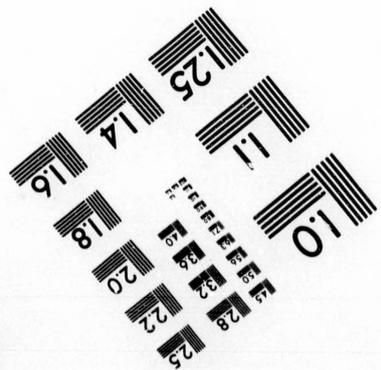
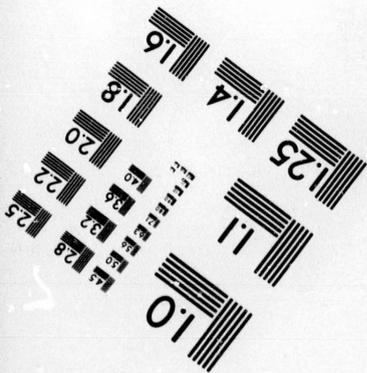
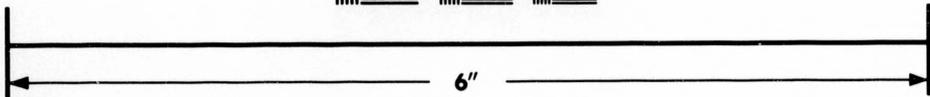
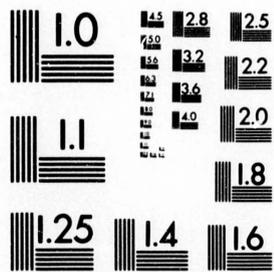


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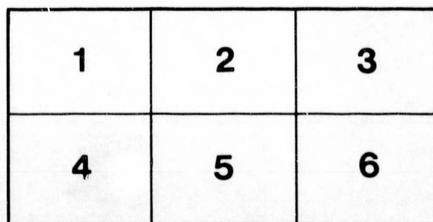
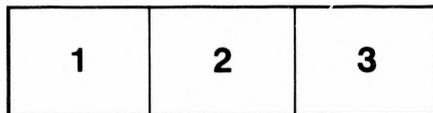
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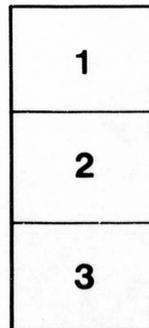
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AT THEIR ANNIVERSARY,

ON

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ANNIVERSARY HYMNS.

~~~~~  
AROUND THE THRONE. (7)

1. Around the Throne of God in Heaven  
Ten thousand children stand,  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy; happy band.  
*Cho.*—Singing, glory, glory, glory,  
Honor, praise and power,  
Be unto the Lamb forever,  
Praise Him, praise Him, praise ye  
the Lord.
2. 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?  
*Cho.*—Singing, glory.
3. Because the Saviour shed His blood,  
To wash away our sins;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean;  
*Cho.*—Singing, glory.
4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved his name;  
And now they see his blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb;  
*Cho.*—Singing, glory.

## YOUR MISSION. (18)

1. If you cannot on the ocean  
     Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
 Rocking on the highest billows,  
     Laughing at the storms you meet;  
 You can stand among the sailors,  
     Anchored yet within the bay,  
 || You can lend a hand to help them  
     As they launch their boats away. ||
  
2. If you are too weak to journey  
     Up the mountain steep and high,  
 You can stand within the valley,  
     While the multitudes go by;  
 You can chant in happy measure,  
     As they slowly pass along;  
 || Tho' they may forget the singer  
     They will not forget the song. ||
  
3. If you have not gold and silver  
     Ever ready at command;  
 If you cannot t'wards the needy  
     Reach an ever open hand;  
 You can visit the afflicted,  
     O'er the erring you can weep,  
 || You can be a true disciple,  
     Sitting at the Saviour's feet. ||
  
4. If you cannot in the conflict  
     Prove yourself a soldier true,  
 If, where fire and smoke are thickest,  
     There's no work for you to do;  
 When the battle-field is silent,  
     You can go with careful tread,

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|| You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead. ||

5. Do not, then, stand idly waiting,  
For some greater work to do;  
Fortune is a lazy goddess,  
She will never come to you.  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare,  
|| If you want a field of labor,  
You can find it anywhere. ||

---

KEEP TO THE RIGHT! (24)

March along together, ever firm and true,  
Many eyes are watching, taking note of you.  
