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Spiritualists' Hymnal

A CHOICE SELECTION OF

NEW AND SELECTED HYMNALS

SUITABLE FOR

Spiritualist Meetings,

Lyceums and Seances.

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Sweet Summer Home.

"In my father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14:2.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

Moderato.



1. Sweet home a-bove, sweet home of love, Thou fair land of the free,
2. Sweet home a-bove, sweet home of love, Where no more storms a-rise,
3. Sweet home a-bove, sweet home of love, Be-yond the si-lent tomb,



CHO. Sweet home a-bove, sweet home of love, No more shall grief or gloom



We love to feel that ev'-ry soul May find sweet rest in thee;
Nor tear-drops fall, nor dark-ness pall The ev-er smil-ing skies,
How sweet to know, while here be-low, In heav'n we have a home.



Nor want nor care dis-turb us there, Where all is peace at home.



We've no a-bid-ing cit-y here, But seek for one to come,
By faith, the pure in heart be-hold That land where an-gels roam,
The joys of life are oft-en bright, Yet chill-ing blasts will come;



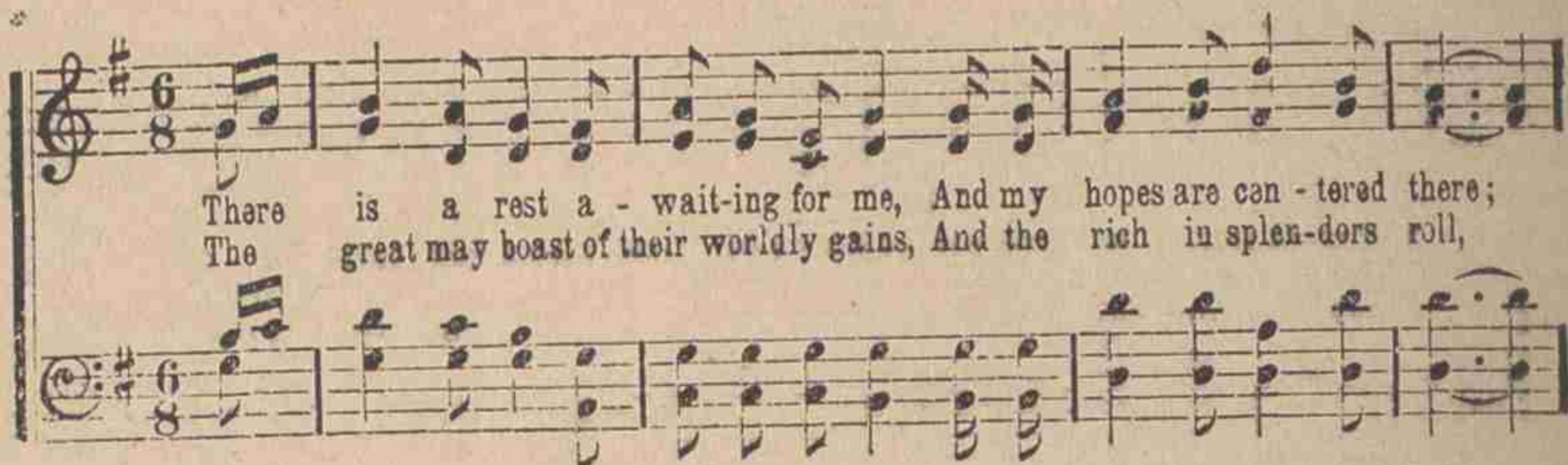
And tho' our way be dark and drear There's light and peace at home.
Where hopes ne'er die, nor loves grow cold, In that e-ter-nal home.
But, oh! we long to see the light Of that sweet sum-mer home.



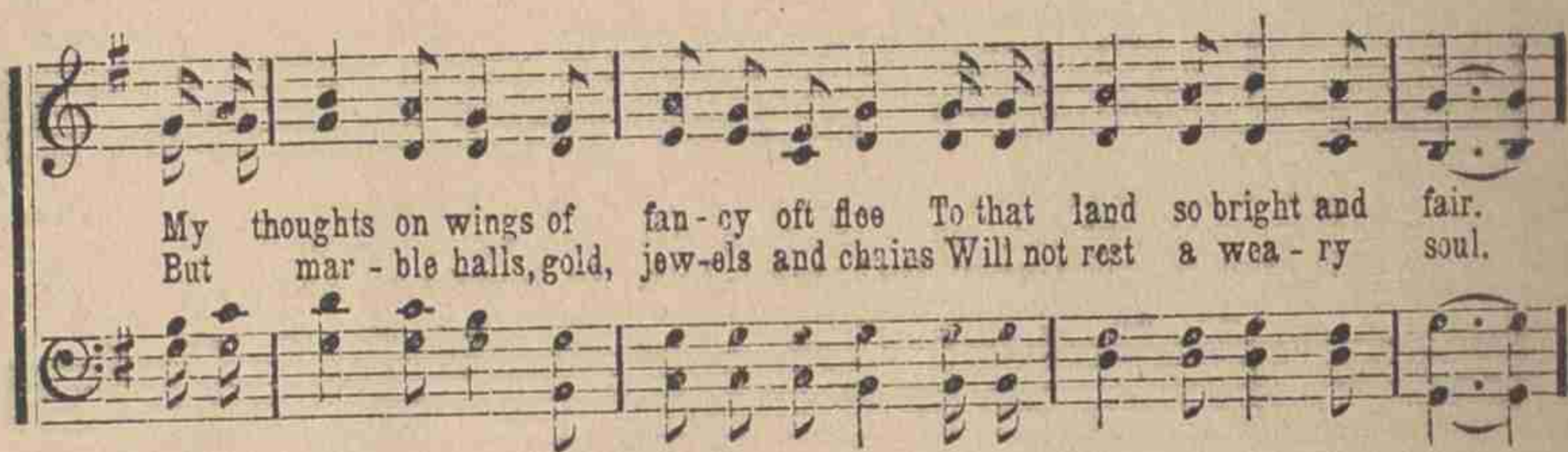
That Glorious Rest.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.



