

154451

BRIGHT JEWELS
FOR THE
Sunday School.

A NEW COLLECTION OF SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS
WORK, MANY OF WHICH ARE THE LATEST COMPOSITIONS OF

William B. Bradbury,

AND HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED.

REV. ROB'T LOWRY, } ASSISTED BY { WM. F. SHERWIN
EDITOR, } } AND
CHESTER G. ALLEN.

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GREETING.

Fellow-Workers in the Sunday School:—

From the old and well-known House which has already supplied the Sunday Schools of our land with 4,000,000 of Music Books, we greet you with a new Song Book of "BRIGHT JEWELS," to aid you in your blessed employment. We have aimed to make it worthy of acceptance among those to whom spirituality of thought and purity of expression are among the chief elements of value in Sunday School song.

The Superintendent and the Chorister will find in this collection of "BRIGHT JEWELS" abundant and fitting material for the Sunday School Session, the Prayer Meeting, the Musical Exercise and the Anniversary. If we have not succeeded in meeting every taste in every particular, we have at least endeavored to project our work on the plane of a high-toned Christian sentiment.

In this cluster of "BRIGHT JEWELS" may be found hymns of the Advent and the Resurrection; hymns of Penitence and of Faith; hymns of Activity and of Repose; hymns of Precept and of Experience; hymns of Earth and of Heaven; hymns for the Christian child, the mature believer, and the unconverted.

It has not been deemed advisable to introduce in "BRIGHT JEWELS" any considerable number of the "old standards," which are supposed to be in possession of all our Sunday Schools. The hymns and tunes in this work have been almost entirely prepared expressly for it; and Sunday Schools may rely on not being obliged to repurchase large quantities of material which they have already used in a variety of forms. The contents of the book are almost wholly fresh and new.

If a hymn in "BRIGHT JEWELS" does not seem to reflect the mind of every singer, do not, on that account, pass it by. We sing our common songs in the Sanctuary, though the words may not express the experience of every worshipper. We teach our children the Lord's Prayer, though the language may not be the expression of the child's consciousness. We hope to provide the child with a framework which his own experience will fill up by-and-by.

Some choice effusions of Wm. B. BRADBURY, never before published, lend their lustre to "BRIGHT JEWELS," and claim a place with his well-established favorites. In these posthumous productions of the lamented composer will be recognized the voice of one who "being dead, yet speaketh" in that mellifluous tone so familiar in all the Sunday Schools of the land.

The melodies of W. H. DOANE, T. E. PERKINS and others, have already found a welcome in the circles in which they have been sung; while the hymns of well-known writers, as well as those whose authors have preferred to suppress their names, will prove themselves acceptable to the lovers of Sunday School song.

And now, with a prayer that this book may contribute in some degree to the glory of God, the Editors renew their greeting to their FELLOW-WORKERS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, and express the hope that all who take these fresh songs on the fresh lips of youth, may be found, when the Lord cometh, among His

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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We have tried to have our Sunday School friends understand this matter, by printing the above notice on all our publications; but we are sorry to find, that in many instances, our rights have been utterly disregarded. Hymns and tunes have been selected from our books and printed for Sunday Schools without any attempt at obtaining our consent to use them. This course is *morally* as well as legally wrong. It costs us a great deal of time and money to collect the material for a Sunday School Music Book; and the low price at which we furnish it, in order to place it within the reach of the poorest Sunday School, requires that a large number should be sold before we can be reimbursed for the original outlay; and hence, whenever a Sunday School is supplied with selections from our popular books, whether they are printed on a card and entitled "Song Roll," or in any other shape, we are injured to that extent. We have no doubt, that in most instances, this has been done innocently, and with no design to defraud us; but in self-defence we shall be obliged, in future, to take legal steps to prevent this unauthorized appropriation of our property, including all the compositions of the late WM. B. BRADBURY.

BIGLOW & MAIN

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

This Index is merely intended to aid the Leader in selecting Hymns on some of the most important and familiar topics. A careful examination will enable him to discover many hymns on given subjects not placed here under their specific heads. In every case an enlightened judgment must determine the selection.

ANNIVERSARIES—36, 95, 135, 144.

ATONEMENT—45, 76, 77, 111, 134, 139, 143, 157.

ACTIVITY—6, 9, 10, 20, 24, 32, 34, 48, 49, 51, 68, 73,
80, 104, 128, 142, 155.

AFFLICTION—66, 131.

CHILDREN, (HYMNS FOR LITTLE)—11, 19, 21,
39, 40, 55, 57, 60, 79, 87, 124.

CHRIST—33, 42, 46, 67, 71, 76, 85, 105, 114, 119,
122, 130, 134, 136, 146, 148, 155.

CHRIST, (BIRTH OF)—27, 105, 122, 136.

CHRIST, (RESURRECTION OF)—42, 71, 114, 146.

DOXOLOGIES—157.

FAITH—6, 15, 48, 53, 56, 67, 72, 77, 93, 106, 107,
121, 127, 154, 155.

HEAVEN—28, 37, 41, 43, 47, 62, 70, 86, 94, 100, 102,
110, 117, 118, 120, 126, 133, 140, 141, 152, 154.

HOLY SPIRIT—37, 83, 97, 103, 109, 115, 116, 148.

INVITATION—30, 35, 54, 58, 60, 63, 78, 79, 83, 90,
113, 124, 132, 157.

JOY, (HYMNS OF)—16, 18, 25, 69, 134, 138, 148,
149, 154, 155.

LIFE AND DEATH—36, 44, 66, 131, 150, 154.

LORD'S DAY—11, 12, 14, 31, 88, 109, 114, 125, 149.

MISSIONARY—7, 50, 51, 64, 153, 156.

PRAISE TO GOD—74, 98, 99, 105, 116, 154.

PRAISE TO CHRIST—5, 8, 19, 23, 27, 82, 96, 144.

PRAYER—11, 17, 21, 22, 29, 75, 84, 87, 97, 107, 115,
123, 129, 137, 138, 154, 155, 156, 157.

REPENTANCE—101, 106, 108, 111.

REST—13, 81, 91, 100.

SUNDAY SCHOOL—26, 31, 59, 89, 95.

VICTORY—8, 38, 92.

YOUTH—52, 65, 90, 96, 103, 112.

BRIGHT JEWELS.

BRIGHT JEWELS OF SONG.

Words and Music by WM. F. SHERWIN

With spirit.

1. Bright jewels of song to the Saviour we bring, Glad anthems of praise to our glo-ri-fied King; With

seraphs and an-gels be-fore thee, we raise, In humbler de-votion, our chorus of praise. Bright

jew-els of song, Bright jewels of song, Bright jewels, bright jewels to Je-sus - long.
Bright jewels of song, Bright jewels of song,

CHORUS.

2 Our grateful hosannas we offer to thee,—
Proclaiming salvation so boundless and free,
Till o'er the wide earth the sweet story we send
Of Jesus, the sinner's Redeemer and Friend.
CHO.—Bright jewels, &c.

3 Accept Thou our off'ring, oh make it sincere;
These songs of rejoicing life's pathway shall cheer,
And when with the ransomed in glory we sing,
Bright jewels we'll shine in the crown of our King.
CHO.—Bright jewels, &c.

STAND FAST.

"And having done all, stand."—Eph. vi. 13.

R. L.

1. Can you stand for God, tho' you stand alone, With your heart at rest, and your soul secure; With the
 2. Can you stand for God when the heart grows faint, And your sad soul looks thro' the blinding tears; Can you
 3. Can you stand with faith, tho' the time be long, Tho' the night be dark and the day-star dim; Can you

CHORUS.

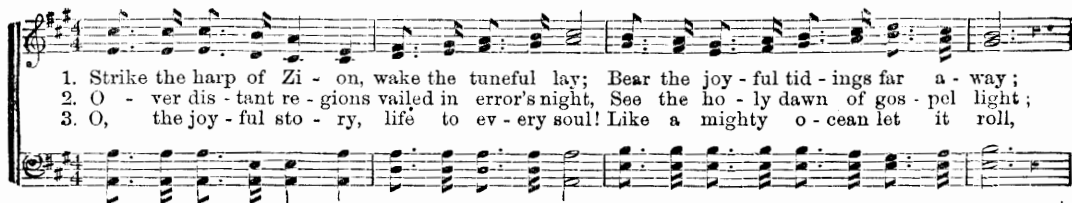
rock beneath, and in front the throne, Can you stand and still endure? Can you stand, can you stand, Can you
 bear life's sorrows without complaint, Thro' the tedious, toilsome years?
 stand for truth, and in Christ be strong, 'Till you stand complete in Him?
 Can you stand, can you stand, &c.

stand for Christ alone? If we stand in the strife 'till the end of life, We shall stand at the heavenly throne.

FANNY CROSBY.

STRIKE THE HARP OF ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 7

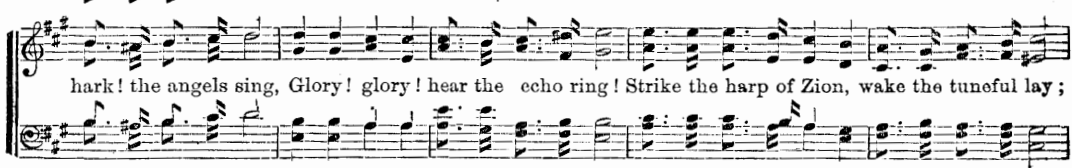


1. Strike the harp of Zi - on, wake the tuneful lay; Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way ;
2. O - ver dis - tant re - gions veiled in error's night, See the ho - ly dawn of gos - pel light ;
3. O, the joy - ful sto - ry, life to ev - ery soul! Like a mighty o - cean let it roll,




CHORUS.

Lo! the morn is breaking, morn of purest love, Praise fore - er, praise to God above. Glory! glory!
See! the nations coming at the Saviour's call, Coming now to crown him Lord of all.
Bringing home the lost ones from the path of sin, Till the world shall all be gathered in.



hark! the angels sing, Glory! glory! hear the echo ring! Strike the harp of Zion, wake the tuneful lay;



Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way, far a - way, Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way.

HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

FANNY CROSBY.
Not too fast.

1. Come and join the glorious ar - my praising God be - low, Singing still the songs of Zi - on,

joy - ful as we go; With a steadfast hope in Je - sus, who has triumphed o'er the grave, Our

trust is in His mighty arm, the strong to save. He shall reign for - ev - er glo - ry to His name,

Shout aloud, ye nations all! wondrous love proclaim! He has died to save us, died to make us free,

CHORUS.

HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER. Concluded.

9

Blessed Saviour, King of glory, praise to thee.

2 We will bear His glorious banner nobly till we die,
We are pressing boldly onward where our treasures lie,
He has promised His protection and His promise cannot fail,
Our hope is in His mercy, and we must prevail.—*Cho.*

3 Walking still beneath the shadow of His mighty wings,
We shall reach the golden city of the King of kings :
Oh! the pleasures that await us on that bright celestial shore,
We'll join the noble army who have gone before.—*Cho.*

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

SCATTER SEED.

R. I.

1. In the fur - rows of thy life, Scat - ter seed, Scat - ter seed ! Small may be thy spir - it - field,

But a good - ly crop 'twill yield : Sow the kindly word and deed. Scatter, scatter seed!

2.
Up ! the morning flies away,
Scatter seed !
Hand of thine must never tire,
Heart must keep its pure desire :
While thy brothers faint and bleed.
Scatter seed !

3.
Tho' thy works should seem to fail,
Scatter seed !
Some may fall on stony ground
Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed.
Scatter seed !

4.
Spring-time always dawns for thee ;
Scatter seed !
Ope thy spirit's golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more,
God will give to thee thy meed.
Scatter seed !

SOME GOOD TO DO.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Sprightly.

1. Bright is the joy of the girl or boy, Who in earnest keeps on try - ing, Some good to do, tho' the
2. Helping the weak with a temper meek, Is a du - ty laid be - fore us, A - void the wrong as we

Some good to do,

years are few And time on wings is fly - ing. Some good to do, some good to do, In joy as well as
pass a - long, For Je - sus watches o'er us.

Some good to do,

sorrow, Some good to do, some good to do, To-day and then to-morrow. 3 Pity and love should our spirits move,
For the needy and forsaken :
Their lack of food, and their want of good,
Should all our care awaken.
Some good to do, &c.

4 Bravely we'll stand in a loving band,
And in earnest keep on trying
Some good to do, though the years are few,
And time on wings is flying.
Some good to do, &c.

LITTLE HEARTS AND LITTLE MINDS.

W. F. SHERWIN. 11

1. Lit - tle hearts, O Lord, may love thee; Lit - tle minds may learn thy ways; Lit - tle hands and
 2. Lo! the Lord's day comes to cheer us; Truth and Love our teach - ers bring; Great Re - deem - er!
 3. Lit - tle ones, we stand be - fore thee, Larg - er shall we year - ly grow; Help us ev - er

feet may serve thee; Little voi - ces sing thy praise: Ho - ly Je - sus, come and bless us, Bless us while this
 be thou near us, Make us grateful while we sing: Lov - ing Je - sus, come and bless us, Guard our weakness
 to a - dore thee, All thro' life thy grace to show; Then, O Je - sus, Come and bless us, Take us home from

hymn we raise. Ho - ly Je - sus, Come and bless us, Bless us while this hymn we raise.
 'neath thy wing. Lov - ing Je - sus, Come and bless us, Guard our weak - ness 'neath thy wing.
 all be - low. Then, O Je - sus, Come and bless us, Take us home from all be - low.

DAWNING IN THE VALLEY.

Words by (C.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Dawning in the valley. Smiling o'er the hill, Peaceful calm and still.
Lo! the Sabbath morning, Cheers the drooping spirit.

With its golden rays, While we greet its coming With a song of praise, While we greet its coming With a song, &c.

CHORUS.

Welcome day, holy day, Hear the passing moments gently say, Watch and pray, watch, &c. Come to Jesus, come away.

2 While in joyful chorus
Chime the Sabbath bells,
Let us seek the temple
Where our Father dwells.
Bending there before him,
Ask for grace divine,

Light of hope eternal,
In our hearts to shine.
Welcome day, &c.
3 Day of rest from labor,
Pure and tranquil rest;
Day of sweet refreshing,

By our Father blest.
May our soul's devotion
Kindle while we sing,
Praise to him who made it,
Praise to God our King.
Welcome day, &c.

THERE'S A HOME WEARY PILGRIM.

13

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Take thy staff and journey onward: Look beyond this vale of tears; Far above its gloomy shadows, Lo! thy

CHORUS.

Father's smile appears. There's a home weary pilgrim, There's a home weary pilgrim, There's a home weary

pilgrim, There is rest for you and me.

2 Hasten thee on! the day is waning;
 Watch and work with all thy might,
 Lest the evening close upon thee
 Ere thou reach the mountain height. *Cho.*

- 3 Speed thee on! through toil and danger,
 God will bring thee on thy way;
 More and more thy faith increasing,
 To the light of perfect day. *Cho.*
- 4 Run the christian race before thee;
 Lay aside thy weight of care:
 Reaching forward, pressing onward,
 Win the crown 'tis thine to wear. *Cho.*
- 5 Yonder lie the fields of glory,
 Just beyond the narrow sea.
 Pilgrim, haste, thy strength renewing;
 There thy home, thy rest shall be. *Cho.*

1. Hark! the bells of ho - ly Sabbath, Hear their ringing soft and clear! While their solemn, sacred music,
2. Hear the sweet, persuasive summons, Telling now God's high behest, Six days shalt thou have for labor,

CHORUS.

Sounds so sweetly to the ear. We hail this day so full of joy, We hail this day so
On the seventh thou shalt rest.

full of joy; We hail this day so full of joy, And greet it with a song, And greet it with a song.

3 What a blessing is the Sabbath!
With its sweetly chiming bells,
Spirit pure, of deep devotion,
In their calm vibration dwells,—*Cho.*

4 Then the weary one's reminded
Of Jehovah's high behest;
Six days ONLY shalt thou labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest.—*Cho.*

First Part may be sung by Solo Voices or Semi-Chorus.

1. Why despond, tho' tri - als come, And tears our cup may fill? Far above the gathering clouds The
 2. Why re - call the treasured hopes, Like morning's beauty fled? Look above the clouds that hang So

CHORUS.

sun is beaming still. } Up among the shining stars, The shining stars, The shining stars, Up among the
 dark-ly o'er thy head. } Let us look above the clouds, Above the clouds, Above the clouds, Look above the

shining stars That spar-kle in the sky,
 frowning clouds To brighter worlds on high.

3 Sorrow like a surge may roll,
 And wild the storm may be ;
 Look above, O trembling soul!
 The sun still shines for thee.—*Cho.*

4 Try, in cheerful, patient hope,
 The ills of life to brave;
 Let your faith direct the bark;
 There's light beyond the wave.—*Cho.*

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING.

1. My life flows on in end-less song; A-bove Earth's la - men - ta - tion, I catch the sweet, tho'
 2. What tho' my joys and comfort die? The Lord my Sav-iour liv - eth; What tho' the dark-ness
 3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it: And day by day this

far - off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion; Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I
 gath-er round? Songs in the night He giv - eth; No storm can shake my in - most calm, While
 pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it; The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A

hear the mu - sic ring-ing; It finds an e - cho in my soul—How can I keep from sing-ing?
 to that re - fuge cling-ing; Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?
 fountain ev - er springing; All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from sing-ing?

I'M PRAYING FOR YOU.

R. L. 17

1. I have a Saviour—he's pleading in glo-ry—So precious, tho' earthly enjoyments be few; And
 2. I have a Father—to me he has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty, precious and true; And
 3. I have a Crown, and I'll wear it for-ev-er, En-circled with jew-els of hea-ven-ly hue; 'Twas
 4. I have a Rest, and the earnest is giv-en, Tho' now for a time 'tis conceal'd from my view; 'Tis

now he is watching in tenderness o'er me; But oh! that my Saviour was your Saviour too!
 soon will my spir-it be with him in heaven; But oh! that he'd let me bring you with me too!
 purchased by Je-sus, my glo-ri-fied Saviour; But oh! could I know one was purchased for you!
 life ev-er-last-ing—'tis Je-sus, 'tis heaven: And oh! dearest friend, let me meet you there too!

REFRAIN.

For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you!

1. As I sought with weary fitting Where to dwell, where to dwell, Came I to the Master sitting on the well ;
 2. From its living depths he brought it, Bubbling up, bubbling up, And to me who faintly sought it, Gave the cup;

CHORUS.

"Twas the well of health and cheer, Living wa - ter fresh and clear. O the Master is sitting on the
 Life was in the draught He gave, Springing life to help and save.

well, O the Mas - ter is sit - ting on the well, And the
 Sit - ting on the well, Sitting on the well,

Liv - ing Wa - ter flows, Giv - ing life where'er it goes, While the Master is sitting on the well.

LIVING WATER. Concluded.

19

3 Thirsting traveler, will you try it?
 Still it flows—
 Still the Master, sitting by it,
 Holds to those
 Who with earnest heart would sup,
 Living Water in the cup. *Cho.*

4 From your dreary deserts turning,
 Pause and drink;
 Calm the striving, cool the burning
 At its brink;
 Here find healing, and repose
 Where the living Water flows. *Cho.*

GLADLY, BROTHERS, GLADLY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Gladly, brothers, gladly Wake the joyous strain; Sing the praise of Je - sus, Once for sinners slain.
 2. Sweetly, sisters, sweetly Tell the sto - ry o'er; How He suffered, languished, How the cross He bore.

CHORUS.

Praise Him, ev - er singing Sweetest mel - o - dy; Saviour own the off'ring, The children bring to Thee;

Saviour own the offering, The children bring to Thee.

3 Come, ye infant voices,
 Lisp the Saviour's praise;
 Let the love of Jesus
 Prompt your earliest lays. *Cho.*
 4 Sweet it is to praise Him,
 Sweeter far to love;
 Let us be in earnest,
 Seeking Him above.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." Matt. ix. 37.

1. There is work to do for Jesus, Yes, a glorious work to do, For a harvest full-ly ripened, Rich and

golden lies in view; { With a prayer to God, our Father, Let us all the work pursue, }
 { For our risen Lord is calling, And the harvesters [omit...] } are few.

1st. 2d.

CHORUS.

Yes, there's work to do for Je - sus, And the harvest is in view, There's a great work everywhere to

do, There is work to do for Je - sus, And the harvesters are few, There's enough work for all to do.