Pleasant winds or foul ones, cloudy days or bright,  
|| Keep to the right, boys, keep to the right. ||

Raise on high your banner, that its folds may fly,  
Like the wings of eagle, sweeping o'er the sky.  
If you wish to conquer every foe you fight,  
|| Keep to the right, boys, keep to the right. ||

Of your heavenly Father strength and courage  
seek;  
Swords are to no purpose, if the heart be weak!  
Every arm endowing with a warrior's might,  
|| Keep to the right, boys, keep to the right. ||

*Love* should be our motto, *Duty* be our aim;  
Ever "overcoming" till a crown you claim;  
For a fame undying, strive with all your might;  
|| Keep to the right, boys, keep to the right. ||

## SUNDAY SCHOOL VOLUNTEER SONG.

We are marching on with shield and banner bright,  
 We will work for God and battle for the right,  
 We will praise his name, rejoicing in his might,  
 And we'll work till Jesus calls.

In the Sunday School our army we prepare,  
 As we rally round our blessed standard there,  
 And the Saviour's cross we early learn to bear,  
 While we work till Jesus calls.

*Cho.*—Then awake, then awake, happy song,  
 happy song,  
 Shout for joy, shout for joy, as we gladly  
 march along.

We are marching onward, singing as we go  
 To the Promised Land where living waters  
 flow;

Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here  
 below.

Come and work till Jesus calls.

We are marching on; our Captain, ever near,  
 Will protect us still. His gentle voice we hear.  
 Let the foe advance, we'll never, never, fear,  
 For we'll work till Jesus calls.

Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,  
 We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;  
 In the Lord of hosts let every heart be strong,  
 While we work till Jesus calls.

*Cho.*—Then awake, etc.

We are marching on the straight and narrow way  
 That will lead to life and everlasting day,  
 To the smiling fields that never will decay,  
 But we'll work till Jesus calls.

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We are marching on and pressing toward the  
 prize,  
 To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,  
 To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,  
 And will work till Jesus calls.

*Cho.*—Then awake, etc.

THE PURE IN HEART. (46)

Blessed are the pure in heart,  
 Blessed evermore,  
 They shall meet and never part  
 On the golden shore.  
 Thorny paths thin feet have trod,  
 But their rest is sure with God!

*Cho.*—|| Blessed are the pure in heart,  
 Blessed evermore. ||

Blessed are the pure in heart, free from sin and  
 stain,  
 Satan with his fiery dart tempts their feet in vain;  
 For they lean on Jesus' arm, he will keep them  
 safe from harm.

*Cho.*—Blessed, etc.

Blessed are the pure in heart! Oh! that we  
 may stand,  
 Choosing now the better part at the Lord's right  
 hand.  
 With us may his love abide, for the sake of Christ  
 who died!

*Cho.*—Blessed, etc.

## ALL THE WAY. (48)

1. I'm but a youthful pilgrim,  
 My journey's just begun,  
 They say I'll meet with sorrow  
 Before my journey's done.  
 The world is full of trouble,  
 And trials, too, they say,  
 || But I will follow Jesus  
 All the way. ||
2. Then like a little pilgrim,  
 Whatever I may meet,  
 I'll take it—joy or sorrow—  
 And lay at Jesus' feet ;  
 He'll comfort me in trouble,  
 He'll wipe my tears away,  
 || With joy I'll follow Jesus  
 All the way. ||
3. Then trials cannot vex me,  
 And pain I need not fear,  
 For when I'm close to Jesus  
 Grief cannot come too near—  
 Not even death can harm me,  
 When death I meet one day,  
 || To heaven I'll follow Jesus  
 All the way.
- 

## THE GOLDEN RULE. (28)

While our hearts are light, and our homes  
 are bright,  
 And the sun is smiling o'er us,  
 We come to learn of a brighter path,

To a better land before us ;  
 Of a royal road to that blest abode,  
 Of love and joy and beauty,  
 And the Golden Rule of our Sunday School  
 Is the upward path of duty.

*Cho.*—We will follow the Golden Rule,  
 We will follow the Golden Rule,  
 || We will follow, follow, follow, follow,  
 Follow the Golden Rule.

We will love our neighbours as ourselves,  
 We will treat them like our brothers,  
 And as we wish they should do to us,  
 So we will do to others,  
 And thus obey from day to day  
 That law so full of beauty,  
 For the Golden Rule of our Sunday School  
 Is the royal road of duty.

