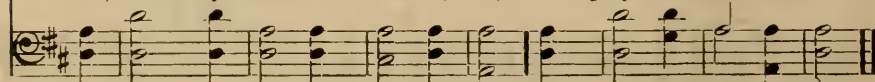
I. B. WOODBURY.



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. Lord, I am guilt - y, I am vile, But Thy sal - va - tion's free ;
4. And when I close my eyes in death, When 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.
 Then in Thine all a - bound - ing grace, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Then, O . . my dear Re - deem - er, God, I pray, re - mem - ber me.



No. 228.

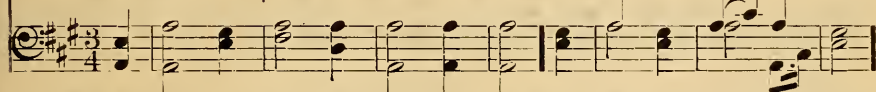
BALERMA. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

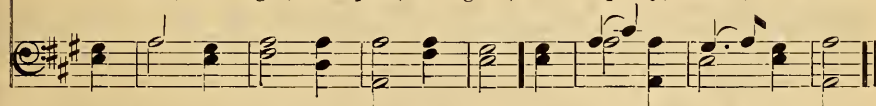
Arr. by R. SIMPSON.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
 2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My dear Re-deem-er's throne,
 3. O for a 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;



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 neith-er life nor death can part From Him who dwells with-in.
 Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.



No. 229.

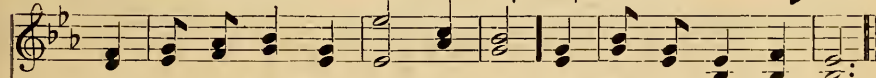
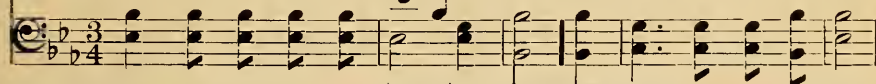
ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

WM. COWPER.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,
 2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
 3. What peace-ful hours I then en-joyed, How sweet their mem'-ry still!
 4. Re-turn, O Ho-ly Dove, re-turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest!



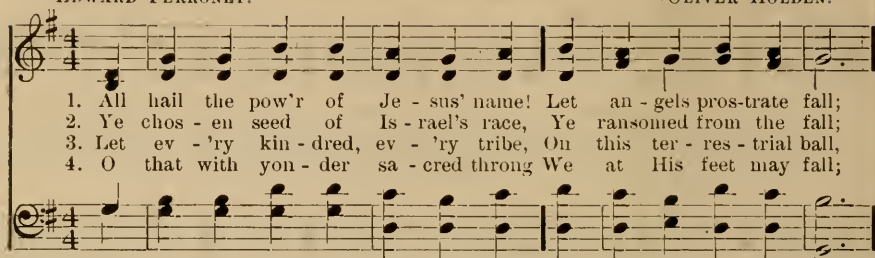
A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and His word?
 But they have left an ach-ing void The world can nev-er fill.
 I hate the sins which made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.



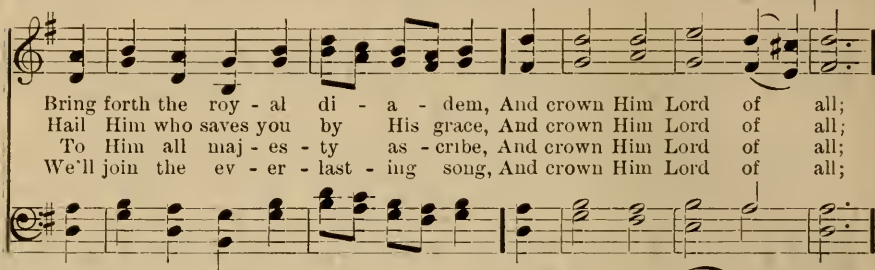
No. 230. CORONATION. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET.

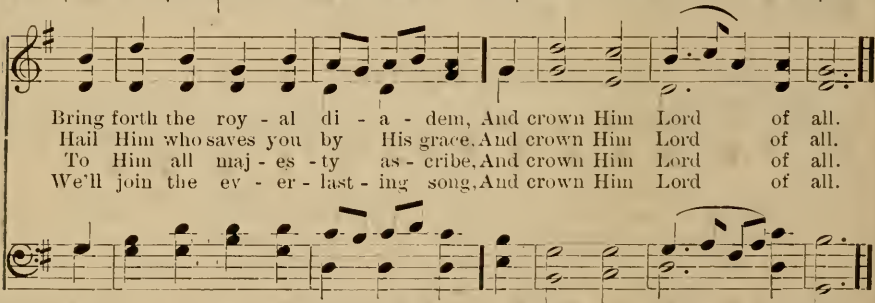
OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall;
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball;
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

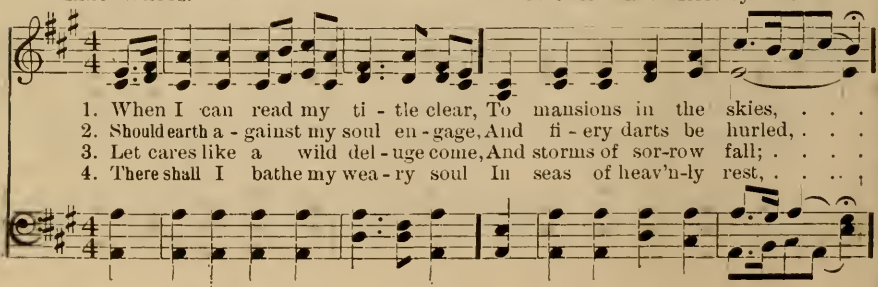


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 231. PISGAH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

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



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies, . . .
 2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled, . . .
 3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall; . . .
 4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest, . . .

PISGAH.

FINE.

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

D.S.

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

No. 232. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

W. COWPER.

Arr. by Dr. LOWELL MASON.

8:

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinn-er's plung'd be-
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day; And there may I, though
3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply, Re-deem-ing love has
4. Then in a no-bler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisp-ing,

FINE.

D.S.

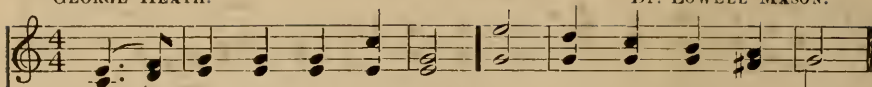
neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way;
been my theme, And shall be, till I die. And shall be, till I die, And shall be, till I die;
stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave. Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave;

No. 233.

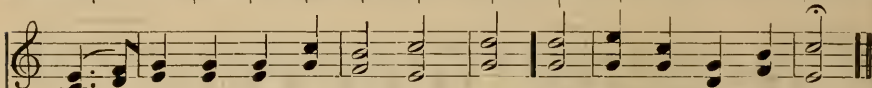
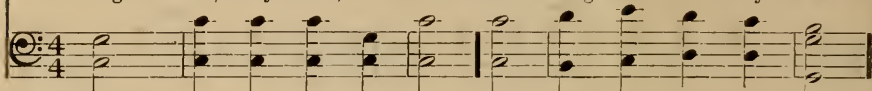
LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH.

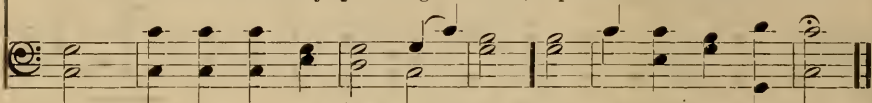
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



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 tline ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God!



And 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.
 Thine ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
 He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.

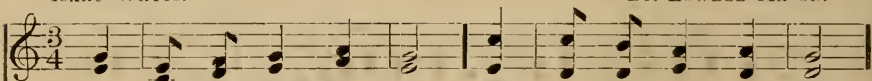


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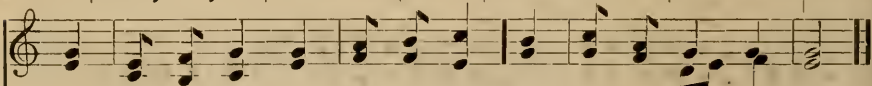
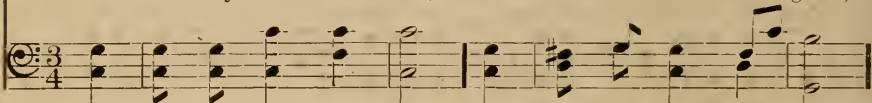
BOYLSTON. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

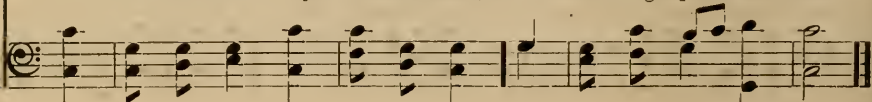
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. O bless the Lord, my soul; Let all with - in me join,
2. O bless the Lord, my soul; Nor let His mer - cies lie
3. 'Tis He for - gives thy sins; 'Tis He re - lieves thy pain;
4. He crowns thy life with love, When ran - somed from the grave;



And aid my tongue to bless His name, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.
 For - got - ten in un - thank - ful - ness, And with - out prais - es die.
 'Tis He who heals thy sick - ness - es, And makes thee young a - gain.
 He who re - deemed my soul from hell, Hath sov - 'reign pow'r to save.



No. 235.

DENNIS. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NÄGELI.

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

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

No. 236.

ST. THOMAS: S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

WM. TANSUR.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode,
 2. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as-cend;
 4. Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi-on shall be giv'n

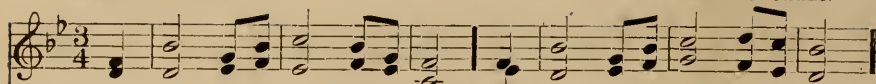
The church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

No. 237.

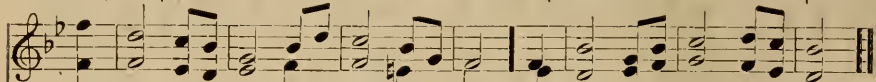
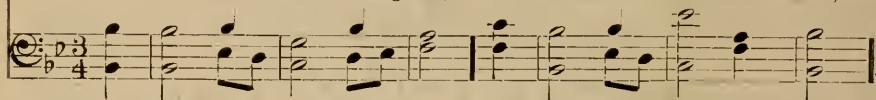
KENTUCKY. S. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

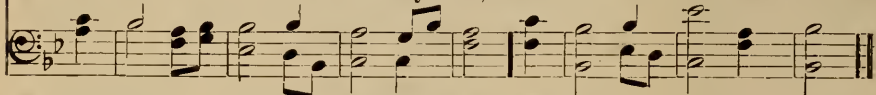
JEREMIAH INGALLS.



1. Oh, 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,



'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
 'Tis 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.
 Oh, 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.

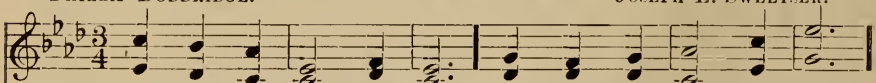


No. 238.

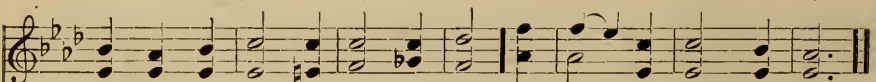
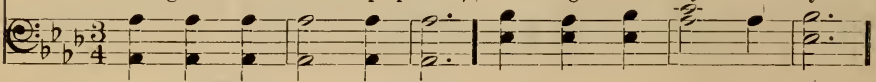
GREENWOOD. S. M.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE.

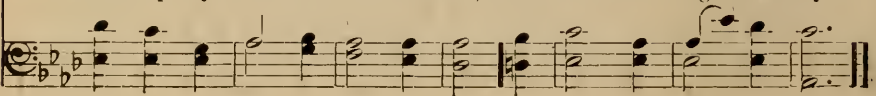
JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



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.

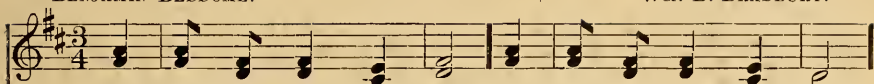


No. 239.

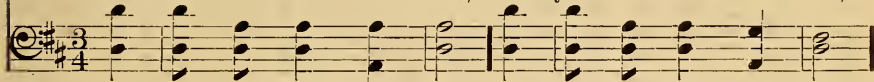
LOTTIE. S. M.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
 3. 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;
 4. Then ten - der be our hearts, Our eyes in sor - row dim,



Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
 Be Thou as - ton - 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.
 Till ev - 'ry tear from ev - 'ry eye Is wiped a - way by Him.

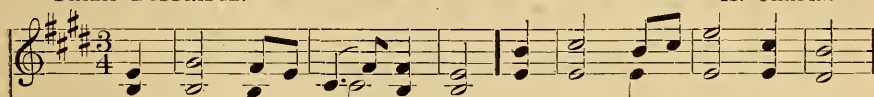


No. 240.

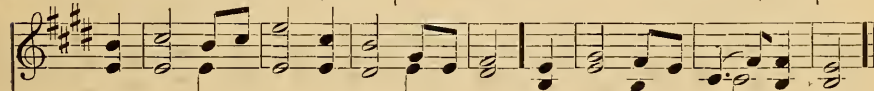
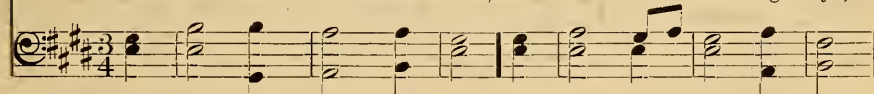
GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

A. CHAPIN.



1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo - nious to mine ear;
 2. Grace first con - trived the way To save re - bel - lious man;
 3. Grace led my rov - ing feet To tread the heav'n - ly road;
 4. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days;



Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
 And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the won-d'rous plan.
 And new sup - plies each hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
 It lays in heav'n the top - most-stone, And well de - serves the praise.

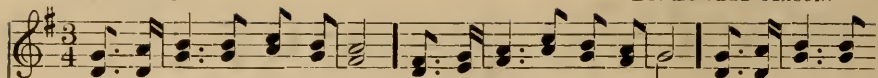


No. 241.

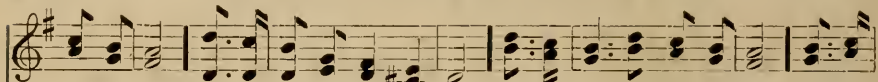
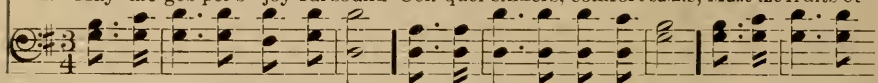
SABBATH. 7. D.

