

The Brother's Burial.

BY ISABELLA MCFARLANE.

Hear me, stranger, hear me tell
How my gallant brother fell.

We were rushing on the foe,
When a bullet laid him low.

At my very side he fell—
He whom I did love so well.

On we rushed—I could not stay—
There I left him where he lay.

Then when fled the rebel rout,
I came back and searched him out.

Wounded, bleeding, suffering, dying,
Midst a heap of dead men lying.

Friend and foe above each other—
There I found my mangled brother.

Blind with tears, I lifted him;
But his eyes were sunk and dim.

‘Brother, when I’m dead,’ said he,
‘Find some box to coffin me.’

For he could not bear to rest
With the cold earth on his breast.

All around the camp I sought;
Box for coffin found I not.

Still I searched and hunted round—
Three waste cracker-boxes found;

Nailed them fast to one another,—
Laid therein my precious brother!

Then a grave for him I made,
Hands and bayonet all my spade.

Long I worked, yet ’twas not deep;
There I laid him down to sleep.

There I laid my gallant brother;
Earth contains not such another!

Little more than boys were we,
I sixteen, and nineteen he.

For his country’s sake he died,
And for her I’ll lie beside.

Elizabeth R. Roeller 1861
ENLARGED EDITION.

Price 12 Cents.]

THE

[\$10 per Hundred.

Sabbath-School Bell.



A New

Collection

OF

CHOICE HYMNS AND TUNES, ORIGINAL AND STANDARD; CAREFULLY AND SIMPLY
ARRANGED AS SOLOS, DUETTS, TRIOS, SEMI-CHORUSES AND CHORUSES,
AND FOR ORGAN, MELODEON OR PIANO.

COMPILED BY HORACE WATERS.

BOSTON:

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO. 277 Washington St.

November 8th 1861

P R E F A C E.

WE send forth this little book to our young friends in the Sabbath School, by the fireside, and elsewhere, in the hope that it will suit their taste, instruct their minds, purify their hearts, and strengthen them in every good purpose. The music which it contains has been selected with special reference to their wants, and the words are all designed to minister to right thoughts, kindly, brotherly feeling, generous and noble actions, and to a true Christian life. The book has been made small so that all can possess it; yet it contains a greater variety, both in style and in number, than is to be found in books of much greater cost and pretensions. Many of the tunes are old standard tunes, inwrought into the affections of both young and old by a thousand precious memories, which will never grow old, and are favorites everywhere. These have in some cases been newly harmonized and arranged so as to produce better effect, and especially to enlist the interest of all. There are, also, a large number of new tunes which have been expressly prepared for this work, and are full of the life and animation which form so essential a part of successful juvenile music. They are also united to admirable words, and will contribute a suggestive and pleasing element to the existing stock of Sabbath School music. Most of the tunes have been arranged so that, if desired, they may be sung as duets and choruses—by which a more pleasing and dramatic effect can be produced, and a larger proportion of scholars be induced to participate in singing. Choruses are proverbially contagious; and many a boy and girl who can hardly be persuaded to sing an entire tune, will join in the sweep of a full chorus with zest and advantage. Teachers who have not tried it, are scarcely aware of the enthusiasm and fervor with which the recurrence of a stirring refrain will be caught up and echoed by an assembly, however unaccustomed to sing. Many of the hymns are specially fitted for seasons of revival; and we think the entire book will be found to accord with the highest religious aims of teachers or parents, and will contribute to the best spiritual good of those who use it.

It is the Publisher's design to follow this with other works of the kind, cheaply published, in numbers, so as to meet the demands of taste, and the wants of the young, by a succession of new tunes, which shall grow better and better as they proceed. The present work contains 151 hymns and tunes. Thankful for the favor thus far extended to his humble labors, he adds his fervent prayer that these little songs may promote the joy and peace of the young both here and hereafter.

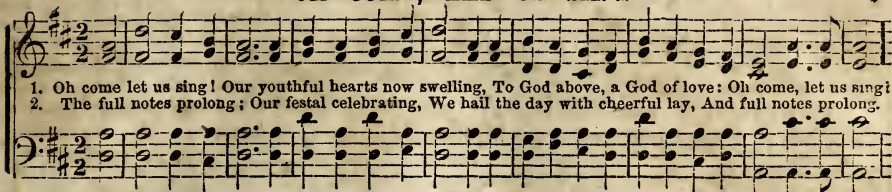
Enlarged Edition of the Bell.—The unprecedented favor with which the Sabbath School Bell has been received by the public, (500,000 copies having been issued during the first 31 months of its publication,) induced the publisher to add 89 new tunes and hymns to the bound book, without extra charge—while to the common edition, in paper covers, only \$2 per hundred has been added.

Bell No. 2, Just Published, contains 40 more pages than Bell No. 1, price only \$2 more per hundred copies. Music and words new.

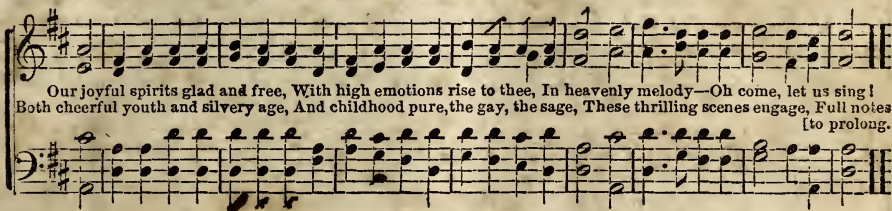
Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by E. A. DAGGETT, in the Clerk's office of the District Court, for the Southern District of New York.

OH COME, LET US SING.

1



1. Oh come let us sing! Our youthful hearts now swelling, To God above, a God of love: Oh come, let us sing!
2. The full notes prolong; Our festal celebrating, We hail the day with cheerful lay, And full notes prolong.



Our joyful spirits glad and free, With high emotions rise to thee, In heavenly melody—Oh come, let us sing!
Both cheerful youth and silvery age, And childhood pure, the gay, the sage, These thrilling scenes engage, Full notes
[to prolong.]

3. Oh swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating:
His Son he gave our souls to save—
Oh swell, swell the song,
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet-swellingsong.
4. We'll chant, chant his praise—
Our lofty strains now blending:
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise!

Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified,
"Tis finished," then he meekly cried,
And bowed his head and died—
Then chant, chant his praise!

5. All full chorus join,
To Jesus condescending,
To bless our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join!
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit, reconciled
By Christ, the meek and mild,
All full chorus join!

WE'RE GOING HOME TO DIE NO MORE

Arranged by S. J. ANDERSON.

1. We go the way that leads to God, The way that saints have ev - er trod;
CHO. We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, We're go - ing home to die no more;

2. The ways of God are ways of bliss, And all his paths are hap - pi - ness,

So let us leave this sin - ful shore, For realms where we shall die no more.
To die no more, to die no more, We're go - ing home to die no more.

Then, wea - ry souls, your sighs give o'er, We're go - ing home to die no more.

3. There is a land beyond the sky
Where happy spirits never sigh,
Then, erring souls, your sins deplore,
And sing of where we'll die no more.

4. Come, sinners, come, O, come along,
And join our happy pilgrim throng;
Farewell, vain world, and all your store,
We're going home, to die no more.

WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

3

Harmonized by S. J. ANDERSON.
CHORUS.

1. { To day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; }
 { Say, will you to Mount Zi- on go? Say will you have this Christ, or no? } We are

passing away, We are passing away, We are passing away To the great Judgment Day.

2. Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
 Say, will you be forever blest?
 Will you be saved from sin and hell?
 Will you with Christ in glory dwell?
 We are passing away, &c.

3. Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
 Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
 Come, go with us, and you shall prove
 The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
 We are passing away, &c.

4. Leave all your sports and glittering toys,
 Come, share with us eternal joys;
 Or, must we leave you bound to hell?
 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.
 We are passing away, &c.

5. Once more we ask you, in his name,
 For yet his love remains the same,
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
 We are passing away, &c.

I HAVE A FATHER IN THE PROMISED LAND.

1. I have a Father in the promised land, I have a Father in the promised land, My Father calls me,
 2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Saviour in the promised land, My Saviour calls me,
 3. I have a crown in the promised land, I have a crown in the promised land, When Jesus calls me,

CHORUS.

I must go To meet Him in the promised land. I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a-
 I must go To meet Him in the promised land. I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a-
 I must go To wear it in the promised land. I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a-

- - way, I'll away to the promised land, My Father calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
 - - way, I'll away to the promised land, My Saviour calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
 - - way, I'll away to the promised land, When Jesus calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.

4. I hope to meet you in the promised land, I hope, &c. At Jesus' feet, a joyous band; We'll praise Him in the promised land. We'll away, we'll away, &c.

[BY PERMISSION OF G. S. SCOFIELD.]

LET US BE HAPPY, AND LET US BE GAY.

5

Words by I. P. WILLIAMS.

Chorus. Let us be hap - py, and let us be gay, On this our ho - li - day.
1. Let us be joy - ful and smil - ing as May, On this our fes - tal day.

Come, let us sing praise to our King, Lift the heart, lift the voice, In ho - ly songs re - joice.

2. Let us be thankful while we are gay,
On this our holiday :
Let us be peaceful and gentle as May,
On this our festal day.
In thanks and praise our voices raise,
Lift the heart, join the song,
Our grateful notes prolong.
Let us be happy, &c.
3. Let us be humble while we are gay,
On this our holiday ;
Let us be lowly, though cheerful as May,
On this our festal day.
Jesus was meek, Him we will seek,
With the heart, with the voice,
Our early, heartfelt choice.
Let us be happy, &c.

4. Let us be holy, though we are gay,
On this our holiday ;
Let us be prayerful and lovely as May,
On this our festal day.
God reigns above, his throne is love,
Bow the heart, bend the knee
Before his majesty.
Let us be happy, &c.
5. While we are happy, and while we are gay
On this our holiday ;
Let us remember, while yet we may,
The solemn judgment day.
O, let us strive, while yet we live,
With the heart, with the voice,
To make a heavenly-choice.
Then we'll be happy, where joys ne'er decrease,
Through an eternal day.

GOD IS THERE.

FIRST VOICE. WITH EXPRESSION.

SECOND VOICE.

1. When o'er earth is break - ing Ro - sy light, and fair Morn a - far pro - claim - eth,
 2. When the storm is howl - ing Thro' the midnight air, Fearful - ly its thun - der

DUET.

Sweetly, "God is there," Sweetly, "God is there." When the spring is wreathing Flowers, rich and
 Tells us, "God is there," Tells us, "God is there." All the wide world's treasures, Rich, or grand, or

rare, On each leaf is writ - ten, "Nature's God is there," "Nature's God is there."
 fair, In each feature bear - eth, graven, "God is there," graven, "God is there."

3. In the Sabbath school-room,
 As we join in prayer,
 Every falling accent
 Tells us "God is there."
 Kindly, teachers, point us,
 With regard and care,
 To the heavenly mansion,
 Saying, "God is there."

4. Let us learn those lessons,
 Taught us every where;
 And if sin assail us,
 Think that "God is there."
 Then, at last, with angels,
 Ever bright and fair,
 Singing glorious anthems,
 We'll see, "God is there."

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

Rev. J. W. DADMUN. 7

The special interest of these lines arises from the circumstance that the author, a young man, since dead, was insane on every point except that of religion, on which he continued to the last thoroughly sound and intelligent.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. { Where'er we meet, you always say, What's the news? what's the news? } [tell!
 Pray, what's the order of the day? What's the news? what's the news? } O! I have got good news to
 2. { The Lamb was slain on Calvary! That's the news! that's the news! } [was shed,
 To set a world of sinners free, That's the news! that's the news! } 'Twas there his precious blood
 3. { His work's reviving all around, That's the news! that's the news! } [caught the flame,
 And many have redemption found, That's the news! that's the news! } And since their souls have

My Saviour hath done all things well, And triumphed over death and hell, That's the news! that's, &c.
 'Twas there he bowed his sacred head, But now he's risen from the dead, That's the news! that's, &c.
 They shout hosanna to his name, And all around they spread his fame, That's the news! that's, &c.

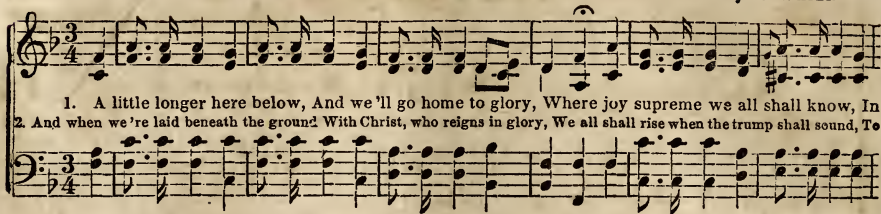
4. The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 I feel the witness now within—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 And since he took my sins away,
 And taught me how to watch and pray,
 I'm happy now from day to day—
 That's the news! That's the news!
5. And Christ the Lord can save you now—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 Your sinful heart he can renew—
 That's the news! That's the news!

This moment, if for sins you grieve,
 This moment, if you do believe,
 A full acquittal you'll receive—
 That's the news! That's the news!

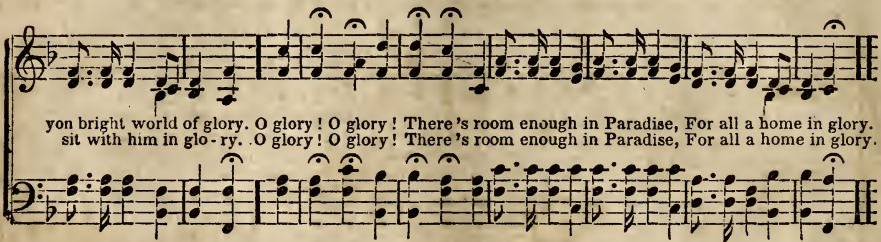
6. And now, if any one should say,
 What's the news? What's the news?
 O tell them you've begun to pray—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 That you have joined the conquering band,
 And now, with joy, at God's command,
 You're marching to the better land—
 That's the news! That's the news!

A HOME IN GLORY.

ARR. BY H. WATERS.



1. A little longer here below, And we'll go home to glory, Where joy supreme we all shall know, In
 2. And when we're laid beneath the ground With Christ, who reigns in glory, We all shall rise when the trump shall sound, To



yon bright world of glory. O glory! O glory! There's room enough in Paradise, For all a home in glory.
 sit with him in glo-ry. O glory! O glory! There's room enough in Paradise, For all a home in glory.

3.

We hope to meet our brethren there,
 In heaven, our home of glory,
 Who oft have joined with us in prayer,
 And praise of God, in glory.

Chorus.—O glory, &c.

4.

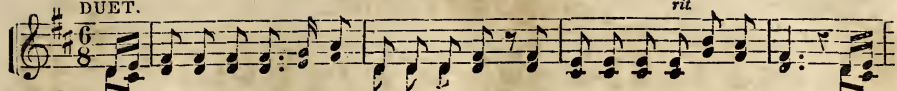
Come, fellow-sinners, flee for life,
 There's room for you in glory;
 Forsake your sins, and come to Christ,
 And find a home in glory.

Chorus.—O glory, &c.

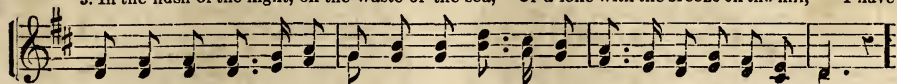
I KNOW THOU ART GONE.

ARR. BY H. WATERS. 3

DUET.

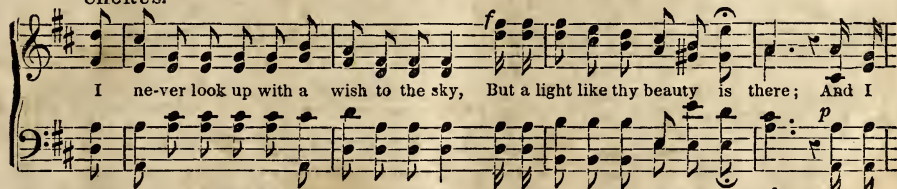


1. I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest; Then why should my soul be so sad, I
2. In thy far-a-way home, wher-ev-er it be, I know thou hast visions of mine; And my
3. In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea, Or a-lone with the breeze on the hill, I have

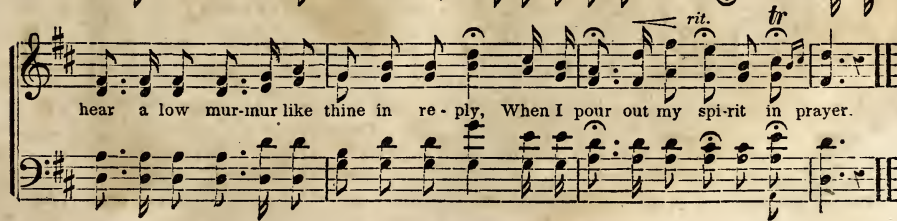


know thou art gone where the wea-ry are blest, And the mourner looks up and is glad.
heart hath re-veal-ings of thine and of thee, In ma-n-y a to-ken and sigh.
ev-er a presence that whispers of thee, And my spi-rit lies down and is still.

CHORUS.



I ne-ver look up with a wish to the sky, But a light like thy beauty is there; And I



hear a low mur-mur like thine in re-ply, When I pour out my spi-rit in prayer.

'TIS ANNIVERSARY DAY.

Allegro.

Arranged by H. WATERS.

1. With joy we meet, With smiles we greet Our schoolmates bright and gay; Be
 2. Re - li - gious sound Now rings a - round, And bright-ens ev - ery ray; Our

CHORUS.
 dry each tear Of sor - row here, 'Tis an - ni - versary day. 'Tis an - ni - versary
 ban - ner floats 'Mid hap - py notes, On an - ni - versary day. On an - ni - versary

day; Be dry, each tear Of sor - row here, 'Tis an - ni - ver - sary day.
 day: Our ban - ner floats 'Mid hap - py notes, On an - ni - ver - sary day.

3. We children sing,
 And echoes ring
 Along the heavenly way,
 Where angels blest
 Have for their rest
 One anniversary day.
Chorus. One anniversary, &c.

4. Oh, who from home
 Would fail to come
 And join our happy lay,
 When praise we bring
 To God our King,
 On anniversary day.
Chorus. On anniversary, &c.

5. Come, children, come,
 For there are some
 Who have been wont to stray
 Come, take our hands,
 And join our bands,
 This anniversary day.
Chorus. This anniversary, &c.

WE COME WITH SONG TO GREET YOU.

11

Words by I. P. WILLIAMS.

Arr. by I. P. WILLIAMS.

1. A year again has passed away! Time swiftly speeds along; We come a-gain to

CHORUS. *f* REPEAT. *p*

praise and pray, And sing our greeting song. We come, we come, we

come with song to greet you, We come, we come, we come with song a-gain.

2. We come the Saviour's name to praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of Him who guards us all our days,
And guides to Heaven above.
3. We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Through every passing year,
We'll sing the promises of Heaven
With voices loud and clear.

4. We'll sing of many a happy hour
We've passed in Sunday school,
Where truth, like summer's genial showers,
Extends its gracious rule.
5. Our youthful hearts will gladly raise,
Our voices sweetly sing
A general song of grateful praise,
To Heaven's eternal King.

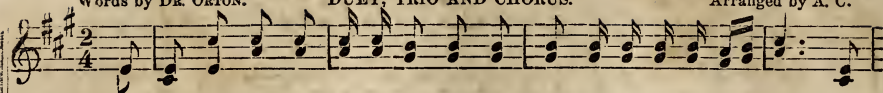
DO GOOD! DO GOOD!

Music by WOODBURY.

Words by DR. ORTON.

DUET, TRIO AND CHORUS.

Arranged by A. C.



1. Do good! do good! there's ever a way, A way where there's ever a will, Don't
 2. If you've only old clothes, an old bonnet or hat, A kind word, or a smile true and soft, In the



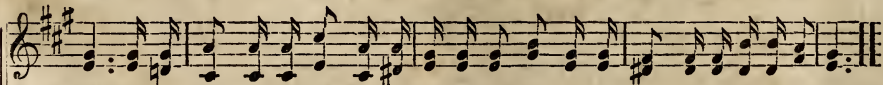
wait till to-morrow, but do it to - day, And to-day, when the morrow comes, still
 name of a brother, con - fer it, and that Shall be counted as gold up a - loft.

TRIO.



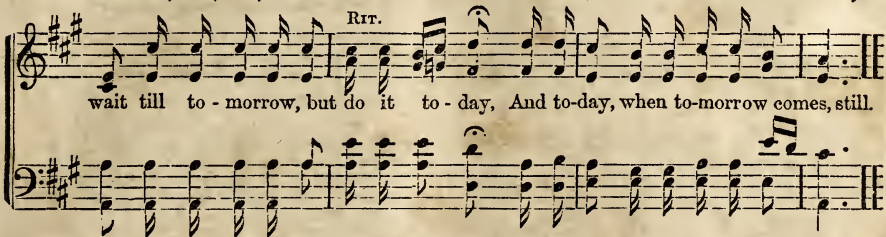
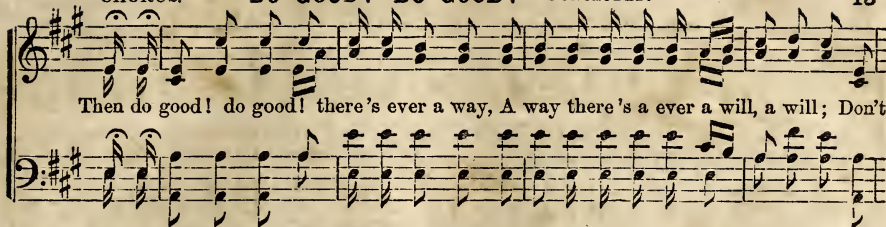
If you've money, you're armed, and can find work enough, In every street, al - ley, and
 God careth for all, and his glo - ri - ous sun Shines alike on the rich and the

BASE.



lane; If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters, tho' rough, Will be sure and return it again.
 poor; Be thou like Him, and bless every one, And thou'lt be reward - ed sure.





DO GOOD—FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Rev. C W. DENISON.

1. Do good! do good! we are never too young
To be useful in many a way;
For all have a heart, and a hand, and a tongue,
To feel, and to labor, and pray.
Let us think, when crowds of poor children we
meet,
All thronging their pathways of gloom,
That in every damp alley, in every dark street,
There's a passage that leads to the tomb.
Chorus.—Then do good, &c.
2. We'll seek in that passage that wandering throng,
And take them in love by the hand;
With kindness receive them, with music and song,
And guide to the heavenly land.

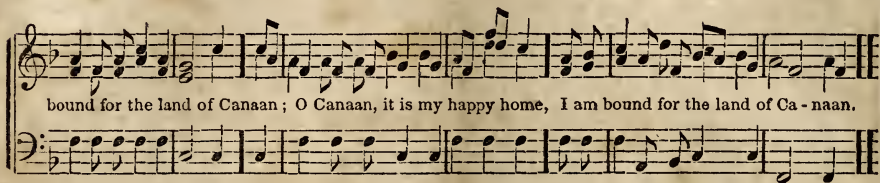
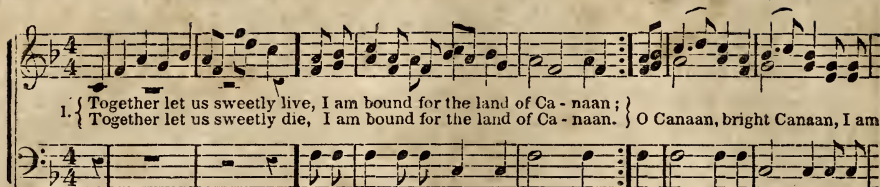
If we have but a moment, that moment employ,
To pluck the young brands from the flame; Joy,
We may change their deep guilt to a Christian's full
And save them for ever from shame.

Chorus.—Then do good, &c.

3. What joy, what joy will the least of us know,
When called to our Father's abode,
To find that beside us in glory there stands
Some whom we first placed on the road!
Then seek in the highways and byways of earth,
And bring in the lowly to feast:
Remember, in heaven the greatest may be
The one who on earth was the least.

Chorus.—Then do good, &c.

I AM BOUND FOR THE LAND OF CANAAN.



2. If you get there before I do,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, &c.

3. Part of my friends the prize have won,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 And I'm resolved to travel on,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, &c.

