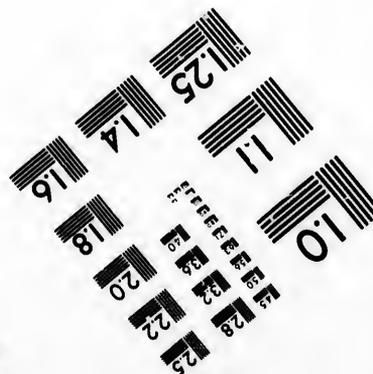
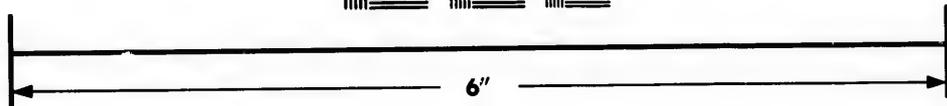
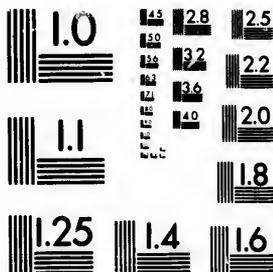


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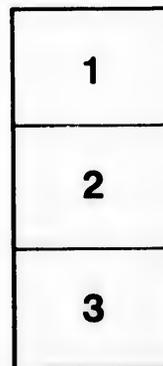
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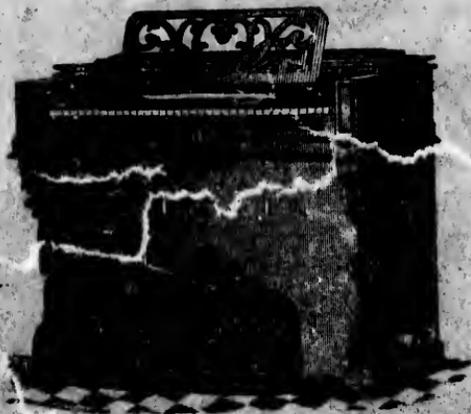
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THE CANADIAN

Sunday-School  Egan.



FOR THE
Sunday School
AND THE
PRAYER-MEETING.

FOR THE
Family Circle
AND THE
SOCIAL GATHERING.

TORONTO:
SAMUEL ROSE, -80 King Street East.



Sibbi Rough.

Feb. 8th 1876.



THE CANADIAN
SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGAN:

A CHOICE

COLLECTION OF HYMNS, TUNES, AND PIECES
FOR THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL, IN ALL ITS DEPARTMENTS,

ALSO,

FOR THE PRAYER MEETING, FAMILY, AND SOCIAL CIRCLE.

COMPILED, WITH GREAT CARE, FROM THE BEST SOURCES.

"Both young men and maidens; old men, and children: Let them praise the name of the Lord."—PSALM 148: 12, 13.

TWENTY-EIGHTH THOUSAND.

TORONTO:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM, 80 KING STREET EAST.

1871

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P R E F A C E

A CALL has come from many earnest Sunday School workers, in various parts of the country, for another Sunday School Music Book, containing the latest, as well as the choicest compositions. In response to this call we are happy to be able to issue THE CANADIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGAN. This work is not designed, in any way, to supersede that admirable book *The Canadian Sunday School Harp*—which has now attained a circulation of 18,000 copies—but rather to follow up and occupy a similar place in the same field. The ORGAN is a compilation of some of the very choicest Tunes and Pieces, from the best sources, old and new. Selections have been made from *Fresh Laurels, Bright Jewels, Notes of Joy, Songs of Gladness, Songs of Devotion, Songs of Salvation, Standard Singer, Singing Pilgrim, Musical Leaves, Fresh Leaves, Hallowed Songs*, and various other works. To these have also been added a number of favorite Pieces, published heretofore only in the form of Sheet Music. To enable all to learn to sing by note we give the Rudiments of Music, in a very concise and simple form, so that he who runs may read, and learn to sing, even without the help of a master. The book will be found not only admirably adapted to the wants of the Sunday School in all its departments, but also to the Prayer Meeting and Family and Social Circle. Great care has been taken to select such Hymns as are scriptural, clear, pointed and practical, and to adapt them to the music; and, on the other hand, to reject everything in the shape of lame poetry, empty rhymes, and hymns of doubtful theology. It is earnestly hoped that this work will assist in cultivating good taste for music and greater love for the Sunday School; and, at the same time, be the means of conveying to thousands of our youth the truth as it is in Jesus.

TORONTO, May, 1871.

S. ROSE,
A. SUTHERLAND, } COMPILERS.
G. W. COATES, }

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RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

THE NOTES.

How many different kinds of notes are there in general use?
Six, viz., the whole note, half note, quarter note, eighth note, sixteenth note, and thirty-second note.

What is the form of a Whole Note?

It is a round, open, or white note, 

What is the form of a Half Note?

It is a round, open note, with a stem, 

What is the form of a Quarter Note?

It is a black note, with a stem, 

What is the form of an Eighth Note?

It is a black note, with a stem and hook, 

What is the form of a Sixteenth Note?

It is a black note, with stem and two hooks, 

What is the form of a Thirty-second Note?

A black note, with stem and three hooks, 

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—It is thought unnecessary to occupy much space with Scales and Exercises, as those are usually written on the black board by the teacher, and each one can best adapt his examples to his own class.

Repeat the table of the relative value of notes.

Whole note  = 2 = 4 = 8 = 16 = 32.

Half note  = 2 = 4 = 8 = 16.

Quarter note  = 2 = 4 = 8.

Eighth note  = 2 = 4.

Sixteenth note  = 2.

Thirty-second note 

EXPLANATION.—One whole note equals two halves, four quarters, eight eighths, &c. One half note equals two quarters, four eighths, eight sixteenths, &c.

LETTERS, STAFF, CLEFS, &c.

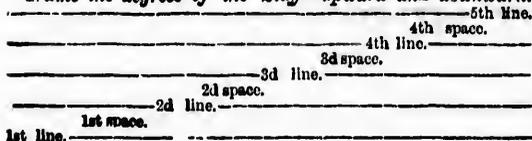
What letters are used in Music?

The first seven letters of the Alphabet, viz., A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The eighth, or octave, is a repetition of the first.

What is a Staff?

A Staff consists of five lines and four spaces, on which the notes are placed, and named regularly by degrees.

Name the degrees of the Staff—upward and downward.



How are the letters applied to the Staff?

By a Clef or Key, placed at the beginning.

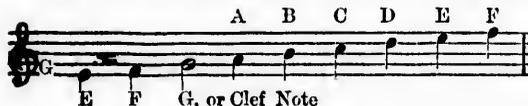
What Clefs are in general use?

The Treble, or G Clef, and the Bass, or F Clef.

On what line is the Treble Clef placed?

On the 2d line, thus giving the letter G to that line, the others following in rotation above and below.

Name the letters on the Staff, commencing with the Clef note.



On what line is the Bass Clef placed?

On the fourth line, thus giving the letter F to that line, the others following in rotation, &c.



Where are higher or lower notes written?

On added lines, and in the spaces between them, placed above and below the Staff.

Name the degrees thus produced above the Staff.



Name the degrees thus produced below the Staff.



These Scales should be thoroughly committed to memory, so that they can be repeated with equal facility, ascending, or descending, taking care always to name the line or space before naming the letter.

RESTS DOTS, &c.

What are Rests?

Marks indicating **silence**, corresponding with the different notes.

Describe them.

Whole rest	Half rest	Quarter rest.	Eighth rest.	Sixteenth rest.	Thirty-second rest.
Below the line.	Above the line.	Turned to the right.	Turned to the left.	With two heads.	With three heads.

What is the use of a Dot after a note or rest?

It adds one half to the length of it, consequently a whole note with a dot is equal to *three halves*, and a dotted half will be equal to *three quarters*, &c.

Repeat the table of dotted notes.

A dotted whole note,		. equals	
A dotted half note,		. equals	
A dotted quarter,		. equals	
A dotted eighth,		. equals	
A dotted sixteenth,		. equals	

What is a Triplet?

Three notes sung in the time usually given to two of the same denomination.

How is it marked?

With a curved line and a figure 3 over the notes.



What is the meaning of a figure 6 placed over six notes?
It signifies that the six are to be sung in the time of four notes of the same denomination.

TIME.

What are Bars?

Short lines drawn across the Staff to divide the music into equal parts. The music between two of these is also called a bar, or measure.

How many sorts of Time are there?

Two—Common time, and Triple time.

How are they distinguished?

If there is an even number of parts in a bar, it is common time—if an odd number, it is triple time.

Where is the time marked?

At the beginning of every piece of music.

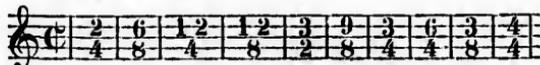
In what manner?

By figures placed in the form of a fraction, which refer to the whole note.

How do the figures refer to the whole note?

As a fraction refers to a whole number, viz., the lower figure, or denominator, shows into how many parts the whole note is divided, and the upper figure, or numerator, shows how many of those parts shall be in a measure.

Explain the following marks of time, showing which are common and which triple.



REMARK.—The C , at the commencement of the above example, signifies common time; expressing the value of a whole note, or four quarters in a bar.

Is it necessary to count the time exactly as marked in the figures?

No. Two quarters may be counted as four eighths — four quarters as eight eighths.

INTERVALS, SHARPS, FLATS, &c.

What is an Interval?
The difference, or distance, between two sounds.

What is the smallest Interval?

A semitone, or half tone.

What is the use of the Sharp?

A sharp, placed before a note, raises it one semitone.

What is the use of a Flat?

A flat placed before a note, lowers it one semitone.

What is the use of a Natural? (♮)

It restores a note that has been raised by a sharp, or lowered by a flat, to its former position again.

What is the meaning of flats and sharps at the beginning of a piece of music?

They affect all notes of corresponding letters throughout the piece.



This sharp, being placed on the fifth line, signifies that all the F's are to be sung sharp. And these flats,



being on the third line, and fourth space, signifies that all the B's and E's are to be sung flat.

What are accidental sharps, flats, or naturals?

Those occurring in the piece, but not marked at the beginning.

How long does the influence of an accidental last?

It affects all notes of the same letter in the measure.

Does an accidental ever affect notes in the next measure?

Yes. If the last note of one measure, which has been made sharp, begins the next, that also is sharp. The same is to be observed of flats and naturals.

SIGNATURE.

How do you determine what is the Key Note of a piece of music?

Principally by the Signature, or number of sharps, or flats, at the beginning.

What method have you of discovering the key note?

Every key note is a fifth higher for every additional sharp, and a fifth lower for every additional flat, commencing always

with the key of C, which has neither sharp nor flat at the signature.

Name the order of keys with sharps.

The key of C has no sharp, G has one, D has two, A has three, E has four, B has five, F sharp has six, and C sharp has seven.

Name the order of keys with flats.

The key of C has no flat, F has one, B flat has two, E flat has three, A flat has four, D flat has five, G flat has six, and C flat has seven.

What letter is sharped in the key of G?

F.

What letters are sharped in the key of D?

F and C.

In the key of A?

F, C, and G.

In the key of E?

F, C, G, and D.

In the key of B?

F, C, G, D, and A.

In the key of F sharp?

F, C, G, D, A, and E.

In the key of C sharp?

F, C, G, D, A, E, and B.

What letter is flat in the key of F?

B.

What letters are flat in the key of B flat?

B and E.

In the key of E flat?

B, E, and A.

In the key of A flat?

B, E, A, and D.

In the key of D flat?

B, E, A, D, and G.

In the key of G flat?

B, E, A, D, G and C.

In the key of C flat?

B, E, A, D, G, C, and F.

MUSICAL SIGNS.

What is the use of double Bars?

They are placed in the middle, or at the end, of a piece of music, to show that a part, or the whole, is finished.

What is the use of Dots at a bar, or double bar?

They show that the part of music which is on the same side as the dots, is to be repeated.

What is the use of this sign? (S)

It is used to designate the place from which the performer is to repeat. The second time it occurs, it is usually accompanied by the words, "*Da Segno*," meaning "from the sign." The performer then returns to the first sign and repeats.

What is the meaning of Da Capo?

From the beginning.

What is the meaning of Da Capo Al Segno?

From the beginning at the sign

Why are the words first and second time sometimes placed at the double bar in the middle of a movement?



The dots at the double bar show that the part is to be repeated, and the figures denote that the performer, in singing it through the second time, is to omit the bar marked one, and sing that marked two instead.

What are Tied Notes?

When two notes on the same line, or space, are joined by a curved line, over or under them, the first only is sung, and allowed the full time of both.

What is the use of a Double Sharp?

A double sharp (*) raises a note two semitones.

What is the use of Double Flat?

A double flat (bb) lowers a note two semitones.

How is a single sharp or flat replaced, after a double one?

By a natural and sharp, or a natural and flat.

What is singing Legato?

Singing smoothly, and blending one note with the next; it is indicated by a curved line under or over the notes.

What is singing Staccato?

Separating the notes, and singing the notes short and distinct from each other; it is indicated by dots, or pointed specks, placed over the notes.

What is the use of a Pause? (P)

A pause over a note, or rest, indicates that the performer may hold, or pause, as long as he thinks proper.

Why is a pause sometimes placed over a double bar?

A pause, or the word Fine, signifies that the piece is to end there, after a Da Capo.

What is the meaning of the word Bis?

Twice—that is—the passage over which it is placed, is to be repeated.

As one dot after a note increases its length one half, what is the effect of a second dot?

The second dot is equal to half the first; consequently, a quarter note with two dots, is equal to a quarter, eighth, and sixteenth.

In what manner is a WHOLE BAR REST marked?

The same as a WHOLE NOTE REST, be the value of the bar what it may.

How are Rests for more than one bar marked?

For two bars rest, it is made from one line to the next; for four bars, one line to the next but one. Sometimes a figure expressing the number of bars is placed over the sign of the rest, and when the number of bars rest is large, figures only are used.

How do you count several bars Rest?

By naming the number, instead of the word ONE, at the first of each bar.



These five bars rest should be counted

| 1, 2, 3, | 2, 2, 3, | 3, 2, 3, | 4, 2, 3, | 5, 2, 3, |
instead of always one, two, three.

Explain the difference between Melody and Harmony.

Melody is a succession of sounds. Harmony is a combination of sounds.

INTERVALS.

What is a Tone?

Two semitones—thus, the interval from G to G sharp is a semitone, and from G sharp to A is a semitone—consequently, the interval from G to A is a whole tone.



What is a Minor, or lesser third?

It consists of three semitones from the note named.



What is a Major, or greater third?

It consists of four semitones from the note named.



How many semitones has a fourth?
Five semitones from the note named.



How many semitones has a perfect fifth?
Seven.



It will be observed that all intervals are reckoned upwards from the note named, unless the contrary is expressed.

DIATONIC SCALE.

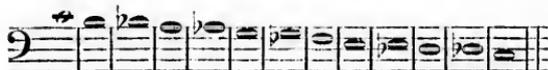


*Pronounce the a as in ear.

CHROMATIC SCALE.



C C# D D# E F F# G G# A A# B C
 1 #1 2 #2 3 4 #4 5 #5 6 #6 7 #7
 Do do re re mi fa fa sol sol la la si do.



C B Bb A Ab G Gb F E Eb D Db C
 # 7 b7 6 b6 5 b5 4 3 b3 2 b2 1
 Do si si la la sol sol fa mi mi ra ra do.

EXPLANATION.—When naming the chromatic intervals by numerals, say—sharp one, sharp two, flat six, flat seven, &c. ; but, when naming them by letters, C sharp, B flat &c.

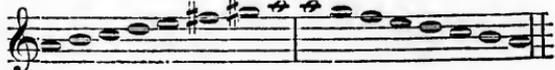
NOTE.—The author thinks the European system of not changing the vowel sounds in the chromatic scale, preferable to the practice so much in vogue, as many bad habits arise that require much after-practice and instruction to eradicate. Those who choose, however, can still use the old plan by simply changing the vowel sound of the syllable in ascending to *si*, whenever a sharp occurs—and to *A* in descending, whenever a flat is used.

MINOR SCALE—HARMONIC FORM.



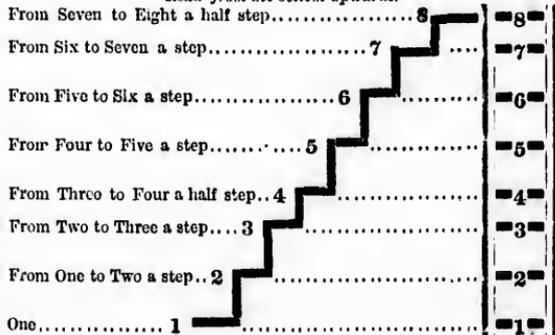
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 6 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
 La si do ra mi fa sol la la sol fa mi ra do si la.

MINOR SCALE—MELODIC FORM.



THE MUSICAL LADDER.

Read from the bottom upwards.



EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

A Capella, in the Church style.
Accelerando, with gradually increasing velocity of movement.
Accoppiate, the union of two parts.
A Chique, for five voices or instruments.
Adagio, very slow and expressive, admitting of much grace and embellishment.
Ad Libitum, at will or discretion.
Affanoso, with mournful expression.
Affettuoso, with tenderness and pathos.
Affrettando, accelerating, hurrying the time.
Agitato Un Poco, with slight agitation.
Agitato, with agitation, anxiously.
Allegro, a brisk and sprightly movement.
Allegretto, somewhat cheerful, but not so quick as *Allegro*.
Allentando, decreasing the time.
Allonger, to develop, to lengthen.
Al Rigore di Tempo, in strict time.
Alto, counter, or higher tenor.
Amorosa, in a soft and tender style.
Ancona, once more, repeat again.
Andante, a slow and distinct movement.
Andantino, a little slower than *Andante*.
Animato, with animation, in a spirited manner.
Anthem, a musical composition set to sacred prose.
Appassionamento, with intensity and depth of feeling.
Aritto, boldly, energetically.
Articolare, to articulate distinctly each note.
A Tempo, in time, or return to the original time.
Andace, with boldness.
Bass, the lowest part in music.
Ben Marcato, well marked.
Bicinium, a composition in two parts.
Bis, twice, or the repetition of a passage in music.
Braura, with vigor, with boldness.
Cadence, an ornamental passage at the close of a piece.

Cantabile, elegant, graceful, melodious.
Cantata, a composition for one voice, with intermixture of air and recitative.
Canto, the highest vocal part in choral music.
Canto Recitativo, the combination of an air and recitative.
Chorus, a composition or passage designed for a full choir.
Chromatic, a term given to accidental semitones.
Coda, a few bars added at the close of a composition.
Colla Voce, the accompanist must follow the singer in regard to time.
Con Affetto, in an affecting manner.
Con Anima, with animation and feeling.
Con Andace, with boldness.
Con Delicatezza, with peculiar sweetness.
Con Dolore, mournfully, with grief and pathos.
Con Energia, with energy.
Con Espressione, with expression.
Con Spirito, with quickness and spirit.
Counter Tenor, the highest adult male voice, and the lowest female voice.
Crescendo, *Cres.*, or (\leftarrow), with an increasing sound.
Crescendo Poco-a-poco, to increase the sound little by little.
Du Capo, or *D. C.*, from the beginning; finish with the first strain.
Decisissimo, with greatest decision and firmness of touch.
Diatonic Scale, the seven gradations of tone arranged in conformity with some particular key.
Diminuendo, *Dim.*, or (\rightarrow), with a decreasing sound.
Devoto, devoutly, in a solemn style.
Dolce, or *Dol.*, implies a soft and sweet style of performance.
Delicissimo, with extreme sweetness.

Duet, a composition for two voices.
Dynamics, the various degrees of sound.
Eleganza, with elegance, gracefully.
Encore, an expression employed by audiences desiring a piece repeated.
Estro, elegance and grace.
Falsetto, certain notes of a man's voice above its natural compass.
Fine, the termination of a musical composition.
Forfe, or *f.*, loud.
Fortissimo, or *ff.*, very loud.
Forzando, or *sz.*, the notes over which it is placed are to be boldly struck, with strong emphasis.
Fugue, a composition in which one or more of the parts lead and the rest follow in different intervals of time.
Gaiement, in a cheerful and lively style.
Glee, a composition for three or more voices, generally in cheerful style.
Glissicato, in a gentle and gliding manner.
Grave, a very slow and solemn movement; deep, low, in the scale of sounds.
Gravemente, with gravity, dignified and solemn.
Gravioso, graceful; a smooth and gentle style of execution, approaching to piano.
Guerriero, in a martial style.
Homophonous, voices in unison.
Hurlig, quick; a movement similar to *Allegro*.
Iambus, a musical foot, consisting of one short and one long note.
Il Passo Tempo, a short composition intended as a diversion.
Il Tempo Crescendo, accelerating the time.
Il Volteggiare, crossing the hands in piano music.
Imitativo, imitating the inflections of the voice.
Imitazione, a composition wherein each part is made to imitate the other.
Inquieto, perturbed, uneasy, with disquietude.
Interval, the distance between any two sounds.

Interlude, an instrumental passage introduced between two vocal passages.

In Tripoli, a composition in three parts.

Justesse, exactness or purity of intonation.

Klein, minor, in regard to intervals.

Lamentando, plaintively, mournfully.

Largamente, in a full, free, style of performance.

Larghetto, slow and measured in its movement, but less so than *Largo*.

Largo, a very slow and solemn movement.

Legatissimo, very smoothly connected.

Legato, a close, gliding style of performance.

Leggiermente, with lightness, gayety.

Lento, or *Lentamente*, in slow time.

Madrigale, an elaborate composition for voices in five or six parts.

Maestoso, with majesty and grandeur.

Major, greater, in respect to intervals and modes.

Marchato, in a marked and emphatic style.

Medesimo Tempo, in the same time.

Melody, an agreeable succession of sounds.

Mestoso, sadly, pensively.

Mezza Voce, with a medium fullness of tone.

Moderato, between *Andante* and *Allegro*.

Motetto, a piece of sacred music for several voices.

Noblemente, with nobleness; grandeur.

Obligato, a part or parts of a composition indispensable to its just performance, and which cannot properly be omitted.

Oratorio, a species of sacred musical composition, consisting of airs, recitatives, duets, trios, choruses, &c.

Overture, in dramatic music, is an instrumental strain, which serves as an introduction.

Orchestra, the place for band of musical performers.

Parlando, in a speaking or declamatory manner.

Pastorale, a composition generally written in measure of 6-4 or 6-8, the style of which is soothing, tender and delicate.

Piano, *Pia.*, or *P.*, soft.

Pianissimo, *Pianiss.*, or *PP.*, very soft.

Poco Animato, a little more animated.

Poco Adagio, a little slow.

Poco Più Mossò, a little faster.

Poco a Poco, by degrees, gradually.

Poco a Poco Crescendo, louder and louder by degrees.

Poco a Poco Diminuendo, softer and softer by degrees.

Poco Piano, somewhat soft.

Presto, quick.

Prestissimo, very quick.

Primo, first; as *Primo Tempo*, return to the original time.

Primo Tempo, at the point at which it is placed, renew the original time.

Quartette, a composition for four voices.

Quartetto, a composition consisting of parts, each of which occasionally takes the leading melody.

Quintette, a composition for five voices.

Rallentando, a gradual diminution in the speed, and a corresponding decrease in the quantity of tone.

Recitativo, a species of musical recitation. It was first introduced in the year 1563, at Rome.

Refrain, an old term for the burden of song.

Rinforzo, or *R. F.*, with additional tone and emphasis.

Ritardando, a gradual retarding or slackening of the time and tone.

Rotondo, round and full, as regards tone.

Sacutus, a part of the mass in Catholic service.

Scherzando, in a light, playful and sportive manner.

Semichorus, a chorus to be sung by only a portion of the voices.

Sempre, always; *Sempre Staccato*, always staccato or detached; *Sempre Forte*, always loud;

Sempre Più Forte, continually increasing in force.

Siciliano, a composition written in measure of

6-4 or 6-8, to be performed in a slow and graceful manner.

Soli, two or more principal parts played or sung together.

Solo, a passage for a single voice or instrument, with or without accompaniments.

Sonoramente, with a full, vibrating kind of tone.

Soprano, the treble or higher voice part.

Sostenendo, an even degree of tone throughout.

Stato Voce, in a soft or subdued manner, in an undertone.

Spirituoso, with spirit.

Staccato, the opposite to *Legato*; requiring a short, articulate, and distinct style of performance.

Suavemente, with sweetness and delicacy of expression.

Subito, quickly, turn over quickly.

Symphony, a passage to be executed by instruments, while the vocal performers are silent.

Syncope, syncopated, bound together.

Te Deum, a hymn of thanksgiving.

Tempo, time; or the degree of movement.

Tempo Primo, return to the original time.

Tempo Marcia, in time of a march.

Tenor, the highest male voice.

Timoroso, with awe and timidity.

Treble, the acute part, that which, in general, contains the melody.

Trio, a composition for three voices or instruments.

Tutti, all; all together.

Un Poco Ritenuato, gradually slower.

Variamento, varied, changed, altered.

Vellutato, softly and smoothly.

Velocissimo, with extreme rapidity.

Verse, one singer to each part.

Vigaro, with energy.

Volante, in a light and rapid manner.

Volti, turn over.

Zeloso, with zeal; enthusiastically.

THE CANADIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL ORGAN.

WORDS BY MRS. J. M. PRAY.

FATHER OF ALL.

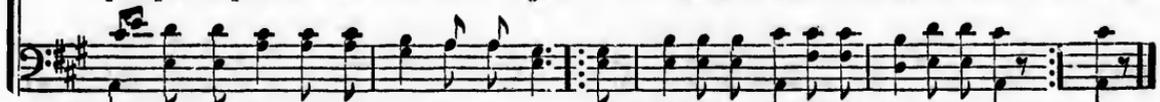
MUSIC BY MOZART.



1. O Father of all, to Thee would we give Our du - ti - ful love, as long as we live ; A -
 2. Here, reading we learn the Saviour to know, Who waits, in His word, His love to be - stow ; Its



doring Thy grace and em - - bracing Thy truth, The Bi - ble we take for the guide of our youth, youth.
 precepts and promis - es all have been given To bless us on earth, and to save us in heaven, heaven.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. Salvation we take and burn to impart
 The love that we feel transforming the heart:
 Dear Saviour, O help us henceforth to proclaim
 To perishing sinners the grace of thy name.</p> | <p>4. Our Sunday-school bless, and help us to win
 The children, who now are walking in sin:
 Speed on the glad time, when with joy we may say,
 A nation is born to our Lord in a day.</p> |
|--|---|

PRAISE! GIVE PRAISE.

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

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

Like a Shepherd Jesus will guide his children, In His arms He carries them all day long. *D. s.*

2. Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died;
He, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation.
Hail Him, hail Him, Jesus, the crucified.

Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected, despised, and forsaken,
Prince of Glory, He is triumphant now.

PRAISE, GIVE PRAISE, Concluded.

15

3. Praise Him, praise Him, Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
 Heavenly portals, loud with hosannahs ring,
 Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever ;
 Crown Him ! crown Him - Prophet, and Priest and King.

Death is vanquished ! Tell it with joy, ye faithful.
 Where is now thy victory, boasting grave ?
 Jesus lives ! No longer thy portals are cheerless,
 Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.

SING PRAISE UNTO THE LORD.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

REV. R. LOWRY.

Spirited.

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

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

SING PRAISE UNTO THE LORD, Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

With u-ni-ted voi-ces, Hear-ty hap-py voi-es, Ev-er, ev-er praise Him! Praise the Lord!

NUREMBERG. 7s.

1. Glo-ry to the Fa-ther give, God, in whom we move and live; Children's prayers He deigns to hear, Children's songs delight His ear.

2. Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Children raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3. Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost.
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4. Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

WATCH AND PRAY.

REV. R. LOWRY. 17



1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch, while 'tis call'd to-day; Watch, lest the world prevail; Watch, christian, watch and pray;
 2. Chase slumber from thine eyes; Chase doubting from thy breast; Thine is the promis'd prize Of heaven's eternal rest;
 3. Take Jesus for thy trust; Watch, watch forever-more; Watch, for thou must soon sleep With thousands gone before;



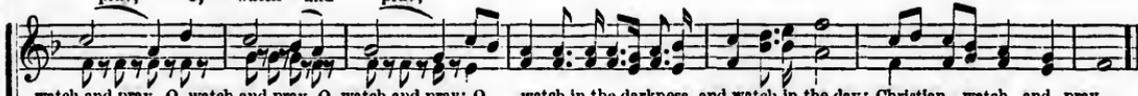
O Watch and CHORUS.



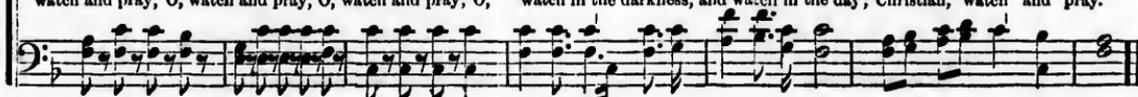
Watch, for the flesh is weak; Watch, for the foe is strong; Watch, lest the bridegroom come; Watch, tho' He tarry long.
 Watch, christian, watch and pray; Thy Saviour watch'd for thee; Till from His brow they pour'd Great drops of agony. O, watch, and pray, O
 Now, when thy sun is up, Now, while 'tis call'd to-day, Now is accepted time; Watch, christian, watch and pray



pray, O, watch and pray;



watch and pray, O, watch and pray, O, watch and pray; O, watch in the darkness, and watch in the day; Christian, watch and pray.



BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

T. E. PERKINS.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS.

We've list-ed in a ho-ly war, Battling for the Lord! E - ter - nal life, e-ter-nal joy, Battling for the Lord!

FULL CHORUS.

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

Under our captain Jesus Christ,
 Battling for the Lord!
 We've listed for this mortal life,
 Battling for the Lord!
 We'll work, etc.

3. We'll fight against the powers of sin,
 Battling for the Lord!
 In favor of our heavenly King,
 Battling for the Lord!
 We'll work, etc.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD, Concluded.

19

CODA, FOR THE LAST VERSE.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

4. And when our warfare here is o'er,
 Battling for the Lord!
 This strife we'll leave, and war no more,
 Battling for the Lord!
 We'll work, etc.

5. Our friends and kindred there we'll meet,
 On the heavenly shore!
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
 On the heavenly shore!
 We'll work, etc.

SWEET LAND OF REST.

FINE. CHORUS. D. C.

1. { How hap-py ev - ery child of grace Who knows his sins for-given! }
 { This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven; }
 D. C. To dwell for - ev - er with the blest, E - ter - nal joys to share. When shall my soul be there,

2. A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet, oh, by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints' delight—
 The heaven prepared for me.—CHORUS.

3. Oh, what a blessed hope is ours
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day.—CHORUS.

4. We feel the resurrection near,—
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.—CHORUS.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross,—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—And shall I fear to own His cause Or blush to speak His
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease; While others fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody

CHORUS.

name? You must be a lover of the Lord, You must be a lover of the Lord, Yes, you must be a lover of the Lord, If
seas? You must be, &c.

you would go to heav'n, If you would go to heav'n.