2 There is work to do for Jesus,
 And we hear the Saviour say,
 "Why art standing here so idle,
 At the noontide on the way?"
 Even now I will accept thee;
 With the rest, thy wages pay;
 Go and labor in my vineyard
 Till the closing of the day. *Cho.*

3 Yes, there's work to do for Jesus;
 Who will answer to the call?
 See! the vintage is abundant,
 There is work to do for all;
 God commands that we should labor,
 Though the task our hearts appall;
 For he claimeth our life service.
 Till the shades of death shall fall. *Cho.*

CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Gentle Saviour, God of love, Hear us from thy throne above, While we meet to praise thee here, In our Infant
 2. Jesus, thou wert once a child, Make us humble, meek, and mild. Kindly fold us on thy breast, There thy little

class so dear. (May the lessons we have heard)
 From thy pure and ho - ly word,) Make us what we ought to be, Lead thy little lambs to thee.
 lambs would rest. (In that hap - py world of light)
 Where the day is ev - er bright,) May our an - gel voices sing, Glory ! glory to our King !

O, GIVE US TO EAT.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

"He answered and said unto them:—Give ye them to eat."—Mark. vi, 37

1. What shall we do, for the des - ert is lone - ly, Here have we lingered till close of the day ;

Fa - ther, 'tis night-fall, thy children are hun - gry, Lord, we shall faint if thou send us a - way ;

Rug - ged and cold are the mountains be - fore us, If we must perish we'll die at thy feet ;

Thou hast the bread that en - dur - eth for - ev - er, Saviour, dear Saviour, O, give us to eat.

O, GIVE US TO EAT. Concluded.

23

2 Grant us a faith that is firm and abiding,
 Faith that relies on thy promise alone;
 Willing to trust thee and wait for thy blessing,
 Pleading no merit, no worth of its own;
 Where shall we turn for the sunlight of comfort,
 Where but to thee in this barren retreat?
 Still do we hunger and thirst in the desert,
 Saviour, dear Saviour, O give us to eat.

3 Thanks for the dew of thy soul-cheering presence,
 Dropping like rain, as we journey along;
 Nourished and fed from thy store-house of mercy,
 Love be our watchword and Jesus our song;
 Only in Thee is our hope of salvation,
 Only in Thee is our rapture complete;
 If but the crumbs that may fall from thy table,
 Saviour, dear Saviour, O give us to eat.

KATE CAMERON.

GLORY TO JESUS.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Hear the mus - ic of our voi - ces, As our hearts and lips u - nite, While each thankful soul re -
 2. In our songs of a - dor - a - tion, Let us bless His ho - ly name; Who for ev - ery tribe and

CHORUS.

joic - es, Thus to praise the Lord of light. } Glo - ry, glo - - - ry be to Je - sus! } When the
 na - tion, To this world a ransom came. } He from ev' - - - ry e - vil saves us; }
 Glo - ry, glo - ry, &c.

ties of earth shall sever, He will be our Friend forev - er!

3 There are none so poor and lowly,
 None so lost in guilt and sin,
 But the Saviour, meek and holy,
 Bids them freely enter in. *Cho*

4 For the gate of mercy standeth
 Ever open, night and day;
 And the voice of Christ commandeth—
 "Come to me—I am the way." *Cho.*

1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus: How glorious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak his

CHORUS.

dear - er Than yes - ter-day, to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for
 beau - ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.

Je - sus, One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

3 One more day's work for Jesus;
 How sweet the work has been,
 To tell the story,
 To show the glory,
 Where Christ's flock enter in!
 How it did shine
 In this poor heart of mine!
 One more. &c.

4 One more day's work for Jesus—
 O, yes, a weary day;
 But heaven shines clearer
 And rest comes nearer,
 At each step of the way;
 And Christ in all—
 Before his face I fall.
 One more. &c.

5 O, blessed work for Jesus!
 O, rest at Jesus' feet!
 There toil seems pleasure,
 My wants are treasure,
 And pain for Him is sweet.
 Lord, if I may,
 I'll serve another day!
 One more. &c.

SING ALWAYS.

25

FANNY CROSBY

"I will sing praise to my God while I have my being."—Ps. 104—33.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sing with a tune - ful spi - rit, Sing with a cheer - ful lay, Praise to thy great Cre -
 2. Sing when the heart is troub - led, Sing when the hours are long, Sing when the storm - cloud
 3. Sing in the vale of sha - dows, Sing in the hour of death, And when the eyes are

a - tor, While on the pil - grim way. Sing when the birds are waking, Sing with the morning
 gath - ers; Sweet is the voice of song. Sing when the sky is dark - est, Sing when the thunders
 clos - ing, Sing with the lat - est breath. Sing till the heart's deep longings Cease on the other

light; Sing in the noon - tide's gold - en beam, Sing in the hush of night.
 roll; Sing of a land where rest re - mains, Rest for the wea - ry soul.
 shore; Then with the count - less num - bers there, Sing on, for - ev - er more!

Lively.

1. How sweet the chim - ing Sab - bath bells! We love the wel - come sound; And haste, with glad and
2. From christian friends and teachers there, We learn the heavenly way, That leads to Him who

CHORUS.

will - ing heart, Where pur - est joys are found. Our home, our home,
kind - ly gave This ho - ly hap - py day. Our home, our home, our home, our home, Our

cheer - ful Sab - bath home! We glad - ly seek its dear re - treat, Our cheerful Sabbath home.

3 We sing our Saviour's wond'rous love,
And all his tender care;
We sing of joy beyond the sky
In mansions bright and fair.

4 The angels, robed in purest white,
Surround the throne above;
And there our happy souls may join
To sing redeeming love.

KINDLY AND GRACIOUSLY.

27

Rev. J. DOWLING, D. D.

R. L.

1. Kindly and gra - ciously, prompted by love, Jesus came down from the bright world above, Tho' he was

glorious, almigh - ty, di - vine, Sun of that world where the bright spirits shine; } Gentle and low - ly, and
 Like us poor children, He,

humble and mild, } Praise him! oh, praise him! for, prompted by love, Jesus came down from the bright world a -
 too, was a child; } [bove.

2 Lovingly, lovingly, close to his breast,
 Once little children so fondly he press'd;
 Laid each dear hand on some little one's head
 Tenderly smiling, as sweetly he said:—
 "Dear little children, so happy and free!
 Suffer the children to come unto me."
 Lovingly, lovingly, close to his breast,
 Once little children so fondly he press'd.

3 Tenderly, tenderly, free from alarms,
 Jesus now folds the dear lambs in his arms;
 Hark! there is melody through the air borne—
 Borne from the "happy land" whither they're gone:
 "Parents, and sisters, and brothers most dear!
 Weep not, but meet us, oh, meet with us here!
 Tenderly, tenderly, free from alarms,
 Jesus now folds us, his lambs, in his arms."

1. On the sweet E - den shore so peaceful and bright. The spirits made perfect are dwelling in light,

Their white wings are wafting them gently along, Thro' beautiful regions of glory and song.

CHORUS.

On the sweet E - den shore so peaceful and bright, On the sweet E - den
On the sweet..... E - den shore, On the sweet.....

shore, the home of the blest, With friends gone before, We'll tarry and rest,
..... E - den shore,

ON THE SWEET EDEN SHORE. Concluded.

29

1. tarry and rest, Tarry and rest on the shore.

2. O, blessed to rise when life's pangs are o'er,
To mount up to heaven and dwell evermore,
To never grow weary and never know care,
In those beautiful regions so blooming and fair. *Cho.*

3. On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest,
With friends gone before soon we'll tarry and rest,
Content there with Jesus our Saviour to stay,
We'll delight in the pleasures that never decay. *Cho.*

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Our Father in heaven, We hal - low thy name; May thy kingdom ho - ly On earth be the same.
2. Forgive our transgressions, And teach us to know That humble compassion Which pardons each foe;

O give to us dai - ly Our portion of bread, It is from thy bounty That all must be fed.
Keep us from temptation, From weakness and sin, And thine be the glo - ry, For - ev - er. Amen.

THERE'S AN ARK ON THE WATERS.

R. L.

1. When first the dove afar and wide, Skimm'd the dark waters o'er, To seek beyond the heaving tide A

green and peaceful shore—No leaf-y bough, nor life-like thing Rose with the swell-ing main; The

CHORUS.
lone-bird sought, with faltering wing, The hallowed ark a - gain. There's an ark on the waters, O

come! There's an Ark on the waters, O come! When the world is covered o'er, And its
O come! O come!

THERE'S AN ARK ON THE WATERS. Concluded.

31

pleasures come no more, In the Ark there's a safe, safe home.

2 And ever thus man's heart has traced
A lone and weary round;
But never yet, amid earth's waste,
A resting-place has found;
The peace for which his spirit yearns,
Is ever sought in vain.
Till, like the dove, he homeward turns,
And finds his God again. — *Cho.*

THE BLESSED SABBATH DAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. It is the blessed Sabbath day, A day of praise and prayer: To Sunday school we'll haste away, Let's

CHORUS.

all be ear - ly there. It is the blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed Sabbath day, day.

1st. 2d.

2 We will not trifle time away,
But spend its precious hours
In study, and in songs of praise,
With all our heart and powers.

3 And very, very hard we'll try
To please our teachers dear;
And then, we'll ask God's blessing
too,
Upon their labors here.

4 And if our Saviour here we love,
In heaven, redeemed, we'll sing
With all the shining host above,
Hosannas to our King!

1. If you want the love of Je-sus, Growing sweeter in the soul, Dai-ly liv-ing as his wit-ness,

As the golden moments roll, Don't for-get the Master's warning, But his precious word o - bey;

REFRAIN.

While the Christian life a - dorn-ing, You must watch as well as pray. You must watch, You must watch,

You must watch as well as pray, You must watch, You must watch, You must watch as well as pray.

- 2 Like the birds of early morning,
Give to him your sweetest song,
And rehearse the notes at evening;
Life at longest is not long;
If you would be more like Jesus,
Doing good along the way,
Don't forget his precious message,
You must watch as well as pray.
- 3 If the clouds of gloom hang o'er you,
If you suffer pain or loss,
Don't forget the loving Saviour
Died for you, upon the cross;
Died, the pearly gates to open
To the realms of blissful day;
And if you would reach the portals,
You must watch as well as pray.
- 4 Watch until the dawn of heaven
Breaks in glory on your sight;
Pray until the crown is given,
And the robe of peerless white;
Till you reach the golden mansions,
Where all tears are wiped away;
Till you join the angel-anthems,
You must watch as well as pray.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

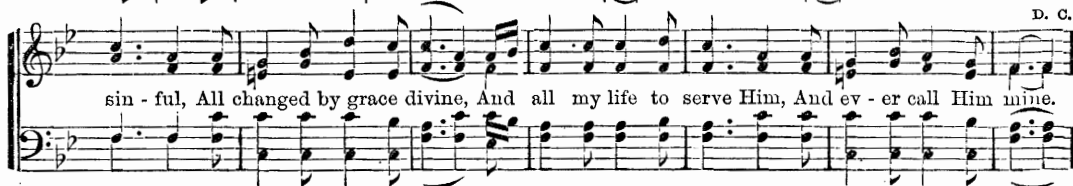
I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.

R. L.



1st. 2d. Fine.

1. { I want to BE like Je - sus, All gen - tle, pure, and mild; [OMIT.] }
 { His seal upon my forehead And owned [OMIT.] as His dear child; } My heart so weak and
 CHORUS. { I want to BE like Je - sus, The gen - tle, pure and mild; [OMIT.] }
 { To DO and LIVE like Je - sus, And ev - [OMIT.] er be his child.



D. C.

sin - ful, All changed by grace divine, And all my life to serve Him, And ev - er call Him mine.

- 2 I want to DO like Jesus,
To mark each passing day
With deeds of love and mercy,
Or cheer some lonely way;
Speak gentle words of counsel,
Avoid each secret sin.
- And to my precious Saviour,
The lost ones seek to win.—*Cho.*
- 3 I want to LIVE like Jesus,
Whose words with love were fraught;
I want to find His favor,
- By Him be truly taught;
Oh, then I'm sure that ever
His hand will guide me on,
Until the heavenly portals
And glory, shall be won.—*Cho.*

1. Do we love our gen - tle Sav-iour, We must la - bor while 'tis day ; Work for Jesus,
 CHORUS. Lit - tle pil - grims bound for Zi - on, We must la - bor while 'tis day ; Work for Jesus,

FINE.

work for Je - sus, Till the sun - light fades a - way. Bird and bee, and spark - ling fountain,
 work for Je - sus, Till the sun - light fades a - way.

D. C. FINE,

Each their cheerful work pursue ; O how pleasant to re - member, There is something we can do.

WORK FOR JESUS. Concluded.

35

<p>2 We can drop a word of kindness, And perhaps that word may be Like an acorn by the way-side, Growing up a stately tree ; Wretched homes of want and sorrow, When our tearful eyes behold,</p>	<p>We can bring the helpless children To our Saviour's precious fold. Little pilgrims, &c. 3 While we sing to those around us Of our glorious home above, We may lead a careless wanderer</p>	<p>To a Saviour's pardoning love. We can help to send the gospel O'er the ocean far away ; If we love our gentle Saviour, We must labor while 'tis day. Little pilgrims, &c.</p>
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(F. J. C.)

GO, LEAVE THY HEART WITH JESUS.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Go, leave thy heart with Jesus, And tell him all thy care; Go seek a throne of mercy, And find thy refuge

there; Tho' dim with tears of sor-row Thy wea-ry eyes may be, Look up, and trust in Je-sus, Who

<p>bore the cross for thee.</p>	<p>2 Go, leave thy sins with Jesus, The life, the truth, the way ; Whose precious blood has cancell'd The debt thou couldn't not pay. Thy faith must bring the blessing Of peace, and pardon free, Look up, and trust in Jesus, Who bore the cross for thee.</p>	<p>3 Go, leave thy fears with Jesus, Thy hopes, thy love, thy all ; And then in calm submission Await thy Father's call ; When angels hover round thee, And earthly scenes decay, O lean thy head on Jesus, And breathe thy life away.</p>
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1. Je - sus, we thy lambs would be, Humbly we would fol-low thee, } When the reaping time shall come
 Waiting for the joy - ful day, When all care will pass a - way; } [And

angels shout the harvest home, When the reaping time shall come, And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Now the field of grain is white,
 Now the day is dawning bright,—
 Brighter far the sky will be,
 When our Master we shall see:—*Cho.*

3 May we wait, and watch, and pray
 For the coming of that day,
 When the wheat shall sifted be,
 And the chaff be driv'n from thee:—*Cho.*

ANNIVERSARY OPENING HYMN.

1 Happy, happy meet we here,
 Time has roll'd another year;
 Spring-tide brings the festal day,
 Loud we lift the thankful lay;
 Thanks to God who gives us
 breath,
 Thanks to God who saves from
 death,
 Thanks for daily mercies given,
 Crown'd with Sabbath light from
 heav'n.

2 Happy, happy meet we here—
 Blessed Jesus, be thou near;
 Let our pleasures ever be
 Only those approved by thee;
 Praise the Saviour's precious
 name,
 He, to save, from heaven came,
 For our sins did bleed and die—
 Now he pleads for us on high.

3 Happy, happy meet we here—
 Parents, Pastors, Teachers dear;
 All, with gladsome heart and voice,
 Share with us our festive joys;
 Thanks to God for parents kind,
 Thanks for friends with hearts
 inclined
 Thus to guide us on the road
 Leading safely up to God.

* The ties are for the "Anniversary Hymn."

1. Meet me in that lov-ely land, Where the happy white-robed band, Round the throne of glory stand,
 2. Meet me on that peaceful shore, When earth's toilsome work is o'er, Where our friends have gone before,
 3. Meet me in that world of light, Where, amid the glo-ries bright, All who con-quer in the fight,

CHORUS.

Ev - er blest at God's right hand. Meet in bliss no tongue can tell; Meet, with angel bands to dwell,
 And the ransom'd part no more.
 Share the be - a - ti - fic sight.

Meet in heaven where all is well, Meet me in that land.

4 Meet me in that world of cheer,
 Where is seen no falling tear,
 Where no clouds of night appear.
 Where the sky is ever clear.—*Cho.*

5 Gentle Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 Guide us to that realm above,
 Where the saints forever prove
 All the fulness of thy love.—*Cho.*

1. When the first blush of morn rises o - ver the hills, Blithe and ev - er, ev - er cheer - i - ly, And it
 2. When the an - gels of light from the gates of the day, Speeding ev - er, ev - er fear - less - ly, Deck the

meets with the smiles of the riv - ers and rills, As they flow nev - er, nev - er wear - i - ly, Flow
 rocks and the mountains in shining ar - ray, As they come nev - er, nev - er cheer - less - ly, Come

CHORUS. *rit.* *rit.*

nev - er, nev - er wear - i - ly, — Then, hopeful pil - grim, hush thy sigh, And know that when thou
 nev - er, nev - er cheerless - ly, —

slow. *tempo.*

, com'st to die, Thy soul will lift its vic - tor cry, And be taken home o'er the deep blue dome, With the

MORNING SUNSHINE. Concluded.

39

sunshine of morning, The sunshine of morning, the sunshine of morning around thee.

WHAT THE LITTLE THINGS SAID. [Infant Class.]

Words by FANNY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. "I'll hie me down to yon - der bank," A lit - tle raindrop said—"And try to cheer that
d. c. But sure - ly I must do my best, For God has work for all."

lone - ly flow'r, And cool its mossy bed; Perhaps the breeze will chide me, Because I am so small,

2 "I may not linger," said the brook,
"But ripple on my way,
And help the rills and rivers all
To make the ocean spray ;
"And I must haste to labor,"
Replied the busy bee,
"The summer days are long and bright,
And God has work for me."

3 If *little* things that God has made
Are useful in their kind,
Oh ! let us learn a simple truth,
And bear it in our mind ;—
That every child can praise him,
However weak or small ;
Let each with joy remember this,
The Lord has work for all.

COME LITTLE ONE UNTO ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."—Mark x. 14.

1. { Hark! 'tis the voice of my Saviour I hear, "Come, lit-tle one, un - to me." } What shall I answer him—
 { Like softest mu - sic it falls on the ear, "Come, lit-tle one, un - to me." }

2. { Hark! how he calls in the sunbeams that shine, "Come, little one, un - to me." } In - to the homes of the
 { Thus bright and cheerful be that heart of thine, "Come, little one, un - to me." }

What shall I say? All here is beauti - ful; Yet, can I stay While Je - sus calls me? Oh,
 poor I will pry, Warm ev - ery heart, every tear-drop I'll dry; Seeking my light and my

no, I'll a - way; Jesus, I will come unto thee.
 joy from on high; Jesus, I will come unto thee.

3 Jesus is calling in flowers that fade,
 "Come, little one, unto me;"
 Ere 'neath the ground like their leaves thou
 art laid,
 "Come, little one, unto me;"
 There is a land where the flow'rs are bright,
 Needing no sunshine, for God is its light;
 Oh, to be there! how I long for the sight;
 Jesus, I will come unto thee.

'Twill Not Be Long.

41

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by permission.

Duet. Slow and gliding.

1. 'Twill not be long our journey here, Each broken sigh and fall - ing tear Will soon be gone, and
2. 'Twill not be long the yearning heart May feel its ev - ery hope depart, And grief be mingled

Rit. *Refrain. Allegro.*

all will be A cloudless sky, a waveless sea. Roll on, dark stream, We
with its song; We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

Rit.

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We
dread not thy foam; The Pil - grim is long - ing for Home, sweet home.

3 Though sad we mark the closing eye,
Of those we lov'd in days gone by,
Yet sweet in death their latest song—
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long. Roll on, &c.

4 These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread,
Through which our way so oft is led—
This march of time, if faith be strong,
Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long. Roll on, &c.

HAIL! ALL HAIL!

1 Hail! all hail! A glorious light has a-ris-en! Hail! all hail! the midnight of gloom is o'er!

Hail! all hail! The soul is released from its prison! Shout, Oh! shout, for death shall destroy no more!

Hail! all hail! our Je-sus, our Saviour victorious; Praise, all praise to Him who for sin-ners died;

Hail! all hail! His name and his fame are so glorious; Praise, oh! praise the ONE that was cruci-fied!

