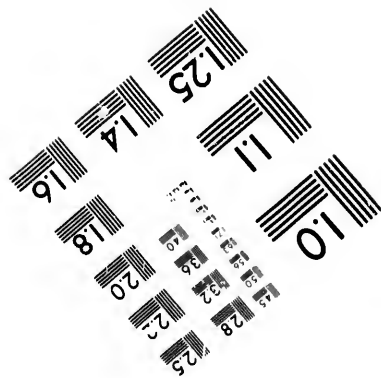
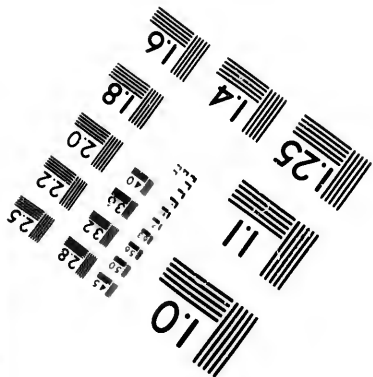
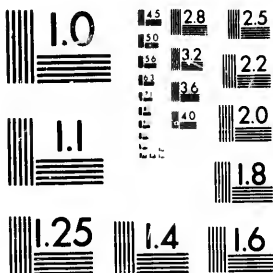


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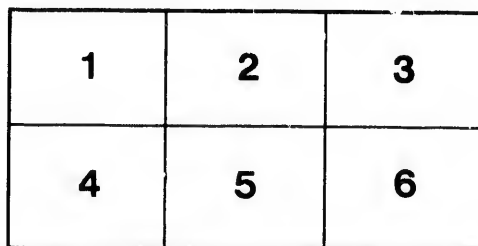
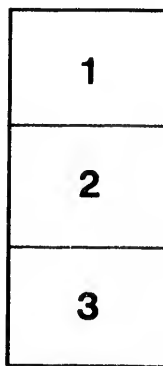
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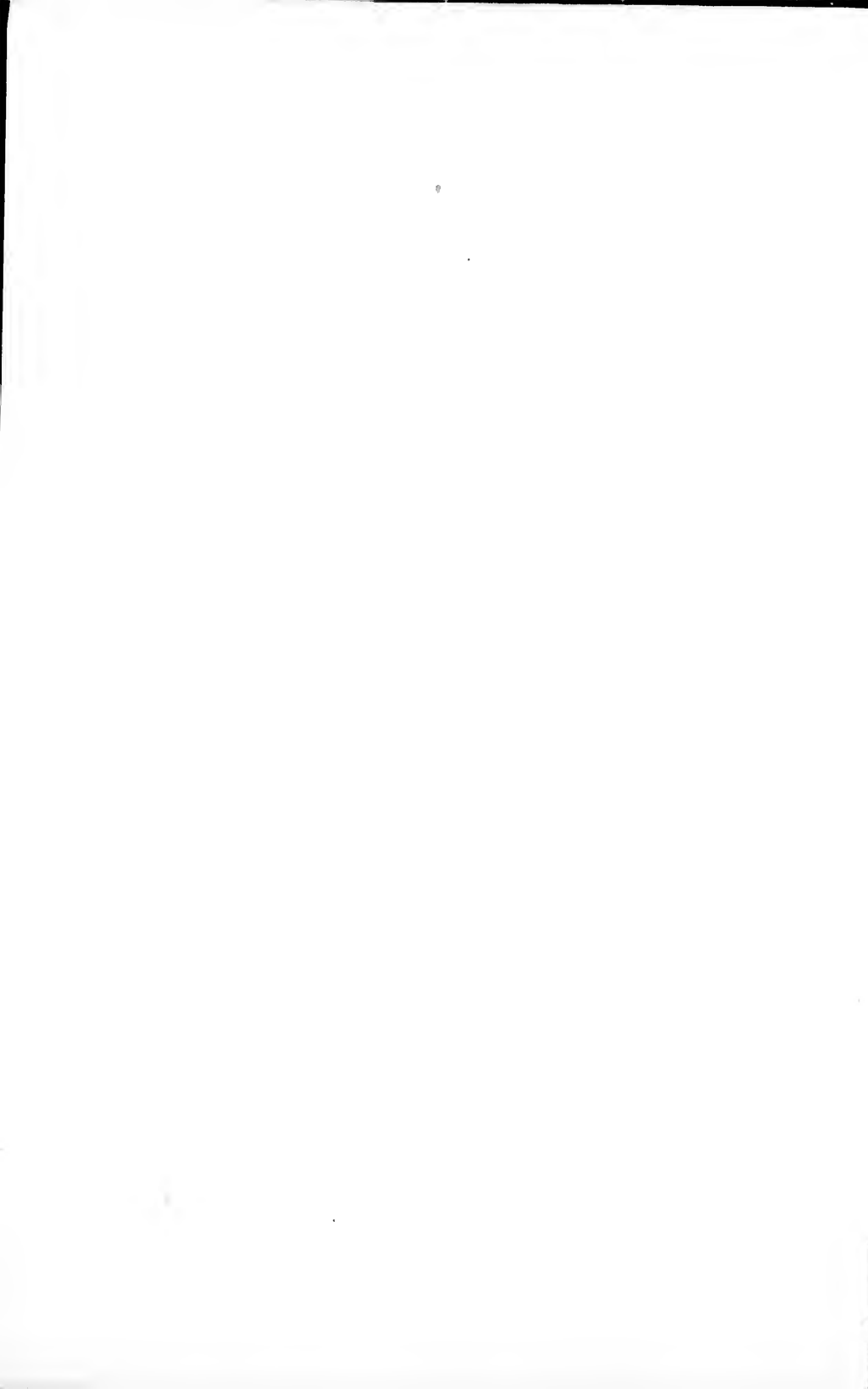
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T

