ZION'S
GLAD SONGS
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FOR ALL

...CHRISTIAN GATHERINGS...

BY

M. L. McPHAIL

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M. L. McPHAIL

806 W. 67th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Overcome the World.

G. M. Bills.

M. L. McPhail.

1. Thus speaks our ris-en glorious Lord, In earn-est king-ly tones
2. “I know Thy works,” O Lamb of God! Much Thou hast done for me;
3. “I would that thou wert hot or cold,” O warn-ing words divine;
4. I hear Thy knock, O Heav’nly Guest, The door is o-pen now;

5. To him that hath a hear-ing ear, “To him that o-ver-comes,”
My heart is humbled when I ask, What have I done for Thee?
May not their mean-ing ev-er rend This trem-bling heart of mine;
Grant me the bliss with Thee to feast, Un-till in death I bow;

6. Hear O my soul the faith-ful word! A-wake my droop-ing eyes!
A clear-er vis-ion of Thy love O-ver-whelms my fleshly fears;
I would re-tain the earn-est zeal That loyal love ins-pires,
If I but keep thy sa-cred trust, I’ll soon be safe at home

7. FINE.

The hour has come to do and dare; To win a heav’n-ly prize.
I’ll strive to serve my Lord a-lone, Thro’-out my fu-ture years.
That helps me con-quer ev-er more The flesh and its de-sires.
To share a feast of end-less joy With those who o-ver-come.

D. S. O-bey His word and share His throne, While bliss-ful a-ges roll.

CHORUS.

O-ver-come the world; ‘Tis the Sav-iors voice, Hear His promise, O my soul.

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It Is Jesus.

1. When the Bearer of our sorrows Treads the avenues of care,
   Bringing comfort to the suffering and the blind, We can
   hear the loud hosannas that are ringing in the air; As be-
   lieving souls the source of healing find.

2. Do you struggle with the tempter? Are you shadowed by despair?
   Are reverses bringing poverty and pain? There is
   mighty arm can rescue and sustain. It is Jesus!

3. Do the ruthless waves of sorrow O'er your saddened spirit roll,
   Causing human hope or joy a wreck to be? There's a
   buke the raging billows of the sea.

4. Unto those who mourn in Zion, Out of ashes He will bring
   Health and beauty that will ever more remain;
   dore the Lamb of God who once was slain. It is Jesus our Redeemer, He is

   Sad one weep no

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It Is Jesus. Concluded.

He will heal the broken hearted, open wide the prison door, He is able to deliver evermore.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper

1. Jesus, Savior, pilot me, Over life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar,

Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will, When Thou sayest to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while leaning on Thy breast,

Chart and compass came from Thee; Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
Wondrous sov'reign of the sea, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee!"
The Conquering Lion of Judah.

1. The Lion of Judah goes forth in His might, To vanquish the wrong and establish the right; To shatter the chains of the poor and oppressed, And millions from Satan's dominion to wrest.

2. The Lion of Judah shall conquer the world, The slayer of utter failure, For worthy and able is Christ to prevail.

3. The Lion of Judah shall reign over all, And low at His feet every creature shall fall; His glory shall saints and angels proclaim, O holy, thrice holy His wondrous name.

4. The glorious banner of Christ is unfurled, The Lion of Judah shall conquer the world; So free to the breezes with boldness we fling The banner of Judah's all-conquering King.

REFRAIN.

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We Have An Anchor.

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-

2. It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-

3. It will firmly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers

4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters

5. When our eyes behold thro' the gathering night The city of

fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the
cured by the Saviour's hand; And the cables, pass'd from His
have told the reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the
cold chill our latest breath, On the rising tide it can
gold, our harbor bright. We shall anchor fast by the

ca - bles strain, Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?
heart to mine, Can defy that blast, thro' strength di - vine.
wild winds blow, Not an angry wave shall our bark over - flow.
ever fail, While our hopes abide within the veil.
heav'ly shore, With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

We have an anchor that keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,

Fasten'd to the Rock which cannot move, Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.
W. C. MARTIN.

I. What thing shall separate us from the love of Christ the Lord?
2. I now am quite persuaded that no powers, life or death,
3. Ah, who shall lay gross evil to the charge of God's elect?

Shall bitter persecution, famine, peril, or the sword?
Nor present things, nor things to come, nor height, nor things beneath,
'Tis God who justifieth and who pledges to protect.

For Thy sake, it is written, we are killed the whole day long;
Nor any thing shall separate us from His precious love;
Who dares condemn a saint of God since Jesus for him died?

But even in affliction we may raise the triumph song:
No things of darkness here below, nor things of light above.
The claims of justice by that blood are wholly satisfied.

CHORUS.

Through Jesus Christ, who loved us And the cross for sinners bore,
In all these things His faithful ones Are conquerors and more.

Gathering Sheaves For Jesus.

H. J. Zelley.

1. Out in the harvest field we go, Reaping today as others sow,
2. Yonder the ripened harvest stand, Waiting the reapers skillful hand;
3. When in the almost barren fields, Scanty the grain the poor soil yields,
4. Thus we are toiling, Lord, for Thee, Gleaning the wheat on bended knee,

Toiling upon the earth below, Gathering sheaves for Jesus.
Join with the Christian workers band, Gathering sheaves for Jesus.
Diligent hand the sickle yields, Gathering sheaves for Jesus.
Seeking to set the captives free; Gathering sheaves for Jesus.

CHORUS.

Out in the fields on every side, Seeking the souls for whom Christ died;

Happy are we and satisfied, Gathering sheaves for Jesus.
1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the everlasting arms!
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the everlasting arms!
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the everlasting arms!

What a blessing, what a peace is mine,
last ing arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last ing arms! I have peace complete with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Leaning on the everlasting arms! Leaning on the everlasting arms!
Leaning, leaning, Safe and secure from all alarms;

Leaning, leaning, Leaning on the everlasting arms. Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,
Clinging to Jesus Alone.

G. M. Bills.

1. Clinging to Jesus alone is sweet, Jesus alone, Jesus alone!
2. Worldly alliances I resign, Jesus alone, Jesus alone!
3. Following Jesus I know is best, Jesus alone, Jesus alone!
4. Humbly I keep in the path He trod, Jesus alone, Jesus alone!
5. Life will be sweeter by far than now, Jesus alone, Jesus alone!

Wise

Wisdom I learn at the Master's feet, Clinging to Jesus alone.
Pleasures of folly cannot be mine, Clinging to Jesus alone.
Toiling as sureth eternal rest, Clinging to Jesus alone.
Walking with Jesus I walk with God, Clinging to Jesus alone.
When immortality crowns my brow, Clinging to Jesus alone.

CHORUS.

Glory and honor and love untold, Ever shall be my own;

When I am walking the streets of gold, Clinging to Jesus alone.
1. O, what a refuge in sorrow is Jesus, O, what a
   friend to the weak and oppressed! Here we may flee when as-

2. Shadows may gather and clouds darkly lower, Safe from the
   friend to the weak and oppressed! Here we may flee when as-

3. Never alone will He leave those who trust Him, "Lo I am
   sailed by the temper, Here we may find con-

4. When the dark valley He calls us to enter, Terror and
   strong to deliver, Sweetly in Him we may ever abide.
   such a Defender, Bearing us on toward the bright cloudless day.

   darkness His smile drives away; Naught can alarm us with

CHORUS.

O blessed Savior, our Light and Salvation, Whom shall we fear while to us Thou art nigh?

Thou art our Fortress, our Strength and our Buckler, Safety is ours while to Thee we may fly.

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I trust in Jesus
I find sweetest rest, Just simply trusting, O
Trust when rough seems the path to my feet, Trust when life is with
Trust for guidance where I cannot see, Knowing His wisdom suf-
Trust yes trusting still un-to the end, Trusting in Him my un-

how I am blest; Never a dan-ger and never a fear,
gladness re-plete; Trusting tho' friends all for-sake here be-
fi-cient for me; Trusting in weak-ness His won-der-ful might,
change-a-ble friend; Trusting un-till with the ran-somed a-

CHORUS.
Now can affright me since Je-sus is near.
Still my Re-deem-er doth love me I know. Trusting in Je-sus by
Looking in darkness to Him for the light.
Singing the praise of His won-der-ful love.

night and by day, O, how his presence il-lu-mines my way; Knowing He

loveth and car-eth for me, Why should my heart ever sorrowful be?
Walking with My Savior.

KATE ULMER.  M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. More and more of Jesus learning every day, Walking with my Savior in the narrow way; By His love surrounded by His own hand led, For my journey strengthened by the living bread.

2. When the tempest rages, when the billows roll; On the Rock of Ages He supports my soul, Walking thro' the valley I need never fear, For my precious Jesus then draws very near.

3. Sweet it is to serve Him as the days go by, Knowing He will surely keep, For He never wearies and doth never sleep. love divine, For this precious Jesus evermore is mine.

4. If with Him I suffer I shall also reign, With Him shall in- Precious, precious Jesus, Friend who never fails; Jesus, precious Jesus, falls, who never falls,

CHORUS. Walking with my Savior, Perfect peace prevails. Savior, with my Savior, sweet peace prevails.

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1. Would you live nobly the years of your life? Would you be victor in
2. Would you be richer than kings on the throne? Would you know more than the
3. Would you receive of the heavenly dove? Would you inherit the

each mortal strife? Would you be safe when the dangers are rife? Keep
wisest have known? If you must leave all but Jesus alone, Keep
mansions above; Dwell evermore in the home of His love? Keep

CHORUS.

close, very close to the Master.
close, very close to the Master. Keep close, very close, very
close, very close to the Master.

close to the King; Give Him and trust Him to keep every thing; You shall be

safe and be joyful and sing, Keep close, very close to the Master.
Walking in the Sunlight.

H. J. ZELLEY.

1. I have left the world below, And I'm singing as I go,
   T'ward the sunrise of that bright eternal day, As I journey
   on I find All the shadows are behind.

2. As the clouds that form at night Disappear at early light,
   And before the morning sunlight flee away, So my doubts and
   fears are flown And my faith has stronger grown.

3. I am happy, safe and free, And I love with Christ to be;
   I am happy, safe and free, And I love with Christ to be;
   I am happy, safe and free, And I love with Christ to be;

CHORUS.

sunlight all the way.

O, the sunlight of the blessed Savior's love,

sunlight, glorious sunlight

sunlight, glorious sunlight

Fills my soul with a radiance from above. I am singing gladly

Fills my soul O, hal-le-lu-jah—

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Walking in the Sunlight. Concluded.

singing, and the shadows flee away; For I'm walking in the sunlight all the way.

Praise His Name.

1. I've a message from the Lord, Praise His name, Praise His name;
2. Oh, He guides me by His eye, Praise His name, Praise His name;
3. I'm a subject of His grace, Praise His name, Praise His name;

And I love the precious word, Praise His name, Praise His name.
All my needs doth He supply, Praise His name, Praise His name.
And I long to see His face,—Praise His name, Praise His name.

For it tells His love to me, Tells of mercy full and free,
Day by day He leads me on, By the path the saints have gone,
He's my shelter from the blast,—I shall dwell with Him at last,

Of the death on Calvary, Praise His name, Praise His name.
And His might I lean upon, Praise His name, Praise His name.
When afflictions here are past, Praise His name, Praise His name.
The Power of Jehovah's Arm.

G. M. Bills.

1. When the deluge had buried the mountains crest, And the wreckage of sin strewn'd its heaving breast, There was mirrored the harvest of slighted grace And the hand of the Lord on a guilty race:

2. When the prophets of Baal of their frenzy tire, And the Almighty answers prayer by fire; When the flames lick the earth and the trenches dry, "Serve the God of Elijah" the people cry:

3. When the furnace was white with the fiery glow, And the servants of God to their fate did go; Lo, the Angel of God to the rescue came While the Hebrews rejoiced in the harmless flame:

4. When the servants of Saul saw their leader fall, Stricken down to the priest-hood spurn'd, And a hat-er of Christ to a Christian turn'd; King of kings Unto victory rise, as on eagles' wings:

5. Thus the records divine put our fears to shame, As we follow our rescuer who While the Hebrews rejoiced in the harmless flame: They who have for their Captain the power of Jehovah's arm As it circles the

CHORUS.

They have witnessed the pow'r of Jehovah's arm As it circles the

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1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
   When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
   All around I see; O Thou who changest not abide with me!

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in grace can toll the tempter's power? Who like Thy-self my weight, and tears no bitterness: Where is death's sting? where,
   Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

3. I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but Thy guidance and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
   This is the victor's song, I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no power tonova me; Abide with me henceforth evermore.
   I am Thine, O Lord of life and love, Abide with me.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.
Toward the Mark.

“T’ward the mark I’m daily pressing For that never fading prize,
T’ward the mark I’m daily pressing Never looking back to earth
T’ward the mark I’m daily pressing, Henceforth this one thing I do;

Tho’ the race course oft is rugged; Storm clouds roll across the skies:
For its glitter and its glamour I have found of little worth;
All the sinful past forgetting, Reaching t’ward the grand and true;

Yet none of these things shall move me From the purpose of my soul;
Every weight and sin’s besetments By his grace I cast aside,
Making sure my blest high calling To a crown of glory bright.

Looking off unto my Savior I shall reach the happy goal.
Looking only unto Jesus Thro’ the gates my soul shall glide.
Looking unto Christ my Captain I shall win in faith’s good-fight.

CHORUS.

Looking ever unto Jesus I shall
Looking ever unto Jesus I shall
Toward the Mark. Concluded.

in the race abide; Looking ever unto
I shall in the race abide; Looking ever

Jesus, Thro’ the gates my soul shall glide.
unto Jesus, Thro’ the gates my soul shall glide.

19 Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th’encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray’d that Thou Shouldest lead me on; I lov’d to
3. So long Thy pow’r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O’er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on: Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on: I lov’d the garish
fen, o’er crag and torrent, till The night is gone And with the morn those

do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
an-gel fac-es smile, Which I have lov’d long since, and lost a while.
1. I oft-en sing those words of pray'r, "Nearer my God to Thee,"

2. Near-er, near-er my God to Thee, This is my heart's de-sire;

3. I know un-less the cross I bear The crown will ne'er be giv'n;

I long for fel-low-ship di- vine, And Thy dear face to see.
Each day to jour-ney by Thy side, To this do I as-pire.
That I must suf-fer here be-low, If I would reign in heav'n.

But will I for this bless-ed state All gain con-sid-er loss,
To gain this hon-or'd place so dear All things I count but dross;
I fear to look a-way from Thee Lest I should suf-fer loss,

And let Thee draw me as Thou wilt "E'en tho' it be a cross?"
Use an-y means to lift me up "E'en tho' it be a cross."
For in Thy way my soul would rise "E'en tho' it be a cross."

D. S. O draw me clos-er though it is A cross that rais-eth me.

CHORUS.

This is my heart's sincere de-sire, "Nearer my God to Thee,"

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1. You're groaning to-day 'neath a burden of care; 'Tis more than your sad, fainting spirit can bear. Don't seek from the future new present is clearly revealed; 'Twill strengthen in weakness and give you whatever is good; No lines of despair on his trouble to borrow, But leave in Christ's hand the keys of tomorrow. comfort in sorrow, To leave in Christ's hand the keys of tomorrow. brow will e'er furrow, Who leaves in Christ's hand the keys of tomorrow. banish your sorrow, And leave in His hands the keys of tomorrow.

CHORUS.

Then lift up your head, tho' your eyelids are wet, The clouds may be dark, but the sun's shining yet; Trust fully in Jesus and
Invitation to the Saints.

R. B. Henninges.

With animation.

E. C. Henninges.

1. Come, dear saints, and let us visit at the court of heav'nly grace,
2. He has spread a "feast of fat things" that will tempt our appetites.
3. We may saunter thro' the orchards where the spirit's fruits are ripe,
4. And the feast of his providing! Who can tell, without a taste,

For Jehovah deigns a welcome to prepare.
He has
O the daintiness and richness of his fare!
He will
Plucking hope and love and kind-ness as we go;
And their
What shall charm our palates at that episode?
Come, dear

bid us leave our earth-cares for the pleasures of His face, And re-
cheer our drooping spirits with the vint-age that delights Ev-
ery fine, de-li-cious flavors from our memories shall wipe Ev-
ery saints, and visit long and of-ten! Come with seemly haste! For the

CHORUS.

cruit in Heaven's heathful atmo-
sphere.
honored guest his ben-e-fits to share. Come, O come,
come, hasten
trace of bit-ter-ness and earthily woe.
King says "Welcome" to his high abode.
come, dear saints,

quick-ly,
For the King of glo-ry waits: Come, O come, and

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Invitation to the Saints. Concluded.

1. A-wake my soul to loft-y praise; God is love, God is love,
2. To save our souls His son He gave, God is love, God is love,
3. E'en should the path be rough and long, God is love, God is love,
4. The child of God shall vict'ry win, God is love, God is love,
5. In heav'n we shall renew the song, God is love, God is love.

CHORUS.

God is love, let all creation Hear the joyful procla-ma-tion;

Men unite with choirs above To sing with rapture, God is love.
Carry it All to Jesus.

H. J. Zelley, M. L. McPhail.

Not too fast.

1. O what is thy burden so heavy to day, That gloom fills thy spirit and joy flees away? Thy faults rise before thee and

2. O what is thy burden that maketh thee weep, That clouds the bright sunlight and banishes sleep? Thy failures have caused thee this

3. O what is thy burden so great and severe, That like a great thunder cloud hovers so near— Thy fears and forebodings both

4. O what is thy burden that presses again, That long like a blight on thy spirit hath lain? Thy friends who are wand'ring have

fill with dismay, Go carry thy burden to Jesus.

anguish so deep, Go carry thy burden to Jesus.
gloomy and drear? Go carry thy burden to Jesus.
causeththis pain, Go carry thy burden to Jesus.

CHORUS.

Carry thy burden to Jesus, Carry thy burden to Jesus,

Thy faults and thy failures, thy friends and thy fears He'll carry each

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Carry it All to Jesus. Concluded.

burden, and wipe away tears, Go car-ry thy bur-den to Je-sus.

Sunshine.

1. At the cross I found my Savior, There my heart was sat-is-fied:
2. Now no long-er heav-y lad-en, With the sins I can-not bear;
3. All my doubts and fears I bring Him All my sor-row, all my grief;
4. O, what peace what joy what comfort In my Sav-ior I have found,

Stilled each ea-ger an-xious longing, Looking at the Cru-ci-fied.
For my lov-ing Sav-ior bids me Cast on Him my ev-ry care.
And His ten-der touch of healing Ev-er gives me sweet re-lief.
Help O, help me sound His praises, Un-till heav’n and earth resound.

CHORUS.

O, the sunshine blessed sunshine Flooding all my soul to-day;

For the pre-cious smile of Je-sus Drives the darkness far a-way.

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1. Straining their eyes for the tarrying day, "O for the light,
   2. O for the light,
   3. O for the light,

   Beautiful Light.

   --Rev. 22: 5.

   R. B. HENNINGES.

   E. C. HENNINGES.

   There shall be no night there: . . . for the Lord God giveth them light,"—Rev. 22: 5.

   Thee shalt be no night there; for the Lord God giveth them light,"—Rev. 22: 5.

   For the light,

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Beautiful Light. Concluded.

CHORUS. tempo

Light, light! O for the light! Beautiful, beautiful, bright and gladsome!

Beautiful, beautiful, O for the beautiful, bright gladsome!

Light, light! O for the light! Beautiful, beautiful, bright and gladsome!

Beautiful, beautiful, O for the beautiful, bright gladsome!

---

Follow in the Steps of Jesus.

1. Would you glorify the Lord? Follow in the steps of Jesus;
2. Would you find the promised rest? Follow in the steps of Jesus;
3. Would you know God’s will alone? Follow in the steps of Jesus;
4. Would you wear a starry crown? Follow in the steps of Jesus;
5. Would you in the homeland dwell? Follow in the steps of Jesus;

Would you gain a rich reward? Follow in the steps of Jesus.
Comfort weary ones oppressed? Follow in the steps of Jesus.
Would you yield to Him your own? Follow in the steps of Jesus.
Heeding not the world’s cold crown, Follow in the steps of Jesus.
He alone does all things well, Follow in the steps of Jesus.

D.S. Follow in the steps of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Ev-er in Him abide, Leaving all else be-side; Cling to the cru-ci-fied,

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I Gladly All Surrender.

W. C. Martin.

1. A pilgrim here below, I would no guidance know But that of God who leads me only where His child should go; Content with what the world may say, with Him I take my stand: And, knowing what it is my Father's pleasure to bestow I gladly all surrender to the Lord.

2. Led onward by His hand, obeying His command, Unheeding selfish wants away and take His will for mine; For well I know that peace and joy for me are His design, I gladly all surrender to the Lord.

3. I gladly all resign to God my friend divine; I fling my life is my life, my light, His will is my delight; He leads me wisely in the day and safely in the night. I trust Him, I offer.

4. Be God alone my guide; let Him all things decide; Let His most CHORUS.

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I Gladly All Surrender. Concluded.

bey Him and I lean up on His might: I gladly all surrender to the Lord.

Working With Jesus.

KATE ULMER.

1. Serv-ing the Mas-ter with will-ing heart Strength for each serv-ice He will im-part;
2. Glad-ly ful-fill-ing each hum-ble task, Nev-er forget-ting His help to ask;
3. Cal-lled to high plac-es, Lord, keep us true, Our con-sacra-tion help us re-new;
4. Lord make us will-ing Thee to obey, On-ly Thy glo-ry seek-ing each day;

Wis-dom un-fail-ing our feet to guide, Grace in a-bun-dance what-e'er be-tide,
Pa-tien-tly wait-ing should He so will, Work-ing or wait-ing, serv-ing Him still.
Self all sur-ren-dered, in touch with Thee, Thy hum-ble serv-ants still would we be.
Nev-er dis-cour-aged dost Thou but bless, Since faith-ful-ness with Thee is suc-cess.

CHORUS.

Work-ing with Je-sus serv-ice is sweet, With Him un-it-ed life is com-plete;

No-blest im-pul-ses still ris-ing high’r Freed from all dress by heav-en-ly fire.
Peaceful in the Time of Storm.


1. On Christ I lean amid alarms, I am peaceful in the time of storm; And grasp the everlasting arms, I am never fail, cannot fail, cannot fail; I am resting in the arms that cannot fail, I am peaceful in the time of storm.

2. How sweet to feel my Saviour near! I am peaceful in the time of storm; For perfect love removes all fear, I am resting in the arms that cannot fail, I am peaceful in the time of storm.

3. Tho' sorrows oft weigh me down, I am peaceful in the time of storm; For perfect love removes all fear, I am resting in the arms that cannot fail, I am peaceful in the time of storm.

4. While Jesus keeps supreme control, I am peaceful in the time of storm; And grasp the everlasting arms, I am never fail, cannot fail, cannot fail; I am resting in the arms that cannot fail, I am peaceful in the time of storm.

5. My foes may threaten to destroy, I am peaceful in the time of storm; For perfect love removes all fear, I am resting in the arms that cannot fail, I am peaceful in the time of storm.

6. My flesh may dread life's evil tides, I am peaceful in the time of storm; And grasp the everlasting arms, I am never fail, cannot fail, cannot fail; I am resting in the arms that cannot fail, I am peaceful in the time of storm.

7. I do not look for cloudless skies, I am peaceful in the time of storm; For perfect love removes all fear, I am resting in the arms that cannot fail, I am peaceful in the time of storm.

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Claim the Promise.

1. Never let a shade of care rest on your brow, You can have the 
   Savior's helping hand just now; He has promised if His word you 
   will believe, That according to your faith you shall receive. 
   Claim the promise plead it o'er and o'er, On His blessed word lay hold as never before;

2. He has called you in the world to shine for Him, Never need the 
   will bestow All that you may need to keep your light a-glow. 
   Claim the promise plead it o'er and o'er, Let your faith be mightier than ever before.

3. When the erring feet you seek to guide a-right From the paths of 
   from above As you tell the story of His wondrous love. 
   Claim the promise plead it o'er and o'er, On His blessed word lay hold as never before;

4. When at last your service for Him here shall cease, And He bids you 
   high shall be Far beyond all telling thro' eternity.

KATE ULMER. M. L. McPHAIL.

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Be True to Your Colors!

G. M. Bills.
March movement.

1. Be true to your colors! my comrade to-day; The smile of the world would allure you astray; O never to mammon your numbers, and walk in their pride; O brethren of Jesus! keep Our Captain is mighty the

3. The mighty are falling who drift with the tide; Who trust in their paths of temptation allure us in vain; Who turn to their peril and pain, To enter life's portal with Jesus. flame to subdue; Be steadfast, and conquer with Jesus.

4. Be true to your colors! my comrade be true; Be firm when the D.S. comrade, be true, Be loyal, and conquer with Jesus.

CHORUS.

Till the marching time is o'er, And we tread the shining shore, Where the faithful over-comer takes his crown, Be true to your colors, my

FINE.

d.s.
Onward, Christian Soldiers!