HAIL! ALL HAIL! Concluded.

43

2 Come, oh! come; with hearts and with voices uniting;
Swell, oh! swell the glorious song of praise;
List, oh! list the voice of a Saviour inviting;
Blest, oh! blest the soul that his call obeys.
Hail! all hail! the angels forever are singing;
Hail! all hail! to Him who redeemed from sin;
Praise, sweet praise, the children unceasingly bringing,
Praise His name, when heaven they enter in.

3 Hail! all hail! for us He is still interceding;
Hail! all hail! His mercy will never cease;
Praise the Lamb! the Lamb upon Calvary bleeding;
Hail the Christ, the wonderful Prince of peace!
Hail! all hail! our Jesus, our Saviour victorious;
Praise, all praise to Him who for sinners died;
Hail! all hail! His name and his fame are so glorious;
Praise, oh! praise the ONE that was crucified!

WE SHALL MEET.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. { We shall meet beyond the riv-er, By-and-by, By-and-by, }
{ And the darkness will be o-ver, By-and-by, By-and-by; } With the toilsome journey

done, And the glorious bat-tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By-and-by, By-and-by.

2 Done with all of earth's delusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
War, and strife, and sin's confusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
We shall rest our pilgrim feet
On the shores where loved ones meet,
There to dwell in bliss complete,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By-and-by, by-and-by:
He a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of his will,
Shall attend and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

4 When with robes of snowy whiteness,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By-and-by, by-and-by—
There our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Roll, Jor - dan, roll, Thy foaming waters roll a - long ; No ill I fear, for Christ is near. His
 2. Roll, Jor - dan, roll, Thy foaming waters roll a - long ; Beyond thee lies fair Par - a-dise, Where

rod and staff are strong. My Lord will meet me on the shore, When heart and flesh shall fail ; His
 Christ's redeemed be - long. Tho' sin and Satan join their power To plunge me in the deep, The

REFRAIN.

presence dear my soul will cheer, When deep in Jordan's vale. O swift - ly the Jor - dan rolls, Its
 raging foe cannot o'erthrow The soul that Christ doth keep.

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL. Concluded.

45

billows are dashing on the shore! He'll bid the tide a - base its pride, And bring me safe-ly o'er.

- 3 Roll, Jordan, roll,
Thy foaming waters roll along ;
The hosts of God thy bed have trod
With trumpet and with song :
Right through thy waves, with pomp divine,
The fiery pillar passed
In days of yore, and brought them o'er
To Canaan's land at last.—*Cho.*

- 4 Roll, Jordan, roll,
Thy foaming waters roll along ;
Both young and old thy billows cold
Await—an endless throng.
Through fear of death though tremblers lie
In bondage all their life,
My soul aspires with warm desires
In thee to end its strife.—*Cho.*

REMEMBER ME.

ASA HULL. By per.

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
Cho.—Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when thou sittest on thy throne, Dear Lord, remember me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He hung upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree! Help me, &c.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin. Help me, &c.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears. Help me, &c.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do. Help me, &c.

1. 'Tis Je - sus in the sunshine, And Je - sus in the shade ; 'Tis Jesus still, when earthly hopes, Like
 2. 'Tis Je - sus in the sunshine, Be - fore the Father's face ; In Je - sus all the glories meet, And

CHORUS.—'Tis Je - sus in the sunshine, And Je - sus in the shade ; 'Tis Jesus still, when earthly hopes, Like

Fine.

summer-blossoms fade ; 'Tis Je - sus the unchanging one, Whose changeless love I know ; And
 shine in truth and grace ; And if a - while I wait to see God's well - lov - ed Son, His

summer-blossoms fade.

when the work he gives is done. To meet him I shall go.
 glo - ry waiteth too, for me, When trial days are done.

3 O, Jesus in the sunshine !
 'Tis there he bids me dwell ;
 And all his wealth 'tis mine to claim,
 He loveth me so well ;
 O Jesus ! matchless name of love !
 Full flowing tide of peace !
 Bright portal thou, to realms above,
 Where praise shall never cease.

1. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning, Far above this fleeting shore; To endless joy in a
 2. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning, See the hours are waning fast; Along the banks of the
 3. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning, Where our friends have gone before; In robes of white
 4. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning, There from pain and sorrow free, With him who died [they are
 [from the

CHORUS:

moment awaking, There we'll sleep no more. Where the pearly gates will nev - er, never close, And the
 clear flowing riv - er We shall meet at last.
 waiting to greet us On the oth - er shore.
 grave to redeem us We shall ev - er be.

tree of life its dewy shadow throws, Where the ransomed ones in love repose, Our glorious home shall be.

KIND WORDS FOR ALL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Words by J. M. EVANS.

Solo, or Duet.

1. How dark were life, with naught to cheer
The pilgrim on his way; No smile of love to light the gloom;
No kind word's cheering ray.

Pianoforte.

CHORUS. *faster.*

Kind words then speak to all: Kind words a soul may save: Kind words thy life will ever bless, And crown an honor'd grave.

- 2 The soul by sorrow oft oppress'd,
Must sink beneath its weight,
If no kind word is ever said,
To cheer life's saddened fate. *Cho.*
- 3 Spurn not from thee, with bitter taunt
The outcast steeped in sin;

- But with kind words to cheer and bless,
That soul to virtue win. *Cho.*
- 4 When sorrows try—when cares annoy,
Strike no discordant note;
But on the wings of every breath
Let words of kindness float. *Cho.*

Words by W. BENNETT.

THINE, LORD, FOREVER!

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Thine, Lord, for-ev - er! Purchas'd by blood divine, Rescued and saved by Thee, Lord, I am Thine!
2. Thine, Lord, for-ev - er! Thro' storm and tempest wild, Trusting confid - ing - ly, I am Thy child!

PILGRIM, HASTE THEE ONWARD.

49

Words by [V.]

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Pilgrim haste thee onward, See! the light of day Breaking in its splendor, Shining on thy way;
2. Haste thee on thy journey, Je - sus bids thee go! He will lead thee safe-ly Thro' this vale be - low;

CHORUS.

With its ear - ly dawning, Speed the race to run; Linger not to rest thee, Till the crown is won;
All to Him con - fid - ing, Joy thy heart shall fill; And the morrow find thee Pressing onward still;

Linger not to rest thee, Till the crown is won.
And the morrow find thee Pressing onward still.

3 Run thy race with patience;
Lo! the angel band
Cheer thy footsteps onward,
To the promised land;
Soon their crowns of glory—
Shall thine eyes behold;
||:Yonder lies the city,
With its streets of gold. :||

TUNE.—“*Thine, Lord, forever!*” on page 48.

3 Thine, Lord forever!

Cheered by Thy precious word,
Thro' darkness, doubts, and fears;
Thine, thine, O Lord!

4 Thine, Lord, forever!

Tho' death shall lay me low,
E'en in that dreadful hour
Thine, Lord, I know!

5 Thine, Lord, forever!

When safe before Thy throno
I stand, forevermore
Thine, thine alone!

1. Hail! hail the glorious morning! See the gos - pel heralds fly - ing, Sounding the faithful warning,
2. Roll on the joy - ful tidings, Tell the world the great salva - tion; Swift on the breezes waft - ed,

With each oth - er kind - ly vie - ing; No word of truth conceal - ing, Faith its migh - ty
Let it spread to ev - ery na - tion; Strike, strike the tuneful cho - rus, Let it ring o'er

FINE.

power re - vealing, Each gracious promise telling, From the Lord most high. (Those long in darkness lying,
Wak'd by the wond'rous story
hill and val - ley, Till, brightly beaming o'er us, Shines the star of day. (When all the world shall hear him,
Then, like a gentle riv - er,

Je - sus and his word de - ny - ing, Lo! now to heav'n are crying, Turning to the Lord;)
Glad they hail the ris - ing glo - ry; Christ, like the sun advanc - ing, Conquers by his) word.
Learn to love, a - dore and fear him; When all shall bow be - fore him, Join to sing his praise;)
Peace shall flow to us for - ev - er, And love to God the Giv - er, Crown our happy) days.

1st. | 2d. D.C.

MISSION SONG.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus calling, — Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
 2. If you cannot cross the ocean And the heathen lands explore, You can find the heathen nearer,
 3. If you cannot speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Jesus,

Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich reward he of - fers free;
 You can help them at your door; If you cannot give your thousands, You can give the widows' mite,
 You can say he died for all; If you fail to rouse the wicked, With the judgment's dread alarms,

Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
 And the least you do for Jesus Will be precious in his sight.
 You may lead the lit-tle children To the Saviour's waiting arms.

- 4 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you,
 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do!"
 Gladly take the task he gives you,
 Let his work your pleasure be
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

GOD LOVES US.

1. God our Father loves us; See Him in the flow - ers, In the fields of golden harvest,
2. God our Father loves us; See His bright worlds o'er us, An - gel hosts, and mansions glittering,

CHORUS.

In the woodland bow - ers. Let us, in our sweet life - morning, Give ourselves un - to Him.
See the saints be - fore us.

We shall see the bright - er dawn - ing, And in glo - ry view Him.

3 God our Father loves us;
See his gracious favor;
Most we vie w it, most adore it,
In our loving Saviour.—*Cho.*

4 God our Father loves us—
Lord, we would adore thee.
Spirit - changed, we can be like thee,
And can sing in glory.—*Cho.*

1. I come, I come with this one plea, Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives. My Lord, my Life, I come to thee,
 2. With this sure plea, O Lord, I come, Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives. O fit me for thy heavenly home,
 3. Now my en-rap-tured spi - rit sings, Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives. Such joy the blest assurance brings,

Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives. Though in my soul re-mains no trace Of love, or joy, or
 Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives. Though guilty all, and sore op-pest, Yet here I find en-
 Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives. He lives to plead for me a - bove, And through his life I

in - ward grace, Nor fit - ness for yon heav-en-ly place. Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives.
 dur - ing rest, Through faith in thee my soul is blest. Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives.
 sweet - ly prove The ful - ness of his dy - ing love. Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives.

1. I have entered the val - ley of blessing so sweet, And Je - sus a - bides with me there -

And his Spi - rit and blood make my cleansing complete, And his per - fect love cast - eth out fear.

CHORUS. bless - ing
Oh, come to this val - ley of blessing so sweet, Where Je - sus will ful - ness be - stow, -

Oh, believe, and re - ceive, and con - fess him, That all his sal - va - tion may know.

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING. Concluded.

55.

- 2** There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart ;
There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.—*Cho.*
- 3** There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;

- When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal.—*Cho.*
- 4** There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."—*Cho.*

DEAR JESUS, HEAR ME. (Child's Prayer.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Saviour, bless a little child; Teach my heart the way to Thee; Make it gentle, good and mild; Loving Saviour,

CHORUS.

care for me. Dear Jesus, hear me, Hear thy little child to-day; Hear, O hear me; Hear me when I pray.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>2 I am young, but Thou hast said—
<i>All who will,</i> may come to Thee;
Feed my soul with living Bread;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>3 Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in Thee;
Teach me how, and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from Thee;
Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|--|---|

IT IS ALL FOR THE BEST.

R. L.

1. It is all for the best, O my Fa-ther, All for the best, all for the best,..... Whether
 2. It is all for the best, O my Fa-ther, Pov-er-ty, wealth, pov-er-ty, wealth,..... For thine
 3. It is all for the best, O my Fa-ther, Still for the best, still for the best,..... Then

All for the best,..... all for the best,

tear - drops or smiles be my por - tion, La - bor or rest; Thy love each pleasure sin - gles, Each
 arm will sus - tain and up - hold me, In pain or health; Thy wis - dom guides me ev - er, Thy
 let me not shrink from ful - fill - ing All thy be - best; I would be thine in meekness, Pi -

cup of sor - row min - gles, Thy hand in mer - cy sends them all, Great things and small.
 grace for - sakes me nev - er, If I but lean up - on thee, Lord, Trust - ing thy word.
 ty my sin and weakness; Let me not lay the bar - den down, No cross - no crown.

CHORUS.

All for the best, all for the best, It is all for the best, shadow or sun - light,
 It is all, it is all for the best,

IT IS ALL FOR THE BEST. Concluded.

57

la - bor or rest, It is all for the best.

4 It is all for the best, O my Father !
 This I well know,
 In the broad fields above we'll be reaping
 Joy for our woe ;
 Then to thy cross, my Saviour,
 My heart will cling forever,
 I'll sing till in thine arms I rest :
 All's for the best. *Cho.*

R. L.

DUTIFUL CHILDREN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How much our parents cared for us, In all our young and tender years ! And we will not un -

CHORUS.

grateful be, When age to them ap - pears. No, no, no ! We will not treat our parents so,

No, no, no, no, no !

No, no, no ! we will not treat them so.

No, no, no, no, no !

2 When old and helpless they become,
 And we behold their strength decay,
 Shall we neglect the loving ones
 Who watched us all our way? *Cho.*

3 We know we never can repay
 The loving debt to them we owe ;
 But we will love them more and more,
 The older they may grow. *Cho.*

THE RIVER OF LOVE.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Come, oh! come, to the riv - er of love, The soul-cheer-ing, life-giv - ing riv - er; In
 2. Come, oh! come, while the dew-drops are bright, While care and its burd-ens are light-est; Come
 3. Come, oh! come, from the E - den a - bove This stream of sal - va-tion is flow-ing; It

freshness it flows from the bright courts a - bove; 'Tis free from the glo - ri - ous Giv - er.
 drink from its ful-ness in morning's pure light, While life with its pleasure is bright-est.
 bears in its mu - sic the mes-sage of love, A fore-taste of heaven be - stow - ing.

CHORUS.

Come, oh! come to the riv - er of love, Come drink and be happy for - ev - er; Come, oh! come to the

riv-er of love, Come drink and be happy for - ev - er.

4.
 Come, oh! come, for our Jesus can save:
 And glory whose brightness fades never,
 Shall break on the vision beyond the dark grave,
 And we shall be happy forever.
 Come, oh! come, &c.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL FOR ME.

R. L. 59

1. The Sabbath School! I love the place, With ties no stroke can sever, Where joy lights up each beaming face, And
 2. The Sabbath School! How dear the spot Where heart with heart has tingled, When each has borne his brother's lot, In
 3. The Sabbath School! Thy name I love; Thy very walls are telling Of scenes that would an angel move, And

CHORUS.

memory loves fond thoughts to trace, When in its shade we gather. Where happy hearts and smiling faces,
 love that flows and changes not, With ho - ly plea - sure mingled.
 wak-en songs of joy a - bove, In all the heavenly dwelling.

Filling up these sacred places, On' the ho - ly Sabbath come; Oh, the Sabbath School for me!

The first part of this song may be sung by the larger scholars, and the response by the infant class; or one or more of the teachers may sing the first part, and the whole school the second part of each verse, until the second part of the last verse, when all should sing together.

First Part.

1. Dear lit - tle lambs, will you come to the Saviour, Oh, come to His fold with tho
 2. Yes, lit - tle lambs, He'll pro - tect you for - ev - er, And wel - come you all to a

hap - py and the blest; Sweet is the voice of the Shep - herd that loves you, How
 Fa - ther's dear em - brace; An - gels that stand by the por - tals of glo - ry Are

Second Part. INFANT CLASS.

gent - ly he will fold you in his arms to rest. Are we lit - tle lambs, little lambs of the Saviour?
 gaz - ing now with rapture on each hap - py face. We are lit - tle lambs, little lambs of the Saviour,

DEAR LITTLE LAMBS. Concluded.

61

May we fol - low Je - sus and be like Him ev - ery day? Glad - ly we will come to the
 We are ve - ry humble, but our Shepherd He will be; Pre - cious are the words that with

kind, lov - ing Shepherd, Whose gen - tle hand will lead us in the shin - ing way.
 joy we re - mem - ber: "For - bid not lit - tle chil - dren," let them come to me.

First Part.

3.

Dear little lambs, what a promise He gives you,
 How great are the blessings His tender care
 bestows,
 Safe you shall dwell in the green shady pastures,
 Beside the cooling fountain where the water flows.

Second Part.

We are little lambs, we will cling to the Saviour,
 We will be His precious ones and give Him all our
 love:
 Help us by your prayers that we may all be faithful,
 And Jesus then will take us to our home above.

First Part.

Dear little lambs, we will pray for each other,
 And trust in the Lord as we journey thus along,
 Soon we shall cross o'er the dark, rolling river,
 And join the happy chorus of the angels' song.

All.

Blessed be the Lord, we will praise Him forever,
 He will bid us welcome when we reach fair
 Canaan's shore;
 Blessed be the Lord, to His name be the glory,
 We'll meet the friends we've cherished then to part no
 more.

62 Words by Mrs. M. A. RIDDER, **OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE.**

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. On-ly just across the riv-er, O-ver on the oth-er side, Where the angels are in waiting,

And the pure in heart a-bide; Where there is no pain or sorrow To in-trude on heavenly rest,

CHORUS,

On-ly just across the riv-er, Stand the mansions of the blest. On-ly just across the riv-er,

Where the saints are passing o-ver, On-ly just across the riv-er, O-ver on the oth-er side.

OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE. Concluded.

63

2 Only just across the the river,
Are the friends we loved below,
Clad in pure and spotless garments,
That are whiter than the snow;
They have braved cold Jordan's bil-
lows, [arms,
And have pass'd thro' death's a-
They are free from every sorrow,
In the Saviour's loving arms. *Cho.*

3 Only just across the river,
Where the hills of glory shine,
There the pearly gates unfolding,
Lead the soul to joy divine.
There the tree of life is blooming,
And the living waters glide,
Only just across the river,
Over on the other side. *Cho.*

4 Only just across the river
Are the robes of spotless white;
Only just across the river
Are the crowns of glory bright,
And the saints and angels joining
In the songs with one accord,
Only just across the river,
Sing the praises of the Lord. *Cho.*

THE GOSPEL FEAST. C. M.

W. F. SHERWIN.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—LUKE xiv. 17.

1. } Come, sinner to the gos-pel feast; O come without de - lay; }
 { For there is room in Jesus' breast For all who will o - bey. } There's room in God's e-ter - nal love,
 2. } There's room in heaven among the choir, And harps and crowns of gold, } There's room around thy Father's
 { And glorious palms of victory there, And joys that ne'er were told. } [board

To save thy precious soul; Room in the Spi-rit's grace a-bove, To heal and make thee whole.
 For thee and thousands more: O, come and welcome to the Lord; Yea, come this ve - ry hour.

O, SEND FORTH THE BIBLE.

[MISSIONARY.]

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Oh, send forth the Bible, more precious than gold ! Let no one presume the best gift to withhold :
 2. It points us to heaven, where christians will go ; It warns us to shun the dark re - gions of woe ;
 3. It tells us of One who is mighty to save, Who died on the cross, and a - rose from the grave,

DUET.

It speaks to all na - tions in language so plain, That he who will read it, true wis - dom may gain.
 It shows us the ev - il and dangers of sin, And o - pens a fountain for cleansing within.
 Who dwelleth on high in that ho - ly a - bode, Where saints are u - ni - ting in praises to God.

CHORUS.

Then send forth the Bi - ble, Send forth the Bi - ble, Send, O, send it forth!

4 It tells us that all will awake from the tomb ;
 Bids sinners reflect on a judgment to come ;
 It tells us that mansions of bliss are prepared,
 The hope of believers, — their glorious reward.
 Then send forth the Bible, &c.

5 Oh, who would neglect such a volume as this,
 That warns us from danger, invites us to bliss ?
 Send forth the blest Bible, earth's regions around,
 Wherever the footsteps of man shall be found.
 Then send forth the Bible, &c.

OUR HEARTS ARE YOUNG AND JOYOUS. Wm. B. BRADBURY. 65

1. Our hearts are young and joyous, 'Tis spring-time with us now; The dew of life's bright morning Is
 2. O, can we e'er for-get him Who is so good and kind? No, rath-er would we love him With

fresh upon each brow; The world to us seems pleasant, With love its joys to share; God in his tender
 all our heart and mind; But we can nev-er love him, Until our hearts are clean; The precious blood of

kindness, Hath made it very fair.
 Jesus Must wash them first from sin.

3 We know the harps of heaven
 Would sound a gladder strain:
 "There's joy among the angels,"
 When one repents of sin;
 O help us, then, dear Saviour,
 To give our hearts to thee;
 Let us, in youth's glad morning,
 Thy loved disciples be!