JOHN NEWTON.

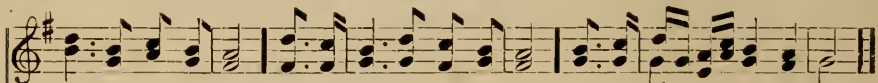
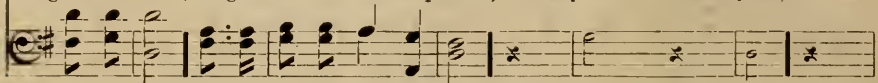
DR. LOWELL MASON.



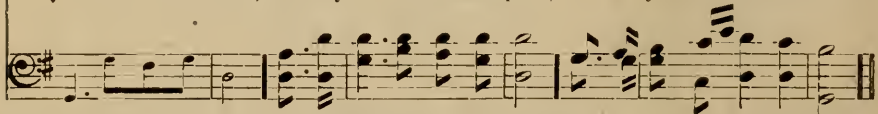
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way ; Let us now a
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy rec - on -
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; May we feel Thy presence near; May Thy glo - ry
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of



bles - sing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day ; Day of all the week the best, Em - ble
 cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free, May we
 meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear ; Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our
 grace a - bound, Bring re - lief from all complaints; Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we



of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Em - ble of e - ter - nal rest.
 rest this day in Thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 ev - er - lasting feast ; Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 join the Church a - bove; Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.

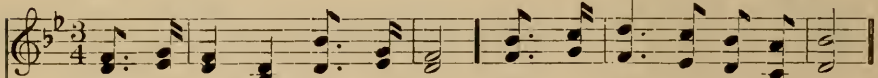


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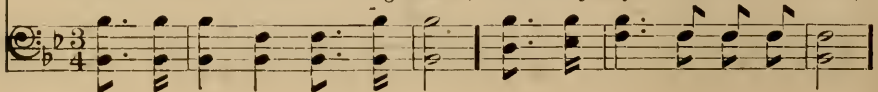
TOPLADY. 7. 6l.

A. M. TOPLADY.

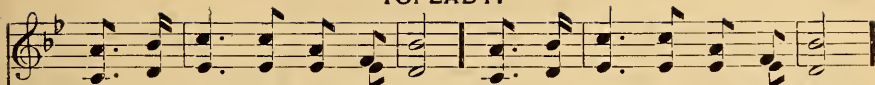
DR. THOS HASTINGS.



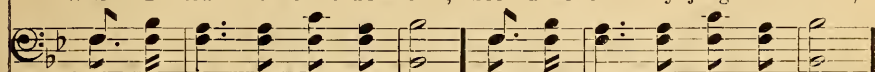
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee ;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling ;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,



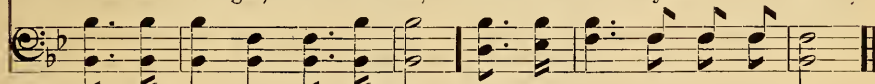
TOPLADY.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed 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 un-known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Vile, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



No. 243.

NETTLETON.

REV. ROBERT ROBINSON.

REV. ASAHEL NETTLETON.

FINE.



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;
2. { Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er, by Thy help, I'm come;
 { And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
3. { O! to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!
 { Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee!



D.C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it,—Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

D.C. He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.

D.C. Here's my heart, O take and seal it! Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

D.C.



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

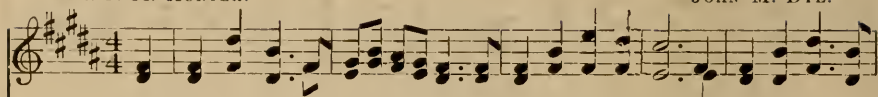
Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;

Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it! Prone to leave the God I love;

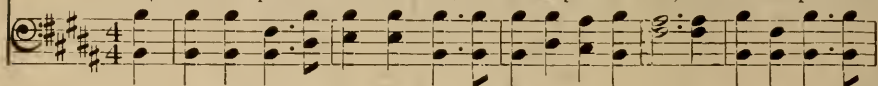


MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

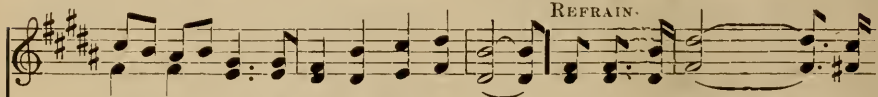
JOHN M. DYE.



1. There is a peace, a last-ing peace, Which God alone can give; It brings from guilt a
2. It glows with-in the trusting heart, Tho' earthly days be drear; It makes us brave to
3. Oh, let us speak to those in sin, Of this dear peace so sweet; That we their precious

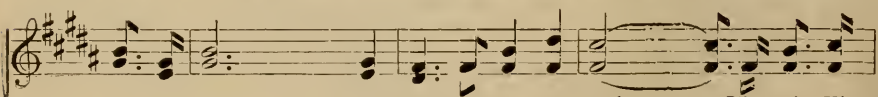


REFRAIN.



blest re-lease, And makes it sweet to live. O bless-ed peace, . . from
do our part, It fills the soul with cheer.
souls may win, And lead to Je-sus' feet.

O bless-ed peace,



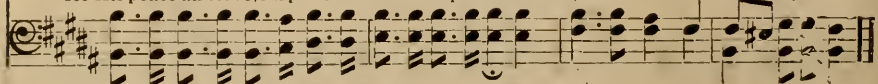
God a-bove, How pre-cious to my soul; . . I'll praise Him
from God above, to my soul;



for . . . His peace and love, . . . While end-less a-ges roll.

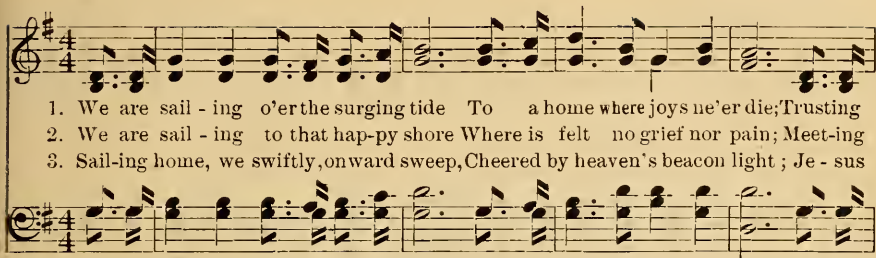
for His peace and love, I'll praise Him for His peace and love,

ages roll.



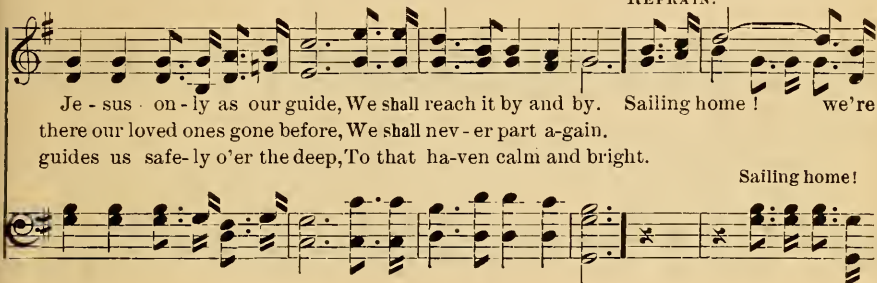
F. McN.

SHARP McNIEL.



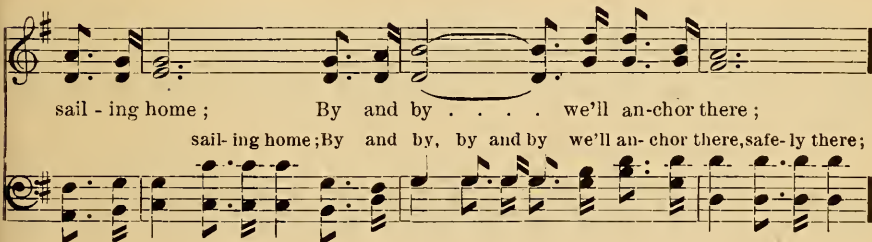
1. We are sail - ing o'er the surging tide To a home where joys ne'er die; Trusting
 2. We are sail - ing to that hap - py shore Where is felt no grief nor pain; Meet - ing
 3. Sail - ing home, we swiftly, onward sweep, Cheered by heaven's beacon light; Je - sus

REFRAIN.

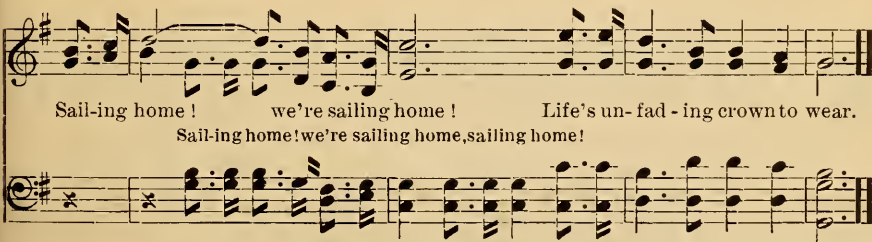


Je - sus - on - ly as our guide, We shall reach it by and by. Sailing home! we're
 there our loved ones gone before, We shall nev - er part a - gain.
 guides us safe - ly o'er the deep, To that ha - ven calm and bright.

Sailing home!



sail - ing home; By and by . . . we'll an - chor there;
 sail - ing home; By and by, by and by we'll an - chor there, safe - ly there;

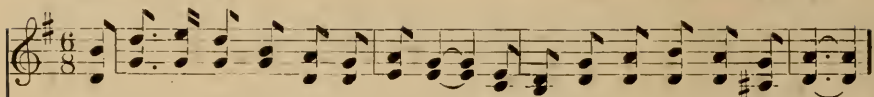


Sail - ing home! we're sailing home! Life's un - fad - ing crown to wear.
 Sailing home! we're sailing home, sailing home!

No. 246. CHRIST IS MY ALL IN ALL.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN.

W. R. CHAMBERS.



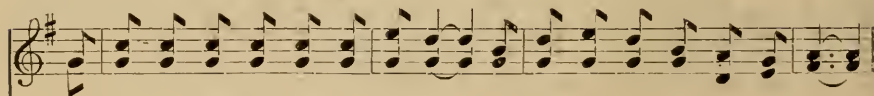
1. What-ev - er the woes that be-tide me, What-ev - er the ills that be - fall,
2. The Sav-iour is lead-ing me gent-ly, And guiding my steps lest they fall;
3. With Him as my guide and my Mas-ter, No dark-ness nor gloom can ap - pall;



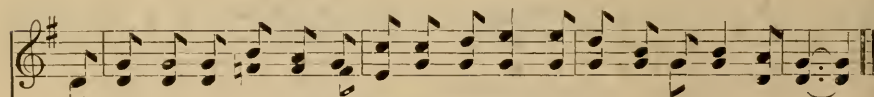
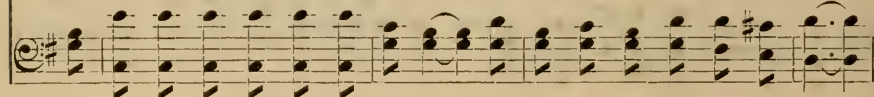
There's nought that can in-jure or harm me, For Christ is my all in all.
 No dan-ger that comes can a-larm me, For He is my all in all.
 His glo-ry dis-pels ev-'ry shad-ow, And He is my all in all.



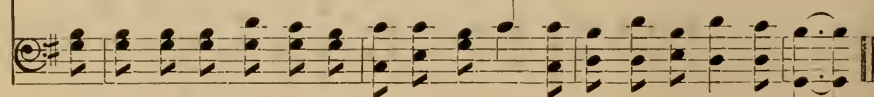
REFRAIN.



The Lord is my ref-uge in trou-ble, My shel-ter what-ev - er be - fall;



My heart can-not fear when the Mas-ter is near, For He is my all in all.



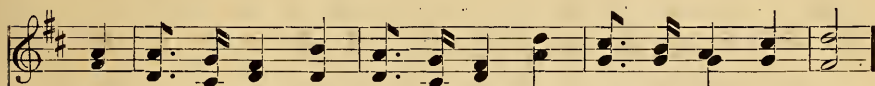
No. 247. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

Dr. H. BONAR.

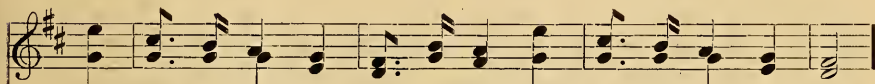
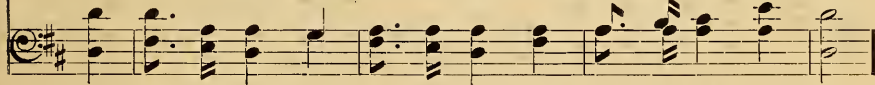
J. D. BRUNK.



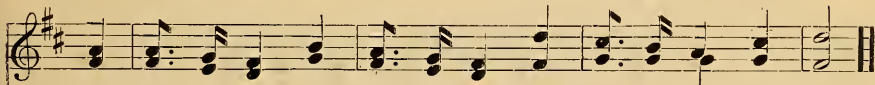
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast!"
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live!"
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;



I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour - ney's done.



No. 248. WON'T YOU LOVE THE PRECIOUS SAVIOUR?

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

J. M. VINES.

1. 'Tis so sweet to know the Sav-iour, That dear Friend so kind and true ;
 2. Je - sus is the Friend of sin - ners, He hath died to save your soul ;
 3. Do not lon - ger heed the tempt-er, Who your ev - 'ry hope would mar ;
 4. Life at best hath ma - ny tri - als, Oh, you need a friend and guide,

Sin - ner, won't you serve and trust Him? Ten - der - ly He lov - eth you.
 Now He of - fers free sal - va - tion, On His love your bur - den roll.
 You can - not your-self make bet - ter, Come to Je - sus as you are.
 Come to - day and sim - ply trust Him, Come, your all to Him con - fide.

D.S. He will cleanse you, He will save you, He will keep you to the end. *D.S.*

REFRAIN.
 Won't you love the pre-cious Sav-iour? Won't you on His grace de-pend?

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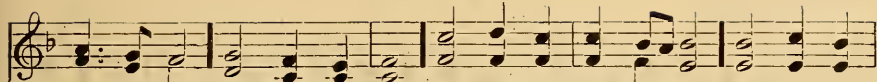
No. 249. OAK. 6, 4.