Alone in the Wide, Wide World

A MUSICALLY ILLUSTRATED SERVICE



BY THE

REV. J. R. ANDREWS,

Author of "Evangelistic Voices," "Our Influence," etc.

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, WESLEY BUILDINGS.

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ALONE IN THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD:

A Musically Illustrated Service.

BY THE

REV. J. R. ANDREWS.

The Eden Above.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes the instruction "Or four sharps." The second system includes the instruction "Fine." The third system includes the instruction "D.S." The music is in 3/4 time and features a mix of chords and melodic lines.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 We're bound for the land of the pure
and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom
of love,
Ye wanderers from God in the broad
road of folly,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? Will you go?
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden
above?</p> | <p>3 No poverty there! no, the saints are all
wealthy,
The heirs of His glory, whose nature
is love;
No sickness can reach them, that coun-
try is healthy;
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?</p> |
| <p>2 In that blessed land, neither sighing nor
anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the
glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery
languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?</p> | <p>4 March on, happy pilgrims; the land is
before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights
we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of
bright glory, [above.
And drink the pure joys of the Eden
Will you go? Will you go?
Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden
above!</p> |

The Christian Church, from its foundation, has been subjected to persecution. But every student, whether of Biblical or Church history, must have been struck with this remarkable fact, that God has never, in any of His dealings with man, left Himself without at least an adequate witness on this earth. Abel, Enoch, Noah, and the patriarchs and prophets, were all so many links in one great golden chain of testimony which we see stretching right across the world's history, from the Creation to the birth of Christ. Just as truly existing, though perhaps not always so easily traced, is the silver thread of witnesses for Christ, from the days of the Apostles unto the present time.

Feeble, indeed, was the glimmer of heavenly light that shone out during the long period of the Middle Ages; but the light was there, though it did seem at times to have expired. A divine hand kept it burning until such time as it pleased Him, then let it burst forth again in night-dispelling radiance, flooding great parts of the world with its reviving beams.

In the reign of Louis XIV., of France, a wave of persecution burst over the Huguenots, or French Protestants. Thousands continually lay upon their crimson couches until life's slowly ebbing tide terminated their sufferings. On St. Bartholomew's night, at Paris, seventy thousand people were massacred.

In the midst of this terrible persecution there were many families who held tenaciously to the doctrines of Christ, and escaped death by leaving their native land, and finding refuge on a foreign shore.

The Emperor, through the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, on a sick bed, intimated that if he were again restored to health, he would stand by *the Church*. Having been restored to health, he issued a decree that the Protestants should either "recant or die." As soon as the mandate was issued, family after family left their homes, and under disguise, commenced a nomadic life, which was the only way they escaped the edge of the sword.

The Pilgrim Band.

REV. DR. NEALE, from the Greek.

GERMAN.

1. O mournful band of pilgrims, If on - ward ye will tread,
 2. Oh, hap - py if ye la - bor, As Je - sus did for men;
 3. The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn,
 4. The tri - als that be - set you, The sor - rows ye en - dure,
 5. What are they but His jew - els, Of right ce - les - tial worth?
 6. O mournful band of pilgrims, Look up - ward to the skies,

With Je - sus as your Lead - er, To Je - sus as your Head !
 Oh, hap - py if ye hun - ger, As Je - sus hungered then !
 The love that through all troubles To Him a - lone will turn ;
 The man - i - fold temp - ta - tions That death a - lone can cure ;
 What are they but the lad - der Set up to heav'n on earth ?
 Where such a light af - flic - tion Shall win you such a prize.

It was a cloudless morning in June ; the bright rays of the sun were tinged the landscape with gold ; a solitary lark sprang from her nest and soared upward with a gush of song, and soon the whole air became vocal with happy singers that vied with each other in carrying the morning hymn highest toward the portals of the skies. The blushing flowers were decking earth's green carpet with beauty ; the River Seine, which lay clear and calm within its banks, mirrored the surrounding objects in its glass-like surface. A flush of air shooting across the steel bright water made a pathway of light, as if an angel's wing had swept the river from bank to bank.

In the suburbs of Paris a gentleman's residence was erected. It was built in Gothic style, and in imposing grandeur. The large bay windows that were on the south side of the residence enabled one to take a survey of the landscape. The grounds that surrounded the house were laid out in the most enchanting style. In the garden grew flowerets of varied hues. In the rear of the house were outbuildings, and often the stamp of blanketed horses could be heard.