4. Then come with me, beloved friend,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 The joys of heaven shall never end,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, &c.

5. Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 While higher still our joys they rise,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, &c.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

15

Words by G. P. MORRIS.
Andante.

Music by RICKARD. Arranged by J. E. GOULD.

1. This book is all that's left me now, Tears will un-bid-den start; With falt'ring lip and
2. Ah! well do I remember thse, Whose names those records bear: Who round the hearthstone
3. My fa-ther read this ho-ly book To brothers, sis-ters dear; How calm was my poor
4. Thou tru-est friend man ev-er knew, Thy con-stancy I've tried; When all were false I've

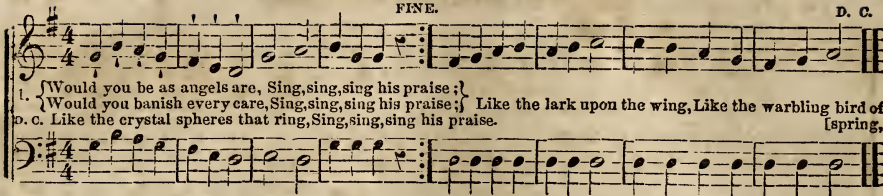
throbbing brow, I press it to my heart. For ma-ny gen-e-ra-tions past Here
used to close, Af-ter the eve-ning prayer, And speak of what these pa-ges said, In
mother's look, Who learned God's word to hear. Her an-gel face—I see it yet!—What
found thee true, My coun-sel-or and guide. The mines of earth no treasure give That

is our fami-ly tree; My mother's hands this Bi-ble clasped; She, dy-ing, gave it me.
tones my heart would thrill! Tho' they are with the si-lent dead, Here are they liv-ing still
thronging memories come! A-gain that lit-tle group is met With-in the halls of home.
could this vol-ume buy: In teaching me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

WOULD YOU BE AS ANGELS ARE.

FINE.

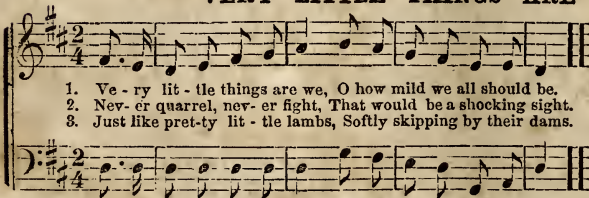
D. C.



2. If the world upon you frown, Sing, &c.
 If you're left to sing alone, Sing, &c.
 If sad trials come to you,
 As to every one they do,
 For that they are blessings too, Sing, &c.

3. For his wondrous, dying love, Sing, &c.
 That he intercedes above, Sing, &c.
 Thus, whene'er you come to die,
 You shall soar beyond the sky,
 And, with angel choirs on high, Sing, &c.

VERY LITTLE THINGS ARE WE.



4.
 We will love our teachers too,
 And be always kind and true.

5.
 We'll be gentle all the day,
 Love to learn, and cease to play.

6.
 And attend to every rule,
 Of our much-loved Sabbath School.

THE CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

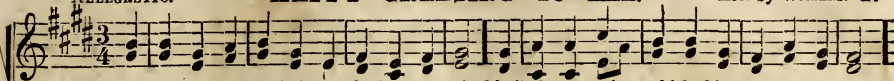
1. Jesus, Lord, to thee I pray:
 Guide and guard me through this day.
 2. As the shepherd tends his sheep,
 Lord, me safe from evil keep.

3. Keep my feet from every snare,
 Keep me with thy watchful care.
 4. All my little wants supply,
 If I live, or if I die.
 5. And when life, O Lord, is past,
 Take me to thyself at last.

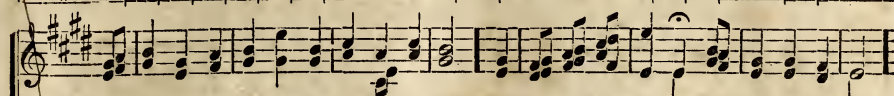
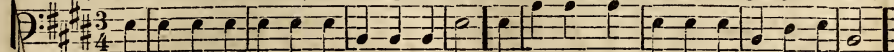
ALLEGRETTO.

HAPPY GREETING TO ALL.

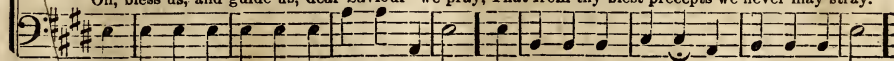
Arr. by WATERS. 17



1. Come, children, and join in our festival song, And hail the sweet joys which this day brings a-long,
2. Our Father in Heaven, we lift up to thee, Our voice of thanks-giving, our glad ju-bi-lee;



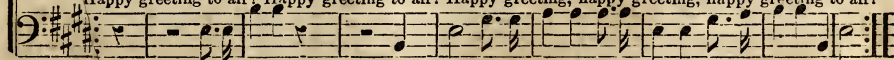
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise To God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days,
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour we pray, That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.



CHORUS.



Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, happy greeting, happy greeting to all!



Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, &c.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.</p> <p>4. Kind teachers, we children would thank you this day
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way,
How we may escape from the world's sinful charms,
And find a safe refuge in the Saviour's loved arms.</p> | <p>5. Dear Pastor, we ask thee, as lambs of thy fold,
To teach us that wisdom more precious than gold.
Our footsteps to guide in the pathway of truth,
To "love our Creator in the days of our youth."</p> <p>6. And now, as we part, let us bid you good cheer,
We pray for a blessing on your labors here:
May many "bright jewels" be your blest reward,
And "crowns of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord."</p> |
|--|--|

In general anniversaries, omit the last two verses.

O THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

Arr. by W. R. BOWEN.

1. { We're go - ing home, we've had visions bright, Of that ho - ly land, that world of light, }
 { Where the long, dark night of time is past, And the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawns at last; }

{ Where the wea - ry saint no more shall roam, But dwell in a hap - py, peace - ful home }
 { Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned, And the waves of bliss are flow - ing round }

O that beau - ti - ful world! O.... that beau - ti - ful world!

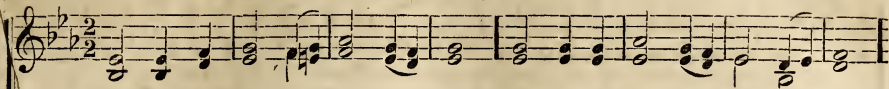
2. We're going home, we soon shall be
 Where the sky is clear, and all are free;
 Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,
 And the seraph's anthems blend with its strains;
 Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
 And beams on a world that is fair and good;
 Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,
 Will ever shine o'er the new earth bloom.
 O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

3. 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness;
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels' cheer,
 'Mid the saints that round the throne appear;
 Where the conqueror's song as it sounds afar,
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
 Through endless years we then shall prove,
 The death of a Saviour's matchless love.
 O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

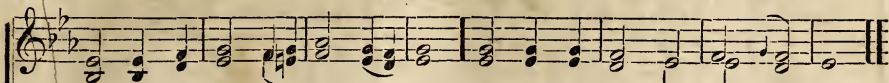
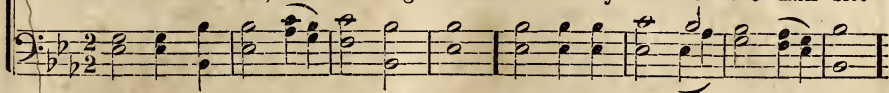
JUST AS I AM—WITHOUT ONE PLEA.*

19

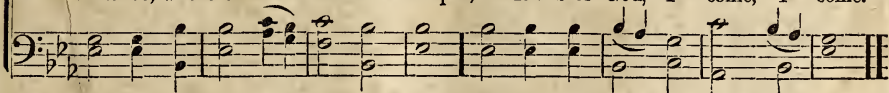
"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."



1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am; and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot—



And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.



3. Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in *Thee* to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5. Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6. Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, *thine alone*,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

* From a Gregorian Chant, by Dr. L. MASON.

WE ARE HAPPY NOW, DEAR MOTHER.

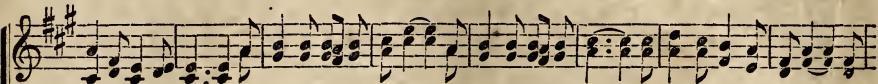
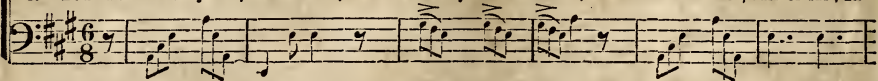
CHEERFULLY.

DUET AND CHORUS.

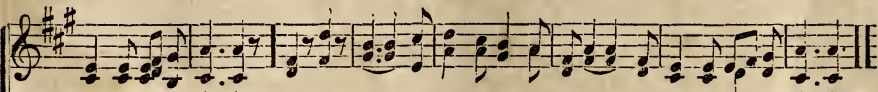
By I. B. WOODBURY. Arr. by A. CULL.



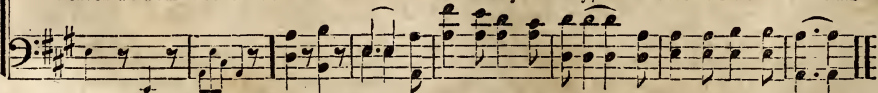
1. Oh, we are happy now, dear mother, Our home's amid the flowers, And zephyrs from the throne of God Are
2. We bask in glorious sunlight, mother, Of a brighter world than thine, And the soft perfume of the angel's voice Is
3. Your world is very fair, dear mother, With its sunny hills and dales; But ours is fair-er, fair-er far; Its



born in fragrant showers. Would we come back, dear mother, And leave our glorious home? Oh, tho' we love you dearly, From
 borne upon the wind. Would we come back, dear mother, And leave our glorious home? Oh, tho' we love you dearly, From
 beauty never pales. Then why, oh, why, dear mother, Should we leave our glorious home? Oh, tho' we love you dearly, From



heaven we would not roam. No! No! No! For tho' we love you dearly, From heaven we would not roam.



The above verses were composed under some holy influence, to comfort a disconsolate mother, who had parted with both her children.

THE ANCHOR

21

DUET. ALLEGRETTO.

1. Days, and weeks, and months, returning, Bear us gently down life's way ; Still their lesson we are learning, With each anni-
[versary day.
2. Glad our hearts, and glad our voices, Joy controls the hasting hour ; None so sad, but he rejoices 'Neath to-day's controlling
[power.

CHORUS.

We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by-and-by ; We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by-and-by.

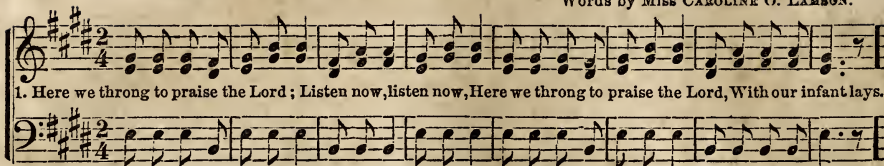
3.	4.	5.
Glad for classmates and for teachers, Guiding us with gentle rule ; Glad for all the gifts that reach us Thro' our own loved Sunday School.	Yet tho' glad, we'll still remember What the moments always say ; Life must have its cold December, Just as surely as its May.	Let us not forget the meaning, Days like thee for ever wear ; One more field has had its gleanings, One more sheaf our arms should bear.

Moderately Fast.

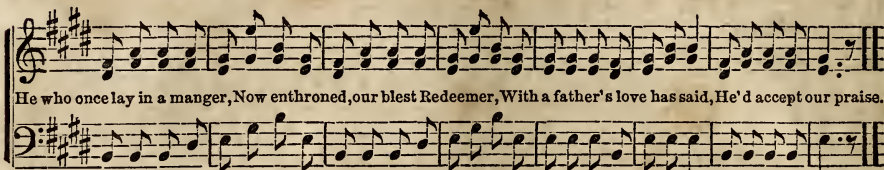
LITTLE THINGS.

- | | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|--|
| 1. Little drops of water, | Little grains of sand, | Make the mighty ocean, And the beautiful land. |
| 2. And the lit-tle moments, | Humble tho' they be, | Make the mighty a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty. |
| 3. So our lit-tle errors | Lead the soul a - way | From the paths of virtue Oft in sin to stray. |
| 4. Little deeds of kindness, | Little words of love, | Make our earth an Eden Like the heaven above. |
| 5. Little seeds of mercy, | Sown by youthful hands, | Grow to bless the nations, Far in heathen lands. |

Words by Miss CAROLINE O. LAMSON.



1. Here we throg to praise the Lord ; Listen now,listen now,Here we throg to praise the Lord,With our infant lays.



He who once lay in a manger,Now enthroned,our blest Redeemer,With a father's love has said,He'd accept our praise.

2. "Let young children come to me,"
 Jesus said, Jesus said;
 "Let young children come to me,
 And forbid them not—
 For of such," the Saviour told them,
 "Is composed my heavenly kingdom."
 What a rapturous thought it is,
 Christ forgets us not !

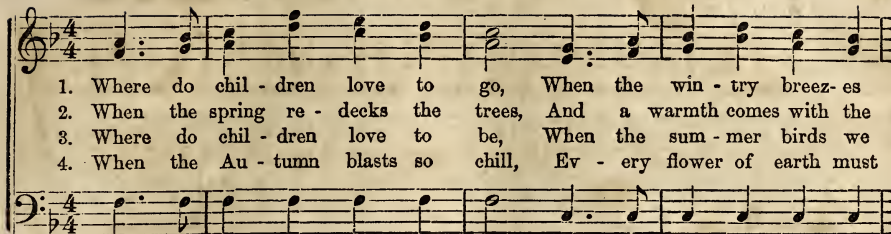
3. Let us love, and now adore ;
 Love him now, love him now
 Let us love, and now adore,
 In our youthful strength.

Let us never grieve our Saviour,
 Who hath died to win us favor—
 Ah ! this thought should melt our hearts—
 Children's hearts can melt.

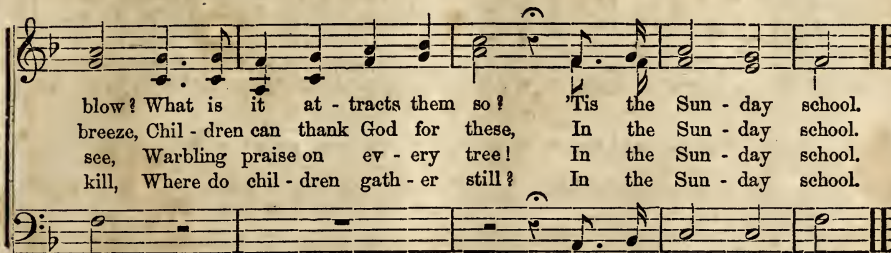
4. But we'll have a joyous song,
 Joyous song, joyous song ;
 But we'll have a joyous song
 . For our jubilee.
 Jesus lives and reigns for ever ;
 This will make us joyous ever.
 Saviour, hear this praise to thee,
 Who remembered me.

WHERE DO CHILDREN LOVE TO GO.

23



1. Where do chil - dren love to go, When the win - try breez - es
 2. When the spring re - decks the trees, And a warmth comes with the
 3. Where do chil - dren love to be, When the sum - mer birds we
 4. When the Au - tumn blasts so chill, Ev - ery flower of earth must



blow? What is it at - tracts them so? 'Tis the Sun - day school.
 breeze, Chil - dren can thank God for these, In the Sun - day school.
 see, Warbling praise on ev - ery tree! In the Sun - day school.
 kill, Where do chil - dren gath - er still? In the Sun - day school.

5.

Where are they so kindly taught
 Who should rule in every thought,
 What the blood of Christ has bought?
 In the Sunday school.

6.

May we love this holy day,
 Love to sing, and read, and pray,—
 Find salvation's narrow way!
 In the Sunday school.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

Words by M. Music by SISTER ABBY, of the HUTCHINSON Family. Arr. by H. WATERS

1. Kind words can never die, Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie Stored in the breast;
 2. Child-hood can never die—Wrecks of the past, Float o'er the mem-o-ry, Bright to the last.
 3. Sweet tho'ts can never die, Tho' like the flowers There brightest hues may fly, In wintry hours.
 4. Our souls can never die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie, Wrapt in its gloom.

RALL. TEMPO.

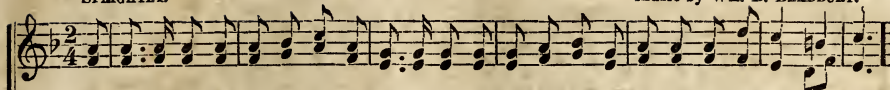
Like Childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times, Go thro' all years and climes The heart to cheer,
 Ma - ny a hap - py thing, Ma - ny a dai - sy spring Float o'er time's ceaseless wing, Far, far away.
 But when the gentle dew Gives them their charms anew, With many an added hue, They bloom again.
 What tho' the flesh decay, Souls pass in peace a - way, Live thro' e - ter - nal day With Christ above.

CHORUS. Music by H. WATERS.

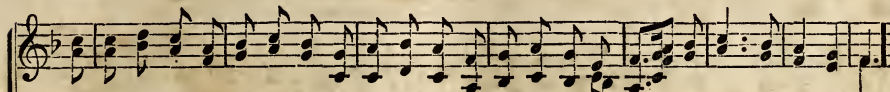
Kind words can never die, never die, never die, Kind words can never die, no, never die.
 Childhood can nev - er die, never die, never die, Childhood can nev - er die, no, never die.
 Sweet tho'ts can never die, never die, never die, Sweet tho'ts can never die, no, never die.
 Our souls can never die, never die, never die, Our souls can never die, no, never die.

SPRIGHTLY.

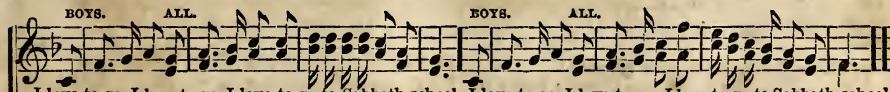
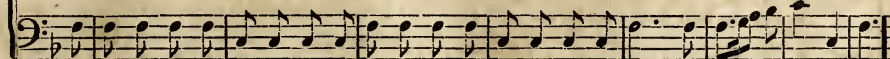
Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



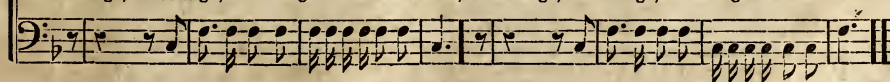
1. The Sabbath school's a place of prayer, I love to meet my teachers there, I love to meet my teachers there.



They teach me there that every one May find, in heaven, a happy home, May find, in heaven, a happy home.



I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath school, I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath school.



<p>2.</p> <p>In God's own book we're taught to read How Christ for sinners groaned and bled: That precious blood a ransom gave For sinful man, his soul to save. I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath school.</p>	<p>3.</p> <p>In Sabbath school we sing and pray, And learn to love the Sabbath day; That, when on earth our Sabbaths end, A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend. I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath school.</p>	<p>4.</p> <p>And when our days on earth are o'er, We'll meet in heaven to part no more; Our teachers kind we there shall greet And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet In heaven above, in heaven above, In heaven above, to part no more.</p>
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I'M A PILGRIM, AND I'M A STRANGER.

Arranged by H. WATERS.

FINE

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tarry but a night.

Do not de-tain me, For I am go-ing To where the fountains are ev-er flowing.

2. There the glory is ever shining!
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there.

Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary;
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

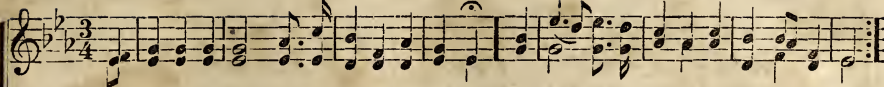
3. There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying;
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

4. Father, mother, and sister, brother!
If you will not journey with me I must go!
Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,
Should I, too, linger, and with you perish?
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

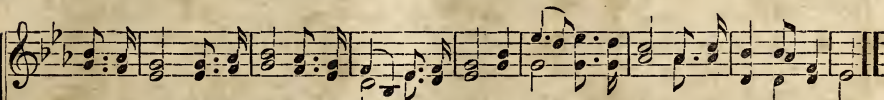
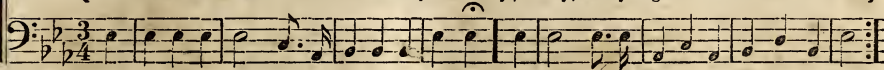
5. Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed!
He who has formed thee will soon restore thee!
And then thy dread curse shall never more be:
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.

THE EDEN ABOVE.

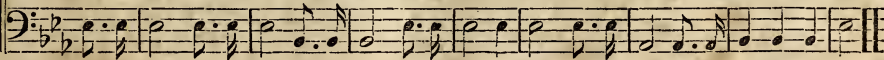
Arranged by Rev. J. W. DADMUN. 27



1. { We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love,
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly, O say, will you go to the E - den a -bove? }
2. { In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove:
Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery languish, O say, will you go to the E - den a -bove? }
3. { Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression, Can in-jure the dwellers in that ho-ly grove;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression; O say, will you go to the E - den a -bove? }
4. { Nor poverty there—No, the saints are all wealthy, The heirs of his glo-ry whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them—that country is healthy; O say, will you go to the E - den a -bove? }



Will you go, Will you go, Will you go, Will you go, O say, will you go to the E - den a -bove?



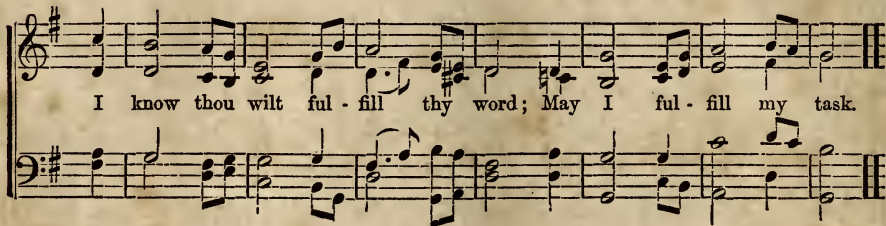
5. Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished:
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, Will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
6. March on, happy pilgrims! that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we will prove:
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
Will you go, Will you go?
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.
7. And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord—in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, Will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
8. Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,
O, who can this guilt from my conscience remove?
No other but Jesus; then come to him praying,
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.
Will you go, Will you go,
At last, will you go to the Eden above?

THE TEACHER'S PRAYER.

Western Melody.



1. Save all my chil - dren, Lord! For less I dare not ask;



I know thou wilt ful - fill thy word; May I ful - fill my task.

2. Thy word is, "Work and pray,
Toil on, 'mid hopes and fears:
The sowing brings the reaping days,
The harvest follows tears."

3. Oh! let me strive to be
The laborer thou wilt bless;
And hourly offer unto Thee
The works of righteousness.

4. Yet, when my best is done,
'Tis sin and folly still;
My only plea is, that thy Son
Wrought out thy perfect will.

5. Then hear me while I ask,
"Save all my children, Lord;
While I, in faith, fulfill my task,
Do thou fulfill thy word.

LIVELY

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

Arr. by H. WATERS.

29

1. O, do not be discouraged, For Jesus is your friend; O, do not be dis-couraged, 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.

CHORUS.

Repeat from *F* to Fine.

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 hath 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.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

Words by Rev. E. S. PORTER.

W. B. BRADBURY.

*Girls.**Boys and Girls.**Girls.*

1. We love to sing together, We love to sing together, Our hearts and voices one; To praise our heav'nly Father, To

*Boys and Girls**Girls.*

praise our heavenly Father, And his e - ter - nal Son. We love, we love, we love, we love, we

FULL CHORUS.

love to sing to - ge-ther; We love, we love, we love, we love, we love to sing to - ge-ther.

2. We love to pray together
To Jesus on his throne,
And ask that he will ever
Accept us as his own.
We love, we love, &c

3. We love to read together
The Word of saving truth,
Whose light is shining ever
To guide our early youth.
We love, we love, &c.

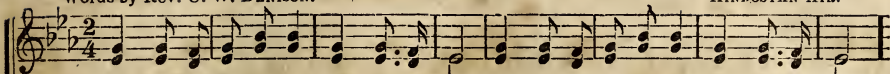
4. We love to be together
Upon the Sabbath day,
And strive to help each other
Along the heavenly way.
We love, we love, &c.