Mrs. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

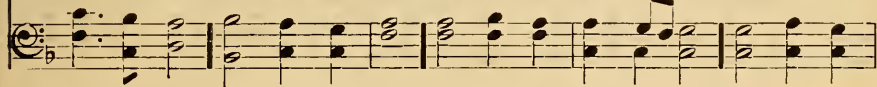
Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest ; Now Thee a -
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain: Sweet are Thy
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise ; This be the

OAK. 6, 4.



pray'r I make, On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea, More love, O
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be, More love, O
 mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me, More love, O
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its pray'r shall be, More love, O



Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee.

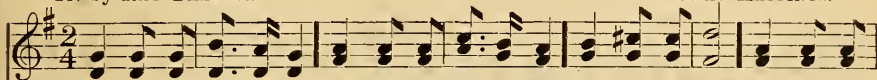


No. 250.

NEW HAVEN. 6, 4.

Tr. by RAY PALMER.

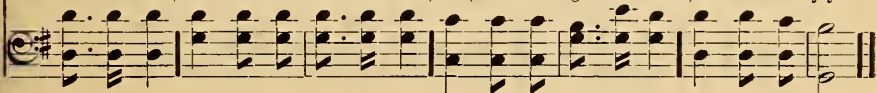
DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from a-bove Thine own bright ray! Di-vine-ly
2. Come, tenderest Friend, and best, Our most de-light-ful Guest, With soothing pow'r! Rest, which the
3. Come, Light se-rene, and still Our in-most bo-soms fill; Dwell in each breast! We know no
4. Come, all the faith-ful bless; Let all who Christ con-fess, His praise em-ploy: Give vir-tue's



good Thou art; Thy sa-cred gifts im-part To glad-den each sad heart; O come, to-day!
 wea-ry know, Shade 'mid the noon-tide glow, Peace, when deep griefs o'er-flow, Cheer us this hour!
 dawn but Thine; Send forth Thy beams di-vine, On our dark souls to shine. And make us blest!
 rich re-ward; Vic-to-rious death ac-cord, And, with our glo-rious Lord, E-ter-nal joy!

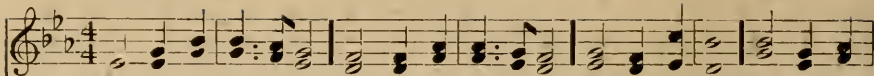


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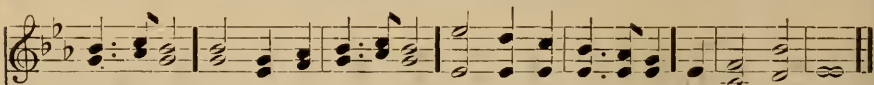
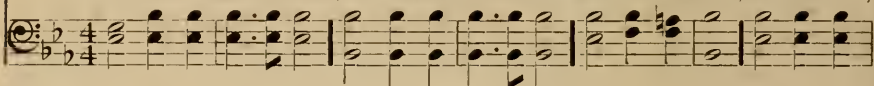
OLIVET. 6, 4.

RAY PALMER.

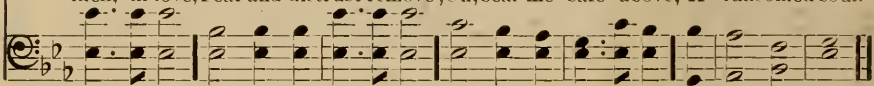
Dr. L. MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Sav-iour di-vine ! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; 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-iour,



while I pray, Take all my guilt away ; Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.
 died for me. Oh, may my love to Thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A-liv-ing fire.
 turn to day. Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a-side.
 then, in love, Fear and distrust remove ; Oh, bear me safe above, A ransomed soul.

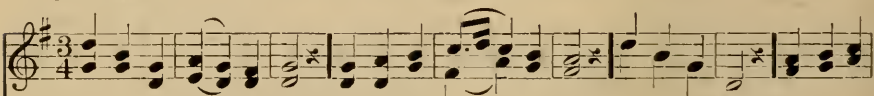


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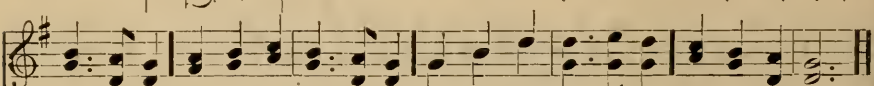
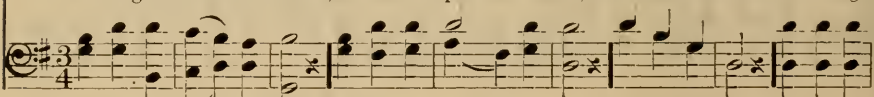
ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

CHAS. WESLEY.

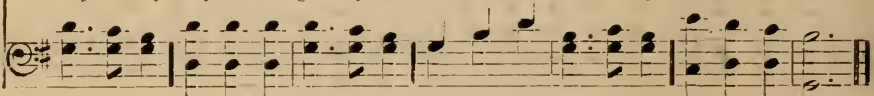
FELICE GIARDINI.

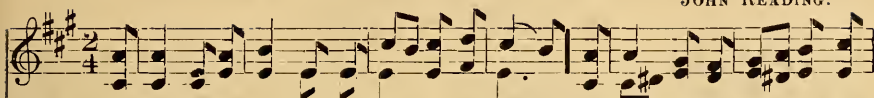


1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and Thy
3. Como, ho-ly Com - fort - er, Thy sacred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, E - ter-nal prais - es be, Hence evermore! His sov'reign

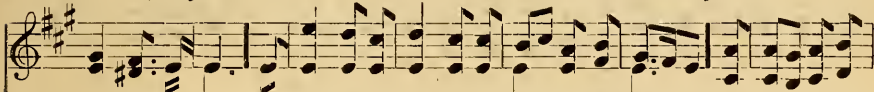
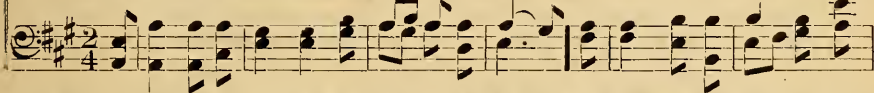


glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us. An - cient of Days.
 people bless, And give Thy word success: Spirit of ho - li - ness, On us descend.
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart. And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

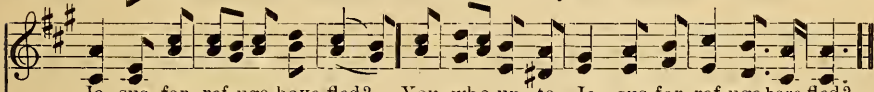
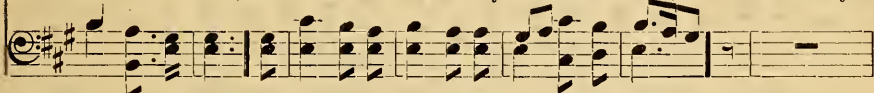




1. How firm a founda-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am Thy God, and will
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call Thee to go, The riv-ers of woe shall not



ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My
 thee o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sanc-ti-fy

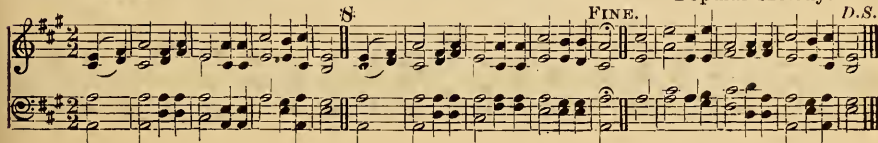


Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
 righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress.



- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

- 5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not — I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul — tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake!"



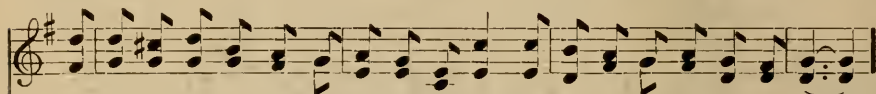
No. 255. LET THE GOOD SEED TAKE ROOT IN YOUR HEART.

JENNIE WILSON.

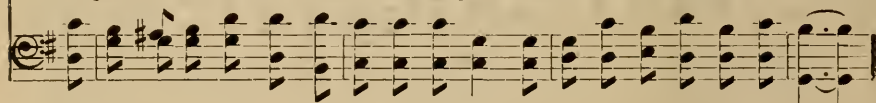
G. N. FENN.



1. The Mas-ter is sow-ing the good seed of truth, With hands that are pa-tient and kind ;
2. Are sin - ful de-sires growing rank in your heart, As baneful weeds cum-ber the ground?
3. O let the good seed in the sunshine of love And watered by hea-ven-ly dew,



A - like on the fer - tile and bleak place it falls, What soil in your heart will it find?
Does love of the world with its fol - ly and pride, With-in your heart's gar-den a - bound?
Bring forth in your life the rich fruitage of grace, That Je-sus with gladness can view.



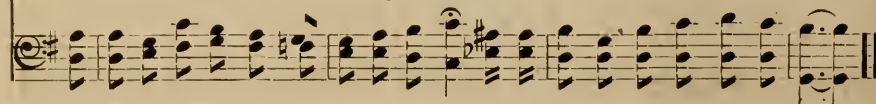
REFRAIN.



Let the good seed take root in your heart, my broth-er, And bring forth a glo-ri-ous yield ;



If nourished in faith will a fruit-age di-vine In the har-vest of life be re - vealed.



No. 256. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. B. GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



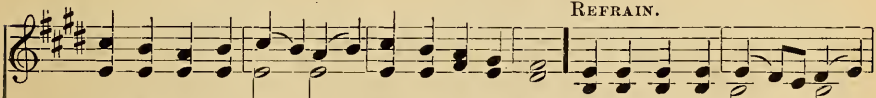
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thorns may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces



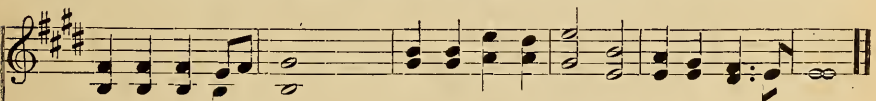
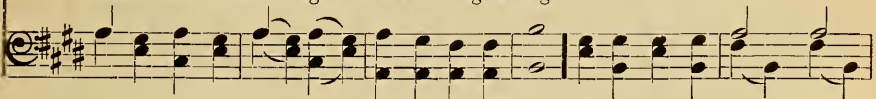
Go-ing on be-fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-against the foe;
Where the saints have trod. We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we,
Constant will re-main. Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that church pre-vail;
In the triumph-song. Glo-ry, laud and hon-or Un-to Christ, the King;



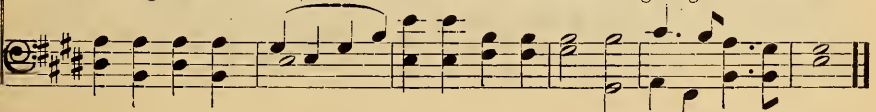
REFRAIN.



Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i - ty!
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.



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

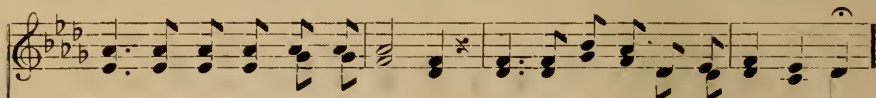
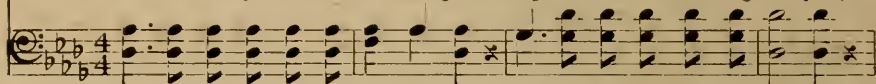


J. E. RANKIN.

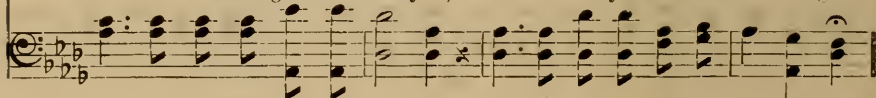
W. G. TOMER.



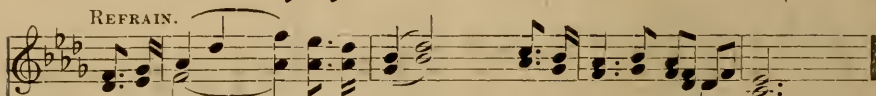
1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



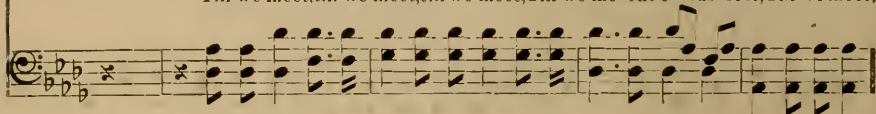
With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.



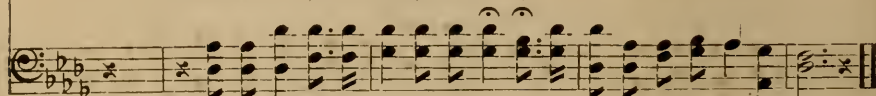
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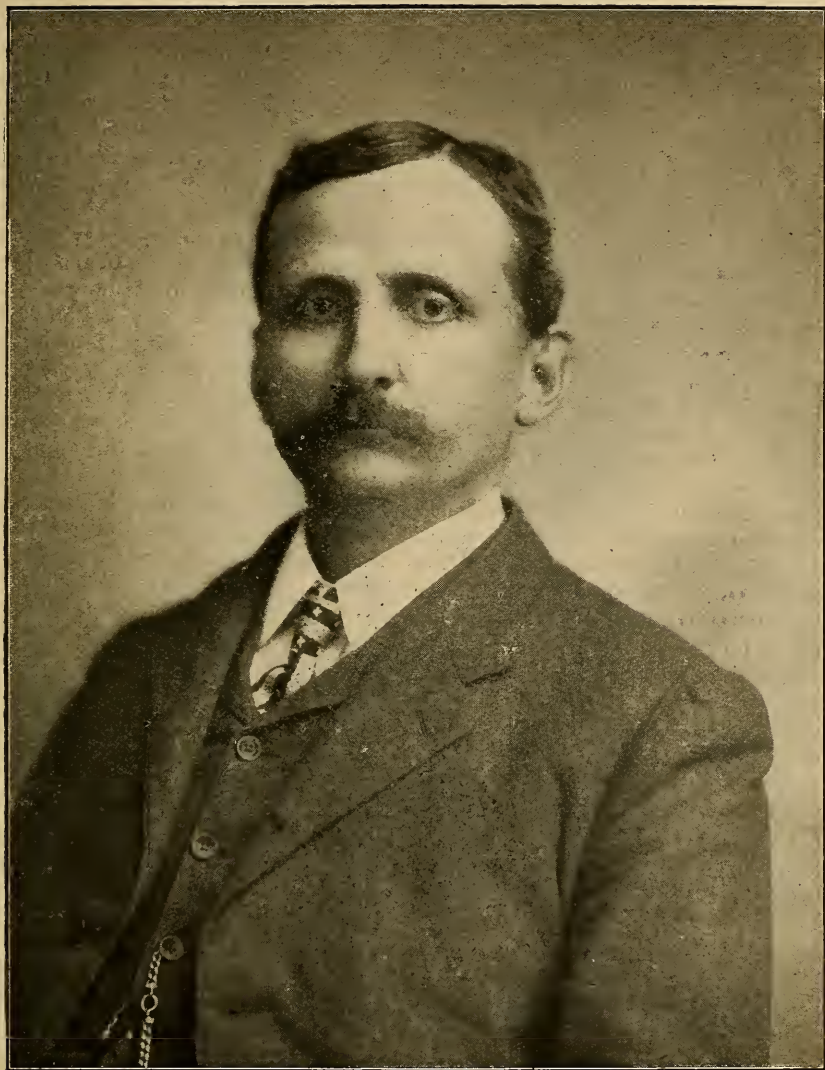


Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet,



Till we meet. . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,



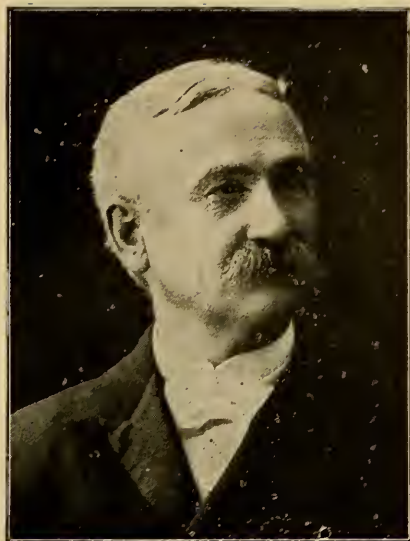


A. J. SHOWALTER.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE EDITOR.

Anthony Johnson Showalter, author, composer, editor, publisher and teacher; son of John A. and Susanna (Miller) Showalter; born in Rockingham county, Va., May 1st, 1858; educated in the public schools; began the study of music in the singing schools and private classes taught by his father; attended his first normal music school at New Market, Va., taught by B. C. Unseld and P. J. Merges, in 1876; later attended two more sessions of the same school, at the latter of which he began the study of the organ under Mr. Merges; also attended Dr. Root's National Normal at Erie, Pa., and Dr. Palmer's International Normal at Meadville, Pa.; began teaching singing schools at the age of fourteen, literary school at nineteen and normal music schools at twenty-two, at which age he also had his first book published; his *Harmony and Composition*, the first work of the kind by a southern author, was published at the age of twenty-three; his *Theory of Music*, published some years later, was the second work of the kind by a southern author, while his *New Harmony and Composition*, issued in 1895, made the third book upon this subject which he had written before any other southern author of works of this kind appeared; since that date three new ones have made their appearance, all of whom have been pupils of Mr. Showalter; became a member of the M. T. N. A. in 1888 and was the vice-president for his state for several years; went abroad in 1895 to study the methods of the teachers, conductors, etc., of England, France, Germany, and other European countries; has been sole author, principal author and associate author of about sixty books, of which more than 2,000,000 copies have been sold, "Class, Choir

and Congregation," "Work and Worship," "Glad Evangel," "Perennial Songs," "Rudiments," "Complete Rudiments," "Song Land Messenger," "Revival Choir," "Highway to Heaven," "Our Thankful Songs," "Singing for Joy" and "Hymns of Glory" being among the most successful; has held sessions of his S. N. M. I. in a dozen or more states and nearly every teacher of prominence of the South and Southwest has attended one or more sessions of this school; has edited *The Music Teacher*, now *The Music Teacher and Home Magazine*, for twenty years; is president of *The A. J. Showalter Co.*, Dalton, Ga., and *The Showalter-Patton Co.*, Dallas, Texas, the two combined being larger than any other dozen music publishing houses south of Mason and Dixon's line, outside of the large denominational publishing houses; married Miss Callie Walser of Texas in 1881 and has seven children, the eldest of whom, (Miss Tenney,) is one of the foremost singers and pianists of the South, the second, (Karl Redan,) is secretary of *The A. J. Showalter Co.*, while the third, (Miss Essie,) is the organist of the First Presbyterian church, Dalton, Ga., of which her father has long been an elder and choir leader; occupies his time now in looking after his publishing interests, composing and compiling books, editing his music journal, teaching normal schools and looking after his fruit farm of nearly 20,000 trees, of which 15,000 are of the famous Georgia Elberta variety, the balance being apples, plums, pecans and a dozen other varieties of peaches; is also a stockholder and director of the *Cherokee Lumber Co.*, of Dalton, Ga., which furnishes building material to a large trade in many of the southern, central and eastern states.



DR. H. R. PALMER.

Horatio Richmond Palmer—author, composer, director, lecturer and publisher; born in Sherburne, N. Y., April 26th, 1834; son of Anson B. and Abbie (Knapp) Palmer, both of whom were superior musicians; educated in public schools, Rushford Academy and in Europe; received the degree of Mus. Doc. from the University of Chicago in 1881, and from the Alfred University in 1882; married Lucia A. Chapman, authoress and artist, in 1855; spent three years abroad; is conversant with several different languages; had charge of the Church Choral Union in New York City seven years; was dean of the Chautauqua Summer School of Music and director of the Chautauqua Choir during fourteen years; writer and composer of

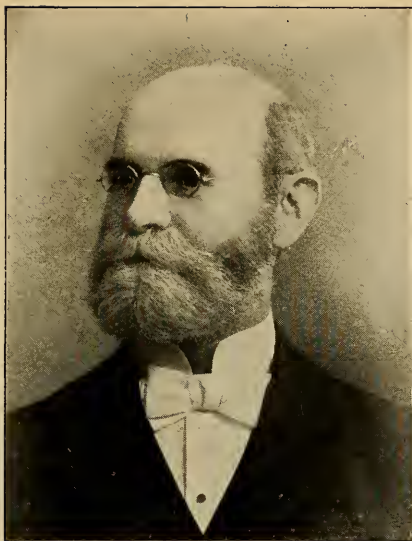
"Yield not to Temptation," "Holy Spirit from Above," "The Rose of Sharon," "Shall I Let Him In," "Precious Savior, Dear Redeemer," etc.; composer of "Galilee, Blue Galilee," "Come, Sinner Come," "By and By we shall Meet Him," "Lord for Tomorrow and its Needs," and hundreds of others; author of "Theory of Music," "Piano Primer," "Dictionary of Musical Terms," "Biographical Dictionary of Musicians," and fifty other works on musical subjects. Lectures on music, literature, astronomy, etc., and is president of the Clef Club of New York City. Residence: Park Hill-on-Hudson, N. Y.; his city address is in care of C. H. Ditson & Co., 867 Broadway, N. Y.



DR. W. HOWARD DOANE.

William Howard Doane, author, composer, inventor and manufacturer; born at Preston, Conn., Feb. 3rd, 1832; educated at Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Conn.; after leaving school entered upon a business career which has been eminently successful, being a recognized factor in the material development and evangelization of the world; was converted while a school boy and united with the Baptist Church; studied music under some of the best teachers of the day and taught many singing schools and conducted musical conventions in many localities; was organist and choir leader in a number of prominent churches; wrote his first music in 1848 and dedicated it to his school-mate, Miss Fannie M. Treat, who afterwards became Mrs. W. H. Doane; his first book was published in

1862, second in 1864, and in 1867 "Silver Spray" appeared, which had a sale of 300,000 copies; this was followed by scores of other books and musical works, many of which obtained wonderful popularity; in 1875 Dennison University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music; resides in Cincinnati where he is honored for his achievements and held in grateful respect for the good he has done. To the manufacturing enterprises of Europe and America he is known by reason of his successful business career, but millions of christians throughout the world know him best as the composer of "The Old, Old Story," "Pass Me Not," "Draw Me Nearer," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" "Near the Cross." and many more which are among the best gospel songs ever written.



WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, author, composer and teacher, was born in Duncannon, Pa., Feb. 27th, 1838; removed to Philadelphia in 1854 and served an apprenticeship of three years at carpentering; at seventeen joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and since that time has devoted himself almost exclusively to sacred music; studied singing under Bishop, harmony and composition under Dr. Leopold Meignen, and the pipe organ under David D. Wood; soon after his conversion he began composing hymn-tunes, but his first book, "Devotional Melodies," was largely made up of the "Spirituals" that were the fashion of the day in camp-meetings, etc., and in 1865 a large hymn book was prepared by him for the publisher of his first book; for the next ten years he held a responsible business position with a large furniture

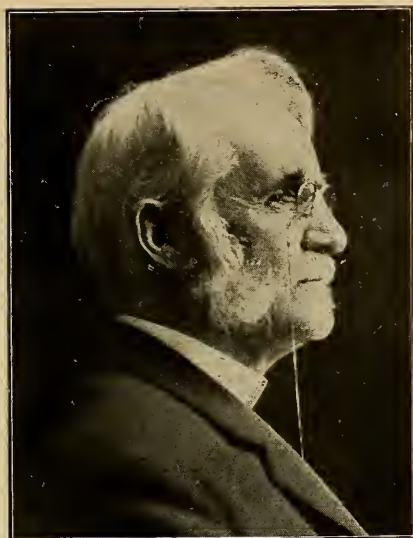
manufacturing establishment, and during this time he published, chiefly in leaflet form, many of the gospel songs which have helped to make his name a household word everywhere; his published books number about four score, prominent among which are "Songs of Joy and Gladness," "Songs of Redeeming Love," "Finest of the Wheat," "Young People's Hymnal," Nos. 1 and 2, and many more; his music is characterized by a melodiousness that appeals to the popular taste, and hardly a book is published anywhere which does not contain one or more of his helpful gospel songs; he resides in Philadelphia, 2009 N. Fifteenth street, but has a cottage home at Winter Park, Fla., where he spends his winters; a more genial and generous composer of many of the best gospel songs than Mr Kirkpatrick does not live anywhere.



DR. H. L. GILMOUR.

Dr. H. L. Gilmour, author, composer and musical director; born in Londonderry, Ireland, Jan. 19th, 1837, around which city stand the old bulwarks of defense that sheltered the Protestant heroes during the siege of 1688-9; returning home from four years and six months' service in the civil war, with a commission of Brevet Major, he applied himself to the study of Dentistry, graduating from the Philadelphia Medical College in 1867, and has been a very busy practitioner ever since; his first work as a musical editor was with Wm. J. Kirkpatrick in "Heart Songs," and since that have followed "The Silver Trumpet," 1889; "Sunlit Songs," 1890; "Radiant Songs," 1891, "Winning Songs," 1892, "Praise in Song," 1893, "Songs of Love and Praise," 1894, "No. 2," 1895, "No. 3," 1896, "No. 4," 1897,

"Pentecostal Praises," 1898, "Gospel Praises," 1899, "No. 2," 1900, "Triumphant Praises," 1901, "Grateful Praises," 1902, "Songs of Christian Service," 1903, etc., most of which books were published by John J. Hood of Philadelphia; some of the associate authors being Jno. R. Sweney, W. J. Kirkpatrick, J. Howard Entwisle and others; aside from his excellent compositions his greatest success lies in his ability to lead the people in song, to which work he has given his ten weeks vacation each year, having been the musical director for the Mt. Lake Park Camp meeting in Md. ever since 1885, and where really helpful and spiritual music is desired his work in this line is unsurpassed; he also gives much time to revival work in evenings throughout the year.



WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

William G. Fischer, author, composer, teacher and piano dealer; born in Baltimore, Md., Oct. 14th, 1835; began to think of music as a little child, and at eight years of age was so far advanced as to regularly start the singing in a German Church; after learning to read music in a church singing class he studied harmony, piano and organ, which he afterwards taught with satisfactory results; was early recognized as a superior leader and led choirs and choruses of all ages; was the first to teach bands of little children to sing two, three and four part songs; has been closely connected with the Welsh musical festivals and directed the combined Welsh Societies at the Bi-Centennial of the landing of

William Penn; ten years teacher of music in Girard College, when he resigned this position to go into the piano business, which he continued until 1898, when he retired; upon resigning his position in Girard College, such was the appreciation and confidence shown in him by the Committee that he was asked to name his successor; but he is, perhaps, best known as a composer of gospel songs, having written many, of which "I Love to Tell the Story," "Whiter Than Snow," "A Little Talk With Jesus," "The Rock That Is Higher Than I," "O, 'Twas Love," "I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee," and "Waiting at the Pool" are among the most popular, but all of his pieces are of the better class of sacred songs.



GEO. C. HUGG.

George C. Hugg, author, composer and publisher; born near Haddonfield, N. J.; received his fundamental education in the public schools; began the work of his life as a farmer, but gave this up in 1876 and began the study of music, particular attention being given to harmony and composition; his first published song was "Walk in the Light," which became very popular; since 1876 he has published more than twenty books and one hundred special services, and has written more than one thousand gospel songs, of which "No, Not One" is the most popular, known and sung all over the world; "Scattering Precious Seed" is another very popular song; these

and other pieces have been reprinted in many books and translated into several different languages; has a baritone voice of large compass which enables him to succeed both as a soloist and leader; is also a good speaker, and his services are much sought after in conventions, camp-meetings, etc.; has been especially successful in services for Christmas, Easter, Children's Day, etc.; his latest work is as one of the associate authors of "Praise and Rejoicing," a new book which promises to be especially popular; other popular books are "Rich In Blessings," "Corn In Egypt," "Light In the Valley," "Songs of the Mercy Seat," etc., etc.; resides in Philadelphia.



T. C. O'KANE.

Tullius Clinton O'Kane, author and composer; born in Fairfield County, O., March 10th, 1830; graduated in 1852 from the Ohio Wesleyan University, with the degree of A. B., and received his A. M. degree three years later from his Alma Mater; his first music was published in 1865 in "Musical Leaves;" issued his first S. S. music book, "Fresh Leaves," in 1868, which was followed at intervals by "Dew Drops," "Songs of Worship," "Every Sabbath," "Jasper and Gold," "Redeemer's Praise," "Glorious Things" and "Morning Stars;" in 1882, assisted by his son, E. T. O'Kane, organist, he issued "Selected Anthems" for choir use; in connection with other composers, at various times, he issued "Joy to the World," "Songs of Redeeming Love, No. 1," "Songs of Redeeming Love, No. 2," "Unfading Treasures" and "Forward Songs;" some of his best known songs are "Say, Are You Ready," "The Sure Foundation," "On Jordan's Stormy Banks" and "Redeemed;" many more are also very popular; resides at Delaware, Ohio.