If one had been permitted to enter within the massive doors of this magnificent homestead, he would have gazed upon a luxurious scene. The floors were covered with the choicest Persian carpets ; the ceilings were gilded in the most superb manner ; costly oil-painted landscape scenes hung on the walls ; the parlor suite was made of stamped plush velvet, and the curtains of lace at the windows were rich in appearance. Each room was furnished correspondingly.

The De Julliot family—a family of wealth and distinction—were its occupants.

Monsieur de Julliot, the head of the household, was a gentleman who had seen sixty summers. He was tall, and possessed a well-built physique. His hair was gray, the smoothness of his expansive brow was defaced with wrinkles, and his attractive face bore the pale, unmistakable look of care.

Maitresse de Julliot was ten years her husband's junior. She was wondrously gifted by nature, not only in mind and person but in heart.

Her black hair was besprinkled with gray, and her pale countenance always wore a smile. Behind a pair of spectacles were large sparkling brown eyes. By scrutinizing her face more closely, one could have seen the furrows of care on her brow.

Three children were the result of their marriage.

Henri, the eldest, was now twenty-five years of age. He was tall and handsome, with dark brown eyes, light hair and a fair and ruddy countenance.

The second child, Marie, was two years younger. She had a light, graceful, girlish form; a face of surpassing beauty, beauty that is rarely seen, save from the imagination of the painter; dark shining curls falling on her neck and shoulders, smooth as a child's.

The youngest, Louis, was a tall, slender boy of eighteen summers. He had a classical appearance, and was affable to all with whom he came in contact.

Without exception they all possessed lovable natures. Often as the setting rays of the sun placed their golden circlet upon the brow of nature, their musical voices could be heard singing such songs as these:—

Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.



1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
3. An exile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain;

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
Oh, give me my low-ly thatch'd cot-tage a-gain;

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage door,
The birds sing-ing gai-ly, that came at my call;



Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
Give me then, and that peace of mind, dear-er than all.



sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.



On the morning already referred to, Monsieur de Julliot, accompanied by his family, was quietly pacing the gravelled walk of the lawn in front of his residence, when a stranger approached him with a quick step, and addressed him,

"Good morning, Monsieur. Monsieur de Julliot, I presume?"

"Yes," replied the gentleman.

Taking a sealed note from his pocket, the stranger presented it to Monsieur de Julliot with an air of great concern, and, with a polite bow, bade the family adieu.

Immediately after the departure of the mysterious messenger De Julliot broke the seal of the note and read the following:—

"CALAIS, *June 3rd.*

"MY DEAR DE JULLIOT,—With much regret I send this communication to you. The friendship which has existed between us for so many years necessitates me to make you acquainted with this intelligence, that is, I fear, founded upon facts. Our Emperor, as you are aware, has issued an edict that Protestants must renounce their belief and embrace Catholicism, or be put to death. To carry out his mandate, a number of bands of dragoons have been commissioned to visit the cities, towns and villages of our native land. I have reason to believe that one of the companies is in your neighborhood, and ere long may pay you a visit.

"Your true friend,

"LOUIS DE CROIX."

"Florence," said Monsieur de Julliot, addressing his wife, "my friend De Croix, in this communication, intimates that a company of dragoons is in this vicinity and may pay us a visit. We must prepare for their reception."

The family retraced their footsteps to the house, where they were engaged until sunset preparing for the dragoons.

The night at last arrived, but there were no signs of an approaching enemy. The moon commenced to career the heavens as the beautiful Queen of the Night. The stars trooped out on the vast drill-ground of the heavens, and, like so many beaming and love-lit eyes, watched nature as she lay in the cradle of repose.

Monsieur de Julliot and his eldest son, Henri, scaled the hillock at the back of the house to reconnoitre.

"Hark!" interrupted Henri, as they were about to retrace their footsteps. They stopped and listened. Presently the clatter of iron-shod hoofs broke the silence of the night, and the coarse laugh of approaching horsemen could distinctly be heard.

"The dragoons are coming," whispered Monsieur de Julliot, as they turned to descend the hill.

Not a word was spoken as the father and son pursued the narrow road that led to the house.

At last the homestead was reached, Maitresse de Julliot was sitting in the parlor anxiously waiting to hear the footfall of her husband. As he approached she arose to meet him.

"Florence," said De Julliot in an undertone, "the dragoons are coming. We must hide. You must accompany Henri to your hiding-place while I look after the servants. Adieu, until we meet again!"

The two were locked in each other's embrace for a moment, and then separated.

Henri conducted his mother along the corridor into the dining-room, where the latter was secured in a hiding-place.

Henri hastened to meet his father, who was awaiting his arrival in the parlor. Giving the son a sealed package, the father said with great emotion:

"Henri, my boy, I place this package in your care. We are about to conceal ourselves, but we know not the result of the visit of the soldiers. Do not unseal these papers until it is necessary. We may never meet again. Be a Christian, and remember there will ultimately be an end to all this dreadful persecution. Adieu! God bless you!"

The two were clasped in each other's arms for a moment, and then they parted. Unknown to either they parted to meet no more.