COME TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

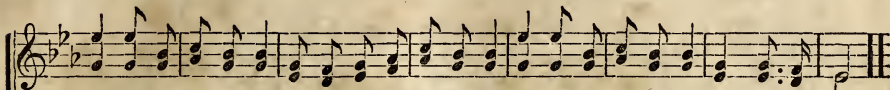
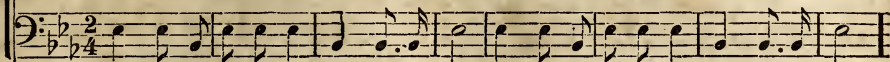
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Words by Rev. C. W. DENISON.

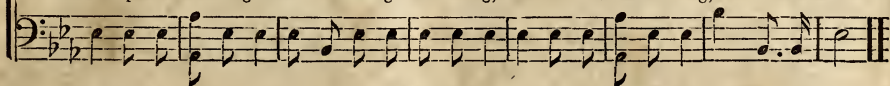
HINDOSTAN AIR.



1. Come to the Sabbath School, All children come ; Cheerful its pi-ous rule, Pleasant as home.
2. Come, where our teachers meet, Faithful and true ; Come, learn the lessons sweet, Ready for you.
3. Oh ! there's a school on high, Where angels praise : Joy beams in every eye, Sweet strains they raise,



Leave rude and naughty plays, Live, and keep the holy days, Come, learn to pray and praise In Sabbath School.
Come, school will not be long ; Come, joia our happy throng ; Come, sing our pretty song In Sabbath School.
There seraph children sing Anthems to our glorious King, And crowns to Jesus bring, Blest Sabbath School.



THE HAPPY LAND.

1.

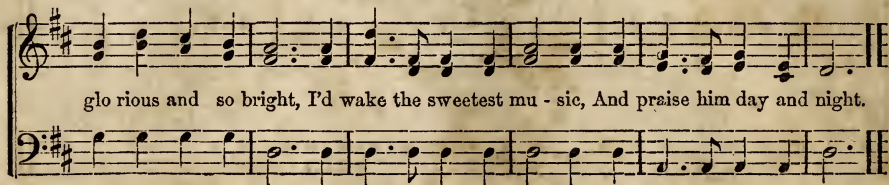
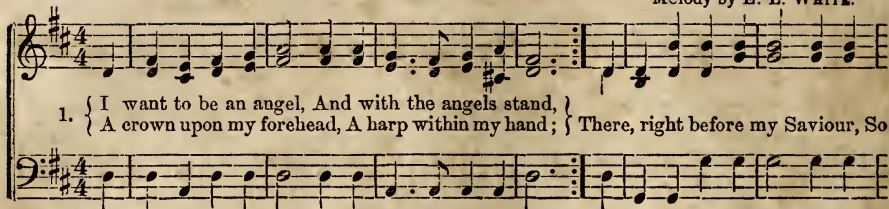
There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is the Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise praise for aye!

2.

Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3.

Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And, bright above the sun
We reign for aye.



2.
 I never would be weary,
 Nor ever shed a tear,
 Nor ever know a sorrow,
 Nor ever feel a fear;
 But blessed, pure, and holy,
 'I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
 And with ten thousand thousands
 Praise him both day and night.

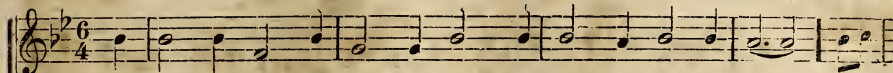
3.
 I know I'm weak and sinful,
 But Jesus will forgive,
 For many little children
 Have gone to heaven to live,
 Dear Saviour, when I languish,
 And lay me down to die,
 O! send a shining angel,
 And bear me to the skies.

4.
 Oh, there I'll be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand;
 And there, before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'll join the heavenly music,
 And praise him day and night

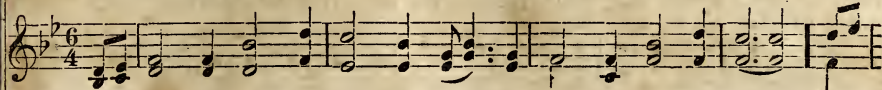
LORD, TEACH A LITTLE CHILD TO PRAY.

33

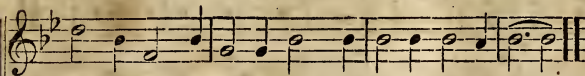
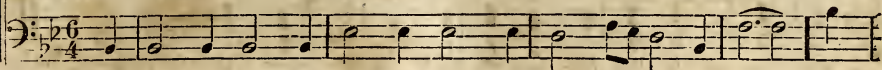
PLYMOUTH COLLECTION.



1. Lord, teach a lit - tle child to pray; Thy grace be-times im - part; And .



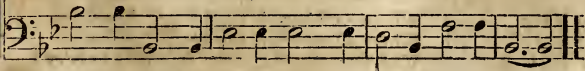
2. A fall - en crea - ture I was born, And from my birth I stray'd; I



grant thy Ho - ly Spirit may Renew my sinful heart.



must be wretched and forlorn Without thy mercy's aid.



3.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

4.

To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away.

5.

For all who early seek his face:
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.

SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND.

SPIRITED.

1. Where, O where are the He - brew chil - dren, Where, O where are the He - brew chil - dren,
 CHO. By and by we'll go home to meet them, By and by we'll go home to meet them,
 2. Where, O where is the good E - li - jah—Where, O where is the good E - li - jah,
 CHO. By and by, &c.

Who were cast in the fur - nace of fire? Safe now in the promised land.
 By and by we'll go home to meet them, Way o'er in the promised land.
 Who went up in a char - iot of fire? Safe now in the promised land.

3.

Where, O where is the prophet Daniel,
 Where, O where is the prophet Daniel,
 Who was cast in the den of lions?
 Safe now in the promised land.

CHO.—By and by, &c.

4.

Where, O where is the weeping Mary,
 Where, O where is the weeping Mary,
 Who was first at the tomb of Jesus?
 Safe now in the promised land.

CHO.—By and by, &c.

5.

Where, O where is the martyred Stephen,
 Where, O where is the martyred Stephen,
 Who was stoned for the love of Jesus?
 Safe now in the promised land.

CHO.—By and by, &c.

6.

Where, O where is the blessed Jesus,
 Where, O where is the blessed Jesus,
 Who was pierced on the mount of Cal'v'ry?
 Safe now in the promised land.

CHO.—By and by, &c.

WHO SHALL SING IF NOT THE CHILDREN.

35

FIN.

1. { Who shall sing, if not the chil- dren? Did not Je- sus die for them? }
 { May they not, with oth- er jew- els, Sparkle in his di- a- dem? }
 D. C. Why, un- less the song of heav- en They be- gin to prac- tice here?

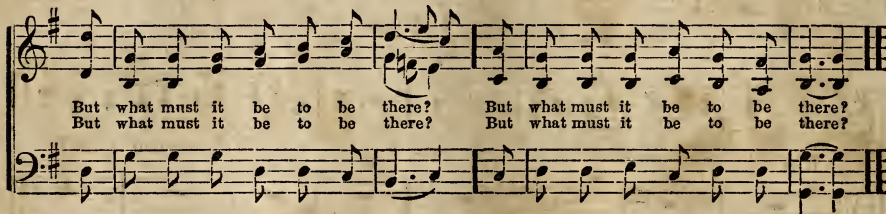
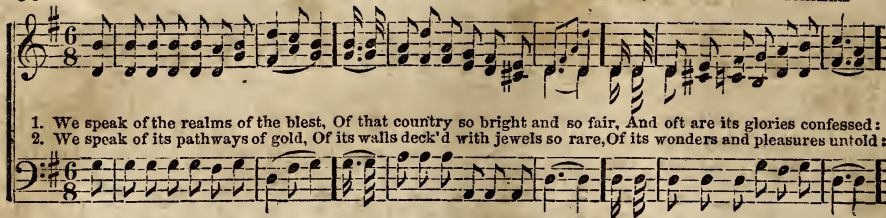
Why to them were voi- ces giv- en— Bird-like voi- ces, sweet and clear?

2.

There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
 Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
 Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 When her ear is upward turned;
 Is not this the same, perfected,
 Which upon the earth they learned!

3.

Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love;
 And will he, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove?
 Oh! they cannot sing too early;
 Fathers, stand not in their way!
 Birds do sing while day is breaking—
 Tell me, then, why should not they!



3.

We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,—
 From trials without and within:
 But what must it be to be there?

4.

We speak of its service of love,—
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,—
 Of the church of the first-born above:
 But what must it be to be there?

5.

Do thou, Lord, midst gladness or woe,
 Still for heaven our spirits prepare
 And shortly we also shall know,
 And feel, what it is to be there.

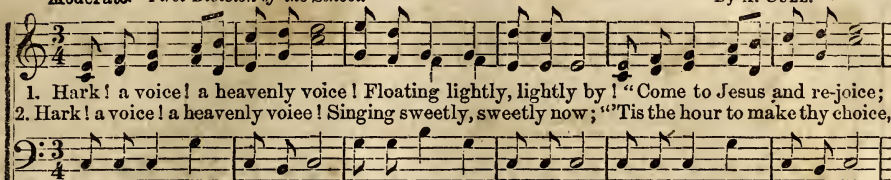
6.

Then anthems of praise we will sing,
 When safe in that heavenly rest,
 To Jesus, our Saviour and King,
 Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

THE VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

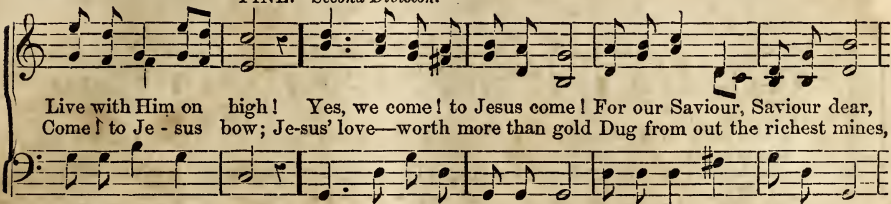
Words by
C. HATCH SMITH, A.M.
Moderato. First Division of the School.

Music arranged from "Gloria,"
By A. CULL.



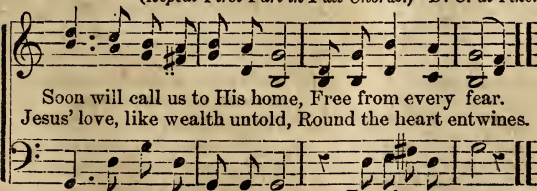
1. Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice! Floating lightly, lightly by! "Come to Jesus and re-joice;
2. Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice! Singing sweetly, sweetly now; 'Tis the hour to make thy choice,

FINE. Second Division.



Live with Him on high! Yes, we come! to Jesus come! For our Saviour, Saviour dear,
Come! to Je - sus bow; Je-sus' love—worth more than gold Dug from out the richest mines,

(Repeat First Part in Full Chorus.) D. C. al Fine.



Soon will call us to His home, Free from every fear.
Jesus' love, like wealth untold, Round the heart entwines.

Free from, &c.
Round the, &c.

First Division.

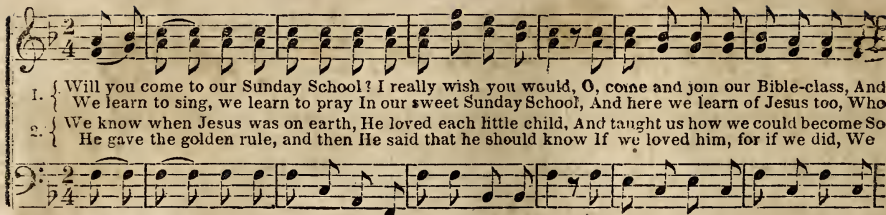
3. Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice:
Hear it! sounding through the land,
"Souls on earth make heaven rejoice,
Who for Jesus stand.

Second Division.

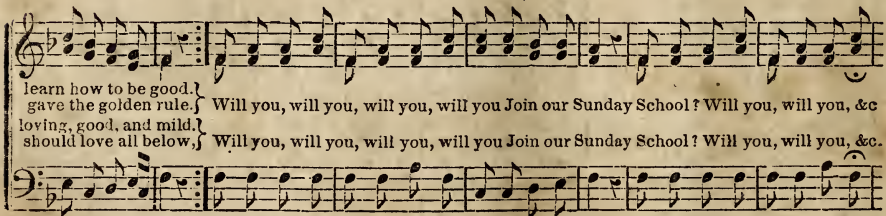
Jesus! take us in thine arms:
Suffer that we come to thee:
With thy blessing, earthly harms
From our path will flee.

(Repeat First Division in Chorus.)

WILL YOU COME TO OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL?



1. { Will you come to our Sunday School? I really wish you would, O, come and join our Bible-class, And
We learn to sing, we learn to pray In our sweet Sunday School, And here we learn of Jesus too, Who
2. { We know when Jesus was on earth, He loved each little child, And taught us how we could become So
He gave the golden rule, and then He said that he should know If we loved him, for if we did, We



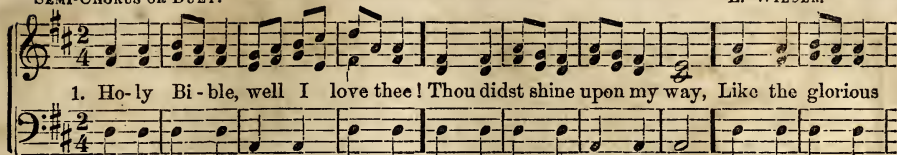
learn how to be good.}
gave the golden rule.} Will you, will you, will you, will you Join our Sunday School? Will you, will you, &c
loving, good, and mild.}
should love all below.} Will you, will you, will you, will you Join our Sunday School? Will you, will you, &c.



Learn this golden rule!

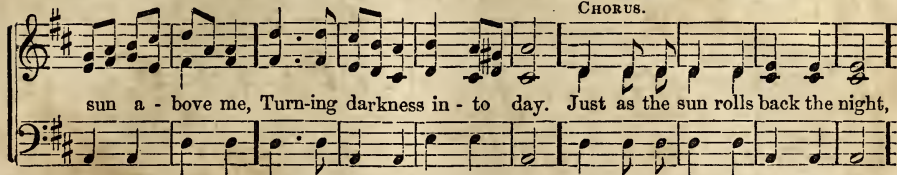
3.
To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.
I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.
Chorus.—Will you, &c.

4.
And this plain rule forbids me quite,
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.
But any kindness they may need
I'll do, whate'er it be;
As I am very glad, indeed,
When they are kind to me,
Chorus.—Will you, &c.

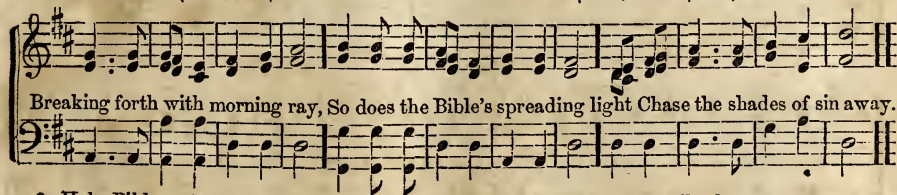


1. Ho-ly Bi-ble, well I love thee! Thou didst shine upon my way, Like the glorious

CHORUS.



sun a - bove me, Turn-ing darkness in - to day. Just as the sun rolls back the night,



Breaking forth with morning ray, So does the Bible's spreading light Chase the shades of sin away.

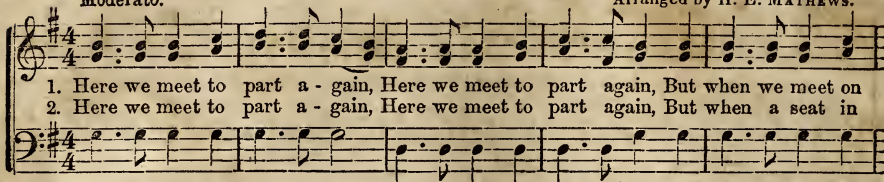
2. Holy Bible, mines of treasure
 In thy precious folds I see;
 Earthly good would know no measure,
 If this world were ruled by thee.
Cho. Just as the sun, from morn till noon,
 Stately climbs the eastern sky,
 So over all the earth shall soon
 Beam the Day-spring from on high.

3. Holy Bible, thou wilt cheer me,
 When I lay me down to die;
 Christ has promised to be near me,
 Can I fear when He is nigh?
Cho. Just as the sun descends at eve
 Soon with fresher beams to rise,
 So shall the dying saint receive
 Life eternal in the skies.

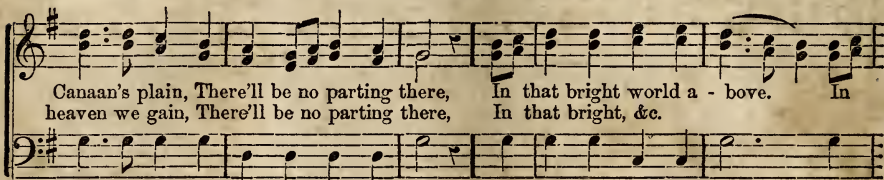
THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.

Moderato.

Arranged by H. E. MATHEWS.

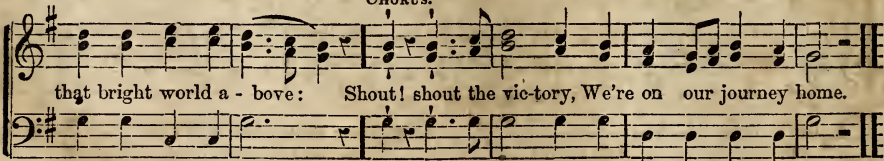


1. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part again, But when we meet on
 2. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part again, But when a seat in



Canaan's plain, There'll be no parting there, In that bright world a - bove. In
 heaven we gain, There'll be no parting there, In that bright, &c.

CHORUS.



that bright world a - bove: Shout! shout the vic-tory, We're on our journey home.

3. Here we meet to part again,
 But there we shall with Jesus reign,
 There'll be no parting there,
 In that bright world above.

Cho. Shout! shout the victory, &c.

4. Here we meet to part again,
 But when we join the heavenly train,
 There'll be no parting there,
 In that bright world above.

Cho. Shout! shout the victory, &c.

HAPPY DAY, HAPPY DAY.

Arr. by H. WATERS. 41

f CHORUS.

§. CHORUS.

1. { Preserved by thine Almighty power, O Lord, our Maker, Saviour, King, }
And brought to see this happy hour, We come thy praises here to sing. } Happy day, happy day,
d. c. Happy day, happy

2. { We praise thee for thy constant care, For life preserved, for mercies given, }
Oh, may we still those mercies share, And taste the joys of sins for-given. } Happy day, happy day,
d. c. Happy day, happy

END.

End with 2d strain. §

END. End with 2d strain. *S.*

day, Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay, And at thy footstool humbly pray, That thou wouldst take our sins
day, When Christ shall wash our sins away. [away.]

day, Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay, And at thy footstool humbly pray, That thou wouldst take our sins
day, When Christ shall wash our sins away. [away.]

3. We praise thee for the joyful news,
Of pardon through our Saviour's blood :
O Lord, incline our hearts to choose
The road to happiness and God.
Chorus.—Happy day, &c.

4. And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join
Teachers and scholars round thy throne,
The song of Moses and the Lamb,
Chorus.—Happy day, &c.

COME, LET US SING OF JESUS.

Music by G. F. ROOR.

1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and accents blend, Come, let us sing of

Je - sus, The sinner's on - ly Friend; His ho - ly soul re - joic - es, A-mid the choirs a-

bove, To hear our youth - ful voic - es, Ex - ult - ing in his love.

2. We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along,
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong;
None who besought his healing,
He passed unheeded by:
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.

3. We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

4. Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day,
For those who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him
He will for ever bless.

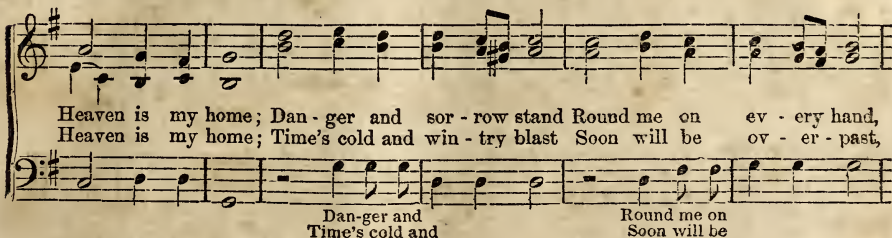
HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

Arranged by A. COLL.

43



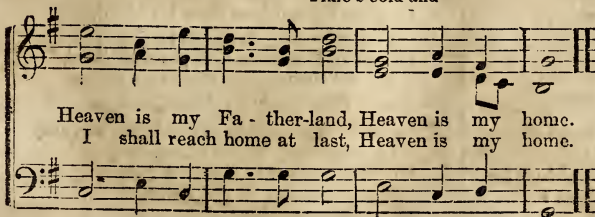
1. I'm but a tra-veler here, Heaven is my home, Earth is a des-ert drear,
 2. What though the tem-pest rage, Heaven is my home, Short is my pil-grim-age,



Heaven is my home; Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-ery hand,
 Heaven is my home; Time's cold and win-try blast Soon will be ov-er-past,

Dan-ger and
Time's cold and

Round me on
Soon will be



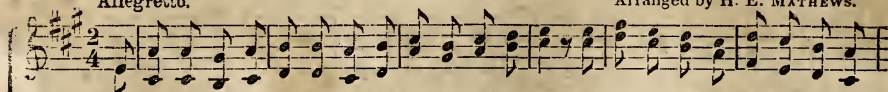
Heaven is my Fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.
 I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.

3.
 There at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home, -
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home;
 There are the good and best,
 Those I love most and best,
 There, too, I soon shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

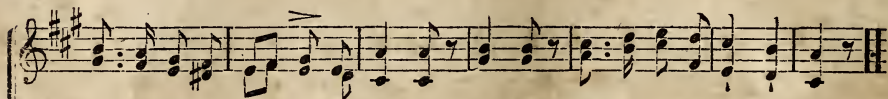
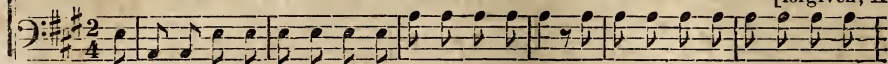
AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

Allegretto.

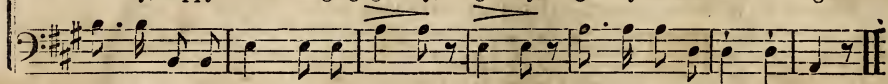
Arranged by H. E. MATHEWS.



1. Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand ; Children, whose sins are all
[forgiven; A



ho - ly, happy band, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.



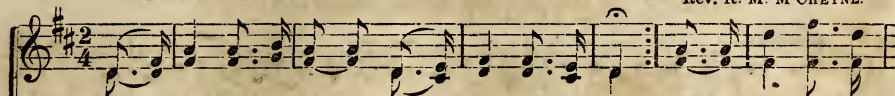
2. In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
Singing glory, &c.
3. What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;—
How came those children there?
Singing glory, &c.

4. Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing glory, &c.
5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, &c.

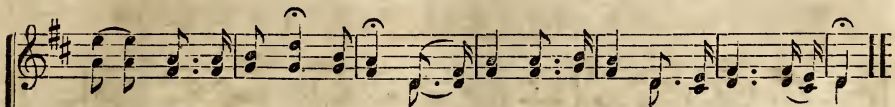
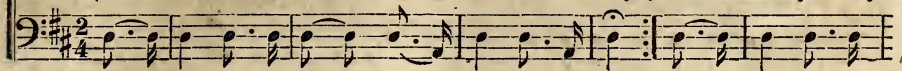
CHILDREN CALLED TO CHRIST.

45

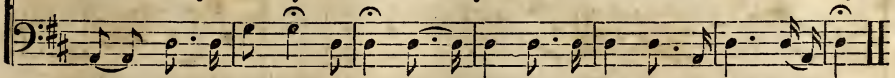
Rev. R. M. M'CHEYNE.



1. { Like mist on the mountain, Like ships on the sea, }
 { So swift-ly the years Of our pil-grim-age flee; } In the grave of our
 2. { How sweet are the flow'rets In A - pril and May! }
 { But oft - en the frost makes Them with-er a - way. } Like flowers you may



fathers How soon we shall lie! Dear chil-dren, to-day To the Sa - viour fly.
 fade; Are you rea- dy to die? While "yet there is room" To the Sa - viour fly.



