

THE EVERGREEN

FOR THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND
FAMILY CIRCLE

CLEVELAND, OHIO.
W. F. SCHNEIDER, Publisher.

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THE EVERGREEN.

*Songs for the Sunday School, Sanctuary and Home
Circle.*

BY Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



CLEVELAND, OHIO.
PUBLISHED BY W. F. SCHNEIDER.

TO JESUS,

Our loving Saviour and Redeemer, who is worthy to receive *“blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might for ever and ever ;”*

TO THE SAINTS OF GOD,

whose hearts are attuned to the melody of divine love, and who delight to sing praises unto God for the riches of his grace and mercy ;

AND TO THE DEAR CHILDREN,

whom Jesus loves, and from whose tender hearts and sweet voices ascriptions of praise rise as a sacrifice well-pleasing to their Saviour,

“THE EVERGREEN” IS HUMBLY DEDICATED

with the fond hope that its sweet songs will tend to keep our love to Jesus warm and constant, and awake love in many hearts that are now strangers to the Saviour, and thus fulfill a mission of mercy.

With the fervent prayer that Heaven's special blessing may rest upon “THE EVERGREEN,” its contributors and patrons, this little tribute is laid at the feet of Jesus by

THE AUTHOR.

April 1st, 1873.

THE EVERGREEN.

THE EVERGREEN.

Words and Music by
Solo.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. O beau-tiful Evergreen! symbol of life, Life that shall never-more end, But glow with immortal fresh - ness When the
 2. O beau-tiful Evergreen! symbol of Heav'n, Where there's perennial spring, And fullness of joy for - ev - er, And where
 3. O beau-tiful Evergreen! symbol of hearts Clothed in the raiment of white, Kept pure by the blood of Je - sus, And re-

Chorus.

years with eternity blend,
 praises unceasingly ring,
 served for the mansions of light. } } Lord, I would be fruitful in Thee, Like the beautiful, beautiful Evergreen tree,
 } } Lord, I would be fruitful in Thee, Like the beautiful, beautiful.....Evergreen tree!

THE PALACES OF LIGHT.

Words and Melody by

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Be - yond the darkness of the tomb, Are pal - a - ces of light, For - ev - er clothed in
 2. There, crowned with ev - er - last - ing joy, The blood-washed myriads reign, Ar - rayed in garments

Chorus.

ver - nal bloom, And bathed in glo - ry bright. } Clean robes, pure robes, In
 snow - y white, Unmarred with sin or stain. } clean robes, pure robes,

Je - sus' blood made white, We all must wear to en - ter there, In the pal - a - ces of light.

3. And may I have a dwelling there,
 A home at God's right hand,
 A mansion golden, bright and fair,
 Within that better land.—*Chorus.*

4. O palaces of glorious light,
 I long your bliss to share!
 Dear Jesus, cleanse me in thy blood,
 And give me entrance there.—*Chorus.*

THERE'S SOMETHING TO DO.

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

The first and third lines may be sung as a solo by a base voice.

1. Why stand ye here idle? Work presses to-day! Find something to do! The field is enlarging, the
 2. The Sabbath School needs you, just enter and see, Here's something to do! The ground needs preparing, then

Chorus.

la-bor-ers few, There always is something or other to do, Yes, something to do. } Find something to
 sowing the seed. Be idle in spring-time! 'tis folly in-deed, There's so much to do.

do, Something, yes, something to do, The Master is calling, yes, calling for you. Find something, yes, something to do.

3. Don't say you are busy, to old or unfit,
 That's nothing to you!
 The Master is calling, yes, calling for you,
 He surely has something or other to do,
 Yes, something to do.—*Chorus.*

4. Then up and away! In the vineyard to-day,
 Christ waiteth for you,
 His love should remind you and gratitude speak,
 The debt you are owing should press you to seek
 For something to do.—*Chorus.*

SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Music by H. E. KIMBALL.

Not too fast.

1. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words I hear him say! Happy place, so dear, so
 2. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray, While I from his fulness

Chorus.

pre-cious, May I there be found each day.
 gath - er Grace and comfort ev - 'ry day. } Here I'll rest for - ev - er, Here I'll rest for-

ev - er, And drink from life's pure riv - er, The draught that makes me whole.

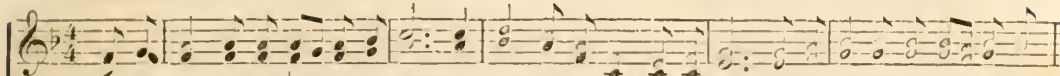
3. Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
 I would choose that better part;
 Flee from earthly cares and pleasures,
 While I tell him all my heart.—*Chorus.*

4. Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me,
 As I'm sitting at thy feet,
 Oh! look down in love upon me,
 Let me see thy face so sweet.—*Chorus.*

THE WONDERFUL LAND.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

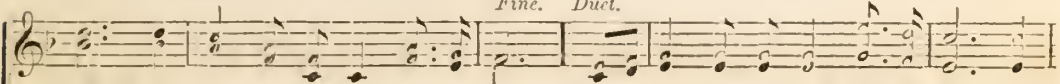


1. Have you heard of the wonderful land? Beyond the dark valley it lies; There the snows of the winter ne'er
2. And they call it the land of the blest, The world where th' Saviour doth reign, In the light of whose smile there is
3. Oh! that heav-en of joy and of peace, Its music we sometimes may hear, And the song of its angels will



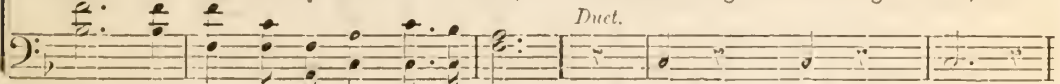
Chorus. D. C. Have you heard of the wonderful land, Beyond the dark valley it lies; There the snows of the winter ne'er,

Fine. Duct.



fall No storms cloud the blue of its skies, Its beau-ty no mor-tal can tell, No
 peace That changeless doth ev-er remain. And they who are blest by His love, Are
 come In mel-o-dy sweet to the ear, When car-ing and toil-ing are done, When

Duct.

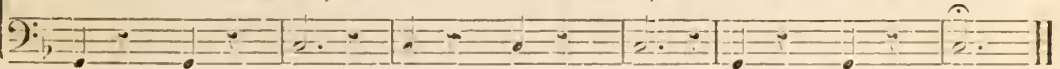


fall, No storms cloud the blue of its skies.

Chorus D. C.



eye hath its loveliness seen, For none may return who have pass'd The valley that li-eth be-tween,
 ransomed from earth and its wrong, Have suffered, but now are at rest, Have wept, but now join in glad song,
 he hath no more to demand, At rest with the loved I shall be, At home in the "Beau-ti-ful Land."



SING, BIRDS, MERRILY SING.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by R. A. KINZIE.

Allegro.

1. The spring-time comes, the air grows warm, The trees bud forth in leafy green, And in the woods, and
 2. The summer comes, the flowers bloom, All nature rings with glad-some song, For in the mountain,
 3. O sons of earth, if birds thus bring Un-to their Ma-ker chanting praise, Let us be grate-ful

Chorus. Lively.

in the vale, The rob-in and its mate are seen. Sing, birds, merri-ly, merrily sing! Sunbeams warm the
 hill and dell, The birds their happy notes prolong. Sing, birds, merri-ly merrily sing! Summer with its
 too and sing, With thank-ful hearts our gladsome lays. Sing, then, merri-ly, merrily sing! God is good, and

Repeat Chorus to first verse each time.

balmy air, Earth grows green again and so fair, Sing, birds, merri-ly, merri-ly sing!
 joy is here, Flow-ers fair and fruits ap-pear, Sing, birds, merri-ly, merri-ly sing!
 kind, and true, He has gent-ly cared for you, Sing, then, merri-ly, merri-ly sing!

SAILING FOR GLORY.

9

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Out on the o - cean we're sailing, Out on the ocean of time, Bound for the ha - ven of
 2. Out on the o - cean we're sailing, O - ver the white-crested deep; Leaving the tempests be -

Refrain.

glo - ry, Bound for a happi - er clime.
 hind us, Joyous - ly onward we sweep. } Sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing, Out on the ocean we're

sail - ing, Bound for the ha - ven of glo - ry, Bound for a hap - pi - er clime.

3. Out on the ocean we're sailing,
 Braving the wind and the tide;
 Jesus commandeth our vessel,
 Fearlessly onward we glide.—*Chorus.*

4. Out on the ocean we're sailing,
 Bound for yon beautiful shore,
 There to be happy with Jesus,
 Dwelling in light evermore.—*Chorus.*

WE WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

Words by E. R. LATTA.

Music by C. T. DONDORE.

1. We will fol-low Je-sus, Je-sus cru-ci-fied, We will not forsake him, tho' the world deride;
 2. We will fol-low Je-sus, His dear cross we'll take, Ev-'ry sin and fol-ly will-ing-ly forsake;

To the heav'nly mansions he has gone before, To be scourged for sin no more.
 He has died to save us, all our sins he bore, We will praise him ev-er-more.

We will follow Je-sus to those mansions fair, He a place hath promised for us to prepare,
 We will follow Je-sus, He will give us rest, And if we are faithful, crown us with the blest;

WE WILL FOLLOW JESUS.—*Concluded.*

He will come and take us with him-self to be, And his glo-ry we shall see.
 We will fol - low Je - sus, and when life is o'er Reign with him for ev - er - more.

Chorus.

From this world of sin and care, We will follow Jesus to the land of rest, He will
 world of sin and care, sin and care, land of rest,

give us mansions fair, He will crown us in the regions of the blest.
 give us mansions fair, mansions fair, of the blest.

THE SILVERY CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Words by J. W. BROWN.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. The bells, the bells, the Christmas bells, How merrily they ring! As if they felt the joy they tell To ev'ry human thing.
 2. The bells, the merry Christmas bells, They're ringing in the morn! They ring when in the eastern sky The golden light is born;
 3. The bells, the silv'ry Christmas bells, O'er many a mile they sound! And house-hold tones are answer'ing them In thousand homes around.

Cresc.

Their silv'ry tones o'er vale and hill, Re-ech-o far and near, As wave on wave the tide of sound, Comes swelling soft and clear.
 They ring as sunshine tips the hills, And gilds the glist'ning spire, When thro' the sky the sov'reign sun Rolls his full orb of fire.
 Let child-hood's voices, blithe and shrill, With youth's strong accents blend, Let ev'ry thankful human heart In praise to God ascend.

Chorus.

Ring, ring, ring, while we sing..... The sounding joy your mer-ry mu-sic tells.
 while we sing,

THE SILVERY CHRISTMAS BELLS.—Concluded.

Slow and soft. *dim.*

Sweet..... Sweet..... Sweet sil - ve - ryChristmas bells,.....
 Sil - ve - ry Christmas bells, Sil - ve - ry Christmas bells, Silvery Christmas bells.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 2/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

WHO IS A GOOD SCHOLAR?

Words by Rev. A. W. ORWIG.

Music by GABRIEL MIESSE.

The musical score is in 2/4 time, featuring a melody on the treble staff and accompaniment on the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

1. He who always is in time, In bad weather and sunshine, He who's always clean and neat, And in silence takes his seat.
 2. He's a scholar good and wise, Who the sabbath school does prize, And begins in youth to love, He who came from heav'n above.
 3. He's a scholar good and just And whom ev'ry one can trust, That obeys with joy each rule, Of the ho - ly Sabbath School.
 4. He's the scholar best of all, Who o - s the Saviour's call, Spending life in acts of love, Winning souls to heav'n above.

Chorus.—A little faster.

The chorus is in 2/4 time and features a more active melody. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

That's the scholar who is good, And would bring in if he could, Ev'ry child from all the street, In the Sabbath School to meet.

ONLY JESUS CAN SAVE.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by A. J. ARMSTRONG.

Moderato.

1. Tears will not save me! I'll cease then my weeping. The stains of my sins lie too deep on my soul, I'll flee to my
 2. Works will not save me! I'll cease then to trust them, Too long I have trusted in what I have done, I'll come in my
 3. Je - sus can save me, My glorified Saviour! The blood that he shed as atonement for sin, Alone has the

Chorus.

Saviour whose warm heart is leaping To welcome, forgive and to make me whole.
 weak-ness to one who invites me, And of-fers free par-don in His dear Son. } Jesus can save and
 pow-er to wash my defilement, This on - ly can make me all pure within. }

Jesus alone, Jesus alone, Je-sus alone, Jesus, my Lord and my Saviour, I own, Jesus, my Saviour, I own.

DON'T GROW WEARY.

Words by Rev. P. S. ORWIG.

Music by J. H. RHEEM.

1. There is light and life for - ev - er, Where the man - y mansions be, And the spir - it swells with
2. Mourning pilgrim, don't grow weary, Hold thou on a few more years, La - bor on in Je - sus'
3. Rising up from earthly sorrow, We before the throne shall stand, Where the angels sweetly

Chorus.

longing, There to dwell e - ter - nal - ly.
vineyard, Tho' thy sow - ing be in tears. } Where the man - y mansions be, We shall
welcome To that land, that hap - py land.

dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Where the man - y mansions be, We shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly.

CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

Words by Rev. B. M. ADAMS.

Music by J. H. HARRIS.

1. Sad and weary with my longing, Filled with shame because of sin, As I am in conscious weakness,
 2. Oh! the joy of knowing Je - sus, It is dawning on my soul! I am finding his sal - va - tion,
 3. Oh! refine me by thy spir - it, Make my earthly life sublime, Make my heart a home for Je - sus,

Chorus.

Here I would sal - va - tion win.
 And the pow'r that makes me whole.
 Till I'm done with earth and time. } All I have I leave for Je - sus, I am counting it but dross,

ritard.
 I am coming to the Master, I am clinging to the cross, Clinging, clinging, clinging to the cross.

COME INTO THE FOLD.

Words and Music by

Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. Come in-to the fold, Come in-to the fold, Out-side of the gate are the wolves and the cold. Come
 2. Come in-to the fold, Come in to the fold, Out-side are the dark-ness, and danger and cold. Come
 3. Come in-to the fold, Come in-to the fold, Out-side there are hunger, and weeping and cold. The
 4. Come in-to the fold, Come in-to the fold, Come in from the darkness, the wolves and the cold. Here

in - to the fold ere the darkness of night. Close round thee and hide the dear Sa - viour from
 in, lit - tle lamb-kin: up - on his dear breast. The Sa-viour will fold thee and hush thee to
 sheep hear his voice where the green pasture grows, And follow his steps where the stream of life
 par-don and hap-pi-ness thou shalt receive, And Je - sus un-to thee his sweet peace will

sight. Come in - to the fold, come in - to the fold, Oh, wander no longer out-side in the cold!
 rest, Come in, lit - tle lamb, come in - to the fold, Oh, suf-fer no longer out-side in the cold'
 flows. Come in, wand'ring sheep, come in - to the fold, Oh, tar-ry no longer out-side in the cold'
 gave, Come in, all who will, come in - to the fold, Oh, why will ye wander out-side in the cold!

MAKE ME HOLY.

Words by S.

Music by JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Musical notation for the first part of the hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major and 6/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

1. Father, I would be made ho-ly, Cleansed from ev'ry single stain; Oh, impart to me this blessing, Thro' the Lamb for sinners slain.
2. Grant, oh grant me my petition! Drive un-ho-ly tho'ts away; Change to joy my deep contrition, Turn my night to glorious day.
3. I am weak and sinful, Father; I've no merits of my own; Make me ho-ly, Lord! I claim it By the merits of thy Son,

Chorus.

Musical notation for the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major and 6/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

Make me ho - ly, pure and clean, Here's my heart, Lord, enter in, Enter in, en - ter in, Blessed Saviour en - ter in.

GOOD NEWS COMES O'ER THE SEA.

MISSIONARY.

Words and Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

Moderato.

Musical notation for the second hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

1. Good news comes o'er the sea, And tells of vic - t'ry there; The heathen bow the knee, In
2. The glorious gos - pel light, In splendor shines to - day; Where naught but darkest night, Fell

Duet.

humb-ble, fervent pray'r, Long wait-ed we to hear The glo-rious tid - ings come, Pro-
on the heathen's way. Brave Christians heard the cry That came across the sea, "Come

Chorus. Lively.

claiming vic - t'ry there, Where darkness reigned alone. Re - joice, . . . re - joice, . . . Good
help us, ere we die, Come, help us to be free." Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice.

news comes o'er the sea; . . . Re - joice, . . . re - joice, Good news comes o'er the sea.
the sea; Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice.

Repeat Chorus.

3. They bade adieu to home,
To friends and loved ones dear;
They crossed the ocean's foam,
They landed safely there,
They raised the banner bright
On Atré's hostile shore,
The heathen saw a light,
Where darkness reigned before.—CHOR.

4. Oh, see them coming home!
The poor, degraded race!
The Master bids them come
To seek his saving grace.
At Jesus' feet they fall;
To heaven they lift their cry;
He hears their simple call—
He saves them ere they die.—CHOR.

5. Awake! the sun is high;
The Master's calling you!
Why stand ye idle by?
There's work for you to do!
Your treasures, prayers, and tears,
Go, lay at Jesus' feet;
And soon we'll sing the song
Of victory complete.—CHOR.

OUR BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

Words by Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

Music by W. T. ROGERS.

1. Loved ones, come bear her away to her rest; Fold the cold hands across the still breast. Gath-er the white robe a-
 2. She was our 1-dol, our loved one, our own; God tho't it best to call his lamb home; Griev'd ones, ob chide not the

Chorus.

round the cold clay, Angels have borne her foud spirit a-way. } Beau - - ti - ful dead, Beau - - ti - ful
 hand that would save, Heaven hath ta-ken but that which it gave. } Beautiful, beau-ti - ful dead, Beanti-ful, beauti - ful

dead, From her earth's tri-als and sorrows have fled, An-gels are watching our beau-ti-ful dead.

3. Sin might have blighted your beautiful one,
 Sorrow's dark clouds around her been thrown,
 Jesus will cherish the lamb of the fold,
 Safe in his bosom your darling enfold.—*Cho.*

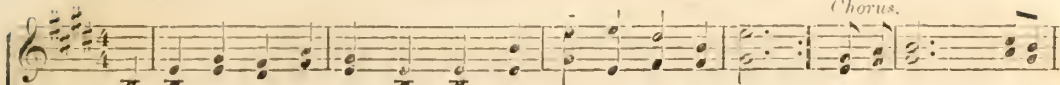
4. Weep where they pillow her beautiful head,
 Hallow with tears the grave of the dead.
 Pray that to you the grace may be giv'n,
 Yonder to meet her and greet her in Heaven.—*Cho.*

RALLY ROUND OUR STANDARD.

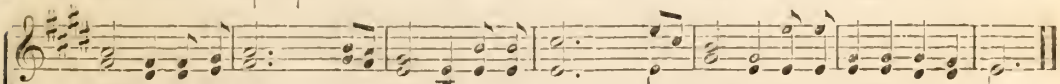
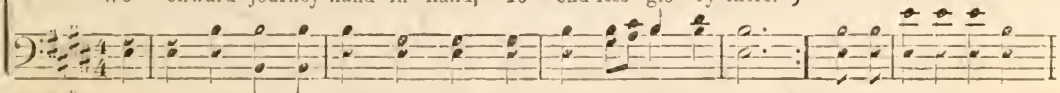
Words and Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Harmonized by T. C. O'KANE.

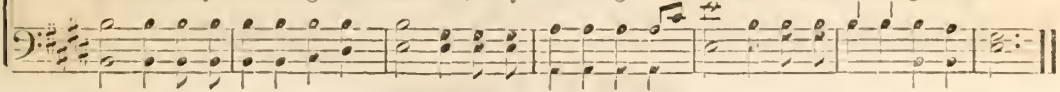
Chorus.



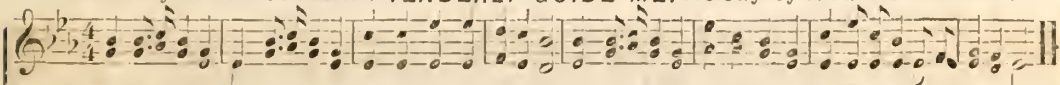
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|---|-----------------------------|
| 1. We fling our banner to the breeze, In our Re-deemer's name, | } Rally round our |
| Thro' all the lands and o'er the seas, Sal-va-tion to proclaim. | |
| 2. Our ban-ner is the blood-stained cross, On which our Saviour died, | } Rally round our glorious |
| Come help us spread its sav-ing pow'r, O'er all the na-tions wide. | |
| 3. O come and join us as we march, To yon-der re-gions fair, | } To end-less glo-ry there. |
| We onward journey hand in hand, | |



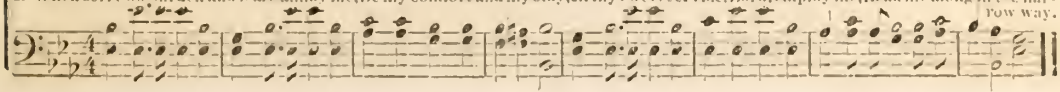
standard, Rally round our standard, Rally round, our standard, We are battling for the Lord.
 standard, Rally round the glorious standard, Rally round the glorious standard, We are battling for the Lord.



Words by E. A. HOFFMAN. *TENDERLY GUIDE ME.* Melody by J. A. MUNK. M. D.



1. Blessed Redeemer, tenderly guide me Thro' this world of sin and care, In thy cleft side, oh safely hide me, Bring me at last to thy king-
 dom fair.
2. When sorrows burden and fears annoy me, Be my comfort and my stay, In thy sweet service, Lord, employ me, Lead me along in the nar-
 row way.



AT THE GATE.

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. I'm waiting at the gate, Jesus, With all my load of sin, If I am not too late, Jesus, Oh, come and let me in,
 2. I want to walk with thee, Jesus, Along the narrow way, Oh, reach thy hand to me, Jesus, Oh, let me in to-day!
 3. I'm praying at the gate, Jesus, Thy blood is all my plea; My sins I know are great, Jesus, But thou hast died for me.
 4. I want to share thy love, Jesus, And rest in thine embrace, And in thy courts above, Jesus, For-ev-er see thy face.

Chorus.

I'm kneel - ing, kneel - ing at the 'gate, If I am not too late, Dear Je - sus, let me in.

I'm kneeling, kneeling, kneeling at the gate, With all my load, my load of sin, If I am not too late, too late, Dear Jesus, let me in!

DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.

Words by A. W. ORWIG.

Music by GABRIEL MIESSE.

Dolce con espressione.

1. Death has been here, and from our midst Has rudely borne away, One whom we always loved to greet, Each holy Sabbath day.
 2. And while we keenly feel our loss, And o'er his absence weep, We will not mourn in bitterness; In Christ he fell asleep.
 3. Oh, let us all the Saviour seek, And walk the narrow way, And then some time we too shall rise To ev-er - last-ling day.

WHO SHALL WALK IN WHITE?

23

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by R. A. KINZIE.

Boys.

Girls.

1. Who shall walk in Heav'n a - bove, In yon home of peace and love? On - ly they shall
 2. Who shall live in bliss a - bove, In yon home of peace and love? On - ly they who
 3. Who shall reign with Christ a - bove, In you home of peace and love? On - ly they whose

Chorus.

walk in Heav'n, Who on earth have been for-giv'n.
 do God's will, And his ho - ly law ful - fil. } On - ly they, on - ly they,
 hearts are pure, And who to the end en-dure. }

They whose robes are clean and bright, On - ly they, on - ly they, Shall with Je - sus walk in white.

SINGING OF HEAVEN.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Tenderly, soft-ly, sing we of Heaven, Sing of the Saviour once for us given. Sing of our Jesus, Who from sin frees us,
 2. Out of the shadows leading us kindly, Guiding our foot-steps, staggering blindly, Guarding us ever, Failing us nev-er,
 3. Trust him forever, trust him fore-er, Loving thee always, leaving thee never, Ere we be dy-ing, Let us be try-ing,

Chorus.

Repeat softly.

Sing of Him sweetly, dear is His love,
 Glo-ri-ty Je-sus, sing ev-er-more. } Trust Him for-ev-er, Trust Him forever, Lov'ing thee always, leaving thee never.
 Faithful to serve Him who is so kind.

THE VICTORIOUS SAVIOUR.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Arranged.

The vic-to-ry is won! My Saviour has a - ris - en, Triumphant from his pris - on; The
 D. S. Now dy - ing is but sleeping, In sweet and gen-tle keep - ing Of

THE VICTORIOUS SAVIOUR.

25

End.

glorious work is done, The vic - to - ry is won! } The liv - ing Christ is tok - en, That
 God's ex - alt - ed son, The vic - to - ry is won! }

D. S.

death is bruised and bro - ken, And hell has found de - feat Be - neath his roy - al feet.

