

Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

A - bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
 From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vi - sion of Thy tears.
 Yet long these mul - ti - tudes to see The sweet com - pas - sion of Thy face.
 A - mong these rest - less throngs a - bide, O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain.
 Till glo - rious from Thy Heav'n a - bove Shall come the cit - y of our God.

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning 181

PHILIP P. BLISS

PHILIP P. BLISS

- Bright - ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er - more,
- Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
- Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er, Some poor sail - or tem - pest - tossed,

But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watch - ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.

D. S. - Some poor faint - ing, strug - gling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

CHORUS

D. S.

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
 2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
 3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
 4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
 5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, un - clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat - drops of blood for mine.
 To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
 He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.

How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful!

How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful! Is my Sav - ior's love for me! A - MEN.
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful!

It Pays to Serve Jesus

183

FRANK C. HUSTON

FRANK C. HUSTON

1. The serv-ice of Je-sus true pleas-ure af-fords, In Him there is
 2. It pays to serve Je-sus what-e'er may be-tide, It pays to be
 3. Tho' sometimes the shad-ows may hang o'er the way, And sor-rows may

joy with-out an al-loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His
 true what-e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-
 come to beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-

CHORUS

words; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.
 bide; It pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je-sus, it
 pay; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.

pays ev-'ry day, It pays ev-'ry step of the way; Tho' the pathway to
 ev-'ry step of the way;

glo-ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be hap-py each step of the way.

Make Me a Blessing

IRA B. WILSON

GEORGE S. SCHULER

Slowly

1. Out in the high-ways and by-ways of life, Man - y are
 2. Tell the sweet sto - ry of Christ and His love, Tell of His
 3. Give as 'twas giv - en to you in your need, Love as the

wea - ry and sad; Car - ry the sunshine where darkness is rife,
 are wea - ry and sad; Oth - ers will trust Him if on - ly you prove
 pow'r to for - give; His pow'r to for - give;
 Mas - ter loved you; Be to the help-less a help - er in - deed,
 the Mas - ter loved you;

rit. CHORUS *Men or Unison*

Mak - ing the sor - row - ing glad.
 True, ev - ry mo - ment you live. Make me a bless - ing,
 Un - to your mis - sion be true.

Women

Make me a bless - ing, Out of my life may Je -
 Out of my life
Men

rit. *Unison* *Women*

sus shine; Make me a bless - ing, O Sav - ior,

Make Me a Blessing

Parts *ad lib.*

I pray Make me a bless - ing to some - one to - day.
I pray Thee, my Sav - ior,

Tenors

CHARLES D. MEIGS

Others

185

ROSCOE S. NICKERSON

1. Lord help me live from day to day, In such a self - for - get - ful way,
2. Help me in all the work I do, To ev - er be sin - cere and true,
3. Let "self" be cru - ci - fied and slain, And bur - ied deep; and all in vain
4. And when on earth my work is done, And my new work in heav'n's be - gun,

That e - ven when I kneel to pray, My prayer shall be for OTH - ERS.
And know that all I'd do for you, Must needs be done for OTH - ERS.
May ef - ferts be to rise a - gain, Un - less to live for OTH - ERS.
May I for - get the crown I've won, While thinking still of OTH - ERS.

REFRAIN

Oth - ers, Lord, yes, oth - ers, Let this my mot - to be.
(mot-to be.)

Help me to live for oth - ers, That I might live like Thee.
(like Thee.)

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God
 2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you bur-dened for
 3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai-ly
 4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not

flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-iour? Are you
 those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray-ing, The
 tell-ing for Him? Have you spo-ken the word of sal-va-tion To
 free from known sin; We will bar-ri-ers be and a hin-drance To

CHORUS

read-y His serv-ice to do?
 Sav-iour who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
 those who are dy-ing in sin?
 those we are try-ing to win.

Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,

my serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.

Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

187

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth - er it be
 2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing. In His glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,
 one by one. When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

rit. CHORUS

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 Will He an - swer thee—"Well done"?
 We shall have a glo - rious rest. Oh, can we say we are
 Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

find you and me still watch - ing. Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
 3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.
 bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
 en - tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
 Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.

CHORUS

Glo - ry to His name,... Glo - ry to His name;...

D. S.

189 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOMAS SHEPHERD

GEORGE N. ALLEN

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pier - ced feet,
 4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing 190

JAMES EDMESTON

GEORGE C. STEBBINS

1. Sav - ior, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing. Ere re-
 2. Though de - struct - ion walk a - round us. Though the
 3. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness
 4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us. And our

pose our spir - its seal: Sin and want we come con-
 ar - rows past us fly; An - gel - guards from Thee sur-
 can - not hide from Thee; Thou are He who, nev - er
 couch be - come our tomb, May the morn in heav'n a-

rit.
 fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.
 wake us, Clad in bright and death-less bloom. A-MEN.