I. Onward, Christian soldiers! Children of the light; All in gospel armor Warring for the right; Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe; Forward into battle, See, His banners go! Un- to Christ the King, This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

II. Like a loyal army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are Crows and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Hearken, then, ye na-tions! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your holy voic-es In the triump-mph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or, 

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian sol-diers! Joy-ful news pro-claim-

Storm the world for Jesus—Conquer in His name.
His Blood Avails.

I. When bow'd in sorrow, guilt and fear, Before the mercy seat,

2. Now walking as His Spirit leads His light my path illumines;

3. My every step He orders now, My ways to Him are known;

"Thy many sins are all forgiven, Thy faith hath made thee whole,

His ways are ways of pleasantness, And all His paths are peace;

His boundless love surrounds me still, He holds me in His hand,

Depart in peace and sin no more." Twas joy beyond control.

For in His presence joy abounds, There pleasures cannot cease,

And there I'll rest till safe above Before His face I stand.

D. S. this I know, His blood avails From sin to set me free.

CHORUS.

I cannot comprehend the love That led Him to the tree; But
On, to the Haven, Eternal.

I Safe in the life-boat I joy-ful-ly ride Out on life's
2. Safe in the life-boat I smile at the wave, Wave of re-
3. Safe in the life-boat when tempests a-rise, Wrecking some
4. Safe in the life-boat when dan-ger is past, Moor'd to the

per-il-ous o-cean; Shutting my ears to the roar of the tide,
pi-ning or sad-ness; Since at my side stands the "Mighty to save,"
cher-ish'd en-dea-vor; Je-sus I know is un-er-ling-ly wise-
arch-es of glo-ry; While love's unspeak-a-ble ag-es shall last

CHORUS.

Peace-ful a-mid its com-mo-tion.
Trust-ful-ness fills me with glad-ness. On to the hav-en e-
He will sus-tain me for-ev-er.
Sing-ing the won-der-ful sto-ry.

ter-nal I glide, Telling the won-der-ful sto-ry; Je-sus, my

Pi-lot, re-mains at my side, Fill-ing my soul with his glo-ry.

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I. My Savior is precious to me, Un-speak-a-ably precious is He;
Secure in His tender embrace, I rest at the fountain of grace;
Neath its life-giving flow I am kept here below, in the vail,
When His sweet voice I hear whispering low "I am near," The

Precious is He, precious is He, My Savior is precious, so precious to me;

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Precious Is He. Concluded.

Precious is He, precious is He, My Savior is precious, so precious to me.

The Blood-bought Victory.

1. This is the blood-bought victory, From heav'ly realms revealed,
2. By this we may our calling prove, When Father plies the rod,
3. By this we know that kindred ties Have link'd our hearts and hands.
4. In worldly paths no more we roam, But seek with one accord

The faith that sets sin's captives free, That hath our son-ship sealed
We kiss the smiting hand of love, Beloved sons of God.
When worldly art our nature tries We cling to God's command's.
The spotless robe, the princely home And image of our Lord.

CHORUS.

This is the victory day by day, Sweet faith her wing hath furl'd;
We clasp her hand pursue our way, And overcome the world.
'Tis Sabbath in my Soul.

1. "We who have believed do enter into rest;" Not an anxious
2. "We who have believed do enter into rest;" Here the love of
3. "We who have believed do enter into rest;" O how free we
4. "We who have believed do enter into rest;" Ev'ry day is

Care disturbs my trustful breast; From these weary tasks forever
God is an inviting guest; Care cannot her burdens on my
are from all that once depress'd! 'Tis a blessed fore-taste of the
ho-ly, ev'ry hour is blest; All my efforts ceasing God can

more I cease, Kept by pow'r divine, yes, Kept in perfect peace.
spir-it lay; For no weights are carried on the Sabbath day.
good to come, When we all shall gath-er in our Sabbath home.
work thro' me; To His name the glo-ry ev-er-more shall be!

CHORUS.

Blessed rest, Oh, this is blessed rest! Tho' the waves of trouble roll,
Blessed rest! Oh, this is blessed rest! Tho' the waves, the waves of trouble roll,

Faith has reach'd the haven of the blest, 'Tis Sabbath, Sabbath in my soul.
Faith has reach'd the haven of the blest; 'Tis
I. Witness-es for Jesus, ye who know His pow'r; In His great sal-
2. Witness-es for Jesus, let the cheer-ful face Show the joyous
3. Witness-es for Jesus, let the life of love, Be the high-est

tion trust-ing ev'-ry hour; To the world a-round you
temp-er of the in-ner grace; Let the bless-ed Spir-it
tri-bute to our King a-bove; May the Mas-ter's im-age

show by look and tone How the precious Savior guides and keeps His own.
dwell-ing in your soul Ev-ry word and action, ev'-ry tho't con-trol.
brighten more and more, Till we bear His likeness on the gold-en shore.

faithful be and true, Telling, gladly telling, what he is to you.

CHORUS.

Witness-ing, wit-ness-ing; prov-ing ev'-ry day That the Master's

with us all a-long the way. Witness-ing, wit-ness-ing,
Such Love was Never Known.

W. C. Martin.

1. The world has never known a love Like that of Christ our Savior;
2. The world compassion never knew Like that of Christ our Savior;
3. Such holiness was never seen As that of Christ our Savior;

A mighty love that falters not Nor fails whatever be our lot,
There is no other heart that knows Such loving tenderness for foes,
The sun is not so full of light, Nor driven snow so pure and white,

That rises o'er our sins above, Great love of Christ our Savior.
For friends compassion quite so true, As that of Christ our Savior.
Nor saints on bended knee so clean, As Jesus Christ our Savior.

CHORUS.

Such love was never known, Such pity never shown,
Such love was never, never known, Such pity never, never shown,

Such kindness to His own, As that of Christ our Savior.
Such kindness to His own, His own

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Keep Your Armor Bright.


1. Have you on the gospel armor? Every piece you need to wear;
2. Having on the righteous breast-plate Shield your heart with faith and love;
3. Take the helmet of salvation For each valiant warrior meet;
4. Grasp the Spirit's two-edged weapon, Firmly cling to God's dear Word;
5. Clad in all the gospel armor, You shall put the foe to flight;

CHORUS.

Keep your armor shining bright As you battle for the right, Marching onward in the light, shout the victory, the victory, the victory.

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Opportunities For Service.

E. E. Hewitt.
M. L. McPhail.

1. Opportunities for service come with ev'ry passing hour; Who will watch for them as treasure from the sky? Opportunities as fleeting help them in the Master's gentle way; Let us carry love's bright sunshine varied as the clouds that float on high; Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit.

2. There are hungry souls around us needing sympathy and aid, Let us to dispel the gloomy shade; Let us smooth the rugged road today. blessed Savior, we implore. Help us please Thee as the moments fly.

3. Opportunities for service, oh, how many at our door! And as the dew upon the flower, Who will grasp them as they're gliding by?

CHORUS.

Happy service, blessed service, When we labor for the glory of our King; Happy service, blessed service, And for joy of heart His servants sing.
The Shining Light.


1. On the Christian's path a shining light appears, Growing bright and brighter
2. Tho' no eye hath seen, nor mortal ear hath heard All the grace and beauty
3. There is nothing covered but shall be revealed, When the books are opened

with the passing years. 'Tis the light of wisdom from the realms above, found in God's pure Word; Yet His Holy Spirit into truth will guide and the rolls unsealed; So we follow on, to know as we are known,

CHORUS.

Every day increasing like God's gifts of love. All the trusting ones who in His love abide. We will follow its Tow'rd the perfect day when shadows will have flown.

leading, We will follow its leading, We will follow its leading all the way: For that

blessed shining light Will shine more, and still more bright, Even unto the perfect day.

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The Bulwark of Thy Presence.

W. C. Martin.  
M. L. McPhail.

1. Cast, O Lord, the bulwark of Thy presence round my soul, Speak the mighty word that makes the billows backward roll; Where the tempest of Thy presence I would sweetly rest, Sheltered from besieging soul to taste and feel how good Thou art, Pour Thy precious mercy on the everlasting rock. Thou canst shelter me; Thou canst calm the sea; sins which I, O Lord, do test. Thou canst shelter me; Thou canst set me free; into every aching heart. O that all might see; might but look to Thee, Thou art my unfailing refuge in adversity; In Thy shadow I shall rest in sweet security; And receive Thy full salvation for eternity.

2. Let Thy soul-enriching mercy fall upon me now; Cheer my

3. Let Thy peerless goodness which Thy children know so well Flow through

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To Him that Overcometh.

KATE ULMER.

1. Bless-ed prom-is-es are giv-en To the o-ver-com-ing soul
2. He who to the end en-dur-eth In God’s tem-ple shall a-bide;
3. In com-mun-ion with the Sav-i-or He shall walk in spot-less white;
4. In the pres-ence of the an-gels Christ the Lord His name will own;

Who a-mid the world’s allure-ments Gains o-ver self and sin con-trol.
In His se-cret place most ho-ly From the wrath to come shall hide.
Feasting on the hid-den man-na, In the heav’nly cit-y bright.
Free from sin and death for-ev-er, He shall share the victor’s throne.

CHORUS.

Un-to him ... that o-ver-com-eth Heaven’s gate will o-pen wide; Crown’d with end-less life and

Heaven’s gate will o-pen wide; Crown’d with end-less

life and glo-ry He shall reign ... at Je-sus’ side.

He shall reign at Je-sus’ side.

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Our Battle Song.

W. C. Martin.

With animation.

E. C. Henninges.

1. Awake, O Zion, bare thine arm; Shake off all trembling and alarm;
   No child of God can suffer harm Who battles in His might.

2. Move forward, soldiers of the King, And to the breeze His banner fling,
   Move forward while ye grandly sing The battle song of right.
   His army never defeat shall know, Nor can it ever fail.

3. Awake, O Zion, forward go, Our master leads against the foe;
   A - wake to dare for Him and do, To stand with courage and be true,
   A - wake! A - wake! A - wake!

   Your God is watching over you. Ye fight not with a weakling few,
   Your God is watching over you. Ye fight not with a weakling few,
   To meet, to conquer and subdue The enemies of right.

   But with Jehovah, strong and true, The glorious God of might.
   But with Jehovah, strong and true, The glorious God of might.
   And Christ shall triumph over all, With him shall ye prevail.

   Awake! O Zion, leave the night, leave the night,
   Awake! O Zion, leave the night, leave the night,

   A - wake! A - wake! A - wake!
Our Battle Song.

A rise! A rise! In God, In God, the God of truth and might, truth and might.

Ye shall o'er all prevail, ... Ye shall o'er all prevail.

On Life's Ocean.

W. C. Martin.

Sail or on life's troubled ocean Driven by the sweeping gale,

Soon the storms now sweeping o'er thee Shall be hushed by one sweet word,

Faith-ful be thou then to duty Till the gloom and care shall cease,

Look above the wild commotion: Trust in Jesus and prevail.

And the waves that rise before thee Shall be stilled by Christ the Lord.

And the morn reveals in beauty Thy fair promised land of peace.

D. S. Trust in Him until the morrow Dawns with peace and purest light.

CHORUS.

He will dry the tears of sorrow; He will end the stormy night;

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Be strong, ye Christian Soldiers.

Be strong, ye valiant soldiers Ye soldiers of the Lord,
The evil day is on us, Yet do not be afraid,
Unholy foes demand A rise on ev'ry hand;
Temp-tations keen and fearful Conspire to wreck our love.

Be strong ye Christian soldiers The hot-test fight is near,

Who wear the gospel armor, And march with one accord;
Tho' hosts of wicked spirits Against us are arrayed;
Their fiery darts are striking Our shield of faith so grand;
Christ's righteousness enfolds us Our weakness to remove;
Sin's blind-ed host shall tremble Our final shout to hear;

Well shod with peaceful tidings A hostile land we tread;
No error ever pierces The girdle that we wear,
In vain they shock and shiver About our glorious crest,
With diligence securing This breast-plate of all divine,
The Spirit's sword is piercing All error thro' and thro';

Unsnared by cruel errors Along our pathway spread.
The truth is all avail ing, Victorious ev'rywhere.
The helmet of salvation Assures our peace and rest.
Our love for God will triumph, Our light for Jesus shine.
The word of God, resolute, All nations will subdue.

CHORUS.

Be strong, ye Christian soldiers, Your gospel weapons wield,
Sweet Will of God.

1. Sweet will of God, my refuge Thou, My safe abiding place,
2. Not as I will, tho' dark the way, I know my Lord is nigh:
3. Tho' from my life He seems to take What I tho't wholly blest;
4. Tho' sorrow fall upon my life And darkness hide the light;
5. So spare me not, but do thy will, Thy blessed will, in me:

Till all the storms of life are past And I shall see His face.
His presence turn-eth night to day He hear-eth ev'-ry sigh.
E'en if I might I would not choose, My Fa-ther knoweth best.
'Tis better so; He can-not err! My Fa-ther's way is right.
Work out Thine own good pleasure, till Mine eyes my King shall see.

CHORUS.

Not as I will, my song shall be, Tho' sometimes sung thro' tears;

Faith's rainbow lights the darkest cloud And sweet, God's will appears.
50 Happy is the Man that Findeth Wisdom.

1. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, For the gain there-

2. Whence then is the place of understanding? Where shall price-less

3. Wisdom from above is pure and holy. Filling hungry

4. Wisdom from above is full of mercy, Easily per-

of is more than gold; Precious far beyond the fair-est

wisdom then be found? Fear the Lord alone for He is

hearts with perfect joy; For we know our Father's wondrous

suad-ed t'ward the right; Sown in peace the tender fruit-age

jew-el And the wealth of it can ne'er be told.

wisdom, And in Him their treasures all abound.

blessings Are the only gifts without alloy.

riens Beau-ti-fully in the Father's sight.

CHORUS.

Let us then refrain our tongues from evil, Keep our lips from speaking guile;

Daily let us seek the heav'ly wisdom, Let us gain the Father's smile.
A Little Talk with Jesus.

1. A little talk with Jesus At the closing of the day,
2. A little talk with Jesus When our hearts grow weak and faint,
3. A little talk with Jesus—How it lights the darkest hour,

How it quiets every anxious fear, And drives our doubts away;
It will still the murmur on our lips, And cease our sad complaint;
How it keeps us "watching unto prayer," And foils the tempter's pow'r;

A little talk with Jesus—How it soothes the aching brain,
A little talk with Jesus—How it lifts the lowering sky;
A little talk with Jesus—There can nothing take its place,

How it rests the weary, struggling soul, And makes us strong again.
Oh, what blessed light, and peace, and joy, When He, our Lord, is nigh.
How we long to reach our heav'n-ly home, And see Him face to face!
1. Confess the truth believing one, Confess the Savior's fame; The triumph that his love has won 'Tis blessed to proclaim.
2. Confess that not for you alone The Lamb to death was led; The pleading of his dying groan Avails for quick and dead.
3. Proclaim the riches of His grace So grandly free to all; That all the bruised of our race Are ransomed from the fall.
4. The judgment time will soon reveal Our bridegroom's royal care. For those who bear his holy seal, And in his suffering share.

A ruined race has been redeemed; The world is reconciled; Atoning blood on Calvary stream'd For every soul defiled.
All eyes shall waken to behold The joyful judgment hour When Christ will loose from every soul The chain of Satan's power.
The love that beareth to thy soul Sweet pardon and release Will flood the earth from pole to pole With liberty and peace.
The quickened earth will bud and bloom, While all created things Ascribe their victory o'er the tomb To Christ the King of Kings.

CHORUS.
Confess the truth believing One, Thy Savior's love declare;
Confess the Truth. Concluded.

Confess the truth and on his throne Thy Saviour's glory share.

Now are We the Sons of God.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God."—1 John 3:2.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

M. L. McPHAIL

1. "Now are we the sons of God," Heirs with Jesus Christ our Lord;
2. "Now are we the sons of God," Oh, what bliss these words record!
3. "Now are we the sons of God," Bought and seal'd with Jesus' blood;

Now for Him the cross we bear, That we may His glory share.
All the Father hath we claim, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name.
And when gathered home above We shall be like Him we love.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! what a prize Faith beholds beyond the skies!

Hallelujah! praise the Lord! Now are we the sons of God.
Before the Great White Throne.


G. M. Bills.

M. L. McPhail.

1. The hour is fast approaching when thro' a fiery stream Of God's e-
2. And there will be present - ed the Church, His worthy bride; These faultless
3. Lo! One with crimson vesture, His name the Word of God, Shall lead His
4. The res - ur-rect - ed myr - iads of ev-'ry land and tongue Will haste to
5. How grand the consummation, with death and hell destroyed; No trai - tor

In the presence of God and his angels, His feet the wine-press tread, Unt'il the fiends of error from
The ransom'd host shall fall In grateful ad - o - ra - tion, and
Crown Him Lord and King. Oh, that will be a crowning such as
Father's name is shown. Oh, that will be a marriage such as
Earth have ev - er fled. Oh, that will be a conquest such as
crown Him Lord of all. Oh, that will be a tri-umph such as

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Before the Great White Throne. Concluded.

earth has never known, When Christ His kingdom shall receive before the earth has never known, When the bride and bridegroom are made one before the earth has never known, When the kings of earth their honors lay before the earth has never known, When every knee is bowing low before the earth has never known, When the Hallelujah chorus rings before the great white throne; Oh, that will be a crowning such as earth has never known, great white throne; Oh, that will be a marriage such as earth has never known, great white throne; Oh, that will be a conquest such as earth has never known, great white throne; Oh, that will be a triumph such as earth has never known, great white throne; Oh, that will be an anthem such as earth has never known,

Happy Day.
The Lord Is My Shepherd.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

2. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

3. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. Amen.
Pray For One Another.

1. Let us pray for one another, Helping thus the weakest stand;
2. Let us in the hour of trial, When a brother's faith seems weak,
3. Let us pray in faith believing, Ever trusting undismayed;
4. Let us cheer our homeward journey, By sweet fellowship in prayer;

For the conflict with the tempter Strengthening both heart and hand.
That he yet may prove victorious, On our knees his name oft speak.
Knowing He will send the answer, Tho' in wisdom long delayed.
Thus the law of Christ fulfilling, Thus each other's burdens bear.

D. S. He delights to have His children To the throne of grace draw near.

CHORUS.

Let us pray for one another, God will our petitions hear;

D. S.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven;
2 Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.
3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.
Every Tear.

1. Ev’ry tear will be a treasure That is shed for Jesus here;
   For it is our Father’s pleasure To reward His children dear.

2. Ev’ry tear will be a treasure That is shed at Jesus’ feet;
   It will be a welcome shining on the mercy-seat.

3. Ev’ry tear will be a treasure Shed in sorrow or in pain;
   Future skies will be the brighter For these blinding drops of rain.

Not a sigh can rise unheeded From a heart that owns His care;
He will prize each loving token, Dearer far than odors sweet,
When we clasp again our treasures In the tearless by-and-by,

And the lips that long have pleaded Soon shall find His answer there,
And the love that grief hath spoken He will crown with bliss complete,
We shall find unfailling pleasures In the gardens of the sky,
1. My times are in Thy hand, O Father, What-e'er my lot may be; Thou'lest dangers, thick around me gather I bright; My times are in Thy hand, if sadness From vine; From Thy safe keeping naught can sever This yet will trust in Thee. Thou know-est all my earth-ly vision veils the light. What-e'er my earth-ly hours shall blood bought soul of mine. Un-till I reach the solemn way Thou hast ap-pointed ev'-ry day, And fill, Is in ac-cord-ance with Thy will, Though shore Where all the days of time are o'er, And
And the lips that long have plead-ed Soon shall find His answer there.  
And the love that grief hath spok-en He will crown with bliss complete.  
We shall find un-fail-ing pleasures In the gar-dens of the sky.

CHORUS.

Ev'-ry tear............. will be a treasure,

Ev'-ry tear will be a tre-a-cure Ev'-ry

Ev'-ry pray'r............. as in-cense rise, When we

pray'r as in-cense rise,

find the springs of plea-sure In the gar-den of the skies.

When we find the spings of pleasure In the gar-den of the skies.
My Times are In Thy Hand. Concluded.

faith shall all my fears al-lay, For Thou wilt care for me.
thri-als come I know that still Thy deal-ings all are right.
thro' the boundless ev-er-more, Oh, make me whol-ly Thine.

CHORUS.

My times are in Thy hand, My times are in Thy hand;
My times are in Thy hands, O Fa-ther, un-to Thee I cling,
rest-ing in Thy love I sing, My times are in Thy hand.
resting in Thy love I sing, My times are in Thy hand...
MARY BROWN.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o- ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak-
3. There's surely some-where a low-ly place, In earth's harvest-field so wide-

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'r-er whom I should seek-
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru-ci-fied-

But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And know-ing Thou lov-est me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech-o Thy mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cre, I'll be what you want me to be.

Refrain.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

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I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go. Concluded.

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

Love That Seeketh Not Her Own.

1. May the love of Christ abide, In our hearts unceasing,
   Gushing forth a glad-duing tide, Evermore increasing.
   To all evil thinking slow, Hoping, trusting ever.

2. Love revealing heav'n below, Love that fail-eth never;
   Patient, tender, suffer ing long, For the needy caring.
   In thine image help us shine, Thy great love forth-showing.

3. Love compassionate and strong, All things meekly bearing,
   Love that seeketh not her own, Love on Cal-v'ry's hill-top shown,
   Love the greatest ever known, Fill our hearts forever.

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I've Found an Anchor.

1. I've found an anchor for my soul, That will not move tho' billows roll;
2. Long time I sailed the ocean wide, A-drift with ev'ry wind and tide;
3. The tides oft-times my cables strain, But seek to rend the strands in vain;
4. And should my soul e'er be afraid The blessed covenant He hath made;
5. The harbor lights are gleaming bright, They beckon to the port of light;

The storms may rage, the tempests blow, My cables but the stronger grow.
But now with anchor safely cast, I do not fear the strongest blast.
My Savior holds them in His hand, And thus the danger they withstand.
And hath confirmed with oath divine Bids ev'ry fear its hold resign.
And soon, ah, soon I'll enter there And anchor in its waters fair.

CHORUS.

The blessed hope my Lord hath given, That I shall see His face in heav'n;

And then like Him shall ever be, This is my anchor on life's sea.

Copyright, 1907, by S. H. Bolton.
1. O gracious Father, Look with pity on Thy child, Grant me Thy blessing, Make me meek and mild. Pardon, heav'n-ly Father,
cold heart Heav'n-ly warmth instill. Give me, bless-ed Father,
trembling, Gent-ly take and keep; Through the cloud and shadow,
All Thou seest in me a-miss, Let Thy sweet for-giveness
Strength suf-ficient for each day, From Thy way ap-pointed,
Make Thy gra-cious face to shine, Let Thy bless-ed pres-ence

CHORUS.
Fill my heart with bliss.
Let me nev-er stray. Gra-cious, heav'nly Fa-ther, Hear, O hear my
Bring me peace di-vine.

hum-bile pray'r; Bless me, and keep me In Thy love and care.
Never Alone.

1. The way that leads us heav'n-ward Is oft'en rough and steep;
2. Then, think-ing of the bur-den He bore up Cal-v'ry's hill,
3. Oh, soul, hast thou for-got-ten The mes-sage won-drous sweet
4. Take cour-age, way-worn pil-grim! Tho'mists and shad-ows hide

We strug-gle in the dark-ness, And some-times pause to weep; We cease our weak com-plain-ing, Our lips, for shame are still, Of Him who left be-hind Him The print of bleed-ing feet? The face of Christ who loves thee, He's ev-er at thy side,

Then comes a thought to com-fort The heart, dis-cour-aged grown, And hearts that pain has tor-tured For-get to make their moan, "I nev-er will for-sake thee! Dear child, when wea-ry grown, Reach out thy hand to find Him, And lo! the mists have flown-

He who trod Cal-v'ry's path-way Nev-er will leave thee a-lone. Re-mem-bring Him who prom-ised Nev-er to leave us a-lone. Re-mem-ber I have prom-ised Nev-er to leave thee a-lone." He smiles, and whis-pers soft-ly, "Nev-er to leave thee a-lone."

D. S.-He prom-ised nev-er to leave thee, Nev-er to leave thee a-lone.

Copyright, 1898 and 1902, by Henry Dale. By per.
Never Alone. Concluded.

CHORUS.

No, never alone, never alone!

God's Mighty Army.


1. The young man's heart was filled with fear When he beheld the foe so near;
2. E-li-sha pray'd, "Lord, I pray Thee, Open his eyes that he may see."
3. And thus we find from day to day Our foes surround to stop our way,
4. Then quickly rise, dismiss your fear, For needed help is always near;

"Alas! what shall we do?" he cried; His Master, strong in faith, replied:
The pray'r was heard, he looked around And there the fiery chariots found.
But tho' they're near, we'll ne'er forget God's mighty host is nearer yet.
The hosts of God around us stand, More strong than all the hostile band.