2. Hosanna! victory!

The word of power is spoken,
 The fearful spell is broken,
 The lifted shadows flee,
 Hosanna! victory!
 Oh, tell the world the story
 Of Jesus in his glory,
 The victor o'er the grave,
 Omnipotent to save.
 O hearts of men, adore him!
 O worlds, bow low before him!
 None lives to love like he,
 Hosanna! victory!

3. Rejoice, my soul, rejoice!

Beyond death's broken portal
 There is a life immortal—
 The ransomed spirit's choice;
 Rejoice, my soul, rejoice!
 My Saviour passed before thee,
 His pledge of love is o'er thee,
 His glory lights the way
 To never-ending day;
 All power to him is given;
 His favor is my heaven;
 I hear his loving voice;
 Rejoice, my soul, rejoice!

4. Oh shout aloud for joy!

Lift up thy head, O Zion;
 Behold him, Judah's Lion;
 For him your voice employ,
 And shout aloud for joy!
 With kindling faith behold him;
 With arms of love enfold Him;
 In death he is thy life,
 Thy peace amid the strife,
 Thy theme of song forever;
 Nor Death nor Hell may sever
 From such a king's employ;
 Oh shout aloud for joy!

MAKE YOUR MARK.

Words by F. B. COPP.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Not the mark of battle, go-ry, Not the wreath of worldly fame, But a mark of greater glo-ry, Carve a
 2. Not upon the granite bould-er, Spend thy strength in ringing blows, But when holy passions smoulder, While the
 3. In the haunts of vice and sorrow, In the dark and cheerless homes, Where they hope for joy tomorrow, But where

Chorus. D. C. Not the mark of battle, gory, Not the wreath of worldly fame, But a mark of greater glory, Carve a

Fine.

spotless Christian name. Make your mark in deeds of kindness, On the weary, sin-stained heart, Deeds and words that
 soul to ru - in goes. Make it on the hearts of others, Human scrolls of flesh and blood, Sin-stained hearts and
 solace never comes. In the chambers, dark and dreary, Where the dy-ing sinner lies, With his heart sin-

spotless Christian name.

D. C. to Chorus.

heal their blindness, Make the tears of gladness start.
 hearts of brothers, Washed within the crimson flood.
 laden, wea-ry. And the death-glow in his eyes.

4. On the page of Christian duty,
 Make it broad, and plain and free,
 So that all its sacred beauty
 In your holy life may see.
 Make your mark where angels hover,
 On the lost, the good and true;
 Let the smile of Jesus cover
 All your willing hands may do.

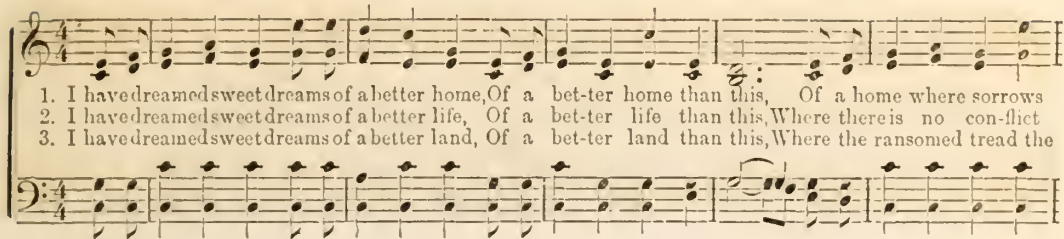
Chorus.

I HAVE DREAMED SWEET DREAMS.

27

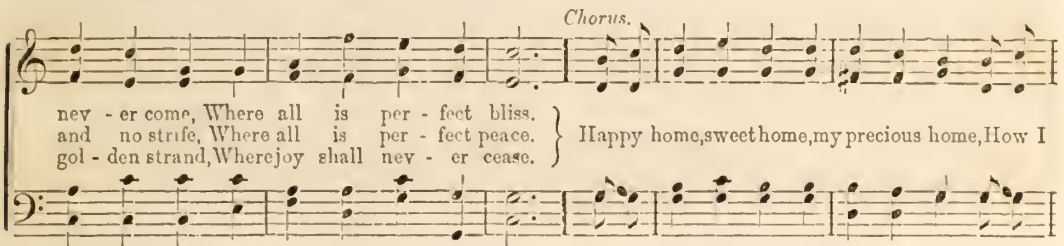
Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Melody by Rev. J. H. KEELER.

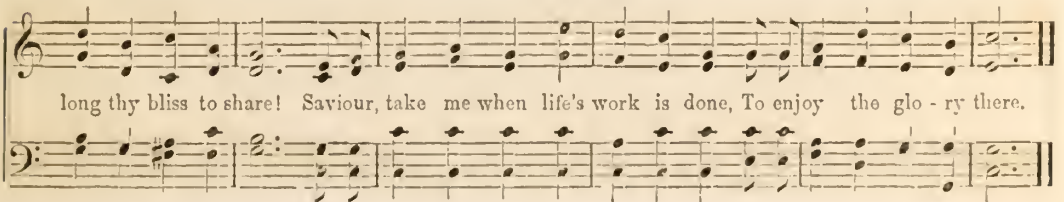


1. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better home, Of a bet-ter home than this, Of a home where sorrows
2. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better life, Of a bet-ter life than this, Where there is no con-lict
3. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better land, Of a bet-ter land than this, Where the ransomed tread the

Chorus.



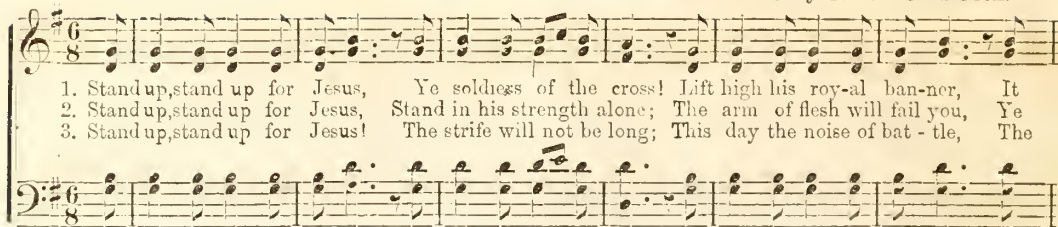
nev - er come, Where all is per - fect bliss.
and no strife, Where all is per - fect peace. } Happy home, sweet home, my precious home, How I
gol - den strand, Where joy shall nev - er cease.



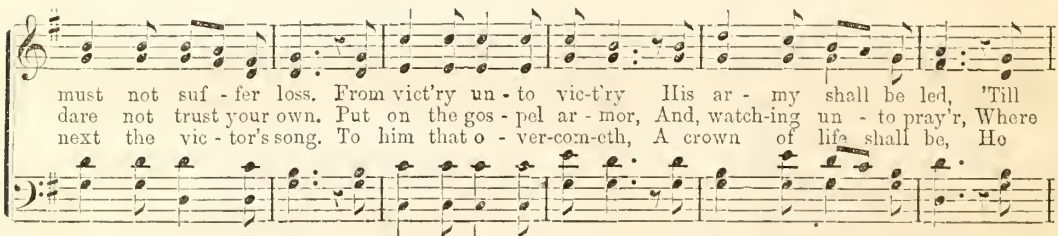
long thy bliss to share! Saviour, take me when life's work is done, To enjoy the glo - ry there.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Music by C. T. DONDORE.



1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross! Lift high his roy-al ban-ner, It
 2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye
 3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat-tle, The



must not suf-fer loss. From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry His ar-my shall be led, 'Till
 dare not trust your own. Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, And, watch-ing un-to pray'r, Where
 next the vic-tor's song. To him that o-ver-com-eth, A crown of life shall be, He

Chorus.



For Je - - sus stand firm, For
 ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
 du - ty calls or dan-ger, Be nev - er want - ing there. } Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye
 with the King of glo-ry, Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. }

STAND UP FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

Je - - sus stand firm, For Je - - - sus stand firm, For Je - - - sus stand firm.

sol - diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.

CHILDREN, LOVE HIM.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by J. H. RHEEM.

1. Je - sus Christ your Saviour is, Let Him take your hand in His. He will kind - ly lead you on,
 2. So because He first loved you, Will you try to love Him too? Will you kneel to Him and pray,
 3. Will you dai - ly, as you need, In your Ho - ly Bi - ble read? And in all things try to do
 4. Oh, you will be hap - py then, Hap - pier than the richest men; And, when life with you is past,

Chorus.

Till your life on earth is done.
 For His bless - ing ev - 'ry day?
 What your Sa - viour teach - es you?
 You shall rest in Heav'n at last.

Je - sus loves you, love Him too, love Him, love Him, love Him too.

CALL TO PRAYER.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Come to the place of pray'r, The dai-ly work is done; This ho - ly hour, the hour to rest, The
 2. Cometo the place of love, The saints in God are one; 'Tis sweet to spend an hour in peace, When

Spir-it bids you come, Come with u-nit-ed hearts and raise To God the song of grateful praise.
 dai - ly work is done, And hold communion pure and sweet, Around the common mercy-seat.

Refrain.—The first line of each verse.

Come, come, Come to the place of pray'r, Come, come, Come to the place of pray'r.

3. Come to the place of joy,
 'Tis Heaven on earth begun;
 'Tis bliss to drink at mercy's fount,
 When daily work is done,
 And gather strength to work anew,
 'Till sun shall set with heaven in view.
 —REFRAIN,

4. Come to the place of rest,
 Where strong desires prevail,
 Where hope, the Christian's anchor sure,
 Is cast within the veil,
 And grasps the Rock of Ages there,
 Where Jesus hears and answers prayer.
 —REFRAIN.

5. Come to the Throne of Grace;
 The blessed hour will come
 When God will call you to your home,
 When all your work is done,
 To sing on high the joyful psalm,
 The song of Moses and the Lamb.
 —REFRAIN.

COMING TO JESUS.

Words and Melody by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER. Harmonized by C. T. DONDORE.

1. Jesus dear, I hear thee say: "Come to me, my child, to-day." Yes, I will, I'm coming now, Je-sus dear, I'm
 2. Speak to me, my Saviour dear, Own me thine and save me here; Make my will to Thee incline, Seal my heart with
 3. Let me see thy smiling face, Fold me in thy warm embrace; Lead me up the shining way, Keep me till thy

Solo. Soprano. *Full chorus.*

coming now.
 love divine. } Come to Jesus, come to-day, He's the life, the truth, the way. Yes I will, I'm coming now,
 crowning day. }

Je-sus dear, I'm coming now; Yes I will, I'm coming now, Je-sus dear, I'm coming now.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Words and Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Harmonized by C. T. DONDORE.

1. We gaze on the hills of the heavenly land, O'er waves that are rolling between, And we
 2. The Saviour is crossing the swift-rolling waves, And with him the loved and the blest, Whom he
 3. Beyond the wild spray of the swift-rolling waves Is heav-en, resplendent and fair; Oh! the

Chorus.

long to cross o'er to the glo-ry-lit strand, To the fields that are clothed in green. } O swift rolling
 beareth from earth and its la-bors away, To the shores of e-ter-nal rest. }
 vision transports and enraptures my soul, And I long to be o-ver there. }

waves! Bear my soul to the heavenly strand, I long to cross o'er To the beau-ti-ful, beautiful land.

I LOVE JESUS.

33

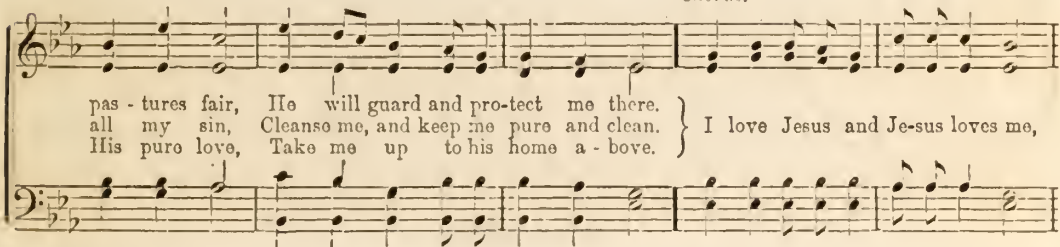
Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by GEO. B. LOOMIS.



1. I love Je-sus and Je-sus loves me, He my ten-der shepherd will be; He will feed me in
2. I love Je-sus and Je-sus loves me, He my lov-ing Saviour will be; He will save me from
3. I love Je-sus and Je-sus loves me, He my friend for-ev-er will be; He will bless me with

Chorus.



pas - tures fair, He will guard and pro-tect me there.
all my sin, Cleanse me, and keep me pure and clean. } I love Jesus and Je-sus loves me,
His pure love, Take me up to his home a - bove. }



Oh, how precious, how precious is He! I love Jesus and Jesus loves me, None so precious, so precious as He.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Music by J. K. COLE.

1. Go to the bat-tle of life, Go while it is called to-day, For the years go out, and the years come in. Re-
 2. The troops they march onward to join The army that's gone before, You may hear the sound of their falling feet, Going
 3. There's room for you now in the ranks, And duty for you assigned, Then step into the front with a cheerful grace, Be

ardless of those who will lose or win, Regardless of those who will lose or win, Of those who may work or play,
 down to the river where two worlds meet, Going down to the river where two worlds meet, They go to re-tu-rn no more,
 quick, or an-oth-er may take your place, Be quick, or an-oth-er may take your place, And you may be left be-hind.

Words by JAS. J. MAXFIELD.

HOLY BIBLE.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Ho-ly Bible, what a treasure! 'Tis the true guide up to Heav'n, Purest fount of peace and pleasure,
 2. In the pa-ges, pure and holy, Shine the words: "Eternal life," That the faithful, meek and lowly,
 3. Oh, how very dark and dreary All this wretched world would be, If no promise to the weary

Refrain.

E'er to sin-ful mortals giv'n. Key of prom-ise, Which unlocks the gate of Heav'n.
Thro' this earth with e-vils rife. May take cour-age, And prove faith-ful in the strife.
Whisper'd, "Lo, I am with thee!" Bless-ed Bi-ble! Je-sus says, "Come un-to me."

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.

1. Lay your treasures higher, safer Than the golden stores of men, Lest the coming day of ter-ror Sweep them
2. Send aloft each blessed moment In some no-ble use to God; Make the world to feel your presence, Ere you

Fine.

from your keeping then. { Ere the bus-y hands are i-dle, Ere the beating heart is still, } Yes,
lie beneath the sod. { Deeds of mer-cy, tears of pi-ty, Words of tenderness and love, } Yes,
{ How they shine for aye and ev-er In the Treasure-House a - - bove. } Yes,
1. 2. D.C.

"NOTHING TO DO."

Allegretto.

Music by H. E. KIMBALL.

1. "Noth - ing to do" in this world of ours, Where weeds spring up with the fairest flow'rs; Then
 2. "Noth - ing to do!" There are pray'rs to lay Be - fore the mer - cy-seat ev - 'ry day; There are

off with the garments of sloth and sin, For Christ, thy Lord, has a kingdom to win.
 legions to conquer within, without, And error strong to be put to rout. } Come, come let us

Chorus.

la - bor, While we sojourn here be - low, Great, great is the harvest, And the la - bor - ers are few.

3 "Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach
 The simplest accents of Christian speech;
 There are hearts to awaken with loving wile,
 From grimpest haunts of sin's defile.—*Chorus.*

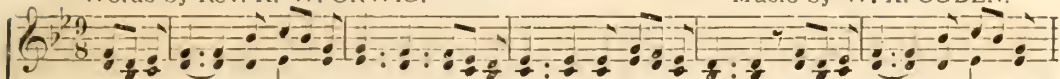
4. "Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,
 The precious hope of the Church's need;
 There is strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
 And watch to keep with the doubting saint.—*Chorus.*

THE SPIRITUAL HARVEST.

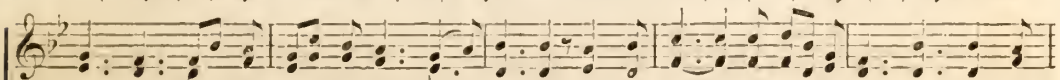
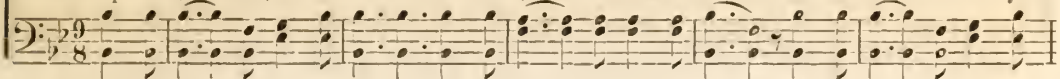
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Words by Rev. A. W. ORWIG.

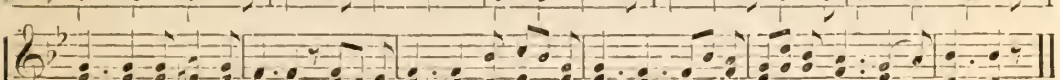
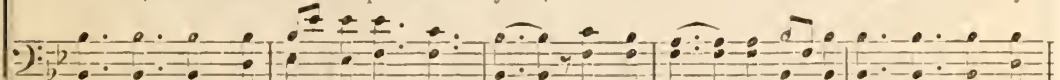
Music by W. A. OGDEN.



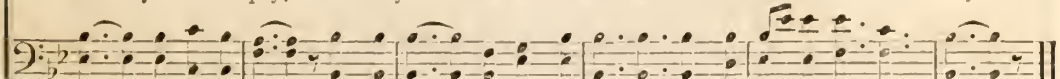
1. Not a - cross the surg-ing o - cean, Nor the mountains huge and high, Nor the plains of vast di -
2. Souls without the love of Je - sus, In - ter - cept - thee day by day; Some perhaps whom thou canst
3. On the high-ways, in the al - leys, In the bus - y marts of trad', In the pal - ace, in the
4. Up then, teachers, to the re - scue! Schol - ars, seek the harvest field! If in faith and love you



mensions, Need'st thou cast thy long-ing eye; But a - mid the scenes of ac - tion, All a -
 sure - ly Help to find the nar - row way; Souls who may, if thou prove faithless, Still pur -
 cot - tage, Thousands still the truth o - vade. These have all been ful - ly purchased, By the
 la - bor, You shall see a plenteous yield; And the ev - er - bless - ed Mas - ter Sure - ly



round thee, ev'rywhere, Thou canst find a ripened harvest, Waiting for thy toil and care.
 sue the downward road, Till at last the great Destroyer, Drags them to his dark a - bode.
 Sa - viour's precious blood; And shall not they all be rescued From the dark, impending flood?
 will your toil repay, Far beyond what earth can measure In the realms of endless day.



I REST IN THY LOVE.

Words by Rev. R. W. TODD,

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1 While way-worn and weary, I journey along, Dear Saviour, thy love is the theme of my song;
 2. While burden'd with sorrow, And laden'd with woe, Dear Saviour, to thee 'neath thy cross will I go;
 3. While struggling for thee in the heat of the strife, Dear Saviour, thy truth is the shield of my life;
 4. And when—all the pangs of mor-tal-i-ty o'er— I join with the blood-wash'd whoson on the shore;

Thy smile is my bea-con, as on-ward I move; Thy cross is my shel-ter—I rest in thy love.
 I think of thy sor-row and anguish for me, And yield at thy bidding, my sor-rows to thee.
 My foes shall be vanquished—shall die 'neath my feet; I'll rest from the conflict with vict'ry complete.
 I'll dwell with the pure in thy tem-ple a-bove, For ev-er and ev-er I'll rest in thy love.

Chorus. *p*

I rest in thy love, - - - yes, rest in thy love - - - Tho' way-worn and weary, I
p
 Rest in thy love, Rest in thy love,

rit. pp

rest in thy love, Rest in thy love, - - - yes, rest in thy love.

Rest in thy love, Yes, rest in thy love, In thy love.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first part of the hymn. It features a treble and bass clef staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a 'rit. pp' (ritardando, piano) marking.

THE STRAY LAMB.

Words by E. F. M.

Music by Mrs. P. M. ALSTON.

1. A foolish little lamb, Strayed from the Shepherd's fold, The way was rough and dark, The storm was drear and cold,
 2. "Oh why, why did I leave My Shepherd kind and good? No comfort can I find; No shelter, care, or food."
 3. "Could he but hear my voice, But lis-ten to my cry! I'll plead in tones so loud, And to the fold draw nigh."
 4. The Shepherd heard the voice, He heard the pleading tone, And gently in his arms, Brought back the wand'rer home.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'The Stray Lamb'. It features a treble and bass clef staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Chorus.

Dear children, do not leave, The precious Saviour's fold; The path of sin is dark, The way both drear and cold.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the chorus of 'The Stray Lamb'. It features a treble and bass clef staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

WATCH AND PRAY.

Words by FANNIE J. CROSBY.

THEO. F. SEWARD, by Permission.

1. When the blush of morning light, Paints the golden eastern skies, From the balmy sleep of night,
2. From the sul-try noon-tide beams, Would'st thou find a calm retreat? Dost thou pant for cooling streams?

Chorus.

Trav'ler on thy heav'n-ward way,

Jesus bids thee watch and

Lift to God thy waking eyes, }
Rest thee at the mer-cy seat, }

Trav'ler on thy heav'n-ward way, He bids thee watch and

pray,

Trav'ler, trav'ler on thy heav'n-ward way, Je-sus bids thee watch and pray.

pray,
Je-sus bids thee watch and pray, Trav'ler on thy heav'n-ward way Jesus bids thee watch and pray.

3. When the evening shades descend
Tranquil o'er the earth and sea;
Go, thy Saviour and thy Friend
Holds a precious gift for thee.—*Chorus.*

4. Watch with Jesus all the night,
Till the shadows glide away;
Watch till comes the morning light,
Weary pilgrim, watch and pray.—*Chorus.*

PRECIOUS NAME.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. Precious is the name of Je - sus, Who can half its worth unfold, Far beyond an - gel-ic
 2. Precious as the Med-i - a - tor, By the Fath - er raised on high, Precious, when he took our

Chorus.

prais - es, Sweetly sung to harps of gold. } Precious name, O how sweet, Precious
 na - ture, Laid His aw - ful glo - ry by. } Precious name, O how sweet,

Rit. p Repeat pp

name, O how sweet, Precious name, O how sweet, O how sweet.
 Precious name, O how sweet, Precious name, O how sweet,

3. Precious when to Calvary groaning, He sustained the cursed tree;
 Precious, when His death atoning, Made an end of sin for me.
4. Precious in His death victorious, He the hosts of hell o'erthrows;
 In His resurrection glorious, Victor crowned o'er all his foes.
5. Precious Lord, beyond expressing
 Are thy beauties all divine;
 Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
 Be henceforth, forever thine.

—Chorus.

—Chorus.

—Chorus.

A WHEAT-HEAD OR TARE.

Words by A. T. ALLIS.

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Stead-i-ly the an - gel rea - pers Thrust their sickles here and there, Bringing down the ripened harvest,
 2. Stead-i-ly is life's last harvest, By these angel-hands, brought in, Some to eat the fruit of good - ness,

There a wheat-head, here a tare. Stead-i-ly these shining workmen Reap and sep-ar-ate in turn,
 Some the bit-ter fruit of sin; By the hands of these swift reapers All our loved ones gathered thus,

Chorus.

Some to fill the Mas-ter's gar - ner, Some to gath-er up and burn. When the rea - pers come to me,
 By and by these reaping an - gels Will have come to gath-er us. When the rea - pers &c.

Shall I glo - ry or des - pair? Shall they find a ripened wheat-head. Or a ripe but worthless tare?

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER

Music by GABRIEL MIESSE

Moderato, Dolce.

1. A gen - tle voice, a heart-felt sigh, A mod-est blush, a speak-ing eye, A man-ner un - af
2. A read - y hand, a lov - ing heart, A sym-pa-thy that's free from art, A re - al friend a -

fect - ed, free. These things are beautiful to me.
mong the few, These things are beautiful and true.

3. A mother's prayer, an answer mild,
An aged sire, a little child,
A happy home, a cheerful hearth,
These things are beautiful on earth.
4. Because they all are born of love,
And emanate from God above,
An earnest of the heavenly birth,
These things are beautiful on earth.

WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

Music by WM. T. ROGERS.

1. It is not much that we can give In do - ing good to others; But we in joy and
 2. And more than all we can obey The precepts of our Saviour, And prove our love to

peace can live, With sis - ters and with brothers; To playmates all we can be kind, And
 Him each day, By goodness of be - ha - vior. So whether short, or whether long The

fill their hearts with gladness, Our parents' wish - es we can mind, And crown their lives with gladness.
 life that is assigned us, A mem'ry like a pleasant song, We all may leave behind us.

PITY THE POOR DRUNKARD.

45

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by C. C. CASE.

Duet.