(To be sung by the choir, to the tune Dennis, pp., sitting.)

WORDS BY REV. J. R. ANDREWS.

*This world is full of sorrow,
Temptation, care and pain:
We hope to meet on the eternal morrow,
Never to part again.*

Henri was left alone with Louis, as Monsieur de Julliot speedily hastened along the corridor with Marie. Taking the sealed package from his pocket, Henri gave it to his brother, and said: "Papa gave me this to protect, but I think you ought to take charge of it, because you will be with Marie if anything happens to me. Don't unseal it for some time. Adieu!"

The brothers separated, and Louis went to join his sister, who was crouching down in the loft in one of the buildings in the rear of the house.

Henri hastened to see if all the doors were securely fastened. Just as he reached the dining-room, the "tramp, tramp, tramp" of horses was heard. The coarse laugh of the dragoons broke in upon the stillness of the evening hour. A voice in authority demanded,—

"Open, in the King's name!"

A pause was made.

Suddenly the back door was forced open, and the pale light of the moon shone brightly upon the form of Henri de Julliot. The soldiers stood aghast as they were suddenly ushered into the presence of an unexpected personage. His dark brown eyes glistened, and his fair and ruddy countenance shone with radiance. He stood motionless and apparently fearless.

One of the soldiers, who seemed to be in command, approached and, in an enticing manner, addressed the youth:

"Well, young man, you are standing in the presence of a company of dragoons, who, in the King's name, demand you to renounce your heresy and join the Catholics."

With undaunted courage the youth replied:

"Sir, I am a Christian, and I intend to hold to the religion of my fathers."

This sentence sealed his doom. Quietly the Captain drew a pistol from his belt and pointed it at the breast of the heroic youth.

"Recant or die!" demanded the ruffian.

"I cannot give up my faith," was the answer. A loud report suddenly broke the silence, and without a groan, the young soldier of the cross fell mortally wounded at the feet of his persecutor.

A pause was made. The soldiers gazed with tearless eyes upon the form of their dying victim. As they were about to leave the room, the

door of a recess opened, and a pale, trembling form rushed forward to the spot where the almost lifeless body of the youth was lying. It was Maitresse de Julliot. The soldiers were at first awe-struck at her appearance; but after the first sensation was over, a look of pity and sympathy crept over the countenances of some of the least brutal of the company as the mother knelt by the side of her darling boy. She raised his head, and said:

“Henri, my dear, speak to your mother!”

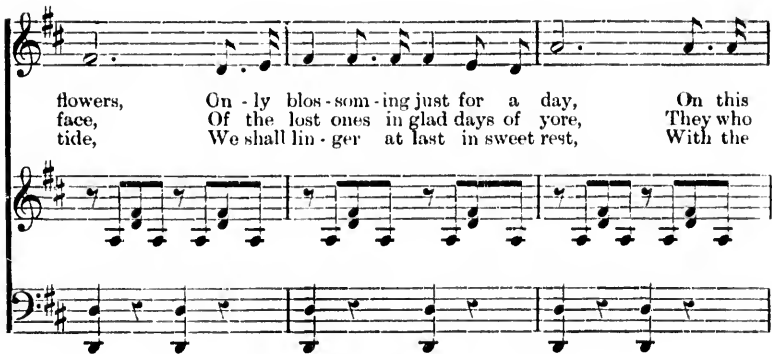
The eyes of the youth opened, a forced smile crept over his countenance, his lips quivered as he said, in a faint voice, “I am going to the Better Land, mamma, I will meet you again. Adieu, until—,” and then he passed into the spirit world.

The Beautiful Gate.

Tempo di marcia.



1. All our loved ones are passing a - way, Like the sweetest and fairest of
 2. Oh, we cherish, in mem'ry's bright store, Happy visions no time can ef -
 3. In that land that is fairest and best, Where no sorrow can ev - er be -



flowers, On - ly blos - som - ing just for a day, On this
 face, Of the lost ones in glad days of yore, They who
 tide, We shall lin - ger at last in sweet rest, With the

Diver, ad lib.

sor - rowful earth-land of ours. They are go - ing from you and from
cheered us with beauty and grace. One by one they have faded a -
lost ones again by our side. We are wan - der - ing home one by

me, For no long - er with us can they wait; But we
way, For no long - er on earth could they wait; But we
one, To that promised land, wea - ry and late, And we

know, in the glad days to be, We shall meet by the beautiful gate.
know, in some bright sunny day, We will meet by the beautiful gate.
know, when our journey is done, We will meet by the beautiful gate.

CHORUS.

f We will meet by the gate, by the beau - ti - ful gate, Where the

an - gels our coming shall wait; When we cross o'er the tide, to the

sweet o - ther side, We will meet by the beau - ti - ful gate.

The frantic mother was cruelly torn from the side of her heroic boy, and a recantation of the Protestant faith demanded. But the same Being who enabled the youth to be courageous in the great trial hour, now invisibly stood by her side.

"Where is my husband?" demanded the excited lady.

"Where her ladyship will be in a few moments if she does not recant," answered the Captain in a decisive tone.

"Is he dead?" interrogated the lady.