CHORUS.

Then fear ye not, fresh courage take, The God we serve will ne'er forsake;

Tho' now unseen, around us lies God's mighty army of the skies.

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Millennial Dawn.

1. Bells are ringing! Trumpets sounding! Telling of the glorious morn;
2. Earth's dark night will soon be over; Satan's kingdom soon will cease;
3. Sunshine from Jehovah's presence, Mercies from His gracious hand;
4. No more death, and pain, and sorrow, No more tears of grief and woe,
5. Bells are ringing! Trumpet's sounding! Telling of this glorious morn;

Christian welcome Christ's appearing, Hail the bright millennial dawn.
Hail the everlasting Father, Mighty Savior, Prince of peace!
Will be scattered o'er the nations, Joy will gladden every land.
God will come and dwell with mortals, Christ will conquer every foe.
Christian, welcome Jesus' presence, Hail, His bright millennial dawn!

CHORUS.

Blessed Jesus! Loving Savior! Born to save the world from sin;
Quickly come in Thy great kingdom, Bring the age of glory in,
Bring the age of glory in.

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1. Be steadfast for Jesus wherever you go, And fear not in your trouble and your sorrow;
   The Saviour is your Friend; Be true to your danger and your toil;
   Faint by the way, The glorious harvest all toil will repay;
   Preach on His cause, But cheerful, steadfastly carry your cross.

2. Be steadfast in service and joyful bring, Your dearest and your joy;
   The power to endure He will surely afford,
   For He is acquainted with trust, standing firm to the end;
   In naught that you do bring reward.

3. Be steadfast in suffering, thus honored your Lord, The power to endure;
   He will surely afford, For He is acquainted with trust, standing firm to the end;
   In naught that you do bring reward.

4. Then ever be steadfast for Jesus your Friend, Be true to your danger and your toil;
   The Saviour is your Friend; Be true to your danger and your toil;
   Faint by the way, The glorious harvest all toil will repay;
   Preach on His cause, But cheerful, steadfastly carry your cross.

D. S. — Glory again, The steadfast with Him shall eternally reign.

Chorus.

He says He'll be with us whatever betide, To comfort and counsel, to strengthen and guide;
   He says when He cometh from your lands, He'll be with us wherever you go;
   He says He'll be with us wherever you go;
   He says when He cometh from your lands, He'll be with us wherever you go.

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The Mighty Shield of Faith.

KATE ULMER.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. We're bat- tling in our Mas-ter's name, A-gainst the foes of right,
   And if His or- ders we o-bey We'll sure-ly win the fight;
   For we've a shield di-vine-ly giv'n, That quench-es ev-ry dart,
   It is the glo-rious shield of faith, From it we'll nev-er part.

2. We wres-tle not with flesh and blood, But with the pow'rs of sin:
   The prince of dark-ness stands ar-rayed, A-gainst our conq'ring King;
   In gos-pel ar-mor ful-ly clad, The Spir-it's sword we wield,
   Pro-tect-ed from the foes' as-sau-lut By faith's al-might-y shield.

3. The vic-tors in this ho-ly war, Who dwell in realms of love;
   De-pend-ed on this match-less shield, And now are crown'd a-hove;
   Then let us lift our ban-ners high And in the Lord be strong,
   Un-til we, too, our crowns have won, And join the tri-umph song.

CHORUS.

O might-y shield of faith, O glo-rious shield of faith;

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The Mighty Shield of Faith. Concluded.

More Like Thee.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT.  Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Jesus, Thou my perfect pattern I would gladly follow Thee,
2. Jesus, Thou my great Refiner—Thou, I know art watching me;
3. Jesus, Thou my prize and glory Thro' eternity shalt be;

Gladly leave all earthly pleasure, If I may be more like Thee!
Thou wilt leave me in the furnace; Only till I'm pure like Thee.
Unto death, oh, keep me faithful, Then I'll ever live with Thee.

Now like Thee, my blessed Savior, If I may be more like Thee;
Pure like Thee, my dear Redeemer, Only till I'm pure like Thee;
Live with Thee, ah, yes forever, Then I'll ever live with Thee;

Gladly leave all earthly pleasure, If I may be more like Thee.
Thou wilt leave me in the furnace; Only till I'm pure like Thee.
Unto death, oh, keep me faithful, Then I'll ever live with Thee.

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Stand Firm, Be Not Afraid.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. (4th and 5th verses added.)

1. Ye sol-diers of the cross, Why should ye doubt or fear?
2. Lay hold up-on the sword, Turn not to left or right,
3. Be brave, be firm, be strong. Be fear-less in the fight,
4. We soon shall see the day When all our toils shall cease;
5. This hope sup-port us here: It makes our bur-dens light;

Ye can-not know de-feat or loss, With Christ, our Cap-tain, near.
And stand-ing fast up-on His word, Be vic-tors thro' His might.
The night of bat-tle may seem long, But sweet the morn-ing's light.
When we shall cast our arms a-way, And dwell in end-less peace.
'Twill serve our droop-ing hearts to cheer, Till faith shall end in sight.

CHORUS.

Stand firm, be not a-fraid, Cour-age-ous, not dis-mayed,
Stand firm,
Cour-age-ous,

For one with God must al-ways win A- gainst the hosts of sin.
Fear Not, Christian.

F. G. Burroughs.

1. Fear not, Christian—God is on thy side, Fear not, faint not, what so-

2. Fear not, Christian—trust His rod and staff, All God's mer-
cies are in

3. Fear not, Christian—all things are for you, Dai-

4. Fear not, Christian—none so blest as thou, God is for thee ev-
er be-tide, Look a-bove thee at the welk-in blue, His prom-
thy be-half; Take no tho't for mor-rows yet to come, For He will
grand and true, Claim thy por-
tion with a thank-ful heart, Thy great-
more as now, Lift thy head up and re-
joyce al-way, Bright-ly will

bow is all a-
glow With hope and cheer for you.
keep His trust-ing sheep And bring them all safe home. Fear not, fear not
needs God's grace exceeds, Which free-ly He'll im-
shine the light di-
vin
e Un-to the per-
fect day.

'tis the Lord's com-
mand, Lo! Je-
ho-

vah is at thy right hand.

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1. What a wonderful change when our Lord shall appear, Oh, how precious the
thought that the time is so near! When the dead shall a-wake in His
turn to immortal delight; Then our crosses for crowns we'll ex-
change'd into infinite strength; Then our imperfect work, thro' His
place in His throne, by His side; Oh, how blessed the goal at the

Chorus.

What a wonderful change! What a wonderful change! When we shall

look on His glorious face! What a wonderful change!
What a Wonderful Change! Concluded.

To Him That Overcometh. No. 2.

1. Who overcomes, the Spirit saith, Shall not be hurt of second death,
2. The Hidden Manna, pure White Stone, The Spirit gives to Him alone,
3. Who humbly keeps His Word and Way, O'er all the nations shall have sway,
4. The overcomers Christ will own, And place with Him upon His throne,

But under fair millennial skies May eat the fruit of Paradise.
Who overcomes and to the same Is given a new and secret Name.
And clothed in glorious raiment white, Shall walk with holy ones in light.
His kingdom glory they shall share, And His most holy name may bear.

CHORUS.

Then over come, the Spirit saith, And be thou faithful unto death;

For none but victors in the strife Shall ever wear the crown of life.
Jehovah is My Salvation.

1. Jehovah is my salvation, The light of life to me,
2. Jehovah is my salvation, A Tower strong and high,
3. Jehovah is my salvation, He is my strength and song,
4. Jehovah is my salvation, My all in all is He;

Then why should my heart be troubled Or ever fearful be,
To which in the hour of conflict My trusting heart may fly!
In Him will I joy for ever, Held by His arm so strong.
And by His support I'm living A life of victory.

CHORUS.

Though a host should encamp against me, Yet, I will not fear;

For Jehovah is my salvation, And He is ever near.

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How Happy Will Be That Glad Day.

When that which is perfect is come, And all that's in part done away,
When trials and troubles are o'er, All sorrows and tears wiped away;
When springs in the desert break forth, And lions lay down with their prey,
When pleasure and peace hasten there, And happiness brightens the way,
Then let us be glad and rejoice, Christ's glorious reign is at hand.

When Jesus receives us to His blessed home, How happy will
When nothing shall hurt nor destroy any more, How happy will
When Paradise blossoms and garlands the earth, How happy will
With all that is perfect and joyful and fair, How happy will
O sing in your hearts, O shout with one voice, His kingdom for-

CHORUS.

be that glad day! be that glad day! be that glad day! be that glad day! How happy will be that glad day! How

happ-y will be that glad day! O sing, halle-lu-jah! O

happ-y will be that glad day!

shout, praise the Lord! How happy will be that glad day!

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The Master and His Servants.

1. To the idle He says, "Go, work in my field; For the harvest is great, lab'rous few; To thy sickle the fruit yet many hours in the day; I have brought to refresh spair that the harvest be done; For the Lord is the recompence, refresh or reprove; Till the harvest is gathered of the season shall yield, And the Master will give thee thy due."

2. To the toiler He says, "Come, rest at my feet, There are many hours in the day; I have brought to refresh spair that the harvest be done; For the Lord is the recompence, refresh or reprove; Till the harvest is gathered of the season shall yield, And the Master will give thee thy due."

3. To the down-cast He says, "Cast thy care upon me, Nor despair that the harvest be done; For the Lord is the recompence, refresh or reprove; Till the harvest is gathered of the season shall yield, And the Master will give thee thy due."

4. So to each of His servants He comes with a word, To enter into His kingdom above.
The Master and His Servants. Concluded.

God is Love. No. 2.

1. God is love; His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays and ages move;
3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth, Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earthly cares entwinest Hope and comfort from above;

Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.
But His mercy wanes ever; God is wisdom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth, God is wisdom, God is love.
Everywhere His glory shineth; God is wisdom, God is love.
My Greatest Desires.

HENRY J. ZELLEY.

1. I want to know Jesus, my Savior so dear, Far better than
2. I want to be like Him, my Savior and Lord, So patient and
3. I want to see Jesus in beauty arrayed, The glorified

loved ones below; His heart I would find very gracious and kind,
ten der and true: I'd walk as He walked and I'd talk as He talked,
Savior so fair; In mansions of light, oh, so beautiful and bright,

CHORUS.

His fullness of love I would know.
And gladly His will I would do. The greatest desires of my
I want in His glory to share.

life are these, That I may know Jesus divine, And like Him to

be, His glory to see, And in that bright image to shine.

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The Story That Never Grows Old.

1. Refreshing and sweet is the story sublime: The message of peace and good will; No other is found on the records of time, shepherd's of old, Proclaiming a Savior who scatters our night, penting and saved; Since Jesus to Calvary carried from choice, glorious theme; His burden is easy, the mourner is glad, summoned the dead; When jubilee bells of creation will ring.

2. The choir of eternity sang with delight Good news to the choir of eternity sang with delight Good news to the heaven filled.

3. No wonder that angels of glory rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners rejoice, O'er sinners 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Would You Shine for Jesus?

G. M. BILLS.
M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Would you shine for Jesus? Let His love impart
   Ador to your
2. Would you shine for Jesus 'Mid the careless throng? Imi- tate His
3. Would you shine for Jesus As a mir-ror true? Im- age forth His

actions. Con-fort to your heart; With your soul il- lum-ined
grac-es As you pass a-long; Make no weak sur-ren-der
good-ness As re-vealed in you. If you thus re-flect Him

By the Spir-it's glow, You will be a bea-con In this world of woe.
To the coarse and vile; Keep your tongue from e-vil, And your lips from guile.
Till this life is o'er; You will in His king-dom Shine for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Shin-ing for Je-sus, Bring-ing light di- vine To the sad and
Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Je-sus.

err-ing, Thus for Je-sus shine; Shin-ing for Je-sus,
Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Je-sus,
Would You Shine For Jesus? Concluded.

Bringing light divine To the sad and erring, Thus for Jesus shine.

Go Forth, Reapers True.


1. The sowing time is over now, The harvest has begun;
2. See that your sickle's blade is sharp, The time is now at hand;
3. Work with your might while day-light lasts, The night is drawing near;
4. Earth's summers will be ended soon, Its harvest season past;

“Bring in my sheaves,” the Master saith, “Go gather every one!”
Beloved, the whitened fields of grain Before you waiting stand.
Pray for more reapers while you toil; Your pray'rs the Lord will hear.
Then will be heard that bitter cry, “We are unsaved at last!”

Chorus.

Go forth, go forth ye reapers bold and true, Go tho' your number few;

Into God's garner bring the wheat you find, The tares in bundles bind.

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My Lord and I.

1. I have a Friend so precious, So very dear to me, He
   loves me with such tender love, He loves so faithfully; I could not
   live apart from Him, I love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell together,
   in the paths of light Beneath a sunny sky, And so we walk together,
   everlasting love, In ever rich supply, And so we love each other, what I ought to do, He tells me what to try, And so we talk together,
   my Lord and I, My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And

2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak, And
   He bids me lean on Him, His help I gladly seek; He leads me
   in the paths of light Beneath a sunny sky, And so we walk together,
   everlasting love, In ever rich supply, And so we love each other, what I ought to do, He tells me what to try, And so we talk together,
   my Lord and I, My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And

3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well; But
   My tongue can never tell; It is an
   He tells me
   what I ought to do, He tells me what to try, And so we talk together,
   my Lord and I, My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And

4. I tell Him all my sorrows, I tell Him all my joys, I
   tell Him all that pleases me, I tell Him what annoys; He tells me
   He tells me
   what I ought to do, He tells me what to try, And so we talk together,
   my Lord and I, My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And

5. He knows how I am longing
   Some weary soul to win,
   And so He bids me go, and speak
   The loving word for Him;
   He bids me tell His wondrous love,
   And why He came to die,
   And so we work together, my Lord and I
   Though round us tempests gather
   And storms are raging high,
   We'll travel on together, my Lord and I.

6. So up into the mountains
   Of heaven's cloudless light,
   Or away into the valleys
   Of darkness or of night;
   Of the kingdom of the future,
   In the glory by and by,
   We'll live and reign together, my Lord and I.

7. And when the journey's ended
   In rest and peace at last,
   When every thought of danger
   And weariness is past;
   In the kingdom of the future,
   In the glory by and by,
   We'll live and reign together, my Lord and I.
Be Careful For Nothing.

F. G. Burroughs.

1. Be careful for nothing, why fret thou my soul? Thy Father has
   ev'rything under control, The night is the same unto burden He bids you lay by? Con-fide in God's word which has
   store-house and our treas-ury; He mak-eth the dark-ness as fol-low doth not yet appear, For now are we sons of the

2. Be careful for nothing, then why will you try To car-ry the
   Him as the day, Then why need I ques-tion when He leads the way.
   nev-er fail'd yet, The Fa-ther not one of His own can for-get.
   light to our eyes. And gives us the vis-ion of our glo-rious prize. Al-might-y King, And prais-es un-ceas-ing His chil-dren may sing.

3. Be careful for nothing, how free we may be With God as our

4. Be careful for nothing, but be of good cheer, Tho' glo-ry to

CHORUS.

Be care-ful for noth-ing, fear not, lit-tle flock;

God is thy sal-va-tion, thy God is a Rock.

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The Desire of All Nations.

JAMES HAY.

E. C. HENNINGS.

1. O Jesus, blest Redeemer, Thou Saviour of our race, Pour
out upon the nations, The spirit of Thy grace; Re-
veil take off the nations, Thy great salvation show; Man-
Je-sus, take the kingdom In pow'r and glory reign! Cast
surely is the earnest Of earth's millennial dawn; When

2. Let valleys be ex-alt-ed, Mountains and hills made low, The
move from them the blindness, Of sin's long dismal night, Lord,
kind is long-ing for Thee, O Christ, the King of men! Thou
out the prince of darkness, Bring in the light of day; Shed
ev'-ry tribe and na-tion Shall learn Messi-ah's ways, And

3. "The whole crea-tion groaneth And trav-ail-eth in pain," Lord
bring the day of glad-ness And uni-ver-sal light.
art the only Saviour, Lord Je-sus, come again!
forth up-on the na-tions Thy wis-dom's lov-ing ray.
when the new crea-tion Shall sing one song of praise.

4. We thank Thee for the tokens Of Is-rael's hap-py morn, This
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The Hope of the World.

JAMES HAY.

1. Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Let us tell the glo-rious word,
   How He comes to bless the na-tions, Bring them to the light of God;
   When His king-dom is es-tab-lished And His truth to men made known,
   Then man-kind will be con-vert-ed, Own-ing Him as God's dear Son.

2. Christ will con-qner! Christ will con-qner! In the time that's nigh at hand,
   God is love! the joy-ful mes-sage Will be known in ev-ry land,
   When the church with Je-sus reign-ing, Will dis-pel the long dark night;
   Grace and truth will be a-bound-ing, Fill-ing all the world with light.

3. Christ the Sav-ior! Christ the Sav-ior! He, by whom we come to God,
   Giv-eth grace to ev-ry sin-ner, Who will walk up-on life's road.
   When His res-ur-rection glo-ry Rais-eth man to last-ing life;
   Sin and death will be a-bolished, Earth will know no long-er strife.

4. Chris-tian welcome! Chris-tian welcome! This glad day so long fore-told;
   Spok-en of by ho-ly proph-ets In the Jew-ish age of old;
   When the times of res-ti-tu-tion And the reign of Christ shall be,
   God will bless the whole cre-a-tion With His per-fect lib-er-ty.

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Reaper, Gather a Sheaf!

G. M. BILLS.  M. L. McPHAIL.

1. "Reap-er lift up your eyes and be-hold the fields!" Lo! the word of the

2. Gen-tly gath-er the grain that is hidd'n a-way By the shad-ows of

3. In the gar-dens of beau-ty, where ros-es bloom; In the des-o-late

4. O de-lay not to glean of the har-vest white, Lest your work be de-

Mas-ter is not re-pealed; Are you seek-ing a sheaf for His
life, from a hope-ful ray; Fal-ter not, tho' the hedg-es the
shades of the frown-ing tomb; On the boun-ti-ful soil, or the
layed by the shad-ows of night; And you wait as you stand with an

wheat con-ceal, God will am-ply re-ward your un-flinch-ing zeal.
rock-strewn waste There are grains for the gar-nor, so reap-er, haste!
emp-ty hand, By your judge turned a-way from the glo-ry land.

CHORUS.

Reap-er, gath-er a sheaf of the rip'n-ing grain, That is

wait-ing on ev-ry hill and plain; And the Lord of the har-vest will

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Reaper, Gather a Sheaf! Concluded.

surely come, To award you a crown in the harvest home.

89 What a Triumph of His Grace.

1. What a triumph of His grace it will be When the King shall
2. What a triumph of His grace it will be When at last He
3. What a triumph of His grace it will be When His wishes
4. What a triumph of His grace it will be When my sad mis-
5. What a triumph of His grace it will be When He says, "well

take me home, even me, Lift-ing me from low estate, Passing
saves th'faith, even me, Faith that He, the work begun, Will watch
I can then plainly see, When I am no more perplexed To know
takes all o'er, I am free, Free, at last to do the right, All my
done!" to me even me, When in glory me He'll own, And will
by the wise and great, What a
o'er me till it's done, What a
what His will is next, What a
weakness turned to might, What a
share with me His throne, What a

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Jubilee Echoes.

Lis-ten to the voice ce-les-tial, Ye whose eyes with weep-ing fail,
2. Ev-ry tomb shall be de-sert-ed, Harps of ju-bi-lee shall ring;
3. No more wid-owed hearts re-pin-ing, No more hun-gry, home-less souls,
4. With the liv-ing wa-ters flow-ing, And His sav-ing health made known,

God re-veals His gra-cious pur-pose, To the soul in sor-row's vales;
"Ruthless grave, where is thy tri-umph? Cru-el death where is thy sting?"
When the earth shall bloom as E-den And the "Prince of Peace" con-trols;
Ev-ry cheek with bea-uty glow-ing; Ev-ry friend of e-vil flown.

There will be no hope-less sad-ness, In the new earth's gold-en years,
Sing the blest e-man-ci-pa-tion, Ev-ry creat-ure that hath breath,
When the ransomed hosts are sing-ing, Not an ech-o of de-spair
God will scat-ter leaves of heal-ing, For each loy-al heart and brain,

Bliss-ful years re-plete with glad-ness, "God shall wipe a-way all tears,"
Life shall quick-en all cre-a-tion, There shall hence-forth be no death,
In His vast do-min-ion ring-ing, "There shall be no sor-row there,"
All His match-less love re-veal-ing, "There shall henceforth be no pain,"

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Jubilee Echoes. Concluded.

Blissful years replete with gladness, "God shall wipe away all tears."
Life shall quicken all creation, There shall henceforth be no death.
In His vast dominion ringing, "There shall be no sorrow there."
All His matchless love revealing, "There shall henceforth be no pain."

91 Gladness Will Come to Stay.
G. M. Bills.

1. Some glowing morn when heaven bends caressing, Earth's darkest vale to cheer;
2. Some holy hour when broken hearts are crying; Turning from sin away;
3. Desolate soul for vanished treasure pining, Wreck'd on a friendless shore;
4. Fullness of joy will shine away our sorrow, Sighing will flee away;

Waking to know and love our Father's blessing. Life will be grandly dear.
Mercy will bring a solace for their sighing, Gladness will come to stay.
See thro' the gloom the star of promise shining, Gladness will come once more.
Tears will not mar life's beautiful tomorrow, Gladness will come to stay.

D. S.—God will unveil the fullness of His mercy, Gladness will come to stay.

Chorus.

Gladness will come, hallelujah it is coming, Gladness is on the way;

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In Love He Planned It All.

1. Tho' dark the way and lonely, I know what-e'er be-fall,
   My Father's hand is leading, In love He plans it all.
   But still in faith I follow, Al-though I can-not trace.
   I know He chose this path-way,-In love He planned it all.
   Yet, on-ward I am press-ing, I know His way is best.
   I'll sing thro' end-less a-ges, “In love He planned it all!”

2. To-day the storm clouds lower, I can-not see His face,
   Then where-so-e'er He lead-eth, What-ev-er may be-fall,
   My heart will still be sing-ing: "In love He planned it all!"

3. Tho' deep and dark the val-ley, No ter-rors can ap-pall,
   Chorus.

4. Some-times my feet are wea-ry, I fain would stop and rest,

5. And when I reach that coun-try, Where shad-ows nev-er fall,

6. And when I reach that coun-try, Where shad-ows nev-er fall,

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Be Slow to Speak.

KATE ULMER.

1. Oh, what pain and sorrow, bitterness and woe, Evil speaking causeth
2. Oh, remember, Jesus every word doth hear, By His Holy Spirit
3. Love that thinks no evil, dwelling in the heart, Will its blessed sweetness
4. Make your life a blessing, follow after peace, Patiently pursue it

in this world below; Loving hearts are broken, dearest hopes destroyed,
He is ever near; Think how much He suffered ere you wound Him more,
to the life impart; Then each thought and action by its power controlled,
from all evil cease; Scattering deeds of kindness, speaking words of love,

D. S.—He will ever help you, if His aid you seek,

FInE. CHORUS.

In their beauty blighted by the thoughtless word.
When the world's reviling for your sake He bore. Ye, who love the Savior
Word unkind, 'twill prompt us carefully withhold.
Thus the pathway brighten to your home above.

Whatsoe'er be-tideth, lovingly to speak.

and would win His smile, Keep your tongue from evil and your lips from guile;

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He Will Keep the Soul.

1. Would you know the gift the Father doth bestow
   On the soul who
   ful-ly trusts Him here below!
   Yield your all to Him, His

2. Think not of the mor-row, trust it to His care, What-so-e'er it
   bring-eth you will find Him there;
   wait-ing all your bur-dens
   and your griefs to bear,

3. When the angry billows all a-round you roll,
   Threat'ning ev'-ry
   mo-ment to sub-merge the soul;
   Closer cling to Him, the

4. Trust Him, ful-ly trust Him, tho' you can-not see,
   Doubt-ing not His
   mer-cy nor His love so free;
   Then in joy or sor-row

   pow'r He then will show,
   storm He will con-trol,
   your stay will be,
   He will keep the soul in per-fect peace.

   keep-ing you in per-fect peace.
   keep-ing you in per-fect peace.
   keep-ing you in per-fect peace.

   When we
   from our weary struggling cease,
   Naught can ever make the heart a-

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He Will Keep the Soul. Concluded.

fraid, ... While up-on Jehovah it is stayed.

I'll Be With Thee.

KATE ULMER.

1. 'Tis sweet to serve the Master, Doing as He bids each day,
2. Tho' the task He gives seems heavy, And my pow'r to do but small;
3. Oft thro' unknown paths He leads me, There to do His blessed will,
4. I will serve Him gladly, freely, While I worship and adore,

For I hear His dear voice saying, I'll be with thee all the way.
He with strength divine doth help me, Ceasing not His gracious call.
But He ever goes before me, While He softly whispers still.
Watching, praying, working, waiting, For He saith ever-more.