Mrs. Joseph Fairfield Knapp, a daughter of the late Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, and one of the Board of Directors of The International Sunshine Society, resides at the Hotel Savoy, Fifth Avenue, New York City, where she has most elegant apartments and what is said to be the largest organ in the world in a private home. She has had published about five hundred gospel songs, some of which have been translated into every language of Christendom, the best known being "Blessed Assurance," "Nearer the Cross," "Everlasting Love," "Wonderful Savior," "Come and Worship," etc. Such excellent compositions as these easily place Mrs. Knapp among the foremost gospel song composers of America, and she is as pleasing and popular in person as her music is excellent in character.



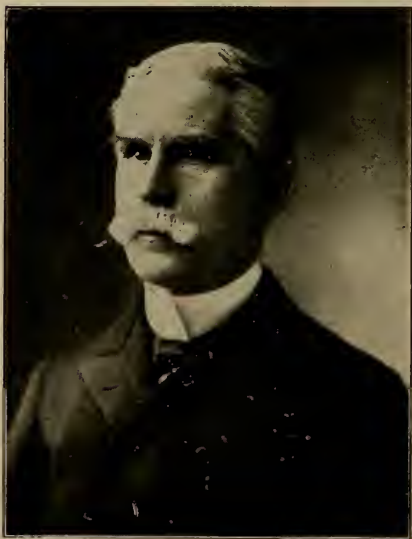
MRS. JOSEPH FAIRFIELD KNAPP.



J. D. PATTON.

John Daniel Patton, author, composer and teacher; born in Franklin county, Ala., Dec. 27th, 1868; educated in the public schools of his native state, and began the study of music at the age of 12; elected chorister of his church and S. S. at the age of 15; began teaching singing schools at 17; in 1891 attended the Vernon, Ala., session of the S. N. M. I., under the direction of its principal, A. J. Showalter; another session at Eden, Ala., in 1893, and in 1895 he received his diploma from this famous school at the home of its principal, Dalton, Ga.; first appeared as an author in 1894, being associated with his principal teacher in editing "Revival Choir;" since that have followed "Revival Choir No. 2," "Christian Life Songs," "Singing for Joy" and "Woodmen's Hymnal;" has done much evangelistic singing with prominent ministers of various denominations and now teaches more normal music schools than any other man living; is vice-president of The Showalter-Patton Co., and a director in The A. J. Showalter Co.

Elisha A. Hoffman, author, composer and preacher; born in Orwigsburg, Pa., May 7th, 1839; educated in the public schools of Philadelphia; entered the ministry in 1861, and is at present pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Benton Harbor, Mich., a charge which he has served for over seven years; his first musical composition was published in 1860 and his first music book in 1888, since which time he has edited and compiled, or has been associated in editing and compiling over forty song-books, while over two thousand of his songs are in print; "I Must Tell Jesus," the most pleasing of all his popular songs, was inspired by the sorrow and tears of a dear child of God who passed through deep waters of affliction, and asked her pastor, Rev. Hoffman, for counsel. He advised her to tell Jesus. She replied, "Yes; I must tell Jesus." and this sentiment has been echoed by thousands of hearts.



REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



C. CROZAT CONVERSE.

C. Crozat Converse, born at Warren, Mass., Oct. 7th, 1842; descendant of Edward Converse, who came to America from England with Gov. Winthrop in 1630; educated in English and the classics at the Elmira, N. Y., Academy; afterwards in Germany; is well known by his contributions to general literature and by his success in his profession of the law; also ranks as one of America's leading orchestral composers, his "American Concert Overture," for full orchestra, having been played at the Boston Peace Jubilee; has received the honorary degree of LL. D. from Rutherford College, N. C.; married Miss Lida Lewis of Ala.; was early associated with W. B. Bradbury and others in editing collections of psalmody, etc.; his gospel song, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," is in all the tongues of Christendom.

J. H. Rosecrans, author, composer, preacher and teacher; born at Berne, N. Y., Aug. 3rd, 1844; received his musical education at Baxter University of Music, Friendship, N. Y.; conducted musical conventions in early manhood in many states; edited more than twenty music books,—church and S. S. books, glee books, cantatas, etc., also composed a number of sheet music songs and contributed largely to song books edited by other authors; has been a minister of the gospel for many years and is at present teacher of moral and mental science and Biblical literature in Carlton College, Bonham, Texas; his "Tenderly Jesus is Calling" is one of the most popular of all gospel songs; to know him is to love him.



J. H. ROSECRANS.



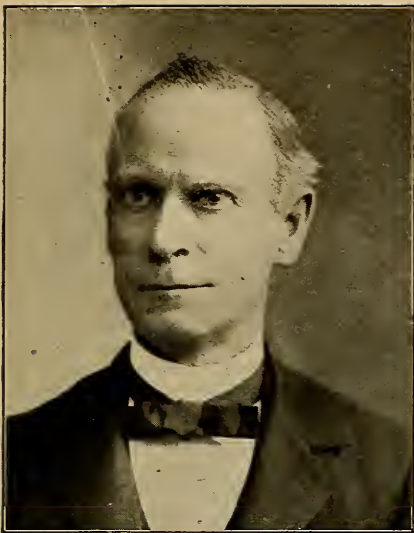
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Mrs. C. H. Morris (Lelia M. Naylor), daughter of John T. L. Naylor and O. E. (Coulson) Naylor, was born at Pennsville, Ohio, April 15th, 1862; received her education in the public schools of Malta, Ohio; was converted at the age of ten and united with the M. E. church; married C. H. Morris of McConnellsville, Ohio, Sept. 21st, 1881, and removed to that place, where she has since resided; during special revival meetings led by Rev. Glasscock, in 1892, her spiritual life was greatly quickened, and having always been a great lover and earnest student of music she was led to write her first hymn—"Refining Fire of God;" others followed thick and fast, quickly coming into print and prominence, among the most popular being "Doing His Will," "Nearer, Still Nearer," "Holiness Unto the Lord," "The Pentecostal Power," "In His Keeping," etc., etc.

B. E. Warren, author, composer and evangelistic singer; born near Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 20th, 1867; educated in N. Y. state and in Mich.; studied music with private teachers and in the Quincy, Ill., Music School and the Moody Institute of Chicago; writes both words and music of most of his songs, and contributes helpful articles to religious periodicals; has been an evangelistic singer for nearly twenty years and a composer for twelve or fifteen years; writes especially for the Gospel Trumpet Publishing Co., Moundville, W. Va.; is associate author of a half dozen song books, of which "Echoes From Glory," "Songs of the Evening Light" and "Salvation Echoes" have been the most successful; "Beautiful" is his most popular gospel song; resides at Springfield, Ohio.



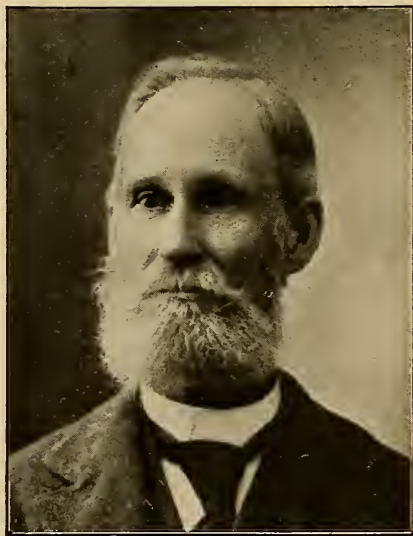
B. E. WARREN.



ASA HULL.

Asa Hull, author, composer and publisher; born at Keene, N. Y., Jan. 18th, 1828; studied harmony and composition with B. F. Baker and George James Webb of Boston; at twenty was organist and choirster of a church at Watertown, Mass.; began composing at twenty-three, and issued his first publication in 1859, being one of the pioneers in Sunday School and gospel song book publishing; has issued in all thirty books and about one hundred pamphlets, the latter being mostly services and cantatas for Sunday Schools; many of his books had a sale of from 100,000 to 150,000, while "Gem of Gems," issued in 1881, has sold 300,000 copies and is still in demand; "Stand Up for Jesus" and "Saviour, Brother, Friend," are among his most popular gospel songs.

John Harrison Tenney, author and composer; born in Rowley, Mass., Nov. 22d, 1840; educated in the common schools; worked on the farm with his father; learned the boot-maker's trade, at which he worked ten years, then returned to the farm on which he has lived ever since; first musical compositions,—tunes, anthems, glees, etc., were contributed to the Musical Pioneer and Musical Gazette; in connection with other composers edited over thirty books, some of which reached very large sales, among the most successful ones being "Anthem Offering," "American Anthem Book," "American Male Choir," "Temperance Jewels," "Spiritual Songs," "Work and Worship," "National Singer," "Shining Light," etc., etc.; "Come to Jesus" and "We'll Never Say Good-By in Heaven" are among his most popular gospel songs.



J. H. TENNEY.



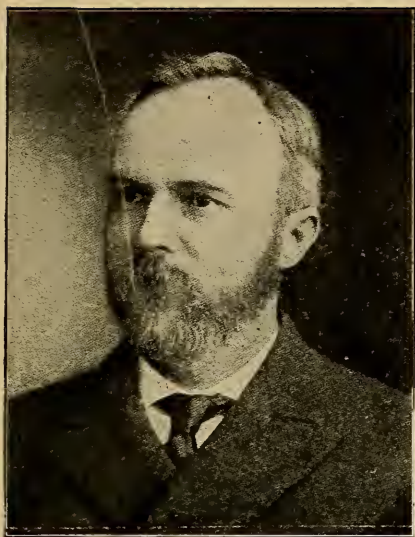
D. D. TOWNER.

D. B. Towner, author, composer and teacher; born at Rome, Pa., March 5th, 1850; although deeply interested in religious work from an early age, it was not until he was thirty-five that he began the distinctive work which he has since followed with such marked success; became associated with D. L. Moody in 1885 and continued to sing and direct the music for him until the great evangelist's death; for the past ten years has been the head of the music department in the Moody Institute, Chicago, which prepares and educates gospel singers for their work; for years has been at the head of the musical work of the Chicago Avenue Church, of which Dr. R. A. Torrey is pastor, and has a choir of about two hundred members; has edited a number of gospel song books and written many of the best gospel songs, of which "Anywhere with Jesus" and "Trust and Obey" are among the most popular.

Geo. B. Holsinger, author, composer and teacher; born in Bedford county, Pa., May 10th, 1857; educated in the common schools and in a normal school of his native State, after which he taught in the public schools for several years; his only elementary singing school teacher was B. H. Everett, while in the higher branches he has had such teachers as A. J. Showalter, B. C. Unseld, Dr. Geo. F. and F. W. Root, Dr. H. R. Palmer, H. A. Clarke, Chas. W. Landon and others; his first compositions appeared in A. J. Showalter's first real success, "Good Tidings No. 1," of which he was one of the associate authors; has since assisted in editing six books, while some of his pieces have appeared in eighty other books; married Miss Sallie A. Kagey in 1884; was principal of the music department of Bridgewater College for sixteen years; is now editor of the Musical Department of the Brethren Publishing House, of Elgin, Ill., but still resides in Bridgewater, Va.



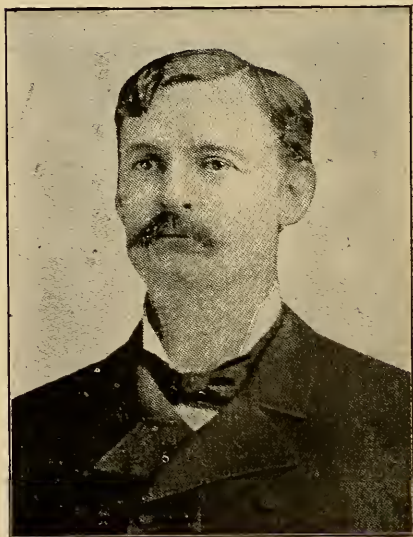
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



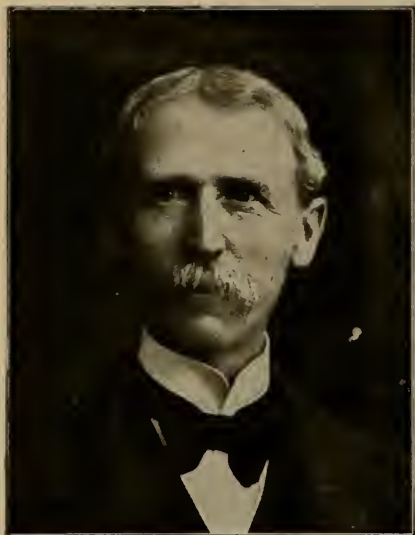
REV. E. S. LORENZ.

Rev. Edmund Simon Lorenz, A. M., B. D., author, composer, preacher and publisher; born in Stark County, Ohio, July 13th, 1854; educated in the public schools and in Otterbein University, receiving his A. M. degree from that institution, and his B. D. degree from Yale Theological Seminary; in 1883-4 he studied in the University of Leipsic, Germany; joined the U. B. Church in 1871 and was licensed to preach in 1882; his first book was issued in 1875, since which time he has published, in conjunction with other composers of acknowledged talent, about fifty others; he is also editor and publisher of three choir journals, all of which have proven quite successful; many of his compositions are of the more substantial character; his home is at Dayton, Ohio, where he is President of The Lorenz Publishing Company.

Rev. C. C. Luther, composer, evangelist and pastor; born in Worcester, Mass., May 17th, 1847; inherited his talent for music from his mother who was the leading soprano of a church choir in his native city; educated in the schools of Worcester and in Brown University, from which he graduated in 1871; spent several years in journalism, but in 1878 began evangelistic work, in which he has been greatly blessed of the Lord; has served a number of churches as pastor for a short time, but believes that he has been especially called to the evangelistic work, in which he has labored in most of the New England and Middle States; has edited two gospel song books, and his "Beautiful Beckoning Hands" has been instrumental in the conversion of many souls, both in his own work and that of numerous other evangelists; most of his songs were written to fit special sermons.



REV. C. C. LUTHER.



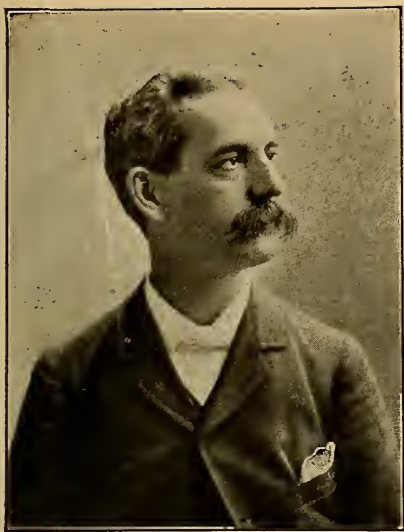
WILL L. THOMPSON.