"He is!" was the reply.

With her hands clasped and her eyes set upon the ceiling, Maitresse de Julliot uttered her last short prayer. At the close of the petition a sharp report of a pistol was heard. With a cry of agony, the mother fell by the side of her son, and her soul was carried by angel messengers to the calm abode of the blessed dead.

To the Land where Jesus Dwelleth.

J. TIPTON.

G. S. WEEKS.

1. To the land where Je - sus dwelleth, Home of pu - ri - ty and love;

2. Soon these longing eyes shall see Him, I, a sinner, saved by grace,

3. Short and swift hath been the journey Through this narrow vale of tears,

Promised rest of all His loved ones, The Je - ru - sa - lem a - love,
 For my - self and not a - noth - er, Shall be - hold Him face to face;
 But I soon shall dwell with Jesus, Through the cy - cles of the years;

I my hap - py steps am bend - ing, And I soon shall reach the gates,
 Shall re - ceive His bless - ed wel - come, All the storms of life o'er - past,
 Through the long e - ter - nal sun - shine Of the nev - er - end - ing rest,

Where, in all His matchless beau - ty, Christ, my lov - ing Saviour, waits.
 En - ter in to share his glo - ry, Shout - ing vic - to - ry at last.
 I shall see Him, serve Him, love Him, In the mansions of the blest.

CHORUS.

Hark! the mu - sic soft - ly, soft - ly steal - ing,

Hark! the music soft - ly, soft - ly steal - ing, From the an - gel choir a -
 Hark! the mu - sic soft - ly steal - ing,

far, They are singing, sweetly, sweetly singing, Enter in the gates ajar.

After the tragedy above referred to, the soldiers retired to rest. Two of the company were appointed as sentinels. Nothing of any consequence happened during the night ; but when the rays of the rising sun tinged the horizon with gold, the Emperor's dragoons commenced the search of the De Julliot residence. Every room was visited, and destruction and disorder marked the soldiers' course. The time of departure at last arrived. The horses, which had been in the stables, were harnessed, and a speedy retreat was made. Just as the last sound of the departing company died away, Louis de Julliot came cautiously from his place of refuge to reconnoitre.

The silence of death reigned everywhere, and the truth dawned upon his mind that probably the members of the family were either taken captives or were dead. He hastened back to his sister, and gently intimated the hopes and fears he entertained. The brother and sister emerged from their safe retreat. As they were about to ascend the steps which led to the back door of the family residence, a scene presented itself to their view that engraved itself on their memory. On the second step lay the pale, stiffened form of their father. He was enjoying the rest from which no mortal awakes till the resurrection morning. As the two orphans gazed upon the scene, a sigh of unutterable anguish escaped their lips. The tears trickled freely down their cheeks. Not a word was spoken, as the lonely orphans resumed their search. They pursued their way to the dining-room. The door was open, and as they peered into the room they beheld a second scene, from which they shrank. Their eldest brother lay upon the floor locked in the arms of death. A peaceful look remained on his pale visage. Close by his side lay his mother, with a smile on her countenance. The poor orphans little thought this was the smile that rested on the face of a Christian who was no more, as far as this world was concerned.

"Look!" exclaimed Marie, "she smiles. Louis, go after some water!"

As Louis ran to obey the command, Marie threw herself by the side of her mother and raised her head, as she said :

"Mamma, speak to me!"

Alas ! alas ! that voice was hushed in the stillness of death.

Louis returned with the water, which was gently placed on their parent's brow ; but no signs of life were discerned. The fact gradually dawned upon their minds that their mother was dead, and they sank down in despair, and cried bitterly.

At length they again possessed enough courage to visit the other rooms. Destruction and disorder everywhere met their gaze.

As the night shades were creeping over nature the children retired to rest, breathing a short prayer for protection during the night.

Abide with Me.

REV. H. F. LYTE.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy presence ev' - ry pas - sing hour; What ^{but} Thy
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills hav no
 5. Reveal Thy - self be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the

deep - ens - Lord, with me a - bide! When o - ther help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thy - self, my
 weight, and tears no hit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and

fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
 all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

When the pale shafts of light were shooting up the eastern sky, where the bright star of dawn hung over the placid bosom of the River Seine, the two children awoke, and commenced to prepare to leave the neighborhood.

Having partaken of a scanty repast, the lonely, heart-broken orphans commenced to plan for the future. Already they realized that they were alone in the wide, wide world. The sealed package that had been entrusted to his care on that fatal night by Henri was produced by Louis. The contents were soon revealed. A sum of money was enclosed, with the address of two relatives of Monsieur de Julliot in England, and his friend Monsieur de Croix in Calais. A letter of counsel was eagerly read. A consultation followed, which resulted in the resolution to go to Calais and thence to England.

"We must take a last look at dear papa, and mamma, and Henri," said Marie, as the tears gathered in her eyes.

The two friendless children then visited, for the last time, the lifeless forms of their dear departed friends. They kissed the cheek of each, and sobbed bitterly, and then turned away.

All the provisions that could be procured were placed in a satchel. A short prayer for guidance and protection was uttered by Louis, and then the two left the shades of the old homestead to tread on the crowded high-way of life.