3. When Samuel was young,
 He first knew the Lord;
 He slept in his smile,
 And rejoiced in his word;
 So most of God's children
 Are early brought nigh;
 Oh, seek him in youth—
 To a Saviour fly.

4. Do you ask me for pleasure?
 Then lean on his breast,
 For there the sin-laden
 And weary find rest.
 In the valley of death
 You will triumphing cry,
 "If this be called dying,
 'Tis pleasant to die."

I THINK WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY.

1. I thiuk, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here among men, How he

2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me, And that

called lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

3. Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above;

4. In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

WE'RE TRAVELING HOME TO HEAVEN.

47

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND REVIVAL MEETINGS.

1. { We're trav-eling home to Heaven a - bove—Will you go? Will you go? }
 { To sing the Sa-viour's dy - ing love—Will you go? Will you go? }
 d. c. And mil - lions now are on the road—Will you go? Will you go?

D. C.
 Mil - lions have reached this blest a - bode, A - noint - ed kings and priests to God;

2.
 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,—Will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name,—Will you go?
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share,—Will you go?

3.
 We're going to join the Heavenly Choir,—Will you go?
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre,—Will you go?
 The saints and angels gladly sing,
 Hosanna to their God and King,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,—Will you go?

4.
 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,—Will you go?
 In the blest house there still is room,—Will you go?
 The Lord is waiting to receive,
 If thou wilt on him now believe, [lieve.
 He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,—Come be-

5.
 The way to Heaven is free for all,—Will you go?
 For Jews and Gentiles, great and small,—Will you go?
 Make up your mind, give God your heart,
 With every sin and idol part,
 And now for glory make a start,—Come away.

6.
 The way to heaven is straight and plain!—Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again,—Will you go?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me."
 And thou shalt my salvation see.—Come to me!

7.
 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,—I will go!
 I'll start this moment, clear the way,—Let me go!
 My old companions, fare you well,
 I will not go with you to hell! [you well
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell.—Let me go! Fare

STAND UP FOR JESUS!

BRADBURY'S Musical Tract, No. 1.

WM. B. BRADBURY. By permission.

1. Stand up for Jesus! All who lead his host! Crowned with the splendors of the Holy Ghost!
 2. Stand up for Je - sus! Ye of every name! All one in prayer and all with praise aflame!
 3. Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right hand Je - sus himself for us delights to stand!

Shrink from no foe, to no temptations yield, Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field—
 For-get the sad estrangement of the past, With one consent in love and peace at last—
 Let saints and sinners wonder at his grace: Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race—

CHORUS.

Stand up for Je - sus! Stand up for Je - sus! Stand up for Je - sus!

MAKE YOUR MARK.

49

Words by a CALIFORNIA FARMER.

Music by A. CULL.

1. In the quarries should you toil, Make your mark, Make your mark, Do you delve upon the soil? Make your mark, Make your
 2. Life is fleeting as a shade, Make your mark, Make your mark, Marks of some kind must be made, Make your mark, Make your

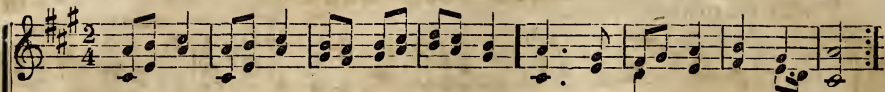
mark. In what-ever path you go, In what-ever place you stand, Moving swift or moving slow, With the heart or with the
 mark. Make it while the arm is strong, In the golden hours of youth, Never, never make it wrong; Make it with the stamp of

CHORUS—Scholars.

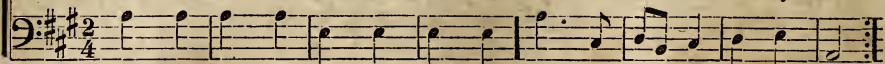
hand, Make your mark, Make your mark, We will make our mark, We will make our mark, We will make, we will make our mark.
 truth, Make your mark, Make your mark. We will make our mark, We will make our mark, We will make, we will make our mark.
Teachers.

Make your mark, Make your mark, Make your mark, Make your mark.

HARK! THE SABBATH BELLS ARE RINGING.



1. { Hark! the Sab - bath bells are ring - ing! Children, haste with - out de - lay;
Prayers of thousands now are wing - ing Up to heaven their si - lent way.
2. { 'Tis an hour of hap - py meet - ing Chil - dren meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleet - ing, Let us then be ear - ly there.



d. c. Let us all u - nite in sing - ing, All u - nite in sol - emn prayer.

CHORUS to each verse.

D. C.



Come, children, come! the bells are ring - ing, To the school with haste re - pair,



3. Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.
Cho.—Come, children, come! &c.

4. Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair,
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
Cho.—Come, children, come! &c.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

Arr. by H. WATERS. 51

1. { Joyful-ly, joy-ful-ly, onward we move, Bound to the land of bright spirits above; }
 { Je-sus, our Saviour, in mercy, says, Come, Joy-ful-ly, joy-fully, haste to your home. }

Soon will our pil-grimage end here be-low, Soon to the presence of God we shall go,

Then, if to Je-sus our hearts have been given, Joyful-ly, joy-ful-ly rest we in heaven.

2. Teachers and scholars have passed on before;
 Waiting, they watch us, approaching the shore;
 Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
 Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
 Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
 Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
 Joyfully, joyfully we will go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone;
 Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

I'LL AWAY TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL. Arr. by H. WATERS.

1. { When the morning light drives a - way the night, With the sun so bright and full, } For 'tis
And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a - way to the Sabbath school, }

there we all a - gree, All with hap - py hearts and free, And I love to ear - ly be At the

GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS. BOYS. BOTH.
Sabbath school: I'll a - way! a - way! I'll a - way! a - way! I'll a - way to Sabbath school!

2. On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays round the trees,
To the Sabbath school I go.
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath school: I'll away, &c.
3. In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise
For 'tis always pleasant there:

- In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath school: I'll away, &c.
4. May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
And the sunshine never fail.
While each blooming rose which in memory grows
Shall a sweet perfume exhale:
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath school; I'll away, &c.

Words by
MISS SARAH HAMILTON.

OH! WE LOVE TO COME.

Music by Prof. T. Wood, of Albany. 53

Arranged by A. CULL.

1. Oh! we love to come to our Sab-bath home, And learn of our teach-ers dear,

Who point us, with love, to our home a - bove, And the crown that a-waits us there.

FINE.

And the crown that a-waits us there, And the crown that a - waits us there;

BACK TO

2. Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
When the six days' toil is o'er,
And read and sing of our heavenly King,
And learn to love Him more.
3. Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
But we would not come alone;
We would each bring in, from the depths of sin,
Some wretched, wandering one:

4. Whose feet now stray in the broad, broad way,
Who know not of God or heaven;
And would bid them taste of the blessed feast,
Which our Father's love hath given.
5. Then toil we on till the race is won,
And the pearly gates unfold,
And we find our rest on the Saviour's breast,
At home in the city of gold.

COME WHERE BIBLE TRUTHS ARE SPOKEN.

Words by A. D. MUNSON.

Music adapted from MULLER, by I. B. W

1. Come where Bible truths are spok - en, Where the blessed gospel's taught, Promises of God ne'er
 2. Christ, in all his in - vi - ta - - tions, Made on earth, to children gave Special care, and all the
 3. Hark, the Sabbath bells are ring - ing—Children, listen to the sound—Gather where, sweet anthems

broken, Rest with holy influence fraught; Children may partake the blessing, Freely offered, freely
 nations Trusted in his power to save. "Suffer them to come unto me," Were the words said every
 singing, Followers of "the Lamb" are found. Hasten away, the morn is smiling—To the Sabbath school re-

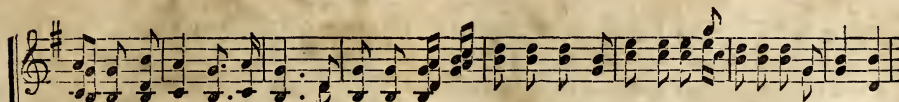
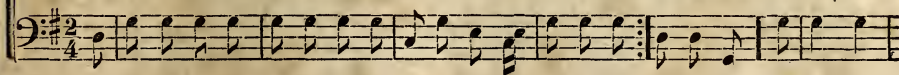
given, Thro' the Sabbath school are pressing Many to the gates of Heaven, Many to the gates of Heaven—
 - where, "God shall hear and answer thro' me, All that come with praise and prayer," All that come, &c.
 - - pair, Let no worldly tho't beguiling, Keep you from your duty there, Keep you from your duty there.

OH! WHO'S LIKE JESUS?

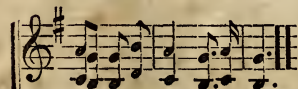
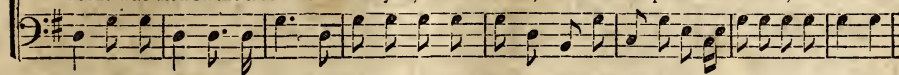
Arranged by A. CULL 55



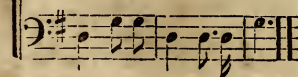
1. { Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone: He whom I fix my hopes up - on :
 { His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till - - - him I view. Oh! who's like
 2. { The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment ;
 { The King's highway of ho - li - ness I'll go, for all his - - - paths are peace. Oh! who's like



Jesus who died on the tree? He died for you, he died for me, He died to set poor sinners free, Oh! who's like



Jesus who died on the tree?



3. This is the way I long have sought, Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 And mourned because I found it not; Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
 My grief and burden long has been, Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Because I was not saved from sin. Nothing but love shall I receive.
 Cho. Oh! who's like Jesus, &c. Cho. Oh! who's like Jesus, &c.

4. The more I strove against its power, Then will I tell to sinners round,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more; What a dear Saviour I have found;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say: I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 "Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY." And say, "Behold thy way to God."
 Cho. Oh! who's like Jesus, &c. Cho. Oh! who's like Jesus, &c.

DUET OR TRIO.

Arr. by AUGUSTUS CULL.

1. The Sunday-school, that blessed place, Oh! I would rather stay With-in its walls, a
 2. 'Tis there I learn that Je - sus died For sinners such as I; Oh! what has all the
 3. Then let our grateful tribute rise, And songs of praise be given To Him who dwells a-
 4. And welcome then the Sunday-school, We'll read, and sing, and pray That we may keep the

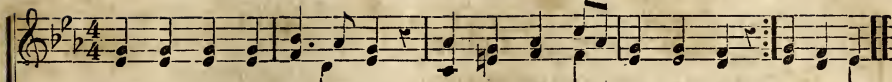
CHORUS.
 child of grace, Than spend my hours in play—
 world be-side, That I should prize so high—
 -bove the skies, For such a bless-ing given— } The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, Oh!
 gold-en rule, And nev - er from it stray—

'tis the place I love, For there I learn the gold-en rule Which leads to joys a - bove.

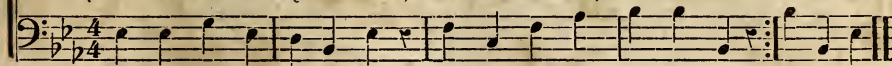
LET US, WITH A JOYFUL MIND.

57

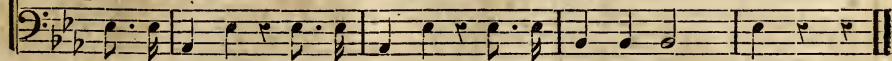
Arranged from MOZART. By A. CULL.



1. { Let us, with a joy - ful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind, ev - er sure.
For his mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful,
2. { He, with all - com - manding might. Filled the new - made world with light; ev - er sure.
For his mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful,



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men.



3. All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah! Amen.

4. He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah! Amen.

5. He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah! Amen.

6. Let us, then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah! Amen.

HARK! THE ANGELS SINGING;

DUET.

Composed by A. CULL

1. Hark the angels singing, Wake the happy morn, Joyful tidings bringing, "Christ, the Lord is born!
 2. Sisters dear, and brothers, Sing, sing a-way! This of all the others, Is the Children's day.
 3. Where's a chorus meeter For his advent here? Where a ca-rol sweeter To his gen-tle ear?

In a low-ly manger (This shall be the sign) See the new-born stranger, Hail the Babe divine!"
 Hear the blessed story, "Once as young as we, Christ, the Prince of Glory, Slept on Mary's knee.
 None can come so near him, The Holy, Undeiled, None so love and fear him, As a Christian child.

CHORUS. Arr. by A. CULL.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! In the highest sing! Glo-ry! Glo-ry!

OR, CHRISTMAS CAROL.

59

Glo - ry! To our God and King! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry!

Peace to earth a - gain! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! And good will to men!

4. In the highest regions,
Now upon his throne,
All the blood-bought legions
Claim him Lord alone;
But of all wh' adore him,
With triumphant song,
Children stand before him
In the greatest throng.
Cho. Glory, &c.

5. Let us then pursue him
To his throne of grace;
Let us pray unto him,
Looking in his face:
"Once in childhood's weakness,
Christ, like us, wert thou;
In love, truth, and meekness,
Make us like thee now."
Cho. Glory, &c.

6. This, of all the others,
Is the Children's day,
Sisters dear, and brothers,
Sing, sing away.
Bless Him for its story:
"Once as young as we,
Jesus, Lord of glory,
Slept on Mary's knee."
Cho. Glory, &c.

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

Arr. by A. CULL.

1. 'Tis religion that can give—In the light, in the light: Sweetest pleasure while we live—In the light of God. }
 'Tis religion must supply—In the light, in the light: Solid comfort when we die—In the light of God. }
 2. After death its joys shall be—In the light, in the light: Lasting as e - ter-ni-ty—In the light of God. }
 Be the living God my Friend—In the light, in the light: Then my bliss shall never end—In the light of God. }

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light, Walk in the light: Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

1.

Pleasant is the Sabbath bell—
 In the light, in the light:
 Seeming much of joy to tell—
 In the light of God.
 But a music sweeter far—
 In the light, in the light:
 Breaths where angel-spirits are—
 In the light of God.
Cho. Let us walk in the light—
 Walk in the light:
 Let us walk in the light—
 In the light of God.

2.

Shall we ever rise to dwell
 Where immortal praises swell?
 And can children ever go
 Where eternal Sabbaths glow?
Cho. Let us walk, &c.

3.

Yes, that bliss our own may be;
 All the good shall Jesus see
 For the good a rest remains,
 Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
Cho. Let us walk, &c.

COME, TAKE MY HAND, GIVE YOURS TO ME.

61

DUET.

WM. B. BRADBURY. By permission.

1. Let us all, both old and young; Every day grow better: Happy let us go

CHORUS to each verse.

Thro' our path be-low. Come, take my hand, give yours to me, And faith-ful we will

try to be, And then we'll all re-joice, re-joice, And then we'll all re-joice.

2.

3.

4.

We will love our parents dear,
Serve, obey, and honor;
Ne'er will them deceive,
Nor their bosoms grieve.
Cho.—Come, take, &c.

Let us one and all engage,
That like friends and brothers
We in peace will live,
And our foes forgive.
Cho.—Come, take, &c.

Let us ne'er do willful wrong,
Howsoever tempted,
But in deed and word
Love and serve the Lord.
Cho.—Come, take, &c.

Arranged by Mrs. L. E. L.

From the Christian Melodist.

1. We're marching to the promised land, A land all fair and bright; Come, join our hap-py

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

youth-ful band, And seek the plains of light. O come and join our youth-ful band, Our

The chorus begins with the word 'CHORUS.' above the treble staff. The musical notation continues with the same treble and bass staff format. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

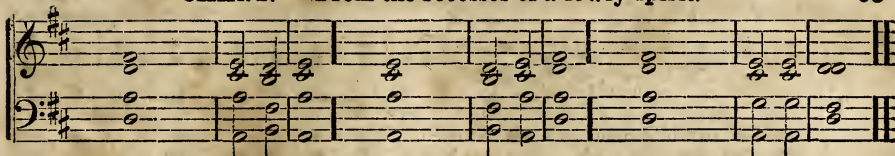
songs and tri-umphs share; We soon shall reach the promised land, And rest for ev-er there.

The final line of the song continues the musical notation with treble and bass staves. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, ending with a double bar line.

The Saviour feeds his little flock,
His grace is freely given;
The living waters from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.

In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there;
And joyful voices there shall join
With the angelic choir.

Our Teachers kind do point the way,
And guide our feet aright
To those bright realms of endless day
Where Jesus is the light.



1. From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
 Our humble prayer ascends, O | Father, | hear it |
 Borne on the trembling wings of | fear and | meekness
 For- | give its | weakness.
2. We know, we feel how mean, and how unworthy
 The lowly sacrifice we | pour be- | fore thee :
 What can we offer thee, O | Thou most | Holy !
 But | sin and | folly.
3. We see thy hand, it leads us, it supports us :
 We hear thy voice, it | counsels, ..and it | courts us :
 And then we turn away ! yet | still thy | kindness
 For- | gives our | blindness.
4. Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
 To every generous thought and | grateful | feeling ; |
 Oh ! who can hear the accents | of thy | mercy,
 And | never | love thee.
5. Kind Benefactor ! plant within this bosom
 The | seeds of | holiness, | and let them blossom
 In fragrance, and in beauty | bright and | vernal,
 And | spring e- | ternal.
6. Then place them in those everlasting gardens
 Where angels walk, and | seraphs..are the | wardens ;
 Where every flower, brought safe through | death's dark | portal,
 Be- | comes im- | mortal.

HOMeward BOUND.

Arr. by Rev. J. W. DADMON.

ALLEGRO.

FINE.

1. { Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're, &c.
d. c. Prom-ise of which on us each he bestowed, We're, &c.

Far from the safe, qui-et har-bor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode,

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
O how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.
3. We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound;

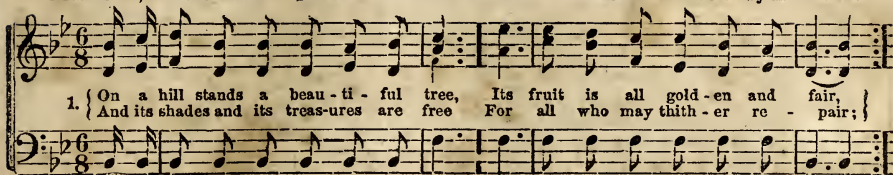
- Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.
4. Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we drift o'er its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore.
We're home at last.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

65

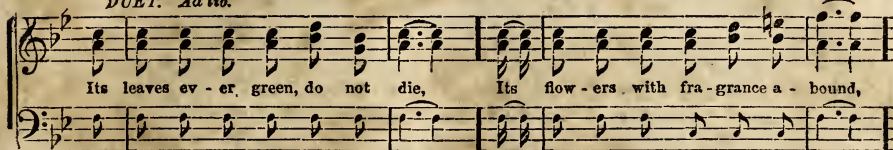
DISTINCTLY, AND MODERATELY QUICK.

Music and Words by L. WILDER.

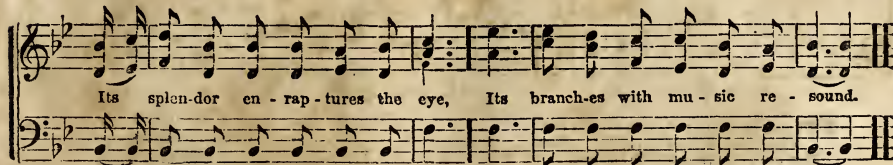


1. { On a hill stands a beau-ti-ful tree, Its fruit is all gold-en and fair, }
 { And its shades and its treas-ures are free For all who may thith-er re - pair; }

DUET. Ad lib.



Its leaves ev - er green, do not die, Its flow - ers with fra-grance a - bound,



Its splen-dor en - rap - tures the eye, Its branch-es with mu - sic re - sound.

2. Though thousands by night and by day
 Have feasted and gathered in store,
 Have borne its rich bounties away,
 Its fullness remains evermore;
 Oh what is its name? who can tell?
 And the hill—where, oh where can it be?
 By thy side I will haste me to dwell,
 O wonderful—beautiful tree.

3. On Zion's fair mount you behold
 Its form in bright grandeur arise,
 There glitter its green and its gold,
 There lifts its tall head to the skies;
 'Twas planted by Infinite love,
 From the hills everlasting it came,
TRUTH ETERNAL, they call it above,
 But **BIBLE** on earth, is its name.

SABBATH SCHOOLS MUST HAVE THEIR CONCERT.

1. Sabbath schools must have their concert When th' appointed time comes round ; Surely, 'tis a precious
Children love their own dear

meeting, For the children there are found. 'Tis not safe to pass it over, For the rain or for the snow ;
meeting ; Parents, why not let them go ?

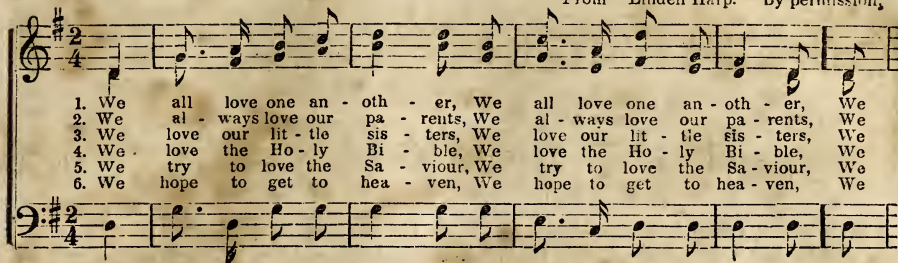
2. There, they sing of him who never
Thrust aside their precious claims •
But took children to his bosom,
As a shepherd doth his lambs.
Some there were who tried to keep them
Waiting, till some other day ;
Yet the Lord, their zeal rebuking,
Told them of a better way.
3. There, their hearts go up to heaven,
On the fragrant breath of prayer :
Who shall say it is too early
For the children to be there ?

- Jesus says, Why should they linger,
(Speaking from his throne above,)
Till they are a little older,
Since they're old enough to love ?
4. O, then, let them have their concert,
Be the weather foul or fair :
So that when the Saviour calls them,
They may answer, " Here we are."
Tell them they can't come too early,
To their Friend who reigns above ;
For ere they can lisp his praises,
They are old enough to love.

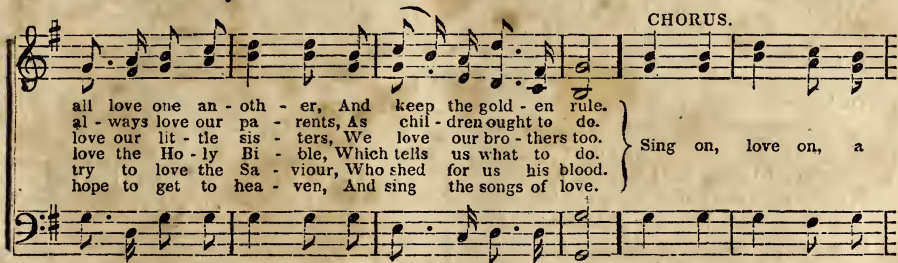
WE ALL LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

67

"from 'Linden Harp.'" By permission,



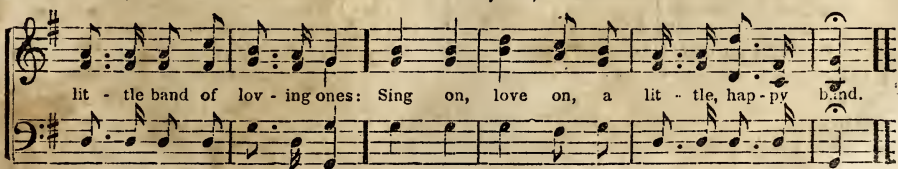
1. We all love one an - oth - er, We all love one an - oth - er, We
 2. We al - ways love our pa - rents, We al - ways love our pa - rents, We
 3. We love our lit - tle sis - ters, We love our lit - tle sis - ters, We
 4. We love the Ho - ly Bi - ble, We love the Ho - ly Bi - ble, We
 5. We try to love the Sa - viour, We try to love the Sa - viour, We
 6. We hope to get to hea - ven, We hope to get to hea - ven, We



CHORUS.

all love one an - oth - er, And keep the gold - en rule.
 al - ways love our pa - rents, As chil - dren ought to do.
 love our lit - tle sis - ters, We love our bro - thers too.
 love the Ho - ly Bi - ble, Which tells us what to do.
 try to love the Sa - viour, Who shed for us his blood.
 hope to get to hea - ven, And sing the songs of love.