CHORUS.

I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee, I can hear His sweet voice say;

I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee all the way.

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"Are You Improving Your Talents?"

KATE ULMER.

1. Are you improving your talents for Jesus, The Master, who
   gave them to you? Are you endeavoring to double them daily? "Tis lone to increase? If aught beside be your motive, my brother, His hide it away; He will return here again to receive it, Ac-wisdom divine; And He has said, if we faithfully use them, With stand one by one; If we have gained the reward He has promised To

2. Are you improving them ever and only, His glory a-
   this He would have you to do. joy in your service will cease. count you must give in that day. To Him that hath shall more be Him we shall ever more shine. those, who should hear His "Well done".

3. If only one He to you has committed, Despise not, nor
   giv'n, This is the blessed rule of heav'n; It is our

4. Whether the many or few He bestoweth, He giveth in

5. Oh, what a joy when at last He returneth, Before Him to

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The Best Friend of All.

1. Do you seek for a friend who is always the same, Who will
2. Would you lean on an arm that is able to quell All the
3. Would you walk day by day in a halo of light, In the
4. Would you dwell evermore in the mansions above, "Mid the

answer your sigh and your call? There is just such a Friend, I will
forces of ill that abound! Grasp the hand that was pierc'd to re-
smile of the angels of God? Would you know the repose that no
glories that fade not away? Would you drink endless bliss from the

tell you His name—It is Jesus, the best Friend of all.
move Satan's spell, And thy soul's dearest refuge is found.
sorrow can blight? Choose the path your Redeemer has trod.
fount of His love? Give your heart to the Savior today.

D. S.—grave, Precious Jesus, the best Friend of all.

Oh, the best Friend of all is the "Mighty to save", He tasted the

wormwood and gall, He poured out His soul to redeem from the

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Longing for Home.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT.

Arr. by M. L. McPhail.

1. As pants the hart for wa-ter brooks, So pants my soul for Thee, 
2. And yet I know that on-ly those Thy bless-ed face shall see, 
3. I know, that those who share Thy throne Must in Thy like-ness be, 

CHO.-As pants the hart for wa-ter brooks, So pants my soul for Thee,

Oh, when shall I be-hold Thy face, When wilt Thou call for me?
Whose hearts from ev-ery stain of sin Are pur-i-fied and free.
And all the Spir-it's pre-cious fruits In them the Fa-ther see.

Oh, when shall I be-hold Thy face, When wilt Thou call for me?

How oft at night I turn my eyes To-wards my heav'n-ly home,
And oh, my Mas-ter and my Lord, I know I'm far from meet
Lord, grant me grace, more pa-tient-ly To strive with my poor heart,

Chorus D. C.

And long for that blest time, when Thou, My Lord, shalt bid me "Come!"
With all Thy bless-ed saints in light To hold com-mu-nion sweet.
And bide Thy time to be with Thee And see Thee as Thou art!

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Heavenly Love.

Composed and arr. by GEBTBUDE W. SEIBEET.

1. Meek and low-ly, pure and ho-ly, Mes-sen-ger from God a-bove;
2. Hop-ing ev-er, fail-ing nev-er, Tho' deceived, be-liev-ing still;
3. Mak-ing clear-er, bring-ing near-er, Day by day the per-fect goal;

Turn-ing sad-ness in-to glad-ness, Bless-ed art Thou, Heav'nly Love!
Long a-bid-ing, all con-fid-ing, To thy heav'n-ly Fa-ther's will;
Doubting nev-er, trust-ing ev-er, In Thy pow'r to make us whole;

Pit-y dwell-eth in Thy bo-som, Kind-ness reign-eth o'er Thy heart;
Ne-ver wea-ry of well do-ing, Nev-er fear-ful of the end;
Hast-en Thou the blest fru-ition, When at last in realms a-bove,

Gen-tle tho'ts a-lone can sway Thee, Judgment hath in Thee no part!
Claim-ing all man-kind as broth-ers, Thou dost all a-like be-friend.
Thou shalt see in us Thy like-ness, Bless-ed, ho-ly, heav'n-born Love!

Turn-ing sad-ness in-to glad-ness, Wondrous art Thou, Heav'nly Love!
O My Soul, Trust in the Lord.

JAMES HAY.

1. O my soul! seek thou the Lord, Seek His grace to keep His word;
2. O my soul! trust in the Lord, He ne'er fails to keep His word;
3. O my soul! praise thou the Lord, For the glories in His word;

'Tis by faith alone we stand, God supports thee with His hand.
All who in the Lord confide, Find in Him a Friend and Guide.
God is worthy of thy praise, All the moments of the day.

O my soul! wait thou on God, He will lead thee in His word,
O my soul! serve thou the Lord, Faithfully revere His word;
O my soul! rest in the Lord, Listen for His loving word;

Open to thy spirit's eye, Glory, immortality.
Hide His word within thy heart, Never from thy Lord depart.
Calling thee to mansions bright, With the saints who dwell in light.

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1. What saith the blear-ed Word of God To him that hath an ear?
2. What saith the Word of God a-gain? "No e-vil shalt thou speak
3. Then, hast-en, Lord, that bliss-ful day When joy and peace shall hold

"Be slow to speak, be slow to wrath, And be thou swift to hear;
Of a-ny man, nor shalt thou judge Thy broth-er who is weak;
E-ter-nal sway, and ev'-ry tongue By love shall be con-trolled;

Re-frain thy tongue from e-evil, keep Thy lips from speak-ing guile,
For there is One who judg-eth him, To whom all stand-or fall,
When ev'-ry hu-man heart shall dwell On no-ble tho'ts and true,

CHORUS--Oh, let us then re-frain our lips From guile, and watch and pray,

If thou wouldst lead a God-ly life, And win thy Mas-ter's smile."
Our Lord and Mas-ter, Je-sus Christ, Who loves and pit-ies all."
And o'er an-othe-er's weak-ness throw Com-pas-sion's love-ly hue!

That we may pur-i fy our hearts And keep the nar-row way.
1. The sands have been wash'd in the foot-prints of the stranger on
2. There are so many hills to climb upward, I often am
3. He loves me too well to forsake me, Or give me a
4. When the last feeble step has been taken And the gates of that

D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the
Last verse.—Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the

Galilee's shore—And the voice that subdued the rough billows
longing for rest;—But He who appoints me my path-way,
triable too much; All His people have been dearly purchased,
city appear, And the beautiful songs of the angels
end of the way; And the toils of the road will seem nothing,
end of the way; Then the toils of the road will seem nothing,

FINE.

Will be heard in Judea no more. But the path of that
Knows, just what is needful and best. I know, in His
And Satan can never claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my listening ear. When all that now

When I get to the end of the way.
When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.

Lone Galilee With joy I will follow today;
word He hath promised That my strength "it shall be as my day;"
see Him and praise Him, In the city of unending day;
seems so mysterious Will be bright and as clear as the day;

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Pilgrims of the Morning.

(Dedicated to the Colporteurs.)

1. Pilgrims of the Morning, blessed pilgrims of the Light, go ye
2. Blow “the silver trumpets” over land and o’er the sea, publish
3. Angel hosts surround you, strength is promised from on high, lift your

forth to banish the “gross darkness” of the night; every heart onward the mountains the great “Year of Jubilee,” sing it thro’ the heads rejoicing, “your redemption draweth nigh,” courage yet a

kindled with “a flame of sacred love,” every face illumined valleys, shout aloud upon the plains, tell the whole creation little while, and then the battle won, sweet will be your sure re-

with “a radiance from above,”

that the Lord Jehovah reigns! Pilgrims of the Morning, yes, we’re pilgrims ward in your dear Lord’s “Well done.”

of the Light, going forth to banish the “gross darkness” of the night!

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1. Repeat the sweet story, the story of old, That echoed with gladness o'er Bethlehem's fold; The message that angels declared-glory and peace, And bring to sin's captives a joyful release.

2. In love without measure, our Father divine Unfolds to all trickled in vain, For Jesus has purchased the dying, the slain.

3. Oh, sing of the ransom that reaches to all The victors of jubilee bring, And nations shall honor earth's conquering King.

4. Rejoice, O ye watch-ers who patiently ride The Bridegroom's re-lighted to bring, Glad tidings of Jesus, earth's Savior and King.

Chorus.

O tell it again, yes, tell it again, That wonderful story of good will to men; It will strengthen my faith if you...
Repeat the Sweet Story. Concluded.

tell it a-gain, That won-der-ful sto-ry of good will to men.

105 Quit Yourselves Like Men.

Kate Ulmer.

1. Ye who have en-tered the glo-rious fray, Hold-ing a place in the
ranks to-day, Fol-low your Cap-tain and all the way, Quit your-
selves like men. Quit yourselves like men, Quit yourselves like men,

2. If in the fore-front your place should be, Then do your du-ty cour-
2. Lay not the heav-en-ly ar-mor down, Seek not to gain in the

3. Think not the vic-t’ry you’ll light-ly win, Craft-y and strong are the
heav-en-ly ar-mor down, Seek not to gain in the

4. But we shall tri-umph thro’Christ our King, Quit your-
world re-nown; Fix-ing your eye on the prom-ised crown, Quit your-

Chorus.

Fol-low your Cap-tain and all the way; Quit yourselves like men.

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My Beloved.

H. O. H. Dust.  (Solomon's Song.)  Hattie O. Henderson.

1. At the side of my Beloved, Leaning on His arm,
2. Jesus, Savior, I adore Thee, I am wholly Thine;
3. Chiefest one among ten thousand, Altogether fair,

Walk I safe thro' darksome shadows Without fear of harm.
Think I only of Thy favor, Precious Savior mine;
Walkest Thou among the lilies, With their fragrance rare;

When I'm weak His strength supports me, As He whispers words of cheer;
Let me feel Thine arms around me, Let me lean upon Thy breast.
Let me ever walk beside Thee, Send, O send me not away;

And my hand He clasps so closely, Scatters every shadow drear.
Hold me lovingly, securely, Let me find sweet peace and rest.
For I long to have Thee draw me closer, closer every day.

Chorus.

Jesus, Jesus, my Beloved, send me not away; At Thy

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My Beloved. Concluded.

side, my precious Savior, Ever, ever let me stay.

107

Holy, Holy, Holy!

DOUGLAS MACMILLAN.

(Rev. 15: 3 & 4.)

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Father, we adore Thee, for Thy gift that bought us, Thou once were
2. Darkness dense surrounds us, man cannot discern Thee, None but those whom
3. Great and good Thy works are, Lord God Almighty! Marvelous, and
4. When Thy kingdom cometh, when the books are opened, When Thy righteous

dead in sin, we now have life in Thee; May we live to serve Thee,
Thou hast touch'd, Thy truth and love can see; Few there be can praise Thee,
just and true, 0 King of saints, Thy ways; Who shall fail to fear Thee,
acts are known, Thy love made manifest, Nations all shall seek Thee,

as our Lord hath taught us, Seeking to show Thy might and majesty,
most despise and spurn Thee, Yet, in due time, world-wide the song shall be.
Lord, and glorify Thee; Thou alone art holy; to Thy name be praise.
and bow down before Thee, And, serving Thee, shall be forever blest.

rit.
108 Gather My Saints Together Unto Me.

Mrs. C. A. O.          Mrs. C. A. OWEN.

1. Gather my saints together unto Me, Those who have made a covenant with Me, Who now by faith lay down their ransomed lives, immortality, Those in the fight to gain the heav'nly prize, covenant with Me, In suffering now, in triumph then to rise,

In covenant with me by sacrifice; Help us dear Lord, ever-more to keep our offering laid with our head complete; Poor tho' it prize to gain, Suffer'd the cross, despising the shame We now re-narrow way, Leading us on to the grand, glorious day, Ever re-

be, to Thee as incense sweet, Our covenant with Thee by sacrifice. rejoicing in sufferings that remain, In covenant with Thee by sacrifice. mem'ring as we watch and pray, Our covenant with Thee by sacrifice.
Gather My Saints Together Unto Me. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Lord, we come to-geth-er un-to Thee, Help us keep our
cov-nant faith-ful-ly, That we in Christ may rise, To
reign in Para-dis-e, Gather'd to-geth-er un-to Thee.

Thine Forever.

MARY F. MAUDE.

Slowly.

WALTER O. WILKINSON.

1. Thine for-ev-er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a-bove;
2. Thine for-ev-er! Lord of life, Shield us thro' our earth-ly strife,
3. Thine for-ev-er! O how blest They who find in Thee their rest!
4. Thine for-ev-er! Sav-ior, keep These Thy weak and trembling sheep;
5. Thine for-ev-er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee supplied,

Thine for-ev-er may we be, Here and in e-ter-ni-ty.
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
Sav-ior, Guard-ian, heav'n-ly Friend, O de-fend us to the end.
Safe a-lone be-neath Thy care, Let us all Thy good-ness share.
All our sins by Thee for-giv'n, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n.
The Perfect Day.

F. A. H.

Not too fast.

1. The holy city is bending to earth, With blessings like showers of rain, And sorrow, and crying shall all pass away, There shall be no more pain; Oh, bind up the broken, aching hearts, Wipe all the tears away; For Zion shall come, arise and shine, Loosen thy bands, be free; Break forth into Jesus, per stone is rare, Banished the night of old; The beams of the

2. Awake! awake! awake! put on thy strength, Thy beautiful garments of light, O shake thyself now from the cised and unclean, There's no spot or wrinkle in

3. Henceforth there never shall come into thee The uncircumcised and unclean, There's no spot or wrinkle in

now in her splendor shine forth, Lighting the perfect day.

joy, for thy warfare is o'er, Glory awaits thee.
morning with healing is here, Gilding her streets of gold.

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Our Hiding Place.

A. G. J.

1. In the secret of His presence, Oh, how precious there to hide,
2. Day by day He draws me closer, Hour by hour He teaches me,
3. Error's darts can never smite me While my soul is stayed on Him,
4. Father, may I never wander From this safe and blest retreat,

Scourge of tongue, nor shaft of malice, Touch my soul while at His side,
Strength He gives for every trial, Grace to do and pow'r to be.
Hidden in the Rock of Ages, Never can my faith grow dim.
Where I drink of living waters, And am fed on Manna sweet.

Let the lightnings flash about me, Let the pealing thunders roll,
And when shadows close around me, And I cannot see His face,
Brightly o'er me shines the sunlight Beam-ing from my Father's face,
Precious haven—sweetest shelter—Here my soul will ever abide.

I can smile, thus safely hidden In this refuge of the soul.
Know I still His love enfolds me, Sheltered in this secret place.
In its radiant effulgence I can now His purpose trace.
In the secret of His presence I will every moment hide.

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Long Night of Weeping.

1. Pilgrims with sad spirits drooping Thro' the long night-watch forlorn,
2. Sorrow and death have long triumphed, Satan the prince seemed to be;
3. Weeping may last thro' the night-watch, But joy will come in the morn,

D. C. Watch for the rise of the Day Star, Watch for the morning's bright dawn;

Sighing and trembling and weeping, Weary with waiting for morn;
People in pain long have travailed, Praying salvation to see;
When in the first resurrection All the first-fruits shall be born.

Soon earth's long night will be over, Soon all the darkness be gone.

Lift up your head, fainting pilgrims, Light the horizon dim tints,
Waiting for manifestation Of the great God's promised sons,
Then there shall be restitution For all the children of men,

Watch till the rosy rays deepen, See thro' gray dawn glory glints!
Hope of the groaning creation Thro' His belov'd chosen ones.
Then in the grand consummation, Eden shall blossom again.

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The Century's Hymn.

1. Beyond the century's open door, The golden age is gleaming;
   The gospel age well shadowed forth, By types of coming glory;
   That glorious day so long foretold, With holy light is beam-ing;
   Shines forth the sun of righteousness, All kindreds of the earth to bless,
   All kindreds, all kindreds of the earth to bless.

2. For sixty centuries now past, Beneath the reign of darkness,
   Sin's long dark night draws to its close, The day of peace is dawning;
   Man-kind has trod the downward path 'Mid sorrow, pain and sadness;
   Yet by God's love, they still possess The hope of future righteousness,
   The hope, the hope of future righteousness.

3. Tho' ages long had weary been, Thro' which God's word was spoken,
   The day of peace is dawning; The tribe of Judah's Lion!
   Earth's time of weeping passes by For joy comes in the morning,
   The world, the world with saving righteousness.

4. The gospel age well shadowed forth, By types of coming glory;
   Tho' ages long had weary been, Thro' which God's word was spoken,
   How God designs the world to bless Thro' Christ their Lord and righteousness,
   Thro' Christ, thro' Christ their Lord and righteousness.

5. The gospel age well shadowed forth, By types of coming glory;
   Tho' ages long had weary been, Thro' which God's word was spoken,
   Then shines the sun of righteousness, All nations of the world to bless,
   All nations, all nations of the world to bless.

6. Who will not welcome back the King? The tribe of Judah's Lion!
   Tho' ages long had weary been, Thro' which God's word was spoken,
   Man-kind has trod the downward path 'Mid sorrow, pain and sadness;
   Has been the time when saints have told The fullness of the story;
   All kin-dreds, all kin-dreds of the earth to bless.

7. Who will not welcome back the King? The tribe of Judah's Lion!
   Tho' ages long had weary been, Thro' which God's word was spoken,
   Has been the time when saints have told The fullness of the story;
   And praise the Lord who sets His Son Up on the hill of Zion;
   The world, the world with lasting righteousness.

8. Who will not welcome back the King? The tribe of Judah's Lion!
   Tho' ages long had weary been, Thro' which God's word was spoken,
   Has been the time when saints have told The fullness of the story;
   The world, the world with lasting righteousness.
   Thro' Christ, thro' Christ their Lord and righteousness.

9. Who will not welcome back the King? The tribe of Judah's Lion!
   Tho' ages long had weary been, Thro' which God's word was spoken,
   Has been the time when saints have told The fullness of the story;
   All kin-dreds, all kin-dreds of the earth to bless.
   The hope, the hope of future righteousness.

10. Who will not welcome back the King? The tribe of Judah's Lion!
    Tho' ages long had weary been, Thro' which God's word was spoken,
    Has been the time when saints have told The fullness of the story;
    The world, the world with last-ing righteousness.
    The world, the world with last-ing righteousness.
Somewhere.

HATTIE O. HENDERSON.

Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Somewhere the light is shining, Somewhere 'tis always day;
2. Somewhere the cooling zephyrs Fan fe- vered, care-worn brow,
3. Somewhere the Light we long for Conquers the cloud and gloom,

Cease then thy soul's re pin ing, From dark ness turn away.
Somewhere de li cious fra grance Floats from the bloom ing bough.
Un til the Life we pray for Pen e trates e'en the tomb.

Lift up thy face to heav en Where gleams of glo ry bright
Somewhere no storms are rag ing, Somewhere there's rest, re lief,
Faint not be cause the dark ness Now set tles dense and drear;

Pierce thro' the night clouds riv en Flood ing thine eyes with light.
Some where no tears are fall ing, Somewhere there is no grief.
Be yond the clouds is sun shine, Scale them and do not fear.

CHORUS.

{ Somewhere there are no shad ows, Somewhere there is no night; Somewhere there
After life's span of sorrow, After the darksome way— There'll be a

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Long, Long the Night.

1. Long, long the night with sound of frequent weeping, But in the
sky the day-star now appears; And waiting hearts their constant vigils
birds dull ears begin to hear; And blind-ed eyes the blessed dawn are
way all mem-o-ry of gloom; Thro' that long day of joy unmixed with

Chorus.

keep-ing, Know, that at last the gold-en morn-ing nears.
see-ing, Per-fumes of flow'rs the wea-ry watch-ers cheer. The per-fect day,
sad-ness An-gels will roll the stone from ev-ry tomb.

The long'd for King is near! Join, join the lay, Earth's ju-bi-lee is here!
I

Bear Ye One Another's Burdens.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Like travelers toward a distant land, We each some heavy burden bear,
2. Nor think another's hath no weight, Because to you it seemeth light,
3. And wondrous though it may seem, Each time you help a brother bear
4. "And so fulfill the law of Christ." The law of Christ, the law of love,

And every heart doth feel its weight, E'en tho' the face a smile may wear.
The cross of gold is heavier made By gleaming mass of jewels bright.
His burden, you will surely find Your own has lost its weight of care.
Ah, yes, we must this law fulfill, If we would reign with Him above.

CHORUS.

Then, let us speak the kindly word, That makes the burden light,
And helps the weary, fainting heart To fight the goodly fight.

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A Little While.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT.  

1. A little while with weary feet To tread the narrow way,
2. A little while with fal-t'ring tongue To tes-ti-fy for God,
3. A little while with hum-bly faith To wage the good-ly fight,
4. A little while, a little while, Oh, let this be our song,

A little while, a little while, The time will not be long;
A little while, a little while, To suffer scorn and shame;
A little while, a little while, Grasp firm the two-edged sword;
A little while, a little while, Lay not the armor down;

A little while the sin-less One To fol-low day by day,
A little while with voice and pen To spread the Truth a-broad,
A little while, Sa-tan-ic hosts Shall all be put to flight,
A little while, a little while, The strife will not be long,

A little while, a little while, To suffer and be strong.
A little while, a little while, To glo-ri fy His name.
A little while, a little while, Then trust thou in the Lord.
A little while, a little while, And we shall wear the crown!

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I'm Nearing the Goal.

1. While on the broad road to de- struc-tion I stray'd, The spir-it my
   vile-ness re- vealed; I saw all my woes on Im-man-u-el laid,
   And knew by His stripes I was healed. I'm nearing the goal, yes,

2. When Je-sus an-noint-ed my eyes to be-hold The prize that the
   faith-ful may win: I en- ter'd the race for a cit-y of gold,
   And fled from the plea-sures of sin. I'm nearing the goal, yes,

3. Let lov-ers of plea-sure in- tent-ly pur-sue The phan-toms of
   fol-ly and pride; E-ter-ni-ty's joys I am keep-ing in view,
   As on-ward to glo-ry I glide. I'm nearing the goal, yes,

4. The serv-ants of mam-mon may gath-er in mirth To jeer at my
   sta-tion un-known; My lot may be cast with the hum-ble of earth,
   Yet I am an heir to a throne. I'm nearing the goal, yes,

5. The yoke of my Mas-ter is ea-sy to wear; The cross that I'm
   bear-ing is light; His love ev-er last-ing is soothing my care,
   And giv-ing me songs in the night. I'm nearing the goal, yes,

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1. A better day is coming, a morning promised long, When truth and
come, a morning promised long, When truth and
2. The boast of haughty tyrants no more shall fill the air, But aged and
3. The tidal wave is coming, the year of jubilee; With shout and
4. O! for that glorious dawning we watch and wait and pray, Till o'er the
right, with holy might, shall over-throw the wrong; When Christ the Lord will list-
youth shall love the truth and speed it ev'ry-where; No more from want and sorr
song it sweeps a-long, like billows of the sea; The jubilee of na-
height the morning light shall drive the gloom away; And when the heav'nly glo-
en to ev'ry plaintive sigh, And stretch His hand o'er sea and land, with
row shall come the hope-less cry, But war shall cease, and perfect peace will
ions shall ring thro' earth and sky, The dawn of grace draws on a-pace—tis
ry shall flood the earth and sky, We'll bless the Lord for all His works and

CHORUS.

justice by and by.
flourish by and by.
Com-ing by and by, com-ing by and by; We
Com-ing by and by, com-ing by and by; We
praise Him by and by.

see the glory break-ing thro'-out the Eastern sky;
hail the day of glad-ness for its (omit) coming by and by.
120  On The Resurrection Morn.

H. O. H.  FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDT.

1. On the resurrection morn, When from death all souls are born,
2. To Thy people Thou hast vowed That Thou wilt resist the proud;
3. There shall be no sighing there, Neither crying anywhere,

When all hear the trumpet's peal, Every sickness Thou shalt heal,
Thou wilt give the humble grace, Thou wilt meet them face to face.
Every trust shall then be true, In the earth and heavens new,

Thou shalt open blind-ed eyes, Listen to each voice that cries;
Thou shalt guide them with Thy Word, By Thy counsel right-ly heard,
Thro' the endless ages blest, Never more by doubt oppressed,

Thou shalt open all deaf ears, Till each soul the gospel hears;
And provide a happy home, Refuge from whence none shall roam;
All shall sing with one accord Praises to their gracious Lord;

Thou shalt open all deaf ears, Till each soul the gospel hears.
And provide a happy home, Refuge from whence none shall roam.
All shall sing with one accord Praises to their gracious Lord.
The Eternal God is Thy Refuge.

1. When the flood-tides of sorrow surround you, The eternal God is your refuge; When deep darkness and doubt confound you, The eternal God is your refuge.

2. Underneath are the arms everlasting, The eternal God is your refuge; Longing eyes to this rest you are casting, The eternal God is your refuge.