3. Are there no foes for me to race?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?—CHORUS.
4. Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.—CHORUS.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

"SONG GARDEN."

21

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours; Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid spring-ing
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and

Cres.

flowers, Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun: Work, for the night is
soon, Give ev - ery fly - ing min - - ute S-ometh-ing to keep in store: Work, for the night is

com-ing, When man's work is done.
com-ing, When man works no more.

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

THE PILGRIM'S MISSION.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Listen ! the Mas-ter be-seech-eth, Call-ing each one by his name ; His voice to each liv-ing heart reach-eth, Its
2. Seek those of e-vil be-ha-vior, Bid them their lives to a-mend ; Go point the lost world to the Sa-viour, And

cheerful-est ser-vic-e to claim. Go where the vineyard de-mand-eth Vine-dressers' nur-ture and care; Or
be to the friend-less a friend. Still be the lone heart of an-guish Soothed by the pi-ty of thine ; By

Rit. CHORUS.
go where the white harvest stand-eth, The joy of the reaper to share.
way-sides if wound-ed ones languish, Go pour in the oil and the wine. Then work, brothers, work, let us

slumber no longer, For God's call to labor grows stronger and stronger; The light of this life shall be darkened full soon, But the

light of the bet-ter life rest-eth at noon.

3. Work, tho' the enemies' laughter
Over the valleys may sweep —
For God's patient workers hereafter
Shall laugh when the enemies weep.
Ever on Jesus reliant,
Press on your chivalrous way —
The mightiest Philistine giant
His Davids are chartered to slay.—CHORUS.

4. Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest,
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.—CHORUS.

5. Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labor with song.
What, if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its waiting be o'er;
For there, in the rest which remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.—CHORUS.

1. Dis - ci - ples of Jes - us why stand ye here idle? Go work in His vine - yard, He calls us to - day;
2. Our field is the world, and our work is before us, To each is ap - pointed a mes - sage to bear;

The night is ap - proach - ing when no man can la - bor, Our Mas - ter com - mands us, and shall we de - lay?
At home or a - broad, in the cot - tage or pal - ace, Wher - ev - er di - rect - ed our mis - sion is there.

CHORUS.

Our field is the world! Our field is the world! Look up for the har - vest is near;

OUR FIELD IS THE WORLD, Concluded.

When the reap-ers from glo-ry Will shout as they come, And the Lord of the vine-yard ap-pear.

3. Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.
Our field is the world, etc.

4. Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branches;
The lamb and the lion together repose.
Our field is the world, etc.

HEBER.

SILOAM, C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill, How fair the li-ly grows! How sweet the breath be-neath the

hill, Of Sha-ron's dew-y rose!

2. Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3. By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

W. H. DOANE

1. Tell me the old, old sto-ry, of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, of Je - sus and His

love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And

REFRAIN.

help - less and de-fied. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto-ry; Tell me the old,

old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

2. Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3. Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave:
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

O GIVE THANKS. (Round, in Four Parts.)

O give thanks to the God of heaven, for His mercy endureth for ever.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

4. Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

ABIDE WITH ME.

*Abide with me; } e - ven - tide; The dark - } me abide, when other } comforts flee, Help of the } lude with me. A - MEN.
fast falls the } ness deep - ens; Lord with } help - ers fail, and } help - less, O a - }

* For balance of Hymn, see Sunday-School Harp, page 66.

DR. WATTS.
Lively.

TITLE CLEAR.

T. C. OKANE

1. { When I can read my ti-tle clear, ti-tle clear, When I can read my ti-tle clear, ti-tle clear, When I can read my ti-tle
I'll bid farewell to ev-ery fear, ev-ery fear, I'll bid farewell to ev-ery fear, ev-ery fear, I'll bid farewell to ev-ery

CHORUS.

clear, To mansions in the skies, } We will stand the storm, We will
fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, } We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ve-ry long; We will

an - - chor by and by, by and by, We will stand the storm, We will
an - chor by and by, We will an - chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm; It will not be very long, We

2. Full
And
Seek
Soul

2. Whe
Of
Bre
Oble

an - chor by and by.
will an-chor by and by, by and by.

2. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.—CHORUS.

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

HOLY SPIRIT.

GERMAN CHORAL.

1. Liv-ing Wa - ter, free - ly flow - ing, Fount of Glad-ness, life-be-stow-ing, Ho-ly Spir-it, oh, draw nigh, While Thy name we mag-ni-fy!

2. Full of grace from heaven Thou bodeset,
And to lowest depths descendest;
Seeking, through a world of sin,
Souls whom Jesus died to win.

3. Where one contrite tear gives token
Of a heart by sorrow broken,
Breathing forth the breath of prayer,—
Oblest Spirit! Thou art there.

4. When the Word of revelation
Glow with tidings of salvation,
Through the cross of Christ made known,—
There Thy saving power is shown.

5. Where the mourner in his anguish
Lifts to God the eyes that languish;
When his spirit finds repose,—
Comforter! from Thee it flows.

6. O Eternal Spirit! hear us;
Let Thy power and presence cheer us;
With Thy life our souls inspire;
With Thy love our bosoms fire.

7. By the Father sent from heaven,
By the Saviour's promise given,
Thee we claim, O Power Divine!
Come and make our hearts Thy shrine.

JESUS, BLESSED JESUS.

R. J. VAIL.

"Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."

1. Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, I would fol - low Thee; Meek and pure and ho - ly, Thy dis - ci - ple be.
2. Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Keep me near Thy side; Lest the world's al-lure-ments Cause my feet to slide.

Free from sin and fol - ly, Free from world-ly strife, Trust-ing in Thy mer - it For e - ter - nal life.
On the rock of a - ges, Firm - ly let me stand, Yielding strict obedience To my Lord's com-mand.

3. Purer yet and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

4. Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

5. Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light.
Light, serene, and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sa-viour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; Oh may no earth-born cloud a-

rise To hide Thee from thy ser-vant's eyes.

2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
3. Abide with me from morn t'ill eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh;
For without Thee I dare not die.
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

WORK FOR JESUS.*

1. Work for Jesus, work to-day;
Work for Jesus, work and pray!
Jesus will help thee, Jesus is near,
Banish each doubt and fear.—

CHORUS.—He will cheer thy fainting heart,
Give thee strength, and take thy part,
Casting on Jesus all thy care;
Thy Master will hear thy prayer.

2. Work for Jesus in the light,
While the noon-day sun is bright;
Jesus hath called thee from on high,
Jesus is standing nigh.—CHORUS.
3. Work for Jesus; soon 'tis night,
Soon will fade the evening light;
Then, as sinks the setting sun,
Jesus will say, "Well done."—CHORUS.

* (Tune, "POLAR STAR," PAGE 182, *Sunday-School Harp*.)

HAST THOU GLEANED WELL TO-DAY?

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. The shad-ows are fall-ing, Swift clos-eth the day, I hear a voice call-ing, It seem-eth to say,—Oh,
 2. The day is de-part-ing, The dark-ness is here; Ah, why am I start-ing, While heart beats with fear, Soul!
 3. The light is ap-pear-ing, The dark-ness is gone, For Je-sus is near-ing, And ten-der His tone,—Oh,

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

REFRAIN.

vain-ly ap-pealed,—O, soul! hast thou gleaned well to-day? Hast thou gleaned,..... Hast thou
 yield-ing to wrong, O, hast thou not gleaned *well* to-day?
 sheaves at thy door Shall say, thou hast filled well thy day.

Hast thou gleaned,

1.

2. Pass
 Sing
 Thou
 Let

3. Pass
 Let
 For
 Whi

HAST THOU GLEANED WELL TO-DAY ? Concluded.

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

Hast thou gleaned, Hast thou gleaned, &c.

EVEN ME. 8s, 7s, & 3s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing, Thou art scat'ring, full and free. } E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
 { Show'rs, the thirsty land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me, - }

2. Pass me not, O God, our Father!
 Sinful though my heart may be:
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy fall on me! —
 Even me.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit
 Thou can't make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesu's merit!
 Speak some word of power to me -
 Even me.

6. Pass me not, Thy lust one bringing;
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh bless me—
 Even me.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
 Let me live and cling to Thee;
 For I'm longing for thy favor;
 Whilst Thou art calling, oh call me—
 Even me.

5. Have I long in sin been sleeping—
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 Oh forgive, and rescue me!—
 Even me.

7. Love of God—so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
 Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
 Magnify it all in me—
 Even me.

WORK TO DO FOR JESUS.

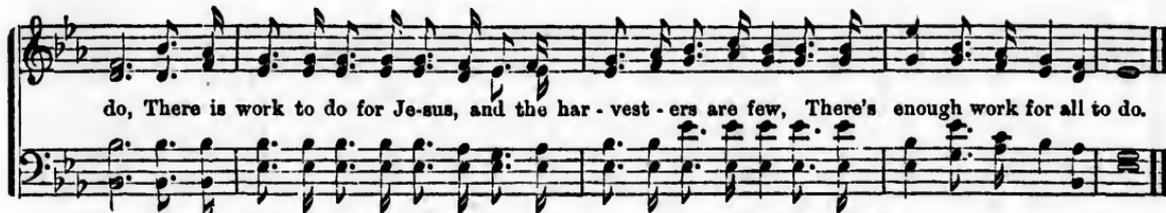
1 There is work to do for Je-sus, Yes, a glorious work to do, For a har-vest ful-ly ri-pened, Rich and

gold-en, lies in view ; { With a prayer to God, our Fath-er, Let us all the work pur-sue, }
 { For our ris-en Lord is call-ing, And the har-vest-ers [omit] } are few.

1st Time. 2d Time.

CHORUS.

Yes, there's work to do for Je-sus, and the har-vest is in view, There's a great work ev-ery-where to



do, There is work to do for Je-sus, and the har - vest - ers are few, There's enough work for all to do.

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

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

NO CRUMB FOR ME? *

1. Passing, Lord, by vale and mountain,
 Highway, byway, through the land,
 Bringing wine from Cal'ry's fountain,
 Bread from God's free-giving hand:
 None for me? None for me?
 Saviour, drop one crumb for me!
 2. On, dear Lord, pursue Thy mission
 To the lost of Israel:
 Yet give ear to my petition,
 Pitying Immanuel!
 None for me! &c.

3. "Not to dogs—the bread of children"—
 No, dear Lord, *that* may not be;
 But to dogs the crumbs are given,
 Is there then no crumb for me?
 None for me? &c.
 4. Wretched, way-worn, grief-o'ertaken,
 Low at Thy kind feet I bow,
 Hungry, naked, blind, forsaken,
 Jesus, feed me—feed me now!
 None for me? None for me?
 Saviour, drop one crumb for me.

(*Tune "EVEN ME," page 33.)

1. { Beau-ti-ful mansions, Home of the blest, Land where the faithful Ev-er shall rest; }
 { There is my treasure, There shall I be, Lord I am wea-ry, Lead me to Thee. }
 2. { Here in a des-ert, Cheer-less I roam, La-den with sor-row, Far from my home; }
 { Clouds on my path-way, Dark-ly I see, Lord I am wea-ry, Lead me to Thee. }

CHORUS.

Sa-viour be near me, Thy gen-tle voice can cheer me, O Je-sus, my Sa-viour, Lead me to Thee.

3. Thou wilt not leave me, Comfortless here,
 Why should I doubt Thee? what do I fear?
 Light in the distance, Breaking, I see,
 Yet I am weary, lead me to Thee.
 Saviour be near me, &c.

4. Jesus I love Thee, Dwell in my heart,
 Never, oh never, From me depart;
 Hope like a rainbow, Shining, I see,
 Yet I am weary, Lead me to Thee.
 Saviour be near me, &c.

Jesus
 In th
 Help a
 Teac
 Tho' m
 May
 Wash
 Jesu

1. Come, thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace.
Streams of mer - cy ne - ver ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise Teach me some me - lo - dious
d. c. Praise the mount—I'm fix'd up-on it; Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love..

son - net Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. D. C.
D. C.

2. Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
Ho, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3. O! to grace how sweet a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;
Prono to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
Prono to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.*

1.
Jesus lead me, Jesus guide me
In the way I ought to go;
Help an erring one to praise Thee,
Teach me, Lord, Thy word to know
Tho' my heart is weak and sinful,
May I bring it, Lord, to Thee?
Wash me in Thy precious fountain,
Jesus, Thou hast died for me.

2.
In Thy word I read the promise—
Ask for mercy and receive;
They who early seek shall find me,
Lord, I will, I do believe:
Jesus hear me, Jesus guide me,
In the way that leads to Thee,
Blessed hope, my only comfort,
Jesus, Thou hast died for me.

(*Tune, above.)

3.
Happy now, my soul has found Thee,
I can sing Thy praise divine;
I can tell the world around me,
I am Thine, forever Thine.
Thou wilt lead me, Thou wilt guide me,
Sweetly now I rest on Thee;
Blessed hope, my only comfort,
Jesus, Thou hast died for me.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a - far, For the
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The mel - o - dious songs of the blest, And our
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fath - er a - bove, We will of - fer the trib - ute of praise, For the

Fath - er waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.
 spir - its shall sor - row no more - Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 glo - ri - ous gift of His love! And the bless - ings that hal - low our days!

SWEET BY AND BY, Concluded.

CHORUS, *suavemente.*

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore! In the
 In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore! In the
 In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau-ti-ful shore! In the

Tenor.

In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, by and by, In the
 In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, by and by, In the
 In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau-ti-ful shore, by and by, In the

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
 sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore.
 sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau-ti-ful shore.

sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
 sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore.
 sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau-ti-ful shore.

Rit.....

HOME OF THE SOUL.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Moderato and affettuoso.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home of the soul,
2. O, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams, Its bright jas-per walls I can see,

f Where no storms ev-er beat on that glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of eter-ni-ty roll, *[Fine]*
Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vale in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair oi-ty and me.

[1st Time! 2d Time.]

D. S.
While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll,
Be-tween the fair oi-ty and me,

3. There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.
4. That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in his hands.
5. O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

1st Time.

1. { There's a gen-tle voice with-in calls a - way; (calls a-way,) 'Tis a warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er (o'er and o'er),
But my heart is melt-ed now, I o - bey ; (I o - bey) From my Sa-viour I will wan-der no [OMIT.]

2. { He has prom-ised all my sins to for - givo, (to for-give,) If I ask in sim - ple faith for His love ; (for His love),
In His ho - ly word I learn how to live, (How to live.) And to la - bor for His king - doma - [OMIT.]

2d Time. CHORUS.

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

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

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

Moderato.

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

trem - ble at His word; Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him, Migh - ty in wis - dom, bound - less in mer - cy,
ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.

2. Praise Him, praise Him! Shout aloud for joy
Watchman of Zion, herald the story;
Sin and death his kingdom shall destroy;
All the earth shall sing of His glory;
Praise Him, ye angels, ye who behold Him
Robed in His splendor, matchless divine.—CHORUS
3. King eternal, blessed be His name!
So may His children gladly adore Him,
When in heaven we join the happy strain,
When we cast our bright crowns before Him;
There in His likeness, joyful awaking,
There we shall see Him, there we shall sing

THE CHILDREN ALL FOR JESUS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

43

1. The chil-dren all for Jes-us! Ev - ery one, ev - ery one; While a soul re-mains in sin, The work is just be-

CHORUS.

gun. Pray on! hope on! tho' the field be drea-ry; Jo-sus loves the chil-dren, loves them ev-ery one;

Pray on! work on! let us not be wea-ry; God will give a sweet re-ward when all the work is done.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>2. The children all for Jesus,
Hear Him call, hear Him call,
In the gentle Shepherd's arms
There's room enough for all.—CHO.</p> | <p>3. The children all for Jesus!
Bring them now, bring them now,
Ere the world benumb the heart,
Or sorrow mark the brow.—CHO.</p> | <p>4. The children all for Jesus!
All may come, all may come;
O the joy, when life is o'er,
To find them all, at home.—CHO.</p> |
|---|---|---|

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

REV. R. LOWRY.

DUET. CHORUS. DUET.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er bright, — Beau - ti - ful land of rest, No win - ter there, nor chill of night, —

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land of rest! The drip - ping cloud is chased a - way, The sun breaks forth in end - less day, — Je -

CHORUS.

ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - 'em, The beau - ti - ful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of

1.

2.
Brin
Brin
Brin

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST, Concluded.

45

rest, Beau-ti-ful land, Beau-ti-ful land, Beau-ti-ful land of rest.

2. Jerusalem, for ever free,—
 Beautiful land of rest! [shall be,
 The soul's sweet home with Christ
 Beautiful land of rest!
 The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
 The ransomed there will never know.
 Jerusalem, &c.
3. Jerusalem, for ever dear,—
 Beautiful land of rest!
 Thy pearly gates almost appear,—
 Beautiful land of rest!
 And when we tread thy lovely shore.
 We'll sing the song we've sung before.
 Jerusalem, &c.

GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

With vigor.

1. God bless our school! Sing to the praise of God most high; Sing how He brings salvation nigh;
 Sing how He sent His Son to die; God bless our school!

2. God bless our school!
 Bring all the wandering children in,
 Bring all the heirs of death and sin,
 Bring them, immortal life to win:
 God bless our school!

3. God bless our school!
 Teach us the word of truth to know,
 Teach us in Christian strength to grow,
 Teach us to serve Thee here below:
 God bless our school!

4. God bless our school!
 Fill all our hearts with heav'nly grace,
 Lead us in love to that blest place
 Where we shall see our Saviour's face:
 God bless our school!

HAVE COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

REV. A. A. GRALEY.
CHORUS.

47

1. If you would find sal-va-tion, Don't parley with temp-ta-tion; Have cour-age to do
And taste its joys be-low, But prompt-ly an-swer, No!

right; Have cour-age to do right; Have cour-age to do right.
The world may sneer, but nev-er fear,

2. The world will strive to charm you,
And Satan hurl his dart;
But who or what can harm you
While Jesus guards the heart?
Have courage, &c.

3. Stand up then for the truthful,
Stand up then for the pure;
Let courage nerve the youthful,
The conflict to endure.
Have courage, &c.

GOD BLESS OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL.*

1. God bless our Sunday-School,
Increase our Sunday-School,
God bless our School.
Send down Thy grace divine,
May every child be Thine,
And love, all hearts entwine;
God bless our School!

2. All our dear teachers bless,
And give them large success
In winning souls:
May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labors crown'd by Thee;
God bless our School.

3. So may our School increase
In knowledge, love, and peace.
God bless our School.
And when death's arrows fly
And useful teachers die,
Their places still supply;
God bless our School.

*Tune, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," page 42, *Sunday-School Hars*

O COME TO THE FOUNTAIN, Concluded.

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

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

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

MILES LANE. C. M.

PERRONET.

SHRUBSOLE.

All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him, crown him,

<p style="text-align: center;">crown him, crown him Lord of all.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">O that with yonder sacred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.</p>
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SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a-head!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fade - less green; And the liv - ing waters

CHORUS.
lav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on

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

2. Onward, back! the capo I'm rounding;
See the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands. — Cho.
3. There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gli'ing,
Shores in sunlight stretch awa, — Cho.
4. Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the rock of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last. — Cho.

MARY MAGDALENE.

Slowly.

1. To the hall of the feast came the sin-ful and fair, She heard in the cit - y that Je - sus was there;
 2. The frown and the mur-mur went round through them all, That one so un-hal-lowed should tread in that hall;

Un - heed-ing the splen-dor that blazed on the board, She si-lent-ly knelt at the feet of the Lord,
 And some said the poor would be ob-jects more meet, As the wealth of her per-fume she show-ered on his feet.

[1st Time.] [2d Time.]

3. She heard but the Saviour—she spoke but with sighs;
 She dared not look up to the heaven of His eyes,
 And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
 As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4. In the sky after tempest, as shineth the bow,
 In the glare of the sunbeams as melteth the snow,
 He looked on the lost one, "thy sins are forgiven,"
 And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

DR. WATTS.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, to praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

2
Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3
My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4
Fools never raise their thoughts so high:
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Dooms them to everlasting death.

5
But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6
Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7
Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

KEEP ON PRAYING.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Long my spir-it pined in sor - row, Watch-ing, wait-ing all in vain; Wait - ing for a gold-en mor - row,

Free from world-ly care and pain; When I heard a sweet voice say-ing, In the ac-cents of a friend, Cheer up, broth-er,

KEEP ON PRAYING, Concluded.

CHORUS.

"Keep on pray-ing, Keep on pray-ing to the end." When our way-ward thoughts are stray-ing, When God's mer-cy

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

2. Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures
In the end you're sure to win;
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your troubles at His feet,
Plead with faith in Calvary's story,
Till your joys are all complete.—CHORUS.

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

ROUND, IN FOUR PARTS.

2
3
O may truth guide our youth; Ne-ver let a false word Here be heard.

THE GUIDING HAND. Hymn Chant.

S. J. VAIL.

SOLO

CHORUS.

1. "Is this the way, my Father?" "Tis, my child; Thou must pass through this tangled..... drea-ry wild, If thou wouldst reach the city

2. "But enemies are around.".. "Yes, child, I know, Where least expecting thou shalt..... find a foe; But victor thou shalt prove o'er

3. "My Father, it is dark."... "Child, take my hand; Cling close to me, I'll lead thee..... thro' the land; Trust my all-seeing care; so..

4. "My footsteps seem to slide." "Child, on - ly raise Thine eye to me, then, in these..... slippery ways, I will hold up thy goings;....

5. "Oh, Father, I am weary.".. "Child, lean thy head Upon my breast. It was my love that spread Thy rugged path; hope on till..

un - de - fied, Thy peace - ful home a - bove.
 all be - low: On - ly seek strength a - bove.
 shalt thou stand 'Midst glo - ry bright a - bove.
 thou shalt praise Me for each step a - bove.
 I have said, Rest, rest for aye, a - bove.

1 CHRISTIAN HERALDS. [Round.]

1 Ye chris-tian her-alds, go pro - claim sal-
 2 vation - s I - va-tion in Im-man-uel's name; To
 3 dis - tant climes the ti-dings bear, And
 4 plant the rose of Sha-ron - of Sha-ron there.

FANNY CROSBY.

WE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

T. E. PERKINS.

55



1. We must be born a - gain, and cleansed in Je - sus' blood, The wit - ness of the Spi - rit know that
2. We must be born a - gain, 'Tis God's e - ter - nal truth, And hap - py they who ear - ly seek And



we are heirs of God. We must be born a - gain, On Christ we must be - lieve, And
find Him in their youth. We must be born a - gain, Our stub-born will sub - dued, Old

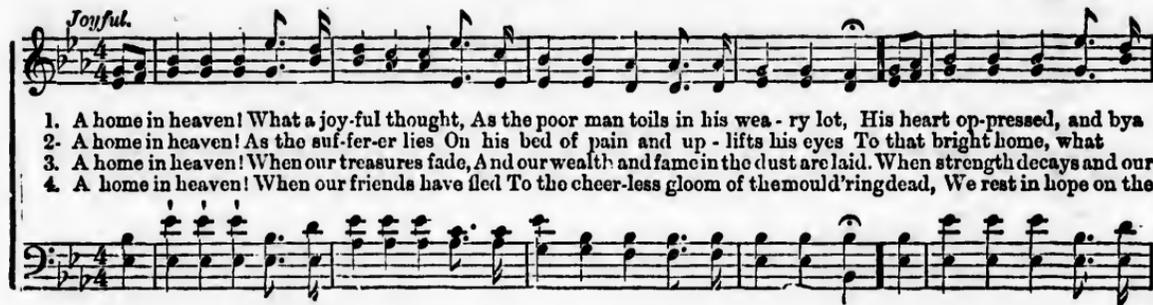


if we come by sim - ple faith, His par - don we re - ceive.
things must pass, and all be changed, By sov - er - eign grace re - newed.



3. We must be born again,
Or heaven we cannot see,
And where our blessed Saviour dwells,
We cannot hope to be.
We must be born again;
Lord teach our souls the way!
Oh, help us all our journey through,
To work, to watch, to pray.

Joyful.



1. A home in heaven! What a joy-ful thought, As the poor man toils in his wea- ry lot, His heart op-pressed, and by a
2. A home in heaven! As the suf-fer-er lies On his bed of pain and up - lifts his eyes To that bright home, what
3. A home in heaven! When our treasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid. When strength decays and our
4. A home in heaven! When our friends have fled To the cheer-less gloom of the mould'ring dead, We rest in hope on the

Ritard ad. lib.

CHORUS.



an-guish driven, From his home below to his home in heaven. Trav'ling on so glad and free, To a
 joy is given, With the bless-ed thought of a home in heaven. health is riven, We are happy still with our home in heaven. so glad and free,
 promise given, We shall meet up there in our home in heaven.

A HOME IN HEAVEN, Concluded

home for you and me, Come and join our pil-grim band, Trav'ling to the promised heavenly land.
for you and me, our pil-grim band,

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARSH.

Fine.

1. { Ma-ry to the Sa-viour's tomb Hast-ed at the e - - ly dawn ;
Spice she brought, and rich per-fume, But the Lord she loved had gone; } For a while she ling - ring stood,
Trem-bling, while a crys-tal flood Is-sued from her weep-ing eyes.

D. C.

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,
Yo who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3.
He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you at now are tempter's toil.
Oh His arm your burden ease,
In His love your thoughts employ;
Weepful for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

SHALL I BE THERE ?

T. E. PERRINS.

1. When saints gath-er 'round Thee, dear Sa-viour, a - bove, And has - ten to crown Thee with jew-els o' love,

A - mid those bright man-sions of glo - ry so fair, O tell me, dear Sa - viour, if I shall be there?

CHORUS.

O tell me, O tell me if I shall be there? O tell me, dear Sa - viour, if I shall be there?

2. V
A
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3. V
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2. When teachers and scholars each other shall greet,
And join in the anthem at Jesus' dear feet,
Rich tokens of mercy forever to share,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—CHORUS.
3. When those, who have labored and struggled to save
Their loved ones from sorrow beyond the dark grave,
Are bringing the treasures they gathered with care,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—CHORUS.
4. When life's dreary oillows are spent on the shore
Beyond the dark river, and time is no more,
When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—CHORUS.
5. O blessed Redeemer, Thy mercy and grace
Alone can prepare me to enter that place;
I'm stained and polluted, but shall I despair?
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—CHORUS.

DR. WATTS.

OLIVET. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

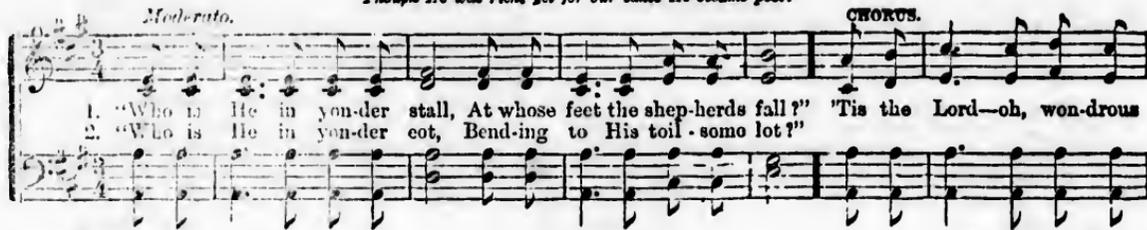
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all

WHO IS HE IN YONDER STALL?

B. R. HANBY.

Mod-rato. "Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor."

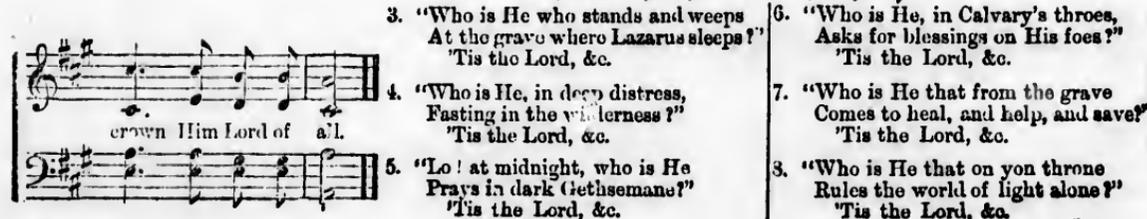
CHORUS.



1. "Who is He in yon-der stall, At whose feet the shep-herds fall?" 'Tis the Lord—oh, won-drous
2. "Who is He in yon-der cot, Bend-ing to His toil - some lot?"



sto - ry!—'Tis the Lord, the King of Glo - ry: At His feet we hum - bly fall; Crown Him,



3. "Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?"
'Tis the Lord, &c.
4. "Who is He, in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?"
'Tis the Lord, &c.
5. "Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?"
'Tis the Lord, &c.
6. "Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?"
'Tis the Lord, &c.
7. "Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal, and help, and save?"
'Tis the Lord, &c.
8. "Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?"
'Tis the Lord, &c.

SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK. ♩ 78.

F. L. MASON.

61

1. Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing
 2. While we seek sup-plies of grace, Through the dear Re-deem-er's name, Show thy re-son-able face—Take a-

in His courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the
 way our sin and shame; From our world-ly care set free—May we rest this day in thee; From our world-ly care set

best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 free—May we rest this day in thee.

3.
 Here we come Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glories meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting rest.

4.
 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Awake our minds to raptures new;
 Let Thy victories abound—
 Unrepenting souls subdue;
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove
 Till we join the church above.

SAFETY NEAR THE CROSS.

MRS. C. G. ALLEN.

1. When striv-ing with the hosts of sin, We oft - times suf-fer loss, But if the con - quest
 2. In fierce temp-ta-tion's dark-est hour, When hope seems well nigh lost, O, then we'll look to
 3. Let world-lings trust their hoard-ed gold, We count it filth and dross, In Je - sus we have
 4. Then let us man - ful - ly en - dure, Tho' high the waves may toss, In hope of rest on

CHORUS.

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

SAFETY NEAR THE CROSS, Concluded

63

saf-ty near the cross, 'Mid the dir-est con-flict sin cau wage, There's saf-ty near the cross.

ALETTA. 6-7a.

WM. R. BRADBURY.

1. { Weep-ing soul no long-er mourn, Je-sus all thy griefs hath borne } There thy ev-ery sin He bore,
 { View Him bleed-ing on the tree, Pour-ing out His life for thee; }

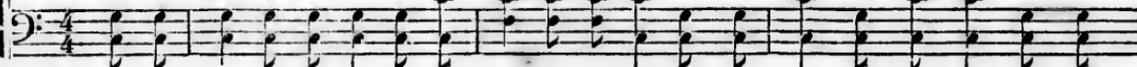
2. Weep-ing soul la-ment no more. All thy crimes on Him were laid;
 See, upon His blameless head Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
 Due to my offence and yours; Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
 On the atoning sacrifices.

3. Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
 Find Him mighty to redeem;
 At His feet thy burden lay,
 Look thy doubts and fears away;
 Now by faith the Son embrace,
 Plead His promise, trust His grace.

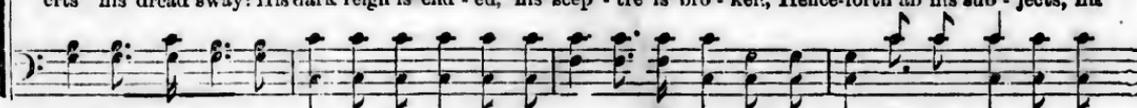
MIGHTY TO SAVE.



