BRAUBURY'S
FRESH LAURELS,
SABBATH SCHOOL.

A NEW AND PATENTED COLLECTION OF MUSIC.
Prepared expressly for Sabbath Schools.

By William B. Bradbury.

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And for sale by booksellers generally.
Fresh Laurels for the Sunday School.

Words by Fanny Crosby.

1. Laurels, fresh laurels for the Sunday School we bring, They will bloom in faithful service, There a river a - ternal spring: Then glad - ly hail with a year delight, Oh, hail our beau - ti - ful wreath so bright. Laurels, Frank.

2. Laurels for the Sunday School, for the Sunday School, Laurels, Fresh Laurels for the Sunday School we bring. They will make you good and gentle, You will love and praise them true, Oh, meet in heaven the heart as true, That twined this beautiful wreath for you. Laurels, "Fresh Laurels," then awake the song anew.
THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

1. Jesus is our loving Saviour, He, our best, our constant friend; In his service life is pleasure. For he loveth to the end. Loving Saviour, Loving Saviour, Here we at thy fateful

2. Jesus is the children's Saviour! Two for them he shed his blood; Died, that poor and needy sinners Might be reconciled to God. Dying Saviour! Bearing thus our soulful 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. Jesus Saviour? Never more from thee to roam.

4. Loving, Suffering, Dying Saviour! Bicles, Glorious on thy throne, Haste the day when every idol Shall by truth be overthrown. And the kingdoms Of the earth, to Thee belong.
RESTING BY AND BY.

Words by Rev. Simeon Dyar.

"Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest."—Heb. 4:11.

1. When lost and weary falling, The sweat-drops on my brow, I long to rest for labor, To drop the burden now— This is the time for slumber, To quell each weary sigh, "Work! Rest!"

2. This life too short is given, And he implies it best Who seeks by patient labor To enter into rest: Then, pilgrim, worn and weary, Press on, the goal is nigh; The goal!

3. While the sun is shining, There's resting by and by; Resting by and by, There's resting by and by; We shall not always labor, We shall not always cry; The end is drawing nearer, The end for which we sigh: We'll

4. Lay our heavy burdens down, There's resting by and by Nor ask when overstricken, You long for friendly aid, "Why didst thou stand my brother, No voice upon him laid?" The Master bids him tarry; And dare you ask him why? the labor in my vineyard, There's resting by and by.

5. Was reaper in the harvest, Let this thy strength endure, Each shoot shall fill the garner Brings you eternal gain, Then bear the cross with patience, To finish all thy pains, To sweet to work for Jesus— There's resting by and by.
ENDURING REST.

"There remaineth therefore a REST to the people of God."

1. O why should I falter, or why should I fear, Though heavy the cross and temptation severe, Whatever tribulation or trials may be, I'll think of the promise recorded for me, I'll think of the promise recorded for me.

Rest, rest, everlasting rest. In the bright green fields of the pure and blest. There the soul looks out on the smiling plain. There a rest for the people of God remains. Rest, rest, enduring rest.
ENDURING REST. Concluded.

2 Though long is the journey, and rugged the way,
In storm and in tempest, my spirit can say,
I love the sweet promise of Jesus divine,
That tells me where comfort will ever be mine. Chn.

3 Though deepest affliction may wring from my heart,
The tear that in silence, unshedded will start,
Believing that promise, by faith I can say,
I know where all sorrow will vanish away. Chn.

4 At sunset, when watching the rose-tinted skies,
My soul to the color of the twilight replies,
I know of a country all teeming with light,
Where falls not a shadow of darkness or night. Chn.

AROUND THE THRONE.

1. Around the throne of God in heaven Ten thousand children stand,
   (Children whose sins are all forgiven. A holy, happy land.)
   Singing glory, glory.


2. What taught them to that world? Because the Saviour shed his blood;
   To wash away our sin;
   Behind them white and clean. Chn.—Singing glory, etc.

   On earth they sought the Saviour's love,
   To wash away our sin;
   Behind them white and clean. Chn.—Singing glory, etc.

   What taught them to that world? Because the Saviour shed his blood;
   To wash away our sin;
   Behind them white and clean. Chn.—Singing glory, etc.

   On earth they sought the Saviour's love,
   To wash away our sin;
   Behind them white and clean. Chn.—Singing glory, etc.
ACROSS THE RIVER.

1. Ah! yes! there's a fair or zone, Where sin and sorrow are unknown, Where weary souls find peaceful rest, And

CHORUS

all that love the Lord are blest. 'Tis just across the river. The narrow, narrow river. 'Tis

just across the river. Up on the other side. And there up on the other shore we

hope to meet no more, And dwell with God for ever, And dwell with God for ever,
ACROSS THE RIVER. Concluded.

2 Ah ye! there's a pure elixir,
   Beyond the shades that darken Time;
  A world of perfect joy and love,
Where saints and angels live above.
   Can.— 'Tis just across the river, etc.

3 Then gird up our belts and go,
   Forsealing all things here below;
  No earthly pleasure can compare,
With bliss we may in heaven store,
   Can.— 'Tis just across the river, etc.

BEAUTIFUL MANSIONS.

W.M. S. BRAGDON.

1. Beautiful mansions, Home of the blest, Land where the faithful
   Ever shall rest;
There is my treasure, There shall I be, Lord I am weary,
   Lead me to thee.

2. Here in a desert, Cheerless I roam, Laden with sorrow,
   Far from my home;
Chords on my pathway, Darkly I see, Lord I am weary,
   Lead me to thee.

CHORUS

Saviour be near me, Thy gentle voice can cheer me. O Jesus my Saviour, 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.
   Can.— Saviour be near me, etc.

4 Jesus I love thee, Dwell in my heart,
   Never, O never, From me depart;
Hope like a rainbow, Sheltering I see,
Yet I am weary, Lead me to thee,
   Can.— Saviour be near me, etc.
EVENING SONG.

1. To sweet to think, as night comes on, Dark and drear, Dark and drear,
   Eve's stars are twinkling one by one. Earth to cheer, Earth be cheer,
   There is a world where comes no night,
   That's one from sin and sorrow free. And, oh! we know that there will be
   And if we love him, we shall see

2. To sweet to think when round we lie, Grief and care, Grief and care,
   Our Jesus hears the softest sigh, Breath'd in pray'r, Breath'd in pray'r,
   It needs no sun or moon to light, For Jesus' presence makes it bright—No night there, no night there.
   That's one from sin and sorrow free. And, oh! we know that there will be
   No tears there, no tears there.

THE LOVE OF JESUS. L. M.

1. I know the Jesus loves my soul,
   My nature is by sin defiled,
   Yet Jesus loves a little child.
   And makes the wounded spirit whole.

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

3. When I offend, by the't or tongue,
   God the right, or do the wrong,
   If I repent he's reconciled,
   For Jesus loves a little child.

4. To me may Jesus now impart,
   A heart so young a gracious heart.
   I'm set by sin defiled;
   Yet Jesus loves a little child.
THE BREAKING DAY.

MISSIONARY.

1. Yes! we trust the day is breaking, Joyful times are near at hand; (God, the mighty God, is speaking By His word in ev'-ry land;) When he chooses, Darkness flee at his command.

2. With the voice of joy and singing Let us hail the dawning day; Lo! the blessed day-star, bringing Over the earth a glorious day; At his rising, Gloom and darkness flee away.

ALETTA. 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Weeping soul, no longer mourn, Jesus all thy griefs hath borne; View him bleeding on the tree, Pouring out his life for thee; There thy every sin He bore, Weeping soul, hush up no more.

2. All thy enemies on him were laid, See, upon his blazoned head Wreath his utmost vengeance pleas'd Due to my offenses and yore; Weary sinner, keep thine eye On the atoning sacrifice.

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 him the Son exalts, Plead his promise, trust his grace.
KING IMMANUEL.

1. This life is a warfare—warfare with sin, With Satan and his angels, and all their wicked train. And he who would a soldier be to battle for the Lord, Must buckle on the armor, the spear is, and the sword.

CHORUS.

I will fight under the banner of King Immanuel, I will fight under the banner of King Im-

man-u-el. Oh, it is my calling and I now re-joice, To fight under the banner of King Im-

man-u-el.
KING IMMANUEL. Concluded.

This life is a warfare, but why should we fear,
The Saviour is our Captain, and he is ever near;
And if we trust his mighty arm and in his strength repose,
Through him our great commander, we'll conquer all our foes. Chor.

This life is a warfare, then boldly we'll stand
Against the great tempter and all his terrible band.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

I. Sweet is the precious gift of prayer, To bow before a throne of grace; To lay our every burden here, And gain new strength to run our race; To gird our heavenly arms on, Depending on the Lord alone.

Sweet is the peace that Jesus gives,
When all around is dreary and gloomy,
That hides our guilty fears remove,
And points to Christ's atoning blood.
Oh then 'tis sweet indeed to know
One can be just and gracious too.

When all around is dressed in gloom,
To sweet to know the Saviour lives
When friends are buried in the tomb.
And those we love are snatched away
Like flowers that wither in a day.

If I, O, to see our Saviour's face,
From sin and sorrow to be freed,
To swell in his divine embrace
This will be sweeter far indeed!
The fairest form of earthly bliss
Is less than sought, compared with this.
1. I'm a pilgrim going home,
   Through those regions of storm and woe,
   Christians, I too on my journey,
   Ere I reach the narrow sea,
   I would tell the wondrous story,
   What the Lord has done for me.
   Glory, glory, hallelujah.

2. I was lost, but Jesus found me,
   Taught my heart to seek his face;
   Now my soul with rapture glowing
   Sings aloud his piercing love;
   Brought me to His fold of grace.
   Lights beyond a world of sorrow,
   To the pilgrim home above.

WIRTHE. C. M.

1. How sweet and heavenly is the sight,
   When those that trust the Lord
   How sweet and heavenly is the sight.
   In one another's peace delight.
   And thus fulfill his word.
WIRTH. C. M. Concluded.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh, And love in one delightful stream; Love is the golden chain that binds
And with him bear a part. Through every bosom there, The happy songs above,
When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And union sweet, with fond esteem, And he's an heir of heaven that finds
And joy from heart to heart; In every action glows! His bosom filled with love.

THE BEAUTIFUL TREE OF LIFE.

On a hill stands a beautiful tree, Its fruit is all golden and fair,
And its shade and its treasures are free. For all who may gather repair, Its leaves, ever green, do not die, Its

1. Forever with fragrance abound, Its splendor captivates the eye. Its branches with music resound. Its

2. Thousands by night and by day,
Have flocked and gathered its store,
Have borne its rich bounties away,
O, what is its name? who can tell?
And the hill, where O, where art it?
By thy side I will haste me to dwell,
O wonderful—beautiful tree.

2 On Zion's holy mount you behold
Its form in height grandeur arise,
There glitter its green and its gold,
Three lifts its tall head to the skies—
Twas planted by infinite love,
From the hills everlasting it came,
TRUTH ETERNAL, they call it above;
But, BIBLE, on earth, is its name.
1. Let us pray for one another, (Let us pray, let us pray,) Let us pray for one another. When we
For a sister or a brother, (Let us pray, let us pray,) For a sister or a brother. Let us
kneel before the throne, make their cause our own. Let us not forget to cherish Tender thoughts for all below. And to
pray that none may perish, But the way of life may know. Let us pray. Let us pray, Christians let us pray.

2. Let us not forget the poor ones, (Let us pray—let us pray,) Let us not forget the poor ones, (Let us pray—let us pray,) Let us not forget the poor ones, (Let us pray—let us pray,) They may make the humblest cottage. (Let us pray—let us pray,) They may make the humblest cottage. (Let us pray—let us pray,) They may make the humblest cottage. (Let us pray—let us pray,) Yet the poorest spot on earth, We must pray that to the Father They may all called He. And may live in heaven forever An unbroken family (Let us pray—let us pray,) Christians, let us pray.
PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER. Concluded.

3. Let us not forget the heathen,
   (Let us pray—let us pray.)
Let us not forget the heathen,
In their dark and distant lands.
They are waiting for the dawning
(Let us pray—let us pray.)
They are waiting for the dawning
Shirring forth their helpless hands.
If we cannot go to teach them,
And the blessed gospel bear,
We can send the precious Bible,
We can show their hearts with prayer.
(Let us pray—let us pray.)
Christians, let us pray.

4. Let us pray for all the children,
   (Let us pray—let us pray.)
Let us pray for all the children,
Yes, the weakest of them all.
While their youthful hearts are tender,
(Let us pray—let us pray.)
While their youthful hearts are tender,
May they heed the Saviour's call.
That their feet may early guarded,
In the way of love and truth.
They may seek and find their Saviour,
In the pleasant days of youth.
(Let us pray—let us pray.)
Christians, let us pray.

5. When our praying days are over,
   (We shall sing—we shall sing.)
When our praying days are over,
We shall sing the "new made song."
We shall dwell with Christ forever,
(We shall sing—we shall sing.)
We shall dwell with Christ forever,
And the bright angels through.
Then, in every hour of trial,
When we feel our hopes decay,
Let us look straight up to Jesus,
He will hear us when we pray.
(Let us pray—let us pray.)
Christians, let us pray.

THY WILL BE DONE. 8s & 7s.

DEATH OF A TEACHER OR SCHOLAR.

1. Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding,
   We would at this solemn meeting
   Over the spells that death hath won.
   Calmly say Thy will be done.

2. Though, rest down we're not forlorn Though, to day we're filled with woe
   By thy hands the bough was given
   Though, afflicted, not alone
   Mercy still is on the throne
   Their chief grace and most have taken
   With thy smile of love returning
   Their chief grace and most have taken.
1. If you seat on the ocean Bell among the swiftest feet, Rocking on the highest hills—laughing

2. If you are too weak to journey Up the mountains steep and high, You can stand within the valley, While the

at the storms you meet; You can stand among the sailors; Anchor'd yet within the bay. You can

they do not go by; You can chant in happy measure, As they slowly pass along. The they

lead a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away. You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats

may forget the singer, They will not forget the song. The they may forget the singer. They will not forget the song.
YOUR MISSION. Concluded.

2 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot towards the needy,
Send an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
Over the earth you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

SWEET SABBATH CHIMES.

[1st] [2nd]

SWEET SABBATH chimes float on the air, Blessed day! Blessed day!
And call the world to praise and prayer, Blessed day! Blessed day! Calm Sabbath, by our Father bless, And

hallowed for his people's rest. It brings repose to every breast, Blessed day! Blessed day!