Will L. Thompson, author, composer and publisher; born at East Liverpool, Ohio, Nov. 7th, 1849; received his musical education in Boston Music School and New England Conservatory of Music, and took a course in harmony at Leipsic, Germany; his first great success as a song writer was in his very popular "Gathering Shells From the Seashore," but he has been most successful as a writer of popular quartets, the sales of which enabled him to establish large and profitable music publishing houses in East Liverpool and Chicago; his gospel songs have also become widely known, some of which are to be found in almost every popular collection now published; he resides at East Liverpool, Ohio, but has recently purchased a winter home at Savannah, Ga.; endowed with splendid talents and thoroughly educated, he has endeared himself to millions by the pleasing products of his facile pen.

Mrs. Pauline Gilmour Hatch, only daughter of Dr. H. L. Gilmour, was born at Cape May, N. J., April 3rd, 1871; manifested a great love for music at an early age, which was encouraged and cultivated in a musical atmosphere, Wm. J. Kirkpatrick being her first instrumental teacher; later she received a diploma from the South Jersey Institute, Bridgeton, N. J., and also took a course at Richard Zeckwer's Conservatory of Music in Philadelphia; married H. Morgan Hatch, of Delair, N. J., Oct. 30th, 1903; among her best and most popular compositions are "Volunteers, to the Front," "Our Dearly Loved Banner," "Jesus, Refuge of My Soul" and "Peace Hymn of Nations," all of which show talent of a high order, coupled with thorough schoiarship.



MRS. PAULINE GILMOUR HATCH.



B. C. UNSELD.

B. C. Unseld, author, composer and teacher; born in Shepardstown, W. Va.; began the serious study of music at the age of twenty-one under Dr. Tourgee, of the New England Conservatory of Music; other teachers were Dr. Wm. Mason, Geo. J. Webb and Theo. F. Seward; associated with the latter in compiling Tonic Solfa publications; has edited, either alone or in connection with others, some twenty books, of which the best known in the South is "The Temple Star;" His "Theoretical Statements" and "Twilight is Falling" did more than anything else to give that book its great sale; his 1874 session of the Virginia Normal at New Market was the first school of the kind held in the South; many of his pupils have taken a foremost place in this line of work, "the most distinguished of which," to quote Mr. Unseld's words, "is A. J. Showalter, the best known musician in the South, and the one who has done more for the musical development of this section of the country than any other one musician;" resides in New York City.

R. H. Cornelius, author, composer and teacher; born in Blount County, Ala., Jan. 24th, 1872; educated in the common schools and the Oneonto High School; taught public school when quite a youth and afterwards was associate principal of the Oneonto High School; attended the first session of the S. N. M. I. at Eden, Ala., and after removing to Texas was instrumental in securing a session of this school at Mt. Peak, Texas, and after attending two more sessions at Midlothain, Texas, received his coveted diploma; afterwards took a post-graduate course in the same school and taught the primary departments; associate author of "Lamp and Light," "Our Thankful Songs" and "Singing for Joy," and author of "Revival and Prohibition Songs," all of which have been very successful, the last two especially so; is a stockholder in The Showalter-Patton Co., a consecrated Christian, a devoted member of the Baptist Church and the foremost singer, teacher and composer of the Southwest.



R. H. CORNELIUS.



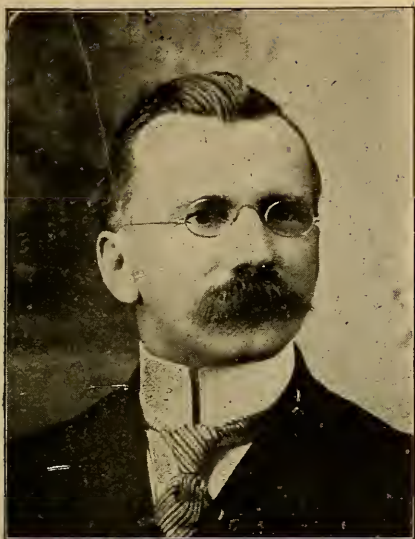
W. T. GIFFE.

William Thomas Giffe, author, composer and publisher; born at Portland, Ind., June 28th, 1848; literary education obtained mainly at Liber College, now extinct, in same state; attended several sessions of the normal music schools conducted by Dr. Geo. F. Root, L. O. Emerson, J. W. Suffern and H. S. Perkins; has written more than twenty books, four of which were for male voices and very popular; other books were "New Favorite," "The Wonder," "Happy Day," "Helping Hand," "Crown of Gold," "Glory Bells," "Onward and Upward No. 2," "Giffe's Practical Course in Harmony and Composition," etc.; is the owner of the Home Music Company, Logansport, Ind., which firm has published about all he has written for the last decade; resides in his own comfortable home, has a charming wife and a beautiful adopted daughter now ten years of age, and is held in high esteem as a citizen in Logansport, where he has served four years in the city council.

John Henry Showalter, author, composer, publisher and teacher; born in Rockingham county, Va., Nov. 2nd, 1864; educated in the public schools; his first singing lessons were given him by his father, Jno. A. Showalter, and his first organ lessons by his eldest brother, A. J. Showalter; later he attended sessions of the S. N. M. I. in Va., Tenn. and at the home of the Principal in Dalton, Ga., receiving his diploma at this last named session; later studied voice with D. A. Clippinger and F. W. Root in Chicago; united with the German Baptist Church in early youth, and married Miss Emma Brumbaugh in 1886; has been author and associate author of nearly twenty books, of which "Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs" and "Highway to Heaven" have been most successful; is one of the larger stockholders in The A. J. Showalter Co. and is especially gifted as a singer, being without a superior in this particular among all the normal teachers of the day; resides at West Milton, Ohio.



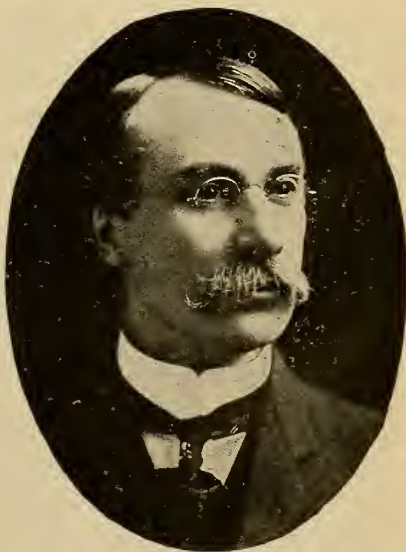
J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



J. M. BOWMAN.

John Michael Bowman, author, composer and teacher; born near Harrisonburg, Va., June 11th, 1859; began the study of music when but a boy and at the age of eighteen attended his first normal at New Market, Va., conducted by B. C. Unseld and P. J. Merges; later attended other normals and studied with many of America's foremost teachers, including A. J. Showalter, from whose S. N. M. I. he received his diploma at a session held in Dalton, Ga., in which school he was an assistant teacher; for the past eight years has held about forty sessions of his "American Normal School of Music," sometimes teaching as many as four sessions at the same place; is associate author of "The Singer's Choice," "Songs and Hymns of the Sanctuary," "Highway to Heaven" and "Hymns of Glory," the last two of which have proven wonderfully popular; among his most popular pieces are "I Am Clinging to the Rock" and "Wrecks Along the Way;" resides at Harrisonburg, Va., and is a stockholder in The A. J. Showalter Co.

John H. Alleman, hymn-writer, composer and publisher; born near Plymouth, Ind., Jan. 11th, 1859; a lover of music from early childhood, but with no special advantages for its cultivation, supplied himself with the best obtainable books on harmony and composition, and by the study of these and the compositions of good composers, together with his own ideas of originality, prepared himself for the writing of hundreds of gospel songs already published, the most popular of which is "Over the Border Land;" writing both words and music of most of his songs, many of them relate to his own religious experience, but they also include songs of praise, of home, of heaven, and other useful subjects; is a skillful director and an earnest evangelistic singer; has published several books, the most popular of which is "Songs of a Saviour's Love"; his permanent address is Chicago, Ill.



J. H. ALLEMAN.



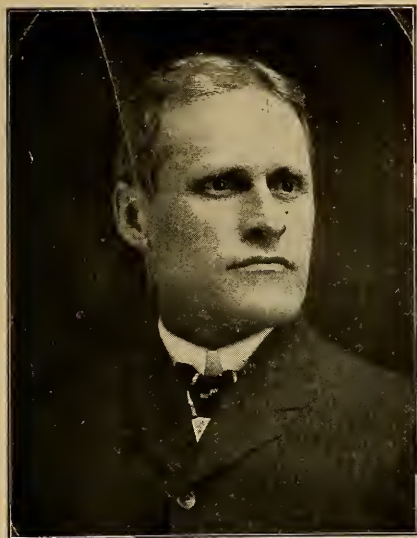
W. S. WEEDEN.

W. S. Weeden, author, composer, evangelist and teacher; born in Ohio in 1848, and educated in the common schools; was converted in early manhood, and married at 21; taught singing schools for several years and entered the evangelistic field fifteen years ago, in which work he has seen thousands born into the kingdom and hopes to see many more; is associate author of a number of books and has written quite a number of most excellent gospel songs, of which "I Surrender All," "The Inner Circle" and "Sunlight" are among the most popular; is at present Proprietor of "The Winona Hotel," No. 10 East Ninth St., near Fifth Avenue, New York City.

John S. Hendricks, author composer and teacher; born in McClean county, Ky., March 15th, 1855; educated in the common schools of his native state, and attended his first singing school at 18; two years later began teaching and continued this work until 1879, when he went to Arkansas and added farming to his musical profession; returning to Kentucky in 1881 he engaged in the tobacco business; he entered the music field again in 1886, and three years later went to Texas; 1894 found him in the Midlothian session of the S. N. M. I., and in 1895 he was a member of the first graduating class of this famous school at the home of its principal, Dalton, Ga., since which time he has taken a post-graduate course in several sessions of the same school, in the meantime doing much most excellent teaching in Texas and Kentucky; is one of the associate authors of "Song-Land Messenger No. 2," "Our Thankful Songs" and "Hymns of Glory." is a devoted member of the M. E. Church, South, and a large stock-holder in The A. J. Showalter Co. and The Showalter-Patton Co.



JOHN S. HENDRICKS.



J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

J. W. Van DeVenter, author, composer and evangelist; born near Dundee, Mich., Dec. 5th, 1855; educated in a district school and at Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich.; was a public school teacher fifteen years, five years Supervisor of Drawing at Sharon, Pa., and five years at Braddock, Pa.; has been doing evangelistic work continually for the past eight years, working principally in the Middle West, the East and Great Britain; his labors in this work have been blessed in the conversion of thousands of souls; is well known as the author of "Chalk Talks for Young People;" is the author of about seventy-five gospel songs, the most popular of which are "Looking This Way" and "Saved Through Jesus' Blood;" has resided in Philadelphia, Pa., for the past six years, but is now living at Dundee, Mich.

Miss Eliza Edwards Hewitt, hymn-writer and gospel song composer; born in Philadelphia, Pa., where she has lived all her life; graduate of the Girls' Normal School of her native city; taught in the public schools until serious illness compelled her to abandon this work; devotes her time and superior talents now to writing hymns and teaching in the primary department of the Olivet Presbyterian Church Sunday School; is the author of more popular hymns for gospel songs and Sunday School use than any other one writer except Fanny J. Crosby; "Sunshine in the Soul," "More About Jesus," "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown," "Not One Forgotten" and many others being universal favorites; has also composed a number of very useful and pleasing gospel songs, of which "Who-soever Will May Come" and "Saved By the Blood of the Lamb" are among the most popular.



MISS E. E. HEWITT.



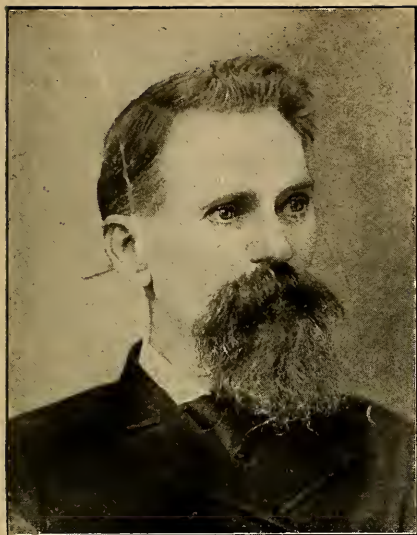
J. F. KINSEY.

J. F. Kinsey, author, composer, teacher and publisher: born near Fort Wayne, Ind., March 22d, 1852; is the author and associate author of upwards of thirty books; founder and head of The Echo Music Co., one of the leading publishing houses of the Middle West; for many years editor of "The Echo," a monthly musical journal; as a composer he has given especial attention to the writing of patriotic, memorial and class songs, and it is in these that he has been most successful as a rule, but his gospel song, "The Unclouded Day," is by far the best known of all his pieces, being a great favorite everywhere known; resides in Chicago, but spends some of his winters in California.

J. W. Dennis, author, composer and teacher; born in Missouri, Oct. 8th, 1866; had but little school advantages, although his thirst for knowledge caused him to burn the midnight oil after the hard day's work on the farm; attended his first singing school in 1884; married Miss S. Elizabeth Lawrence in 1886; taught his first singing school in 1887, and continued to teach in Missouri and Kansas for two years; got hold of a copy of "Class, Choir and Congregation," the greatest combination book ever published, in 1893, and since that time has used only the Showalter publications in all of his very successful work; removed to Texas in 1895, and the same year attended the Alvord, Texas, session of the S. N. M. I., where he took his first lesson in harmony; graduated from this famous school at Childress, Texas, in 1900, but took a post-graduate course the same year at Alvord, Texas; is one of the associate authors of "Hymns of Glory," a stockholder in The Showalter-Patton Co., and one of the foremost teachers of the Southwest.



J. W. DENNIS.



W. C. HAFLEY.

W. C. Hafley, author, composer and teacher; born in McMinn County, Tenn., Sept. 28th, 1839; educated in the common schools of his native county, but being a great lover of books, earnestly sought to improve himself by the reading of books, spending his evenings studying "Kirkam's Grammar" and the Bible, while listening to his father playing "Arkansaw Traveler," "Fisher's Hornpipe," etc., on a well-worn violin; served in the Confederate Army, but so well had he spent his time with his books in his tent that on his return he was called to take charge of a school, which profession he followed for fifteen years, and in 1883 was elected superintendent of schools in his native county; attended a session of the S. N. M. I., held at Dalton, Ga., the year after the principal of the school located there; has contributed to many song books, and is one of the associate authors of "Hymns of Glory" and "Gospel Melodies;" his "Sketches by the Wayside," a prose and poetical work, is very popular; resides in Atlanta, Ga.

