Gospel Music.

A Choice Collection of Hymns and Melodies

For Use in Gospel, Revival, Prayer and Social Meetings, Family Worship &c.

By Rev. Robert Lowry & W. Howard Doane

New York and Chicago:

Published by Biglow & Main,

Successors to Wm. E. Bradbury,

11 St., New York, 91 Washington St., Chicago.

Sale by Booksellers Generally.
FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
GOSPEL MUSIC.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND MELODIES

NEW AND OLD

FOR

GOSPEL, REVIVAL, PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS, FAMILY WORSHIP, Etc.

"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord."—Eph. v: 19:

"Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."—Is. li: 3.

By

REV. ROBERT LOWRY AND W. HOWARD DOANE.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO:

Published by BIGLOW & MAIN,
Successors to WM. B. BRADBURY,
76 EAST NINTH ST., N. Y., 91 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.
DEDICATION.

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO OUR CO-WORKER,
MR. H. THANE MILLER,
BY THE AUTHORS.

PREFACE.

The Ministerial Association of Cincinnati, early in January of this year, inaugurated a series of Union Evangelistic Meetings, and the author of Songs of Devotion was invited to conduct the music. The necessity was at once felt of having a collection of Gospel music that could be placed in the hands of every attendant at these services, and be of such a varied character, both as to words and music, as would draw the hearts of Christians "Nearer to God," and at the same time awaken the impenitent—songs that would tell "The Old, Old Story"—songs that would quicken the earnest Christian to "Come and Work for Jesus," and "Rescue the Perishing." This collection is now sent forth with the sincere hope and prayer that multitudes, by the blessing of God, through this instrumentality, may be led to pray to be "More Like Jesus," and each one in the heart to feel "I need Thee every Hour," and to exercise saving faith in Christ as their Redeemer, seek comfort and guidance of the Holy Spirit, and be brought to know of the great love of God to all mankind.

CINCINNATI, February 5th, 1877.

THE AUTHORS.
GOSPEL MUSIC.

Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and praise him in the congregation of saints.—Ps. cxlix: 1.

No. 1. SWEET MOMENTS OF PRAYER.

"There I will meet with Thee and commune."—Exod. xxv: 22.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

Gently.

1. Here from the world we turn, Jesus to seek; Here may His loving voice
2. Come, Holy Comforter, Presence divine, Now in our longing hearts
3. Savior, Thy work revive, Here may we see Those who are dead in sin

Ten-der-ly speak; Jesus, our dear-est friend, While at Thy
Gra-ciously shine; Oh, for Thy mighty Power, Oh, for a
Quickened by Thee; Come in our midst to-night, Make ev-ery

feet we bend, Oh, let Thy smile descend, 'Tis Thee we seek.
blessed shower, Fill-ing this hallowed hour With joy di-vine.
bur-den light, Cheer thou our waiting sight, We long for Thee.
No. 2.

REST IN THEE.

"That in me ye might have peace."—John xvi: 33.

1. Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thou who gav'st Thyself for me,
2. Hope of all the meek and lowly, Thou my hope and joy shalt be;
3. Draw me from each sinful striving; From myself, oh, set me free;
4. High-est, purest, sweetest pleasure, Shall Thy service bring to me;

Leave me not in sin to wander; Bid me come and rest in Thee.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

REFRAIN.

Rest in Thee; rest in Thee; Bid me come and rest in Thee;

Rest in Thee, rest in Thee; Bid me come and rest in Thee.
No. 3.  THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

"I will give of the Fountain of Life freely."—Rev. xxi: 6.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.  W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Lo! an ever-flowing fountain, Life and joy upon its tide,
2. He invites us to this fountain, He is ready, life to give,
3. Oh, this precious, living fountain, Of our Lord's undying love!

Making green the arid desert, Spreading blessing far and wide!
Who-so-ever will may take it, Who-so-ever will may live!
I would hold it as my treasure, And its sweetness constant prove;

Full abundant is the measure, Precious gift, so pure and free,
I will heed His kind entreat-ing, I will yield to Him to-day,
I would nev-er, nev-er wander Into des-ert pla-ces wild,

Jesus gave it—I may take it, And for-ev-er hap-py be!
I am sure that He'll receive me, No one yet was turned a-way.
I would listen, while He calls me, I would ev-er be His child.
No. 4.  

**ONLY JESUS.**

"Besides me there is no Savior."—Isa. xliii: 11.

W. H. Doane, by per.

1. On-ly Je-sus for my Sav-ior, He has shed His blood for me;
2. Ladened with my grief and sad-ness, Fearing, doubting, long I sighed,
3. Building on that Rock of Ages, Soon were hushed my sad alarms;
4. En-ter in, thou might-y Lead-er; Ev-er-more my Captain be;

Long by sin a captive ta-ken, Je-sus' love has set me free;
Till I found a ray of glad-ness—I had sinned, but Christ had died.
Tho' the storm a-round me rag-es, He a-lone my spir-it calms.
My Di-rec-tor, Guid-er, Feed-er, Let me feel my strength in Thee.

On-ly Je-sus, On-ly Je-sus Can my great Redeem-er be;
"On-ly Je-sus, On-ly Je-sus," Then my broken spir-it cried;
On-ly Je-sus, On-ly Je-sus—I am safe within His arms;
On-ly Je-sus, On-ly Je-sus Can be all in all to me;

On-ly Je-sus, On-ly Je-sus Can my great Redeem-er be.
On-ly Je-sus, On-ly Je-sus—I am safe within His arms.
On-ly Je-sus, On-ly Je-sus Can be all in all to me.
I COME TO THEE.

HATTIE M. CONREY.


1. O Lord, awakened by Thy word, I come to Thee;
2. Now let me hear Thy pardi'ning voice; O Lord, for-give;
3. Help now, O Lord, my un-be-lief; Now I be-lieve;
4. The remnant of my days is Thine; Oh, take me Lord;

Oh, let my fee-ble prayer be heard—I come to Thee;
Oh, bid my ach-ing heart re-joice; O Lord, for-give;
Tho' of all sin-ners I am chief, Now I be-lieve;
My time and tal-ents are not mine; Oh, take me, Lord;

I have no mer-it of my own, But by Thy blood Thou
Seal me this day for-ev-er Thine, And in my soul let
Now, Lord, what wilt thou have me do? My path of du-ty
Help me to tell to sin-ners dear That Christ is pre-cious

didst a-tone; Help me to trust in Thee a-lone—I come to Thee.
glo-ry shine, And tell me Je-sus Christ is mine—O Lord, for-give.
plainly show, And I will fol-low as I know—Now I believe.
and is near, That He a simple prayer will hear—Oh, take me, Lord.
No. 6.  THE VOICE OF MERCY.

"With great mercy will I gather thee."—Isa. liv: 7.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. 

1. Lift up thine eyes, weary pris’ner, Heavy burdened, Jesus calls thee,
2. Come back to Him, weary wand’rer, Deep in sorrow, Jesus loves thee,
3. Look up to Him, thou enslaved one, Helpless, dy-ing, Jesus bought thee,

In words of love gently pleading, He now would make you free.
Oh, haste to Him who can save you, The way is sure and free.
His life a ransom hath given, From sin to make you free.

REFRAIN.

Oh, list to the pleadings of mercy, Calling so gently, Come, come to-day.

Oh yield to the Friend that invites thee From sin and death a-way.
No. 7. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—Heb. ix: 22.

R. Lowry, by per.

1. What can wash away my stain? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
3. Nothing can for sin a- tone— Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

REFRAIN.

Oh, precious is the flow, That makes me white as snow,

5 Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
No. 8.  THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."—Ps. xxvii: 8.

W. H. Doane, by per.

1. O meek and gentle Savior, Thou badst me seek thy face; And yet how long I
2. I'm kneeling at the fountain, I plunge beneath the wave; I know its cleansing
3. O precious, precious promise, That whosoever will, May drink the living

slighted The message of thy grace! I heard thy voice and trembled, But
waters Thro' faith in Christ will save; I feel my bur-den light-er, My
wa- ter That floweth free-ly still! O spring of joy e-tern-al! I'll

still refused to pray; And by neglect I answered, For this time go thy way.
heavy load of sin; The narrow gate is op- en; With joy I enter in.
sing thy wonders o'er. When, in my Father's mansion, I'll drink, and thirst no more.

chorus.

O meek and gen-tle Sav-i-or, O pa-tient, lov-ing Sav-i-or,

My stubborn heart is melt-ed now, My heart is melt-ed now.
No. 9.  THERE'S A GENTLE VOICE.

"Hearken to my voice."—Exod. xviii: 19.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. There's a gentle voice with-in calls a-way, (calls a-way,) *Tis a
   But my heart is melt-ed now, I o-bey, (I o-bey,) From my
2. He has promised all my sins to for-give, (to for-give,) If I
   In His ho-ly word I learn how to live, (how to live,) And to

warning I have heard o' er and o' er, (o' er and o' er;)
Sav-ior I will wander no . . . . more. } Yes, I will go,
ask in simple faith for His love, (for His love;) 
la-bor for His kingdom a----bove. } Yes, I will go,

yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go, yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved.

3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
   And be faithful to its cause till I die;
   If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
   I shall wear a starry crown by and by.

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,
   And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
   But my heart is melted now, I obey;
   From my Savior I will wander no more.
SAVE, OR I PERISH.

"And they came unto Him, and awoke Him, saying, Master, Master, we perish."—Luke viii: 24.

FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Wrecked on the billow, Rent by the gale, Parted the anchor, Shattered the sail. Faint and despairing Thus was my cry, Master, I fear, Bidding the waters, Turbid and wild, Sleep in their brest, Folding its pinions Lovingly there, Praising Thy perish, Save, or I die. Friend of the friendless, Where shall I beauty Calm as a child. Why am I faithless? Let me begoodness, Trusting Thy care! Friend of the friendless, Where shall I

flee? I have no refuge, Only in Thee; Leave me not lieve, All that is needful I shall receive; Thou that hast flee? I have no refuge, Only in Thee. Leave me not hopeless, Hear Thou my cry, Master, I perish, Save, or I die. led me Safe thro' the storm, All Thou hast promised Thou wilt perform. hopeless, Hear Thou my cry, Master, I perish, Save, or I die.
No. 11. THE HALF CAN NEVER BE TOLD.

"The half was never told me."—1 Kings x: 7.

W. H. D., by per.

1. God's tender mercy far exceeds
   The utmost power of thought;
2. His goodness still prolongs my life,
   And follows all my way,
3. O wondrous grace that saves me now,
   The gift of God to me,
4. Amazing, descending love,
   That cancels all my sin;
5. When safe at home with Christ, our Lord,
   Among the saints above,

That mercy from the brink of woe
   My wandering soul hath brought.
And grants me blessings from above
   More plenteous every day.
How shall I praise Him for a gift
   So boundless, full and free.
I would proclaim Thy matchless power,
   But where shall I begin?
The half can never then be told,
   Of everlasting love.

REFRAIN.

The half can never be told,
   The half can never be

The half can never, can never be told,
   My soul with rapture cries aloud, The half can never be told.

never be told,
No. 12.

SPEAK FOR JESUS.

"Speaking the truth in love."—Eph. iv: 15.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

REV. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Speak for Jesus, speak for Jesus, Have you not a word to say?
2. Speak for Jesus, speak for Jesus, 'Tis a little thing to do;
3. Speak for Jesus, speak for Jesus, You who know His love revealed,

Just a little word for Jesus? Speak it, speak it while you may;
But, to give you sweet occasion, Once He gave His life for you;
Tho' your lips until this moment Never yet have been unsealed;

Ah, how soon the lips may whiten, And the tongue refuse to tell
Yes, and now He sends the Spirit, Whisp'ring to your inmost soul;
Speak the blessed "Whosoever," Bid the heavy laden come;

How He sought you, how He saved you, How He loved you—oh, so well!
Speak for Jesus, speak for Jesus, Let His love your lips control.
Just these little words for Jesus Bring the weary wand'erer home.
1. No one knows but Jesus How sinful I have been; No one knows but Jesus
2. No one knows but Jesus How oft His name I plead; No one knows but Jesus
3. No one else like Jesus, So ready to forgive—Pledge and promise broken

All my heart within; No one knows but Jesus My conflicts day by day;
Every thing I need; No one knows but Jesus How humble I would be;
Nearer Him to live; No one knows but Jesus The secret tears that fall;

No one like Jesus guideth my way. No one like Jesus temp-
No one like Jesus careth for me. No one like Jesus Will
No one like Jesus hears when I call. No one but Jesus My

No one like Jesus my sorrow can heal. com-fort and cheer, Pit-y my weak-ness, and ban-ish my fear.
ref-uge shall be; No one will love me so dear-ly as he.
**No. 14. OVERFLOWING EVER.**

"With thee is the fountain of life."—Psa. xxxvi: 9.