3. When life's tempests and typhoons are blowing, The eternal God is your refuge; When in death all your pulser are slowing, The eternal God is your refuge.

4. When exalted with Christ in His glory, The eternal God is your refuge; We'll be singing the wonderful story, The eternal God is your refuge.

CHORUS.

O rest, sweet peaceful rest, Sweet rest, tranquil and sweet, peaceful rest, 

blest, No fright, no dread alarms, Just rest, rest in His arms.
Our King Has Come.

1. The saints are marching forward now to meet their glorious King.
2. Beyond the vail are seen the saints with crown upon each brow.
3. From that bright shining presence how earth's clouds are giving way.
4. We'll haste and tell the story, now so sweet to you and me.
5. Our journey soon shall terminate, and we shall all be there.

They're shouting glad hosannas, while their songs of gladness ring;
Who trod the path of sorrow, they're rejoicing with Him now.
This night of sin and sorrow shall give place to endless day.
Till all the world rejoices in the blessed Jubilee;
Our blessed Lord has called us, we shall meet Him "in the air."

Their hearts are filled with rapture, as so joyfully they sing,
With smiles they beckon onward those who linger here below,
Break forth in jubilation, for Immanuel's come to stay.
His presence now be tokens soon His glorious face we'll see.
While time remains, we'll faithful be and wear our robes so fair,

CHORUS.

Our King at last has come. Sing, O sing, ye saints in heaven,
Earth shall have.... her fetters riven; God His
ye saints of heaven, Earth shall have her fetters riven,

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Our King Has Come.

prom - ise sure hath given, Our King, at last, hath come......
God His promise sure hath giv-en, our King hath come.

'Twill Not be Long.

F. J. C. W. H. D.

1. 'Twill not be long our jour-ney here, Each bro-ken sigh and fall - ing tear
2. 'Twill not be long; the yearn-ing heart To meet its Lord would quick depart;
3. Though sad we mark the clos-ing eye, Of those we loved in days gone by;
4. These checkered wilds, with thorns o'er-spread, Thro' which our way so oft is led;

Will soon be gone, and all will be A cloud-less sky, a wave-less sea.
No grief is mingled with its song: "We'll join Him soon—'twill not be long!"
Yet sweet in death their lat-est song—We'll meet a-gain, 'twill not be long.
This march of time, with truth so strong, Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

Refrain.

Roll on, dark stream, We dread not thy foam;

The pil - grim is long - ing For home, sweet home.
Strike Your Harps.

A. J. Morris.

1. When the ransomed all are gathered 'round the Saviour's blessed throne,
   They who strove to gain His favor, and have triumphed over sin;
   They who strive to gain His favor, and have triumphed over sin;
   They who strive to gain His favor, and have triumphed over sin;

2. Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour gives the crowns to those who win,
   Shall begin their manifestations that the earth may all be blessed;
   Shall begin their manifestations that the earth may all be blessed;
   Shall begin their manifestations that the earth may all be blessed;

3. All the faithful "Ancient Worthies" then, in earthly glory dressed,
   And we echo back their music, while our eyes are filled with tears;
   And we echo back their music, while our eyes are filled with tears;
   And we echo back their music, while our eyes are filled with tears;

4. Now the singing of the heav'nly choirs is caught by saintly ears,
   And we shall with the Saviour leading them up-lift the fallen race.
   And we shall with the Saviour leading them up-lift the fallen race.
   And we shall with the Saviour leading them up-lift the fallen race.

Chorus.

Strike your harps, ye saints in glory, Strike your harps, ye saints in glory, Strike your harps, ye saints in glory.

Sing with us, Sing with us, Sing with us.

With the myriad voices blending as they sing the "Harvest Home";
What a time of glad rejoicing when we all assemble there,
As we sing and shout His praises, in that country bright and fair.

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**125 Behold the Christian Warrior Stand.**

1. Behold the Christian warrior stand In all the armor of His God;
2. In panoply of truth complete, Salvation's helmet on his head;
3. Undaunted to the field he goes; Yet vain were skill and valor there,
4. Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength, His enemies he tramples down,

The Spirit's sword is in his hand, His feet are with the gospel shod;
With righteousness a breastplate meet, And faith's broad shield before Him spread.
Unless, to foil his legion foes, He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.
Fights the good fight, and wins at length, Thro' mercy, an immortal crown.
126

He Careth for You.

A. J. Morris.

M. L. McPhail.

1. How blest is the message of heavenly love, When sorrow our path-way pursue; Like angelic music it breathes from above, pierce the mists thro'; Like sweet chiming echoes this promise so bright, message in view? For nothing can harm me when Jesus is near, ev-er I do; And deep in my heart this glad message re-tain,

2. When clouds cast their shadows, ob-scuring the light, And faith fails to And whis-pers, "He car-eth for you." As-sur-ing, "He car-eth for you." He car-eth for you, yes, car-eth for

3. Then why should I linger in doubt or in fear, With this pre-cious Pro-claim-ing, "He car-eth for you." Be-liev- ing "He car-eth for you." His word keep in view, And list to the message, "He car-eth for you."

4. Such bless-ed as-sur-ance shall not be in vain, I'll trust Him what-ever I do; And deep in my heart this glad message re-tain,

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Lord Let Me Come to Thee.

HATTIE O. HENDERSON.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Out of my darkness into Thy light, Out of my weakness into Thy might, Lord let me come to Thee; Out of my poverty into Thy wealth,

2. Out of my hunger, out of my thirst, Out of my faults that weaken and worst, Lord let me come to Thee; Out of my folly and out of my pride,

3. Out of my longings into Thy peace, Out of my bondage into rest, Lord let me come to Thee; Out of my waywardness into Thy love,

Out of my sin-sickness into Thy health, Lord let me come to Thee.

Out of my sins that beset and betide, Lord let me come to Thee.

Out of my weariness to rest above, Lord let me come to Thee.

CHORUS.

O let the light, marvelous light, Scatter the shadows and banish the night;

Let the light come and let the light stay, Until there dawneth eternal day.

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The Eagles.

1. Doth not, doth not the eagle mount Upward at Thy command?
2. Wait thou, wait thou upward on the Lord, Thou shalt renew thy strength,
3. Above, above His chosen ones, Thy God is ever near,
4. Mount up, mount up on wings of faith; Forget the things behind;

Up on her pinions, broad and strong, She soars o'er all the land;
Re ly up on His holy Word; Its height, its depth, its length.
As eagle hov'ring o'er her young, Then what hast thou to fear?
Rise to the heights to which thou'rt called, And life immortal find.

She makes her nest on mountains high, Her eye sees from afar;
Running, thou shalt not weary be; Walking, thou shalt not faint,
He stirreth up thy pleasant nest, He breaks each earthy tie;
For there thou shalt renew thy youth As eagles, ever young,

And where- so- e'er the food is found, The eagles gather there.
Thou shalt mount up with eagle's wings, Then hush Thy weak complaint.
'Tis not to cause thee thus to fall—He'd teach thee how to fly!
Thy strength shall be His Word of Truth, Till to Him thou dost come.

CHORUS.

He will bear, He will bear thee on eagle's wings, Far, far above all earthly
The Eagles.

11 things, Shake off the dust, mount to the sky, Un-to thy place on high.

129 Our Present Lord.

1. Be-hold the time is here, Thro'-a-ges promised long; The light soon
2. A-dore your present Lord, And shout a-loud His name, All ye who
3. Ye who with weak-ly feet Still tread the nar-row way, Re-joice your
4. Our Lord will seek His own, His jewels bright and fair; Be-fore His
5. Sor-row and mourn-ing flee, Yes, our re-ward is near, Soon, soon His

And soon His voice shall call us home, And soon His voice shall call us home.
And soon His voice shall call us home, And soon His voice shall call us home.
And soon His voice shall call us home, And soon His voice shall call us home.
And soon His voice shall call us home, And soon His voice shall call us home.
And soon with Him we'll be at home, And soon with Him we'll be at home.
The Mighty God of Daniel.

G. M. Bills.

Not too fast.

M. L. McPhail.

1. Have you heard the thrilling chorus ringing o'er the furnace tower,
2. Paul and Silas caught the echo, and within the frowning jail.
3. Many of the martyr heroes trod a lone and thorny way,
4. Faithful soldiers of Jehovah, girded for the holy strife,

Where the Hebrew children tread the fiery floor? By the arm of
We can hear their joyful praises in the night; While the prison
Honored on ly by their Saviour in the sky; Yet the angel
Where the foes of goodness gather for the fray; Though you weary

God delivered, they are singing of His pow'r, And their song is
doors are swinging and the frightened keepers wail, Rings the same ex-
of His presence bid their sadness flee a-way As they sang of
of their scorn ing, tho' they clam or for your life, You can sing this

CHORUS.

ring ing on ward ev er more.
ult ant an them of de light. On the God that shield ed Dan iel
cer tain vic t'ry by and by.
joy ous cho rus all the way.

I am leaning for repose, He is able to de-

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The Mighty God of Daniel.

1. Glor-y, glor-y, glor-y, un-to God the High-est! Maj-es-ty and
2. Worthy, worthy, wor-thy! is the Lamb that suffered, Son of God, be-
4. Glor-y, glor-y, glor-y, un-to God the High-est! Maj-es-ty and

might be Thine, and praise for-ev-er-more; Let Thy name be hal-low’d,
fore the world was made Thou lovedst Him; Left He pow’r and glo-ry,
Son from heav’n to take us home to Thee; By the world de-spis-ed,
might be Thine, and praise for-ev-er-more; Lord, we would be ho-ly,

now and thro’ all a-ges, O great Je-ho-vah, hear our pray’r to Thee!
to re-deem us sin-ners, By Thy right hand ex-alt-ed now is He.
suf-fer-ing with Je-sus, Lord, make us ho-ly, kings and priests to be.
e’en as Thou art ho-ly, O great Je-ho-vah, hear our pray’r to Thee!
Joy Unspeakable.

HATTIE O. HENDERSON. 1 Peter 1:8. M. L. McPhail.

1. Our Saviour, tho' now unseen, We love and our hearts rejoice;
2. His favor's like some sweet dream, From which we shall soon awake;
3. With never a shade of care, With never a doubt or fear,

Content, on His love we lean, And praise Him with heart and voice.
Where all its real glories gleam, And on our sight brightly break.
We'll dwell with our Master where His voice we shall always hear;

We know that our Lord is near—We know He shall soon appear.
O rapturous love divine, Out-reaching to love of Thine!
Where we shall look in His face, Where we shall see all His grace;

Between us is only a vail And nought can our joy assail.
We joyfully look to Thee And pledge our fidelity.
When that which is perfect will come With Him in our heav'nly home.

CHORUS.

Joy! unspeakable joy! How we adore our King!

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Joy Unspeakable.

Loving without alloy—Praises to Him we sing!

I Will Never Leave Thee.

A. J. Morris.

1. Passing thro' this vale of shadows, Oft my heart would sink with fear,
2. Sometimes weary, heavy laden, Burdened with life's heavy care,
3. Oh, how oft my heart when sinking, Has a blessed hope retained;
4. Then I'll strive to ever remember, When the sun sinks in the west,

Were it not for words of comfort, Found in these sweet words of cheer.
When I catch those words of blessing, I can blessed comfort share.
By that promise of His presence, My poor soul has strength regained.
 Casting shadows o'er my path-way, In its rising I'll be blest.

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Beloved, Sons of God Are We.

HORACE E. HOLLISTER.

M. L. McPhail.

1. Beloved, sons of God are we; In this our obligation see
2. What tho' our way thro' danger lies—He'll give us wisdom from the skies
3. His love to us He now commends, Greater than any earthly friend's,
4. It is, thro' love we now perceive, More blest to give than to receive.
5. Beloved, sons of God are we; Then like our Father should we be,

Our Father's character to show, In all our dealings here below.
Our thoughts and words and acts to guide, If we but in His love abide.
In that, while sinners yet were we, Christ died from death to set us free.
As sons our duty then we know: That love in all our lives to show.
In godly living, holy, pure; Thus, patient to the end endure.

CHORUS.

Beloved, sons of God are we; Members of Heaven's Royalty;

Ambassadors of Christ our Lord; This is our Father's gracious word.

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1. Break-eth upon us the evil day, Thousands are falling on every hand, God and His word are a-

Satan, now fill the air; Short is their season, the lone our stay, Trusting His strength, we may safely stand.

bright'ning day, Plunges the demons in dark despair. ev'ry heart, Stand we unfearing, in Christ complete.

Lord is nigh, Blest with His truth, we are strong and bold.

2. Teach-ings of in-fidels, doubt, dis-may, Doc-trines of harass-ing wear-y feet; Clad in His strength shield-ing fanned to refine the gold; Face them triumphant, your

3. Death and dis-tress-es, with fier-y darts, Wound-ing and

4. Tem-pest and tor-ment may test and try, Fires may be

Chorus.

Quit you like men, Be strong, Facing the foe and the fray; and the fray;

Knowing your Lord ere long, Bringeth the blessing day.
The Good Shepherd.

Mrs. E. C. HENNINGES.

E. C. HENNINGES.

1. Good Shepherd, lead me in the way Thou know-est best, For Thou hast born the burden of the day; Thou know-est where the tender hungered, and been satisfied; Thou know-est where the tend-er hun-gered, and been sat-is-fied; Thou know-est when strong meat mine is Thy son-ship Thy de-light; Thou know-est the love the voice of草 is sweet, Thou know-est where the shade the tree-tops meet, arm should serve, Thou know-est when af-flic-tions Thy son-ship Thy de-light; Thou know-est the love the voice of

2. Kind Steward, feed me on the bread thou know-est well, For Thou hast borne the burden of the day; Thou know-est where the ten-der hun-gered, and been satis-fied; Thou know-est when strong meat mine is Thy son-ship Thy de-light; Thou know-est the love the voice of

3. Dear Mas-ter, call me by the name Thou gav-est me, For dai-ly And ev-ry se-cret, cool and safe re-treat; O lead me where un-And all my needs a-bun-dant-ly to serve. O tempt me with the And draw the soul till it to Thine as-pires. O teach me how to fail-ing wa-ters play, And at Thy feet con-ten-ted let me rest. fruits in Ca-naan spied, And near Thy store-house ev-er let me dwell. read Thy will a-right, And in Thy love a-bide e-ter-nal-ly.

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The Good Shepherd.

CHORUS.

Good Shepherd, lead me! Kind Shepherd, feed me! O, call me
by the name thou lovest best! Nor let a stranger
lure me to danger, But at Thy feet in safety let me rest.

I37 Precious Saviour, Heavenly King.

H. O. H.  L. M. GOTTSCALK.

1. Precious Saviour, Heavenly King, We Thy praises gladly sing!
2. Thou didst leave Thy heavenly home, As a servant Thou didst come,
3. Thou has bought us with Thy blood, Reconciled the world to God;
4. Thou hast been exalted now, At Thy name all knees shall bow;

Laud Thy name with heart and voice—In Thy greatness we rejoice!
Came a lost race to redeem, Even Thy life didst not esteem.
We are Thine—Do Thou us keep In Thy love so wide and deep.
Endless life Thy blessing brings, Lord of lords and King of kings!
1. I will never leave you, I will not forsake; When your trials grieve you, I'll your burdens take.

2. Is your faint heart fearful? For what men may do? Are your sad eyes for what men may do? Do you mourn and languish as your trials grieve you? I'll your burdens take.

3. Child, you have my promise—Will you not trust me? Will you still, like Thomas, always doubting be? I am Jesus Christ, now, same as prove you faithful unto me. No! I'll never leave you, No! I'll never leave you, No!

4. Know you not I love you everlastingly, And I want to be content, Seek not gain nor love it—With Thy heart's consent. foes oppress, Heedless of your anguish, Holding back redress? yester-day, Faithful to my love vow, You are mine for aye. not forsake, When your trials grieve you I'll your burdens take.

CHORUS.

I will never leave you, I will not forsake;

Let not trials grieve you, I'll your burdens take.
A Shelter in the Time of Storm!

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide; A shelter in the time of storm!
2. A shade by day, defence by night, A shelter in the time of storm!
3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm!
4. O Rock divine, O refuge dear, A shelter in the time of storm!

Chorus:
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land! A weary land! a weary land! Oh, Jesus is a

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1. There's a peace, sur-pass-ing sweet, To the troub-led soul made meet, As the
dew of ev'ning to the parch-ed fields, So when day has tried us sore,
And the night dims all be-fore, Gracious peace the balm of healing yields.

2. There's a light whose ra-di-ant beams Dull the splendor of our dreams, As the
ris- ing sun the glow-ing stars o'er-shades; So, with rush or can- dle dim,
When we seek to fol-low Him, Dawns the light of life that nev-er fades.

3. There's a love whose might-y pow'r Keeps the soul in per-il's hour, As a
moth-er's arms se-cure her tim-id child; So when we, in time of need,
Help and strength and succor plead, Love enfold-s and keeps us un-de-filed.

Chorus.

Would you have......... this peace for-ev- er? ............... Rest in
Would you have light love yes, for-ev- er.

Je-sus Christ, the Giv-er,............. He will bless you,.............
Rest in Je-sus Christ, the Giv-er, Christ the Giv-er, He will bless you

Copyright, 1908, by M. L. McPhail.
1. "Lamb of God," my dearest friend, "Now on me Thy blessing send;"
2. "Lamb of God," be Thou my guide, Ever keep me by Thy side,
3. Teach me how my cross to bear, Lift from me all worldly care,
4. May sweet hope like morning star, Be my beacon from afar;
5. When at last I'm spirit born, Then with righteousness adorn,

Never leave me all alone, Till I reach my heav'nly home,
Let Thy will my steps control, Fill with love my weary soul,
May my soul with faith abound, Ever full of joy be found,
Make my earthly pathway bright, Till my soul be filled with light,
All my being clothed in white, I'll be pure in Jesus' sight,

"Lamb of God my Saviour dear," All is peace whilst Thou art near.
"Lamb of God my Saviour dear," All is joy whilst Thou art near.
"Lamb of God my Saviour dear," All is well whilst Thou art near.
"Lamb of God my Saviour dear," All is safe whilst Thou art near.
"Lamb of God my Saviour dear," I'm at rest whilst Thou art near.

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The Shade of the Cross.

1. My heart in youth and joy was glad-ly sing-ing, My life from pain and toil and care was free; My voice at-tuned to sweet-est Je-sus in this nar-row way, My heart no long-er lists to fought the glo-rious fight of faith, And all the cords of earth and chime-bells ring-ing, When the shad-ow of the cross passed o-ver me; its con-fu-sions, But hear-kens to the Mas-ter day by day; sin are rend-ed, I'll rise a hap-py vic-tor o-ver death;

2. The world I've left and all of its il-lu-sions, To fol-low Fair flow-ers flung to me their rar-est fra-grance, The birds joined My skies are oft-en o-ver-cast and low-r-ing, My path is Up-on the throne I'll see my Sav-ior sit-ting, And if He in the soft-est ser-e- na-de; Dear eyes of love looked in-to strewn with thorns instead of flow'rs, But o-ver ob-sta-cles my knows I've suffered with Him here, He'll give to me a robe and
The Shade of the Cross.

mine with fond glance, When the cross upon my pathway cast a shade,
faith stands tow’ring, My Lord has promised strength for darkest hours.
crown be - fit-ting The saints who in the throne then shall ap-pear.

Chorus.

In the shade of the cross, Lord, with Thee. To the
dear Lord, with Thee,
I have pledged my al-le-giance to Thee, Ever dear Lord, to Thee.

end of my jour - ney I’ll be, For Thy
precious
dear Lord with Thee,
loy - al and lov-ing I’ll be; lov - ing I’ll be;

voice I have heard And thy coun-sel-ling word Saying “Come my child come
Sav - iour and Guide, keep me close by Thy side, In the

un-to me,” shade of the cross, Lord, with Thee. 

dear Lord, with Thee.
What A Saviour!

1. When our days of toil are over, and our Lord takes full control, He'll be-

2. Such rejoicing of the nations as was never seen before, When the-

3. When the "ear-ly and the lat-ter rain" shall cheer Ju-de-a's hills, And in-

4. When the mountains shall be leveled, and the val-leys fill'd shall be, And the-

5. Then the li-on and the lamb shall play, led by a lit-tle child, In God's-

6. When from out the throne of God on high, a riv-er crys-tal pure Shall pro-

7. Pa-tient toil-ing here we ling-er, but our trust is in the Lord, Who will-

stow reward up-on each faithful one; And will take us home to dwell with-

fet-ters of op-pres-sion shattered lie; And with Sa-tan bound se-cure-ly,

Ed-en beauty all shall bloom once more; As we view the glorious prospect-

stones shall all be gathered from the way; Then the "ransomed of the Lord"His-

Ho-ly Mountain none shall ev-er harm; When all strong and fierce and cruel-

ceed to bless the nations with its flow; And the "trees of life"shall yield their-

per-fect all the work He has be-gun; If we all remain quite faith-ful-

Him while endless a-ges roll, And will cheer us with the blessed words "Well done," that he may deceive no more, What hosannas from the earth will rend the sky! how our soul with rapture fills, While we sing Je-hov-ah's praises o'er and o'er.

lov-ing kindness all shall see, Walking ev-er in the light of end-less day.

things becometh meek and mild, There is nothing then God's children can a-larm.

fruits, the ills of earth to cure, And the love of the Re-deem-er all shall know.

to the precepts of His word, And will fol-low in the footsteps of His Son.

CHORUS.

What A Saviour.

What a glorious Saviour we shall know!

Saviour! glorious Saviour! When He cometh with the crown upon His brow.

I44 Are You Burdened and Distressed?

H. O. H.  PLETSEL.

1. Are you burdened and distressed? Are you sadly seeking rest?
2. Have your fondest hopes all failed? In affright your spirit quailed?
3. Are you buffet ed, betrayed? Does the world accuse, upbraid—
4. One who knew this bitterness, Ready is to soothe and bless;

Are you struggling on alone? Is your courage almost gone?
In despair your heart cried out, All your faith bedimmed by doubt?
While the keenest sorrow rends—Wounds received in home of friends?
All your sorrows Jesus knows, He will lead you to repose.
1. Thro' the a-ges past the shadowys have ob-scured the com-ing light,
   And the works of darkness prospered, backed by Sa-tan's cunning might;

2. Long with pa-tience has He wait-ed, long in-sult-ed has He been,
   By the war-ring pow'rs of dark-ness, by such long con-tin-u-ed sin;

3. Na-tions ruled with rod of i-ron, stones shall all be gath-ered out;
   From the high-way that the Lord pre-pares, all foes be put to rout,

4. Thus the light shall keep in-creas-ing, till the sun shall shine in might;
   For we have the word of prom-ise "In the ev-ning shall be light;"

   But the time is swift ap-proach-ing when the Lord as-cents His throne,
   But our Lord shall take His pow-er soon with heav-en's loud ac-claim,

   He but waits the lit-tle sea-son till His saints are gathered home.
   And up-on the throne of glo-ry, we'll be-hold the Lamb once slain.

   Soon the shadowys of the night shall clear a-way,
   No de-stroy-ing harm shall en-ter, naught of sin there shall be-tide,

   And thro' the a-ges rich with grace" the ransomed ones a-bide.
   All the wrongs of earth then right-ed, and all tears be wiped a-way;

   Oh, then praise the Lord for-ev-er, for this glo-rious, hap-py day.

   Oh, then praise the Lord for-ev-er, for this glo-rious, hap-py day.

Chorus.

   Soon the shadowys of the night shall clear a-way, ............
   shall clear a-way,

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When Our Lord With His Saints.

Then the sun shall shine with bright and cheer-ing ray.

And the ransomed shall re-joice in end-less day,

When the saints in glo-ry with their Lord ap-pear.

146  After All That I Have Done.

W. Weber.

1. Af-ter all that I have done, Sav-ior, art Thou pac-i-fied?
2. Let me sit low at Thy feet, Full of deep hu-mil-i-ty;
3. Gra-cious-ly con-firm Thy word, Let me trust Thee more and more;
4. Keep the fee-ble, trem-bling heart Till Thy Spir-it rules with-in,

Hast Thou my sal-va-tion won That I may with Thee a-bide?
Thou art ho-ly— I not meet In Thy love to dwell with Thee.
Nev-er grieve Thee, pre-cious Lord—Al-ways wor-ship and a-dore.
Till my all in all Thou art, Till I'm cleansed from ev-ry sin.
Joy Cometh in the Morning!

1. Joy com-eth in the morn-ing! When the night is past, And the
the
the

2. Joy com-eth in the morn-ing! Hail the ris-ing Son! Glor-i-ous
the

3. Joy com-eth in the mron-ing! When the mountains ring With the
the

watchers on the hill-tops Hail the dawn at last. Earth's wea-ry night is
in

His youth and beau-ty, Strong His race to run— All mists and shades dis-
ech-o of His foot-steps, Who is Lord and King. Rise, Zi-on, from thy

pass-ing, And the day draws near, When the bless-ed King of Glo-ry
pers-ing, Ev-ry soul to bless, With the rich-es of His mer-cy,
weep-ing, Haste thee to His side. Joy com-eth! for the bride-groom

CHORUS.