Rev. D. E. Dortch, author, composer, publisher and teacher; born in Maury County, Tenn., March 5th, 1851; educated in the common schools of the country and taught four years when quite young; was gifted in music from childhood and attracted attention as a violinist at an early age; began teaching music as a profession in 1873, and soon after wrote his first musical compositions; his first song book was published in 1877, and since that time fourteen others have appeared, some of which have had a very extensive sale; his latest is "Short Talks on Music," which he regards as perhaps the crowning work of his life; "Turned Away From the Beautiful Gate" and "What Shall Our Answers Be?" are his most popular gospel songs; his home is at Columbia, Tenn., seven miles from where he was born.



REV. D. E. DORTCH.



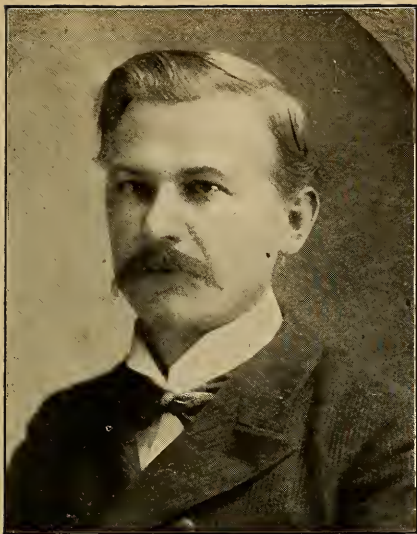
E. T. HILDEBRAND.

Ephraim Timothy Hildebrand, author, composer and teacher; born in Rockingham county, Va., Jan. 18th, 1866; educated in the public schools and Shenandoah Seminary; was taught by his mother to sing as soon as he could talk, but his first regular teacher was D. M. Click; later studied with J. H. Ruebush, B. C. Unseld, P. J. Merges, Dr. Geo. F. and F. W. Root, C. B. Shaw, F. H. Tubbs and others; began teaching singing schools during the summer months while pursuing his college course, and did his first normal work in 1892; elected principal of the Dayton Music School in 1894, resigning in 1899 to accept position of Director of Music in Bridgewater College; does normal work during the summer months; is associate author of a half dozen music books; married Miss Zona T. Wise of Va. in 1902; his most popular gospel song is "The Glory of the Welcome."

C. W. James, author, composer and teacher; born in Jones County, Miss., Sept. 21st, 1873; educated in the public schools of Louisiana and Mississippi; attended several singing schools in his boyhood days; taught his first singing school in 1895; attended sessions of J. M Bowman's A. N. S. of M. in 1897-8, receiving a diploma from him; was associate principal in a session of this school in 1900, taking a post graduate course at the same time; attended the Omaha, Texas, session of the S. N. M. I. in 1901, receiving a diploma at the close; his first song was written and published in 1899, in "Highway to Heaven;" since that he has written a number each year, most of which have been published by The A. J. Showalter Co.; is one of the associate authors of "Hymns of Glory;" teaches a number of singing schools and normal institutes and sings for a number of evangelistic meetings each year; resides at the home of his father, Pleasant Hill, La.



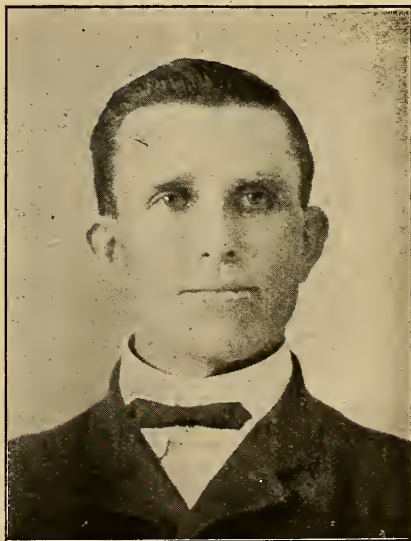
C. W. JAMES.



J. B. VAUGHAN.

J. B. Vaughan, author, composer, teacher and publisher; born in Elbert County, Ga., June 16th, 1860; is self-taught from books, having been deprived of practically all schooling; his first appearance as an author was as one of four assistants in preparing "Good Tidings," by A. J. Showalter, in 1884; a little later A. J. Showalter & Co., now The A. J. Showalter Co, published a little book for him, entitled "Our Song Wreath;" after this he became his own publisher, and has issued in all eighteen books, the most successful of which have been "Our New Book," "Jewels for Jesus," "Promised Day" and "Windows of Heaven;" his most popular pieces are "Shall I Meet Thee Up There," "That Wonderful Day" and "'Twill Be Glory By and By;" his home and publishing house are now at Athens, Ga.

G. H. Riddle, author, composer and teacher; born in DeKalb County, Ala., March 4th, 1867; attended his first singing school in 1881, and soon learned all that was taught by the primary teachers of his native state; began teaching in 1889; studied a short while with J. D. Patton and R. Cornelius and attended four sessions of A. J. Showalter's S. N. M. I., Warren, Ark., in 1893, Omaha, Texas, in 1899 and 1901, and Hereford, Texas, in 1903, at which session he received a diploma; his first music was published in 1899; resides at Omaha, Texas, is a member of the Baptist Church, a stockholder in The Showalter-Patton Co., and one of the foremost teachers of the Lone Star State, for which work he has prepared himself with an earnestness that is characteristic of the man.



G. H. RIDDLE.



S. L. HOWARD.

S. L. Howard, author, composer and teacher; born in Muscogee county, Ga., December 10th, 1863; educated in the public schools and taught one term in these schools in 1883; began teaching singing schools in the same year, and after teaching his first class realized the need of special preparation for this work and so attended the session of the S. N. M. I. held at Sumach, Ga., in which he had as fellow pupils S. J. Perry, C. H. Humphries, J. R. Henry, D. D., Dean of the Cumberland University, and others of prominence; has since attended several more sessions of this same school at the home of the principal, Dalton, Ga.; has contributed to many books and is author of "Gospel Banner" and one of the associate authors of "Crowning Vocalist" and "Hymns of Glory, all of which have been quite successful, the last named being especially so; "Meet Me There" is his best known gospel song, but many others are quite popular, especially in Georgia and Alabama where he has done so much teaching; his address is Columbus, Ga.

I. T. Davis, composer, singer and teacher; born in Montgomery county, Ga., Dec. 27th, 1874; reared by christian parents, and attended his first singing school at the age of nineteen: at twenty he began teaching and after conducting nearly fifty schools attended his first session of J. M. Bowman's "American Normal School of Music" at Ellisville, Miss., since which time he has attended numerous other sessions of this same school in Ga. and Tenn., receiving a diploma at the close of the third session; has taught in all more than one hundred singing schools and has engagements ahead of him as far west as La.; his thorough training in the A. N. S. of M., his large experience as a teacher and his earnestness all combine to place him among the foremost young men of the profession; his address is Statesboro, Ga.



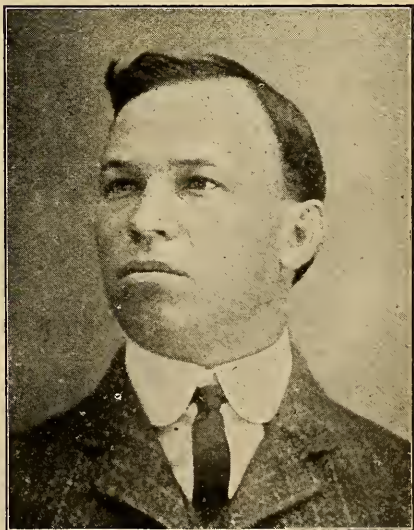
I. T. DAVIS.



R. D. BURLESON.

Robert Dean Burleson, teacher and composer; born at Buffalo, Texas, Dec. 14th, 1878; began the study of music in 1889, and graduated in 1898, receiving his diploma at the Mansfield, Texas, session of the S. N. M. I., taught by A. J. Showalter and Edwin Moore; began teaching in 1896; his first compositions were published in 1898, in "Lamp and Light" and "Song-Land Messenger No. 2;" is one of the Associate authors of "Hymns of Glory," the sales of which, in the first year of its publication, have exceeded that of any other one book ever issued by a southern publisher outside of the large denominational publishing houses; married Miss Irene Moore in 1903; is especially gifted as an organist, and is in every way well equipped for doing great good in his chosen profession; his address is Italy, Texas.

B. N. Hultsman, author, composer and teacher; born in Calhoun County, Ark., Dec. 22nd, 1877; his father being a good singer, and an elder sister being a good organist, tasteful singer and careful teacher, he was brought up under favorable conditions for developing his excellent talent; removed to Texas in 1890 and attended his first singing school in 1895; married in 1896, and also united with the Baptist Church the same year; purchased a copy of "Showalter's New Harmony and Composition" in 1899 and from its study began to compose, and soon after became interested with The Quartet Co. in preparing "The Harvester;" later attended a session of the S. N. M. I. at Omaha, Texas, receiving a diploma at the final examinations, and has since continued to use the books of The A. J. Showalter Co. and The Showalter-Patton Co.; is one of the foremost composers and teachers among the younger men of the Southwest; resides at Omaha, Texas.



B. N. HULTSMAN.



Benjamin Franklin Roe, author, composer and teacher; born in Hill county, Texas, April 3rd, 1877; educated in the public schools and the Decatur College, Decatur, Texas; after his graduation taught literary school for several years; began the study of music at the age of 16, and attended his first normal, taught by R. H. Cornelius, in 1900; attended the S. N. M. I. at Childress, Texas, in June, 1901, and in October, the same year he attended another session of R. H. Cornelius' Normal, receiving a diploma from him; attended the S. N. M. I. again at Alvord, Texas, in November, 1901, receiving a diploma, and took a post-graduate course in this same school at Stephenville, Texas, in 1902; united with the Baptist Church in 1899, and became a stockholder in The Showalter-Patton Co. in 1901; is one of the associate authors of "Hymns of Glory," and one of the foremost teachers of the Southwest; resides at Decatur, Texas.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

A. J. Robertson, author, composer and teacher; born at Oxford, Ala., Jan. 21st, 1872; educated in the common schools of Ala. and the John Tarlton College of Stephenville, Texas; attended his first singing school at the age of 17, and after a second term began leading; after attending a thirty days session under one of the pupils of the S. N. M. I. began teaching singing schools; moved to Texas in 1893 and in 1895 attended two sessions of the S. N. M. I. at Comanche, Texas, and one session under J. S. Hendricks; received his diploma from the S. N. M. I. at the close of the forty days session at Midlothian, Texas, in 1897, but took a post-graduate course in 1901 at Childress, Texas, and Alvord, Texas, and in 1902 assisted in a session of this school at Stephenville, Texas; is one of the associate authors of "Song Land Messenger No. 2" and "Hymns of Glory;" has taught 109 singing schools and held 33 sessions of his normal.



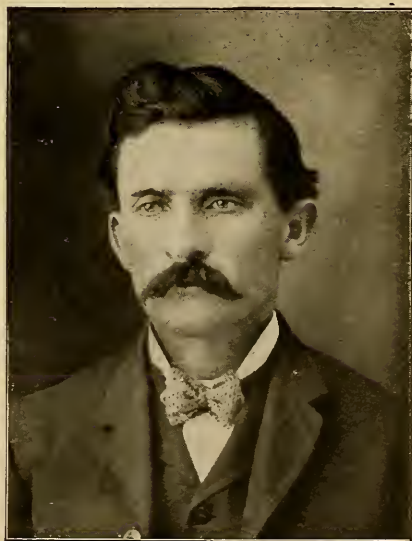
B. F. ROE.



G. N. FENN.

George Nathaniel Fenn, composer and teacher; born in Forsyth county, Ga., April 30th, 1860, of pious parents from whom he inherited his great love for music; emigrated with his parents to Texas in 1869; began the study of music when quite young and began to teach singing schools in 1883; attended a normal taught by R. H. Cornelius in 1900, and three sessions of the S. N. M. I. as follows: Alvord, Texas, 1902, Stephenville, Texas, 1901, and Thorsby, Ala., 1903, receiving a diploma at this last named session, previous to which session he also attended one session of the Eureka Normal at Enterprise, Ind. Ter.; his first published gospel song was "The Glorious Marriage Supper of The Lamb" which at once attracted attention as one of the best in that wonderfully successful book—"Hymns of Glory;" the substantial nature of his music is characteristic of the man.

R. M. Burt, author, composer and teacher; born in Tishomingo county, Miss., Jan. 25th, 1858; attended his first singing school at the age of 12, and learned to read simple music in youth; embraced religion at 13 and was married at 21; at 25 gave up farming for a college course, and then for two years taught literary school, after which he returned to farming and taught singing schools a part of the time; in 1890 secured a copy of Showalter's Theory of Music and began the study of harmony and composition; moved West in 1893 and later attended the S. N. M. I. and other good schools; began writing verse in early manhood, and composed his first music less than ten years ago; his one book is "Sweetest and Best," and his most popular piece is "I'm Seeking a Home;" resides at Mangum, Okla., and is among the foremost teachers of that territory.



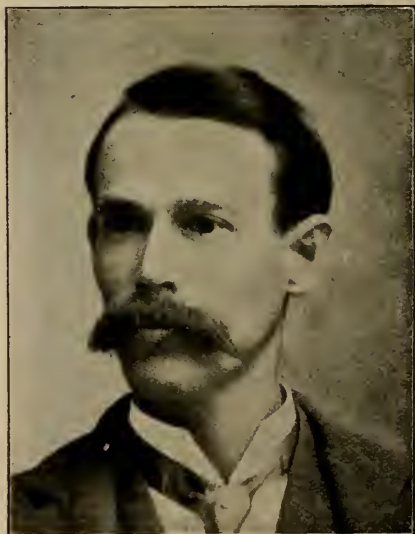
R. M. BURT.



C. H. BOTTOMS.

Claud Hinton Bottoms, teacher and composer; born in Fayette county, Ga., April 13th, 1878; educated in the public schools; began the study of music in earnest in 1898 under J. M. York; later continued his studies under J. Henry Showalter, and after attending two sessions of the S. N. M. I., received his diploma from this famous school at the special session held in Dalton, Ga., in 1902; took a post-graduate course in this same school in the early part of 1904; began teaching in 1901, in which year his first music was also published in "Our Thankful Songs," followed by other pieces in "Glorious Praise" and "Singing for Joy," all of which books have had a very large sale; his singing is especially good and his thorough equipment for the work will make him a power for great good in the singing school and normal institute work; his present address is Jonesboro, Ga.