There is a rest a - wait-ing for me, And my hopes are can - tered there;
The great may boast of their worldly gains, And the rich in splen-dors roll,

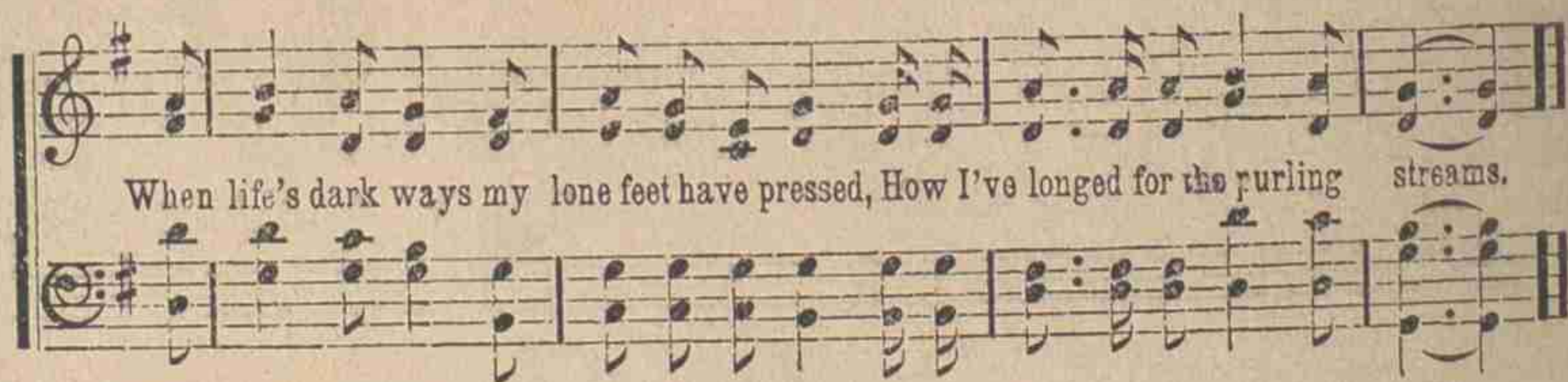


My thoughts on wings of fan-cy oft flee To that land so bright and fair.
But mar - ble halls, gold, jew-els and chains Will not rest a wea - ry soul.

Chorus.



That rest, that rest, that glo - ri - ous rest, So sweet does it seem in my dreams;



When life's dark ways my lone feet have pressed, How I've longed for the purling streams.

3
Sweet bards may sing of a sunny clime,
Where the skies are clear and bright,
But there are scenes more grandly sublime
In that land of love and light.

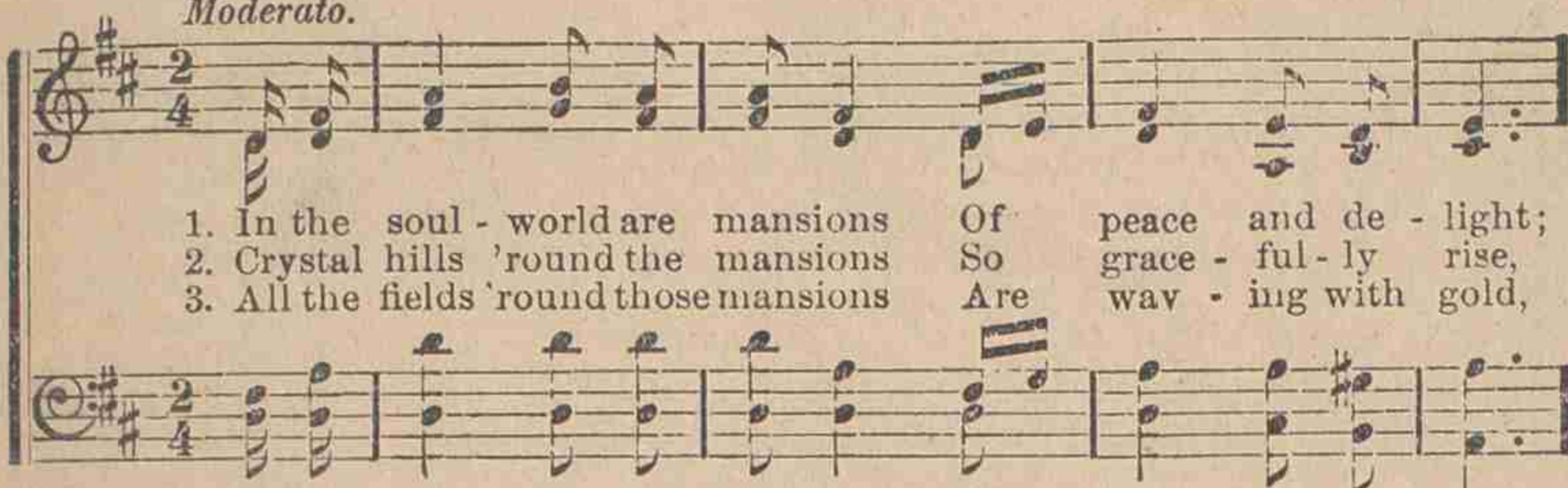
4
Bright land of beauty and sunshine so fair,
Where our friends are with the blest,
And they wait to welcome us over there,
In that world of peace and rest.

Sweet Home by the River.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

Moderato.