E. F. C. H. R. Lowry, by per.

1. Lo! a fountain full and free, Over-flow-ing ever;
2. List the murmur that it speaks, Over-flow-ing ever;
3. Blessed font! the purest known, Over-flow-ing ever;

Fainting heart, it is for thee, Over-flow-ing ever;
On the soul in song it breaks, Over-flow-ing ever;
Stream of life from out God's throne, Over-flow-ing ever;

REFRAIN.

Gushing, sparkling, never still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.
Sing-ing, soothing souls to ease, Mu-sic of all mel-o-dies. Over-
Sacred blood for sinners spilt, This can cleanse away thy guilt.

flow-ing, o-verflow-ing ev-er, Over-flowing, Flowing now for thee.
TRUSTING JESUS.

“I will trust in thee.”—Ps. xxv: 2.

W. H. Doane, by per.

1. Simply trusting all the way, Taking Jesus at His word;
2. Trusting when my sky is bright, Trusting when my heart is glad;
3. Trusting when 'tis well with me, Trusting what-so-e'er be-fall;
4. Trusting, tho' my strength may fail, Trusting when the light is dim;
5. Trusting when my sky is bright, Trusting when the clouds descend;

Simply trusting, when I pray, Every promise of my Lord.
Trusting in the gloom of night, When its every chord is sad.
Trusting Jesus' love for me; Simply trusting, that is all.
Trusting till within the vale, I shall anchor safe within.
Trusting in the gloom of night—Simply trusting to the end.

REFRAIN.

Simply trusting, Simply trusting, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

To the cross of Christ I cling, Simply trusting, that is all.
No. 16. TAKE THE WINGS OF THE MORNING.

"If I take the wings of the morning."—Psalm cxxvii: 9.

R. Lowry, by per.

**Allegro.**

1. Take the wings of the morning; speed quickly thy flight To Jesus, thy
2. Fly a-way to thy Savior, He waits to for-give; One look of His
3. On the wings of the morn-ing fly home to his breast—There only thy

**REFRAIN.**

Go wash and be cleansed in its waters so free.
Go plead thou His merits, and peace will be thine. Take the wings of the morning and
Fly home to thy Savior, oh, linger not here.

**Dim.**

fly, . . . Ere the darkness shall cover the sky; . . . Fly a-

**Tempo.**

homeward now fly, shall cover the sky;

way from the shadows that over thee roll, And find in thy Savior the home of thy soul.
No. 17.  
TILL THE SAVIOR COMES.

"I will come again."—John xiv: 3.  
Miss Kate Smiley.  
W. H. Doane, by per.

**DUET. Sop. and Tenor.**

1. Bright till our Lord's return-ing, Till the Sav-ior comes;  
2. Why should our hearts grow weak-ry Till the Sav-ior comes?  
3. Watch, while our bur-den bear-ing, Till the Sav-ior comes;  
4. Count ev-ery pain a pleas-ure, Till the Sav-ior comes;  
5. Love be our joy-ful sto-ry, Till the Sav-ior comes,—

**CHORUS.**

Oh, may our lamps be burn-ing, Till the Sav-ior comes.  
Why should our way be drea-ry Till the Sav-ior comes?  
Pray, while our la-bor shar-ing, Till the Sav-ior comes.  
Trust for our heavenly treas-ure Till the Sav-ior comes.  
Love and our home in glo-ry, Till the Sav-ior comes.

**FULL CHORUS.**

Here in sweet com-mun-ion, Watching, wait-ing ev-er,

Let us dwell in bonds of un-ion Till the Sav-ior comes.
No. 18.  JESUS ONLY.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—Matt. xvii: 8.

HATTIE M. CONREY.  R. LOWRY, by per.

1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a-lone—
2. What tho' all my earthly journey Bringeth naught but weary hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the loved of long a-go—
4. When I soar to realms of glory, And an entrance I await,

Longing, 'mid my cares and cross-es For the joys that now are flown—
And, in grasping for life's ros-es, Thorns I find instead of flow'rs—
Bitter lessons sadly learning From the shadowy page of woe—
If I whisper, "Je-sus on-ly!" Wide will ope the pearly gate;

If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," Then my sky shall have a gem;
If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," I possess a cluster rare;
If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," He'll be with me to the end;
When I join the heavenly cho-rous, And the an-gel hosts I see,

He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Beth-le-hem.
He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," And the "Rose of Sharon" fair.
And, un-seen by mor-tal vis-ion, An-gel bands will o'er me bend.
Precious Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," Will my theme of rap-ture be.
No. 19.  

JUST A WORD FOR JESUS.  

"Wilt thou not tell."—Ezek. xxiv: 19.  

FANNY J. CROSBY.  

W. H. DOANE, by per.  

1. Now just a word for Jesus; Your dearest friend so true;  
2. Now just a word for Jesus; You feel your sins forgiven,  
3. Now just a word for Jesus; A cross it can not be  
4. Now just a word for Jesus; Let not the time be lost;  
5. Now just a word for Jesus; And if your faith be dim,  

Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.  
And by His grace are striving To reach a home in heaven  
To say I love my Savior Who gave His life for me.  
The heart's neglected duty Brings sorrow to its cost.  
A - rise in all your weakness, And leave the rest to Him.  

REFRAIN.  

Now just a word for Jesus, 'Twill help us on our way;  

One lit - tle word for Jesus, Oh, speak, or sing, or pray.
No. 20.  ANYWHERE WITH THEE.

"Every man shall receive according to his labor."—1 Cor. iii: 8.

W. H. Doane, by per.

1. Master, in the vineyard of Thy love, Hast Thou not a place for me?
2. I may tell a weary, fainting soul, Of the crimson fountain side,
3. Though among the thorns Thou bid'st me toil, If Thy hand direct me there,
4. Kindly words like precious seed doth fall, I may scatter as I go;

Whereas e'er Thy guardian spirit leads, Gladly there I will follow Thee.  
I may bring a wanderer to the cross, Precious cross, where the Savior died.  
I shall know my work is not in vain, While the light of Thy love I see.  
Cheered and strengthened by the dew of prayer, Golden fruit from the germ may grow.

REFRAIN.

A - ny-where to la - bor, Lord, for Thee, A - nywhere, a - nywhere,  
sweet 'twill be, Anywhere to labor, Lord, for Thee, Only comfort me.
No. 21.  LINGER NO LONGER.

"Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you."—Isa. xxx: 18.

R. Lowry, by per.

1. Linger no longer; Mercy is waiting for thee; Sin will grow stronger;
2. Wealth without measure, Honor and famethou may'st see; No earthly treasure
3. Thou like a mountain, Sin on thy conscience should be. Come to the fountain

Now from its tyranny flee; The world that is smiling, so
Ever can satisfy thee; Thy richest possessions demand
Opened at Calvary; Thou needest no longer from

Cheerful and gay, From Jesus is leading thee farther away.
Lusive will prove, But wealth that endureth is laid up above.
Happiness roam, The Savior is waiting to welcome thee home.

REFRAIN.

Turn from thy straying, No longer delaying; Heaven opens for thee—

Turn from thy straying, No longer delaying; Heaven opens for thee.
Only a Step to Jesus.

"Then come thou, for there is peace."—1 Sam. xx: 21.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane, by per.

1. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Then why not take it now?
2. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Be-lieve, and thou shalt live;
3. On-ly a step to Je-sus! A step from sin to grace;
4. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Oh, why not come and say,

Come, and, thy sin con-fess-ing, To Him, thy Sav-ior, bow.
Lov-ing-ly now He's wait-ing, And read-y to for-give.
What hast thy heart de-cid-ed? The moments fly a-pace.
Glad-ly to Thee, my Sav-ior, I give my-self a-way.

REFRAIN.

On-ly a step, On-ly a step, Come, He waits for Thee:

Come, and, thy sin con-fess-ing, Thou shalt receive a bless-ing,

Do not re-ject the mer-cy He free-ly of-fers thee.
No. 23.        WH O'LL BE THE NEXT.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me."—John xii: 26.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.          R. Lowry, by per.

1. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
2. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—Follow His weary, bleeding feet?
3. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Who'll be the next to praise His name?
4. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus, Down thro' the Jordan's rolling tide?

Some one is ready, some one is waiting, Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden Down at the Father's mercy seat?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—Sing hallelujah! praise the Lamb?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed, Singing upon the other side?

REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now? Follow Jesus now.
GLAD TIDINGS.


R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Glad tidings! glad tidings! Oh, wonder-ful love! A mes-sage has
come from our Fa-ther a-bove; 'Tis Je-sus who brings it to
low-ly His glo-ry may see; He bless-eth the meek with His
coun-sel they find in His word; Be read-y to hear and be
young and to old, A message of merey more precious than gold,
soul-cheering voice; He comforts the mourners and bids them re-joice.
swift to o-bey, And fol-low His track in the bright shining way.

REFRAIN.

Glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings! Oh, won-der-ful
glad tidings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings,

won-der-ful, won-der-ful love! Glad ti-dings, glad
Glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad
GLAD TIDINGS. Concluded.

We hail the glad tidings of wonderful love.

[tidings, glad tidings!]

No. 25. IN TIME OF NEED.

"Find grace to help in time of need."—Heb. iv: 16.

Josephine Pollard.  R. Lowry, by per.

1. Were it not for Thee, my Savior, Were it not for Thee, Advocate and
2. Were it not for that love and mercy With my Lord abide, When my conscience
3. Were it not that Thou hast promised Freely to forgive, In the face of
4. If there were no cross uplifted High on Cavalry, There would be no

CHORUS.

Intercessor, Where would I be?
is o'er-tak-en, Where should I hide? How could I do without Thee,
my transgressions How could I live?
hope of par-don, No heaven for me.

Savior and friend? Thou art my on-ly ref-uge Safe to the end.
WHY WEEPEST THOU?

"Woman, why weepest thou?"—John xx: 15.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

1. "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" Oh, would'st thou see our Jesus?
2. Why weepest thou, And seekest thou, With doubting and repining?
3. Believe Him now; Receive Him now; Look up with faith and meekness,
4. Believest thou? Cease weeping now— Thy soul He will deliver;

Behold Him near, He marks each tear, Our blessed, loving Jesus.
Oh, lift thine eye! Thou shalt descry His raiment, near thee, shining.
To Jesus' blood, Which freely flowed, For all thy sin and weakness.
The cross He bore; Our sins He wore, And nailed them there forever.

REFRAIN.

Oh, believe Him; Oh, receive Him—There is none like Jesus;

He is near thee; He will cheer thee—Only trust in Jesus.
No. 27. I WILL GO AND TELL MY SAVIOR.

"And him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out."—John vi: 57.

W. H. Doane, by per.

1. I will go and tell my Savior How I long His child to be;
2. I will tell Him I have wandered From the path that leads to heaven;
3. If my heart is truly humble, He will not reject my prayer;
4. I will tell Him all my story. With His mercy all my plea;

At the cross I'll seek and find Him; He's waiting there for me.
With a contrite, broken spirit, I'll go and be forgiven.
On the cross He died for sinners; I know He saved me there.
At the cross I'll seek and find Him; He's waiting there for me.

CHORUS.

I will carry all my sins to Jesus, Tho' I've nothing but my heart to

give Him; I will go and lay my burden at the fountain; I'll go and be forgiven.
No. 28.  OH, COME TO CHRIST.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself."—Matt. xvi: 24.

Mrs. E. Prentiss.  R. Lowry, by per.

1. Oh, come to Christ! a single glance Would melt your doubts away;
2. Oh, come to Christ! He waits for you: Long has He, waiting stood;
3. Oh, come to Christ! the world has proved To thee a broken reed;
4. Oh, come to Christ for peace, for rest, For all thy heart can crave;

One glance would flood you with His light, In an eternal day.
He stoops to ask you for your heart; He yearns to do you good.
Thou canst not trust what always fails In times of sorest need.
For triumph o-ver pain and loss, The death-bed and the grave.

CHORUS.

Oh, come without de-lay, Oh, come... to-day!

Oh, come, oh, come without de-lay, Oh, come, oh, come without de-lay.

Oh, come to Christ! a single glance Would melt your doubts away.
No. 29.

JESUS CALLS THEE.

"I the Lord have called thee."—Isa. xlii: 6.

MRS. S. A. COLLINS.

W. H. DOANE, by perm.

1. Jesus, gracious one, calleth now to thee, "Come, O sinner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading patiently, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Weary, sin-sick soul, called so graciously, Canst thou dare refuse?

Words of peace and blessing, Christ's own love confessing;
Words with love o'erflowing, Life and bliss bestowing;
Come, for time is flying, Haste, thy lamp is dying;

REFRAIN.

Hear the sweet voice of Jesus, Full, full of love;

Call-ing tenderly, calling lovingly, "Come, O sinner, come."
No. 30.  
DRAW ME NEARER.

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

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
3. Oh, the pure delight of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can not know, Till I cross the narrow sea;

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

REFRAIN.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,

closer, nearer, nearer,

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.
No. 31. ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

"I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day."—John ix: 4.