Shall with grace ap-pear.
Truth and right-ous-ness. Joy! Joy cometh in the morning! Zi-on shout and
Shall with thee a-bide.

sing, Hail! hail the bless-ed King of Glo-ry! Hail thy Bridegroom King!
Faith, Hope and Love.

H. O. Henderson.

1. Faith will drive the doubtings out of mortal mind, Till despair shall
   nev - er wor - ry, crush nor blind, Su - fer - ing and griev-ing it will
   soon sup - plant, It will make you sweet and true and ra - di - ant.

2. Hope will bring the brightness back to tear-dimm'd eyes, Dis - si - pate all
   suf - fer - ing and griev-ing it will
   clouds a - way; Naught but light can lin - ger where love's pow'r holds away.

3. Love will bring the sun-shine in - to ev - 'ry heart, Bid all grief and
   nev - er wor - ry, crush nor blind, Su - fer - ing and griev-ing it will
   light thy love and hope in - crease! .. Bring endless joy and per - fect peace!

Chorus.

O heart of mine .. . . Let faith di - vine .. . . Flow in till floods of
O heart of mine

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1. Although the fig-tree shall not bloom, Nor fruit be in the vine,
2. And tho' the flock all be cut off No herd be in the stall,
3. Tho' stars shall fall, and sun be dim; Tho' moon be turned to blood,
4. Tho' famine, earth-quake, pesti-lence, In divers places roam,
5. Yea, Lord, we know that Thou dost care Tho' all be low for sake,

And all life's joys be lost in gloom Yet, Lord, we still are Thine!
Tho' world, or even church all scoff Thou, Lord, art all in all!
We know we are the care of Him In whom all saints have stood.
Tho' friends that should afford de-fence Betray us in their home;
Thou wilt not let us lose a hair Or bear, unknown, an ache.

And tho' the olive yield shall fail, The fields refuse their meat,
In Thee, our Rock, we will re-joice Thou makest sure our feet,
Tho' roar the sea—tho' bil-lows rage, And men's hearts fail for fear,
Tho' par-ents, kins-folk, all should hate Because we love Thy name,
So tho' Thou shouldst see fit to slay Still we will trust in Thee;

Our anchor holds within the vail Hard by the mercy-seat.
In broken paths we'll hear Thy voice Giving us counsel meet.
He who once bade the storm as-suage On Gal-i-lee, is near!
We know, if pa-tient-ly we wait Joy cometh after shame.
For Thou wilt bring us all the way To im-mor-tal-i-ty.
1. Forever and forever Thy throne shall be, O God,
2. Thy garments all are fragrant With aloes, cassia, myrrh,
3. At Thy right hand the queen stands, in beauty's perfect mold,
4. For all Thy soul's deep travail Thou shalt be satisfied,

With equity Thy sceptre And love Thy ruling rod.
And from grand gold-on harp-strings Sweet harmonies concur;
Her raiment richly broid-ered In Ophir's wondrous gold;
More glad than Thy companions—Not one desire denied!

Because Thou hatest evil And loved the righteous way,
To soothe and charm and glad-den, While daughters of the King
With gladness and rejoicing Her happiest virgins come
The rich entreat Thy favour While Tyre brings a gift.

Thy God with oil of gladness Anointed Thee for eye.
Nobility and beauty Into Thy palace bring.
To join their queen all glorious Within her heavenly home.
The queen Thy loving help-meat The whole world to uplift.
1. Are you watching for the presence Of the Reaper of the field?
2. Art thou faint with weary vigil, Looking for your coming Lord?
3. Sad, indeed, it seems, my brother, Viewed alone from earthly height;
4. Think thou not God's arm is shortened, When upon that height you stand;
5. Know His presence then, my pilgrim; "In like manner," hath He come;

Knowest thou what signs proclaim Him, To the world yet un-revealed?
Hast thine eyes grown dim with weeping, Sick at heart with hope deferred?
For we fail to see the sunshine, That dispersed present night.
For His purposes are rip'ning, And His own shall rule the land.
Reapers now the sickle wielding, Soon shall sing the "Harvest Home."

Do you gaze with straining vision For the dawning of the day?
Sore discouraged at the prospect Of the field so full of tares;
Climb the peak, thou weary pilgrim, Of our God's eternal truth,
Tho' the night precedes the morning, Yet at last shall rise the Sun;
Tares are burning, wheat is garn'ring, Soon shall all be gathered in;

Canst thou hear the legions tramp'ing On Emanuel's highway?
While the Prince of Evil worketh, To surround the church with snares?
And from thence survey the landscape; Then shalt thou re-new thy youth.
And the shadows quickly vanished, Shall proclaim the morning come.
Greet, ye saints, the Lord of harvest, Who shall triumph over sin.
1. O, set thy love on things above, And fix firm thine affection!
2. O, set thy love on things above! Do not re-pine or sorrow;
3. O, set thy love on things above, Nor fret for earthly pleasures,
4. O, set thy love on things above!—They'll satisfy completely;

Do not stray or turn away From God's love and protection;
On faithful friend do not depend, And do not trouble borrow,
They but deceive and deeply grieve, So covet heavenly treasures.
From flattery and vanity Turn thou away discreetly.

What-e'er betide, O, still abide With in His Tabernacle,
Trust in the Lord and in His word, And Thou shalt find contentment,
The wealth and worth of this old earth But for a day can please us,
The Heavenly Spouse will safely house Thy soul from every sorrow,

The holy place, where with His grace, Sin's chains can never shackle.
For give thy foe nor wish him woe, No room have for resentment.
'Tis only loss, 'tis only dross; O, give thy heart to Jesus!
And as today and yesterday, He'll faithful be tomorrow.

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153 The Trumpet Call is Sounding.

KATE ULMER.

M. L. McPhail.

1. The trumpet call is sounding, O, hasten to the fray, A-
against the pow'rs of evil, Gird on your sword to-day. Lift
2. Though Satan's hosts seek refuge, Behind sin's mighty wall, The
shout of faith resounding shall cause it low to fall. It
3. Then when our Captain bids us, Lay sword and armor down; Each
true and faithful soldier shall wear the heav'nly crown. For

I. E'er your songs of triumph, And count the battle won; For faith may claim the
is Jehovah's promise, That promise we may claim; And all the way prove
II. Conquest, Ere yet the fight's begun.
III. Victors Thro' our Redeemer's name, Fear not the host of evil, The
us, With Him in pow'r to reign.

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Be a Joyful Witness

KATE ULMER

M. L. McPhail

1. Pass a-long with a song, If you to the Lord be-long, Have no fear,
2. All the way, night and day, He will be your strength and stay, Do His will,
3. On-ward go, fear no foe, He the way will ev-er show, Ev-ry-where

He is near, Tho' the path looks drear; Sad or down-cast nev-er be, trust Him still, Seem it good or ill,
Be the pathway bright or dim, wit-ness bear, To His ten-der care; Then when you be-hold His face,

Let your brow from care be free, Keep your light clear and bright, Nev-er lose your faith in Him, Look a-bova till His love
Saved and glo-ri-fied by grace, End-less praise you shall raise

CHORUS.

Shine that all may see.
Brightens shad-ows grim. Be a joy-ful wit-ness true, Show-ing
In yon bless-ed place.

what His grace can do, Live and sing for your King, Till His face you view.

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Oh, for a Thousand Tongues!

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Psalm 9:10.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise,
2. Jesus! the name that soothes our fears, That bids our sorrows cease:
3. He breaks the power of reigning sin, And sets the prisoner free.

praise, My great Redeemer's praise, The glories of my cease, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the free, And sets the prisoner free; His blood can make the

God and King. The triumphs of His grace, The sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace; 'Tis foul-est clean, His blood a-vail'd for me, His

The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His 'Tis life, and health, and peace; 'Tis His blood a-vail'd for me, His blood a-vail'd for

triumphs of His grace The triumphs of His life, and health, and peace; 'Tis life, and health, and peace. blood a-vail'd for me, His blood a-vail'd for me.

grace, The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His grace! peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace. me, His blood a-vail'd for me, His Blood a-vail'd for me.
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. Pebronek.

Welsh Tune "Diadem."

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

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
   Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
   And crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Lord of all.

3. Ye saints whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall,
   The wormwood and the gall, Go spread your trophies at His feet,
   Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

4. Let every kin - dred, ev 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
   On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty ascribe,
   crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.
1. The trumpet of the jubilee is sounding far and near,
   My ears can catch the echoes as they roll; With rapture do I
   listen to its tidings sweet and clear: For it gives me such
   re-joicing in my soul.

2. I see the coming glory as it lights the eastern arch,
   Heavn's music in my ears doth sweetly ring; The hosts of King Im-
   pres-ence of the King. Shout aloud in songs of glad-ness, Shout a-
   soon shall have its birth.

3. Dark shadows now are creeping from the presence of the light,
   No more to cast their gloom upon the earth; My soul in praise up-
   jubilee doth ring.

4. I'll banish fear and sorrow, and my faith shall stand secure,
   I'm living now in presence of the King; I know there's none can
   jubilee doth ring.

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It Gives Me Such Rejoicing in My Soul.

loud in songs of glad-ness, Clear a-way ye clouds of sad-ness;

For it gives me such re-joic-ing in my soul. in my soul.

158  My Father, as Thou Wilt.

CARL M. von WEBER, arr. H.

1. My Fa-ther, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In-to Thy hand of love
2. My Fa-ther, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Fa-ther, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene

I would my all re-sign; Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy, Con duct me
Grow dim or dis-appear; Je-sus on earth didst weep, And sor-row
I glad-ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a-bove I trav-el

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
oft a-lone; Since I would fol-low Him, My Lord, Thy will be done!
calm-ly on, And sing in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!
Grace Sufficient.

Mrs. E. C. Henninges.

E. C. Henninges.

1. Grace suf-fi-cient is the prom-ise, Much or lit-tle, as Thy need;
2. Grace suf-fi-cient! Can we doubt Him, Must we still His good-ness prove?
3. Grace suf-fi-cient in the store-house, And the Mas-ter holds the key!

Draw there-from thy dai-ly por- tion, On the heav'n-ly man-na feed-
Give thy tithes in-to His keep-ing, He will win thee with His love.
Come, with pray'r of faith be-liev-ing, He will o-pen wide to thee.

Joy to fill each pass-ing mo-men-t, Peace to glad-den ev'-ry hour,
Ev'er shall His pres-ence cheer thee, Light and truth thy path-way sow;
None can ask be-yond His giv-ing, All His mer-cy may com-mand;

Strength to bear the press-ing bur-den, Rest-ing in God's might-y pow'r.
Hope shall quick-en ev'-ry foot-step, Thou art known: so shalt thou know.
"Heaped, pressed down, and run-ning o-ver," Is the meas-ure of His hand.

CHORUS.

Grace suf-fi-cient! grace suf-fi-cient! Nev-er can His prom-ise fail:

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Grace Sufficient.

Ever for His trusting children, Shall the pray'r of faith avail.

160 Let No Anxious Care Disturb Thee.

A. J. Morris.

Arr. M. L. McPhail.

1. In this world of strife and sorrow, When fierce storms assail the soul;
2. Take no thought for food and raiment, For this promise is for you;
3. Fowls of air receive His bounty, And the lily, clothed so fair,
4. While this promise waits our claiming, We will banish anxious care:

Take no thought then for the morrow; God will guide, and Thee control.
If with faith thou'lt lean upon Him, What is best for Thee He'll do.
Is an earnest of His promise, That He'll for His children care.
For our Father know-eth surely, Ere we can our wants declare.

Refrain.

Let no anxious care disturb thee, For Thy Father know-eth best;

What thou need-est, He'll provide thee, Enter thou into thy rest.

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Strength for Today.

1. Strength for to-day, Fa-ther, strength for to-day, Strength to be ho-ly, to
walk in Thy way, Strength for the keep-ing my robes un-de-filed,
esternest in pray'r; Pa-tient in well-do-ing, faith-ful in heart,
Fa-ther-ly care; Trust-ing, al-though I may not un-der-stand,
way from Thy side; In life or death be Thou with me al-way;

2. Strength in temp-ta-tion to turn from the snare, Strength to be constant and
Strength to be hum-ble, as seem-eth Thy child.
Nev-er, O Lord, from Thy truth to de-part. Strength to shun e-vil, to
Know-ing that Thou all my go-ings hast plan-ned.

3. Strength for the cross-es Thou giv'st me to bear, Rest-ing my heart on Thy
cleave to the right, Strength that my rushlight burn clearly and bright! Strength that I
bring no reproach on Thy name, "Look-ing to Je-sus," Thy prom-ise I claim.

4. Still be Thou near me, what-ev-er be-tide, Let me not wan-der a-
CHORUS.
Strength for to-day, Fa-ther, strength for to-day.

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1. Blessed Saviour, we adore Thee, For the love so freely given.
2. Precious ornament of glory, Thou didst leave Thy home above,
3. Thou hast promised that Thine honors Thou wilt with Thy brethren share,
4. Ever following Thy footsteps, We would keep the narrow way;

Day and night our hearts would praise Thee, For such blessed boon from heav'n.
That we all might know the story Of Jehovah's quenchless love.
Keep us faithful, dear Redeemer, That we may meet with Thee there.
May we keep our eyes upon Thee, That we never go astray.

We adore Thee, we adore Thee, That Thou hast our ransom given,
Oh, we praise Thee, oh, we praise Thee, That Thou didst His love thus prove,
We with gladness, we with gladness, Would Thy love to men declare,
Blessed Master, blessed Master, Lead us gently day by day,

We adore Thee, We adore Thee, That Thou hast our ransom given.
Oh, we praise Thee, oh, we praise Thee, That Thou didst His love thus prove.
We with gladness, we with gladness, Would Thy love to men declare.
Blessed Master, blessed Master, Lead us gently day by day.
The Crowning Day.

"The marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready."—Rev. 19:6-9.

G. M. BILLS.

1. When the crowning day shall come, "Hallelujah!" And the angel
   of the harvest shall bring All His jewels that are sealed in their foreheads,
   smile with rapture shall thrill All the holy ones who stand with the Bridegroom
   judgment scepter shall take, All earth's tyrants and their schemes of oppression,
   hope that filleth my soul; It is now my daily aim and ambition
   To the grand eternal home of the King; Oh, what radiance will
   On the heights of Zion's glorious hill; Then the eyes that see the
   As a cursed potter's vessel to break; Then the slaves of error,
   To be pure and free from worldly control: Well assured of an e-
   light every feature, That was once with thorns of suffering scarred;
   King in His beauty, Never more a tear of sorrow shall shed;
   freed from their blindness, Shall with gladness leave their bondage and strife,
   eternal salvation, If the path of consecration I tread,
   And what majesty shall crown the New Creation, When the everlasting
   While the feet that trod the thorn-path of duty, Shall the heights of immor-
   And be welcomed by the Spirit of Kindness, To the ever-flowing
   I am looking for my blest recreation, In the likeness of my

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The Crowning Day.

CHÖRUS.

II

When the crowning day shall come, "Hal-le-lu-jah!"

Evening Prayer.

1. Fa-ther, now the day is o-ver,-Wea-ry, worn, my-self I bring;
2. Par-don all the day's transgressing,Cleanse from ev-'ry stain of sin;
3. Wipe a-way my tears of sor-row,Take me to Thy lov-ing breast,

My de-fense-less head, oh, cov-er "With the sha-dow of Thy wing."
Lord, I come, my need con-fess-ing, "Make and keep me pure with-in."
Make me strong-er for the mor-row, Give me peace and ho-ly rest.

And the saints of God are gathered a-bove, Will we join the shining ranks
Last Cho.—We shall join the shining ranks above, gathered above,

of the faith-ful Shall we wear the blessed seal of His love?
of the faith-ful, We shall wear the blessed seal of His love.

faithful, of the faithful, love, of His love.
I'm Running for the Prize Divine.


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I'm Running for the Prize Divine.

Earth and its honors I resign To gain this great reward.

Oh, I Am So Happy.

1. Oh, I am so happy all the day, My burdens have all rolled away;
2. Oh, I am so happy all the time, Hope's bells of joy so sweetly chime;
3. Oh, I am so happy in the Lord, He is my shield and my reward;

I cast all my care on Christ, my Lord, And I'm trusting in His precious word. And goodness and mercy shall attend All my journey to its blissful end. No valley of shadow will I fear While my Comforter and Guide is near.

Refrain.

I know I am His and He is mine, My all to His care I now resign;

No foe can my peaceful spirit harm While I lean on my Beloved's arm.

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1. 'Tis sweet in the presence of Jesus to dwell, Though troubles and

2. Abundant-ly furnished with grace for our needs, When Satan at-

3. To work for our Lord is a privilege rare, Each moment of

4. O glorious prospect—if faithful till death—Of bliss that no

In this there is fullness of joy! Fullness of joy! yes, fullness of joy!

Serving our Master with hearts full of joy! Soon we will finish our

work here below, With fullness of joy unto Him we shall go!
1. In the dusk of the sorrowful hours, The time of our trouble and tears,
   And therefore He knows to the utmost, The pangs that a mortal can bear;
   How sudden so e'er the disaster, Or heavy the hand that may smite;
   From Him, in the night of His trial, Both heaven and earth fled away;

2. With frost at the heart of the flowers, And blight on the bloom of the years.
   No mortal has pain that the Master refuses to heal or to share.
   We're yet in the grace of the Master, We never are out of His sight.
   His boldest had only denial, His dearest had only dismay.

3. Like the mother voice tenderly hushing, The sound of the sob and the moan;
   And the cries that ascend to the Loving, Who bruised Him for us to a tone;
   Though the winnowing winds of temptation may forth from all quarters be blown;
   With a cloud over the face of the Father, He entered the anguish unknown;

4. We hear, when the anguish is crushing, "He trod the winepress alone."
   Are hushed at the gentle reproving, "He trod the winepress alone."
   We're sure of the coming salvation, The Lord will remember His own.
   But we, tho' our sorrows may gather, Shall never endure them alone.

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169 Teach Us Submission, Lord.
A. J. M.

1. Teach us submission, Lord, That we Thy will may do;
2. So guide each faltering step, Along the narrow way;
3. Teach us the pow'r of prayer, May it an incense rise;
4. Our wills we now submit, Entirely, Lord, to Thee.

Up-hold, sustain and comfort Thou, And bring us safely thro'.
And keep our minds on Thee intent, That we may never stray.
And may it a sweet savour be, Ascending to the skies.
Thy children keep from Satan's wiles, Thy glory soon to see.

Well Done.
K. U.

1. When work on earth for me shall cease, And I am called to realms of peace,
2. O, may the joy supreme be mine, When I behold His face divine;
3. His holy will I fain would do, In faithful service glad and true;
4. Even as He did His Father's will, His plan for me would I fulfill;
5. Then when I view life's lastest sun, When earth is past, and heav'n is won;

O, may I hear my Saviour say, "Well done," to me in that blest day.
To hear my Saviour's sweet voice say, "Well done," to me in that blest day.
His name alone would glorify Thus ever feel His presence nigh.
Would go wher'er He sendeth me, And on ly what He chooseth be.
Thro' years eternal over there, I in my Saviour's joy shall share.
171  The Lord My Shepherd Is.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

J. S. BACH.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied,
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pasture grows,
3. If e'er I go astray, He doth my soul reclaim,
4. While He affords His aid I cannot yield to fear,
5. Among surrounding foes Thou dost my table spread;
6. The bounties of Thy love Shall crown my following days,

Since He is mine and I am His, What can I want beside?
Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.
And guides me in His own right way, For His most holy name.
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there.
My cup with blessings overflow, And joy exalts my head.
Nor from Thy house will I remove, Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

172 Thy Plan Reveals Thy Love, O Lord.

VIRGINIA NOBLE.

LOUIS SPÖHR.

1. Thy plan reveals Thy love, O Lord, Thy wisdom, justice, power;
2. The bright Millennial Day is near When all the world shall see
3. In that day all shall know Thee, Lord, The earth will be restor'd,
4. I want to live a life of praise, O, teach me, Lord, the way.

The light upon Thy sacred word Grows brighter every hour.
The glories of Thy wondrous works And turn their hearts to Thee.
And all that dwell in heav'n or earth Will serve with one accord.
That I may serve Thee faithfully And dwell with Thee alway.
The Radiant Dawn.

1. The radiant dawn of gospel light, The prophet saw in vision bright,
   2. The blind their eyes shall open wide; To drink the light's ever-flowing tide,
   3. And there shall be a holy way, In which the simple shall not stray,
   And hailed th' auspicious day, When Christ would all His grace disclose
   The deaf sweet music hear; The lame like bounding hart shall leap;
   The path so plain and bright; Way-faring men there-in shall walk,
   And cure the world of all its woes, By truth's triumphant sway.
   The dumb no longer silence keep, But shout Redemption near.
   And of their home and kindred talk, With rapture and delight.

Eternal God.

1. Eternal God, Thou light divine, Fountain of unexhausted love,
2. Thou art the weary wanderer's rest, Give me the easy yoke to bear;
3. Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh! So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
4. Speak to my war-ring passions, "Peace!" Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Eternal God.

Oh, let Thy glories on me shine, In earth beneath, from heav'n a-bove.
With steadfast patience arm my breast, With spotless love and low-ly fear.
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly, As clouds be-fore the mid-day sun.
Thy pow'r my strength and fortress is, For all things serve Thy ho-ly will.

Uplift Thine Eyes.

1. Oh, church of God, up-lift thine eyes, Thy tears of sor-row dry;
   He who has loved thee long shall soon The balm of joy ap-ply.
2. The marriage feast shall soon be spread, Soon shalt thou share His place;
   Thy sor-rows all shall flee, when thou Shalt see Him face to face.
3. And thou with Him shall reign full long, All sin to o-ver-throw;
   Per-fec-tion bring-ing to the race, So lost in sin and woe.

Chaste vir-gin, clad in robes of white, O-bey-ing His com-mand.
Long has He wait-ed for His bride, His arms out-stretched in love.
Then meet thy Lord with smil-ing face, And ban-ish ev-'ry fear;

Soon shall thy Lord His treasure seek, He soon shall claim thy hand.
While He thy man-sion hath prepared, In that bright home a-bove.
For thou ought naught but joy to feel, Since now thy King is here.
1. Press on, press on! ye sons of light, Un-tiring in your holy fight,
2. Press on, press on! thro' toil and woe, With calm resolve, to triumph go,
3. Press on, press on! still look in faith To Him who vanquished sin and death

Still treading each temptation down, And battling for a heav'n-ly crown.
And make each dark and threatening ill Yield but a high-er glo-ry still.
Then shall ye hear God's word, "Well done!" True to the last, press on, press on!

177 Blessed are They Who Sigh and Mourn.

H. O. H.  Matt. 6: 8-12.  W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Bless-ed are they who sigh and mourn For they shall soon be com-fort-ed,
2. Bless-ed are they whose hearts are meek, In-her-itance of earth is theirs;
3. Bless they who thirst for righteousness, For ev-ry want shall be supplied;
4. Bless-ed are all the mer-ci-ful, For mer-cy they shall all ob-tain;
5. Blessed are they who make for peace, For they God's children shall be called;
6. When from base men in en-vy clad, Re-vil-ings rude to you are given,

Tho' now they are distressed, forlorn—They shall be cheer'd and loved and led.
Al-tho' their flesh is frail and weak, Je-hov-ah hearkens to their prayers.
Bless-ed are they in spir-it poor, With heaven they shall be sat-is-fied.
Bless-ed are they whose hearts are pure, The sight of God they soon shall gain.
Their joy shall con-stant-ly in-crease, By strife their lives shall not be galled.
Re-joice and be ex-ced-ing glad, For great is your re-ward in heaven.
178  Thy Precepts, Lord, Are My Delight.

1. Thy precepts, Lord, are my delight, And to my taste most sweet;
2. Show us Thy truth from day to day, Thy wondrous things make plain;
3. Snares for our feet the foe hath laid, But to Thy words we flee;
4. Thy precepts are my hiding place, A refuge safe and sure;

My strength by day, my song by night; My every need they meet.
Then Thy commands we will obey; And from all sins refrain.
They bid our hearts be not afraid, Only to trust in Thee.
Fresh with the dew of heavenly grace, Thy word is very pure.

179  Jehovah Reigns.

1. Jehovah reigns in majesty Without beginning or an end;
2. Love, His most royal attribute, Stands there supreme above them all;
3. The heavenly choirs now chant His praise, And with sweet joy that praise prolong;
4. Day unto day reveals His love, Night unto night His mercy shows;
5. His gracious Son we love as well, To whom all power He has given;

No other gods compared can be, Such royal grace who dare offend?
While claims of justice none dispute, 'Tis love that saves man from the fall.
And soon the choirs of earth shall raise, Their voices in redemption's song.
And as each age His wonders prove, His people's adoration grows.
With Him at last we hope to dwell, In that blest home prepared in heav'n.
180

Jesus Our All.

