

THE

WELCOMER

BY

J. M. KIEFFER.

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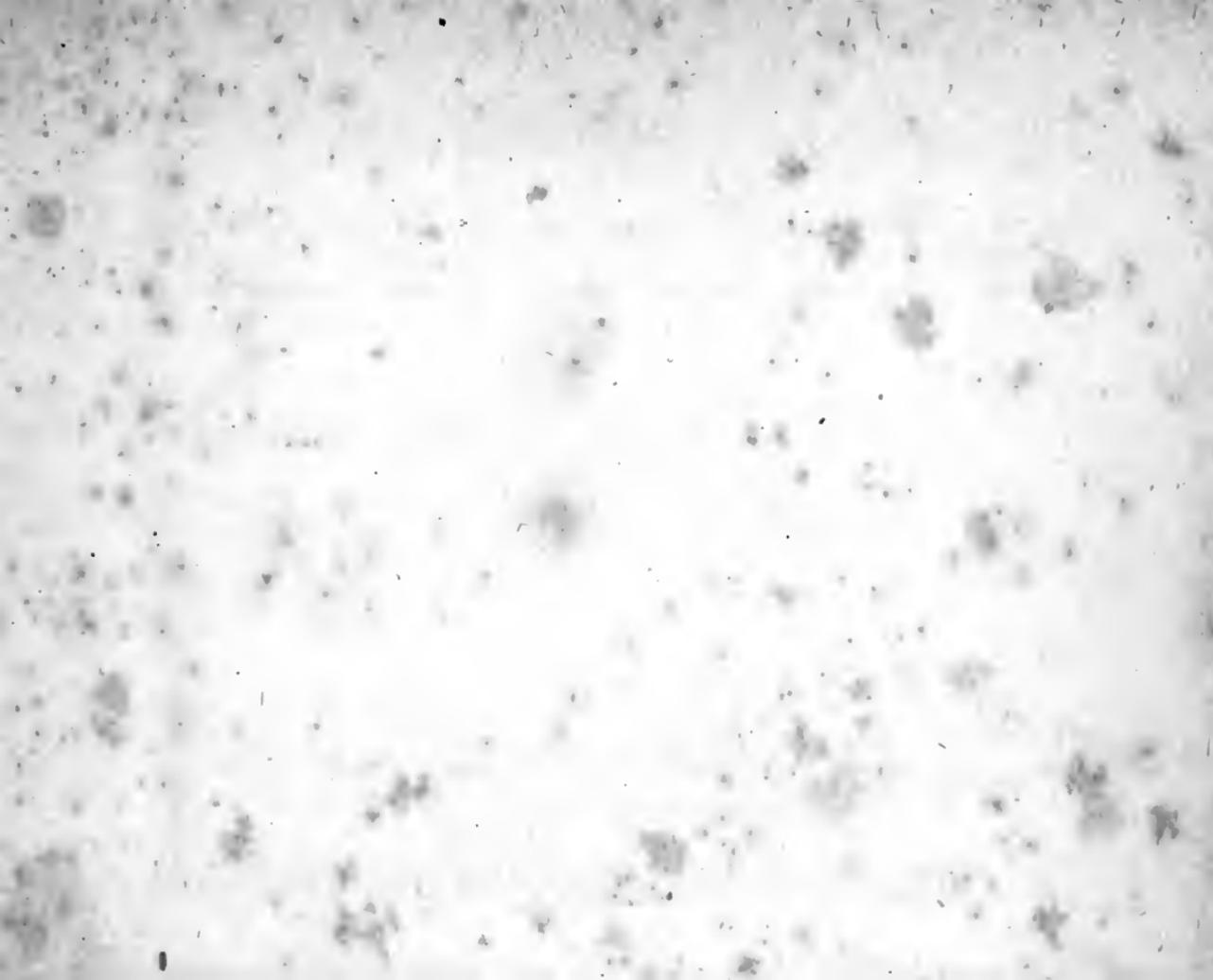
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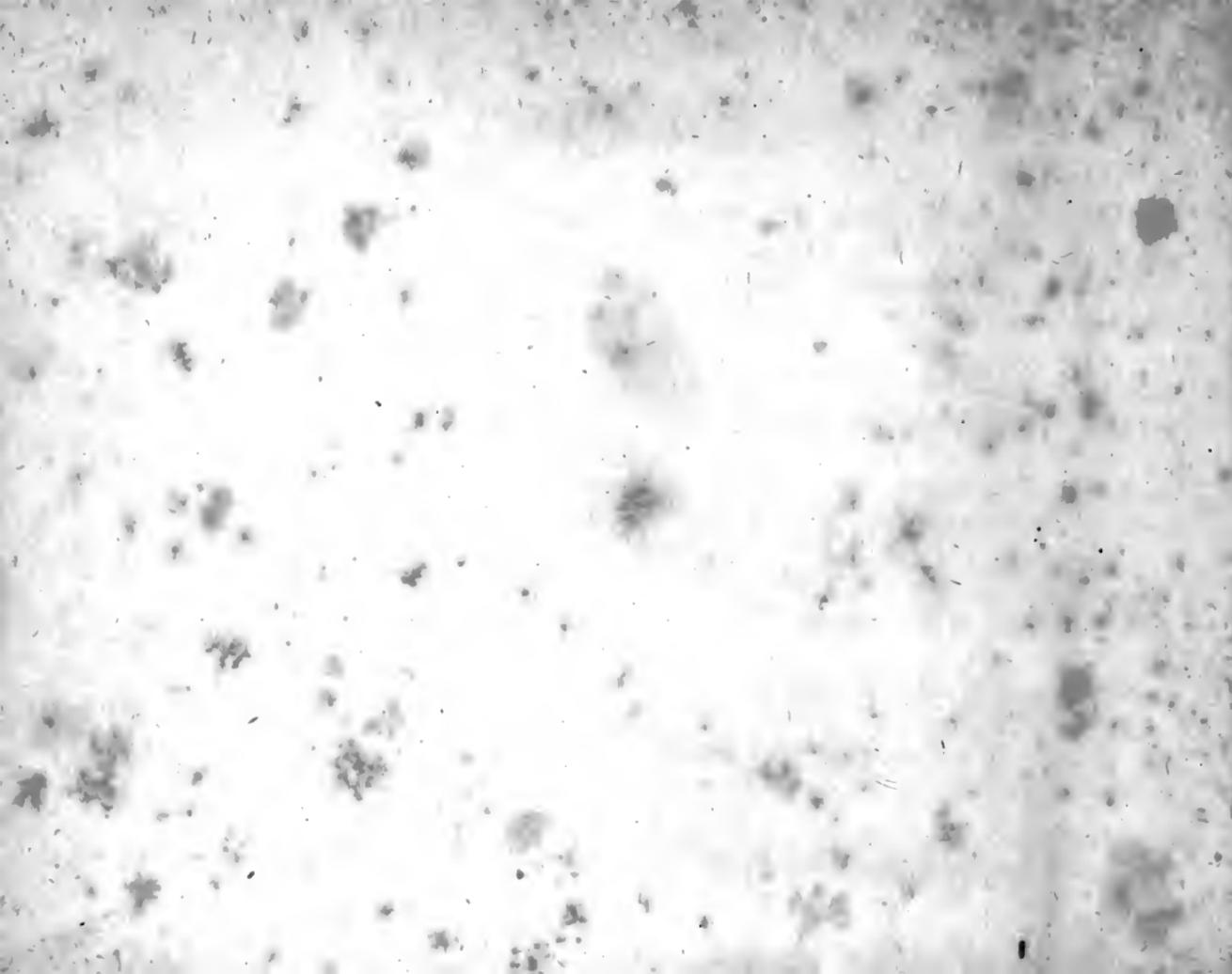
S. BRAINARD'S SONS,  
CLEVELAND.

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✓  
THE  
WELCOME;

A COLLECTION OF

*Songs, Hymns, Chants, Anthems and Choruses,*

FOR THE

SABBATH SCHOOL AND HOME CIRCLE,

✓ BY—

J. M. KIEFFER,

AUTHOR OF "THE PEARL."

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PUBLISHED BY S. BRAINARD'S SONS, CLEVELAND.

# PREFACE.

The mission of the Sabbath School Song is to educate the children in christian faith. Its sentiment, whether true or false, will assume a place in the conscience of the child and thus become an educating power which should be carefully utilized for a high purpose.

The Song should not only be rich and flowing in its music, but every line of poetry should sparkle with choicest gems of truth. Its work lies largely in the rising generation, and it is therefore very essential that the instruction which it imparts be in consonance with the most advanced christian thought. In clarion strains, its truths should issue from our Sabbath Schools, not unlike the bugle blast in advance of a moving army.

The pupil of to-day will become the teacher of a future generation, and should receive at our hands, vital principles rather than human opinions, and living truths rather than mere fictions.

In preparing the PEARL great care was taken to avoid vague sentimentalism and the erroneous exaltation of the mere means of religious instruction. In the preparation of the WELCOME, a still higher object has been kept in view. Free use is made of the broad and liberal hymns which universalize the great Christ as the Foundation of our faith, the Bond of human brotherhood, and "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

It is our earnest desire, through the medium of Sacred Song, to lead the children to the Eternal Truth and that ultimate Feast of Salvation to which Jesus bids all, Welcome!

*J. M. KIEFFER.*

# THE WELCOME.

CORONATION.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al *di-a-dem*, And  
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall. Hail Him *who saves you* by His grace, And  
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The *wormwood* and the *gall*; Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And  
4. Let *eve-ry kindred, eve-ry tribe*, On this ter-restrial ball, To Him all majes-ty ascribe, And  
5. O, that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev-erlasting song, And

*crown Him Lord of all*; Bring forth the roy-al *di-a-dem*, And *crown Him Lord* . . of all.  
*crown Him Lord of all*; Hail Him *who saves you* by His grace, And *crown Him Lord* . . of all.  
*crown Him Lord of all*; Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And *crown Him Lord* . . of all.  
*crown Him Lord of all*; To Him all majes-ty ascribe, And *crown Him Lord* . . of all.  
*crown Him Lord of all*; We'll join the ev-er-lasting song, And *crown Him Lord* . . of all.

## CHRISTIAN, AWAKE FROM YOUR SLUMBER.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Chris-tian, awake from your slumber, And ban-ish the thought of re- pose; See In what throngs without  
 2. He who has called you to con-dict, Is bid-ding you draw forth your sword, His was the path-way of

*Chorus.*

March for - ward, march for - ward, To vic - to - ry, and

number, Are gath'ring the hosts of your foes, March forward, march forward, to vic - to - ry, to vic - to - ry, and  
 tri - al, - Then fol - low the steps of your Lord, March forward, march forward, March to vic - to - ry, and

March forward, march forward, to vic - to - ry and

don't be dismayed, For Yours is the stern field of bat - tle, And not of the i - dle par - ade.

3. Fearlessly stand, though the 'foemen,  
 Should come like the waves of the flood,  
 Raise up the Red Cross, - your standard,  
 All dyed in Immanuel's blood. - CHORUS.

4. Then in the mansions of glory,  
 Where sorrow and strife never come,  
 Jesus, your Savior will crown you,  
 And angels will welcome you home. - CHORUS.

# SING OF JESUS' LOVE.

Words and Music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. From the bright world of beauty and song, Praised and adored by the holy throng, Laying aside his  
 2. Guilt-ty and wretched, captives to sin, We had no mer-it that love to win, But tho' we bore the  
 3. Seeking the lost, tho' weary and worn, Meekly He suffered their hate and scorn, Maker of worlds, yet

*Chorus.*

glo-ry and crown, Je-sus, my Savior, to earth came down.  
 shame and the thrall, Wonder of wonders, He loved us all. } Then sing of Jesus' love, Then  
 homeless He roved, O, how the Sa-rior of sinners loved. }

Je-sus' love,  
 sing of Je-sus' love, Dear children raise a hymn of praise To Je-sus' wondrous love.

4. Stretched on a cross of anguish and shame,  
 Love only burned with a brighter flame,  
 On the dear Savior mocking they gaze,  
 Still for the guilty around he prays.—CHORUS.

5. Love that shall never, never grow cold,  
 Changeless, eternal, of worth untold;  
 Onward I'll press thro' sunshine and shower,  
 Sweetly constrained by its wond'rous power.—CHORUS.

## THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. There's an earnest voice, and it seems to say; "Why will you linger, Oh! why will you stay, A -  
 2. 'Tis a lov-ing voice, and it speaks to thee, Wan-der - er, whether on land or on sea; "The  
 3. Enter in, dear Guest, and possess my heart,—Tho't and affee-tion; Oh! never depart, Till I

way from the rest, And the joys that are best, And a home up in heav-en above?"  
 day will be o'er, When I can no more Gently knock at the door of your heart."  
 hear Thee in love, Calling me from above, To my beau - ti - ful home in the sky.

home above.

*Chorus. Father's voice*

'Tis a Fa - - - ther's voice, 'tis a Fa - - - - ther's love, 'Tis a  
 'Tis a Father's voice, 'tis a Father's love, That calls us to our home above,

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.—Concluded.

Fath - er's voice, 'tis a Fath-er's love, That calls us to our home a - bove.

JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Je - sus, Savor, pi - lot me O-ver life's tempest'ous sea; Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rock and  
 2. Though the sea be smooth and bright, Sparkling with the stars of night, And my ship's path be ablaze, With the light of  
 3. When the darkling heavens frown, And the wrathful winds come down, And the fierce waves tossed on high, Lash themselves - a -  
 4. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while leaning

treach'rous shoal; Chart and compass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me, Je - sus, Savor, pi - lot me,  
 balcyon days, Still, I know my need of Thee: Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me, Je - sus, Savor, pi - lot me,  
 gainst the sky, O - ver life's tempest'ous sea, Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me, Je - sus, Savor, pi - lot me,  
 on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee! Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

Words and Music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. In man-sions bright the glo - ri - fied behold The face of their Sav-ior and King; With  
 2. The wondrous love that nothing could subdue, The cross with its shame and its pain, The  
 3. Ye tune - ful choir now safe at home above, Be - fore you had crossed o'er the tide, You  
 4. But now in loud - er, sweeter strains you sing, No long - er as strangers you roam; But

skil - ful hand they strike the harp of gold, And "wor - thy is the Lamb" they sing.  
 grace that kept them all their jour-ney thro', They cel - e-brate in loft - y strain.  
 caught the strain and with a - dor - ing love, Sang "wor - thy is the Lamb who died."  
 sweet - er still that mel - o - dy shall ring, When all the host are gathered home.

*Chorus.*

Wor - thy the Lamb! the cho - rus rings, Wor - thy to reign the King of kings; My



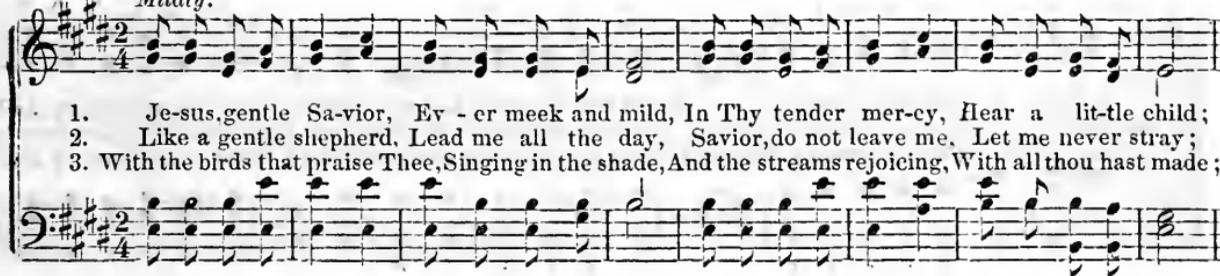
pant-ing soul would stretch her ea - ger wings, And fly to the land of song.

JESUS, GENTLE SAVIOR.

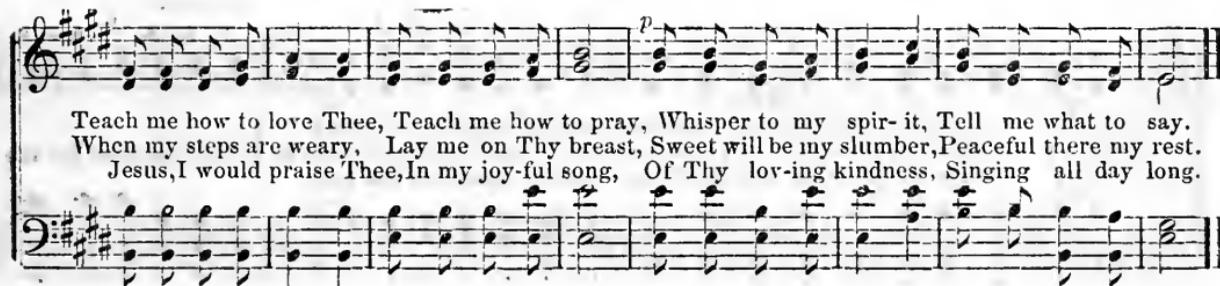
Music by

*Mildly.*

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.



1. Je-sus, gentle Sa-vior, Ev - er meek and mild, In Thy tender mer-cy, Hear a lit-tle child;  
 2. Like a gentle shepherd, Lead me all the day, Savior, do not leave me, Let me never stray;  
 3. With the birds that praise Thee, Singing in the shade, And the streams rejoicing, With all thou hast made;



Teach me how to love Thee, Teach me how to pray, Whisper to my spir-it, Tell me what to say.  
 When my steps are weary, Lay me on Thy breast, Sweet will be my slumber, Peaceful there my rest.  
 Jesus, I would praise Thee, In my joy-ful song, Of Thy lov-ing kindness, Singing all day long.

## OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

J. H. ANDERSON.



1. O-pen the door for the children; Ten-der-ly gather them in; In from the highways and  
 2. O-pen the door for the children; See! they are coming in throngs; Bid them sit down to the  
 3. O-pen the door for the children; Take the dear lambs by the hand; Point them to truth and to



hedges, In from the places of sin, Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hungry and  
 banquet, Teach them your beautiful songs; Pray you the Father to bless them, Pray you that grace may be  
 goodness, Send them to Canaan's fair land; Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hungry and

*Refrain.*

cold; O-pen the door for the children, Gather them into the fold.  
 giv'n; O-pen the door for the children, Such is the kingdom of heav'n. } Open the door for the  
 cold; O-pen the door for the children, Gather them into the fold.



children, Tender-ly gather them in; Open the door for the children, Gather them into the fold.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

IDA W. BENHAM.

## THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. Wea-ry pilgrim, will you go, Where the liv-ing waters flow, Where the fountain deep and still,  
2. Soft the verdure by its side, Clear as crys-tal is its tide, Sunshine lights the ripples o'er,

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

Flows from Zi - on's bless - ed hill?  
As they soft - ly bathe the shore.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

3. Weary of thy worldly strife,  
Thirsting for a nobler life,  
To the fountain quickly speed,  
It will satisfy thy need.
4. When by care and toil opprest,  
Seek that blessed fount, and rest;  
Rest thee on its peaceful shore,  
Drink, and thou shalt thirst no more.

MISS P. J. OWENS.

Arr. by HARRY SANDERS.

*Allegro.*

1. Children, let us join and sing, With un-i - ted voices, Praises to our heav'nly King. While each heart re-  
 2. Blest are they who turn aside, From all gain and fa-vor, And in kindness seek to guide, Youth to love the  
 3. Here their anxious love and care, All is freely giv - en. 'Tis a glorious task to rear, Children up for

joic-es, In the morning of our days, Let us turn from folly's ways. And with cheerful voices raise,  
 Savior, This is all their noble aim, Bet-ter far than gold or fame. Still untiring to proclaim,  
 heav-en, And for this their pray'rs arise, This they spend their energies. — 'Tis the soul that never dies,

Hymns to our Re-deem-er's praise.  
 Je - sus' heart in - spir-ing name.  
 They are train - ing for the skies.

4. Let us then with joyful songs,  
 Tell the pleasing story;  
 Till we join the ransomed throngs  
 In the realms of glory;  
 There to fall before His throne,  
 All His loving kindness own,  
 Who has saved by grace alone,  
 Holy, Great, Immortal One.

# HAIL, BRIGHTEST MORNING!

Words from THE LITTLE SOWER,

Music by J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Hail, brightest morning; hail, blessed day! From earthly cares let us now turn a-way; Prompt in our plac - es,  
 2. Sing, lit-tle chil-dren! come, raise your voice, Je - sus has bless'd you, now you may rejoice, Slug, youths and maidens,

## Chorus.

raise ev'-ry voice, Sweet-ly wesing and rejoice.  
 Join in the lay, This is the Lord's Holy Day! Come let us join the soul Inspiring song! Wake sweetest strains with

hearts and voices strong! Sing to the Sa - vior whom we a - dore, Hon - or and praise ev - er - more.

3. Sing, loving parents, join with us too,  
 In our devotions we cannot spare you;  
 Teach us the Way, the Truth, and the Life;  
 Banish all envy and strife.—CHORUS.

4. Now, with devotion, pure and sincere,  
 Up to the Savior our Spirits draw near;  
 Thank Him for mercies, graciously giv'n,  
 Pardon us, Father in Heav'n.—CHORUS.

Words and Music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Bound for a home in the good - ly land, Why should the pil - grim be fear - ful? Tho' there are sorrows on  
 2. Tho' from his am-bush the an-gry foe, Fierce, fle - ry darts may be flug - ing; Sol-diers are we and must

*Chorus.*

ev' - ry hand, Let us press on and be cheer - ful; We'll sing, We'll sing, While  
 fight be - low, Let us press on and keep sing - ing;

We'll sing, We'll sing,

trav' - ling to our hap - py home, We'll sing, we'll sing, While trav' - ling to our home.

We'll sing, We'll sing,

3. What tho' the cross we are called to bear,  
 From us the tear-drops is wringing;  
 Bear it we must if the crown we'd wear,  
 smile thro' your tears and keep singing.—CHORUS.

4. Jesus will shield us from ev'ry harm,  
 Ever to Him we'll be clinging;  
 Come then the sunshine, or come the storm,  
 We will press on, and keep singing.—CHORUS.

# SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE!

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise, And gird your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which  
 2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his migh - ty pow'r, The man who in the  
 3. Still let the Spir - it cry, In all the soldiers; "Come!" Till Christ, the Lord, do.

*Chorus.*

God supplies, Through His e - ter - nal Son.  
 Sa - vior trusts, Is more than con - quer - or. } From strength to strength go on, Oh,  
 ascends from high, And takes the con - qu'rors home. } go on,

and pray;

watch and fight, Oh, watch, fight and pray; Tread all the pow'rs of dark-ness down, And win the well fought day.

and sing:

## BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Beau-ti-ful riv-er! O, riv-er of love! Flow-ing for - ev - er thro' bright realms above, On thy fair bosom my  
 2. Beau-ti-ful riv-er! O, sweet is thy song! Sing-ing of rest as thou flow-est a-long! Sweet is thy sto - ry of  
 3. Beau-ti-ful riv-er! O, riv-er of life! Flow-ing a-way from the bil-lows of strife! When shall we rest on thy

*Chorus.*

bark, fain would glide, Home to my Sa-rior, Re - deem - er and Gulde,  
 yon shining shore, Where joy and gladness are found ev - er-more. } Bear me a - way on thy bright silv'ry tide,  
 borders so fair, Bask-ing in glo-ry e - ter - nal-ly there!

Beauti-ful riv-er so fair, Where the redeemed ones in glory a - bide, Sing-ing e - ter - nal-ly there.

J. M. KIEFFER,

1. Jesus bids us shine With a pure, clear light, Like a lit - tle candle, Burning all the night.  
 2. Jesus bids us shine, First of all, for Him, Well He sees and knows it, If our lights are dim!  
 3. Jesus bids us shine, Then, for all around; Ma - ny kinds of darkness, In the world are found—

In the world is darkness, So we must shine, You in your small corner, And I in mine.  
 He looks down from Heaven, To see us shine, You in your small corner, And I in mine.  
 Sin, and want, and sorrow, So we must shine, You in your small corner, And I in mine.

*Refrain.*

Je - sus bids us shine, Je - sus bids us shine, You in your small corner, And I in mine.

## GLIDING DOWN THE STREAM.

Words and Music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Down the stream of life we're gliding, Guide us, Jesus, o'er the tide; In thy love and care con-  
 2. When the night is brooding o'er us, And no shin-ing stars appear, When the breakers are be-  
 3. Down the stream of life we're gliding, Soon the per-il will be o'er, Je - sus, in thy love a-

ding, All our need shall be supplied, When the tempest wild is raging, And the heart is fearful,  
 fore us, And the hidden rocks are near, Thro' the danger safely steer us, Nev-er, nev-er leave us,  
 biding, We shall reach the blessed shore; There the night so long and dreary, Shall no more affright us,

And the eye is tearful, All Thy power and skill engaging, O'er the winds and waves preside.  
 Thou alone canst save us, With the word of promise cheer us, Quell our un-believ-ing fear.  
 Nor the tempest smite us, There the heart once worn and weary, Peace shall fill for evermore.

# GO AND TELL JESUS.

19

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Bu - ry thy sor-row, The world has its share, Bu-ry it deep-ly, Oh, hide it with care.  
 2. Tell it to Je - sus, He knoweth thy grief; Tell it to Je - sus, He'll send thee relief.  
 3. Hearts grown weary With heav - i - er woe, Droop 'mid the darkness—Go, comfort them, go!

Think of it calm-ly, When curtained by night; Tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.  
 Gath-er the sunlight A-glow on thy way; Gather the moonbeams—Each soft, silver ray.  
 Bu - ry thy sor-row, Let oth-ers be blest; Give them the sunshine,—Tell Jesus the rest.

*Chorus.*

Go, and tell Je - sus! Go, and tell Je - sus! Go, and tell Je - sus! And all will be right.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S FATHER-LAND.

REV. D. TRUEMAN.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. Where is the Christian's fath-er-land? Is it where Ja-cob's fire-led band In  
 2. Where is the Christian's fath-er-land? Is it on Ju-dea's hallowed strand, Where

sil-ence cir-cled Sin-ai's base, While glo-ry crowned their lead-er's face? O, no! not  
 Her-od's sin-less vic-tims fell—The birth-place of Im-man-u-el? O, no! not

there: O, no! not there! He claims a nob-ler fath-er-land, He claims a nob-ler fath-er-land.  
 there! O, no! not there! His is a wid-er fath-er-land, His is a wid-er fath-er-land.

3. Where is the Christian's father-land?  
 Is it by Afric's breezes fanned?  
 Is it around the northern pole,  
 Or where Genesareth's waters roll?  
 O, no! not there! O, no! not there!  
 Still nobler is his father-land,  
 Still nobler is his father-land.

4. Where is the Christian's fatherland?  
 Does East or West the name demand?  
 Where Luther stood the threatening shock?  
 Or is it e'en old Plymouth rock?  
 O, no! not there! O, no! not there!  
 His is a better father-land,  
 His is a better father-land.

5. High is the Christian's father-land,  
 Where happy saints and angels stand,  
 There Jesus waits to crown each heir,  
 And friends and kindred, too, are there.  
 O, Lord, reach forth thy helping hand,  
 And lift us to our Father-Land,  
 And lift us to our Father-Land.

# PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

21

*Moderato. f*

Arr. by J. M. KIRFFER.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore;  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come!"  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev'n - ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;

*dim.*

How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
 And, through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mus - ic of the gos - pel leads us home,  
 And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.

*Chorus.* *rall.*

An - gels of Je - sus, Au - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
 And Heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.—CHORUS.

5. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 'Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—CHORUS.

## ROLL ON, THOU MIGHTY OCEAN.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Roll on, thou mighty o - cean; And as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of mer-cy To  
 2. O Thou e - ternal Ru - ler, Who holdest in Thine arm The tempests of the ocean, Pro-  
 thy billows flow,

ev' - ry land be - low. A - rise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the destin'd shore; That  
 tect them from all harm! Thy presence, Lord, be with them, Wherev - er they may be; Though

*Chorus.*

man may sit in darkness, And death's deep shade no more. Roll on, thou mighty ocean roll, And  
 far from us who love them, Still let them be with Thee.

as thy bil-lows flow, Bear messengers of mer-cy, To ev'-ry land be-low.

This musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff, with the words "as thy bil-lows flow," on the first line, "Bear messengers of mer-cy," on the second line, and "To ev'-ry land be-low." on the third line. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final double bar line.

## SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Savior! Thy dying love, Thou gavest me; Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord from Thee.  
2. O'er the blest mercy-seat, Pleading for me, My fee-ble faith looks up, Je - sus to Thee.  
3. Give me a faithful heart, Like unto Thee; That each de-part-ing day Henceforth may see

This musical score is in 2/4 time and has a key signature of two flats. It features two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The lyrics are placed between the two staves. The music is primarily composed of eighth notes and quarter notes, with some rests and a final double bar line.

My soul would humbly bow, My heart fulfil each vow, Some oft'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.  
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wond'rous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.  
Some work of love begun, Some deed of goodness done, Some sinful wand'rer won, Something for Thee.

This musical score continues the previous one, maintaining the same 2/4 time signature and two-flat key signature. It consists of two staves: treble clef on top and bass clef on the bottom. The lyrics are written between the staves. The music continues with eighth and quarter notes, ending with a final double bar line.

## THE NAME OF JESUS.

Words by E. L.

(May be sung as Duet and Chorus.)

Music by J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Beau-ti-ful the name of Je-sus! Gent-ly on my list'ning ear,  
 2. "Precious Jesus!" softly whis-pered, A young christ-ian, "take me home,  
 3. "Bless-ed Je-sus!" aged pil-grims. With their tresses sil-ver'd o'er,

Sung by children's bird-like voic-es, Fall its Home to Heav'n—those glorious mausons, Never Of-ten breathe in trem-bling accents, As they

accents soft and clear, I have heard the lips of children Lisp that sacred name in pray'r, And more rare than cost-ly more from Thee to roam." Jesus heard the dying class-mate And, across the crys-tal tide, Sent the "Shin-ing Ones" to stand on Jordan's shore; While the spirit seems to whisper; "There is bright array above, Come, through earthly trib-u-

*Chorus.*

incense, Falls its fragrance on the air, }  
 bear her Safe-ly to the 'Oth-er Side, } Beauti-ful name, the name of Jesus! Gently on my  
 la-tions, Saved by Je-sus' boundless love." } Beau-ti-ful the name of Jesus! Gent-ly on my

list'ning ear, Sung by chil - - dren's birdlike voice-es, Fall its ac - - cents soft and clear.  
Sung by children's bird-like voice-es, Fall its ac-cents soft and clear

4. To the holy name of Jesus,  
O'er the plains of Bethlehem,  
Multitudes of angels chanted;  
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"  
When the wise men had assembled,  
Guided by a wond'rous star,  
Bringing presents, rare and costly,  
From the eastern land afar.—CHORUS.

5. To the matchless name of Jesus,  
Ev'ry realm at length shall bow  
Idol temples be demolished,  
Nations pay their sacred vow;  
And the breeze that fans the ocean,  
Then shall waft His sacred name,  
And a myriad of voices,  
Send the echo back again.—CHORUS.

## HEAVEN BIDS YOU COME.

J. M. KIEFFER,

1. Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dls-may, Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day;  
2. Child of sin and sor-row, Why will you die? Come while you can bor-row Help from on high;  
3. Child of sin and sor-row, Your moments glide, Like the fit-ting ar-row, Or the rushing tide;

Heav'n bids you come, While yet there's room, Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o-bey.  
Grieve not that love, Which from a-bove, Child of sin and sor-row, Would bring you nigh.  
Ere time is o'er, Heav'n's grace im-plore, Child of sin and sor-row, In Christ con-fide.

## SEEK THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

KITTIE OSBORNE.

W. W. BENTLEY.

1. Seek the gentle Shep-herd, Enter by the door; All the fold is peace-ful, Sin can come no - more;  
2. Seek the gen-tle Shepherd, Ever kind and true, Who is ev - er watch-ing O - ver me and you;

You shall dwell in safe - ty, Neath His loving care, E - vil can not harm you there.  
And He's gent - ly call - ing, Say-ing: "come to me! Children, come my love is free."

*Refrain.*

Seek the gentle Shepherd, Come, Oh, why de-lay? Seek the blessed Sa-rior; Come to Him to-day;

Seek the gen - tle Shep - herd, From Him nev - er stray; Come, Oh, come to Him to - day.

## UNDER THY WINGS.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Un - der Thy wings, my God, Close by Thy side, Safe from the "win - dy storm," Joy - ful I hide.  
 2. Un - der Thy wings, my God, Loved ones abide, Whom Thou hast called from me, Close to Thy side.  
 3. Un - der Thy wings, my God, Safe - ly to hide. Gather Thy "lit - tle ones," Close to Thy side.

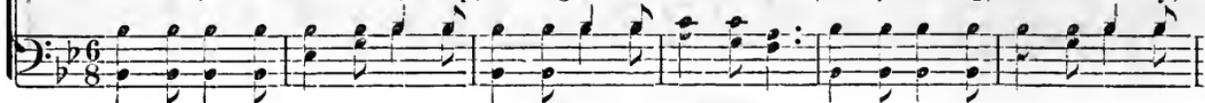
Oft Thou hast called for me; Now while the cloud I see, Swiftly I run to Thee, Close to Thy side.  
 Watch kindly o - ver me, Glo - ry I may not see, Keep ev - ry sin from me, While by Thy side.  
 Side wounded sore for me, Bleeding and bruised I see, — Savior I fly to Thee — Close to Thy side.

## TOIL ON, TEACHERS.

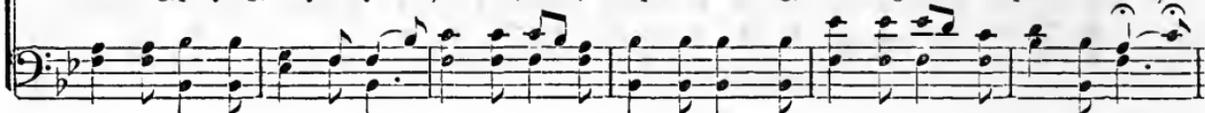
HARVEY CAMP.



1. Toil on, teachers! toil on boldly, Labor on, and watch and pray; Men may scoff and treat you coldly,
2. Toil on, teachers! toil on ev - er, Constantly, un-flinch-ing toil; Faint ye not, and weary nev-er,
3. Toil on, teachers! earnest, steady, Sowing well the seed of truth; Always willing, cheerful, read-y,



Heed them not, go on your way; Je-sus is a lov-ing Master; Cease not then His work to do;  
 La - bor on in ev-ery soil; Listless souls one day may waken, Buried seed spring up and grow,  
 Watching, praying, for your youth; Patient, firm, and per-se-ver-ing, Leaning on the promise sure;

*Chorus.*

Sav - ior!



Cleave to Him, still closer, fas - ter; He will own and wel-come you. }  
 Sin's stout bulwarks may be shaken. Hardened hearts may be brought low. } Work, work for the Savior, work!  
 Prayer will sure-ly gain a hearing, Faith-ful to the end endure. }



Mas - ter.

Je - sus died for you; Work, work for the Master, work, And he will car - ry you through.

IF LITTLE, RIGHT.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. "'Tis but lit - tle I can do; Let this be my effort still,—Ev - er to be kind and true, Ever  
2. "'Tis but lit - tle I can say; Let me ever keep in mind, Something true to speak each day, Spurning

watchful against ill; Ev - er watchful against ill; Do - ing, Lord, Thy ho - ly will.  
ev - 'ry word unkind, Spurning ev - 'ry word un - kind; So Thy fa - vor I may find.

3. "'Tis not long I have to stay;  
Health and life will soon be gone;  
I've no time to throw away;  
! Sin and trifling I must shun; :d  
Life's grave duties must be done.

4. "In this busy world of ours  
Good and evil are abroad;  
To restrain all evil powers,  
! To urge forward right and good, :f  
Equal service is to God,

5. "Count not things as small or great;  
Rather count as right or wrong;  
On the right side throw your weight,  
! Feeble be your blows or strong, :d  
Be your service brief or long, :

MRS. MARY C. GURLEY.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Beyond these days of anxious care; Beyond these nights of pain and pray'r, Where grief and  
 2. Beyond the sun - light and the cloud; Beyond the qui - et and the crowd; Where wea - ry

*Chorus.*

fear no more mo - lest, There Je - sus gives His lov'd ones rest! } Rest! Heav'nly rest! Pre-  
 feet have nev - er prest, There Je - sus gives His lov'd ones rest! }

pared for the blest; Sweet, Heav'nly rest! The Sa - vior is call - ing us home to our rest.

