THE GREAT SEAL of Gordon College of Theology and Missions is built upon and around the shield, symbolizing the faith which is the foundation of all the life and ministry of Gordon. We believe; and therefore we teach, and preach, and study to show ourselves approved unto God, workmen that have no need to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth.

Emblazoned upon the shield is the cross, the great central fact of our faith, Christus Redemptor; “Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures”, the heart of the Gospel, which every Gordon man and woman goes forth into the world to proclaim.

The stars in the upper quadrants symbolize the universe, suggesting Christus Creator; “All things were created by Him, and for Him; And He is before all things, and by Him all things hold together.”

The letters G and C in the lower quadrants of the shield stand for Gordon College established upon a living faith in the atoning death of Christ, God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself through the cross.

The Greek words surrounding the shield constitute one of the earliest confessions of faith used by the followers of Christ, “Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour”. The first letters in each word of this confession combine to form the Greek word for “Fish” which became a symbol of the undying faith of the early Christians and was often found among inscriptions on the walls of the catacombs of Rome.
CAST ALL THY CARE.

A. J. G. 1846.

"Casting all your care upon Him." 1 Pet. 5:7.

D. B. TOWNE.

Moderato.

1. Cast all thy care upon the Lord, To Him for succor see;
2. Cast all thy sins upon the Lord, He bore them on the tree;
3. Cast all thy sorrows upon the Lord, Look up, His nail prints see;
4. Cast all thy burdens upon the Lord, Too heavy none can bear;
5. Cast all thy name is grav'd on His hands, He suffers still with thee.

Chorus.

Through, as be it so; So shall sustain thee, Cast it up.

The high ensign'd at God's right hand, He careth still for thee.
Behold he liveth who was dead, And pleaseth still for thee.
Thy name is grav'd on His hands, He suffers still with thee.
His shoulders which uplift the world Can bear thy load for thee.

CAST ALL THY CARE.

A. J. G. 1846.

"Casting all your care upon Him." 1 Pet. 5:7.

D. B. TOWNE.

Moderato.

1. Cast all thy care upon the Lord, To Him for succor see;
2. Cast all thy sins upon the Lord, He bore them on the tree;
3. Cast all thy sorrows upon the Lord, Look up, His nail prints see;
4. Cast all thy burdens upon the Lord, Too heavy none can bear;
5. Cast all thy name is grav'd on His hands, He suffers still with thee.

Chorus.

Through, as be it so; So shall sustain thee, Cast it up.

The high ensign'd at God's right hand, He careth still for thee.
Behold he liveth who was dead, And pleaseth still for thee.
Thy name is grav'd on His hands, He suffers still with thee.
His shoulders which uplift the world Can bear thy load for thee.
WHERE ART THOU, SOUL?
And the Lord God called unto Adam and said, Where art thou? GEN. III 9

SOLO

   dust thou turn thy face a-way, And from my presence flee
   in sin’s curse and bond-age lie, Its bitter pangs and strife?

2. Where art thou, soul? Why wilt thou die? When I have brought thee life? Why
   tray and cruci- fied thy Lord, And give Him added pain?

3. Where art thou, soul? Redeemed with blood, Ah! wilt thou yet a-gain Be-
   fol lowed thee with patient feet, Thro’ wild and wood and moor.

4. Where art thou, soul? I’m call-ing yet, I can-not give thee o’er; I’ve
   God, why dost Thou shut Thine ear To my de-spair-ing cry?

5. Where art thou, soul? The day draws near, When thou, too late, shalt sigh, “My
   Where art thou, soul? where art thou? 0 soul, where art thou?

“if we suffer we shall reign with Him.”—II Tim. viii.

I saw one toiling in the way
'Neath heavy burdens pressed, “Take thou my yoke” I heard him say
And bearing it find rest.” I bowed my shoulder as he spoke,

I formed thee for a child of light, In stead I thou chosest sin and night
The price is paid to set thee free; For long long, years I’ve called to thee;

I saw one seated on a throne
By myriad saints adored.

Weary and faint and sore “O burden-light! O easy yoke!” I now sing ever-more.

“O burden-light! O easy yoke!” I now sing ever-more.

Weary aud faint and sore “0 burden light! 0 easy yoke! I now sing ever-more.”

I bowed my shoulder as he spoke,

I heard him say”And bearing it find rest.” I bowed my shoulder as he spoke,

I saw one toiling in the way
'Neath heavy burdens pressed, “Take thou my yoke” I heard him say
And bearing it find rest.” I bowed my shoulder as he spoke,

I saw one seated on a throne
By myriad saints adored.