4 And when upon our foreheads
 The silver locks shall fall,
 Or early comes the shadow,
 Which comes alike to all—
 Still safe upon thy bosom
 Our spirits shall recline,
 And, 'mid the joys of heaven;
 We shall be ever thine!

Gently.

1. Where we oft have met in gladness, On the ho - ly Sabbath day, Now we gather, in our sadness—
2. One we loved has left our number, —In the narrow dwelling laid; There to rest in dreamless slumber,

REFRAIN.

Mourning o - ver one away; Tears are falling, Tears are falling, On this holy Sabbath day; Tears are falling,
Till the trump that wakes the dead; When the angel, When the angel, From their slumbers, wakes the dead; When
[the angel,

Tears are falling On this ho - ly Sabbath day.
When the angel, From their slumbers wakes the dead.

- 3 But while we in sadness gather,
Mourning thus for one away,
Lo, the angels say, "Another
Joins our holy song to-day?"
Weep no longer;
Join with them the sacred lay.
- 4 Let our grief, then, turn to gladness,
As we praise thy saving love,
Which, o'er every shade of sadness,
Sheds the light of joys above, —
Grief dispelling,
By the light of joy above.

1. When striving with the hosts of sin, We oft-times suf-fer loss, But if the conquest
 2. In fierce tempta-tion's darkest hour, When hope seems well nigh lost, O, then we'll look to
 3. Let worldlings trust their hoarded gold, We count it filth and dross, In Je-sus we have
 4. Then let us man-ful-ly endure, Tho' high the waves may toss, In hope of rest on

CHORUS.

we would win, We must keep near the cross. O, there's safety near the cross, Yes, there's
 Christ the more, And still keep near the cross.
 wealth un-told, We glo-ry in his cross.
 Canaan's shore, We dai-ly bear the cross.

safe-ty near the cross, Mid the dir-est con-flict sin can wage. There is safety near the cross.

SOUND THE BATTLE CRY!

Words and Music by WM. F. SHERWIN.

Vigorously, in march time

1. Sound the bat-tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on,
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and banner bright

CHORUS. *ff*
Stand firm ev - ery one; Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word. Rouse then, soldiers!
Gleaming in the light; Battling for the right We ne'er can fail.

ral - ly round the banner! Ready, steady, pass the word a - long; Onward, forward,

shout aloud Hosannah! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

3 Oh! thou God of all,
Hear us when we call;
Help us one and all
By thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the vict'ry won,
May we wear the crown
Before thy face. *Cho.*

1. Pilgrim, rejoice! for the mantle of sin, That hung like a pall o'er thy spir - it with - in, Is
 2. Wild was the storm, but thy Saviour was near, In all thy af - fliction to comfort and cheer; His

yielding at last to the smile of the day; The gloom and the darkness are breaking a - way.
 mer - cy un - fold - ing the brightness of day, The clouds of thy sor - row are breaking a - way.

CHORUS.

Breaking a - way! breaking a - way! The clouds are all breaking a - way! The
 are break - ing a - way,

sun - shine is coming, And lighting up the day, The clouds are all breaking a - way.

3 Nearer the close of thy peril and strife,
 And nearer thy home o'er the ocean of life;
 Press onward! the angels are guarding thy way;
 The mist and the shadow are breaking away. *Cho.*

4 Pilgrim, rejoice! and thy courage renew;
 Look up! for the heaven of joy is in view;
 One stroke of the oar, and thy spirit can say,
 From earth and its toil I have broken away. *Cho.*

1. Thou art "the glo - ry of all lands," Thou pleasant earthly Canaan; But there's a "house not
 2. Here figs and wheat and oil a-bound, With milk and ho - ney flowing; While an-cient hills with
 3. But win - ter o'er her glo - ry glides, And strips the earth-ly Ca-naan; While "ev-er - last-ing

CHORUS.

made with hands," More glo - rious far than Ca - naan. O Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, The
 vines are crowned. With palm and ce - dar grow - ing. O Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, The
 spring a - bides" Throughout the heaven-ly Ca - naan. O Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, We're

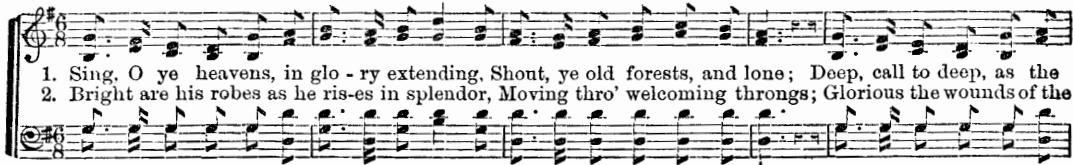
pleas - ant earth-ly Ca-naan, Its regions blest are types of rest, In heaven, the Christian's Canaan.
 pleas - ant earth-ly Ca-naan, Its regions blest are types of rest, In heaven, the Christian's Canaan.
 bound for the land of Canaan, From sorrow free we'll rest in thee, In heaven, the Christian's Canaan.

Words by Rev. T. A. T. HANNA.

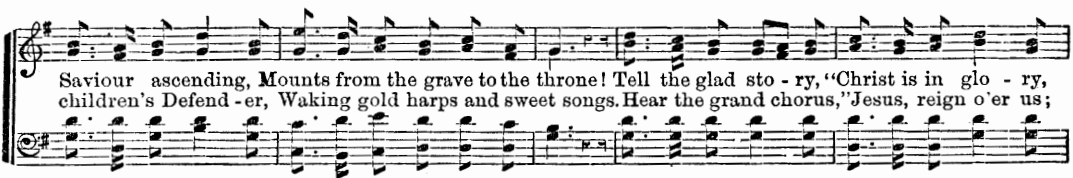
CHRIST IN GLORY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN. 71

"Thou hast ascended on high; thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men." Psalm lxxviii—18.



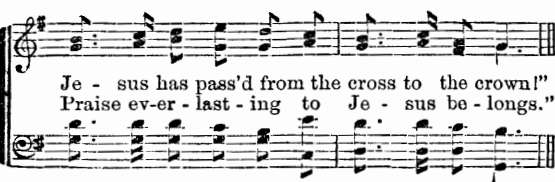
1. Sing, O ye heavens, in glo - ry extending, Shout, ye old forests, and lone; Deep, call to deep, as the
2. Bright are his robes as he ris-es in splendor, Moving thro' welcoming throings; Glorious the wounds of the



Saviour ascending, Mounts from the grave to the throne! Tell the glad sto - ry, "Christ is in glo - ry,
children's Defend - er, Waking gold harps and sweet songs. Hear the grand chorus," Jesus, reign o'er us;



Ser-aphs and saints at his foot - stool are bending; Tell the glad sto - ry, Christ is in glo - ry;
Great is thy power, but thy heart is as ten - der— Hear the grand chorus, Je - sus reign o'er us;



Je - sus has pass'd from the cross to the crown!"
Praise ev-er - last - ing to Je - sus be - longs."

- 3 Lo! as the sea, with its waves never ending,
Breaks into foam on the shore,
So our young hearts to the Victor ascending—
Rising to die nevermore—
||: Joyful are crying,
"Saviour undying,
We in the train of thy triumph attending,
Crown thee our King, for thy sorrows are o'er!" .||

From "Sabbath Carols," by per.

1. Wea-ry not, my brother; Cheerful be thy song; Is thy burden heavy, And the journey long?

Does the weight oppress thee? Cast it on the Lord; Run thy race with patience, Trusting in his word.

CHORUS.

Looking un-to Je - sus, He has died for thee; Oh, glo-ry be to Jesus, We'll shout salvation free.

2 Seek and thou shalt find him,
Still in faith believe;
Call and he will hear thee,
Ask him, and receive:
In the darkest moment—
In the deepest night,
He will give thee comfort,
He will give thee light.

3 Trials may befall thee,
Thorns beset thy way,
Never mind them, brother,
Only watch and pray;
Through the vale of sorrow
Once the Saviour trod;
Run thy race with patience,
Pressing on to God.

4 Labor on, my brother,
Thou shalt reap at last
Fruits of joy eternal,
When thy work is past;
Crowds of shining angels
View thee from the skies;
Run thy race with patience,
Yonder is the prize.

1. Up! and work, be - hold the morning Sheds a - far its gold - en ray ; Can you sleep, when
2. Do you love the bles - sed Saviour, Have you faith in God above? By a life of

souls are dy - ing? Up! and la - bor with the day ; God has called and you have heard him ;
self de - ni - al Prove the ar - dor of your love ; Feed the lambs with hun - ger pin - ing

Will you slight his great command, Will you plead your want of courage When before his bar you stand?
In the rugged wilds of sin ; You can find them all around you, You can help to bring them in.

3 Not the smallest seed you scatter
From your hand shall fall in vain ;
You will see the cloud arising,
God will bring the promised rain ;

Be content for *him* to labor,
Count it gain to suffer loss ;
If you wear a crown of glory
You must win it by the cross.

PRAISE THE GIVER OF ALL.

(JENNY V.)

SUITABLE FOR A FESTIVAL.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Let us min - gle our voic - es in cho - rus to - day; The earth is re - joic - ing, all

na - ture is gay, And the stream in the val - ley goes laugh - ing a - long; How hap - py its
D.C. Let his chil - dren with rap - ture his mer - cy re - call, The boun - ti - ful

Fine. CHORUS. D.C.

beau - ti - ful song; Praise the Lord, the Giv - er of all, Praise the Lord the Giv - er of all;
Giv - er of all;

- 2 There is joy in the sunbeam that sparkles so bright,
And calls the young blossoms to welcome the light;
And the bird in the greenwood is singing with glee,
As cheerful and happy as we. *Cho.*
- 3 Let us join the glad music and joyfully raise,
In purest devotion, our jubilant praise;
We are grateful to God for this *beautiful** day;
We'll sing the bright moments away. *Cho.*

*Or "festival day."

KEEP ON PRAYING.

75

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

T. E. PERKINS, from "Sabbath Carols." by per.

1. Long my spir - it pined in sorrow, Watching, wait - ing all in vain; Waiting for a gold - en morn - ing,

Free from worldly care and pain; When I heard a sweet voice saying, In the accents of a friend, Cheer up, brother,

CHORUS.

"keep on praying," Keep on pray - ing to the end. When our wayward thoughts are straying, When God's mer - cy

seems de - lay - ing, Then in faith we'll keep on pray - ing, Keep on pray - ing, Keep on pray - ing to the end.

2 Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures
In the end you're sure to win;
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your troubles at his feet,
Hear with faith in Calvary's story,
Till your joys are all complete.—*No*

3 How the angel band rejoices
When a kneeling mortal prays,
Hear them cry, in heavenly voices,
"Keep on praying" all your days,
Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day,
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away.—*Cho.*

DID JESUS LOVE ME.

R. L.

1. Did Jesus love me—Love a worthless sinner like me? Did Je-sus suf - fer For me on Cal - va - ry?
 2. Does Jesus love me—Love a thankless sinner like me? Does Jesus of - fer From sin to set me free?
 3. Will Jesus love me—Love a helpless sinner like me? Will Je-sus ev - er My friend and helper be?

Yes, he gave his life to save me From the sins that now enslave me; Fully and freely He shed his blood for
 Yes, if I will now believe him, With an humble heart receive him, Surely and truly He waits to pardon
 Yes, his flock he e'er will cherish, Not the feeblest lamb shall perish; Loving and faithful, He will not turn from

REFRAIN.

me. O! loving Jesus, Thy heart is full of love for me; Melt thou this heart of mine. And I will love thee.
 me. O loving, &c.
 me. O loving, &c.

THERE IS LIFE FOR A LOOK.

Rev. E. G. TAYLOR. 77

1. There is Life for a Look at the cru - ci - fied one, There is life at this moment for thee, Then

look, sinner, look un-to Him and be saved, Unto Him who was nailed to the tree. Look! Look! Look and

REFRAIN

Live! There is life for a look at the cru - ci - fied one, There is life at this mo - ment for thee.

- 2 Oh why was he there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh why, from his side, flowed the sin cleansing blood,
If his dying thy debt has not paid?
Look! Look! Look, &c.
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayers
But the *Blood* that atones for thy soul.
On him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once,
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
Look! Look! Look &c.

- 1 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world, he appeared,
And completed the work he begun.
Look! Look! Look, &c.
- 5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once,
The life everlasting he gives,
And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.
Look! Look! Look. &c

1. O come to the fountain of mer-cy and love, Whose pure healing wa - ter so gent-ly doth move;
 2. Come hither, sad mourner, by sor-row opprest, Draw nigh to this fountain, and you shall find rest ;

It flows from the Saviour's side plenteous and free, O come, guilty sin-ner, 'tis flowing for thee.
 O trust in the Saviour, whose love flows so free; Come hither, sad mourner, 'tis flowing for thee.

Flow-ing for thee, Flowing for thee; O come, guilty sin-ner, 'tis flow-ing for thee.
 Flow-ing for thee, Flowing for thee; Come hither, sad mourner, 'tis flow-ing for thee.
 Flow-ing for thee, Flow-ing for thee 'tis flow-ing for thee.

O COME TO THE FOUNTAIN. Concluded.

79

3 Come, weary and laden with trouble of heart,
O come to the fountain, come just as thou art;
Drink deep of its waters, refreshing and free,
Partake of its fulness, 'tis flowing for thee.

Flowing for thee, flowing for thee,
Partake of its fulness, 'tis flowing for thee.

4 Whoever will hearken and turn to the Lord,
Shall find full redemption and peace thro' His blood;
Then hear all ye nations, and come at His call,
This soul cleansing fountain is flowing for all.

Flowing for all, flowing for all,
This soul cleansing fountain is flowing for all.

CHILDREN, COME.

WM B. BRADBURY.

GIRLS. ALL. GIRLS. ALL.

1. Lift aloud your songs of praise, Children, come; children, come; Up to God your voices raise, Children, children,

CHORUS.

Fine. SEMI-CHORUS OF QUARTETTE. ALL. d. c. for CHORUS.

come; { He can hear each lit-tle voice, }
 { He can make each heart rejoice, } He can give you blessings choice, Children, come, O come.

Come, O come, yes!

2 God invites you in his word,
Children, come; children, come;
Oft ye have his bidding heard,
Children, children, come;
Come, and choose the narrow way,
Come, nor from my precepts stray,
Come, prepare for endless day;
Children, come, O come.—*Cho.*

3 Hear the Saviour gently call,
Children, come; children, come;
I've a welcome for you all,
Children, children, come;
Come, and share my tender love,
Come, my promised kindness prove,
Come, and learn of heaven above;
Children, come, O come.—*Cho.*

1. The shadows are falling, Swift closeth the day, I hear a voice calling, It seemeth to say,— Oh,
 2. The day is de - parting, The darkness is here; Ah! why am I starting, While heart beats with fear, Soul!
 3. The light is ap - pearing, The darkness is gone, For Jesus is nearing, And tender His tone,— Oh,

soul! hast thou glean'd well to-day? In the world's harvest field, With its full precious yield, Has it
 hast thou *not* glean'd well to - day? In the world's bus-y throng, Hast thou failed to be strong, Weakly
 soul! in *my* might glean each day; When the harvest is o'er, Shall be joy ev - er - more, If the

REFRAIN.

vain - ly appealed,— Oh, soul! hast thou gleaned well to-day? Hast thou gleaned, Hast thou
 yielding to wrong, Oh! hast thou not gleaned *well* to - day?
 sheaves at thy door Shall say, thou hast filled well thy day?

Hast thou gleaned,

gleaned, Hast thou gleaned well to - day? Oh, soul! hast thou gleaned well to-day?
 Hast thou gleaned, Hast thou gleaned, &c.

Legato.

1. In darkness art thou walking, Thy sky with clouds o'er-cast? Look back with humble feeling, Re-
2. Then like a child con-fid-ing, O-bey thy Father's will, And rest thee in his promise, To

CHORUS.

call each blessing past.
keep thee faithful still. O rest thee, rest thee, Faint and wea-ry hearted; O rest thee,

rest thee, Jesus still is near.

3 Let not thy courage fail thee,
O lift thy drooping head;
Believe in him who taught thee
To ask thy daily bread.—*Cho.*
4 Has not his tender mercy
With grace thy heart supplied?
Then rest thee in the promise,
Thy Father will provide.—*Cho.*

5 If tempted, go to Jesus,
He knows thy every fear;
Unburden all thy sorrows,
He treasures every tear.—*Cho.*
6 The God who made the sunbeam
And feeds the tuneful bird,
Will surely guard his children;
Then rest thee on his word.—*Cho.*

1. Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer, Sing, O earth, His wonderful love proclaim.

Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry, Strength and ho-nor give to his ho-ly name.
 d. s. O ye saints that dwell on the mountain of Zion, Praise Him, praise Him ever in joy-ful song.

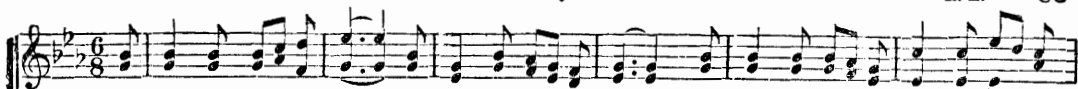
Like a shepherd Jesus will guard his children, In his arms he carries them all day long.

2 Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
 For our sins He suffered and bled and died;
 He, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation.
 Hail Him, hail Him, Jesus, the Crucified.
 Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
 Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
 Once for us rejected, despised, and forsaken,
 Prince of Glory, He is triumphant now.

3 Praise Him, praise Him, Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
 Heavenly portals, loud with hosannahs ring,
 Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
 Crown Him, crown Him—Prophet and Priest and King.
 Death is vanquished! Tell it with joy, ye faithful.
 Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
 Jesus lives! No longer thy portals are cheerless,
 Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.

WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME.

R. L. 83



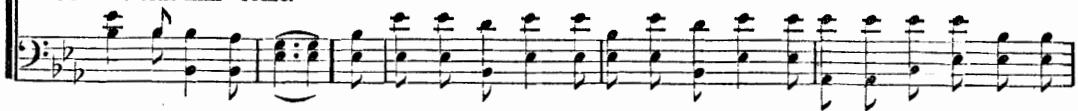
1. The Spir-it, in our hearts, Is whispering, "Sinner, come;" The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To
2. Let him that heareth say To all about him, "Come;" Let him who thirsts for righteousness, To
3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, O let him free-ly come, And freely drink the stream of life; 'Tis



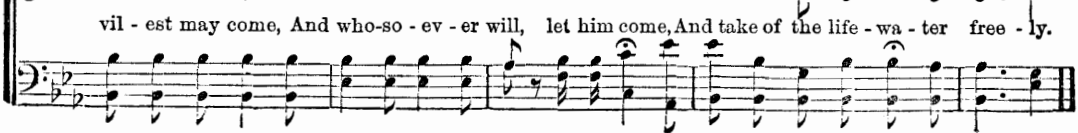
CHORUS.



all his children, "Come." The youngest may come, The poorest may come, The weakest, the meanest, the Christ, the Fountain, come. Je sus bids him come.



vil - est may come, And who-so - ev - er will, let him come, And take of the life - wa - ter free - ly.



Andante, with expression.

1. Keep thou my way, O Lord! My-self I cannot guide; Nor dare I trust my erring steps One moment
 2. For every act of faith, And every pure design,—For all of good my soul can know, The glo-ry,

from thy side; I can - not think a-right, Un - less inspired by thee; My heart would fail with-
 Lord, be thine; Free grace my par - don seals, Thro' thy a - ton-ing blood; Free grace the full as-

out thy aid, Choose thou my thoughts for me.
 sur-ance brings, Of peace with thee, my God.

- 3 O speak, and I will hear;
 Command, and I obey;
 My willing feet with joy shall haste
 To run the heavenly way;
 Keep thou my wand'ring heart,
 And bid it cease to roam;
 O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave
 To heaven, my blissful home.

1. I know of a jewel whose lustre Is purer and brighter than gold—A jewel that sparkles for - ev - er, A -
 2. That jewel, the love that redeems us! O seek it by watching and pray'r; I know the dear Saviour is will - ing To

dorning the young and the old; A jewel more precious than rubies, Or pearls from the depth of the sea— A
 give you that jewel so fair; And O, in the crown of the faithful, Its glo - ry transcendant shall be— A

CHORUS.

jewel, dear children, worth keeping, A treasure for you and for me. A jewel, dear children, worth keeping, A
 jewel, dear children, worth keeping, A treasure for you and for me.

