

F. E. B.

"Whom having not seen, ye love: in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." — 1 Peter 1:8.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. My heart's a tune-ful harp when Christ a-bides with-in, There's mu-sic in the name of Je-sus;  
 2. How cheer-ing is the voice of heav'nly mel-o-dy! How dif-f'rent is the world's com-plain-ing!  
 3. When we are dead to Self, then are we dead to sin; "An un-di-vid-ed heart," says Je-sus;  
 4. Don't bind the gi-ant down, nor lay him on the shelf, Ncr leave him dead on Si-ni's mountain;  
 5. Then Love be-gins her life of work, and song, and prayer, With not a mo-ment lost in sigh-ing;

But Sa-tan al-ways strikes the chords of doubt and sin; I love the gen-tle touch of Je-sus.  
 And we may make the choice of what this life shall be, With prom-ise of the life re-main-ing.  
 Till then the Prince of Peace can-not a-bide with-in, With Self there is no room for Je-sus.  
 There's on-ly one sure way to rid the heart of Self,— A bur-ial deep in Cal-v'ry's fountain.  
 To save a dy-ing world, is all her tho't and care, For love is more than self-de-ny-ing.

## CHORUS.

O there's mu-sic, sweet-est mu-sic, There's mu-sic in the name of Je-sus;  
 O there's mu-sic in my soul, sweet-est mu-sic in my soul,