3. Beyond the earnest aims we seek;  
 Beyond the parting words we speak;  
 Where friends greet friends in union blest.  
 There Jesus gives His lov'd ones rest.—*Chorus.*

4. Beyond the grave's untroubled sleep,  
 O'er which His angels vigils keep;  
 Where songs of praise his love attest,  
 There Jesus gives His lov'd ones rest.—*Chorus.*

# OUR SABBATH SONG.

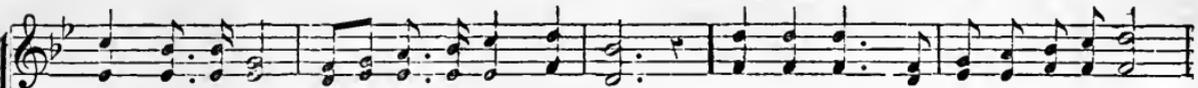
FRANK DAVIS



1. Glad-ly we hail this bright Sabbath-day! Calling from earthly la - bor a-way; Songs full of joy and
2. Beau-ti-ful day! of sev - en the best, Emblem of heav'nly, sweet heav'nly rest! We the commandment
3. Soon will our earthly Sabbaths be o'er, Then we will sing on Canaan's fair shore, There we'll enjoy a



*Chorus.*



words full of praise, Now to the Sa - vior raise.  
 love to o - bey: "Hal - low the Sab-bath Day."  
 long Sabbath rest, With the redeemed and blest. } Then we'll sing our happy Sabbath Songs,



Loud the notes of praise we will prolong; Glad are our hearts on this bright Sabbath Day, Walking in the Savior's way.



## MY CLASS FOR JESUS!

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. I'll bring my class to Je - sus! He did so much for me; He paid the price which jus-tice claimed, In  
 2. I'll bring my class to Je - sus! Now, in their youthful bloom, E're shad-ows lie a - cross the path—Dull  
 3. I'll bring my class to Je - sus! Oh, *may not one be lost!* When Calvary was the fear - ful sum Their

hours of a - go - ny. 'Tis lit - tle, Oh, my Sa - vior, That my weak hands can give; Oh, let me win these  
 sick-ness and the tomb: While life is in its morn - ing, And bright things cluster nigh, May these im - mor - tal  
 wondrous ran-som cost; One lit - tle step may sev - er The parting veil a - way, And forms that now are

## Chorus.

thoughtless ones, To look on Thee and live. }  
 souls lay up Their treasures in the sky. } For Je - sus! Oh, for Je - sus! The time is fleet-ing fast! The  
 glad and fair, To - mor - row may be clay. }

ho - ly Sab - baths hasten by, And soon will come the last, Oh teachers! toll for Je - sus, As

ne'er ye tolled be - fore, That each may bear some precious sheaves, To yon - der Shini - ng Shore.

COME, JOIN OUR SABBATH SONG.—Infant Class.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Come join our Sabbath song, On this, the Sabbath day; We know that angel harps above U-nite to swell the lay.  
 2. Come to our Sabbath School, Come to the place of pray'r; Come lit-tle boy, and lit-tle girl, Our sacred pleasure share.  
 3. And in the house above, Not made with human hand, We'll sing at last the Sabbath Song, In one un-brok-en band.

Words and music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Now, ere the sunny morn of life is o'er, Walk with the ho - ly to the Shin-ing Shore;  
 2. What tho' a warfare is the Christian's life? Christ will defend you on the field of strife;  
 3. Now, ere the ten-der heart is hard and cold, En - ter with hap-py hearts the Shepherd's fold;  
 4. But go with broken heart to Je-sus' cross, Then, when the stream of death shall foam and toss,

Je - sus will fold you to his lov - ing heart, When you are willing with your sins to part.  
 What tho' a heavy cross may press you down? Soon shall you change it for a glorious crown.  
 Tho' now His call is sounding loud and clear, Soon will it faint-ly fall up-on the ear.  
 He in His faithful arms will bear you o'er, And with a song of joy you'll reach the shore.

*Chorus.*

Come, children, yield your hearts, Come, oh, come; Come ere your youth departs, Come, oh, come;

Now is the favored time, Be wise to-day; Ear-ly the Sa-vior seek, No more de-lay.

## HOW CHARMING IS THE PLACE.

Where my Redeemer, God,

J. M. KIEFFER.  
Unveils the beauties

1. How charming is the place, Unveils the beau-ties  
Where my Re-deem-er, God, Un-veils the beauties

How charm-ing is the place, Where my Re-deem-er, God,

of His face, And sheds His love a-broad.

2. Here on the mercy seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,  
And smile on all around.
3. To Him their prayers and cries,  
All humble souls present;  
He listens to the broken sighs,  
And grants them all they want.
4. Give me, O Lord, a place,  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

1. Say, poor wand'rer, sadly straying From the Savior's arms a-way, Why, oh, why so long de-laying?  
 2. Oh, how can you grieve the Savior And refuse to hear His voice? Why not now ac-cept His fa-vor

Why not seek His face to - day? Has not Je-sus for you giv-en His most precious, priceless blood?  
 In His pardoning love rejoice? Thro' life's journey He will guide you, And be with you all the way,

*Chorus.*

Bought for you a home in heaven? Opened up a way to God? Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
 What a friend to have be-side you. Traveling with you day by day. Come to Jesus, &c.

Why not seek His face to - day? Why, oh why so long de - lay-ing Seek His lov - ing face to-day.

JUST AS I AM.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to  
2. Just as I am, and waiting not, To rid my soul from one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each

Thee, O, Lamb of God, I come!  
spot, O, Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O, Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am, Thy love, I own,  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, and Thine alone,  
O, Lamb of God, I come!

1. Rally, children, ral-ly Round the standard of the Lord! Come and join the sa-cred ar-my. And re-  
 2. Rally, children, ral-ly, Gird the heav'nly ar-mor on; Foes on ev-'ry side surround you, Fight un-  
 3. Rally, children, ral-ly, For the rag-ing conflict's here, Though your path is full of tri-als,—Keep up

ceive the great reward, Come and join the Sa-vinger's chosen. For he leads the Ar-my grand, Leads them  
 til the vict'ry's won, Let your faith be strong in Je-sus, From His pre-cepts nev-er roam, Then how  
 courage,—Nev-er fear; There's a crown for you in wait-ing, See, it glit-ters in the skies! Fol-low

*Chorus.*

ev-er onward, upward, Leads them to that hap-py land. } Then ral-ly, children, ral-ly, Come and  
 sweet will be your welcome, When as conquer'ors you go home, }  
 then your captain's footsteps, And se-crete the glo-rious prize.

heed the Savior's call; He will give you grace to conquer; He has par - don for you all.

### THY WILL BE DONE.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray, Far from my home, In life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say: "Thy  
2. Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me "be still" and murmur not, Or breathe the pray'r di-vine-ly taught, "Thy

will, my God, be done, Thy will, my God be done."  
will, my God, be done, Thy will, my God be done."

3. If but my fainting heart be blest,  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God! to Thee I leave the rest;  
"Thy will, my God, be done,  
Thy will, my God, be done."
4. Renew my will from day to day;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say;  
"Thy will, my God, be done,  
Thy will, my God, be done."

## MARCHING ON.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Come, ye Soldiers of the Cross; Come, ye pilgrims of the earth; Fight ye brave-ly in the cause; Act ye  
 2. Je - sus holds to you a crown; See it glitt'ring in the sky. - On His face there is no frown, - We will

worthy of your birth; Look ye to your Lead - er, - Christ; Be ye faithful un - to Him; Mark you  
 meet Him by - and - by. By - and - by we'll meet in Heav'n, By - and - by we'll all be there, Rich - est

*Chorus.*

well the pearl of price; Nev - er let your path grow dim. Marching on, L. arching on, we're near - ing  
 blessings there are giv'n, And a crown of life we'll wear.

Marching on, marching on, we're near - ing

Rich - est

Heav'n—we'll soon be there, Marching on, marching on we'll soon be there;

Rich - est

we'll soon be there;

bles - - - ings there are giv'n.....

blessings there are giv - en, And a crown of life we'll wear, And a crown of life we'll wear.

LIKE JESUS.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. I want to be like Je-sus, So low-ly and so meek; For no one mark'd an an-gry word, That ev-er heard him speak.
2. I want to be like Je-sus, I nev-er, nev-er find That He, though perse-cuted here, To an-y was un-kind.

3. I want to be like Jesus,  
So frequently in pray'r;  
Alone upon the mountain top,  
He met His Father there.

4. Alas! I'm not like Jesus,—  
As any one may see;  
O, gentle Savior, send Thy grace,  
And make me like to Thee.

## LIFT YOUR HEADS, YE GOLDEN GATES!

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Children trav'ling Zi - on - ward, Trav'ling to e - ter - nal rest, To the realms so bright and fair,  
 2. Come they from all earthly climes, Journ'ying the dark valley thro'; There to walk the golden streets,  
 3. Children of Je - ru - sa - lem, Sang His praise in ancient days; Children now His praises sing,

To the mansions of the blest, There to wel - come, Je - sus waits, All who robes and  
 They had ev - er kept in view, There a - round the great white Throne, They will stand all  
 While they walk ap - prov - ing ways, For they know His love they'll share, If they all have

crowns shall win; Lift your Heads, ye gold - en Gates, Let the lit - tle trav'lers in!  
 free from sin; Lift your Heads, ye gold - en Gates, Let the lit - tle trav'lers in!  
 faith - ful been; Lift your Heads, ye gold - en Gates, Let the lit - tle trav'lers in!

## ARE WE GOING TO JESUS?

43

S. V. R. FORD.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Are we go - ing to Je - sus, our Re - deem - er and Friend? On whom for sal - va - tion and life, we depend;  
 2. Are we go - ing to Je - sus, who so sweet - ly of old The lambs of the flock in His arms did en - fold?  
 3. Are we go - ing to Je - sus? He in - vites us to share The place where the ransom'd and glo - ri - fied are;—  
 4. Are we go - ing to Je - sus? when we launch on the tide Of Death's chilling stream, shall we heaven - ward glide?

Who died to redeem us,—who rose from the tomb,— As - cend - ed on high To pre - pare us a home?  
 The weak and the help - less, who fly to His arm, Pro - tec - tion shall find and a shel - ter from harm.  
 The rest for the wea - ry, the man - sions so bright, Pre - pared for His saints in the Cit - y of Light,  
 Shall we float high a - loft on the billow's white crest? Shall we an - chor with Christ in the ha - ven of rest?

*Chorus.*

Yes, we're go - ing to Je - sus, Go - ing to Je - sus, We're go - ing to Je - sus, our Re - deem - er and Friend.

## WE COME, WITH LOUD ACCLAIM.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. We come, we come with loud acclaim, To sing the praise of Je - sus' name, And high our voic - es raise;  
 2. O, Je - sus, Thou ex - alt - ed King To Thee our of - f'ring now we bring; May we our tongues em-employ

He that redeem'd our fall - en race, And saves us by His sovereign grace, Demands our high-est praise.  
 To swell the song of dy - ing love, Which ransom'd souls now sing a - bove, While Heav'n is fill'd with joy.

*Chorus.*

We come..... with loud ac-claim..... To praise..... the Sa- vior's  
 We come, we come with loud acclaim, We come with loud acclaim, To praise, to praise the Savior's name, To

name; . . . . .  
praise the Savior's name; And high our hap - py voice - es raise To Christ in grate - ful song.

3. Thou blessed Lamb that once wast slain,  
Who bore the cross, endured the pain,  
And died on Calvary's hill;  
We hail Thee as the risen Lord,  
Who came according to Thy word,  
To do Thy Father's will.—CHORUS.

4. Then shout aloud, in joyful strains,  
'Tis Jesus Christ forever reigns,  
High on His throne above;  
And may the heavenly choirs on high  
Send back the echo in reply.  
To this, our song of love.—CHORUS.

## MORNING HYMN.

Music by

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. Lord, be - fore thy throne I bow, Wilt thou lis - ten to me now; While to thee my

voice I raise, In a hymn of pray'r and praise.

2. Make me truly, wholly thine,  
Cleanse this sinful heart of mine;  
All my wicked deeds forgive,  
May I serve thee while I live.

3. And when I am called to die,  
Let my home be in the sky,  
There to join my voice in song,  
To the praise of Christ thy Son.

*Spirited.*

1. Firm and u-ni-ted we ev-er march along, Onward, ev-er onward, to bat-tle for the right;  
 2. Foes may surround us and strive to bar the way. But our fears are vanished, for Jesus leads us on;  
 3. Up with the standard and bear it far and wide, Onward, ev-er onward, o'er all the bat-tle field;

All now at work with a heart and courage strong. Sure that we shall conquer, for right is might.  
 Firm in our purpose, we work from day to day, Battling till the great vic-to-ry is won.  
 Christ is our help-er, and so, what'er betide, In the mighty con-flict we'll nev-er yield.

*Chorus.*

Work and win, work and win, Shall our glorious mot-to be. Firm and strong, Firm and strong, Marching

on to vic - to - ry, With a will, with a will, On-ward still, on-ward still, Marching on to vic - to - ry.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

JESUS IS CALLING.

J. M. KIEFFER.

*Duet.*                      *Semi-chorus.*                      *Duet.*                      *Semi-chorus.*

1. Je-sus now is calling "Come to me and live;" Hear the sol-earn warn-ing; Hear it and be-lieve.  
 2. Child-ren, He will nev-er Prove un-kind to you; Trust in Him for - ev-er; He will guide you through.  
 3. Why do you still linger? Je - sus bids - you come; Bids you all be hap-py; Calls you to His home.  
 4. Come and hear His calling, And no long-er roam; Come in - to His service, Till he calls you home.

The musical score is in G major and 2/4 time. It features four distinct sections: two duet sections and two semi-chorus sections. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

*Chorus.*

Je-sus now is calling, calling, Calling you to come, Je-sus now is call-ing, To guide you safe-ly home.

The musical score is in G major and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

REV. D. S. ANDERSON.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Bless-ed Je - sus, deign to hear us, Thou commandest us to pray, Dear-est Sa - vior, be Thou near us, Thou must  
 2. Of - ten, Sa - vior, do we hear Thee, Saying to us: "Come to me!" Dear-est Lord, we would be near Thee, Help us,  
 3. Sa - vior, con - des-cend to greet us, With Thy ten-der, lov-ing smile, Send Thy spir - it down to meet us, And our

help us to o - bey, Thou on earth, didst love the children, Thou, in Heav'n art still the same, And we come to  
 then, to come to Thee. Come we would, our sins con - fessing, Pray-ing Thy for - giv - ing love, Seeking Thy en-  
 souls with love beguile. Dear-est Sa- vior, keep us near Thee, Whilst we sojourn here be - low, May we hon - or,

*Chorus.*

ask Thy blessing, Com-ing as those chil - dren came, }  
 riching blessing, And a home with Thee a - bove. } Oh, be near us, Sa- vior, hear us, This our humble,  
 love and fear Thee, And at length Thy glo - ry know, }

ear-nest prayer; May we hon - or, love and fear Thee, And go home a crown to wear.

This musical score is for the first song. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

## SABBATH-DAY.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. It is the Sabbath-day, A day to those Who love to sing and pray, And pay their vows.  
2. It is the Sabbath-day, That Je - sus gave : Who took death's sting away, And spoiled the grave.  
3. It is the Sabbath-day, That saw Him rise : Let us His voice o - bey, Who rules the skies.

This musical score is for the second song. It is in 6/8 time and one flat. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

*Chorus.*

The blessed, the blessed, The blessed Sabbath day, The Sabbath-day. To sing and pray, The blessed Sabbath-day..

The blessed, blessed Sabbath-day,

This musical score is for the chorus of the second song. It is in 6/8 time and one flat. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

1. Draw near, ye wea-ry, bowed and bro-ken-heart-ed; Ye onward trav'lers to a peaceful bourne;  
2. The bright and spotless Heir of endless glo-ry, Wept o'er the woes of those he came to save;

Ye, from whose path, the light has all de-part-ed, Ye who are left in sol-i-tude to mourn;  
And an-gels wondered when they heard the sto-ry, That He who conquered death, wept o'er the grave.

Though o'er your spir-it has the storm cloud swept; Sa-cred are sorrow's tears, since "Je-sus wept."  
For 'twas not when His lone-ly watch He kept In dark Gethsemae, that "Je-sus wept."

3. But with the friends He loved, whose hopes had perished,  
The Savior stood, while through His bosom rushed  
A tide of sympathy for those He cherished,  
And from His eyes the burning tear-drops gushed.  
And, bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,  
In agony of soul, dear "Jesus wept."

4. Lo! Jesus' power the sleep of death has broken,  
And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye;  
Look up, ye mourners, hear what He has spoken,  
"He that believes on me, shall never die."  
Through faith and love your spirits shall be kept,  
Hope brighter grew on earth when "Jesus wept."

Words and Music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. No longer at ease will I slumber, En-chanted by pleasure and sin; I'll cast off the weights that en-  
 2. The fol-lies of youth long beguiled me, I'll chase the bright phantoms no more, The sins that be-set and de-

*Chorus.*

cumber, And glo-ry en-deavor to win. Look-ling to Je-sus, I'll run the race, Looking to Je-sus for  
 filed me, At once I'll forsake and deplore.

dai-ly grace, Soon shall I gaze on His love-ly face, In Heav-en, my hap-py home.

3. The tempter may labor to charm me,  
 And sweetly the syren may sing;  
 But what can ensnare or alarm me,  
 While firmly to Jesus I cling?—CHORUS.

4. Thus, looking to Jesus, I'll never  
 Be moved by the sneer or the frown;  
 And when I have passed o'er the river  
 I'll wear in His Kingdom a crown.—CHORUS.

1. De - lay not, delay not, O, sin-ner draw near, The Waters of life are now flowing for thee;  
 2. De - lay not, delay not, O, sin-ner to come, For mercy still lingers, and calls thee today:  
 3. De - lay not, delay not, the Spir-it of Grace, Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;  
 4. De - lay not, delay not, the hour is at hand, The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;

No price is de-mand-ed, The Sa-rior is here,   Redemption is purchased, Salva-tion is free.  
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;   Her message unheed-ed will soon pass away.  
 And leave thee in darkness to fin-ish thy race, To sink in the gloom of e-ter-nity's night.  
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand, What pow'r then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid.

## Chorus.

Then haste to the Sa-rior, why longer de-lay?   See Je-sus stands pleading, O hear and obey.