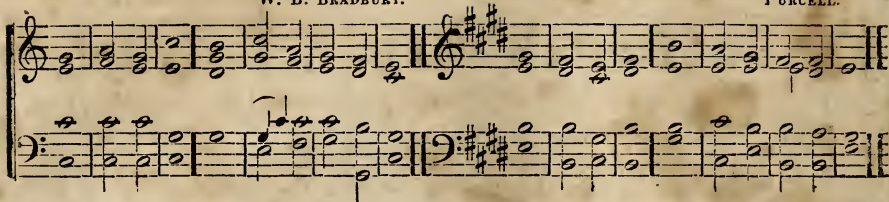
Sing on, love on, a



lit - tle band of lov - ing ones: Sing on, love on, a lit - tle, hap - py band.

W. B. BRADBURY.

PURCELL.



1. With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | "Come to | me."
2. It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the | bidding, | "Come to | me."
3. When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | "Come to | me."
4. Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting- | place for | thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy | portion, | "Come to | me."
5. O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and | ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently | whisper, | "Come to | me."
1. The Lord | is my | Shepherd;
I | shall— | not— | want.
2. He maketh me to lie down | in green | pas-
tures:
He leadeth me be- | side the | still— | waters.
3. He re- | storeth my | soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness |
for his | name's— | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will | fear | no evil:
For thou art with me: thy rod and thy | staff
they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the pres-
ence | of mine | enemies.
Thou anointest my head with oil: my |
cup— | runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the | days of my | life:
And I will dwell in the | house of the | Lord
for | ever.

THE ANGELS TOLD ME SO. Duet and Chorus.

63

Words by REV. SIDNEY DYER.

Music by HORACE WATERS.

1. Tho' they may lay beneath the ground The form of Alle dear, I know his spirit hovers round, And
 2. His form re-posed upon the bier, In sweet, che-ru-bic rest, When others came to shed a tear, And
 3. And as he gazed his eyes grew bright, And joy o'erspread his brow, While he exclaims in rapt delight, "Oh,

Rit. *Tempo.*

mingles with us here, His home may be in heaven above, Yet oft to us below, He will return to breathe his love, The
 ease his aching breast. But Willie felt no throbbing pain, As he repeats, "I know Dear Alle will come back again, The
 there is Alle now!" I knew he would return to see Those he so loved below, And be a brother still to me, The

CHORUS. Repeat p. [For Chorus repeat last line of each verse.]

angels told me so. The angels told me so, He will return to breathe his love, The angels told me so.

NOTE.—This song was written by thoughts suggested from the following narrative:—"A beautiful incident occurred in a family near the city of New York a short time since. A son, some eight or nine years of age, laid very ill, and had been so for some days, when a little brother, some six or seven years old, came into the house, and said to his mother, 'Alle (the sick brother) is going away where we can't see him. He is going to heaven; two little angels came and told me he was going, but he would come back and see me after he went away.' In a day or two Alle's spirit took its departure. His little brother supposed he had departed bodily. Previous to the funeral, the father took the child into the room to see the body, and explain to him his mistake. Entering the room, he exclaimed, 'Oh, there's Alle: the little angels told me he would come back and see me.'"

LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE THE SAVIOUR.

1. Little children, love the Saviour, Turn your wayward hearts to him, He will guide you, he will lead you
D. C. He'll protect, and love, and bless you,
Far away from mortal vision Lies a land celestial bright, Where a band of white-robed seraphs
D. C. For God shields his precious children

Thro' life's pathway, dark and dim; Lean on him when you are weary, He'll support you with fond care;
For like you his an-gels are.
Chase a-way the shades of night; Where ne'er comes a thought of evil To disturb the ho-ly calm;
From all fear of troubling harm.

3.

Jesus died for you, dear children,
Died that you might happy be;
That you might from sin and anguish
Be at last for ever free.
Can you, will you slight his goodness,
Walk in sinful pleasure's ways?
And forget your daily duties,
Offering him your prayers and praise.

4.

Oh! there's joy in rightly doing,
Never found in vice or sin;
Then obey the risen Saviour,
If a home in heaven you'd win.
Read the Bible: it will point you
To bright scenes of bliss on high,
Where there's rest for all the weary,
And our loved ones never die.

SING TO THE LORD THE CHILDREN'S HYMN. E. L. WHITE. 71

1. Sing to the Lord the children's hymn, His gentle love de - clare, Who bends a - mid the
D. S. He learn'd the first small

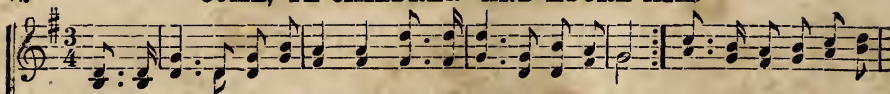
FINE. D. S.

Cherubim, To hear the children's prayer. He at a mother's breast was fed, Tho' God's own son was He,
words He said At a meek mother's knee.

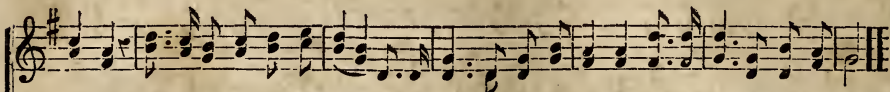
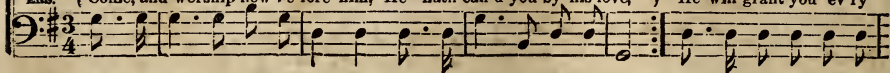
2. He held us to his mighty breast,
The children of the earth;
He lifted up His hands and blessed
The babes of human birth.
So shall He be to us, our God,
Our gracious Saviour, too:
The scenes we tread his footsteps trod,
The paths of youth he knew.

3. Lo, from the stars His face will turn
On us with glances mild;
The angels of his presence yearn
To bless the little child.
Sing to the Lord the children's hymn,
His gentle love declare,
Who bends amid the Seraphim,
To hear the children's prayer.

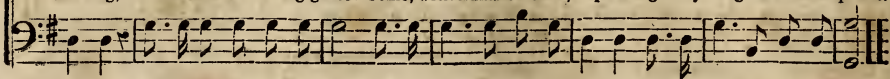
COME, YE CHILDREN AND ADORE HIM.



TEACH- { Come, ye children, and a-dore him, Lord of all, he reigns above; }
ERS. { Come, and worship now be-fore him, He hath call'd you by his love, } He will grant you ev'ry



blessing, Of his all-abounding grace: Come, with humble hearts, expressing All your gratitude and praise.



CHILDREN.

On this holy day of gladness,
We will join in praises meet;
Every bosom free from sadness—
All with happiness replete.
Oh to feel the love of Jesus!
Oh to know that from above,
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS.

Dearest children, now adore him;
Swell aloud the joyful strain:
Let the nations bow before him—
Echo back the notes again.
While he will accept the praises,
E'en from every heart and tongue,
Those to him an infant raises,
Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

Lord of all, our heart's oblation
Now ascends to thee alone;
We would come, with all the nation,
Now to worship at the throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
Join in hymning forth thy praise,
Who, for our redemption, shows us
All the riches of his grace.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

Praise to thee, O Lord, for ever!
Gladly now we all unite;
Praise to thee, O Lord, the giver,
Blessed Lord, of life and light!
Ransomed nation, spread the story:
Resued people, ne'er give o'er,
All his grace and all his glory,
Oh proclaim for evermore.

DEAR FATHER, ERE WE PART.

73

1. { Dear Fa-ther, ere we part, Now let thy grace descend, }
 { And fill our youthful heart With peace from Christ our Friend. } May show'rs of blessings from a-bove De-

2. { May we, in af-ter years, With grat-i-tude re-view, }
 { The ser-vice of this day, The work we now pur-sue; } And speed our way to worlds above, With

- scend and fill our hearts with love, De - scend and fill our hearts with love.

With hearts all fired
 hearts all fired with ho-ly love, With hearts all fired with ho-ly love.

3. We know that soon on earth
 The fondest ties must end,—
 Our own most cherished hopes
 To death's cold hand must bend.
 The fairest flowers in all their bloom,
 Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

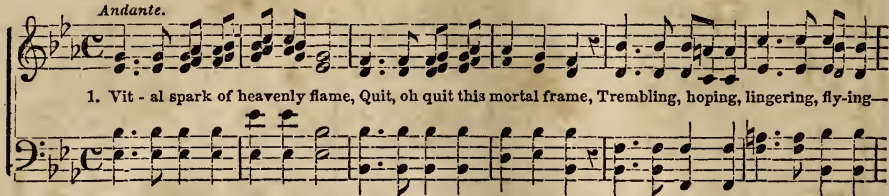
4. Then, when our spirits leave
 These tenements of clay,
 May they to God who gave,
 Ascend, in endless day.
 And sing with parents, teachers, friends,
 That anthem sweet which never ends.

VITAL SPARK OF HEAVENLY FLAME.

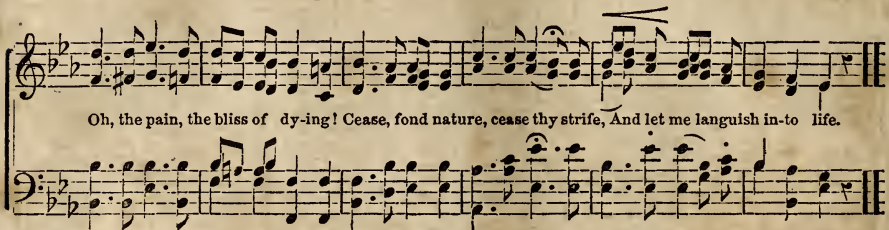
Poetry by ALEXANDER POPE.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

Music by HORACE WATERS.

Andante.

1. Vit - al spark of heavenly flame, Quit, oh quit this mortal frame, Trembling, hoping, lingering, fly-ing—



Oh, the pain, the bliss of dy-ing! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish in-to life.

2.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 "Sister spirit, come away;"
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath!
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3.

The world recedes: it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
 With sounds, with sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! O death! where is thy sting?

1. Once was heard the song of chil - dren,
Joy - ful in the sa - cred tem - ple,
2. Palms of vic - tory strewn a - round him,
Pro - phet of the Lord they crowned him,
3. God o'er all, in hea - ven reign - ing,
Not with palms thy path - way strew - ing,
4. Oh, though hum - ble is our of - fering,
These from chil - dren once pro - ceed - ing,

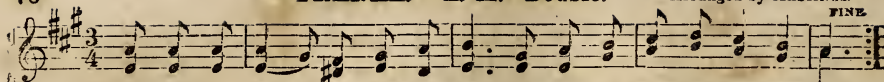
By the Sa - viour, when on earth;
Shouts of youth - ful praise had birth;
Garments spread bs - neath his feet,
In fair Sa - lem's crowd - ed street,
We this day thy glo - ry sing,
We would lof - tier trib - ute bring,
Lord, ac - cept our grate - ful lays,
Thou didst deem "per - fect - ed praise,"

And ho - san - nas, And ho - san - nas,
While ho - san - nas, While ho - san - nas,
Glad ho - san - nas, Glad ho - san - nas,
Now ho - nan - nas, Now ho - san - nas,

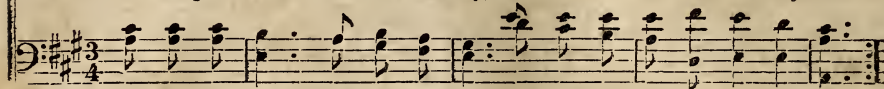
Loud to Da - vid's Son break forth.
From the lips of chil - dren greet.
To our Pro - phet, Priest, and King.
Sa - viour, Lord, to thee we raise.

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul—be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace!
Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn!
2. Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest

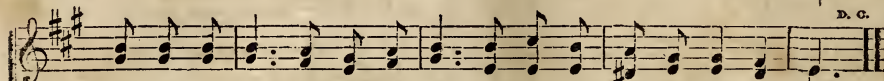
- Once obtained on Calvary,
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
3. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel:
Win and conquer—never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway the sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!



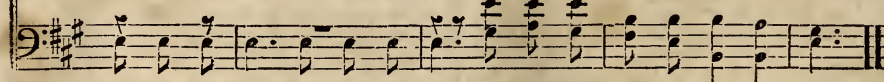
1. } A - wake our souls, a - way our fears, Let ev - ery trembling thought be gone;
 A - wake and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on.
 d. c. But they for - get the might-y God, That feeds the strength of ev - ery saint:
 3. } The might-y God, whose matchless power Is ev - er new and ev - er young,
 And firm en - dures, while end - less years Their ev - er - last - ing cir - cles run.
 d. c. While such as trust their na - tive strength Shall melt a - way, and droop, and die.
 d. c. On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire a - mid the heavenly road.



D. C.



2. True, 'tis a straight and thorn-y road And mor - tal spir - its tire and faint;
 4. For thee, the o - ver - flow - ing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh sup - ply,
 5. Swift as an ea - gle cuts the air We'll mount a - loft to thine a - bode;



THE OBJECT OF OUR CREATION.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Why have we lips if not to sing
 The praises of our heavenly King?
 Why have we hearts, if not to love
 Our Father and our Friend above?</p> <p>2. Why were our curious bodies made,
 And every part in order laid?
 Why, but that each of us might stand
 A living wonder from his hand?</p> <p>3. Why have we souls, if not to know
 The God from whom our mercies flow?
 Sure this can never be our lot,
 Like senseless brutes, to know him not.</p> | <p>4. Why have we life?—if not to gain
 Immortal life, 'tis worse than vain:
 This is the end from which 'twas given
 We live on earth, to live in heaven.</p> <p>5. Why did the Saviour leave the sky,
 Hang on a cross, and bleed, and die?
 And why are kind persuasions sent
 To call and win us to repent?—</p> <p>6. Surely it is—that robed in white,
 And made well-pleasing in his sight,
 Our souls may join the happy throng,
 And sing the everlasting song.</p> |
|--|--|

Tune, DUANE STREET. L. M.

1. A poor, wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer Nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.
2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered ; not a word he spake ;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all ; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then ;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.
3. I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er,
I drank, and never thirsted more.
4. 'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest ;
Laid him on mine own couch to rest ;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
5. Stripped, wounded ; beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment, he was healed.
I had, myself a wound concealed :
But, from that hour, forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6. In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die ;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, " I will."
7. Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew ;
My Saviour stood before my eyes !
He spake, and my poor name he named -
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be :
Fear not ; thou did'st it unto me."

Tune, WINDHAM. L. M.

1. JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee !
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
2. Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star :
He sheds the beam of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3. Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
4. Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wipe away ;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave ;
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
And oh ! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Tune, REST. L. M.

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
2. Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its cruel sting.
3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
4. Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
5. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

Tune, WARD. L. M.

1. BEHOLD a stranger at the door;
He gently knocks—has knocked before,
Has waited long—is waiting still—
You treat no other friend so ill.
2. Oh! lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.
3. But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need:
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5. Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at *his door* rejected stand.

Tune, WARD. L. M.

1. SAY, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control.
2. Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
3. Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
4. God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist His love to grieve,
May not hear his voice again.
5. Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! should'st thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Tune, OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

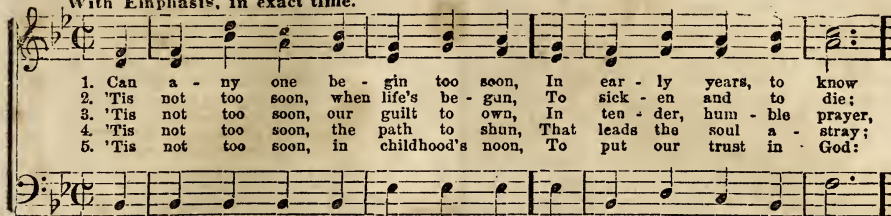
1. FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,
Thro' every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
3. In every land begin the song:
In every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

'TIS NOT TOO SOON. C. M.

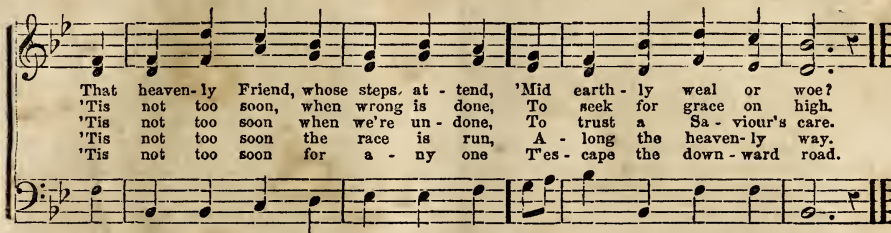
D. S. B. BENNETT

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With Emphasis, in exact time.



1. Can a - ny one be - gin too soon, In ear - ly years, to know
 2. 'Tis not too soon, when life's be - gun, To sick - en and to die;
 3. 'Tis not too soon, our guilt to own, In ten - der, hum - ble prayer,
 4. 'Tis not too soon, the path to shun, That leads the soul a - stray;
 5. 'Tis not too soon, in childhood's noon, To put our trust in God:



That heaven - ly Friend, whose steps, at - tend, 'Mid earth - ly weal or woe?
 'Tis not too soon, when wrong is done, To seek for grace on high.
 'Tis not too soon when we're un - done, To trust a Sa - viour's care.
 'Tis not too soon the race is run, A - long the heaven - ly way.
 'Tis not too soon for a - ny one T'es - cape the down - ward road.

1.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2.

Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrows fall;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4.

There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

Tune, ANTIOCH. C. M.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Tune, FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1. THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there would I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Tune, CORONATION. C. M.

1. ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your triumphs at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
4. Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
5. O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Tune, NAOMI. C. M.

1. THERE is a dear and hallowed spot
Oft present to my eye—
By saints it ne'er can be forgot—
That place is Calvary.
2. Oh, what a scene was there displayed
Of love and agony,
When our Redeemer bowed his head,
And died on Calvary!
3. When fainting under guilt's dread load,
Unto the cross I fly;
And trust the merit of that blood
Which flowed on Calvary.
4. Whene'er I feel temptation's power,
On Jesus I'll rely;
And, in the sharp, conflicting hour,
Repair to Calvary.

Tune, HARVILLE. C. M.

- 1 SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
2. Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
3. He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.
4. The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms
We're safe from every snare.

Tune, WOODSTOCK. C. M.

1. I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering 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
When none but God is near.
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. I live by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.
5. Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Tune, HARVILLE. C. M.

1. THERE's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair;
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.
2. There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.
3. There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But Heaven gave it birth.
4. There's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is every where.
5. Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

Tune, AVON. C. M.

- I. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.
3. By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

1st Voice

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
 2. The world can, nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;
 3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - - - above,
 4. There is a death whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath;
 5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun, thee
 6. Here would we end our quest: A - lone are found in thee

p Accomp.

2d Voice.

3d Voice.

Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
 Un - measured by the flight of years— And all that life is love.
 O! what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round a se - cond death.
 Lest we be ban - ished from thy face, And ev - er - more un - done.
 The life of per - fect love, the rest Of im - mor - tal - i - ty.

4th Voice.

1.
 WITHIN these walls be peace
 Love through our borders found;
 In all our little palaces
 Prosperity abound.

2.
 God scorns not humble things;
 Here, though the proud despise,
 The children of the King of kings
 Are training for the skies.

Tune, LABAN. S. M.

- AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
 3. Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the exalted King.
 4. Soon we shall hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.
 5. Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Tune, BOYLSTON. S. M.

1. BLESSED be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
4. When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Tune, LENOX. H. M.

1. AGAIN we meet, O Lord,
Again we fill this place,
To hear thy holy word,
To ask thy promised grace:
To thank thee for the gifts we share,
The children of thy love and care.
2. Grant us the listening ear,
The understanding heart,
The mind and will sincere,
To choose the better part.
To take the learner's lowly seat,
And gather wisdom at thy feet.
3. Through this, and every day,
Teach us thy paths to tread;
Nor let our feet astray
By Satan's wiles be led;
But keep us in the narrow road,
The road to glory and to God.

Tune, GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

1. LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing
Fill our hearts with love and peace,
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh! refresh us, oh! refresh us.
Traveling thro' this wilderness.
2. Thanks we give; and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruit of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence, may thy presence
With us evermore be found.

1. Sweet is the time of spring, When nature's charms appear; The birds with ceaseless
 2. Sweet is the dawn of day, When light just streaks the sky; When shades and darkness
 3. Sweet is the ear - ly dew, Which gilds the mountain tops, And decks each plant and

pleasure sing, And hail the opening year; But sweet - er far the spring Of
 pass a - way, And morning's beams are nigh; But sweet - er far the dawn Of
 flower we view With pearl - y, glittering drops; But sweet - er far the scene On

wis - dom and of grace, When children bless and praise their King, Who loves the youthful race.
 pi - e - ty in youth; When doubt and darkness are withdrawn Be - fore the light of truth.
 Zi - on's ho - ly hall, When there the dew of youth is seen, Its freshness to dis - till.

Tune, LEBANON. S. M. Double.

1. I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I would not be controlled,
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
2. The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.
3. Jesus, my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole.
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.
4. No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

Tune, LEBANON. S. M. Double.

1. How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

2. How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
2. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy!
O God, make bare Thine arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Tune, LEBANON. S. M. Double.

1. I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,—
Always to pray—I want;
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.
2. I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,—
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name!
A jealous, just concern,
For Thine immortal praise,
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.
3. I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me,
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee,
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove.
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My native coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And sing from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
 Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of Li - ber - ty! To thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From ev - ery mountain side Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake: Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light: Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

1. GLORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"
 Angels his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Saints, sing for evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
2. Join, all the ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless,
 Praise ye his name.

- In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 Shouting, with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
3. Soon must we change our place,
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising his name;
 Still will we tribute bring;
 Hail him our gracious King;
 And, through all ages, sing
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

THE PRODIGAL SON.

87

Solemnly, with Feeling.

Arr. by H. C. WATSON.

1. Af-flictions tho' they seem severe, In mer-cy oft are sent, They stopped the prodigal's career, And
My father's house hath large supplies, And

Fine. *f* *S*
caused him to repent. I'll not die here for bread I'll not die here for bread he cries, Nor starve in foreign lands,
bounteous are his hands.

2. What have I gained by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear :
My father's house abounds in bread,
While I am starving here.
I'll not die here, &c.

3. I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.
I'll not die here, &c.

4. His father saw him coming back,
He saw, he ran, he smiled.
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
I'll die no more, &c.

5. O father, I have sinned, forgive—
Enough, the father said :
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.
I'll die no more, &c.

6. Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around !
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost but now is found.
I'll die no more, &c.
Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home.
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come
I'll die no more, &c.

ZADOC. 7s. 6 lines.

FIRE.

1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me; Let me hide my - self in thee!
 D. C. Be of sin the don - ble cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Could my zeal no res - pite know. Could my tears for ev - er flow—
 D. C. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling,

3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,
 D. C. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side that flowed,
 All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and thou a - lone!
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See thee on thy judg - ment throne,—

1. SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to day,—
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

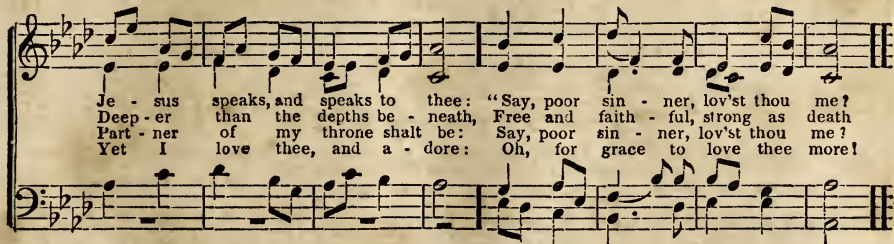
2. While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we trust, this day, in thee.

KINGSFORD. 7s.

J. FLINT. By permission. 89



1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sa - viour; hear his word;
 2. "Mine be an un - changing love, High - er than the heights a - bove,
 3. "Thou shalt see my glo - ry soon, When the work of grace is done.
 4. Lord! 't is my chief com - plaint That my love is cold and faint;



Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee: "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?
 Deep - er than the depths be - neath, Free and faith - ful, strong as death
 Part - ner of my throne shalt be: Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?
 Yet I love thee, and a - dore: Oh, for grace to love thee more!