1. There is light in the val - ley once shroud - ed with dark - ness, Hope sheds her bright ray o'er the
 2. O'er the dark realms of death, shines a ha - lo of glo - ry, The ty - rant no long - er ex -




gloom of the grave, A Sa - viour as - cend - ing, fills earth with his bright - ness 'Tis Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus the
 crts his dread sway: His dark reign is end - ed, his scep - tre is bro - ken, Hence - forth all his sub - jects, lia



CHORUS.



migh - ty to save, Migh - ty to save, migh - ty to save, 'Tis Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus the migh - ty to save.
 sub - jects are free, Migh - ty to save, etc.



3. Shout aloud, ye redeemed ones, repeat the glad story,
And sing, all ye ransomed from death's dismal thrall;
In triumph ascend to the mansions of glory
Forever, forever restored from the fall.
Mighty to save, &c.

4. There, O there on the banks of the beautiful river,
Shall anthems of rapture unceasingly rise;
While angels and saints reunited forever,
Unite in the chorus that gladdens the skies,
Mighty to save, &c.

LABAN. S. M.

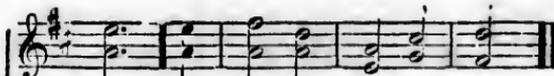
"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."

DR. L. MASON.

HEATH.



1. My soul be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise: The hosts of sin are press-ing
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - ery

hard To draw thee from the skies.
day And help di - vine im - plore.

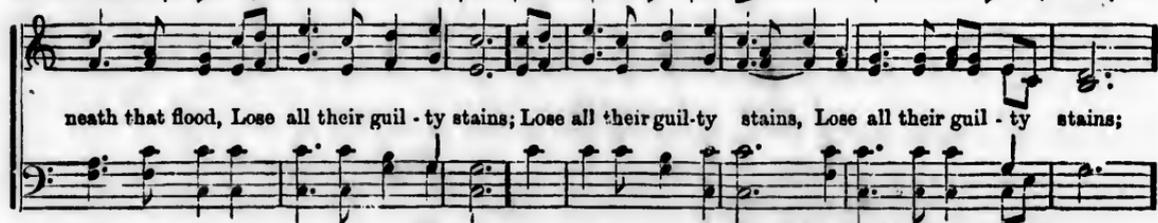


3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
4. Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

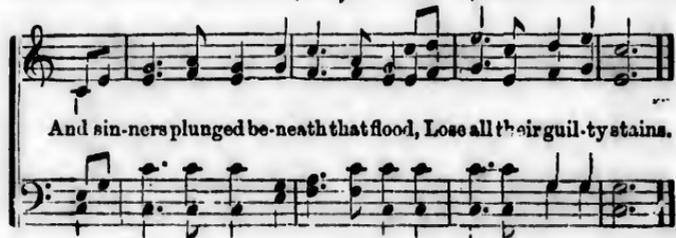
CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.



1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins, and sin - ners plunged be-



neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains; Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their guil - ty stains;



And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. 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.
4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

CROWN HIM

REV. R. LOWRY

67

1. Come, chil-dren, hail the Prince of Peace, O - bey the Sa-viour's call; Come seek His face and
 2. Ye lambs of Christ, your trib - ute bring, Ye chil - dren great and small; Ho - san - na sing to
 3. This Je - sus will your sins for - give, O, haste! be - fore Him fall! For you He died, that

CHORUS.

taste His grace, And crown Him Lord of all. In the dew - y time of youth, let us come, Be-fore the brown leaves
 Christ your king, And crown Him Lord of all. you might live, To crown Him Lord of all. let us come,

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

SINGING FOR JESUS.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

*"And he ministered with singing."**Moderato.*

1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, sing - ing for Je - sus, Try - ing to serve Him wher - ev - er I go; Point - ing the

lost to the way of sal - va - tion--This be my mis - sion, a pil - grim be - low. When in the

strains of my coun - try I min - gle, When to ex - alt her my voice I would raise; 'Tis for His

2. S

D

M

T

1. J

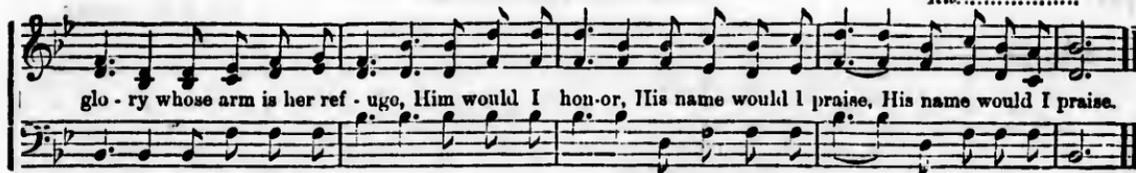
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2. T

T

3. T

M



glo - ry whose arm is her ref - uge, Him would I hon - or, His name would I praise, His name would I praise.

2. Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love;
Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,
Telling of rest in the mansions above.
Music may soften where language would fail us,
Feelings long buried 't will often restore,
Tones that were breathed from the lips of departed,
How we revere them when they are no more!

3. Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
God of the pilgrims, for Thee I will sing;
When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
Still with Thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before me,
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;
Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment,
Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

THE HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS. L. M.*

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone—
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.
2. The way the holy prophets went,—
The road that leads from banishment,—
The Kings highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
3. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4. The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more:
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.
5. Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb!
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.
6. Then will I toll to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.

(*Tune "LUTON." page 71.)

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

REV. J. W. DADMUN.

DYING CHARGE OF REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG.

1. Stand up for Je-sus! Strength-ened by His hand Ev'n I, tho' young, have ven-tured thus to stand; But, soon cut
2. Stand up for Je-sus! All who lead His host! Crown'd with the splen-dors of the Ho-ly Ghost! Shrink from no

down, as maim'd and faint I lie, Hear, O my friends! the charge with which I die—Stand up for Je - sus!
foe, to no tempt-a-tions yield, Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field—Stand up for Je - sus!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Stand up for Jesus! Ye with whom I stood,
In purer, stronger bonds than those of blood:
Church of the Covenant! favored, firm and true,
Remember Him to whom all thanks are due,
Stand up for Jesus!</p> <p>4. Stand up for Jesus! Listeners to that word—
Ye that are men, go now and serve the Lord!
Only to serve in heaven, on earth I fall:
Ye who remain, still hear your comrade's call
Stand up for Jesus!</p> | <p>5. Stand up for Jesus! Ye of every name,
All one in prayer and all with praise a-flame;
Forgot the sad estrangements of the past,
With one consent in love and peace at last,
Stand up for Jesus!</p> <p>6. Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right hand
Jesus himself for us delights to stand!
Let saints and sinners wonder at His grace:
Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race
Stand up for Jesus!</p> |
|--|--|

LUTON, L. M.

Dr. WAITS

BURDER.

71

1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voi - ces in His praise: His na - ture and His
2. He form'd the stars, those heav-en-ly flames; He counts their num-bers, calls their names; His wis-dom's vast, and

works in - vite To make this du - ty our de-light.
knows no bound,—A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3. Sing to the Lord! exalt Him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain;
4. He makes the grass the hills adorn;
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
5. But saints are lovely in His sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, He knows their fear
And looks, and loves His image there.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.*

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? '
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died;
For man, the creature's sin.
4. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

*Tune, "CLEARING FOUNTAIN," page 66.

WM. O. CUSHING.
Reverentially.

1. O, I love to look at Je-sus as he sat be-side the sea; Where the waves were on-ly mur-m'ring on the

strand; When he sat with-in the boat, on the sil-ver wave a - float, Where he taught the wait-ing peo-ple on the

land. O I love to think of Je-sus by the sea; O I love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I

O I lov
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2. 1

JESUS BY THE SEA. Concluded.

73

love the pre-cious Word. Which he spake to them that heard, While he taught the wait-ing peo-ple by the sea.

2.
 O I love to think of Jesus as he walked upon the sea;
 When the waves were rolling fearfully and grand;
 How the winds and waves were still, at the bidding of his will,
 While he brought his lov'd disciples safe to land.
 O I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
 How he walked upon the wave,
 His beloved ones to save,
 While he brought them safely o'er the stormy sea.

3.
 O I love to think of Jesus as he walk'd beside the sea;
 Where the fishers spread their nets upon the shore:
 How he bade them follow him and forsake the paths of sin,
 And to be his true disciples evermore.
 O I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
 And I long to leave my all,
 At my dear Redeemer's call,
 And his true disciple evermore to be.

G. WESLEY.

WILLIMANTIC. S. M.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, With hum-ble con-fi-dence, look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer.
 On thee I cast my care, With hum-ble con-fi-dence look up.

2. I want a heart to pray, To pray and never cease, Never to murmur at thy stay, Never to murmur at thy stay, Or wish my sufferings less.
 3. I rest upon thy word; The promise is for me, My succour and salvation, Lord, My succour and salvation, Lord, Shall surely come from thee.

WE SING THE SONG OF JESUS.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord."

1. We sing the song of Je - sus, With hap - py heart and voice! Come join our tune - ful num - bers, With
 2. For us the Sa - viour suf - fered, For us the Sa - viour died, And heal - ing streams of mer - cy Flowed
 3. For us He waits in glo - ry, Up - on the fur - ther shore, Where sin and all trans - gres - sion Shall
 4. We know our up - ward jour - ney is on - ly just be - gun, But fear not toil or dan - ger While
 5. Come walk with us the path - way That leads un - to the skies, And let your tune - ful voi - ces With

CHORUS.

us may you re - joice
 from His wound - ed side,
 live and harm no more,
 Je - sus leads us on,
 ours in an - thems raise.

We sing, we sing, we sing the song of Je - sus. We

We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, we sing the song of Je - sus, We

WE SING THE SONG OF JESUS, Concluded.

FAWCETT. DENNIS. MAGELL. 75

With
Flowed
Shall
While
With

sing, we sing, we sing the song of love.

sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, we sing the song of love.

1. Blest be the tie that binds

Our hearts in christ-ian love; The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds, Is like to that a - bove.

2. Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, -
Our comforts and our cares,
2. 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 join'd 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,
 2. From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

1. In dim recesses of thy | spir-it's | cham-ber || Is there some hid-den grief thou | may'st not | tell ? || Let not thy heart |
forsake thee

but re | member. || His pitying eye who sees and knows it well — God knows it all ! God knows it all !

2. And art thou tossed on billows | of temp- | tation,
And wouldst do good, but evil | still pre- | vails ?
Oh ! think amid the waves of | tribu- | lation,
When earthly hope, when | earthly | refuge | fails—
God knows it all !
3. And dost thou sin ! thy deeds of | shame con- | cealing
In some dark spot no human | eye can | see—
Then walk in pride, without one | sign re- | vealing
The deep remorse that | should dis- | quiet | thee !
God knows it all !

4. Art thou opprest and poor, and | heavy- | hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick | clouds ar- | rayed,
And well-nigh crushed, no earthly | strength im- | parted,
No friendly voice to | say, "Be | not a- | fraid !" —
God knows it all !
5. Art thou a mourner ? Are thy | tear-drops | flowing
For one so early lost to | earth and | thee—
The depth of grief no human | spirit | knowing,
Which mourns in secret | like the | moaning | sea ?
God knows it all !

6. I
T

Youth
Behold
Then let
And

6. Dost thou look back upon a | life of | sinning?
 Forward, and tremble for thy | future | lot!
 There's One who sees the end | from the be- | ginning,
 The penitential | tear is | unfor- | got—
 God knows it all!

7. Then go to God! Pour out your | heart be- | fore him!
 There is no grief your Father | cannot | feel;
 And let your grateful songs of | praise a- | dore Him—
 To save, forgive, and | every | wound to | heal!
 God knows it all!

YOUTHFUL WORKERS.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Youth is the time to leave Our hearts in Je - sus' care, To seek the foun-tain of His blood, And
D. S. And feel the soul - in - spir - ing hope Of

Fine. *D. S.*
 find re - demp - tion there. Youth is the time to know The bliss of sins for - given,
 end - less joy in heaven.

D. S.

2.
 Youth is the time to work;
 Behold the fields are white!
 Then let us to our duty haste,
 And labor with our might.

3.
 Youth is the time to watch
 Against the tempter's power,
 And pray for strength and grace divine
 To help us every hour.

4.
 Youth is the time to walk
 With Jesus at our side;
 To put our trusting hand in his,
 And in his strength confide.

5.
 Youth is the time to learn
 The blessed cross to bear;
 O Saviour, in thy mercy grant
 We all a crown may wear.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

1. The Mas - ter is come, and call-eth for thee, He stands at the door of thy heart, No friend so for-
 2. The Mas - ter has come with bless-ings for thee, A - rise, and his mes - sage re - ceive; Thy ran - som is

REFRAIN.

giv - ing, so gen - tle as he, Oh, say, wilt thou let him do - part? Pa - tient-ly wait - ing, earn-est-ly
 pur-chased, thy par-don is free, If thou wilt re - pent and be-lieve

Pa-tient - ly wait - ing,

plead - ing, Je - sus, thy Sa - viour, knocks at thy heart, Pa-tient-ly wait - ing, ear-nest-ly plead-ing,
 wait - ing, plead - ing,

THE MASTER'S CALL, Concluded.

Je - sus, thy Sa - viour, knocks at thy heart.

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

GOD IS NEAR THEE.

1. God is near thee, there-fore cheer thee, Sad soul! He'll de-fend thee; when a-round thee Bil-lows

roll, When a-round the bil-lows roll

2. Calm thy sadness, look in gladness,
On high!
Faint and weary, pilgrim, cheer thee,
Help is nigh!
Pilgrim, cheer thee, help is nigh!
3. Mark the sea-bird wildly wheeling
Through the skies!
God defends him, God attends him,
When he cries!
God attends him when he cries.

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord," A - men, so let it be ; Life from the dead is that word: 'Tis

im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam; Yet night-ly pitch my

lov - ing tent A day's march near-er home ; Near-er home, near-er home, A day's march near-er home.

My Fa
Hon
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Thy
Ah, th
To r
The br
Home

1.
D. C.

Wh

2.
 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near,
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye
 Thy golden gates appear?
 Ah, then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love;
 The bright inheritance of saints—
 Jerusalem above;
 Home above, home above,
 Jerusalem above.

3.
 Yet doubts still intervene,
 And all my comfort flies:
 Like Noah's dove, I sit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies:
 Anon the clouds depart,
 The wind and waters cease,
 While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
 Expands the bow of peace;
 Bow of peace, bow of peace,
 Expands the bow of peace.

So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain;
 Knowing 'as I am known,"
 How shall I love that word.
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord;"
 With the Lord, with the Lord,
 "Forever with the Lord."

GUIDE. 7s.

M. M. WELLS.

1. { Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side; }
 { Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land. } Wea-ry souls for - o'er re - joice,
D. C. Whis-per soft-ly, wand'-rer come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home.

D. C.

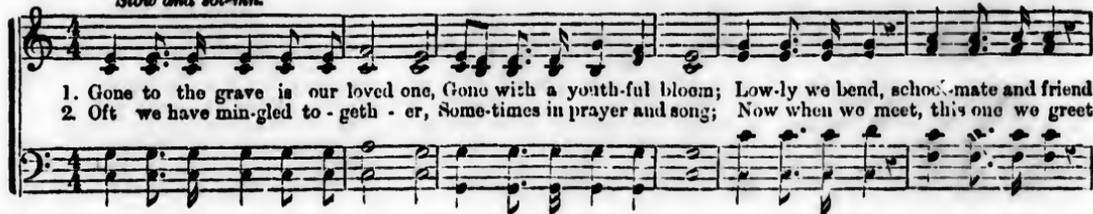
While they hear that sweet-est voice.

2. Ever present, truest friend,
 Ever near, thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear,
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er
 Whisper softly, wand'rer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3. When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

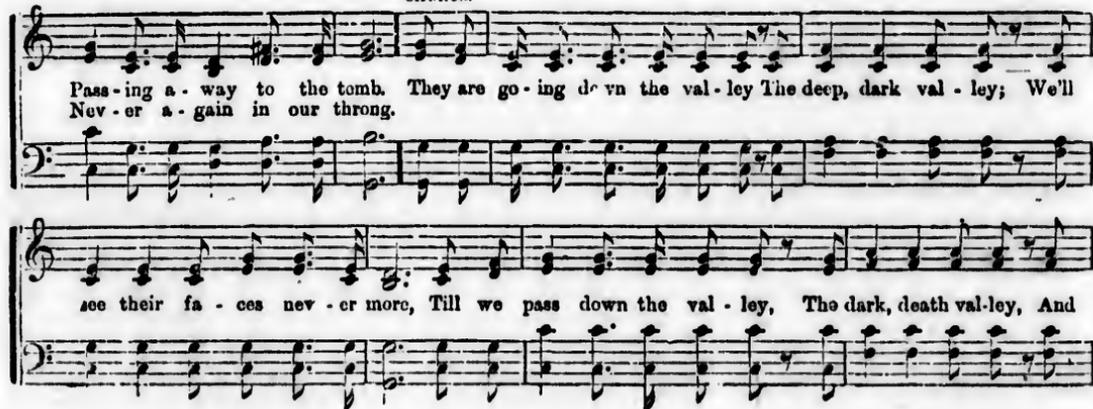
THEY ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

REV. R. LOWRY.

Slow and solemn.


1. Gone to the grave is our loved one, Gone with a youth-ful bloom; Low-ly we bend, school-mate and friend
2. Oft we have ming-led to - geth - er, Some-times in prayer and song; Now when we meet, this one we greet

CHORUS.

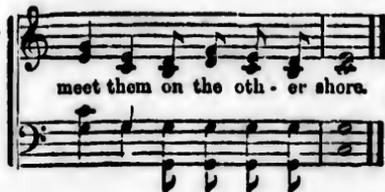


Pass-ing a - way to the tomb. They are go-ing down the val-ley The deep, dark val - ley; We'll
Nev - er a - gain in our throng.

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

2. Jesus!
That
'Tis me
'Tis

THEY ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY, Concluded.



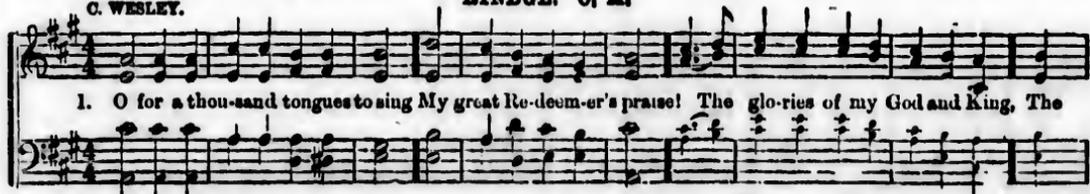
meet them on the oth - er shore.

3. Sweetly the form will be sleeping,
Under the cypress shade;
Sad though we be, fondly will we
Cherish the name of the dead.
They are going, &c

4. Down in the valley they're going,
Down to the other shore;
But with the blest—fair land of rest—
Weeping will come never more.
They are going, &c.

C. WESLEY.

RINDGE, O, M.



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise! The glo-ries of my God and King, The



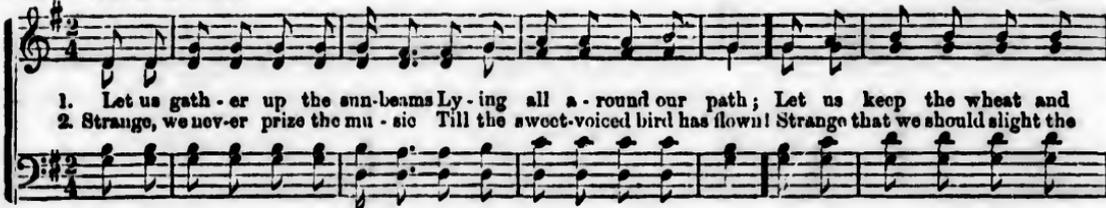
tri - umphs of his grace. The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace

2. Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3. He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free,
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4. See all your sins on Jesus laid;
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

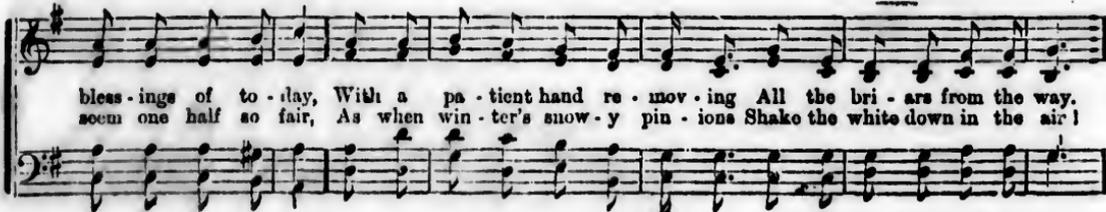
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.



1. Let us gath - er up the sun-beams Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us keep the wheat and
2. Strango, we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown! Strango that we should slight the



ros - es, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweet - est com - fort In the
violets Till the love - ly flowers are gone! Strango, that sum - mer skies and sun - shine Nev - er



bles - sings of to - day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the bri - ars from the way,
soon one half so fair, As when win - ter's snow - y pin - ions Shake the white down in the air!

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS, Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then scat - ter seeds of kind - ness, Then scat - ter seeds of kind - ness, Then scat - ter seeds of

ad. lib.

kind-ness For our reap-ing by and by.

3.
If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling,
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?
Then scatter seeds, &c.

4.
Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and-by!
Then scatter seeds, &c.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.*

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues
But all their joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply;
"For He was slain for us."

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!
4. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

*Tune, "KINGS," page 82.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

"Step in, and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

1. I will sing for Je - sus, With his blood he bought me, And e' - a - long my pil - grim way his lov - ing hand has
2. Can there over - take me A - ny dark dis - as - ter While I can sing for Je - sus? My bless - ed, bless - ed

CHORUS.

brought me. O help me sing for Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry, Of Him who did re - deem us, The Mas - ter.

Lord of life and glo - ry.

3.
I will sing for Jesus,
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.
O! help me sing, &c.

4.
Still I'll sing for Jesus!
O! how I will adore Him
Among the cloud of witnesses
Who cast their crowns before Him.
O! help me sing, &c.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

WM. G. FISCHER

87



1. I love to tell the story Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and his glo-ry Of Je-sus and his love, I
2. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleas-ant to re-peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-dor-ful-ly sweet. I
3. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-ing and thir-st-ing To hear it like the rest. And



love to tell the sto-ry be-cause I know it's true; It sat-is-fies my long-ings As noth-ing else would do.
 love to tell the sto-ry; For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal-va-tion From God's own ho-ly word.
 when in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be the OLD OLD STO-ry That I have loved so long.



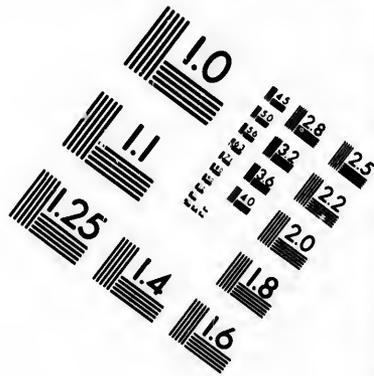
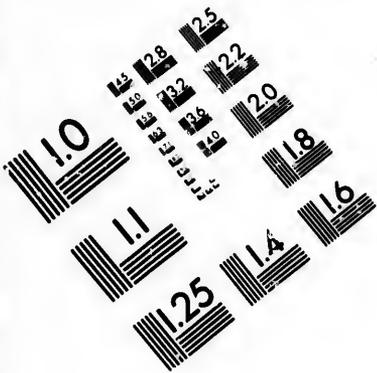
CHORUS.



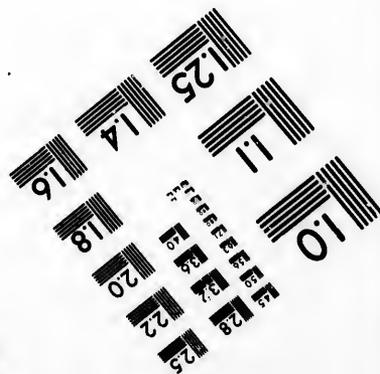
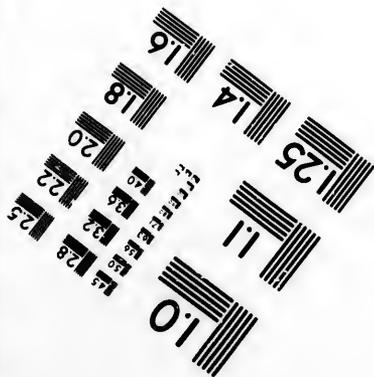
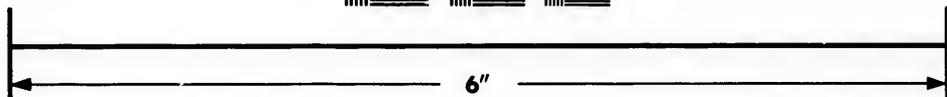
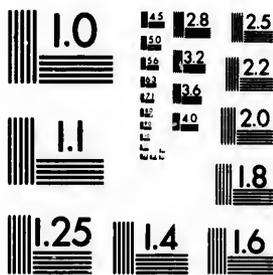
I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my them in glo-ry To tell the obl. old sto-ry, Of Je-sus and his love.







**IMAGE EVALUATION
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14
16
18
20
22
25
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32
36

10

WE SHALL MEET.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We shall meet no more to sev - er, By - and-by, *ff* By-and-by, *pp* And the dark-ness will be o - ver, By-and
 2. Done with all of earth's de-lu-sion, By - and-by, By-and-by, War and strife, and sin's con-fu-sion, By-and

by, *pp* By - and -by, With the toil-some jour-ney done, And the glo-rious bat-tle won, We shall shine forth as the
 by, *pp* By - and -by, We shall rest our pil-grim feet, On the shores where lov'd ones meet, There to dwell in bliss com-

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

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

ALL THINGS EARNEST.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

89

"My days are swifter than the weaver's shuttle."

1. Time is ear - nest, pass - ing by, Death is ear - nest, draw - ing nigh, Sin - ner! wilt thou tri - fling be? Time and
 2. Life is ear - nest, when 'tis o'er Thou re - turn - est nev - er more; Soon to meet e - ter - ni - ty, Wilt thou
 3. When thy plea - sures all de - part, What will soothe thy faint - ing heart? Friend - less, des - o - late, a - lone, Hast - ning

CHORUS.

death ap - peal to thee.
 nev - er so - ri - ous be? Christ is ear - nest, bids thee "come," Paid thy spir - it's price - less sum—Wilt thou
 to a world un - known.

spuru thy Sa - viour's love, Plead - ing with thee from a - bove.

4. Heaven is earnest : solemnly
 Float its voices down to thee.
 O thou mortal, art thou gay,
 Sporting through thine earthly day?—**CHO.**

5. God is earnest : kneel and pray
 Ere thy season pass away,
 Ere he set His judgment throne,
 Vengeance ready, mercy gone.—**CHO.**

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

WM. R. BRADBURY.

"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15, 10.

1st time *p*—2nd time *f**Fine.*

1. Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in heav'n with the an-gels; Joy! joy! joy! for the prod-i-gals re-turn

Fine.

He has come, he has come, to his Fa-ther's house at last; He was lost, he is

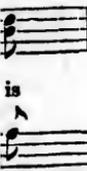
mp A little slower.

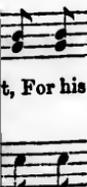
'ound, And the night of gloom is past. Bless-ed hour of joy, and com-mun-ion sweet, For his

URY.

Fine.

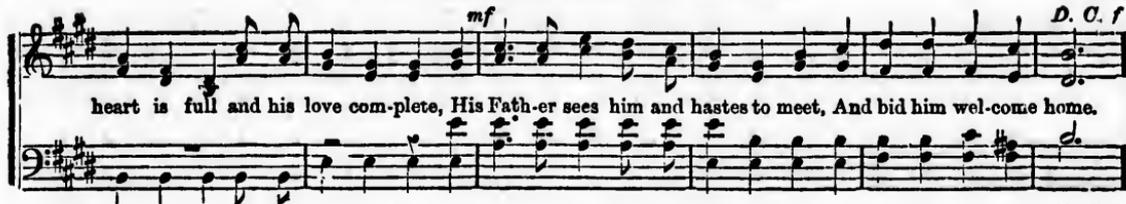

re-turn
Fine.


is


t, For his


THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN, Concluded.

mf *D. C. f*



heart is full and his love com-plete, His Fath-er sees him and hastes to meet, And bid him wel-come home.

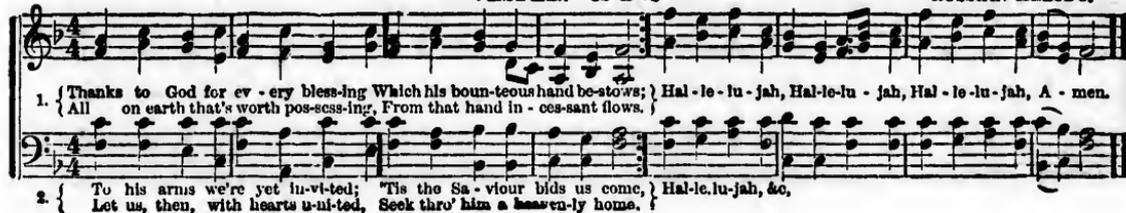
2. Joy ! joy ! joy ! in the courts of heaven resounding,
 Joy ! joy ! joy ! o'er the prodigal's return ;
 Hark ! the song, hark ! the song,
 'Tis a joyful, joyful strain,
 Welcome home, welcome home,
 To thy Father's house again.
 While his eye is dim with the falling tears
 Of repentant grief, over wasted years,
 The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,
 And bids him welcome home.—CHORUS.

3. Joy ! joy ! joy ! in the radiant fields of glory,
 Joy ! joy ! joy ! when a wandering soul returns ;
 Let us haste, let us haste,
 While the morning sun is bright,
 Jesus calls, Jesus calls,
 To a land of love and light.
 We will journey on till our pilgrim feet
 Shall be found at last in the golden street,
 Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
 And bid us welcome home.—CHORUS.

D. C. f

VESPER. 8s & 7s

RUSSIAN MELODY.



1. { Thanks to God for ev - ery bless-ing Which his boun-teous hand be-stows ; } Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
 { All on earth that's worth pos-sess-ing, From that hand in - ces-sant flows. }

2. { To his arms we're yet in-vit-ed; 'Tis the Sa - viour bids us come, } Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.
 { Let us, then, with hearts u-nit-ed, Seek thro' him a heav-en-ly home. }

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

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

CHOIRS.

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

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

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

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

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

C. WESLEY.

MIDLOTHIAN. C. M.

Spirited and fast.

1. Je-sus, the name high o-ver all, In bell, or earth, or sky, An-gels and men be-fore it fall, And de-vils fear and

fly, And de-vils fear and fly.

2. Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3. Jesus, the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4. O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!