## COME, DEAREST LORD.

53

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Come, dear - est Lord, and bless this day, Come bear our thoughts from earth away;  
2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, With rays of light up - on us shine;  
3. Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er, And we arrive on Ca-naan's shore,

Now let our no-blest pas - sions rise, With ar - dor to their na - tive skies.  
And let our wait - ing souls be blest, On this sweet day of sa - cred rest.  
With all the ransomed we shall spend, A Sab - bath that will nev - er end.

## HEAVENLY TEACHER.

1. Come, Jesus, heavenly Teacher. Come  
Convey Thine own instructions home;  
While men Thy sacred truth impart,  
'Tis thine alone to reach the heart.
2. Whene'er I read or hear Thy word,  
Thine inward teachings, Lord, afford,  
To me Thy holy will reveal,  
Unfold the book, and loose the seal.
3. Call me, O call me to Thy feet,  
And there transported may I sit;  
With joy Thy heavenly features trace,  
And feast upon thy richest grace.

## PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOR.

W. W. BENTLEY.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sa - vior; While the days are gliding by; See! the shades of ev'ning  
 2. O - pen now the flowing fountain, Cleanse my guilty soul within, Tar-ry with me, blessed  
 3. Je - sus, lead me thro' the darkness, While I sleep, still watch by me, Till the morning, then a -

*Chorus.*

gath - er, And the night of death is nigh.  
 Sa - vior, Wash me whol - ly from my sin. } Pass me not, O, gen-tle Sa - vior,  
 wake me, Dear - est Lord, To dwell with Thee.

Speak again my heart to cheer; Place thy loving arms around me, I am safe when thou art near.

# MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

55

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise: The hosts of sin are  
 2. O watch, and fight and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly  
 3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down; Thine arduous work will

*Chorus.*

press-ing hard To draw Thee from the skies. } till death  
 ev' - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore. } Fight on, my soul, fight on, till death Shall  
 not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown. }

bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee at thy parting breath. To His divine a - bode.

## HAPPY DAY!

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. A - mid the joy - ous scenes of earth, When hope's bright visions round us play, There still re-  
 2. Should all the joys of earth grow dim, And melt, like fan - cy's dream, away, There lingers  
 3. When death's dark shadows gather round; When nature's no - blest pow'rs decay, A spirit's

*Chorus.*

mains an hour most dear; The mem'ries of that hap - py day. }  
 deep within the heart, Fond mem'ries of that hap - py day. } Happy day! Happy day! When we were  
 whisp'ring voice recalls, The blessed mem'ries of that day. }

taught the heav'nly way, Hap - py day! hap - py day! When Je - sus washed our sins a - way.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. I want that a - dorn'ng di - vine, My God, on - ly Thou canst be - stow; I want in those beau - ti - ful  
 2. I want, Oh! I want to at - tain Some likeness, my Sa - vior, to Thee! That longed for resemblance once  
 3. I want so in Thee to a - bide— To bring forth some fruit to Thy praise! The branch which Thou prunest, though

*Chorus.*

garments to shine, Which distinguish Thy household be - low.  
 more to regain, Thy come - li - ness put up - on me! } I want—and this will be my pray'r— To  
 fee - ble and dried, May languish, but nev - er de - cays.

glo - ri - fy Thee till I die; Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care, And breathe out, in faith, my last sigh.

4. I want by my aspect serene,  
 My actions and words to declare,—  
 My treasure is placed in a country unseen,  
 My heart and affections are there.—**CHORUS.**

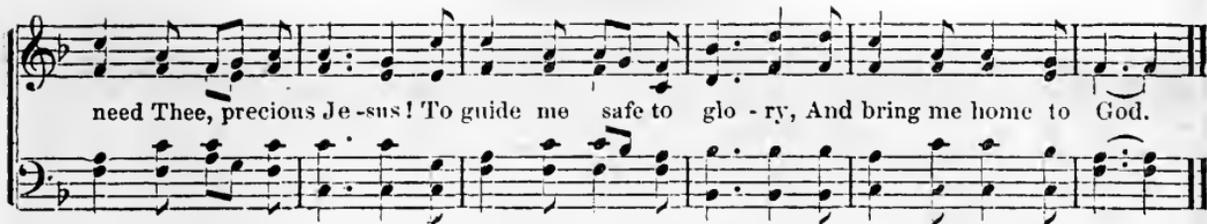
5. I want as a traveler to haste,  
 Straight onward, nor pause on my way,—  
 Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance, to waste  
 On the tent only pitched for a day.—**CHORUS.**

1. I need Thee, precious Je-sus! For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and guilt-y; My  
 2. I need Thee, precious Je-sus! For I am ver-y poor; A stranger and a pil-grim, I  
 3. I need Thee, precious Je-sus! For I am ver-y blind; A weak and helpless wand' rer, With

heart is dead with-in; I need the cleansing foun-tain, Where I can al-ways flee; The  
 have no earth-ly store; I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way; To  
 dark and e - vil mind; I need thy charming presence, To tread the nar - row road; To

*Refrain.*

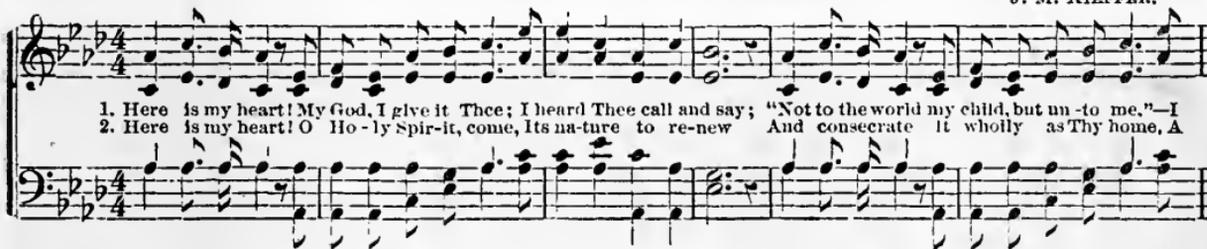
blood of Christ, most precious,—The sinners' on - ly plea.  
 guide my doubting foot-steps; To be my strength and stay. } I need Thee! I need Thee! I  
 guide me safe to glo - ry; To bring me home to God. }



need Thee, precious Je-sus! To guide me safe to glo-ry, And bring me home to God.

## THE CHILD'S BEST OFFERING.

J. M. KIEFFER.



1. Here is my heart! My God, I give it Thee; I heard Thee call and say; "Not to the world my child, but un-to me."—I  
2. Here is my heart! O Ho-ly Spir-it, come, Its na-ture to re-new And consecrate it wholly as Thy home, A

*Refrain.*


heard and will o - bey. tem - ple fair and true. Here is my heart! Here is my heart! Here is my heart. My God, I give it Thee.

a. Here is my heart! It trembles to draw near  
The glory of thy throne.  
Give it the shining robes Thy servants wear,  
Of righteousness, Thine own.—REFRAIN.

4. Here is my heart! O Friend of friends, be near,  
To make each tempter fly;  
And when my latest foe I wait with fear,  
Give me the victory.—REFRAIN.

## SALVATION IS FREE.

FRED. GRALEY.

1. Sal - va - tion is free, Sal - va - tion is free, And Je - sus a - lone the blessing could buy; Re -  
 2. The Sa - vior demands No work of the hands, No lamb from the flock, no gold from the mine; 'Tis  
 3. Oh, speed on, blest time, When every clime, In homage shall bow to Je - sus the knee; And

gardless of cost, And lov - ing the lost, He came down to suf - fer and die.  
 on - ly be - lieve, And Thou shalt rec - eive Sal - va - tion, e - ter - nal, di - vine.  
 earth shall prolong The ju - bi - lant song, Sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion is free.

*Chorus.*

Send the glad tidings o'er land and o'er sea, Say to the sin - ner, sal - va - tion is free;

Je - sus has purchased the bless - ing for thee, Je - sus, the Sa - vior di - vine.

MISS FLORA BROWN.

## TO THEE I COME.

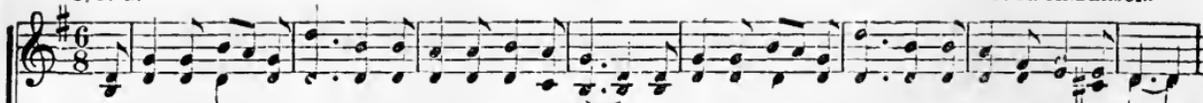
W. W. BENTLEY.

1. O Lord, to Thee I come, Weighed down with grief and care; I  
 2. Long, long I've trod the way, That leads to end - less night;— But  
 3. Help me to do thy will, The paths of sin to shun, Keep

now bring all my grief to Thee,—Wilt Thou not hear my pray'r?  
 now I hear Thy gen - tle voice; O lead me to Thy light.  
 me in safe - ty near Thy side Un - til life's race is run.

C, J, G.

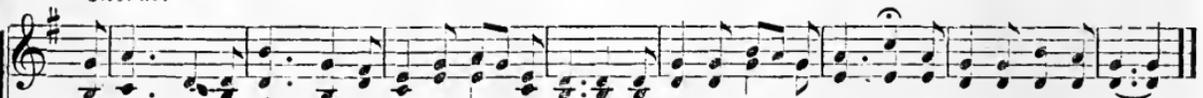
J. H. ANDERSON.



1. Oh! come, thou weary wand'rer, Thou poor lost lamb of mine; Turn from your fading treasures,— Come feast upon the vine.  
 2. Behold, your rag-ged garments, All spent in moth and rust! You nev-er may repair them, Or cleanse them from the dust;  
 3. I ask of you no penance, To win your future bliss; But place your hand with meekness, And tender love, in His;



Thou restless lamb and wayward, Why wilt thou blinded be? Why wander o'er the mountain? The blessed fold is free.  
 Yet come with all your vile-ness, And I will make you new,— The right-eousness of Je - sus Shall be a robe for you.  
 Why will you wander, restless, With thorns beneath your feet, When on the Savior's bo-som, You may find rest so sweet.

*Chorus.*

Oh! come. Oh! come. Thou weary wand'rer, come, And in the realms of glo-ry, Find an e-ter-nal home.  
 Oh! come, Oh! come,



WILLIAM HUEN.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. There is a riv-er, deep and broad, Its course no mortal knows; It fills with joy the  
 2. Where'er it flows, contentions cease, And love and meekness reign, The Lord himself com-

*Chorus.*

Church of God, And wid-ens as it flows. Flow on, flow on, sweet Stream, flow on, The  
 mands the peace, And foes conspire in vain.

earth with glory fill; Flow on, till all the Savior know, And all o - bey His will.

Flow on, till all the Sa - vior know.

3. Along its shore, angelic bands  
 Watch every moving wave;  
 With holy joy their breast expands,  
 When men the waters crave.—**CHORUS.**

4. To it distressed souls repair,  
 The Lord invites them nigh;  
 They leave their cares and sorrows there,—  
 They drink and never die.—**CHORUS.**

## MY HEAVENLY HOME.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I long to see my heav'nly home, My heav'nly home so fair; To dwell in peace with-  
 2. Its glo - ries oft thro' faith I see, When sorrows press me down; My soul would fearless

*Chorus.*

in those walls, So free from sin and care. My heav'n -ly home, my heav'n -ly home, The  
 launch a - way, And wear a priceless crown.

Savior has prepared for me; My heav'nly home, my heav'nly home, Its glories how I long to see!

3. My Savior waits me in that home  
 He has prepared for me;—  
 For all the kindness He has shown,  
 How grateful should I be!—*CHORUS.*

4. His name I'll bless throughout my days,  
 For all His mercies shown;  
 And when I reach my Heav'nly home,  
 I'll praise Him round the Throne.—*CHORUS.*

# JESUS DIED FOR ME.

65

Words and Music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Je-sus sought and saved me When a wand'ring child, In the foun-tain laved me, Wretched and de - filed;  
 2. All unclad he found me, Poor, and com - fort - less; But He threw around me Robes of righteousness;  
 3. Savior, Thine forev - er, I would whol - ly be; Let me nev - er, nev - er, Tire of serving Thee;

Dried the eye so tear - ful, Bade the an - gulsh cease, And the heart so fear - ful Filled with heav'nly peace.  
 Hushed the notes of sadness, Taught me to re-joice, And to songs of glad-ness Tuned my heart and voice.  
 Gaz - ing ou thy beau-ty, Sweet is my em - ploy, Toil is more than du - ty, 'Tis my bright - est joy.

## Chorus.

All my song shall be: "Je-sus died for me!" Never sweeter song was sung Than "Je-sus died for me."

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God, But children of the heav'nly King, But children of the  
 3. Soon we shall hear Him say; "Ye blessed children, come!" Soon He will call us hence, away, Soon He will call us

*Chorus.*

sweet ac - cord. And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.  
 heav'nly King, May sound their praise abroad, May sound their praise a - broad. } Then let our songs a - bound, And  
 hence, a - way To our e - ter - nal home, To our e - ter - nal home.

thus sur - round the throne.

ev' - ry tear be dry; We're marching, we're marching, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground.

# THE JUBILANT SONG.

67

REV. J. H. BROWN.

DR. A. T. HAMILTON.

1. Hark! the ju - bi - lant songs of the chil - dren are heard; Their loud hal - le - lu - jahs a - rise; Now each  
 2. Your glad vo - es ring out o - ver mountain and plains, Pro - claiming Sal - va - tion to - day; For to -  
 3. Sing for joy the dear words of the Sa - vior who said; "To me suf - fer chil - dren to come!" "For of  
 4. Bring them in, let them come, rich and poor, high and low, Bring all to the kingdom of God, Let their

child's heav - ing bo - som is thrilled with delight, That the chil - dren are blest, By the gra - cious Redeem - er who  
 day we are se - vered from Sa - tan's dark chains, And the chil - dren are free, They are free thro' the blood of the  
 such is my king - dom," by me they are fed, And are safe in the fold, In the fold of the Sa - vior who  
 high praises ring out as on - ward they go, To the king - dom above, To the king - dom a - bove where our

## Refrain.

ev - er doth live. }  
 Sa - vior who lives. }  
 ev - er doth live. } Sal - va - tion, and hon - or, and glo - ry to give, Sal - va - tion, and hon - or, and glo - ry to give.  
 Sa - vior doth live. }

1. Come to the mer-cy - seat— Come to the place of pray'r; Come lit - tle children,  
 2. Come to your God in pray'r,— Come to the Sa - vior now— While youthful skies are  
 3. Come in the name of Him, Who all your sorrows bore— Who ev - er lives to

*Chorus.*

to His feet, In whom ye live and are!  
 bright and fair, And health is on your brow! } Je - sus calls you! Will you come? Come to  
 par - don sin, And will be sought in pray'r! }

Je - sus just now! Je - sus calls you! Will you come? Oh, come to Je - sus just now!

1. Lit-tle child-ren, come to Je-sus; Hear him say-ing, "Come to me!" Blessed Je - sus, who to  
 2. Lit-tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Giv-en from the heav'n a - bove; Lit - tle ears to hear the  
 3. There are lit - tle crowns in Heaven, There are lit - tle harps of gold, There are lit - tle shin-ing

save us, Shed His blood on Cal - va - ry! Lit-tle souls were made to serve Him, All his  
 sto - ry Of the Sa - vior's wondrous love; Lit-tle tongues to sing His prais - es, Lit - tle  
 dress-es, There are gems and joys un-told; Je - sus gave his blood to buy them He has

ho - ly law ful-fill; Lit-tle hearts were made to love Him, Lit-tle hands to do His will.  
 feet to walk His ways; Lit-tle bod - ies to be tem-ples, Where the Ho - ly Spir-it stays.  
 bought enough for all; Lit-tle child-ren, come to Je - sus, He has love for great and small.

S. L. CUTHBERT.

J. M. KIMFEE.



1. We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft there comes a shin-ing beam A-cross from yon-der shore; While
2. The oth - er side! ah, there's the place Where saints in joy past times retrace, And think of tri - als gone; The
3. The oth - er side! the oth - er side .Who would not brave the swelling tide Of earth-ly toll and care, To



vis-ions of a ho - ly throng, And sound of harp and ser-aph song, Seem gent - ly waft - ed o'er.  
 vell with-drawn, they clear-ly see, That all on earth had need to be, To bring them safe - ly home,  
 wake one day, when life is past, Be - yond the stream, at home at last, With all the bless'd ones there?

*Chorus.*

O, Zi - on! Cit-y fair! O, Zi-on! Cit-y fair! The oth-er side, the oth-er side, O, when shall we be there?



O, Zi - on! Cit-y fair!

# WE'LL SOON BE THERE.

MARY E. KAIL,

W. W. BENTLEY.

1. We'll soon be there, in that bright land, Where never comes a part-ing hand; We'll soon be with the  
 2. What tho' our way be lone and dark, And storms assail our frag ile bark; Or gloomy clouds ob-

*Chorus.*

friends we love, In that dear home with Christ a-bove. } Roll on, dark wave, We  
 secure the light, We'll trust in God and do the right. } Roll on, Roll on,

will not heed thy roar; We'll soon be there, with those who rest, On that ce - les - tial shore.

*Roll on.*

3. Though earthly dreams may prove untrue,  
 Or fruitless seems each work we do;  
 The bread we cast upon the wave,  
 May some poor wand'ring sinner save.—CHORUS.

4. 'Twill not be long till we shall stand,  
 With angels in that heavenly land;  
 Then evermore our song shall be,  
 King Jesus died to set us free.—CHORUS.

Words and Music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. If blooming flow'rs my pathway strew, And sunshine gilds my days; To Him from whom all mer-cles flow, A  
 2. If round me friendship's silv-er cords En-twine with mag-ic pow'r, I'll prize the pure and lov-ing words, That  
 3. If du-ty's path is smooth and fair, I'll swift-ly on-ward press; If called the heav-y cross to bear, I'll

grate-ful song I'll raise; If thorns should press the wea-ry feet, And temp-ests dire ap-pall, Con-  
 gild the so-cial hour; But should the friend-ly heart grow chill, Or loved ones round me fall; I'll  
 pray and toil no less; No earth-ly joys shall win my heart, No earth-ly woes ap-pall, My

## Chorus.

tent-ed still the change I'll greet, For Je-sus is my all. } Je-sus my all, Je-sus my all,  
 dry the tear, con-tent-ed still, For Je-sus is my all.  
 por-tion is the bet-ter part, And Je-sus is my all.