1. Soon will set the Sabbath sun,
 Soon the sacred day be gone;
 But a sweeter rest remains,
 Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
2. Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
 Seeming much of joy to tell;
 Kind our teachers are to-day,
 In the school we love to stay.
3. But a music, sweeter far,
 Breathes where angel spirits are;

- Higher far than earthly strains,
 Where the rest of God remains.
4. Shall we ever rise to dwell
 Where immortal praises swell?
 And can children ever go
 Where eternal Sabbaths glow?
5. Yes:—that rest our own may be,
 All the good shall Jesus see;
 For the good a rest remains,
 Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

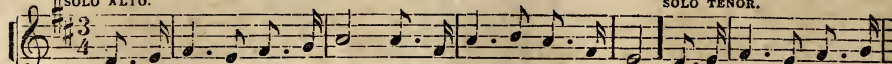
WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT. 7s. Double.

Larghetto.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

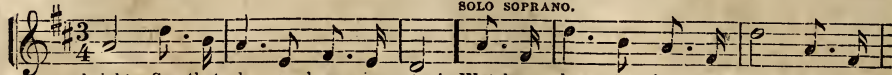
SOLO ALTO.

SOLO TENOR.



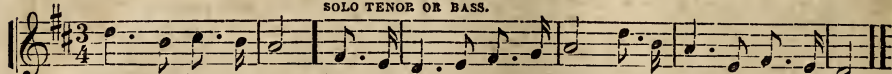
1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are, Traveler, o'er yon mountain's

SOLO SOPRANO.



height, See that glo - ry beam-ing star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of

SOLO TENOR OR BASS.



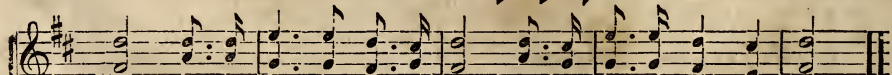
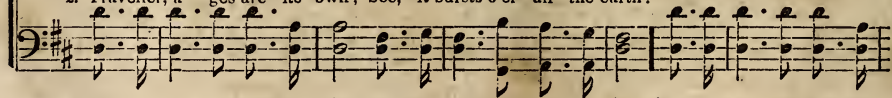
hope or joy foretell? Traveller yes; it brings the day: Promised day of Is - ra - el.

Chorus for 1st and 2d verses.

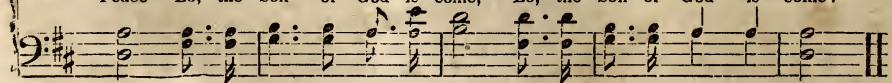
Chorus for 3d verse.



1. Traveller, yes; it brings the day—Promised day of Is - ra - el!
 2. Traveller, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth! 3. Traveller, lo, the Prince of



Peace— Lo, the Son of God is come, Lo, the Son of God is come!



2. Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends ;
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends ;
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveler, ages are its own :
See, it bursts o'er all the earth !
3. Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the darkness seems to dawn,
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home :—
Traveler, lo ! the Prince of Peace,
Lo ! the Son of God is come !

Tune, SEYMOUR. 7s.

- 1 HOLY Bible ! book divine !
Precious treasure ! thou art mine !
Mine, to tell me whence I came :
Mine, to teach me what I am.
2. Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine, art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
3. Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.
4. Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom ;
Oh, thou precious book divine,
Priceless treasure ! thou art mine !

Tune, SEYMOUR. 7s.

1. SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2. Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades ;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.
3. Peace is on the world abroad ;
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the Spirit rests from sin.
4. Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper,
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
5. Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbaths ne'er shall close.

Tune, ONITIA. 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, may a little child
Through thy grace be reconciled,
Who can feel indeed within
Much of evil, much of sin ?
2. Yes, thou said'st, and that's my plea,
" Suffer such to come to me ;
Turn no little child away,
Heaven is fill'd with such as they."
3. Saviour ! to thine arms I fly,
Ere my childhood passes by ;
In thy fear my years be past,
Whether first, or midst, or last.

Tune, WILMOT. 7s.

1. ALL ye nations, praise the Lord !
All ye lands, your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord—forever praise !
2. For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

With Spirit.

1. See the shin - ing dew - drops, On the flow - ers strewed.
 2. See the morn - ing sun - beams Light - ing up the wood,
 3. Hear the moun - tain stream - let, In the sol - i - tude,
 4. In the leaf - y tree - tops, Where no fears in - trude.
 5. Bring, my heart, thy tri - bute, Songs of grat - i - tude,

Prov - ing as they spar - kle, "God is ev - er good."
 Si - lent - ly pro - claim - ing, "God is ev - er good."
 With its rip - ple say - ing, "God is ev - er good."
 Mer - ry birds are sing - ing, "God is ev - er good."
 While all na - ture ut - ters, "God is ev - er good."

1. JESUS, high in glory,
 Lend a listening ear;
 When we bow before thee,
 Infant praises hear.

2. Though thou art so holy,
 Heaven's almighty King,
 Thou wilt stoop to listen
 When thy praise we sing.

3. Save us, Lord, from sinning,
 Watch us day by day;
 Help us now to love thee,
 Take our sins away.

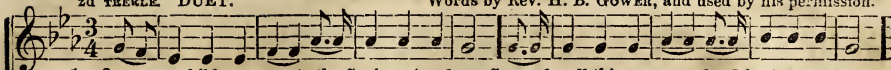
4. Then, when Jesus calls us
 To our heavenly home,
 We would gladly answer,
 "Saviour, Lord! we come!"

COME AND WELCOME.

93

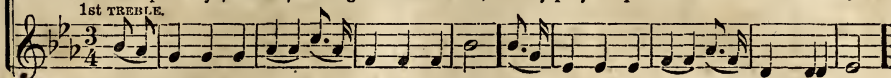
2d TREBLE. DUET.

Words by Rev. H. B. GOWER, and used by his permission.

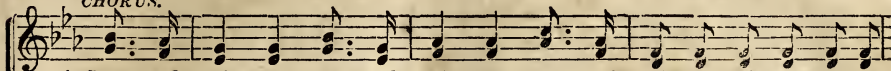


1. O come, children, come to the Saviour to - day ; Come, for all things are ready, O haste ye a-way :
2. He invites you to come, to his words now attend ; He calls yet in love—He's the children's best Friend :
3. He died that the souls of the children might live—He lives now in glory their prayers to receive ;
4. The Spirit says, "Come," his gentle voice hear ; To-day pray for pardon while Je - sus is near :

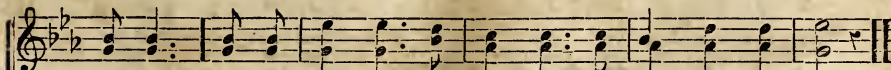
1st TREBLE.



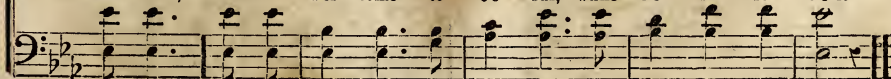
CHORUS.



1. Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, Come and welcome, welcome, welcome,
2. Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, Come and welcome, welcome, welcome,
3. Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, Come and welcome, welcome, welcome,
4. Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, Come and welcome, welcome, welcome,



wel - come, Come and wel - come to Je - sus, nor lon - ger de - lay.
 wel - come, Come and wel - come to Je - sus, the chil - dren's kind Friend.
 wel - come, Come and wel - come to Je - sus, re - pent and be - lieve.
 wel - come, Come and wel - come to Je - sus, while he is so near.



By permission of Russell & Tolman.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Music by S. J. VAIL.

From the "Musical Pioneer," by permission.

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful ci - ty that I love,
2. Beau - ti - ful heaven, where all is light, Beau - ti - ful an - gels clothed in white,

Beau - ti - ful gates of pearl - y white, Beau - ti - ful tem - ple—God its light;
Beau - ti - ful strains that nev - er tire, Beau - ti - ful harps through all the choir;

He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, O - pens those pearl - y gates to me.
There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Wor - ship - ing at the Saviour's feet.

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

CHANT.— "Nearer, my God, to thee."

95

Quick.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me;

Still all my song shall be,— Near - er, my God, to thee,— Near - er to Thee.

2. Though, like the wand'rer,
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 to | Thee!

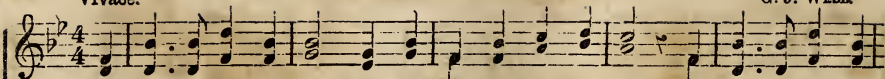
3. There let the way appear,
| Steps unto | heaven ;
All that thou sendest me,
In | mercy | given ;
Angels to | beckon | me
Nearer, my | God, to | thee,—
Nearer to | Thee!

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!

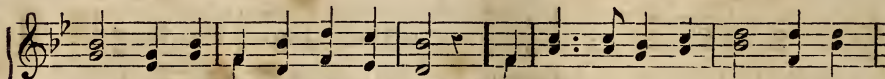
5. Or if on joyful wing,
| Cleaving the | sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
| Upward I | fly ;
Still all my | song shall | be,
Nearer, my | God, to | thee,
Nearer to | Thee!

Vivace.

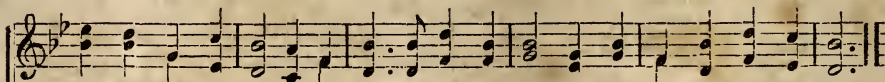
G. J. WEBB.



1. Oh, when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove, And from that flow - ing
 2. Through grace, I am de - ter - mined To con - quer, though I die, And then a - way to
 3. And if you meet with trou - bles And tri - als on your way, Then cast your care on



foun - tain Drink ev - er - last - ing love? When shall I be de - liv - ered From
 Je - sus On wings of love to fly: Fare - well to sin and sor - row - I
 Je - sus, And don't for - get to pray; Gird on the heavenly ar - mor Of



this vain world of sin, And with my bless - ed Je - sus Drink end - less plea - sures in?
 bid you all a - dieu; And, O my friends, prove faith - ful. And on your way pur - sue.
 faith, and hope, and love; Then, when the com - bat's end - ed, He'll car - ry you a - bove.

Tune, WEBB. 7s & 6s. • Double.

1. Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
2. What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire shall increase.
3. Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Tune, MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. Double.

1. To Thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting springs,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings;
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all the saints above,
And tell the wondrous story
Of thy redeeming love.
2. Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,

My voice in supplication,
Jehovah, thou shalt hear,
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3. By thee, through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
There cast my crown before thee,
My toils and conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore thee—
What can an angel more?

Tune, WEBB. 7s & 6s. Double.

1. Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Drive earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy closest kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
2. Remember all who love thee,
And who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
3. Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

Tune, MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 7s. Peculiar.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Loll 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 splay 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 strown:
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 benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Tune, ARIEL. C. P. M.

1. WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2. Best saviour, grant it, by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this, the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear:
Nor let me fall, I pray.
3. And when the archangel's trump shall sound,
Let me among thy saints be found,
To see thy smiling face;
Then, in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Tune, SPARKLING AND BRIGHT. P. M.

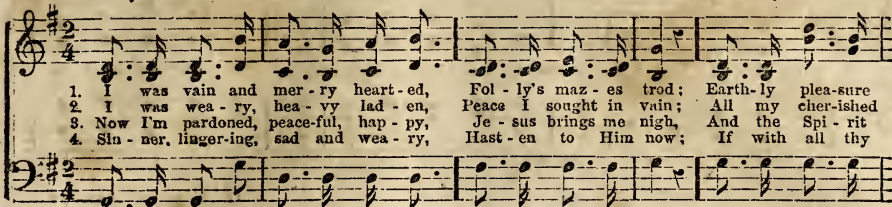
1. GUSHING so bright in the morning light,
Gleams the water in yon fountain;
As purely, too, as the early dew
That gems the distant mountain.
Then drink your fill of the grateful rill,
And leave the cup of sorrow;
Though it shine to-night in its gleaming light,
'Twill sting thee on the morrow.
2. Quietly glide in their silvery tide,
The brooks from rocks to valley;
And the flashing streams, in the broad sunbeams,
Like a bannered army rally.
Then drink, etc.
3. Touch not the wine, though brightly it shine,
When nature to man has given
A gift so sweet, his wants to meet,
A bev'rage that flows from heaven.
Then drink, etc.
4. Not only here of the water clear,
Is God the lavish giver;
But when we rise to yonder skies
We'll drink of life's bright river.
Then drink, etc.

THE HAPPY CHANGE.

59

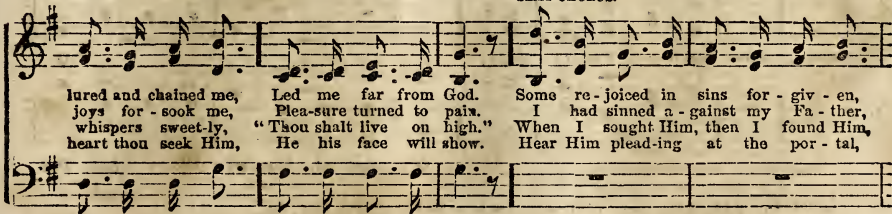
Words by Rev. H. B. GOWER.

Music arr. by A. CULL.



1. I was vain and mer-ry heart-ed, Fol-ly's maz-es trod; Earth-ly plea-sure
 2. I was wea-ry, hea-vy lad-en, Peace I sought in vain; All my cher-ished
 3. Now I'm pardoned, peace-ful, hap-py, Je-sus brings me nigh; And the Spi-rit
 4. Sin-ner, linger-ing, sad and wea-ry, Hast-en to Him now; If with all thy

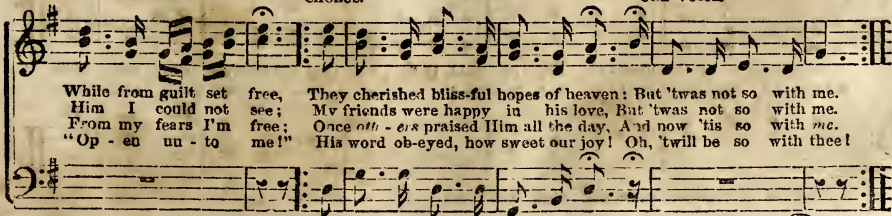
SEMI-CHORUS.



lured and chained me, Led me far from God. Some re-joiced in sins for-giv-en,
 joys for-sook me, Plea-sure turned to pain. I had sinned a-gainst my Fa-ther,
 whispers sweet-ly, "Thou shalt live on high." When I sought Him, then I found Him,
 heart thou seek Him, He his face will show. Hear Him plead-ing at the por-tal,

CHORUS.

ONE VOICE.



While from guilt set free, They cherished bliss-ful hopes of heaven: But 'twas not so with me.
 Him I could not see; My friends were happy in his love, But 'twas not so with me.
 From my fears I'm free; Once *oth-ers* praised Him all the day, And now 'tis so with *me*.
 "Op-en un-to me!" His word ob-eyed, how sweet our joy! Oh, 'twill be so with thee!

1. When lit - tle Sam - uel woke, And heard his Mak - er's voice, At ev - ery word he

O bless - ed, hap - py
spoke, How much did he re - joice; O
O bless - ed, hap - py child, to find, The

child to find, The God of heaven so near and kind, The God, &c.
O bless - ed, hap - py child, to find, The God of heaven so near and kind.
bless - ed, hap - py child, to find, The God of heaven so near and kind.
God of heaven so near and kind, The God of heaven so near and kind.

2. If God would speak to me,
And say he was my Friend,
How happy would I be!
O, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear
If God Almighty were so near.

3. And does he never speak?
O yes! for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4. And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed;
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5. Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard;"
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

Tune, PISGAH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain,
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?
O receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2. Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,—
They alone are his delight:
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

3. All your sins to Him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting;
Will you not his grace receive?

Tune, PISGAH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

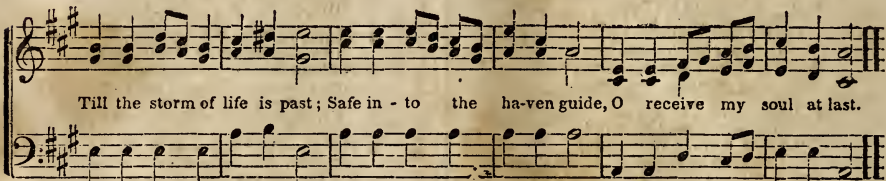
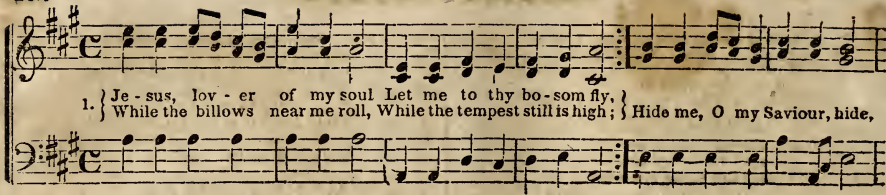
1. In the vineyard of our Father,
Daily work we find to do;
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters
Help to fill the garners, too.

2. Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorn,
So along our path we stray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

3. Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth—
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth—
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4. Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb;
Or till—sin's dominion falling—
Christ shall, in his kingdom, come
And his children
Reach their everlasting home.

5. Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And forever, and forever,
We will give the praise to thee.
Hallelujah!
Singing, all eternity.



2. Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
2. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

- Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart
 Rise to all eternity.

Tune, WESLEY. 7s. 8 lines.

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
2. Shout, ye little flock, and, blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below,
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

Tune, IVES. 7s. 8 lines.

1. PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests and kings and conquerors they.
2. Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.
3. Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom—it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"
4. Who are these?—on earth they dwell,
Sinners once of Adam's race:
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
5. They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

Tune, BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 lines.

1. WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in their eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little, none can know.
2. As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning, from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.
3. Thanks for mercies past, receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

Tune, MARTYN. 7s. 8 lines.

1. MARY, to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.
2. But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away!

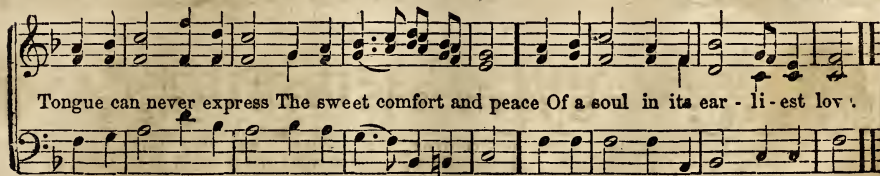
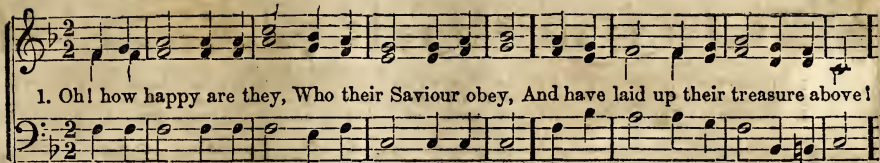
1. My days are glid - ing swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de - tain them
 2. Our ab - sent king the watchword gave, "Let ev - ery lamp be burning ;" We look a - far, a -
 3. Should coming days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor - row, For hope will sing, with
 4. Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise, Each cord on earth to sev - er, There bright and joyous

CHORUS.

as they fly,—Those hours of toil and dan - ger ; For now we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our
 - - cross the wave, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing ; For now we stand, &c.
 courage bold, "There's glo - ry on the mor - row ;" For now we stand, &c.
 in the skies—There is our home for - ev - er ; For now we stand, &c.

friends are pass - ing o - ver ; And, just be - fore the shining shore We may almost dis - co - ver.

* From the "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book."



2. That sweet comfort was mine
 When the favor divine
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
 When my heart it believed,
 What a joy it received,
 What a heaven in Jesus' name

3. 'Twas a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore.

4. Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song;
 Oh! that all his salvation might see;
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

5. Oh! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Saviour possessed,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the goodness of God.

1. Hum - ble prais - es, ho - ly Je - sus, In - fant voic - es raise to Thee;
 2. Bless - ed Sa - viour, thou hast bid - den Babes like us to come to Thee;
 3. Thanks to Thee, who free - ly gave us Thy ex - alt - ed Son to die;

In thy arms, O Lord, re - ceive us; Suf - fer us thy lambs to be.
 Once, by thy dis - ci - ples chidden, Thou didst bless such ones as we.
 From e - ter - nal death to save us, Glo - ry be to God on high.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He whose word can ne'er be broken,
 Chose thee for his own abode.
2. On the Rock of Ages founded,
 Who can shake her sure repose?
 With salvation's wall surrounded,
 She can smile at all her foes.
3. See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,

- Well supply her sons and daughters,
 And the fear of want remove;
4. Who can faint while such a river
 Onward flows her thirst t' assuage—
 Grace, which, like the Lord—the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
 5. Round each habitation hov'ring,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near.

NOW THE SAVIOUR'S STANDING PLEADING.

107

Fine.

1. { Now the Sa - viour's standing, pleading, At the sin - ner's bolt - ed heart; }
 { Now in heaven he's in - ter - ceding, Un - der - tak - ing sin - ner's part. }
D.C. Once he died for your be - haviour, Now he calls you to his charms.

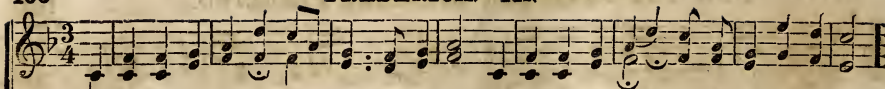
Chorus. *D. C.*
 Sin - ner can you hate the Saviour! Will you thrust him from your arms'

2.
 Jesus stands, Oh, how amazing,
 Stands and knocks at every door;
 In his hands ten thousand blessings,
 Proffered to the wretched poor, &c.

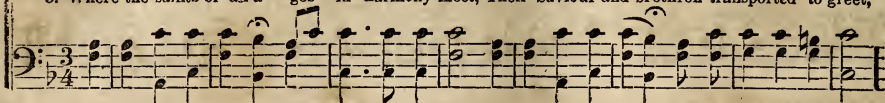
3.
 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
 To prepare you heavenly rest;
 Listen, while he kindly calls you,
 Hear, and be forever blest, &c.

4.
 Now he has not come to judgment,
 To condemn your wretched race;
 But to ransom ruined sinners,
 And display unbounded grace, &c.

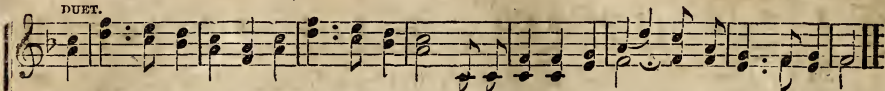
5.
 Will you plunge in endless darkness,
 There to bear eternal pain;
 Or to realms of glorious brightness
 Rise, and with him ever reign, &c.



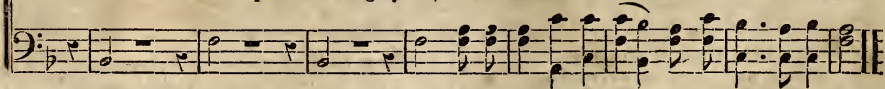
1. I would not live al-way! I ask not to stay Where storm after storm ris-es dark o'er the way;
2. I would not live al-way! thus fettered by sin! Temptation without, and cor-ruption within!
3. I would not live al-way! no, welcome the tomb! Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
4. Who, who would live alway, a - way from his God— A- way from yon heav-en, that blissful a-bode;
5. Where the saints of all a - ges in harmony meet, Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,



DUET.



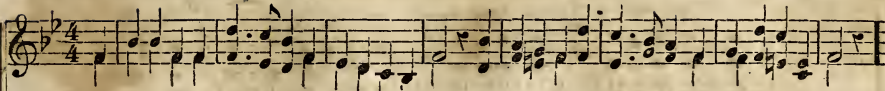
The few bar-id mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thankgiv-ing with pen-itent tears.
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me a-rise, To hail him in tri-umph de-scending the skies.
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory e-ter-nal-ly reigns.
 While the anthems of rapture unceasing-ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!