1. In the soul - world are mansions Of peace and de - light;
 2. Crystal hills 'round the mansions So grace - ful - ly rise,
 3. All the fields 'round those mansions Are way - ing with gold,



There, dear ones are wait - ing All robed in pure white,
 Like a - zure-clad mountains, They blend with the skies;
 There life - plants with love-bloom In beau - ty un - fold;



And they sing sweet - est an - thems Of love on that shore,
 There the rain - bows of prom - ise Re - main all the year,
 And there fruits grow im - mor - tal On ev - er green trees,



In their home by the riv - er, Where night is no more.
 Near that home by the riv - er, Sweet soul rest so dear.
 Sweet, sweet home by the riv - er, We love thee for these.

4
 All our friends in those mansions
 Are faithful and true,
 We love them more dearly
 Than blossoms love dew;
 Like the field-blooming lilies,
 And as free from all care,
 In that home by the river
 Are the dear loved ones there.

5
 For a place in those mansions,
 With title made clear,
 A mountain of diamonds
 Were treasures less dear;
 There life is all pleasure,
 And the weary find rest
 In that home by the river,—
 Fair land of the blest.

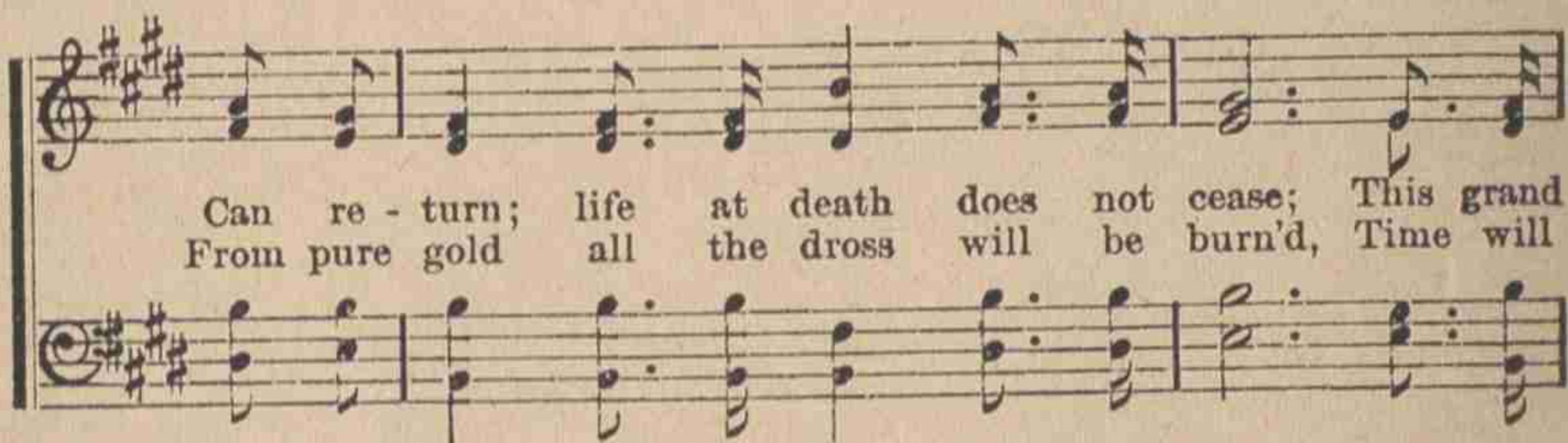
Angels Sing Once Again.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

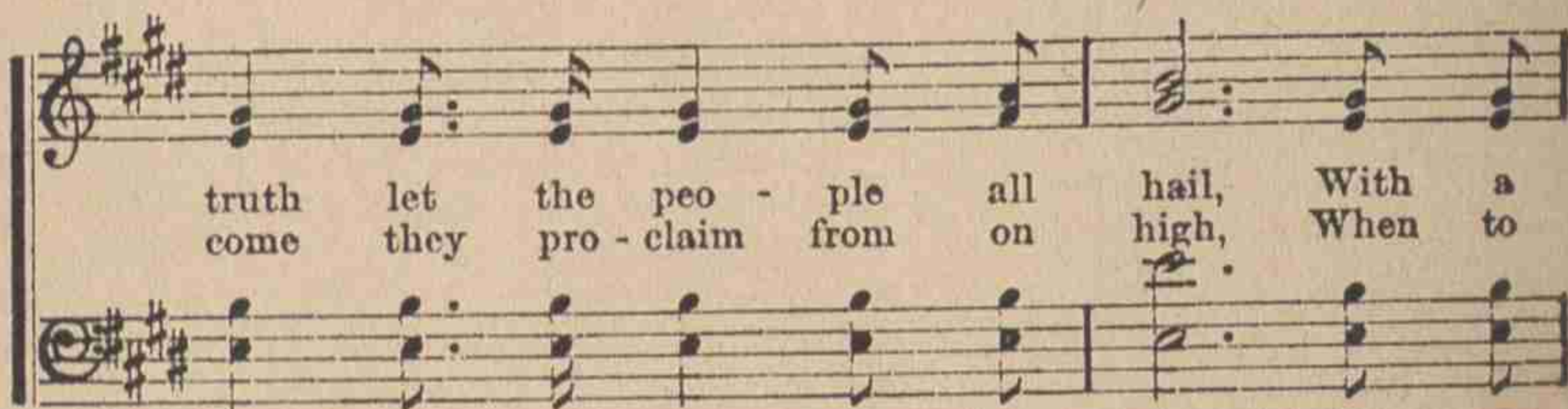
M. W. M.



1. Those, we love who have passed through the vale
2. They or - dain that the old wrong must die,



Can re - turn; life at death does not cease; This grand
From pure gold all the dross will be burn'd, Time will



truth let the peo - ple all hail, With a
come they pro - claim from on high, When to

Chorus.



shout as the hand-maid of peace. } An - gels sing once a -
plowshares the sword shall be turn'd. }



- gain, Oh, how sweet - ly they chant as of yore,

Angels Sing Once Again. Concluded.

Hear them sing once a - gain: "Let the na - tions now

learn war no more, Let the na - tions now learn war no more."