3 To day our dear Redeemer rose,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
And triumphed over all his foes,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
While each adores our God and King,
The heavenly portals sweetly sing,
While angel choirs with rapture sing,
Blessed day! Blessed day!

4 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

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

3 Beyond the veil a rest remains,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
A rest from sweat, toil, and pain,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
The happy Christian fare from care,
When sickness in that region fail,
Shall ring through countless ages there,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
WANDERER.

1. Jesus, I come to thee, a wanderer, a wanderer, a stranger from my Father's house; I would no longer be
   a wanderer. O wash me in thy precious blood, and let my spirit free.

CHORUS

Now blessed Saviour, take thy weary wandering child, Keep me, O keep me from the tempest wild. My lonely heart by

sin oppressed Would lose its burden on thy breast, And find a rest and peaceful rest. For ever there.

2. Jesus, the living way, O save me. O save me,
   O lead me to the pasture fold,
   And let me never stray.
   O let me hear thy voice, my Father, dear Father,
   In gentle tones my pardon speak,
   And bid my soul rejoice. Cho.

3. Jesus, the way is bright before me, before me,
   My prayer is heard; the clouds are gone,
   I see thy glorious light:
   Jesus, no more I'll roam a wanderer, a wanderer,
   My Father holds me in his arms,
   And bids me welcome home. Cho.
OUR LOST ONE.

1. There's a quiet valley Sheltered by the hills, Where the song-birds merrily, Near the shelied rills;

2. Smiling lovely creature, Joyous as the day, Fair of form and feature, Happy, blithe and gay;

And the tinted flowers, Fairy-like and pure, From their sylvan bowers, Balm of the warmest love. My dearest's rippling sweetness, Laugh and careless songs, From her heart's repose, Ever flown of a long.

REFRAIN: For ever y, To ever y.

There we laid our loved one, our loved one, our loved one, There we laid our loved one In her mother's bed, And the deary lil' lost the lil' lost the lil' lost, And the dewy lil' lost Crowned her peaceful head.

3. For the starry summers Over her path had flown, Ere the angels called her To the far unknown.

Smiles and glossy brightness, Wreathed that her youth's face, Till her placid whiteness, Told of death's embrace. Refrain.
THE LAND OF EDEN.

1. O Eden Land, thou land of bliss,
   Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
   Beyond the pain and grief and
   Strain, That dim and near our mortal life.
   O Eden Land, thou land of the blest,
   Where we shall find peace and rest.

2. O Eden Land — bright world of bliss,
   More bright and fair, and pure than this;
   O! how our weary spirits long,
   To reach that shrine of light and song!
   Thou Eden Land, at whose close gain
   The treasures of our future fill.

3. Thou Eden Land, O I could we grasp
   Thy promised blessings in our clay;
   Fair would we lose our hold on earth
   And rise to that immortal birth,
   Which shall alone place in our hand
   The key to heaven's fair Eden Land.
LOVE FOR JESUS.

1. I love the name of Jesus, That name the angels sing; And with their loud hosannas, The heavenly portals ring.

To Him my all confiding, In Him my joy complete. I bow with Christian meekness My duty at His feet.

REFRAIN

I love, I love, I love the name of Jesus, The sweetest name, The name, The name the angels sing.

I love, I love, The sweetest name, The name the angels sing.

2. I love to think of Jesus, When all is calm and still; When pure and holy feelings, My grateful bosom fill. I love to think of Jesus,

Whose mercy crowns my days, How just are all his counsels, And true are all his ways. —Chorus.

O, may his spirit help me To live for Him alone. To labor for my Saviour, My greatest joy shall be; I know that Jesus loves me Because he died for me. —Chorus.
KEEP TO THE RIGHT!

1. March along so steady, Ev'ry firm and true, Many eyes are watching, Taking note of you.

Pleasant while or evil stay, Cloudy days or bright, Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right, right.

2. Bake 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 in no purpose, If the heart be weak.

Every arm endowing With a warrior's might, Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right!

EARLY SEEKING. 78.

1. Saviour, thou art ever near, Then my humble prayer with ear;

And I plead thy promise kind, "Early seek, and ye shall find."
EARLY SEEKING. Concluded.

2 I am vile and full of sin,
Jesus, make me pure within;
Lead me to the heavenly rest;
Wash me in Thy precious blood.

3 Lord, I want to be Thy child,
Make me gentle, meek and mild;
I would pure and holy be,
Teach me how to come to Thee.

4 When I go to work or play,
Be Thou with me day by day;
When I seek my quiet bed,
Let Thy wings be o'er me spread.

GLADLY MEETING.—Opening Song.

1. Gladly meeting, kindly greeting, Go this holy Sabbath day, Sinful thoughts be all forgiven.

Every seat in quiet taken, If each heart to God awakened, While we sing and pray.

2. Gladly meeting, kindly greeting, Let us all unite in heart.
While the throne we're all addressing.
And our sinful ways confessing.
Let us seek a heavenly blessing, For we know no spot.

3. Gladly meeting, kindly greeting.
As each Sabbath shall return.
May our minds by study heightened.
May our aspirations heightened.
And may grace our each delight,
While we strive to learn.
ASCIPTION OF PRAISE.

Ephesians iii. 20, 21.

WM. B. EMBURY.

1. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us: Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen. Amen.
THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

1. In the far better land of glory and light,
The ransomed are singing in garments of white. The harpers are harping, and all the bright train sing the song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain. The thrones and dominions receive the strain. Of glory Eternal, to Him that was slain.

2. Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise. Round the star-crowned crown of the Ancient of days, And the Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain. To Him, to Him, to Him that was slain.

3. Dear Saviour, may we with our voices so soft,
Sing the chorus celestial with angels and saints?
Oh, yes! we will sing, and with voices we will join
In the song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain.

4. Now, children, and teachers, and friends all unite,
In a loudalleluia with the ransomed in light.
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain.
THE GOLDEN RULE.

1. While our hearts are light, and our homes are bright, And the sun is smiling o'er us, We come to learn of a brighter path, To a better land before us; Of royal road to that blest abode, Of love and joy and beauty, And the golden rule of our

CHORUS

SUN.-DAY SCHOOL Is the upward path of duty, We will follow the golden rule, We still
THE GOLDEN RULE. Concluded.

FIRST TIME SOLE ALONE, TO Time ALL TOGETHER.

We will follow, follow, follow, follow; Follow the Golden Rule.

2 We will love our neighbors as ourselves,
   We will treat them like our brothers,
   And as we wish they should do to us,
   So we will do to others.

And thus obey from day to day
That law so full of mercy,
For the Golden Rule of our Sunday School
Is the royal road of duty.

CHRIST FOR ME.

Lyr | 2d

My heart is fix'd - eternal God, Fix'd on thee, fix'd on thee;
And my inmost soul is made, Christ for me.
Christ for me: He is my Prophet, Priest and King.
Who

In him I see the Godhead shine
Christ for me, Christ for me;
He is the majesty divine.
Christ for me, Christ for me;
The Father's well-beloved son,
God-partner of his royal throne.
Who did for human guilt atone,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

2 To-day as yesterday the same,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
How precious is his holy name,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
Christ a mere man, may answer you
Who err'd a wandering path pursues,
But I with past can never do,
Christ for me, Christ for me.
SUNDAY SCHOOL VOLUNTEER SONG.

We are marching on, with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and battle for the right, We will

In the Sunday School our army we prepare, As we rally round our blessed standard there, And the

We are marching onward, singing as we go, To the promised land where living waters flow; Come and

praise his name rejoicing in his might, And we'll work till Jesus calls.

Saviour's cross we early learn to bear, While we work till Jesus calls. Then a-wake, Then a-wake, happy

join our ranks as pilgrims here below, Come and work till Jesus calls.

Then a-wake, Then a-wake, Then a-wake, Then a-wake. D.C.

happy song, happy song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we gladly march a-long.

happy song, happy song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we gladly march a-long.
SUNDAY SCHOOL VOLUNTEER SONG. Concluded.

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

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

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

   We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
   To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
   To the radiant fields where pleasures never die,
   And we'll work till Jesus calls. Cho.

Jesus, dear, I come to thee.

1. Jesus, dear, I come to thee, Then hast said I may; Tell me what my life should be, Take my sins away. Jesus, dear, I come to thee, In thy word divine, Every promise there I see, May I call it mine. Jesus, dear, I come to thee, Then hast said I may; Tell me what my life should be, Take my sins away.

CHORUS.

Jesus, hear my humble song. Gently lead my soul along, Help me come to thee.

2. Jesus, dear, I long for thee, Long thy peace to know, Grant thee from my joys to me, Earth can no more betray: Jesus, dear, I cling to thee; When my heart is sad.

There will kindly speak to me, Then will make me glad. One -- Jesus, hear, etc.

3. Jesus, dear, I trust in thee, Trust thy tender love,

There's a happy home for me, With thy smile above; Jesus, I would come to thee, Then hast said I may, Tell me what my life should be, Take my sins away.
The Time to Work

1. Let us try to work for Jesus In our Sunday School below, While we're travelling on together, And re-

join as we go; For the blessed Saviour's near us, He will comfort, help and cheer us In our

Sunday School below. Now is the time, the blessed time to work, Now is the time to work for Jesus.

2. We are happy, always happy, In the Sunday School we love, We are singing, gladly singing Of the promised land above; There are crowns for us in glory, And we'll tell the joyful story In the Sunday School we love. Chn.

3. Come, come, dear friends and join us In our happy Sunday School, Come and work with us for Jesus, Come and learn the Golden Rule; Thus when life's short day is o'er, We will sing with joy forever In the promised land above. Chn.
1. I will come to Jesus right away, right away, 'Tis his Spirit calls me, I obey; Jesus will receive me, He will never leave me, I will come to Jesus right away, right away.

2. I will pray to Jesus, right away, right away, I will seek his blessing every day, While my heart is pleading, He is interceding, I will pray to Jesus right away.

3. I will live for Jesus right away, right away, 'Tis my Saviour calls me, I obey; Now in childhood's morning In the gentle warning, I will live for Jesus right away.

4. I will work for Jesus right away, right away, Labor in his vineyard every day; With my heart pursuing What my hands are doing, I will work for Jesus every day.
MY SAVIOUR'S THRONE.

1. I want to go where the Saviour reigns, On the beautiful throne a-bore, And catch the strains of the heavenly choir, As they sing of his dying love, As they sing of his dying love, O that beautiful, beautiful crystal flood, And dwell with the saints at home, And dwell with the saints at home, O that beautiful, beautiful.

2. I want to sit by the flowing stream, As it flows from the Golden Throne, And bathe my soul in its flow, That beautiful Golden Throne, I want to go where the Saviour reigns, And sit in the beautiful throne.

3. I want to taste the ambrosial fruit, As it grows on the tree of life; And feast and live by the throne of God, When the saints shall be free from strife. (from above.)

4. I want to walk in the golden streets, Along with the blood-washed throng; And greet the friends who have gone before, And unite in the new-made song. (see song.)
LIGHT AND COMFORT.

1. Light and comfort of my soul, When the billows o'er me roll; Then dost bid me in thy word,

2. Lord, my soul in thee would mourn, All the anguish thou hast borne; In the garden I would be,

Cast my burden on the Lord, Jesus, Saviour once betray'd, Barren tree where sinners made, Wretched, lost, in lonely warriors still with thee, Then hast suffered thou hast Died, Thorns have pier'd thy sacred head, Jesus, while I

Mocked and scourged—condemned to die, On the cross extended high; Tenant of the lonely tomb, Mighty conqueror o'er its gloom, Crowed victorious God of love, To thy Father's home above, Grant my soul a place at last, Where the storms of life are past.

2d Hymn.

1. Grant us Lord, thy heavenly light, All our steps to guide with light; Shine along the narrow road Which shall lead our souls to God.

We are weak and prone to stray— Keep us in thy holy way; All our wants let grace supply; Lead us onward to the sky.

May thy gracious presence cheer Us in all our trials here, Loving all thy statutes, Lord, Ever trusting in thy Word, May we reach that happy home Where no ill can ever come.
TO-DAY.

Words by J. F.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your heart."

1. We never shall be happy if we walk the ways of sin. The path that leads onward is sure; If the right we would pursue, it is time we should begin. For why should we wait till to-morrow?

CHORUS.

Let us seek salvation to-day, yes, to-day; Seek salvation to-day, If the crown we would secure, We must make our dancing shoes; And seek salvation to-day.

2. We'll never get to heaven if we do not learn the way, And prepare for the journey before we; If for Jesus we would live, we must always watch and pray, And thus will his honor be our. Cho.

3. The tempter may assail us, but with Jesus by our side, And a hope in his power glowing; We will make his holy word still our counsel and our guide, And count every trial a blessing. Cho.
CADDO. C. M.

1. Come, let us join our Lord to praise,
Whose mercy knows no end;
Our Father and our Friend.

2. In tender infancy, his care
Preserved our lives from harm;
And now he keeps us from the
Of sin's deceitful charm.

3. He gives us friends who seek our
With grateful praise we will proclaim,
And strive to make us wise;
The mercies of our God;
His bounteous hand provides our
And sing the glory of his name,
And all our wants supplies.

4. He answers prayer in time of need,
And averts the evil that would befall us.

In tender infancy, his care
Preserved our lives from harm;
And now he keeps us from the
Of sin's deceitful charm.

PRAYER. C. M.

1. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or even expressed. The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The feeling 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.

4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air; His watch-word 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!

O thine, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer is my own last trust; Lord, teach us how to pray!
GIVING.

Is this the spirit of our children? God gave His dear Son, and Jesus gave His precious life to bless us. Are we giving our best, our hands, our time, our money, our heart to help and bless others? To be like God, we must give. Hear what the still small voice of God's beautiful world say:

1. "Give," said the little stream. (Give, oh give, give, oh give,) Give said the little stream. As it hurried down the hill.

2. "Give," said the little rain. (Give, oh give, give, oh give,) Give said the little rain. As it fell upon the flowers.

I am small, I know, but wherever I go, (Give, oh give, give, oh give,) I am small, I know, but wherever I go. The fields grow greener still. Singing, singing all the day, raise the drooping heads again. And freshen the summer flowers. Singing, singing, etc.

REFRAIN
GIVING. Concluded.