1. Oh, pity the drunkard the poor, fallen drunkard, Who drains the vile drug from the poisonous bowl! It is not destruction a-

Chorus.

lone to his body, It ruins forever his blood-purchased soul. Oh, pity the drunkard, go strive to reclaim him! Oh, bring him to

Je-sus, the Lamb for us slain; For on-ly the Sav-lour can rescue and save him, And lead him to peace and to virtue a-gain.

2. Oh, pity the drunkard, the poor, fallen drunkard!
He sees not the serpent that hides in the bowl;
Go, speak to him kindly, go lead him to Jesus,
Go rescue him, save him—Oh, save his lost soul

3. Oh, pity his wife, and his poor, friendless children!
They groan 'neath their burden of anguish and pain,
Go, make a strong effort to save him from ruin,
And lead him to peace and to virtue again.

—*Chorus.*

—*Chorus.*

"HASTE TO THE CROSS."

Words by EDGAR PAGE.

Music by JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Come, hasten, poor wea-ry one, haste to the cross, For Je-sus is calling to-day; Wait not to be bet-ter nor
2. No mat-ter how heavy the bur-den may be, Nor how you are press'd by the load, 'Twill vanish a-way when you

Chorus.

suffer a loss By tar-ry-ing yet by the way, } Oh, haste to the cross! Oh, haste to the cross! Thy
come to the tree As you travel the Cal-va-ry road. }

Saviour is waiting for thee, He's waiting to bless, he's waiting to save, Oh, come while he's waiting for thee!
is waiting for thee,

3. Though Satan may tell you that you are too base
For Jesus to give you his care,
'Tis false; and wherever you seek his dear face,
He surely will meet with you there.—Chorus.

4. "Ye burdened and weary ones, come unto me,"
He's calling you now to his rest;
He came to save sinners, yes, came to save thee—
Oh, come unto Him and be blest!—Chorus.

WHAT SAYS THE SPIRIT TO THEE?

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by W. A. OGDEN.

Slowly and solemnly

ad lib.

1. In the calmness of night, when thou art alone, And all is as silent as death, When there echoes naught but the
 2. In the twilight of day, when buried in thought, And gleams of eter-ni-ty come, And thy mind is drawn to the
 3. In the quiet of death when, nearing the grave, Thy heart-pulse beats softly and low, And the an-gel comes to an-

rall. pp

Refrain.

wind's low moan, And the sound of thy fee-ble breath- }
 scene of death, And to think of thy fu-ture home- }
 nounce thy end, And to bid thee pre-pare to go- } What then says the voice, the still, small voice, That

rall. cres.

rall.

whis-per-eth ten-der-ly? What then? What then, O mor-tal, Says the Spir-it of God to thee?

LISTENING FOR THE MASTER.

Words from "LONDON CHRISTIAN."

Music by W. T. GIFFE, by Permission.

1. When the world is busy round me and each wave of sorrow stirr'd, When the thronging crowd pass by me,
 2. When conflicting tho'ts as-sail me, and strange doctrines fill my ear, When the sheep are all bewildered,
 3. When God's truth is plaeced before me, with its ho - ly words of cheer, When in vain my fin - ite reason

Refrain

onward by strong impulse spurred, I am list'ning, I am list'ning, list'ning for the Master's word, I am list'ning,
 and no trusty guide seems near, I am list'ning, I am list'ning, till the Shepherd's voice I hear, I am list'ning,
 strives to make my meaning clear, I am list'ning, I am list'ning, list'ning till the bridegroom speaks, I am list'ning,

I am list'ning, list'ning till his voice is heard.
 I am list'ning, list'ning till he doth appear.
 I am list'ning, till his love the silence breaks.

4. List'ning ever, Jesus, keep us! may we at thy feet
 abide,
 Ne'er beguiled by earthly vices, always waiting at
 thy side!
 We are list'ning, we are list'ning, for thy word, our
 faithful guide,
 We are list'ning, we are list'ning, speak and we
 are satisfied!

TO-MORROW IT MAY BE TOO LATE.

49

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.
Duet. Earnestly.

Music by ALBERT HOOK.

1. Now is the time to seek the Lord! Be-fore this Sabbath's set-ting sun Has sunk behind the
2. Now is the time to seek the Lord! Be-fore night's sa-ble curtains drop Thy soul may leave the

Chorus. Come now to Christ, Come

wes-tern hills, Thine earth-ly jour-ney may be run. } Come now to Christ, Come
frame of clay, The beat-ings of thy heart may stop. }

now, why will you longer wait? Come now to Christ, To-mor-row it may be too late!

now, why will you longer wait? Come now to Christ, To-mor-row it may be too late!

3. Now is the time to seek the Lord!
While yet the Saviour strives within,
Oh, yield thy heart to his free grace,
And let him cleanse thee from thy sin—*Chorus.*

1. Now is the time to seek the Lord!
Beyond the dark and narrow grave
No mercy lights the dismal gloom,
No Saviour there thy soul to save!—*Chorus.*

AM I PLEASING JESUS?

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by D. F. HODGES

1. How sweet the consciousness must be That Je - sus takes de - light in me, And that my life from
 2. If he atoned on Cal - va - ry, From sin and death to ransom me, The la - bor of my
 3. As Enoch walked with God in fear, And had, while he was dwelling here, The tes - ti - mo - ny

sin is free, And I am pleas - ing Je - sus! Oh, be it then my constant care, His
 life should be To please my bless - ed Je - sus! Oh, let me hour - ly watch and pray, Lest
 bright and clear, That he was pleas - ing Je - sus, So help me, Lord, to walk in light, And

mild compla - cency to share, And live a life of faith and pray'r, And thus be pleasing Je - sus.
 from my Sa - viour I should stray! Oh, let me strive, from day to day, To please my blessed Je - sus.
 seal me with the witness bright, That all I do is just and right, And pleasing un - to Je - sus.

SWEET LAND OF REST.

51

Words by J. S. BARMORE.

Music by R. A. KINZIE.

1. Sweet land, sweet land, sweet land of rest, How oft I sigh for thee; The land, the land where
 2. Givestrength, givestrength and grace my Lord, To this un-wor- thy clay; That it e'er to thy

saints are blest, Oh! will it wel- come me. That land, that land of light, Where
 word may cling, And nev- er go a- stray. When earth- ly toils are o'er, And

joy im- mor- tal reigns; Oh! take me, take me thro' the strife, My God, blot out my sins.
 I will then be free; I'll join the friends who've gone before, For that land welcomes me.

IDLERS, TO WORK!

Words and Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Harmonized by C. T. DONDORE.

1. Oh, ma-ny are the souls for which the Saviour died, To redeem the world the Lord was cruci-fied;
 2. Our Jesus shed his blood, his all-atoning blood, From his wounded side streamed forth the purple flood,
 3. With-in the lanes and alleys, in the cit - ies wide, In the haunts of pleasure, in the haunts of pride,

Millions are unsaved and still in sin a-bide, Come and let us lead them to the Saviour's side!
 Flowing for all na - tions, cleansing from all sin, Go and tell poor sinners they may there plunge in!
 Thousands know not Jesus, but in sin a-bide; Up and help to lead them to the Saviour's side!

Chorus.

Oh, come and work for Jesus, come, friends, come! Ma-ny are the i - dlers, and the Lord wants some

To la-bor in his vineyard and lead poor sinners home, Hear the call, one and all, come, friends, come!

MEET ME OVER THERE.

Words and Music by
Duett.

Chorus.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. { A little child was dying, And called her father near;
And, on his arm reclining, She whispered in his ear: } I'm going home to glo-ry, A golden crown to

wear, O meet me, meet me, Meet me o-ver there!

2. The angels came and took her,
The angels God had sent;
They bore her up to heaven,
She whispered as she went:—*Chorus*

3. The father was no Christian,
His sins were unforgiv'n;
He could not, as she begged him,
Rejoin her up in heaven.—*Chorus.*

4. He gave his heart to Jesus,
Who took its stains away,
And now, in Christ believing,
The father, too can say:—*Cho.*

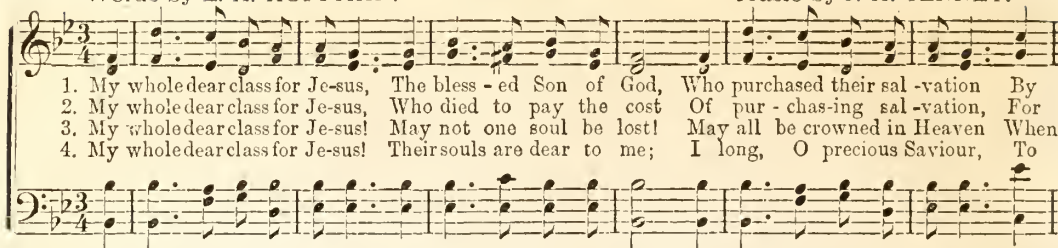
5. That voice is still appealing,
"O meet me over there!"
To us it is a summons
For heaven to prepare.—*Cho.*

6. Soon we shall pass life's portals,
Soon we shall fade and die;
In our departing moments
May we exultant cry:—*Cho.*

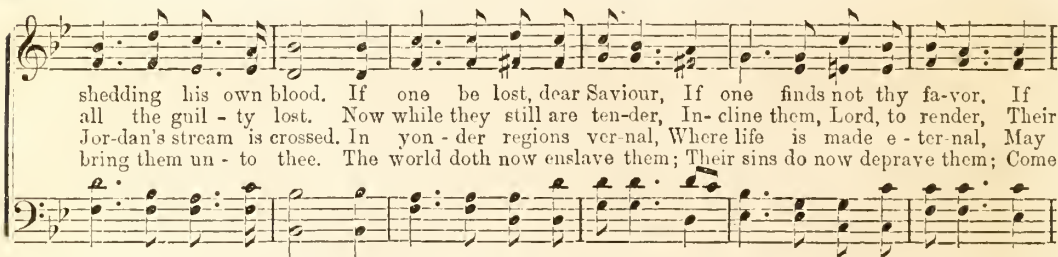
MY WHOLE DEAR CLASS FOR JESUS.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

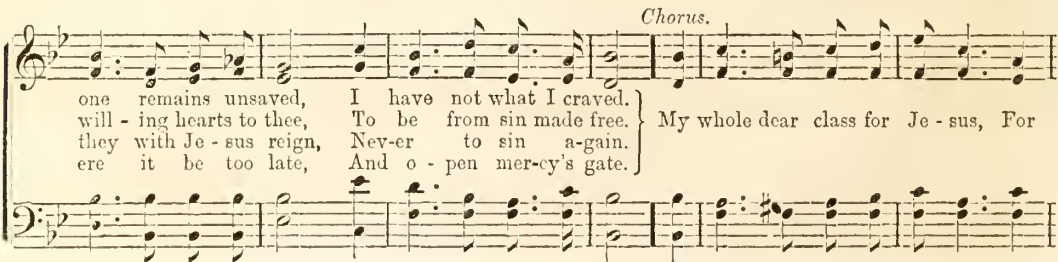


1. My whole dear class for Je-sus, The bless-ed Son of God, Who purchased their sal-va-tion By
 2. My whole dear class for Je-sus, Who died to pay the cost Of pur-chas-ing sal-va-tion, For
 3. My whole dear class for Je-sus! May not one soul be lost! May all be crowned in Heaven When
 4. My whole dear class for Je-sus! Their souls are dear to me; I long, O precious Saviour, To



shedding his own blood. If one be lost, dear Saviour, If one finds not thy fa-vor, If
 all the guilt-y lost. Now while they still are ten-der, In-cline them, Lord, to render, Their
 Jor-dan's stream is crossed. In yon-der regions ver-nal, Where life is made e-ter-nal, May
 bring them un-to thee. The world doth now enslave them; Their sins do now deprave them; Come

Chorus.



one remains unsaved, I have not what I craved. }
 will-ing hearts to thee, To be from sin made free. } My whole dear class for Je-sus, For
 they with Je-sus reign, Nev-er to sin a-gain. }
 ere it be too late, And o-pen mer-cy's gate. }

Je - sus, for Je - sus, My whole dear class for Je - sus, Who bought them with his blood.

WHAT THEN?

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER

Music by A. J. ARMSTRONG.

1. Af-ter the toils of this wea-ri- some life, Af-ter its sorrows and care; Af-ter the turmoi- l and
2. Af-ter the foun- tains of plea- sure are dry; Af-ter the sun- light is gone; Af-ter the sha- dows are

ritard. *p*
din of the strife, No more to do or to bear, What then? What then? O world-weary spirit, What then?
shrouding the sky, Crowded with terrors unknown, What then? What then? O care- less des- pis- er, What then?

3. After the pleadings of mercy are o'er,
Kindling the vengeance in store;
After the Master has bolted the door,
Shut to be opened no more,
What then? What then?
O sinner, poor sinner, What then?

4. After the body is under the sod;
After thy spirit is gone,
Gone to the bar of a terrible God,
Hopeless, unpardoned, alone,
What then? What then?
O sinner, lost sinner, What then?

PIETY BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

Words by Rev. A. W. ORWIG.

Music by GABRIEL MIESSE.

1. A pret-ty face is God's own gift, The handsome form he too has made; But beau-ty, like the
 2. If I have thus my soul abused, That spark immor-tal God has giv'n, I'll now no lon-ger
 3. O teachers, scholars, let us know The frail-ty of the mor-tal part, And that the charms of

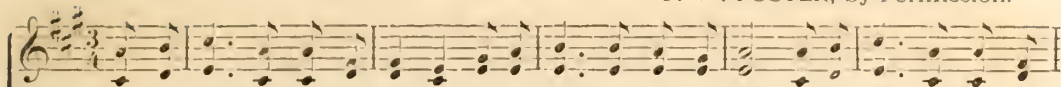
sweetest rose, Will yield its charms and sure - ly fade. And yet how num'rous is the host Who
 be unwise, But turn my tho'ts to Christ and Heav'n. I'll daily seek, by help di-vine, My
 face and form With fleet-ing time will soon de-part. And let us all the beau-ty seek Of

for the bod-y on-ly care, And in their fol-ly do not seek The robes of righteousness to wear.
 spir-it to adorn with grace, Which shall eternal-ly outshine The beauty of an an-gel's face.
 spotless pur-i-ty of soul, And in the glo-ry-world we'll shine While endless ages onward roll.

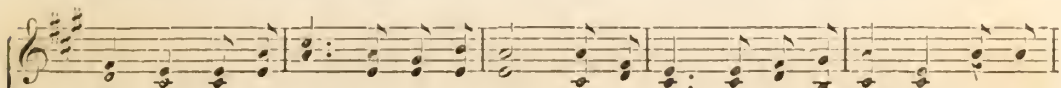
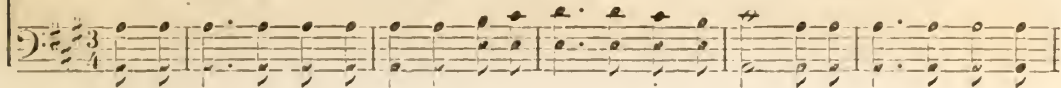
LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.—(Lacy.)

57

G. W. FOSTER, by Permission.



1. Love divine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us thy hum-ble
 2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troubled breast; Let us all in thee in-
 3. Come, al-migh-ty to de-liv-er, Let us all thy love receive; Sud-den-ly re-tur-n and



dwel-ling, All thy faith-ful mercies crown. Je-sus, thou art all compas-sion, Pure, un-
 her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest. Take a-way our love of sin-ning; Al-pha
 nev-er, Nev-er more thy tem-ples leave. Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve thee



bound-ed love thou art; Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
 and O-me-ga be; End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
 as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy per-fect love.



O GIVE ME PERFECT PEACE!

Words and Music by

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Praying for perfect peace; Compassionate and pi-ty me, And bid my anguish
2. I long for perfect peace, For constant, perfect rest, To have the weary burden cease With which I am op-

cease; With waiting heart I plead, As at thy feet I bow; With tears I plead, O save me now!
rest. My Jesus, Thou canst save, Dear Je-sus, on-ly Thou;— Thy help I crave, O save me now!

3. With pleading heart I wait;
With waiting heart I plead,
Thy grace, O Lord, communicate
To satisfy my need.
Dear Saviour, bless me now,
My trembling faith increase,
And, while I bow,
O give me peace.

4. I know my tears are vain,
That tears will not suffice,
But only faith in Christ, the slain,
The perfect sacrifice.
From sinful self I flee,
In thee to find release;
I plead with thee
For perfect peace.

5. O Jesus, I believe,
Help Thou mine unbelief!
The sacrifice I bring receive,
And give my soul relief!
I consecrate my all;
I call it mine no more;
'Tis Thine, all Thine
Forevermore.

WE HAIL THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

59

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by GEO. B. LOOMIS.

Spiritoso.

1. We hail thee, blessed Je - sus, The Sa - viour of the earth, We sing a Christmas anthem, Re -
 2. The angels sang of Je - sus; They her - ald - ed his birth; They hasted down from Heaven, An -
 3. These shepherds heard the tidings, And came with joy to see The bless - ed child of prom - ise God's

Chorus.

joic - ing in thy birth. }
 nouncing it to earth. } O blessed, blessed Je - sus, We hail thee, we hail thee! Our
 gift to you and me. }

Saviour and Redeemer. We hail thee, We hail thee!

4. The wise men came with treasures,
 With treasures rich and rare,
 And gifts of gold they brought him,
 And frankincense and myrrh.—*Chorus.*
5. We bring far richer treasures;
 Our hearts we offer now;
 Oh Jesus, do thou bless them,
 As at thy feet we bow.—*Chorus.*

FRUIT FOR JESUS.

(LUKE 23, 9.)

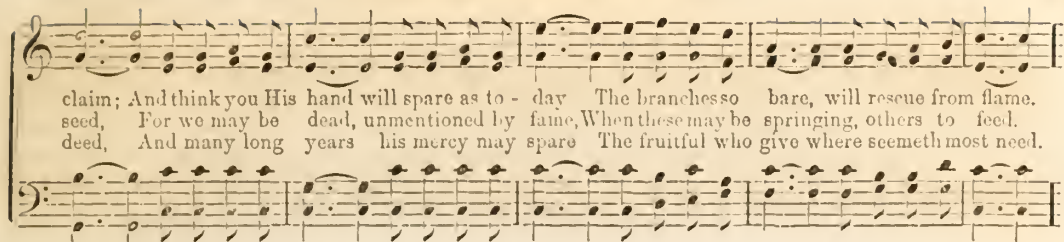
Words by M. ANTOINETTE BARNARD.

Music by C. T. DONDORE.

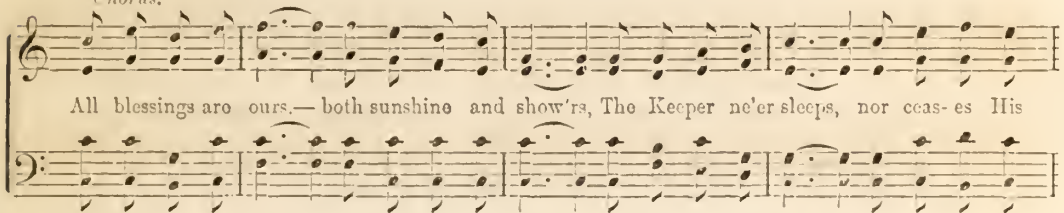
1. God comes to His vine - yard seek - ing for fruit, The fig - tree so bar - ren stands by the
 2. On low - li - est path our fig - tree may stand, Yet man - y will pass with blessing half
 3. The "fruit of the Spir - it," God would increase, "Long - suffer - ing and meek - ness, temp - rance and

way; Al - ready "the axe is laid at the root," But Je - sus still pleads—Oh! spare it, I
 said, And God will be praised for works of his hand, By hungry and faint who, resting, were
 love, With gentleness, goodness, faith, joy and peace, Which make us true heirs to mansions a -

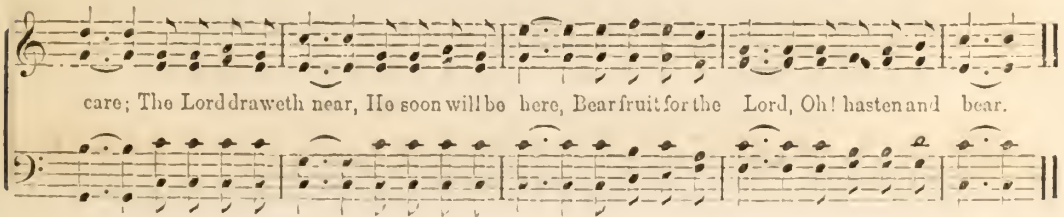
pray. The Lord of the vine - yard go - eth His way, But soon will re - turn its fruitage to
 fed. We never may know their number or name, Nor where as they passed they scattered the
 bove. Tho' children, rich fruit for God we may bear, By some gentle word, by some lov - ing



claim; And think you His hand will spare as to - day The branches so bare, will rescue from flame.
 seed, For we may be dead, unmentioned by fame, When these may be springing, others to feed.
 deed, And many long years his mercy may spare The fruitful who give where seemeth most need.

Chorus.


All blessings are ours.— both sunshine and show'rs, The Keeper ne'er sleeps, nor ceas- es His



care; The Lord draweth near, He soon will be here, Bear fruit for the Lord, Oh! hasten and bear.

TO THE WOODS AWAY!

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by W. W. PARTRIDGE.

Lively.

1. The morn is bright and cheer - ful, The sun-light gilds the air, Our hearts are light and
 2. The birds are sing - ing sweet - ly, The brooklets gai - ly flow, The earth is robed in

hap - py, God's peace and joy are there. We haste, with our com - pan - ions, From
 glad - ness, The flow'rs in beau - ty glow. We praise our bounteous Ma - ker As

school and home a - way, To ram - ble in the wild-wood, On this our hol - i - day.
 now we haste a - way, To ram - ble in the wild-wood, On this our hol - i - day.

TO THE WOODS AWAY.—*Concluded.*

Chorus.

To the woods, to the woods, to the woods we go, To the woods, to the woods, to the woods we go, To the happy woods a-

way, To the leaf-y woods away, a - way. To the woods, to the woods, to the woods we go, To the

woods, to the woods, to the woods we go, On our fes-tal hol - i-day, on our fes-tal, fes-tal hol - i - day.

"THERE'S ONLY ONE."

Music by JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. There's on - ly One whose pit - y falls, Like dew, upon the wounded heart; There's on - ly One who
 2. There's on - ly One who's nev - er harsh, But ten - derness itself to all; There's on - ly One who
 3. There's on - ly One who can support, And who sufficient grace can give To bear up un - der

Chorus.

nev - er stirs, Tho' en - e - my and friend depart.
 know each heart, And lis - tens to its faint - est call. } There's on - ly One, there's on - ly One, Can
 ev - 'ry grief, And spot - less in this world to live.

make us truly, tru - ly blest; There's on - ly One, there's on - ly One Can give us perfect, perfect rest.

4. O blessed Jesus, Friend of friends,
 Come, hide us 'neath thy shelt'ring arm;
 Come down amid this wicked world,
 And keep us from its guilt and harm.—*Chorus.*

5. Thou art the One, the only One,
 For whom no love too warm can flow;
 Thou art the One, the only One,
 In whom there's perfect rest below.—*Chorus.*

HOLD UP THY LIGHT.

Words by A. T. ALLIS.

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Hold up thy light, O child of grace! Be not a - fraid to let it shine On all around, but
 2. Hold up thy light! tis God's com-mand; And, till with thee time cease to roll, His voice thou cans't not
 3. Hold up thy light! 'tis thus it lives; By shin-ing, grows it-self more bright; Thus is the Fath-er

Chorus.

rath - er fear To hide this pre-cious light di - vine.
 dis - o - bey But at the per - il of thy soul.
 glori - fi - ed; Then, child of grace, hold up thy light! } Hold up thy light! thou canst not tell,

How-ev-er fee - ble be its ray, But some poor soul may catch its beam, And by it find the narrow way. ~

(5)

TRUST HIM STILL.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

Solo. *Chorus.* *Solo.*

1. When o'er thy path the dark clouds have veiled the light, Trust, trust him still, Trust, trust him still, When wearily thou art
 2. Though death should take all the dear ones of thy love, Trust, trust him still, Trust, trust him still; They're safe with Him, thou shalt
 3. How sweet to know when this earthly life is done, Trust, trust him still, Trust, trust him still, Thou hast not failed, but a

Chorus. *Full Chorus.*

tol - ing for the right, Trust, trust him still Trust him still.
 meet them all a - bove, Trust, trust him still, trust him still. } Yes, trust him still, yes, trust him still, Through
 tri - umph thou hast won, Trust, trust him still, trust him still.

all that is good and all that's ill, Yes, trust him still, Yes, trust him still, Through all that is good and all that's ill.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by J. H. RHEEM.