3. We are glad that our Father in love,
Kindly grants that His children may
know,
That our dear spirit friends from above,
Come to help make a heav'n here
below.—CHO.

4. Then rejoice ever more, love shall reign,
Sing the sweet notes of joy once a -
gain,
Let all nations now join this refrain,
"Peace on earth and good will to all
men."—CHO.

Hymn of Peace and Progress.

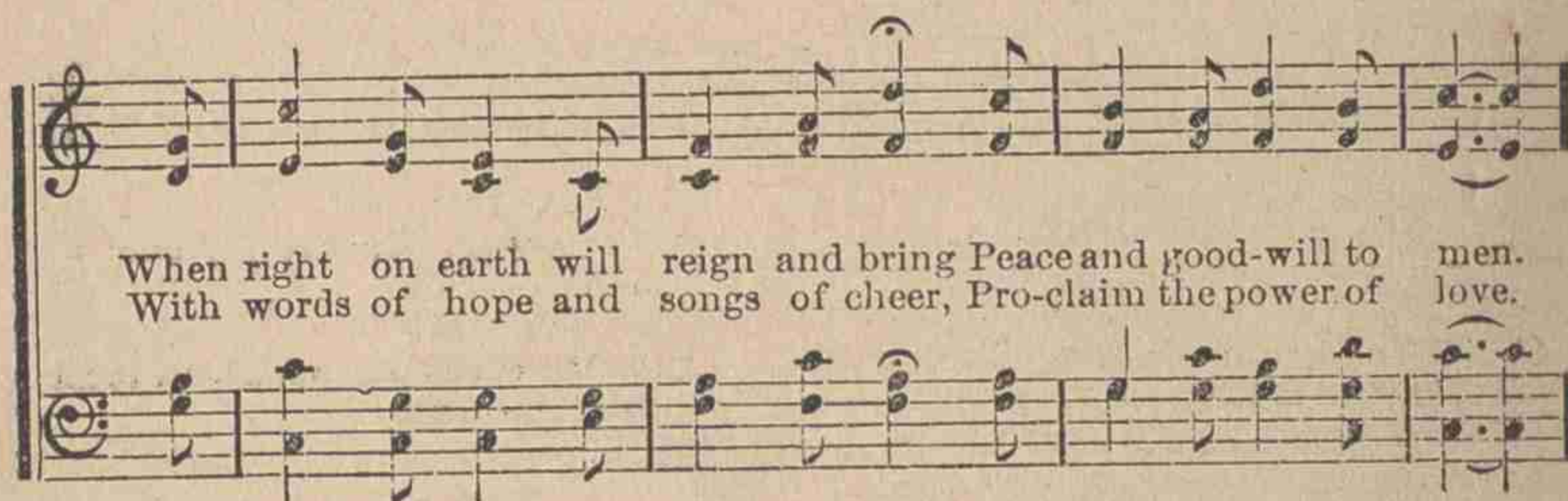
B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.

Moderato. cantabile.



1. Re-joice! and with the an-gels sing Glad tid-ings once a-gain,
 2. The pure in heart with rapture hear Sweet seraphs from a-bove,

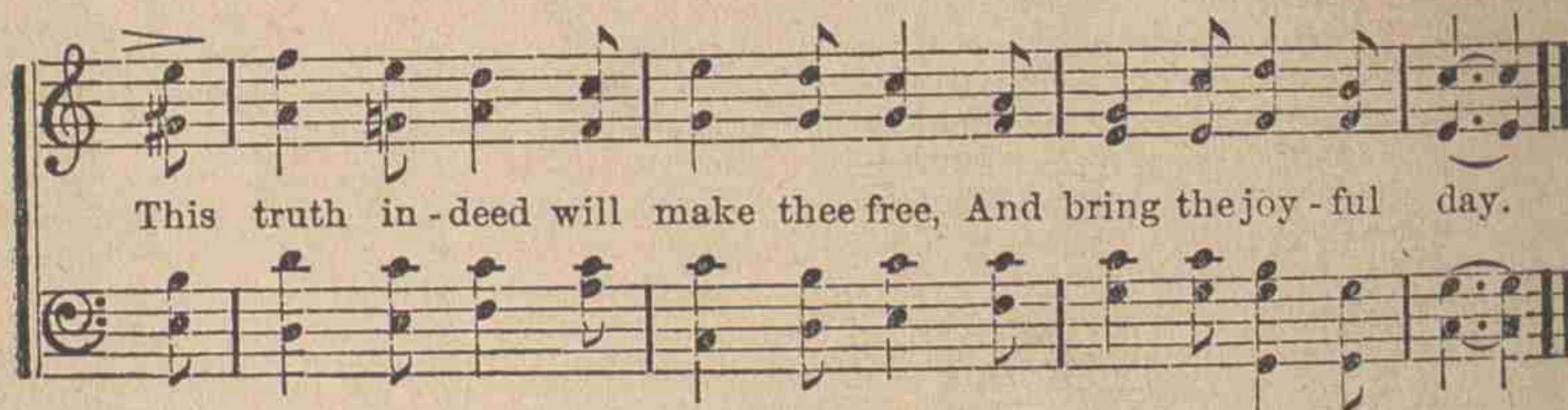


When right on earth will reign and bring Peace and good-will to men.
 With words of hope and songs of cheer, Pro-claim the power of love.

Chorus.



Peace, Pro-gress, Light and Lib-er-ty! Come, chant the cheerful lay,



This truth in-deed will make thee free, And bring the joy-ful day.

3.

They come to prove man never dies,
 We only leave this clay;
 When death shall come we only rise
 To everlasting day.

4.

There we shall have a just reward
 For all our words and deeds;
 Our judge will be a righteous Lord,
 With no respect for creeds.