R. Lowry, by per.

1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is
nearer, And Christ is dear-er Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and
du-ty, To speak His beauty, My soul mounts on the wing At the mere
sto-ry, To show the glo-ry, Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did
clearer, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way; And Christ in
pleasure, My wants are treasure, And pain for him is sweet, Lord, if I

2. One more day's work for Jesus! How glorious is my King; 'Tis joy not
light Fill all my soul to-night.
thought, How Christ my life has bought.
shine In this poor heart of mine. One more day's work for Jesus, One
all, Before His face I fall.
may, I'll serve anoth-er day.

3. One more day's work for Jesus! How sweet the work has been, To tell the
more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.
No. 32. WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."—Luke xii: 37.

W. H. Doane, by perm.

1. When Jesus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be noon or night;
2. If at the dawn of the early morning, He shall call us one by one;
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us, Do we seek to do our best?
4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glory they shall share;

Faithful to Him, will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
When to the Lord we restore our talents, Will He answer thee—Well done!
If in our hearts there is nought condemns us, We shall have a glorious rest.
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watching there?

REFRAIN.

Oh, can we say we are ready, brother? Ready for the soul's bright home?

Say will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?
1. Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it every day; Tho' the path be rugged,
2. Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it thro' the strife, Or in pain and silence—
3. Bear the cross for Jesus, Would you know the power Of His grace to save you—

Bear it all the way; Bear the cross for Jesus, Whatso-e'er it be;
What-so-e'er thy life; Bear the cross with patience Tho' you sigh for rest;
Save you hour by hour; Bear the cross for Jesus, Never mind its weight;

REFRAIN.

Bear it, and remember All His love for thee.
Just the one He gives you Is for you the best. Bear the cross, bear the cross,
We shall leave our burden At the golden gate.

Bear it every day; Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it all the way.
No. 34. THERE'S A SONG IN HEAVEN FOR YOU.

"They sung a new song."—Rev. v: 9.

Wm. Stevenson.  R. Lowry, by per.

1. There's a song in heaven for you, A sweet song in heaven for you—
2. There's a robe in heaven for you, A white robe in heaven for you—
3. There's a crown in heaven for you, A bright crown in heaven for you—

for you,

Not the song which the angels sing 'Round the throne of their Lord and King;
Not the robe of the seraphs bright But a vesture of spotless white;
If on earth you have borne the cross, And its gain you have counted loss,

But the strain of the ransomed throng With the notes that to Christ belong—
Like the robes that are cleansed from stain In the blood of the Lamb once slain—
But have trusted in Jesus' love, And have laid up your wealth above—

That's the song in heaven for you, The sweet song in heaven for you.
That's the robe in heaven for you, The white robe in heaven for you.
That's the crown in heaven for you, The bright crown in heaven for you.

for you,
No. 35. BRING THY ALL TO JESUS.

"Come thou for there is peace to thee."—1 Sam. xx: 21.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Close the heart to all but Jesus, At the precious hour of prayer;
2. Bring thy doubts in prayer to Jesus, At His throne thy sin confess;
3. Bring thy tears in prayer to Jesus, He will give thee sweet relief;
4. Bring thy wants in prayer to Jesus, Plead the promise made of old;
5. Bring thy hopes in prayer to Jesus, Pray for grace to stand secure;
6. Bring thy all in prayer to Jesus, This let thy petition be;

Come in trusting faith believing, Bringing all thy weight of care.
He the contrite soul will pardon, He the broken heart will bless.
He was once a man of sorrows, And acquaint with every grief.
From His true and faithful children No good thing will He withhold.
Ask for strength and Christian firmness Every conflict to endure.
Father, thro' Thy Son our Savior, May Thy will be done in me.

CHORUS.

Then come, come ye heavy laden, He longs to give thee rest;

Come and tell thy every trial, On Jesus' loving breast.
No. 36. HE IS COMING OUT TO MEET US.

"And when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion."—Luke xv: 20. Chester G. Allen, by per.

1. When we turn to God and leave the path of sin, When the heart repenting feels the need of Him; Then our gentle loving Father full of pardoning grace, feels the need of Him; Then our gentle loving Father full of pardoning grace, thro' the vale below; With His presence and His blessing cheer us day by day, to the promised land; With His loving arm around us we shall hear Him say,

2. He will guide our feet where quiet waters flow, He will lead us onward how, He will lead us onward to the promised land; With His loving arm around us we shall hear Him say,

3. At the cold dark stream of Jordan when we stand, He will bear us safely comes to meet us with a kind embrace. He will come to meet us on the way. Coming out to meet us on the way, I have come to meet you on the way.

CHORUS.

Coming out to meet us, coming out to meet us, Oh, the joyful welcome, see the Father now, Coming out to meet us on the way.

Comes to meet us with a kind embrace.

He will come to meet us on the way. Coming out to meet us on the way,

I have come to meet you on the way.
No. 37.  THE PRECIOUS NAME.

"And blessed be his glorious name forever."—Psa. lxxii: 19.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter  W. H. Doane, by per.

1. Take the name of Jesus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe—
2. Take the name of Jesus ever, As a shield from every snare;
3. Oh! the precious name of Jesus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Jesus bowing, Falling prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temptations 'round you gather, Breathe that holy name in prayer.
When His loving arms receive us, And His songs our tongues employ.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is complete.

REFRAIN.

Precious name, oh, how sweet! Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n;

Precious name, oh, how sweet!

Precious name, oh, how sweet! Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n.

Precious name, oh how sweet, how sweet!
No. 38. CAST YOUR CARE ON JESUS.

“For He careth for you.”—1 Pet. v: 7.

R. L.

R. Lowery, by per.

1. Is there trouble in your life? Cast your care on Jesus;
2. Do you doubt His holy word? Cast your care on Jesus;
3. Have you darkness when you pray? Cast your care on Jesus;
4. Has the Savior lost His charm? Cast your care on Jesus;
5. Tho' your heart is full of ill, Cast your care on Jesus;
6. Now return to mercy's door, Cast your care on Jesus;

Is there weakness in the strife? Cast your care on Jesus.
Do you mourn your absent Lord? Cast your care on Jesus.
Does the answer long delay? Cast your care on Jesus.
Do you miss the sheltering arm? Cast your care on Jesus.
There is One who loves you still, Cast your care on Jesus.
Love and joy will come once more, Cast your care on Jesus.

CHORUS.

He bore it all for you, He bore it all for you—

Sin and sorrow, suffering too, Cast it all on Jesus.
No. 39.  MY FAITH STILL CLINGS.

"Watch, stand fast in the Faith."—Rom. xiv: 1.

REV. H. F. COLBY.  W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. My sin is great; my strength is weak, My path be-set with snares;
2. The world is dark without Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife,
3. Temptations lure and fears as-sail My frail, in-constant heart;
4. Unfold Thy pre-cepts to my mind, And cleanse my blinded eyes,

But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my prayers.
To find Thy love a sweet re-lief, Thou art the light of life.
But precious are Thy promis-es, And they new strength impart.
Grant me to work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.

REFRAIN.

To Thee, to Thee, the Cru-ci-fied, The sin-ner's on-ly plea,

Re - ly-ing on Thy promised grace My faith still clings to Thee.
No. 40. OH, COME AND WORK FOR JESUS.

"For your work shall be rewarded."—2 Chron. xv: 17.

T. E. McDougall. W. H. Doane, by per.

Spirited.

1. Oh, come and work for Jesus, With cheerful hearts and true, And tell the love of
2. Come, let us work for Jesus, By faith and earnest prayer. The wand’ring ones from
3. Come, let us work for Jesus, We’ve many jewels rare To gather yet for

Jesus, Who bled and died for you; Oh, come and work for Jesus in
Jesus Should claim our constant care; Come, let us work for Jesus, For
Jesus, To crown our labors there; Then let us work for Jesus Be-

sunshine or in rain, The seed you sow in weakness, Shall not be sown in vain.
hearts are bleeding sore, While’neath the wings of Jesus There’s healing evermore.
fore the sun goes down; We’ve hearts to win for Jesus Ere we can wear a crown

REFRAIN.

Then work, gladly work for Jesus, There’s a glorious work for all; Work a-

away with the day, Till the shadows fall, Then go home and wear a crown.
No. 41.  
CROWN OF LIFE.

"I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii: 10.

Rev. T. L. Bailey.  
R. Lowry, by per.

1. Press on, pilgrim, young tho' thou art; Firm be thy step, and brave thy heart;
2. Fight on, soldier, seek not for rest; Jesus will give when He thinks best;
3. Cheer up, Christian, for "over there" Glory is beaming clear and fair;

Be-lieve the Lord, O-bey His word, And from His counsels ne'er depart.
The bat-tle o'er, To fight no more, With peace and joy thou shalt be blest.
With-in the gate The angels wait, And thine the crown the ransomed wear.

CHORUS.

Press on, pilgrim; Fight on, soldier; Cheer up, Christian; Glory thou shalt see;

To him that overcometh a crown of life shall be, And he shall reign to eternity.
No. 42.

I AM SAVED.

"According to his mercy he saved us."—Tit. iii: 5.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

R. Lowry, by per.

1. I am saved! I am saved! Jesus bids me go free;
2. I am cleansed! I am cleansed! I am "whiter than snow;"
3. Wondrous love! wondrous love! Now the gift I receive;
4. I was weak—I am strong In the power of His might;
5. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Ye He saints everywhere;

He has bought with a price Even me, even me.

He is mighty to save, This I know, this I know.

I have rest in His word, I believe, I believe.

And my darkness He turns into light, into light.

I shall join in the throng Over there, over there.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, to my Savior;

No. 43.       NOW THE SAVIOR INVITES.

"Come all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi: 28.

FANNIE CROSBY.

1. Now the Savior invites you to come, And fly to the arms of His love;
2. Are you thirsty? remember the call, Oh, come, and salvation receive;
3. Are you weary and sighing for rest? To Jesus, your refuge, repair;
4. To the faithful a promise is given, Who meekly His counsel obey,

In His kingdom of grace there is room, And a mansion of glory above.
For the fountain is open to all Who will truly repent and believe.
He will pillow your head on His breast, If you seek Him by watching and prayer.
Of a crown of rejoicing in heaven, And a treasure that fades not away.

CHORUS.

Over Jordan, a home bright and fair, . . . . Our bright and fair,

Savior has gone to prepare; We shall rest by and by from our care, . . . In that home bright and fair, bright and fair.

from our care, In that home
The following Piece finds its Response in No. 48 (opposite page), which is intended to be sung by the Congregation, Ad Libitum.

No. 44. THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Is. lix: 2.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET AND QUARTET.

Tho' your sins be as scarlet They shall be as white as wool,

TRIO.

Tho' they be red . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool.

DUET.

Tho' your sins be as scarlet, Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET. Concluded.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.

RESPONSE BY THE CONGREGATION.

(To No. 44.)

No. 45. JESUS I TURN TO THEE.

"Lord, to whom shall we go?"—John vi: 68.


1. Jesus, I turn to thee, Be thou my guide; Safe in Thy
   loving arms, There let me hide; No other help I know,
   full of wrong, Lord, I have been; Take me and make me white,
   dark and drear, All lost to me; But, if Thy Spirit it brings

2. Lift up my fainting heart, Heavy with sin; Guilt-y and
   No other good below, Nothing but earthly woe, Nothing beside.
   Lord, set my feet aright; Show me the morning light, Savior of men.
   Glory on angel's wings, My soul hosanna sings Ever to thee.
Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. xxii: 17.

Mrs. Van Alstine, W. H. Doane, by per.

1. Come a-way, O ye thirsty, to the waters; Hear the voice of the Spirit and the Bride; They are calling; let every one that heareth Gladly seek the gentle flowing tide. perishing by the way-side, With the cool bright water just in view? welcome at the fountain, And his blessing freely, freely give.

2. Come a-way, O ye dying ones that languish For a drop that your vigor will renew; Will you linger and died that in glory you might live; He will greet you with

3. Come a-way and be reconciled to Jesus; He has voice of the Spirit and the Bride; They are calling; let every one that heareth Gladly seek the gentle flowing tide. perishing by the way-side, With the cool bright water just in view? welcome at the fountain, And his blessing freely, freely give.

Whosoever will may come, Whosoever will may come, Freely ever will may drink the living water Freely flowing there for

come and drink the fountain of living water Freely flowing there for all, Freely
No. 47. THERE'LL BE JOY BY AND BY.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx: 5.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. R. Lowry, by per.

1. Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Tho' the way be long and wea-ry,
2. Tho' thine eyes are sad with weeping, Thro' the night thy vigils keeping,
3. Tho' thy spirit faints with fasting, Thro' the hours so slow-ly wasting,

Morn shall bring thee light and cheer; Child, look up, the dawn is near.
God shall wipe thy tears a-way, Turn thy dark-ness in-to day.
Morn shall bring a glo-rious feast, Thou shalt sit an honored guest.

CHORUS.

There'll be joy by and by, There'll be joy by and by,

In the dawning of the morning, There'll be joy by and by.
COME IN OUR MIDST.

"Rejoice for I will dwell in the midst of thee."—Zach. ii: 10.

Mrs. Van Aultine.