Weary and faint and sore “O burden-light! O easy yoke!” I now sing ever-more.

“O burden-light! O easy yoke!” I now sing ever-more.

I heard him say”And bearing it find rest.” I bowed my shoulder as he spoke,

I saw one toiling in the way
'Neath heavy burdens pressed, “Take thou my yoke” I heard him say
And bearing it find rest.” I bowed my shoulder as he spoke,

I saw one seated on a throne
By myriad saints adored.

Weary and faint and sore “O burden-light! O easy yoke!” I now sing ever-more.

“O burden-light! O easy yoke!” I now sing ever-more.

I heard him say”And bearing it find rest.” I bowed my shoulder as he spoke,

I saw one toiling in the way
'Neath heavy burdens pressed, “Take thou my yoke” I heard him say
And bearing it find rest.” I bowed my shoulder as he spoke,

I saw one seated on a throne
By myriad saints adored.

Weary and faint and sore “O burden-light! O easy yoke!” I now sing ever-more.

“O burden-light! O easy yoke!” I now sing ever-more.

I heard him say”And bearing it find rest.” I bowed my shoulder as he spoke,
IN TENDERNESS HE SOUGHT ME.


1. In tender-ness He sought me, Wea-ry and sick with sin. And
2. He wash’d the blend-ing sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He
3. He point-ed to the nail-prints, For me His blood was shed, A
4. I’m sit-ting in His pres-ence, The sun-shine of His face, While
5. So while the hours are pas-sing, All now is per-fect rest; I’m

On His shoulders brought me back to His fold a-alm. While an-gels in His
whispered to as sure me, "I’ve found the thou art Mine? I nev-er heard a
mocking crown so thorn-y. Was placed upon His head; I won-dered what He
will a-dor-ing won-der His blessings I re-trace. It seems as if wait-ing for the morn-ing, The bright-est and the best, When He will call us

pres-ence sang Un-till the courts of Heav-en rang. In-ter- nal days Are far too short to sound His praise To His side, To be with Him, His spot-less bride.

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that
brought me to the fold, Won-drous grace that brought me to the fold.

THY WAY AND NOT MINE. S. B. G.

German Melody.

1. Thy way and not mine,
O Saviour divine,
I yield to Thy gracious direction.

2. Thy will and not mine!
To Thee I resign
My spirit in cheerful subject-ion.

MONSELL. S. M.

O Blessed Para-clete, Assert Thine inward sway: My body make the temple meet, For Thy perpetual stay.

O Blessed Para-clete
Assert Thine inward sway; My body make the temple meet, For Thy perpetual stay.

1. Thy way and not mine!
O Saviour divine,
I yield to Thy gracious direction.

2. Thy will and not mine!
To Thee I resign
My spirit in cheerful subject-ion.

"Not what I will but what Thou wilt." Mark xiv: 36.

3. Thy life and not mine!
Why should I repine
At sharing Thy cross and rejection?

4. Thy merit, not Mine!
In this shall I sin
The robe of Thy spotless perfection.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" 1 Cor. vi: 13.

3. Thy life and not mine!
Why should I repine
At sharing Thy cross and rejection?

4. Thy merit, not Mine!
In this shall I sin
The robe of Thy spotless perfection.

"Not what I will but what Thou wilt." Mark xiv: 36.

3. Thy life and not mine!
Why should I repine
At sharing Thy cross and rejection?

4. Thy merit, not Mine!
In this shall I sin
The robe of Thy spotless perfection.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" 1 Cor. vi: 13.

3. Thy life and not mine!
Why should I repine
At sharing Thy cross and rejection?

4. Thy merit, not Mine!
In this shall I sin
The robe of Thy spotless perfection.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" 1 Cor. vi: 13.
Leaning on the Beloved. 78.

1. In Thy bosom let me lean, Naught of grief or pain or care, Hurtle me while reclining there.

"Who also leaned on his breast at supper." John xxi: 28.

On Thy bosom let me lean, 
Saviour, present though unseen; 
Naught of grief or pain or care, 
Hurtle me while reclining there.

2. In the Father's bosom Thou 
Rested'st once, butallest now 
Sinners, by Thy blood made nigh, 
On Thy gracious breast to lie.

3. Heart of God's own heart of love, 
Center of all hearts above, 
Wondrous grace vouchsafed to me 
Near, so near Thy heart to be.