The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5. His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6. Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

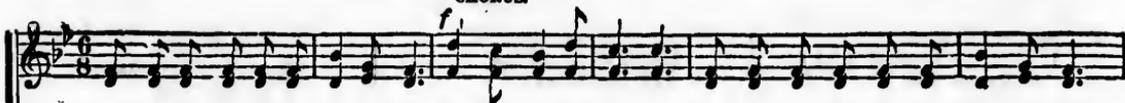
NOTE.—In the third strain give strong accent to the first note of the groups of three eighths.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

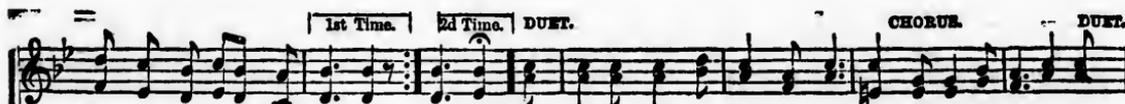
WM. B. BRADBURY.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—Rev. XI—8.

CHORUS.



1. { Je - sus, the wa - ter of life will give Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly, Je - sus, the wa - ter of life will give
 { Come to that foun - tain, O drink and live Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly, Come to that foun - tain, O drink and live
 2. { Je - sus has prom - ised a home in heaven, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly, Je - sus has prom - ised a home in heaven,
 { Treas - ures unfading will there be given, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly, Treas - ures un - fa - ding will there be given,



Free - ly to those who love him.
 Flow - ing for those that
 Free - ly to those that love him.
 Free - ly to those that

} love him. The Spir - it and the Bride say, come Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly, And
 } love him. The Spirit and the Bride say, come, etc.



3. Jesus
 Fre
 Jesus
 Fre
 King
 Fre
 King
 Fre

THE WATER OF LIFE, Condensed

CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

he that is thir-sy let him come And drink of the wa-ter of life. The foun-tain of life is

flow-ing, Flow-ing, free-ly flow-ing The foun-tain of life is flow-ing, Is flow-ing for you and for me.

3. Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely to those that love him;
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely to those that love him.
 The fountain, &c.

4. Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely to those that love him;
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely to those that love him.
 The fountain, &c.

5. Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely to all that love him;
 Come to the water of life that flows
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to the water of life that flows
 Freely to all that love him
 The fountain, &c.

1. Hail ! my ev - er bless - ed Je - sus, On - ly thee I wish to sing; To my soul thy name is pre - cious, Thou my
D. S. Love I much? I'm much for - giv - en, I'm a

Fine. Proph - et, Priest, and King. O ! what mer - cy flows from heav - en ! O ! what joy and hap - pi - ness.
D. S. mir - a - cle of grace.

2. Once in Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way.
 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness;
 Love I much! I'm much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3. Shout ye bright angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
 While astonished I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love,
 That blest moment I received him,
 Filled my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

4. Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee
 Seated at thy Father's side:
 There for sinners thou art pleading;
 There thou dost our peace prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

While
 Sing
 For th
 Sing

OUR MISSION SONG.

HENRY TUCKER.

97



1. { Our hearts are ve - ry joy - ful in our Sun - day - school to - day, Sing - ing our mis - sion song to - gether ; }
 { We'll nev - er be dis - cour - aged but we'll la - bor while we may; Sing - ing our mis - sion song to - geth - er; }
D. C. His gra - cious ear will lis - ten while be - fore his throne we bend, Sing - ing our mis - sion song to - geth - er.



D. C.
 Je - sus will help us, he is our friend, He will pro - tect us, and he will de - fend;



2.	While many precious blessings he has scattered in our way, Singing our mission song together; For those who sit in darkness, we must not forget to pray; Singing our mission song together.	3.	Our happy voices mingle in our Sunday-school so dear, Singing our mission song together; We know that God is with us when we meet together here, Singing our mission song together.
----	--	----	--

1. Weak and sin - ful, O my Fath - er, Hop - ing, trust - ing on - ly thee, Fold thy lov - ing arms a - round me,

Sa - viour, thou hast died for me, Com - fort me, Com - fort me, Bless - ed Sa - viour, com - fort me.

2. Standing at the door of mercy,
Lord, I wait a smile from thee;
Rich and boundless are thy blessings,
Surely there is one for me.
Comfort me, etc.

3. Thou, my life, my only treasure,
Let me give myself to thee,
Let me drink the healing fountain;
There is comfort still for me.
Comfort me, etc.

I AM FREE. (Tune above.)

1. Thou hast rolled away my burden,
Praise forever, praise to thee;
Blessed pardon, now I feel it,
Thou hast spoken, Lord, to me.
I am free, I am free,
Saviour, thou dost comfort me.

2. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
I am free, I am free,
Saviour, thou dost comfort me.

3. Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.
I am free, I am free,
Saviour, thou dost comfort me.

*The words of "Even Me," page 33, may be sung to this Tune

PRAYER, SWEET PRAYER. 11s.

KINS.



round me,



me.



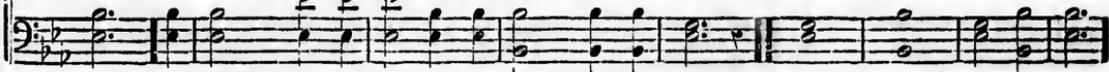
n,
or known,
tion,
ll my own.
fort me.



1. { When torn is the bo - som by sor - row and care,
Be it ev - er so sim - ple there's nothing like [OMIT.] prayer; } It com - forts, it soft - ens, sub - dues, yet sus -
2. { When far from the friends that are dear - est we part,
What fond re - col - lec - tions still cling to the [OMIT.] heart. } Past scenes and en - joy - ment live pain - ful - ly



tains, Bids hope rise ex - ult - ing, and pas - sion re - strains; Prayer, prayer. O sweet prayer.
Be it ev - er so sim - ple, there's nothing like prayer.
there, And rest - less we lan - guish till peace comes in prayer.
Be it ev - er so sim - ple, there's nothing like prayer.



3. When earthly delusions would lead us astray
In folly's gay mazes, or sin's treacherous way,
How strong the enchantment, how fatal the snare!
But looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, &c.
4. While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
The world has no refuge, no solace like this;
And till we the seraph's full ecstasy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, &c.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. March a - long to - geth - er, Ev - er firm and true, Ma - ny eyes are watch - ing, Ta - king note of you.

1st Time! 2d Time.

Pleas - ant winds or foul ones. Clon - dy days or bright, Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right. right.

2. Raise on high your banner,
That its folds may fly,
Like the wing of eagle
Sweeping to the sky.
If you wish to conquer,
Every foe you fight,
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right.

3. 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.

4. Love should be your motto
Duty be your 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.

LOVE FOR JESUS.

Moderato.



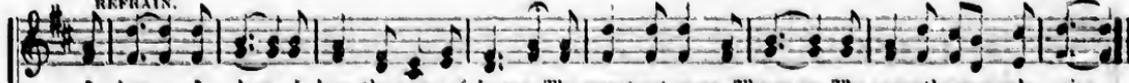
1. I love the name of Je-sus, That name the an-gels sing, And with their loud ho-san-nas The heav-en-ly por-tals ring
2. I love to think of Je-sus, When all is calm and still; When pure and ho-ly feel-ings, My grate-ful bo-som fill.
3. I love to work for Je-sus, And wor-ship at his throne; O, may his spir-it help me To live for him a-lone.



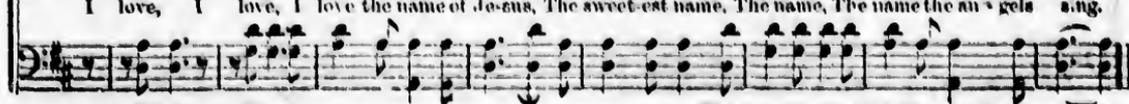
To him my all con-fi-ding, In him my joy com-plete; I learn with chris-tian meekness My du-ty at his feet.
 I love to think of Je-sus Whose mer-cy crowns my days, How just are all his coun-sels, And true are all his ways.
 To la-bor for my Sa-voir, My great-est joy shall be; I know that Je-sus loves me Be-cause he died for me.



REFRAIN.



I love, I love, I love the name of Je-sus, The sweet-est name, The name, The name the an-gels sing.



I love, I love,

The sweet-est name, The name the an-gels sing

1. Yield not to tempt-a-tion, For yield-ing is sin. Each vic'try will help us, Some oth-er to win.

Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll ca-ry you through.

REFRAIN.

Ask the Sa-viour to help you, Com-fort, strength-en and keep you, He is wil-ling to aid you,

LOOKING TO JESUS, Concluded.

Repeat pp ad. lib.

He will car-ry you through.

2. Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain.
Be though ful and earnest,
Kind hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

3. To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down,
He who is the Saviour
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

RAY PALMER.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sa-viour di-vine! Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt a - way;

O let me from this day be whol-ly thine.

2.
May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart—
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

3.
While life's dark mass I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tear away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

FANNY CROSE*

W. H. DOANE.

1. Now the Sa-viour in-vites you to come; And fly to the arms of his love; In his king-dom of graco there is
 2. Are you thirs-ty? re-mem-ber the call, O come, and sal - va - tion re-ceive; For the foun-tain is o - pen to
 3. Are you wea-ry and sigh - ing for rest? To Je - sus your re - fuge re-pair; He will pil-low your head on his

CHORUS.

room, And a man-sion of glo - ry a - bove.
 all Who will tru - ly re - pent and be-lieve. O - ver Jor - dan a home bright and fair..... Our
 breast, If you seek him by watch-ing and prayer.

bright and fair,

COME TO THE SAVIOUR, Concluded.

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

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

THE CLEANSING BLOOD. L. M. °

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
 To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
 To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.</p> <p>2. Take my poor heart, and let it be
 For ever closed to all but thee!
 Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
 That pledge of love for ever there!</p> | <p>3. How blest are they who still abide
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
 Who life and strength from thence derive,
 And by thee move, and in thee live.</p> <p>4. What are our works but sin and death,
 Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
 Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
 O wondrous grace! O boundless love!</p> |
|---|--|

*Tune, "OLIVER," page 69.

DEAR LITTLE LAMBS.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

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

First part.

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

hap - py and the b'lest: Sweet is the voice of the Shep - herd that loves you, How
 Fath - er's dear em - brace; An - gels that stand by the por - tals of glo - ry Are

Second part, INFANT CLASS.

gen - tly he will fold you in his arms to rest. Are we lit - tle lambs, lit - tle lambs of the Sa - viour?
 gaz - ing now with rap - ture on each hap - py face. We are lit - tle lambs, lit - tle lambs of the Sa - viour,

Dear
 Ho
 Safe
 Be
 A
 We a
 Help
 An

DEAR LITTLE LAMBS, Concluded.

107

May we fol - low Je - sus and be like him ev - ery day! Glad - ly we will come to the
 We are ve - ry hum - ble, but our Shep - herd be will be; Pre - cious are the words that with

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

First part.

3.

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

Second part.

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

First part.

4.

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

All.

Blessed be the Lord, we will praise him for ever,
 Ho will bid us welcome when we reach fair Canaan's shore;
 Blessed be the Lord, to his name be the glory,
 We'll meet the friends we've cherished then to part no more.

1. Sa-viour, bless a lit - tle child; 'teach my heart the way to Thee, Make it gen - tle, good and mild;
2. I am young, but Thou hast said—*All who will*, may come to Thee; Feed my soul with liv - ing bread;

CHORUS.

Lov - ing Sa - viour, care for me. Dear Je - sus, hear me, Hear Thy lit - tle child to-day; Hear, O
Lov - ing Sa - viour, care for me. Dear Je - sus, etc.

hear me; Hear me when I pray.

3.
Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in Thee;
Teach me how, and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.
Dear Jesus, &c.

4.
I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from Thee;
Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.
Dear Jesus, &c.

IF I COME TO JESUS. (Infant Class.)

W. H. DOANE.

"My yoke is easy and my burden is light."—Matt. 11, 30

1. If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad, He will give me plea - sure, When my heart is sad.

CHORUS

If I come to Je - sus, Hap - py I should be, He is gen - tly call - ing Lit - tle' ones like me.

2. If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly,
He my sins did bear.
If I come, &c.

3. If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.
If I come, &c.

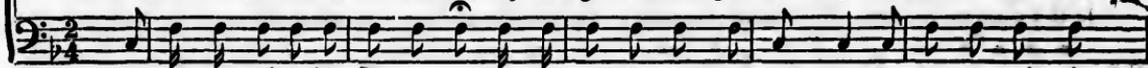
4. There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.
If I come, &c.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL. (Infant Class.)

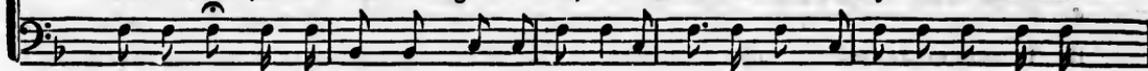
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. "I'm try - ing to climb up Zi - on's hill," For the Sa - viour whis - pers "Love me," Tho' all be - neath is
 2 I know I am but a lit - tle child, My strength will not pro - tect me; But then I am the



dark as death: Yet the stars are bright a - bove me, Then up - ward still to Zi - on's Hill, To the
 Sa - viour's lamb, And he will not neg - lect me, Then all the time I'll try to climb This ho -



land of joy and beau - ty, My path be - fore shines more and more, As it nears the gold - en
 ly hill of Zi - on, For I am sure the way is pure, And on it comes "no



TRY TO BE LIKE JESUS. (Infant Class)

Gentle, not too loud.

1. We'll try to be like Je - sus, The chil - dren's pre - cious Friend, Far dear - er than a moth - er, A

Girls.

sis - ter, or a broth - er, He'll love us to the end, He'll love us to the end. We'll try to be like

Boys. *All.*

Je - sus, We'll try to be like Je - sus, We'll try to be like Je - sus, The chil - dren's pre - cious Friend.

2. We'll try to be like Jesus,
In body and in mind;
For pure he was and holy,
In temper meek and lowly,
And to poor sinners kind. —CHO.

3. We'll try to be like Jesus,
And do our Father's will:
We'll seek his strength in weakness,
We'll bear the cross in meekness,
Up Calvary's rugged hill. —CHO.

4. We'll try to be like Jesus,
And when we come to die,
At his right hand in glory
We'll sing the blessed story,
The ransomed sing on high. —CHO.

THE GRAVE.

113

"Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours."

BENEKER.

Stow. p

1. Oh how they soft-ly rest For aye, each bless-ed one, Who now, on Je-su's breast, Sleep-ing from us are gone.

pp *f* *dim.*

Soft-ly their ash-es lie, Un-der the gras-sy sod; They did not real-ly die, They but went home to God.

pp

2 Yet 'tis no idle rest,
No mere release from care;
What they loved here the best,
They are fulfilling there.
There they in active love,
Their truest leisure find
And worship God above,
And know His holy mig

3 Yet are they often here,
Yet do we meet again;
Our hearts they come to cheer,
In work, in joy, in pain.
And we to them are bound
In closer union still,
Whene'er, with them, we're found,
Doing the Father's will.

NEVER GROW WEARY.

1. We must nev-er grow wea-ry, do-ing well, do-ing well, Though in time we may reap no re-ward;
 2. We must bear the yoke dai-ly:—Jo-sus says, Jes-us says, "It is ea-sy, my bur-den is light;"

For o-ter-ni-ty will tell—yes o-ter-ni-ty will tell, What a bless-ing rests on
 For he knows how frail we are, yes, he knows how frail we are, And he helps us through the

cres. CHORUS. *f* *f*

those who serve the Lord. O ye stars! shine on, shine on, Far up in heav-en's own blue,
 day and through the night. O ye stars! etc.

NEVER GROW WEARY, Concluded.

115

Some time, some time, I too may shine, I may shine As bright - ly as you.

pp *cres.* *cres.* *f*

3. All the stars o'er us shining in the sky,
And the sun and the moon do his will;
And we know that by-and-by, if to serve him well we try,
With a brighter glow our spirits he will fill.—*Choro.*

4. We must ever be watchful!—for to-day
May, for you, and for me, be the last;
So the work we'll not delay, but we'll labor, and we'll pray,
Till the sunset hour of life is safely past.—*Choro.*

JUST AS I AM.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

Andante. *Rit.*.....

2. Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3. 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.

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

MY HOME IS THERE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - bove the waves of earth - ly strife, A - bove the ills and cares of life, where all is
 2. Where liv - ing foun - tains sweet - ly flow, Where buds and flow - ers im - mortal grow, Where trees their

CHORUS.

peace - ful, bright, and fair, My home is there, My home is there. My beau - ti - ful
 fruits co - les - tial bear: My home is there, My home is there. My beau - ti - ful, etc.

My

home,..... My beau - ti - ful home,..... In the land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall
 beau - ti - ful home,..... My beau - ti - ful home, In the land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall

MY HOME IS THERE, Concluded.

117

roam, Where an-gels bright,..... wear crowns of light,.....My home is there, my home is there.

roam, Where an-gels, an-gels bright, wear crowns, wear crowns of light, My home is there, my home is there.

3. 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.—CHORUS.

4. 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.—CHORUS.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

ALLEN.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above Who once went sorrowing here! But now they taste unmingled love And joy with-out a tear.
 3. The consecrated cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free, And then go home, my crown to wear; For there's a crown for me.

MEET ME IN THAT LOVELY LAND.

1. Meet me in that love-ly land, Where the hap-py white-robed band, Round the throne of glo - ry stand,
 2. Meet me on that peace-ful shore, When earth's toil-some work is o'er, Where our friends have gone be - fore,
 3. Meet me in that world of light, Where a - mid the glo-ries bright, All who con - quer in the fight,

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

IN A MANGER LAID SO LOWLY.

WM. R. BRADBURY.

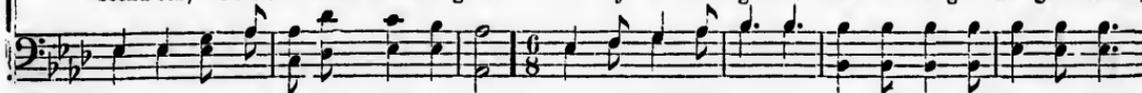
119



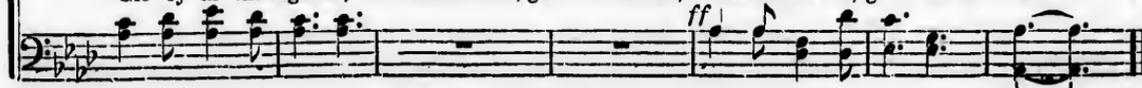
1. In a man-ger laid so low-ly, Came the Prince of Peace to earth; While a choir of an-gels
2. As the wise men from far Per-sia Brought rich gifts to Jew-ry's King, Grate-ful love, a rich-er
3. Where Christ's joy-ful king-dom com-eth, De-serts blos-som as the rose; And God's gra-cious rain de-



ho-ly, Sang to cel-e-brate his birth. "Glo-ry in the high-est," Sang the glad an-gel-ic strain;
 trea-sure, Would we as our off'r-ing bring. "Glo-ry in the high-est," Let us join th' an-gelic strain,
 scend-eth, Where the co-ral is-land grows. "Glo-ry in the high-est." Once more sing th' an-gelic strain;



"Glo-ry in the high-est," "Peace on earth, good will to men," "Peace on earth, good will to men."



Affettuoso.

1. Je - su, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly;.....
2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none— Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;.....

1. Je - su, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly;
2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none— Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high, Hide me, O my Sa - viour.
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me; All my trust on Thee is

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high, Hide me, O my
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me; All my trust on

* This may be used occasionally with fine effect, by one Soprano singing the song—and all the Girls (and Boys whose voices have not changed,) singing the Alto, while the Bass and Tenor sing their respective parts. Such pieces as the above, too difficult, it may be for general use, are intended for Sunday-School concerts and other public performances in which ample time for preparation is allowed. The accompanying parts should be sung in a soft, subdued tone of voice. This Hymn may also be sung to the Tune "MARTIN," page 57.

Tho
M
Rais
H
Just

JESU, LOVE OF MY SOUL, Concluded.

hide,..... Till the storm of life be past..... Safe in-to the ha-ven guide,.....
 stayed,... All my help from Thee I bring—... Cov-er my de-fence-less head

Sa - viour hide, Till the storm of life be past, Safe in to the ha - ven guide;
 Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring— Cov - er my de-fence-less head

O re - ceive my soul at last. Safe in - to the ha-ven guide,..... O re - ceive my soul at last.
 With the shad-ow of Thy wing, Cov - er my de-fence-less head..... With the shadow of Thy wing.

O re - ceive my soul at last. Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
 With the sha-dow of Thy wing, Cov - er my de-fence-less head, With the sha-dow of Thy wing.

3.
 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.

changed.)
 are intend-
 should be

GOOD NIGHT, WE'LL MEET IN THE MORNING.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning, Far a - bove this fleeting shore; To
 2. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning, See the hours are waning fast; A-
 3. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning, Where our friends have gone be - fore; In

end - less joy in a mo - ment a - waking, There we'll sleep no more. } CHORUS—
 long the banks of the clear flow - ing riv - er, We shall meet at last. } Where the pear - !y gates will
 robes of white they are wait - ing to greet us, On the oth - er shore. }

nev - er, nev - er close, And the tree of life its dew - y shadow throws, Where the ransom'd ones in

love re - pose, Our glo - rious home shall be.

Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning,
 There from pain and sorrow free,
 With Him who rose from the grave to redeem us
 We shall ever be.
 Where the pearly gates, etc.

ATONEMENT. 10s. 7s. & 9c

1. Saw ye my Sa- viour, saw ye my Sa - viour, Saw ye my Sa- viour and God! O He died on Cal - va ry, To a - tone for you and

me, And to pur - chase our par - don with blood.

2.
 He was extended—He was extended,
 Painfully nailed to the cross:
 Here He bowed His head and died,
 Thus my Lord was crucified,
 To atone for a world that was lost.

3.
 Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus hung bleeding
 Three dreadful hours in pain;
 And the solid rocks were rent
 Through creation's vast extent.
 When the Jews crucified the God-man.

4.
 Darkness prevailed—darkness prevailed,
 Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
 And the sun refused to shine.
 When His Majesty Divine,
 Was derided, insulted, and slain.

5.
 Hail, mighty Saviour—hail mighty Saviour.
 Prince, and the author of peace!
 O, He burst the bars of death,
 And, triumphant, from beneath,
 Me ascended to mansions of bliss.

THE BEATITUDES, Concluded.

1st Time. 2d Time.

heaven For so per - se - cu - ted they the pro-phets which were be - fore you, you.

ELIM. O. M.

C. WESLEY.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side; This all my hope, and all my

2. My dying Saviour, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;

4. Wash me, and mine Thou art; Wash me, but not my feet alone, My hands, my head, my heart.

The atonement of Thy blood apply, Till faith to sight improve; Till hope in full fruition die, And all my soul be love.

NEAR THE CROSS.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME.

REV. R. LOWRY.

127

- 
1. The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whis - pering, "Sin - ner, come;" The bride, the Church of Christ, pro - claims To
 2. Let him that hear - eth say To all a - bout him, "Come;" Let him who thirsts for righ - teous - ness, To
 3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, O let him free - ly come, And free - ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis

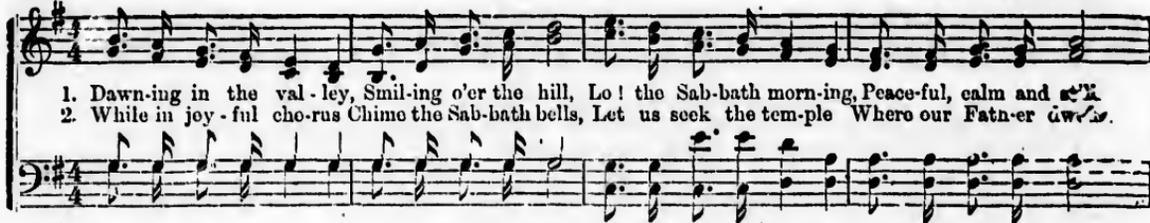
CHORUS.



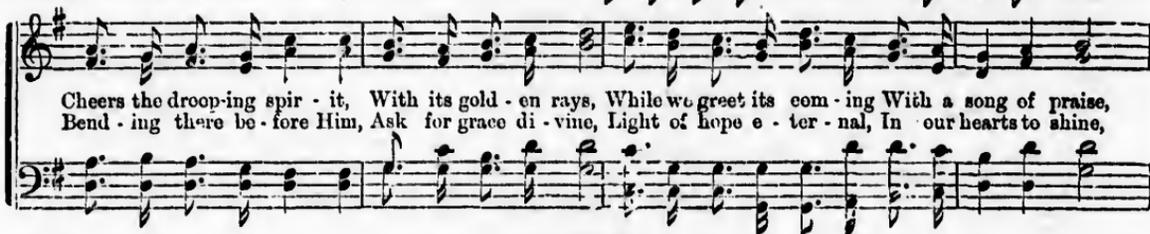
all His chil - dren "Come." The young - est may come, The poor - est may come, The weak - est, the mean - est, the
 Christ, the Foun - tain, come.
 Je - sus bids him come.



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

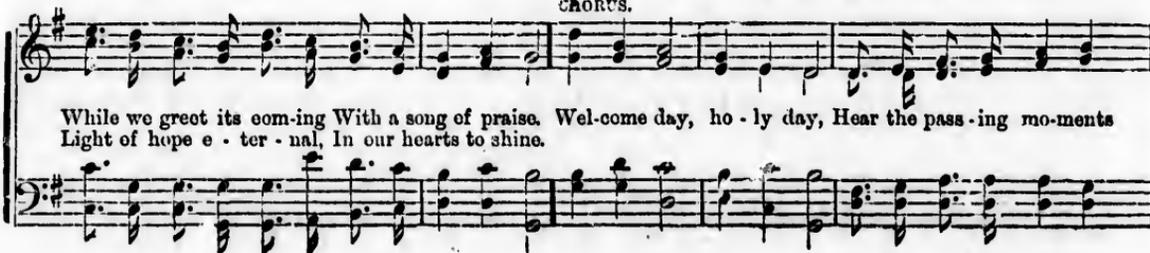


1. Dawn-ing in the val-ley, Smil-ing o'er the hill, Lo! the Sab-bath morn-ing, Peace-ful, calm and sweet
 2. While in joy-ful cho-rus Chime the Sab-bath bells, Let us seek the tem-ple Where our Fat-er dwells.



Cheers the droop-ing spir-it, With its gold-en rays, While we greet its com-ing With a song of praise,
 Bend-ing there be-fore Him, Ask for grace di-vine, Light of hope e-ter-nal, In our hearts to shine,

CHORUS.



While we greet its com-ing With a song of praise. Wel-come day, ho-ly day, Hear the pass-ing mo-ments
 Light of hope e-ter-nal, In our hearts to shine.

DAWNING IN THE VALLEY, Concluded.

gen-ly say, Watch and pray, watch and pray, Come to Je-sus, come a- way.

3. Day of rest from labor,
 Pure and tranquil rest:
 Day of sweet refreshing,
 By our Father blest.
 May our soul's devotion
 Kindle while we sing,
 Praise to Him who made it,
 Praise to God our King.
 Welcome day, &c.

REAPING TIME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Je - sus, we Thy lambs would be, Hum-bly we would fol-low Thee, } When the reap-ing time shall come And
 { Wait-ing for the joy - ful day, When all care will pass a - way: }

an-gels shout the har-vest home, When the reap - ing time shall come, And an-gels shout the har-vest home.

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

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

1. On the sweet E - den shore so peace - ful and bright, The spir - its made per - fect are dwell - ing in light,

Their white wings are waft - ing them gen - tly a - long, Tho' beau - ti - ful re - gions of glo - ry and song.

CHORUS.

On the sweet E - den shore, so peace - ful and bright, On the sweet E - den
On the sweet E - den shore, On the sweet

THE SWEET EDEN SHORE, Concluded

shore, the home of the blest, With friends gone be-fore, We'll tar - ry and rest, tar - ry and rest,

E-den shore,

Tar-ry and rest on the shore.

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

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

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

1. There are an - gels hov'-ring round, There are an - gels hov'-ring round, There are an - gels, an - gels hov'-ring round.
2. To car - ry the ti-dings home, To the New Je - ru - sa - lem, There are, etc.
3. Let him that hear - eth come, Oh, come, while yet there's room: There are, etc.

JESUS LIVES.

1. I come, I come with this one plea, Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives, My Lord, my Life, I come to Thee,
 2. With this sure plea, O Lord, I come, Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives, O fit - ne for Thy heav - en - ly home,
 3. Now my en - rap - tured spir - it sings, Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives, Such joy the blest as - sur - ance brings,

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

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

FANNY CROSBY.

SING ALWAYS.

W. F. SHERWIN.

133

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

1. Sing with a tune - ful spir - it, Sing with a cheer - ful lay, Praise to thy great Cre - a - tor,
2. Sing when the heart is troub - led, Sing when the hours are long, Sing when the storm - cloud gath - ers;

While on the pil - grim way. Sing when the birds are wa - king, Sing with the morn - ing light; Sing in the noon - tides
Sweet is the voice of song. Sing when the sky is dark - est, Sing when the thun - ders roll; Sing of a land where

gol - den beam, Sing in the hush of night.
rest re - mains, Rest for the wea - ry soul.

3 Sing in the vale of shadows,
Sing in the hour of death,
And when the eyes are closing,
Sing with the latest breath.
Sing till the heart's deep longings,
Cease on the other shore;
Then with the countless numbers there,
Sing on, forever more!

KINDLY AND GRACIOUSLY.

1. Kind-ly and gra-cious-ly, prompt-ed by love, Je - sus came down from the bright world a - bove,

Tho' he was glo - rious, al - might-y, di - vine, Sun of that world where the bright spir-its shine;

{ Gen - tle and low - ly, and hum - ble and mild, } Praise Him! oh, praise Him! for prompt - ed by love,
 { Like us poor chil-dren, He, too, was a child }

KINDLY AND GRACIOUSLY, Concluded.

135

Je - sus came down from the bright world a - bove.

2. Lovingly, Lovingly, close to His breast,
Once little children so fondly He press'd;
Laid each dear hand on some little one's head,
Tenderly smiling, as sweetly He said,—

"Dear little children, so happy and free!
Suffer the children to come unto me."
Lovingly, lovingly, close to His breast,
Once little children so fondly He press'd.

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

STERLING. L. M.

DR. WATTS.

1 E - ter - nal Power, whose high a - bode Be - comes the gran - deur of a God, In - fi - nite lengths be - yond the bounds Where stars re -

volve their lit - tle rounds.

2. Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3. Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4. Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5. God is in heaven, and men below,
Be short our tunes, our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Gaiementa.

1. How sweet the chim - ing Sab - bath bells! We love the wel - come sound; And haste, with glad and

CHORUS.
wil - ling heart, Where pur - est joys are found. Our home (our home,) our home (our home,) Our

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

2.
From christian friends and teachers there,
We learn the heavenly way,
That leads to him who kindly gave
This holy, happy day.—CHORUS.

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

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

KEEP THOU MY WAY, O LORD.

F. J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

137

Andante, with expression.