1. Tell me the sto-ries of Je-sus I love to hear; Things I would
 2. First let me hear how the chil-dren Stood round His knee; And I shall
 3. In - to the cit-y I'd fol-low The chil-dren's band, Wav-ing a

ask Him to tell me If He were here; Scenes by the way-side,
 fan - cy His bless-ing Rest-ing on me: Words full of kind-ness,
 branch of the palm tree High in my hand; One of His her-alds,

Tales of the sea, Sto-ries of Je - sus, Tell them to me.
 Deeds full of grace, All in the love-light Of Je-sus' face.
 Yes, I would sing Loud-est ho-san-nas! Je-sus is King. A - MEN.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, all I have is Thine, Bod - y,
 2. Je - sus, Sav-iour, I would die to sin, Come, oh
 3. Je - sus, Sav-iour, in this qui-et hour, May I

soul and will I now re-sign. Make me, keep me faith-ful un - to
 come and live in me a - gain. Mold me, fill me till the world shall
 feel Thy Spir-it's strength and power; Take me, use me as Thou wilt, each

Jesus, Savior

Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, through e - ter - ni - ty.
see Je - sus, Sav - iour, liv - ing now in me.
day, Je - sus, Sav - iour, this I hum - bly pray.

No Other Plea

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LIDIE H. EDMUNDS

ARR. BY WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

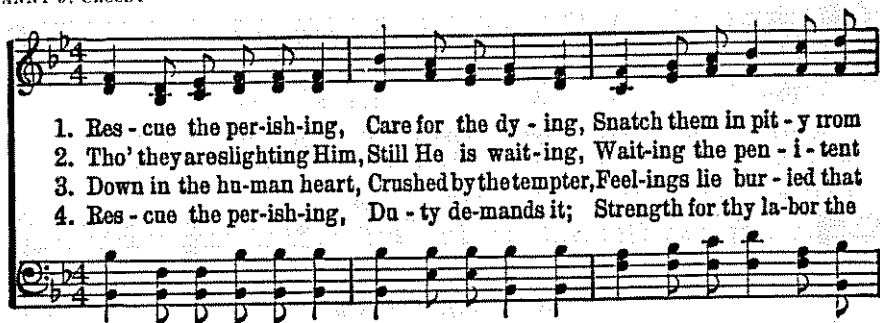
1. My faith has found a rest-ing place, Not in de-vice nor creed;
2. E-nough for me that Je-sus saves, This ends my fear and doubt;
3. My heart is lean-ing on the Word, The writ-ten Word of God,
4. My great Phy - si - cian heals the sick, The lost He came to save;

I trust the Ev - er - liv - ing One, His wounds for me shall plead.
A sin - ful soul I come to Him, He'll nev - er cast me out.
Sal - va - tion by my Sav - iour's name, Sal - va - tion thro' His blood.
For me His pre - cious blood He shed, For me His life He gave.

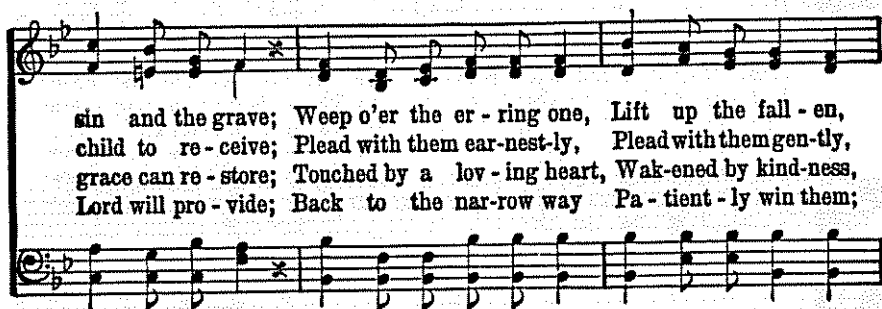
CHORUS

I need no oth - er ar - gu - ment, I need no oth - er plea,

It is e-nough that Je-sus died, And that He died for me.