4. Jesus, grant me by Thy grace 
At Thy marriage feast a place, 
Where, in wedding garments dressed, 
May in Thy bosom rest.

A. J. Gordon, 1873.

GOSTLIEB. 65, 46. 
F. C. MAKER.

O Holy Ghost! arise, 
Thy temple fill; 
With cleansing fire baptize My yielded will.

1. O Holy Ghost! arise, 
Thy temple fill: 
With cleansing fire baptize My yielded will.

2. Breath from above, refine 
My waiting heart: 
Impulse and power divine 
To me impart.

3. Thou very Light of Light, 
Poured from on high 
Kindle with vision bright 
Mine inward eyes.

4. Cleanse, and illumine, and fill!— 
It shall be so: 
Then send me where Thou wilt 
And I will go.

A. J. Gordon, 1873.

REFRAIN.

Sweet Beulah land. We'll say good morning in glory, good 

morning, good morning, We'll say good morning in glory, good 

morning, good morning.
MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. "When loving not seen, ye love," i Peter i: 8. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In mansions of glory and endless delight,

For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
And praise Thee as long as Thou dost me bear;
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
I ever loved Thee, my Jesus, this now.

THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

A. J. G., 1839. "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty," Is. xxvi: 3, 4. A. J. GORDON.

1. I shall see the King in His beauty, In the land that is far away, When the shadows at length have lift-ed, and the darkness has turned today, I shall see Him in the face for the bliss of heav-en, That the Lamb is the light there-of,
sight all His saints are ravi-lished, the Lamb in the midst of the throne.
hearts of the saved will know Him, by the power of His feet on the body of sin and darkness To the image of Christ conformed.

2. To behold the Chief of Ten Thousand, All my soul this were joy enough; I will suf­fer Who can tell the rap-tu-rous meeting, When the Lord shall bring home His own? With one Oh I to none will the King, be a stranger Of the throng who sur-round His seat; For the I shall see Him, I shall be like Him, By one glance of His face trans­formed; And this

3. I will love Thee in life. I will love Thee in death,
4. In mansions of glory and endless delight,

CHORUS.

The Lamb that once was slain; How I'll then re-sound the sto­ry, With all the ransomed tribes Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah To the Lamb that once was

HE SHALL REIGN FROM SEA TO SEA.
MISSIONARY HYMN.
A. J. GORDON.
Ps. lxxii. 7. JAMES MCGRAHAN.

1. O Church of Christ, be - hold at last The prom - ised sign ap - pear,-The
2. With gird - ed loins, make haste! make haste! Thy wit - ness to com - plete; That
3. And thou, O Is - rael, long in di s - tant, A - rise and come a - way! See
4. Thy scattered sons are gath - ered home, The fig - tree buds are - gain; A
5. Then sing a - loud, O Fi - grim Church. Brief con - flict yet re - mains. And

1. Ye sad watch who are keep - ing, Lift up your heads with joy! Christ comes to wake the
2. Christ may take His throne and bring All na - tions to His feet,
3. little while and Da - vid's Son On Da - vid's throne shall reign,
4. then Im - man - uel de - scends To bind thy foe in chains.

1. Ye sad watch who are keep - ing, Lift up your heads with joy! Christ comes to wake the
2. how the sun of right - eous - ness Sheds forth the beams of day.
3. little while and Da - vid's Son On Da - vid's throne shall reign,
4. then Im - man - uel de - scends To bind thy foe in chains.

1. Ye sad watch who are keep - ing, Lift up your heads with joy! Christ comes to wake the
2. with the King draws near.
3. little while and Da - vid's Son On Da - vid's throne shall reign,
4. then Im - man - uel de - scends To bind thy foe in chains.

1. Ye sad watch who are keep - ing, Lift up your heads with joy! Christ comes to wake the
2. who are keep - ing, Hope of glory how cheering,
3. little while and Da - vid's Son On Da - vid's throne shall reign,
4. then Im - man - uel de - scends To bind thy foe in chains.

1. Ye sad watch who are keep - ing, Lift up your heads with joy! Christ comes to wake the
2. with the King draws near.
3. little while and Da - vid's Son On Da - vid's throne shall reign,
4. then Im - man - uel de - scends To bind thy foe in chains.

1. Ye sad watch who are keep - ing, Lift up your heads with joy! Christ comes to wake the
2. how the sun of right - eous - ness Sheds forth the beams of day.
3. little while and Da - vid's Son On Da - vid's throne shall reign,
4. then Im - man - uel de - scends To bind thy foe in chains.