1. Keep thou my way, O Lord! My - self I can - not guide; Nor dare I trust my err - ing steps One mo - ment
 2. For ev - ery act of faith, And ev - ry pure de - sign, — For all of good my soul can know, The glo - ry,

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

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

WHY WEEPEST THOU?

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. "Why weep-est thou? Whom seek-est thou?" O wouldst thou see our Je - sus? Be - hold Him near, He
 2. Why weep-est thou, And seek-est thou, With doubt-ing and re - pin - ing? O lift thine eye! Thou

REFRAIN.

marks each tear, Our bless - ed lov - ing Je - sus. O be - lieve Him; O re - ceive Him—
 shalt des - cry, His rai - ment, near thee, shin - ing.

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

3. Believe Him now; Receive Him now;
 Look up with faith and meekness,
 To Jesus' blood, Which freely flowed
 For all thy sin and weakness.—CHORUS.

4. Believest thou? Cease weeping now—
 Thy soul He will deliver;
 The cross He bore, Our sins he wore,
 And nailed them there forever.—CHORUS.

OUR GRATITUDE.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Slow—(may be sung as a Solo.)

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

129

He
Thou

1. When I think of Je - sus' love, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, How He came from heav'n a - bove;
2. When I feel my sins for-given, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, When I read or sing of heaven;

Him—

Oh! how I love Je - sus, When I know He died for me, On the hill of Cal - va - ry;
Oh! how I love Je - sus, When He bids me come and rest, On His kind and lov - ing breast,

sus.

died to set my spir - it free, Then how I love Je - sus
Then my grate-ful heart is blest, Oh! how I love Je - sus.

3.

When Jesus sends His spirit down,
Jesus, blessed Jesus;
When He points to harp and crown,
Oh! how I love Jesus.
When He tells me of the bliss,
In that better world than this,
Of the joys I would not miss,
Then how I love Jesus

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER. (Quartette.)

With tenderness and feeling.

1. I love to stay where my moth - er sleeps, And gaze on each star as it twink - lingpeeps, Through
 2. I love to kneel on the green turf there, A - far from the scene of my dai - ly care, And

cres. *dim.* *p* *cres.* *f*
 that bend - ing wil - low which lone - ly weeps O'er my moth - er's grave. O'er my moth - er's grave, Through
 breatho to my Sa - viour my eve - ning prayer O'er my moth - er's grave. O'er my moth - er's grave, etc.

dim. *pp*
 that bend - ing wil - low O'er my moth - er's grave.

3. I still remember how oft she led,
 And knelt me by her, as with God she plead,
 That I might be His when the clod was spread
 O'er my mother's grave.
 O'er my mother's grave, etc.
4. I love to think how 'neath the ground,
 She slumbers in death as a captive bound,
 She'll slumber no more when the trump shall sound
 O'er my mother's grave.
 O'er my mother's grave, etc.

THE SEAMAN'S PRAYER. (Quartette.)

m Smooth and flowing. *cres.* *p*

1. Jo - sus, most ho - ly one, We lift our souls to Thee, } Watch us while shad - ows lie } Hear the heart's lonely sigh,
 Plead for us, Sa - viour, Lone wand' - rers on the sea. } Far o'er the wa - ter spread }

f *cres.* *p*

Thine too hath blest. Thou that hast looked on death, Aid us when death is near, Whis - per of heav'n to faith - Re -

cres. *rit.* *f* *rit.* *dim.*

deem - er, Re - deem - er hear, Hear, O hear and save us, Toss'd on the deep!

Through
And

Through
e, etc.

lead,
spread

shall sound

THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS. (Quartette.)

JAMES G. CLARK.



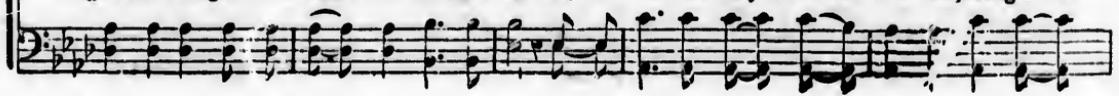
1. O! the beau-ti - ful hills, where the blest have trod Since the years when the earth was new; Where our
 2. The cit - ies of yore, that were reared in crime, And re - nowned by the praise of seers, Went



fath - ers gaze from the fields of God, On the vale we are journey - ing through—We have seen those hills in their
 down in the tramp of old King Time, To sleep with his gray - hair'd years; But the Beau-ti-ful Hills rise



bright-ness rise, When the world was black be - low, And we've felt the thrill of im - mor - tal eyes In the
 bright and strong Thro' the smoke of old Time's red wars, As on that day when the first deep song Rolled



THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS, Concluded.

CLARK.

Where our
Went

e hills in their
Hills rise

s In the
ug Rolled

CHORUS



night of our dark-est woe. We sing of the Beau-ti-ful Hills..... That rise from the ev-er-green
up from the morn-ing stars.



shore, O! sing of the Beau-ti-ful Hills, Where the wea-ry shall toil no more.



ev-er-green shore,

3. We dream of rest on the Beautiful Hills,
Where the traveler shall thirst no more;
And we hear the hum of a thousand rills
That wander the green glens o'er.
We feel the souls of the martyred men
Who have braved a cold world's frown.
We can bear the burden which they bore then.
Nor shrink from their thro' the crown.—CHORUS

4. Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling
To our feet this load of ours,
The winds of Spring to the valleys sing,
And the turf replies with flow'rs—
And thus we learn on our wintry way,
How a mightier arm controls
That the breath of God on our lives will play,
Till our bodies bloom a to souls.—CHORUS

THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus is our lov - ing Sa - viour, He, our best, our con - stant friend; In His ser - vice life is plea - sure,
2. Je - sus is the child - ren's Sa - viour! 'Twas for them He shed His blood; Died, that poor and need - y sin - ners

For He lov - eth to the end. Lov - ing Sa - viour, Lov - ing Sa - viour, Here we at Thy foot - stool
Might be re - con - ciled to God. Dy - ing Sa - viour, Dy - ing Sa - viour, Bear - ing thus our sin - ful

ritard.

bend. Here we at thy footstool bend.
load. Bear - ing thus our sin - ful load.

3.
Jesus is the children's Saviour!
"Suffer them," he says, "to come,"
If they seek his face and favor,
They shall share his heavenly home.
Risen Saviour!
Never more from thee to roam.

4.
Loving, Suffering, Dying Saviour!
Risen, *Glorious* on thy throne,
Haste the day when every idol
Shall by truth be overthrown.
And the kingdoms
Of the earth, to thee belong.

LABOR FOR GOOD.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

145



1. Why stand ye here? (the Mas-ter said,) Go forth at morn-ing light, Work in the vine-yard of the Lord, And
 2. Why stand ye here? let i - die hands Be use-ful while they may, Wide is the field, the har-vest great, Go
 3. Why stand ye here? (the Mas-ter calls,) And shall he call in vain? Up, for the reap-ers soon will come, And



CHORUS.



do it with your might. La-bor for good. la - bor for good, The day will soon be o'er, The even-ing shades are
 work, and watch and pray. La-bor, etc.
 hear the sheaves of grain. La-bor, etc.



draw - ing nigh When thou canst work no more.



4.

Why stand ye here? no time to lose,
 O haste with one accord,
 Keep in your mind the solemn truth,
 No labor, no reward.
 Labor for good, etc.

1. I have a Sa-voir—he's plead-ing in glo-ry—So pre-cious, tho' carth-ly en-joy-ments be few; And
2. I have a Fa-ther—to me he has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty, pre-cious and true; And

now he is watch-ing in ten-der-ness o'er me; But oh! that my Sa-voir was your Sa-voir too!
soon will my spir-it be with him in heav-en; But oh! that he'd let me bring you with me too!

REFRAIN.

For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you!

3. I have a Crown, and I'll wear it forever,
Encircled with jewels of heavenly hue;
'Twas purchased by Jesus, my glorified Saviour;
But oh! could I know one was purchased for you!—CHO.

4. I have a Rest, and the earnest is given,
Tho' now for a time 'tis conceal'd from my view;
'Tis life everlasting—'tis Jesus,—'tis heaven,
And oh! dearest friend, let me meet you there too.—CHO.

LOWRY.

w; And
e; And

r too!
too!

r you!

view;
too.—Oho.

CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

EDD. J. F. KNAPP. 147

1. Cling close to the Rock, broth-er, dan-ger is near; Cling close to thy Sa-viour, and doubt not, nor fear, For
 2. Cling close to the Rock, broth-er, close-ly to-day, Ere waves of temp-ta-tion shall sweep thee a - way, Cling
 3. Cling close to the Rock, broth-er, close to the Rock, Tho' tem-pests may rage, and tho' bil-lows may shock, For

Je - sus will hold thee, Al-migh - ty to save, Thy Je - sus, who tri-umphed o'er death and the grave.
 close to the Rock, in the time of thy grief, For Je - sus brings speed - y and pre - cious re - lief.
 Je - sus the Sa - viour, thy Re-fuge, thy Friend, In mer - cy hath loved thee, and loves to the end.

CHORUS.

Cling close to the Rock, tho' the tem-pests may shock; As-sur'd of sal - va - tion, In Je - sus, the Rock.

Spirited—Allegro.

1. { We are march-ing on to glo-ry, We are march-ing on to glo-ry, We are march-ing on to
Lis-ten to the won-drous sto-ry, Lis-ten to the won-drous sto-ry, Lis-ten to the won-drous

glo-ry, Lift the gos-pel ban-ner high, } How we found the glo-rious way, Lead-ing to the hap-py gates of
sto-ry, How he gained the vic-to-ry, }

glorious way,
day, Let us sing, Let us sing Of our glo-rious, glo-rious vic-to-ry, Let us
day, Let us sing, Let us sing, Let us sing, Let us sing,

l. Hail
H
Thou
Th
Hail
Be
By t
Li

OUR VICTORY, Concluded.

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, primarily in the lower register. The lyrics are written below the staves.

sing, Let us sing, Of our glo - rious, glo - rious vic - to - ry.

sing, Let us sing, Let us sing Let us sing, Of our glo - rious, glo - rious vic - to - ry.

2. ♯: When beset by sore temptation :||
 Satan's host against us rose,
 ||: With the armor of salvation :||
 Did we triumph o'er our foes;
 Now we praise the Lord on high
 For our glorious, glorious victory.
 Let us sing, etc.

4. ||: 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.
 Let us sing, etc.

OUR PASCHAL LAMB. 8s & 7s. *

1. Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, thou Galilean King!
 Thou did'st suffer to release us;
 Thou did'st free salvation bring.
 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By thy merits we find favor;
 Life is given through thy name.

2. Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid;
 By almighty Love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3. Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

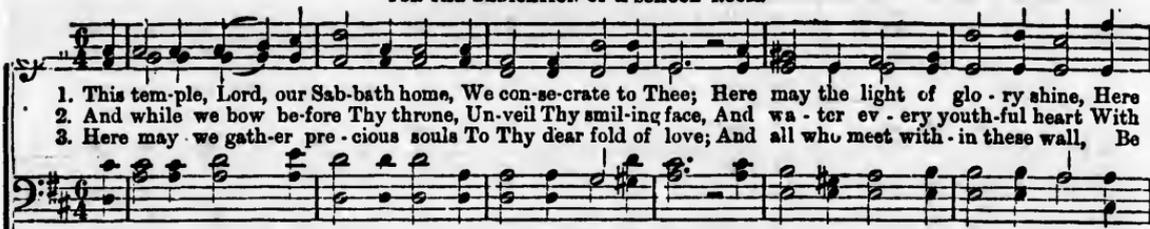
-BAKKEWELL.

FANNY CROSBY.

OUR SABBATH HOME.

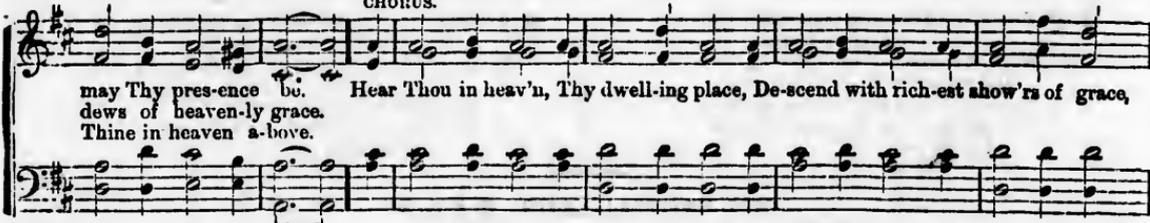
Mrs. J. F. KNAFF.

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A SCHOOL ROOM.

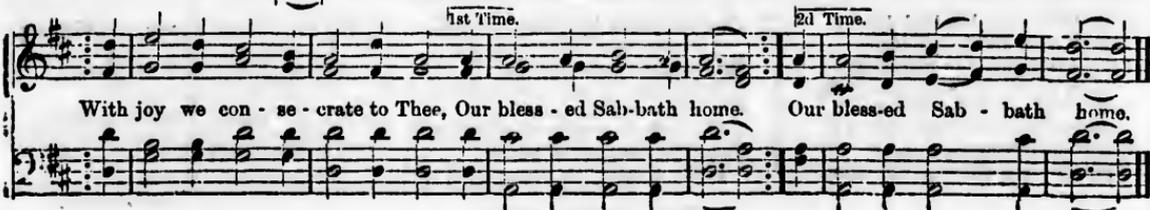


1. This tem-ple, Lord, our Sab-bath home, We con-se-crate to Thee; Here may the light of glo-ry shine, Here
2. And while we bow be-fore Thy throne, Un-veil Thy smil-ing face, And wa-ter ev-ery youth-ful heart With
3. Here may we gath-er pre-cious souls To Thy dear fold of love; And all who meet with-in these wall, Be

CHORUS.



may Thy pres-ence be. Hear Thou in heav'n, Thy dwell-ing place, De-scend with rich-est show'rs of grace,
dews of heav-en-ly grace.
Thine in heav-en a-bove.



With joy we con-se-crate to Thee, Our bless-ed Sab-bath home. Our bless-ed Sab-bath home.

Slow, and with tenderness.

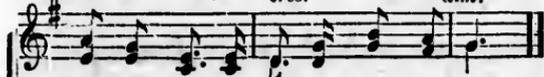
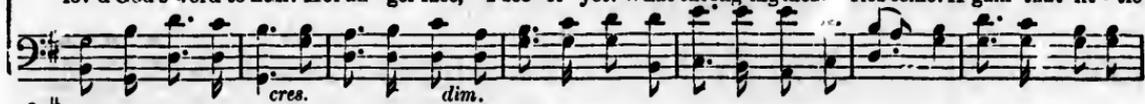
MY MOTHER'S BIBLE. C. M. (Double.)



1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start, With faltering lip, and throbbing brow, I
2. Ah! well do I re-mem-ber those Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close Af-
3. My fath-er read this ho-ly book To broth-ers, sis-ters dear; How calm was my poor moth-or's look, Whe-



press it to my heart, For ma-ny gen-e-rations past, Here is our fam-ly tree; My moth-er's hand this
ter the even-ing prayer, And speak of what these pages said, In tones my heart would thrill! Tho' they are with the
lov'd God's word to hear. Her an-gel face,—I see it yet! What throng-ing mem-ries come! A-gain that lit-tle



Bible clasped; She, dy-ing, gave it me.
si-lent dead, Here are they liv-ing still.
group is met With-in the halls of home.



4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

OUR SAVIOUR'S COMMAND.

1. O'er the por - tals of mer - cy these words are in - scribed, And writ - ten in let - ters of gold: The way - far - ing
 2. O, ye wea - ry draw nigh, 'tis the place of re - pose; Ye foot - sore your jour - ney - ing cease; Ye toil - worn with
 3. All ye mourn - ers, be - liev - ing, in con - fi - dence come, Ye des - o - late, haste to look up; Ye trou - bled in

CHORUS.

man may be - hold them a - far, And knock at the heav - en - ly fold. Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Sa - viour's com
 la - bor, new vig - or put on, And knock at the por - tals of peace.
 heart be re - signed to his word, And knock at the por - tals of hope.

mand, knock at the por - tals a - bove; Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Sa - viour's com - mand, En - ter in - to the

1. 'Tis
 Our
 W
 All
 2. No
 Ho
 Da
 Ho
 3. Ou
 No
 'T
 Th

OUR SAVIOUR'S COMMAND, Concluded.



4.
And ye sinners, O come! there's a palace for you,
Prepared by the Builder above;
Approach with your burden, in meekness submit,
And knock at the portals of love.
Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Saviour's command,
Knock at the portals above, etc.

5.
The're all waiting within, and the feast is prepared,
What folly to tarry and wait!
Let every one come in obedient haste,
And knock at the heavenly gate.
Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Saviour's command,
Knock at the heavenly gate, etc.

'TIS NOT FOR MAN TO TRIFLE.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

"Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established."



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. 'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief and sin is here!
Our age is but the ralling of a leaf—a dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.</p> <p>2. Not many lives, but only one have we, one, only one!
How sacred should that one life ever be—that narrow
Day after day filled up with blessed toil. [span!]
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.</p> <p>3. Our being is no shadow of thin air, no vacant dream.
No fable of the things that never were, but only seem.
'Tis full of meanings as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.</p> | <p>4. Our sorrows are no phantom of the night, no idle tale;
No cloud that flits along the sky of light on summer
They are the true realities of earth, [gale.
Friends and companions even from our birth.</p> <p>5. O life below! how brief, and poor, and sad! one heavy sigh.
O life above! how long, how fair and glad! One endless
O! to be done with daily dying here; [joy.
O! to begin the living in yon sphere! [hne!</p> <p>6. O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth, how dull your
O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth, made fair and
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green; 'new'
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene.</p> |
|--|--|

WEARY NOT, MY BROTHER.

1. Wea-ry not, my broth-er; Cheer-ful be thy song; Is thy bur-den hea-vy, And the jour-ney long.
2. Seek and thou shalt find him, Stead-fast-ly be - lieve; Call and he will hear thee, Ask him, and re-ceive;

Does the weight op-press thee? Cast it on the Lord; Run thy race with pa-tience, Trust-ing in his word.
In the dark - est mo-ment—In the deep - est night, He will give thee com - fort, He will give thee light.

CHORUS.

Look-ing un - to Je - sus, He has died for thee; Oh, glo-ry be to Je - sus, We'll about sal - va - tion free.

3. Trials may befall thee,
Thorns beset thy way,
Never mind them, brother,
Only watch and pray;
Through the vale of sorrow
Once the Saviour trod;

Run thy race with patience,
Pressing on to God.

4. Labor on, my brother,
Thou shalt reap at last
Fruits of joy eternal,

When thy work is past;
Crowds of shining angels
View thee from the skies;
Run thy race with patience,
Yonder is the prize.

CHILDREN, LO! YOUR SAVIOUR.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

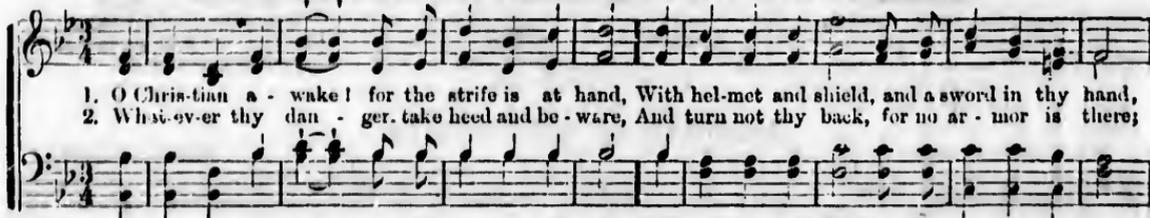
1. { Chil-dren, lo! your Sa - vour calls you to - day! } Make no de - lay; He bids you come, There
{ Do you prize His fa - vor? [OMIT.....] }

2. Children, Jesus loves you.
Lo! see Him stand!
By this call He proves you,
Hear His command:
Give me thy heart,
||: From sin depart; :||
By this call He proves you,
Hear His command.

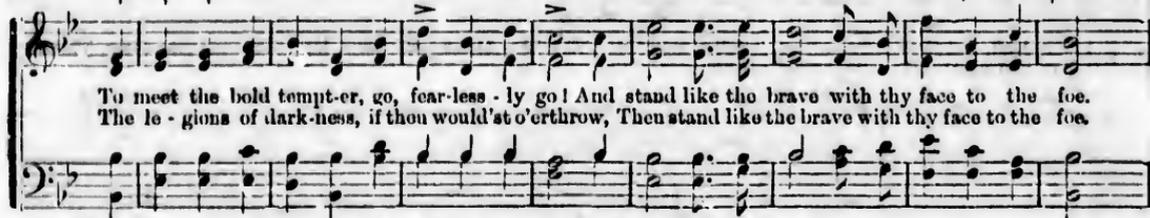
3. Then He'll safely take you | And will not forsake you. | Yield every heart, | And He'll not forsake you.
Through all life's way, | Only obey: | ||: From sin depart;||: | Only obey.

O CHRISTIAN AWAKE!

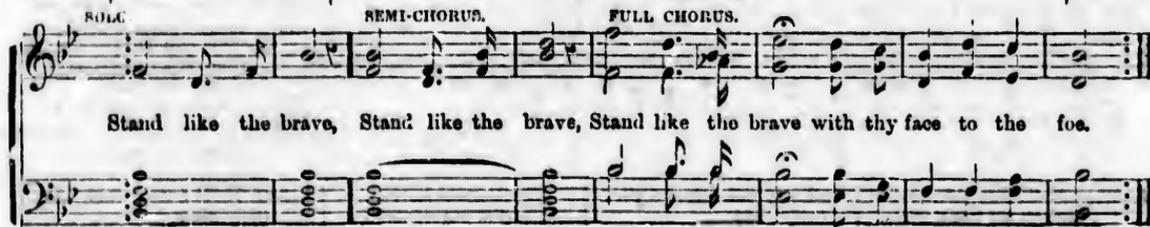
"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having the breast-plate of righteousness."



1. O Chris-tian a - wake! for the strife is at hand, With hel-met and shield, and a sword in thy hand,
2. What-ev-er thy dan - ger, take heed and be - ware, And turn not thy back, for no ar - mor is there;



To meet the bold tempt-er, go, fear-less - ly go! And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
The le - gions of dark-ness, if thou would'st o'erthrow, Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.



SOLC **SEMI-CHORUS.** **FULL CHORUS.**

Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

3. The cause of thy Master, with vigor defend,
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, etc.

4. Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;
His love, like a stream, in the desert will flow,
Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, etc.

TAPPAN. 8s & 6s.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

TAPPAN.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn-ing wand'-ers given; There is a joy for souls dis-tress'd, A balm for

ev - ery wound-ed breast. — 'Tis found a - bove in heaven:

2.

There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

THE PENITENT.

WM. E. BRADBURY.

CHORUS



1. { Pros-trate, dear Je - sus! at Thy feet A guil - ty reb - el lies; }
 { And up-wards to the mer - cy-seat Pre-sumes to lift his eyes. }
 2. { if tears of sor - row would suf-fice To pay the debt I owe, }
 { Tears should from both my weeping eyes In cease-less torrents flow. }

Cry-ing save me, save me, save me! blessed
 Cry-ing, etc.



Sa-viour! Cry-ing save me, save me! O thou Lamb of God.

3. But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
 No blood but thou hast spilt.—CHORUS.

4. Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
 And all my sins forgive!
 Justice will well approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.—CHORUS.

THE CONVERT. 6s & 9s.

C. WESLEY.



1. Oh, how hap - py are they, Who the Sa - viour o - bey And have laid up their trea - sures a - bove,

1. Auth
 For
 Confi
 An
 2. Thou
 Be

THE CONVERT, Concluded.



Tongue can nev - er ex - press The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its car - li - est love.

2. That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I 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 suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5. Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possess'd
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.

AUTHOR OF FAITH. L. M. *

1. Author of faith, we seek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2. Thou see'st their wants, thou know'st
their names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care;

Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3. Satan his thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.

4. Baffle the crooked serpent's skill,

And turn his sharpest dart aside;
Hide from their eyes the devil's ill
O save them from the demon, P:ndel

5. In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

"THE LORD IS KING."

Mrs. J. . . KNAPP.

1. Praise the Lord all ye peo - ple, O lift up your voice, Let the floods clap their
 2. See the man - sions of glo - ry their por - tals un - fold, Our Re - deem - er as -

CHORUS.

hands and the moun - tains re - joice. We will praise Him, we will praise Him, We will
 cend - ing, the an - gels be - hold.

join the might - y, might - y cho - rus. For the Lord is our God, For the Lord is our King.

3. Though the kingdoms of earth and their splendor shall fall, | 4. To the Lord, our Creator, salvation belongs,
 Yet the Lord is triumphant He rules over all. — Cho. | Let His name be exalted with rapture and songs. — Cho.

HE LEADS US ON.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

161

"He leadeth us in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake."

1. He leads us on by paths we did not know, Up-wards he leads us, though our steps are slow. Though oft we faint and

REFRAIN.
fal - ter by the way, Tho' storms and dark-ness oft ob - scure the day. But when the clouds are gone, We

slow. *ritard.* *slow.* AT END OF LAST VERSE. *very slow.*

know he leads us on. He leads us on, He leads us on. He leads us on, He leads us on, He leads us on.

2. He leads us on through all the trying years,
Past all our dream and hopes, and doubts, and fears,
He guides our steps through all the tangled maze,
In paths of peace and wisdom's pleasant ways. —REV.

3. And he at last, after the weary strife,
Will lead us home to everlasting life.
No parting there, or pain on that bright shore,
We'll meet dear friends and sing for evermore. —REV.

WHERE DO YOU JOURNEY, MY BROTHER? Concluded.

glo - ry, O say, shall we meet you all there.

2. What is your mission, my brother,
What is your mission below?
What is your mission, my sister,
As journeying onward you go?
Our mission is practising mercy,

Sweet charity, patience, and love,
And following the footsteps of Jesus,
That lead to the mansions above.
O say, shall we meet, etc.

3. O yes, you will meet us, my brother,
God helping our weakness and sin;
Bearing the cross, we, my sister,
The crown will endeavor to win.
We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,
Through sufferings and trials and care,
And when you get safely to glory,
You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!
O say, shall we meet, etc.

COME TO JESUS.

Earnestly.

1. Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now, Just now, come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.

2. He will save you, &c.
3. Oh, believe Him, &c
4. He'll receive you. &c.

5. Flee to Jesus, &c.
6. He will hear you, &c.
7. He'll have mercy, &c.

8. He'll forgive you, &c.
9. He will cleanse you, &c.
10. Jesus loves you, &c.

DEAR AND BLESSED JESUS.

1. O, dear and bless - ed Je - sus, We come with songs of praise, Our thank - ful hearts and voi - ces, To
2. For Thou in Thy com - pas - sion, Did'st leave Thy heav - en - ly home, And did'st in Beth - le - hem's manger A

Thee we glad - ly raise; Tho' Thou art high and ho - ly, 'Mid an - gels bright a - bove, Yet
lit - tle child be - come; Did'st live a life of sor - row, And die a death of shame, That

CHORUS.

we on earth so low - ly, May reach Thee with our love. We come, we come, we
Thou might'st give sal - va - tion To all who trust Thy name.

We come, We come.

DEAR AND BLESSED JESUS, Concluded.

come with songs of praise: We come, to - day..... We come with songs of praise.

We come, to - day,

2. O, dear and blessed Jesus, | As we now come to praise thee | As we recount thy story, | Oh! may we sing thy glory,
Accept our loving song, | A thankful happy throng; | We wonder and adore, | Both now and evermore.

MONTGOMERY.

GADDO. O M.

WM. D. BRADBURY.

1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de-sire, Ut-tered, or un - ex-pressed, The mo-tion of a hid - den fire That

trem - bles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

5. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs rejoice,
And cry,—Behold, he prays!

6. O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,

The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

TAKE THY CHILDREN HOME.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Why do we lin - ger? We have no rest - ing place, Rock'd by the tem - pest, On the o - cean's foam.
 2. Why do we lin - ger? Why cling to earth - ly joys, Call - ing the pil - grim From the nar - row way?
 3. There, on Thy bo - som, Shel - tered from ev - ery storm, Peace, like a riv - er, Shall for - ev - er glide;

Why do we lin - ger? We are but stran - gers here; Fath - er, dear Fath - er, Take Thy chil - dren home.
 Trust not their bright - ness, Fleet as the' ear - ly beam, Chas - ing the shad - ow From the brow of day.
 Lav - ing the vine - tree, Cool - ing the sun - ny vale, Bear - ing the faith - ful On its ail - ver tide.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Dark and lone our path be - low, By care and sor - row clouded; Dreary winds around us blow, While onward still we roam.

TAKE THY CHILDREN HOME, Concluded.

167

CHORUS.

Why do we lin - ger? We are but stran-gers here; Fath - er, dear Fath - er, Take Thy chil-dren home.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

CHORUS.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above. Hal-le - lu-jah! thine the

1st Time.

2d Time.

glo-ry, Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men. Re-vive us a - gain.

2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
Hallelujah, etc.
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
Hallelujah, etc.
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
Hallelujah, etc.

5. Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—CHORUS.

1. Let me die in the har-ness, Let me die in the work, In the work my Mas-ter has given me to do,
2. Let my hand nev-er wea-ry, Let my heart nev-er faint, He has said his grace is suf-fi-cient for me;

Fine. f

With his arm to up-hold me, and his prom-ise to cheer, Oh, how joy-ful my way I'll pur-sue. Strong in him I'll
Let me work in the vine-yard, let me work in the field, For my Mas-ter who suf-fered for me. I am his, I

bear my bur-den, Cheer-ful in the heat of day, Thro' temp-ta-tion, storm and dan-ger,
feel, I know it, Blest as-sur-ance, faith di-vine, O 'tis sweet for him to la-bor,

LET ME DIE IN THE HARNESS, Concluded.

D. C.

3.

do,
me;

Glad-ly I'll fol-low where he leads the way.
Je-sus, my Sa-viour, what rap-ture is mine.

With my lamp trimmed and burning, and my staff in my hand,
While the gospel truth for my sandals I wear;
May my Lord, when he cometh, find me still in the work,
Ever faithful! and watching in prayer;
Then through him to life awaking,
I shall see his smiling face,
On seraphic pinions wafted
Rest me forever in his dear embrace.

JESUS, MY ALL. 6s & 4s.

1. { Lord, at thy mer-cy seat, Hum-bly I fall; }
 { Plead-ing thy prom-ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; }
 2. { Tears of re-pent-ant grief Si-lent-ly fall; }
 { Help thou my un-be-lief, Hear thou my call, }

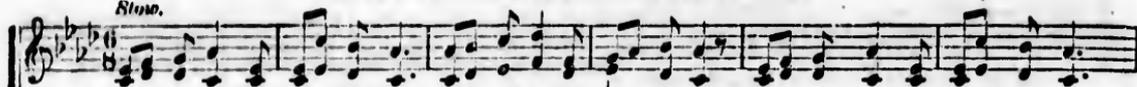
Now let thy work be-gin, Oh, make me pure with-in,
Oh, how I pine for thee, 'Tis all my hope, my plea.

Cleanse me from ev-ery sin, Je-sus, my all.
Je-sus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.

