

W. C. MARTIN.

FRED B. HOLTON.

1. The Lord has kept a book in which to write with crimson pen, The
 2. Yes, there in crimson let-ters is my own name clearly traced, The
 3. Be - fore the gathered nations, when the opened book is read, And

name of each one de-stit-ed for a throne, A-mong the names of
 lov - ing hand that wrote it mars a scar; And tho' I sometimes
 se - crets writ-ten there shall be made known, And Je - sus puts a

all the no - blest of the sons of men, O heart of mine, re-
 fal - ter, not a jot shall be ef - faced; And nothing shall its
 crown of glo - ry on each honored head, — Praise God, among those

CHORUS.

joice, I see my own.
 clear-ness ev - er mar. My name is written there, as a
 names shall be my own.

roy - al child and heir, And nothing shall its clearness ev - er

My Name is Written There—Concluded.

mar; (ev - er mar;) Oh, yes, my name is there, heav-en's

rit e ad lib.
glories I shall share, And the loving hand that wrote it wears a scar.

81. Resting Now.

FRED SCOTT.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Rest-ing now, life's voyage o'er, Pain and grief to know no more;
2. Rest-ing now! what bliss to be From all earth - ly sor - row free!
3. Rest-ing now, with Christ at home, Nevermore from him to roam;
4. Rest-ing now, not i-dle though, Hands so bus-y here be - low,

Safe - ly on the heav'nly shore, Rest - ing now.
Sin and wrong no more to see,
Gone for aye earth's dark'ning gloom,
With heav'n's vig-or all a - glow. Sweet-ly rest - ing now.

REFRAIN.

Rest - ing, rest - ing now, Rest - ing now.
Sweet - ly rest - ing now, Sweet-ly rest - ing now.