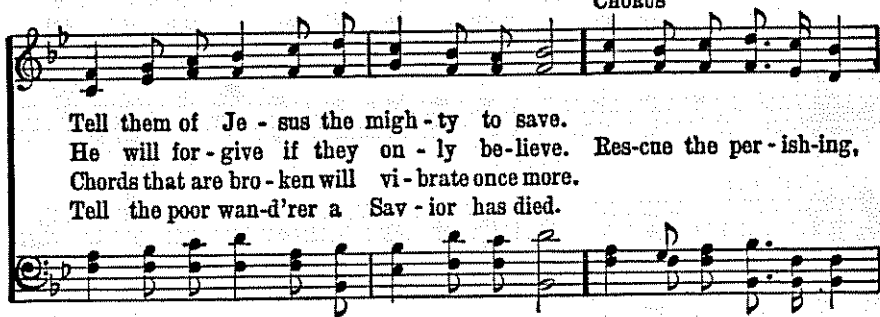


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Tho' they are sligh - ting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

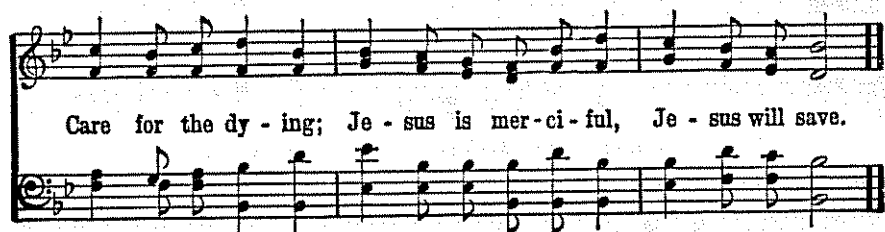


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly,
 grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
 Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS



Tell them of Je - sus the migh - ty to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
 Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
 Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - ior has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

A Passion for Souls

195

HERBERT G. TOVEY

FOSS L. FELLERS

1. Give me a pas - sion for souls, dear Lord, A pas - sion to save the lost;
 2. Though there are dan - gers un - told and stern Con - front - ing me in the way,
 3. How shall this pas - sion for souls be mine? Lord, make Thou the an - swer clear;

O that Thy love were by all a - dored, And wel - come at an - y cost.
 Will - ing - ly still would I go, nor turn, But trust Thee for grace each day.
 Help me to throw out the old Life - Line To those who are strug - gling near.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, I long, I long to be win - ning Men who are

lost, and con - stant - ly sin - ning; O may this hour be

one of be - gin - ning The sto - ry of par - don to tell.

Help Somebody Today

CARRIE E. BRECK

CHARLES H. GABRIEL

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wea-ry in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

Tho' it be lit-tle—a neigh-bor-ly deed— Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Grief is the por-tion of some ev-'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!

CHORUS

Help some-bod-y to - day, Some-bod-y a-long life's way; . . . Let
 to-day, home-ward way;

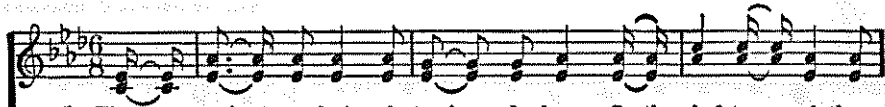
sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!

The Ninety and Nine

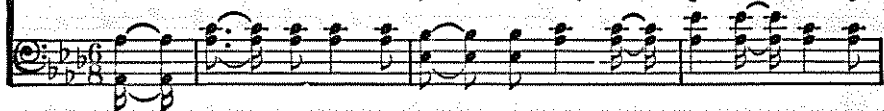
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ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE

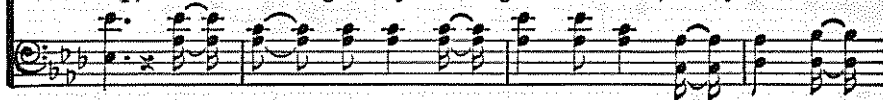
IRA D. SANKEY



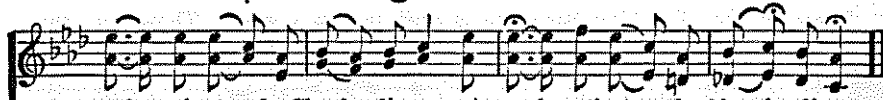
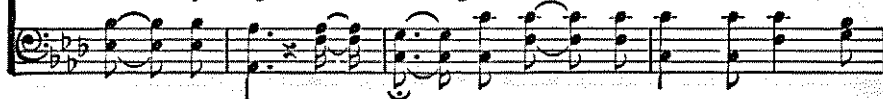
1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel-ter of the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not enough for
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's
5. But all thro' the mountains, thun-der-riv'n, And up from the rock-y



fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the
Thee?" But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of mine Has wan-dered a-
crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His
track?" "They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could
steep, There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re-joice! I have



gates of gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A -
way from me, And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I
sheep that was lost. Out in the des - ert He heard its cry—
bring him back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're
found my sheep!" And the an - gels ech-oe'd a - round the throne, "Re-



way from the ten-der Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten-der Shep-herd's care,
go to the des-ert to find my sheep, I go to the des-ert to find my sheep."
Sick and helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and ready to die,
pierced to - night by many a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn."
joyce, for the Lord brings back His own! Re-joyce, for the Lord brings back His own."