Shepherd, and Savior di - vine, Je - sus my all, Je - sus my all, Reign in the heart that is Thine.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Jesus is My All'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

AGAIN IN SABBATH SCHOOL.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. In Sabbath school a - gain, Each voice we raise, And sound the joyful strain To God in praise; Led  
2. We lift our hearts a - bove To God in pray'r, That now a - gain his love We all may share, That  
3. Oft as we gath - er here, Let heart and voice U - nite, in things sin - cere To speak our choice: And

The image shows the beginning of a musical score for 'Again in Sabbath School'. It features two staves: treble and bass clef. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

hith - er by his hand, We a - gain, a hap - py band, May learn to un - derstand His word and ways.  
all, while here we stay On this ho - ly Sabbath - day, May learn, without de - lay, The cross to bear,  
when these Sabbaths end, Which so quickly here we spend, To heav'n may we ascend, Where all re - joice.

The image shows the continuation of the musical score for 'Again in Sabbath School'. It features two staves: treble and bass clef. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

## ON THE OTHER SIDE.

REV. J. S. BOYD.

J. H. ANDERSON.

*Solo.**Chorus.**Solo.*

1. Where shall we end our sor-row? On the oth-er side. Where be-gin the  
 2. Where flows the crys-tal riv-er? On the oth-er side. Where do christians  
 3. Where's Christ our loved ones bring-ing? On the oth-er side. Where shall we soon

*Chorus.**Duet.*

glad to - mor-row? On the oth-er side; There the sweet voiced an-gels sing;  
 reign for - ev-er? On the oth-er side; Nev-er night or death ap-pears  
 hear them sing-ing? On the oth-er side; Oh! we'll join them, charming sight!

*Chorus.*

Saints, on harp strike loud the strings; Gladdest mu-sic ev-er rings; On the oth-er side.  
 Banished gloom-y doubts and fears; God shall wipe a-way all tears, On the oth-er side.  
 Waving palms and wear-ing white; Serv-ing God in purer light, On the oth-er side.

## THE CITY OF GOD.

75

J. M. KINFFER.



1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, Cit - y of our God; He whose word cannot be
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa-ter, Springing from e - ter - nal love, Well sup-ply thy sons and
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'ring, See, the clouds of fire ap-pear, For a glo - ry and a



broken, Formed thee for His own a - bode: On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy daughters, And all fear of want remove. Who can faint, while such a riv - er, Ev - er flows their cov'ring, Showing that the Lord is near: Thus de - riv - ing from their banner, Light by night, and



sure re-po-se? With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile on all thy foes. thirst t'assuage; Grace, which like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age? shade by day, Safe they feed up - on the man - na, Which He gives them when they pray:



Words and music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. All is well, all is well, For my Sa-  
 2. Cares may come, cares may come, But in Him I find re-  
 3. From His side, from His side, If my wand'ring steps depart, He restores, He restores, When the tears of sorrow start;  
 4. When I lie, when I lie, Panting on the bed of death, Ten-derly, ten-derly, Will He watch the falling breath;

In His fold, In His fold, Peace and pleasantness abound. There my soul, there my soul, Blessed rest has found.  
 Foes may frown, foes may frown. Fiery darts may pierce my soul, Wounded sore, wounded sore, Jesus makes me whole.  
 All my sin, all my sin, Freely, ful-ly, he forgives, And His child, and His child, To His fold receives.  
 Loving words, Loving words, Will my gloomy fears al-lay, On His breast, on His breast, I shall pass a-way.

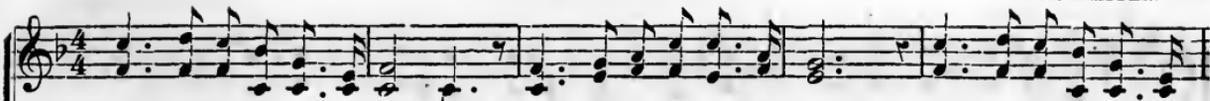
*Chorus.*

All is well, all is well, Hap-py hours with Him I spend, All is well, all is well, Je-sus is my friend.

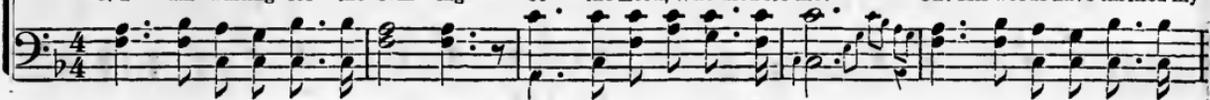
# I AM WAITING FOR THE DAWNING!

77

J. M. KIEFFER.



1. I am waiting for the dawn-ing, Of the bright and blessed day, When the dark-some nigh of  
 2. I am looking at the bright-ness,— See, it shineth from a - far,— Of the clear and joy - ous  
 3. I am waiting for the com - ing Of the Lord, Who died for me! Oh! His words have thrilled my



sor - row, Shall have vanished far away; When, for - ev - er with the Sa - vior, Far beyond this vale of  
 beam - ing, Of the bright and morning star; Thro' the dark, gray mist of morn - ing, Do I see its glorious  
 spir - it; "I will come a - gain for thee," I can almost hear His foot-fall, On the threshold of the



tears, I shall swell the song of wor - ship, Throug the ev - er - last - ing years.  
 light, Soon will flee the ev - 'ry shad - ow, Of this sad and wea - ry night.  
 door, And my heart, my heart is long - ing To be His for - ev - er - more.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful home, O-ver there, On the banks of the riv - er of light, Over there,  
 2. There is rest in that home, O-ver there, In that land that is fair - er than day; Over there,  
 3. We shall sing in that home, O-ver there, The me-lo - di - ous songs of the blest; Over there,

Where the blest, all im-mor - tal and fair, Roam the fields in their garments of white.  
 There is free - dom from sor - row and care, There are treas-ures that fade not a - way.  
 Heav'n-ly joys with our Sa - vior we'll share, In that ha - ven, fair ha - ven of rest.

*Chorus.*

Over there, Over there, Over there, Over there, There's a beautiful home, Over there, Over there, O-ver

there, o - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver there, There's a beau - ti - ful home o - ver there.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes.

## HELP ME, O, LORD.

MRS. H. GARDNER.

W. T. ROGERS.

1. Help me, O Lord, to pray! So ea - si - ly my thoughts and feelings tend To earth - ly things; ah let me  
 2. Help me, O Lord, to trust! In whom shall I believe ' if not in Thee? The heartless world doth love it-  
 3. Help me, O Lord, to love! Not friends a-lone, but if there's one whose heart Would to my life one ad - ded

The musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features a simple harmonic accompaniment in the bass clef and a melody in the treble clef. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

not offend With ho - ly words while my weak heart doth stray From Thee. O Lord, away. From Thee. O Lord, a - way.  
 self—not me: Thou art my Father, mer - ci - ful and just. And I O Lord, am dust, And I. O Lord, am dust,  
 grief impart, Give me the spir - it that doth rule a - bove, That ha - tred turns to love. That ha - tred turns to love.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score from the previous block. It includes the same two staves (treble and bass clef) and continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

W. A. CAULDWELL.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Ring - ing through the sil - ver star - light Floats the cho - rus of the skies, "Christ the Lord, your  
 2. Lo, the star—its splendor streaming O'er Ju - de - a's hill and plain! Wise were they who  
 3. We would fol - low where that leads us, "David's Son" we too would greet! We would cast our

Sa - vior, cometh!" 'Tis the song of Par - a - dise. Pre - lude of that heavenly mu - sic,  
 marked its gleaming Guided by its dazzling train, To that wondrous Sun just breaking  
 gold - en off - rings At the ri - sen Savior's feet! Then with voic - es sweet and joy - ous,

Which shall swell in grander chords, When ten thousand thousands hail Him, "King of kings, and Lord of lords."  
 Through the gloom of heathen night, And the blinded eyes a - wak - ing With the Gospel's radiant light.  
 "Christ the Lord!" shall be our cry, As our praises, with the an - gels Blend beyond the star - ry sky.

## O, JESUS, DELIGHT OF MY SOUL.

81

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. O, Je - sus, delight of my soul, My Sa - vior, my shepherd divine! I yield to thy bless - ed con -  
 2. Thy love I can nev - er deserve, That bids me be hap - py in Thee; My God and my King I will  
 3. How can I Thy goodness re - pay, By na - ture so weak and de - filed? My - self I have giv - en a -

## Chorus.

trol; My bod - y and spir - it are Thine. }  
 serve, Whose fa - vor is Heaven to me. } O, Father, in Heaven above! Come now and a - bide in my  
 way, O, call me Thine own blessed child. }

heart, O, bind me so fast with Thy love, That from Thee I may nev - er de - part,

S. F. SMITH.

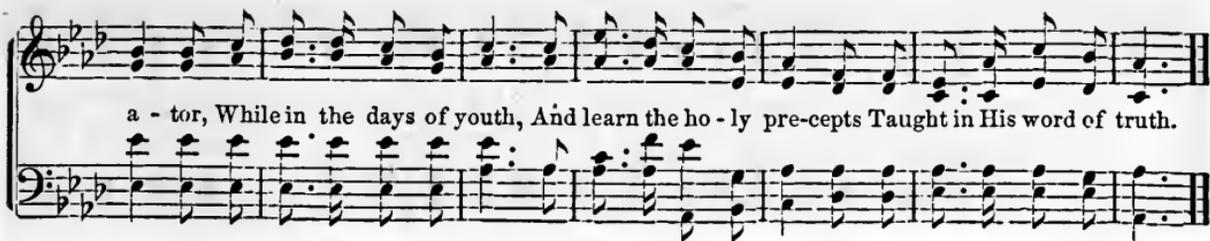
WM. T. ROGERS.

1. "Re-mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor" While youth's fair spring is bright, Before thy cares are greater Or  
 2. "Re-mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor" Ere life re - signs its trust, Ere sinks dissolving na - ture, And

age has dimmed thy sight; While yet the sun shines o'er thee, While stars the darkness cheer, While  
 dust re - turns to dust; Be - fore with God, who gave it, The spir - it shall appear; He

*Chorus.*

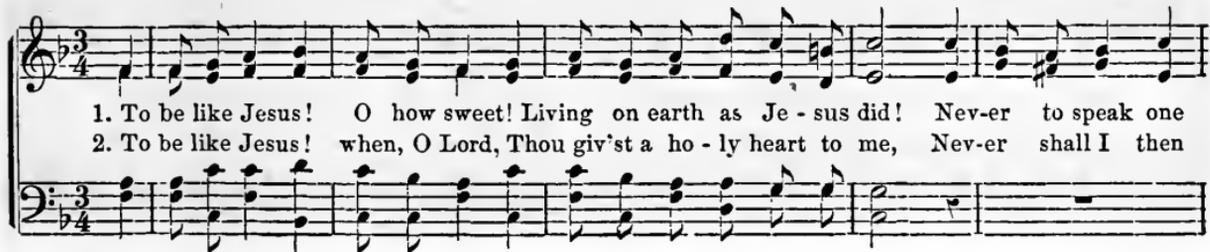
life is all be - fore thee, Thy great Cre - a - tor fear. } Re - mem - ber thy Cre -  
 cries who died to save it, "Thy great Cre - a - tor fear. }



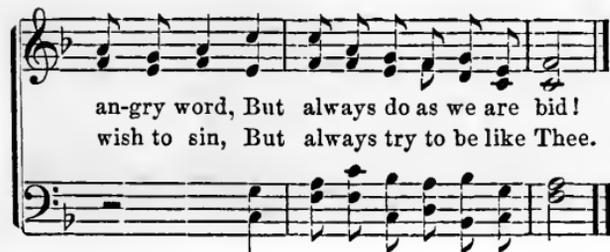
a - tor, While in the days of youth, And learn the ho - ly pre - cepts Taught in His word of truth.

## TO BE LIKE JESUS !

W. T. ROGERS.



1. To be like Jesus! O how sweet! Living on earth as Je - sus did! Nev - er to speak one  
2. To be like Jesus! when, O Lord, Thou giv'st a ho - ly heart to me, Nev - er shall I then



an - gry word, But always do as we are bid!  
wish to sin, But always try to be like Thee.

3. To be like Jesus! pure in thought,  
And word and deed! O help me, Lord,  
Never Thy Spirit more to grieve,  
But always love Thy holy word.
4. To be like Jesus! O, how sweet!  
When I go home to heaven above,  
Never shall I forget Thee more,  
But always dwell with Thee in love.

REV. RAY PALMER, D. D.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Oh, Rock of a - ges! since on Thee By grace my feet are plant-ed, 'Tis mine, In tran - quill  
 2. With - in Thy clefts I love to hide, When dark - ness o'er me clo - ses; There peace and light se-  
 3. From Thee, Oh, Rock, once smit - ten, flow Life giv - ing streams for-ev - er; And who - so doth their  
 4. On that dread day when they that sleep Shall hear the trumpet sound-ing, And wake to praise, or

faith to see, The ri - sing storm, un-dann-ted; When an - gry bil - lows round me rave, And  
 rene a - bide, And my stilled heart re - pos - es; My soul ex - ults to dwell se - cure, Thy  
 sweet - ness know, He thence-forth thirsteth nev - er, My lips have touched the crys - tal tide, And  
 wake to weep, The judg - ment throne surrounding: When wrapped in all - de - vour-ing flame, The

tem - pests fierce as - sail me, To Thee I cling, tho' ter - rors brave, For Thou canst nev - er  
 strong nu - ni - tions round her; She dares to count her tri - umph sure, Nor fears lest hell con-  
 feel no more re - turn - ing The fev - er that so long I tried To cool, yet felt still  
 sol id globe is wast - ing, And what at first from noth - ing came, Is back to noth - ing

fall me. Though reeds the globe with earth-quake shock, Unmoved Thou stand'st, E - ter - nal Rock.  
 found her; Though tumults star - tie earth and sea, Thou change-less Rock, they shake not Thee.  
 burn-ing; Ah, wond'rous Well-Spring! brim-ming o'er With liv - lug wa - ters ev - er - more.  
 hast-ing; E'en then my soul shall calm - ly rest, Oh, Rock of A - ges! on Thy breast.

## I BRING THEM ALL TO THEE.

Music by H. E. KIMBALL.

*Tenderly.*

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can-not count, That all may cleansed be In Thy once-opened  
 2. My heart to Thee I bring, The heart I can-not read, A faithless, wand'ring thing, An e - vil heart in-  
 3. To Thee I bring my care, The care I can-not flee; Thou wilt not on - ly share, But take it all for  
 4. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can-not tell; No words shall needed be, Thou knowest all so

fount. I bring them, Savior, all to Thee; The bur - den is too great for me.  
 deed, I bring it, Savior, now to Thee, That fixed and faithful it may be.  
 me. O, lov - ing Savior, now to Thee I bring the load that wearies me!  
 well. I bring the sor - row laid on me, O, suff'ring Savior, all to Thee!

5. My joys to Thee I bring.  
 The joys Thy love has given,  
 That each may be a wing  
 To lift me nearer Heaven.  
 I bring them, Savior, all to Thee,  
 Who hast procured them all for me.
6. My life I bring to Thee,  
 I would not be my own;  
 O, Savior, let me be  
 Thine ever, Thine alone!  
 My life, my heart, my all I bring  
 To Thee, my Savior and my King.

1. We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we swiftly glide ; We are out on the o-c-ean  
 2. Millions now are in safe-ty landed, O-ver on the oth-er shore ; Millions more still are on their

*Chorus.*

sailing, To a home be-yond the tide. All the storms will soon be o-ver, Then we'll  
 journey, Yet there's room for millions more.

an-chor in the harbor ; We are out on the o-c-ean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

3. Spread your sails, then while heavenly breezes,  
 Gently waft our vessel on ;  
 All on board now are sweetly singing—  
 Free salvation is the song.—CHORUS.

4. When we are all in safety anchored,  
 We will shout—our trials o'er ;  
 We will then walk about the city,  
 And we'll sing forever more.—CHORUS.

# LAND OF SONG.

87

Words and music by

DR. A. T. HAMILTON.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land, a land of song, Far, far o-ver Jordan's cold stream; Where children sing with that  
 2. In that beau-ti-ful land, the land of song, The an-gels and seraphs u-nite, To sing Ho-san-nas to  
 3. There Je-sus the Sa-rior of mankind, As Judge of the world sits enthroned; While hon-or, glo-ry and

## Chorus.

migh-ty throng, Who praise their Redeemer's name,  
 God their King; Around the great throne of light. } Far o-ver the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful land, The  
 praise are giv'n, By those whom His blood a-toned. }

beau-ti-ful land of song! No sin nor sor-row, pain nor death, In that beau-ti-ful land of song.

1. The ar-my of the Sabbath School Is marching on its way; We want recruits to fill our ranks, O  
 2. Here let the orphan's cheek be dry, The weary find a rest; A Fath-er stands with longing arms, To  
 3. Fight on, young soldiers of the cross, With courage true and brave, Throw out your banner to the breeze And

hear the call to-day; And though our numbers still increase, For Vol-un-teers we call; Our  
 fold you to His breast. Come, ye who tread life's humble walk, Its heav-y yoke, who bear; For  
 let it bold-ly wave, Fight on, the conquest shall be yours, and when the bat-tle's o'er The

*Chorus.*

doors are o-pen, children, come, For grace is free to all.  
 when the Sav-ior dwelt on earth, You were His ten-der care. } Free grace to all! O,  
 ar-my of the Sabbath School, Shall sing on Canaan's shore. }

child-ren, hear the call! To high and low its bles-sings flow, For Je - sus died for all.

## LIFT UP THY BROTHER.

D. C. COLESWORTHY.

H. E. KIMBALL.

1. Lift up thy brother, fall - en now, By wayward pas-sion led; A blight is on his  
 2. Speak but a word and it may bring Hope to his laboring breast—And in his careless  
 3. One ten-der look of love sin-cere, One gen-tle, kind ca - ress, One lit - tle sym-pa-

pal-lid brow—O plant there joy in - stead.  
 ears may ring Like music from the blest.  
 thizing tear, That more than words express,

4. Have raised from sin and misery deep  
 Full many a jewel rare,  
 Which God will in His treasury keep,  
 Forever brightening there.
5. So drop a word in love whene'er  
 A brother goes astray;  
 Twill prove a star of light to cheer  
 'Through all life's future way.

## CROWNED WITH LIGHT.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER,

FROM "PURE DIAMONDS."