3. Hark! how the words of love Tenderly fall;
Ere to the realms above Heard is my call.
Now every doubt has flown, Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am thine alone, Jesus, my all.

4. Still at thy mercy seat, Humbly I fall;
Pleading thy promise sweet, Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to thee, This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me, Jesus, my all.

TO BE SUNG AT THE RECEPTION OF NEW SCHOLARS.

Slud.

1. Yes, we bid you wel-come here, To our Sun-day-school so dear, You have joined our youth-ful band,

*Faster.*

March-ing to the prom-ised land. Now be-gin with ear-nest heart, Ear-ly choose the bet-ter part;



CHORUS.



Learn-ing in this dear re-treat, Les-sons at the Sa-viour's feet. Yes, we bid you wel-come here,



Yes, we bid you wel - come here, Wel - come here, wel - come here, Wel - come, wel - come here.

2. God will help you by His grace,
 If you try to seek His face,
 He will guide you day by day,
 If you love the narrow way.
 You have joined our happy throng,
 You will learn our cheerful song.

Thus together we will sing,
 Praise to God, our Saviour King.
 Yes, we bid you welcome, etc.

3. Let us all in love agree,
 Then how happy we shall be !
 Always ready to obey

What our teachers kindly say.
 Never absent from the school,
 Faithful to each golden rule;
 Patient workers for the Lord,
 Trusting in His holy word.
 Yes, we bid you welcome, etc.

SAVIOUR. I LOOK TO THEE.

1.
 Saviour, I look to thee,
 Be not thou far from me,
 'Mid storms that lower :
 On me thy care bestow,
 Thy loving kindness show,
 Thine arms around me throw,
 This trying hour.

2.
 Saviour, I look to thee,
 Feeble as infancy,

Gird up my heart :
 Author of life and light,
 Thou hast an arm of might,
 Thine is the sovereign right,
 Thy strength impart.

3.
 Saviour, I look to thee,
 Let me thy fullness see,
 Save me from fear;
 While at thy cross I kneel,
 All my backslidings heal,

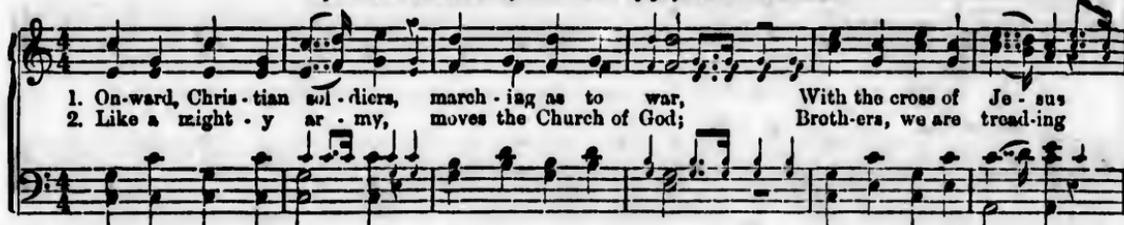
And a free pardon seal,
 My soul to cheer.

4.
 Saviour, I look to thee,
 Thine shall the glory be,
 Hearer of prayer :
 Thou art my only aid,
 On thee my soul is stayed,
 Naught can my heart invade,
 While thou art near.

* Tune "Olivet," page 108.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

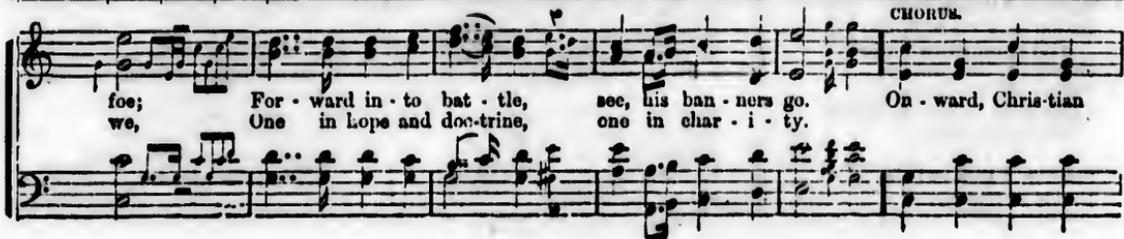
T. BISSELL.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."—Ex. 14: 15.


1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, march-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus
2. Like a might-y ar-my, moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are troad-ing



go-ing on be-fore. Christ the Roy-al Mas-ter, leads a-gainst the
where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, all one bod-y



foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, see, his ban-ners go. On-ward, Chris-tian
we, One in hope and doc-trine, one in char-i-ty.

CHORUS.

2. Crow
But
Gate
We

1. Fath
W
For
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2. Here
Ex
Rich
An

sol - diers, march - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, which can never fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.</p> | <p>4. Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song.
Glory, praise and honor, men and angels sing,
Through the countless ages unto Christ the King.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.</p> |
|--|--|

THE SCRIPTURES. C. M.°

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>1. Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.</p> | <p>3. Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.</p> | <p>5. O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.</p> |
| <p>2. Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.</p> | <p>4. Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around.
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.</p> | <p>6. Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.</p> |

*Tune, "Caddo," page 168.

— MISS ANN STRELL

Lively.

1. Notes of joy for the Sab-bath home, The home where the chil-dren meet; Where buds that bloom for a
2. Notes of joy for the earn-est hearts That work for the souls of youth; That guide their thoughts to the

CHORUS.

pur-er clime, Burst forth in that dear re-treat. Notes of joy, notes of joy; Notes of joy whose
Lamb of God, Their steps to the fount of truth.

tones of love Are ech-oed strains from the harps a-bove, Sweet strains from the harps a-bove.

1.

1. O nothing
Of life
We sow of
Words, id
We reap
Nothi

3. Notes of joy when the way is dark,
And hard is the cross to bear,
Glad notes of joy for the social throng.
To sing at the hour of prayer.—CHORUS.

4. Notes of joy for the mourning one,
That longs for a Saviour's love:
God speed them on till their voice from earth
Shall blend with the choir above.—CHORUS.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

S. J. VAIL.

1. No-thing but leaves! the spir-it grieves O - ver a wast - ed life; O'er sins in-duiged while con-science slept, O'er vows and pro-mis-

es un-kept, And reap from years of strife— No-thing but leaves, No-thing but leaves.

1. O nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain.
We sow our seeds, for tares and weeds,
Words, idle words for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.

3. Nothing but leaves! sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and mis-spent day,
Sadly we find at last—
Nothing but leaves.

4. Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves!

SABBATH CLOSING HYMN.

Mus. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Fad-ing, slow-ly fad-ing, sweet Sab - bath day, Like a hal-low'd mem'-ry, Lin-gers thy gold-en ray.
2. Fad-ing, slow-ly fad-ing, sweet day of rest, Still thy beau-ty lin-gers O - ver the ro - sy west.

DUET.

Dear Sa-viour, now to ev-ery heart, Re-veal the way, the truth impart, That leads to life beyond the skies, Where
Our earth-ly joys will soon de-cline, Our earth-ly hopes but faint-ly shine; Then may we rise on wings of love, And

CHORUS.

plea-sure nev - er dies. Fad-ing, slow-ly fad-ing, sweet Sab-bath day, In gen-tle tones it seems to say:
rest with God a - bove.

SABBATH CLOSING HYMN, Concluded.

177

Pass-ing a-way! pass-ing a-way! In gen-tle tones it seems to say: Pass - ing a - way! a - way!

WE'VE A HOME UP YONDER.

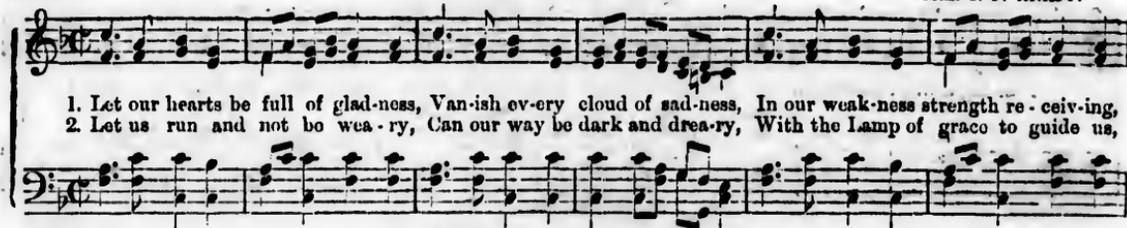
S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. We've a home up yon-der, Where the sky is bright, In the bless-ed man-sions Of the Lord of Light.
 2. Je - sus went be - fore us, To pre-pare the way, And his Spir - it guides us To the realms of day!
 3. We are on - ly pil-grims While be - low we stay; And our feet are walk - ing Up the star - ry way.

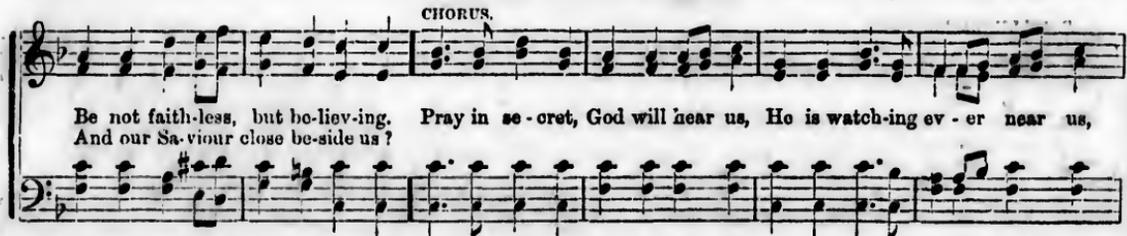
CHORUS.

We've a home up yon-der, We've a home up yon-der, We've a home up yon-der, In the star - ry sky.

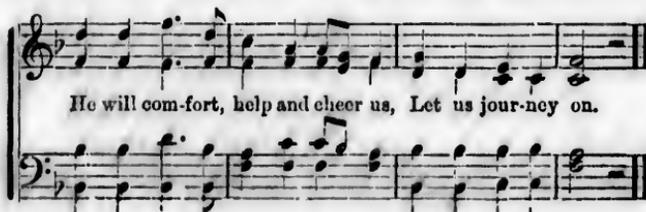


1. Let our hearts be full of glad-ness, Van-ish ev-ery cloud of sad-ness, In our weak-ness strength re- ceiv-ing,
2. Let us run and not be wea- ry, Can our way be dark and drea-ry, With the Lamp of grace to guide us,

CHORUS.



Be not faith-less, but be-liev-ing. Pray in se-cret, God will hear us, Ho is watch-ing ev-er near us,
And our Sa-viour close be-side us?



He will com-fort, help and cheer us, Let us jour-ney on.

3. Earthly pleasure may deceive us,
God has promised not to leave us;
Can we doubt when he has spoken?
No—His word was never broken.—CHO.

4. By his loving arm defended,
By the angel guards attended,
We shall meet beyond the river—
Meet to part no more forever.—CHO.



1. T.



g



an-gel



2. The sons
The pr
Cloth'd i
And sa
They

WELCOME HOME.

REV. R. LOWRY. 179

DUET. *Cheerfully.*



1. There is a realm where Je-sus reigns, A home of grace and love, Where an-gels wait with sweet-est strains, To

CHORUS.



greet the saints a-bove. They'll sing their wel-come home to me, They'll sing their wel-come home to me; The



an-gels will stand on the heav-en-ly strand, And sing their wel-come home! Wel-come home! Wel-come home! The



- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2. The sons of earth will join to bless
The precious Saviour's name,
Cloth'd in his perfect righteousness,
And saved from sin and shame.
They'll sing, etc.</p> | <p>3. Yet all, alas! will not be there,
For some will slight his grace,
Though now he calls, they do not care,
To turn and seek his face.
They'll sing, etc.</p> | <p>4. He speaks so kindly, "Come to me,
And I will give you rest;"
The angels wait their melody,
To greet you with the blest.
They'll sing, etc.</p> |
|--|--|--|

1. There is a ho-ly ci-ty, A hap-py world a-bove, Be-yond the star-ry re-gions, Built by the God of love;

SOLO. *ritard.*

An ev-er-last-ing tem-ple; And saints ar-rayed in white! There serve their great Re-deem-er, And dwell with him in light.

CHORUS.

O home a-bove! O world of love! O ev-er bless-ed place! A-bove the sky, At home on high, I'll sing of Je-sus' grace.

2. T
B
W
T

3. S
T
Thi

2. The meanest child of glory,
 Out-shines the radiant sun,
 But who can speak the splendor
 Of that eternal throne,
 Where Jesus sits exalted,
 In God-like majesty?
 The elders fall before Him,
 The angels bend the knee.—CHO.

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

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

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer
D. S. Till ev-ery foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in-

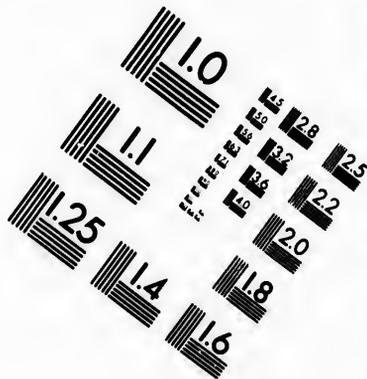
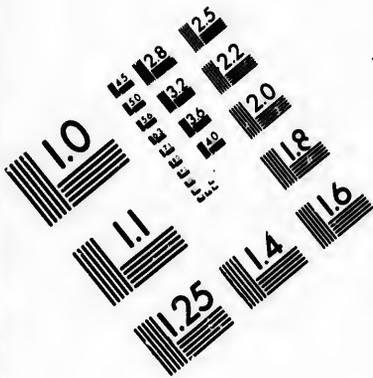
Fine. loss: From vic-tory un-to vic-tory His ar-my shall be led, deed.
D. S. 2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own.
 Put on the Gospel armor,
 And watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,

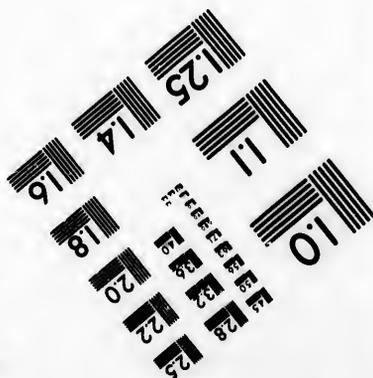
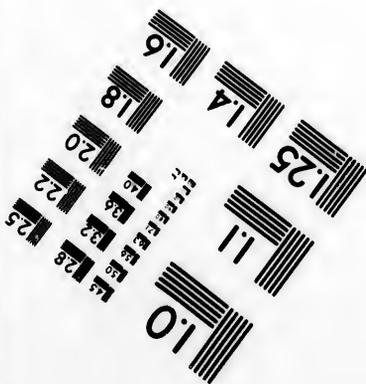
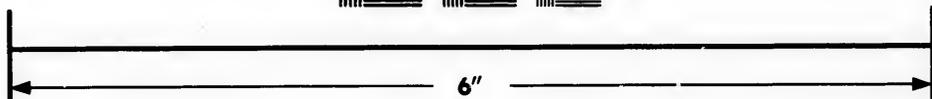
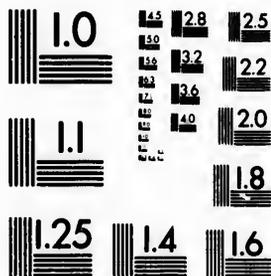
The next the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be

He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.





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10

Moderato. "I called upon the Lord in my distress: the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place.—Ps. 118: 5.

1. When my soul was dis-tress'd And my spir - it was bow'd, And the dark waves of trou-ble ran wild; Then I

pray'd to the Lord and He part - ed the cloud, And he look'd down up - on me and 'smil'd.

CHORUS.

Oh the sun-shine drove dark-ness a - way, And freed my glad heart from its pall; And I

wish'd, oh I wish'd that the whole world would pray For the smile of the Lord on us all.

2. When my friends had all left me alone to my lot,
Then I went to my Saviour and Friend;
And He soothingly spake to my spirit, "Fear not;
I am with thee e'en unto the end."—CHORUS.

3. When billows of sorrow did over me roll,
Then I pray'd for His help from above;
And He looked down upon me and filled up my soul
With emotions of rapturous love.—CHORUS.

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

REV. B. W. GORHAM.

f *Fine.* *D. S.*

1. { The world is o-ver-come By the blood of the Lamb, }
 { The world is o-ver-come By the blood of the Lamb, } Glo-ry to the Lamb.
 Glo-ry to the Lamb. [OMIT] Glory to the Lamb.

2. My sins are washed away
In the blood of the Lamb.

3. I've washed my garments white

In the blood of the Lamb.

4. I've lost the fear of death
Through the blood of the Lamb.

5. The martyrs overcame
By the blood of the Lamb.

6. I soon shall mount the skies
Through the blood of the Lamb.

1st Time. 2d Time.

1. { What means this ea-ger, anx-ious throng, Which moves with bu-sy haste a-long— }
 { These won-drous gath-erings day by day? What means this strange com- [OMIT.] } mo-tion, say? In
 2. { Who is this Je-sus? why should he The cit-y move so might-i-ly? }
 { A pass-ing stran-ger, has he skill To move the mul-ti- [OMIT.] } tude at will? A

ac-cents hushed the throng re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by;" In ac-cents hushed the throng re-ply:
 gain the stir-ring tones re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by;" A-gain the stir-ring tones re-ply:

3. 4.

Jesus! 'tis he who once below
 "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
 "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
 And burdened ones, where'er he came,
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and
 lame.
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home.
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
 Return, accept his proffered grace.
 Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

KINS.



ay? In

ll? A



re - ply :
re - ply :



he !
and home.
's face,
grace.
o night:
by."

THE PURE IN HEART.

KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 185

CHORUS.

1. Bless - ed are the pure in heart! Bless-ed ev - er-more! They shall meet, and nev-cr part On the gold - en
2. Bless - ed are the pure in heart! Freed from sin and stain; Sa - tan with his fie-ry dart Tempts their peace in
3. Bless - ed are the pure in heart! Oh! that we may stand, Choos-ing now the bet-ter part At the Lord's right

CHORUS.

shore. Thor-ny paths their feet have trod, But their rest is sure with God! Bless-ed are the pure in heart!
vain; For they lean on Je - sus' arm, He will keep them safe from harm.
hand. With us may His love a - bide, For the sake of Christ who died.

Bless - ed ev - er more, Bless - ed are the pure in heart, Bless - ed ev - er more.

ev-cr more.

TO-DAY.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice harden not your heart."

1. We nev-er shall be hap-py if we walk the ways of sin, 'Tis a path that leads on-ward to
 2. We'll nev-er get to heav-en if we do not learn the way, And pre-pare for the jour-ney be-

sor-row; If the right we would pur-sue, it is time we should be-gin, For why need we wait till to-mor-row?
 foro us; If for Je-sus we would live, we must al-ways watch and pray, And thus will his ban-ner be o'er us.

CHORUS.

Let us seek sal-va-tion to-day, yes, to-day, Seek sal-va-tion to-day, If the crown we would se-cure, We must

TO-DAY, Concluded.

3

187

make our call-ing sure, And seek sal-va-tion to-day.

The tempter may assail us, but with Jesus by our side,
And a hope in His power possessing;
We will make his holy word still our counsel and our guide,
And count every trial a blessing.
Let us seek salvation, etc

C. WFSLEY.

PORTUGUESE. 10s & 11s.

1. O what shall I do My Sa-viour to praise, So faith-ful and true, So plen-teous in grace, So strong to de-liver, So

good to re-deem, The weak-est believer, The weak-est be-liev-er, The weak-est be-liev-er That hangs upon him.

2. How happy the man Whose heart is set free,
The people that can Be joytul in thee;
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face,
And still they are talking Of Jesus' grace.

3. Their daily delight Shall be in thy name;
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim:
Thy righteousness wearing, And cleansed by thy blood.
Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.

DON'T YOU HEAR A SOFT VOICE CALLING?

D. P. FOND.

Do not hurry.

1st Time.

2d Time.

CHORUS.

1. { Don't you hear a soft voice calling? Je - sus speaks in tones of love; Hear the melt-ing ac - cents fall-ing, Gen-tly fall - ing [OMIT.] from a-bove. } Let us round the

stand - ard ral - ly, Je - sus, Je - sus bids us come! He will lead us through the val - ley,

o-ver the riv - er, safe-ly home.

2. Hear Him pleading in the garden,
See Him bleeding on the cross,
Shall we slight the proffered pardon?
Can we bear the dreadful loss?
Let us round the standard, etc.

3. Let us climb the holy mountain,
Safe from anger, sloth and pride,
Ling'ring near the healing fountain,
Flewing from Immanuel's side!
Let us round the standard, etc.

4. Christians need not be affrighted,
When the night of death shall come,
All the passage will be lighted,
To their own immortal home!—CHORUS.

5. When the silver cord is broken,
When our earthly house shall fall,
When the last "Farewell" is spoken,
Save us Jesus,—one and all.—CHORUS.

GLAD NOTES OF JOY.

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

189

1. I'm sing-ing my grate-ful notes of joy, Tell-ing of Je-sus' love, How hap-py the thoughts my
 2. O glad be the notes of joy I raise, Stran-ger and pil-grim here, O loud be my voice of
 3. I'll tell of the love of my Saviour King; Mer-cy is rich and free; And e'en in my lat-est

CHORUS.

heart em-ploy, Sing-ing of home a-bove Mer-cy is rich, mer-cy is free, Je-sus, my Sa-viour,
 cheer-ful praise; Heav-en is bright and near.
 hour I'll sing, Je-sus has died for me.

died for me, Help me to sing, Je-sus, my King, Oh! help me to sing of Thee.

PAULINA.
Tenderly.

B. R. HANBY.

1. 'Mid the pas-tures green of the bless-ed isles, Where nev-er is heat or cold, Where the light of life is the
2. There are tiny mounds where the hopes of earth Were laid 'neath the tear-wet mould, But the light that paled at the

Shep-herd's smile, Are the lambs of the Upper Fold, Where the lillies blossom in fadeless spring, And never a heart grows
stricken hearth, Was joy to the Upper Fold, Oh, the white stone beareth a new namonow, That never on earth was

old. Where the glad new song is the song they sing; Are the lambs of the Up-per Fold, Lambs of the Up - per
told, And the ten-der Shep-herd doth guard with care The lambs of the Up-per Fold, Lambs of the Up - per

THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD, Concluded.

191

Musical score for 'THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD, Concluded.' featuring a treble and bass staff in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final cadence.

Fold, Lambs of the Up- per Fold, Where the glad new song is the song they sing, Aro the lambs of the Upper Fold.
 Fold, Lambs of the Up- per Fold, And the ten- der Shep- herd doth guard with care, The lambs of the Upper Fold.

OVER THE OCEAN WAVE. (Missionary.)

Musical score for 'OVER THE OCEAN WAVE. (Missionary.)' featuring a treble and bass staff in G major, 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Gently'. The score includes a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) section and a 'Fine' section.

1. O - ver the ocean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor heathen live, waiting for day. Groping in ignorance,
 D. C. - Pity them, pity them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.

Musical score for the second verse of 'OVER THE OCEAN WAVE. (Missionary.)' featuring a treble and bass staff in G major, 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'D. C.' (Da Capo).

dark as the night, No blessed Bib - le to give them the light.

2. Here, in this happy land, we have the light,
 Shining from God's own Word, free, pure, and bright;
 Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
 Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
 Pity them, etc.
3. Then while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
 List! as the heathen band joyfully sing,
 "Over the ocean wave, oh! see them come,
 Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."
 Pity them, etc.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome, When sweet an - gel voi - ces
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band; Shall we know the friends that

sing - ing Glad - ly bid us welcome home, To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care,
greet us, In the glo - rious spir - it land? Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing On us, as in days of yore?

CHORUS. *Repeat (ad. lib.)*

In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there? Shall we know..... each
Shall we feel their dear arms twin - ing Fond - ly round us, as be - fore? *We shall, etc., (for last verse.)*

pp
oth - er? Shall we know.....each oth-er? Shall we know..... each oth-er? Shall we know each oth-er there?

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff begins with a piano (pp) dynamic marking and contains a melodic line with various ornaments and slurs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes.

3. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright;
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,

And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their earthly friends to know.
Shall we know, etc.

4. Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not, by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones

In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my raptured ear,
Ever more their sweet song lingers,
We shall know each other there!
We shall know, etc.

SHALL WE SEE OUR SAVIOUR THERE? *

1. When the scenes of earth have faded,
And we tarry here no more;
When we catch sweet shining glimpses,
Of the fair celestial shore;
Of the land that knows no sorrow,
Neither darkness nor despair,
Shall we see Him in His glory,
Shall we see our Saviour there?
Shall we see our Saviour? etc.

2. When the friends we love shall fail us,
As we brave death's chilling tide;
When the olive plants forsake us,
That have grown up by our side,

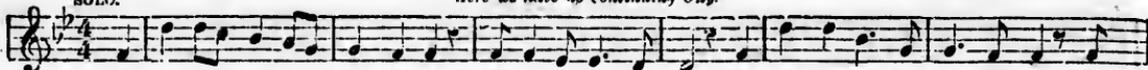
And no living thing we cherished,
Will avail us on that day,
As we near the hills of glory,
Shall we see Him on our way?
Shall we see our Saviour? etc.

3. When the dreams of youth have vanished,
And the hopes of riper years;
All our joys, and all our sorrows;
All our ills, and all our tears;
In that land of golden promise,
Where the flowers are blooming fair,
Shall we see Him in His glory,
Shall we see our Saviour there?—*CHO.*—*We shall, etc.*

*Tune above.

CALLING US AWAY.

SOLO.

"Here we have no continuing city."

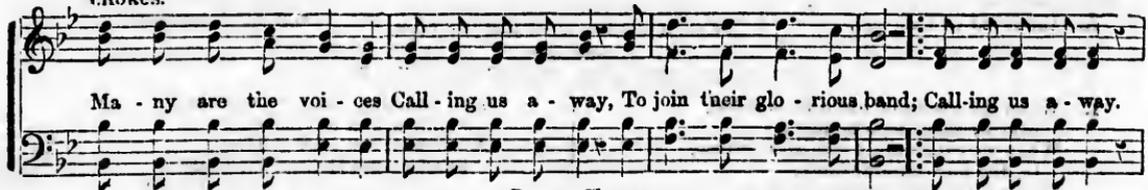
1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, With-in the veil, and see The saints a-bove, how great their joys, how
2. Once they were mourners here below, And pour'd out cries and tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With

DUET



bright their glories be. Ma-ny are the friends Who are wait-ing to - day, Hap - py on the gold - en strand;
sins, and doubts, and fears.

CHORUS.



Ma - ny are the voi - ces Call - ing us a - way, To join their glo - rious band; Call - ing us a - way.

Repeat Chorus pp.

Call - ing us a - way Call - ing to the bet - ter land,

3. I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb, —
Their triumph to His death. — CHO.
4. They mark'd the footsteps that He trod.
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest. — CHO.

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 195

Slow.

1. Come brethren don't grow weary, But let us journey on; The moments will not tarry This life will soon be
The passing scenes all tell us That death will surely come; These bodies soon will moulder In the dark and dreary

CHORUS.

gone. There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is
tomb.

Repeat softly.

sweet rest in heaven.

2. Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away;
O'er aerial plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day;
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host.
There is sweet rest, &c.

3. Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly calls us home
To yonder world of glory,
And sweetly bids us come.
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will strive to hedge our way.
But we'll overcome these powers,—
We'll hourly watch and pray.
There is sweet rest, &c.

1. O, think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints all immortal and
 2. O, think of the friends o-ver there, Who before us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the

REFRAIN. O-ver there,

fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O-ver there, o-ver there, O, think of a home o-ver
 air, In their home in the pal - ace of God. O-ver there, over there, over there, O, think of the friends over

O-ver there,

there, O - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of a home o - ver there.
 there. O - ver there, O-ver there, o - ver there, O, think of the friends o - ver there.

3. My Saviour is now over there,
 There my kindred and friends are at rest:
 Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Over there, over there,
 My Saviour is now over there.

4. I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see;
 Many dear to my heart, over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me.
 Over there, over there,
 I'll soon be at home over there.

C. WESLEY.

PORTLAND. 8s.

W. H. OAKLEY.

1. Thou Shep-herd of Is - rael, and mine, The joy and do - stre of my heart; For clo - ser com - mun-ion I pine, I long to re-

side where Thou art: The pas-ture I lan-guish to find, Where all who their Shep-herd o - bey, Are fed, on Thy bo - som re-

clined, And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2. Ah! show me that happiest place,
 The place of Thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucified God;
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with Thee.

3. 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only, I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in Thy breast:
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart;
 Conceal'd in the cleft of Thy side,
 Eternally held in Thy heart.

"LET ME GO."

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

A little boy,—who had listened to the preaching of George Whitfield, and whose heart had been deeply moved by the sweet story of the cross, from the lips of that eloquent Evangelist,—lay upon his dying bed. During a momentary pause in his sufferings, and when his end was near, he stretched his hands upwards and cried: "Let me go to Mr. Whitfield's God!"



1. Let me go where saints are go-ing, To the man-sions of the blest; Let me go where my Re-



deem-er Has pre-pared His peo-ple's rest; I would gain the realms of bright-ness, Where they
CHORUS.—Let me go! 'tis Je-sus calls me; Let me



Repeat Chorus.



dwell for ev-er more; I would join the friends that wait me, O-ver on the oth-er shore.
gain the realms of day! Bear me o-ver, an-gel pin-ions, Longs my soul to be a-way.



2.
 Let me go where none are weary,
 Where is raised no wail or woe;
 Let me go, and bathe my spirit
 In the raptures angels know:
 Let me go! for bliss eternal
 Lures my soul away, away;
 And the victors' song triumphant
 Thrills my heart—I cannot stay.
 Let me go, etc.

3.
 Let me go! why should I tarry?
 What has earth to keep me here?
 What, but cares, and toils, and sorrows?
 What, but death, and pain, and fear?
 Let me go! for hopes most cherished
 Blasted round me often lie;
 Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers,
 But to see them fade and die.
 Let me go, etc.

4.
 Let me go! there is a glory
 That my soul hath longed to know:
 I am thirsting for the waters
 That from crystal fountains flow;
 There is where the angels tarry;
 There the saved forever throng;
 There the brightness wearies never;
 There I'll sing Redemption's song.
 Let me go, etc.

CHANT.—“Thy Will be Done.”

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Father, I know thy ways are just, Al- though to me un- known; O, grant me grace thy love to trust, and cry, “Thy will be done.”
 2. If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path, Should wealth and friends [be] gone, Still, with a firm and lively faith, I'll cry:.... “Thy will be done.”
 3. Although thy steps I cannot trace, Thy sov' reign right I'll own, And, as instructed by thy grace, I'll cry:.... “Thy will be done.”
 4. 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie Be- fore thy gracious throne, Concerning every thing to cry: my Fath- er's will be done.

GRACE AND SALVATION. (Round in Four Parts.)

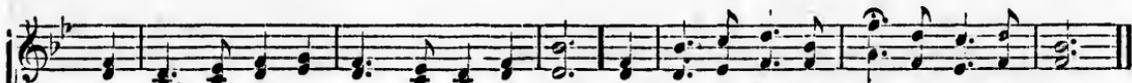
For grace and sal - va - tion, through Christ our Re - deem - er, we'll sing hal - le - lu - jah for ev - er and ev - er.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

REV. J. W. DADMUN.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. xiii. 8.