1. Ye sad watch who are keep - ing, Lift up your heads with joy! Christ comes to wake the
2. with the King draws near.
3. little while and Da - vid's Son On Da - vid's throne shall reign,
4. then Im - man - uel de - scends To bind thy foe in chains.

1. Ye sad watch who are keep - ing, Lift up your heads with joy! Christ comes to wake the
2. with the King draws near.
3. little while and Da - vid's Son On Da - vid's throne shall reign,
4. then Im - man - uel de - scends To bind thy foe in chains.

1. Ye sad watch who are keep - ing, Lift up your heads with joy! Christ comes to wake the
2. how the sun of right - eous - ness Sheds forth the beams of day.
3. little while and Da - vid's Son On Da -vid's throne shall reign,
4. then Im - man - uel de - scends To bind thy foe in chains.
DARLEY, L. M.  W. H. DARLEY
1. Behold! O God, Thy chosen race, The stock whence spring Immortal, Scattered and peeled, and without place, In all the earth wherein to dwell. *Have mercy, Lord,* on Israel.

WE’LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.
A. J. G.
1. There is a land far out of sight, A calm un-troubled shore,
2. Each day as pilgrims reach that strand, All hearts with rapture swell;
3. For ev -er with the Lord they reign, His face for ev -er view;

CHORUS.
We’ll nev -er say good -bye in heav’n, We’ll nev -er say good -bye, (good -bye.)

In that fair land of joy and song, We’ll nev -er say good -bye.

REPEAT CHORUS pp.

ST. PHILIP, 7s. 8.
1. Even so Lord Je - su come, Hope of all our hopes the sun, Take Thy waiting people home.

CHORUS.
We’ll nev -er say good -bye in heav’n, We’ll nev -er say good -bye, (good -bye.)

Even so Lord Jesus come; Hope of all our hopes the sun, Take Thy waiting people home.

2. Long, so long, our blessed dead, Wait from out the grave’s dark bed At Thine advent to be led.

3. Long, so long, the groaning earth, Cursed with war, and flood, and death

Signs for its redemption-birth.

In all the earth wherein to dwell.

WHERE they who said on earth good -night, Now meet to part no more:
Wel -comes are heard on ev'ry hand, But nev er one fare - well.

When shall I to thy man-sions come, No more to say good -bye?

For these long outcast from Thy fold
Shall not Thy cleansing blood avail? *Have mercy, Lord,* on Israel.

4. Daughter of Zion, rise, prepare Thy long rejected King to hail,
Lift up thy penitential prayer,
From Judah’s every hill and vale, *Have mercy, Lord,* on Israel.

When shall I to thy man-sions come,
No more to say good -bye?

SCATTERED and peeled, and without place
The stock whose spring Im mortal, Scattered and peeled, and without place.

5. Oh, when Thou comest in the clouds, And all the tribes of earth shall wait,
The sleeping dead cast off their shrouds,
The sun groweth dark, the skies turn pale,
*Have mercy, Lord,* on Israel.

When shall I to thy man-sions come,
No more to say good -bye?

6. Amen.

May this Thy promise fall?
Saviour can this Thy promise fall?

For God is able to graft them in again.” Rom. xi: 25.

*Have mercy, Lord,* on Israel.

May this Thy promise fall?
Saviour can this Thy promise fall?

*Have mercy, Lord,* on Israel.

*Have mercy, Lord,* on Israel.

*Have mercy, Lord,* on Israel.

*Have mercy, Lord,* on Israel.

G. H. FULLER.
HELP ME TO BE HOLY.

A. J. Gordon.

1. Help me to be holy, O Father of light,
Guilt-burdened and lowly, I bow in Thy sight;
Why conquer so slowly, This nature of mine? Come, make me Thy willing tool, This temple of Thine;

2. Help me to be holy, O Saviour divine;
Guilt-burdened and lowly, I bow in Thy sight;
Why conquer so slowly, This nature of mine? Come, make me Thy willing tool, This temple of Thine;

3. Help me to be holy, O Spirit divine;
Guilt-burdened and lowly, I bow in Thy sight;
Why conquer so slowly, This nature of mine? Come, make me Thy willing tool, This temple of Thine;

How shall a stained conscience Dare gaze on Thy face;
Stamp deep Thy likeness, Where Satan's hath been,
Now cast out each I did, Here set up Thy throne;