A jewel worth keeping, A

treasure for you and for me; A jewel, dear children, worth keep - ing, A treasure for you and for me.

A jewel worth keeping,

OUR HOME BRIGHT AND FAIR.

Words by FANNIE.

W. H. DGANE.

1. Now the Saviour invites you to come; And fly to the arms of his love; In his kingdom of grace there is
 2. Are you thirsty? remember the call, O come, and salvation receive; For the fountain is open to
 3. Are you weary and sighing for rest? To Je-sus your refuge repair; He will pillow your head on his

CHORUS,
 room, And a man-sion of glo-ry a-bove. Over Jordan a home bright and fair,.... Our
 all Who will tru-ly re-pent and be-lieve.
 breast, If you seek him by watching and prayer.

bright and fair.

Sa-viour has gone to pre-pare; We shall rest by and by from our care,..... In that
 from our care.

OUR HOME BRIGHT AND FAIR. Concluded.

home..... bright and fair.

bright and fair,

In that home

4.

To the faithful a promise is given,
 Who meekly his counsel obey,
 Of a crown of rejoicing in heaven,
 And a treasure that fades not away.
 Over Jordan, &c.

Rev. J. N. FOLWELL.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

R. L.

1. Father a - bove, Thou God of love, To thee I give Thanks that I live; All thro' the night,
2. On this new day, To thee I pray; Be thou my guide, Walk by my side; Make me with - in
3. My eyes di - rect, My ears protect, From words and scenes Thy Book condemns; My tongue restrain
4. And at sun - set, Let no re - gret Of misspent time, O, Lord, be mine; Still let me share

CHORUS,

Till broad day-light, Thou hast me kept While I have slept (For this I plead, [God.
 All free from sin, And fix my place Within thy grace. (And all I need,) Thro' Christ, my Lord, The Son of
 From things profane; My hands and feet Both guide and keep.
 Thy tender care, And at life's end To thee as - cend.

THE SABBATH LAND OF LIBERTY.

W. H. McNAMEE.

R. L.

1. With cheerful voi - ces kindly greeting, We come to sing our festal lay; With happy Learts together

meeting, We hail this happy day; Our voices now in concord flowing, Our cause more bright, and

brighter glowing, Our song the Sabbath land shall be; The Sabbath land where all are free; The Sabbath

land of Lib - er - ty! The Sabbath land, the Sabbath land, The Sabbath land of Lib - er - ty!

SABBATH LAND OF LIBERTY. Concluded.

89

♣ We'll sing of freedom's highest glory,
 That brightens earth with heavenly ray;
 And gladly spread the blessed story,
 This holy, happy day;
 A light on yonder shore is burning,
 And Christian hearts are thither turning;
 And ours the Sabbath Land shall be;
 The Sabbath Land where all are free;
 The Sabbath Land of Liberty.

3 In freedom's sky a star is gleaming
 To guide the Christian on his way,
 And strong in faith, our banner streaming,
 We'll wage the battle fray,
 Our Sabbath army onward pressing,
 Our mission, Peace, Good-will, and Blessing,
 Our song in Christ shall ever be
 The Sabbath Land where all are free;
 The Sabbath Land of Liberty.

SEE THE GOLDEN SUNLIGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Fine.

1. { In the goi - den sun - light shining bright and clear On our cheerful Sabbath home;
 Christian friends and teach - ers glad - ly meet us here In our cheerful Sabbath home. }
 d. c. Lit - tle lambs of Je - sus, hap - py we will be In our cheerful Sabbath home.

CHORUS.

D. C.

We will sing with delight, for our hearts are gay, As the bird when it soars on its wings a - way;

2 Jesus watches o'er us with a shepherd's care,
 In our cheerful Sabbath home;
 He will kindly listen to our simple prayer,
 In our cheerful Sabbath home.—*Cho.*

3 Gentle, loving Saviour, may thy spirit dwell
 In our cheerful Sabbath home;
 Here thy tender mercy, O, 'tis sweet to tell,
 In our cheerful Sabbath home.—*Cho.*

YOUNG GOLDEN MORNING.

1. Come in life's young, golden morning, While the dew is sparkling bright, And the angel voices call you
2. Come, while *Hope* is looking onward, Thro' the path of coming years, All the earth can give is fleeting,

SEMI-CHORUS.

To the pearly gates of light; LOOK TO JESUS! how he loves you! Sweet and gentle is his voice;
And its best is wet with tears; LOOK TO JESUS! he will give you Better hope than all be-side,

Tutti.
Breathing love in tender accents, While he bids your heart rejoice; Look to Je-sus! look to Je-sus!
And when storms and tempests gather, Safe in him you shall a-bide; Look to Je-sus! look to Je-sus!

Come and in his smile re-joice! Look to Je-sus! look to Je-sus! Come and in his smile rejoice.
Let your hope in him a-bide, Look to Je-sus! look to Je-sus! Let your hope in him a-bide.

YOUNG GOLDEN MORNING. Concluded.

91

3 Come while youth with joy is beaming,
 Come while days are bright and fair;
 In the paths of peace and glory,
 Wisdom bids you enter there;
 Look to Jesus! Blest Redeemer!
 Giving joy forever pure,
 He will crown with fadeless beauty
 That unchanging shall endure:
 Look to Jesus! look to Jesus!
 Giving joy forever pure.

4 Come with hearts your Saviour trusting,
 Come with *faith* in Jesus' word;
 While the voices lead you sweetly,
 Let his gracious call be heard;
 Look to Jesus! Him believing,
 Children trust in him alone,
 Love and faith, at last receiving
 Glory round his Father's throne;
 Look to Jesus! look to Jesus!
 So we'll gather round the throne.

I'LL GIVE YOU REST.

W. F. SEERWIN.

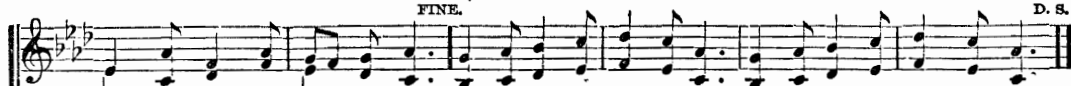
Tenderly.



1 Wea-ry child, from day to day Burdened, fainting by the way, Sighing, long - ing to be free,
 d. s. Lonely, and by grief oppressed,
 2. "Come with all your wants and woes; Come, whatever may oppose; All my gifts are full and free,
 d. s. Go and be the Saviour's guest;



FINE.



D. S.

List,— a voice, "Come un - to me." Toiling in the march of life, Restless in the dai - ly strife,
 "Come to me; I'll give you rest."
 If you will but come to me." Weary child, 'tis Jesus' voice, Haste and make the better choice;
 Go to him and be at rest.



CHRISTIAN FREEDOM SONG.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

'And ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free.' John viii. 32.

1. A brighter day is breaking, The nations are a - waking; A ho - ly light is creeping o'er the

land and o'er the sea; The voice of God has spoken, The chains of sin are broken, And by the Truth of

CHORUS.

Cal - va - ry the soul is free. Shout Hal - le - lu - jah! the day is breaking o'er us! For

Vic - to - ry and Lib - er - ty we sing to God a cho - rus, Un - til we lift our banners a

CHRISTIAN FREEDOM SONG. Concluded.

93

mid the loud ho-san-nas, That peal a song of Free-dom at the Gol-den throne.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>2 Where'er the captive quivers,
The word of grace delivers
The struggling soul of childhood and
the heavy heart of age;
To every glad believer,
Escaped the dread Deceiver,
The song of full redemption quenches
Satan's rage.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>3 God's chariot wheels are rumbling,
The walls of sin are crumbling,
The guns of Truth are booming on
the hill and on the wave;
And 'mid the cannon's rattle
In Freedom's holy battle,
The song of triumph thunders o'er
Oppression's grave.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 O! mighty Intercessor,
Defeat the great Oppressor,
Till from the trodden spirit every
tyrant shall be hurled,
And, every fetter riven,
Beneath the light of heaven,
The flag of Gospel Freedom covers
all the world.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|---|---|

TRUST IN GOD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Fine.

D.C.

1. (The Lord, our God, is faithful, His ways are just and true; By cool, refreshing waters, The weary soul he leads;
His tender love is boundless, His mercy ever new;
d. c. And, like a gentle shepherd, His flock He kindly feeds.

Fine.

D.C.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 We'll praise Him for his goodness,
And trust Him for his grace;
He will not always chide us,
Nor hide his smiling face;
For while in deep contrition
Our hearts to Him return,</p> | <p>He gives the cheerful promise,
To comfort those that mourn.</p> <p>3 We'll trust for every blessing
Our Father, and our Guide;
We'll trust Him in our weakness,</p> | <p>Still walking by His side;
We'll trust Him on the billow;
We'll trust Him on the shore;
And, through eternal ages,
We'll trust Him ever more.</p> |
|---|--|--|

1. Through a world of sorrow, Pilgrims, we roam, Waiting for the morrow, Longing for home; Seeking for a
2. Earthly cares surround us, Death lurking near, Often would confound us, And chill with fear; But there's one who

ci - ty, Whose foundations stand On the Saviour's faithful promise, In the bet - ter land.
guides us, Leads us with his hands; He will bring us safe - ly o - ver To the promis'd land.

CHORUS.

There'll be rest for - ev - er For the Pilgrim band, When around the throne we gather, In the promised land.

3 In that world of glory,
Blest world above,
There we'll tell the story
Of Jesus' love

There we'll sorrow never,
But with rapture stand;
And we'll part no more forever
In the promis'd land.—*Cho.*

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

95

KATE CAMERON.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. We sing our song of ju - bilee, Our voices rising loud and free; And with the notes of sweet accord, We

CHORUS,

praise our ev - er blessed Lord. Singing togeth - er, singing togeth - er, Teachers and scholars

gladly unite; Singing togeth - er, singing togeth - er, Love fills our hearts, and our faces are bright.

2 We praise Him for the year now past,
And at his feet our cares we cast;
And O may He who guides our way
Forbid our youthful steps to stray.
Singing together, &c.

3 Our Sabbath school, oh! may He bless,
And guard its lambs with tenderness;
And lead us gently when we die
To our Good Shepherd's fold on high!
Singing together, &c.

1. Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace, Obey the Saviour's call ; Come, seek his face and taste his grace, And
 2. Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring, Ye children great and small ; Hosanna sing to Christ your king, And
 3. This Je-sus will your sins forgive, O, haste ! before him fall : For you he died, that you might live To

CHORUS.

crown him Lord of all. In the dew-y time of youth, let us come, Be-fore the brown leaves
 crown him Lord of all.
 crown him Lord of all.

let us come,

fall; He will guide us with His truth, let us come, And crown him Lord of all.

let us come.

THE ANGEL OF PRAYER.

97

Words and Music by Rev. E. G. TAYLOR.

1. With the An - gel of God, Jacob wrestled all night, And struggled in prayer, 'till the morning gave light ;
2. The An - gel appears as un - will - ing to bless, Determined to leave him a - lone in distress ;

And though by his fears and temptations assailed, He would not give o - ver un - til he prevailed.
But, hark to the words of the patriarch bold, And see how by faith's conqu'ring grasp he lays hold.

REFRAIN.

Oh ! the An - gel of Prayer Bids us come with our care To Jesus who loveth his blessings to give ; And

wrestle and pray, 'Till the dawn of the day, And the seek - er shall find, the in - quir - er receive.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 " 'Till not let thee go," is the wrestler's strong cry,
"Except thou wilt bless me, I surely shall die;"
Ah! quickly the Angel's unwillingness, feigned,
Has vanished, and Jacob the blessing has gained.</p> | <p>4 Thus God bids us come to the throne of his grace,
And there he will show us his reconciled face ;
The wrestler in prayer shall ever prevail,
The promise is sure, and never can fail.</p> |
|--|--|

HOLY IS THE LORD.

Moderate.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple, glad - ly a - dore Him;

Let the mountains trem - ble at His word; Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him;
D.S. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

Migh - ty in wis - dom, boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King ov - er all.

2 Praise Him, praise Him! Shout aloud for joy,
Watchman of Zion, herald the story;
Sin and death his kingdom shall destroy;
All the earth shall sing of his glory;
Praise Him, ye angels, ye who behold him
Robed in His splendor matchless divine.

CHORUS.

3 King eternal, blessed be His name!
So may His children gladly adore Him,
When in heaven we join the happy strain,
When we cast our bright crowns before Him,
There in His likeness joyful awaking,
There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.—CRO.

1. Praise the Lord, oh ! praise him, praise him, Praise the Lord who reigns above ! Now with cheerful voices raise [Him

Songs of grat - i - tude and love. Praise Him all ye great cre - a - tion; Praise Him every clime and
CHORUS.
Praise ye the Lord, Praise Him, praise Him !

nation, Praise the Giver of Sal - va - tion, Praise the Lord for - ev - er more.
Praise Him, praise ye the Lord, praise Him, praise Him !

<p>2 Praise the Lord of life and glory, Praise the Lord of truth and grace; Tell to all His wond'rous story: Bid them early seek his face.—<i>Cho.</i></p>	<p>3 Praise the Lord with loud hosannas, Praise Him with the mighty throng; Write His name upon your banners, Be His praise your battle song !</p>	<p>4 Praise the Giver of Salvation, Praise him every clime and tongue; Heav'n and earth, and all creation Shout aloud in joyful song !—<i>Cho.</i></p>
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BROTHERS, WE SHALL MEET AND REST.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

W. H. DOANE.



1. When these weary days are over, When our griefs have passed away, Like the clouds that melt and vanish
2. Soon the earthly chain will sever; Soon to higher joys we'll rise; Soon we'll meet the blessed Saviour
3. Oh, the blissful, joy-ous meeting! Bliss and joy beyond compare! When the saints, in rapture greeting,

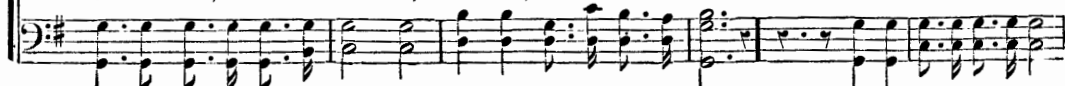


In the sun's effulgent ray, — Then, with light, and joy, and gladness, Making sunshine in the breast,
 In the realms of Pa-ra-dise; Then our hearts will cease to languish, By their load of guilt oppressed;
 Their Redeemer's love declare! Storms and doubts shall vex us nev-er, In those mansions of the blest;



CHORUS.

Far a - way from sin or sad - ness, Brothers, we shall meet and rest! Brothers, we shall meet and rest,
 There, beyond this toil and anguish, Brothers, we shall meet and rest! Brothers, &c.
 Safe at home, and safe for - ev - er, Brothers, we shall meet and rest! Brothers, &c.



Brothers, we shall meet and rest

Meet and rest, yes, meet and rest; Safe at home, and safe for ev - er, Brothers, we shall meet and rest.

ev - er, safe forever.

Rev. JOHN G. CHAFEE.

THE PENITENT.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Can my soul find rest from sor - row, Can my sins for - giv - en be, Must I wait un - til to - Will he lift this vale of

FINE. *D. S. F.*
 morrow Ere my Sa - vior speaks to me? Will he speak in words of kindness? Will he wash away my sin?
 blindness, And remove this deadly pain?

2 O, the darkness, how it thickens,
 Like the brooding of despair!
 And my soul within me sickens—
 God, in mercy, hear my prayer!
 Give me but a hope to cherish,
 Give me just one ray of light—

Help me, save me, or I perish,
 Take away this awful night!

3 Now he hears me, he will save me,
 I behold his shining face,
 Hear him whisper he will have me—

O, the miracle of grace!
 I will joy to tell the story
 How he cometh from above—
 Fills my soul, O, glory, glory!
 With the blessings of his love.

OVER THE RIVER I'M GOING.

J. M. EVANS.

1. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, Be - yond where the pearl - y gates stand ; O - ver the cold i - cy

billows, To live in a fair sun - ny land ; My Fa - ther has built me a mansion, More precious than silver and

gold ; Yes, o - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing To where there are pleasures un - told. The an - gels there will

welcome me With harps and crowns of gold ; Yes ! o - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To where there are pleasures un - told.

REFRAIN.

2 Over the river I'm going
To meet, in the land of the blest,
Lov'd ones, who long have been waiting,
To welcome me home to my rest ;
The world with its pleasures no longer
My spirit in bondage can hold,

For over the river I'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.
The angels, &c.
3 Over the river I'm going,
O ! seek not to draw me aside ;
See ! the bright angels are waiting

To carry me over the tide ;
My Saviour is there to receive me,
And shield me from suffering and cold,
Yes, over the river I'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.
The angels, &c.

1st.

1. { There's a gentle voice within calls away, (calls away,) 'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er,)
 { But my heart is melted now, I o-bey; (I obey;) From my Saviour I will wander no [OMIT.....

2. { He has promised all my sins to forgive, (to forgive,) If I ask in simple faith for his love; (for his love.)
 { In his holy word I learn how to live, (how to live,) And to labor for his kingdom a - [OMIT.....

2d. | CHORUS.

more. Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved; Yes, I will go;
 bove.

Yes, I will go; To Jesus I will go and be saved.

- 3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
 And be faithful to its cause till I die;
 If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
 I shall wear a starry crown by and by. - *Cho.*
- 4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,
 And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
 But my heart is melted now, I obey;
 From my Saviour I will wander no more.
 - *Cho.*

1. Is the light of beauty waning? Shed no tear of vain re-gret : Do not grieve tho' youth has
 2. Is the weight of care and sorrow Pressing down thy weary heart? Ear-ly hopes and kin-dred
 3. Is thy footstep, once so buoyant, Growing faint and fee-ble now? Has the chil-ly frost of
 4. Summer flow'rs may lose their fragrance, Autumn's withered leaves may fall, In the bright-er land be-

CHORUS.

fad-ed, And the morning star has set. Strike thy tent and urge thy way, To thy house not made with
 pleasures, Do they one by one de-part?
 win-ter Left its traces on thy brow?
 fore thee, Thou wilt thank thy God for all.

hands, To the realms of end-less day; To the hap-py an-gel bands.

DUET.

1. How we love to sing of the star whose light Shone forth from the east on that blessed night, When a
 2. 'Twas the birth of Him who was long foretold, The hope of the just in the days of old, That the

CHORUS.

choral chant from the angels bright, Woke the earth in joy-ful numbers. Glo-ry, glo-ry in the
 angels sang to their harps of gold, And proclaim'd in joy-ful numbers.

highest, Shout aloud for joy all ye saints in heav'n: Glory, glory in the highest, Peace, good will to man be given.

- 3 'Twas the Saviour's birth and the holy time,
 That spoke to the world in a voice sublime;
 And it called the nations of every clime,
 To exalt His name and praise Him. *Cho.*
- 4 To redeem the lost from His fold that stray'd,
 The crown of His kingdom aside He laid;

- And the debt of sin by His death he paid,
 From the grave he rose victorious. *Cho.*
- 5 Still we love to sing of the star whose light
 Shone forth from the east on that blessed night,
 When a choral chant from the angels bright,
 Woke the earth in joyful numbers. *Cho.*

With expression.

1. "Why weepst thou? Whom seekest thou?" O, wouldst thou see our Je-sus? Be - hold Him near, He
 2. Why weepst thou, And seek-est thou, With doubting and re-pin - ing? O, lift thine eye! Thou
 3. Be-lieve him now; Receive Him now; Look up, with faith and meekness, To Je - sus' blood, Which
 4. Be-liev - est thou? Cease weeping now—Thy soul he will de-liv - er; The cross He bore; Our

REFRAIN.

marks each tear, Our bless-ed, lov - ing Je - sus. O, believe Him; O re-ceive Him—
 shalt de-scry His rai-ment, near thee, shin - ing.
 free - ly flowed For all thy sin and weak - ness.
 sins. He wore, And nailed them there for - ev - er.

There is none like Je - sus; He is near thee; He will cheer thee—On - ly trust in Je - sus.

DEPENDENCE. 7s.

107

Evolutional.

HUBERT P. MAIN

1. Feeble, helpless, how shall I Learn to live and learn to die? Who, O God! my guide shall be? Who shall lead thy child to Thee?