*Cho.*—We will follow, etc.

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### I LOVE THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

I love the Sabbath School, so do I, so do I,  
 I love the Sabbath School, so do I;  
 I'll mind its every rule, so will I, so will I,  
 I'll mind its every rule, so will I.

O happy, happy they who on this day  
 Have met to read, and sing, and pray,  
 In joyful lays we sing God's praise  
 On these precious, precious Sabbath days.

*Cho.*—Then joyful, joyful, joyful may we be,  
 Singing God's praise on these happy,  
 happy days,  
 Yes, happy, happy, happy, should we be,  
 On these precious Sabbath days.

I love the Book of truth, so do I, so do I,  
 I love the Book of truth, so do I;  
 I'll prize it in my youth, so will I, so will I,  
 I'll prize it in my youth, so will I.  
 I learn my duty there, my cross to bear,  
 And in its pages bright and fair  
 I learn to raise my heart in praise,  
 On these precious, precious Sabbath days.  
*Cho.*—Then joyful, etc.

I love my teacher dear, so do I, so do I,  
 I love my teacher dear, so do I;  
 I'll treasure what I hear, so will I, so will I,  
 I'll treasure what I hear, so will I.  
 The Sunday School to me a guide shall be,  
 A comfort o'er a troubled sea;  
 How sweet to raise our cheerful lays  
 On these precious, precious Sabbath days.  
*Cho.*—Then joyful, etc.

I love the Sabbath day, so do I, so do I,  
 I love the Sabbath day, so do I;  
 I love its gentle ray, so do I, so do I,  
 I love its gentle ray, so do I.  
 A day of hallowed rest, divinely blest,  
 Of all the week it is the best;  
 In songs of praise our voices raise  
 On these precious, precious Sabbath days.  
*Cho.*—Then joyful, etc.

*Cho.*-

---

WONDROUS LOVE. (67)

Sing, my soul, his wondrous love,  
 Who, from yon bright worlds above,

Ever watchful o'er our race,  
 Still to man extends his grace ;  
     Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

Heaven and earth by him were made,  
 He by all must be obey'd ;  
 What are we, that he should show  
 So much love to us below ?  
     Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

God, thus merciful and good,  
 Bought us with a Saviour's blood,  
 And, to make our safety sure,  
 Guides us by his spirit pure:  
     Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

Sing, my soul, adore his name,  
 Let his glory be thy theme ;  
 Praise him till he calls thee home,  
 Trust his love for all to come ;  
     Praise, oh ! praise the God of love.

---

THE YOUNG ABSTAINER. (76)

I am a young abstainer, sir,  
 From drinking customs free ;  
 If others choose the drunkard's drink,  
 Pure water give to me.

*Cho.*—Pure, cold water, water give to me,  
 For I'm a young abstainer, from drinking  
 customs free.

The drunkard is a foolish man :  
 He staggers through the streets,

And he is pointed at with scorn  
By every one he meets.

*Cho.*—Pure, cold water, etc.

The drunkard is a careless man,  
He throws his cash away ;  
He does not save his money up  
Against an evil day.

*Cho.*—Pure, cold water, etc.

The drunkard is a cruel man,  
And thus we often see  
His wretched wife and family  
In rags and misery.

*Cho.*—Pure, cold water, etc.

The drunkard is a wicked man,  
He quite neglects his mind ;  
And God will punish him for that,  
As he will surely find.

*Cho.*—Pure, cold water, etc.

The foolish man and wicked man  
May drink wine, gin and beer,  
But I prefer a wiser plan—  
My drink is water clear.

*Cho.*—Pure, cold water, etc.

I am a young teetotaller,  
From drinking customs free ;  
Can't you give up the drunkard's drink  
And come and work with me ?

*Cho.*—Pure, cold water, etc.

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## LORD'S DAY.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Glory Hallelujah!  
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah, praise the  
Lord.

He who died upon the cross, Glory Hallelujah!  
Suffer'd to redeem our loss, Hallelujah, praise the  
Lord.

*Cho.*—|| Hallelujah! Hallelujah! praise ye the  
Lord. ||

Love's redeeming work is done, Glory Hallelujah!  
Fought the fight, the battle won, Hallelujah,  
praise the Lord.

Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er, Glory Hallelujah!  
Lo! he sets in blood no more, Hallelujah, praise  
the Lord.

*Cho.*—Hallelujah, etc.

Raise the stone, the watch, the seal, Glory Hal-  
lelujah!

Christ has burst the gates of hell, Hallelujah,  
praise the Lord.

Death in vain forbids his rise, Glory Hallelujah!  
Christ has open'd Paradise, Hallelujah, praise  
the Lord.

*Cho.*—Hallelujah, etc.

Lives again our glorious King, Glory Hallelujah!  
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Hallelujah,  
praise the Lord.

Once he died our souls to save, Glory Hallelujah!  
Where's thy victory, boasting grave? Hallelujah,  
praise the Lord.

*Cho.*—Hallelujah, etc.

Soar we now where Christ has led, Glory Halle-  
lujah!

Follow our exalted head, Hallelujah, praise the  
Lord.

Made like him, like him we rise, Glory Hallelujah!  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Hallelujah,  
praise the Lord.

*Cho.*—Hallelujah, etc.

MY HOME IS THERE. (94)

Above the waves of earthly strife,  
Above the ills and cares of life,  
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;  
My home is there, my home is there.

*Cho.*—My beautiful home, my beautiful home,  
In the land where the glorified ever  
shall roam,

Where angels bright wear crowns of light,  
My home is there, my home is there.

Where living fountains sweetly flow,  
Where buds and flowers immortal grow,  
Where trees their fruit celestial bear,  
My home is there, my home is there.

*Cho.*—My beautiful home, etc.

Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,  
Away from worldly loss and gain,  
From all temptation, tears and care;  
My home is there, my home is there.

*Cho.*—My beautiful home, etc.

Beyond the bright and pearly gates,  
 Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,  
 Where all is peaceful, bright and fair;  
 My home is there, my home is there.

*Cho.*—My beautiful home, etc.

### COME, JOIN OUR BAND.

We'er marching to the Promised Land,  
 A land all fair, all fair and bright,  
 Come join our happy youthful band,  
 And seek the plains of light.

*Cho.*—O come, come, come,  
 Our glorious songs of Triumph share,  
 We soon shall reach the heavenly land,  
 And rest forever there.

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

*Cho.*—O come, etc.

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

*Cho.*—O come, etc.

Our faithful teachers point the way  
 And guide our youthful steps aright;  
 To yonder world of endless day,  
 Where Jesus is the light.

*Cho.*—O come, etc.

## ANTHEM.

## THE CHILDREN'S TE DEUM.

We praise thee, we bless thee! Thou who only  
art divine;

No name is worthy such homage as thine;  
Our heart's adoration for ever we will gladly  
bring

To thee, our Redeemer, Creator, and King.

To meet the glad echoes our voices we raise,  
And join with our souls in the anthem of praise;  
For mercies unnumbered, for tenderest care,  
For blessings Thy children so bounteously share:  
For all the sweet promises faithfully given,  
For all the bright hopes that look forward to  
Heaven:

Our voices in chorus exultingly rise,  
To join with the angels whose songs fill the skies.

We praise thee, we bless thee! Thou, who only  
art divine,

For no name is worthy such homage as thine.

With angels in glory, we herald the story,  
Glad tidings of joy and peace, thro' our Saviour  
and King.

Now joyfully blending, with rapture ascending,  
Our tribute of praise to Thee, blessed Saviour and  
King.

Our hearts warmly glowing, with melody flowing,  
All glory and praise to Thee, blessed Saviour and  
King.

Ye angels in glory, still herald the story,  
Sing praises for evermore to our Saviour and King.

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We praise thee, we bless thee, thou who only art  
divine,

No name is worthy such homage as thine;  
Our heart's adoration forever we will gladly bring  
To thee, our Creator, Redeemer and King.

|| Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen. ||  
Hallelujah, Amen, Amen.

### WILL THE ANGELS COME TO ME ?

A little boy, formerly a Sabbath School scholar, recently wrote to his teacher, an extract of which we give below :

"I have met a great loss; my mother is dead! She died happy in Jesus! A few minutes before her death she raised her head and said: 'Oh, I see the angels! they are coming, they are coming!' Then, turning to me she said: 'Be a good boy, Eddie, and meet me in Heaven!'—EDWARD C. CURTIS."