We Shall Meet Over There.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

1. We shall meet those we love o - ver there, In that pure, peaceful land of the blest,
2. We have mansions prepared for us there, Tho' like wan-der - ers here we may roam,

When our hearts are all weighed down with care, This bright hope brings a sweet thought of rest.
There the flow - ers are fade-less and fair, And the pil - grim at last finds a home.

Chorus.

We shall meet o - ver there, When the jour - ney of life here is o'er;

We shall meet o - ver there, We shall meet there to part nev - er more.

3
They have music most sweet over there,
And their harps are all brighter than
gold, [wear,
Spotless white are the robes which they
And the good there have treasures un-
told.

4
In that home for the soul over there,
All the motives of life will be known,
Then let each for that land now prepare,
Where all reap what on earth they have
sown.

Open the Beautiful Gates for me.

B. M. L.

Miss. M. W. M.



1. There is a world, a beau - ti - ful world, Where the
 2. There is a land, a beau - ti - ful land, Where the
 3. There is a shore, a beau - ti - ful shore, Far be -
 4. There is a home, a beau - ti - ful home, Decked with



skies are al - ways bright There flow - ers sweet will for -
 fields are bright and green,, With gold - en grains and rare
 - yond all care and strife, There pain and sor - row are
 gems that shine like gold, Dear friends a - wait for us



- ev - er bloom, In that land of love and light.
 fruits of love, Which no mor - tal eye hath seen.
 felt no more, In that land of love and life.
 o - ver there With a love that ne'er grows cold.

Chorus. world,.....



That world, that world, that beau - ti - ful world, Sweet

Open the Beautiful Gates for Me. Concluded.

rest for the soul when set free; Come, an - gels, come, and

wel - come me home, Come o - pen the gates for me.

5.
There is a place, a beautiful place,
Where they know not grief or care,
To gain that clime, that glorious clime,
We must lay up treasure there.

6.
That heav'n, that heav'n, that beautiful
heav'n.
We may reach— not by one bound ;
We build the ladder on which we rise,
And we climb up round by round.

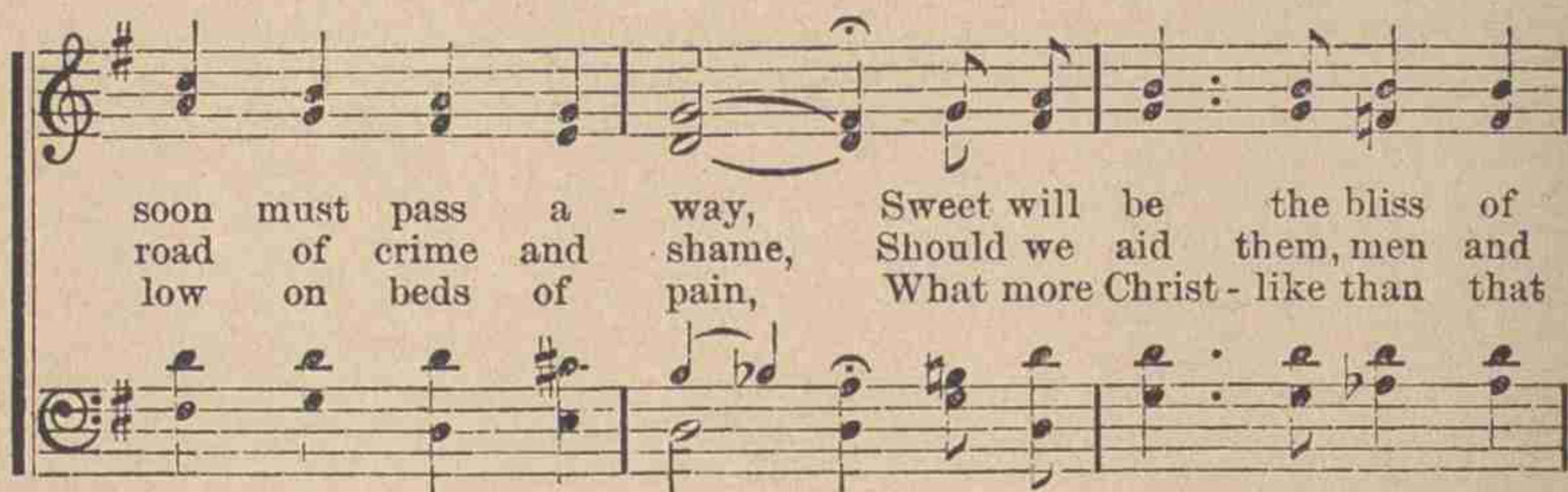
Oh, how Glorious!

B. M. L.

Miss M. W. M.



1. When we feel earth - life is clos - ing, That we
 2. When we meet frail mor - tals reel - ing Down the
 3. When we find the pale and fee - ble Ly - ing



soon must pass a - way, Sweet will be the bliss of
 road of crime and shame, Should we aid them, men and
 low on beds of pain, What more Christ - like than that