1. No night shall be in Heaven! no gath'-ring gloom Shall o'er that glo-ri-ous land - scape ev - er come;
 2. No night shall be in Heaven! no dread - ful hour Of men - tal dark-ness, or the tempt-cr's power,
 3. No night shall be in Heaven. For - bid to sleep, These eyes no more their mourn-ful vi - gils keep;



- No tears shall fall in sad - ness o'er those flow'ers That breathe their fra-grance thro' ce - les - tial bow'rs.
 A - cross those skies no en - vious cloud shall roll, To dim the sun - light of the rap - tured soul.
 Their foun-tains dried, their tears all wiped a - way, They gaze un - daz - zled on o - ter - nal day.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4. No night shall be in Heaven—no sorrows reign,
 No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
 No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;
 No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.</p> | <p>5. No night shall be in Heaven—but endless noon;
 No fast declining sun, nor waning moon;
 But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
 'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.</p> |
|---|---|

CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL TO ME.

SCOTTISH MELODY. 201

1. Though in a world of sick-ness, While on my Sa-viour's breast, He strength-ens all my weak-ness, And
 2. He cheers my droop-ing spir-it, And fills me with his love, And soon I shall in-her-it Those
 3. Could I but see my Je-sus, And scale the moun-tain height, How would I shout his prais-es, In

CHORUS.

makes me tru-ly blest. My Sa-viour died for me His blood is all my plea; O, my
 shin-ing realms a-bove.
 yon-der realms of light.

bles-sed Lord and Sa-viour, Thou'rt all in all to me.

4. Christian, be not faint-hearted,
 Though least among the flock,
 From Christ you'll ne'er be parted,
 While built upon the rock.—CHORUS.
5. I taste a heavenly pleasure,
 And need not fear a frown;
 Christ is my joy and treasure,
 My glory and my crown.—CHORUS.

I'M KNEBLING AT THE DOOR.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. I'm kneel-ing, Lord, at mer-cy's gate, With trem-bling hope and fear, I've wait-ed long and still I wait Thy

gra-cious voice to hear. Thy pre-cious word has bid me seek The joys Thou hast in store; Wilt

CHORUS.
Thou, O Lord, in mer-cy speak, I'm kneel-ing at the door. I'm kneel-ing at the door,

I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR, Concluded.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

kneel - ing at the door, Wilt Thou, O Lord, in mer - cy speak, I'm kneel - ing at the door.

2.

None ever empty turned away,
Who truly sought Thy face:
And I, my Saviour, come to-day,
To seek Thy pardoning grace.
Thy precious blood is all my plea:
This can my soul restore;

Wilt Thou in mercy speak to me,
Low kneeling at the door.
I'm kneeling, etc.

3.

And when the ransomed millions rise,
From death and sorrow free,

To meet Thee in the upper skies,
With songs of victory,
May I through grace redeemed be there,
To thankfully adore
The love that heard my trembling pray'r,
While kneeling at the door.
I'm kneeling, etc.

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST. *

1. More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee !
Hear Thou the prayer I make;
On bended knee.
This is my earnest plea:
More love, O Christ, to Thee !
More love to Thee!

Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

2. Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest,
Now Thee alone I seek,

3. Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain,
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—

4. Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise.
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

*Tune, "NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE," page 202, S. S. Harp.

THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

WM. R. BRADBURY.

1. All thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet: His love we pro - claim, his prais - es re - peat: We
2. In him we have peace, in him we have pow - er, Pre - served by his grace through - out the dark hour, In

own him our Je - sus, con - tin - u - ally near, To par - don and bless us and per - fect us here. The
all our temp - tations he keeps us to prove His ut - most sal - va - tion, his full - ness of love.

REFRAIN.

ff
Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain.

Repeat Refrain pp.

3. All praise to the Lamb! accepted I am,
Through faith in the Saviour's adorable name:
In him I confide, his blood is applied;
For me he hath suffer'd, for me he hath died
The Lamb, the Lamb, &c.

4. Salvation to God who sits on the throne:
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb,
The Lamb, the Lamb, &c.

BE JOYFUL IN GOD. (Thanksgiving Anthem.)

WAL. B. BRADBURY.

205

Allegro.

peat: We
hour, In

REFRAIN.

ore. The
ove.

me:
ed

Lamb.

1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth: Oh, serve him with gladness and fear; Exult in his presence with mu-sic and
2. Oh! enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in his temple proclaim; His praise in melodious accordance pro-

mirth, With love and devotion draw near, Je-ho-vah is God, and Je-ho-vah a-lone, Cre - a - tor and Ru-ler o'er all.....
long, And bless his a - dor - a - ble name, For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, And we are the work of his hand....

And we are his people, his sceptre we own, His sheep, and we follow his call; Wo fol-low his call, we fol-low his call
His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall to e-ter - ni - ty stand, To e-ter-ni-ty stand, to eternity stand.

1. Sow-ing their seed by the dawn-light fair, Sow - ing their seed in the noon-tide glare, Sow-ing their seed in the
2. Sow-ing their seed by the way - side high, Sow - ing their seed on the rocks to die, Sow-ing their seed where the

fad - ing light, Sow - ing their seed in the sol - emn night, Oh, what shall the har - vest be? ... Oh,
thorns will spoil, Sow - ing their seed in the fer - tile soil, Oh, what shall the har - vest be? ... Oh

CHORUS.

what shall the har-vest be? Sown..... in the dark - - - ness or sown..... in the light.....
what shall the har-vest be?
Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light,

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE? Concluded

207

seed in the
d where the

Sown in our weak - - ness, or sown.....in our might.....Gath - - er-ed in time..... or e -

Sown in our weak-ness, or sown in our might, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might, Gath-ered in time or e - ter - ni - ty,

Oh,
Oh

ter - - - ni - ty..... Sure..... ah sure..... will the har - - - vest be.

Gath-ered in time or e - ter - ni - ty; Sure, ah yes, sure will the har - vest be, will the har - vest, the har - vest be

3. They're sowing the seed of word and deed,
The proud know not, nor the careless heed;
The gentle word and the kindest deed
Have blest sad hearts in their sorest need.
Oh, sweet will the harvest be.—CHORUS.
4. They're sowing the seed of noble deed,
With sleepless watch and an earnest heed;
With tireless hands they toil and sow,

And the fields are whit'ning where'er they go.
Oh, rich will the harvest be.—CHORUS.

And many who stand with idle hand,
Are scattering seeds throughout the land,
And some are sowing the seeds of care,
Which their soil has borne, and still must bear.
Oh, sad will the harvest be.—CHORUS.

SWEET PEACE.—Duet and Chorus.

DUET.

1. There is a stream, There is a stream, There is a stream whose gen-tle flow Sup-plies the ci - ty
 2. That sa-cred stream That sa-cred stream, That sa-cred stream whose ho-ly fount Does all our ra - ging

of our God: Life love and joy still glid-ing through, Life love and joy - still glid - ing through, Anc
 fears con-trol: Sweet peace thy prom - is - es af - ford, Sweet peace thy prom - is - es af - ford, And

CHORUS.

wat-'ring our di - vine a - bode, And wat-'ring our di - vine a - bode. Life love and joy, still glid - ing through, And
 give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls, And

Fine. *A Tempo.* *D. U. Chorus.*

wat-'ring our di - vine a - bode. Sweet peace, sweet peace, Thy prom - is - es, thy prom - is - es af - ford.
 give new strength to faint - ing souls. Sweet peace, etc.

I'LL FOLLOW JESUS.

T. C. O'KANE. 209



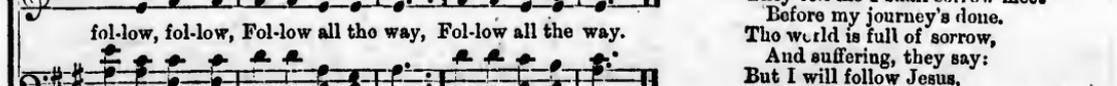
1. { The world looks ve-ry beau-ti-ful, And full of joy to me
 { The sun shines out in glory bright, [OMIT.] On eve-ry-thing I see. I know I shall be



hap-py, While in the world I stay, For I will fol-low Je-sus, I'll fol-low all the way. I'll fol-low, fol-low,



fol-low, fol-low, Fol-low all the way, Fol-low all the way.



2. I am but a youthful pilgrim here,
 My journey's just begun;
 They tell me I shall sorrow meet
 Before my journey's done.
 The world is full of sorrow,
 And suffering, they say:
 But I will follow Jesus,
 And follow all the way.—CHORUS.

3 Then on my youthful pilgrimage,
 Whatever I may meet,
 I'll take it—joy and sorrow all,
 And lay at Jesus' feet.
 He'll comfort me in trouble

He'll wipe my tears away,
 With joy I'll follow Jesus,
 And follow all the way.—CHORUS.

4. Then trials can not weigh me down,
 And pain I need not fear;

For when I'm close by Jesus' side,
 Grief can not come too near.
 Not even death can harm me,
 When death I meet one day,
 To heaven I'll follow Jesus,
 And follow all the way.—CHORUS.

O. D. SHERMAN.
Moderato.

J. M. STILLMAN.

1. Chil-dren, would you know the sto - ry, Of the Sa - vour, lov - ing, mild, How he left the realms of
2. Would you know his art - less child - hood, Free from sin and wick - ed strife, Full of smiles and lov - ing

A little faster.

glo - ry, And he - came a lit - tle child? In the Bi - ble, bless - ed Bi - ble, Book of
fa - vor, Brave and truth - ful in His life? Read the Bi - ble, bless - ed Bi - ble, Read its

Books, the best by far, You can read the won - drous sto - ry Of the "wise men" and the "star."
pa - ges all you can; It will tell you how He la - bored, Lov - ing God and bless - ing man.

3.
 Would you hear His words of wisdom,
 See the glory of His face;
 How He bless'd the little children,
 Held them in His close embrace,—
 In the Bible, precious Bible,

All this matchless love appears;
 How He healed the broken-hearted,
 How He dried the mourner's tears.

4.
 Would you know how dark that garden,
 Terraced on the mountain side,

Would you know the terrors and jeerings,
 See the cross on which He died,—
 Read your Bible, precious Bible;
 All the story you may know,
 And the price of man's redemption,
 Saved from sin and endless woe.

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

SOLO.—*March time.*

SOLOS FOR BOYS, EACH SMALLER THAN THE PRECEDING.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I'm a lit - tle sol - dier boy, Brave and true; "Fol - low me," my Cap - tain says, So I do.
 2. May I be a sol - dier boy, Brave and true? Have you in your ar - my bright, Room for two?
 3. Let me be a sol - dier boy, Brave and true; Three can bat - tle for the Right, More than two.
 4. I'm a lit - tle sol - dier boy, Brave and true; I can wave the ban - ner—see! Will I do?

CHORUS.

Raise the ban-ner, join the song, Face the foe; Up with Right and down with Wrong, On we go.

1. List—the disciple band, “Lord, is it I?” Mournfully tender the wail and the cry,
2. Forth in the darkness the lost spir - it rushed— Hymns on the white lips for - ev - er were hushed.

Long had they walked in the path - way He trod, Served Him as Master, and wor-shipped as God;
Only once more to the Mas - ter He came, Then to betray Him to death and to shame.

Out in the wilderness— out on the deep, With Him in perils—in wak - ing—in sleep;
Legions of evil the trai-tor at - tend, Torture his dark life, and has - ten its end.

cry,
hushed.

as God;
o shame.

in sleep;
its end.

LORD, IS IT I? Concluded.

Hearing the prayer, and the moan, and the sigh, Well might they question Him, "Lord, is it I?"
Well might the faithful, who could not deny, Ask of Him sorrowing, "Lord, is it I?"

CHORUS.

Asking so fearfully, can we deny? Asking so tearfully, "Lord, is it I?"

2. Bearing the name of disciple, shall we
Shrink from the pathway, tho' thorny it be?
Murmur, while under the cross and the rod,
Craving the earthly, and turning from God?

Father in Heaven, Oh, save us from this;
Let us betray not Thy love with a kiss.
Clasping the cross, though we live or we die,
Still would we ask of Thee, "Lord, is it I?"—CHO.

THERE'LL BE REST BY AND BY. *

1. We must toil in the heat of the day,
From the dawn until daylight be o'er;
For we swiftly are passing away
To the land where we'll labor no more.
CHORUS.—There'll be rest by-and-by, by-and-by.

2. We are weak, but the Saviour is strong,
And his grace he will freely supply;
Though the time of our trial seem long,
Yet we know we shall rest by-and-by.
There'll be rest by-and-by, &c.

3. In the land where our sighing will cease,
Where no sorrow shall ever come nigh;
In that land of contentment and peace
We shall rest, we shall rest by-and-by.
There'll be rest by-and-by, &c.

—JOSEPHINE FOLLARD.

*Tune, "SWEET BY-AND-BY," page 38.

Con Anima.

1. Oh, we are the reap-ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin;
2. Go out in the by - ways and search them all; The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall;

With sick - les of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "har - vest home."
Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, But gath - er from all for the home on high.

CHORUS

We are the reap-ers! Oh, who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "har - vest home?"

THE SONG OF THE REAPERS, Concluded.

Oh, who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

3. The fields are all rip'ning, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide:
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.—CHO.

4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain:
Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound,
And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.—CHO

WE GATHER IN THE CHILDREN. 7s & 6s. *

1. We gather in the children,
From every street and lane,
To train them up for Jesus,
Eternal life to gain.
For this we band together,
And join our fervent prayer,
That Christ, the gracious Teacher,
Would bless our earnest care,

2. We gather in the children,
Devotly to impart,
The Saviour's blessed gospel

To every youthful heart.
Oh, may the Spirit guide us
Its joyful lines to trace;
And while we try to teach them,
May He bestow the grace.

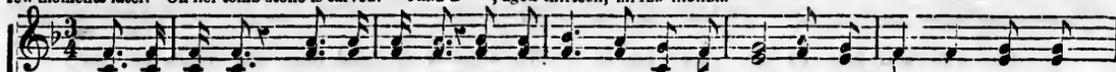
3. We gather in the children,
To teach them how to sing,
As they did in the temple,
"Hosanna to our King."
And while we tune our voices
To sing with sweet accord.

Oh, may they call Him blessed,
Their Saviour and their Lord!

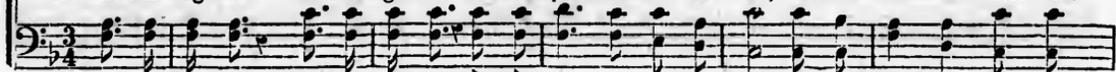
4. We gather in the children,
With loving hearts and true,—
And may we ne'er grow weary
While there is ought to do!
Though hard may be the labor,
Though toiling may be long,
And tears bedew the sowing—
We'll bind the sheaves with song!

*Tune, "Wms," page 181.

A girl, thirteen years old, was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling, she said, softly, "Lift me higher! lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said, "No, no! that; but there!"—again looking earnestly toward heaven, whither her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her tomb-stone is carved:—"JANE B.—, aged thirteen, LIFTED HIGHER."



1. "Lift me high - er! lift me high-er!" From these scenes of pain and night, Bear me up - on an - gel's
2. "Lift me high - er! lift me high-er!" When temp-tations me as - sail, Arm me for the fiero - est



pin-ions, To the world of spir-its bright, Let not earth's de-lu-sive plea-sures Serve my high-est joys to blight, I would con-flict, Let me in Thy strength pre-vail. "Lift me higher!" keep before me Calv'ry's mount where Jesus died; Rest my

CHORUS.—"Lift me high-er, high-er, higher," Till my spir - it ends its flight, Far be-



Repeat Chorus.



range the fields of glo-ry, In ce - les - tial worlds of light.
faith in Christ my Sa-viour, My Re-deem-er cru - ci - fied.
yond this world of dark-ness, In the realms of end-less light.



3. "Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
In affliction's darkest hour,
Let my faith surmount the trial,
In the strength of Jesus' power.
"Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
Till by faith the land I see,
Where the ransomed, from affliction,
Grief, and pain are ever free.
"Lift me higher," etc.

THERE IS A QUESTION.

GEO. F. ROOT. 217

PAULINA.
Recitando.

1. There is a question for all be - low, Mighty in import for weal or woe;
 2. We have been blind, but by faith we see Him, whose earth-life was what ours should be,
 3. "Lord, I believe!" In the an - swer low Dwelleth a solace for ev - ery woe;

Question for childhood on bend - ed knee, Question of fate an - fu - - tu - ri - ty.
 Gentle, and lowly, and un - de - filed, Pattern for manhood and lit - tle child.
 Bidding the storm clouds of sor - row part - Pouring a balm for the wound-ed heart.

Reverently.

An - swer it, ere thou shalt feel the rod, "Dost thou be - lieve on the Son of God?"
 Thus did He ask of one 'neath the rod, "Dost thou be - lieve on the Son of God?"
 E - ven though bowel by the chast-ning rod, Lord, I be - lieve on the Son of God.

WAITING AT THE DOOR.

1. I am wait - ing for the Mas - ter Who will rise and bid me come To the glo - ry of his presence, To the
2. Many a wea - ry path I've travelled In the dark - est storm and strife, Bear - ing many a heavy bur - den, Of - ten

CHORUS.

glad - ness of his home. They are watch . . . ing at the por - tal, They are wait . . . ing at the
strug - gling for my life. They are watch - ing they are watch - ing at the por - tal, They are wait - ing, they are wait - ing at the

door; Wait - ing on . . . ly for my com - ing, All the "loved" . . . ones gone be - fore.
door; Wait - ing on - ly, wait - ing on - ly for my com - ing, All the loved ones, all the loved ones gone be - fore.

3. Many friends that travelled with me,
Reached that portal long ago;
One by one they left me battling
With the dark and crafty foe.
But they're watching, etc.
4. Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter,
And their triumphs sooner won;
O, how lovingly they'll greet me,
When the toils of life are done!
For they're watching, etc.
5. O, how soon shall I be with them,
And shall join their glorious throng,
There to mingle in their worship,
And to swell their mighty song!
Yes, they're watching, etc.

FLY TO THE FOUNTAIN.

T. C. O'KANE.



- 1 From Zi-on's sa-cred moun-tain, See the liv-ing wa-ters glide!
Fly to that foun-tain, fly with me, . . . [OMIT.] . . . And plunged be-neath its tide.
- 2 "I will cleanse the heart from every sin, And pu-ri-fy the soul;
Yes: Je-sus' blood will keep it clean, . . . [OMIT.] . . . And make the sin-ner whole.
3. "Ho! ev-ery one," the proph-et cries, For ev-ery one there's room;
"Ho! ev-ery one," my soul re-plies, . . . [OMIT.] . . . "And to the foun-tain come."



CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus ad. lib. pp.

Fly to the foun-tain, Fly to the foun-tain, Fly to the foun-tain, Flow-ing for you and me.
Fly, fly, fly to the foun-tain, Fly, fly, fly to the foun-tain, Fly, fly, fly to the foun-tain,



BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Bless-ed are the peo - ple that know the joy - ful sound, Still with peace and plen-ty they are crown-ed;
 2. Bless-ed are the peo - ple whose trust is in the Lord, Walk - ing in the coun - cil of His word,

God is ev - er with them their re- fuge and their might, They shall dwell to- geth- er in His ho - ly light.
 They shall be ex - alt - ed who love His ho - ly name, They shall nev - er, nev - er seek His face in vain.

CHORUS.

Praise Him ye na- tions, great is your King, Un- der the shad- ow of His wing, He will keep you safe - ly

BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE, Concluded.

221

From the temp - ter's snare, E - vil can - not harm you, Can - not harm you there.

3. Blessed are the people who on His arm repose,
Looking to the hills whence comfort flows;
They shall grow and flourish who in His strength abide,
Like the trees that blossom by the river's side.
Praise Him, ye nations, etc.

4. Blessed are the people, who trust in Christ alone;
He shall claim and crown them as His own;
They shall reign forever, in realms of cloudless light,
Where the day is darkened by no shades of night.
Praise Him, ye nations, etc.

THANKSGIVING CHANT.

* SOLO. 1ST RESPONSE CHORUS. * SOLO. 2D RESPONSE CHORUS. ALL.

For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er. For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er. A - men.

- *Solo, or Semi-Chorus.
1. O give thanks unto the Lord—1st Resp.
 2. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords—1st Resp.
 3. To Him that by wisdom made the heavens—1st Resp.
 4. To Him that made great lights—1st Resp.
 5. Who remembered us in our low-estate—1st Resp.
 6. Who giveth food to all flesh—1st Resp.

- O give thanks unto the God of gods—2d Resp.
- To Him who alone doeth great wonders—2d Resp.
- To Him that stretched out the earth above the waters—2d R.
- The sun to rule by day, the moon and stars to rule by night—2d Resp.
- And hath redeemed us from our enemies—2d Resp.
- O give thanks unto the God of Heaven—2d Resp. Amen.

DUET, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

"And five of them were wise."

1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burn-ing, Our robes are white and clean, We've tar-ried for the Bride-groom, O may we en-ter

in? We know we've noth-ing wor- thy, That we can call our own—The light, the oil, the robes we wear, Are

CHORUS.

all from Him a-lone, Be-hold the Bride-groom com-eth! And all may en-ter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and

burn-ing, Whose robes are white and clean.

2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him,
The way is open now,
All lighted with the glory,
From His refulgent brow.
Accept the invitation
Beyond deserving kind;
Make no delay, but take your lamps,
And joy eternal find.
Behold the Bridegroom, &c.

3. We see the marriage splendor
Within the open door;
We know that those who enter
Are blest for evermore.
We see He is more lovely
Than all the sons of men,
But still we know the door once shut,
Will never open again.
Behold the Bridegroom, &c.

e - n - ter

wear, Are

re trimm'd and

plendor
of;
who either
are.
ly
men,
doer once shu,
room. No.

TOO LATE

"And Ave were foolish."

ARRANGED BY GEO. F. ROOT.

TENNYSON.
DUET, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill; Late, late, so late! but we can en - ter still;
2. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; O let us in, that we may find the light;
3. Have we not heard the Bride - groom is so sweet? O let us in, that we may kiss his feet!

Late, late, so late! Late, late, so late! But we can en - ter still, But we can en - ter still.
O let us in, O let us in, That we may find the light, That we may find the light.
O let us in, That we may kiss his feet, That we may kiss his feet.

CHORUS. *p*

Too late! - too late! Ye can - not en - ter now! Too late! too late! Ye can - not en - ter now!

STAND FAST.

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

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



rock be-neath, and in front the throne, Can you stand and still en-dure. Can you stand can you stand, Can you bear life's sor-rows with-out com-plaint, Thro' the tedious, toilsome years. stand for truth, and in Christ, be strong, 'Till you stand complete in Him. Can you stand, can you stand, &c.



stand for Christ a - lone? If we stand in the strife 'till the end of life, We shall stand at the heav-enly throne.

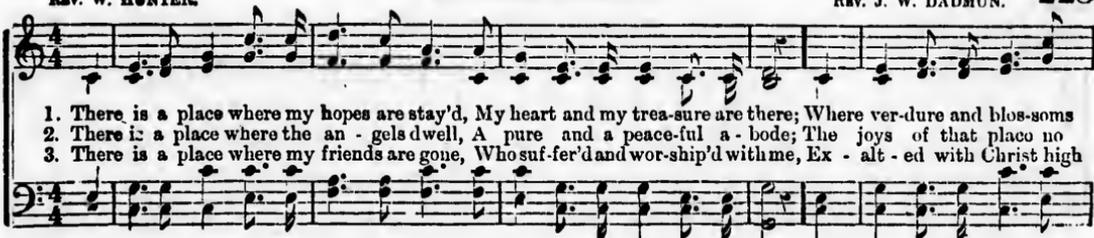


REV. W. HUNTER.

MY FATHER-LAND.

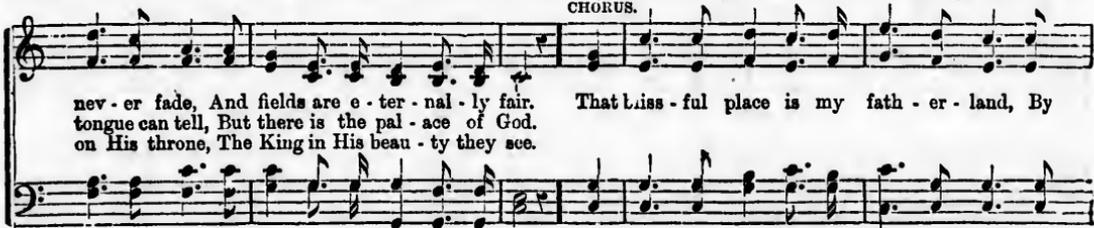
REV. J. W. DADMUN.

225



1. There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my trea-sure are there; Where ver-dure and blos-soms
2. There is a place where the an-gels dwell, A pure and a peace-ful a-bode; The joys of that place no
3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suf-fer'd and wor-ship'd with me, Ex-alt-ed with Christ high

CHORUS.



nev-er fade, And fields are e-ter-nal-ly fair. That bliss-ful place is my fath-er-land, By
tongue can tell, But there is the pal-ace of God.
on His throne, The King in His beau-ty they see.



faith its de-lights I ex-plore; Come, fa-vor my flight, an-gel-ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

HOSANNA ANTHEM.

The children should sing their Hosanna through once before the teachers and congregation commence—then the two unite. Also sing "Hosanna," etc., with 4th verse. From the end of the 4th verse, go to FULL CHORUS, "Messiah's name," etc., thence to *Fine*.

SCHOLARS.

Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the

TEACHERS AND CONGREGATION.

1. What are those soul - re - vi - ving strains Which ech - o thus from
4. Pro - claim ho - san - nas, loud and clear; See Da - vid's Son and

high - est. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est. Ho

Sa - lem's plains; What an - thems loud, and loud - er still, So
Lord ap - pear! All praise on earth to Him be given, And

san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est. Ho

BASS SOLO.

sweet - ly sound from Zi - on's hill. 2. Lo'tis an in - fant cho - rus
glo - ry about through high - est heaven.

HOSANNA ANTHEM, Continued.

cres. *p*

san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - - - - na, Ho -
sings, Ho - san - na to the King of Kings, The Sa - viour comes, and babes pro -
cres.

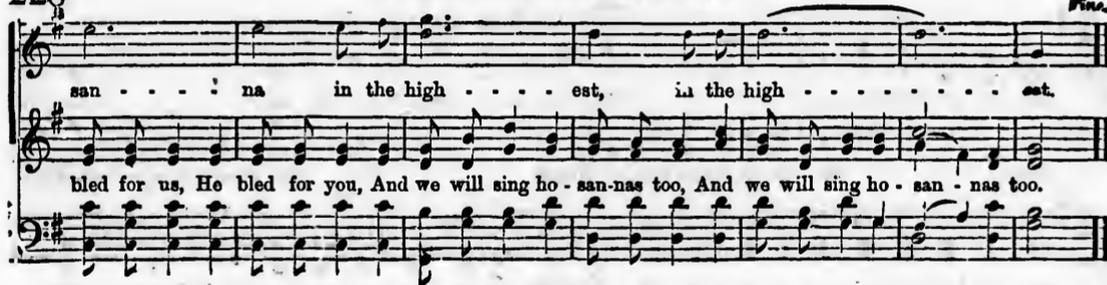
san - na in the high - est, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high - est, in the
claim..... sal - va - tion sent in Je - - sus' name' Ho -

SMALL NOTES—Solo voices in an adjoining room, or at a distance from the Chorus. Let the tones be clear and well sustained.
FULL CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Ho - san - - - - na, in the high - - - - est, Ho -
SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND CHOIR.
high - - - est, in the high - est. 3. Mes - si - ah's name shall joy im - part, A - like to Jew and Gen - tile heart, Ho
san - na in the high - est, in the highest.

HOSANNA ANTHEM, Concluded.

Fin.



san - - - : na in the high - - - est, in the high - - - - - est.
bled for us, He bled for you, And we will sing ho - san - nas too, And we will sing ho - san - nas too.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

REV. EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART.
Andante. MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO.

O. SHAW.



1. *The joys of Earth are fading flowers, A fleeting moment given, The joys of earth are

2. ||: Though Earth no sheltering refuge knows,
For souls by tempests driven, ||
From faithless fears, from sorrow's woes,
And every storm of life that blows—
There's rest from all in Heaven.

3. ||: The friends of Earth may change or die
And leave us sorrow-riven; ||
But Christ, on whom our souls rely,
Is ever true, and ever nigh—
There's love for all in Heaven.

*These words may be sung to the tune "TAPPAN," page 157

EARTH AND HEAVEN, Concluded.

229

fad - ing flow'rs, A fleet - ing mo - ment given; But in the bright

co-

les - tial bowers, No grief shall cloud the bliss - ful hours - There's joy for all in

Heaven, There's joy for all in Heaven, There's joy for all in Heaven.

Moderato.

1. If you can-not on the o-cean Sail a - mong the swift-est fleet, Rock-ing on the high - est bil-lows, Laugh - ing
 2. If you have not gold and silver, Ev-er read - y to com-mand; If you can - not t'wards the need - y, Reach an
 3. If you can-not be the watchman, Stand-ing high on Zion's wall, Point-ing out the path to heav - en, Offer - ing
 4. If a-mong the old - er peo-ple, You may not be apt to teach; "Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd, Place the
 5. Do not then, stand idly wait-ing, For some great - er work to do; Lo! the fields are white to har - vest, And the

ritard.
 at the storms you meet; You can stand a-mong the sail-ors, An - chor'd yet with - in the bay, You can
 ev - er o - pen hand; You can vis - it the af - flict - ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep, You can
 life and peace to all; With your prayers and with your bounties You can do what heaven demands; You can
 food with-in their reach. And it may be that the chil-dren You have led with trembling hand, Will be
 la - bor - ers are few; Go and toil in any vine - yard, Do not fear to do or dare. If you

dim.

YOUR MISSION, Concluded.

231

pp *pp ral.*

lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats a-way, As they launch their boats a-way.
 be a true dis-ci-ple, Sit-ting at the Sa-viour's feet, Sit-ting at the Sa-viour's feet.
 be like faith-ful A-ron, Hold-ing up the prophets hands, Hold-ing up the proph-et's hands.
 found a-mong your jew-els, When you reach the better land, When you reach the bet-ter land.
 want a field of la-lor, You can find it any where, You can find it any where.

MISSION SONG. (Tune Above.)

1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling, —
 Who will go and work to-day?
 Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away?
 Loud and long the Master calleth,
 Rich reward he offers free;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
2. If you cannot cross the ocean
 And the heathen lands explore,
 You can find the heathen nearer,

- You can help them at your door;
 If you cannot give your thousands,
 You can give the widows' mite,
 And the least you do for Jesus
 Will be precious in his sight.
3. If you cannot speak like angels,
 If you cannot preach like Paul,
 You can tell the love of Jesus,
 You can say he died for all;
 If you fail to rouse the wicked,
 With the judgment's dread alarms,

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

With feeling.