Resignation.

"I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. xl. 17.

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—Isa. xliii. 2.

Grazioso.



1. I know not if the dark or bright Shall be . . . my lot, . . . If
2. Dear fa-ces may surround my hearth With smiles and glee; . . . Or
3. My bark is waft-ed to the strand By breath . . . di-vine, . . . And



that wherein my soul delight Be best . . . or not; It
I may dwell a-lone, and mirth Be strange . . . to me; The
on the helm there rests a Hand More strong . . . than mine: One



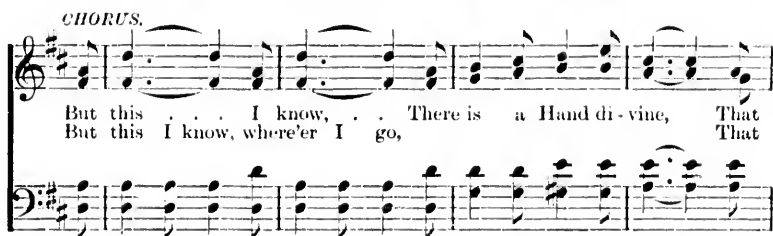
may be mine to drag for years Toil's hea . . . vy chain, . . . Or
dear-est friends I have on earth May all . . . de-part; . . . The
who has known in storms to sail, I have . . . on board; . . . A-





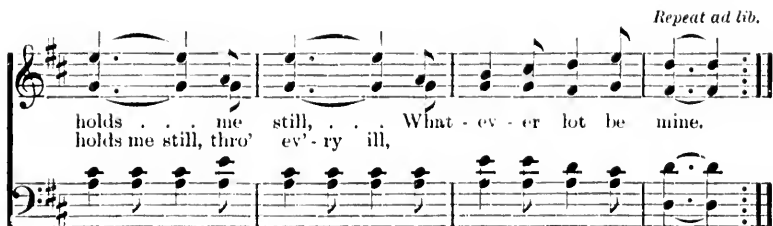
day and night my meat be tears, On bed . . . of pain:
pur - est joys may fade and leave An ach - . . . ing heart.
bove the rig - ing of the gale, I hear . . . my Lord.

CHORUS.



But this . . . I know, . . . There is a Hand di - vine, That
But this I know, where'er I go, That

Repeat ad lib.



holds . . . me still, . . . What - ev - er lot be mine.
holds me still, thro' ev' - ry ill,

For two days the orphaned children pursued their way through the mountain paths and rocky roads. They avoided passing through any towns, fearing they might arouse the suspicion of the inhabitants. At night they would sleep beneath the shadows of the leaf-covered tree.

At the close of the second day they came to a small village, which they ventured to enter, in order to purchase provisions. They were soon confronted with a small bakery, which was an old dingy structure. A Frenchman, with a very respectable appearance, stood behind the counter. As they entered he greeted them courteously.

Whilst the two young strangers were partaking of some refreshments the baker scrutinized their countenances minutely. Their conversation and mannerisms aroused his suspicions that they were Protestants. It was not long before he ventured on an overture. Being a Protestant himself, the good-natured Frenchman soon became very friendly, and gave them an earnest invitation to remain as his guests for a few days. Marie, who was not feeling well, gladly accepted the invitation. They were ushered into the parlour, where the Frenchman's wife was introduced.

"What is Monsieur's name?" asked the good-natured lady.

"Louis de Julliot, and my sister is called Marie," answered the youth.

"Marie is not feeling well, I presume?" said their hostess, addressing the young lady.

"I am not feeling well, but I hope ere long to be sufficiently recovered to resume our journey," answered Marie, in a low tone.

The day passed wearily away, and the time at last arrived to retire to rest. Marie was a little worse, but did not complain.

About four o'clock in the morning, the bell that was placed by Marie's bedside rang, and as quickly as possible, Louis attired himself and went into his sister's room. She lay pale and motionless on the bed. As he approached her eyes opened and a forced smile crept over her face. A thrill of sorrow passed through his heart. The thought flashed through his mind that, perhaps, she was dying. He rang the bell more loudly, in order that the inmates of the house might be aroused, and then sat in the chair close by the bed.

"Louis, I fear my end has come," Marie whispered, as Louis took her hand in his.

"Oh, do not say that," said the grief-stricken brother, with great emotion, at the same time checking his tears. "If you leave me, what shall I do?"

At this moment their host and hostess arrived, and, after asking a few questions, held a short consultation, which resulted in the Frenchman's departure for a physician. Twenty minutes elapsed ere he returned with the object of his search. The physician was ushered into the young lady's presence. After making a few inquiries, he called the Frenchman and his wife into an adjoining room.

"I fear," he said, "that the young lady is dying. She has received a chill through exposure, and has hurted her constitution through walking so far."

"Is there no hope?"

"There is no possibility of her recovery; in a few minutes she may pass away."

The three drew near the bedside, and perceived that the end had nearly come. They stood there so still, gazing on her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. Louis perceived the fact that soon he would be alone in the wide, wide world.