1. An - gels, o - pen the gold-en gates; Come, I am read - y to go! Seat-ter the gloom of the sl - lent tomb,
 2. An - gels, o - pen the sapphure gates, Come, I am ca - ger to fly! Bright-en my way to e - ter - nal day,
 3. An - gels, come with your snowy robes, Come with your crowns of life; Pl - lot me o'er through the breakers' roar,

Chorus.

Show me the land of e - ter - nal bloom, Bright with a fadeless glow. } O - pen the gates, The
 Car - ry my ran - som-ed soul a - way, Come, I am ready to die. }
 Lead - ing me on, to the sun - lit shore, Ont from this world of strife. } Open the gates, Open the gates, The

Repeat pp

gold - en gates, O - pen the gates, For I am read-y to go.
 gold - en gates, O - pen the gates, O - pen the gates,

4. Angels, come with the victor's palm,
 Come in a silding throng;
 There is a rest on my Father's breast;
 Wait me away from this world's unrest,
 Borne on a tide of song.—CHORUS.

5. Saviour, come with extended arms,
 Come with a smile for me;
 Welcome me in from the pain and sin,
 Guiding my feet to the throne within,
 Close by the crystal sea,—CHORUS.

6. Loved ones, come to the stoping shore,
 Come to the rolling tide,
 Help me to land with a clasping hand,
 Welcome me in to your holy ban I.
 Close to my Saviour's side.—CHORUS.

VOLUNTEER FOR JESUS.

Words and Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Harmonized by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Come, vol - un - teer for Je - sus, Come, bat - tle for the Lord, A gol - den crown of
2. The bat - tle ra - ges fierce - ly, A - gainst the hosts of sin; With Je - sus as our

Chorus.

glo - ry Will be your sure re - ward. Come, vol - un - teer, Oh, vol - un - teer, For
Cap - tain, We'll sure - ly, sure - ly win. Come, vol - un - teer, &c.

Jo - sus vol - un - teer, And when the ar - mor you lay down, You'll wear a gol - den crown.

3. Come, volunteer for Jesus,
Come, battle for the right,
We'll march to certain triumph,
And put the foe to flight.—*Chorus.*

4. Come, take a stand for Jesus,
Enlist in early youth,
Stand firmly for your Saviour,
For Heaven, and for truth.—*Chorus.*

AWAY TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

Words by J. C. JOHNSON.

By permission of J. H. ROSECRANS.

Music by J. O. CLARK.

Solo.

1. Away, away, for the sweet bells are ringing, Children ho - ly songs are sing-ing, Praising God as they
 2. The Sabbath School, where all hearts are uniting, In the Saviour's love de-light-ing, Learning how all the
 3. Away, away, while the sweet bells are ringing; We, like them, sweet hymns are singing; We are trav'lers up-

Chorus.

loud-ly proclaim The glo - ry of his wond'rous name.
 na-tions a-round Are list'-ning to the hap-py sound. } To the Sabbath School, O will you go with me, For the
 on the bright way That leads us to a bright-er day. }

doors are ev-er o - pen to our feet, Let us en-ter soft - ly, join the happy song, So cheerful and so sweet.

WAR A GOOD WARFARE.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Have you ta - ken a place in the ranks, brother, The marching bat - ta - lions of God, On
2. There is room in the ranks of the Lord, brother; A sword and a shield for your hand; And

Chorus.

fields where in conflict and triumph King Je - sus the conqueror trod? Then gird on your armor, Christian
foes in array are a - wai - ting The march of the conquering band. Then gird on your armor &c.,

soldier, Be - hold the great re - ward! For glorious vic - tor - y a - waits The soldier of the Lord!

3. Do you stand at your post in the ranks, brother,
Nor fail on the wearisome way?
When others are falling and faithless,
Do you bear the heat of the day?—*Chorus.*

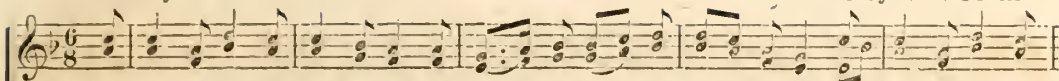
4. Quickly press to your place in the ranks, brother,
And hold it with resolute soul,
Till over the noises of battle
The song of the victor shall roll.—*Chorus.*

OPENING HYMN.

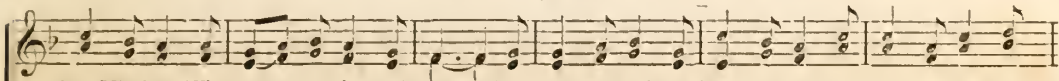
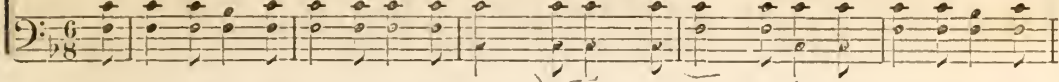
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Words by M. R. T.

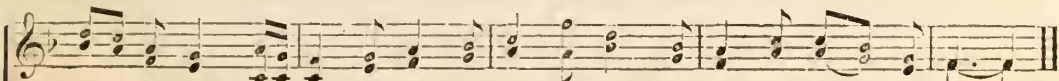
Music by J. K. COLLIER



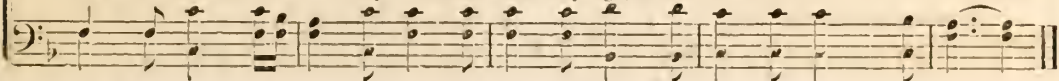
1. To - geth - er here a - gain we meet, And joy - ful - ly each oth - er greet, And humbly bow be -
2. And while our voi - ces here we raise, O Lord, ac - cept our grate - ful praise! For thou hast kept our
3. May all the time which here we spend Be ho - ly time! Thy spir - it send, O Lord, and from all
4. And wilt thou, Saviour, meet us here, On this thy day - to us 'so dear, Wilt thou to ev - ery



fore His feet, Whose name we know is love. And while assembled here to - day, We'll read and sing and youth - ful days From sor - row, guilt and fear. O Je - sus, be our Shepherd still! With joy may every sin de - fend Thy dear ones gathered here. For we un - to thy promise cling, That where a few their heart be near By thy for - giv - ing love? And when no more we meet below, Wilt thou thy saving



praise and pray, And strive to learn the nar - row way, That leads to Heav - en a - bove.
 bo - som thrill, And may we learn to do thy will In this, our School so dear.
 off - rings bring, And joy - ful - ly thy prai - ses sing, To such thou'rt al - ways near.
 grace be - stow, That all thy children here may go, And dwell with thee a - bove.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THEO. F. SEWARD, by permission.

1. A mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas, To crown the closing year Peace and good-will to mor-tals, And words of ho-ly cheer.
 2. How bright the hap-py eir-ele Of dear ones gathered here, With naught but kindest wishes, And love each heart to cheer.
 3. Then let us sing of Je-sus, The bless-ed no-ly ehld, Who came to dwell a-mong us, Though ne'er by sin de-filed.

What though the dreary land: e ape, Be robed in drifting snow: If on the so-clad hearth-stone, The Christmas fire may glow?
 What though the wind at eve-ning, Blow harsh o'er land and sea, If ea-ger hands and joy - ful Light up the Christmas tree.
 And let us strive to love him, And fol - low in his way, That we in heaven may greet him, For-ev-er there to stay.

Chorus.

A merry merry, merry, merry Christmas, To crown the closing year, A merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas, And words of holy cheer.

DO YOU WANT A FAITHFUL FRIEND?

73

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Do you want a faith-ful friend? One who will be al-ways true, One whose love will nev-er
2. Man - y wear - y ones have found His af - fection to en - dure. Earthly friendships run their

Chorus.

end, One to go life's jour - ney through. Go to Je - sus in your need, He will
round; His is faith-ful, true and pure. Go to Jo - sus &c.,

prove a friend in - deed, He will prove a friend in-deed, He's the ver - y friend you need.

3. None that ever sought his face
Have been turned, unloved, away;
Still they feel his warm embrace,
He is faithful, still, to-day.

4. Do you want a friend like this,
Loving with eternal love,
Who will fill your life with bliss,
Take you, then to Heaven above?

TELL JESUS.

Music by C. T. DONDORE.

1 Lit-tle ones are of - ten sor-ry, For the naughty things they do, Troubles reach us all and worry, Lit - tle
 2. Jesus knows when we are tempted, Jesus sees us when we fall; Jesus died and we're exempted, He was
 3. Let us tell Him all our trouble, Tell Him we are sor-ry too; He will do us kindness double, Help us

Chorus.

Je - sus knows all our

hearts and big ones too, Then tell Jesus, then tell Jesus, That's the best thing we can do. Then tell Jesus; we'll tell
 sor - ry for us all; He'll forgive us, he'll forgive us, If up-on His name we call. Then tell Jesus &c.,
 to be good and true, And forgive us, and forgive us, Yes, oh, yes! and love us too. Then tell Jesus &c.,

want, All our trou - ble and woe, He will sure - ly re-lieve Because He loves us so.

Je - sus, All our want and all our woe, None but Jesus can relieve us; None but Jesus loves us so.

THE BIBLE SAYS I MAY.

75

T. B. RADER.

1. I am a lit-tle sol-dier, And but a few years old. I mean to fight for Je-sus, And wear a crown of gold.
2. I love my pree-lous Sav-lour Be-cause he died for me, And if I did not serve him How sin-ful I should be!
3. I now can do but lit-tle; Yet, when I grow a man, I'll try to do for Je - sus The greatest good I can.

I know he makes me hap-py, And loves me all the day, I'll be his lit-tle sol-dier, The Bi-ble says I may,
He gives me every com-fort, And hears me when I pray; I want to live for Je - sus, The Bi-ble says I may.
God help and keep me faith-ful In all I do and say; I want to live a Chris-tian, The Bi-ble says I may.

WORDS OF JESUS.

Words and Music by W. W. PARTRIDGE.

1. Je-sus says come unto me, Lit-tle children, all who will; Share my joys so full and free, Offer-ed long, and offer-ed still.
2. Seek my ways and learn my truth, For them search most care-fully; In thy days of tender youth, Seek them first and prayer-fully.
3. Then you'll live in my own love, Find-ing peace in all thy ways, While on earth; In heaven above, Share my joys through endless days.

EVERGREEN PLAIN.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, In that clime where angels dwell? Shall we meet where friendship
 2. Shall we meet where flow'rs are blooming, Ev-er fade-less, ev-er fair, Where the light of day il-

Chorus.

nev-er, Sad-dest tales of sor-row tell? Shall we meet,..... shall we meet,..... Shall we
 lum-ing Lives of those who en - ter there? Shall we meet, shall we meet,

meet on the ever-green plain? Shall we meet and know each other ever, Shall we never part a - gain. *rit.*

3. Shall we meet our loved companions,
 On that brighter, fairer shore?
 When this life's great work is ended,
 Shall we meet to part no more?

Chorus.—Shall we meet, &c.

4. Yes! we'll meet beyond the river,
 Where our joys shall never die,
 We shall meet our lov'd and lost ones,
 In that happy by and by.

Chorus.—Yes, we'll meet, &c.

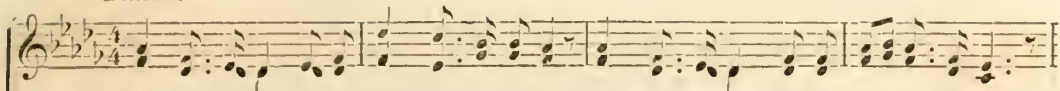
ONLY REMEMBERED. (Quartette.)

77

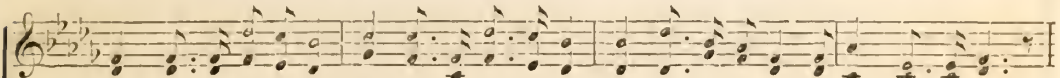
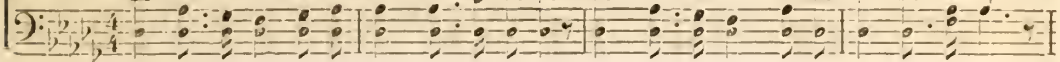
Poetry by Dr. BONAR.

D. F. HODGES, by permission.

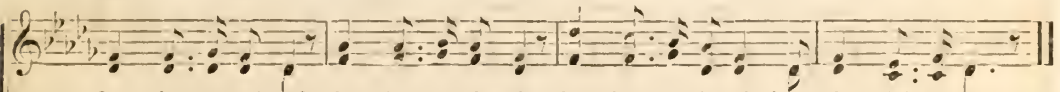
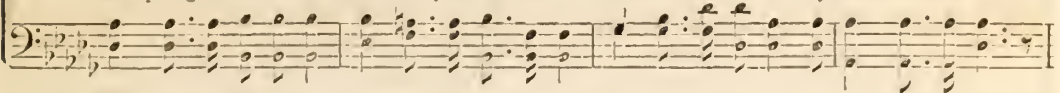
Delicato.



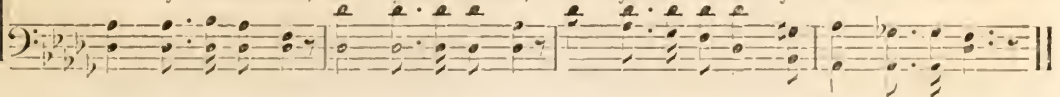
1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morning, Soar-ing from earth to its home in the sun,—
2. Up and a-way, like the o - dors of sun-set, Sweet'ning the twilight as darkness came on;
3. Need I be missed if an-oth - er succeed me, Reaping those fields which in spring I have sown?



So let me steal a-way, gent-ly and lov-ing-ly, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
 So let me pass a-way, peace-ful - ly, si - lent-ly, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
 Who plough'd or sow'd is not miss'd by the harvester, But he's remembered by what he has done.



On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
 On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
 On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what he has done.



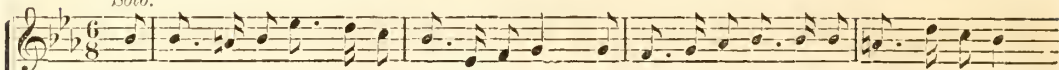
WHERE ARE MY FRIENDS?

(Dedicated to the Orphans in the Ebenezer Orphan Home, Flat Rock, Ohio.)

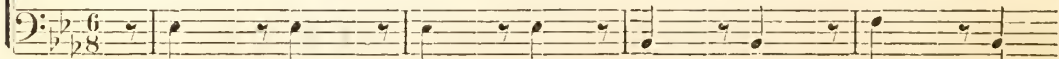
Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Melody by W. W. HOFFMAN.

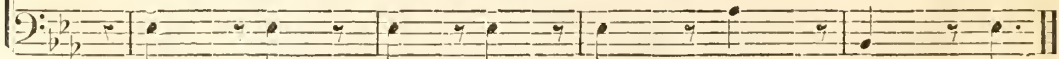
Solo.



1. Oh, where are the friends that were dear to my heart, The friends from whom death tore me rudely apart?
2. They tell me the fath - er I cher - ished with love Is gone to the realms of the bles - sed above;



- Their bod - ies are sleep - ing within the cold tomb, But tell me, Oh, where do their freed spir - its bloom?
That there he is wait - ing and watching for me, To wel - come me o - ver the jas - per - lit sea.



- 3 They say of my mother, when dying she smiled,
Confiding to Jesus her now orphan child.
That then she passed calmly and sweetly away,
As softly as closes the light of the day.
- 4 Oh, where is the land where my loved ones are gone?
Oh, where is the shore of this distant unknown?
I long to cross over the jasper - lit sea,
My Jesus, my loved ones, forever to see.

Chorus.

O - ver in Heaven, O - ver in Heaven. Your dear ones, Your loved ones Are ov - er in Heaven.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

'TIS JESUS WHO LOVES THE CHILDREN'S NAME.

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Come, children, let us raise Our cheerful notes of praise, And with the angels, sing, Of Christ, our Saviour King.
 2. We'll sing the wond'rous love, Which brought him from above; Which laid him in the grave, Our guilty souls to save.
 3. In Heav'n, O may we sing Of Christ, our Saviour King, And with the angels raise Our cheerful notes of praise.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Chorus.

Let mu-sic, sweet mu-sic, the joy - ful truth pro - claim, 'Tis Je-sus, our Je-sus, who loves the child-ren's name.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

AS YE SOW, YE SHALL REAP.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. M. STILLMAN.

1. What are you sow - ing, my broth - er, The bit - ter seeds of sin? Then you will gather, my
 2. What are you sow - ing, my broth - er, Art sow - ing to the flesh? Then you will gather, my
 3. What are you sow - ing, my broth - er, The seeds of ho - li - ness? Then you will gather, my
 4. What are you sow - ing, my broth - er, The seeds of truth and right? Then you will gather, my

Chorus. mp *cres.*

broth - er,	A har - vest of sor - row in.	} As ye sow ye shall reap, As ye sow
broth - er,	A har - vest of woes a - fresh.	
broth - er,	A har - vest of hap - pi - ness.	
broth - er,	A har - vest of glo - ry bright.	

m *mf* *cres.* *ff* *dim.*

ye shall reap, Seeds of truth, or seeds of sin, As ye sow ye shall gather in, As ye sow ye shall reap.

PURER YET AND PURER.—(Urno.)

G. W. FOSTER, by permission.

1. Pur-er yet and pur-er I would be in mind, Dear-er yet and dear-er Eve-ry du-ty find;
 2. Calm-er yet and calm-er Tri-al bear and pain. Sur-er yet and sur-er Peace at last to gain;
 3. Higher yet and high-er Out of clouds and night, Near-er yet and near-er Ris-ing to the light:

Hop-ing still and trust-ing God with-out a fear, Pa-tient-ly be-liev-ing He will make all clear.
 Suf-fering still and doing, To his will re-signed, And to God sub-du-ing Heart and will and mind.
 Light serene and ho-ly, Where my soul may rest, Pur-ri-fied and low-ly, Sanc-ti-fied and blest.

FATHER, LEAD ME.

Words and Music by W. W. PARTRIDGE.

Gently.

1. Father, lead me In the way Thou would'st ever have me go; Make me feel thee every day, Teaching me thy truth to know.
 2. Do thou draw me By thy love; Let me not grow hard in sin; Ho-ly Spirit, Heavenly Dove, In my soul, come, dwell within.
 3. Jesus, Saviour, Holy Son, Wash me by thy cleansing blood; Grant this favor, Mighty One, Land me safe o'er death's cold flood.

HE HAD NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD.

Words by E. G. BARBER.

Music by WM. T. ROGERS.

1. Ye whom the world esteemeth great, Who, pillowed on a couch of state, May close, at fall of night, the eye Be-
 2. When moonlight slept upon the sea, He sought thy shores, O Gal - i - lee! When loud the winds and billows raved, Ti-
 3. If thus, O suffering Son of God, In meekness thou this earth hast trod, In grief, in shame, in sorrow's pow'r, When

neath a gor-geous can-o - py, Re-mem-ber how the Saviour came To bear our load of sin and shame. The birds of earth, the
 berlas, thy storms he braved. The dew-drops gemmed the mountains where The Saviour bowed all night in prayer; At eve the sun's
 clouds around our path shall lower: If care, if suf - fer - ing should be Our lot, we'll meekly bow like thee, Content thy lot be-

rit.
 fowls of air, A quiet resting-place may share, But when the shades of night were spread, He had not where to lay his head,
 tears flowed free. A-mid thy bowers, Gethsemane! And Calvary marked his life-blood shed; He had not where to lay his head,
 how to share, May we as thou our burdens bear, Re-joie-ing in thy path to tread, Who hadst not where to lay thy head!

FEAR NOT, CHILD OF JESUS.

83

Words by F. B. COPP.

Music by R. A. KINZIE.

1. When the chil - ling blasts of sorrow, Round thy drea - ry path-way blow; Hope for bet - ter
2. Rocks thy life - boat on the sur-ges Of life's o - cean to and fro, Those mad waves but

Chorus.

times to - mor-row, Life is changing here be - low. Fear not, fear not, child of Je - sus, Though you
near - or urge us Where life's wa - ters calm - ly flow. Fear not, &c.,

suf - fer here below; You shall wear a crown of glory, 'Tis your Je - sus tells you so.

3. Withers all that gives thee pleasure
In this life below,
Thine shall be an endless treasure
Naught on earth can e'er bestow. CIIO.

4. Press thy foes in countless numbers
Ever near, to mock thy woe,
Heaven's shores no foe encumbers,
Heaven ne'er can shield a foe.—CHORUS.

5. Leave thee friends and kindred, coldly,
As misfortunes round thee grow,
One true friend stands by thee boldly,
Leaves thee never here below.—CHORUS.

JESUS INVITES YOU TO COME.

Words and Music by E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wea - ry of sin, Long - ing and sigh - ing for rest,
 2. Come un - to Je - sus, the Lamb that was slain, Dy - ing for us on the tree;
 3. Come, then, dear sin - ner, no lon - ger a - buse Je - sus, thy Sav - iour and God;

Chorus.

Je - sus invites you to come un - to Him, He can re - lieve the dis - tress - ed.
 All that he suffer - ed of sorrow and pain, Sin - ner, he suf - fered for thee. } { Come to the Saviour and
 Come, he'll receive thee, no longer refuse; Wash, and be cleansed in his blood. } { Come to the Saviour, He'll

pardon re - ceive; } Come to the Sav - iour, re - pent and believe, Je - sus in - vites you to come.
 free - ly for - give; }

JESUS DIED FOR ALL.

85

Words and Melody by Miss C. A. K. J. PRICE.

Harmonized by C. T. DONDORE.

1. 'Twas Je - sus that was cru - ci - fied On sad Mount Calva - ry, That spilt his precious,
 2. 'Twas he that died to o - pen wide The pear - ly gates for me, That through his all - a -
 3. Thou Son of God, then let thy blood Flow freely through my soul, And wash and cleanse from

Chorus.

price - less blood For such as you and me. } Jo - sus died, Ho
 ton - ing blood I might his glo - ry see. }
 eve - ry sin And sanc - ti - fy the whole. } Jo - sus died, yes, Jo - sus died, Ho

died for you and me, } He died for all, both great and small, From sin to set us free.
 died for you and me, }

THROW OPEN THE GATES AFAR.

Words and Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Harmonized by T. C. O'KANE.

1. My treasures are gath - er - ing yon - der, I am loos - ing my hold on the earth, The
The i - dols once loved are all bro - ken, And the cords that have bound me are riven, My
2. My spir - it is grow - ing world - wea - ry, For the vis - ion of Heav - en ap - pears, Where
My life is now slow - ly re - ced - ing, And the death - an - gel stands at the door, The

Chorus.

Saviour is gent - ly pre - par - ing, My soul for its heavenly birth: } I am coming, O glo - ri - fied
spir - it is plum - ing its pin - ions For its beau - ti - ful home in Heaven: }
eyes will no longer be tear - y As here, through the long, sad years. } I am coming, &c.,
glo - ri - fied lov - ed ones are wait - ing To welcome me to yon shore. }

loved ones, Throw open the gates a - far, (a - far), I am com - ing to be where my Je - sus And the

beau-ti-ful an-gels are, I am coming to be where my Je-sus And the beautiful angels are.

JESUS.

Music by J. K. COLE.

1. Let us sing to Je - sus, Let us bless his name, For to seek and save us To our world he came.
 2. Let us pray to Je - sus, He will hear our cry, And will send to help us From his throne on high.
 3. Let us all love Je - sus, For He loved us so, That he died to save us From our sin and woe.

Chorus.

Je - sus is our Sav - iour, And His name we'll praise, Let us love and serve Him, In our youthful days.

4. Let us trust in Jesus,
 He alone can save,
 And He waits to give us
 Life beyond the grave.

5. Let us follow Jesus,
 In the path he trod;
 This will upward lead us
 To the Throne of God.

6. There we shall see Jesus,
 Sitting on his throne;
 He will smile upon us,
 Calling us his own.

MY BIBLE.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Melody by D. RODE.

1. Bles-sed Bi-ble, Book for me, Com-fort of my heart, Bear-ing light and life to me, Nev-er to de-part.
 2. Bles-sed Bi-ble, Book for all, Faith-ful Guide and Friend, Sounding forth thy welcome call, Reaching out thy hand;
 3. Bles-sed Bi-ble, precious word, Ev-er speak to me Of my ris-en, reigning Lord, Till His throne I see.

Book of Books, I love thee best; Let me clasp thee to my breast! I will walk, with sweet delight—Ever in thy ho-ly light.
 O may all who hear thy cry, To the Rock of Ref-uge fly. Ere the light of mercy's day Fades in endless night a-way.
 Guide my hope to grander heights, Nerve my faith for swifter flights; Show me more of Jesus' grace Till I see His face to face.