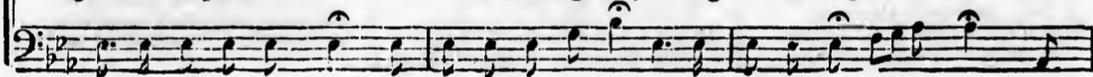
1. I re-mem-ber how I lov'd her, When a lit-tle guile-less child, I saw her in the cra-dle, As she
 2. Months passed—that bud of promise Was un-fold-ing ev'-ry hour, I tho't that earth had ne'er smil'd Up-
 3. Years fled—that lit-tle sis-ter Then was dear as life to me, And woko in my unconscious heart A



look'd on me and smil'd. My cup of hap-pi-ness was full, My joy words cannot tell, And I
 on a fair-er flow'r, So beau-ti-ful it well might grace The bow'rs where angels dwell, And
 wild i-dol-a-try. I worship-ped at an earth-ly shrine, Lured by some mag-ic spell, For-



bless'd the glo-ri-ous giv-er, "Who do-eth all things well," And I bless'd the glo-ri-ous giv-er, "Who
 waft its fragrance to his throne "Who do-eth all things well," And waft its fragrance to his throne, "Who
 get-ful of the praise of Him "Who do-eth all things well," For-get-ful of the praise of Him "Who



DEBURY.

As she
'd Up-
heart A

And
or-

ritard.

"Who
"Who
"Who

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL. Concludcd.

do - eth all things well."
do - eth all things well."
do - eth all things well."

4. That star went down in beauty,
Yet it shineth sweetly now,
In the bright and dazzling coronet
That decks the Saviour's brow.
She bowed to the Destroyer,
Whose shafts none may repel,
||: But we know, for God hath told us,
"He doeth all things well." :||

5. I remember well my sorrow,
As I stood beside her bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish
When they told me she was dead;
And oh! that cup of bitterness,
Let not my heart rebel;
||: God gave, He took, He will restore,
"He doeth all things well." :||

TOPLADY.

ROCK OF AGES. (Quartette)

GEO. W. WARREN.

Andante Semplice. p

* Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood Let the wa - ter

rall.

and the blood, From thy wound-ed side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

* These words may be sung to the tune "GUIDE," by emitting the repeat, page 81.

TENOR SOLO; OR CONTRALTO, AN OCTAVE LOWER.

Could my tears for ev - er flow, Could my zeal no

tempo.

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is the bass line. The tempo marking 'tempo.' is placed above the second measure of the vocal line.

lan - guor know, These for sin could not a - to Thou must save and thou a - lone;

ritard.

colla voce.

This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is the bass line. The tempo marking 'ritard.' is placed above the final measure of the vocal line. The 'colla voce.' marking is placed above the final measure of the piano accompaniment.

BOOK OF AGES, Conclude.

235

SOPRANO SOLO

no

In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.

Tempo. pp *mf*

While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds un-known, When I rise to

one;

worlds un-known, And be-hold thee on thy throne, Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.

rall. *morendo.*

Moderato.

mf

1. *As I rum-mag'd thro' the at-tic, List'-ning to the fall-ing rain, As it pat-ter'd on the shin-gles And a-

p

gainst the win-dow pane; Peep-ing o-ver chests and box-es, Which with dust were thiek-ly spread; Saw I in the

*These words may be sung to the tune "NETTLETON," page 37.

farth - est cor - ner What was once my trun-dle bed.

mf

2. So I drew it from the re-cess, Where it had re-main'd so long, Hear-ing all the while the

p

The musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system includes a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a bass line. The second system also includes a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a bass line. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.

3. As I listen'd, recollections,
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of mem'ry,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wander'd back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,

When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

4. Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter

Carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry riven—
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
Father! thou who art in heaven."

mu - sic of my moth - er's voice in song; As she sung in sweet - est ac - cents, What I since have of - ten read.

Larghetto. *ad. lib.*

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slum - ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed."

colla voce. *p* *morendo.*

5. Years have pass'd, and that dear mother,
 Long has monld'rd 'neath the sod,
 And I trust her sainted spirit
 Revels in the home of God;
 But that scene at summer twilight,
 Never has from mem'ry fled,

And it comes in all its freshness
 When I see my trundle bed.

6. This she taught me, then she told me.
 Of its import, great and deep—
 After which I learned to utter

"Now I lay me down to sleep:"
 Then it was with hands uplifted,
 And in accents soft and mild,
 That my mother asked—"Our Father!
 Father! do thou bless my child!"

HOLD THE FORT.

P. P. BLISS. 239

SUGGESTED BY AN INCIDENT IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

Con Spirito.

1. Hold! my com-rades, see the sig-nal Wa-ving in the sky! Re-in-force-ments now ap-pear-ing,
2. See the might-y host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on; Might-y men a-round us fall-ing,

CHORUS.

Vic-to-ry is nigh. "Hold the fort, for I am com-ing," Je-sus sig-nals still, Wave the an-swer
Cour-age al-most gone.

back to heav-en,—"By Thy grace, we will."

3. See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.—CHORUS,
4. Fierce and long the battle rages.
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!—CHORUS

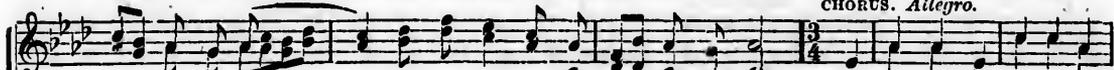


1. How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun, How love-ly and joy-ful the course that he run;
 2. Just such is the chris-tian; his course he be-gins, Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,



Though he rose in a mist, when his race he be-gun And there fol-lowed some
 And he melts in-to tears, then he breaks out and shines, And he trav-els his

CHORUS. *Allegro.*



drop-pings of rain; And there fol-lowed some drop-pings of rain. But now the fair trav-el-ler
 heav-en-ly way; And he trav-els his heav-en-ly way. But when he comes near-er to



comes to the west, His rays are all gold, and his beau-ties are best, He paints the sky gay as he
 fin-ish his race, Like a fine set-ting sun, he looks richer in grate, And gives a sure hope, at the



SUMMER'S EVENING, Concluded.

sinks to his rest, And fore - tells a bright ris - ing a - gain, And fore -
end of his days, Of a - ris - ing in bright - er ar - ray, Of a -

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.*

tells a bright ris - ing a - gain.
ris - ing in bright - er ar - ray.

1. My own Canadian home,
Wherever I may roam,
I love thee best.
Land where our fathers sleep,
Who crossed the stormy deep,
Their memory green we keep,
Cherished and blest.
2. Blest land where God is known,
Where justice rears her throne
On truth divine!
Thy hills and vales are fair—

No tyrant's yoke we wear,
No slave can breathe thine air,
Freedom is thine.

3. May all thy children stand
A brave united band,
True evermore.
If we in God confide,
Whatever fate betide,
His arm will shield and guide,
Till life is o'er.

—H. H. DEWAR.

THE THREE CALLS; Or the Eleventh Hour.

I. E. WOODBURY.

Instrumental.

Allegretto più Recitante.

Tune "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," page 22, Sunday-School Harp.

THE THREE CALLS. Continued.

* *Third Hour.*—O slum - - ber - cr, rouse thee! des - pise..... not the truth,..... But
Sixth and Ninth Hours.—O loi - - - ter - er, speed thee! the morn..... wears a - pace;..... Then
Eleventh Hour.—O sin - - - ner, a - rouse thee! thy morn - - ing is pass'd..... Al-

give..... thy Cre - a - - tor the days of thy youth;... Why stand - - est there i - - dle! the
squan der no long - - er the mo - ments of grace, ... But haste while there's time! with thy
rea - - dy the shad - ows are length - en - ing fast;..... Es - cape..... for thy life! from the

*These words may be sung to the tune, "Pauvres," page 187, by using also, for the second part, "Holy Spirit," &c., the tune "Gude," page 61 omitting the repeat

THE THREE CALLS, Continued.

day..... break-eth, see! The Lord..... of the vine - yard is wait - ing for thee.
 Mas - - ter a - gree;..... The Lord..... of the vine - yard stands wait - ing for thee.
 dark moun-tains flee; The Lord..... of the vine - yard yet wait - eth for thee.

Andante affetuoso.

“Ho - ly Spir - it, by thy pow - er, Grant me yet an - oth - er hour, Earth - ly plea-sures I would
 Gen - tle Spir - it, stay, oh stay, Bright-ly beams the ear - ly day; Let me lin - ger in these
 Spir - it cease thy mourn-ful lay, Leave me to my - self, I pray; Earth hath flung her spell a-

Rit.

prove, Earth-ly joy and earth-ly love; Scarce-ly yet has dawned the day; Ho-ly Spir-it wait I
 bowers; God shall have my noon-tide hours; Chide me not, for my de-lay; Gen-tle Spir-it wait I
 round me, Picasure's silk-en chain hath bound me; When the sun his path hath trod, Spir-it, then I'll turn to

Rit.

Penseroso Recitante.

pray!
 pray!
 God!"

Hark: borne on the wind is the

Ritenuito. *ff*

THE THREE CALLS, Concluded.



wait I
wait I
urn to



wind is the



bell's sol-ern toll; 'Tis mourn-ful-ly peal-ing the knell of a soul—The Spir-its sweet plead-ings and

striv-ings are o'er; The Lord of the vine-yard stands wait-ing no more.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

ARRANGED FROM HANDEL.

Introduction.

Musical notation for the Introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time. 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 and consists of a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Allegro maestoso.

Musical notation for the main body of the Hallelujah Chorus, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time. 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 and consists of a series of chords and moving lines in both hands. The lyrics are: Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - - - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - - - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - - - lu - jah!

HALLELUJAH CHORUS, Continued.

For the Lord God om-nip-o-tent reign-eth, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-

lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! For the Lord God om-nip-o-tent reign-eth, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-

lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! The king-dom of this world is be-

HALLELUJAH CHORUS, Continued.

come the king-dom of our Lord, and of his Christ, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ev-er and ev-er, King of

and Lord of lords,.....

kings..... Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah for ev - er and

for ev - er and ev-er,

ev - er Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! King of kings, and Lord of lords, and he shall reign for ev - er and

ev - er,

HALLELUJAH CHORUS, Continued.

er, King of
ev - er, And he shall reign for ev - er and ev - - er, King of kings, for ev - er and

and he shall reign for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er and

ev - er and Lord of lords..... Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! and he shall reign for ev - er, for ev - er and ev -

ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! and

er, King of kings! and Lord of lords! King of kings! and Lord of lords and he shall

HALLELUJAH CHORUS, Concluded.

he shall reign for King of kings! and Lord of

reign for ev - er and ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er and

lords!

Adagio. f

ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!



INDEX TO THE MUSIC.

	PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.
Abide with me.....	27	Dear Jesus hear Me.....	108	If I come to Jesus.....	100
A Home in Heaven.....	56	Dear little Lambs.....	108	I'll follow Jesus.....	200
Aletta.....	03	Denms.....	75	I love to tell the Story.....	87
All Things Earnest.....	89	Don't you hear a soft voice calling?.....	188	I'm kneeling at the door.....	202
Angels hovering round.....	131	Earth and Heaven.....	228	I'm praying for you.....	146
Atonement.....	123	Ellm.....	125	In a manger laid so lowly.....	119
Autumn.....	96	Even Me.....	83	I will Sing for Jesus.....	86
Battling for the Lord.....	18	Father of All.....	13	Jesu Lover of my Soul.....	120
Be a Lover of the Lord.....	20	Fly to the Fountain.....	219	Jesus, blessed Jesus.....	30
Beautiful Mansions.....	86	Forever with the Lord.....	80	Jesus by the Sea.....	72
Beautiful Land of Rest.....	44	Glad Notes of Joy.....	189	Jesus lives.....	132
Behold the Bridegroom Cometh.....	222	Glory to the Lamb.....	183	Jesus my all.....	160
Be Joyful in God.....	205	God bless our School.....	45	Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.....	184
Blessed are the People.....	230	God knows it all.....	78	Just as I am.....	115
Caddo.....	105	God is near thee.....	79	Keep on Praying.....	52
Calling us away.....	194	Good night, we'll meet in the morning.....	122	Keep thou my way O Lord.....	137
Chant (Thy will be done).....	199	Grace and Salvation (round).....	109	Keep to the Right.....	100
Children, lo! your Saviour.....	155	Guide.....	81	Kindly and Graciously.....	124
Christ is all in all to me.....	201	Hallelujah Chorus.....	246	Laban.....	65
Christian Heralds (round).....	54	Hasst thou Gleaned well to day?.....	32	Labor for Good.....	145
Cleaving Fountain.....	66	Have Courage to do Right.....	47	Let me die in the harness.....	106
Climbing up Zion's Hill.....	110	He doeth all things well.....	232	Let me go.....	198
Cling close to the Rock.....	147	He leads us on.....	161	Let us journey on.....	178
Come to the Saviour.....	104	Hold the Fort.....	289	Lift me higher.....	216
Come to Jesus.....	168	Holy is the Lord.....	42	Little Soldiers.....	211
Comfort Me.....	98	Holy Spirit.....	29	Looking to Jesus.....	103
Cross and Crown.....	117	Home of the Soul.....	40	Lord, is it I?.....	212
Crown Him.....	67	Hosanna Anthem.....	228	Love for Jesus.....	101
Dawning in the Valley.....	128			Luten.....	7
Dear and blessed Jesus.....	104				



and

- jahl

PAGE.
 23
 158
 22
 182
 90
 185
 141
 214
 130
 241
 94
 217
 82
 153
 23
 136
 41
 223
 112
 91
 218
 17
 154
 181
 170
 179
 55
 74
 88
 177
 206
 162
 60
 127
 139
 73
 21
 84
 230
 77

INDEX TO THE WORDS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Abide with me.....	27	Disciples of Jesus, why stand.....	24	How happy every child of.....	19
Above the waves of earthy.....	110	Don't you hear a soft voice.....	188	How sweet the chiming Sabbath.....	128
A home in heaven! what a.....	56				
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	71	Eternal power whose high abode.....	135	I am waiting for the Master.....	218
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....	49	Fading, slowly fading sweet.....	176	I come, I come with this one.....	132
All thanks to the Lamb who.....	204	Father I know thy ways are just.....	190	If I come to Jesus.....	109
Am I a Soldier of the Cross.....	20	Father of mercies in thy word.....	173	If you cannot on the ocean.....	230
As I rummag'd through the.....	236	Forever with the Lord.....	80	If you would find salvation.....	47
Author of faith we seek thy.....	159	Forever here my rest shall be.....	125	I have a Saviour—he's pleading.....	148
		For grace and salvation.....	199	I love the name of Jesus.....	101
Beautiful mansions, home of the.....	26	From Zion's sacred mountain.....	219	I love to tell the story.....	87
Be joyful in God all ye.....	205			I love to stay where my mother.....	140
Blest be the tie that binds.....	75	Give me the wings of faith.....	194	I'm a little soldier boy.....	211
Blessed are the poor in spirit.....	124	Glory to the Father give.....	16	I'm kneeling, Lord at mercy's gate.....	302
Blessed are the people.....	220	God is near thee, therefore.....	79	I'm singing my grateful notes.....	189
Blessed are the pure in heart.....	185	Gone to the grave is our.....	82	I'm trying to climb up Zion's.....	110
By cool Sileam's shady rill.....	25	God bless our school.....	45	In a manger laid so lowly.....	119
		God bless our Sunday school.....	47	In dim recesses of thy spirits.....	76
Can you stand for God.....	224	Good night! good night!.....	133	I remember how I lov'd her.....	232
Children, lo! your Saviour.....	155			Is this the way, my Father?.....	54
Children, would you know the.....	210	Hallelujah.....	245	I thirst thou wounded Lamb of.....	105
Cling close to the rock.....	147	Hail! my ever-blessed Jesus.....	96	I will sing for Jesus.....	98
Come, brethren, don't grow weary.....	195	Hail! thou once despised Jesus.....	149	I will sing you a song.....	40
Come, children hail the Prince of.....	67	Hark! the voice of Jesus calling.....	231	Jerusalem, forever bright.....	44
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.....	85	He leads us on by paths.....	161	Jesus, lover of my soul.....	120
Come thou fount of every blessing.....	87	Hold! my comrades, see.....	230	Jesus, blessed Jesus.....	29
Come to Jesus.....	163	Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.....	42	Jesus is our loving Saviour.....	144
		Holy Spirit, faithful guide.....	81	Jesus keep me near the cross.....	128
Downing in the valley.....	123	How fine has the day been.....	240	Jesus lead me, Jesus guide me.....	87
Dear little lambs, will you.....	146				

INDEX TO THE WORDS.

PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
141	Jesus most holy one	174	Nothing but leaves ! the Spirit.....	128
69	Jesus my all, to heaven is gone	106	Now the Saviour invites you	68
73	Jesus, my strength, my hope	156	O christian awake !	133
94	Jesus the water of life will give	48	O come to the Fountain	236
111	Jesus, thy name I love	104	O dear and blessed Jesus	70
129	Jesus we thy lambs would be	152	O'er the portals of mercy	181
90	Joy ! joy ! joy ! there is joy	13	O Father of all	31
115	Just as I am	87	O for a thousand tongues to sing	51
134	Kindly and graciously.....	221	O give thanks to the God of	26
137	Keep thou my way O Lord	158	O give thanks unto the Lord	91
50	Land ahead ! its fruits are waving	118	O how happy are they	68
223	Late, late, so late !	214	O how they softly rest	84
168	Let me die in the harness	72	Oh, we are reapers that	131
198	Let me go where saints are going	53	O I love to think of Jesus	180
178	Let our hearts be full of gladness	92	O I may truth guide our youth	157
84	Let us gather up the Sunbeams	130	One more day's work for Jesus	225
216	Lift me higher	172	On the sweet Eden shore	217
212	List—the disciple band	15	Onward, christian soldiers	179
22	Listen! the Master beseecheth	242	O sing praise unto the Lord	208
29	Living water freely flowing	142	O slumberer rouse thee !	64
52	Long my spirit pined in sorrow	106	O the beautiful hills	43
169	Lord, at thy mercy seat	97	O think of a home over there	228
83	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	52	Our hearts are very joyful	78
100	March along together:	223	Our lamps are trim'd and	32
46	Mary sat at the feet of Jesus	191	Over the ocean wave	127
57	Mary to the Saviour's tomb	187	O what shall I do my Saviour to.....	209
118	Meet me in that lovely land	85	Passing, Lord, by vale and	153
190	* Mid the pastures green of the	14	Praise Him, Praise Him	41
303	More love to thee O Christ	160	Praise the Lord all ye	88
117	Must Jesus bear the cross alone	71	Praise ye the Lord ! 'tis good to	151
103	My faith looks up to thee	165	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	150
241	My own Canadian home	153	Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet	201
65	My soul be on thy guard	233	Rock of ages cleft for me	93
206	No night shall be in Heaven	61	Safely through another week	197
174	Notes of joy for the sabbath home	162	Saviour bless a little child	89
		171	Saviour, I look to thee	163
			Saw ye my Saviour	51
			Singing for Jesus	17
			Sing with a tuneful Spirit	
			Sowing their seed by the	
			Stand up for Jesus ! strengthened	
			Stand up, stand up for Jesus	
			Sun of my soul, thou Saviour	
			Sweet is the work my God my	
			Tell me the old, old story	
			Thanks to God for every blessing	
			There is a fountain filled with	
			There is work to do for Jesus	
			There are angels hovering round	
			There is a holy city	
			There is an hour of peaceful rest	
			There is a place where my	
			There is a question for all	
			There is a realm where Jesus	
			There is a stream	
			There is light in the valley	
			The children all for Jesus	
			The joys of earth are fading flowers	
			The Master is come, and	
			The shadows are falling	
			The spirit in our hearts	
			The world looks very beautiful	
			The world is overcome	
			There's a gentle voice within	
			There's a land that is fairer than day	
			This book is all that's left me	
			This temple, Lord, our Sabbath	
			Though in a world of sickness	
			Thou hast rolled away my burden	
			Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine	
			Time's earnest, passing by	
			'Tis not for man to trifle	
			To the hall of the feast	
			Watch, for the time is short	

INDEX TO THE WORDS.

PAGE
 128
 68
 128
 226
 70
 121
 21
 51
 26
 91
 66
 24
 121
 120
 157
 225
 217
 179
 208
 64
 43
 222
 72
 22
 127
 209
 122
 41
 22
 121
 120
 201
 92
 197
 22
 122
 51
 17

PAGE
 Weak and sinful, O my Father 98
 Weary not, my brother 154
 We gather in the children 212
 Weeping soul, no longer mourn 63
 We'll try to be like Jesus 112
 We must be born again 55
 We must never grow weary 114
 We must toll in the heat of 212
 We never shall be happy if we 220
 We praise thee, O God 167
 We sing the song of Jesus 74
 We shall meet, no more to sever 22
 We're marching on to 142

PAGE
 We've a home up yonder 177
 We've listed in a holy war 12
 What are those soul-reviving 220
 When I can read my title clear 22
 What means this eager, anxious 124
 When I survey the wondrous cross 59
 When I think of Jesus' love 129
 When my soul was distressed 122
 When saints gathered round 22
 When striving with the hosts of sin 62
 When born in this bosom with 99
 When the scenes of earth have faded 122
 When we hear the music ringing 122

PAGE
 Where do you journey, m. brother? 122
 Who is He in yonder stall? 99
 Why do we linger? we have no 102
 Why stand ye here 142
 Why weepst thou? whom seekest 122
 Work for Jesus, work to-day 21
 Work, for the night is coming 21
 Ye christian heralds go proclaim 54
 Yes, we bid you welcome 170
 Yield not to temptation 122
 Youth is the time to leave our hearts 77

INDEX TO THE SUBJECTS.

ANNIVERSARIES AND CONCERTS: 12 to 15, 26,
 22, 22 to 42, 50, 54 to 56, 52, 62, 67, 72, 74,
 77, 80, 84, 86 to 88, 90, 94, 100 to 102, 104,
 114, 116 to 122, 124, 122 to 130, 132, 124,
 126 to 140, 142 to 144, 142 to 151, 160, 161,
 164, 172 to 175, 177 to 182, 184, 180, 182 to
 190, 192 to 196, 192, 200, 204 to 212, 212 to
 246.
 AWARENESS: 52, 29, 122, 156, 222, 241.
 BIBLE: 12, 121, 172, 210.

CHANTS: 27, 54, 76, 124, 199, 221

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: 19, 52, 75, 172.

CHRISTIAN EFFORT AND WARFARE: 17, 12, 21 to
 24, 22, 24, 42, 47, 50, 52, 62, 65, 70, 72, 84,
 92, 114, 145 to 148, 154, 156, 162, 162, 172,
 172, 181, 182, 182, 216, 222, 224, 220, 231,
 222.

CHRISTMAS: 40, 60, 67, 119, 210, 222.

CLOSING: 12, 27, 22, 21, 22, 22, 40, 44, 47, 50,
 52, 56, 58, 50, 99, 72, 76, 80, 81, 86 to 88,
 91, 92, 96, 99 to 105, 114, 116 to 118, 122,
 122, 130, 127, 144, 142, 157, 159, 170, 177
 to 179, 182, 187, 182, 192 to 192, 200, 222,
 222, 240.

CONVENTIONS AND INSTITUTES: 12, 21 to 24, 21,
 22, 24, 43, 49, 65, 76, 81, 82, 84, 85, 87, 92
 to 90, 101, 102, 105, 114, 117, 112, 120, 122,
 127, 120, 122, 122, 127, 142, 145, 149, 152,
 154, 156, 159, 160, 162, 165, 167, 162, 174,

INDEX TO THE SUBJECTS.

CONVENTIONS AND INSTITUTES—(Continued.)
172, 173, 181, 182, 187, 188, 190, 192 to 194,
197, 203 to 206, 211, 215, 220, 224, 230 to 236.

DEATH : 82, 112.

DEDICATION : 13 to 15, 42, 86, 150, 160, 162, 172,
174, 205, 220.

EASTER : 57, 60, 122, 128, 144.

FAMILY DEVOTION : 27, 29, 30, 31, 37, 51, 59, 61,
62, 65, 66, 69, 71, 73, 75, 81, 83, 85, 86, 87,
91, 93, 96, 99, 101 to 103, 106, 111, 115, 117,
120, 125, 128, 129, 135, 144, 149, 166, 169,
171, 178, 187, 197, 208, 222.

HOLINESS : 36, 69, 108, 109, 125, 160, 163, 197,
203, 219.

HOLY SPIRIT : 22, 31, 127, 241.

HEAVEN :

Better Land—24, 116, 118, 194.

Desiring—58, 126.

Home in—40, 50, 59, 177, 179, 180, 196.

Journeys to—23, 36, 150, 162, 194, 212.

Rest in—19, 44, 157, 195, 212.

Songs of—38, 60, 122, 192, 193, 196, 200,
225.

INFANT CLASS : 41, 45, 67, 91, 102, 106 to 110,
113, 177, 211.

INVITE : 43, 67, 78, 94, 102, 104, 106, 127, 131,
132, 152, 162, 166.

JESUS :

Birth of—60, 119, 226.

Children invited to—41, 67, 77, 106, 144,
155.

Coming to—41, 51, 132, 197, 201.

Crucified—59, 71, 122, 149, 204.

Looking to—37, 63, 102, 103, 171.

Love for—37, 101, 111, 139.

Our Refuge—111, 120, 147, 171.

Praise to—14, 49, 62, 83, 85, 86, 93, 96, 98,
149, 164, 189, 204.

Rejoicing in—68, 74, 83, 96, 98, 111, 127,
189, 201.

Saviour for all—43, 93, 94, 123, 126, 127.

The Cross of—59, 62, 117, 126.

Trusting in—30, 73, 120, 168, 171, 182.

Working for—31, 34, 43, 77, 92, 145, 154,
162, 214.

LORD'S DAY : 51, 61.

MYSTERY : 22, 24, 34, 97, 142, 191, 206, 226,
231.

MISCELLANEOUS : 25, 31, 79, 84, 124, 126, 140 to
142, 146, 153, 161, 166, 170, 174, 175, 184,
190, 206, 211, 212, 217, 222, 223, 224, 225,
240.

NATIONAL : 241.

OPENING : 13 to 16, 20, 22, 27, 45, 60, 61, 67, 67,
71, 82, 85, 128, 129, 129, 150, 164, 204, 205.

PRESENTIAL : 26, 28, 26, 46, 51, 60, 69, 71, 90,
90, 115, 141, 153, 160, 202.

PRAYER AND PRAISE : 13 to 17, 27, 33, 35, 37, 42,
43, 51, 52, 65, 71, 73, 83, 85, 90, 91, 96, 98,
99, 103, 105, 108, 115, 120, 125, 126, 133 to
137, 141, 145 to 150, 153, 160, 165, 167, 169,
171, 178, 182, 183, 187, 197, 202 to 206.

ROUNDS : 27, 53, 54, 199.

SALVATION : 96, 98, 158, 162.

SUNDAY SCHOOL : 13, 45, 47, 97, 126, 179, 174.

TRUST IN GOD : 54, 76, 79, 137, 199, 220.



200, 220,

22, 140 to
175, 184,
253, 280,

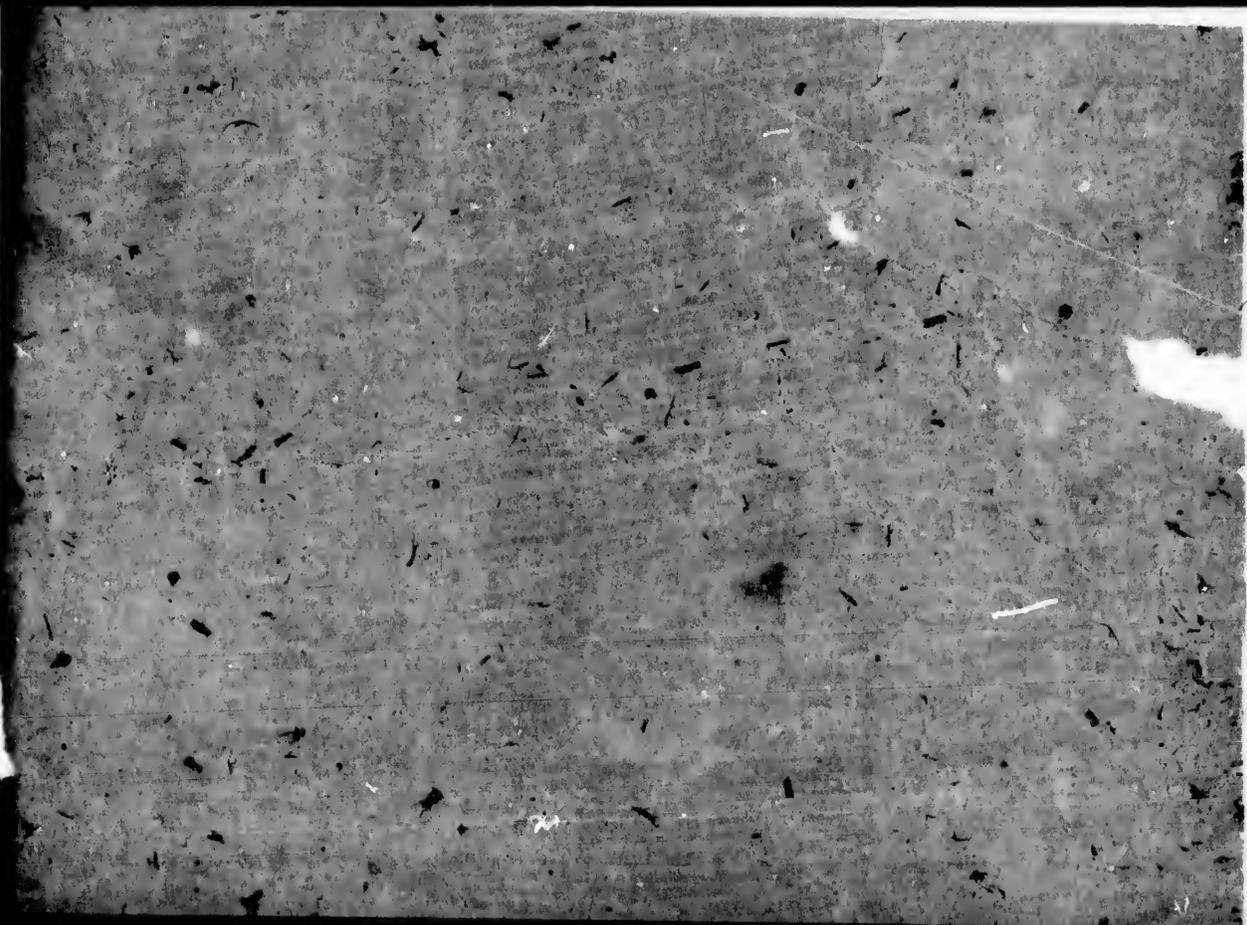
31, 31, 37,
304, 305.

36, 71, 90,

35, 37, 42,
31, 36, 38,
126, 133 to
137, 160,
206.

70, 174.

0.



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