W. H. Doane, by perm.

I. Come in our midst, oh, gracious Lord, Unveil Thy smiling face;
2. Come in our midst, oh, gracious Lord, Thy promise we believe,
3. Come in our midst, oh, gracious Lord, Eternal King of kings,

Distill in every waiting heart The dew of heavenly grace;
That bids us seek and we shall find, Ask, and we shall receive.
And fold the children of the law Beneath Thy mighty wings.

From earthly scenes we turn aside, On Thee we cast our care;
We gather at Thy mercy-seat, Our only hope is there;
Support the weak, the mourner cheer, Help all their cross to bear;

We worship in Thy holy name, Oh, bless this hour of prayer.
We plead the merits of Thy blood, Oh, bless this hour of prayer.
Thou Spring of Joy, Thou Source of Life, Oh, bless this hour of prayer.
1. Weak and weary, poor and sinful, Vainly I cry; Bowed and crushed with
2. Here is One with power of healing—Savior divine; If my trembling
3. How the people press around Him, His word receive! Surely I may
4. Long my heart has borne its burden, Seeking for peace; Now at last I

REFRAIN.

years of sorrow, What help is nigh? steps can reach Him, His grace is mine. Let me touch the hem of His share the blessing; I too believe.

find in Jesus My sweet release.

garment, Let me touch the hem of His garment, Let me

touch the hem of His garment, And the touch will make me whole.
1. The mistakes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the open door.

2. I am lowest of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who pray; But I come as He has bidden, And He will not say me nay.

3. My mistakes His free grace will cover, My sins He will wash away, And the feet that shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.

4. The mistakes of my life have been many, And my spirit is sick with sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Savior will let me in.

REFRAIN.

I know I am weak and sinful, It comes to me more and more; But when the dear Savior shall bid me come in, I'll enter the open door.
No. 51. WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

"So Christ was offered to bear the sins of many."—Heb. ix: 28.

Miss Frances R. Havergal. W. H. Doane, by per.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st reason'd be,
2. I spent long years for thee, In weariness and woe, That one eternity
3. My Father's house of light, My rainbow-circled throne, I left for earthly night,
4. I suffered much for thee—More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitterest agony,
5. Oh, let thy life be given, Thy years for me bespent, World fetters all be riven,

And quickened from the dead; I gave my life for thee; What hast thou done for me?
Of joy thou mightest know; I spent long years for thee; Hast thou spent one for me?
For wand'rings sad and lone; I left it all for thee? Hast thou left aught for me?
To rescue thee from hell; I suffered much for thee; What dost thou bear for me?
And joy with suffering blent; Give thou thyself to me, And I will welcome thee.

CHORUS.

This I did for thee, What hast thou done for me?

This I did for thee, What hast thou done for me? Yes,

This I did for thee, What hast thou done for me?
No. 52. WHERE SHALL I WORK TO-DAY?

"Shew them the work that they must do."—Exod. xviii: 20.

MRS. E. PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slow and gentle.

Hast Thou, my Master, aught for me to do To hon-or Thee to-day?
To which of them shall I stretch forth my hand? With sympathetic grasp,
But which, among them all, is mine to-day? Oh, guide my willing feet
Or unto one whose straits call not for words; To one in want, in need;

For see, this world that Thou hast made so fair, Within its heart is sad;
Straight from my heart, each day, a blessing goes Warmly, thro' Thee, to theirs.
Or into some sick-room, where I may speak With tenderness of Thee;
Sure thou hast some work for me to do! Oh, open Thou mine eyes,

Thousands are lone-ly, thousands sigh and weep, But few are glad.
They are en-fold-ed in my in-most soul, And in my prayers.
And showing who and what Thou art, O Christ, Bid sor-row flee.
To see how thou wouldst have it done, And where it lies.
No. 53.  SO NEAR TO THE KINGDOM.

"Not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark xii: 34.

F. J. C.  

R. Lowry, by per.

1. So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack? So near to the kingdom! what keepeth thee back? Renounce every idol thieving, a pardon have found! So near, yet unwilling to closed, and this call be thy last; Oh where wouldst thou turn if the Christ, and thy soul to be lost! So near to the kingdom! oh, dear it may be, And come to the Savior now pleading with thee. give up thy sin, When Jesus is waiting to welcome thee in! light should depart, That comes from the Spirit and shines on thy heart? come, we implore, While Jesus is pleading, come, enter the door.

REFRAIN.

Pleading with thee, . . . The Savior is pleading, is pleading with thee.

Pleading with thee, pleading with thee,
No. 54. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. xxxiii: 27.

FANNY CROSBY.

1. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast;
2. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe from corroding care;
3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Jesus has died for me;

D. C. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast;

There by His love o'er-shad-ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temptations, Sin can not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of Ages, Ever my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er-shad-ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with patience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. CHORUS.

Over the fields of glory, Over the Jasper sea.
Only a few more trials, Only a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore.
No. 55. MY SOUL WILL OVERCOME.

"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb." —Rev. xii: 11.

R. L. R. Lowry, by per.

1. Helpless I come to Jesus' blood, And all myself resign;
2. 'Tis Jesus gives me life within, And nerves me for the fray;
3. Thou clouds of conflict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

I lose my weakness in that flood, And gather strength divine.
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin, And took their power away.
In Jesus' name I'll struggle through, And enter heaven with song.

REFRAIN.

My soul will overcome by the blood of the Lamb, My

soul will overcome by the blood of the Lamb; Overcome, Overcome, My

soul will overcome by the blood of the Lamb.
No. 56. LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. v: 16.

P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His light-house ever-
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows
3. Trim your see-ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail- or, tem-pest-

more, But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights a-long the shore.
roar; Eager eyes are watching, longing, For the lights along the shore.
tost, Trying now to make the harbor, In the darkness may be lost.

REFRAIN.

Let the low-er lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave!

Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.
HOLD IT UP TO THE WORLD.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi: 15.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Take the cross, take the cross, hold it up to the world, With its
2. Lift it high, lift it high, let the friendless be-hold; There are
3. Take the cross, take the cross, and re-joice in the Lord; Go ye
4. Oh, the cross, bless-ed cross, with the blood crimson tide Like a

banner of hope by the Savior unfurled; Hold it up, and the lost to its
hearts that will weep when its story is told; Lift it high, and the poor to its
forth, go ye forth in the strength of His word; Hold it up, and the eye of the
river of love flowing down from its side; To the cross all may come; hold it

refuge may flee Where the dear Savior pleads: I am seeking for thee,
shelter may flee Where the dear Savior pleads: I have suffered for thee.
careless may see Where the dear Savior pleads: I was wounded for thee.
up and proclaim Here is pardon and peace thro' a Savior's dear name,

REFRAIN.

Hold it up to the world, Hold it up to the world;

Hold it upward, hold it upward, Hold it upward, hold it upward,

Fal-ter nev-er, hold it ev-er, Hold it up to the world.
No. 58.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

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

Mrs. A. S. Hawks. R. Lowry, by per.

1. I need Thee every hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like thine
2. I need Thee every hour; Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r
3. I need Thee every hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-bide,
4. I need Thee every hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promises
5. I need Thee every hour, Most Holy One; Oh, make me Thine indeed,

REFRAIN.

Can peace afford.
When Thou art nigh, I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Every hour I
Or life is vain.
In me fulfill.
Thou blessed Son.

need Thee; Oh, bless me now, my Savior! I come to Thee!

No. 59.

JESUS WAITS FOR THEE.

"Come unto me."—Isa. iv: 3. Hubeet P. Main, by per.


Tenderly.

1. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to welcome thee,
2. Come, come so Jesus! He waits to ransom thee,
3. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to lighten thee,
4. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to give to thee,
JESUS WAITS FOR THEE. Concluded.

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O Weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

No. 60. MORE FAITHFUL TO THEE.

"Be ye holy."—Lev. xx: 7.

F. J. C. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slow.

1. Draw nearer, my Savior, In mercy be-hold, And keep me for-
2. More humble in spir-it, More fervent in pray'r, More cheerful and
ev-er Safe, safe in the fold; More watchful and trusting,
will ing My tri- als to bear; More ear-nest in la-
com fort, For ev-er Thou art; In all my tempta- tions,

Oh, help me to be, More ho-ly, dear Savior, More faithful to Thee.

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O Weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

No. 60. MORE FAITHFUL TO THEE.

"Be ye holy."—Lev. xx: 7.

F. J. C. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slow.

1. Draw nearer, my Savior, In mercy be-hold, And keep me for-
2. More humble in spir-it, More fervent in pray'r, More cheerful and
ev-er Safe, safe in the fold; More watchful and trusting,
will ing My tri- als to bear; More ear-nest in la-
com fort, For ev-er Thou art; In all my tempta- tions,

Oh, help me to be, More ho-ly, dear Savior, More faithful to Thee.

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O Weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

No. 60. MORE FAITHFUL TO THEE.

"Be ye holy."—Lev. xx: 7.

F. J. C. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slow.

1. Draw nearer, my Savior, In mercy be-hold, And keep me for-
2. More humble in spir-it, More fervent in pray'r, More cheerful and
ev-er Safe, safe in the fold; More watchful and trusting,
will ing My tri- als to bear; More ear-nest in la-
com fort, For ev-er Thou art; In all my tempta- tions,

Oh, help me to be, More ho-ly, dear Savior, More faithful to Thee.

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O Weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

No. 60. MORE FAITHFUL TO THEE.

"Be ye holy."—Lev. xx: 7.

F. J. C. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slow.

1. Draw nearer, my Savior, In mercy be-hold, And keep me for-
2. More humble in spir-it, More fervent in pray'r, More cheerful and
ev-er Safe, safe in the fold; More watchful and trusting,
will ing My tri- als to bear; More ear-nest in la-
com fort, For ev-er Thou art; In all my tempta- tions,

Oh, help me to be, More ho-ly, dear Savior, More faithful to Thee.

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O Weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

No. 60. MORE FAITHFUL TO THEE.

"Be ye holy."—Lev. xx: 7.

F. J. C. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slow.

1. Draw nearer, my Savior, In mercy be-hold, And keep me for-
2. More humble in spir-it, More fervent in pray'r, More cheerful and
ev-er Safe, safe in the fold; More watchful and trusting,
will ing My tri- als to bear; More ear-nest in la-
com fort, For ev-er Thou art; In all my tempta- tions,

Oh, help me to be, More ho-ly, dear Savior, More faithful to Thee.
No. 61. LORD, AT THY MERCY-SEAT.
F. J. Crosby.

"I will commune with thee from above."—Num. vii: 89.

1. Lord, at Thy mercy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; Pleading Thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call. Now let Thy work begin,

2. Tears of repentant grief Si-lent-ly fall; Help Thou my unb-e-lief, Hear Thou my call. Oh, how I pine for Thee,

3. Hark! how the words of love Ten-der-ly fall; Ere to the realms a-bove, Heard is my call. Now ev-ery doubt has flown,

4. Still at Thy mercy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; Pleading Thy prom-is-e sweet, Heard is my call. Faith wings my soul to Thee,

Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from every sin, Je-sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope, my plea, Je-sus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.
Broken my heart of stone, Lord, I am Thine alone, Je-sus, my all.
This all my hope shall be, Je-sus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.

No. 62. OVER THE OCEAN WAVE. Missionary.

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Psa. ii: 8. Arr. by W. H. D.

1. Over the ocean wave, Far, far away, There the poor heathen live, Chor. Pit-y them, pit-y them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life,

2. Here in this happy land we have the light Shining from God's own word,

3. Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring, List! as that heathen hand

4. Over the ocean wave, Far, far away, There the poor heathen live,
OVER THE OCEAN WAVE. Concluded.

wait-ing for day; {Groping in ig-norance, dark as the night,}
free, pure, and bright; {No blessed Bi-b-ble to give them the light.}
joy-ful-ly sing, {"O-ver the o-cean wave, oh, see them come,}

has-ten and come.

No. 63. IN THE VALLEY. Quartette.

Mrs. Annie S. HAWKS. "They seek a country."—Heb. xi: 14.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. A few more prayers—a few more tears—It wont be long, it wont be
long; A few more months, a few more years, Will hush my song—this earthly
not; Some mingling yet with earth's alloy, And then forgot—ah! soon for-
true; Some tears to mingle with the sod—A ver-y few—A ver-y
stay; And radiance, gleaming from above, Will light the way—the lonely

song; And then I shall sleep, (I shall sleep) in the val-ley.
got— While I sleep, calm-ly sleep, (calmly sleep) in the val-ley.
way— When they lay me to rest, (me to rest) in the val-ley.

Mrs. Annie S. HAWKS. Slow.

1. A few more prayers—a few more tears—It wont be long, it wont be
2. A lit-tle pain—a lit-tle joy—And, less or more, it mat-ters
3. A lit-tle gathering of the loved, Whose patient hearts were always
But Je-sus' love—His precious love—Will be my stay—my on-ly

A few more months, a few more years, Will hush my song—this earthly
not; Some mingling yet with earth's alloy, And then forgot—ah! soon for-
true; Some tears to mingle with the sod—A ver-y few—A ver-y
stay; And radiance, gleaming from above, Will light the way—the lonely

song; And then I shall sleep, (I shall sleep) in the val-ley.
got— While I sleep, calm-ly sleep, (calmly sleep) in the val-ley.
way— When they lay me to rest, (me to rest) in the val-ley.