Albert Casvill Neece, composer and teacher; born in LaFayette County, Mo., Nov. 26th, 1870; removed to Texas with his parents in 1877; attended his first singing school at about sixteen, but began the thorough study of music under A. J. Showalter in the session of his S. N. M. I., held at Alvord, Texas, in 1894; has attended three more sessions of this school since that time, two at Sunset, Texas, and one at Bowie, Texas; has taught in a number of counties of the Lone Star State since 1896; his first composition was printed in "Song-Land Messenger No. 2" in 1897; resides at Fruitland, Texas, where he has successful farming interests, but will devote more of his time to teaching in the future.



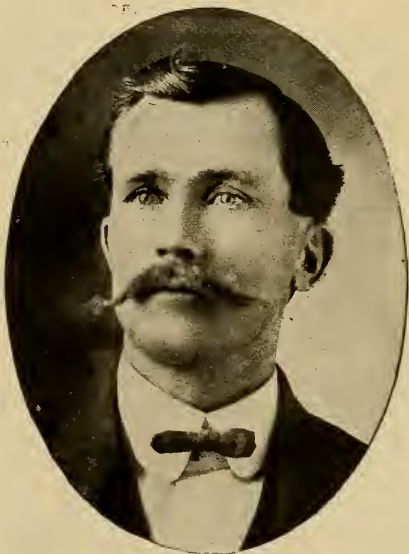
A. C. NEECE.



FRANK B. SMITH.

Frank B. Smith, composer, singer and teacher; born in Wise County, Texas, Sept. 8th, 1882; began the study of music in 1895 under J. W. Dennis, with whom he continued to study until he received a diploma from him in 1903; attended his first two sessions of the S. N. M. I. in 1901, and received a diploma from this famous school in December, 1903; began teaching with J. W. Dennis in 1901, and has since taught twenty-seven primary schools and three normals in Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas, having in all about one thousand pupils; his first published composition appeared in 1902 in "Singing for Joy," the very large sale of which book made his name known far and wide; his excellent voice, earnest purpose and thorough equipment for the work will make him a power for great good in the musical education of the people; his address is Greenwood, Texas.

W. A. Stewart, composer, evangelistic singer and teacher; born in Lincoln county, Tenn., April 15th, 1864; moved to Alabama with his parents when ten years old and to Texas when sixteen; being the eldest son in a large family of little means he had but limited school advantages in the public schools; his principal music teachers were T. W. Dennington, A. J. Showalter, R. H. Cornelius and J. D. Patton; has taught many successful schools and led the music in some very gracious meetings; he has adopted for his motto the title of a popular gospel song by one of his teachers--"Keep on Climbing;" with such a motto his earnestness and consecration are sure to win success; his address is Midlothian, Texas.



W. A. STEWART.



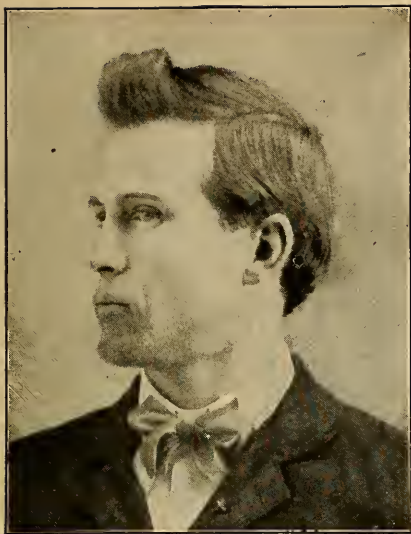
SHARP MCNIEL.

Sharp McNeil, composer and teacher; born in Rusk county, Texas, November 13th, 1873; educated in the public schools and began the study of music at an early age under his brother, L. L. McNeil, who greatly helped and encouraged him; his next teachers were J. B. Martin and Miss Margarite Wood, and in 1898 he attended his first session of the S. N. M. I. at Mansfield, Texas, conducted by A. J. Showalter and Edwin Moore; received his diploma from this school at Childress, Texas, in 1901 since which time he has taught quite a number of very successful normals and other schools himself; his compositions, of which he frequently writes both words and music, are in the popular vein and appeal to the great majority of singers, while his earnest Christian character wins the hearts of the people wherever he goes; his address is Fussell, Texas.

J. D. Brunk, composer and teacher; born near Harrisonburg, Va., March 13th, 1872; his first musical instruction was received in singing schools and at Shenandoah Institute, Dayton, Va.; after teaching vocal and instrumental music with success in Va., Md. and Pa., he accepted the position of associate teacher of music at West Central Academy where he also completed his English course; later he continued his studies in Pianoforte, Voice Culture, Harmony, and Music in Public Schools in the New England Conservatory and Piano Technic at the Virgil Clavier School; after three years as Director of Music in the West Central Academy he accepted the position of teacher of Piano, the Clavier Method, Harmony and History of Music in the Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Va.; is best known as musical editor of "Church and S. S. Hymnal," a book of 300 pages.



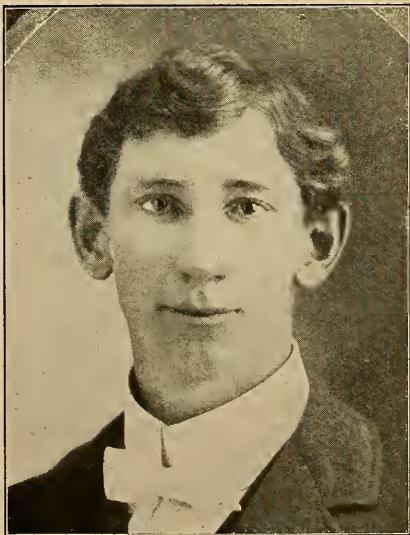
J. D. BRUNK.



J. M. DYE.

John Marion Dye, composer and teacher; born in Shelby county, Ala., Jan. 1st, 1875; educated in the public schools and began teaching in 1893, which profession he has followed to the present time; attended his first singing school in 1896 and then purchased a copy of Showalter's New Harmony and Composition, and so eager was he to know music that he worked out every exercise in this book without a teacher; in 1899 and 1900 attended two sessions of J. M. Bowman's A. N. S. of M., receiving his diploma from him at the first session; attended a session of the S. N. M. I. at Thorsby, Ala., in 1903, receiving a diploma from this school also; began teaching music in 1900, and his compositions have appeared in "Song-Land Messenger No. 2," "Gospel Praise" and "Singing for Joy;" married Miss Lottie Pearl Farr in 1902 and has one son, Homer Showalter Dye; is a member of the M. E. Church, South, and one of the best equipped teachers in the Southern States; resides at Lynch, Ala.

W. R. Chambers, composer and teacher; born in Marshall county, Ala., April 10, 1880; moved with his parents to Brown county, Texas, in 1893; attended the public schools of Ala., and several high schools in Texas, but received most of his education from an elder brother, W. H. Chambers, who is a man of scholarly attainments; has taught in the public schools of Texas with excellent success for the past four years; received his musical education under R. H. Cornelius, whose normals in the section of the state where Mr. Chambers lives have been eminently successful; the gospel songs from his pen found in this book are his first published compositions. He is already a power for good in educational matters in his section and now that he has added a knowledge of music to his other attainments he will be still more useful in this direction; his address is May, Texas.



W. R. CHAMBERS.



H. A. DAVIS.

J. M. Vines, composer and teacher; born in Carroll county, Ga., January 19th, 1862; began the study of music when quite young and did his first teaching at the age of twenty-four; Married Miss Mollie A. Reeves, of Clayton county, Ga., in 1884; his principal teachers were C. R. Mullins and B. B. Beall, two of the foremost pupils of the S. N. M. I. in Georgia; "Show-alter's New Harmony and Composition" has received his earnest study for a number of years and the excellent gospel songs from his pen in this book show how well he has profited by this study; his address is Carrollton, Ga.

H. A. Davis was born in Walton county, Ga., Feb. 7th, 1867; it was the desire of his parents that he should become a Presbyterian minister, but his health failed in a long term of school and this idea was abandoned; his taste for music was developed at an early age and he learned to read simple music under the instruction of J. L. White of Ga.; went to Texas in 1888, followed by his parents in 1892, with whom he has lived on a black-land farm in Bosque county ever since; became interested in harmony by studying one of Johnson's books upon the subject and wrote many pieces which he says were "terrible to behold," but later studied with J. F. Cagle and R. H. Cornelius, pupils of the S. N. M. I., and made rapid progress under their able instruction; does not teach music but plays, sings, leads and composes for his own enjoyment and for the good he can do; compositions of his have been published in "Songs and Hymns of the Sanctuary" and "Gospel Praise;" his address is Valley Mills, Texas.



J. M. VINES.



B. K. KNIGHT.

B. K. Knight, composer, teacher and business man; born at Zona, La., March 3rd, 1869; began the study of music when a child, and at an early age began teaching singing schools in his home county; attended his first session of the S. N. M. I. at Jersey, Ark., in 1893, followed by other sessions at Comanche and Sunset, Texas, in 1895, Perkinston, Miss., Montague and Sunset, Texas, in 1896, receiving his diploma at the latter school; has since taken a post graduate course with his teacher at his home in Dalton, Ga.; united with the Baptist Church in 1886; became a stockholder in The A. J. Showalter Co. in 1895; married Miss Ida Adams in 1897; has been in the mercantile business at Zona and Pine, La., for quite a number of years; is the most successful singing school teacher in Louisiana or Mississippi, teaching more and larger schools than any other man in those states; his gospel songs have appeared in a number of books, "When Earth's Labors Are O'er" being the most popular.

Henry S. Lowing, choir director, composer and teacher; born at Napoli, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., September 6th, 1860; educated at the State Normal School, Edinboro, Pa., and Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind, Philadelphia, Pa.; began composing music in 1892; teaches the violin and directs church choirs; was married December 28th, 1897, to Miss Eva B. Dunbar, who sings alto and is an accompanist on piano and organ. Mr. Lowing has had about thirty pieces published, of which the two gospel songs found in this book are the most popular; his address is Linesville, Pa., and being blind, with a family to support, should be especially encouraged by publishers in need of good gospel songs.



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This wonderfully popular book was first published in 1886, and up to January 1, 1903, 120,000 copies had been sold, while the continued demand proves it one of the most acceptable books on the market to-day. Round and shaped notes. Price, 35 cents per copy; \$4.00 per dozen.

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Published in 1901. The sales of this splendid book to January 1, 1903, have been 87,297 copies, while the continued demand for it shows the remarkable hold it has upon the public. Round and shaped notes. Price, 35 cents per copy; \$4.00 per dozen.

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By H. N. Lincoln and A. J. Showalter.

This book was thoroughly revised and issued in its permanent form in 1894 and at once became very popular. Its sales to January 1, 1903, have been 78,072 copies, proving it to be by far the best and most successful of all of Mr. Lincoln's books. It is still one of the most popular books on the market. Round and shaped notes. 50 cents per copy; \$5.75 per dozen.

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By A. J. Showalter, J. D. Patton and Rev. Wm. M. McIntosh.

This book was published in 1894 and at once became the most popular of all of our books for evangelistic work, selling by the thousands almost every month in the year, and its sales to-day are greater than any other book on our list considering the time it has been published, with the exception of C. C. and C. W. and W., and H. to H. Round and shaped notes. 25 cents per copy; \$2.75 per dozen.

REVIVAL CHOIR NO. 2.

By A. J. Showalter and J. D. Patton.

The wonderful success of Revival Choir induced the publishers to put forth another and larger book by the same authors in 1897. This book at once became very popular and is to-day one of our best sellers. It has the best staying qualities in many Sunday-schools of any book ever published. The First Presbyterian church of Dalton, Ga., has used it for six years, longer than any other book was ever used in this church—too long, we think for the good of the school, but it shows how a cultured people appreciate this superior book. If you have not already used it, you can find no better book. Round and shaped notes. 35 cents per copy; \$4.00 per dozen.

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SONG-LAND MESSENGER NO. 2.

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This is a worthy successor to Song-Land Messenger and a great favorite with all who have used it. Round and shaped notes. 50 cents per copy; \$5.75 per dozen. With Complete Rudiments, 65 cents per copy; \$7.00 per dozen.

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By A. J. Showalter, J. Henry Showalter, J. M. Bowman and T. B. Mosley.

This is our 1899 book which had such an immense immediate popularity, outselling all other books we had ever before published. Its sales have continued each year in the same way, outselling all other books in 1902 except Singing for Joy, which has no equal anywhere. Round and shaped notes. Board covers, 35 cents per copy; \$4.00 per dozen. Limp covers, 25 cents per copy; \$2.75 per dozen.

SONGS AND HYMNS OF THE SANCTUARY.

This is the same as Highway to Heaven, with a large addition of standard church music, making a great combination book that is very popular. Round and shaped notes. 50 cents per copy; \$5.75 per dozen.

OUR THANKFUL SONGS.

By A. J. Showalter, R. H. Cornelius, J. S. Hendricks, Rev. E. F. Stanton and Rev. N. Keff Smith, D. D.

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By A. J. Showalter and E. P. Sewell.

This is a combination Sunday-school and church music book which has no superior anywhere. Published in 1900, it became at once the standard for excellence. 4,000 copies were ordered by one firm at a single order. Round and shaped notes. Board covers, 50 cents per copy; \$5.90 per dozen.

SINGING FOR JOY.

By A. J. Showalter, J. D. Patton and R. H. Cornelius.

Published in May, 1902, this book at once surpassed all others in popularity. 20,000 copies being printed in less than nine months, and the demand is constantly increasing. Hundreds of thousands of copies of this great book are sure to be sold, and this is the only reason why so large a book can be sold at 50 cents per copy or \$5.75 per dozen. With Complete Rudiments, the price is 65 per copy; \$7.00 per dozen. Round and shaped notes.

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This is our great normal school and convention book. It is also equally well adapted for use in high schools, colleges and musical societies. If you want music of high grade and pleasing quality, you can find more of it in The Singer's Ideal than in any other one book ever published. Round and shaped notes. 75 cents per copy; \$7.50 per dozen.

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By A. J. Showalter, J. M. Bowman, S. L. Howard, J. S. Hendricks, A. J. Robertson, W. C. Hasey, J. W. Dennis, B. F. Roe, C. W. James and R. D. Burleson.

This is our 1903 book which is sure to become a great favorite. Mr. Showalter's ripest judgment was brought to bear in its preparation, and in this he was also assisted by many of the most capable composers and teachers of the day, thus assuring not only the highest excellence but also the greatest possible variety. This book is larger than any other first-class book on the market at the price at which it is sold, which is only 35 cents per copy; \$4.00 per dozen; \$8.00 per 25, postpaid. Round and shaped notes.

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