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>2 Blessed Father, gracious one!
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps shall lead.</p> | <p>3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord,
In my meekness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die.</p> | <p>4 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling Thee, my Saviour, near.</p> |
|--|---|---|

D. F. L.

HAVE MERCY, LORD, ON ME.

R. L.

1. When doubts and fears becloud the sky, And sorrow's tempest rages high, Then, when no other help is nigh,
2. When sins oppress me with their load, When strait and toilsome seems the road That leadeth up from earth to God,

Have mercy, Lord, Have mercy, Lord, Have mercy, Lord, on me.

- 3 When death itself confronts my face,
And wraps me in its cold embrace,
And finished is my earthly race,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.
- 4 When worldly cares are passed away,
When I behold the judgment day,
And naught below can be my stay,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

HE IS COMING OUT TO MEET US.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. When we turn to God and leave the path of sin, When the heart re-pen-tant feels the need of Him ;
 2. He will guide our feet where quiet waters flow, He will lead us onward thro' the vale below ;
 3. At the cold, dark stream of Jordan when we stand, He will bear us safe-ly to the promised land ;

Then our gen-tle lov-ing Father full of pardoning grace, Comes to meet us with a kind em-brace.
 With his presence and his blessing cheer us day by day, He will come to meet us on the way.
 With his lov-ing arm around us we shall hear him say, I have come to meet you on the way.

CHORUS.

Com-ing out to meet us on the way, Coming out to meet us, coming out to meet us,

Oh! the joy-ful welcome—see the Fa-ther now, Com-ing out to meet us on the way.

1. Sabbath bells are peal-ing, Thoughts of hallowed rest re - veal-ing; Hear their mu-sic steal-ing
 2. Tuneful strains are ringing, Hap-py voices sweet are singing, Praise and glo-ry bringing

On the qui - et air; Oh! the welcome, welcome sound, Spreading peace and joy a-round,
 To our God a - bove; Heav'nly Fa - ther, dearest Friend, While before thy throne we bend,

Hear them say, —Haste away To the house of prayer.
 Grate - ful lays We would raise, For thy wond'rous love.

3 Through the Holy Spirit,
 Through the Saviour's preeious merit,
 May we all inherit
 Joy with Thee above;
 There, among the pure and blest,
 May we find eternal rest:
 Sweetly there, —Free from care—
 Sing redeeming love.

"And he showed me a pure River of Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb."—Rev. xxii. 1.

Cheerful.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod ; With its crys - tal tide for -
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil - ver spray, We will walk and worship

CHORUS.

ev - er Flowing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The.
ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.

p
beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er—Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

- 3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
Neath the glory of the throne. *Cho.*
- 4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. *Cho.*

- 5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace. *Cho.*
- 6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. *Cho.*

NONE BUT JESUS.

R. L. From "CHAPEL MELODIES" 111

1. Weeping will not save me— Tho' my face were bath'd in tears, That could not al-lay my fears,

CHORUS.

Could not wash the sins of years, Weeping will not save me. Je - sus wept and died for me;

Je - sus suffered on the tree; Je - sus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me.

2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thought and feelings, too,
Cannot form my soul anew,
Working will not save me.—*Cho.*

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.—*Cho.*

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son;
Trust the work that he has done;
To his arms. Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.—*Cho.*

1. A dreary place would be this earth, Were there no lit - tle peo - ple in it; The song of life would
2. Far in the clime tow'rd which we reach, Thro' time's mysterious, dim unfolding, The lit - tle ones with

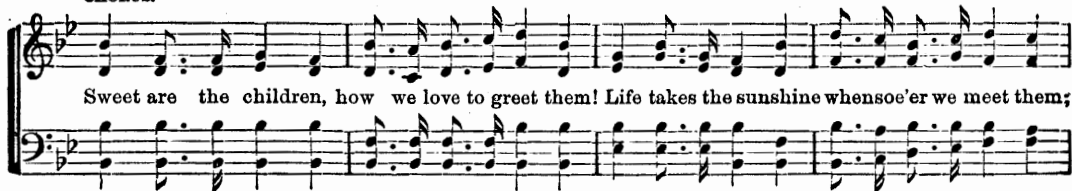
lose its mirth, Were there no children to be - gin it; No lit - tle forms like buds to grow, And
che - rub smile Are still our Father's face be - hold - ing; So said the blessed Saviour's voice, When,

make the lov - ing heart surrender; No lit - tle hands on breast and brow, To keep the love chords tender.
in Ju - de - a's realm, a preacher, He made a child confront the proud, And be their simple teacher.

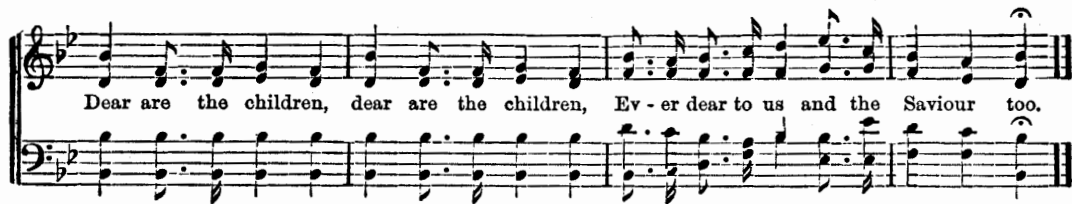
DEAR ARE THE CHILDREN. Concluded.

113

CHORUS.



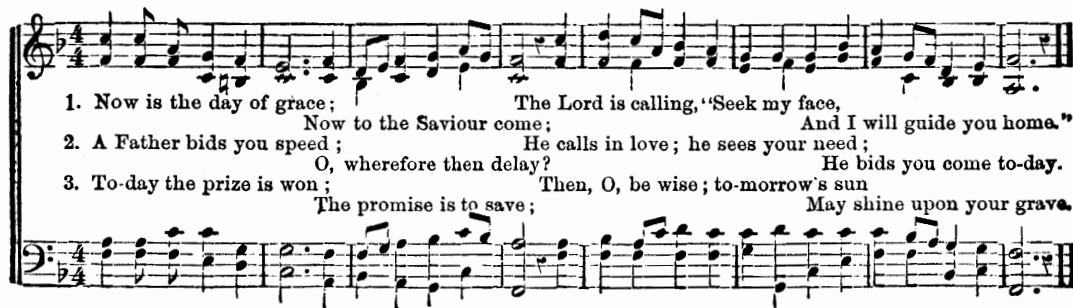
Sweet are the children, how we love to greet them! Life takes the sunshine whensoever we meet them;



Dear are the children, dear are the children, Ever dear to us and the Saviour too.

DAY OF GRACE.

W. F. SHERWIN.



1. Now is the day of grace; The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,
Now to the Saviour come; And I will guide you home."

2. A Father bids you speed; He calls in love; he sees your need;
O, wherefore then delay? He bids you come to-day.

3. To-day the prize is won; Then, O, be wise; to-morrow's sun
The promise is to save; May shine upon your grave.

O, BLESSED SABBATH MORNING.

R. L.

1. O, blessed Sabbath morning, All the earth adorning, Glad we hail thy banner on the hills unfurl'd! In

chorus. blessed Sabbath morning, All the earth adorning, Coming as the sunshine in a world of night! Thro'

ev - ery vale of weep - ing, Comes thy glory creep - ing, Driving out the shadows from the world;

FINE.

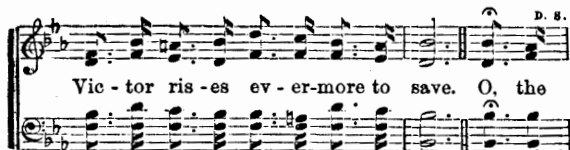
all thy ho - ly gleaming, We see the glory streaming From the ever - last - ing hills of heavenly light.

And in thy ho - ly day, Death and darkness flee a - way, For Je - sus, our Redeemer ris - es

from the grave; He breaks the fa - tal spell, He destroys the gates of hell, And the

O, BLESSED SABBATH MORNING. Concluded.

115



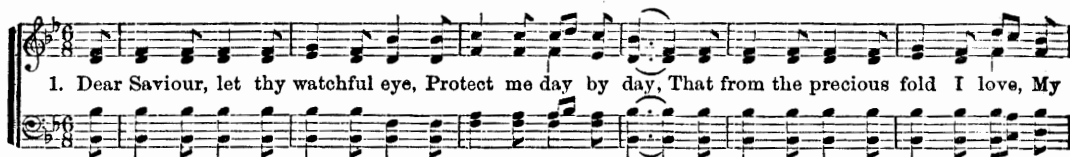
CHO. O, the

D. S. 2
 O. blessed Sabbath morning, Welcome to thy dawning!
 Down into the empty grave thy sunlight goes;
 The bars of death are shattered, All the sentries scattered,
 And the angels tell us Jesus rose;
 O, may the Christ within raise us from the grave of sin,
 And give us happy freedom with the Spirit-born;
 Then, as in rosy bed, We shall sleep among the dead,
 And we'll waken on the Resurrection morn.
 O, the blessed Sabbath, &c.

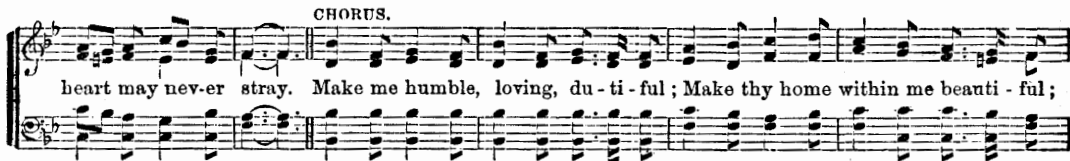
F. J. C.

THE HUMBLE HEART.

R. L.



1. Dear Saviour, let thy watchful eye, Protect me day by day, That from the precious fold I love, My



CHORUS.

heart may nev - er stray. Make me humble, loving, du - ti - ful; Make thy home within me beauti - ful;



Cleanse my heart from sin; Let no stranger in.

- 2 I want thy Spirit's gentle power,
 My constant guide to be;
 I want thy love, thy tender care,
 To bind me close to thee.—*Cho.*
- 3 In sweet submission may I walk,
 Along the shining way,
 'Till Thon my Saviour call me home,
 "To realms of endless day."—*Cho.*

SING PRAISE UNTO THE LORD!

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

R. L.

Spirited.

1. Oh, sing praise un-to the LORD! Lift your voices in ac-cord, Loud the joy-ful hal-le-lujahs sound!
 2. Glad sing praise unto the SON! Let the glories He hath won, By the ransomed He hath saved, be sung;
 3. Full sing praise unto the WORD, And the SPIRIT of the LORD, For He giv-eth life to all who seek;

Shout the triumphs of His grace, Let it fill the sacred place, Where the children of His love are found.
 Swell the grandly joy-ous strain, Let it e-cho back again, While the pealing Sabbath bells are rung!
 Where He reign-eth is true peace, And His power shall never cease; He alone the chains of sin can break!

CHORUS.

Praise Him! praise Him! All ye children, praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Children, ever praise Him!

SING PRAISE UNTO THE LORD! Continued.

117

With u - ni - ted voic - es, Heart-y, hap-py voic - es, Ev - er, ev - er praise Him! Praise the Lord!

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

THE GLORIOUS DAY IS COMING.

R. L.

With spirit.

1. The glorious day is coming, is com - ing, is coming, The glorious day is coming, When we will be at home.
 2. Our tri - als will be o - ver, be o - ver, be o - ver, Our tri - als will be o - ver, And we be safe at home.
 3. Thro' grace a-lone we conquer, we con-quer, we conquer, Thro' grace alone we conquer, Un-til we rest at home.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first line of the score is marked 'With spirit.'

CHORUS.

We'll join the saints in the morning, And go away to Jesus, We'll join the saints in the morning, And sing the ju-bi - lee.

The image shows a musical score for a chorus. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

4 The ransomed ones are waiting,
 To welcome us at home. — *Cho.*

5 We'll praise His name forever,
 When we arrive at home. — *Cho.*

1. There is a ho-ly ci - ty, A hap-py world a - bove, Be-yond the star-ry regions, Built

by the God of love; An ev-erlasting temple; And saints arrayed in white. There serve their great Re-

deemer, And dwell with Him in light; There serve their great Redeemer, And dwell with Him in light.

2 The meanest child in glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In heavenly majesty?
The elders fall before Him,
And angels bend the knee.

3 The hosts of saints around Him
Proclaim His work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way—
They came through tribulation
To everlasting day.

4 And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know;
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of that bright temple,
And crowns above the sky

WE WILL SING REDEEMING LOVE.

R. L. 119

1. We're trav'ling thro' a desert land, The way is long and dreary, But on the other shore we'll stand, And

CHORUS.

nev-er more be wea-ry. We will sing Redeem-ing Love, With the shining ones a-bove, On the

flow'ry banks of Jordan's riv-er; We will sing to Him a-lone Who is sitting on the throne, And to

Christ, the bless-ed Lamb, for-ev-er.

- 2 The distant hills our strength renew,
 Their beauty we discover;
 The welcome ford appears in view,
 And some are passing over.—*Cho.*
- 3 Though now we march with broken ranks,
 And much of straggling, thither,
 We all shall tread the flow'ry banks,
 And sing our song together.—*Cho.*

Lively.

1. There is a bet - ter world, they say, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! Wheresin and sor-row
2. No clouds e'er pass a - long the sky, Hap-py land! Hap-py land! No tear-drop glistens

pass a - way. Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! And mu - sic fills the balm - y air, And
in the eye, Hap - py land! Hap - py land! They drink the gush - ing streams of grace, And

angels with bright wings are there, And harps of gold with mansions fair, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
gaze up - on the Saviour's face, Whose brightness fills the holy place, Hap-py land! Hap-py land!

3 Though we are sinners, every one,
Jesus died! Jesus died!
And though our crowns of peace is gone,
Jesus died! Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign;
Jesus died! Jesus died!

4 Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
Come away! Come away!
We long to reach our Father's home,
Come away! Come away!
Oh, come, the night is gliding past,
And men and things are fleeting fast,
Our turn will surely come at last;
Come away! come away!

1. The clouds bend low and grim-ly scowl; The seas rush high in angry foam; While, thro' the night the storm-fiends howl, And
 2. But fiercer still the loud wind blows, And higher climb re-lentless waves; Thro' darker night the doom'd ship plows O'er
 3. Morn follows night with-out a sun, And lightnings glare, and thunders roar O'er battling seas whose wrath has run The

dash-ing waves send breakers home; The stout ship's straining tim-bers creak, And pal-lid forms be-tok-en wreck; But
 mountain heights, and yawning graves; The la-ding, tack-ling, bal-last go,—Eu-ro-clydon his ven-geance wreaks, Tho'
 ship in frag-ments on the shore; On boards and planks up-on the strand, The rescued grateful tribute bring; From

CHORUS.

to the trembling shipmen speaks An angel standing on the deck: A-bide in the ship, And be of good
 not a hair shall fall in woe; And thro' the storm the angel speaks:
 toil and wreck all safe to land, They, with the cherished angel sing:

A-bide in the ship, And

cheer, For God's love will ever outstrip The storm and all your fear.
 4 Lone trav'ler on the world's wide deep,
 By rude waves tossed and tempests driv'n,
 Fear not the storms that rend and sweep,
 The earthly ship that steers for heaven;
 But keep the faith, the soul's sure bark,
 Though hull and spars, and rigging fall,
 Tho' loud winds howl, and nights grow dark—
 And God will be your all in all. *Chc.*

me of good cheer, &c.

1. Ring the bells, the Christmas bells, Chime out the wond'rous story; First in song, on angel tongues, It

came from realms of glo - ry; "Peace on earth, good will to men," An - ge - lic voi - ces ring - ing,

CHORUS.

Christ, the Lord, to earth has come, His glorious message bringing. Ring the bells, the merry Christmas bells; Chime

out the wondrous sto - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high, For ev - er - more be glo - ry.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS. Concluded.

123

2 Wise men hastened from the east,
To bring their richest treasure,
Gold and myrrh, and frankincense,
And jewels without measure;
Him they sought, although a king,
They found in birth-place lowly,
There, within a manger, lay
The babe so pure and holy.

3 Earthly crowns were not for him,
He came God's love revealing;
On the cross he died for us,
His blood forgiveness sealing;
'Tis the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day,
Its grateful anthem raises.

COMING TO JESUS.

E. W. KELLOGG, from "Happy Voices."
(By permission.)

1, Saviour, list-en to our prayer, Poor and sinful tho' we are; Guilt confessing, Give thy blessing,

CHORUS.

Grant thy loving care. O God our Father, Christ our King, Now to thee our hearts we bring; Keep them ever,

Bless-ed Saviour, Till in heaven thy love we sing.

2 Strength is thine; we often stray
From the pure and holy way;
Wilt thou guide us, Walk beside us,
Nearer every day?—*Cho.*

3 Then may we, when life is o'er,
Stand with thee on yonder shore;
Freed from sinning, heaven winning,
Praising evermore!—*Cho.*

THE BLESSED INVITATION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, little children, come un - to me ; Oh, will you come, oh, will you come? I'll be your Saviour, and
 2. Yes, blessed Je - sus, we'll come to thee; Yes, we will come, yes, we will come: Thou our protector and

hap - py you'll be; Oh, will you come un - to me? Ye lit - tle lambs, I in - vite you to come,
 Saviour shalt be; Yes, we will come un - to thee; Guide us, dear Saviour, thro' life's dreary way,

Come dwell with me in my heaven-ly home; There in my bosom you all shall find room; Oh, will you come,
 Soon shall we come to that glo - ri - ous day, When sin and sorrow will van - ish a - way: Yes, we will come,

Ritard.
 oh, will you come? There in my bosom you all shall find room, Oh, will you come un - to me?
 yes, we will come: When sin and sorrow will van - ish a - way, Yes, we will come un - to thee.

1. Lo! the Sabbath morning breaking, break-ing, Fills the heart with music, joy and glad-ness;

Strains of pure de-vo - tion wak - ing, wak - ing, Let us join the cho - rus of praise to God. *Fine.*

While the cheerful bells are ring - ing, ring-ing, Chim-ing out their welcome loud and clear,
Throng of hap-py chil-dren sing - ing, sing-ing, Gath - er in the home they prize so dear. *D.C. Fine.*

2 Gentle, loving Saviour, bending, bending
From a throne of mercy, grant thy blessing,
While our grateful voices blending, blending,
Swell the happy chorus of praise to Thee;

Where the golden harps are ringing, ringing,
In the sunny vales of Eden fair;
Where the pure in heart are singing, singing,
Jesus, may we dwell forever there.—*Cho.*

SHALL WE ANCHOR.

1. Shall we anchor in the har - bor, When our journey's o'er; Shall we meet our blessed Sav-iour,
2. Shall we stem the surging billows, And the heaving tide; Shall we reach that peaceful ha - ven,

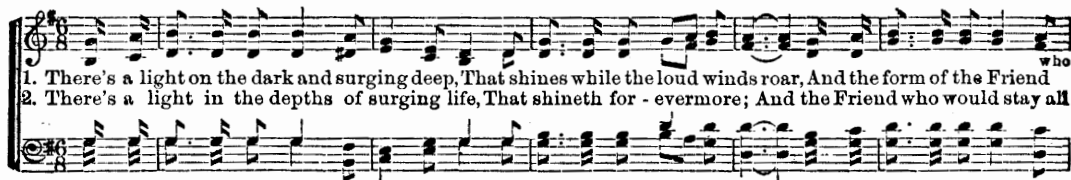
CHORUS.

On that hap - py gol - den shore? Yes, we'll anchor in the har - bor, When our tri - al days are
Where the ho - ly ones a - bide?

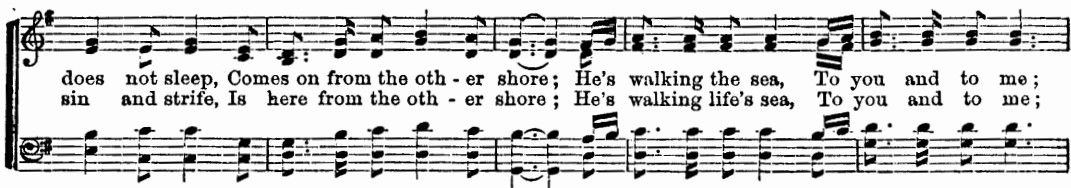
o - ver; Yes, we'll anchor in the har - bor, On that hap - py gol - den shore.