E'en though in Thy presence Thou grant me a place?
Elephant with Thy brightness and shine,
Reign, reign with our rival, Supreme and alone.
# Index to Hymns

By Adoniram Judson Gordon, D.D.
From the Coronation Hymnal
Edited by his Son, Ernest Gordon College
Indexed by Professor John Beauregard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Entry</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 Corinthians 6: 19</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Peter 1: 16</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Peter 1: 19</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Peter 1: 8</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Peter 2: 9</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Thessalonians 4:16</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Timothy 2: 12</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And the Lord God called unto Adam and said, Where art thou?</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BARNABY, JOSEPH</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be ye holy for I am holy</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CALDHECK, G. R.</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canticles 2: 17</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAST ALL THY CARE</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casting all your care upon Him</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CENNICK, JOHN, 1741</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coronation Hymnal</td>
<td>Cover t.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DARLEY, L. M.</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DARLEY, W. H.</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Even so come Lord Jesus</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For God is able to graft them in again</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genesis 3: 9</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gordon, Ernest, Editor son of A.J. Gordon</td>
<td>Cover t.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GORDON, A.J.G. (Gordon) 1892</td>
<td>All pages</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOTTLIEB</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

# Index to Hymns

By Adoniram Judson Gordon, D.D.
From the Coronation Hymnal
Edited by his Son, Ernest Gordon College
Indexed by Professor John Beauregard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Entry</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GOUNOD, Arr.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HE SHALL REIGN FROM SEA TO SEA. MISSIONARY HYMN</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He that keepeth thee will not slumber</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HELP METO BE HOLY</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have found my sheep that was lost</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I YIELD TO THEE</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If we suffer we shall also reign with Him.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IN TENDERNESS HE SOUGHT ME</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isaiah 33: 17</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isaiah 33: 17</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus Christ Son of God Saviour</td>
<td>Cover t.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John 21: 20</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Know ye that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEANING ON THE BELOVED</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LONDON HYMN BOOK</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>London Hymn Book</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luke 15: 6</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAKER, F.C.</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark 14: 36</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matthew 3: 2</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MCGRANAHAH, JAMES</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionary hymn</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MONK, W.H.</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Index to Hymns

**By**
Adoniram Judson Gordon, D. D.

**From the Coronation Hymnal**
Edited by his Son, Ernest Gordon College
Indexed by Professor John Beauregard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hymn</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GLORY</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHERE ART THOU, SOUL?</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who also leaned on his breast at supper</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whom having not see, ye love</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With the precious blood of Christ</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MONSELL, S. M.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MORNING WATCH, P. M.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NIGHTWATCH</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not what I will but what thou wilt</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm 121: 3</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm 72: 7</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revelation 22: 21</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romans 11: 23</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seal. The Great Seal of Gordon College of Theology and Missions.</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOUTHGATE, Arr.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ST. PHILIP</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SULLIVAN, ARTHUR</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TENNEY, J. H.</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The land that is very far off</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THY WAY AND NOT MINE.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOWNER, D. B.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOWNER, D. B.</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Until the day break and the shadows flee away</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIA LUCIS, D. M. D.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WALTON, W. SPENCER</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WE'LL SAY GOOD MORNING IN</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Index to Hymns
By
Adoniram Judson Gordon, D. D.
From the Coronation Hymnal
Edited by his Son, Ernest Gordon College
Indexed by Professor John Beauregard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MONSELL, S. M.</th>
<th>5</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MORNING WATCH, P. M.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NIGHTWATCH</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not what I will but what thou wilt</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm 121: 3</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm 72: 7</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revelation 22: 21</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romans 11: 23</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seal. The Great Seal of Gordon College of Theology and Missions.</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOUTHGATE, Arr.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ST. PHILIP</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SULLIVAN, ARTHUR</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TENNEY, J. H.</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The land that is very far off</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THY WAY AND NOT MINE,</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOWNER, D. B.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOWNER, D. B.</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Until the day break and the shadows flee away</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIA LUCIS, D. M. D.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WALTON, W. SPENCER</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WE’LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WE’LL SAY GOOD MORNING IN</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Index to Hymns
By
Adoniram Judson Gordon, D. D.
From the Coronation Hymnal
Edited by his Son, Ernest Gordon College
Indexed by Professor John Beauregard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GLORY</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WHERE ART THOU, SOUL?</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who also leaned on his breast at supper</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whom having not see, ye love</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With the precious blood of Christ</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>