1. Jesus, Saviour, precious name, To Thy saints so dear;
2. Earth's surroundings can not please, Those whose love is Thine;
3. Clothed in Thine own righteousness, Seek we Thy dear face;
4. As the age draws to its close, Bright Thy glories shine;

Grant us each a perfect heart, While we linger here.
Naught but heav'n such hearts can cheer, Filled with things divine.
Watch and guard our every step, As we run the race.
Keep us safe from all our foes, Make us truly Thine.

181

What is There Here?

1. What is there here? Why should we stay While pining for our home?
2. We will all human rights resign And His protection claim,
3. O What a blessed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
4. We feel the resurrection near, Our life in Christ concealed,
5. O would He more of heav'n bestow, And let the vessel break,
6. In rapturous awe on Him to gaze, His bride beloved to be,

When our Beloved calls a way—Our Bridegroom bids us come?
And solemnize in love divine Our marriage with the Lamb.
We more than taste the heav'ly pow'r, And anticipate that day.
And with His glorious presence here, Our earth'en vessels filled.
And let our ransom'd spirits go To find the love we seek!
And worship Him and sing His praise Thro' all eternity.
1 Have Courage.

A. J. M.

1. Shall I redeem by Jesus' blood, Refuse His cross to share;
2. Clothed in the armor He provides, And trusting in my Lord;
3. En-tangled not in things of earth, I'll fight the fight of faith;
4. I'll follow Him who went before, Who bore the cross for me;
5. With Him at last to dwell in peace, His goodness to adore;

Or shrink to cross the swelling flood, That I may meet Him there?
I'll meet all foes, what-e'er betide, Encouraged by His word.
Tho' of earth's joys there be a dearth, I'll faith-ful be till death.
E'er bat-tling in this glo-rious war, Till death shall set me free.
From all earth's tri-als sweet re-lease, Safe on that fur-ther shore.

The Christian's Strength.

James Hay.

1. The Christian's strength is in His Lord, His inspiration in the word;
2. Apart from Christ, the Son of God, Apart from cleansing in His blood,
3. But Christ has died! and shall sin live? Can-not He keep all who believe?
4. The Christ, who died on Cal-v'ry's tree, Now intercedes in heav'n for me!

His pow'r to triumph o-ver sin, When Christ, his Saviour reigns with-in.
Our hearts are sin-ful, prone to stray From the ap-point-ed nar-row way.
His pow'r suf-fi-cient is, to save, For He has risen from the grave.
On Him a-bove, I will de-pend, To keep me till my jour-ney's end.
184

I Need Thee, Precious Jesus.

H. Bonar.

1. I need Thee, precious Je-sus! I want Thy love to win; For I am sad
2. I need Thee, bless-ed Je-sus! For I am ver-y poor; A stranger and
3. I need Thee, bless-ed Je-sus! I need a friend like Thee; A friend to soothe
4. I need Thee, bless-ed Je-sus! And hope to see Thee soon; En-cir-cled with

and lone-ly, My heart is weak with-in: I need the cleansing fountain, Where
a pil-grim, I have no earth-ly store: I need the love of Je-sus To
and pit-ty, A friend to care for me: I need the heart of Je-sus To
the rain-bow, And seated on Thy throne: There, with the blood-bo’t children, My

I can al-ways flee—The blood of Christ most precious, The Christian’s perfect plea,
cheer me on my way, To guide my doubting footsteps, To be my strength and stay.
feel each anxious care, To tell my ev-ry trouble, And all my sor-rows share.
joy shall ev-er be, To sing Thy praises, Je-sus, To gaze my Lord on Thee.

185

Ye Saints With Watchful Care.

A. J. M.

1. Ye saints with watchful care, Walk close-ly ev-ry day;
2. Be vig-i-lant and wise, Guard well thine ev-ry thought;
3. Thine heav’n-ly arm-or wear And, strong in faith, en-dure;
4. In that great Sab-bath rest, Thine arm-or then laid down;

LOWELL MASON.
Ye Saints With Watchful Care.

Your hearts up-lift in earnest pray'r, That God will guide thy way.
To Him let songs of praise arise, Who thy salvation wrought.
For he who doth the conflict share, Shall favor thus secure.
With burdens then no more oppressed, Thou'lt wear the conq'ror's crown.

Come Ye Saints.

1. Come ye saints to Him who calls you, To the Lord ye love so well;
   Quick accept the work He gives you, And to all the story tell.

2. Be not weary in the conflict; Cast on Him your every care;
   Peace He offers, crowns He'll give you, And a mansion bright and fair.

3. Spread the news of resurrection, Shout the blessed tidings round;
   To all men He brings salvation, Listen to the joyful sound.

4. Fallen angels, too, may listen To the news to us so sweet;
   May they hear the call to mercy, When the Lord His saints shall meet.

Shout His praises, shout His praises, And your joyful anthems swell;
Oh, the rapture, oh, the rapture When we meet Him in the air;
Spread the tidings, spread the tidings To the earth's remotest bound;
All may prostrate, all may prostrate At the blessed mercy seat;

Shout His praises, shout His praises, And your joyful anthems swell;
Oh, the rapture, oh, the rapture When we meet Him in the air;
Spread the tidings, spread the tidings, To the earth's remotest bound;
All may prostrate, all may prostrate At the blessed mercy seat.
1. Welcome to me the dark-est night, If there the Saviour's presence bright
2. Welcome the fie-rest waves that roll Their deep'ning floods to whelm my soul,
3. Welcome the thorniest path, if there The print-marks of His feet ap-pear;

Beam forth up-on the soul dismay'd, And say, "Tis I! be not a-fraid!"
If He re-buke the storm of ill, And bid the tempest, "Peace, be still!"
If in His foot-steps we may tread, And fol-low where our Lord hath led.

188 In the Path Our Feet Are Pressing.

1. In the path our feet are press-ing, Which our Sav-iour trod be-fore;
2. Nar-row lies the way be-fore us; May we nev-er from it stray.
3. Strait and nar-row path of du-ty, Ev-er plain be-fore us lies;
4. Bet-ter far than fad-ing pleasures, Found a-long "De-struc-tion's" road;
5. Lord, we seek Thy gen-tle lead-ing, Keep Thy sheep from harm we pray;

Glad-ly we, Thy truth con-fess-ing, Own Thy won-drous love and pow'r.
Hear us, Lord, in mer-cy aid us, Walk with patience day by day.
On its bor-ders shine in beau-ty, Flow'rs that bloom in Par-a-dise.
For we seek the heav-ly treasures, Those which lead us un-to God.
E'er Thy love and mer-cy plead-ing, Walk we still the nar-row way.
The Varying Scenes.

1. Since all the varying scenes of time God's watchful eye surveys,
2. Good, when He gives, supremely good; Nor less when He deniess;
3. Why should we doubt a Father's love, So constant and so kind!
4. In Thy fair book of life divine, My God, in-scribe my name;

Oh, who so wise to choose our lot, Or to appoint our ways!
Ev'n crosses, from His sov'reign hand, Are blessings in disguise.
To His un-err-ing, gracious will Be ev'ry wish re-signed.
There let it fill some humble place Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

Day to Day.

1. Day by day the man-na fell; Oh, to learn this lesson well!
2. "Day by day" the promise reads; Daily strength for daily needs;
3. Lord, our times are in Thy hand; All our sanguine hopes have planned,
4. Thou our daily task shalt give; Day by day to Thee we live;

Still by constant mercy fed, Give us, Lord, our daily bread.
Cast foreboding fears a-way; Take the man-na of to-day!
To Thy wisdom we resign, And would mould our wills to Thine.
So shall added years fulfill Not our own, our Father's will.
His Way Is Best.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT.

Not too fast.

1. How sweet to feel God's will is best, And in this precious thought to rest;
2. Oh, how it helps us bear the pain, Oh, how it makes us strong again!
3. To those who take His will as best, He grants His perfect peace and rest,
4. Then why should hearts grow weak or faint, Why should we ever make complaint?

To know, whatever may betide, 'Tis best, for He is by our side!
The cold and gloom of darkest night It fills with warmth and heavenly light!
And ever gives them day by day His grace sufficient on the way.
Let us press on with upturned face, And follow where we cannot trace!

D. S. I know, whatever may betide, He'll never—never leave my side.

CHORUS.

His way is best, His way is best—And in this precious thought I'll rest;

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Consecration.

G. W. SEIBERT.

K. W. HARRINGTON.

1. Lord, here I bring myself, 'Tis all I have to give;
2. To own no will but Thine, To suffer loss or shame;
3. Hence-forth my every pow'r Each day for Thee to use,
4. Dear Lord, my constant pray'r Is for increase of grace,
Consecration. Concluded.

My heart's desire is wholly Thine Hence-forth for Thee to live.
All things to bear, if only I May glorify Thy name.
My hands, my feet, my lips, my all, As Thou, my Lord, shalt choose.
That I by faith may walk with Thee Till I behold Thy face.

We Praise Thee, Lord.

1. We praise Thee, Lord, for Thou art wise, All things to Thee are known, The end was plann'd ere earth did arise And wisdom right; Man disobeys, and goes to dust, Is ransomed, and sees light, And wisdom is Thy throne.
2. We praise Thee, Lord, for Thou art just, Thy judgments sure and alone; Soon shall Thy works, admired above, In all the might; Us Thou hast healed, and now ere long Day shall disneeds, Thou gav'st us life, a robe, and food, And blest is earth be known, In all the earth be known. perse earth's night, Day shall disperse earth's night. he that feeds, And blest is he that feeds. dor-ing fall, And low ador-ing fall.

We praise Thee, Lord, for Thou art love, Thou hastest sin a-
4. We praise Thee, Lord, for Thou art strong, All pow'r is Thine, and All, Till earth and heav'n Thy glory see And low a-

We praise Thee, Lord, for Thou art strong, All pow'r is Thine, and All, Till earth and heav'n Thy glory see And low a-

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1. O Christ, our immortality, We have no life except in Thee;
2. O Christ, our immortality, Amid earth's storms to Thee we flee!
3. O Christ, our immortality, Our safety is to hide in Thee;
4. O Christ, our immortality, Death has no sting nor victory,
5. O Christ, our immortality, No darkness can be found in Thee;

Thou art our resurrection breath, And without Thee is endless death.
No wind this Solid Rock can break, No flood this Sure Foundation shake.
Thy blest Redemption now we claim, And life receive thro' Jesus' name.
Since for Thy people Thou didst win The great salvation from all sin.
And into every trusting heart Thou dost the light and life impart.

Chorus.

Im-mor-tal-i-ty, Im-mor-tal-i-ty Is Je-sus' gift to me;

Life and light divine, thro' the blood are mine; And endless victory.

---

1. Leave me not, O precious Saviour! Tho' ungrateful I have been;
2. Leave me not, O precious Saviour! Grant Thy mercy long abused;
3. Leave me not, O precious Saviour! Tho' my heart with in is stained;
4. Leave me not, O precious Saviour! Evermore my will control;
5. Leave me not, O precious Saviour! Speak the life imparting word;
Leave Me Not.

Art Thou not a friend of sinners? May I not Thy favor win?
With a penitent of fender share Thy love so long refused.
Let me feel Thy love's refining, Till Thy likeness is regained.
Strike Thy crimson seal of cleansing On the lintel of my soul.
Write upon my contrite spirit, "Lo! the ransomed of the Lord!"

In That Day.

1. All those who love and obey my word, In that day, In that day;
2. They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, In that day, In that day;
3. They shall be with me forevermore, In that day, In that day;

They shall receive a great reward In that day.
When I shall make my jewels up In that day.
And all their trials will be o'er In that day.

Chorus.

They to my precepts are always true, Doing my will in the work they do; I shall be with them and crown them too, In that day.

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Desiring Not That Sinners Die:

A. J. M.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. Desiring not that sinners die, Our Saviour hung upon the tree;
2. But, best of all, to them He's given, Who here His sufferings gladly share,
3. Then give us patience, Lord, we pray, To follow in Thy footsteps here;

And that they all from wrath might fly, Surrender'd life most willingly.
And have by faith with Him arisen, A right to share His glory there.
That we may keep the narrow way, And reign with Thee when over there:

For them atonement offer'd free, That they might in the kingdom be.
To this great prize His church aspire Even tho' the path-way lead thro' fire.
To reconcile the tribes of earth, And teach them, Lord, Thy gracious worth.

Never Further Than Thy Cross.

Mrs. Charles.

C. Hews.

1. Never further than Thy cross, Never higher than Thy feet;
2. Gazing thus our sin we see, Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
3. Here we learn to serve and give, And rejoicing, self deny;
4. Pressing onward as we can, Still to this our hearts must tend;
5. Till amid the hosts of light, We in Thee redeem'd, complete,
Never Further Than Thy Cross.

Here earth's precious things seem dross; Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee, Love, which bore the cross for us.
Here we gather love to live, Here we gather faith to die.
Where our earliest hopes began, There our last aspirations end.
Thro' Thy cross made pure and white, Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

One More Day.

1. One more day, dear Lord, has pass'd us, Now the sun sinks to its rest;
2. At our best we do so little, That we would discouraged be;
3. When our evening pray'r we offer, Graciously incline Thine ear;

May it nearer Thee have bro't us, And to us its work be blest;
Were it not that every tit'le Counted is, dear Lord, by Thee.
All that's Thine to Thee we proffer, Keep our hearts devoid of fear.

For each day we count but loss, Should it bring to us no cross.
Thus we labor day by day, Give us daily grace, we pray.
Soon the shadows of the night, Shall give place to morning light.
Step by Step.

1. When the shadows thickly gather, Clouding all thy onward way;
2. Should the coming days bring burdens, Or be fraught with grief or care;
3. Daily strength He ever giveth, For each day rich grace bestows;
4. Then why should we shrink or falter, When the onward path looks dim;

Think not what shall be to-morrow, Seek God's help just for today.
Trust Him in the hour of trial, He will make thee strong to bear.
And each morrow as it dawns, Still His loving kindness shows.
Knowing light will never fail us, While we walk by faith with Him.

D. S.—But what in the future lieth, In His mercy He conceals.

CHORUS.

Step by step He leads me onward, Step by step the way reveals;

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Great Jehovah.

1. Great Jehovah, we Thy children, Bowing at Thy mercy seat,
2. Gracious Lord, accept our offering, Make our love for Thee complete.
3. Lost in sin and condemnation, Christ did purchase with His blood;
4. From earth's sin and darkness taken, He hath led us unto God.
5. Since with Thee we have communion, Naught is left we can desire;

Copyright, 1881, by W. B. Bradbury.
Great Jehovah.

1-4. Hear us now, hear us now, As before Thy throne we bow.
5. Crowns to wear, crowns to wear, If we but His sufferings share.

Submission.

1. Since thy Father's arm sustains thee, Peaceful be; When a chastening hand restrains thee, It is He; Know His love in full completeness, things thou canst not understand. Tho' the world thy folly spurneth, round thee gather, Doubt Him not. Always hath the day-light broken, thee provideth Good a-way. Crown of sorrow gladly wearing,

2. Without murmur, uncomplaining, In His hand Lay what-ever fear-est sometimes that thy Fa-ther hath for-got? Tho' the clouds a-

3. Fear-est sometimes that thy Fa-ther hath for-got? Tho' the clouds a-

4. Therefore what-so-er be-tid-eth, Night or day, Know His love for always hath the day-light broken, thee provideth Good a-way. Crown of sorrow gladly wearing,

Feel the measure of thy weakness: If He wound thy spirit sore, Trust Him more. From thy faith in pity turn-eth, Peace thy inmost soul shall fill, Ly-ing still. Always hath He comfort spoken, Better hath He been for years Than thy fears. Ever cheerful, ne'er despairing, Sweetly bending to His will Ly-ing still.

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Be With Me Lord.

1. Be with me Lord, when first I wake, As the faint lights of morning break;
2. Be with me in the sultry noon, Let earth's low cares for Thee make room;
3. Be with me in the ev'ning shade And if my heart from Thee hast stray'd;
4. Be with me Lord—oh, be with me That I Thy will may clearly see;

Bid purest thoughts within me rise Like crystal dew-drops to the skies.
Lest their dull shades eclipse the light And change my bright days into night.
Oh, bring it back and from afar Shine on me like the ev'ning star.
Thy light upon my pathway shine, Make all things bright, Thou Lord divine.

In Babylon.

1. Jesus Thy wand'ring sheep behold; See, Lord, with yearning pity see
2. Be-wildered now and scattered wide, In doubt and weariness and want!
3. Thou, on-ly Thou, the kind and good And sheep re-deem-ing Shepherd art;
4. O pen their mouth and utter-ance give; Give them a trumpet-voice, to call
5. Thy on-ly glory let them seek; O let their hearts with love o'er-flow

The sheep that cannot find the fold, Till sought and gathered in by Thee.
With no kind shepherd near to guide And lead them to the blest truth-font.
Collect Thy flock, and give them food, And pastors after Thine own heart.
On all mankind to turn and live, Thro' faith in Him who died for all.
Let them believe and therefore speak, And spread Thy mercy's praise below.
Christian, When Thy Way.

CHARLES C. CONVELSE.

1. Christian, when thy way seems darkest, And thine eyes with tears are dim,
   Though His wise and loving purpose
   Clearly now thou mayst not see,
   Straight to God thy Father hast'ning, Tell thy sorrows unto Him.
   But before thy Father hast'ning, Pour out all thy sorrows there.
   Not to human ear confiding, Thy sad tale of grief or care,
   But when the fierce, wild storm is past;
   And if, whilst they fall so quickly, Thou canst own His way is right,
   Go with words or tears of silence, Only lay them at His feet;
   And He would have thee fondly nestling, Closer to His loving breast.
   Then each bitter tear of anguish Precious is in Jesus' sight.
   Thou shalt prove how great His pity, And His tender-ness how sweet.
   He would have that world seem bright-er, Where alone is perfect rest.
   Go with words or tears of silence, Only lay them at His feet;
   But when the fierce, wild storm is past;
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   Go with words or tears of silence, Only lay them at His feet;
   But when the fierce, wild storm is past;
   And if, whilst they fall so quickly, Thou canst own His way is right,
Call Jehovah Thy Salvation.

1. Call Jehovah thy salvation, Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
2. From the sword at noon-day wasting, From the noisome pestilence.
3. Since with pure and firm affection, Thou on God hast set thy love,

In His secret habitation Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;
D.S. Guile nor violence can harm thee, In eternal safety there.

In the depth of midnight blasting, God shall be thy sure defence;
D.S. Mercy shall thy soul deliver, Though thou sand be laid low.

With the wings of His protection He will shield thee from above:
D.S. Here for grief reward thee double, Crown with life beyond the grave.

There no tumult can alarm thee, Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Fear thou not the deadly quiver, When a thousand feel the blow;

Thou shalt call on Him in trouble, He will hearken, He will save;

Go Labor On.

1. Go labor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
2. Go labor on; 'tis not for naught, Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
3. Go labor on; enough, while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign
4. Men sit in darkness at thy side, Without a hope beyond the tomb:
5. Go labor on; thy hands are weak, Thy knees are faint, Thy soul cast down,
Go Labor On.

It is the way the Master went; Should not the serv-ant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Master praise-es—what are men?
Thy will-ing heart to mark and cheer: No toil for Him shall be in vain.
Take up the torch and wave it wide, The torch that lights the thickest gloom.
Yet fal-ter not: the prize ye seek, is near—a king-dom and a crown!

208 Shout Aloud for Jesus.

A. J. M. C. J. WEBB.

1. Shout, shout a-loud for Je-sus, Ye chos-en of the Lord; Speak forth His
2. Shout, shout a-loud for Je-sus, Your trust in Him re-pose; For in His
3. Shout, shout a-loud for Je-sus, For God His pow’r doth lend; And of this
4. Shout, shout a-loud for Je-sus, Ye saints who love His name, The roy-al

proc-la-ma-tion, Uphold His precious word. With courage pressing forward, All
lov-ing kindness, He’ll save from all thy foes. The arm-or He pro-vid-eth, Will
might-y con-flict, Ye soon shall see the end. Then ev’ry o-ver-com-er His
proc-la-ma-tion Speak forth the world to gain; Till ev’ry earth-ly creature Shall

en-e-mies o’ercome; And ne’er give up the con-flict, Un-til the work is done.
shield from ev’ry harm; And Sa-tan ne’er be-guil-eth, Pro-tect-ed by His arm.
crown of life shall wear, And with the blessed Saviour, His pow’r and glo-ry share.
loud Ho-san-nas sing; And Heaven’s Hal-le-lu-jahs Thro’-out the world shall ring.
Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train;
Ev'ry eye shall soon discern Him
Robed in mighty majesty;
Yes, Amen! let all adore Thee,
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Rule the kingdom, 'tis Thine own;

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Christ has come to earth to reign.
Shamed, repenting, shamed, repenting,
Shall the true Messiahs see.
Precious Saviour, precious Saviour,
Crown'd with Thy immortal crown.

We would see Jesus for the shadows lengthen across this
We would see Jesus— the great Rock Foundation, Where on our
We would see Jesus unto blood resisting, In that dark
We would see Jesus— this is all we're needing, Strength, joy and

Little landscape of our life; We would see Jesus our weak
Feet were set with sovereign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
Hour in sad Gethsemane, When wearied, worn by trials
Willingness come with the sight; We would see Jesus, dying,
We Would See Jesus.

faith to strengthen, For the last weari-ness—the fi nal strife.
ag i ta tion, Can thence re move us, if we see His face.
deep per sist ing, We well nigh faint, 'till strength we gain from Thee.
ris en, plead ing, Then wel come day, and fare well mor tal night!

211

Christ is Present.

HENRY SMART.

1. Christ is pres ent! let cre a tion Bid her groans and tra vail cease;
2. Earth can now but tell the sto ry Of the bit ter cross and pain;
3. Long Thy ex ilea have been pin ing, Far from rest and home and Thee;
4. With that bless ed hope be fore us, Let no harp re main un strung;

Let the glo ri ous pro cla ma tion Hope re store and faith in crease;
She shall soon be hold Thy glo ry For Thou com est now to reign;
But in heav n ly vest ure shin ing Now they shall Thy glo ry see;
Let the might y ad vent cho rus On ward roll from tongue to tongue;

Christ is pres ent! Christ is pres ent! Christ, the bless ed Prince of Peace.
Christ is pres ent! Christ is pres ent! Let all hearts re peat the strain.
Christ is pres ent! Christ is pres ent! Join the joy ous jub i lee.
Christ is pres ent! Christ is pres ent! Now to praise Him quick ly come.
1. Everything I give to Jesus, All I hope for, all I have:
   On the sacrificial altar, Everything I freely leave.
2. All I have in full surrender, That I may with Thee agree;
   For Thy love so kind and tender, Makes Thee all in all to me.
3. Placing self upon the altar, May I Thine approbation find;
   Courage give me lest I falter, Grant to me the heav'n-ly mind.

May it find a sweet acceptance, Willing offering may it be;
Naught of pleasure e'er shall tempt me, If the world the offering make;
Bowing down in full submission, Even adversity seems sweet;

For no matter what oppose me, All in all shall Jesus be.
Since Thou canst not share them with me, I will suffer for Thy sake.
Keep me, Lord, in such condition, That I may Thy presence greet.

213 The Master Meets our Every Need.

1. The Master meets our every need, Where'er our footsteps go;
2. Then praise the Lord with heart and voice, His loving care we know;
3. 'Tis only thro' the battle fierce, That victories are won;
4. Our courage grows by what we meet, Our faith needs testing too;
The Master Meets our Every Need.

In lone temp-ta-tion's wil-der-ness, The flow'rs of com-fort grow.
Where-e'er He leads our will-ing feet, The flow'rs of com-fort grow.
And he who nev-er faced the foe, Shall nev-er hear, "well done."
And with each con-flict that we win, Come faith and cour-age new.

214 If Calmly on My Way.

A. J. M. Arr. L. M.

1. If calm-ly on my way, My jour-ney I pur-sue;
2. But should the way grow dark, I'll trust Thee then still more;
3. As once in days of yore, The waves o-be-yed Thy will;
4. No mat-ter where I be, Thy will, O Lord, be done;

I'll thank Thee, Lord, for sweet-est peace, And keep Thy word in view,
Tho' storms a-bout my path-way rave, I still shall reach the shore,
So shalt Thou calm my trou-bled soul, And whis-per, "Peace, be still."
Un-til Thou dost in mer-cy say, "E-nough, my child, come home."

I'll thank Thee, Lord, for sweetest peace, And keep Thy word in view.
Tho' storms a-bout my path-way rave, I still shall reach the shore.
So shalt Thou calm my trou-bled soul, And whis-per, "Peace, be still."
Un-til Thou dost in mer-cy say, "E-nough, my child, come home."
My Soul's Supply is Jesus.