3 O, the skies are never clouded,
In that happy land;
And a splendor gleams upon us,
As we near the golden strand.—*Cho.*

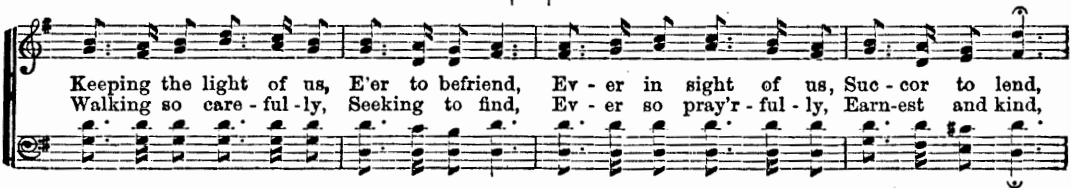
4 We are sailing, we are sailing
To that golden shore,
And we'll anchor in the harbor,
Where we'll rest forever more.—*Cho.*



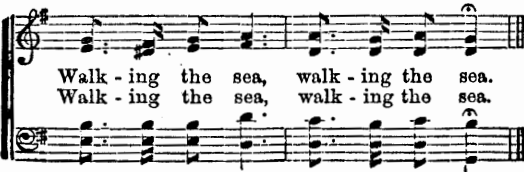
1. There's a light on the dark and surging deep, That shines while the loud winds roar, And the form of the Friend
 2. There's a light in the depths of surging life, That shineth for - evermore; And the Friend who would stay all



does not sleep, Comes on from the oth - er shore; He's walking the sea, To you and to me;
 sin and strife, Is here from the oth - er shore; He's walking life's sea, To you and to me;



Keeping the light of us, E'er to befriend, Ev - er in sight of us, Suc - cor to lend,
 Walking so care - ful - ly, Seeking to find, Ev - er so pray'r - ful - ly, Earn - est and kind,



Walk - ing the sea, walk - ing the sea.
 Walk - ing the sea, walk - ing the sea.

- 3 There's a light in the depths of christian hearts,
 That gleams on the crown before,
 And the Saviour whose love a bliss imparts,
 Attends to the other shore;
 He's walking life's sea with you and with me,
 Keeping in reach of us, Watching for all,
 Caring for each of us, Lest we should fall,
 Walking the sea, walking the sea.

1. How ma-ny sheep are straying, Lost from the Saviour's fold! Up - on the lone-ly mountain, They
2. Oh, who will go to find them? Who, for the Saviour's sake, Will search with tireless patience Thro'

shiver with the cold; With-in the tangled thickets, Where poison-vines do creep, And o - ver rocky
bri-er and thro' brake? Unheeding thirst or hunger, Who still, from day to day, Will seek as for a

CHORUS.

ledg-es Wander the poor, lost sheep. O, come, let us go and find them! In the paths of death they
treasure, The sheep that go a - stray?

roam; At the close of the day, 'twill be sweet to say, "I have brought some lost one home."

THE LOST SHEEP. Concluded.

129

3 Say, will you seek to find them?
From pleasant bowers of ease,
Will you go forth determined
To find the "least of these?"
For still the Saviour calls them,
And looks across the wold,
And still he holds wide open
The door into his fold.

4 How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,
Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The sheep that went astray!
Heart-sore and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And, lo! we come at nightfall,
And bear them safely home.

LEAD THEM, MY GOD, TO THEE.

R. L.

Slow.

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system includes the lyrics: "1. Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them to thee, These children dear of mine, Thou gav-est me;" The second system includes the lyrics: "O, by thy love di-vine, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, Lead them, Lead them to thee."

2 When earth looks bright and fair,
Festive and gay,
Let no delusive snare
Lure them astray;
But from temptation's power
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee.

3 E'en for such little ones,
Christ came a child,
And through this world of sin
Moved undefiled;
O, for his sake, I pray,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee.

4 Yea, though my faith be dim,
I would believe
That thou this precious gift
Wilt now receive;
O, take their young hearts now;
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain, Free to all, a healing stream,
 2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the bright and morning star

CHORUS.

Flows from Calvary's mountain. In the Cross, In the Cross Be my glo - ry ev - er, Till my raptured
 Shed its beams a - round me.

soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me;
 Help me walk from day to day,
 With its shadow o'er me.—*Cho.*

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
 Hoping, trusting ever,
 Till I reach the golden strand,
 Just beyond the river.—*Cho.*

THEY ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

R. L. 131

Slow and solemn.

1. Gone to the grave is our loved one, Gone with a youthful bloom: Lowly we bend, schoolmate and friend
 2. Oft we have mingled to - geth - er, Sometimes in prayer and song; Now when we meet, this one we greet

CHORUS.

Pass - ing a - way to the tomb. They are going down the val - ley, The deep, dark val - ley; We'll
 Nev - er a - gain in our throng.

see their fa - ces nev - er more, Till we pass down the val - ley, The dark, death val - ley, And

meet them on the oth - er shore.

- 3 Sweetly the form will be sleeping,
 Under the cypress shade;
 Sad though we be, fondly will we
 Cherish the name of the dead. *Cho.*
- 4 Down in the valley they're going,
 Down to the other shore;
 But with the blest—fair land of rest—
 Weeping will come never more. *Cho.*

1. The Master is come, and calleth for thee, He stands at the door of thy heart, No friend so for-
 2. The Master has come with blessings for thee, A - rise, and his message re - ceive ; Thy ransom is

REFRAIN.

giving, so gentle as he, Oh, say, wilt thou let him de - part? Pa - tiently wait - ing, earnestly
 purchased, thy pardon is free, If thou wilt repent and be - lieve.

Pa - tiently wait - ing,

pleading, Je - sus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart, Pa - tiently waiting, earnest - ly pleading,
 wait - ing, plead - - - ing,

Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, knocks at thy heart.

- 3 The Master is come, and calleth thee now,
 This moment what joy may be thine ;
 How tender the smile that illumines his brow,
 A pledge of his favor divine. *Cho.*
- 4 He waits for thee still, then haste with delight,
 O, fly to the arms of his love,
 Press on to that beautiful mansion of light,
 Prepared in his kingdom above. *Cho.*

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

Arr. from J. M. EVANS.

133

1. "Land a - head!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the liv - ing waters
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re -

CHORUS.

lav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on
sounding From the bright immor - tal bands,

that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Sea ward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.—*Cho.*

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last!—*Cho.*

1. Je - sus died up - on the tree, That from sin we might be free, And for - ev - er hap - py be—
2. Lord, we bring our hearts to thee; Dy - ing love is all our plea; Thine forev - er we would be—

Happy in his love; He has paid the debt we owe; If with trusting hearts we go, He will wash us
Je - sus, ev - er thine; Jesus smiles and bids us come; In his loving arms there's room, And he'll bear us

FULL CHORUS.

white as snow, In his blood. Then with joy and gladness sing; Happy, ev - er happy be; Praises to our
safely home, Home a - bove.

heavenly King—Hap - py in the Lord.

3 When we reach that shining shore,
All our suffering will be o'er,
And we'll sigh and weep no more,
In that land of love,
But in robes of spotless white,
And with crowns of glory bright,
We will range the fields of light,
Evermore. *Cho.*

NEW YEAR SONG.

R. L. 135

1. A Happy New Year to thee, schoolmate, A Hap-py New Year to thee! Our days have been pleasant and
 2. A Happy New Year to thee, teacher, A Hap-py New Year to thee! Thy hand has un-fold-ed the
 3. A Happy New Year to thee, pas-tor, A Hap-py New Year to thee! Thy voice has re-sound-ed in

bright, schoolmate, As ev-er the sun-shine could be; We've blended our voi-ces in song, schoolmate, We've
 truth, teacher, Thy heart has been faith-ful to me; In all the long journey of life, teach-er, Thy
 love, pas-tor, And trembled with man-y a plea; Thy heart has been burdened for me, pas-tor, For

joined in a con-cord of prayer; And each to the oth-er may wish, schoolmate, The
 words will il-lu-mine the way; And from what thy counsels have taught, teach-er, May
 me hast thou la-bored and prayed; O, may the dear Sav-iour be mine, pas-tor, On

rich-est of bless-ings to share.
 nev-er my thoughtless feet stray.
 whom my of-fen-ces were laid.

4.
 A Happy New Year to you, parents,
 A Happy, thrice Happy New Year!
 No words can repay for your love, parents,
 My father, my mother, so dear;
 May many bright New Years be yours, parents,
 When winters have crowned you with snow,
 And all of us gather at last, parents,
 Where sorrow we never shall know.

Joyous.

1. A ho - ly dawn is breaking A - cross Ju - de - a's night, The slum - b'ring fields are wa - king Be -
 2. To you what grace is giv - en, O shepherds sore af - raid! The message comes from heaven, To
 3. And still, tho' Sa - tan ra - ges, We hear the joy - ful strain That comes a - long the a - ges, From

neath a heavenly light; The shepherds see the glo - ry, They hear the wond'rous sto - ry, - To you is born, by
 make the nations glad; To you who hear the an - gel, There comes a new e - van - gel; And un - to all thro' -
 Bethlehem's starry plain; And peace on earth is sounded, Good will to men un - bounded; And men and an - gels

CHORUS.

prophet's word, A Saviour who is Christ, the Lord, This day in Beth - le - hem. O ring the mer - ry,
 out the earth, Shall come the joy of Je - sus' birth This day in Beth - le - hem.
 join to sing The glo - ry of the new - born King, The babe of Beth - le - hem.

mer - ry bells, What hope and joy their mu - sic tells! O, ring the mer - ry, mer - ry bells, Tho
 nu - - - sic tells.

O, RING THE MERRY BELLS. Concluded.

137

bells,.....

mer - ry, mer - ry bells, the mer - ry bells, the mer - ry bells, O ring the mer - ry bells.

mer - - - ry..... bells.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. A dotted line above the first few notes indicates a continuation from a previous page. The word 'bells' is written above the first measure of the treble staff. The lyrics are: 'mer - ry, mer - ry bells, the mer - ry bells, the mer - ry bells, O ring the mer - ry bells.' Below the bass staff, the lyrics are: 'mer - - - ry..... bells.'

JESUS LEAD MY HEART TO THEE.

FANNY CROSBY.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Je - sus, lead my heart to thee; Help my weak endeavor Still thy faithful child to be; Loving Saviour,
2. Let me plead thy promise sweet, 'They who seek shall find me;' Nearer to thy mercy-seat, Nearer to thy

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are: '1. Je - sus, lead my heart to thee; Help my weak endeavor Still thy faithful child to be; Loving Saviour, 2. Let me plead thy promise sweet, 'They who seek shall find me;' Nearer to thy mercy-seat, Nearer to thy'.

Ritard.

dwell with me, Make me thine for - ev - er.
sa - cred feet, Let thy good - ness bind me.

Detailed description: This is a continuation of the musical score for the hymn. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are: ' dwell with me, Make me thine for - ev - er. sa - cred feet, Let thy good - ness bind me.'

3 I would love thee every day,
I would grieve thee never;
Saviour, teach me how to pray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Make me thine forever.

4 Hast thou borne the cross for me?
Then, without repining,
Let me bear it now for thee;
Cheerful, Lord, whate'er it be,
All to thee resigning.

SONG AND QUARTETTE.

1. The christian delights by still waters to roam, And longs for the bliss of his dear heavenly home; And
 2. The eye of his faith is un-cloud-ed and bright, The Saviour his comfort, the Saviour his light; And

Piano-forte.

when in green pastures his soul free-ly feeds, He blesses the hand that supplies all he needs.
 thus to his home, while he journeys a-long, His soul is refreshed as he murmurs the song.

QUARTETTE.

And this his sweet song Floats soft-ly a-long, Like the music of angels—The christian's sweet song;

THE CHRISTIAN'S SWEET SONG. Concluded.

139

Dolce e piano.

cres. dim.

Saviour, dear Saviour, be near to me, Keep me, O keep me nearer to thee. Let me never wander

from thy heav'nly way, Keep me, O keep me, Let me never stray, Keep me, O keep me; Let me never stray.

(F. J. C.)

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

ASA HULL, by per.

1. Redeeming work is done; The debt of sin is paid; The precious Lamb of God, My sac - rifice is made.
2. I'll bow at Jesus' feet, And plead his grace so free; I'll wash me in his blood, That blood was shed for me.
3. Yes, Je - sus paid it all, To him the glo - ry be ; His love my pardon speaks, And grace has set me free.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all; All to Him I owe! Sin had left a crimson stain; He wash'd it white as snow.

"And lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with WHITE ROBES, and palms in their hands."—Rev. vii. 9.

Joyous.

1. Who are these ar-ray'd in white, Brighter than the noonday sun? Foremost of the sons of light;
2. These are they that bore the cross; No-bly for their Mas-ter stood; Suff-rers in his righteous cause;

CHORUS.

Nearest the eternal throne? Clean robes, white robes, Robes for the righteous, Robes for the righteous,
Foll'wers of the Lamb of God.

Wait in the Ves-try of the Lord! White robes wait for me!

- 3 Out of great distress they came;
Wash'd their robes, by faith, below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,—
Blood that washes white as snow.
- 4 Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

THE CHILDREN'S ANGEL BAND.

141

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. You-der the flow'rs im-mor - tal grow, You-der the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Where the redeemed in
 2. Floating in measures soft and clear, List to the heavenly mu - sic clear; Ten - der - ly sweet its
 3. Soon we shall pass from earth away, Borne to the realm of end-less day; Soon in the fields of
 4. Hap - py the child whom Je-sus calls, Hap - py the bud that ear - ly falls; Hap - py the lambs—O

CHORUS.

glory stand, Dwells the children's angel band. Round the throne of God they sing, Thro' the heav'n's their
 numbers fall, Bringing peace and joy to all.
 glo - ry stand, There we'll join the an - gel band.
 joy un - told, Safe with - in the shepherd's fold.

voi - ces ring, Gold - en harps in ev - ery hand, Bless-ed, bless-ed an - gel band.

1. The children all for Je-sus! Every one, every one; While a soul remains in sin. The work is just be-
 2. The children all for Jesus! Hear him call, hear him call; In the gentle Shep-herd's arms There's room enough for

CHORUS.

gun. Pray on! hope on! tho' the field be dreary; Je - sus loves the children, loves them every one;
 all.

Pray on! work on! let us not be weary; God will give a sweet reward When all the work is done.

3 The children all for Jesus!
 Bring them now, bring them now,
 Ere the world benumb the heart,
 Or sorrow mark the brow.—*Cho.*

4 The children all for Jesus!
 All may come, all may come;
 O, the joy, when life is o'er,
 To find them all at home!—*Cho*

AMAZING GRACE.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE. 143

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound That sav'd a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
 2. Thro' many dan - gers, toils and snares, I have ahead - y come; 'Tis grace has brought me
 3. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease, I shall pos - sess with -

now am four - d; Was blind, but now can see. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And
 safe thus far, And grace will lead me home. The Lord hath promised good to me, His
 in the veil A life of joy and peace. This earth will soon dissolve like snow, The

grace my fears re - lieved; How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed.
 word my hope se - cures; He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
 sun for - bear to shine; But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

WE COME WITH GLAD ACCLAIM.

R. L.

1. We come, we come, we come with glad ac-claim, To sing, To sing our dear Redeemer's name,
 2. We come, we come, we come in ear-ly days, To sing, To sing a song of grate-ful praise

And join, and join in one re-joic-ing throng, To bring to our Im-man-u-el a youth-ful song,
 To Him, to Him, who left the shining train, To win a reb-el sin-ner back to heaven a-gain;

With hum-ble hearts we ask His grace, In life's spring time we seek His face.
 Now, by the fount of His dear blood, The young and old may come to God;

WE COME WITH GLAD ACCLAIM. Concluded.

145

And lay our ev - ery bur - den where He waits and loves to an - swer prayer.
 And, when this fleet - ing life is o'er, Be with Him on the heav - en - ly shore.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, we come, we come to Je - sus, With song - crown and garland the Saviour - king we own;
 We come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come to Je - sus, With song - crown and garland the Saviour - king we own.

We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing to Je - sus, And bring our happy hallelujah's round the throne.
 We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, we sing to Je - sus, And bring our hap - py hal - le - lu - jah's round the throne.

GIRLS. ALL. GIRLS.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, He is risen in-deed; Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,

ALL. FULL CHORUS.

He is risen in-deed; "He captive led captiv-i-ty, He robbed the grave of vic-to-ry." He

broke the bars of death, He broke the bars of death. Halle-lu-jah, halle-lu-jah, halle-

lu-jah, A-men. Halle-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

2 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.
He is risen indeed;
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;

Let every mourning soul rejoice,
And sing with one united voice;
The Saviour rose to-day,
The Saviour rose to-day. Hallelujah, &c.

3 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;

EASTER ANTHEM. Concluded.

147

The great and glorious work is done,
Free grace to all through Christ, the Son;
Hosanna to His name,
Hosanna to His name. Hallelujah, &c.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Let all that fill the earth and sea,
Break forth in tuneful melody,
And swell the mighty song,
And swell the mighty song. Hallelujah, &c.

FANNY CROSBY.

THE BRIGHTEST DAY OF ALL.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. How sweet the Sabbath morning Is breaking from a - bove; It fills the soul with gladness, And
2. An - oth - er week is end - ed, And still we live to share A Father's kind pro - tec - tion, A

tells of peace and love; Its beams so pure and ho - ly, In qui - et beauty fall; It
Sav - iour's gen - tle care; A week of countless blessings, Our grateful hearts re - call; But

smiles for Him who made it The brightest day of all.
God has made the Sabbath The brightest day of all.

3 Oh, let us then adore Him
Whose mercy crowns our days;
The source of all our comfort.
He claims our highest praise;
The God who feeds the raven,
And marks the sparrow's fall,
For us has made the Sabbath
The brightest day of all.

1. Oh, we are gladly singing, Our praise to Je - sus bringing For all his tender love; Our hearts with

rapture swelling, His boundless mercy telling, Would seek a brighter dwelling, A glorious home above.

2 Oh, we are gladly singing,
Our happy voices ringing
While here with joy we meet;
The Saviour bending near us,
We know in love will hear us—
With light divine will cheer us,
And bless our dear retreat.

3 Oh, we are gladly singing,
While *faith* and *hope* are winging
Our thoughts to yonder shoro;
Dear Jesus, when in glory
We tell the wondrous story,
We'll cast our crowns before thee,
And praise Thee ever-more.

FANNY.

THE BEAUTIFUL WAY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Beau - ti - ful way, hallowed and blest, Leading us home to a mansion of rest;

THE BEAUTIFUL WAY. Concluded.

149

Wis - dom de - clares hap - py are they, Walking with God in the beau - ti - ful way.

- 2 Softly a voice murmurs within,
Turn from the world and the pleasures of sin,
Come and rejoice, why will ye stay?
Walk in the shining, the beautiful way.
- 3 Beautiful way, peaceful and bright,
Gently from Eden reflecting its light ;

- Cheerful the beam, tranquil the ray,
Guiding the soul in the beautiful way.
- 4 Beautiful way, gladly we sing,
Praise and thanksgiving to Jesus we bring ;
Still may His love teach us to pray,
Help us to walk in the beautiful way.

L. WILDER.

FESTAL SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, join the festive song, Wake voices all; Chime with the vernal throng, List to the call; (Hear we in ev'ry breeze,
From vale and mountain trees,)

2. Lord of the rolling year, Round and a - bove, Boundless thy works appear, Boundless thy love; (All, all in earth and sky,
As glide the seasons by,)

Glo - ry to God on high, Glo - ry for aye!
New glo - ries of thy name, Ev - er proclamaul

- 3 Joyous we swell the strain,
Thankful to thee,
Watched by thy care again
Spring-tide to sea ;
Still in this gospel land
Thro'ng forth the *Sabbath band*,
Under Truth's canopy,
Happy and free.

- 4 Onward forever flow,
Truth's mighty wave;
Soon ev'ry clime below
Conquer and save;
Sweet as the voice of Spring,
Then ev'ry tongue shall sing,
Glory to God on high,
Glory for aye !

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.—Psalm xvii—15.

"To-day we carried Jennie W— to the grave. There we left her form, young, and fair, and beautiful, but we know her spirit is with Jesus. For many weeks God had been pleased to confine her on a bed of sickness, and yet, through all, he enabled her to rejoice in his love. When told, the last night of her life, that she could not hope to live till another day, she exclaimed, folding her hands with a smile of peaceful joy—"O! is it possible that I am to see my Saviour so soon? Shall I wake with Jesus in the morning?"—S. S. TIMES.