The refrain may be repeated humming.

Give away, oh, give away, Singing, singing all the day, Give, oh, give away.

“Give,” said the violet sweet, “in its gentle, spring-like voice.”
“From out and half they will hear my call, They will find me and aspire.”
“Give,” said they all, “O give, For our blessings come from heaven.”

COME TO JESUS.

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COME TO JESUS.

COME TO JESUS.

COME TO JESUS.
OUR MISSION SONG.

Our hearts are very joyful in our Sunday-school today, singing our mission song together.

We'll never be discouraged but we'll labor while we may; singing our mission song together.

Jesus will help us in our friend, He will protect us, and He will defend;

The Judgment Seat.


For we must all appear before the Judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things

HIGHER TUESDAY.

The Word of the Lord.

Verses by J. W. H.

1. Our Saviour has said it, And we must believe him; "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will surely receive him;" Man's word falleth
off; But Christ's never, never; "The word of the Lord endureth forever," "The word of the Lord endureth forever."

2. Whoso receiveth
He never leaves to perish;
The soul that believeth
He ever will cherish.
So cling we to Jesus
With steadfast endeavor,
"The word of the Lord
Endureth forever."

3. And when on the borders
Of death's darksome river,
We'll trust Him who preserved
Our souls to deliver,
Our hands from our Saviour's
No power can sever.
"The word of the Lord
Endureth forever."
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 [Duet]... Lord, thy word to know, Thy heart is weak

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 precepts— 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.

3. Happy now, my soul has found thee, I can sing thy praise divine; I can tell the world around me, I can shine, forever shine. They will lead me, they will guide me, Beverley now I rest on thee; Blessed hope, my only comfort, Jesus, thou hast died for me.

2d HYMN.

1. Take my heart, O Father! take it; Make it and keep it all thine own; Let thy spirit melt and break it; Turn to flesh this heart of stone. Heavenly Father, deign to mould it In obedience to thy will; And, as passing years unfold it, Keep it meek and childlike still.

2. Father, make it pure and holy, Peaceful, kind, and far from strife, Turning from the paths ungodly Of this vain and sinful life, May the blood of Jesus heal it, And its sins be all forgiven; Holy Spirit, take and seal it; Guide it in the path of heaven.
WE ARE YOUNG.

1. We are young, we are young, but we need to come to Jesus. He will guide, he'll provide all we want upon our way.

He will hear when we cry, he will all our trials soften. Tho' we're young, very young, we have need to watch and pray.

2. Tho' we're young, very young, Satan ever tries to entice us. Turn away, turn away, let him not obtain our ear.

He is wise, we are weak, never let him win us over. If he calls, if he calls, we must still refuse to hear.

LABAN. S. M.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify; A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2. To serve the present age,
   My calling to fulfill,
   Oh, may it all my powers engage,
   To do my Master's will.

   Arm me with Joshua's care,
   As in thy sight to live;
   And oh, O my servant, Lord, prepare;
   A strict account to give.

   Help me to watch and pray,
   And on myself rely;
   Assured if I try trust Jesus,
   I shall forever die.
1st SEMI-CORUS

1. O whither now so bright and gay, Happy, all so happy, O whither now so bright and gay.
2. And will you tell us what you do? Happy, all so happy. That we may share your pleasure too.
3. We oft-en read the Bible too. Happy, all so happy. But is there nothing else you do?

RESPONSE.

Happy with delight.
Happy with delight.
Happy with delight.

To Sabbath-school we're on our way, Happy, all so happy. And this is why we
We read our Saviour's holy word, Happy, all so happy. The sweetest book you
Oh yes, we know to God in prayer, Happy, all so happy. And learn losing his

CHORUS

feel to-day, Happy with delight.
ev-er heard, Happy with delight.
praise there, Happy with delight.

Then come, O come, yea, haste we now to the Sunday-school. We
Then come, O come, yea, haste we now to the Sunday-school. We
We'll go, we'll go, we'll go with you to the Sunday-school. The
O. WHITHER NOW SO BRIGHT AND GAY. Concluded.

dearly, love our Sunday-school, O come with us to the Sunday-school, And you'll be happy too.
dearly, love our Sunday-school, O come with us to the Sunday-school, And you'll be happy too.
blessed, blessed Sunday-school. Then haste a-way, let us not de-lay, And we'll be happy too.

LULU. S. M.
W. H. BRASHY.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine abode; The church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls before thee stand, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Dear as the apple of thine eye, Her sweetest songs of love and praise.

3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend, For her my accents true be given, For her my secret and sweetest end. To her my secret and sweetest end.

4. Beyond my highest joy I prize her heavenly ways; Her sweetest songs of love and praise, Her sweetest songs of love and praise.

5. Save as thy truth shall last, To thee shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.
CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

2. Blessed are the pure in heart. Free from sin and stain;
Satan with his fiery dart
Tempts their peace in vain;
For they lean on Jesus' arm,
He will keep them safe from harm. Chn.

3. Blessed are the pure in heart! Oh! that we may stand,
 Choosing now the better part
 At the Lord's right hand,
 With us may His love abide,
 For the sake of Christ who died! Chn.
SWEET THE SABBATH MORNING.

1. Sweet the Sabbath morning, Calm and bright returning, Seems to subdue the toil of the week:

Sabbath bells inviting, Children all uniting, Sweetly sing the praise of Him, whose throne they seek.

Every Sabbath morning, See their feet step turning, Where they learn to sing and speak a Saviour’s praise.

Jesus is near them; Jesus will hear them, Yes, he will hear those sweet notes they raise.

2. Sweetest day of seven! Pointing us to heaven;

Then heaven light upon life’s already seen!

Rest we from our labor, Meeting with our neighbor,

All the holy peace and joy that comes with thee.

Sweet Sabbath morning, Rest thy returning,

Oh! may we treasure these Sabbath days.

Mark! a voice is calling; Through the stillness falling,

Calling us to meet, and sing our Saviour’s praise.

2. Every Sabbath morning, Blessful pleasure morning,

Our Sunday-school shall be a sacred spot;

There our voices ringing, With the angels singing,

Lead our thoughts away where care and sin are not.

Oh, holy pleasure! Oh, heavenly treasure!

We’ll ever praise these sweet Sabbath days;

Bringing heaven nearer; Making Jesus dearer;

Fitting us to join his saints, and see his face.
ALL THE WAY.

1. I'm but a youthful pilgrim, My journey's just begun; They say I'll meet with sorrow Before my journey's done. The world is full of trouble And trials too, they say, But I will follow Jesus All the way. But I will follow Jesus All the way.

2. Then like a little pilgrim, Whatever I may meet, I'll take it—joy or sorrow—And lay at Jesus' feet. He'll comfort me in trouble, He'll wipe my tears away. With joy I'll follow Jesus All the way. Oh.

3. Then trials cannot vex me, And pain I need not fear. For when I'm alone by Jesus Grief cannot come too near. Not even death can harm me, When death I meet one day; To heaven I'll follow Jesus All the way. Oh.
NEARER THE KINGDOM.

W(seq) v. V.Godbe.

1. Blessed Redeemer, how precious thou art,
   Full of compassion and grace; Sweet is the
   music of joy to my heart, Consolation by the smile of Thy face.
   Ne'er the kingdom of glory to-day,
   Ne'er the Father, ne'er to Thee, Upward my spirit is soaring a-way. Praise eternal I see.

2. Shadow of darkness no longer I fear,
   Jesus, I know thou art mine; Hark! 'tis the
   anthem of rapture I love, Wafted from regions divine,
   Ne'er the kingdom, etc.

   Onward, still onward, my refuge and guide,
   Gladly my way, I pursue; Bright is my path while I walk by Thy side.
   Ne'er the hour where my soul shall be free,
   Ne'er the crown Thou hast purchased for me,
   Ne'er the angels above;
   Jewelled with Mercy and Love. Oho.
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. 21:6.

1. Jesus, the water of life will give Freely, freely, freely. Jesus, the water of life will give Come to that fountain, O drink and live Freely, freely, freely. Come to that fountain, O drink and live
2. Jesus has promised a home in heaven, Freely, freely, freely. Jesus has promised a home in heaven, Freely, freely, freely. Treasures unfailing will there be given, Freely, freely, freely, Treasures unfailing will there be given.

Freely to those who love him, Freely to those who love him, Freely to those that love him. Freely, freely, freely, freely, freely. And the Spirit and the Bride say, come Freely, freely, freely, freely. And the Spirit and the Bride say, come, etc.

So that he may let him come And drink of the water of life. The fountain of life,
THE WATER OF LIFE. Concluded.

1. Jesus has promised a robe of white,
   Freely, freely, freely.
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love him.
Kingdom of glory and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely.
Kingdom of glory and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love him. Chorus.

2. Jesus has promised eternal day,
   Freely, freely, freely.
Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely to those that love him.
Praises that never shall pass away,
Freely, freely, freely.
Praises that never shall pass away,
Freely to those that love him. Chorus.

BROWN. C. M.

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

1. I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too.
   I want to go where Jesus is, I want to go there too.

2. Soon I earth against my soul engage,
   And every care be buried.
Then I can smile of Satan's cage,
And see a glowing world. Chorus.

3. Let cares like a wild enhance come,
   And storms of sorrow fall,
   Then I can smile of Satan's cage,
   My God, my heaven, my all. Chorus.

4. There I shall breathe my weary soul
   In seas of heavenly rest,
   And not a wave of trouble roll,
   Across my peaceful breast. Chorus.
I LOVE THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

DIALOGUE SONG.

Wm. E. Bradbury.

1. I love the Sabbath-school, So do I, So do I, I love the Sabbath-school, So do I, I'll mind its every rule, So will I, So will I,

2. I love the Book of truth, So do I, So do I, I love the Book of truth, So do I, I'll prize it in my youth, So will I, So will I.

※ These responses should be given promptly by the two choruses as divisions of the school: 1st Boys, 2d Girls, etc.

FULL CHORUS

Sing God's praise. On these precious, precious Sabbath days.
Then joy-ful, joy-ful, joyful may we be,

Heart in praise. On these precious, precious Sabbath days.
Then joy-ful, etc.

※ These responses should be given promptly by the two choruses as divisions of the school: 1st Boys, 2d Girls, etc.
I LOVE THE SABBATH-SCHOOL. Concluded.

Singing God's praise
On these happy, happy, happy days,
On these precious Sabbath days.

3 I love my teacher dear, So do I, so do I,
I love my teacher dear, So do I.
I'll treasure what I hear, So will I, so will I.
I'll treasure what I hear, So will I.
The Sabbath-school to me a guide shall be.
A comfort o'er a troubled sea.
How sweet to raise our cheerful lays
On these precious, precious Sabbath days. Cho.

4 I love the Sabbath-day, So do I, so do I,
I love the Sabbath-day, So do I.
I love its gentle ray, So do I, so do I.
I love its gentle ray, So do I.
A day of bidden rest divinely blest,
Of all the week it is the best.
In songs of praise our voices raise
On these precious, precious Sabbath days. Cho.

ROCK OF AGES.

1. Rock of ages! close for me, Let me hide myself in thee: Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side that
wore.

2. Would my tears forever flow,
Should my soul no longer know,
This for my soul could not alone;
Then must save, and then alone;
In my hand no prize I hung, Simply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
Rock of ages! close for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.
WATCH AND PRAY.

Rev. R. Lowry.

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 aloneness from thine eyes; Chase doubting from thy breast; This is the promised prince Of heaven's eternal rest.

3. Take Jesus for thy friend; Watch, watch forever more; Watch, for thou soon must sleep With thousands gone before.

O watch, and pray.

Watch, for the flesh is weak; Watch, for the foe is strong; Watch, lest the bridegroom come; Watch, lest He tarry long.

Watch, Christian, watch and pray; Thy Saviour watch'd for thee, Till from His love they pour'd A flood of agony.

Now, when thy sun is up, Now, while the day is day, Now in accepted time; Watch, Christian, watch and pray.

O, 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.
Welcome, welcome, day of rest, sweet relief from every care.

To the weary breast, (Oerr.) Are the joys thy moments bear, God of love, thy grace impart, Comfort every mourning heart. God of love, thy grace impart, Comfort every mourning heart.

Welcome, welcome, Sabbath bells.

Chiming on the fragrant air,
Feeling o'er the sanctuary doors,
Calling to the house of prayer.

Those who long the way have tried, Those who love to worship God.

Jesus, Shepherd of thy sheep,
Brother with thy flock we come,
All our souls in mercy keep.

Never from thy side to roam. Take the Lamb within thine arms,
Gently to thy bosom press'd, From all sin and mortal harm.

In thy free salvation press'd.

Precious words of life we hear,
From our pastor's lips they fall,
Strings of music greet our ear.

Lord, we praise thy name for all. On the wings of faith we rise
Upward to our native skies.

When these mortal scenes decay,
When the toils of earth are past,
Jesus, may we hear thee say,

Welcome, faithful one, at last; Of my Father you are blest,
Enter now eternal rest.

When the gentle waters flow,
Though Lord, each wanderer lead.
Where the greenest pastures grow,
There securely let us feel.

Close beside the sheltering rock, When the desert wind is high.
Gather all our little flock Till the tempest shall pass by.

Yea, each under shepherd's care,
Unless thou thy blessing give.

Hear, O Lord, our humble prayer; Let us in thy love live.

And when death's dark shadows fall, And the sky of life shall close.

May each lamb, each shepherd, all In thy heavenly fold repose.
IF WE KNEW.

Wm. H. Bradbury.

W. H. GATES, author of "Tune Maker."

1. If we knew when walking through Thee the crooked noisy way, That some pearl of wondrous whiteness closed be,
2. If we knew what faces were beaming For the shade that we should bring, If we knew what lips were poring For the

abe our path, why lay, We would praise when now we hatred. We would often look around. Let our careless feet should water we should bring. We would taste with eager footsteps, We would work with willing hands. Bearing cups of swilling

trumpet, Some rare jewel in the ground. Let our careless feet should trample Some rare jewel in the ground, water. Planting rows of shading palms. Bearing cups of swilling water. Planting rows of shading palms.
IF WE KNEW. Concluded.

HARWELL. P. M.

Jesus rules the world a-lone, Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

Jesus rules, &c.

A King of glory, reigns forever,
Destined to behold thy face.
Hallelujah! &c.