A. J. M.

1. My soul's supply is Jesus, God's ever blessed Son; I'll ever sing His praises, While I my journey run. Tho' thunders crash a-round me, And lessen, So near to me He seems. Each step I take He guid-eth, Un-dark-en, I can but say, "He knows." His prom- ise to me bring-ing, He clouds of trouble roll; These never can alarm me, There's peace within my soul. 

2. If times of sorrow threaten, My soul then on Him leans; My faith can nev-rr will my way con-trol. So on I journey singing, There's peace within my soul.

3. As to His words I hearken, My pathway lighter grows; And if the clouds should reach the goal, My trust in Him a-bid-eth, There's peace within my soul.

With Humbleness of Heart.

Mrs. E. C. HENNINGES.

1. With humbleness of heart we bow Be-fore the throne of Him whose ways, 
2. We worship our Cre-a-tor, great Sus-tain-er of the Un-i-verse, 
3. We love the hand, by love empowered, Which guides our fee-ble foot-steps o'er 
4. We praise and mag-ni- fy His name, At the re-mem-brance of His grace,
With Humbleness of Heart.

As high as heav'n a-bove our own, Con-strain our wor-ship, love and praise.
Who yet perceives our low-ly path, And from it lifts the hindering curse.
The mountain steep and trackless plain, To rest at His in-vit-ing door.
Which to this hour has followed us, And shall till we be-hold His face.

217 Have You Risen With the Master?

Have you risen with the Master To the mount-ain top of faith?
There a-bove earth's ceaseless clam-or You can hear what-e'er He saith.

Have you risen with the Master To the mount-ain top of Hope,
Where the birds are sing-ing gay-ly, Flow-ers bloom-ing in the slope?

Have you risen with the Master To the mount-ain top of Love,
To the free-dom and the glad-ness Of that se-cret place a-bove?

Have you left the mire and pit-falls, Where the air is dank and foul,
From the shadow of the val-ley, From the gloom and grief be-low,
There no craven fears can reach you, There no clouds your vision screen;

Have you risen with the Master To the sum-mits of the soul?
Have you risen with the Master To this mount with light a-glow?
Have you risen with the Master To this Pis-gah height se-rene?
A Prayer.

Heavenly Father, Holy One! May Thy will in us be done;
Jesus, Master, we should bear In Thy sufferings a share;
Blessed Lord, Thy saints defend, Watching o'er them to the end;

Make our hearts submissive, meek, Let us never our own way seek.
Help us, Lord, to follow Thee, Heavily the cross may be!
Day by day their faith increase, Keep them in Thy perfect peace.

Lovely Saviour, we would be Ever more and more like Thee,
Fill us with divinest love,—With Thy spirit from above.
Comfort, strengthen, guide and bless, Lead them thro' the wilderness,

Free from pride and self-desire, Vented with a holy fire.
May we patiently endure, Trusting in Thy promise sure.
And when Thy "due time" shall come, Gather all Thy loved ones home.
Hear Our Prayer.

1. Hear our pray'r, Thou great Je-ho-vah, Lead us thro' this vale of tears; D.C. Rich in mer-cy, rich in mer-cy, Safe-ly lead our jour-ney thro'.
2. Rich sup-plies on us be-stow-ing, Make us thank-ful, Lord, we pray; D.C. Then we'll praise Thee, then we'll praise Thee, All a-long our pil-grim way.
3. As the clouds break from our path-way, May we more Thy glo-ry see; D.C. May we join them, may we join them, And u-nite in praise to Thee.

Gracious Father.

1. Gra-cious Fa-ther, hear us now, Low-ly at Thy feet we bow; 2. Pit-y Thou our fee-ble-ness, Lift us up in our dis-tress;
3. Thou our source of com-fort art, Rich-ly fill-ing ev-ry heart; 4. May we in the nar-row way, Walk with patience day by day;

Hymns of grat-i-tude we raise, All re-sound-ing to Thy praise. May we lean up-on Thy pow'r, Sweet-ly trust-ing ev-ry hour. May our souls when sin op-pressed, Seek Thine ev-er-last-ing rest. Sing-ing loud in sweet-est song, Prais-es that to Thee be-long.
We Come, Dear Lord.

DOUGLAS MACMILLAN.  (Consecration Hymn.)  L. M.

1. We come, dear Lord, our offerings to present, In humble
   gratitude to Thee above; In holiness as
   Jordan's waters would we sink; With Thee to rise a-
   fire, with Thine ascent, To offer gifts and sacrifice of love.
2. We bring Thee all, dear Lord; lo, all is Thine; With Thee in
   we were nked, poor and blind; In holy living
   gain, by grace divine, Hence forth Thy cup of suffering with Thee drink.
   Thy praises sing, And all we lack, we in Thy promise find.
3. We have but little, Lord, that we can bring, Thou know-est
   we, poor and pure in heart; If 'tis their all, is
   dearer in Thy sight, Than all the golden gifts the rich impart.
   paid our ransom price, That in His likeness we may soon be found.
4. But Thou hast taught that 'en the smallest mite, From Thine own
   love unto the altar bound; Dying with Him who
   paid our ransom price, That in His likeness we may soon be found.
5. 'Tis given, Lord, a "living sacrifice," With cords of

Communion With God.

A. J. M.  L. M.

1. Oh, Lord, Thy saints have gathered here, U-nite our hearts in praise and pray'r;
   Oh, fill our hearts with love complete;
2. With-out, we've left all worldly care, That we may in Thy fa-vor share;
   As we shall each oth-er greet, Oh, fill our hearts with love complete;
3. And as we shall each oth-er greet, Oh, fill our hearts with love complete;
   That in His likeness we may soon be found.
4. Dear Fa-ther, as Thy word we scan, To con-temp-late Thy glo-rious plan;
Communion With God.

Direct our thoughts to things above, And fill our souls with heavenly love. This favor granted full and free, Shall lead us gently, Lord, to Thee. All else we gladly lay aside, That we may in Thee love abide. May we with patience run the race, That we may see Thee face to face.

Praise Ye Jehovah's Name.

1. Praise ye Jehovah's glorious name, Join in triumphant song; With thankful hearts your voices raise, And thus His praise prolong.

2. Greet ye Messiah's promised reign, The time so long concealed; The present of your Lord proclaimed, That's now by faith revealed, That's meek of earth now taste the feast, His grace so rich supplies, His

3. He comes to banish Satan's rule, The prince of darkness flies; Ye King shall soon set up His throne, And ye shall see His face, And in the chorus soon shall join, And thus His praise prolong, And

4. All ye whom mourn now cease your sighs, Your comfort now appears; The thus, And thus His praise prolong, And thus, And thus His praise prolong.

5. Ye pure and blessed saints of God, With patience run your race; Your thus, And thus His praise prolong, And thus, And thus His praise prolong.

6. Praise ye Jehovah's glorious name, Join in triumphant song; Earth thus, And thus His praise prolong, And thus, And thus His praise prolong.
Help, Lord.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly, And still my tempted soul stand by Thro-
   out the evil day; The sacred watchfulness impart, And keep the issues show the danger near; Surround, sustain, and strengthen me, And fill with goodly feel Thy warning eye; And starting cry, from ruin's brink, Save, Jesus, or I keen conviction dart! Re-call me by that pitying look, That kind, upbraiding blam-able in grace; Read-y prepared, and fit-tered here, By per-fect holiness of my heart, And stir me up to pray, And stir me up to pray. jealous-y, And san-ci-fy-ing fear, And san-ci-fy-ing fear. yield, I sink, O save me, or I die, O save me, or I die. glance, which broke Unfaithful Pet-er's heart, Un-faith-ful Pet-er's heart. to ap-pear Be-fore Thy glorious face, Be-fore Thy glo-rious face.

2. My soul with Thy whole arm arm; In each approach of sin a- larm, And
   of my heart, And stir me up to pray, And stir me up to pray. jealous-y, And san-ci-fy-ing fear, And san-ci-fy-ing fear. yield, I sink, O save me, or I die, O save me, or I die. glance, which broke Unfaithful Pet-er's heart, Un-faith-ful Pet-er's heart. to ap-pear Be-fore Thy glorious face, Be-fore Thy glo-rious face.

3. Whene'er my careless hands hang down, O let me see Thy gath-’ring frown, And

4. If near the pit I rash-ly stray, Be-fore I whol-ly fall a-way, The

5. In me Thine utmost mer-cy show, And make me like Thyself below, Un-

Weary Laden With Life's Burden.

A. J. M.

[Weber.

1. Wea-ry lad-en with life's bur-den, Faint-ing with thy load of care;
2. When it seems thou art for-sak-en, Ver-y near He draws to thee;
3. Trust in Him, the bur-den bear-er, He is a-ble, He is kind;
4. Trust Him, tho' the storms surround thee, Trust Him when the sunlight gleams;

   225
Weary Laden With Life's Burden.

Look to Jesus, weary pilgrim, He will all thy burdens share.
And in accents sweet and tender, Softly whispers, "Follow me."
Feed up on each precious promise, Then the sweetest rest I'll find.
Hid from sight, He still is near thee; Oft-en nearer than He seems.

226 Jesus, Master, Thou Hast Called Us.

1. Jesus, Master, Thou hast called us, And we do Thy call obey; Even tho' it lead to suffering, Self denials day by day; Still we follow, know if patient suffering, Of Thy glory we'll partake; Then with gladness, shame with Thee enduring, Trusting Him whose pow'r can save; Dear Redeemer, shadows now declining, Thou shalt soon all sin de-throne; Oh, we praise Thee,

2. Daily dying, blessed Saviour, We our lives an offering make; For we keep us faithful, Lord, we pray, Still we follow, know if patient suffering, Of Thy glory we'll partake; Then with gladness, shame with Thee enduring, Trusting Him whose pow'r can save; Dear Redeemer, shadows now declining, Thou shalt soon all sin de-throne; Oh, we praise Thee,

3. Dead with thee, the symbol offering, Plunge we in the liquid grave; Earthly dying love we crave, Dear Redeemer, Thine undying love we crave. Bless-ed Saviour, Thee we own, Oh, we praise Thee, Blessed Saviour, Thee we own.

4. Here the suffering, there the glory, Here the cross, but there the crown; Night's dark试验,
Be Ye Doers of the Word.

1. 'Tis not the hear-er of the Word, But he that do-eth, who is blest,
2. For he that hears and do-eth not, Is like a man who builds on sand,
3. Lord, we would build with pa-tient zeal! A house of faith up-on the rock,

Not he that know-eth all the law, But he that heed-s the law's be-hest.
When storms and tem-pest fierce a-rise, The house, thus built, will nev-er stand.
So safe, so strong, it shall with-stand The strain of storm and tempest-shock.

D. S.—when we reach our jour-ney's end, May en-ter in-to heav'n-ly rest.

Chorus.

Dear Lord, then help us do Thy will, That we may be for-ev-er blest; And

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What Wondrous Heights!

1. What wondrous heights and depths of love Are hid in Thee, my God—
2. Calm as the changeless sea of glass, What peace it gives to me,
3. So bound by Thine own cords of love, I'll on Thine al-tar lie
4. What joy to live for Thee, my Lord, And all Thy will to do;
5. To grow each day more like Thee, Lord, By gaz-ing on Thy face;
What Wondrous Heights!

A love most glorious, deep and true, And as the ocean broad.
To turn from my own changing will, And rest my soul on Thee.
A living sacrifice to be, And in Thy service die.
In Thee to live and think and move, And all Thy mind to know.
Until my will, and heart, and mind, Absorb Thy perfect grace!

Like Jesus.

1. Grant me, O Lord, a humble mind Whilst in this world I move,
2. I would not lift myself on high Nor try my Lord to hide;
3. In self a basement I am kept In lowliness of heart;
4. Help me this side the kingdom's veil, With Christ my Lord to stand;
5. Then thou wilt place Thy humble saints, Where they can never fall;

A disposition like Thy Son, Constrainted by Thy love.
Lest vanity my thought pervade, And I am lost in pride.
For naught have I where-in to boast, Christ is my perfect part.
To keep my mind in humbleness Beneath Thy mighty hand.
To reign with Christ at Thy right hand, The mighty Lord of all.

D. S.—To those who 'neath Thy hand submit, The grace Thou wilt impart.

Chorus.

Like Jesus, I would humble be, Lowly and meek in heart;
He Grows More Precious.

1. How deep is that great love which all The wounds of Je-sus Christ display; Twas sweet when first I heard the call, And grows more precious ev’ry day.

2. He com-forts me in sad-dest mood, He seeks me when I go a-stray; My wild-est pas-sions are sub-dued, He grows more pre-cious ev’ry day.

3. Can soul of man be-hold the cross, And wave the bless-ed Lord a-way; To me all oth-er things are dross, He grows more pre-cious ev’ry day.

The sun has dawned up-on my soul, With beam-ing-pure, life-giv-ing ray; In dark-ness, Je-sus is my light, My sure de-fense, my help, my stay; O, soul, now gro-ping in the night, Re-ceive the Lord with-out de-lay;

I love His gen-tle, sweet con-trol, He grows more precious ev’ry day. My cour-age in the deep-est night, He grows more precious ev’ry day. His pres-ence is a sweet de-light, He grows more precious ev’ry day.

Be of Good Cheer.

1. When tempest-tossed on life’s wild sea, And fair skies dis-appear, A-bove the

2. Tho’ Sa-tan’s darts are fierce-ly hur-led, Be-loved, help is near; Trust Him who

3. In trib-u-la-tion’s dark-est hour, Yield not to doubt or fear; But calm-ly

4. Press on be-loved, in the race, The goal is ver-y near; Faint not, thou
Be of Good Cheer.

I I

storm He calls to thee, "Tis I, be of good cheer, 'Tis I, be of good cheer.

o-ver-came the world, And be thou of good cheer, And be thou of good cheer.

rest in His all-pow'r, Who saith, "Be of good cheer," Who saith, "Be of good cheer."

soon shalt see His face, Then be thou of good cheer, Then be thou of good cheer.

232

Hail Thou, Our Present King.

A. J. M.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Hail Thou, our present King, We now Thy praises sing,

2. Soon all Thy pow'r shall know, O'er all that dwell below,

3. Soon shall Thy glorious throne, Thou ever blessed One,

4. Hail then, Thou Glorious One, God's ever blessed Son,

Our voices raise; Saviour all glorious, Soon to reign

While those in heav'n; Gladly Thy love pro-claim, O, Thou of

Fa-vored of God; By all ac-knowledge-ed be, O'er ev'-ry

Ev-er a-dored; While bells of heav-en ring, Let ransomed

o-ver us, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, We sing Thy praise.

high-est name, Thou Lamb of God once slain, For sin-ners giv'n.

land and sea, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty Bow to Thy rod.

voic-es sing, And ev'-ry liv-ing thing, Shall own Thee Lord.
In Heavenly Love Abiding.

1. In heav'nly love a-biding, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-
2. Wher-ev-er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-
3. Green pastures are be-fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be

1. Sound the harp of glad thanks-giv-ing! Let our praise to heav'n as-cend;
2. Sound the harp! Let earth-ly an-thems Min-gle with the choirs di-vine;
3. Sound the harp for He hath blest us Thro' the days of by-gone years;
4. Sound the harp for He will bless us As our on-ward course we take;
Sound the Harp.

God is good and it is seem-ly To ex-tol so kind a friend.
Sure-ly God has cause to list-en For your note of praise and mine.
And tho' some were dark and drear- y Hope still mingled with our tears.
He will guide our ev-ry foot-step, And will nev-er us for-sake.

235

Rise, My Soul.

Lift up your eyes unto the fields white with the harvest.

A. J. M.

1. Rise, my soul, re-joic-ing sing, Je-hov-ah's mer-cy trace Call'd by Him thy
2. Pay no heed to earth-ly joys, They transient are at best; Harvest work thy
3. Faith-ful reap the har-vest field, Make sure thy work be done; Gath-er all the

trib-ute bring, And run with joy my race: All else losing, grasp the prize, Now held
time employs, Ere thou shalt seek thy rest. Soon the setting of the sun, Shall pro-
ground may yield, Then shall thy crown be won. Soon with joy the reapers true, Gather'd

out be-fore thy gaze; Offer'd to thee from the skies, And fill thy heart with praise.
claim the day is past. Haste, before the night's begun, When thou shalt rest at last.
with their Lord shall be; Haste thee, then, thy work pursue, Thy best reward to see.
With Hearts Brave and Loyal.

"To Him be glory, both now and forever."

K. U.

1. With hearts brave and loyal, unwav'ring and strong, We follow our Leader, a
2. Not carnal our weapons, the Word is our sword, Our foes we assail in the
3. The hosts of the faithful, who've gone on before, Their sword and their armor laid
4. Rejoicing, we press toward that city so near, The sweet strains exultant we

conquering throng; His glorious banner uplift- ing with song, And praises of
name of the Lord; With victory certain, we'll gain our reward, While sounding the
down evermore; And now in their triumph are crowned on that shore, And praises of
almost can hear; Our courage inspiring, they banish all fear, As praises of

Jesus we'll gladly prolong, And praises of Jesus we'll gladly prolong,
praises of Jesus, our Lord, While sounding the praises of Jesus, our Lord.
Jesus repeat evermore, And praises of Jesus repeat evermore.
Angels fall soft on the ear, As praises of angels fall soft on the ear.

Glory Be to God.

A. J. M.

1. Glory be to God in heav'n, For His Son so freely giv'n; His sweet spirit
2. Praise and bless His holy name, That His love is e'er the same; Earth may change, but
3. "Glory!" shout the choirs above, Saints re-echo notes of love; Soon shall earth with

Arr. by Dr. Mason.
Glory Be to God.

we implore, To be with us ev-er-mo re, To be with us ev-er-mo re. changeless He, As He ev-er-mo re shall be, As He ev-er-mo re shall be. heav'n agree, Glo-ry to the Fa-ther be, Glo-ry to the Fa-ther be.

238 Going Forth to Meet the Bridegroom.

G. M. BILLS. "At His right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Ps. 16:11.

1. Marching forth to meet the Bridegroom, See the watch-ing vir-gins go; They have heard the her-ald voic-es. And their hearts with joy o'er-flow;
2. O how dim the lamp is shin-ing, And how list-les-sis the ear That re-veals no cause for ac-tion, Or the ti-dings can-not hear.
3. With the lamp that shines the bright-er Goes the heart with warmest glow, And on such the King of Prin-ces Will His choic-est gifts be-stow.

It is faith that gives them courage, It is love that lights the way, Deeper grows the pall of darkness That enfolds the careless throng; If your soul is ev-er seek-ing How to please the Saviour best

And no call of ease or pleas-ure Can their on-ward march de-lay. They will soon be sad-ly wait-ing While the vic-tors sing their song. In the ban-quet hall of glo-ry, You will be a welcome guest.
In Shady Green Pastures.

H. O. H.

Psa. 23. Rev. 5:8-12.

A. D.

1. In shady green pastures, O let us lie down, Beside the still waters by
2. In death's gloomy valley do not let us fear, But find sweetest comfort be
3. O saints touch your harp-strings and sing a new song, Grand harmonies swelling, His
4. All blessing and glory and honor and might And wisdom and riches and

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In Shady Green Pastures.
In Shady Green Pastures.

Shepherd, the sheep of Thy fold, And let our love deep-en and nev-er grow cold.
mer-cy pur-sue us a-gain, And let us dwell with Thee for-ev-er. A-men.
made us His kings and His priests To live and reign with Him to sit at His feasts.
sought us, and made us His own, Prepared a place for us to sit in His throne.

Like Jesus. No. 2.

1 When Jesus, our Lord, left His glory above—
He humbled Himself to declare His great love;
A servant of servants for us He became—
And we must be like Him if bearing His name.
Like Jesus, like Jesus, we daily would be,
Like Jesus each day, Yes, like Jesus alway;
To spend and be spent in our Lord’s minis-try
Shall be our blest mis-sion where-ever we be.

2 Not those who are seeking their own lives to save,
Shall stand with the victors o’er death and the grave,
But they that will lose all to win for the cross
Shall gain the true riches unmingled with dross.
Like Jesus, Like Jesus, etc.

3 Then, like our dear Lord, let us ever do good,
Be willing, like Him, to be misunderstood;
’Twa was not to be ministered unto He came—
And we must be like Him if bearing His name.
Like Jesus, Like Jesus, etc.

The Lord is Good.

1. The Lord is good; His name confess! In ceaseless streams His mer-cies flow;
2. The Lord is wise; Oh, learn of Him! From fountains deep His counsels rise;
3. The Lord is just; Oh, trust His Word! For a-ges it unchanged has stood;
4. The Lord is kind, Oh, praise His name, In Him His saints may still con-fide;

His prov-i-dence heal and bless, And rich the gifts His hands be-stow.
No step shall lag, no eye grow dim, Which on His wisdom’s aid re-lies.
His cov-en-ant brings sweet ac-cord With all who own its seal-ing blood.
The flesh may fail; He knows our frame, And keeps us safe-ly at His side.
He Will Keep Me.

KATE ULMER.

1. O'er the rugged path of duty, Where my feet would fear to tread,
2. Tho' through unknown paths He takes me, I can never go astray,
3. When upon the mount rejoicing, Thrilled with boundless love and peace,
4. Joy or sorrow, pain or pleasure, On the mount or in the vale;

By the loving hand of Jesus, Gently I am onward led.
Not a cross can overcome me, While the Saviour is my stay.
There He still doth go before me, Highest rapture to increase.
I am His and He will keep me, His is love that cannot fail.

D. S. —days are crowned with praises, Songs He gives me in the night.

Chorus.

As I follow where He leadeth, I am kept in God's own light. All my

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Keep My Life.

H.

1. Keep my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
2. Keep my hands and let them move at the impulse of Thy love;
3. Keep my silver and my gold—Not a mite would I withhold;
4. Keep my voice and let me sing always, only, for my King;
5. Keep my will and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine;
6. Keep my love, my Lord, I pour at Thy feet its treasure store;

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Keep my Life.

Keep my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Keep my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee.
Keep my intellect and use Every power as Thou shalt choose.
Keep my lips and let them be Filled with messages from Thee.
Keep my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy royal throne.
Keep myself, and I will be, Ever, only, all for Thee.

The Saints on Earth Agree.

A. J. M.

Arr. by M.

1. The saints on earth agree, To praise the Saviour's name;
   His love so full and free, Sets every heart on fire.

2. With Him to guide our feet, We keep the heavenly way;
   Till joys with Him complete, Shall crown that cloudless day.

3. The nations all shall sing, When peace to them shall flow;
   The praises of our King, Who then will mercy show.

We praise His name the earth around, And all in heav'n re-
When we with Him shall then appear, And happiness re-
His loving grace to all men giv'n, Who meekly bow the

peal the sound, And all in heav'n repeat the sound.
place all fear, And happiness replace all fear.
knee to heav'n, Who meekly bow the knees to heav'n.
So Run That Ye May Obtain.

K. U.                   H. K. OLIVER.

1. While pressing t'ward the heav'nly goal, The bless-ed home-land of the soul;
2. With patience run till you ob-tain, The glo-rious prize you seek to gain;
3. The course was marked by love divine, Up-on it still its light doth shine;
4. Tho' we may well be-gin the race, Re-joic-ing hast-ing on a-pace:
5. Then free from ev'-ry weight and sin, Re-sign-ing all with-out, with-in;

O nev-er let your long-ing eyes, Be tak-en from the wait-ing prize.
Let noth-ing turn you from the way, That leads you on to end-less day.
For Christ Himself the way hath tried, Un-seem-ing-ly His foot-prints guide,
Un-less we to the end en-dure, The prize we nev-er can se- cure.
With steadfast pur-pose let us run, Un-til at last the prize is won.

Oh, Speed Thee, Christian.

HANDEL.

1. Oh, speed thee, Christian on thy way, And to thy ar-mor cling; With
2. There is a bat-tle to be fought, And up-ward race to run; A
3. Oh, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs Are heard be-fore His throne; The

girded loins the call o-bey That grace and mercy bring, That grace and mercy bring.
crown of glo-ry to be sought, A vict'ry to be won, A vic'try to be won.
race must come before the prize, The cross before the crown, The cross before the crown.
1. At the banquet of glory and love, That the Father pares for His own; We will gather His bounty to prove, We shall join the refrain; We will make all His palaces ring, With the call of the Lord; They who love not their lives unto death, Leaving hope would destroy; Comes an angel to cheer us again, With a evil is past; We'll rejoice in the mercy and love, That has

2. We shall sing in the choir of the King, Angel harp-ers will

3. We shall feast with the heroes of faith, Who are true to the

4. 'Mid the shadows of trial and pain, When the tem-pest of

5. In the calm of that glori-ous hour When the tem-pest of

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1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Daily manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put His arms unflinching round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threatening wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus.
Till we meet... till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus feet;
Till we meet, till we meet again,
till we meet;

Till we meet... till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet again,

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