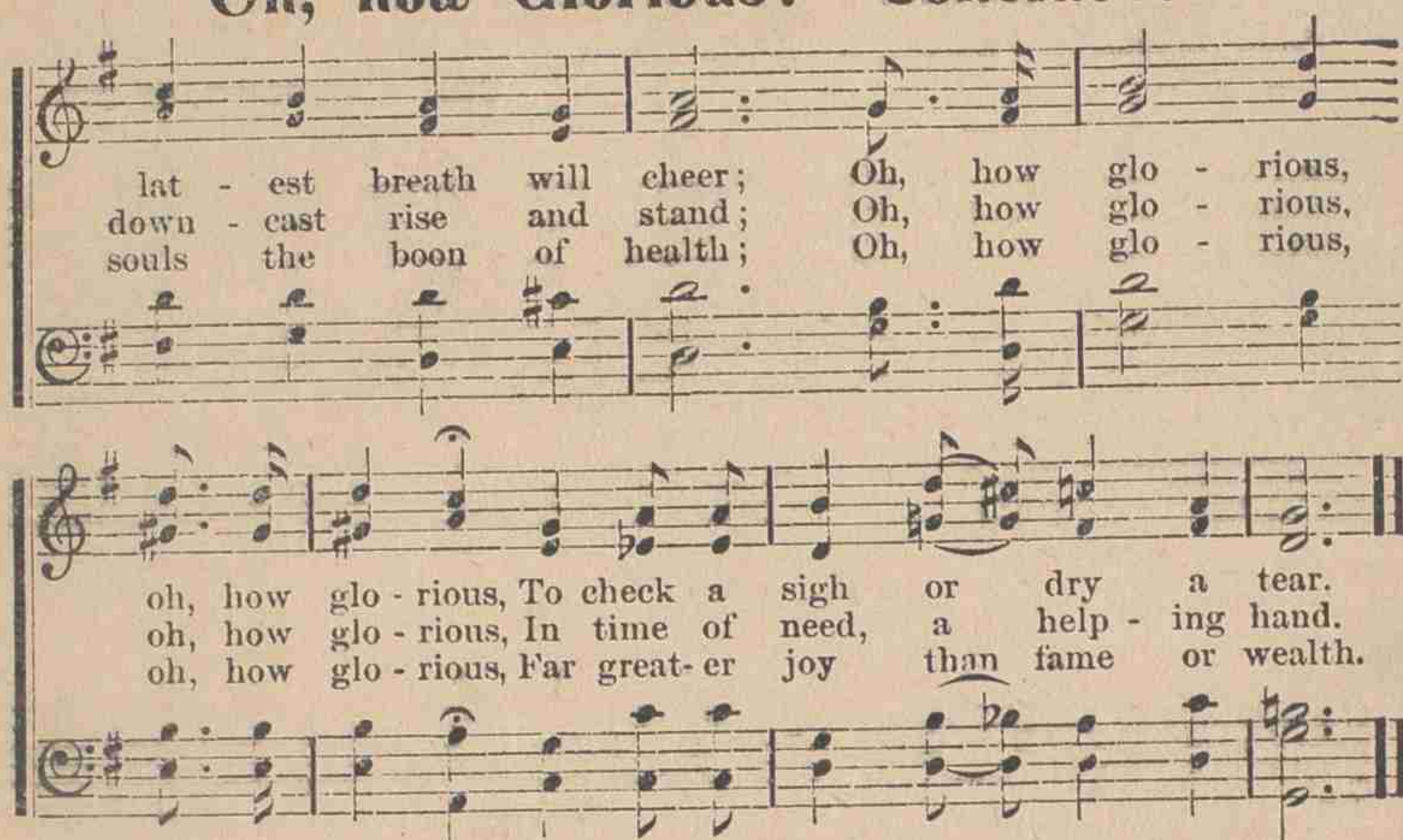


know - ing We have done some good each day.
 an - gels May rise up and bless our name.
 call - ing Which will give them strength a - gain.



Oh, how glo - rious, oh, how glo - rious, This thought our
 Oh, how glo - rious, oh, how glo - rious, To help the
 Oh, how glo - rious, oh, how glo - rious, To bring sick

Oh, how Glorious! Concluded.



lat - est breath will cheer; Oh, how glo - rious,
 down - cast rise and stand; Oh, how glo - rious,
 souls the boon of health; Oh, how glo - rious,

oh, how glo - rious, To check a sigh or dry a tear.
 oh, how glo - rious, In time of need, a help - ing hand.
 oh, how glo - rious, Far great - er joy than fame or wealth.

4.

When we think of homeless outcasts,
 Famishing for lack of food,
 May we feel all men are brothers,
 And delight to do them good.
 Oh, how glorious, oh, how glorious,
 When we remove another's woe;
 Oh, how glorious, oh, how glorious,
 No sweeter joys the angels know.

5.

When we know loved ones are near us
 From the unseen world above,
 Sordid aims and schemes will vanish,
 Then our souls will blend in love.
 Oh, how glorious, oh, how glorious,
 This tho't will cheer our latest breath;
 Oh, how glorious, oh, how glorious,
 When we shall triumph over death.

Sweet Hour of Pray'r.

Slow.



1.

Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
 That calls us from a world of care,
 And bids us at the Father's throne
 Make all our wants and wishes known:
 In seasons of distress and grief
 Our souls can always find relief,
 ||: And thus escape the tempter's snare,
 By help from thee, sweet hour of pray'r! ||

2.

Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
 Bring angels down from over there,
 And may their tranquil truthfulness
 Engage our waiting souls to bless:
 May love divine bid passion cease,
 And fill each soul with joy and peace,
 ||: Let faith and hope remove despair,
 Trusting in thee, sweet hour of pray'r! ||

From the Other Shore.

"And He shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet."—MATT. xxiv: 31.

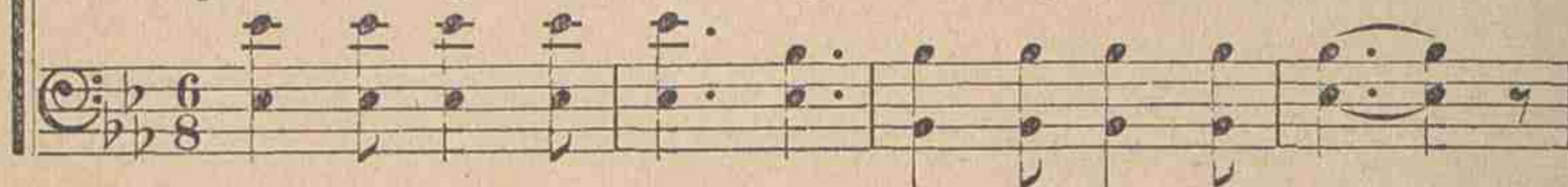
B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.