When the awful stresses passing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
Then with golden harps, we'll sing—
"Glory, glory to our King!"
Hallelujah! &c.
ENCOURAGEMENT. 78 & 68.

1. O teacher, sad and weary, Because thy lesson seems vain. Look from thyself to Jesus. And then wilt hope again. Perhaps thou art discouraged. That yet no fruit appears. But see the joyful harvest. The seed is sown in tears. Born in hate, sown in tears. The seed is sown in tears.

CODA.—May be sung or omitted at pleasure.

Bright as stars, bright as stars. Bright as the stars shall shine.

2. Hast thou so soon forgotten The promise of thy Lord. That none for him who labor Shall fail of their reward. If thou does pray and labor, Immortal souls to win. Then, at thy Lord's appearing, Bright as the stars shall shine.
AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. Hail, my ever-blessed Jesus, Only then I wish to sing To my soul thy name is Love I touch! I'm much for-

precious. Then my Prophet, Priest, and King Of what mercy flows from heaven! Of what joy and happiness given. I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.

2. Gone 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.

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.

2d Hymn.

1. Holy Father, thou hast taught me, I should live to thee alone; Year by year thy hand hath brought On thy dangers oft unknown. When I wandered thou hast found me When I doubted sent me light Still thine arm has been around me. All my paths were in thy sight.

2. In the world with foes assail me, Ordered stronger far than I, And the strife may never fall me, Well I know before I die. Therefore, Lord, I come, believing. Thou canst give the power I need. Threw the prayer of faith receiv- ing Strength—the spirit, strength, indeed

If I would trust in thy protecting, Wholy rest upon these arms; Follow wholly thy directing, There, mine arm, guard from harm! Keep me from some evil wounding, Help me turn to thee when tried, still my footsteps, Father, viewing, Keep me ever at thy side.
1. We must ne-ver grow we-ary, doing well, doing well, Though in time we may reap no reward:

For E-tor-i-ty will tell you, E-tor-i-ty will tell, What a blessing rests on

CHORUS.

those who serve the Lord. O ye stars! shine on, shine on! For up in heaven's own blue.

Some time, some time, I too may shine, I may shine as brightly as you!
NEVER GROW WEARY. Concluded.

2 We must bear the yoke daily—Jesus says,
   "It is easy, my burden is light."
For he knows how frail we are, yes, he knows how frail
we are.
And he helps us through the day and through the
night. Chs.—O ye stars, etc.

3 All the stars o'er us shining in the sky,
And the sun and the moon do His will;

ANVERN. L. M.

1. Triumphant Son! lift thy head From dust and darkness, and the dead! Though humbled
   long—awake at length. And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2. Put all thy beseechments on, No more shall foe unclean invade, God, from on high, has heard thy
And let thy excellence be known: And fill thy hallowed walls with prayer.
Decked in the robes of righteousness. The world thy glories shall confound. His hand thy ruins shall repair.
The world thy glories shall confound. Their victory and thy sorrows boast. Nor will thy watchful Messenger cease.

And we know that by and by, if to serve him well
we try.
With a brighter glow our spirits he will fill. Chs.

4 We must ever be watchful—for to-day
May, for you, and for me, be the best.
So the work we'll not delay, but we'll labor, and we'll
pray.
Till the sweetest hour of life is safely passed. Chs.
WHO SHALL SHINE!

Words by J. B.

Solo.

1. The beamless stars that shine So bright in yon-der sky Like jewels, fit-ly set. Whose in-ter
2. Oh, to be true-ly wise, In thought, in word, in deed; To touch my ever-long heart. To seek the
3. If wisdom ways I seek, I sure-ly shall be blest; They run through joy and peace. Unto a

excerpt.

And may I ev-er hope. Their wonder's height’l be attain. And see the glory they behold. On
And ever / need! Then ruler of the world. Who keep at the stars in place. Oh, grant that I may yet behold The
land of rest; And oh, I fain would reach Those starry heights above, And with new brightness ever shine. And

CHORUS.

*If performed in public, with the accompaniment of an adult choir, a pleasing contrast may be produced by the children singing the
first part, and the choir responding in the chorus. *They that are wise,* etc. Or, if trained together, there would be no objection to
all singing in the chorus.

They shall shine as bright as the
brightness of thy face, They that are wise shall shine, etc.

They that are wise shall shine, They shall shine as bright as the stars, etc.
WHO SHALL SHINE! Concluded.

shine so bright as the stars... that shine upon us from on high.

stars, us the stars that shine upon us from on high.

DEDHAM. C. M.

1. Frequent the day of God returns
   To shed its quickening beams.
   And yet how slow devotion burns!
   How long will its flames shine?

2. Accept our faint attempts to love,
   Our frailties, Lord, forgive
   We would be like thy saints above
   And praise thee while we live.

3. Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
   And fill us to the sound.

4. Where the assembly we're breaks up
   The Sabbath, as it shall end.
   Before the throne of God appear
   And bow on love divine.

5. Where we, in high exulting strains
   Shall all our powers employ
   Delighted range 'th' ethereal plains
   And take our fill of joy.

2d Hymn.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt
   The Saviour's pardoning blood
   Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt
   And bring me home to God.

2. Seen as the morn the light revealed
   His praise tuned my tongue.

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord
   And saw his glory shine;

4. Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail
   And make my soul thy care;

5. And when the evening shade prevail'd
   His love was all my song.

6. And when I read his holy word
   I call'd each promise mine.

7. And make my soul thy care
   I know thy mercy cannot fail
   Let me that mercy share.
THE INVITATION.

1. Come, O come to Jesus, With thy guilty face oppressed,
   Weary, heavy laden. [Ours] He will give thee rest. Come and learn his yoke to bear, Come, and be his child for ever, Safe beneath his tender care. Grief and sin will none thou ever.

2. Wanderer, do not tarry, Evening shadows soon will fall.
   Now the light of mercy Freely shines for all.
   Come and find a solvent cure.
   Wash thee in the crystal fountain.

HARK! THOSE HAPPY VOICES. Ss, Ss & 6s.

1. Hark! those happy voices saying, "Yet there's room; Sinners! come. Heaven's call - buy - ing.
2. Now the feast is spread before them. Wait no more. Grace implores. Peace shall then come o'er them."
JEWELS.

And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.

1. When He cometh, when He cometh, To make up his jewels, All his jewels, precious
2. He will gather, He will gather, The gems for his kingdom, All the pure ones, all the

CHORUS.

Jewels, His love's and his own, Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dawning.

3. Little children, little children, Who love their Redeemer, Are the jewels, precious jewels, His love's and his own? Like the stars, do.

They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for his crown.
CORONATION. C. M.  OLIVER HODGSON.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And

2. Crown him—ye morning stars of light! Who form'd thisbounding wall—Now hail the strength of Israel's might. And

3 Ye choos'd seed of Israel's race, Who ransomed from the fall, Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

4. Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.


7 My precious Master, and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread thro' all the earth abroad, The honours of thy name.

8 Jesus!—the name that charms us all That hides our sorrows e'er; It's music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

9. He breaks the power of cancell'd sin He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood avail'd for me.

10 He speaks, and listening to his voice, New life the dead receive; The sorrowful broken hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.

11. Yes, I will bless thee, O my God, Through all my fleeting days, And to eternity prolong Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

12. Never shall my tongue alone proclaim The honour of my God; My life, with all its active powers, Shall spread thy praise abroad.

13. Nor will I cease thy praise to sing When death shall close mine eyes; My that's shall fix in bounds bright, And scatter resplendence.

14. Then shall my lips in endless praise Their grateful tribute pay: The theme descends an angel's tongue And an aternal day...
ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home to-day Than I have been before.

2. Ne'er my Father's house,
    Where many mansions be;
    I'm nearer the great white throne,
    Nearer the jasper sea:

3. Ne'er the bound of life
    We lay our burden down;
    And nearer the time to leave
    The cross and wear the crown.

4. Father, perfect my trust;
    My feeble frame support;
    O keep me beneath thy care;
    My trembling hope sustain.

ITALIAN HYMN, 6s & 4s.

1. Come, then Almighty King,
    Help us thy name to sing,
    Help us in praise!
    Father all glorious,
    Father all victorious,
    Come and reign over us
    Ancient of days

2. Jesus, our Lord, arise,
    Scatter our enemies;
    Now make them fall;
    Let thine almighty aid
    Our arms defend be made,
    Our souls on thee be stay'd;
    Lord, hear our call!

3. Come, thou Incarnate Word,
    Guide us on thy mighty word;
    Our prayer attend;
    Come, and thy people bless;
    Come, give thy word reason;
    Spirit of holiness,
    On us descend!
TRAVELING HOME.

1. Saviour, thy word a lamp shall be, Guiding my feet to Zi - on; Lighting the path that leads to thee, Choosing the way to Zi - on. Traveling home, traveling home, Traveling home to Zi - on. Traveling home, we're travel - ing home To dwell for - er - more.

CHORUS.

2. Saviour, I tread the heart's - ly road, Singing and filled with pleasure; Looking by faith to shine ahead, Seeking a glorious treasure. Chs. When I am weak and trav - el - ing there, Lonely my way passing, Saviour, I know, I feel thee near, Vigor and strength renewing. Chs. Saviour, with all thy saints above, Close by the shining river; Soon shall I meet the friends I love, Singing thy praise forever. Chs.
BE JOYFUL IN GOD.
THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

1. Be joyful, in God, all ye lands of the earth;
   Exalt in his presence with music and mirth,
   Oh, serve him with gladness and fear.

2. Oh! enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
   His praise in melodious accordance prolonging,
   Your vows in his temple proportioning.

With love and devotion draw near, Je-ho-vah is God, and Je-ho-vah alone,
Creator and Ruler, we all,
And bless his ador-able name. For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, And we are the work of his hand.

And we are his people, his sheep we own, His sheep, and we follow his call; we follow his call,
His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall in eternity stand, in eternity stand.
1. Away! away! not a moment to linger, Hasten we now with footsteps free, Where those who love is the

2. Away! away! where the angels are bending Light-ly o'er the house of prayer! Glad hymns of praise to the

CHORUS.

Vicerard to labor, Wait for you and me, To the Sunday-school rejoicing we will go, 'Tis a

Lord of the Sabbath, Sweetly shall o'er thine, To the Sunday-school rejoicing we will go, 'Tis a

place where all are happy here below, Where the way of life we learn to know, And seek our home above.

3. Away! away! for the moments are flying, Time for us will soon be o'er; This holy day we will try to improve it, For its light is o'er. Chor.

4. Away! away! not a moment to linger, Hasten we now with footsteps free, Where those who love is the vineyard to labor Wait for you and me. Chor.
OUR GLORIOUS HOME.

1. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning,
   Far above this fleeting shore,
   To endless joy in a moment awaking,
   There we’ll sleep no more.

Chorus: Where the purely gates will never, never close,
And the tree of life its dewy shadow throws,
Where the ransomed ones in love repose,
Our glorious home shall be.

2. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning,
   See the hours are waning fast,
   Along the banks of the clear flowing river
   We shall meet at last. Chor.

3. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning,
   When our friends have gone before,
   In robes of white they are waiting to greet us
   On the other shore. Chor.

4. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning,
   There from pain and sorrow free,
   With him who died from the grave to redeem us
   We shall ever be. Chor.

LISBON. S. M.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise, Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

2. The King himself comes near,
   And seats his saints to-day,
   Here we may sit, and see him here,
   And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day, amid the place
   Where my dear God, hath been,
   Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
   Within the tents of sin.

4. My willing soul would stay,
   In such a frame as this,
   And sit and sing herself away
   To everlasting bliss.

2d Hymn.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
   His grace to thee proclaims;
   And all that is within me, join
   To bless his holy name.

3. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
   His mercies near in mind;
   Forget not all his benefits,
   Who is so to thee so kind.

5. Then, bless the Lord, my soul,
   His grace, his love, proclaims;
   Let all that is within me join
   To bless his holy name.

2. He pardons all thy sins,
   Preserves thy faithful breast;
   He healseth thine infirmities,
   And ransometh from death.

4. He bless thee with his love,
   Uphold thee with his truth;
   And, like the eagles, he renewes
   The vigour of thy youth.

OTHER SONGS.

1. Lift up your heads, O ye gates of Zion;
   For the King of glory is coming.
   He shall come in the beauty of holiness.
   He shall come in the strength of the Lord.

2. The Lord is risen from the dead;
   He is come into his glory.
   He shall come in the beauty of holiness.
   He shall come in the strength of the Lord.

3. The Lord is risen from the dead;
   He is come into his glory.
   He shall come in the beauty of holiness.
   He shall come in the strength of the Lord.

4. Lift up your heads, O ye gates of Zion;
   For the King of glory is coming.
   He shall come in the beauty of holiness.
   He shall come in the strength of the Lord.
1. Have you spent a pleasant day? Come again, come again. Would you learn the better way, Then come, come again.  
Here you'll find a welcome home, Hearts that warmly beat for you. They will tell you what to do. O come, come again.

2. Would you leave all sinful ways?
   Come again, come again.
Would you join our cheerful days?  
Then come, come again.
We are bound for Canaan's land.  
Will you come and join our band?  
We will take you by the hand  
O come, come again.

3. Words of comfort you shall hear.  
   Come again, come again.  
From the Book we love so dear,  
Then come, come again.  
Jesus suffered on the tree.  
Jesus died for you and me,  
His disciples you may be,  
O come, come again.

4. Come on every Sabbath day,  
   Come again, come again.  
Never, never stay away,  
O come, come again.  
Now improve the hours that fly,  
They are gliding swiftly by,  
You are not too young to die,  
Then come, come again.
AVON. C. M.

1. O thou whose tender mercy heard
   Cauterition’s humble sigh;
   Whose hand indulgent, wipes the tear
   From sorrow’s weeping eye.

2. See, how before thy throne of grace,
   A wretched wanderer come.
   Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
   Hast thou not said—‘Return?’

3. Save, thou who sittest on the throne
   Of love, all-benevolent.
   Thy word is everlasting truth;
   How pure is every page!

4. Oh, would I were in heaven above
   For joy to sit with Christ,
   Thy precepts make me truly wise;
   I hate the sinner’s road.

5. Alas! my soul doth faint and fail
   To rise in joyful song.
   Almighty God! our hearts incline
   Thy heavenly voice to hear.

4th Hymn. C. M.

1. Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
   To thee I lift mine eyes;
   Teach and instruct me by thy word,
   And make me truly wise.

2. How shall the young secure their hearts
   And guard their lives from sin?
   Thy word the clearest rules imports,
   To keep the conscience clean.

3. Remember thy Creator now,
   In these thy youthful days;
   He will accept thy simplest vow,
   And listen to thy praise.

4. Help me to read the Bible wise,
   With ever new delight.
   Help me to love its Author more;
   To seek thee day and night.

5. Oh, let it purify my heart,
   And guide me all my days;
   In wonder, Lord, to me impart,
   And then shall have the prayers.
TRUSTING.

1. I will not be afraid at night When all alone I lie, And darkness takes the place of light; For God is nigh.

2. His almighty arm supports my head, If I will not be afraid to fear, And lovingly he keeps The rolling tempest wild, A constant watch around my bed; If Jesus whispers in my ear, God never sleeps.

THE YOUNG ABSTAINER.

Quick

1. I am a young abstainer, etc. From drinking custom free; If others choose the drunkards' drink, Pure

CHORUS.

water give to me. Pure, cold water, water give to me! For I'm a young abstainer, from drinking custom free.
2 The drunkard is a foolish man:  
He stagers through the streets,  
And he is pointed at with scorn  
By every one he meets.  
Ch.

3 The drunkard is a useless man:  
He throws his cash away,  
He does not save his money up  
Against an evil day.  
Ch.

FADE, FADE EACH EARTHLY JOY.  
W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
Jesus is mine;  
Break ev'ry tender tie,  
Jesus is mine;  
Dark is the wilderness,  
Earth has no resting place,  
Jesus a-bove can bless,  
Jesus is mine.

2. Tempt not my soul away,  
Jesus is mine;  
Here would I ever stay,  
Jesus is mine;  
For seeking things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Part from my heart away,  
Jesus is mine.

3. Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
Jesus is mine;  
Lost in this dawning light,  
Jesus is mine;  
All that my soul has tried,  
Left but a dismal void,—  
Jesus has satisfied,  
Jesus is mine.

4. Farewell mortality,  
Jesus is mine;  
Welcome eternity,  
Jesus is mine;  
Welcome, O loved and blest,  
Welcome, sweet season of rest,  
Welcome my Saviour's breast,  
Jesus is mine.
PISGAH'S MOUNTAIN.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS TUNE.

(OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.)

WM. F. BRADBURY.

1. Joyful a-way to Pisgah's mountain, Bears on the wings of faith we soar, Sweetly we hear the voices singing,

Happy voices on the other shore. Hark! they sing in the height yonder of Eden, Songs of praise to the

CHORUS. Would you sit by the banks of the river? With the fountains kept

Lamb that was slain; Round his throne with the martyrs they go, They united forever to reign,

Loved by your side, Would you join in the songs of the angels, Then be ready to follow your guide.

2. Christians, behold the hill of Zion, See where our greatest treasure lies, Work for the Lord whilst our trials,

O be faithful, we shall win the prize. Crowned with light in a mansion of beauty,

We shall dwell with the pure and the blest. Where the weary forever shall rest. When the billows of Jordan are passed,

We shall sing with the faithful in glory, Saved by grace to his kingdom seated, We shall sing with the friends we have

Glory, glory, we're home, home at last.
ANTIOCH. C. M.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King: Let ev'ry heart prepare his room. And

heaven and nature sing. And heaven and nature sing. And heaven, And heaven and nature sing.

2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow. He comes to make his blessings flow. Far as the curse is found.

2d HYMN.

1. Mortals, awake, with angels join, And chant the solemn lay. Joy, love, and gratitude combine, To hail the auspicious day.

Through all the shining legions run, A Hall, Prince of Life, forever hail Redeemer, Brother, Friend! Through earth, and time, and life shall fail, Thy praises shall never end.

2. In heaven the rapt'rous song began, And sweet seraphic fire

With joy the chorus we repeat,— Glory to God on high! Good-will and peace are now complete— Jesus was born to die.
COME, O COME.

COME, O come, our festive day returning. Filled with joy, its rosy light we see;
COME, O come, the flow'res with verdure teeming. Bless the hand that made the forms so gay;
COME, O come, the day is now before us. Not a cloud to dim its golden ray;

God of love, our hearts with rapture burning. Breathe in a grateful song, our homage to thee.
COME, O come, the sun with fasci nation. Crowned with a happy smile, our high festive day.
Angel's eyes from heaven are bending o'er us. Guiding the tranquil hours with joy while they stay.

CHORUS
Here come again our mingled canons swelling; Here with delight we love thy praise to sing.
COME, O COME. Concluded.

We will re-joice of all thy goodness telling, Oh he then exalted high, our Saviour and King.

ARISE! ARISE! POOR SINNER.

W. B. BRADBURY.

"Son, be of good cheer: thy sins be forgiven thee." Matt. vi. 6.

1. Arise, arise, poor sinner! And cast your fears away: Your Saviour plenteous, O hear his voice.

2. Arise, arise, poor sinner! And on his love depend: Your sins, thou many, he'll forgive.

3. Arise, arise, poor sinner.
The Spirit bids you come
And seek in heaven a land of rest,
Sweet land of rest,
The Christian's native home.

4. Arise, arise, poor sinner,
Your Father's voice now hear;
He says your sins are all forgiven,
All, all forgiven;
My son, be of good cheer.
MIGHTY TO SAVE.

1. There is light in the valley once shrouded with darkness, Hope awakes her bright ray o’er the
    B. Over the dark realms of death, shines a halo of glory. The tyrant no longer so
    gloom of the grave, A Savior ascending fills earth with his brightness, The Jesus, the
    subject of his
    might to save, Mighty to save, mighty to save, Tie Jesus, tie Jesus the mightly to save.

2. 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.

3. There, O there on the banks of the beautiful river,
    Shall anthems of captivity unceasingly rise;
    While angels and saints remain forever
    Unite in the chorus that gladdens the skies.
OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

1. My faith looks up to thee,
   Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine.
   Now hear me while I pray: Take all my guilt away;
   O let me from this day be wholly thine.

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

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 Hrs.

1. From the cross uplifted high,
   Where the Saviour.device to die,
   What ineffable woes we hear,
   Heavens and the wretched ear;
   Love’s redeeming work is done;
   Come and welcome, sister, come.

2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne
   Why beneath thy bounteous grace?

3. Spread for thee, the festive board
   See with richest dainties stored;
   To thy Father’s bosom pressed,
   Yet again a child confided,

4. Sweet the days of life shall end
   Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
   Safe your spirit to convey
   To the realms of endless day,
   Up to my eternal home;
   Come and welcome, sister, come.
IN A MANGER LAID SO LOWLY.

1. In a manger laid so lowly, Came the Prince of Peace to earth; While a choir of angels
2. As the wise men from far, Far and near brought rich gifts to Jew-ry's King, Grateful love, a rich
3. Where Christ's joyful kingdom cometh, Deserts blossom as the rose; And God's gracious rain in

ho-ly, Sang to cele-brate his birth. "Glo-ry in the high-est," Sang the glad an-gel instrain,
break, Would we an out-offering bring. "Glo-ry in the high-est," Let us join the an-gels instrain,
meaidu-light, Where the rose bit and grows. "Glo-ry in the high-est," Once mean-ing to an-othe-stain,

"Glo-ry in the high-est," "Peace on earth, good will to men," "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
1. How gentle God's commands! How kind his precepts are! "Come, cast your burden on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

2. Beneath his watchful eye
   His saints securely dwell;
   That hand which bears all nature up
   Shall guard his children well.

3. And when the humble notes
   Of praise our lips employ,
   Give us to taste the sweet delight
   Which saints in heaven enjoy.

4. His goodness stands approved
   Through each succeeding day;
   I'll drop my burden at his feet,
   And bear a song away.

2d Hymn. S. M.
1. Lord, fix our wandering thought,
   Thy sacred word to hear
   With deep attention and with love,
   With reverence and with fear.

2. Let us remember still
   That God is present here;
   And let our hearts be all engaged
   When we draw near in prayer.

3. Jesus, who knows full well
   The heart of every saint,
   Invites us all his grace to tell,
   To pray and never faint.

4. He beaks his gracious ear;
   We never plead in vain;
   Then let us wait till he appear,
   And pray, and pray again.

5. Though unbelief suggest,
   Why should we longer wait?
   He bids us never give him rest,
   But knock at mercy's gate.

4th Hymn. S. M.
1. Come, Holy Spirit, come;
   Let thy bright beams arise;
   Dispel the arrow from our minds,
   The darkness from our eyes.

2. Convince us of our sin,
   Then lead to Jesus' blood,
   And to our wandering view reveal
   The secret love of God.

3. Revive our drooping faith,
   Our doubts and fears remove,
   And kindle in our breasts the flame
   Of never dying love.

4. To thee in seasons of distress,
   To thee in time of need,
   To thee in every serious part,
   And now create the whole.

5. Come, Holy Spirit, come;
   Our minds from bondage free,
   Then shall we know and praise and love
   The Father, Son and Thee. [Lore]
1. The Sabbath-school’s a place of prayer, I love to meet my teachers there. I love to meet my teachers there.

2. In God’s own book we’re taught to read How Christ for sinners groan’d and blest, How Christ for sinners groan’d and blest.

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

That precious blood a ransom gave For sinful man, his soul to save. For sinful man his soul to save.

3. In Sabbath-school we sing and pray, And learn to love the Sabbath-day;

That, when on earth our Sabbath ends, A glorious rest in heaven we’ll spend.

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

4. And when our days on earth are o’er,

We’ll meet in heaven to part no more;

Our teachers kind we there shall greet,

And oh! what joy ‘twill be to meet

In heaven above, in heaven above, In heaven above, to part no more.
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

1. Jerusalem, the golden, With milk and honey blest, 
   Breath thy contemplation sick
   heart and voice to rest. I know not—Oh! I know not
   What joys await me there. What
   re. History of glory. What bliss beyond comp

2. And they who, with their Leaders, 
   Have conquered in the fight, 
   For ever and for ever 
   Are dale in robe of white. 
   Oh, land that seems no sorrow, 
   Oh, state that fears no strife, 
   Oh, royal land of flowers, 
   Oh, realms and home of life! 
   Oh, sweet and blessed country, 
   The home of God's elect.

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

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

1. Christ, the Lord is risen to-day, Glory Hallelujah! Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah. Love's redeeming work is done, Glory Hallelujah! Fought the fight, the battle won: Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

2. He who died upon the cross, Glory Hallelujah! suffered to rise, Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er, Glory Hallelujah! Lo! he sets ineson our loss, Hallelujah, praise the Lord! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

FULL CHORUS.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Litens again our glorious King; Where, O death, is now thy sting? Weep we now where Christ has led.

Christ has burst the gates of hell Death in vain forbids his rise; Made like him, like him we rise;

Christ hath open'd Paradise Once he died, our souls to save; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
1. The Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold. The hopes and the glories its pages unfold. It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of His love. It shows us the way to the mansions above. It hides us each early the pearl of great price. Truth breast is enslaved in the bondage of vice. Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

2. The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy. Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ. We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth. And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

3. The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring. And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing. Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules. Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our Schools.

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The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father in Heaven, we hallow Thy name. May Thy kingdom holy, on earth be the same. O give us daily our portion of bread. It is from Thy bounty that all must be fed.

2. Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know That humble compassion which pervades each soul. Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin. And This be the glory forever. Amen.
GRAND MILLENIUM SONG.

1. Re-joice, re-joice, the promised time is coming. Re-joice, re-joice, the wilderness shall bloom.

2. Re-joice, re-joice, the promised time is coming. Re-joice, re-joice, the wilderness shall bloom.

And Zion's children then shall sing, "The deserts all are blossoming." Re-joice, re-joice, the promised time is coming. Re-joice, re-joice, the wilderness shall bloom. The Gospel banner, with unfruitful, Shall
GRAND MILLENNIUM SONG. Concluded.

2. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
   Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
   From Zion shall the law go forth,
   And all shall hear from north to north.
   Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
   Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
   And truth shall sit on every hill,
   And blessings flow in every rill.
   Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
   Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

3. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
   Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign,
   And hosts shall with the lorned play,
   For sought shall harm in Zion's way.
   Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
   Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;
   The sword and spear, of meekness worth,
   Shall prune the tree and plow the earth.
   Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
   Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

LORD OF MERCY AND OF MIGHT.

1. Lord of mercy and of might, Of mankind the life and light, Maker, Teacher infinite; Jesus, hear and save.

2. Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
   Humbled to a little child,
   Captive, beaten, bound, reviled—
   Jesus! hear and save.

3. Born aloft on angels' wings,
   Throned above celestial things,
   Lord of lords, and King of kings—
   Jesus! hear and save.

4. Soon to come to earth again,
   Judge of angels and of men,
   Hear us now and hear us then—
   Jesus! hear and save.
JACOB'S PRAYER

1. All night long 'til break of day, Jacob wept his bitter prayer;
Till the Angel on his way, Christ the [Garr. .................] Angel blessed him there.
I'm a sinner too, Turn with anguish, guilt and fear, I to Jesus too will go, Go and bathe his feet with tears.

2. Jesus, at thy cross I lie
All night long 'til break of day;
Perish here, if I must die—
Unforgiv'n, go not away.
Saviour, wilt thou take my heart?
It is all I have to give.
So defiled in every part,
Such a gift wilt thou receive?

3. Oh, how kindly Jesus spoke:
"Go in peace—all is forgiven.
Wilt thou all for me forsake,
Love, and follow me to heaven?"
Jesus, I thy goodness bless,
And with wondering love adore;
Let me never love thee less.
Let me love thee more and more.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.
1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging hidows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven glide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hungry my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my hope from thee I bring;
Cover my Deliverer's head
With the shadow 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,
Then art full of truth and grace.

HOLY SABBATH.

1 Holy Sabbath, happy morning, Joyfully the bells we hear, Sweetly calling, gently calling,
Come the dear fi-nal Its greeting.
Us to praise and prayer,
Calling us to prayer.

2 Holy Sabbath, glad young voices,
Welcome you with joyous song;
While the aged heart rejoices
With the youthful throng;
May the light of this blest morning
Every youthful heart animo,
Instrument, in imitation of the bells.
With a cheerful sacred presence,
That shall banish gloom.