"Oh, do speak once more!" Louis said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear, "Marie, just speak to me!"

Her eyes unclosed; a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head, and to speak.

"Dear Louis!" she said, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again, and as Louis gazed on her he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over her face; she struggled for breath.

She lay panting on her pillow as one exhausted; the eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was nearly passed, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her in breathless stillness.

Without doubt you have watched a setting sun as it gradually glides away into the bosom of the evening, and have observed that it is more beautiful just before it is wrapped in the folds of the night, than at any other period of the day. In the morning it is lovely, fringing the clouds with amber and with gold, and bathing the world in light. At mid-day it is more beautiful, shining full orb'd upon the world, and making it smile with the cheer of summer. But at eventide, it is the most lovely; making the clouds curtains of the richest dye, the sea like one wave of silver, the earth like a splendid painting of the most superb colors, and the sun itself appearing like one vast body of crimson glory. As Marie nears her final home, her expectation rises into divinest ecstasy; visions of endless glory wave before the eye of her faith; and raptures, such as fill the burning seraphim, fill her soul. Death's visage is not terrible to her, but radiant as an angel's smile. Death wraps her in a garment of glory, and letting in the sunlight of the celestial city upon her soul, it presents the full glories of heaven clearly to her view, and then while bodily pangs are deeply agonizing, death comes a triumphant chariot to sweep her home to heaven.

"Marie," said Louis, gently.

A bright and glorious smile passed over her face, and she said:

"I am going to papa, mamma, and Henri. Good-bye, dear Louis, until we meet again in heaven. We shall not be parted long;" Marie gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life.

Farewell, beloved child! the bright eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh, woe for him who watched thy entrance into heaven, when he shall wake and find only the cold, gray sky of daily life, and thou gone forever.

Peacefully Sleep.

1. Peace-ful - ly lay her down to rest; Place the turf kind - ly .
 2. Close to her lone and nar - row house, Graceful - ly wave, ye
 3. Qui - et - ly sleep, be - lov - ed one, Rest from thy toil, thy

cres.

on her breast; Sleeping in Je - sus, be - neath the sod,
wil - low boughs; Flow'rs of the wild wood, your o - dors shed
la - bor is done; Rest till the trump from the op' - ning skies

CHORUS.

While the pure soul is rest - ing with God, }
O - ver the ho - ly, beau - ti - ful dead, } Peace - ful - ly sleep,
Bids thee from dust to glo - ry a - rise. }

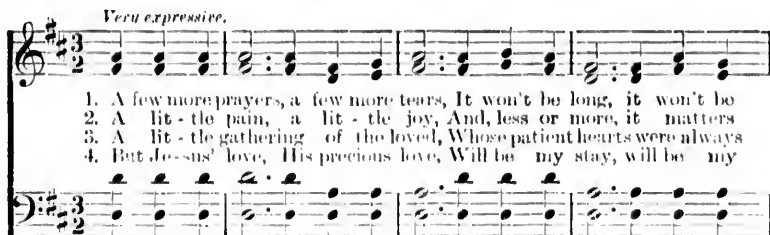
cres. *f* *pp*

Peace - ful - ly sleep, Sleep till that morning, Peace - ful - ly sleep.

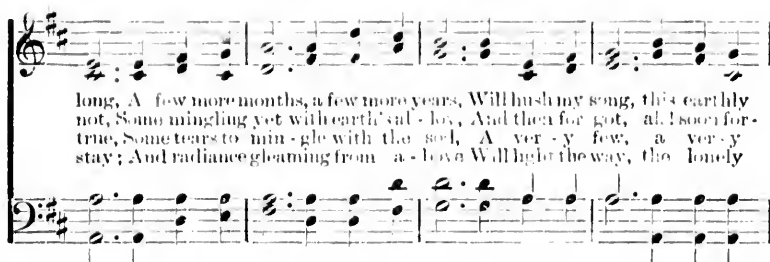
Three days passed away, and during the whole of that time, Louis, who was now alone in the wide, wide world, gave way to his grief. On the morning of the fourth day the funeral took place. The procession consisted of the Frenchman, his wife, the physician, and Louis. When the cemetery was reached, the mortal remains of the heroine of the Cross were laid in the deep, damp grave; Louis looked vacantly down, he saw them lower the coffin, he heard dimly the solemn words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" and as the earth was cast in, and filled up the grave, he could not realize that it was his orphan sister, the only friend he had in a cold, unfriendly world, that they were hiding from his sight. Nor was it!—not Marie, but only the frail seed of that bright, immortal form with which she shall yet come forth, on the resurrection morning.

Life's Close.

Very expressive.