Throw Out the Life-Line

EDWARD S. UFFORD

EDWARD S. UFFORD
ARR. BY GEORGE C. STEBRINS

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

some one should save; Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh, who then will dare To
lin-ger so long? Seel he is sink-ing; oh, has-ten to-day—And
you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter-ni-ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But

CHORUS

throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

Throw out the Life-Line! Some-one is drift-ing a-way; Throw out the

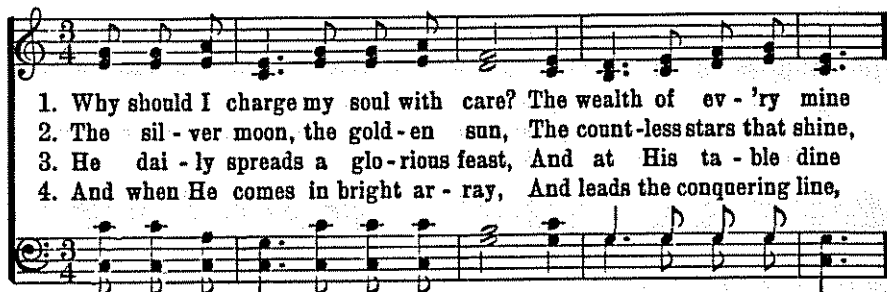
Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to-day.

He's a Friend of Mine

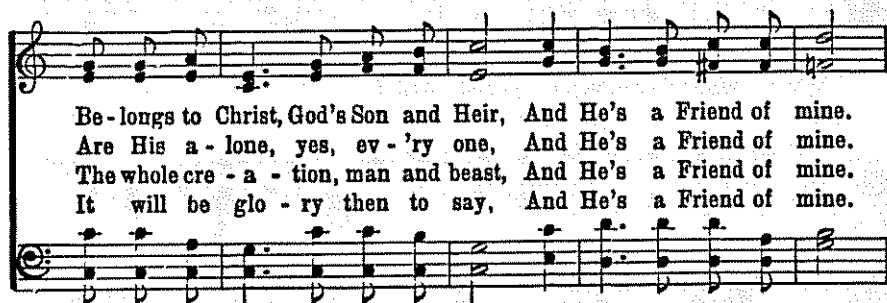
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JOHN H. SAMMIS

DANIEL B. TOWNER



1. Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth of ev - 'ry mine
2. The sil - ver moon, the gold - en sun, The count - less stars that shine,
3. He dai - ly spreads a glo - rious feast, And at His ta - ble dine
4. And when He comes in bright ar - ray, And leads the conquering line,

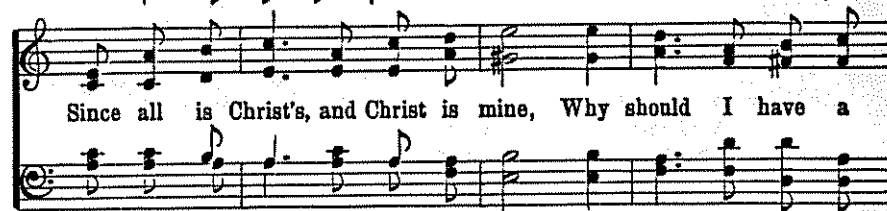


Be - longs to Christ, God's Son and Heir, And He's a Friend of mine.
Are His a - lone, yes, ev - 'ry one, And He's a Friend of mine.
The whole cre - a - tion, man and beast, And He's a Friend of mine.
It will be glo - ry then to say, And He's a Friend of mine.

CHORUS



Yes, He's a Friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;



Since all is Christ's, and Christ is mine, Why should I have a



care? For Je - sus is a Friend of mine....

A New Name in Glory

C. AUSTIN MILES

1. I was once a sin-ner, but I came Par-don to re-ceive from my
 2. I was hum-bly kneel-ing at the cross, Fearing naught but God's an-gry
 3. In the Book 'tis writ-ten, "Saved by Grace," O the joy that came to my

Lord: This was free-ly giv-en, and I found That He al-ways kept His
 frown; When the heav-ens o-pen-ed and I saw That my name was writ-ten
 soul! Now I am for-giv-en, and I know By the blood I am made

REFRAIN

word (kept His word).
 down (writ-ten down). There's a new name writ-ten down in glo-ry,
 whole (am made whole).

And it's mine, O yes, it's mine! And the white-robed an-gels sing the
 And it's mine, yes, it's mine!

sto-ry, "A sin-ner has come home." For there's a
 has come home."