3 Basking in the holy radiance
Of this blessed Sabbath moon,
May the blessed angels keep us,
Till another day;
And when earth's last, purest love-light
Fades from our sight away,
May our risen Saviour take us
To his endless day.
1. Above the waves of earth's strife, Above theills and cares of life, Where all is peace, bright, and fair; My home is there, My home is there, My home is there, My home is there.

2. Where flowing fountains sweetly flow, Where buds and flowers immortal grow, Where trees their fruits celestial bear; My home is there, My home is there. My home is there, My home is there.

Chorus:

My home, My beautiful home, In the land where the glorified ever shall

My home, My beautiful home, In the land where the glorified ever shall
MY HOME IS THERE. Concluded.

1. O, to be there, Where sweet tears of sorrow Shall dim the eye, nor aching pain nor care Shall ever there be there: O, to be there.

2. O, lovely home, Thy fragrant thornyless flowers, Dying not nor die, but everlasting bloom Crowned all thy golden hours: O, lovely home.

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

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. Cho.

HEAVEN.

5. O, let me go! Death shall not there discover Our loving hearts. Where streams of pleasure flow At God's right hand forever: O, let me go!

4. For Thou art there, Who to my soul has given ETERNAL life, that makes me pure and fair; And ride to me in Heaven, For Thou art there.
1. We dedicate to Jesus Our pleasant Sabbath home: 'Tis ours, we freely give it To Him, and Him all. And O, where'er we gather Within these sacred walls, To His the smile that greets us, To His the voice that calls.

2. 'Tis strange the King of glory, The Head of Angel Bands, Should deign to dwell among us In temple made with hands. But we have felt his presence, And still the promise claims, That he will be wherever We gather in his name.

3. We give ourselves to Jesus, Our talents and our love, Thy tender love constrains us And we would feel its shine. O give us strength to labor Till life's brief hour is past, And grant each child and teacher A starry crown at last.
2d HYMN TO THE S. S. DEDICATION HYMN.

1. I want to live for Jesus,
   To hear his voice below,
   And gather if it's needed
   My present hope to show.
   I want to humble spirit,
   The Christian race to run,
   And say whate'er betid me,
   Thy will, not mine, be done.

2. I want to live for Jesus,
   And serve him day by day,
   To labor in his vineyard,
   And always watch and pray;
   Though every tie of nature
   The hand of death should break,
   I want a faith in Jesus,
   That grief can never shake.

3. I want to die in Jesus,
   And shout his power to meet,
   When on the back of Zion
   I mark its rising sun;
   And when I rise triumphant
   To Canaan's happy shore,
   I want to reign with Jesus,
   When time shall be no more.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calms the tempest's storm, And hides me at my Father's throne. Make all my works and wishes known; In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief Through thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2. I'll rest on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! May I thy consolation know; Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!
1. Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound. Still with peace and plenty they are crowned.

2. Blessed are the people whose trust is in the Lord. Walking in the council of his word.

God is ever with them, their refuge and their might. They shall dwell together in his holy light.

They shall be an army who love his holy name. They shall never, never seek his face in vain.

**CHORUS**

Praise blest ye nations, great is your king. Under the shadow of his wing, He will keep you safely
BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE. Concluded.

1. From the tempter's snare, Evil cannot have you, Cannot have you there.

2. Blessed are the people who on his arm repose, Looking to the hills whereon comfort flows; They shall grow and flourish in his strength abide, Like the trees that blossom by the river's side.
   Can.—Praise him, ye nations, etc.

3. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. Raise your triumphant songs To an immortal tone; Let all the earth resound the deeds Celestial grace has done.

2. Sing how eternal love His chief beloved chose, And bade Him rise our watchful eye From their abyss of woes.

3. His hand on thunder bears; No terror shakes His brow; No hills to drive our guilty soul To ficker flames below.

4. 'T was mercy filled the throne, And earth stood silent by, When Christ was sent with pardon down To releas doomed to die.

5. Now, Sovereign, dry your tears, Let hopeless sorrow cease; How to the sceptre of His love, And take the offered peace.

6. Lord, we obey Thy call; We lay a humble strain To the salvation Thou hast brought, And love and praise Thy name.
1. The Lord is in his holy temple, The Lord is in his holy temple.
   Let all the earth keep silence before him, Let all the earth keep silence before him.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

1. How calm the righteous when he dies!
   When sinks a weary soul to rest
   How mildly beam the closing eye,
   How gently heaves th'expireing breast.

2. No sooner, a summer cloud away;
   No sooner sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
   No gently shuts the eye of day;
   No dies a wave along the shore.

3. Farewell conflicting hopes and fears,
   Where light and shade alternates dwell;
   How bright the unchanging moon appears;
   Farewell, inconstant world, farewells.
2d Hymn. Ss & 78.

1 Love and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone.
Do we mind our neighbor's pleasure
Just as if it were our own?

2d Hymn. Ss & 7.

1 To the wandering and the weary,
Everywhere on land and sea,
Jesus calls in tones of mercy.
"Come, dear children, come to me."

3d Hymn. Ss & 7.

1 Asleep in Jesus? blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the blast of sin.

2 Asleep in Jesus? ah, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meek!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus? O for me
May such a blissful slumber be!
Securely shall my slumber lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

EVENING PRAYER.

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to night;
Through the darkness he thou art to keep our safe till morning light.

2 All this day thy hand has led us,
And we thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothe us, warmed us, fed us,
Listen to our evening prayer!

3 May our sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends we love so well.
Take us, when we die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

4 We should always care for others.
Nor suppose ourselves the best;
Let us love like friends and brothers,
"Twas the Saviour's last request.

5 His example we should follow,
Who forsook his throne above,
And endured such pain and sorrow,
Out of tenderness and love.

6 When an selfish thought would seize us,
And our resolution break,
Let us then remember Jesus,
And resist it for his sake.

2 From our home, our household alien.
When our father bowed the knee,
Oft we hear a voice inviting.
"Come, dear children, come to me."

3 When at night upon our pillow,
We have raised our prayer to thee,
Then we felt the word unspoken.
"Come, dear children, come to me."

4 Oft we hear it when our teachers
Talk to us of Calvary;
In our hearts its tones resound —
"Come, dear children, come to me."

5 When we pass death's troubled river,
Calm and peaceful it will be,
If we hear that voice of counsel,
"Come, dear children, come to me."

D. E. Jones.
THE CHILDREN'S TE DEUM.

HENRY TUCKER.

We praise thee, we bless thee! Thou who only art divine; No name is worthy such homage as thine; Our heart's adoration forever we will gladly bring To thee, our Redeemer, Creator, and King.

SECOND CHORUS.

1. To meet the glad chorus our voices we raise, And join with our souls in the anthem of praise;
2. For mercy unnumbered, for tenderest care, For blessings thy children we humbly store;
3. For all the sweet presents faithfully given, For all the bright hopes that look forward to heaven;
4. Our raiment in shining exultingly rise. To join with the angels whose songs fill the skies.

CHORUS.

We praise thee, we bless thee! Thou who only art divine, For no name is worthy such homage as thine.
THE CHILDREN'S TE DEUM. Concluded.

S O L O.

With our girls in glory, We bow, still they story, Glad to
New joy, fully blended, With rapture ascending, Our tri
our hearts, warmly glowing, With soul's, dy flowing, All giv
You, an, girls in glory, Still her, old the story, Sing praise en fai

Joy and praise, Thou'rt our Saviour and King. We praise thee, we bless thee. Those who only art divine,
praise to thee, Blessed Saviour and King.
praise to thee, Blessed Saviour and King.
ever more, To our Saviour and King.

No name is worthy such honours as thine; Our heart's adoration for ever we will gladly bring To thee, our Cre

THE PORT OF PEACE.

1. Where, O where is your vessel going. See her now on the waters blue,
2. Mil from now to that vessel looking. Young and old on the deck they stand,
3. Praise the Lord, 'tis the old ship Zion. Jesus is in her Captain's name;
4. Quick! on board, she has weigh'd her anchor. Quick! on board, for the wind is fair;

All her sails in the breeze are beating. Hear the song of her gallant crew.
Yet there's room and a hearty welcome. Pass safe to the promised land.
Culinary from her mast are flying. We have heard of her noble home.
World, adieu, we are sailing on. Heaven's our home, and our hearts are there.

CHORUS.

Haste on board, 'tis the Captain calling. We are waiting, we are waiting. Precious souls we are

All on board, 'tis the Captain calling. We are waiting, we are waiting. Precious souls, ye.

Chorus to last strain.
THE PORT OF PEACE. Concluded.

O FATHER OF ALL.

Words by Mrs. J. M. PAYT.

1. O Father of all, to Thee would we give Our dutiful love, as long as we live. Amen.

2. Here, reading we learn the Saviour to know, Who waits in His word His love to be show; In

dying Thy grace and embracing Thy truth, The Bible we take for the guide of our youth, youth,
prayer and promise—so all have been given, To bless us on earth, and to save us in heaven, heaven.

3. Salvation we take, and hope to impart The love that we feel transforming the heart. Dear Saviour, O help us henceforth to proclaim To pardoning sinners the grace of Thy name.

4. Our Sunday School ideas, 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.
VOICES, HAPPY VOICES.

WORCESTER PARISH WIRE.

1. Voices, happy voices, In the Sunday school I heard, I hurried along, and

 chords to see A youthful band, and they said to me, "Why will you linger, Why will you stay, Turn from your

Chorus.

pastime, turn from your play. O come to the Sunday school, O come to the Sunday-

"Flowers, wild and few flow..."
1. Voices, happy voices,
   On the gentle summer breeze,
   How sweetly they come to the wanderer's heart.
   And bid the tear of repentance start;
   List to the chorus, what does it say?
   Turn from your pastime, turn from your play. Cha.

2. Voices, happy voices,
   From the Sunday-school arise.
   The crying they lead to the path of light,
   And make the soul of the mourner bright,
   Telling of victory, telling of rest,
   Pointing to Him, home of the blest. Cha.

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.

SCRIPTURE SENTENCE.

"Let your light so shine before men,
That they may see your good works,
And glorify your Father which is in heaven."
CHORUS OF FIRE.

"And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory, stand on the sea of glass, having the harp of God. And they SING THE SONG OF MOSES AND THE SONG OF THE LAMB."

Rev. xv. 2, 3.

Words and Music by Rev. H. LOWRY. By permission.

1. Of gold are Heruf-ter, These ev'-ry bright re-f'er Willahah in the thunder of sanctified song; And


ev'-ry swif-ten-ger Proclaim an e-van- gel, To awaken God's saints to the glori-fied throne!

CHORUS

Oh! chorus of Evr. That will burst from God's choir. When the loud halle-lu-jahs leap up from the soul,
CHORUS OF FIRE. Concluded.

Till the flowers on the hills, And the waves in the rills, Shall tremble with joy in the music's deep roll.

2 Oh! hosts without number,  
Awaked from death's solemn sleep,  
Who walk in white robes on the emerald shore,  
The glory is over you,  
The throne is before you,  
And weeping will come to your spirits no more.

5 Oh! mansions eternal,  
In fields ever sown,  
Awaiting your tenantry ransomed from sin,  
We'll stand on your pavement,  
No more in servitude,  
With hymns songs to Jesus who welcomes us in.

4 Oh! Jesus, our Master,  
Composed to beat faster  
Those weary, idle praises that bring us to Thee,  
'Till, past the dark portal,  
We stand up immortal,  
And sweep with huzzas the jasper-hill sea.

THY WILL BE DONE.

1 My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say; (Oss)  
Thy will, my God, be done?

2 If thou shouldst recall me to resign What must I prize—not me or was mine,  
Oh—by y'old time what was thine; (Oss)  
Thy will, my God, be done?

3 Howard pacing sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father, still I'll strive to say,  
Thy will, my God, be done!

4 Control my will from day to day;  
Blend it with thine, and take away  
Whatever makes it hard to say,  
Thy will, my God, be done!

5 Thou when on earth I breathe no more,  
And life's and conflicts all are o'er,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will, my God, be done!
LET ME DIE IN THE HARNES.

"God grant that you may drop down in the harness. God give you the privilege of working to the last and best."—Henry Ward Beecher.

Music worthy for this work.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Let me die in the harness, Let me die in the work In the work my Master has given me to do. With his arm to uphold me, and his promise to cheer. Oh, how

Joyful my way I'll pursue. Strong in him I'll bear my burden. Cheerful in the
Let me die in the harness. Concluded.

2. Let my head never worry, let my heart never faint.
   He has said his grace is sufficient for me;
   Let me work in the vineyard, let me work in the field,
   For my Master who suffered for me.
   I am His, I feel, I know it.
   He is a savior, faith divine,
   O ye sweet for Him to labor,
   Jesus, my Saviour, what rapture is mine.

3. With my lamps trimmed and burning, and my staff in my hand.
   While the gospel truth for my morsels 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 easterly pinions waited
   Rest me forever in His dear embraces.

Old Hundred. L. M.

Desc. No. 1. Be thou, O God, exalted high.
   So let it be on earth displayed,
   And as thy glory fills the sky,
   Tell them art here as there obeyed.

Desc. No. 2. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.
   Praise him, all creatures here below;
   Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
   Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Desc. No. 2. To God the Father, God the Son,
   And God the Spirit, Three in one,
   Be honor, praise, and glory given,
   By all on earth, and all in heaven.
WILL THE ANGELS COME TO ME!

A little boy, formerly a member of the closet of W. R. Sabbath-school, recently wrote a letter to his teacher, an extract of which we give below:

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

Words written for this song.

Moderato, with expression.

CHORUS.

Expressive and distinct.

Oh! I see the shining angels. Gathering round my dying bed; With their harps and crowns of glory. Thus a faithful mother said: While celestial songs were singing There the heavenly courts a

love. Seraphs came from glory bringing Blessed words of peace and love. When I near death expectancy
WILL THE ANGELS COME TO ME? Concluded.

Will they come, Will they come, Will they come,
Will they come, Will they come, Will they come,
Will they come, Will they come, Will they come,
Will they come, Will they come, Will they come,
Will they come, Will they come, Will they come,

Will they come, Will they come, Will they come,
Will they come, Will they come, Will they come,
Will they come, Will they come, Will they come,
Will they come, Will they come, Will they come,
Will they come, Will they come, Will they come,

2 Earthly joys, I know, are fleeting;
Earthly pleasures quickly go;
But the joys that last forever,
From the heaven's fountain flow.
When released from life's short duty,
My glad spirit would be free;
Gilding all the dreaded gloom!
When from loved friends I've parted,
And their tears are flowing free;
When from Joseph's books I've started.