FANCHER. S. M.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by C. T. DONDORE.

1. O Je-sus, lamb of God, Our Saviour and our Friend. To us thy heart of mer-cy turn. To us now con-de-scend.
 2. We mourn our man-y sins, Forgive them all we pray, And wash our spir-its pure and clean, Oh, take our guilt a-way.
 3. Preserve us from the wrong, And help us do the right, And lead us by thy lov-ing hand To yon-der world of light.

AFTERWARD RECEIVE ME TO GLORY. .

89

Words and Melody by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Harmonized by C. T. DONDORE.

1. Af - ter the cross I have pa-tient-ly borne O - ver the fields of strife; Af - ter the night in that
 2. Af - ter the days of my pil-grimage end. Af - ter their tale is told, Then, where the songs of e-

Chorus.

beau - ti - ful morn, Give me a crown of life. Jesus, my Lord, when this war - fare is past,
 ter - ni - ty blend, Give me a harp of gold! Jesus, my Lord, &c.

Led by thy counsel of love, Thou wilt receive me to glo - ry at last, Safe in thy kingdom above.

3. After the battle is over and won,
 Ended in waveless calm;
 After the pain and the watching are done,
 Give me a victor's palm!—CHORUS.

4. After the life of a lowly one here,
 Humble, despised, unknown;
 After the Kingdom of glory appear,
 Give me a royal throne!—CHORUS.

5. After the days of my labor and care,
 Weary and oft oppress'd,
 Then, in the home thou hast gone to prepare,
 Give me eternal rest!—CHORUS.

WE'LL AWAY TO THE SCHOOL.

Melody and First verse and Chorus by S. H. FISHER. Harmonized by C. T. DONDORE.

1. } The Sabbath morn is bright and clear, We'll away to the Sabbath School,
 } No drear-y clouds have we to fear, We'll away to the Sabbath School } { We'll a-way, a-way, We'll a-
 } } We'll a-way, a-way, We'll a-

1. | 2.
 way, a-way, We'll away to the Sabbath School,
 way, a-way, We'll away to the Sabbath . . . School. }

2. To praise our dear and loving Lord,
 We'll away to the Sabbath School,
 And study in his holy Word,
 We'll away to the Sabbath School.

3. To kneel with humble hearts and pray,
 We'll away to the Sabbath School,
 And sacred keep God's holy day,
 We'll away to the Sabbath School.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

MY ALL IN ALL.

Music by ALBERT HOOK.

1. Before thy face, my God, I fall, And claim thee now, my all in all; My soul with expectation sweet, Lies faint and trembling at thy feet.

2. My warrant in thy Word I seek—
 I seek—I find—I hear thee speak;
 Thy voice my bounding spirit thrills,
 And all my heart with rapture fills.

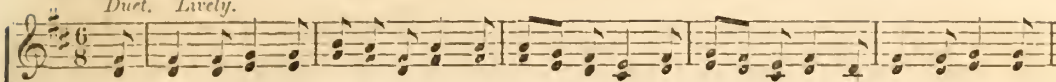
3. The blood of Jesus speaks my peace;
 I know such love can never cease;
 I rest on Him and need no more
 Than Christ, my Lord, for evermore!

YOU ARE SURE TO WIN THE DAY.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

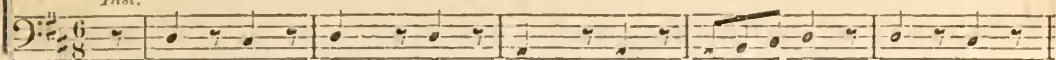
Music by J. R. DUNHAM.

Duet. Lively.

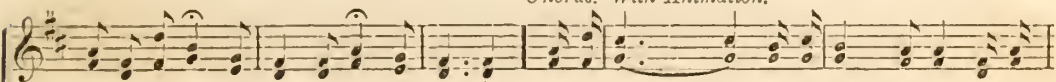


1. Stand up, stand up for God and the right, Your strength and labor all u-nite, To put the foes of
2. The trum - pet loudly calls to you all, To ral - ly forth at Je - sus' call, To strike for right what -
3. March on, march on, there's triumph ahead, To cer - tain vic - tor - y we'll be led, The hosts of sin will

Inst.

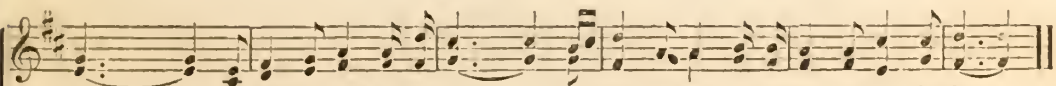
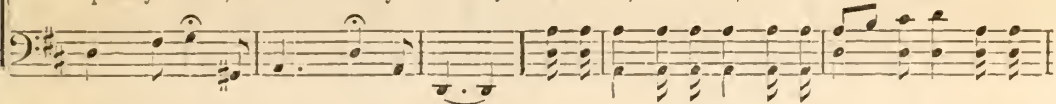


Chorus. With Animation.

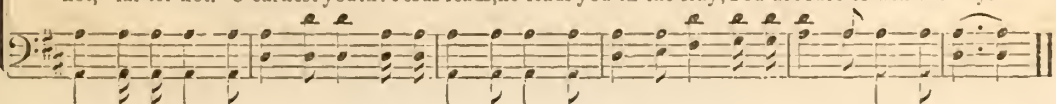


Je - sus to flight, And win the day for God.
 ev - er befall, And win the day for God.
 quickly be - fled, We'll win the day for God.

Bat - tle on, . . . bat - tle on for truth! Falter
 Bat - tle on, battle on, bat - tle on for truth! Falter



not . . . O earnest youth! Je - sus leads . . . you in the fray, You are sure to win the day.
 not, fal - ter not. O earnest youth! Je - sus leads, he leads you in the fray, You are sure to win the day.



THE TEETOTAL BANNER.

("Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." Prov's 20, 1.)

R. A. KINZIE.

1. Now let the temp'rance banner be In eye-ry land unfurled; And let the shout of freemen, too, Re-
2. Too long the flag of al - co-hol Has waved o'er all our land; Too long the monster's prey'd upon The

ech - o through the world, Till eve - ry is-land of the sea, Till eve - ry land and tongue, The
drunkards of his band. In eve - ry cit - y foul and dense, In eve - ry vill - age fair, The

pledge tee-to - tal shall a - dopt, And swell the joy - ous throng, And swell the joy - ous throng.
grog - ger-ies are oped to lure His tip-pling vic - tims there, His tip-pling vic - tims there.

Chorus.

THE TEETOTAL BANNER.—Concluded.

Repeat Chorus *ff*.

Then let the temp'rance banner be In eve-ry land unfurled ; And let the shout of freemen, too, Re - ech - o through the world.

THE GATE OF PRAYER.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by C. T. DONDORE.

1. Lo! I hear the Sav-lour call-ing: "Child, a - rise and come to me; I, the source of all thy pleasure,
2. Oh! that lov-ing volee so ten-der, How it draws my soul a - way: "Seek me at the gate of prayer!
3. Sav-lour, help me, guide and keep me, Seal my heart for - ev - er thine; While like sweet-est mus-ic fall-ing,
Let me find my on - ly com-fort, I will seek the gate of prayer!

Fine.

D. S. F.

Gave my pre-cious blood for thee; Seek me at the gate of prayer! Thou wilt find me wait-ing there."
Thou wilt find me wait-ing there."
Still I hear it gent-ly say: "Haste thee to the gate of prayer, Thou wilt find me wait-ing there."
Thou wilt find me wait-ing there."
In thy law of love di-vine, I will seek the gate of prayer, Thou wilt own and bless me there.
Thou wilt own and bless me there.

HEAVEN WITHIN US.

Words by Prof. T. C. UPHAM.

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. It is time to be think-ing of Heav - en, So our teachers most earnestly say; But the heaven to which they would
2. And they tell us that o'er the dark riv - er We will land on the heav-en-ly shore; True, but is it not wi - ser and

Chorus.

A heaven is here,
lead us, Is a land that is far, far a - way, A heav-en is here, a heaven is here,
bet - ter To discern that bright Canaan be - fore? A heav-en is here, a heav-en is here, &c.,

heaven of love, A heaven of peace, Like that a - bove.

heav-en of love—a heav-en of love, A heav-en of peace, a heav-en of peace, Like that a - bove, llke that above, *Repeat pp*

3. "The kingdom of God is within you,"
So the greatest of teachers hath said;
And the faithful and loving have found it
And enjoyed it, before they were dead.

4. "The kingdom of God is within you;"
Then let doubtings and sorrow depart;
For the kingdom of God is within you;
It dwells in the sanctified heart.

"JESUS' LITTLE LAMB AM I."

95

(For the little ones.)

Music by J. H. TENNEY

Duct.

1. Je - sus' lit - tle lamb am I, On his good-ness I re - ly; He, my gen - tle Shep - herd, leads me,
 2. Un - der - neath His gra - ci - ous staff, I go in and out and have Pastures sweet around me ly - ing,
 3. Should a lamb - kin then, like me, Ev - er sad and thankless be? When these pleasant days are en - ded,

In his pas - tures green He feeds me; For He loves me, knows me well, And my lit - tle
 All my hun - gry soul sup - ply - ing. When I thirst, my feet He brings Where the liv - ing
 On my Shep - herd's bo - som ten - ded, I shall be in per - fect bliss— Ah! no joy can

Chorus.

name can tell. For He loves me, knows me well, And my lit - tle name can tell.
 wa - ter springs. When I thirst, my feet He brings Where the liv - ing wa - ter springs.
 e - qual this. I shall be in per - fect bliss— Ah! no joy can e - qual this.

I AM NEVER LONELY.

Words by ANNA CLEAVES.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Tell me, lit-tle Hare-bell, Are you lone-ly here, Bloom-ing in the shad-ow, On this rock so drear;
 2. Are you nev-er wear-y Of this darksome mold, Where no sunlight fall-eth, Where 'tis bleak and cold?
 3. Answered then the wild flower, Nodding low its head! "Tho' this spot seems dreary, Tho' the sunlight's fled,

Cling-ing to this earth-bit, As if in mid-air, With your sweet face toward me, Looking strangely fair?
 Why you look so hap-py, Sure I can-not tell: I would learn thy secret. Pretty, bright Hare-bell,
 Know that I'm not lonely, That I ne'er despair; God is in the shad-ow; God is eve-ry-where!"

Chorus.

I am nev-er lone-ly, Why should I despair, God is ev-er with me, God is ev-ery-where.

CHIME ON, SWEET BELLS.

Words and Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Harmonized by T. C. O'KANE.

1. { Sweetly chime the glad bells, And their mer-ry joy tells, That the hour for the school is here; }
{ And we has-ten a - way, There to praise and to pray, In our own Sabbath School so dear. }
2. { There our Saviour we meet, And we bow at His feet, And his blessing and grace im-plore: }
{ And we joy-ful-ly raise Grateful anthems of praise, And his mer-cy and love a - dore. }

Chorus.

Chime on, sweet bells, Happy Sabbath School bells, Blessed Sabbath School bells, Chime on! Chime on, sweet bells, Happy

Sabbath School bells, Blessed Sabbath School bells, chime on! Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on.
Chime on. chime on.
Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on.

FORGIVE.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by S. W. STRAUB.

*Duet.**All p.**Duet.*

1. When oth - ers of - fend you or do you wrong, Forgive, forgive, forgive; Don't car - ry a bur - den of
 2. When oth - ers ill - treat you or give you pain, Forgive, forgive, forgive; Don't quarrel, or scold, or re-

All p.

ha - tred a - long, Forgive, forgive, forgive. As Je - sus has kindly for - giv - en you, So
 tort, or complain, Forgive, forgive, forgive. It on - ly in - crea - ses the bit - ter smart That

you should forgive your playmates, too; Forgive them, they know not what they do, Forgive, forgive, forgive.
 lies like a wound up - on your heart; Choose rather the nobl - er, bet - ter part, Forgive, forgive, for - give.

IF JESUS LEADS ME.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by E. A. HANCHET.

1. If Je - sus leads me, what need I fear, No ill can harm me while he is near; His voice is pleasure, his
 2. If Je - sus leads me, I am se - cure, No help so ready, no aid so sure; His grace will keep me, his
 3. If Je - sus leads me, I'm truly blest, The way he chooses is always best; Come joy or sorrow, come

Chorus.

presence bliss, What rap - ture sweeter, more pure than this! }
 strength uphold, That none can tear me from his dear fold. } If Je - sus leads me, I am con - tent, Cheer -
 weal or woe, Where Je - sus leads me I'll glad - ly go. }

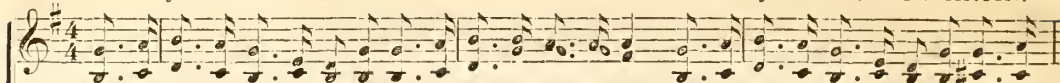
ful I walk in the path he went, And whether sorrow or joy be sent, If Je - sus leads I am content.

THE SWEET NEW SONG.

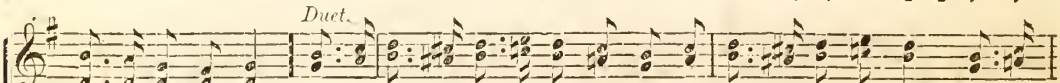
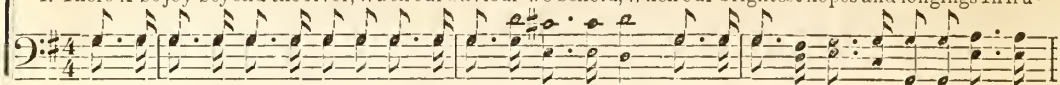
("And they sang as it were a New Song before the Throne," Rev. XIV, 3.

Words by G. W. CAFFREY.

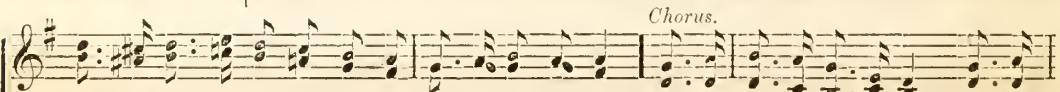
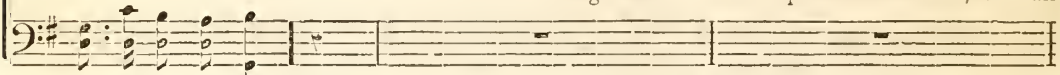
Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.



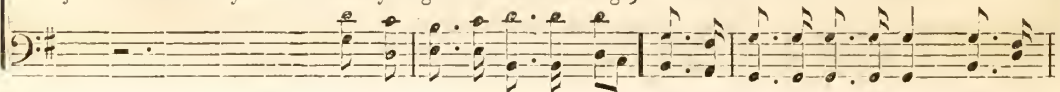
1. There'll be joy beyond the river, When we pass the shining shore, When our sighing and our weeping, And earth's
2. There'll be joy beyond the river, When we reach the heavenly strand, When the angel-hosts in wait-ing Bid us
3. There'll be joy beyond the river, When the jas-per walls we see, And the pear-ly gates are o-pened, Opened
4. There'll be joy beyond the river, When our Saviour we behold, When our brightest hopes and longings In fru-



tri - als all are o'er; When the ran-somed of all na-tions Join and min-gle in the throng, Safe - ly
welcome to yon land. There we'll meet our friends and loved ones Who before us long have gone, And with
wide for you and me: When the sweet se-raph-ic mus-ic Count-less an - gel-tongues prolong, Oh, our
i - tion sweet unfold. When the ran-som-ed hosts of ages Meet to wor-ship round the Throne, We shall



an-chor-ed in the har-bor, We will sing the Sweet New Song,
joyful hearts we'll greet them As we sing the Sweet New Song. } We will sing the Sweet New Song, We will
hearts, with love expanding, Then will swell the Sweet New Song. }
join the heavenly chorus As they sing the Sweet New Song. }



Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment.

sing the Sweet, New Song, Safe - ly anchored in the harbor, We will sing the Sweet, New Song.

LORD, I'M A WAYWARD CHILD.

Words by D. E. GOODHART.

Music by J. H. LESLIE.

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment.

1. Lord, I'm a way-ward child, Wandered from home; In this dark desert wild Sin - ful I roam
2. Hum-bly I bow to thee, With sin oppressed. Can there yet mercy be? Can I find rest
3. Turn to thy Saviour now, He will forgive; He died on Calv'ry's brow That you might live;

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Far, far from thee, my Lord, Far from thy holy word; With sin and shame defiled, Father, I come!
 In my Redeemer's love, Which flows from Heaven above, That we might ever be Happy and blest?
 Look, look to Him for aid; Hope, trust, be not dismayed; He will receive you now If you be-leave.

OUR SABBATH HOME.

Words by R. D. SWAIN.

Melody by JOHN McPHERSON.

1. O, I love to come to our Sunday School, When the six days toil is o'er, is o'er -- To read and sing of Je-sus our King, And
 2. O we love to come to our Sabbath Home, Yet we would not come alone; alone; But each bring in from places of sin Some
 3. Let us then toil on till our days are done, Till the heavenly gates unfold; unfold; Till we find rest on Jesus' dear breast, In

*D. S. To read and sing of Jesus our King, And**Chorus.*

O, we love to come, *D. S.*
 learn to love him more. }
 wretch-ed, wand-er-ing one. } O we love to come, we love to come, To our Sun-day School so dear,
 yon bright home of gold.

learn to love him more.

GOD IS NEAR THEE.

By Permission of O. DITSON & CO.

1. God is near thee, Therefore cheer thee, Sad soul; He'll defend thee When around thee Billows roll, When around, &c.
 2. Calm thy sadness, Look in gladness On high; Faint and weary. Pilgrim, cheer thee. Help is nigh, Pilgrim cheer the, etc.
 3. Mark the sea-bird, Wildly wheeling Through the skies; God defends him. God attends him When he cries God attends him, etc.
 4. God is near thee, Therefore cheer thee, Sad soul; He'll defend thee When around thee Billows roll, When around, etc.

GIVE US THE CHILDREN'S SOULS.

103

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by C. C. CASE.

Duct. Slow.

1. Give us the children's souls! We plead, O Lord, for these; No other gift bestow - ed Our longings can ap - pease. We've
 2. Give us the children's souls! Our work is vain and naught Unless these cherished ones in - to thy fold are brought. For
 3. Give us the children's souls! Our joy is in - complete Un - til we lay them down As trophies at thy feet, With-

taught thy ho - ly truths, We've sown the pre - cious seed, And now, O Lord, bring forth the fruit; Give us these souls, we plead!
 this we've longed and sighed; For this our hearts now bleed; For this, O Lord, we pray to - day; Give us these souls, we plead.
 hold what - e'er thou wilt, E'en bless - ings that we need, But hear the pray - er we make to - day; Give us these souls, we plead.

Chorus.

Give us the children's souls, These pre - cious pre - cious souls, For this our hearts now bleed, For this, for this we plead!

Give us their souls, These pre - cious souls,

OVER THERE.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by W. O. PERKINS.

1. There are angels arrayed in white, There, there, o - ver, over there, And their wings are bathed in light
 2. There are mansions prepared above, There, there, o - ver, over there, In the land of peace and love,
 3. Jesus sits on the great White Throne, There, there, o - ver, over there, And he claims me as his own,

There, o - ver, o - ver, there. I'm a pil - grim to that land, To that blest hap - py land, And I
 There, o - ver, o - ver there. There's a mansion there for me, O - ver death's rag - ing sea, And I
 There, o - ver, o - ver there. He sustains me by his grace In my brief, earthly race, And I

Chorus.

hope ere long I may join that throng In the hap - py glo - ry - land. There are an - gels arrayed in
 fond - ly hope Soon its gates will ope, And its glo - ry I shall see. There are mansions prepared a -
 soon shall rest On his lov - ing breast, And shall see him face to face. Je - sus sits on the great White

white, There, there, over, o-ver there, And their wings are bathed in light, There, o-ver, o-ver there.
 bove, There, there, over, o-ver there, In the land of peace and love, There, o-ver, o-ver there.
 Throne, There, there, over, o-ver there, And he claims me as his own, There, o-ver, o-ver there.

CHRIST THE LITTLE ONE'S SHEPHERD.

Words by Rev. A. W. ORWIG.

Music by W. A. OGDEN.

1. Christ is not a Shepherd only Un - to those In years grown old, But has gathered child-ren al - so
 D. S. Safe-ly in his blest enclosure

Fine.

D. S.

In - to his most blessed fold, And for them he feels as deep-ly As for an - y of his sheep,
 All the lambskins he will keep.

2. And upon the same rich pasture
 Will he feed them every day,
 And from out the same pure fountain
 May they drink while they obey.
 But if from the fold they wander,
 Grieving the good Shepherd's heart,
 As do often those who're older,
 They then too must suffer smart.

3. But do all of these dear children
 To the Saviour's fold belong?
 Have they all a hope of meeting
 Yonder shining, heav'nly throng?
 If their sins have not been pardoned,
 Let them now to Jesus go,
 He will give them peace and comfort,
 And will save them from all woe.

THE EDEN ABOVE.

H. KINGSBURY.

1. How sweet to re-flect on the joys that a-wait me In yon blissful re-gion, the ha-ven of rest, Where
2. Then hail! bles-sed state:hail,ye songsters of glo-ry; Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,And

glo-ri-fied spir-its with welcome shall greet me,And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest. En-join your full choir in rehears-ing the sto-ry, "Sal-vation from sorrow through Jesus' dear love,"Then

cir-cled with light,and with glory enshrouded, My hap-pi-ness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,I'll songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaver; My soul will respond, To Immanuel be giv-en All

bathe in the o - cean of pleas - ure un - boun - ded, And range with delight thro' the E - den a - bove.
glo - ry, all hon - or, all might, and domin - ion, Who brought us thro' grace to the E - den a - bove.

I WILL LOVE THE SAVIOUR.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by ROBERT K. MOORE.

1. While thousands are standing in the way of sin - ners, And from God and Heav - en stray, I will love my
2. While thousands are walking in un - god - ly coun - sel, Do - ing not the Mas - ter's will, I will keep His

Chorus.

dear Re - deem - er, I will love my Lord al - way. Others, then, may do as they will, I will love my Sa - viour still.
pure commandments, I will love my Sa - viour still. Others, then, may do &c.

3. While thousands are sitting with the vain and scornful, Hating truth, and loving ill,
I will praise the Lord that saves me,
I will love my Saviour still.—Chorus.
4. Like trees that are planted by the streams of water,
Decked with fruit, and evergreen,
They who love their Lord and Master,
Ever blooming shall be seen.—Chorus.

MY SWEET HOME IN HEAVEN.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. A - mid the toil and pain of life, A - mid its con - flict and its strife, A pre - cious thought to
 2. When loved ones tide and pass a - way, And left a - lone on earth I stay, To cheer my heart this
 3. We'll see our Sav - iour as he is, Eu - joy his love and taste his bliss, And end - less life will
 4. No more we'll reach the part - ing hand, In you - der bright and hap - py land, No more will sad far -

Chorus.

me is given, The thought of my sweet home in heaven, } O home.....of peace.....blest home.....of
 hope is given, We'll meet in you sweet home in heaven. }
 there be given, In you - der peace - ful home in heaven, } O home of peace, blest home of love, o home of peace, blest
 wells be given, In you - der blest - sed home in heaven. }

Bass and Tenor p.

love.....Sweet home.....of end.....less life.....a.....bove.....When ties.....that
 home of love, Sweet home of endless life a - Love, Sweet home of endless life above; When ties that blind to

blind to earth..... are riv'n,..... I'll seek.....thy courts.....sweet home in heaven!
 earth are riv'n, When ties that bind to earth are riv'n, I'll seek thy courts, sweet home in heav'n, I'll seek thy courts, sweet home in heav'n!

LITTLE CHILDREN SHOULD BE CHRISTIANS.

Words by Rev. A. W. ORWIG.

Music by C. T. DONDORE.

1. Lit-tle children should be Christians, Leaving all the paths of sin, Giv-ing up their lives to Je-sus,
 D. S. Where are now unnumbered child ren
 2. Lit-tle children should be Christians; Je-sus bids them come to him; He a-lone can make them hap-py,
 D. S. They that seek the Sav-our ear-ly
 3. Lit-tle child-ren should be Christians, Working for the Lord in youth; For by wait-ing till they're old-er
 D. S. Now let all be val-ly will-ing

Fine.

D. S.

For he died their souls to win; Died that they might be trans-por- ted To the bliss-ful climes a-bove,
 Sing-ing of the Saviour's love. To the young a spec-ial prom-ise Has so gra-cious-ly been giv'n—
 And can save them from all sin. Who to-day, a-mong these child-ren, Will their hearts to Je-sus give?
 Shall be made the heirs of heav'n.
 They may learn to spurn his truth.
 For the Lord a-lone to live.