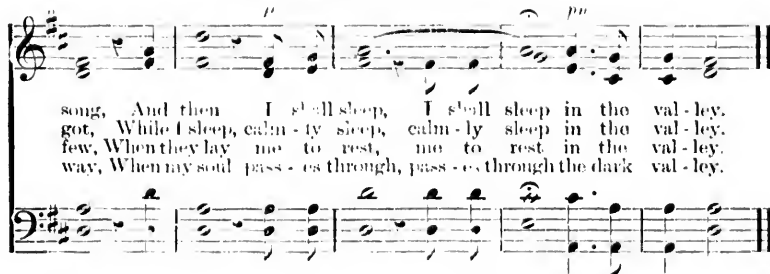


1. A few more prayers, a few more tears, It won't be long, it won't be
 2. A lit - tle pain, a lit - tle joy, And, less or more, it matters
 3. A lit - tle gathering of the loved, Whose patient hearts were always
 4. But Je - sus' love, His precious love, Will be my stay, will be my



long, A few more months, a few more years, Will hush my song, this earthly
 not, Some mingling yet with earth's sal - loy, And then for got, all soon for -
 true, Some tears to min - gle with the soul, A ver - y few, a ver - y
 stay; And radiance gleaming from a - love Will light the way, the lonely

I shall sleep
 calm - ly sleep
 me to rest
 pass - es through



song, And then I shall sleep, I shall sleep in the val - ley.
 got, While I sleep, calm - ty sleep, calm - ly sleep in the val - ley.
 few, When they lay me to rest, me to rest in the val - ley.
 way, When my soul pass - es through, pass - e, through the dark val - ley.

The morning after the funeral Louis resumed his journey. With a sad heart and a bosom heaving with emotion, Louis scanned the grave of his sister for, perhaps, the last time, and then left the village.

For three hours he pursued his journey along a dusty road. Just as the rays of the setting sun were gilding the valley with beauty, he reached Calais. With little difficulty he found the residence of his father's friend, Monsieur de Croix. The latter gentleman treated him courteously, and rendered all the assistance he could to enable the young hero of the Cross to leave his native land.

An edict had recently been issued to prevent fugitives from leaving France, consequently, numbers were concealed in various ways to avoid

detection. Louis was, therefore, advised to attire himself in an English sailor's costume. Clad in this coarse garb, Louis embarked. At 8.45 a.m. the vessel glided out of the harbor.

He remained on deck for several hours watching the hills of his motherland. Often the tear-drops glistened in his eyes as he thought of his past life, and the calamity that had recently befallen him. But his thoughts wandered at times to the Better Land; and as the vessel glided noiselessly over the trackless deep, he longed to reach the haven of eternal repose, where he would meet his loved lost ones.

For sixteen hours he remained at sea. When he landed in London, he realized once more that he was "alone in the wide, wide world." He consulted the package that gave the address of his relatives, and at once repaired to an hotel, where he divested himself of his sailor attire, and once more assumed his gentlemanly dignity, ere he reached the homestead of his relations, who were aristocrats. They were very kind, and offered to care for him as long as he would remain under their roof.

Home Ties.

Arranged by L. M.

1. Hail! sweetest, dearest tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one;
 2. What though the northern win - try blast Shall howl around my cot!
 3. No lingering look, no parting sigh, Our fu - ture meeting knows;

Hail! sa - cred hope, that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine.
 What though beneath an eastern sun Be cast our dis - tant lot!
 There friendship beams from ev' - ry eye, And love in - mor - tal grows.

Fine.

D.S.—The hope, when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.

CHORUS. D.S.

It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has given;

The rest of the orphan's career is soon told. Weeks came and went, but although everything around him looked joyous and gay, he realized that it was not his home. In fact, his thoughts were centred on the home beyond. Here he knew he could find no rest, therefore, he longed to reach the land that was more dear to him than this world.

Six weeks rolled away with all their vicissitudes. Louis then secured an honorable position, where he commenced to accumulate riches. Five long years rolled away, and he found himself a wealthy gentleman of position. All his speculations had succeeded. He became acquainted with an accomplished young lady, who, twelve months after became his wife. A residence was built to resemble his old French home, and a family of three children surrounded the hearthstone.

After the expiration of fifteen years, he returned to take a last look at his motherland. He visited Calais, but Monsieur de Croix was gone to his long home. He visited the place of his infancy. The old family residence was in ruins. He went to the little village where the remains of his sister were interred. The old, dingy bakery was still there, but his friends were sleeping beneath the green sod of the valley.

Having bent his steps toward the cemetery, he soon reached the spot where, fifteen years before, his sister was buried. As he stood by the grave, he lifted his eager eyes toward heaven and breathed a short prayer, and began to think of the trials he had in life, and longed for the time to come when, with all his loved ones, he could roam over the everlasting hills, and join the choir in the heavenly cathedral in singing the "Home, sweet home, of the Better Land."

The Realms of the Blest.

MRS. E. MILLS.

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a quarter note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a half note A2, and then a quarter note B2. The music continues with various rhythmic patterns and rests.

Or four flats.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff shows the continuation of the melody, and the bass staff shows the continuation of the accompaniment. The music concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of music is the refrain. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The bass staff has a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a half note A2, and then a quarter note B2. The music concludes with a double bar line.

*Fine. REFRAIN.**D.S.*

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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there!</p> <p>2 We sing of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!</p> <p>3 We sing of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,</p> | <p>From trials, without and within;
But what must it be to be there!</p> <p>4 We sing of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the firstborn above;
But what must it be to be there!</p> <p>5 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
Then soon shall we joyfully know
And feel what it is to be there.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

2