With energy.



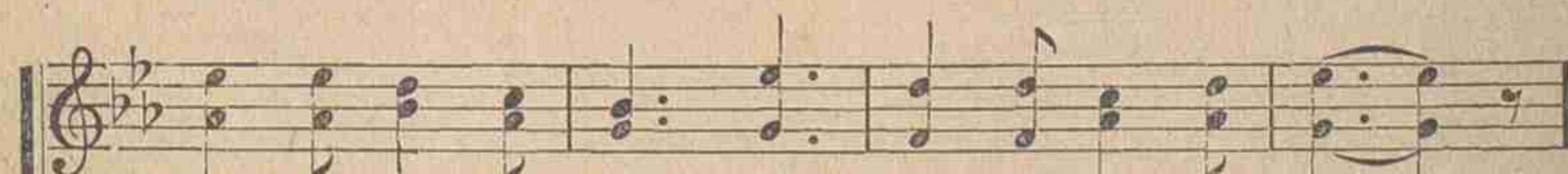
1. Through the port - als beam - ing, From a world of bliss,
2. Spir - its bright re - turn - ing, Pass - ing to and fro,



Gold - en light is stream - ing From that land to this.
Each have charge con - cern - ing, Dear one's left be - low.



Down to scenes ter - res - trial, Ser - aph's from a - bove,
They our feet are guard - ing Lest we dash a stone;



Chant - ing songs ce - les - tial, Come with hope and love,
No - ble deeds re - ward - ing, None are left a - lone.



From the Other Shore. Concluded.

Chorus.



Heav'n and earth are blend - ing, Blow the trum - pet, blow;



Life is nev - er end - ing, Let all na - tions know;



An - gels now are sing - ing From the oth - er shore,



Hear the sweet notes ring - ing: "Peace on earth once more."

3.

Few has earth of roses,
Thorns and thistles grow;
Scarce we find oasis,
Deserts burn below.
Here, 'mid gloom and sadness,
We have toil and care;
But a world of gladness
Waits us over there.

4.

In that blest to-morrow
There is no more night;
And they know no sorrow
In that land of light.
We shall pass the portals
When for us they come;
And with dear immortals
Find sweet rest at home

One more Loved one Gone.

Miss M. T. SHELHAMAR.

M. W. M.



1. One more lov'd one gone be - fore us, Gone to make our path-way straight; Searching
 2. One more star in heav-en gleam - ing, Shedding forth a gold - en ray, O'er the
 3. An - gels called *him from the mor - tal, Called *him from his sin and strife, From the



through the gloom - y val - ley To the gleam-ing pearl-y gate. One more
 path of lov'd ones toil - ing, Up life's rug - ged, wea - ry way. One more
 death of liv - ing sor - row To the joy of end - less life. An - gels



saint - ed life trans - plant - ed To the gar - den of our Lord; One more
 jew - el in the king - dom, Plac'd by Him who reigns a - bove, In the
 whis - per'd. "Come up high - er!" As they led the heav'nward flight, Up the



an - gel joins the cho - rus, Chant-ing songs of sweet ac - cord.
 pre - cious roy - al sit - ting Of His pure and per - fect love.
 shin - ing gold - en stair - way To that land of peace and light.

* The word "her" or "them" can be substituted for "him" when occasion requires.

The World hath Felt a Quick'ning Breath.

"Swallow up death in victory"—Is. 25: 8.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

Allegro.



1. The world hath felt a quick'ning breath From heaven's eternal shore, And
2. Our cypressleaves are laid a-side For am-a-ranth-ine flow'rs, For
3. Im-mor-tal eyes look from a-bove Up-on our joys to-night, And
4. "Sweet spirits, wel-come!" once a-gain With lov-ing hearts we cry; And:



souls tri-umph - ant o - ver death Re - turn to earth once more. For
deaths's cold wave does not di - vide The souls we love from ours. From
souls im-mor - tal in their love In our glad songs u - nite. A -
"Peace on earth, good-will to men," The an - gel hosts re - ply. From



this we hold our ju - bi - lee, For this with joy we sing:
pain and death, and sor-row free, They join with us and sing: } "O
- cross the wave - less crys-tal sea The notes tri-umph-ant ring:
doubt and fear, thro' truth made free, With faith tri-umph-ant sing:



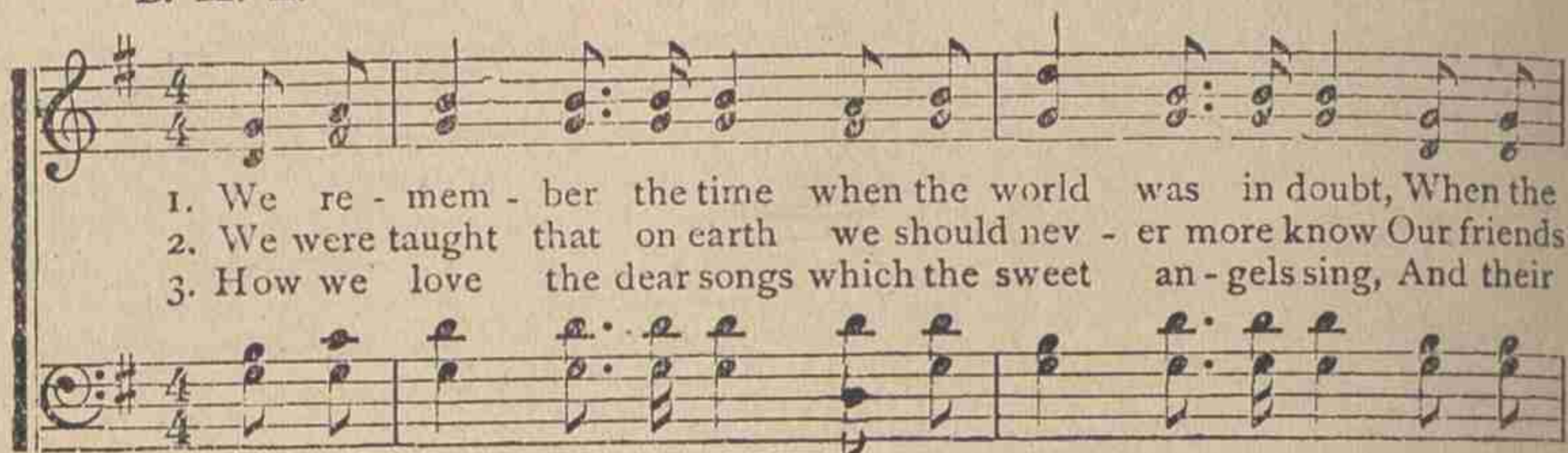
Grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O Death, where is thy sting?