From that land of peace and beauty,
Will the angels come to me. Chorus.
Oh, how sweet to feel their presence,
In the brazen and silent room;
With their bright and shining faces.

Will the angels come to me?
1. Dear Father, grant our earnest pray’r, While here we weekly bow before thee, That those committed to our care May in a brighter world adore thee; And should the sweet and glorious sound Of “welcome home” to us be given: Oh, God a just account may render, And when we lay ourselves to die, And life’s flower and at last is riven: May what a glorious sight ‘twould be To see our Sabbath-school in heav’n, To see our Sabbath-school in heaven, we with shining garments meet! This sweet lov’d Sabbath-school in heav’n, This sweet lov’d Sabbath-school in heaven.
THE HAPPY TIME.

1. O the happy time is coming, When the gospel trumpets sound, Shall be heard by every nation, To the earth's remotest bound: Let the morning light will break, And the day is drawing nigh, Yes, a glorious time is coming soon. We shall hail it by and by.

Chorus:

When the rude shall build no more, When the trumpet shall be sound, We will never be afraid. In their calm and quiet shade, Oh! they who sit in heaven's darkness, They shall hear the morning light, And the world, with songs of triumph, We will sing in the Bible.

2. When the vale shall be exulted, And the verdant hills rejoice, And the ocean join the chorus, With a loud triumphant voice. Lo! the morning light will break, And the day is drawing nigh, Yes, a glorious time is coming soon. We shall hail it by and by.

Chorus:

When the rude shall build no more, When the trumpet shall be sound, We will never be afraid. In their calm and quiet shade, Oh! they who sit in heaven's darkness, They shall hear the morning light, And the world, with songs of triumph, We will sing in the Bible.

3. And the standard of our Saviour, Be the olive branch of peace; Underneath our vine and fig-tree It is promised in the Bible.

Chorus:

When the rude shall build no more, When the trumpet shall be sound, We will never be afraid. In their calm and quiet shade, Oh! they who sit in heaven's darkness, They shall hear the morning light, And the world, with songs of triumph, We will sing in the Bible.
OUR VICTORY.

We are marching on to glory. We are marching on to glory. We are marching on to glory.

Listen to the wonderful story, Listen to the wonderful story, Listen to the wonderful story.

Let the gospel banner rise, How he gained the victory, How we found the glorious way,

Leading to the happy gate of glory, glory, Leading to the happy gate of glory,

OUR VICTORY. Concluded.

1. Let us sing, Let us sing, Of our glorious, glorious victory.

2. When heart by sore temptation
   Jesus' heart against us rose,
   With the strength of salvation
   Did we triumph over our foes.
   Now we praise the Lord on high
   For our glorious, glorious victory.
   Let us sing, etc.

THE FOXES HAVE HOLES.

1. The foxes have holes, and the birds have nests, But Jesus my Saviour had not where to lay his head,hand.

2. How precious is the book divine
   It sweetly cheers and drooping hearts.
   This lamp thro' all the tedious night
   Of life, shall guide our way;
   Till we behold the clearer light
   Of an eternal day.

3. By inspiration given,
   Bright as a lamp its doctrines give,
   To guide our souls to heaven.

4. In this dark vale of tears,
   And life, and light, and joy impart,
   And banish our fears.
LET THE GOOD ANGELS COME IN.

1. They hover around us; bright angels are near; To glory immortal they win; Then
2. To comfort the heavy, and strengthen the weak. Their mission of mercy and love; And

Gladly we'll open the door of our hearts, And let the good angels come in; How
Oft on their beautiful pinions of light, They hear our petitions above. O

Kindly, our Father has sent them to keep A watch o'er his children below; They're with us by day, their love;
Let them come in, they are holy and pure. Their presence how tenderly sweet; They echo the song of the
LET THE GOOD ANGELS COME IN. Concluded.

eyes o'er sleep, They're with us where'er we go. Let them come in, let them come in,
happy and blest. They learn at Immanuel's feet.

Let the good angels come in, come in; Let them come in, let them come in. Let the good angels come in.

Come in.................. Come in.................. Good angels come in......

Then let the good angels come in, come in, Then let the good angels come in......
SAVATH JOYS.

1. Gisly I hail the morning of the Sabbath day, Gisly with joyous spirit, Then I haste a-way

2. Dearly I love thy pleasures, Precious Sabbath school, Where I can learn the meaning Of the golden rule; Doing good each day to others, As to me I'd have them do.

CHORUS

Blow busy my breast, Hasting to thy folded arms, With your sweet and dewy fragrant O'er our Sabbath school.

Leaves taught by earnest teachers, Faithful, kind, and true. Ch.-

Of the Sabbath day, Dearly still I love thy pleasures, Precious, precious Sabbath school. Where my heart can learn the meaning Of the golden rule. Ch.-
I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER.

1. I am waiting by the river, And my heart has well of long. Now I think I hear the
   rust Of the angel's welcome song. Oh, I see the dawn is breaking on the
   hill-tops of the blast, Where the rich are come from trembling, And the weary he at rest.

2. Far away beyond the shadows
   Of this weary vale of tears,
   There the tide of bliss is sweeping
   Through the bright and changeless years;
   O! I long to be with Jesus,
   In the garments of the blast,
   "Where the wicked come from trembling,
   And the weary be at rest."

3. They are kneeling on the river,
   From the wild and quiet shore,
   And they soon will hear my spirit
   Where the weary with no more;
   For the tide is swiftly flowing,
   And I long to greet the blast,
   "Where the wicked near from trembling,
   And the weary be at rest."
"OUR RULE."

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. It should ever be our rule, When we go to Sabbath-school, To have bright and happy faces, And be early in our places. Always happy, always neat, spoken, With a silence all unbroken, Showing thee the precious seed,

2. When the truths of God we love, We should lead a willing ear, Listening to the word then When our teachers dear we greet, When we greet, When our teachers dear we greet, That shall blossom in our soul, In our soul, That shall blossom in our soul.

3. When the prayer ascends so high, We should sit with downcast eye, Lifting up our hearts in heaven, Praying that his grace be given, That his kind and loving care May go with us everywhere.

4. We will sing the songs we love, Mingling with the sweet above, Joining in the joyful chorus Praise to God who reigneth o'er us, This shall ever be our rule In our pleasant Sunday school.
WATER IS FREE.

1. Children, come, while onward pressing, Sing cheerily, Thanks for bounteous nature’s blessing, To you and me, No money is required to buy; Enough to cheer and sit by: The clouds distill, the springs supply, Water is free. Water, pure water, yes, water is free, Water, pure water, yes, water is free.

2. Where the rainbow arch is gleaming, Far, far from me. Where the mountain rills are streaming, So pleasantly, Where taken in poised beauty lies, Where Love’s hours go sailing by, Where ocean rolls we hear the cry, Water is free.

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

4. Come, then, children, join in singing Most heartily; Thanks for crystal water springing For you and me.

WATER IS FREE.
JOY! JOY! JOY! (The Prodigal's Return.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

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

Let time pass, love be strong.

1. Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in heaven with the angels; Joy! joy! joy! for the prodigal's return.

He has come, he has come, to his Father's house at last; He was lost, he is found.

A little lower.

And the night of gloom is past. Blessed hour of joy, and reconciliation sweet. For his
HOW SHALL I BE HAPPY.

WRITTEN SPECIFICALLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. How shall I be happy? O, how shall I be happy, how shall I be happy all the day, all the day; how shall I be happy all the day, all the day?
2. How shall I be happy? O, how shall I be happy, how shall I be happy all the day, all the day; how shall I be happy all the day, all the day?
3. How shall I be happy? O, how shall I be happy, how shall I be happy all the day, all the day; how shall I be happy all the day, all the day;

JOY! JOY! JOY! Concluded.

heart is full and his love complete. His Father sees him and hastens to meet, And bids him welcome home.

2 Joy! joy! joy! in the courts of heaven descending,
   Joy! joy! joy! o'er the prodigal's return;
   Hark! the song, hark! the song,
   Tie a joyful, joyful strain,
   Welcome home, welcome home,
   To thy Father's home again,
   While his eye is dim with the falling tears,
   Of repentant grief, ever wasted years,
The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,

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 fixed at last in the golden street,
   Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
1st stanza.

Always ready, never delaying, Still with cheerful heart obeying Where my duty calls; In my Saviour's
Jesus led me by my neighbor led me in his vineyard later; This my joy shall be; I was lost—
Every trial lightly bearing, Never weary or despairing shall my comfort be; In my Saviour's

FULL CHORUS

love a-hilding, In his word my hope confiding, Trusting him for all. This will make me happy,
Jesus found me, I can tell the world around me, He has died for me.
love a-hilding, In his word my trust confiding, Lord, I'll live for thee.

happy, happy, always happy, This will make me happy, happy all the day.
EXAL'T HIM ALL YE PEOPLE.  Anthem.

Joyfully

1. Exalt him all ye people, And let your songs arise, In loud exalted numbers, While heav'n and earth reply.

F. E. CHORUS. "Exalt him."

The brook that murmurs lightly, The bird in silver lay, Proclaim our great Creator, And gently speak his praise.

The crystal drops that linger In yonder arch: blue, And from the bow of promise With reverberated hue.
EXALT HIM ALL YE PEOPLE. Continued.

The radiant stars that glitter like angel eyes above, are messengers of gladness That tell his wonders.

p. c. CHORUS. “Exalt Him.” Choral style

love; That tell, that tell his wonderful love. Pour out your heart before him, And to his scepter bend, Whose love and

Original measure.

ever, Whose kingdom has no end. Exalt him, exalt him, exalt the King of glory. His mighty works pro-
EXALT HIM ALL YE PEOPLE. Concluded.

His mighty works proclaim. Let every sinner adore him, And bless his holy name, And bless, and bless, and bless his holy name.

And bless, and bless his holy name, And bless, and bless, and bless his holy name.

And bless, and bless his holy name.

And bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his holy name.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
   Let me to thy bosom fly;
   While the hills o'er me roll,
   Leave, ah! leave me not again.

2. O'er refuge have I none—
   Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
   While the tempest still is high,
   Hide me, O my Saviour, still support and comfort me.

While the hills o'er me roll,
Leaves, ah! leave me not alone.

While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour, still support and comfort me.

*This may be used with variety with the effect, by two harmonizing the song, and all the girls (and boys, whose voices have not attained the full voice) singing the same parts. Each voice or the whole, may be for concert or solo, or spoken by N. C. improvised and other public performances in which simple taste for preparation is allowed. The accompanying parts should be sung in a soft, undisturbed tone of voice.*
Jesus, Lover of My Soul. Concluded.

5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all, in Thee I find,
Here the sinner, see the saint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I cry all unrighteousness;

Yield and fall of sin I saw—
Thus art full of truth and grace.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;

Pleasant grace with Thee is found—
Grace to perfect all my see;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Guide me, Thou great Deliverer,
Save me from the floods of death.

O receive my soul at last.
Safe into the haven guide.
O receive my soul at last.
Safe into the haven guide.
O receive my soul at last.
Safe into the haven guide.
O receive my soul at last.
Safe into the haven guide.

O receive my soul at last.
With the shadow of Thy wing.
O receive my soul at last.
With the shadow of Thy wing.
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With the shadow of Thy wing.
THE BEATITUDES.

To an eun. "And seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came near him; and he opened his mouth and taught them anything:

BOLD, or A FEW VOICES. ALL

1. Blessed are the poor in spirit: For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
2. Blessed are the meek: For they shall inherit the earth.
3. Blessed are the merciful: For they shall obtain mercy.
4. Blessed are the peacemakers: For they shall be called children of God.

All.

5. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, And shall say all manner of evil against you.

FULL CHORUS.—Repeat.

1. They shall be comforted. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad. For great is your reward in.
2. They shall be filled.
3. They shall see God.
4. There is the kingdom of heaven.
5. False, ly for my sake.
HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

Allegro—with animation.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning; Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning; Long by the prophets of Israel foretold,

Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning; Zion in triumph begins her mild song,
Hail to the millions from bondage returning; Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
THE GOSPEL HARVEST. Anthem.

Lord of the Gospel harvest, send more laborers forth into thy field, send more laborers forth;

More pastors teach thy flock to tend, More workmen raise thy house to build, His work and plans to

each assign. And clothe the word with power divine. And clothe the word with power divine.
OVER THE TIDE.

1. Dear mother, don't think of me as in the tomb, For I shall not see its dark shadows and gloom.

And I shall not fear though the river be wide, For Jesus will carry me over the tide. For Jesus will carry me over the tide.

2. You'll know where to find me, dear mother, in heaven. Though every fond tie you have cherished be riven, You'll follow me hence to the land of the blest, Where sighs are not heard, and the weary ones rest.

I'm going to live with the angels so fair, I'll look for you, mother, and wait for you there, Where tears do not flow, and where death cannot come. Together we'll dwell in that beautiful home.

* Father, brother, or older may be substituted when more appropriate.
COME UNTO ME. Chant. No. 1.

1. With tearful eyes I look around,
   Life seems a dark and stormy sea.
   Ye, “nigh the gloom I hear a sound,
   A heavenly whisper, Come to me.

2. It tells me of a place of rest—
   It tells me where my soul may lie.
   Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
   How sweet the bidding, Come to me.

How sweet the bidding, Come to me.
Earth is no resting place for thee,
Hastenward direct thy weeping eye.
I am thy portion, Come to me.

3. When nature shoulders, both to part
   From all I love, en. joy, and see.
   O voice of mercy!—voice of love!
   In conflict, grief and joy, ay,
   A sweet voice offers, Come to me.
   Support me, cheer me from above!
   Come, for all else must fall and die,
   And gently whisper, Come to me.

CHANT. No. 2. “JUST AS I AM.”

Miss that naught sate me, I will in no wise cast out—John vi. 44. WM. B. BRANSTET.

1. Just as I am—without one plea,
   But that thy blood was shed for me,
   And that thou biddest me come to
   O Lamb of God, I come! Thou

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—though tossed about
   With many a conflict, many a doubt,
   Fightings within, and fears with
   O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am—poor, weak, and blind
   Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
   Yes, all I need is Thee to find
   O Lamb of God, I come!