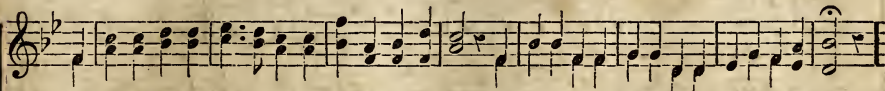
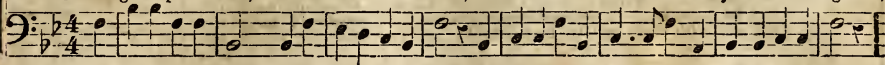
- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd. 2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
 Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear.
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
 O, what shall I ask of thy providence more! 4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
 Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love. |
|--|--|

WE WON'T GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

Arr. by A. CULL. 109



1. We won't give up the Bible, God's holy book of truth, The blessed staff of hoary age, The guide of early youth.
2. We won't give up the Bible, For it alone can tell The way to save our ruined souls From being sent to hell.
3. We won't give up the Bible; But if you force away What is as our own life-blood dear, We still with joy could say;
4. We won't give up the Bible, We'll shout it far and wide, Until the echo shall be heard Beyond the rolling tide;

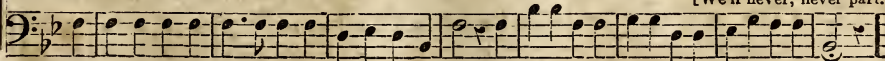


The lamp which sheds a glorious light O'er every dreary road, The voice which speaks a Saviour's love, And leads
[us home to God.

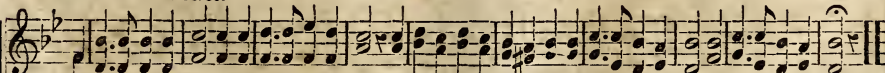
And it alone can tell us how We can have hopes of heaven, That thro' the Saviour's precious blood Our sins may
[be forgiven.

"The words that we have learned while young Shall follow all our days; For they're engraven on our hearts. And
[still shall guide our ways."

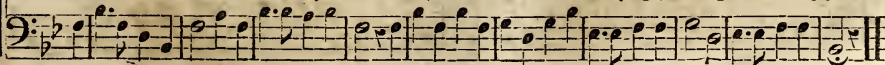
Till all shall know that we, tho' young, Withstand each treach'rous art; And that from God's own sacred word
[We'll never, never part.



CHORUS to each verse.



We won't give up the Bible, God's holy book of truth, The blessed staff of hoary age, The guide of early youth.



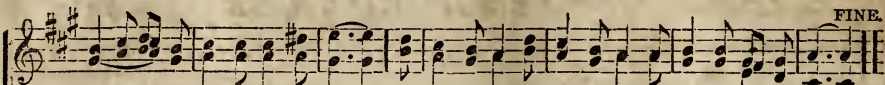
PARTING HYMN.

From "LINDEN HARP."



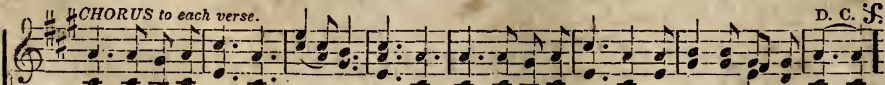
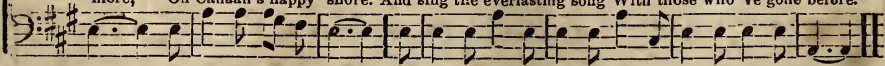
- | | | | |
|----|--|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. | { How pleas-ant thus to dwell be - low In fel - low-ship of love ; | } The good shall meet a - | |
| | And, though we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good will meet a - bove ; | | |
| 2. | { Yes, happy thought! When we are free From earthly grief and pain, | | } And nev - er part a - |
| | In heaven we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain, | | |
| 3. | { The chil - dren who have loved the Lord, Shall hail their teachers there ; | } Of all their toil and | |
| | And teach - ers gain the rich re - ward Of all their toil and care ; | | |
| 4. | { Then let us each, in strength divine, Still walk in wisdom's ways ; | } In nev - er end - ing | |
| | That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er end - ing praise! | | |

D. C. To meet, to part no

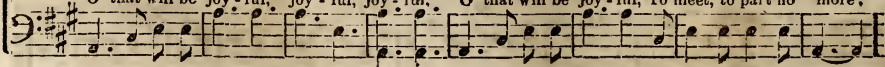


FINE.

- | | |
|---------|---|
| - bove, | The good shall meet above ; And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good shall meet above. |
| - gain, | And nev - er part a - gain ; In heaven we shall each other see, And never part a - gain. |
| care, | Of all their toil and care ; And teachers gain the rich reward Of all their toil and care. |
| praise! | In nev - er end - ing praise! That we, with those we love, may join In never ending praise! |
| more, | On Canaan's happy shore. And sing the everlasting song With those who've gone before. |



O that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, O that will be joy - ful, To meet, to part no more ;

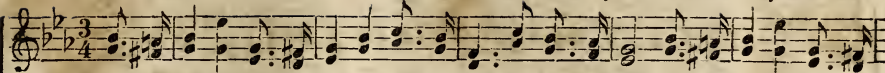


Moderato.
SEMI-CHORUS.

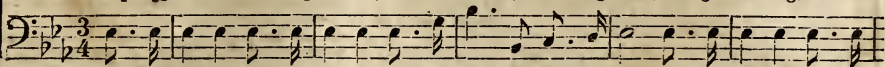
CHARITY.

III

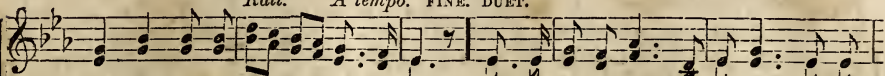
Music by S. GLOVER. Arr. by A. CULL.



1. Meek and lowly, pure and holy, Chief among the "blessed three:" Turning sadness into
2. Hop-ing ev-er, fail-ing nev-er, Tho' deceived, believing still; Long a-bid-ing, all-con-

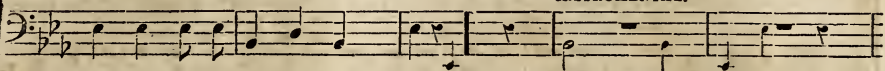


Rall. *A tempo.* FINE. DUET.



gladness, Heav'n-born art thou, charity. Pi-ty reigneth in thy bosom, Kindness
fid-ing, To thy heavenly Father's will. Nev-er weary of well-doing, Nev-er

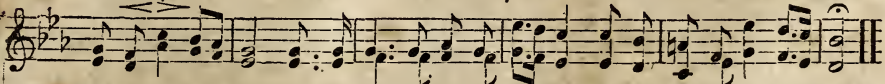
INSTRUMENTAL.



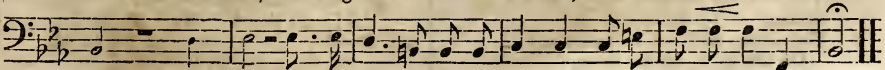
TRIO.

f

*D. C. al Fine, with
Full Chorus.*



reigneth o'er thy heart, Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee, Judgment hath in thee no part.
fear-ful of the end, Claiming all mankind as brothers, Thou dost all mankind befriend.



1. { Be - hold ! behold ! the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross. } { Now hear his
For you he shed his precious blood, On the cross, on the cross. } { "E - loi la-

all - im - port - ant cry, }
ma - sa - bac - tha - ni ;" } Draw near and see your Saviour die On the cross, On the cross.

2. Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross,
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me
On the cross, on the cross,

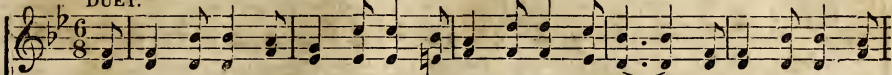
3. Let every mourner come and cling
To the cross, to the cross,
Let every Christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross.
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,
On the cross, on the cross.

MODERATO.

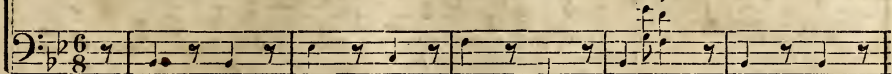
GOD BLESS THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. Music by A. CULL. 113

(Words written for the Anniversary of the Brooklyn Sunday-schools in May, 1859, by G. W. BLEECKER.)

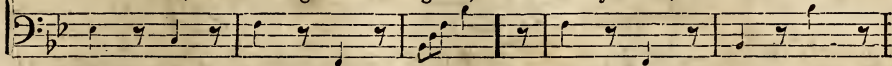
DUET.



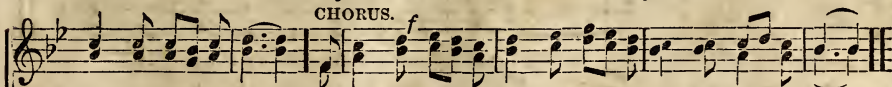
1. Dear friends, with joy we meet you here, On this our festive day, To bless God for the
2. 'T is there we learn how Je-sus died To save our ruined race; How he was mocked and



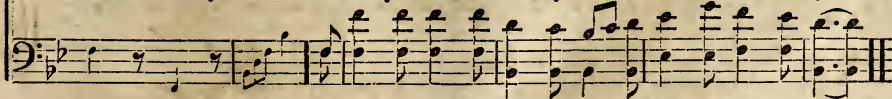
Sun-day school: O join our sim-ple lay. The Sunday school, the Sunday school, God
cru - ci-fied, That we might share his grace, The Sunday school, &c.



CHORUS.



bless the Sunday school. The Sunday school, the Sunday school, God bless the Sunday school.



3. While teachers look to God in prayer,
His Spirit to impart,
O may the lessons taught us there
Be graven on each heart — *Chorus.*

4. When spring with verdure clothes the scene,
When summer breezes blow,
'Mid winter's snows and tempests keen,
To Sunday school we'll go. — *Chorus.*

Beau-ti-ful star in heaven so bright, Soft-ly falls thy sil-very light, As thou movest from
earth a-far, Star of the eve-ning, beau-ti-ful star, Star of the eve-ning, beau-ti-ful star.
Chorus. Duo. Chorus.
Beau-ti-ful Star, Beau-ti-ful Star.
Beau-ti-ful Star, Beau-ti-ful Star.
Star of the eve-ning, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Star.
Star, Star of the eve-ning, eve-ning.

2. In Fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, come from earth away.
Upward thy Spirit's pinions try
To realms of love beyond the sky.

3. Shine on, O Star of love divine,
And may our souls' affections twine
Around thee as thou movest afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful Star!

* By permission of J. H. Hidley, publisher.

Duett.

1. We love to go to Sab-bath school, Sis-ter and I, sis-ter and I;
 2. Our Teacher we do dear-ly love— Sis-ter and I, sis-ter and I;

And, be the weather foul or fair, We pur-pose to be al-ways there,
 She comes and takes us by the hand, And points us to the bet-ter land,

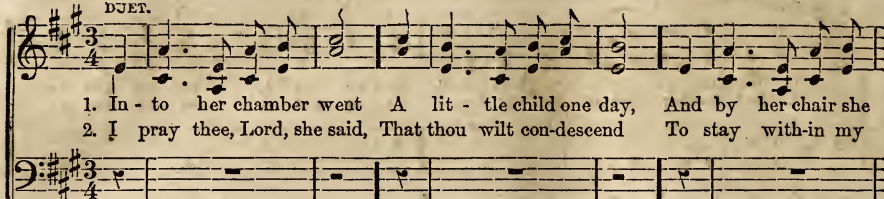
To lis-ten to the opening pray'r, Sis-ter and I, sis-ter and I.
 And tries to make us un-derstand— Sis-ter and I, sis-ter and I.

3 Our father—mother too, we love—
 Sister and I, sister and I;
 While many boys and girls there are,
 Whose parents for them do not care,
 We of the good things richly share—
 Sister and I, sister and I.

4 We ought to love the Saviour most—
 Sister and I, sister and I;
 For if we love and serve him best,
 In his own bosom we shall rest,
 And be in heav'n forever blest—
 Sister and I, sister and I,

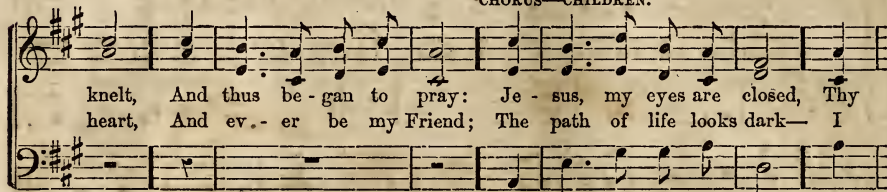
From "Songs for the Sabbath School and Vestry," by permission of HENRY HOYT, publisher.

DJET.

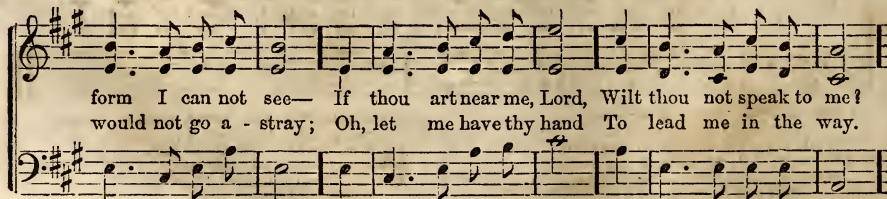


1. In - to her chamber went A lit - tle child one day, And by her chair she
2. I pray thee, Lord, she said, That thou wilt con-descend To stay with-in my

CHORUS—CHILDREN.



knel't, And thus be - gan to pray: Je - sus, my eyes are closed, Thy
heart, And ev - er be my Friend; The path of life looks dark— I



form I can not see— If thou art near me, Lord, Wilt thou not speak to me?
would not go a - stray; Oh, let me have thy hand To lead me in the way.

* From "Songs for the Sabbath School and Vestry," by permission of HENRY HOYT, publisher.

ANSWER TO THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

117

ANSWER BY THE TEACHERS. LAST VERSE BY THE WHOLE SCHOOL.

A still, small voice she heard with - - - - - in her soul,
 "Fear not, thou shalt not run the..... race a - - lone;"

"What is it, child? I hear thee,..... tell me all,"
 She thought she felt a soft hand..... press her own.

3. They tell me, Lord, that all
 The living pass away;
 The aged soon must die,
 And even children may;
 Oh, let my parents live,
 Till I a woman grow;
 For if they die what can
 A little orphan do?

Fear not, my child: whatever | ills may | come,
 I'll not forsake thee, till I | bring thee | home."

4. Her little prayer was said,
 And from her chamber, now,
 She passed forth with the light
 Of heaven upon her brow.
 "Mother, I've seen the Lord;
 His hand in mine I felt;
 And oh, I heard him say,
 As by my chair I knelt,

Fear not, my child; whatever | ills may | come,
 I'll not forsake thee, till I | bring thee | home."

THE DEAREST SPOT.

Music by WEIGHTMAN.

Arranged by A. CULL.

Moderate: 1st time Semi-Chorus.

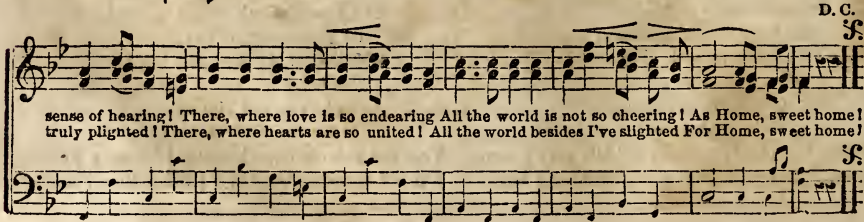


The dear - est spot of earth to me Is Home, sweet home! The fai - ry land I
I've taught my heart the way to prize My Home, sweet home, I've learned to look with



long to see Is Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home! There how charm'd the
lov - er's eyes On Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home! There where vows are
Is (OMIT.) Home, sweet home! FINE.

DUET.



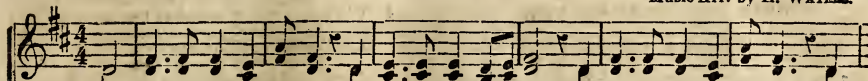
sense of hearing! There, where love is so endearing All the world is not so cheering! As Home, sweet home!
truly plighted! There, where hearts are so united! All the world besides I've slighted For Home, sweet home!

D. C.

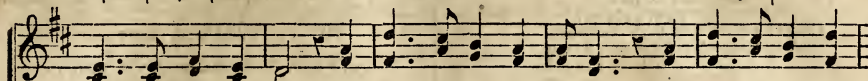
I OUGHT TO LOVE MY MOTHER.

119

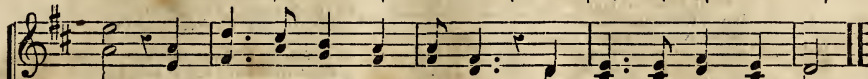
Music Arr. by H. WATERS.



1 I ought to love my mother;— She lov'd me long a - go: There is on earth no oth - er That
2 When in my cra-dle ly - ing, Or on her lov-ing breast, She gent-ly hushed my crying, And



ev - er loved me so, When a weak babe, much tri - al I caused her, and much
reck'd her babe to rest, When a - ny thing has ailed me, To her I told my



care; For me no self - de - ni - al Nor la - bor did she spare.
grief; Her fond love nev - er failed me, In find - ing some re - lief.

3 What sight is that which, near me,
Makes home a happy place,
And has such power to cheer me?—
It is my mother's face.
What sound is that which ever
Makes my young heart rejoice
With tones that tire me never?
It is my mother's voice.

4 When she is ill, to tend her
My daily care shall be;
Such help as I can render
Will all be joy to me.
Though I can ne'er repay her
For all her tender care,
I will honor and obey her,
While God our lives shall spare.

ONLY BE SURE OF HEAVEN.

Tune on the 121st page.

1. WHAT though we slumber with the dead,
 An hundred years to come?
 What though for us no tears are shed,
 An hundred years to come?
 Our Saviour slept
 In Joseph's tomb,
 And shall we fear
 Its shadowy gloom?
 Ah, no! triumphant faith shall sing
 That death has lost its venom'd sting,
 Since Christ our Lord has come.
2. Our Father, thou that hearest prayer,
 Imploring now we come,
 O may thy grace each one prepare
 For death, our certain doom.
 Then doubt nor fear
 Shall dim that hour,
 When we shall feel
 The tyrant's power;
 But joyful shall our spirits rise,
 To greet thy coming in the skies,
 To bring thy children home.
3. All, all who shall in Jesus sleep,
 An hundred years to come,
 Not one will ever wake to weep,
 An hundred years to come.
 They only die
 To live again
 In worlds of light,
 With Christ to reign.
 Then hail, all hail! each passing year
 Your rapid flight shall bring us near
 To our eternal home.

4. 'Tis well to die, if this shall be,
 An hundred years to come,—
 If in that land safe dwellers we,
 An hundred years to come,—
 Where sin comes not,
 With dark alloy,
 Nor death, to mar
 Our rising joy;
 Where God away shall wipe all tears,
 And life shall measure endless years
 In heaven, our blissful home. J. B. OSGOOD.

THE TEMPERANCE COMPACT.

Tune, "SAY, BROTHERS, WILL YOU MEET US."

- Girls.* 1. Say, brothers, will you join us?
 Say, brothers, will you join us?
 Say, brothers, will you join us?
 The drunkard's child to save?
- Boys.* In the Saviour's name we'll join you,
 In the Saviour's name we'll join you,
 In the Saviour's name we'll join you,
 The drunkard's child to save.
- Boys.* 2. Say, sisters, will you join us? [*repeat twice.*]
 The drunkard's life to save?
- Girls.* In the Saviour's name we'll join you, [*repeat.*]
 The drunkard's life to save.
- Boys and Girls.*
 3. Fathers, mothers, teachers, join us, [*repeat.*]
 The drunkard's home to save?
- Adults.* In the Saviour's name we'll join you, [*repeat.*]
 The drunkard's home to save.
- Boys and Girls.*
 4. Neighbors, friends, and strangers, join us, [*repeat.*]
 The drunkard's soul to save;
- All.* Yes! we'll swell the blissful chorus, [*repeat.*]
 When Christ the lost shall save.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "Where! where will be the birds that sing, A hundred years to come? The flowers that now in". The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: "beauty spring, A hundred years to come? The ro-sy lips, the lofty brow, The heart that". The third system concludes the piece with the lyrics: "beats So gay-ly now, { O where will be love's beaming eye, Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh } A hundred years to come." The piano part provides a steady accompaniment throughout.

2 Who'll press for gold this crowded street.
 A hundred years to come?
 Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
 A hundred years to come?
 Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
 And childhood with its heart of truth,
 The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
 Where will the mighty millions be
 A hundred years to come?

3 We all within our graves shall sleep
 A hundred years to come;
 No living soul for us will weep
 A hundred years to come;
 But other men our lands will till,
 And others then our streets will fill,
 While other birds will sing as gay,
 And bright the sun shine as to-d -
 A hundred years to come.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

WITH SPIRIT.

Arr. by A. CULL. Newly harmonized

1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There remains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone be-
 2. He is fit-ting up my mansion, Which e-ter-nal-ly shall stand, For my stay shal not be
 3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share, But in that ce-les-tial
 4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo-ry; Shout your triumphs as you go; Zi-on's gates will o-pen

CHORUS.

- fore me, To ful-fill my soul's request; There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the
 transient, In that ho-ly hap-py land, There is rest, &c.
 cen-tre, I a crown of life shall wear; There is rest; &c.
 for you, You shall find an entrance thro'. There is rest, &c.

wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you—On the oth-er side of

Musical score for 'REST FOR THE WEARY. Concluded.' featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in 4/4 time. The treble staff has a forte dynamic marking 'f' above the first measure. The lyrics 'Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.' are written below the treble staff.

I LOVE THEE.

Arranged by Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

Musical score for 'I LOVE THEE.' featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the treble staff:

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God;
2. O Je - sus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest! My life and sal - va - tion, my joy and my rest;
3. O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King; He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;

Musical score for 'I LOVE THEE.' featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the treble staff:

I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know, But how much I love thee I nev - er can show.
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song, Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill, While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

THE LIVING REDEEMER.

Tune, "KIND WORDS."

1. JESUS forever lives,
Praise we his name;
His blood salvation gives,
His love proclaim.
Once He with pitying eye,
Looked on our misery,
Saw us condemned to die;
For us He died.

Chorus.—Jesus forever lives,
Ever lives, ever lives,
Jesus forever lives,
Yes, ever lives.

2. Jesus forever reigns,
Crown we our King;
His glory wakes the strains;
Saints, angels sing.
Though He a babe became,
Dwelt in a mortal frame,
Bore for us grief and shame,—
Now King He reigns.

Chorus.—Jesus forever reigns, &c.

3. Jesus forever loves;
Precious His grace!
Those whom He once approves,
Lives to His praise.
No change of worldly state,
No scorn of vile or great,
Can his regard abate.
Faithful His love!

Chorus.—Jesus forever loves, &c.

4. Jesus forever saves
Those whom He loves;
Over sorrow's wildest waves
His power He proves,

When night is long and drear,
When grief is most severe,
He bids us never fail;
He lives to save.

Chorus.—Jesus forever loves, &c.

REV. H. B. GOWER.

THE BIBLE AND LIBERTY.

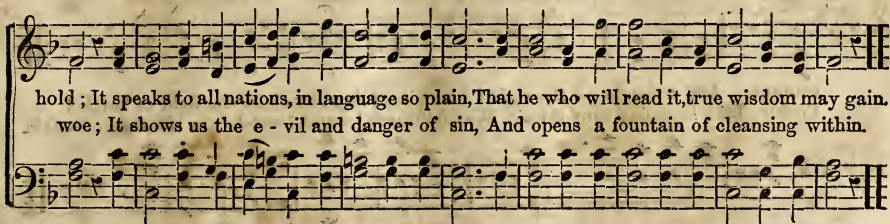
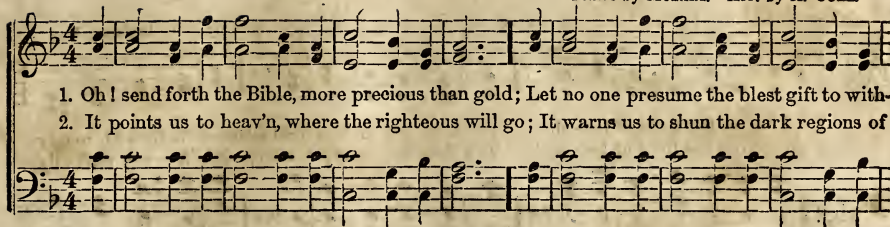
For Fourth of July. Tune, "WEBB."