JAS. M. NORTH

1. Crowned with light in a home of glo - ry, We shall sing with the an - gel band; If on earth we are on - ly  
 2. If we work in the world's great har - vest, If we la - bor and ne'er give o'er, Sowing seed for the gold - en

## Chorus.

faith - ful, As we march to the heavenly land, Sing Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing  
 harv - est. We shall reap on the oth - er shore

Glo - ry to the Lord; For his prom - ise is sure, And his love shall endure, Ev - er faithful His blessed word.

3. Let us pray for the Savior's blessing,  
 Let us practice the golden rule;  
 Pleasant words and the deeds of mercy,  
 We have learned in the Sabbath School. *Chorus.*

4. Crowned with light in the saints sweet haven,  
 Robed in white in the better land,  
 If on earth we are only faithful,  
 We shall sing with the angel band. *Chorus.*

## KEEP ME EVER NEAR THEE.

T. B. CUNNINGHAM.

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*Moderato.*

1. Dear Lord Je - sus, keep me ev - er In 'Thy pres-ence, near thy side; Naught my soul from  
 2. Dear Lord Je - sus, I will love Thee In my glad-ness, in my grief; From Thy service  
 3. Lord, be near, my soul to strengthen, As my day on earth goes on, Till the ev'ning

Thee can sev - er, In thy ways will I a - bide: Thou the life art of my liv - ing;  
 naught shall move me; I will serve Thee all my life, — Ev - er to Thy voice re - ply-ing,  
 shad-ows length-en And the night is com-ing down: Then Thy gracious hands ex-tend-ing,

And all strength and power of mine I am still from Thee deriving, As the vine branch from the vine.  
 Read-y when death comes to me, For the soul may welcome dy - ing When its trust is fixed on Thee.  
 In the full-ness of Thy love, Whisper: "Child, this life is end-ing, Come, and rest with me above."

W. S. CAULDWELL  
*Duct.*

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. The song long since by angels sung, Falls gently on our ears again, As oncethro' star-lit realms it rung,  
 2. No longer now in throbbing fear, An angry Judge we dread to face: Look up! the King's own son is here,  
 3. Oh, happy tidings, burden'd heart. With pain, or sin, or grief opprest! He blunt s the tempter's poisoned dart,  
 4. Not long the la - va-tide of war Shall desolate the smiling earth. Not long the booming cannon's roar

*Chorus.*

Far up a-bove the homes of men; And still it bids our hearts rejoice, As when it fell from angel's voice.  
 To take the conquer'd rebel's place! Pardon and love the herald s sound, And men as "sons of God" are crowned!  
 He gives the weary bosom rest; The Burden-bearer comes to take The load which else thy heart would break!  
 Shall still the voice of childish mirth; The battle-storm is yet to cease Beneath thy rays, Oh, Sun of Peace!

*Girls.**Boys.**Full Chorus.*

Peace, peace on earth! Peace, peace on earth! Bright day of peace, we hail thy morn! Ring out glad bells for Christ is born,

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. I've no a - bid - ing cit - y here, I seek for one to come; And tho' my pil - grimage be  
 2. This earthly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will of - ten come; And oh, I long to see the  
 3. I know I ne'er shall worthy be, To dwell 'neath heav'n's bright dome, But Christ, my Savior, died for

*Chorus.*

drear, I know there's rest at home.  
 light, That gilds my heav'nly home. } Heav'nly home! heav'nly home! Precious  
 me, And now He calls me home.

Heav'nly home!

heav'nly home!

name so dear to me, I love to think the time will come, When I shall rest in Thee.

Precious name so dear to me!

FAITH LATIMER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Hark! there is a bless-ed call    Sounding loud and free to all,    To a roy-al feast to be' a guest;  
 2. Blest are they who hear the call    For, with-in the Jas-per wall,    They shall sing a nov-er-end-ing psalm;  
 3. Ev-ry one who en-ters in,    Shall be washed and cleansed from sin,    In the blood the dy-ing Sav-lor shed;  
 4. There, within the streets of gold,    They shall feast on joys un-told,    With the loved ones who have gone be-fore;

Hark! the Spl-rit and the Bride Have in sweet-est ac-cents cried: "Come, Oh, come and be for-ev-er blest!"  
 Twi-ning fade-less gar-lands sweet—Of the Tree of life they'll eat,    At the mar-riage sup-per of the Lamb.  
 They shall wear the heavenly dress, Of his per-fect righte-ousness,    And a crown on each im-mor-tal head.  
 Welcomed to a chosen place, They shall see His glo-ri-ous face,    In His pres-ence dwell for ev-er-more.

*D. S.* For'twas Je-sus did pre-pare Such a glorious garment there For the ransomed round His throne of light.

Chorus.

*D. S.*

Oh! do not slight the call, There is room enough for all,    And for each a shin-ing robe, Yes, a robe of spot-less white!

LOUISE GRALEY.

1. In search of wealth and pleasure Let others choose to roam; I have a precious treasure, A  
 2. When cares and toils perplex me. And thorns my path bestrew, They cease to wound and vex me When  
 3. There words of love are spok-en, There deeds of love are done, To keep the chain unbroken That

*Chorus.*

hap-py Christian home. }  
 home ap-pears in view. } Dear home, dear home, With beau-ty ev - er crowned; There  
 binds our hearts in one. }

Dear home, Dear home,

flowers of fond affection, And sunny joys abound.

4. But lest the charms that please us  
 Like faded flowers become,  
 We'll make the loving Jesus  
 The glory of our home.—*Chorus.*

5. Should pleasures wiles ensnare us,  
 He'll win us by His love;  
 And by His grace prepare us  
 To share His home above.—*Chorus.*

*Allegro.*

1. Say ye not, O christ-ian reap-ers, That the earth no harvest yields; Look a-broad! yes,  
2. Mul-ti-tudes of youth and children, Scattered thro' this world of sin; Mul-ti-tudes of

*Chorus.*

all a-round you, See, the wait-ing har-vest fields. Look abroad yes, all a-  
men and wo-men, Christ will give you grace to win. Look abroad! &c.

Look a-broad,

round you, See the wav-ing har-vest fields.

all around, Look abroad and see the waving harvest fields.

3. Very soon the autumn cometh,  
And the summer will be o'er,  
Then among the ripened harvests  
You will find your work no more.  
*Cho.*—Look abroad, etc.
4. But if you in faith have labored,  
Gathering all the sheaves of grain,  
You in joy will meet the Master  
When at last He comes again.  
*Cho.*—Look abroad, etc.

1. Hail, Thou long expected Je-sus, Born to set Thy people free! From our sins and fears re-  
 2. Israel's strength and con-so-la-tion, Hope of all the saints Thou art; Long desired of eve-ry

*Chorus.*

lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee. Blessed Je - sus! Great Re-deem-er! Born to  
 na - tion, Joy of eve - ry wait-ing heart. Blessed Je - sus! &c.

set Thy people free! Blessed Jesus! Great Redeemer! Let us find our rest in Thee.

3. Born Thy people to deliver,  
 Born a child, yet God, our King,  
 Born to reign in us forever,  
 Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.—*Cho.*

4. By Thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone;  
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.—*Cho.*

## O COME TO JESUS NOW.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Come, weary souls, with sins dis-tressed, The Savior's call o - bey; Come and ac-cept the  
 2. See Je - sus stands with o - pen arms, He calls, He bids you come: Guilt holds you back, and  
 3. O! come, and with His children, taste The blessings of His love: While Hope attends the

*Chorus.*

promised rest, And cast your fears a - way.  
 fear a - larms: But see, there yet is room. } O, come to Je - sus now, Jesus now, And  
 sweet re - past Of no - bler joys a - bove.

in His presence bow, presence bow; He will re-ceive your troubled soul And give you rest.

4. There, with united heart and voice,  
 Before th' eternal throne,  
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
 In ecstasies unknown.—CHORUS

5. And yet ten thousand thousand more  
 Are welcome still to come;  
 Ye longing souls, His grace adore,  
 Approach, there yet is room.—CHORUS.

# VAIN WORLD ADIEU.

99

W. T. ROGERS.

1. When for e - ter - nal worlds I steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear, And faith in lively  
 2. With cheer - ful hope her eyes explore Each landmark on the distant shore ; The trees of life, the  
 3. The near - er still she draws to land, More eag - er all her powers expand ; With stead - y helm, and

ex - er - cise, And dis - tant hills of Canaan rise, My soul for joy then claps her wings, And  
 pastures green, The golden streets, the crystal stream ; Again for joy she claps her wings, And  
 free bent sail, Her anchor drops with - in the veil ; A - gain for joy she claps her wings, And

loud her lovely son - net sings : "Vain world, adieu, vain world, adieu, Vain world, vain world, adieu !"  
 loud her lovely son - net sings : "Vain world, adieu, vain world, adieu, Vain world, vain world, adieu !"  
 her ce - les - tial son - net sings : "Vain world, adieu, vain world, adieu, Vain world, vain world, adieu !"  
*rit.*

## PASS ALONG THE WATCHWORD!

(S. S. BATTLE SONG.)

A. T. GORHAM.

*Spirited.*

From "PURE DIAMONDS."

1. Pass along the watchword, Soldiers of the King! Thro' your bannered regions let the war-cry ring!  
 2. Gird a-new your armor, draw the trusty sword, Faithful lit-tle sol-diers, fighting for the Lord!  
 3. Wear marchin' homeward with our God to dwell, Homeward where the angels' songs of triumph well.

Pass a-long the watchword as you onward go, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, o-ver ev'ry foe!  
 Jesus Christ, your Captain, gives you as you go, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, o-ver ev'ry foe!  
 There we'll gladly gather, no more out to go, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, ours o'er ev'ry foe!

*Chorus.*

Pass along the watchword! Victory! Vic-to-ry! Pass along the watchword! Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry!

Pass along the password, shout it as you go, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, o - ver ev - 'ry foe!

## BRIGHT SEASON OF CHILDHOOD.

FRED GRALEY.

1. Bright season of childhood, Life's young rosy dawn; Like flowers of the wildwood, Soon faded and gone.  
2. While children of pleasure Al-lure the young heart, True joy without measure Christ waits to impart.

*Chorus.*

Then while the heart's tender, Choose ye the good part; And wholly sur-ren-der To Jesus the heart.

3. Think not of thy merit,  
Mourn over thy loss;  
And let the good Spirit  
Lead thee to the cross.

*Chorus.*

4. O wait then no longer,  
God calls thee to-day;  
And sin will grow stronger  
As time rolls away.

*Chorus.*

5. Bright beautiful morning  
Too precious to last;  
And never returning  
When faded and past.

*Chorus.*

REV. W. H. GIBBONS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. The *un-seen land* I long to see, And know the joys that are to be; The *unseen One*, whose  
 2. The *unseen crown* which He holds now, I long to wear up-on my brow; The *unseen harp* with  
 3. My *unseen friends* who've gone before, I long to hail on that blest shore; *Oh, unseen world!* Thy

## Chorus.

name I bear, I long to meet and wor-ship there! }  
 gold - en strings, I long to feel the thrill it brings! } Yet, may I still by faith and love, Seek  
 bliss I know Must far sur-pass all things be-low! }

for the things that are above, And when at last my work is done, Then shall I know as I am known.

# GO, WORK TO-DAY.

103

Words and Music by

H. E. KIMBALL.

*Spirited.*

1. Hark to the voice of the Mas-ter a-bove. "Go work to-day, work to-day!" Hark to His ac-cents in  
 2. Je - sus is call-ing, and call-eth to you: "Go, work to-day, work to-day!" Har - vest is wait-ing but  
 3. Lord! we will heark-en to Thy lov-ing voice: We'll work to-day, work to-day! We'll help some soul to look

ten-der - est love: "Go, work to-day, work to-day!" Look all around you, the fields far and near Read - y and  
 reap-ers are few; "Go, work to-day, work to-day!" He who has saved you, from sin made you free, Made you an  
 up and re-joice; We'll work to-day, work to-day!" Glad - ly we an-swer Thy lov - ing command! Each er-ring!

wait-ing for har-vest ap-pear; Hark to the Mas-ter! He calls loud and clear: "Go, work to-day, work to-day!"  
 heir of sal-va-tion to be, Teach-er or schol-ar, He calls un-to thee: "Go, work to-day, work to-day!"  
 broth-er we'll take by the hand—Show him the way to the heav - en-ly land: We'll work to-day, work to-day!

Words and Music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. To toil and pray in heath - en lands Per-haps may be de - nied us, But there is work for  
 2. Whene'er a pure de-sire constrains, With care the bless - ing cherish, And when an e - vil  
 3. Do some from virtue go as - tray? Then strive to set be-fore them A god-ly life from

hearts and hands Within us, and beside us. Whene'er temptation fierce and strong Allures the heart, re-  
 hab - it reigns, As-sail it till it perish. The eye be-dimmed by bit - ter tears, A lov - ing word may  
 day to day ; Its beauty may restore them. Then plough the field and sow the seed Whene'er you're called to

*Chorus.*

assist it: When falls the right before the wrong, By words at least assist it. }  
 brighten, The load of grief the mourner bears A helping hand may lighten. } O, yes there's work for  
 do it, And bless the world by word and deed, While you are passing thro' it. }

hearts and hands, For wide's the field of la - bor, Then do the work that Christ commands, Nor leave it to your neighbor.

## THE HELPING HAND.

Words from "S. S. TIMES."

H. E. KIMBALL.

1. God sets our feet in thorny paths, And hems us in with fear and doubt, That we may ear - ly look to  
 2. Each day we gird ourselves a - fresh, And with new zeal our way pur - sue; While Sa - tan ev - er strives to  
 3. O, moments that are fraught with pain! O, days that bring us no re - pose! How could we live ye o'er a -  
 4. Be with us, Je - sus, ev - 'ry hour; For all is dark when Thou'rt not near; And all these dreadful clouds that

Him, And trust His care to help us out Of dangers we could ne'er withstand, Did He not lend a help - ing hand.  
 hide The Canaan glo - ries from our view: We ne'er should reach the heavenly land, But for a Savior's help - ing hand.  
 gain, And find a so - lace for our woes, Did not a Savior un - der - stand How much we need his help - ing hand!  
 lower, Before Thy pres - ence dis - ap - pear; Oh, give us strength henceforth to stand, Upheld by Thy Al - might - y hand!

REV. C. HARTLEY.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. The world a - bove is not like this, So dark, so sad and drear; O no, for there the  
 2. The world a - bove is not like this, No par - ting tears are shed; Nor sweet af - fec - tion's  
 3. O, for a harp in that bright world, Far from the tears of this; Here death's black ban - ners

years of bliss Roll on with - out a tear! No gloom, no night, nor cloud of grief Can  
 linger - ing kiss, Be - stow'd up - on the dead; There sev - er'd hearts u - nite a - gain, In  
 are un - furld To shade each hour, of bliss; But there each spir - it - harp will thrill With

*D. S.* The world a - bove is not like this, So*D.S.*

ev - er cast a shade A - cross those sun - ny plains of peace In light and love ar - ray'd!  
 love around the throne, And far be - yond this world of pain Take up their crown and home!  
 mu - sic's end - less tones, And Je - sus smile for - ev - er fill With light our an - gel homes,

dark, so sad, and drear; O, no, for there the years of bliss Roll on without a tear!

# MY SPIRIT HOME.

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EMILY H. MILLER.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Be - yond the dark riv - er of death;      Be - yond, where its waters are swell - ing, The home of my spir - it is  
 2. No    grief in that beau - ti - ful home;      No sor - row can en - ter its por - tals; But glad are the voi - ces that  
 3. No    tears in that beau - ti - ful home;      No sin from our Savior to s - er; The King, in His beauty, our

*Chorus.*

waiting for me.—The land where the ransomed are dwelling.  
 join in the song,—The song of the shining im - mor - tals. } No night in that beau - ti - ful home; No  
 eyes shall behold, And join in His praises for - ev - er.

shade on its glo - ry is seen;      The won - der - ful Riv - er of Wa - ter of Life, Flows soft thro' the meadows of green.

1. What glo - ry is thine, Oh, thou Cit - y of God;      Oh Zi - on, bright land of our dreams. . . .  
 2. We know thou hast nev - er a beam of our sun,      The moon nor the stars of our night;  
 3. We dream of thy peace that shall nev - er be strife,      The day that will nev - er be o'er;  
 4. We see the white robes in the streets of pure gold,      The flash of white wings in the air;

land of our dreams, of our dreams,  
 stars of our night, of our night.  
 nev - er be, nev - er be o'er.  
 wings in the air, in the air,

What beau - ty hangs ov - er thy flow - er - y sod -      Thy walls and thy sil - ver-winged streams!  
 With grand - eur e - ter - nal thy arch - es are hung,      The smile of the Lord is thy light!  
 The il - les so white in the Riv - er of Life;      The ro - ses so sweet on the shore!  
 The star of thy morn - ing that nev - er grows old,      The smile of the loved that are there!

## Chorus.

To thee we will jour - ney, Oh Cit - y of God;      To rest on thy ev - er green shore, ..

ev - er green shore.

When mor - tal - i - ty's pathways of du - ty are trod, With Je - sus to live ev - er - more.....  
 ev - er - more.

## THE MERCIES OF AFFLICTION

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. My Fath - er and my God, O, set this spir - it free! I'd glad - ly kiss the rod That  
 2. The tears we shed for sin, When heaven a-lone can see, Leave tru-er peace with-in Than

drove my trembling soul to Thee, And made it Thine e - ter - nal - ly.  
 world - ly smiles which can - not be Lit up, my God, with smiles from Thee.

1. Je - sus, lead the way, So we shall not stray From the path, while here a - bid - ing,  
 2. Should our fare be hard, Be Thou our reward; Should our days be ver - y drea - ry,  
 3. Should the tempter's dart Vex and wound our heart, Oh, then in our woe and weakness  
 4. Lord, Thy guidance lend, Through life to the end; Should the way be smooth or try - ing,

But shall fol - low our safe guiding: Lead us by the hand, To that hap - py land.  
 And our burdens ver - y wea - ry: Lead us by the hand, To that hap - py land.  
 Grant us patience, grant us meekness: Lead us by the hand, To that hap - py land.  
 Still will we to Thee be cry - ing: Lead us by the hand, To that hap - py land.

*Refrain.*

O, that happy land! O, that happy land! Lead, O, lead us by the hand, To that happy land.

# STAND UP FOR JESUS!

J. M. KIEFFER

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1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross: Lift high the roy - al banner! It  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus! The trum-pet call o - bey; Forth to the might-y conflict, In  
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus! Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you—Ye

must not suffer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm-y shall be led, Till eve - ry foe is  
 this His glorious day; "Ye that are men now serve Him," Against unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with  
 dare not trust your own: Put on the gospel ar - mor, And, watching unto prayer, Where duty calls or

van- quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 dan- ger, And strength to strength op - pose.  
 dan- ger, Be nev - er want - ing there!