"SPEAK A WORD TO GOD FOR ME."

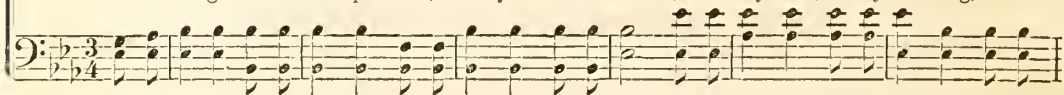
"What is intercession?" was asked of a class of Sunday School children. A little girl gave the best definition of the word when she replied: "speaking a word to God for us." How like childhood's simple faith is this!

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

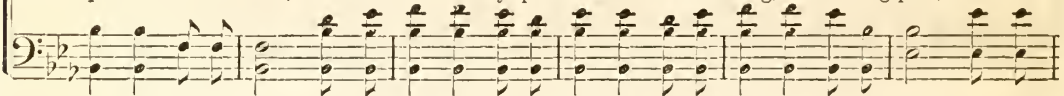
Music by E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. I am weary with my toiling In the vine-yard all the day, Vainly seeking germs of promise Patient
2. Foes and snares are all around me, Darkness falls upon my way, And my heart is faint with waiting For the
3. When the light breaks full upon thee, And thy soul is all aflame, When thy faith, in holy dar - ing, All the



la - bor to re-pay. Paul may plant, A-pol-los wa-ter, Fruitless still the work must be, I would
to-kens of the day. Words of cheer—I hear you speak them, Hands of help outstretched I see; But no
prom-i-ses can claim, Throw the arms of thy pe-ti-tion In a strong, a - vail-ing plea, Round a



trust no unblessed la-bor, Speak a word to God for me, Speak a word to God for me.
hand of man may save me, Speak a word to God for me, Speak a word to God for me.
wea-ry, need - y toil - er, Speak a word to God for me, Speak a word to God for me.



IN THE GLORY OF THE OTHER.

111

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by H. S. PERKINS.

1. Though this world is of - ten cheerless, Fal-ter not, my Christian Brother! Weep-ing eyes will all be
 2. Though thy friends on earth may leave thee, Cling to Je-sus, Christian Brother! Faithless hearts will never

Chorus

tear-less, In the glo - ry of the oth - er. Oh, the glo - ry of the oth - er! Oh, the
 grieve thee In the glo - ry of the oth - er. Oh, the glo - ry, &c.

glo - ry of the oth - er! I am long-ing, long-ing, long-ing, For the glo - ry of the oth-er!

3. O'er thy dead ones art thou sighing?
 Cease thy sadness, Christian Brother!
 Yonder is no pain or dying
 In the glory of the other.—*Chorus.*

4. Earth is not my place of dwelling,
 I am looking for another;
 Longings in my heart are swelling
 For the glory of the other.—*Chorus.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG.

Words by Rev. J. D. WYCKOFF.

Music by E. A. HANCHET.

1. There's an old, old song of a love so deep, That its choic-est treas-ure it would not keep,
 2. I have learned this song and its mem-o-ry Lies be-neath my faith like a qui-et sea,
 3. You may seem to sing with no hear-ers now, And the thorns, not laur-els, may crown your brow,
 4. Oh! the ceaseless praise that we there shall sing; Here its ech-o falls, there its full chimes ring.

Till it blessed a world with its dawn-ing light Of a sun that scatters the dark-est night.
 'Tis e-nough for me that my Sav-iour lives, And the song I sing is the love he gives.
 If you love it here, in the din and strife, 'Twill be sweet-er soon by the tree of life.
 But the end-less years will be none too long, To re-cite the love of this old, old song.

Chorus.

'Tis the song and stor-y of Christ's sweet love Coming down to us from the realms above; Where



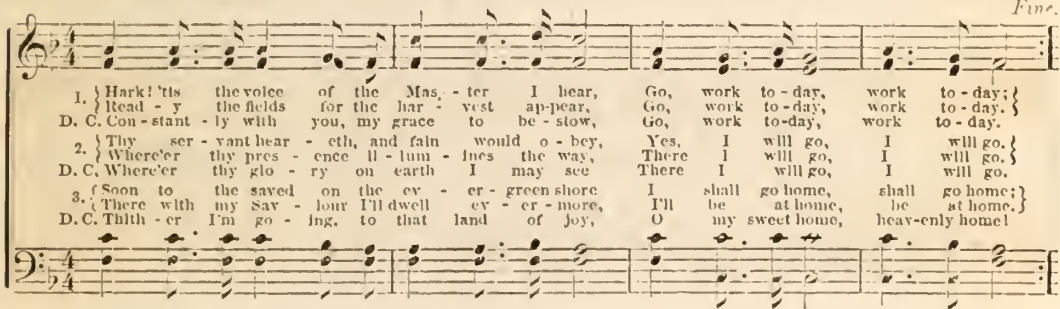
ev - er it stops and wher - ev - er it flows, Still rich - er and sweet - er and pur - er it grows.

Words by ABBY MILLS.

GO, WORK TO-DAY.

Music by J. H. RHEEM.

Fine.

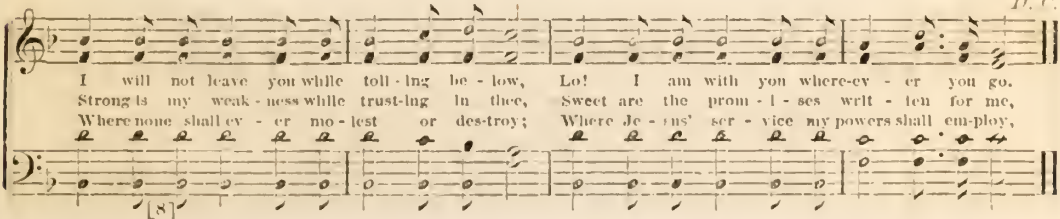


1. } Hark! 'tis the voice of the Mas - ter I hear, Go, work to - day, work to - day; }
 } Read - y the fields for the har - vest ap - pear, Go, work to - day, work to - day. }
 D. C. Con - stant - ly with you, my grace to be - stow, Go, work to - day, work to - day. }

2. } Thy ser - vant hear - eth, and fain would o - bey, Yes, I will go, I will go. }
 } Where'er thy pres - ence il - lum - ines the way, There I will go, I will go. }
 D. C. Where'er thy glo - ry on earth I may see, There I will go, I will go. }

3. } Soon to the saved on the ev - er - green shore, I shall go home, shall go home; }
 } There with my Sav - our I'll dwell ev - er - more, I'll be at home, be at home. }
 D. C. Thlth - er I'm go - ing, to that land of joy, O my sweet home, heavy - cny home!

D. C.



I will not leave you while toll - ing be - low, Lo! I am with you where - ev - er you go.
 Strong is my weak - ness while trust - ing in thee, Sweet are the prom - i - ses writ - ten for me,
 Where none shall ev - er mo - lest or des - troy; Where Je - sus' ser - vice my powers shall em - ploy,

[8]

FEAR NOT THE DARK WAVE.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. I am standing up-on the green shore,the green shore,I am weary and faint wth delay, Ev - er fear - lng the bill-ows that
 2. Then no longer I fear the dark wave,the dark wave,For so many have passed by this way: To the land where my Saviour has
 3. I am waiting upon the green shore,the green shore,But I fear not the waves as they roll;When the Saviour shall call,I'll pass

roar,billows roar,Ev-er dread - ing the mist-covered way. And oh, if my Sav-iour would come,Saviour come,To con-
 gone, Saviour gone,I will hasten, no long - er de - lay. For thousands have ford-ed the stream,forded stream,And have
 o'er,I'll pass o'er,To the beau - ti - ful home of the soul. There broth-ers and sis - ters and all, sisters all, Who have

vey me a-cross the dark wave; Oh, were I safe - ly land-ed at home,landed home,Never more the dark waters to brave,
 safe-ly attained you bright shore: Never sorrow or dan-ger to fear,danger fear,For all sor-row and dan-ger are o'er,
 left us in days that are past, Will be waiting to welcome us home,welcome home,To the beautiful land of the blest.

FEAR NOT THE DARK WAVE.—Concluded.

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Chorus. *ff*

Fear not, dread not the dark roll-ing wave, Thy Saviour is near thee, ho's might-y to save; Then

fear not the wa-ters, he'll soon land us o'er, We all there shall meet on the bright gleam - ing shore.

MORNING PRAISE.

Music by E. A. HANCHET.

1. Now the shades of night are gone, Now the morning light has come; Lord, may we be thine to-day Drive the shades of sin away.
 2. Fill our souls with heavenly light, Banish doubt and clear our sight; In thy service, Lord, to-day, May we labor, watch and pray.
 3. When our work of life is past, Oh, receive us then at last; Night and sin will be no more, When we reach the heavenly shore.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

(Trio for female voices, the singers representing the National colors, Red, White and Blue.)

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. R. DUNHAM.

1. Our na - tive land, the land we dear-ly love, We cher-ish thee all oth - er lands a - bove!
 2. O land we love, of all the lands the best, Our na-tive land, with peace and freedom blest,
 3. O Lord Our God, who gave us lib - er - ty, Pre-serve us as a people ev - er free.

We love thy flag of red and white and blue! We love thy laws to hu-man freedom true!
 To thee our hearts, in true al-legiance, cling, Of thee, dear land, we humbly, humbly sing!
 May no wrong deed our glo-rious ban-ner stain; But may we true to God and right re-main.

OUR NATIVE LAND.—Concluded.

Full Chorus (Tune America.)

1. Our Fathers' God, to thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

BRIGHT LITTLE STAR.

Words and Music by

A. B. CONDO.

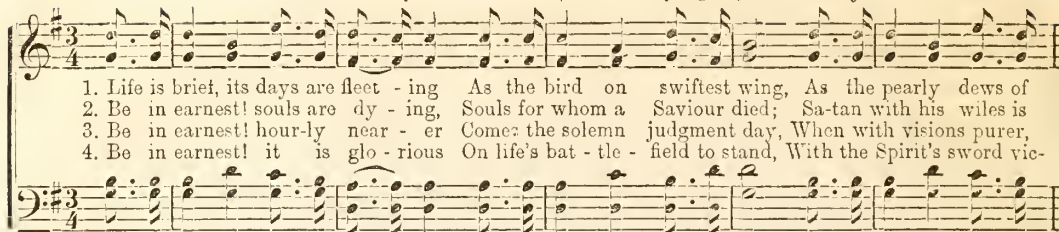
1. { Bright little star on evening's breast, How beams thy golden light! }
 { But fast thou'rt slinking in the west, Sweet little star good night. } Good-night, good - night, sweet little star, good-night!
 2. { And I, when I have bent my knee, And raised my evening prayer. }
 { To Him who made both thee and me, Shall to my rest re - pair. } Good-night, &c.

3. And thinking on that brighter star,
That once o'er Bethlehem rose
And eastern sages led afar,
I'll sink to sweet repose.—Chorus.

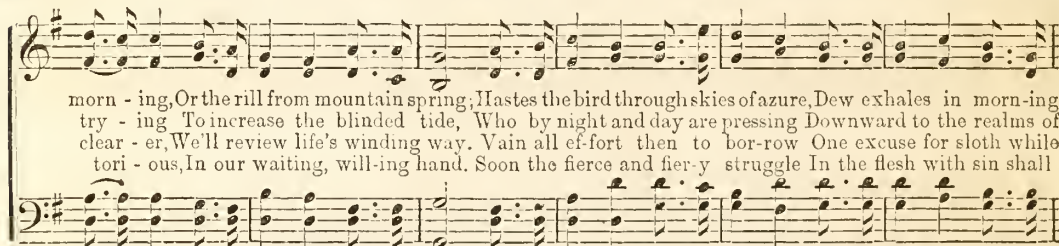
4. And oh! when I at last shall lie
In death's cold slumber down,
May then my spirit shine on high,
A star in Jesus' crown.—Chorus.

BE IN EARNEST.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.") Music by R. A. KINZIE.

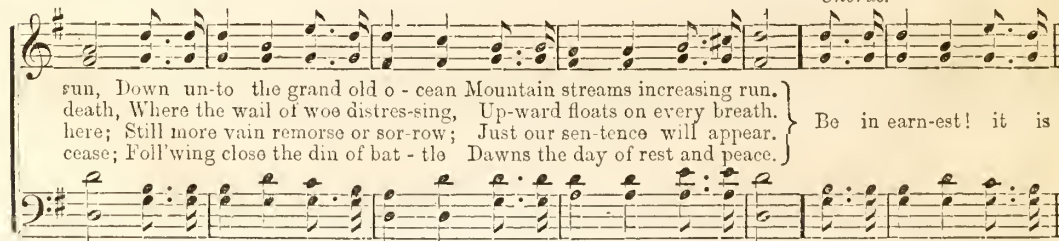


1. Life is brief, its days are fleet - ing As the bird on swiftest wing, As the pearly dews of
 2. Be in earnest! souls are dy - ing, Souls for whom a Saviour died; Sa-tan with his wiles is
 3. Be in earnest! hour-ly near - er Come: the solemn judgment day, When with visions purer,
 4. Be in earnest! it is glo - rious On life's bat - tle - field to stand, With the Spirit's sword vic-



morn - ing, Or the rill from mountain spring; Hastes the bird through skies of azure, Dew exhales in morn - ing
 try - ing To increase the blinded tide, Who by night and day are pressing Downward to the realms of
 clear - er, We'll review life's winding way. Vain all ef - fort then to bor - row One excuse for sloth while
 tori - ous, In our waiting, will - ing hand. Soon the fierce and fier - y struggle In the flesh with sin shall

Chorus.



sun, Down un-to the grand old o - cean Mountain streams increasing run, }
 death, Where the wail of woe distres - sing, Up - ward floats on every breath. } Be in earn - est! it is
 here; Still more vain remorse or sor - row; Just our sen - tence will appear. }
 cease; Foll'wing close the din of bat - tle Dawns the day of rest and peace. }

glo - ri - ous On life's bat - tle field to stand, With the Spir - it's sword vic - to - ri - ous In our walting, willing hand.

SABBATH BELLS, PEAL ON.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by C. T. DONDORE.

1. Hail the blessed Sabbath day, Call-ing us from toil a-way! Day of all the week the best,
 2. Praise the Lord who wisely planned For the wear-y heart and hand This one day among the seven,
 3. Gladsoime church-bells, sweetly peal! We will worship, we will kneel At the throne of peace and love,

Chorus. *D. S.* Call us to the house of prayer.

Fine. Chorus.

D. S.

Day of sweet and sacred rest.
 A sweet har-bin-ger of heaven.
 Off-ring praise to God a-bove. } Sabbath bells, peal on, peal on, God's own day is now be-gun!

Humbly we will worship there.

INVITATION.

Words and Music by

J. K. COLE.

1. Come to Je - sus! Je - sus loves you! On the cross he died to save All who love him, all who
 2. Come to Je - sus! He invites you: Come to him with-out de-lay; All your bur - den Je - sus
 3. Come to Je - sus! wait no long - er, Hear ye not the spir-it's voice? Grieve Him not, ac-cept the
 4. Come to Je - sus! He'll receive you, Take His yoke and promised rest, Come, ye wea-ry, heav - y

Chorus.

trust him; For our sins his life he gave.)
 bear - eth If you'll trust Him; come to-day!
 of - fer, Then the an - gels will re - joice. } Je - sus loves, in - vites, entreats you In th' ac -
 la - den, All who come are tru - ly blest. }

cep - ted time to come, Plead for par - don, hear His message: "Who so - ev - er will may come."

SPEAK WITH KINDNESS.

121

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON

Music J. H. ROSECRANS.

Duet.

1. Let thy words be loving, tender, Kind and gen - tle ev - er - more; Grant affec - tion to the
 2. Cher - ish char - i - ty, compassion, For the er - ring and the weak; Tell sad hearts, of sin grown
 3. Live for oth - ers; 'tis the noblest Work that hu - man souls can do; To that work the Saviour

Chorus.

friendless; To the poor give from thy store.
 wea - ry, How the Sav - iour they may seek.
 calls you, He will help you to be true. } Live for right and du - ty ev - er, Christ will

help you on your way; Fails his faith - ful promise never; Watch, and work, and humbly pray.

I KNOW I LOVE HIM.

(A sick young lady being asked if she thought she loved the Saviour, with a radiant smile replied: "I know I love him!")

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by H. E. KIMBALL.

1. I know I love my Sa-viour now, As once I knew I loved him not: His hand of love has
 2. My faith has found a resting-place Whereon my wear-y soul can lie; And peace and joy and

Chorus.

sealed my vow, And fixed my new and blissful lot. What can I do but hope and love, Rest-ing up-on his
 boundless grace Enfold me like a Summer sky. What can I do &c.

faith-ful word? Oh, how I love him, Oh, how I love him, Oh, how I love my prec-ious Lord!

3. The storms may come, the sunshine go,
 My friend will still be true and strong;
 His hand will wipe the tears that flow,
 And bear my trembling soul along.

4. I know I love Him, feel him mine;
 He rules my soul with gentle sway,
 He guides me still in light divine,
 And bids me wait his crowning day.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL FOLD.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by GEO. B. LOOMIS

Spirited.

1. Come in, come in, dear children, come in. There is room, there is love for you all: We will tell you of Je-sus, and
 2. Come in, dear youths, we welcome you in; There is room and a work for you, too; We will con-se-crate all, in the
 3. Come in, come in, dear fathers, come in, For the Mas-ter has work for you here; We will share in the toils and the
 4. Come in, come in, dear mothers, come in, For the love of your Saviour, come in! We have need of your gentleness,

help you a - long, With coun-sel and prayer and, with beau-ti - ful song, While the Master is sounding the call.
 freshness of youth, To glo - ri - ty God in the ser - vice of Truth, What-so'er he may give us to do,
 bles - sed re - ward, And hon - or the Word and the work of the Lord, Till the day of his judgment ap - pear.
 ten - der - ness, love, To train the dear lambs for the kingdom a - bove, And to save from the courses of sin.

Chorus.

Come in,..... Come in,.....

1. Come in with the young, Come in with the old, With gladness and song, To the Sunday School fold.
 2. Come in with the young, Come in with the old, With gladness and song, To the.....Sun-day School fold.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Words by Rev. A. W. ORWIG,

Music by GABRIEL MIESSE.

Earnestly.

1. This holy Sabbath day we come, Dear Saviour, in thy name; As-sen-bled in the Sabbath School, Thy
 2. And now we bid thee, dearest Lord, Come into eve-ry heart, And to each teacher and each child The
 3. In eve-ry prayer, in eve-ry song, Do thou, blest Jesus, be, And may we all this sa-cred hour Be-

presence now we claim. Our cheer-ful homes we glad-ly leave To come to this blest place, For
 Ho-ly Ghost in part; For on-ly by its light can we The Scriptures comprehend, And
 come still more like thee. And when we leave this hallowed place, Do thou with each one go, And

Chorus.

here we learn of heavenly things, And may receive thy grace. }
 by its power be safe-ly kept From sin un-to the end. } The Sabbath School, the Sabbath School, The
 cy-er in our hearts abide While liv-ing here be-low. }

place we dear - ly love; 'Tis here we'll ev - er glad-ly come, Till raised to heaven a - love.

O JESUS, WHEN MY HEART IS SAD.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by A. J. ARMSTRONG.

Legato. Accent.

1. O Jo - sus, when my heart is sad, Thy grace can cheer and make me glad,
 2. Thou art my com - fort and my stay, My joy, my life, my truth, my way;
 3. A - bide with me, Re - deem - er mine, And seal me whol - ly, whol - ly thine,

Thy pres - ence can dis - perse my gloom, Thy love my soul with light il-lume.
 My trust - ing soul will cling to thee In time and in e - ter - ni - ty.
 And lead me, by thy lov - ing hand, In - to the gold - en glo - ry land.

Words by F. B. COPP.

Music by WM. F. ROGERS.

1. Time is but a si-lent riv-er, Rushing on to meet the sea, Where the years now gone for-ey-er Make the
 2. Lit-tle boats, all decked with flowers Glide like sunlight down the stream, 'Neath life's green and fragrant bowers, Passing
 3. Boats that flash with youthful splendor, Laden with the young and fair, Youthful hearts, unseared and ten-der, Flash-ing
 4. Barks are gli-ding, on the bit-tows Of the wind-be-ruffled tide, 'Neath the shade of drooping willows, Hug-glag
 5. All a-long the restless riv-er, Far as God's own eye can see, Heav-y-la-den life-boats quiver, Crowding

great e-ter-ni-ty; All a-long the sha-dy borders, And beneath the chang-ing sky, Floating on the fit-ful
 like an angel's dream, Fill'd with hap-py lit-tle children, Happier far than you and I, While a-mid their shouts of
 eyes and gold-en hair, Now go bound-ing down the current, Scarcely dreaming of a sigh, While up-on the fragrant
 close the oth-er side, La-den with the a-ged Pilgrims, Who, with dim and tearful eyes, Lis-ten calm-ly to the
 to e-ter-ni-ty, While up-on the gli-ding waters, And a-long the chang-ing sky, From the morn to life's dark

Chorus. *P*

bre-ezes, Comes a plain-tive, sad, Good bye, Good bye, Good bye, Comes their plain-tive, sad, Good bye!
 laugh-ter, Floats that plain-tive, sad, Good bye, Good bye, Good bye, Floats their plain-tive, sad, Good bye!
 zeph-ers, Floats that plain-tive, sad, Good bye, Good bye, Good bye, Floats that plain-tive, sad, Good bye!
 muns-ic Of those plain-tive, sad, Good byes, Good bye, Good bye, Or that plain-tive, sad, Good bye!
 e-ven, Souds the plain-tive, sad, Good bye, Good bye, Good bye, Sounds that plain-tive, sad, Good bye!

NEARER TO PORT.

127

Words from S. S. TIMES.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Its com-ing, com-ing near - er, The love-ly land un-seen: Its shores are grow-ing clear-er, Tho' mists lie dark be-tween.
 2. Ah! dear and bles-sed Heav-en! What coun-try is like thee? The ties of earth, though riven, All re - u - nite in thee.
 3. Its com-ing, com-ing near-er! We're homeward bound at last! Its shores are grow-ing clear-er, We soon shall anchor fast!

We catch its gleams of glo - ry, We hear its bursts of song, We're raptur-ed with its stor-y, For it our spir-its long,
 Our chil-dren gone be-fore us! Our friends! they wait us there! Our hearts take up the chorus, That fills that happy air!
 We'll dwell with him forev - er, Who brought us o'er the tide! And not a foe shall ev - er Our souls from Him di-vide!

Chorus.

We soon shall see the bright-ness, Of the land that needs no sun, We'll walk in robes of whiteness, When he makes his peo-ple one.

THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME.

Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Harmonized by T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a land far out of sight, Beyond these earth - ly climes, } { Where glories burst up - on the soul, }
 { Where darkness ne'er ex - cludes the light, But day per - pet - ual shines, } { And joys in end - less prospect roll, }
 2. { No poisonous fruit, nor grief, nor fear, Nor hate, nor war, nor strife, } { In that de - light - ful land a - bove, }
 { But fruits of par - a - dise grow there, On trees of end - less life; } { The trees of life bear fruits of love, }

Fine. Chorus.

And joys in end - less pros - pect roll, In that bet - ter world on high, This world is not my
 The trees of life bear fruits of love In that bet - ter world on high.

D. S. This world is not the Christian's home, There's a better world on high.

D. S.

home, There's a bet - ter world be - yond the sky.

3. No chilling winds, nor lowering storms,
 That cloud our prospects here,
 Nor sin in all its varied forms,
 Shall find admittance there;
 But holy and enraptured joy,
 Shall fill the soul without alloy,
 Shall fill the soul without alloy,
 In that better world on high.—*Chorus.*

I AM TOLD THAT JESUS LOVES ME.

120

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. I am told that Je - sus loves me, And will lead me by the hand Thro' my life's un-
 2. Is it so? And does he love me? Will he guard me with his care? Will he take me

Chorus.

e - ven jour - ney, I p - ward to the bet - ter land. I'm so ver - y, ver - y glad, The
 up to Heav - en? Will he make me hap - py there? I'm so ver - y, &c.,

Saviour loves e - ven me, I'm so ver - y, ver - y glad, The Saviour loves even me.

3. I'm so glad to know he loves me,
 Glad to know he cares for me,
 Glad to know he offers mercy,
 Glad to know he died for me.—*Chorus.*

4. I'm so glad that Jesus loves me,
 Glad the welcome news to learn;
 For his pure and warm affection
 I will love him in return.—*Chorus.*

WAITING BY THE CROSS.