5. Just as I am—Then wilt receive;
   With welcome, pardon, change, restore.
   Because thy promise, I lay, I save
   O Lamb of God, I come!

6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown
   Has broken every barrier down.
   New to be This, yes; This it is
   O Lamb of God, I come! (Last)
GIVE THANKS: Chant No. 3. Antiphonal.

Solo, or Semi-chorus.*

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; For his mercy endur-eth for ev-er.

Solo, or Semi-chorus.

2. O give thanks unto the God of gods; For his mercy endur-eth for ev-er. Amen

2. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords;
3. To him who alone doth great wonders;
4. To him that by wisdom made the heavens;
5. To him that stretched out the earth above the waters;
6. To him that made great lights;
7. The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night;
8. Who remembereth us in our low estate;
9. And hath remembered us from our enemies;
10. Who giveth food to all flesh;
11. O give thanks unto the God of heaven;

Chor. For his mercy endur-eth forever.
Chor. For his mercy endur-eth forever.
Chor. For his mercy endur-eth forever.
Chor. For his mercy endur-eth forever.
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Chor. For his mercy endur-eth forever.
Chor. For his mercy endur-eth forever.
Chor. For his mercy endur-eth forever.
Chor. For his mercy endur-eth forever.

* By treasurer or teachers—The responses by the scholars.
CHANT. No. 4.  
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and abounding in mercy.
2. He will not always chide; neither will He keep His anger forever.
3. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
4. For as the heavens are high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him.
5. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He moved our transgressions from us.
6. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.
7. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.
8. He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.

CHANT. No. 5.  THE LORD'S PRAYER.  
GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven;
2. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. Chant No. 6.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

To the First Part of the Chant.

To the Second Part.

To the Third Part.

To the First Part.
CHANT. No. 7. Psalm cxxii. Dr. CLAIB.  

1. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.  
2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is built as a city that is com- passed with a defence.  
3. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.  
4. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.  
5. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.  
6. Peace be within thy walls; and prosperity within thy palaces.  
7. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace; be with thee.  
8. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good. Amen.

CHANT. No. 8. "Father, I know." Wm. H. BRADBURY.  

1. Father, I know thy ways are just, Al-though to me un-known. O, grant me grace thy love to trust, and try. "Thy will be done."  
2. If thou shouldst hedge with thorns thy 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 sovereign right I'll own. And, as instructed by thy grace, I'll cry, "Thy will be done."  
4. To the sweet throne passively to lie Be fore thy gracious throne. Concerning every thing to cry - "My Father's will be done."
OCCASIONAL PIECES.

SING TO ME MOTHER.

Words by A. A. H.

Gentle and soft. May be sung as a Song, Duett or Chorus.

1. Sing to me, mother, ah! sing some sweet strain That each low cadence my heart will enchain: Soothing with
2. Oh! have our voices been blended in song; Oh! have the night-winds our strains borne along; Oh! have the
3. Sing to me, mother, ah! sing some sweet strain Love and soft thrilling, each tender refrain: Something I

musically disclose. Murmurs of passion or meanings of woe. Tired is my Spirit of
morning-birds, warbling in glee. Tuned their sweet notes to our gay melody. But the long win for that
loved, when in childhood’s bright years, sunshine and smiles were unmingled with tears. Means o’ now, pure as the
SING TO ME MOTHER. Concluded.

watching and pain; Hark! for me now with thy strong arms again! Be sure's dark pinions have sheltered my ailed their strain, Chilled my young heart with the first touch of pain; Mute is my voice like the birds on the pear-blossom skies, Wake in the sound of thy music again! Tenderly, softly, while softly I

brow. Sing to me, mother, O sing to me now! Sing to me, mother, O sing to me now! Laugh, Sing to me, mother, etc. bow Sing to me, mother, etc.

THE GOOD AND THE KIND.

W.H. BRADBURY,

1. The good and the kind, the good and the kind, (Felt Betty's in their path ever springing,) The good and the kind, the good and the

2. The good and the kind, the good and the kind, (In simplest of blessings fed pleasure,) The good and the kind, the good and the

3. The good and the kind, the good and the kind, (Eager in the sunshine of heaven, And beautifully to-morrow's even.) The good and the kind, the good and the

4. The good and the kind, the good and the kind, (Are useful, and chaste not from labor, To serve brother, blind or deaf,) The good and the kind, the good and the

5. The good and the kind, the good and the kind, (Be kindness their party sharing, Will dwell with the poor and the living.) The good and the kind, the good and the

6. The good and the kind, the good and the kind, (Be kind to the lonely, the aged,) The good and the kind, the good and the

7. The good and the kind, the good and the kind, (Are angels, for they wear a garb,) The good and the kind, the good and the

8. The good and the kind, the good and the kind, (Will dwell with the poor and the living.) The good and the kind, the good and the

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34. The good and the kind, the good and the kind, (Be kindness their party sharing, Will dwell with the poor and the living.) The good and the kind, the good and the

35. The good and the kind, the good and the kind, (Are angels, for they wear a garb,) The good and the kind, the good and the
1. Sweet Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,
    Straight up thro’ the snow,
    Altho’ the March breezes blew keen.

CHORUS.

She the white snow lay on many a place; Daffy-down-dilly, Daffy-down-dilly, Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold.

2. Fair Daffy-down-dilly had heard under ground
    The sweet running sound
    Of streams as they burst of their white winter chains,
    Of whistling spring winds, and the gathering rains.

Chorus.

3. "And now then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart;
    "It’s time I should start!"
So she pushed her soft leaves thro’ the hard-frozen ground;
    Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

Chorus.

4. With snow all about her; gray clouds overhead;
    The trees all looked dead,
    The sun would not shine, and the ice would not melt,
    Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt?

Chorus.

5. "Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working away;
    "The earth’s hard to-day!
    There’s but a half-inch of my leaves to be seen,
    And two thirds of that is more yellow than green.

Chorus.

6. I can’t do much yet; but I’ll do what I can;
    It’s well I began;
    For if I can’t manage to lift up my head,
    The people will think that the spring itself ’s dead,”

Chorus.

7. So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
    All clustered about;
    And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
    Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

Chorus.

8. O Daffy-down-dilly, so brave and so true!
    Would all move like you.
    So ready for duty we still ask beheld
    Your courage and beauty in spite of the cold.

Chorus.
THE CHRISTMAS TREE,
ON KRIS KRINGLE.

1. Who comes this way so blithe and gay, Upon the merry Christmas day, So merrily, so cheerfully, With his pep and his plume, trumpet and drum, And lots of pretty things he brings, So now be quick, your places take, And this is Santa Claus's man, Kris Kringle with his Christmas tree.

2. His sleigh-bells ringing with a merry chime, As off it rolls the reindeer spring. Go up, go down, how swift they go, O, ver the ice and drift of snow, Far he must call on one and all, His master's pretty pets you see, For all a merry little make: For now he's near, he'll soon appear, And see his jolly face shall you see, O, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

3. With his peered hat and reindeer sleigh! With pretty toys for girls and boys, As pretty as you ever did see! Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, He is Santa Claus's man, Kris Kringle, etc.

Welcome, Santa Claus's man, Kris Kringle, etc.
THE CHRISTMAS TREE. Concord.

Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, Right merry we shall be, You jingle, jingle, Come Kris as Kris, Come with your Christmas tree; And welcome, welcome, welcome Kris, Right welcome shall you be, Others be, yes, yes, the Kris, The Kris with the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree.
CROWDING AWFULLY.

This song may be sung in character to great advantage either by a boy or an adult, pointing to some in the "crowed" or holding up the "awful". The chorus whether a quartette or a larger number should sit in the wings or behind them. One of their number should have a paper representing the pledge. All should remain seated while singing the other, until the last verse, when the solo singer or reading the line "you may pass," etc., should rise and take the pledge from the one who is holding it, and leading off the chorus should advance to the front of the stage waving it above his head. The last they should be singing standing, all rising quickly and singing with great spirit.

E. B. HANBY. From "Charm'ed Sman." by permission.

1. These Temperance folks do crowd us awfully, Crowed us awfully, Crowed us awfully, They're cast folks do crowd us awfully. They dare not think I care, They dare not think I care, I'd like to know what's all the fuss about, Is
3 They think we pledge these blue testotakers.
Not testotakers. Blue testotakers.
Stick the pledge, these blue testotakers.
Boo! With the ruby rose.
They talk of war and want and poverty
Want is poverty, want and poverty.
Talk of war and want and poverty.
There's truth in that I s'pose.
My soul, I know, is rather needy.
And my soul is rather too needy.
My right foot goes but poorly hopped.
And the left one wears a shoe.
Chorus—Then forward, etc.

3 I wish these shapes would cease to pity me.
Come to pity me, cease to pity me.
Wish these shapes would cease to pity me.
I'm not yet quite bereft.
Though I come to search my own fat pocket book,
Come to search my own fat pocket book.
There's many six-pence left.
There's a wife down town would smile like Venus.
If I'd sign the pledge this day:
There's a bright hair's child would jump and expect.
You may pass the pledge this way.
Chorus—Then forward, etc.
FESTIVE SONG.

1. Come, join our zephyr number, Our merry, merry lay, While pleasures like a
2. O happy golden moments, We hail them with delight, While every heart re-
3. Yet, while our strains of music In tuneful echoes fall, Oh, let us each re-

Sing in full, Potrang.

trips along our way, She brings a festive garland From hopes' enchanted bowers, A wreath of smiling
every eye in sight; The bird that wakes the greenwood, The basket that fans the bean, The rooftops in the
Lord, the source of all; Who crowns with joy and comfort Our youthful days below, And tells us of a

Singly voice. Also. Also.

roses, A wreath of smiling roses, A wreath of smiling roses, Impacted with summer showers,
meadow. The basket in the meadow, The basket in the meadow, Are not more glad than we
country, And tells us of a country, And tells us of a country, Where pure bliss flows.
FESTIVE SONG. Concluded.

CHOIR.

Sing, sing, merrily, All united joyful, joyful, Mingle our festive song.

NEVER SAY "I CAN'T."

IN HARMONY.

1. Never say "I can't," my friend, Never say it. [Inter or same.] When such words as these I hear, They soon jump and run away.

2. Boys and girls that timidly play, Never say it, From the face of boy or girl, Oh they make me doubt and fear, Never say it. [Inter or same.] Skip, and run, and play their pranks; Even dull men when they're gay, Never say it.

3. Never mind how hard the task, Never say it. Find some one wise, go seek, Till you have your lessons learned: Never mind how hard the task, Never say it. "Tis men who do the noblest deeds, Never say it.

4. He who lacks the strength he needs, Tries his best and gets it soon, And at length he well endures, Never say it.

5. But when evil tempts to wrong, Always say it. In your virtues firm and strong, Drive the tempter from your sight. And when falles round you throng, Ever say it.
OUR DARLING ONE.

SONG AND QUARTETTE.

WM. B. HERBURY.

Often in the family, a gentle, pure song with Piano-forte or Melodion accompanied is needed to vary the nature of church singing. Such songs, with appropriate sentiment, are not always at hand. We insert "Our Darling One," above, "sacredly sung," as a specimen of this class of Sacred music. Its sentiment will be found pure, and its influence good.

Moderato.

1. Where the ivy vines are sleeping, And the lovely violets blue, Where the golden
2. Where the wood nymphs softly wander, Through the shades of glowing trees, In the gay
3. But where angels tune their voices, To the praises of the Lamb, And the sanctified

Piano Forte or Melodion.

wil- low, weeping, Points the road we all must go! Where the birds are sweetly singing, o-ver yon-der, Where there blows the gentle breeze; Still the breaking morn rises lightly, soul re-joices In the glo- ry of his name; In the realm of heavenly plea-sure,
OUR DARLING ONE. Concluded.

And the evening asphyles play, Where the bells at eve are ringing, There our darling one we laid.
By the silken drooping shades, And the angels hover lightly, Where our darling one is laid.
Where the rose ne'er decay, We shall find our darling treasure in a world of endless day.

QUARTETTE OR CHORUS.

Where the bells at eve are ringing, There our darling, There our darling one we laid.
And the angels hover lightly, Where our darling. Where our darling one is laid.

We shall find our darling treasure, In that bright er, Brighter world of endless day.
1. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest, Thus breath'd by the East, on the heart of the West;
2. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest, By the earth-pilgrim sung as he longs for his rest;
3. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest, Breathing hope to the spirit, and hope to the rest;
4. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest, We are but earth pilgrims here, longing for his rest;
5. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest, Thus breath'd by the East, on the heart of the West;

How your songs o'er us like perfume from flowers, He, wet with his blood in Gethsemane's bowers,
How ye tell that all sorrows, all troubles shall cease, On the stour where the Lamb in his bosom gave peace,
Still round us your Para-dise—sin—tie shall roll, Still whisper of Christ to each re-laiden soul!
Dear fathers, dear mothers, all households that long For the smile of the Lord, and the glorified song!
In your sweet songs swelling from Cal-va-ry’s sod, We have mercy and Para-dise promised by God!
FULGUR.

O song of the beau-ti-ful, Songs of the beau-ti-ful, Songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest.

QUANTE LIGH.

O song of the beau-ti-ful, Songs of the beau-ti-ful, Songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest.

WAYLAND.

WE R. BRADBURY.

For a season I'll be part. Let us now ourselves ascend To the gracious eye and heart Of our ever present Friend.

2. Join hear our humble prayer To the shepherd of thy sheep, Let thy mercy and thy care Always angels in safety keep.

3. In thy strength do we beseech The burden every cross and pain, And our waiting lives prolong Till we meet on earth again.
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<td>The throne of grace</td>
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<tr>
<td>121</td>
<td>The word of the Lord</td>
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<tr>
<td>122</td>
<td>The young children</td>
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<tr>
<td>123</td>
<td>They have around me</td>
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<tr>
<td>124</td>
<td>This life is a warfare</td>
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<tr>
<td>125</td>
<td>They will be done</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>126</td>
<td>To every one to think</td>
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<tr>
<td>127</td>
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<tr>
<td>128</td>
<td>To God the Father</td>
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<td>129</td>
<td>To the wandering and</td>
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<td>130</td>
<td>Traveling</td>
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<td>131</td>
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<td>132</td>
<td>Victory</td>
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<td>133</td>
<td>Yes I will bless thou</td>
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<td>134</td>
<td>Yes we trust the Lord</td>
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**Note:** The table above includes a list of index entries with their corresponding page numbers.