4. 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!

## LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

J. R. MURRAY.

GEO. F. ROOT.

*Moderato.*

From "PURE DIAMONDS."

1. Today let your light shine, That others may see, What Christ in his mercy Is doing for thee. Trim  
 2. Today let your light shine, Who knows, but a ray From your lamp, my brother, May lead to the day A  
 3. Today let your light shine, In Heaven's deep blue, There is not a star But has something to do. May

brightly your beacon, And lift it on high, O let it il-lu-mine The earth and the sky.  
 soul that in darkness, Would else have been lost In the by-ways of sin, That your shining has crossed.  
 we, like the stars, In our pathway shine on, Till darkness and dan-ger, And earth-life are gone.

*Chorus.*

Today let your light shine, Today let your light shine, That all may be cheered, And be blest, let it shine.

DR I T. PRICE

W W. BENTLEY.



1 Je-sus is calling thee, "Come unto me!" Mer-cy is offered thee, boundless and free;  
 2. Ho, every thirsty one, come at the call, Streams of sal - va-tion, flow free-ly for all;  
 3. Take my yoke cheerfully, learning of me, Meek-ly and will-ing-ly, trust and be free,



Come, all who la-bor here, Come and be blest. All heavy lad-en ones, come and find rest.  
 This is His call to Thee, "Give me thy heart." "All things are read-y now,—just as thou art."  
 Ea - sy my yoke shall be, come and be blest, Light shall my bur-den be, come and find rest.



*Refrain.*



Je-sus is calling thee, come and be blest, Come all ye wea-ry ones, Come and find rest.



## SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING!

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. Speak gent-ly to the erring! You know not of the pow'r, With which the dark temptation came, In  
 2. Speak gent-ly to the erring! For is it not enough, That innocence and peace are gone, With-  
 3. Speak gent-ly to the erring! You yet may lead him back, With holy words and tones of love, From

some un-guarded hour. You may not know how earnest-ly They struggled, or how well, Un-  
 out your censure rough? It sure must be a wea-ry lot, That sin-crushed heart to bear; And  
 misery's thorn-y track. For - get not you have of-ten sinned, And sin-ful yet may be, Deal

*Chorus.*

til the hour of weakness came, And sadly thus they fell. }  
 they who share a happier fate Their chidings well may spare. } Think kind-ly of the err-ing; And  
 gent-ly with the err-ing ones As God has dealt with thee. }

let us not for-get, How-ev-er dark-ly stained by sin, He is our brother yet.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody in the upper staff is primarily quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The bass line consists of chords and single notes, providing harmonic support.

## JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

S. B. MARSH.

Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly. }  
While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high, }

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody in the upper staff is primarily quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The bass line consists of chords and single notes, providing harmonic support.

Till the storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; O, receive my soul at last.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody in the upper staff is primarily quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The bass line consists of chords and single notes, providing harmonic support.



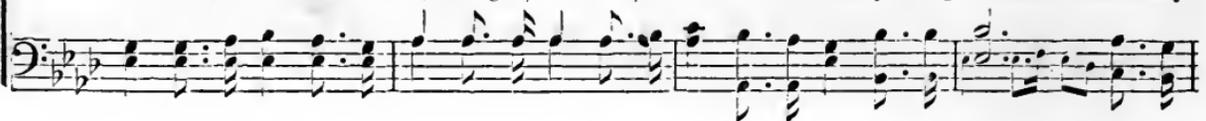
1. There's a home far a-way from this world and its woe, Where the wings of the good angels rest; Oh,  
 2. Fellow-mortal! if wishing would bring thee to Heav'n, Then thy spir-it need not be depressed; Ah!



who would not wish thro' its por - tals to go, There to dwell in the home of the blest! Who,  
 none but the work-ers who've manful-ly striven, Ev-er en - ter the home of the blest! Oh.



weighed down with sorrow and withering care. Does not wish that its peace he possessed— That sweet  
 then be a worker, with heart, strength, and soul; Work and ne'er let thy energies rest! Show thy



peace of the ho - ly, who, en - ter - ing there, Ever dwell in the home of the blest!  
broth - ers the way, and thus pass - ing the goal, Enter, crowned to the home of the blest!

*Chorus.*

Oh, the home of the blest

Oh, the home of the blest, Oh, the home of the blest, Ever free from all sorrow and pain! How I  
all sorrow and pain!

long to be there and for - ev - er to share In the joys that the righteous obtain!

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for  
 2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear 'Till death shall set me free. And then go home my

*Chorus.*

ev' - ry one. And there's a cross for me. O, pre-cious cross! O. glo-rious crown! O,  
 crown to wear; For there's a crown for me. O, pre-cious cross! &c.

res - ur-rec - tion day! Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

3. Upon the crystal pavement, down  
 At Jesus' pierced feet,  
 I'll joyful, cast my golden crown,  
 And His dear name repeat.

4. And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,  
 'Neath Heaven's arches high;  
 The Lord that lives, the ransom'd sing,  
 That lives no more to die!

1. There is no lit - tle child too small To work for God; There is a mis - sion  
 2. 'Tis not en-ough for us to give Our wealth a - lone; We must en - tire - ly

*Chorus*

for us all From Christ the Lord. } Oh, Fath - er, give us grace to see A  
 for Him live, And be His own. }

place for us, Where, in Thy vine - yard, we for Thee May la - bor thus!

3. Though poverty our portion be,  
 Christ will not slight  
 The lowliest little one, if he  
 With God be right.

4. The poor, the sorrowful, the old  
 Are round us still;  
 God does not always ask our gold,  
 But *heart and will.*

## LIFE'S HARVEST.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Ho, reap-ers of Life's Harvest, Why stand with rust-ed blade, Un-til the night draws  
 2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gath-er in the grain; The night is fast ap-  
 3. Come down from hill and mountain, In morning's rud-dy glow, Nor wait un-til the  
 4. Mount up the heights of wis-dom, And crush each er-ror low; Keep back no words of

round thee, And day begins to fade? Why stand ye i-dle, wait-ing, For  
 proaching, And soon will come a-gain. Thy Mas-ter calls for reap-ers, And  
 di-al, Points to the noon be-low; And come with the strong sin-ew, Nor  
 knowledge, That hu-man hearts should know. Be faith-ful to thy mis-sion, In

reap-ers more to come? The gold-en morn is passing; Why sit ye i-dle, dumb?  
 shall He call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there un-gathered, And waste up-on the plain?  
 faint in heat or cold; And pause not till the ev'ning Draws round thy wealth of gold.  
 ser-vice of thy Lord; And then a gold-en chap-let Shall be thy just re-ward.

# COME TO JESUS NOW.

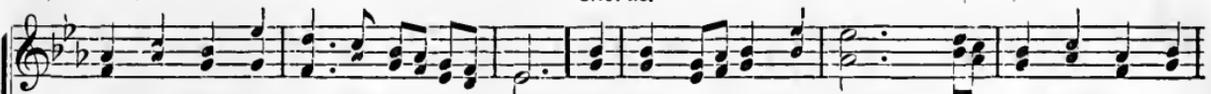
J. B. TAYLOR. 121



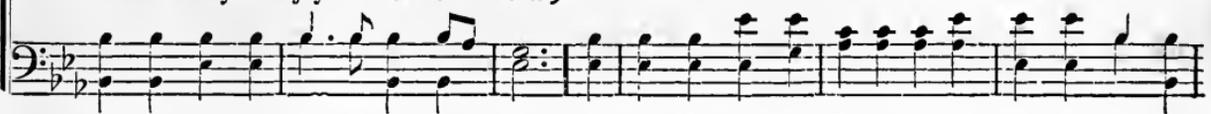
1. Youth is the most ac - cept - ed time, To love and serve the Lord; A flow'r pre-sent-ed
2. He'll crown with peace your ris-ing years, And make your fruit increase; Will guide you thro' this
3. Give Him the morn - ing of your days, And be for - ev - er blest; 'Tis none but those in



## Chorus.



in its prime, Will much delight af - ford. }  
 vale of tears, And bid your sorrows cease. } Then come to Je - sus now, He calls you by His  
 wisdom's ways En-joy sub-stan-tial rest. }



Oh, come to Jesus now,



word; Youth is the most ac - cept - ed time, To love and serve the Lord.



## GIVE YOURSELF TO JESUS.

MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Give yourself to Je-sus, wholly; He has bought you with His blood; He de-sir - eth your sal-  
 2. Give yourself to Je-sus, wholly; His to be e - ter - nal - ly; Where and what your Lord would  
 3. Give yourself to Je-sus, wholly; On His bo - som lean and rest; In His love secure a -

vation; He would bring you home to God. Small return for love so tender, Small return for love so  
 have you Ev - er will-ing just to be. Fol-low close-ly where He leadeth,—It will be in pastures  
 biding; In that love completely blest. All your heart to Him up - lift - ed, All your will in His con-

*Refrain.*

true, Is your heart with all its weakness, Yet, 'tis all He asks of you. }  
 sweet; Happy, if for Je - sus toiling; Happy, wait-ing at His feet. } Give, Oh, give yourself to  
 trol; Be your life one glad communion, With the Savior of your soul. } Give, Oh, give yourself to

Je - sus! Give, Oh give yourself to Je - sus! Give yourself to Je - sus whol-ly, He has bought you with His blood.  
Give, Oh, give

DEAR JESUS, LET ME LEAN ON THEE.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. So dark the way, I can not see. O, some time, smiling Face Divine,  
Look down and make my ..... night to | shine.  
2. My bur - den bows me to the knee. O Lord, 'tis more than I can bear,  
Didst Thou not come my ..... lot to | share.  
3. One smile, and all my fears would flee. One whisper, and the storm would cease,  
And I should feel the ..... per-fect | peace,

So dark the way I can not see,  
Dear Jesus, let me..... lean on | Thee, || Dear Je - sus, let me lean on Thee.  
My bur - den bows me to the knee,  
Dear Jesus, let me..... lean on | Thee, || Dear Je - sus, let me lean on Thee.  
One smile, and all my fears would flee,  
Dear Jesus, I me..... lean on | Thee, || Dear Je - sus, let me lean on Thee.

## MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

Words and Music by

From "PURE DIAMONDS."

JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. There is a place of waveless rest, Far, far be-yond the skies; Where beauty smiles e-  
 2. When toss'd up-on the waves of life, With fear on ev - 'ry side, When fiercely howls the  
 3. In that pure home of endless joy, Earth's part-ed friends shall meet, With smiles of love that

ter - nal - ly And pleasure nev - er dies; My Father's house! my heavenly home, Where  
 gath'ring storm, And foams the an - gry tide: Be - yond the storm, be-yond the gloom, Breaks  
 nev - er fade And bless - ed - ness com - plete: There, there a - dius are nev - er known, Death

ma - ny mansions stand, Prepared by hands di - vine for all Who seek the bet - ter land.  
 forth the light of morn; Bright beaming from my Father's house To cheer the soul for - lorn.  
 frowns not on that scene, But light and glorious beau - ty shine Un - troubled and se - rene.

Prepared by hands,

S. D. CARTER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Since thy Father's arm sustains thee, Peaceful be;      When a chastening hand restrains thee,  
 2. Without murmur, uncomplaining, In His hand,      Leave whatever things thou canst not  
 3. Fearest sometimes that thy Father Hath for-got?      'Tho' the clouds around thee gather,

It is He!      Know His love in full completeness,      Feel the measure of thy weakness,  
 Un-derstand.      Tho' the world thy fol-ly spurneth,      From thy faith in pit-y turn-eth,  
 Doubt Him not.      Always hath the daylight bro-ken,      Always hath He comfort spok-en,

If He wound thy spir-it sore,      Trust Him more.  
 Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,      Ly-ing still.  
 Better hath He been for years      Than thy fears.

4. To his own the Savior giveth  
 Daily strength;  
 To each troubled soul that liveth,  
 Peace at length.  
*Weakest lambs have largest share*  
 Of the tender Shepherd's care;  
 Ask Him not then, "when," or "how,"  
 Only bow.

MRS. J. E. AKERS.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. Be - yond life's toils and cares, Its hopes and joys, its wear - i - ness and  
 2. Be - yond time's troubled stream, Be - yond the chill - ing waves of death's dark

sor - row, Its sleep - less nights, its days of smiles and tears, Will be a long sweet  
 riv - er, Be - yond life's low'r - ing clouds and fit - ful gleams, Its dark re - al - i -

*p rit.*  
 life un - marked by years, One bright un - end - ing mor - row; Be - yond life's toils and cares.  
 ties and bright - er dreams. A beau - ti - ful for - ev - er; Be - yond time's troubled stream.

3. No mortal eye hath seen  
 The glories of that land beyond the river,  
 Its crystal lakes, its fields of living green,  
 Its fadeless flowers and the unchanging sheen  
 Around the throne forever;  
 No mortal eye hath seen.

4. Ear hath not heard the songs  
 Of rapturous praise within that shining portal,  
 No heart of man hath dreamed what bliss belongs  
 To that redeemed and joyous blood-washed throng,  
 All glorious and immortal;  
 Ear hath not heard the songs.

# JESUS, FROM THE COURTS OF GLORY.

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REV. H. EASTMAN.

W. T. ROGERS.



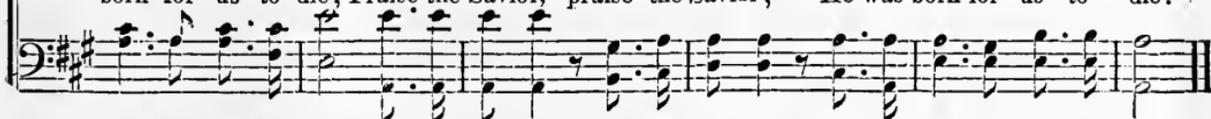
1. Je-sus, from the courts of glo - ry Came to save the priceless soul; Loud resounds the wond'rous  
 2. Yonder in the low - ly man-ger See the King of Glo - ry lie; An - gel throngs rejoice and



sto - ry; Let the joy - ful tid - ings roll; Spread them swiftly, spread them swiftly; Let them wonder;— Sinners, so should you and I; Praise the Savior, praise the Savior; He was



sound from pole to pole, Spread them swiftly, spread them swiftly; Let them sound from pole to pole!  
 born for us to die; Praise the Savior, praise the Savior; He was born for us to die!



3. See him by the great and noble,  
 Scorned, reproached and cast aside;  
 Keenly feeling mortal trouble,  
 Hated by the sons of pride;  
 O, how shameful, O, how shameful  
 Thus the Savior to deride;  
 O, how shameful, O, how shameful,  
 Thus the Savior to deride!

4. See Him in the gloomy garden;  
 There our sins He freely bore;  
 And to purchase peace and pardon,  
 Sweated blood at every pore;  
 O, how painful; O, how painful;  
 Anguish keen his bosom tore!  
 O, how painful, O, how painful,  
 Anguish keen His bosom tore!

5. See Him on the cross extended;  
 Hear His last expiring groans;  
 When his suffering life is ended,  
 Nature trembles, heaves and moans,  
 Sound His praises, sound His praises;  
 Freely he for us atones!  
 Sound His praises, sound His praises;  
 Freely he for us atones!

## LIFT UP YOUR HEADS O, YE GATES!

SERENNA BALDWIN.

W. T. ROGERS.

Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates, Ye ev - er - last-ing doors! A roy - al com pa-

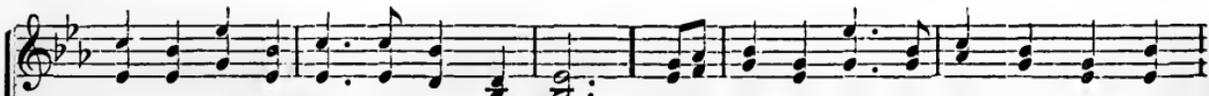
ny a-waits To tread your gold-en floors. {

1. "And who is He that bids un-fold The
2. 'Who is this King of glo-ry—who, That
3. And clouds of incense round them float, And

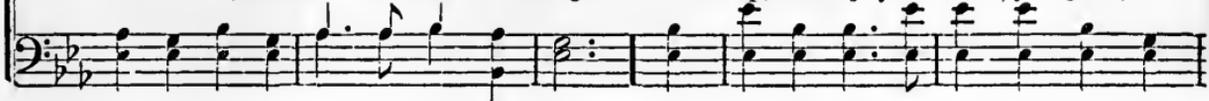
por - tals of the sky, And lift the ev - er - last-ing doors, For such a com-pa-ny?"  
 would come in to reign?" The Lord, the Lord, the mighty God, With His at - tend-ing train  
 mu - sic fills the air; With harps, and songs, and palms they come, And crowns of life they wear.



The Lord, the Lord, the conquering King, And crowns His pathway pave; Both Death and Hell have  
All flow - ing like a ray of light, The rai - ment white they wear In graceful folds a -  
He comes, He comes, the conquering King; With all His glorious train, Lift up, and He shall



yield-ed up Their captives from the grave. Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates, Ye  
cross the breast, Clasp'd with the Morning Star. Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates, Ye  
en - ter in, For - ev - er - more to reign. Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates, Ye



doors be lift - ed high; The King of glo - ry shall come in With all His com - pa - ny.  
ev - er - last - ing doors; A roy - al com - pa - ny a - waits To tread your gold - en floors.  
doors be lift - ed high; The King of glo - ry shall come in With all His com - pa - ny.



MARY LOWE.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd and I am His Lamb, One of the smallest and frailest I am; Yet  
 2. Though sometimes the way where He leadeth His sheep, Grows for my child-feet, too dark and too steep, E'en  
 3. Oh, He hath green pastures, there lying a - far, Needing no sunlight and needing no star, And

by His full boun-ty I dai-ly am fed, — In His green pastures am ten-der-ly led.  
 then doth He lift me up close to His breast, Bearing me upward to pla-ces of rest.  
 there from His presence the lambs never stray, —Thith-er He leadeth me—nearer each day.—

Kind is my Shepherd and large is the fold, To which He calleth the young and the old,  
 When I had wander'd a-way from His side, In - to the path which the err-ing have tried,  
 Clos-er than meadows which brightened by faith, Li - eth the val - ley of silence and death;

*Rit.*

Ten-der - ly watch- ing in wak- ing and sleep, And o- ver us ev- er- more guard He doth keep.  
 He o'er each step- ping of sin's rug- ged track. So pa- tient - ly, lov- ing - ly guid- ed me back.  
 See- ing its shad- ows—yet fear- less I am—*The Lord is my Shepherd and I am His lamb.*

## OPENING HYMN.

T. B. CUNNINGHAM.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;  
 2. Lord, on Thee our souls de- pend; In com - pas - sion, now descend;

O, do not our suit dis- dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?  
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3. Send some message from Thy word,  
 That may joy and peace afford;  
 Let Thy Spirit now impart,  
 Full salvation to each heart.