Mrs. Annie S. HAWKS. Slow.

1. A few more prayers—a few more tears—It wont be long, it wont be
2. A lit-tle pain—a lit-tle joy—And, less or more, it mat-ters
3. A lit-tle gathering of the loved, Whose patient hearts were always
But Je-sus' love—His precious love—Will be my stay—my on-ly

A few more months, a few more years, Will hush my song—this earthly
not; Some mingling yet with earth's alloy, And then forgot—ah! soon for-
true; Some tears to mingle with the sod—A ver-y few—A ver-y
stay; And radiance, gleaming from above, Will light the way—the lonely

song; And then I shall sleep, (I shall sleep) in the val-ley.
got— While I sleep, calm-ly sleep, (calmly sleep) in the val-ley.
way— When they lay me to rest, (me to rest) in the val-ley.

Mrs. Annie S. HAWKS. Slow.

1. A few more prayers—a few more tears—It wont be long, it wont be
2. A lit-tle pain—a lit-tle joy—And, less or more, it mat-ters
3. A lit-tle gathering of the loved, Whose patient hearts were always
But Je-sus' love—His precious love—Will be my stay—my on-ly

A few more months, a few more years, Will hush my song—this earthly
not; Some mingling yet with earth's alloy, And then forgot—ah! soon for-
true; Some tears to mingle with the sod—A ver-y few—A ver-y
stay; And radiance, gleaming from above, Will light the way—the lonely

song; And then I shall sleep, (I shall sleep) in the val-ley.
got— While I sleep, calm-ly sleep, (calmly sleep) in the val-ley.
way— When they lay me to rest, (me to rest) in the val-ley.

Mrs. Annie S. HAWKS. Slow.

1. A few more prayers—a few more tears—It wont be long, it wont be
2. A lit-tle pain—a lit-tle joy—And, less or more, it mat-ters
3. A lit-tle gathering of the loved, Whose patient hearts were always
But Je-sus' love—His precious love—Will be my stay—my on-ly

A few more months, a few more years, Will hush my song—this earthly
not; Some mingling yet with earth's alloy, And then forgot—ah! soon for-
true; Some tears to mingle with the sod—A ver-y few—A ver-y
stay; And radiance, gleaming from above, Will light the way—the lonely

song; And then I shall sleep, (I shall sleep) in the val-ley.
got— While I sleep, calm-ly sleep, (calmly sleep) in the val-ley.
way— When they lay me to rest, (me to rest) in the val-ley.
No. 64. WE WILL JOURNEY ON.

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

F. J. C. R. Lowry, by per.

1. Brighter and brighter the way is growing—We will journey on;
2. Brighter and brighter our hope is shining—We will journey on;
3. Firm to the arm of the Saviour clinging—We will journey on;
4. Nearer the mansions with beauty glowing—We will journey on;

Purer and clearer the streams are flowing—We will journey on;
Closer and closer our hearts are twining—We will journey on;
Sweeter and sweeter our songs are ringing—We will journey on;
Nearer the flowers immortal growing—We will journey on;

Streams that in peaceful murmurs glide, Fed by a fountain deep and wide—
On—ly a while we pause to rest Under the cross that Jesus blessed;
What if a passing cloud a-rise? What if its gloom should vail our skies?
Nearer the tree of life so fair, Nearer, the heavenly fruit to share,

Cheered by their voice on every side, We will journey on, We will journey on.
Wearing His name on every breast, We will journey on, We will journey on.
Touched by His hand, it fades, it dies—We will journey on, We will journey on.
Glory to God! we'll soon be there—We will journey on, We will journey on.

journey on,
No. 65.

TELL IT WITH JOY.

"My brethren, rejoice in the Lord."—Phil. iii: 1.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Tell it with joy, Tell it with joy; Love in my bos-om is glowing;
2. Tell it with joy, Tell it with joy; Wonder-ful, won-der-ful sto-ry!
3. Come unto Him, Come unto Him; Mer-cy is ten-der-ly pleading;
1. Tell it again, I was lost till mer-cy Gently came down from heav'n: 2,3. Tell it with joy;
Wea-ry, hea-vy la-den, Still there is room for thee: On-ly believe,

REFRAIN.

Jesus' blood has cleansed me, Jesus has made me free: 1. Tell it again,
I was lost till mer-cy Gently came down from heav'n: 2,3. Tell it with joy;
Wea-ry, hea-vy la-den, Still there is room for thee: On-ly believe,

End.

Tell it a-gain; Oh, the sweet rapture of par-don! Grace divine has
Tell it with joy; Now I am hap-py in Je-sus; All is calm and
On-ly believe; Je-sus is ready and willing; All may come and

saved me, And Je-sus my all shall be. Wea-ry and lone-ly,
peace-ful, And all of my sins for-given. I will a-dore Him,
wel-come, Sal-va-tion for all is free. Why will ye lin-ger?

Seeking in vain for pleasure, Far from the fold my spirit had gone astray:
Je-sus, my dear Redeemer, Yes I will give Him glory from day to day.
Mer-cy is still entreating, Come and be happy, come and with rapture say—
1. I want to live for Jesus, And work with earnest heart,
2. I would not choose my labor, Nor say where I would serve,
3. The shadows long are growing, The tides are ebbing fast,
4. Oh, help me, Lord, to cherish Each moment that may come,

That when again He cometh, I may with Him have part.
But do what God commandeth, And ne'er from duty swerve.
And soon the time for doing Will be forever past.
To fill it with rich treasures For my eternal home.

CHORUS.

Oh, give me grace to labor, And gird me for the plow;
And what my hand may find to do, Oh, help me do it now.
More like Jesus

"We shall be like him."—1 John iii: 2

Fanny Crosby.

Slow, with feeling.

W. H. Doane, by per.

1. More like Jesus would I be, Let my Savior dwell with me;
2. If He hears the raven's cry, If His ever-watchful eye
3. More like Jesus when I pray, More like Jesus day by day,

Fill my soul with peace and love—Make me gentle as a dove;
Marks the sparrows when they fall, Surely He will hear my call.
May I rest me by His side, Where the tranquil waters glide.

More like Jesus while I go, Pilgrim in this world below;
He will teach me how to live, All my simple thoughts forgive;
Born of Him through grace renewed, By His love my will subdued,

Poor in spirit would I be, Let my Savior dwell in me.
Pure in heart I still would be—Let my Savior dwell in me.
Rich in faith I still would be—Let my Savior dwell in me.
THE LOST SHEEP.

"Go after that which is lost."—Luke xv: 4.

F. J. C. W. H. Doane, by per.

1. From the hundred sheep which the Shepherd's care Had protected many a day, There was one went forth, and its restless feet In the desert wandered away; Then the Shepherd's heart was grieved, and He arms He tenderly bore; Then the Shepherd's heart was glad, and He wanderer's penitent prayer; To the soul He bringeth back to His kindly said: On the mountain it will languish and pine; I will said to all: What a moment of rejoicing is mine! For I fold of grace, To His precious fold of mercy divine, How His go and search for the sheep I lost, I will leave the ninety and nine.

2. There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was

3. Oh, that Shepherd kind is the Son of God, Who has borne our sorrow and love my sheep that I lost and found, More than all the ninety and nine. heart goes out, for He loves that one More than all the ninety and nine.
No. 69. THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

"I will arise and go to my father."—Luke xv: 18.

Mrs. E. H. Gates, W. H. Doane, by per.

Slow, with feeling.

1. Come home, come home, You are weary at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home, come home, For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the
3. Come home, come home, From the sorrow and blame, From the sin and the
4. Come home, come home, There is bread and to spare, And a warm welcome

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

No. 70. TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS. (Amoy).

"To-day if ye will hear his voice."—Ps. xcv. 7.

Dr. L. Mason, by per.

1. To-day the Savior calls, Ye wand’rers come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Savior calls: Oh, listen now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
3. To-day the Savior calls: For refuge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spirit calls to-day: Yield to his power; Oh, grieve him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.
No. 71.  
GIVE THY HEART TO ME.

"Son, give me thine heart."—Prov. xxiii : 26.

Mrs. F. V. Alstine.  
Softly. Chanting style.

W. H. Doane, by per.

1. Hark! there comes a whisper Stealing on thine ear; 'Tis the Savior calling,
2. Still that voice so gently, Dost thou hear Him say: Tell me all thy sorrows,
3. Wouldst thou find a refuge For thy soul oppressed, Jesus kindly answers,
4. At the cross of Jesus Let thy burden fall, While He gently whispers,

REFRAIN.

Soft, soft and clear.  
Come, eome a-way. Give thy heart to me, Once I died for
I am thy rest. I'll hear it all.

No. 72.  
THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

Arr. by W. H. Doane, by per.

1. There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring round, There are

2 To carry the tidings home,
To the New Jerusalem,
There are, etc.

3 Let him that heareth, come,
Oh, come, while yet there's room,
There are, etc.
OH, TO BE NOTHING.

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 Cor. iii: 7.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR, 1869.

R. GEO. HALLS, by per. Arr. by P. P. BLISS.

Very slow.

No. 73.

1. Oh, to be nothing, nothing, On-ly to lie at His feet,
2. Oh, to be nothing, nothing, On-ly as led by His hand;
3. Oh, to be nothing, nothing, Painful the humbling may be,

CHO. Oh, to be nothing, nothing, On-ly to lie at His feet,

A brok-en and emptied ves-sel, For the Master's use made meet.
A mes-senger at His gate-way, On-ly waiting for His command.
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me, That the world might my Savior see.

A bro-ken and emp-tied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.

Emptied that He might fill me As forth to His serv-ice I go;
On-ly an instrument read-y His praises to sound at His will,
Rather be nothing, nothing, To Him let their voices be raised,

D. C. CHORUS.

Broken, that so un-hin-dered, His life through me might flow.
Willing, should He not require me, In silence to wait on Him still.
He is the Fountain of bless-ing, He on-ly is meet to be praised.

Fine.
No. 74.  NEAR THE CROSS.

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—Coll. i: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me;
3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ever,

Free to all—a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain. 
There the bright and morning star Shed its beams around me. 
Help me walk from day to day, With its shadows o'er me. 
Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond the river.

REFRAIN.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glory ever;

Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.
No. 75. WEARY ONE, WAND'RING ONE.

"Speak a word in season to him that is weary."—Isa. 1: 4.

R. GEO. HALL. Arr. by W. H. DOANE.

DUO. Tenderly.

Weary one, wand'ring one, Jesus is calling thee; Weary one, wand'ring one, calling thee home.

1. Hard hath He fought for thee, Tender-ly sought for thee, See, He has
2. Come, for the Savior's face Mak-eth each des-ert place Shining with
3. No foe shall en-ter there, No bur-den en-ter there, Je-sus, the

REFRAIN.

brought for thee Par-don at home.
love and peace All the way home. Wea-ry one, wand'ring one,
cen-ter there, Call-eth the home.

Je-sus is call-ing thee, Je-sus is call-ing thee, List-en and come.
No. 76.  MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

"Continue ye in my love."—John xv: 19.

Mrs. E. Prentiss.  W. H. Doane, by per.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee; This is my ear-nest plea; More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.

2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest, Now Thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be, There is none like Jesus.

3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain, Sweet are Thy mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me—part-ing ery My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be:

4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whisper Thy praise; This be the prayer I make, On bended knee; This is my ear-nest plea; More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.

No. 77.  THERE IS NONE LIKE JESUS.

"Cast your care on Him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. v: 7.

R. Lowry, by per.

1. Cast your care on Jesus; He will share it, He will bear it—There is none like Jesus.

2. Cast your sin on Jesus; He will take it, Now forsake it—There is none like Jesus.

3. Cast your heart on Jesus; Do not grieve Him, Just believe Him—There is none like Jesus.
No. 78.   AMAZING GRACE.

"The grace of God that bringeth salvation."—Tit. ii: 11.

John Newton. R. Lowry, by per.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have al - ready come;
4. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
5. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
I shall possess, within the veil, A life of joy and peace.
But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the grace, the precious grace, The grace that res - cued me—

That wrote my par - don in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
No. 79.  

PASS ME NOT.  

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts ii: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY,  

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Pass me not, O gentle Savior, Hear my humble cry;  
2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet relief,  
3. Trusting only in Thy merit, Would I seek Thy face;  
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,

While on others Thou art smiling, Do not pass me by.  
Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief.  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by Thy grace.  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in Heaven but Thee?

REFRAIN.

Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry;

While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
No. 80.  
**LEAD ME TO JESUS.**

"He went about seeking some to lead him."—Acts xiii: 11.  