Words by Mrs. E. F. KNOWLES.

Music by W. W. PARTRIDGE.

1. Low at thy Cross, my Saviour, I am ly-ing, To meet the flowing stream of cleansing blood,
 2. Low at thy Cross, my Saviour, I am ly-ing, Here let my trusting spirit ev - er lie,
 3. Low at thy Cross, I bow and wait in sadness, Un-wor-thy, yet I linger at thy feet,
 4. Low at thy Cross, here keep me meek and lowly; No e - vil thing can this safe spot pro-fane,

Faith sees thee there, my blest Redeemer, dying! Dy - ing to raise me unto life in God.
 Thirst-ing for love, for living wa - ters crying, Here let me drink the streams that never dry.
 O blessed place! no earthly mount of gladness. Could o-pen views so beautiful, so sweet.
 Sin dare not en-ter a retreat so Ho-ly; Here e-ven sorrow loses half its pain.

Chorus.

Wait-ing wait-ing wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing by the Cross I am waiting.

Thirst-ing, thirsting, thirst-ing, thirsting, thirst-ing, thirst-ing for life's wa - ter I'm thirsting.

"ONE IN THEE."

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by C. T. DONDORE.

1. This day is thine, O gracious Lord, By Thee su-preme-ly blest; It brings re-fresh-ing from Thy throne, And
 2. Through all the dangers of the week, Thy arm has been our stay; And now we come to praise Thy name, For
 3. May teachers, scholars, one and all, A-dore thy mer-cy Lord; And meek-ly hear the sim-ple truth, And
 4. So may we journey on our way To that e-ter-nal shore; Where all who try to serve Thee here, May

D. S. tune our tongues, inspire our songs, And

End. Chorus.

D. S.

gives the wea-ry rest, }
 this dear Sabbath day, }
 teach-ing of Thy word, } Here may we drink the pre-cious foun-t, That flows for all so free, Oh!
 praise Thee ev-er more. }

make us one with Thee!

So free,

WHEN THY WORK IS DONE.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by E. A. HANCHET.

1. When thy work of life is o - ver, And the evening time shall come, An - gel - bands will waft thee
 2. When thy sheaves are cut and garnered, And thy ar - duous toil is o'er, Then a rich reward a -
 3. Work, then, with a will - ing spir - it, And a will - ing, steady hand; Soon the Lord will come to

Chorus. There are ma - ny mansions bright, There are

yonder To the Fath - er's blissful home,
 waits thee Over on the gol - den shore. } There are ma - ny, many mansions bright, There are
 take thee Over to the bet - ter land. }

There are many, many mansions bright, There are

snow - y robes of white, There are shin - ing crowns of gold,

snow - y, snowy robes of white, There are shining, shining crowns of gold, In the Saviour's blessed fold,
 snowy, snowy robes of white, There are shining, shining crowns of gold,

HOW SWIFTLY LIFE PASSES AWAY!

133

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by W. W. PARTRIDGE.

1. How swiftly life pas-ses a - way! It seems but a short summer's day, The morning and noon and the night roll
 2. How swiftly life pas-ses a - way! How soon clay doth mingle with clay: Through childhood, and manhood and age we
 3. How swiftly life pas-ses a - way! O let us be read-y to-day; The an-gel of death may full soon be

round, They bur-y us then in the cold, cold ground; Our life is flown, The spir-it is gone; Our life is flown, Tho
 pass, And then are cut down like the ripened grass; Our life is flown, The spir-it is gone; Our life is flown, Tho
 here, And summon us up at God's throne to appear; Then life is flown, The spir-it is gone; Then life is flown, The

Chorus.

p *pp* *dim. pp*

spr-it is gone, }
 spir-it is gone, } Flown, flown, my life will soon be flown! Gone, gone, my spir-it will soon be gone!
 spir-it is gone, }

WATCHMAN, AWAKE!

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by H. S. PERKINS.

1. O - ver a dis - mal waste of years, O - ver the waves of blood and tears, O - ver the graves of the martyred dead,
 2. O - ver the sel - fish dreams of men, O - ver a world un - read - y then, Soon shall a deep-en-ing shadow fall,
 3. O - ver the Ori - ent hills a-glow Creeps from the twi-light rifts be - low, O - men of Joy for the stricken earth,
 4. Soon shall the smil-ing val-leys sing, Un - der the feet of Christ the King! Ech - o shall hur-ry the song a-far,

O - ver the fields of the conflict red, O - ver the tombs of the buried past, Ech - oes the swell of the trumpet blast:
 Ush-er-ing in, to the trumpet s call, Christ the In-man-u-el, Christ the King, Roy-al - ly borne on the tempest wing,
 Soon to rejoice in the second birth, Bath-ing in light from the up-per sky, Bright-en-ing still as the a - ges fly,
 Rolling the pean from star to star, TEL on the rich gold-en harps on high Angels will car - ry the ti-dings by,

Chorus.

Watchman, awake! for the ramparts are shak-ing! Rise from thy shum - ber, the morn-ing now is breaking!

WATCHMAN, AWAKE!—Concluded.

See the Mil-len - i - uni red - 'ning the sky! Zi - on, a - rise; your re - demp - tion is nigh!

NEW YEAR.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Moderato.

f

1. How swift-ly come and swiftly go The hap-py days in cease-less flow! With pang of pain and joy - ons song, How
 2. The years of life are fleet and few; We pass the Old and hail the New, And on - ward has - ten to the land Where
 3. The stor - y of the by-gone year Is whis-pered in Je - ho - vah's ear: What tale of life the next shall tell May
 1. O Fath - er, leave me not a - lone, To walk the Future's ways unknown: My sins, O let thy mer - cy hide, And

Chorus. D. S. pray thee, help us by thy grace To

End. Chorus.

D. S.

roll the freight-ed years a-long. }
 roll-hy a - ges nev - er end. } We praise thee, Lord, that we may hear 'The foot-steps of an - oth - er year, And
 fix our lot for heaven or he! }
 let me in thy love a-blide. }

reach thy heavenly dwelling place.

OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: Luke 18, 16.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by R. A. KINZIE.

1. Open the door for the children, Tenderly gather them in; In from the highways and hedges, In from the places of sin.

(Sing small note to second verse.)

Some are so young and helpless, Some are so hungry and cold; Open the door for the children, Gather them into the fold.

Chorus.

Gather them in, gather them in,—Gather them into the fold of Christ; Gather them in, gather them in,—O gather the children in.

2. Open the door for the children;
See! they are coming in throngs;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs;
Pray you the Father to bless them;
Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
Open the door for the children,
"Of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

3. Open the door for the children:
Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to truth and to goodness,
Send them to Canaan's land,
Some are so young and helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

THE OPEN DOOR.

137

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by A. J. ARMSTRONG.

1. Come en-ter by this o-pen door, The night is com-ing fast, There's light and rest and
 2. Come in, ye fear-ful, shrink-ing ones; Sweet mercy dwells with-in; There's balm for all your
 3. Come in from death to end-less life; Come in from fear to peace; Come from re-morse to
 4. Come in, the Sa-viour calls for you; He may not lon-ger wait; Come, lest in fierce de-

rit. *Chorus.*

peace with-in—The door must close at last.
 wounds and woes, And pardon for your sin.
 death-less joy, And find a quick re-lease,
 pair at last You cry: "too late! too late!" } Come in, the storm is roll-ing on, The

warn-ing thun-ders cry: Oh, flee to mer-cy's o-pen door, While mer-cy is so nigh.

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

Words by OTWAY CURRY.

Music by WM. T. ROGERS.



- 1, When through the nameless ages I cast my longing eyes, Be-fore me, like a boundless sea, The Great Hereafter lies. A-
 2. There in the blue, long distance, By hulling breezes fanned, I seem to see the flowering graves Of ancient Beulah's land. And
 3. Un - to the Great Here-after—A-foretime dim and dark—I free - ly now and glad-ly give Of life the wandering bark. And



long its brim-ming bo-som Per - pet - ual sum-mer smiles, And gathers like a gold-en robe, Around the emerald isles,
 far be-yond the islands That gem the waves se - rene, The im-age of the cloudless shore Of holy heaven is seen,
 in the far-off haven, When shadowy seas are passed, By an - gel hands its quivering sails Shall all be furled at last,

*Chorus.*

'Tis sweet to think when struggling The goal of life to win, That just beyond the shores of time The better years be-gin.



"WE ALL MIGHT DO GOOD."

139

Words by G. L. BANKS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Andante.

1. We all might do good, Where we of-ten do ill, There is always the way, If we
 we all might do good, Where we of-ten do ill, There is always the way,

have but the will; Tho' it be but a word Kindly breath'd or supprest, It may
 If we have but the will. Tho' it be but a word Kindly breath'd or supprest, It may

rit.
 guard off some pain Or give peace to some breast.
 guard off some pain Or give peace to some breast.

2. We all might do good,
 In a thousand small ways,
 In forbearing to frown,
 Yet yielding *due* praise—
 In the spurning of sin,
 In reproving wrong done,
 And in treating but kindly
 Each heart we have won.

3. We all might do good,
 Whether lowly or great,
 For the deed is not ganged
 By the purse or estate;
 If it be but a cup
 Of cold water that's given,
 Like "the widow's two mites,"
 It is something for Heaven.

THE FRIEND THAT DIED FOR ME.

Music by C. C. CASE.

1. When blind with sin, my Father's will I reckless disobey, One pitying Friend bore with me still, And interceding prayed,
2. When sore beset with earthly foes, Forlorn, about to yield, This guardian arm would interpose To succor and to shield.

With sobs and tears he bent him down, A suppliant on his knee; Oh, shall my thankless heart disown The friend that died for me?
His wounds secured me from distress, His sufferings set me free; Oh grateful let me e - ver bless The friend that died for me!

Chorus.

He died for me, He died for me, The Saviour died for me! Then let me love, and serve, and praise The friend that died for me!

BRING HIM PRAISES.

141

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by R. A. KINZIE.

With Spirit.

1. My soul was lost in ways of sin, And there my Je-sus found me, With matchless grace no
 2. My life is crown'd with happiness; My earth is now a heaven; My soul is filled with
 3. Oh precious love, that gave a life So full as that of Je-sus! Oh wond'rous blood, that

threw his arms Of ten - der love a - round me. He saw me on the brink of woe, A -
 per - feet peace. By Christ, the Sa - viour, giv - en. In rev' - rent awe and hum - ble fear I
 clean - ses us, And, from de - file - ment frees us! My soul flows out in praise to Christ, The

mid sin's dark - est ma - zes And saved me from e - ter - nal death—For this I bring him praises
 bow my - self be - fore him And, lost in won - der, love and praise. There worship and adore him!
 Lord of my sal - va - tion—Let all the blood - wash'd bring to him E - ter - nal ac - cla - ma - tion!

"I AM VERY HAPPY!"

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. I am ver - y hap - py, Je - sus loves me so; How my heart is warm - ing With a heavenly glow.
 2. I am ver - y hap - py, Christ is all my song; Strains of joy I'm hymning, Singing all day long.
 3. I am ver - y hap - py, Je - sus loves me so; He will guard and keep me While I dwell be - low;

Let me praise my Je - sus, Mag - ni - fy his name, Hon - or and exalt him, And his love proclaim.
 Christ is ver - y pre - cious; I am tru - ly blest; I will try to keep Him Re - igning in my breast.
 And when life is end - ed, On yon gold - en shore Sweeter joys will greet me, Bliss for - ev - er - more.

Chorus.

I am ver - y hap - py, Ver - y, ver - y hap - py, I am ver - y hap - py, Je - sus loves me so.

GOD LOVES TO HEAR THE CHILDREN SING.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by H. E. KIMBALL.

Animato.

1. God loves to hear the children sing With voices sweet and clear, And when they chant their glad refrains, He
 2. God loves to hear the children sing, And an-gels list with joy When lit-tle ones, in praise to Christ, Their
 3. God loves to hear the children sing, And gathers them on high To join the blood-washed and redeemed Their

Chorus.

lends a list-'ning ear. }
 hearts and tongues employ. } Then sing, children, sing, Sing, children, sing, Sing a-loud the praises of your
 Lord to glo-ri-fy. }

glorious, heave-ly King, Sing, children, sing, Sing, children, sing, Full the air with melody, and sing, sing, sing

WHITHER DO YOU JOURNEY?

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by ROBERT K. MOORE.

First Voice.

1. Whither do you journey, pilgrim stranger? Whith-er do your wear-y footsteps tend? Know you not the way is full of
 2. But you are alone, no friends surround you, Fear you not the foes that through the way? When the lurking dangers close a-
 3. Who is this dear Saviour that befriends you? Who is this that gives you grace and strength? Who is this that constantly at-
 4. May I journey with you, pilgrim stran-ger. To the land of peace, and joy, and rest? Will this Jesus keep me from all

Second Voice.

dan-ger? Fear you not the conflicts that impend? I am bound for bright and blissful Heaven, Thith-er are my
 round you, Who will then your fears and foes atlay? I am not alone, my Lord is with me, Though unseen, he
 tends you? And will bring you safely home at length? It is my Re-deem-er who is near me; Though unseen, he
 dan-ger? Will he be my friend and constant guest? You may journey with me, friend and brother, To the land of

wear-y footsteps bent: Grace to fear no dan-ger God has giv-en; I but go the way my Sa-viour went.
 is my constant guide; He will e'er protect, defend me, lead me, He will keep me safe whate'er be-tide.
 guides me day by day; And his grace and mercy ev-er cheer me, As I journey on my pilgrim way.
 love, and life, and light; Je-sus will befriend you, pilgrim brother, He will lead you to yon mansions bright.

WHITHER DO YOU JOURNEY.—*Concluded.*

Full Chorus.

1. 2. 3. There is a blessed, peace-ful land, Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! Be-yond the shin-ing,

4. An - oth - er pil-grim on the way, Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God! An-oth - er bound to

gold - en strand, Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God! Un-num-bered hosts are gathered there, In

realms of day, Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God! We wel-come thee in - to our fold, And

yonder mansions bright and fair, And millions more are pilgrims there, (Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God,

hand in hand, with courage bold, We'll seek yon city fair of gold, Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God.

STAND FIRM.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN,

Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.
Chorus.

1. { We must not lose the battle, comrades, We must not lose the day; } Stand firm, soldiers of Jesus, The
 { Then firm - ly stand for Je - sus, comrades, Be he - roes in the fray, }

battle is well nigh won! Stand firm, soldiers of Jesus, The Saviour is lead - ing on.

2. Our banner*proudly waving, comrades,
 Is born in triumph on;
 Support it firmly, bravely, comrades,
 Till victory is won.

3. Our great commander, Jesus, comrades,
 Expects us to be true;
 Then rally to His call, comrades,
 And every foe subdue.

GIVE IT TO JESUS.

Words by F. B. COPP.

Music by W. O. PERKINS.

1. Oh, what shall I do with this heart of mine, So sinful, so false, and so vain? For I've often promised to change my life, I care not to promise a-
 2. Oh, what shall I do with my class so dear, Whose souls I have prayed for so much? Whose hearts so tender may soon grow hard, And cold [to the Saviour's knd
 3. Oh, what shall I do with my time below, My talents, my powers, my health, My youth and its flowers of promise sweet, My sorrows, my [wants, or my

"GIVE IT TO JESUS!"—Concluded.

gain, I've broken my vows, and sinned a-new. So of-ten in seasons gone by, That now when I feel I ought to repent, I am
 touch? Oh, what more can be done for these dear youths, Ere hearts and affections grow cold, To lead them away from broad ways of sin
 wealth? With my manhood, my age, my long, sad days, My moments of sweetness and gall? My crosses, my joys, my losses, my gains, With my

Chorus.

al-most a- frald to try. Give It to Je- sus! Give It to Je- sus! You should have done It
 save them from woe untold? Give It to Je- sus! Give It to Je- sus! You should have done It
 be-Ing, my lite, my all? Give It to Je- sus! Give It to Je- sus! You should have done It

Oh, give It to Je- sus, Oh, give It to Je- sus,

long a-go; Give It to Je- sus! Give It to Je- sus! Je- sus can wash It as white as snow.
 long a-go; Give It to Je- sus! Give It to Je- sus! He Is the truest friend you know!
 long a-go; Give It to Je- sus! Give It to Je- sus! He Is the safest friend you know.

Oh, give It to Je- sus, Oh, give It to Je- sus,

'TIS HEAVEN WHERE THE SAVIOUR DWELLS.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by MARY ALICE MURPHY.

1. 'Tis heaven where the Saviour dwells, Yes there, there is Heav'n; His love the soul with rapture swells, And there, there is Heav'n.
2. We need not cross o'er Jordan's stream To find our sweet Heav'n; We catch on earth a passing gleam, Yes, here, here is Heav'n.

Within the bosom where He lives A heav'nly peace and joy He gives. A heav'nly peace and joy He gives, O there, there is Heav'n.
The soul with Jesus' presence blest, Enjoys the promised happy rest, Enjoys the promised happy rest, Yes, here, here is Heav'n.

CALL THE CHILDREN.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by C. C. CASE.

1. Go, call the lit-tle children, A-way from paths of sin; Go, gather them for Je - sus, And kindly bring them in, For
2. Go, tell the lit-tle children, A-bout the home a-bove, The sweet and blessed sto-ry Of Je-sus' pre-cious love, Yes,
3. Go, take the lit-tle children, In kindness by the hand, And help them on the journey Un-to the bet-ter land, For

Oh! the Lord is waiting, And calling all the day; He's waiting to receive them, As they come to him to pray,
 tell them of the glo - ry Of their dear ris-en Lord; It shines up - on the pa - ges, Of his pure and ho - ly Word,
 they are weak and feeble, And prone to go as - tray; O guide them un - to Je - sus Up the shining, narrow way.

HOLD ME, FATHER.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Melody by D. RODE.

1. Hold me, Fath - er, hold me, With thy might - y hand; In thy love en - fold me,
 2. Hide me, Fath - er, hide me, From the woes of life; Keep me close be - side Thee
 3. Through this night of sor - row, Fath - er, lead me on, Till the bles - sed mor - row

By thy grace to stand, Thou art all in all to me, Let me live and die for thee.
 Guide me through the strife; Leave me not in sin to roam, Lead me to my heavenly home.
 When my work is done, Then to Thee my heart shall raise, Hymns of ev - er - last - ing praise.

JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE ONES.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by A. J. ARMSTRONG.

1. Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, Longs to ran - som them from sin; Go then, ye that
 2. Je - sus died for lit - tle ones, Died that they might live on high, With the ran-somed
 3. Je - sus wants the lit - tle ones Brought in - to his prec-ious fold; Of - fers them his

Chorus.

love the Lord, Bring the lit - tle child-ren in,
 and the blest, In his home be - yond the sky. } Bring them in, bring them in,
 bles-sing here, And a - bove a crown of gold.

Bring the lit - tle child-ren in, Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, Go, and bring them in.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

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Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by C. T. DONDORE.

1. Be kind to each other, Be loving and true; Be gentle to all in What-ever you do. Be
2. Be kind to your parents, To father so dear, To mother so tender, Be kind to them here, Be

kind to your playmates, A-void-ing all strife; Then love and af-fec-tion Will sweet-en your life.
true to your Sa-viour, How lov-ing was he! To save you he suffered The death on the tree.

Chorus.

Be kind,

be kind,

Be kind,

be kind,

Be kind, be kind, be kind, be kind, Be lov-ing and true! Be kind, be kind, be kind, be kind, Be lov-ing and true!

NEARING THE BETTER LAND.

Words by W. A. SPATE.

Music by C. B. HUNT.

Musical score for "Nearing the Better Land" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

1. Careworn trav'ler on life's ocean, Bound for yonder golden strand, Look beyond the wave's commotion,
2. Though the sky be dark and gloomy, And the wild storms loudly roar, Look with hopeful heart beyond them,
3. Trust in God and be not fearful, He will lend a helping hand, Let thy heart be light and cheerful,

Refrain.

Musical score for the Refrain of "Nearing the Better Land". It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Thou art nearing that blest land. Thou art nearing yon blest shore. Thou art near the bet-ter land." followed by "Near-ing, near-ing, near-ing, nearing, Thou art nearing That blest land."

Thou art nearing that blest land.
 Thou art nearing yon blest shore. } Near-ing, near-ing, near-ing, nearing, Thou art nearing That blest land.
 Thou art near the bet-ter land. }

FOLLOW ME.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Musical score for "Follow Me" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

1. I hear the words, in winning tone, of one who hath before us gone To mark the way for pilgrims lone: Fol - low me, follow me.
2. In tender childhood come away, nor wait, my child, another day, but enter on the narrow way, Fol - low me, follow me.
3. Come, trust me, clasp my helping hand,
 The way leads down the..... golden strand, And yonder lies thy Fatherland: Fol - low me, follow me.

COME AND HELP US.

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Words by Rev. H. D. HARTZLER,

Music by ALBERT HOOK.

Allegro.

1. Come and help us, Friends of Jesus, Come and share the faithful toil, From the wrecks of sin and sorrow, Help us gather precious spoil.

Obligato Duett, 1st. and 2d Soprano.

Come and help us, Come and help us, Come and help us, Friends of Jesus, Come and help us, Come and help. Friends of Jesus, Come and help.

Chorus.

Come, come, come, Come and help us.

Come and help us Friends of Jesus, come and help.

Come, come, come, Friends of Jesus, Come, come, come,

2. Come and help us, we are feeble,
And the reaper band is small—
Oh, the fields of waving harvest,
How they echo Jesus' call!
3. Come and help us work for Jesus,
For the love He bore to you;
Give Him back in true devotion
What He bought with blood anew,

4. Come and help us, if you love Him;
Holy work will make you strong,
Bring you nearer to the Master,
Tune your soul to sweeter song.
5. Come and help us, we are weary,
Give us words of hope and cheer;
Help to bear the heat and burden,
Till the great reward appear.

CLEARING UP.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by E. A. HANCHET.

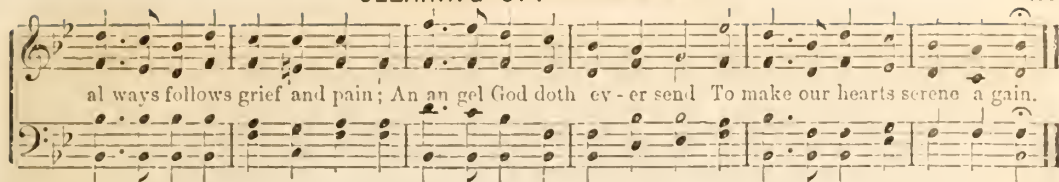
1. Thank God! the clouds that hung o'erhead, And emptied out the heav - y rain, Are breaking and dis - solv - ing now, And
 2. Do clouds of painful sor - row hang, Like spir - its dark, o'er heart and brain? Cheer up! the mercy - an - gel comes To
 3. Do strong af - flic - tions now im - pend, Above thy soul, like clouds of rain? These clouds will soon be emptied out, And

Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up! the sky is clear. cheer
 na - ture grows se - rene a - gain. }
 makethy heart se - rene a - gain. }
 all will grow se - rene a - gam. }
 Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up! the sky is clear, cheer up,
 up! cheer up!

cheer up! cheer up! cheer up! the light is here. Storms al - ways have a time - ly end; Joy

4. Hang not thy head in hopeless grief,
 A rainbow soon will span the sky,
 The Lord will send thee sweet relief,
 His Angel even now draws nigh.—*Chorus.*

5. A silv'ry brightness lines the cloud;
 A joy succeeds our every pain;
 Be hopeful, then! God's cheering love
 Will make thy heart serene again.—*Chorus.*

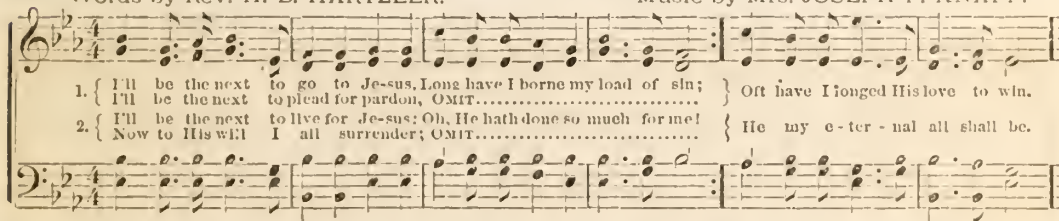


al ways follows grief and pain; An an gel God doth ev - er send To make our hearts serene a gain.

I'LL BE THE NEXT.