4. Grant that all may seek and find  
 Thee a God supremely kind:  
 Heal the sick, the captive free;  
 Let us all rejoice in Thee.

## COME TO THE DEEP, CLEAR RIVER.

A. L. WARING.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Come to the deep, clear riv - er, Come where the pastures call; Come to the great, good Giv - er, The  
 2. He will not now re - fuse thee, Weak hand and vis - ion dim, For something He will use thee, But  
 3. For one transporting min - ute The beck-on-ing word obey; There is a pow - er with - in it To

trust that is thy all. From want e - ter - nal flee - ing, Come to an end - less store; Bring  
 first thou want - est Him. The spir - it worn with stray - ing, Will find his judg - ment best; Oh,  
 bear thee on thy way. That voice of mer - cy speak - ing Is God the Sa - vior's might, And

*Refrain.*

thy whole famished be - ing, For He wants noth - ing more. } Oh, Come to the deep, clear riv - er,  
 hear what He is say - ing, And yield thy - self to rest. }  
 all thy heart is seek - ing Lies safe - ly in His light. }

Musical score for the first song, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in a major key with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Come where the pastures call; Yes, come to the great, good Giv-er, The trust that is thy all."

HEAVEN IS OUR HOME.

WM. T. ROGERS.

Musical score for the second song, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in a minor key with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "1. Short our a-bid-ing here, Heaven is our home, The resting place is near; Heaven is our home. 2. Soon will our cares be o'er, Our la - bor done, And we shall sigh no more; Heaven is our home. 3. What tho' life's sea looks dark, Raging with foam, Christ guides our wand'ring bark, Heaven is our home."

*Chorus.*

Musical score for the chorus of the second song, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in a minor key with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "We tarry but a day; Soon we shall pass a-way; Short here will be our stay, Heav-en is our home."

4. Though oft in deep distress,  
Tearful and lone,  
Jesus will come to bless;  
Heaven is our home.

5. Earth-joys are full of pain;  
True peace unknown;  
Heaven is eternal gain;  
Heaven is our home.

## WAITING AT THE PEARLY GATE.

Words and Music by

(DUET AND CHORUS)

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. They are gone to the land where no sorrows shall as-sail, Where the flowers never fade, and the  
 2. As with rap-ture they gaze on the beau-ti-ful around, As they walk side by side with the  
 3. Now the con - flict is en-ded, the pil-grim-age is o'er. They shall reign with their Savior and  
 4. They are gone to the land where no tear shall dim the eye, In the vale they have left us to

fountains never fail. But they think of the loved ones left weeping in the vale, For they're  
 ho - ly and renowned, O they long for the hour when we'll walk the hallowed ground, So they're  
 King for ev-er-more; And they know at His feet we would worship and a - dore, So they're  
 mourn the broken tie, But they think of us still in their blessed home on high, For they're

*Chorus*

wait-ing at the gate.  
 wait-ing at the gate.  
 wait-ing at the gate.  
 wait-ing at the gate.

} They are waiting at the pear - ly gate, They are  
 at the gate,

wait - ing at the pear - ly gate, at the gate, Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing,

Wait - ing at the pear - ly gate, at the gate, They are wait - ing at the pear - ly gate.

THE CROSS.—Chant.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. When I survey the wond'rous cross,  
On which the Prince of..... Glo - ry | died, || And pour con-..... tempt on | all my | pride.  
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast.  
Save in the death of..... Christ my | God; || All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacri-..... fice them | to His | blood.

3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow | mingled | down : ||  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns com- | pose so | rich a | crown ?

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

MRS. EMILY H. MILLER.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful home in the King-dom a - bove, Where sor-row and sin nev - er dwell;  
 2. Thou ten-der Re-deem-er! O, teach us to pray, And ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion to flee,

Where Je-sus en-folds in His shel-ter-ing arms 'The lambs which he lov - eth so well.  
 That when from the earth Thou dost call us a - way We child-ren may come un - to Thee.

And this is the song which the lit - tle ones sing: "We bless Thee, our Shep-herd, and Guide,  
 There, joining the choir in that beau-ti - ful home, For - ev - er and ev - er we'll sing,



Whose blood hath redeemed us and washed us from sin, And brough. us to dwell by Thy side."  
All bless-ing and hen-or, thanks-giv-ing and praise, To Je - sus, our Sav - ior and King.



*Chorus.*



O, beau - ti - ful home! O, beau - ti - ful home! In the realm of the an - gels it stands,  
Beau - ti - ful,



And the dear lit - tle child - ren are gath - er - ing there, With harps of bright gold in their hands.



ANNIE HERBERT.

J. H. ANDERSON.



1. When the mists have rolled in splendor, From the beauty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and tender,
2. If we are in hu-man blindness, And forget that we are dust; If we miss the law of kindness,
3. When the silver mist has veiled us, From the faces of our own, Oft we deem their love has failed us,
4. When the mists have risen above us, As our Father knows His own, Face to face, with those that love us,



Falls in kiss-es on the rills; We may read love's shining letter In the rainbow of the spray, We shall  
 When we struggle to be just; Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the plain that hides away, When the  
 And we tread our path alone; We should see them near and truly, We should trust them day by day; Neither  
 We shall know as we are known; Love, beyond the orient meadows, Floats the golden fringe of day; Heart to



know each other bet-ter When the mists have cleared away. }  
 wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared away. } We shall know . . . . . as we are  
 love nor blame unduly, If the mists were cleared away. }  
 heart, we hide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away. } we shall know



known..... Nev - er - more..... to walk a-lone, In the  
as we are known, Nev - er - more to walk a - lone,

dawn - - ing of the morning, When the mists..... have cleared away; In the  
In the dawning When the mists have cleared away;

dawn - - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists..... have cleared away,  
In the dawning when the mists have cleared away.

## THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joyful - ly a - long? When hill and valley ring - ing With  
 2. Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly, And sha-dy vales and fountains Shall

one tri-umph-ant song, Proclaim the con - test end - ed, And Him who once was slain, A-  
 ech - o the re - ply: High tow'r and low - ly dwell-ing Shall send the cho - rus round, All

*Chorus.*

gain to earth descended, In righteousness to reign. Hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, hal-le-  
 hal - le - lu-jah swelling In one e - ter - nal sound. Let ev-'ry creature here below U-



lu - jah, swell the song, And all the heav'nly host a - bove, The joy-ful sound pro-  
nate to swell the song, the song, Halle-lu-jah, hal-le - lu - jah, sing! The joy-ful sound pro-



long; While heav'n and earth their voices raise, Tri - umphant - ly to sing, The  
the song, Hal - e-



whole cre - a - tion join to swell Ho - san - na to our King.  
lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, sing! Hal - le - lu - jah, sing! Ho-san-na to our King.

1. An-oth - er week has passed away, Time swiftly, swiftly speeds along; We come again to praise and  
 2. We'll sing of mercies daily given, Through ev'ry, ev'ry passing year, We'll sing the promi-ses of

pray, And sing once more our greeting song: We come . . . . His name to praise. To sing . . . . the wondrous  
 Heaven, With voices sweet and voices clear; And live . . . . that we may share Un - fad - . . . . ing joys a -

We come To sing

*Chorus.*

love, Of Him who guards us all our days, And leads a - bove. We come, we come, Yes, we  
 bove, And sing through endless, happy years, Re - deem - ing love. We come, &c.

come again with songs to greet you, And with hap - py hearts we kind-ly meet you; With sweet

songs we welcome you again, Come and join us in our mer-ry strain. We come, we come, We

come a-gain with songs to greet you, We come, We come, Come to welcome you with songs again.  
we come, we come,

## GO, LET THE ANGELS IN.

J. H. ANDERSON.

*Duet.*

1. Go, o - pen wide the door, Mother, And let the an - gels in; They are so bright and  
 2. I know that death has come, Mother, His hand is on my brow; You can - not keep me

fair, Mother, So pure and free from sin. I hear them speak my name, Mother, They softly whisper,  
 here, Mother, For I must leave you now. The room is growing dark, Mother, I tho't I heard you

'Come!' Oh! let the an - gels in, Mother, They wait to take me home, Oh! let the an - gels  
 weep! 'Tis ver - y sweet to die, Mother, Like sinking in - to sleep, 'Tis ver - y sweet to

*Chorus.*

in, Mother, They wait to take me home. } Go, let the an - gels in, Mother, Go,  
die, Mother, Like sink - ing in - to sleep.

let the an - gels in! Yes, o - pen wide the door, Mother, And let the an - gels in!

## MORNING PRAYER.

R. V. MURRAY.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Lord, O teach a lit - tle child, In thy ways so meek and mild; Not alone on bended knee, But with hearts we bow to Thee.
2. Let me do some work for Thee, Useful in the world to be, Work of peace and work of love, Such as angels do a - bove.

3. Fold me in thy arms I pray,  
Keep me good through all the day,  
When I sleep, or when I wake  
Lord, my soul in keeping take.

4. In thy love O may I stay,  
Teach me, Lord, aright to pray.  
Wheresoever I may be,  
Guide my little feet to Thee.

KNOWLES SHAW.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Far a - way in the land of the pure and bright, Is the Cit - y of God, with its gold - en light;  
 2. That beau - ti - ful land we are near - ing now, Where crowns of bright glory encircle the brow,  
 3. With palms and bright crowns, and our robes of white, We may roam the fair fields with eternal delight,

Oh! there is our home, and we ever shall stand, 'Mid the shining ones of the bet - ter land.  
 Where the Tree of Life grows, on that beautiful shore, Where the flow'rs shall freshen to fade no more.  
 We may join in the songs of the pu - ri - fied band, 'Mid the shining ones of the bet - ter land.

*Chorus.*

O beau - - - - ti - ful home . . . . . O beau - - - - ti - ful home!

O beau - ti - ful home! O beau - ti - ful home! Where beau - ti - ful saints surround the throne;

How I long . . . . . to be there,

How I long . . . . . to be there.

How I long to be there, and for-ev-er stand, 'Mid the shining ones of the better, better Land.  
ev - er stand,

## TRUSTING IN GOD.

WM. T. ROGERS.

*Not too fast.*

1. If on a qui - et sea, Tow'rd Heaven we calm - ly sail, With grateful hearts, O  
2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor - row,

God, to thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale.  
kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.

3. Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield to thy control:  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.
4. Teach us in every state,  
To make Thy will our own;  
And when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

## O'ER HILL AND DALE.

Words by LOULA ROGERS.

(FOR PICNICS, CELEBRATIONS, &amp;c.)

Music by W. W. BENTLEY.

1. In wood-land grove we meet to-day, With joy-ful hearts to sing; O, let us chase each  
 2. Bring-flow-ers from the meadows green, In chap-lets fresh and gay; Bright lil - ies and sweet  
 3. Come, children, lis-ten to the call; Pour forth your happiest song; Let rev - 'rend men and

care a-way, That to our thoughts may cling. All na-ture gleams in sun-ny beams, The birds sing hap-py  
 vi - o-lets.—No king ar-rayed like they! Let Faith, and Love, and Hope u-nite To bind us ev - er-  
 youth, and all, The grateful shout pro - long. May we to - day from nature learn, These tender lambs to

*Chorus.*

lays; Then should not we to-ge-th-er blend Our voices in God's praise? } We come, we  
 more, And lead us near-er day by day, To Him we all a - do-e. } We come,  
 teach; Each flow'r that blooms a ser - mon is, The youngest heart to reach. }

come, . . . Our strains we will prolong; We come, . . . We come, . . . To sing our hap - py song.

we come, we come, we come.

## HEAVENLY BLISS.

GLASER.

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes, Up to the courts above, And smile to see our  
2. Now may we bow be - fore His throne, And venture near the Lord; No fi - 'ry cherub

Fath - er there, Up - on a throne of love.  
guards His seat, Nor double flam - ing sword.

3.

To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high;  
And glory to th' almighty King,  
'That lays His fury by.

## LOVING SMILES. (Quartet.)

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. The sun may warm the grass to life,      The dew the drooping flower,      And  
 2. It is not much the world can give,      With all its subt - le art;      And

eyes grow bright and watch the light      Of Au - tumn's opening hour;      But  
 gold and gems are not the things      To sat - is - fy the heart;      But

words that breathe of ten - der - ness,      And smiles we know are true,      Are  
 oh, if those who clus - ter round      The al - tar and the hearth,      Have

warm - er than the Sum - mer - time,                      And bright - er than the dew.  
 gen - tle words and lov - ing smiles,                      How beau - ti - ful is earth!

*Chorus.*

Then let the brow be free from clouds,                      The heart be full of cheer;                      'Tis

lov - ing smiles and gen - tle words                      That make us hap - py here.

## BLESS THE LORD.

J. M. KIEFFER.

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, And

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

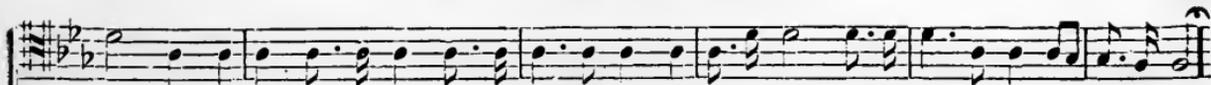
Detailed description: This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, And". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And". The bottom staff is the bass line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,".

all that is with-in me, *bless* His ho - ly name. Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the

all that is with-in me, *bless* His ho - ly name. Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

Detailed description: This system contains the second three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "all that is with-in me, *bless* His ho - ly name. Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "all that is with-in me, *bless* His ho - ly name. Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the". The bottom staff is the bass line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,".



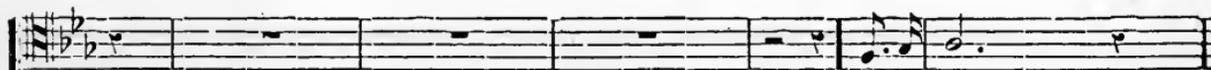
Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, And forget not all His ben-e-fits, and for-get not all His ben-e-fits :



Lord, O my soul, And forget not all His ben-e-fits, and for-get not all His ben-e-fits :



Bless the Lord,

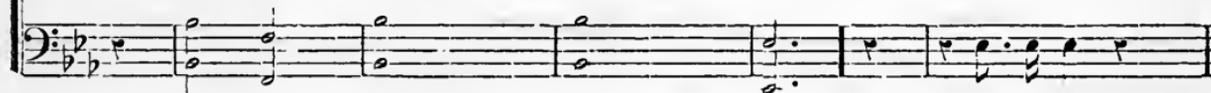


Bless the Lord,

*Soprano.*



Who for-giv-eth all thine in-i - qui-ties ; who healeth all thy dis-eas-es. Bless the Lord, Bless the



Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, And all that is within me, *bless* His holy name.

Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with-in me, *bless* His ho-ly name.

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below it. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a treble clef, featuring chords and melodic lines. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef, featuring a bass line. The lyrics 'Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with-in me, bless His ho-ly name.' are written below the middle staff. The lyrics 'Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,' are written below the bottom staff.

*Duet.*

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and ten-der mercies.

Detailed description: This section is a duet and consists of three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below it. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a treble clef, featuring chords and melodic lines. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef, featuring a bass line. The lyrics 'Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and ten-der mercies.' are written below the top staff.

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Yea,

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Yea,

Bless the Lord Bless the Lord,

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The middle staff is in treble clef with the same key signature, providing harmonic accompaniment with chords and some melodic fragments. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a bass line. The lyrics are placed below each staff, with some words aligned with specific notes.

all His works in all pla-ces of His do-min-ion: Bless the Lord, O my soul.

all His works in all pla-ces of His do-min-ion: Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats. It features a melodic line with a fermata and a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking above it. The middle staff is in treble clef with the same key signature, providing harmonic accompaniment with chords and some melodic fragments. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a bass line. The lyrics are placed below each staff, with some words aligned with specific notes.

## GOD'S PRAISE.

STANLEY.

1. Come, sound his praise a-broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sov-'reign  
2. He form'd the deeps unknown, He gave the seas their bound; The wa - t'ry worlds are all his

God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.  
own, And all the sol - id ground.

3. Come, worship at his throne;  
Come, bow before the Lord;  
We are his work and not our own,  
He form'd us by his word.
4. To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your Gracious God.

## PRAYER!

DR. T. A. ARNE.

1. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Un-ut-ter'd or express'd; The motion of a hid-den fire, That trembles in the breast.  
2. Prayer is the bur-den of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.

4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice.  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say, "Behold, he prays."

# THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

REV. E. P. ROGERS, D. D.

[The 23d Psalm.]

J. M. KIEFFER,



1. My Shepherd is the gracious Lord, And, fed and nurtured . . . . .	}	by His Word, No want my soul shall know;
2. He watches for my wandering soul, And kindly makes my . . . . .		weakness whole, When from His paths I stray;
3. And, when my spirit fain would quail, As through Death's dark and . . . . .		shadowy vale My fear-ful pathway lies;
4. What care I, then, for all my foes? They can not shake my . . . . .		soul's re - pose; He doth my ta - ble spread.
5. In goodness He my life prolongs, And in my daily, . . . . .		grate-ful songs, His mer-cy I will tell;



My couch He spreads in pastures green, And leads me in the . . . . .	}	vales be-tween, Where peace-ful wa-ters flow.
He gently guides my wayward feet, Through wintry cold and . . . . .		sul - try heat, In - to His righteous way.
My Shepherd presses to my side,— His rod and staff with . . . . .		me a - bide, And bid sweet comfort rise.
Sweet is the cup He fills for me, And fragrant shall the . . . . .		oint-ment be He pours up - on my head.
And when my earthly course is run, In my Lord's house be- . . . . .		yond the sun, I shall for - ev - er dwell.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name: || Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.  
 2. Give us this..... | day our | dally | bread: || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres-pass a- | zainst us.  
 3. And lead us not into temptatlon, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever  
 [and | ever, A- | men.

## OLD HUNDRED.

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

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fath - er, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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