**W. H. DOANE, by per.**

**SOLO.** Andante.

1. Lead me to Jesus, lead me to Jesus, Help me to love Him,
2. Lead me to Jesus, He will protect me, He is so loving,
3. Tell me of Jesus, tell of His mercy, Is there a fountain
4. Lord, I am coming! Jesus, my Savior, Pity my weakness,

**DUET.**

help me to pray; He is my Savior, I would believe Him; gentle, and mild; Calling the sinners, bidding them welcome; flowing so free? All who are willing drink of its waters; make me Thy child; I would receive Thee, trust and believe Thee;

**Rit.**  

I would be like Him—show me the way.

Surely He calls me—I'll be His child. Quickly haste and come, and Say, is that fountain flowing for me?

I would be like Thee, gentle and mild.

**Cres.**

here thy Savior meet, Hither come and seek for pardon at His feet;

**Turn from thy pleasures, turn from thy way, Come to the Savior, oh, come to day.**
No. 81. SAVIOR, WE WAIT FOR THEE.

"Our soul waiteth for the Lord."—Psa. xxxii: 20.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

W. H. D.

1. Savior, we wait for Thee, Come from above; Oh, may our grateful hearts Burn with Thy love. Here in communion sweet, mourning soul Tenderly speak. Guide Thou our thoughts aright, bonds of love Help us to be. Then when life's storms are o'er,

Here, at Thy mercy-seat, Jesus, Thy children meet, Come from above. Grant us Thy holy light, Oh, make our path more bright, While Thee we seek. On yonder radiant shore, We'll meet to part no more, Happy in Thee.

No. 82. I LOVE THEE.

"Thou knowest that I love thee."—John xxi: 17.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

R. Lowry, by per.

1. I love Thee, O Lord, I believe in Thy word; I love Thee, I
2. By day and by night, In the vale, on the height, In tumult or
3. But ear never heard Sweeter song, sweeter word, Than this I am
4. This song I can sing Till my spirit takes wing: 'Tis me that Thou
I LOVE THEE. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord.
si - lence, Thou art my de - light. How sweet to love Thee—In Thy sing - ing: Thou lov - est me, Lord.
lov - est, My Sav - ior and King.

No. 83. ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED?

"He was bruised for our iniquities."—Isa. iii: 5.

Very tenderly.

1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face, Whilst His dear cross appears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree.
When Christ, the mighty Mak - er died For man, the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.
No. 84.  

**RESCUE THE PERISHING.**

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke xiv: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  
W. H. DOANE, by per.

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

2. Thou they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the penitent.  
   Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.
   He will forgive if they only believe. Rescue the perishing, Chords that are broken will vibrate once more.'
   Tell the poor wanderer a Savior has died.

3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

4. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it; Strength for thy labor the
No. 85. Hallelujah! Who Shall Part?

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. viii: 35.

Wm. Dickinson.

R. Lowry, by per.

1. Hallelujah! who shall part Christ's own church from Christ's own heart? Sever from the
2. Hallelujah! shall the sword Part us from our glorious Lord? Trouble dark or

Savior's side Souls for whom the Savior died? Dash one precious
dire dis-grace E'er the Spirit's seal ef-face? Faine, na-ked-

3 Hallelujah! life nor death,
Powers above nor powers be-

ness, or hate Bride and bridegroom separate.

No. 86. Keep Me, Lord, Forever Thine.

"And I will put my Spirit within you."—Ezek. xxxvi: 27.

John Stocker, 1776.

Arr. from English by W. H. D.

Gently.

1. Gracious Spir-it, love di-vine, Let Thy light with-in me shine;
2. Life and peace to me im-part, Seal sal-va-tion on my heart;
3. Let me nev-er from Thee stray, Keep me in the nar-row way;

Ref. Keep me, Lord, for-ev-er Thine, Let Thy light with-in me shine.

All my guilt-y fears re-move, Fill me full of heaven and love.
Breathe Thyself in-to my breast, Ear-nest of im-mor-tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di-vine, Keep me, Lord, for-ev-er Thine.
No. 87. WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

"I shall go to him & he shall not return to me."—2 Sam. xii: 23.

ANON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

Slowly.

1. When my final fare-well to the world I have said, And gladly lie down
2. There are little ones glancing about in my path, In want of a friend
3. There are old and forsaken who linger awhile In homes which their dear-
4. Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace Of Him who delights

to my rest; When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead," And and a guide; There are dear little eyes looking up into mine, Whose est have left; And a few gen-tle words or an ac- tion of love May to for-give, Though I bless not the weary about in my path, Pray

fold my pale hands o'er my breast; And when, with my glo-ri-fied tears might be eas-ily dried. But Je-sus may beck-on the cheer their sad spirits be-rest. But the Reaper is near to the on-ly for self while I live,— Methinks I should mourn o'er my

vis-ion at last The walls of "That Cit-y" I see. chil-dren a-way In the midst of their grief and their glee-
long stand-ing corn, The wea-ry will soon be set free-
sin-ful neg-lect, If sor-row in heav-en can be,

1-3. Will any one then at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be waiting and watching for
4. Should no one I love at the beautiful gate, Be waiting and watching for
WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME. Concluded.

waiting and watching for me? Be waiting 
and watching, 
and watching, 
Be waiting and watching for me?

No. 88. LOVING SAVIOR, ONLY THEE.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee?"—Ps. lxxiii: 25.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. On - ly Thee, my soul’s Redeemer! Whom have I in heaven beside?
2. On - ly Thee! no joy I co - vet But the joy to call Thee mine—
3. On - ly Thee! I ask no oth - er, Thou art more than all to me;
4. Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me, Would my raptured vision see,

Who on earth, with love so ten - der, All my wand'ring steps will guide. 
Joy that gives the blest assurance, Thou hast owned and sealed me Thine 
Life, or health, or creature comfort,—I would give them all for Thee. 
While my faith is reaching up - ward, Ev - er upward, Lord, to Thee.

REFRAIN.

On - ly Thee, on - ly Thee, Lov - ing Sav - ior, on - ly Thee.
I LOVE TO HEAR OF JESUS.

"And preached unto him Jesus."—Acts viii: 35.

REV. T. L. BAILY. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Come, talk to me of Jesus, That loving friend divine; For what on earth so
   precious To this lone heart of mine? And if a-mid the careless My
   feet begin to rove, Then talk to me of Jesus, And tell me of His love.

2. Come, sing to me of Jesus, When life is ebbing fast, And all its joys and
   sorrows Will soon be overpast; When, with their beams of glory, The
   heavens shall glow above, Then sing to me of Jesus, And tell me of His love.
   ever heart can move, Oh, then I'll sing of Jesus, And praise Him for His love.

3. Before the throne of Jesus, Where saints in glory stand, To tell redemption's
   I love to hear of Jesus, I love to hear of Jesus,
   I love to hear of Jesus, Of Jesus and His love.
EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

"Cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. li: 2.

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

Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.
Trusting Thee I can not stray, I can never, never lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world above.

REFRAIN.

Every day, every hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing

Every day and hour, every day and hour,

power; May Thy tender love to me Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.
No. 91. WEEPING WILL NOT SAVE ME.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith."—Eph. ii: 8.

R. L. R. Lowry, by per.

1. Weeping will not save me—Tho' my face were bathed in tears, That could not all-
lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years—Weeping will not save me,
feel - ings too, Can not form my soul a-new—Working will not save me.
mer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but die—Waiting will not save me.
He has done; To His arms, Lord, help me run—Faith in Christ will save me.

2. Working will not save me—Purest deeds that I can do, Holiest thought and
ruer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but die—Waiting will not save me.
He has done; To His arms, Lord, help me run—Faith in Christ will save me.

3. Waiting will not save me—Helpless, guilty, lost I lie; In my ear is
ruer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but die—Waiting will not save me.
He has done; To His arms, Lord, help me run—Faith in Christ will save me.

4. Faith in Christ will save me—Let me trust Thy weeping Son; Trust the work that
ruer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but die—Waiting will not save me.
He has done; To His arms, Lord, help me run—Faith in Christ will save me.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus wept and died for me; Je - sus suf-fered on the tree;

Je - sus waits to make me free, He a - lone can save me.
OUR BETTER HOME BEYOND.

"Now they desire a better country."—Heb. xi: 16.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane, by per.

Andante. May be sung as a Duet.

1. Had earth no thorns among its flow'rs, And life no fount of tears,
2. How wise-ly God our cup has filled With mingled joy and grief,
3. Our better home! how sweet to think, When torn from those we love,
4. Oh, bliss-ful moment, when a-side These earthly robes we'll cast,

We might for-get our better home Be-yond this vale of tears.
To teach our hearts that mortal things, Tho' bright, are on-ly brief.
No sad fare-well can ev-er reach Our bet-ter home a-bove.
Then wake to know our souls have found The bet-ter home at last.

REFRAIN.

Home, sweet home, . . . Our beau-ti-ful home be-yond; Our

Beau-ti-ful home,

home that Je-sus has gone to prepare, Our beautiful home be-yond.
No. 93.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

"There I will meet with thee."—Exod. xxv: 22.

W. H. Doane, by per.

Gently, with expression.

1. A few more sweet communings here, And then we'll meet a-gain;
2. A few more precious hours of prayer, And then we'll meet a-gain;
3. These partings will not al-ways last, And then we'll meet a-gain;

Life's evening time is draw-ing near, And then we'll meet a-gain;
A lit-tle while the cross to bear, And then we'll meet a-gain;
The night of tears will soon be past, And then we'll meet a-gain;

If grace thro' faith has made us one In Christ, the well-be-lov-ed Son,
Oh, count it joy when trials come, Tho' pilgrim strangers now we roam,
We'll meet where kindred spirits dwell, And saints the grand old story tell,

Our Christian race with patience run, We'll meet, yes, meet a-gain.
Yet gathered safe in heaven our home, We'll meet, yes, meet a-gain.
We'll meet no more to say farewell, We'll meet, yes, meet a-gain.
WE'LL MEET AGAIN. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Yes, we'll meet again, Yes, we'll meet again; In heaven above, where all is love, We'll meet, we'll meet again.

No. 94. CONSECRATE ME, LORD.

"Consecrate yourselves this day to the Lord."—Ex. xxxii: 29.

F. R. HAVENHAGAL.

1. Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages from Thee;
4. Take my intellect and use Every power as Thou shalt choose;
5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure-store;

Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my voice, and let me sing Always on ly for my King.
Take my silver and my gold, Not a mite would I behold.
Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine.
Take my self, and I will be Ever, only, all for Thee.
No. 95. TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—Mark v: 19.

MISS KATE HANKEY

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Tell me the Old, Old story Of unseen things above, Of
   Je-sus and His glo-ry, Of Je-sus and His love. Tell me the Story
   wonder-ful re-demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin. Tell me the Story
   this world's empty glo-ry Is cost-ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's
   help-less and de-filed.

2. Tell me the Sto-ry slow-ly, That I may take it in— That
   sim-ply, As to a lit-tle child, For I am weak and wea-ry, And
   often, For I for-get so soon, The "early dew" of morn-ing Has
   glo-ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry, "Christ
   passed a-way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry, Tell me the Old, Old
   Jesus makes thee whole."

3. Tell me the same Old Sto-ry, When you have cause to fear That
   Sto-ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.
REACH ME THY HAND.

Mrs. E. H. Gates. W. H. Doane, by per.

1. Reach me thy hand, my child, Helpless and lonely; Thro' the drear and desert wild, "Tis I and I only, Can safely conduct thee. Can safely conduct thee. Thy bliss shall be endless In mansions etern-al, In mansions etern-al.

2. Reach me thy hand, my child, Homeless and friendless, Unto me now reconciled, Thy sin-ful be-havior, I will not remember, I will not remember. Is walking beside thee, And loving thee always, And loving thee always?

3. Reach me thy hand, my child, I am thy Savior; Perfect and undefiled, Thy sin-ful be-havior, I will not remember, I will not remember. Is walking beside thee, And loving thee always, And loving thee always?

4. Reach me thy hand, my child, What can betide thee, If the Savior, meek and mild, 'Tis I and I only, Can safely conduct thee. Can safely conduct thee. Thy bliss shall be endless In mansions etern-al, In mansions etern-al.

No. 97. O LAMB OF GOD, STILL KEEP ME.


1. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wounded side; 'Tis on-ly there in safe-ty And peace I can a-bide. D.C. The grace that sought and found me, Alone can keep me clean.

2. 'Tis only in Thee hiding, I feel my life secure; Only in Thee abiding, The conflict can endure. Thine arm the victory gaineth O'er every hateful foe; Thy love my heart sustaineth In all its care and woe.

3. Soon shall my eyes behold Thee, With rapture, face to face; One-half hath not been told me Of all Thy power and grace; Thy beauty, Lord, and glory, The wonders of Thy love, Shall be the endless story Of all Thy saints above.
No. 98.  IN THAT HAPPY LAND.

May be sung as a Duet the first time.

1. We are trav'ling home to heaven above, Will you go with us?
2. Dear companions, will you go with us, Will you go with us?

Ref. Oh, that's the heaven I'm long-ing for, That's the heaven I love;

D. C. Refrain.

We are trav'ling home to heaven above, Will you go with us?
Dear companions, will you go with us To that happy land?

Oh that's the heaven I'm long-ing for That's the heaven for me.