1. ONCE more with hallowed feeling,
We join the blest employ,
Our nation's praises pealing
In songs of festive joy;
And back the loud hosanna
Shall roll from sea to sea,
Till mountain and savanna
Re-echo—"We are free."
2. We love the Book which lighted
The glow of patriot fires,
When Freedom was benighted,
In the bosom of our sires.
They shed their blood to save us,
And gained our liberty;
But the greatest boon they gave us
The Bible was made free!
3. Our land is Virtue's dwelling,
Here Science builds her shrine,
And happy hearts are swelling
With joy almost divine:
And we, in emulation,
Here pledge ourselves to be
The guardians of the Nation—
We'll keep the Bible free!
4. Then come, with hallowed feeling,
Join in the blest employ,
Our nation's praises pealing
In songs of festive joy.
Till back the loud hosanna
Shall roll from sea to sea,
From mountain and savanna,—
We'll keep the Bible free!—REV. S. DYER.

OH! SEND FORTH THE BIBLE.

125

Music by MOZART. Arr. by A. CULL.



3.
It tells us of One who is mighty to save,
Who died on the cross, and arose from the
grave;
Who dwelleth on high, in that holy abode,
Interceding for man with a pardoning God.

4.
Oh! who would neglect such a volume as this,
That warns us of danger, invites us to bliss!
Send forth the blest Bible, earth's regions a-
round,
Wherever the footsteps of man may be found.

THE CHRISTIAN HERO.*

"Fight the good fight of faith,"—1 Tim. vi. 12.

Words and Music by Rev. EDWIN H. NEVIN.

Arr. by E. R. RUSSELL, Esq.

1. Live on the field of bat-tle! Be earn-est in the fight; Stand forth with manly
 2. Watch on the field of bat-tle! The foe is ev-ery where; His fi-ery darts fly

courage, And struggle for the right! Live! live! live! live! On the field of battle!
 thickly, Like lightning thro' the air. Watch! watch! watch! watch! On the field of battle.

3. Pray on the field of battle!
 God works with those who pray;
 His mighty arm can nerve us,
 And make us win the day.
 Pray! pray! pray! pray!
 On the field of battle.

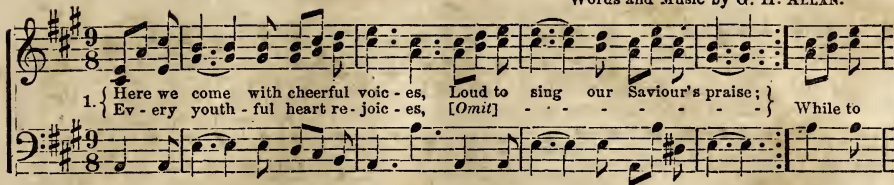
4. Die on the field of battle!
 'Tis noble thus to die;
 God smiles on valiant soldiers—
 Their record is on high,
 Die! die! die! die!
 On the field of battle.

* From "Union Hymns and Music," by permission of Rev. H. B. GOWER.

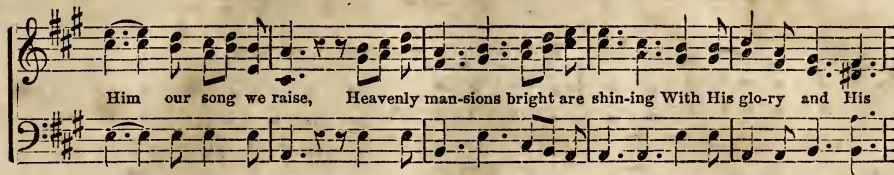
HERE WE COME WITH CHEERFUL VOICES.

127

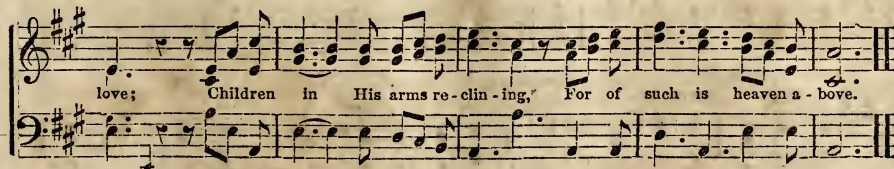
Words and Music by G. H. ALLAN.



1. { Here we come with cheerful voices, Loud to sing our Saviour's praise; }
 { Ev-ery youth-ful heart re-joice, [Omit] } While to



Him our song we raise, Heavenly man-sions bright are shin-ing With His glo-ry and His

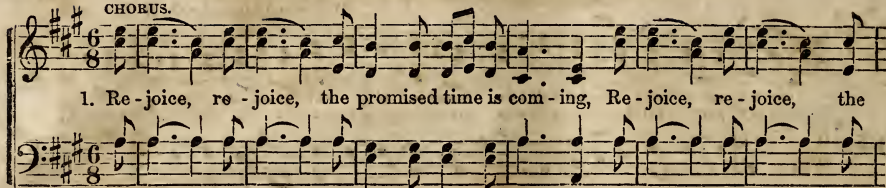


love; Children in His arms re-clin-ing, For of such is heaven a-bove.

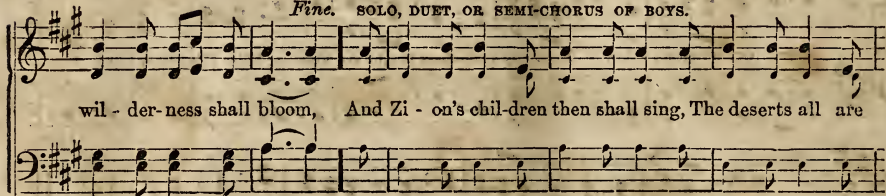
2. Waving palms are cast before Him,
 Garlands bright perfume the air;
 Thousands now in love adore Him,
 As He comes triumphant there.
 "Glory in the highest, glory,"
 Swells again the joyful strain;
 "Blessed is the King," whose story
 Fills the heavens, and earth, and main.

4. Let us then, with cheerful voices,
 Glad the cheerful theme prolong;
 Echo back till heaven rejoices,
 Praise in never-ending song;
 Loving Him above all other
 Friends whom dearly now we love;
 Son of God, our Elder Brother,
 Saviour, King, He reigns above!

CHORUS.

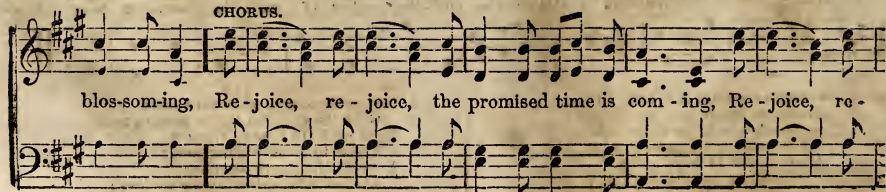


1. Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the

Fine. SOLO, DUET, OR SEMI-CHORUS OF BOYS.

wil - der-ness shall bloom, And Zi - on's chil-dren then shall sing, The deserts all are

CHORUS.



blos-som-ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re -

REJOICE, or MILLENNIUM. Concluded.

129

DUET, OR SEMI-CHORUS OF GIRLS.

joyce, the wilderness shall bloom. The Gospel banner, wide unfurl'd, Shall wave in triumph

o'er the world, And every creature, bond and free, Shall hail the glorious ju - bi - lee. *D.C.*

2. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
 From Zion shall the law go forth,
 And all shall hear from south to north:
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
 And truth shall sit on every hill,
 And blessings flow in every rill,
 And praise shall every heart employ,
 And every voice shall shout with joy:
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

3. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;
 And lambs shall with the leopard play,
 For naught shall harm in Zion's way:
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.
 The sword and spear, of needless worth,
 Shall prune the tree and plow the earth:
 And peace shall smile from shore to shore,
 And nations learn to war no more:
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

OH! THE SABBATH MORNING.

Tune—"PRAIRIE FLOWER."

1. Oh! the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright,
Joyfully we hail its golden light;
All the gloomy shadows chasing far away,
Bringing us the pleasant day.

Chorus. Day, calm and holy—day nearest heaven,
Day which a Father's love has given;
Oh! the Sabbath morning! beautiful and bright,
Glad we hail its golden light.

2. All the days of labor ended one by one,
Glad are we the six days' work is done;
Glad to have a day of sweet and holy rest,
'T is the day that God has blest,
Day calm and holy, &c.

3. Let us spend the moments of this holy day,
So that when they have all passed away,
Sweet 'twill be to think—the quiet Sabbath ev'n
Bring us one day nearer heaven.
Day, calm and holy, &c.

Tune—NUREMBURG.

1. I AM young, but I must die,
In my grave I soon shall lie;
Am I ready now to go,
If the will of God be so?
2. Lord, prepare me for my end,
To my heart thy Spirit send.
Help me, Jesus, thee to love,
Take my soul to heaven above.
3. Then I shall with Jesus be
Then I shall my Saviour see;
Never more to suffer pain,
Never more to sin again.

SABBATH SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

Tune—"O, COME LET US SING."

1. How blest, blest are we,
On this our festal evening,
Where every heart can share a part
Of joy full and free;
And join to sing, in joyful lays,
Our hymn of gratitude and praise,
To Him who crowns our days—
How blest, blest are we.

2. While years rush along,
May we be ever hastening
To worlds above of light and love,
To join that bright throng;
Oh, may we ever keep the way,
That leads to everlasting day,
And never, never stray,
While years rush along.

3. Our life glides away,
Like silent waters flowing;
And ere we think we reach the brink
Where all launch away;
Then, while its moments wing their flight,
We 'll spend each one in doing right,
Working with all our might,
While life glides away.

4. Oh, Saviour above!
Our humbler prayer accepting,
Grant us the grace to spend our days
In joy, peace and love;
And when the scenes of life are o'er,
Then take us to yon heavenly shore,
Safely, forevermore,
To dwell in thy love!

SIDNEY DYER

GATHER THEM IN.

31

Prompt.

Gather them in from the lanes and streets; Gather them in from their dark retreats, From haunts of folly, and

Chorus. Lively.

dens of crime, Gather them in, in their early prime. Gladly! gladly! gladly we'll hear and obey;

Hear and obey! Hear and obey! Hear and obey the Savior's rule And gather them all to the Sabbath,

2 Gather them in, in the numbers vast,
Which common arithmetic scarce can cast;
Gather them in from the countless throng
Which in heaven shall raise the endless song.
Gladly! Gladly! &c.

3 Gather them in from the drunkard's cup,
Drying the sources of vigor up;
Gather them in from the scenes of strife;
Gather them in to the way of life.
Gladly! Gladly! &c.

4 Gather them in from the blow and curse,
Making, by cruelty, bad ones worse;
Gather them in to the gentle rule
Of the Christian church and the Sabbath-school.
Gladly! Gladly! &c.

5 Gather them in with a burning zeal;
Gather them in for the nation's weal;
Gather them in for the garner above,
Where faith and hope shall be lost in love.
Gladly! Gladly! &c.

OH! I'LL BE A GOOD CHILD.

Words by Rev. C. W. DENISON.
SOLO or DUET.

As sung by little Martha Davies.

Music by M.
Arr. by H. WATERS.

1. Oh! I'll be a good child as ev-er I can be, I'll mind what my teacher says to me, I'll
2. When wick-ed children tempt me to play, I'll ask my Saviour to send them a-way; And

read my Bi-ble and keep the rule, And ear-ly come to the Sab-bath school.
if they want me to do any wrong, I'll go to the Lord with my lit-tle song.

CHORUS.

Oh! yes, Oh! yes, I love my teacher still, I'll be a good child, in-deed I will.

3. On the holy Sabbath day I love,
I'll raise my song to the God above;
My childish feet shall tread the court,
Where happy Christian flocks resort.
Oh! yes, oh! yes, &c.

4. When all my journey on earth is done,
I'll quick to the arms of my Shepherd run;
He'll fold me close to his gentle breast,
There safe for ever will I rest.
Oh! yes, oh! yes, &c.

1. Great Shepherd of the sheep, Who all thy flock doth keep, Leading by waters calm,
2. I fear I may be torn By many a sharp set thorn, As far from Thee I stray,—

Do thou my footsteps guide, To fol-low by thy side, Make me thy lit-tle lamb.
My weary feet may bleed, For rough are paths which lead Out of thy pleasant way,

3. But when the road is long,
Thy tender arm, and strong,
The weary one will bear;
And thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
Where all the flowers are fair.

4. Till, from the soil of sin,
Cleansed and made pure within,
Dear Saviour, whose I am,
Thou bringest me in love,
To thy sweet fold above,
A little, snow-white lamb.

* As sung by the children at the Five Points House of Industry.

CHEERFUL.

Music by REV. ROB. LOWRY.

1. I know 'tis Je - sus loves my soul, And makes the wounded sin - ner whole;
Chor. Staccato.—Sweetly, sweetly, sweetly singing, Let us praise him, praise him, praise him, bringing

Repeat Chorus, Soft.
 My na - ture is by sin de - filed, Yet Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.
 Happy voice - es, voice - es, voice - es, ringing, Like the songs of an - gels around the throne.

2. How kind is Jesus, O how good!
 'T was for my soul he shed his blood;
 For children's sake he was reviled,
 For Jesus loves a little child,
 Sweetly singing, &c.

If I repent, he's reconciled,
 For Jesus loves a little child.
 Sweetly singing, &c.

3. When I offend by thought or tongue,
 Omit the right, or do the wrong,

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.
 Sweetly singing, &c.

MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS. Music by Rev. R. LOWRY. 135

1. Morn a-mid the mountains—Love-ly sol-i-tude! Gush-ing streams and

Boys. GIRLS. CHORUS.
Repeat soft.

fountains Mur-mur "God is good." Mur-mur, mur-mur, murmur "God is

Boys. GIRLS. CHORUS.

good." Mur-mur, mur-mur, mur-mur, "God is good." good."

2. Now, the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo, "God is good."
Echo, echo, echo, "God is good."

3. Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good."
Warble, warble, warble "God is good."

4. Wake, and join the chorus,
Child, with soul endued;
God, whose smile is o'er us,
Evermore is good.
Ever, ever, evermore is good.

THANKS FOR THE PAST, AND RESOLVES FOR
THE FUTURE

Tune—"HAPPY DAY."

1. The year has flown, and we again
In festive joys together meet;
And oh, we sing a sweeter strain
Than e'er before, our friends to greet,
Blessed year, blessed year,
To many hearts now gathered here,
For they have bathed in Mercy's pool,
Led thither by the Sabbath School;
Blessed year, blessed year,
Which led us to the Saviour here.
2. God's holy Word has been our guide,
Enlightened by the Spirit's ray;
We thus were taught how Jesus died
To wash our guilt and sins away.
Blessed hour, blessed hour,
When first we felt the Saviour's power;
And from that Fountain ever full;
Grace overflowed our Sabbath School;
Blessed hour, blessed hour,
When first we felt the Saviour's power.
3. As in the clear and quiet skies,
The clustering stars of evening shine,
The light of truth upon our eyes
Has shone with beams of grace divine;
Blessed light, blessed light,
Which led our feet from error's night,
And brought us to the heavenly stream
Where "living waters" ever gleam,
Blessed light, blessed light,
Still guide us to its waters bright.
4. Now let us all resolve anew,
That love and zeal shall ne'er grow cool;
But strive henceforth what each can do,
To make a better Sabbath School;
Blest employ, blest employ;
On earth there is no sweeter joy,
Than, seated in the Sabbath School,

To train the young for Jesus rule.
Blest employ, blest employ,
We all can share this heavenly joy, S. DYER.

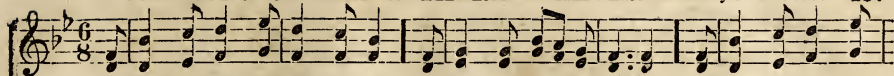
NO SORROW THERE.

Tune—"NO SORROW THERE."

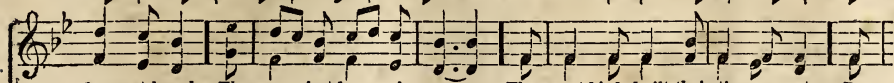
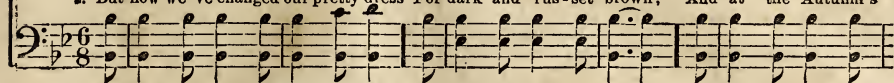
1. COME sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high!
- Chorus. There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.
2. When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.
There'll, &c.
3. When the last moments come,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow,
Which in each feature plays.
There'll, &c.
4. Then to my raptured ear,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
There'll, &c.
5. Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.
There'll, &c.
6. When round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love—
Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.
There'll, &c.

* * The tune "No sorrow there," for sale by the publishers
of this book.—Price, 8 cents.

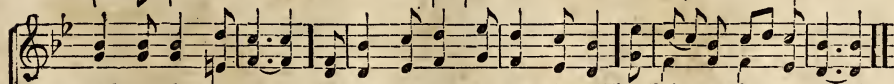
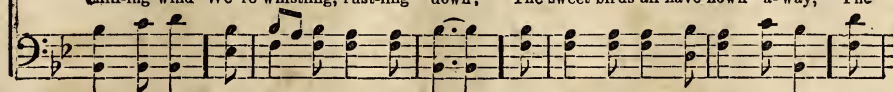
THE SONG OF THE WITHERED LEAVES. Music by J. R. Osgood. 137



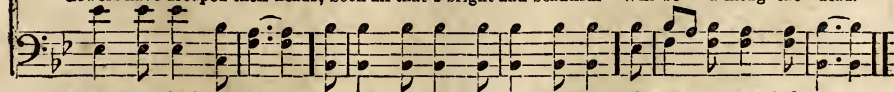
1. On - ly a few short months a-go, And we were fresh and green, And swinging from the
2. But now we've changed our pretty dress For dark and rus-set brown; And at the Autumn's



topmost boughs, The mer-riest leaves e'er seen. The sweet birds built their tin - y nests Be-
chill-ing wind We're whistling, rust-ling down; The sweet birds all have flown a-way, The



• neath our pleas-ant shade, And sung a-way so cheer-fully, When their pretty homes were made.
flowers have drooped their heads; Soon all that's bright and beautiful Will be a-mong the dead.



3. Ah, little children, learn of us
That life must pass away,
That all the lovely things of earth
Must perish and decay.
Learn from us not to love too well
Earth or earth's fairest things,
But seek, and ever strive to gain
Th' riches that have no wings.

4. Such riches, children, you will find
In love, in faith, and prayer,
In looking toward your heavenly home,
Placing your treasure there.
In deeds of charity to all
You have the power to bless:
These, when all earthly powers fail,
Will bring you happiness.

THERE'S SORROW ON THE DEEP.*

SLOW. WITH EXPRESSION.

Music by J. M. HEWES. Arr. by H. WATERS.

1. A wail comes o'er the wave, And speaks of sighing there: It moans where billows
 2. A-round the dy-ing cot, Where rag-ing fe-vers glow, With bursting hearts fond

nev-er sleep, "There's sorrow on the deep, There's sorrow on the deep."
 shipmates weep, "There's sorrow on the deep, There's sorrow on the deep."

3. When threatening clouds appear,
 And winds and waves arise;
 When o'er the main, wild tempests sweep,—
 "There's sorrow on the deep."

4. Great God of earth and skies,*
 In mercy deign to hear;
 In danger's hour the sailor keep,—
 When "sorrow's on the deep."

* By permission of O. DITSON, Boston.

LIVELY.

THE BLIND BOY.

Music by A. CULL. 139

1. It was a blessed summer's day, The flow'ets bloom'd, the air was mild, The little birds poured
 2. In pleasant thought I wandered on, Beneath the deep wood's ample shade, Till sudden-ly I

f Chorus. Repeat from *f* to Fine.
 forth their lay, And every thing in na- ture smiled. And ev-ery thing, And ev-ery thing, And
 came up- on Two children that had hith-er strayed, Two children that, Two children that, Two

3. Just at an aged birch-tree's foot,
 A little girl and boy reclined,
 His hand in hers she kindly put,
 And then I saw the boy was blind!
4. "Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
 "That little bird sings very long;
 Say, do you see him in his joy,
 And is he pretty as his song?"
5. "Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
 "I see the bird on yonder tree;"
 The poor boy sighed and gently said,—
 "Sister I wish that I could see!"
6. "The flowers, you say, are very fair,
 And bright green leaves are on the trees,

- And pretty birds are singing there—
 How beautiful for one who sees!
7. "Yet I the fragrant flower can smell,
 And can feel the green leaf's shade,
 And I can hear the notes that swell
 From those dear birds that God has made.
 8. "So, sister, God to me is kind,
 Though sight, alas! he has not given;
 But tell me, are there any blind
 Among the children up in heaven?"
 9. "No, dearest Edward, there all see!
 But wherefore ask a thing so odd?"
 "O Mary, he's so good to me,
 I thought I'd like to look at God."

WE ARE ON OUR JOURNEY HOME.

Words selected.

Music by M. W. WILSON.



We are on our journey home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around the throne Where he



makes his people one In the new Jerusalem, Je-ru-sa-lem, Jeru-sa-lem, In the new Je - ru - sa-lem.

2. We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a luster flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, &c.
3. O thou glory, shining far
From the never-setting sun!
O thou trembling morning star!
Soon our journey will be done
To the new Jerusalem.
Jerusalem, &c.

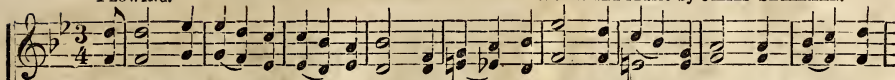
4. O thou holy, heavenly home!
O sweet rest, eternal there!
When shall all the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem?
Jerusalem, &c.
5. O! our hearts are breaking now
Heavenly mansions, fair to see;
Blessed Lord! thy heavens bow,
Raise, Oh raise us up to thee,
To the new Jerusalem.
Jerusalem, &c.

NEVER GRIEVE THE SAVIOUR.*

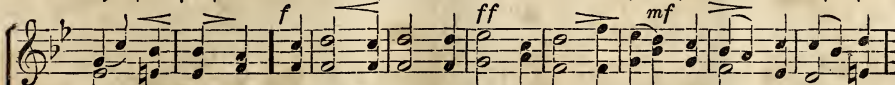
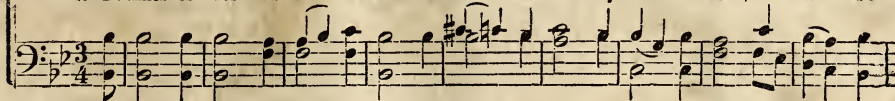
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FLOWING.

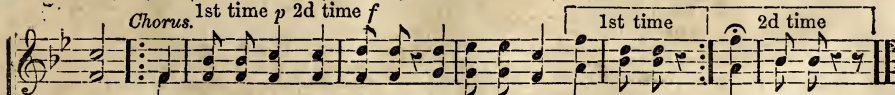
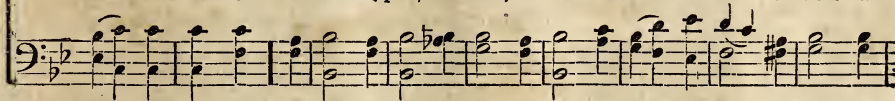
Words and Music by JAMES SHEARMAN.



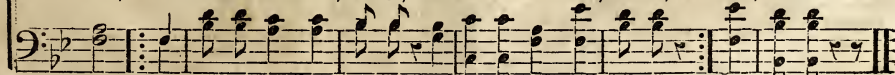
1. A year has flown, what joys we've seen, How bright with mercies has it been—We'll cher-ish
2. He is our Cap-tain and our Shield, Armed with his truth we'll nev-er yield, But fight and
3. In times of sor-row and distress Our God shall ev-ery tri-al bless; Thus will we



it for ev-er. Our grateful hearts shall ceaseless praise To Je-sus give, through all our
con-quer ev-er. In Jesus' strength we'll onward move, His pro-mise dai-ly, hour-ly
trust him ev-er. In sickness, pain, and death, his love Shall send us com-fort from a-



days, And nev-er grieve him, nev-er, And nev-er grieve him, nev-er, him, nev-er.
prove— I'll nev-er leave thee, nev-er, I'll nev-er leave thee, nev-er, thee, nev-er.
• bove, We'll nev-er doubt him, nev-er, We'll never doubt him, nev-er, him, nev-er.



* Written for the Anniversary of the Children's Prayer-meetings, Plymouth Sabbath School.

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