Oh, I see the shining angels,  
Gathering round my dying bed;  
With their harps and crowns of glory.

Thus a faithful mother said:  
While celestial songs were ringing  
Thro' the heavenly courts above,  
Seraphs came from glory, bringing  
Blessed words of peace and love.

*Cho.*—When I near death's stormy billow  
And earth's scenes no more can see,  
When I press my dying pillow,  
Will the angels come to me?  
Will they come, will they come,  
Will the angels come to me?

Earthly joys, I know, are fleeting;  
Earthly pleasures quickly go;

But the joys that last forever,  
 From the heavenly fountain flow !  
 When released from life's short duty,  
 My glad spirit would be free ;  
 From that land of peace and beauty,  
 Will the angels come to me ?

*Cho.*—When I near, etc.

Oh, how sweet to feel their presence,  
 In the hushed and silent room ;  
 With their bright and shining faces,  
 Gilding all the dreaded gloom !  
 When from loved friends I've parted,  
 And their tears are flowing free ;  
 When from Jordan's banks I've started  
 Will the angels come to me ?

---

THE HAPPY TIME. (119)

O the happy time is coming  
 When the Gospel trumpet's sound  
 Shall be heard by every nation,  
 To the earth's remotest bound ;  
 When the vale shall be exalted,  
 And the verdant hills rejoice,  
 And the ocean join the chorus  
 With a loud triumphant voice.

*Cho.*—Lo ! the morning light will break,  
 And the day is drawing nigh,  
 Yes, a glorious time is coming soon,  
 We shall hail it by and by.

O the happy time is coming  
 When the cry of war will cease,

And the standard of our Saviour  
 Be the olive branch of peace ;  
 Underneath our vine and fig-tree  
 We will never be afraid,  
 There is none will dare molest us  
 In this calm and quiet shade.

*Cho.*—Lo! the morning, etc.

O the happy time is coming  
 By our fathers once foretold,  
 It is promised in the Bible,  
 It was sung by prophets old ;  
 They who sit in heathen darkness,  
 Soon the morning light shall see,  
 And the world, with songs of triumph,  
 Hail the glorious jubilee.

*Cho.*—Lo! the morning, etc.

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OUR VICTORY. (120)

|| We are marching on to glory, ||  
 Lift the gospel banner high,  
 || Listen to the wondrous story, ||  
 How he gained the victory,  
 How he found the glorious way,  
 Leading to the happy gates of day.

|| *Cho.*—Let us sing, let us sing  
 Of our glorious victory. ||

|| When beset by sore temptations ||  
 Satan's host against us rose,  
 || With the armour of salvation. ||  
 Did we triumph o'er our foes;

Now we prasu the Lord on high  
For our glorious, glorious victory.

*Cho.*—Let us sing, etc.

|| When the clouds were dark above us, ||  
And the storm came on apace,  
|| He who cares for us and loves us, ||  
Was our shield and hiding place ;  
Under his protecting wing,  
Now rejoicing gladly we will sing.

*Cho.*—Let us sing, etc.

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WATER IS FREE. (127)

Children, come, while onward pressing,  
Sing cheerily,  
Thanks for bounteous nature's blessing  
To you and me,  
No money is required to buy ;  
Enough to cheer and satisfy,  
The clouds distil, the springs supply—  
Water is free.

*Cho.*—Water, pure water, yes, water is free, is free,  
Water, pure water, yes water is free.

Where the rainbow arch is gleaming,  
Fair 'tis to see,  
Where the mountain rills are streaming  
So pleasantly ;  
Where lakes in placid beauty lie ;  
Where fleecy clouds go sailing by ;  
Where ocean rolls we hear the cry,  
Water is free.

*Cho.*—Water, pure water, etc.

Not from earth, or sky, nor ocean,  
 All, all may see,  
 Comes the drunkard's fatal potion ;  
 Far, far from me  
 Shall be the drink that hurts the soul !  
 And I'll not touch the costly bowl,  
 While brooks shall run and rivers roll,  
 Water is free.

*Cho.*—Water, pure water, etc.

Come, then, children, join in singing  
 Most heartily ;  
 Thanks for crystal water springing  
 For you and me.  
 O, may our lives be like its flow,  
 So pure and clear while here below,  
 Towards the living streams we go.  
 Water is free.

*Cho.*—Water, pure water, etc.

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