3 Dear parents, will you go with us,
   Will you go with us?
Dear parents, will you go with us,
To that happy land?

4 Let us meet, dear children, in that
   In that happy land;
Let us meet, dear children, in that
In that happy land.

5 Let us meet, dear parents, in that
In that happy land;
Let us meet, dear parents, in that
In that happy land.

6 Our Savior He will lead us on!
   Will you go with us?
Our Savior He will lead us on!
Will you go with us?

No. 99.  COME TO JESUS.

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

2 He will save you.
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 Flee to Jesus.
12 He will cleanse you.
13 He will clothe you.
14 Jesus loves you.
15 Don't reject Him.
16 Only trust Him.
No. 100.  THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

COWPER, 1779.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,

D. S. And sinners, plunged, etc.

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

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

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

5. And when this feeble, stam'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave, Then, in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save.

No. 101.  WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

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

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

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

4. Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.
No. 102. **COME THOU FOUNT.** (Nettleton.)

Rev. R. Robinson, 1758.  
Dr. Nettleton, 1824.

1. Come Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy praise; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. D.C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

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

2. Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
   Daily I'm constrained to be!  
   Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
   Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love,  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 103. **ALL HAIL THE POWER.** (Coronation.)

Rev. Edward Perronet, 1780.  
O. Holden, 1831.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,  
   And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
   Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.  
3. Let every kindred, every tribe,  
   On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

4. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng  
   We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
No. 104. THERE IS A NAME I LOVE.

"I will bless thy name forever."—Ps. cxlv; 2.

From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth; It sounds like music in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth. 
2. It tells me of a Savior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me of His precious blood, The sinner's perfect plea.

D. C. No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart conceive how dear!

REFRAIN. 

Jesus! the name I love so well, The name I love to hear!

3. It tells of one whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe, Who in my sorrow bears a part That none can bear below.

4. It bids my trembling heart rejoice, It dries each rising tear; It tells me, in a "still small voice," To trust and never fear.

No. 105. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836. 

GREGORIAN.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
3. Just as I am—Thy love unknown, Has broken every barrier down;

Ref. Just as I am, I come, I come, Yea, to be Thine, I come, I come;

D. C. Refrain.

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! Fighting within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
No. 106. BROAD IS THE ROAD.

Windham. L. M. Daniel Read. 1785.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there,
2. "Deny thyself and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command;
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Create my heart entirely new—

But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveler.
Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.
Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.
Which hypocrites could near attain, Which false apostates never knew.

No. 107. BEHOLD A STRANGER AT THE DOOR.


1. Behold, a stranger's at the door! He gently knocks—has knocked before;
2. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will—the very friend you need!
3. Oh! lovely attitude!—He stands With melting heart, and laden hands!
4. Admit Him, ere His anger burn—His feet departed never return;

Has waited long—is waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill.
The Man of Nazareth!—'tis He, With garments dyed at Calvary.
Oh! matchless kindness!—and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand When at His door denied you'll stand.
No. 108. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1832.  
Retreat. L. M.  
T. Hastings, 1840.

1. From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads—

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

A place of all on earth most sweet;  
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

No. 109. OH, FOR A CLOSER WALK.

William Cowper, 1779.  
Ortonville. C. M.  
Dr. Hastings, 1837.

1. Oh, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame: A light to shine up-

2. Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the sins that

on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!

made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast, And drove Thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
No. 110.  JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.


1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly;}
   While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high.}
D.C. Safe in to the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
   Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want!
   All and all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint;
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 111.  ROCK OF AGES.


1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
D. C. Be of sin a double cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

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

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
   When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
No. 112.  
BLEST BE THE TIE.

Rev. J. Fawcett, 1772.  
Dennis.  S. M.  
H. G. Nageli, 1832.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
2. Before our Father's throne, We pour our ardent prayers:
3. We share our mutual woes; Our mutual burdens bear;

The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
   It gives us inward pain;
   But we shall still be joined in heart,
   And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
   Our courage by the way;
   While each in expectation lives,
   And longs to see the day.

No. 113.  
COME, SAID JESUS.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld, 1825.  
Horton.  7.  
X. S. Von Wartensee, 1786.

1. Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
2. Thou who, homeless and forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Hither come! for here is found Balm that flows for every wound;

I will guide you to your home, Weary wand'rer, hither come!
Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary wand'rer, hither haste.
Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure.
No. 114. OH, TURN YE, OH, TURN YE.


1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God, in great mercy is coming so nigh? I vites you, the Spirit says, Come! And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive, Oh! how can you question, if you will believe? If sin is your burden, why will you not come? 'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

No. 115. I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

W. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer, by perm.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall Thy salvation find. Jesus sweetly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin. Soul and body Thine to be. Wholly Thine—forever more. I am prostrate in the dust; I with Christ am crucified.

2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has evil reigned within; In the promises I trust; Now I feel the blood applied; I shall Thy salvation find. I will cleanse you from all sin. I with Christ am crucified.

3. Here I give my all to Thee—Friends, and time, and earthly store; Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light; Though storms rage around us, our God is our might; The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home!

4. In the promises I trust; Now I feel the blood applied; In the prom-ises I trust; Now I feel the blood ap-plied;

Ref. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Calvary;

2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has evil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to Thee—Friends, and time, and earthly store;
4. In the promises I trust; Now I feel the blood applied;

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Calvary;

Humbly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Jesus, save me now.
116  What a friend in Jesus.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
   All our sins and grievances to bear;
What a privilege to carry
   Every thing to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
   Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
   Every thing to God in prayer.

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

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

117  Cross and Crown.  C. M.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
   And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
   And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above
   Who once were sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
   And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
   Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
   For there's a crown for me!

118  Pleyel's Hymn.  7.

1 Haste, O sinner, now be wise;
   Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
   Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
   Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
   Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner, now return;
   Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
   Ere salvation's work is done.

119  Invitation.  8. 7. 4.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
   Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
   Full of pity, love and power,
   He is able,
   He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
   God's free bounty glorify;
   True belief and true repentance,
   Every grace that brings us nigh—
   Without money,
   Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
   Lost and ruined by the fall,
   If you tarry till you're better,
   You will never come at all.
   Not the righteous—
   Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
   Nor of fitness fondly dream;
   All the fitness he requireth
   Is to feel your need of him;
   This he gives you—
   'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

120  Waiting by the River.

1 Tho' the mist hang o'er the river,
   And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels
   Wafted from the other shore.

Chorus. — We are waiting by the river,
   We are watching on the shore,
   Only waiting for the angels,
   Soon they'll come to bear us o'er.

2 He has called for many a loved one,
   We have seen them leave our side;
   With our Savior we shall meet them
   When we, too, have crossed the tide.

3 When we've passed that vale of shadows,
   With its dark and chilling tide,
   In that bright and glorious city
   We shall evermore abide.

121  State Street.  S. M.

1 The Spirit in our hearts
   Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
   The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
   To all His children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
   To all about him, "Come!"
   Let him that thirsts for righteousness
   To Christ, the fountain, come.
122 Boylston.  S. M.  125 Naomi.  C. M.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
   And shall our cheeks be dry?
   Let floods of penitential grief
   Burst forth from every eye.

2. The Son of God in tears
   The wond'ring angels see;
   Be thou astonished, O my soul;
   He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep;
   Each sin demands a tear;
   In heaven alone no sin is found,
   And there's no weeping there.

123 Peterboro.  C. M.

1. Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
   Though pressed by every foe,
   That will not tremble oh the brink
   Of any earthly woe!

2. A faith that shines more bright and clear
   When tempests rage without;
   That when in danger knows no fear,
   In darkness feels no doubt.

3. Lord, give us such a faith as this,
   And then, whate'er may come,
   We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
   Of an eternal home.

124 Bethany.  6. 4.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee,
   Nearer to thee!
   E'en though it be a cross
   That raiseth me.
   Still all my song shall be
   Nearer, my God, to thee,
   Nearer to thee!

2. Though like a wanderer,
   Daylight all gone,
   Darkness be over me,
   My rest a stone;
   Yet in my dreams I'd be
   Nearer, my God, to thee,
   Nearer to thee!

3. There let my way appear
   Steps unto heaven;
   All that thou sendest me
   In mercy given;
   Angels to beckon me
   Nearer, my God, to thee,
   Nearer to thee!

126 The solid rock.  L. M.

1. My hope is built on nothing less
   Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
   I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
   But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
   On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
   All other ground is sinking sand.

2. When darkness seems to vail his face,
   I rest on his unchanging grace;
   In every high and stormy gale
   My anchor holds within the vail;
   On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
   All other ground is sinking sand.

127 I do believe.  C. M.

1. Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
   No other help I know;
   If thou withdraw thyself from me,
   Ah, whither shall I go?

CHORUS:
   I do believe, I now believe,
   That Jesus died for me;
   And through his blood, his precious blood,
   I shall from sin be free.

2. What did thine only Son endure
   Before I drew my breath!
   What pain, what labor, to secure
   My soul from endless death.

3. Author of faith, to thee I lift
   My weary, longing eyes,
   Oh may I now receive that gift—
   My soul, without it, dies.
128 Sweet hour of prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care.
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief.
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wing shall my petition bear.
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

129 My Jesus, I love thee.

1 My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou,
If ever I loved thee, 'tis now.

2 I love thee, because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow,
If ever I loved thee, 'tis now.

130 He leadeth me.

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

REFRAIN:
He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
134 The sweetest name. C. M.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth,
   No name so sweet in heaven—
The name before his wondrous birth
   To Christ the Savior given.
   We love to sing around our King,
   And hail him blessed Jesus;
   For there's no word ear ever heard
   So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

2. And when he hung upon the tree,
   They wrote this name above him,
   That all might see the reason we
   For evermore must love him.
   We love to sing, etc.

3. So now, upon his Father's throne,
   Almighty to release us
   From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
   The Prince and Savior, Jesus.
   We love to sing, etc.

135 Windham. L. M.

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
   Let a repenting rebel live;
   Are not thy mercies large and free?
   May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass
   The power and glory of thy grace;
   Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
   So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from every sin,
   And make my guilty conscience clean;
   Here on my heart the burden lies,
   And past offenses pain my eyes.

4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
   Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
   Would light on some sweet promise there,
   Some sure support against despair.

136 Naomi. C. M.

1. Oh, could I find, from day to day,
   A nearness to my God;
   Then would my hours glide sweet away
   While leaning on his word.

2. Lord, I desire with thee to live
   Anew from day to day,
   In joys the world can never give,
   Nor ever take away.

3. Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
   And make me wholly thine,
   That I may never more depart,
   Nor grieve thy love divine.

137 Water of life.

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

   **CHORUS:**
   The Spirit and the Bride say come,
   Freely, freely, freely,
   And he that is thirsty let him come,
   And drink of the water of life.
   The fountain of life is flowing,
   Flowing, freely, flowing;
   The fountain of life is flowing,
   Is flowing for you and for me.

2. Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
   Freely, freely, freely,
   Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
   Freely to those that love him.
   Treasures unfading will there be given,
   Freely, freely, freely,
   Treasures unfading will there be given,
   Freely to those that love him.

138 Jesus of Nazareth.

1. What means this eager, anxious throng,
   Pressing our busy streets along—
   These wondrous gatherings day by day?
   What means this strange commotion, pray?
   ||Voices in accents hushed, reply,||
   "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" ||

2. E'en children feel the potent spell,
   And haste their new-found joy to tell;
   In crowds they to the place repair,
   Where Christians daily bow in prayer.
   ||:Hosannas mingle with the cry,||
   "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" ||

3. Ho, all ye heavy laden, come!
   Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home;
   Lost wanderers from a Father's face,
   Return, accept His proffered grace!
   ||:Ye tempted! there's a refuge nigh,||
   "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" ||

4. But if you still this call refuse,
   And dare such wondrous love abuse,
   Soon will He sadly from you turn,
   Your bitter prayer in justice spurn:
   ||:"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,||
   "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." ||
1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread;
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh bear me safe above—a ransomed soul.

140 Go and tell Jesus.

1 Go and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul,
He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole,
Look up to him, he only can forgive,
Believe on him and thou shalt surely live.

Chorus:
Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive,
Go and tell Jesus, oh turn to him and live;
Go and tell Jesus, go and tell Jesus,
Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes;
His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have.

3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
He'll take thee in his arms, and on his breast
Thou may'st be happy, and forever rest.

141 Dennis.

1 Oh cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam,
All this wide world, to either pole
Hath not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door,
Oh haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

142 Boylston.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glory,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill.
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

143 Webb.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The songs of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour.
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.
144 Loving Kindness. L. M.

1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
   And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
   He justly claims a song from me;
   His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
   Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
   He saved me from my lost estate;
   His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Often I feel my sinful heart
   Prone from my Jesus to depart;
   But though I have him oft forgot,
   His loving kindness changes not.

145 Portuguese Hymn. 11.

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

2 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
   I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
   That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
   Jehovah will never, no, never forsake!