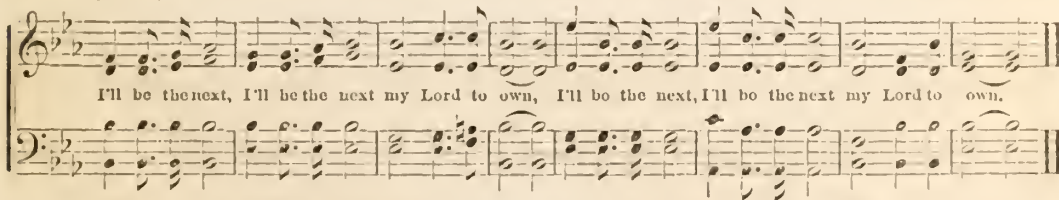
Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. { I'll be the next to go to Je-sus, Long have I borne my load of sin; } Oft have I longed His love to win.
 2. { I'll be the next to live for Je-sus; Oh, He hath done so much for me! } He my e - ter - nal all shall be.
 { Now to His will I all surrender; OMIT..... }

Chorus.



I'll be the next, I'll be the next my Lord to own, I'll be the next, I'll be the next my Lord to own.

3. I'll be the next to walk with Jesus—
 Oh, what a Friend my soul shall find!
 I'll the next to learn from Jesus,
 Till I shall know and own His mind.

4. I'll be the next to wait with Jesus,
 Wait till the perfect day comes in;
 Wait till He bears my ransom'd spirit
 Out from this land of woe and sin.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN,

Music by Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem fair, thou City of Light, And having the glo - ry of God, No unclean feet have entered thy gates, Or
 2. A River there flows, the Water of Life, Proceeding from out of the Throne, Its stream is pure and crystalline clear, Its
 3. The Throne of God shall stand therein, The Throne of his love and his grace; The blest there throng e - ter - nal - ly, And

on thy golden streets trod. There death and sorrow shall come no more, No fears, nor crying, nor pain; The former things are
 banks with flowers are strewn On either side grows the Tree of life, Bedecked with leaves of rich green, Which bears its fruit un-
 see the saviour's dear face. No night, no candle, no gloom is there, The Lord God giveth them light; With Christ they reign for-

*D. S. Jerusalem fair, I,**Fine. Chorus.**D. S. ♯*

passed a-way, But joy and glo - ry re - main. } Jerusalem fair, I, too, shall be there, I, too, shall be there, I, too, shall be there.
 ceas - ing - ly, And heals the nations from sin. }
 ev - er - more, Arrayed in garments of white. }

too, shall be there, Thy rich glory to share!

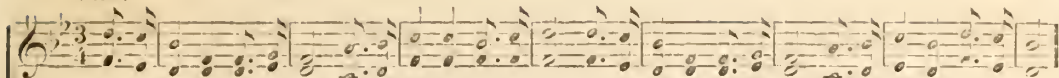
LIGHTS FOR JESUS.

157

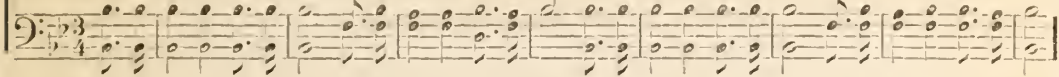
Words by Rev. A. W. ORWIG.

Music by W. A. OGDEN.

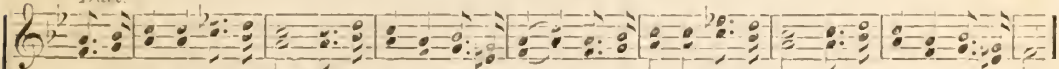
Slow.



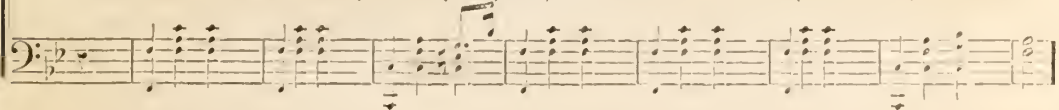
1. Lights for Jesus we should be, In this world so dark with sin, Shining brightly, day by day, Striving thus some souls to win;
2. Lights for Jesus we should be, Whether young or whether old, Shedding forth most brilliant rays, Brighter far than glittering gold.
3. Lights for Jesus we should be, Little pilgrims though we are; For the Lord can use us too, As he does the smallest star.
4. Lights for Jesus we will be, At our homes and in the school, Striving always, everywhere To obey the golden rule.



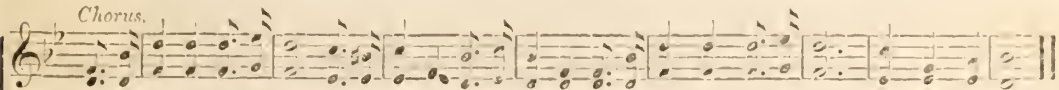
Duet.



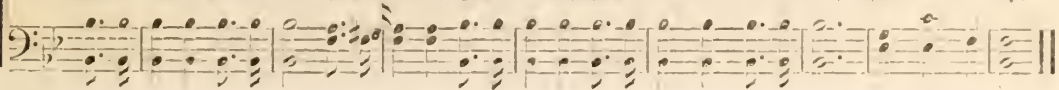
For the light we have in Christ, Surely we must never hide, Or our heavenly Father's name Would remain unglorified,
 For the world has little light That is steady, clear and true, Lighting up the path to Heav'n, Giving men a glorious view,
 By our actions kind and good, And our words both meek and mild, We may shine as Jesus' lights In this world by sin defiled,
 But, dear Jesus, we must be Daily aided by thy power; Oh do thou bestow It now, In this best, this sacred hour!



Chorus.



Lights for Jesus we should be, Lights for Jesus, Lights for Jesus, Lights for Je - sus we should be, Lights on the way.



TRUSTING IN JESUS' LOVE.

Words by Rev. J. D. WYCKOFF.

Music by E. A. HANCHET.

1 } Weary with wand-er-ing, Death on my track, Heard I thy warn-ing voice Call-ing me back,
 { Call-ing in faithfulness Ev - er the same, O with what ten - der-ness..... Speak-ing my name. }

D. C. Washed in his precious blood, Led by his Word, Nothing shall separate Me from my Lord.
Chorus.

Com - ing to Je - sus' love, Faithful and true, Old things have passed a - way, All things are new.

2. Henceforth thou art my all, Come cloud or sun,
 Ifard toil or heavy cross, Thy will be done,
 Through all the narrow way, Clothed with thy might,
 Hold thou my chastened soul True to the right.
 CHORUS.—Trusting in Jesus' love, etc.

3. Shadows are stealing on Over the sky,
 Working time closes soon, Sunset is nigh,
 Jewels can yet be won, Fill up thy crown,
 Then at the saviour's feet Lay them all down.
 CHORUS.—Working for Jesus' love, etc.

YOUTHFUL BAND.

Words by D. E. GOODHART.

Music by J. H. LESLIE.

1. We're a band of faith-ful sol-diers, We are marching to the fight, And our Saviour is our Captain, He'll protect us
 2. Though the hosts of sin are man-y, And their armies large and strong, We will put our trust in Je-sus, And in triumph

D. C. We're a band of youthful soldiers, We are marching to the fight, And our Saviour is our Captain, He'll protect us

YOUTHFUL BAND.—Concluded.

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End. 1 2 D. C.

by his might, { He will lead us on to conquer, And we'll smite the hosts of sin
For we nev-er will give o-ver OMIT.....Till the battle we shall win. }

march a-long. { For his grace will be suf-fi-cient, If we will on him depend,
And a shining crown of glo-ry OMIT.....He will give us In the end. }

by his might.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by G. F. BARR.

1. Your Al-le-lu-jah's bring, Your hearts and voices raise! To God your hymns of gladness bring In notes of joy and praise.
2. We, too, from out the grave lim-mor-tal shall a-rise, Renewed with un-e-ter-nal youth, To live a-bove the skies.
3. O Al-le-lu-jah, then, To God who reigns on High; To Christ who o-ver death and hell Has gained the vic-to-ry;

He who up-on the cross For our sal-va-tion bled, Enthroned the King of Glo-ry now, Is ris-en from the dead.
These bod-lies, frail and vile, Shall like un-to His own Be fash-ioned by our bless-ed Lord, And gath-er at His Throne.
And to the Ho-ly Ghost Be Al-le-lu-jah given, By all the ran-somed on the earth, By all the saved in Heaven!

IS THE DOOR OF HEAVEN CLOSED?

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by G. W. FOSTER.

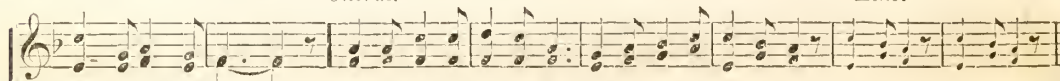
The Echo may be done in an adjoining room, if convenient.

DUETT. *Not too fast.*

1. When the gates of Heav-en are for-ev-er barred, Ma - ny shall be say - ing: "O - pen, o - pen,
2. At the closed door standing, those outside will say: "Wert thou not our Proph-et, teaching by the
3. Let us heed the Mas-ter call - ing us to - day. Call - ing us to serve Him, and no more de-



Lord!" God will bid the an - gels guard the golden door, And the gates will o - pen
 way? Did we not, O, Mas-ter, eat and drink with thee? Must we now be lost, O
 lav. Saying: "Strive to en-ter at the narrow gate, Lest you be found knocking

*Chorus.**Echo.*

nev-er, nev - er - more.
 Lord, e - ter - nal - ly?
 when it is too late;"

Is the door of Heaven closed? Will it open never-more? Never-more Never-more?



Echo.

Can I nev-er en-ter in? Am I lost for-ev-er more? Ev-er-more? Ev-er-more?

SO MUCH TO DO. (A Chant.)

Words and Music by

WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. So much to do! And, Oh, how seldom is it that we think Our years so few.
 2. A-las, how few! We scarcely think our lives begun un-til The end we view.
 3. Dis-tress'd we stand, And view life's tossing surges roll a-round On eith-er hand.
 4. But smooth or rough Our Saviour long was toss'd upon life's sea- It is e-nough.
 5. Thy will be done! Help us, dear Lord, to finish in thy name Our work be-gun. A-men, A-men.

FAR FROM THESE DARK ABODES OF CARE.

Words and Music by

WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. Far from these dark abodes of care, Where sorrow vainly weeps, There is a home divinely fair, Where love its kingdom keeps
 2. With in that happy, blest domain, No tear-drop ever falls, No gloomy shade of grief or pain Its pleasure ever falls.
 3. For - ev-er, yes for you and me That home above is given, For- ever there our Lord to see, To live and love in Heaven.

SOON AND FOREVER.

Music by D. F. HODGES.

Earnestly.

1. Soon and for-ev-er, the breaking of day, Shall drive all the night-clouds of sorrow away,
 2. Soon and for-ev-er, the sol-dier lays down His sword for a harp, and his cross for a crown,
 3. Soon and for-ev-er, the war-fare of sin, Our fight-ing without, and our conflict within,

Soon and for-ev - er we'll see as we're seen, And learn the deep meaning of things that have been.
 Droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear, A glo - rious to-morrow is bright'ning and clear.
 Trial, temp-ta-tion, and sor-row shall cease, And Je - sus shall gather His children in peace.

Chorus.

Soon and for-ev - er, soon and for-ev - er, And Je - sus shall gather His children in peace.

THANKSGIVING.

163

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. We come with the cup of sal-va-tion, To call on the name of the Lord, And grate-ful-ly bring our ob-
 2. We come with rejoicing and glad-ness, And break from the bondage of care, For-get-ting the grief and the

Chorus.

la-tion, With cheerful and loving ac-cord. } We thank thee, dear Father, we thank thee, For blessings in
 sad-ness, We of-ten too willingly bear.

bas-ket and store, For peace and for safe-ty we thank thee, Thy mer-cy and love we a-dore.

3. We join with the voice of a nation,
 That bends at thine altars to pray,
 Our eyes have beheld thy salvation
 In many a perilous day.

4. With mountain and valley and river,
 And fruitful domain we will raise,
 Our hearts to the bountiful giver
 In ceaseless ascriptions of praise.

PURE AS THE LILIES.

(FOR THREE LITTLE GIRLS.)

Words by Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.
HATTIE.

FLORA.

Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. What is pure and sweet and fair? Fragrant water-lil - ies, white and rare, Floating in the sunlight there.
2. What is pure and fair and sweet? Lil - ies of the valley, at our feet, Smiling in their cool retreat.

EMMA.

On the wa - ter's breast they lie, While the eve - ning breezes sigh, And ere morning comes they die.
Mid the leaves they humbly lie. Breathing in - cense to the sky, Yet ere morning comes they die.

3. What is pure and fair and white?
Lilies of the garden, fragrant, bright,
Blooming in the morning light.
Looking upward for a day
Mid the flowers bright and gay—
Oh, how soon they fade away!

4. What is pure and fair and good?
Spirits that are washed in Jesus' blood,
Sinking 'neath the crimson flood.
Though our bodies fade and die,
Far beyond the starry sky
We shall dwell, all pure, on high.

MOTHER'S DARLING.

165

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by D. F. HODGES.

1. A little boy that loved the Lord knelt by his mother's chair, And offered up to Jesus his wonted evening prayer; } He prayed that God would bless him, and keep him through the night, And suffer him to see again the

2. And when his prayer was finished he crept on mother's knee, And threw his arms around her and kissed her ten - der - ly, } And said the loved the Saviour and wanted to be good, And felt that Jesus loved him, too, and

3. He looked into his mother's face and told her: "When I die I'll go to be an angel and live a - - - - - } bove the sky; } I'll sing no more, dear mamma, I'll sing no more for thee, But for Jesus and the angels bright, to

glo - rious morn - ing light, The angels hovered o'er his head, And listened as he soft - ly said: }
 hoped he al - ways would: And then in accents sweet and clear, He sang the little hymn so dear: }
 all e - ter - ni - ty." She drew him closely to her breast, He calmly, softly sank to rest, }

Quartet. *Dolce.*

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take,"
 "I am Jesus' little lamb, And happy all day long I am, For He will keep me safe from harm, Because I am his little lamb."
 Angels, fold your wings of light, Over his spirit pure and bright, And guard with sacred, holy care, The little life that slumbers there,

"I HEAR THE ANGELS CALLING."

Words by Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

Music by C. T. DONDORE.

1. Draw up the blind, dear mother, And raise the window high, That I may see the clouds, Once
 2. Bring me some flowers, mother, The fair-est ones that bloom, And when I've passed up yonder Lay
 3. I hear the an-gels calling, They beckon me a-way, They tell me not to tarry, I

more before I die. The sun is sinking, mother; His gold - en car on high Is
 them up-on my tomb. They nev-er fade in Heaven; They're always bright and fair; Thus
 can no long-er stay. I see their gold-en lyres, I hear their voic-es sweet, I'm

Chorus.

glid-ing slow-ly down The stairway of the sky. } I soon shall die, dear mother, My
 I shall bloom, dear mother, I'll be an angel there. }
 go - ing now, dear mother, In glory we shall meet. }

sun will sink to rest, But end-less bliss will greet me In heav'n, among the blest.

This musical system consists of a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line contains six measures of music with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and some melodic lines.

Close with this verse—soft and slow.

4. Gently closed the eyelids, Sank she in - to rest; Hands were meekly folded, On the si-lent breast.

This musical system continues the piece with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. It features six measures of music with lyrics. The tempo and dynamics are indicated as 'soft and slow'.

Clothed in snow white garments, Pale and still she lay; Home she went to glory, Thus she passed away.

This is the final musical system on the page, consisting of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. It contains six measures of music with lyrics. The system concludes with a double bar line.

THE ANGEL MESSAGE.—(Christmas Anthem.)

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. The shades of night in slumber fold, The green Judean hills; And one great wave of silence now The love-ly val-leys fills.
 2. The sil-very starlight softly rests On dreaming sea and shore, And broods on sleeping Bethlehem As in the days of yore.
 3. The shepherds keep their nightly guard Their browsing flocks around, And wait the morning as they tread Their often trodden round.

Duet.

4. But lo! a sud-den glo-ry shines In splendor from the skies, And, flashing from its burning beams, A

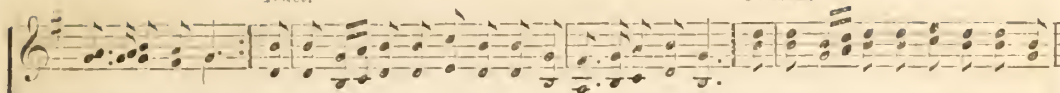
Chorus.

5. He cries a-loud in joy-ous tone: Fear not, behold I bring Good tidings of great joy to all From
 6. The long-ing ages have received The promise of his Word: For unto you is born this day A

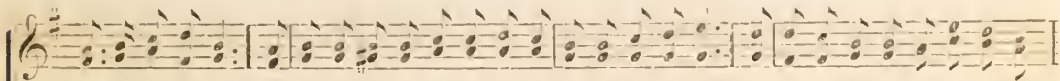
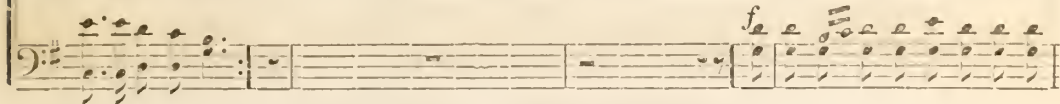
THE ANGEL MESSAGE.—Concluded.

Duct.

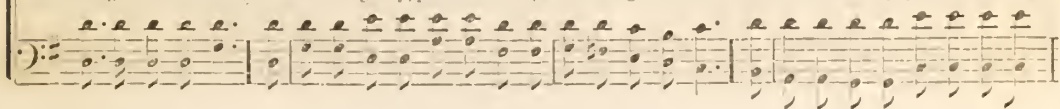
Chorus.



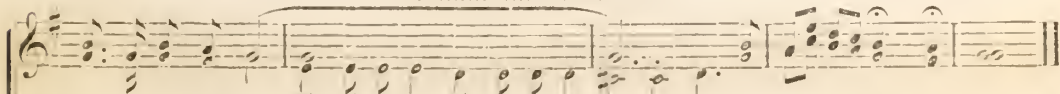
Heav'n's e-ter-nal King: 7. Oh, let our souls in peace ascend, And catch the glad refrain: "To God be glory, peace on earth, And Saviour, Christ the Lord."



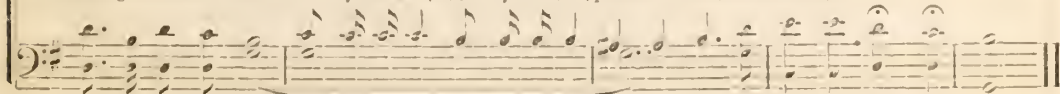
sweet good will to men! To God be glo-ry, peace on earth, And sweet good will to men, To God be glory, peace on earth, And



men.....



sweet good will to men. Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God, peace on earth, And sweet good will to men."



men.....

HELP US, LORD, TO-DAY.—(Ward.)

1. Blessed be God, who safe has kept, And has refreshed us while we slept; Now help us, Lord, to watch and pray, And serve thee faithfully to-day,
2. O Lord, illumine, direct our way, In all we think or do or say, That all our powers, with all their might, In thy sole glory may unite.

EVENING PRAYER. (Rockingham.)

1. Glory to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light: Keep me, oh keep me, King of Kings, Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
2. Oh let my soul on thee repose, And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close; And let my soul forever share The bliss of thy paternal care.

KEEP US THIS DAY.

From the GERMAN.

1. Now that the daylight fills the sky, We lift our hearts to God on high; That He, in all we do or say, Would keep us free from sin to-day.
2. So we, when this day's work is o'er, And shades of night return no more, Our path of duty safely trod, Shall give the glory to our God.

JESUS, THOU OUR GUARDIAN BE.

171

From the GERMAN,

1. } Through the day thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest; }
 Through the silent watches guard us, Let no foe our peace molest; }
 2. } Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers, Dwelling in the midst of foes, }
 Us and ours preserve from dangers, In thine arms may we repose. }

Je-sus, thou our Guar-dian be;
 And, when life's sad day is past,

Sweet it is to trust in Thee, Je-sus, thou our Guar-dian be, Sweet it is to trust in thee.
 Rest with thee in Heav'n at last, And, when life's sad day is past, Rest with thee in Heav'n at last. A-men.

THE HOLY SABBATH DAY.

MOZART.

1. } On this day, the first of days, God, the Father's name we praise,
 Who, creation's Fount and Spring, Did the world from darkness bring. } Hal-le-lu-Jah! Hal-le-lu-Jah! Hallelujah! A-men.

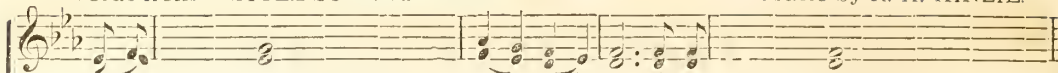
2. Oh! that fervent love to-day
 May in every heart have sway,
 Teaching us to praise a light
 God the source of life and light.

3. God, the blessed Three in One,
 Dwell within my heart alone;
 Thou dost give Thyself to me,
 Now I give myself to Thee.

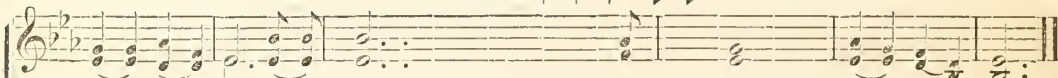
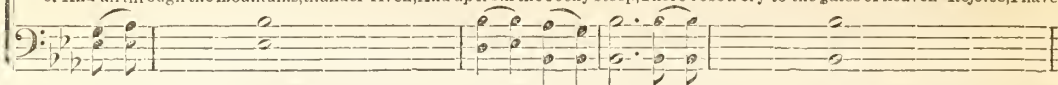
THE LOST SHEEP.—(Chant.)

Words from "LITTLE SOWER.

Music by R. A. KINZIE.



1. There were ninety-and-nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold; And one was out on the hills away, Far off
 2. "Lord, thou hast here the ninety-and-nine, Are they not enough for Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine Wandered a-
 3. But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed; Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed through, Ere
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had gone astray
 5. And all through the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rocky steep, There rose a cry to the gates of heaven" Rejoice, I have



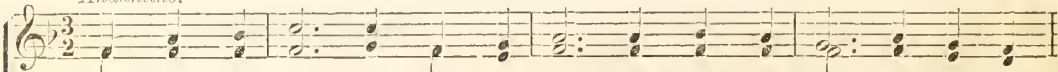
from the gates of gold; A - way on the mountains wild and bare—A - way from the tender Shepherd's care,
 way from me; And al- though the roads be rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep,"
 sheep that was lost, On in the desert He heard its cry, Sick and helpless, and ready to die,
 bring him back." "Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?" "They were pierced to-night by many a thorn."
 found my sheep." And the angels echoed around the throne, "Re - joice, for the Lord brings back his own!"



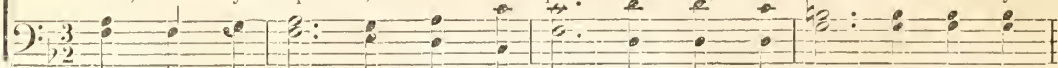
CLOSING HYMN.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

Music by J. M. STILLMAN.

Andantino.

1. Dear Lord, once more the note of praise With grate - ful hearts to thee we
 2. Thine all - suf - fi - cient grace in - part To ev - 'ry faith - ful teacher's
 3. Dear Je - sus, lead and keep the youth, And sanc - ti - fy them through thy
 4. Come, ho - ly Spir - it, as we part With light and life to eve - ry



CLOSING HYMN.—Concluded.

raise: We bring our work to thee and pray; Oh! less what we have done to-day.
 heart; O! draw them closer to thy side, That faith and love may still abide.
 truth; Tho' children draw to seek thy face And fold them in thy warm embrace.
 heart; And lead us by thy hand of love To our eter-nal home of love.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Music by J. M. STILLMAN.

pp Sempre pianissimo.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,
 Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on . . . earth as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us;
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for-ever and ever. A - men.

GOOD NIGHT.

Words and Music by

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. { Now with happy hearts we leave you; To our pleasant homes we go; } May your lives with good be
 { May the peace of God be with you While you live on earth below; }
 2. { We may nev-er be to-geth-er As we now are gathered here; } When we come a - gain to
 { God may summon soon some loved one In his presence to ap-pear. }

fruitful, May your path be smooth and bright! Wishing you God's richest blessing, Now we bid you all Good night!
 meet you, Will your presence greet our sight? Hoping God may safely keep you, Here's to all a sweet Good night!

Refrain.

Good night, good night, good night, Now we bid you all good night! Good night, good night, good night, good night!

Dim. *p* *pp*

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