SOLO OR DUET.

1 A sweet young child up - on its mother's breast, Like a blighted li - ly pale and sad was ly - ing,

INST.

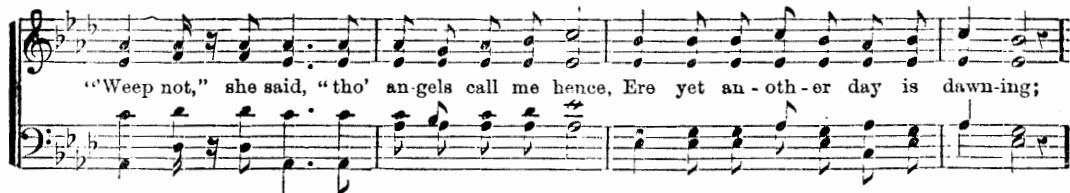
Heeding scarce the tears that could not be repressed, For the mother knew her darling child was dying.

CHORUS.

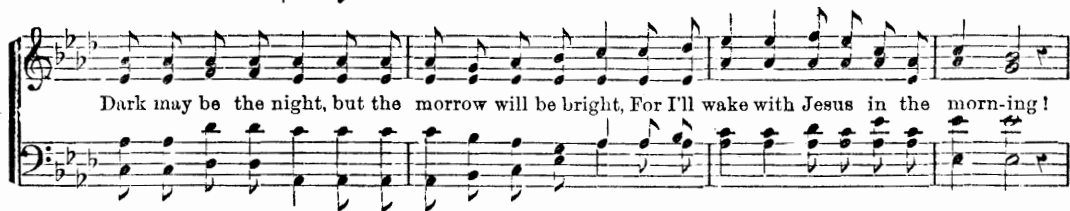
{ Oh, blessed sleep! a heart so free from guile, Turns to its Father's house and fair do - min - ion, }
 } Parting with those it loves, a lit - tle while, Then speeding far up - on its down - y pin - ion. }

WAKING WITH JESUS. Concluded.

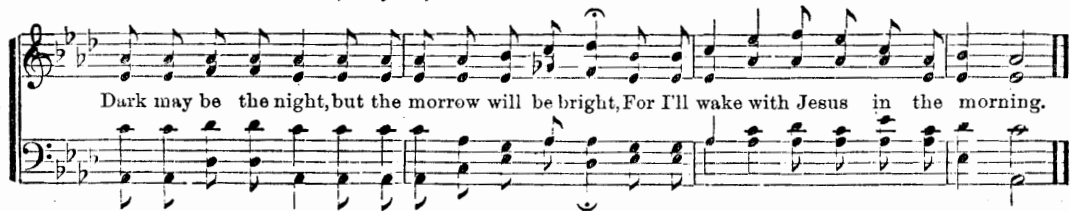
151



"Weep not," she said, "tho' an-gels call me hence, Ere yet an-oth-er day is dawn-ing;



Dark may be the night, but the morrow will be bright, For I'll wake with Jesus in the morn-ing!



Dark may be the night, but the morrow will be bright, For I'll wake with Jesus in the morning.

2 So may I rest, secure from every care,
 Safe, oh, safe within my Heavenly Father's keeping,
 When I have said my humble evening prayer.
 And the angels bright are watching while I'm sleeping;
 Then, if the night should steal away my breath,
 As peacefully upon my bed I'm lying,

Death is but sleep, and sleeping may be death,
 But in the world above there's no more dying;
 Weep not for me, though angels call me hence,
 Ere yet another day is dawning;
 Dark may be the night, but the morrow will be bright
 For I'll wake with Jesus in the morning!



1 For this sweet hour, O God above,
Accept our thanks, our highest love;
Here may the dew of grace descend,
From Thee our Father, Saviour, Friend.

2 Accept our thanks, O gracious Lord,
For every promise in thy word;
And may thy truth divinely bring,
Sink deep in every youthful breast.

3 O grant our teachers all may be
Inspired with zeal, and taught of thee;
That by their kind instruction given,
Our souls may find the gate of heaven.

4 O guard us, Lord, from day to day,
In all we do and all we say;
From evil thoughts our hearts defend,
And guide us to our journey's end.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Rev. H. L. JENNER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the golden! With milk and honey blest; Beneath thy con-tem-plation Sink heart and voice opprest. I

know not Oh! I know not What joys await me there; What radiancy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare. A - men.

For last verse.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN. Concluded.

153

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 There is the throne of David,
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.

3 And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight;
 For ever and for ever,
 Are clad in robes of white.
 Oh, land that seest no sorrow!
 Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
 Oh, royal land of flowers!
 Oh, realms and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country!
 The home of God's elect!
 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever blest.

"O COME, IMMANUEL!"

R. L.

1. O, come, O come Im - man - u - el! And ransom captive Israel That mourns in lonely ex-ile here, Un-

CHORUS.

til the Son of God appear. Rejoice! rejoice! Imman-u-el Shall come to thee, O, Is - ra-el.

2 O, come, thou Day-spring, come
 and cheer
 Our spirits by thine advent here;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of
 night,
 And death's dark shadows put to
 flight.—*Cho.*

3 O, come, thou Key of David, come,
 And open wide our heavenly home;
 Make safe the way that leads on
 high,
 And close the path of misery.—*Cho.*

4 O, come, O, come, thou Lord of
 might,
 Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
 In ancient time did'st give the law,
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

(1) [Golden Shower, 88.]

1. COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.
2. Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.
3. To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

(2) [Golden Chain, 4.]

1. THE Sunday-school, that blessed
place,
Oh ! I would rather stay
Within its walls a child of grace,
Than spend my hours in play.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-
school,
Oh ! 'tis the place I love,
For there I learn the gospel rule
Which leads to joys above.
2. 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died
For sinners such as I ;
Oh ! what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high.
3. Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To Him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.
4. And welcome then the Sunday-
school,
We'll read, and sing, and pray,
That we may keep the gospel rule,
And never from it stray.

(3) [Golden Chain, 10.]

1. I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.
2. I love thy Church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
3. For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways ;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
5. Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

(4) [Golden Chain, 77.]

1. NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me !
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee !
2. Tho' like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee !

3. There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven :
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee
4. Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise :
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee !
5. Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee !

(5) [Golden Chain, 88.]

1. MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren
dear,
Our heavenly home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
3. Should coming days be dark and cold,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, Come, and there's our
For ever, oh! for ever! [home,

(6) [Golden Chain, 27.]

1. O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend;
O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend;
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.
I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2. Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin.

3. And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
You shall sing his praise for ever,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land.

(7) [Golden Censer, 20.]

1. NEVER be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do;
NEVER be afraid to own your Saviour,
He who loves and cares for you.
Never be afraid,
Never be afraid,
Never, never, never;

Jesus is your loving Saviour,
Therefore never be afraid.

2. Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In his vineyard day by day;
Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay.
Never be afraid, &c.

3. Never be afraid to bear for Jesus,
Keen reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.
Never be afraid, &c.

4. Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
If you on his care depend,
Safely shall you pass through every
trial,
He will bring you to the end.
Never be afraid, &c.

5. Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He, the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in his arms of love will bear
you
To the realms of endless day.
Never be afraid, &c.

(8) [Golden Shower, 68.]

1. WORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;

Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

(9) [Golden Censer, 21.]

1. IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance stream-
ing
Adds new lustre to the day.

4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

(10) [Golden Shower, 19.]

1. FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

(11) [Golden Chain, 100.]

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men be nighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

(12) [Golden Chain, 104.]

1. THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears ;

The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears :
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour :
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.
3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above :
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

(18) [Golden Shower, 68.]

1. Jesus loves me ! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so ;
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.
2. Jesus loves me ! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide ;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.
3. Jesus loves me ! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill ;

From his shining throne on high,
Come to watch me where I lie.

Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

4. Jesus loves me ! He will stay
Close beside me all the way ;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.
- (14) [Golden Chain, 94.]
1. SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care ;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy fold prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
2. We are thine, do thou befriend us ;
Be the Guardian of our way ;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us when we pray !
3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.
4. Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will ;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still !

(15) [Golden Chain, 8.]

1. TO-DAY the Saviour calls :
Ye wand'ring, come ;
Oh, ye benigh'ed souls,
Why longer roam ?

2. To-day the Saviour calls ;
Oh, hear him now ;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls ;
For refuge fly ;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day :
Yield to his power ;
Oh, grieve him not away ;
'Tis mercy's hour.

(16) [Tune Brown. Chain, 97.]

1. I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

(17) [Golden Chain, 19.]

1. I KNOW 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded spirit
whole ;
My nature is by sin defil'd,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

2. How kind is Jesus ; oh, how good !
'Twas for my soul he shed his blood ;
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

3. When I offend, by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong,
If I repent he's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

4. To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart.
Alas ! I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

(18) [Golden Censer, 12.]

1. NOTHING, either great or small,
Remains for me to do ;
Jesus died, and paid it all,—
Yes, all the debt I owe.
Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2. When he from his lofty throne
Stoop'd down to do and die.
Every thing was fully done ;
" 'Tis finished ! " was his cry.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

3. Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
" Doing " is a deadly thing,
Your " doing " ends in death.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

4. Cast your deadly " doing " down,
Down all at Jesus' feet ;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all, c.

(19) L. M.

1. DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord ;
Help us to feed upon Thy word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

2. Though we are guilty, Thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

(20) [Golden Chain, 9.]

1. LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

(21) DOXOLOGY No. 1.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessing
flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

(22) DOXOLOGY No. 2.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

INDEX.

Titles in CAPS. First Lines in Roman.

A BOVE THE CLOUDS.....	15	Come, children, hail the Prince of	96	From Greenland's Icy.....	156
A BIDE IN THE SHIP.....	121	Come, in life's young golden	90	G ENTLE Saviour, God of Love.	21
A brighter day is breaking.....	92	Come, join the festive song.....	149	G GLADLY BROTHERS, GLADLY.	19
A dreary place would be this earth	112	Come, little children, come unto	124	G LORY TO JESUS ..	23
A happy New Year to thee.....	135	C OME. LITTLE ONE, UNTO ME	40	G OD LOVES US.....	52
A holy dawn is breaking.....	136	Come oh! come to the river of..	58	G od our Father loves us.....	52
A JEWEL WORTH KEEPING.....	85	Come, sinner to the gospel feast..	63	G O LEAVE THY HEART WITH	35
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?	45	Come, sound His praise abroad..	154	G one to the grave is our loved one	131
ALL TO CHRIST I OWE	139	C OMING TO JESUS.....	123	G OOD NIGHT! WE'LL MEET IN THE.	47
AMAZING GRACE	143	C ROWN HIM.....	96		
ANNIVERSARY SONG	95				
As I sought with weary flitting...	18	D AWNING IN THE VALLEY.....	12	H AIL! ALL HAIL.....	42
A sweet young child, upon.....	150	D AY OF GRACE.....	113	H AIL! HAIL! THE GLORIOUS..	50
		D EAR ARE THE CHILDREN.....	112	H APPY, EVER HAPPY.....	134
B EAUTIFUL RIVER.....	110	D EAR JESUS HEAR ME.....	55	H appy, happy meet we here.....	36
B eautiful way, hallowed and	148	D EAR LITTLE LAMBS.....	60	H ark! 'tis the voice of my.....	40
B REAKING AWAY.....	69	D ear Saviour, let thy watchful eye	115	H ark! the bells of holy sabbath..	14
B right is the joy of the girl or boy	10	D EATH OF A PIOUS SCHOLAR	66	H ARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.....	51
B RIGHT JEWELS OF SONG.....	5	D EPENDENCE ..	107	H AST THOU GLEANED WELL?.....	80
B ROTHERS WE SHALL MEET AND..	100	D ID JESUS LOVE ME.....	76	H AVE MERCY, LORD, ON ME.....	107
		D ismiss us wit Thy blessing Lord	157	H ear the music of our Voices.....	23
C ANAAH.....	70	D o we love our gentle Saviour...	34	H E IS COMING OUT TO MEET US.....	108
C an my soul find rest from.....	101	D UTIFUL CHILDREN.....	57	H E SHALL REIGN FOREVER.....	8
C an you stand for God.....	6			H OLY CITY.....	118
C HILDREN, COME.....	79	E ASTER ANTHEM.....	146	H oly, holy, holy is the Lord.....	98
C HILDREN'S PRAYER.....	21			H OLY IS THE LORD.....	98
C HILD'S PRAYER.....	87	F ATHER above, thou God of... ..	87	H OW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?.	16
C HRIStIAN FREEDOM SONG.....	92	F ather, whate'er of.....	153	H ow dark were life, with naught.	48
C HRISt IN GLORY.....	71	F eeble, helpless, how shall I.	107	H ow many sheep are straying!.....	128
C hrist the Lord, is risen to-day..	146	F ESTAL SONG.....	149	H ow much our parents cared for.	57
C LOSING HYMN.....	152	F or this sweet hour, O God above	152	H ow sweet the chiming sabbath..	26
C ome and join the glorious army.	8			H ow sweet the sabbath morning.	147

How we love to sing of the star... 105

I'M PRAYING FOR YOU 17
 I come, I come, with this one. 53
 If you want the love of Jesus ... 32
 I have a Saviour, he's pleading.. 17
 I have entered the valley of ... 54
 I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul.. 157
 I know of a jewel whose lustre... 85
 I love thy kingdom, Lord 151
 I love to steal awhile away 157
 In darkness art thou walking ... 81
 In the Cross of Christ I glory 155
 In the furrows of thy life..... 9
 In the golden sunlight shining ... 89
 IN THE PROMISED LAND 91
 IS THE LIGHT OF BEAUTY WANING. 104
 IT IS ALL FOR THE BEST. 56
 It is the blessed Sabbath day ... 31
 I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS 33
 I'LL GIVE YOU REST 91
 I'll hie me down to yonder..... 39

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN..... 152
 Jesus died upon the tree. 134
 Jesus, keep me near the cross... 130
JESUS, LEAD MY HEART TO THEE. 137
JESUS LIVES 53
 Jesus loves me! this I know ... 156
 Jesus, we Thy lambs would be... 36

KEEP ON PRAYING..... 75
 KEEP THOU MY WAY, O LORD 84
 KINDLY AND GRACIOUSLY 27
 KIND WORDS FOR ALL 48

"LAND ahead!" its fruits are. 133
LEAD THEM, MY GOD, TO.. 129
 Let us mingle our voices in chorus 74
 Lift aloud your songs of praise 79
 LITTLE HEARTS AND LITTLE MINDS 11
 Little hearts, O Lord, may..... 11
 LIVING WATER 18
 Long my spirit pined in sorrow.. 75
 LOOKING UNTO JESUS 72
 Lor! dismiss us with Thy blessing 157
 Lo! THE SABBATH MORNING..... 125

MEET ME IN THAT LOVELY LAND 37
 MORNING SUNSHINE 38
 My days are gliding swiftly by . 154
 My life flows on in endless song 16

NEARER, my God, to Thee.... 154
 NEAR THE CROSS 130
 Never be afraid to speak for Jesus 155
 NEW YEAR SONG 135
 NONE BUT JESUS 111
 Nothing, either great or small... 157
 Now is the day of grace 113
 Now the Saviour invites you. 86

O, BLESSED SABBATH MORNING 114
 "O COME, IMMANUEL!" 153
 O come. O come, Immanuel!... 153
 O, COME TO THE FOUNTAIN!... 78
 O, do not be discouraged 155
 O GIVE US TO EAT 22
 Oh! sing praise unto the Lord... 116
 OH! SO BRIGHT 120
 OH! WE ARE GLADLY SINGING.... 148

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS 24
 ONLY JESUS ... 46
 Only just across the river 62
 ON THE SWEET EDEN SHORE. 28
 O, REST THEE, BROTHER!..... 81
 O, RING THE MERRY BELLS..... 136
 O SEND FORTH THE BIBLE ... 64
 OUR CHEERFUL SABBATH HOME .. 26
 OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN 29
 OUR HEARTS ARE YOUNG AND 65
 OUR HOME, BRIGHT AND FAIR ... 86
 OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE..... 62
 OVER THE RIVER, I'M GOING. 102

PILGRIM, HASTE THEE ONWARD 49
 Pilgrim, rejoice! for the 69
 PRAISE! GIVE PRAISE 82
 Praise God, from whom all. 157
 Praise Him, praise Him 82
 PRAISE THE GIVER OF ALL 74
 PRAISE THE LORD, [Anthem] 99

REAPING TIME 36
 Redeeming work is done 139
 REMEMBER ME 45
 Ring the Bells, the Christmas Bells 122
 ROBES FOR THE RIGHTEOUS 140
 ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL 44

SABBATH BELLS..... 14
 SABBATH BELLS ARE PEALING. 109
 SAFETY NEAR THE CROSS 67
 SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL 133
 Saviour, bless a little child 55

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	156
Saviour, listen to our prayer	123
SCATTER SEED	9
SEE THE GOLDEN SUNLIGHT	89
SHALL WE ANCHOR?	126
Shall we gather at the river?	110
SHOUT ALOUD FOR JOY	105
SING ALWAYS	25
Sing, O ye heavens in glory	71
SING PRAISE UNTO THE LORD	116
Sing w.th a tuneful spirit	25
SOME GOOD TO DO	10
SOUND THE BATTLE CRY	68
STAND FAST	6
STRIKE THE HARP OF ZION	7

T AKE thy staff and journey	13
THE ANGEL OF PRAYER	97
THE BEAUTIFUL WAY	148
THE BLESSED INVITATION	124
THE BLESSED SABBATH DAY	31
THE BRIGHTEST DAY OF ALL	147
THE CHILDREN ALL FOR JESUS	142
THE CHILDREN'S ANGEL BAND	141
The Christian delights by still	138
THE CHRISTIAN'S SWEET SONG	138
THE CHRISTMAS BELLS	122
The Clouds bend low and grimly	121
THE GLORIOUS DAY IS COMING	117
THE GOSPEL FEAST	63
THE HUMBLE HEART	115
The Lord our God, is faithful	93
THE LOST SHEEP	128

The Master is come, and calleth	132
THE MASTER'S CALL	132
The morning light is breaking	156
THE PENITENT	101
There is a better world, they say	120
There's a gentle voice within	103
There is a Holy City	118
THERE'S A HOME, WEARY PILGRIM	13
There's a light on the dark	127
THERE'S AN ARK ON THE WATERS	30
THERE IS LIFE FOR A LOOK	77
There is work to do for Jesus	20
THE RIVER OF LOVE	58
THE SABBATH LAND OF LIBERTY	88
THE SABBATH SCHOOL FOR ME	59
The Sabbath School! I love the	59
The shadows are falling	80
The Spirit in our hearts, Is	83
The Sunday School, that blessed	154
THE VALLEY OF BLESSING	54
THEY ARE GOING DOWN THE	131
THINE, LORD, FOREVER!	48
Thou art the glory of all lands	70
Through a world of sorrow	94
'Tis Jesus in the sunshine	46
To-day, the Saviour calls	156
To God the Father, God the Son	157
TO JESUS I WILL GO	103
TRUST IN GOD	93
'T WILL NOT BE LONG	41

U P AND WORK!	73
----------------------	----

W AKING WITH JESUS	150
WALKING THE SEA	127
WATCH AS WELL AS PRAY	32
We're trav'ling thro' a desert land	119
Weary child, from day to day	91
Weary not, my brother	72
WE COME WITH GLAD ACCLAIM	144
Weeping will not save me	111
WE SHALL MEET	43
We shall meet beyond the river	43
We sing our Song of Jubilee	95
WE WILL SING REDEEMING LOVE	119
What shall we do	22
WHAT THE LITTLE THINGS SAID	39
When doubts and fears becloud	107
When first the dove afar and wide	30
When striving with the hosts	67
When the first blush of morn	38
When these weary days are over	100
When we turn to God and	108
Where we oft have met	66
Who are these arrayed in white	140
WHOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME	83
Why despond, tho' trials come	15
WHY WEEPEST THOU?	106
With cheerful voices kindly	88
With the Angel of God	97
WORK FOR JESUS	34
Work, for the night is coming	155
WORK TO DO FOR JESUS	20

Y OUNG GOLDEN MORNING	90
Yonder the flowers immortal	141