146 Watcher. 7. 6.

1 I want to be like Jesus,
   All gentle, pure, and mild;
   His seal upon my forehead,
   And owned as his dear child.

2 I want to do like Jesus,
   To mark each passing day,
   With deeds of love and mercy,
   Or cheer some lonely way;

3 I want to live like Jesus,
   Whose words with love were fraught;
   I want to find his favor—
   By him be truly taught.

1 I love to tell the story,
   Of unseen things above,
   Of Jesus and his glory,
   Of Jesus and his love;

2 I love to tell the story—
   More wonderful it seems
   Than all the golden fancies
   Of all our golden dreams;

3 I love to tell the story,
   'Tis pleasant to repeat
   What seems, each time I tell it,
   More wonderfully sweet;

4 I love to tell the story,
   For those who know it best
   Seem hungering and thirsting
   To hear it like the rest.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
   Where bright angel feet have trod;
   With its crystal tide forever
   Flowing by the throne of God?

2 On the margin of the river,
   Washing up its silver spray,
   We will walk and worship ever,
   All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
   Lay we every burden down;
   Grace our spirits will deliver,
   And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease; Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.
149 No sorrow there. S. M.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
   And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
   And thus surround the throne.

2 The hill of Zion yields
   A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
   Or walk the golden streets.

3 Then let our songs abound,
   And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
   To fairer worlds on high.

151 Missionary Hymn. 7.6.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
   From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
   Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
   From many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver
   Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
   With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
   The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
   The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
   Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
   And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory
   It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
   The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
   In bliss returns to reign.

152 Olmutz. S. M.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
   The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
   With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God,
   Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
   And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
   For her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
   I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
   Her hymns of love and praise.

153 I will Sing for Jesus.

1 I will sing for Jesus,
   With his blood he bought me;
And all along my pilgrim way,
   His loving hand has brought me.

2 Can there overtake me
   Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
   My blessed, blessed Master?

3 I will sing for Jesus,
   His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music
   When heart and flesh are failing.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus,
   Oh, how will I adore him!
Among the cloud of witnesses
   Who cast their crowns before him.

154 Depths of Mercy. 7.

1 Depth of mercy, can there be
   Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
   Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

Chor.-God is love! I know, I feel
   Jesus lives and love's me still—
Jesus lives, he lives and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace,
   Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
   Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent,
   Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
   Weep, believe and sin no more.
155 Christmas. C. M.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
   And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
   And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
   Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
   And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
   That calls thee from on high—
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
   To thine aspiring eye.

156 Never be afraid.

1 Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,
   Think how much a word can do;
Never be afraid to own your Savior,
   He who loves and cares for you.

Cho.—Never be afraid,
   Never be afraid,
Never, never, never;
   Jesus is your loving Savior,
Therefore never be afraid.

2 Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
   In his vineyard day by day.
Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
   He will all your toil repay.

Never be afraid, etc.

3 Never be afraid to die for Jesus,
   He the life, the truth, the way.
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
   To the realms of endless day.

Never be afraid, etc.

157 Work for the night.

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

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

158 The Lord will provide.

1 In some way or other
   The Lord will provide;
It may not be my way,
   It may not be thy way,
And yet, in his own way,
   The Lord will provide.

Cho.—It may not be my way,
   It may not be thy way,
And yet, in his own way
   The Lord will provide.

2 At some time or other
   The Lord will provide;
It may not be my time,
   It may not be thy time,
And yet, in his own time,
   The Lord will provide.

3 Despond, then, no longer,
   The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
   No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken—
   The Lord will provide.

159 The Heavenly land.

1 I love to think of the heavenly land,
   Where white-robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered safe
   From fear, and toil, and care.

Ref.—There'll be no parting,
   There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting,
   There'll be no parting there.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
   Where my Redeemer reigns.
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
   In endless, joyous strains.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
   The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns
   Never fade,
And all our joys are one.

160 Ortonville. C. M.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
   A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
   And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
   Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
   Whatever may oppose.
161 Your Mission.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus, crying,  
  Who will go and work to-day?  
Fields are white and harvests waiting,  
  Who will bear the sheaves away?  
Loud and long the Master calleth,  
Rich reward he offers free;  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
  "Here am I, send me, send me!"

2 If you can not cross the ocean,  
  And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
  You can help them at your door.  
If you can not give your thousands,  
  You can give the widow's mite;  
And the least you give for Jesus,  
  Will be precious in his sight.

3 While the souls of men are dying,  
  And the Master calls for you,  
Let none hear you idly saying,  
  "There is nothing I can do!"  
Take the task he gives you gladly,  
Let his work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when he calleth,  
  "Here am I, send me, send me!"

162 Am I a Soldier? C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
  A follower of the Lamb;  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
  Or blush to speak his name?  
Chorus.  
Let us never mind the scoffs nor the  
  Crowns of the world,  
For we all have the cross to bear;  
  It will only make the crown the brighter  
To shine,  
When we have the crown to wear.

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
  On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
  And sailed through bloody seas?  
3 Are there no foes for me to face,  
  Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
  To help me on to God?

163 I do Believe. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
  In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
  And drives away his fear.
Chorus. — I do believe, I now believe,  
That Jesus died for me;  
And thro' his blood, his precious blood,  
  I shall from sin be free.

164 Federal Street. L. M.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
  A mortal man ashamed of thee!  
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,  
  Whose glories shine thro' endless days.  
2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
  On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No! when I blush be this my shame—  
That I no more revere his name.
3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
  When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
  No fears to quell, no soul to save.

165 Webb. 7. 6.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
  Ye soldiers of the cross,  
Lift high his royal banner,  
  It must not suffer loss;  
From vict'ry unto vict'ry,  
  His army shall he lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
  And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
  Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
  Ye dare not trust your own.  
Put on the gospel armor,  
  And watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
  Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
  The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
  The next the victor's song.  
To him that overcometh  
  A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
  Shall reign eternally.

166 Autumn. 8. 7.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
  Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
  Gathers round its head sublime.  
When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
  Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
  Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

2 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
  Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
  Adds new luster to the day.  
Dane and blessing, pain and pleasure  
  By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
  Joys that through all time abide.
### INDEX.

Titles in SMALL CAPS, First lines in Roman.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A CHARGE to keep I have</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A few more prayers</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A few more sweet communings</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALAS! AND did my Savior bleed</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALL HAIL THE POWER</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AMAZING GRACE</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Am I a soldier of the cross</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANYWHERE WITH THEE</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake, my soul, in joyful lays</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake, my soul, stretch every</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEAR THE CROSS FOR JESUS</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEHOLD A STRANGER AT THE</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BLESSED BE THE TIE</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brighter and brighter the way</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brightly beams our Father's mercy</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bright till our Lord's returning</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BRING THY ALL TO JESUS</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BROAD IS THE ROAD</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAST your care on JESUS</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cast your care on Jesus</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Close the heart to all but Jesus</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come away, O ye thirsty</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, come to Jesus</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come home, come home</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, humble sinner, in whose</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COME IN OUR MIDST</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COME! said JESUS</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, talk to me of Jesus</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COME, THOU FOUNT</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COME TO JESUS</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, we that love the Lord</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, ye sinners, poor and needy</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONSECRATE ME, LORD</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CROWN OF LIFE</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D E PTH of mercy, can there be...</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Did Christ o'er sinners weep</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DRAW ME NEARER</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draw nearer, my Savior</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E V ERY DAY AND HOUR</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FATHER, I stretch my hands</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father, whate'er of earthly</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FROM EVERY STORMY WIND</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Greenland's icy mountains</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From the hundred sheep</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G LAD tidings</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gracious Spirit, love divine</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GIVE THY HEART TO ME</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go and tell Jesus</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God's tender mercy far exceeds</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H AD earth no thorns among</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HALLELUJAH! who shall...</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! there comes a whisper</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the voice of Jesus, crying</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haste, O sinner, now be wise</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hast Thou, my Master, aught</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HE is COMING OUT TO MEET US</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He leadeth me</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helpless I come to Jesus' blood</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here from the world we turn</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOLD IT UP TO THE WORLD</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How firm a foundation</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How sweet the name of Jesus</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I AM coming to the cross</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I AM saved</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am thine, O Lord</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I AM TRUSTING, LORD, in Thee</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I COME TO THEE</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Title</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Sweet moments of prayer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Weeping will not save me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>The living fountain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>The hem of his garment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Simply trusting all the way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>The voice of mercy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>The mistakes of my life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>The penitent's prayer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>There's a gentle voice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>The cross, take the cross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>The half can never be told</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Speak for Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Stand up, stand up for Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Shall we gather at the river</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Tell it with joy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Till the Savior comes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>To-day the Savior calls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Trusting Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Take my life and let it be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Take the name of Jesus with you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>The morning light is breaking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>The prodigal child</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>There are angels hov'ring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>There's a friend we have in Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>The lost sheep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>What a friend we have in Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Where shall I work to-day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Who'll be the next</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>There is a name I love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>There is a fountain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>There is no name so sweet on earth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>There is none like Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>There'll be joy by and by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Will Jesus find us watching</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>The Spirit in our hearts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>What's the name of Jesus?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>What hast thou done for me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>What means this eager, anxious</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>When Jesus comes to reward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>When my final farewell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>When we turn to God and leave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Who will be the next</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Where shall I work to-day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>Whosoever will</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Weak and weary, poor and</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>We are traveling home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>We're it not for Thee, my Savior</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>We will journey on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>We praise thee, O God</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Weeping will not save me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>So near to the kingdom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Simply trusting all the way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>The voice of mercy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Take the cross, take the cross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Take the name of Jesus with you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>Take the wings of the morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Tell me the old, old story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61</td>
<td>The half can never be told</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>The hem of his garment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>The living fountain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>The morning light is breaking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Tell it with joy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>The time of prayer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>Weeping will not save me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>The lost sheep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>The prodigal child</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>There are angels hov'ring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td>The living fountain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>There are angels hov'ring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>The morning light is breaking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>Simply trusting all the way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>Sweet hour of prayer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>Sweet moments of prayer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>The mistakes of my life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>The penitent's prayer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>The precious name</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>The prodigal child</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81</td>
<td>There are angels hov'ring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82</td>
<td>There is a fountain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>There is a name I love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>There is no name so sweet on earth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>There is none like Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>There'll be joy by and by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87</td>
<td>Will Jesus find us watching</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>We are traveling home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89</td>
<td>We're it not for Thee, my Savior</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>We will journey on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91</td>
<td>We praise thee, O God</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>Weeping will not save me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93</td>
<td>We'll meet again</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>Take my life and let it be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95</td>
<td>Tell me the old, old story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96</td>
<td>The half can never be told</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>97</td>
<td>The hem of his garment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>98</td>
<td>Simply trusting all the way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>99</td>
<td>Take the cross, take the cross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>There is a fountain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>101</td>
<td>We pray thee, O God</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>102</td>
<td>Take the cross, take the cross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103</td>
<td>Take the name of Jesus with you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>104</td>
<td>There is a name I love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>105</td>
<td>There is no name so sweet on earth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>106</td>
<td>There is none like Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>107</td>
<td>There'll be joy by and by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>108</td>
<td>There's a gentle voice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>109</td>
<td>There's a song in heaven for</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**WAITING and watching for**

- Weak and weary, poor and... 49
- We are traveling home......... 98
- Weary one, wand'ring one ..... 75
- Weeping will not save me ...... 91
- We'll meet again.............. 93
- We praise thee, O God.......... 101
- Were it not for Thee, my Savior... 25
- We will journey on............ 64
Our New Sunday School Song Book!

"BRIGHTEST AND BEST."

By Rev. ROB'T LOWRY & W. HOWARD DOANE,

The Popular Authors of "Pure Gold" and "Royal Diadem."

BRIGHTEST AND BEST is now ready. Over 100,000 copies were delivered and sold before it had been before the public 30 days. Our facilities enable us to issue 5,000 copies every working day, and hence copies are filled with great promptness.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST is of the same size and shape as "Royal Diadem" and "Pure Gold," and is sold at the old price.

35 Cents retail; $30 per 100 copies in Board Covers.

It has now become an established fact, that a large proportion of Sunday Schools in this country look chiefly and confidently to our houses to provide them with the best Sunday School Songs. We feel assured that confidence thus reposed in us will be strengthened and confirmed by the quality of the new work which we now offer.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST has all the advantage which comes from years of experience in this important labor. It has been the constant study of the authors and publishers to meet the healthful demand of our Sunday School in the department of Praise. We have earnestly endeavored to reach the highest popular standard in the preparation and selection of Sunday School Songs, and have received abundant testimony that our efforts in this direction are appreciated in every part of the land.

Among the excellent Hymn writers who have contributed to BRIGHTEST AND BEST, are the following:


One Copy, with Paper Cover, will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

Orders will be filled in turn as received.

If you want a new book for your Sunday School, get either "Bright Jewel," "Pure Gold" or "Royal Diadem;", none have surpassed them. If you have used these and prefer something entirely new, send your orders for BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

Bookstores all over the world sell our publications. If your bookstore does not sell them, send at once to the publishers.

BIGLOW & MAIN, Publ’rs, P. O. "Station D;" 76 E. 9th St., N. Y.

NO. 91 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.