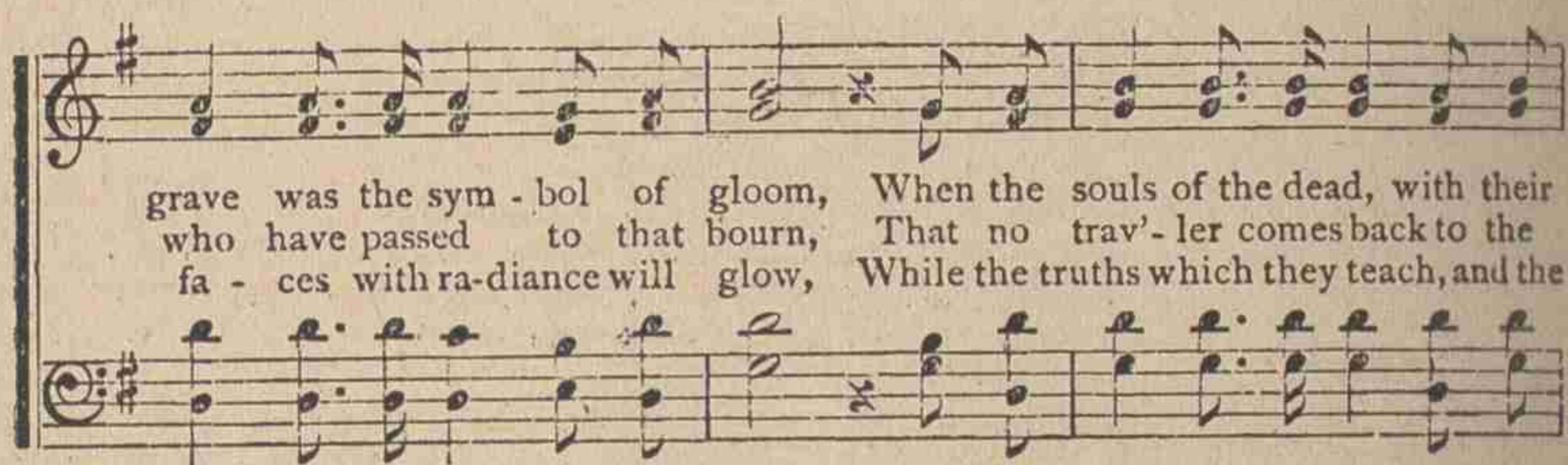
We shall Meet them Again.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

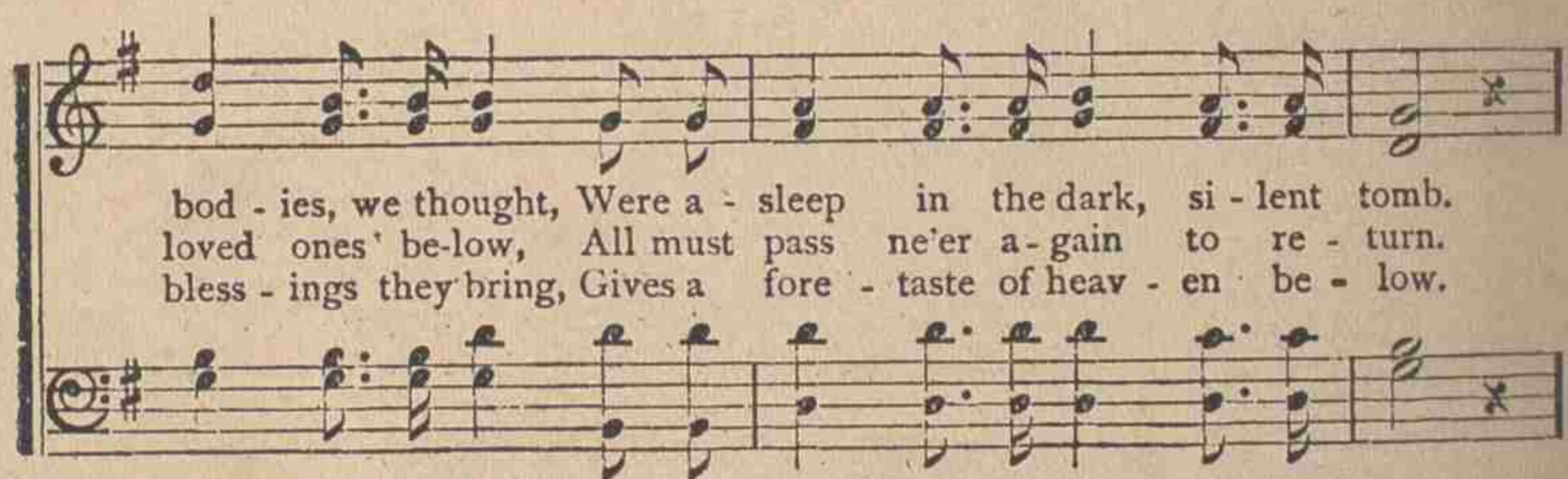
B. M. L.



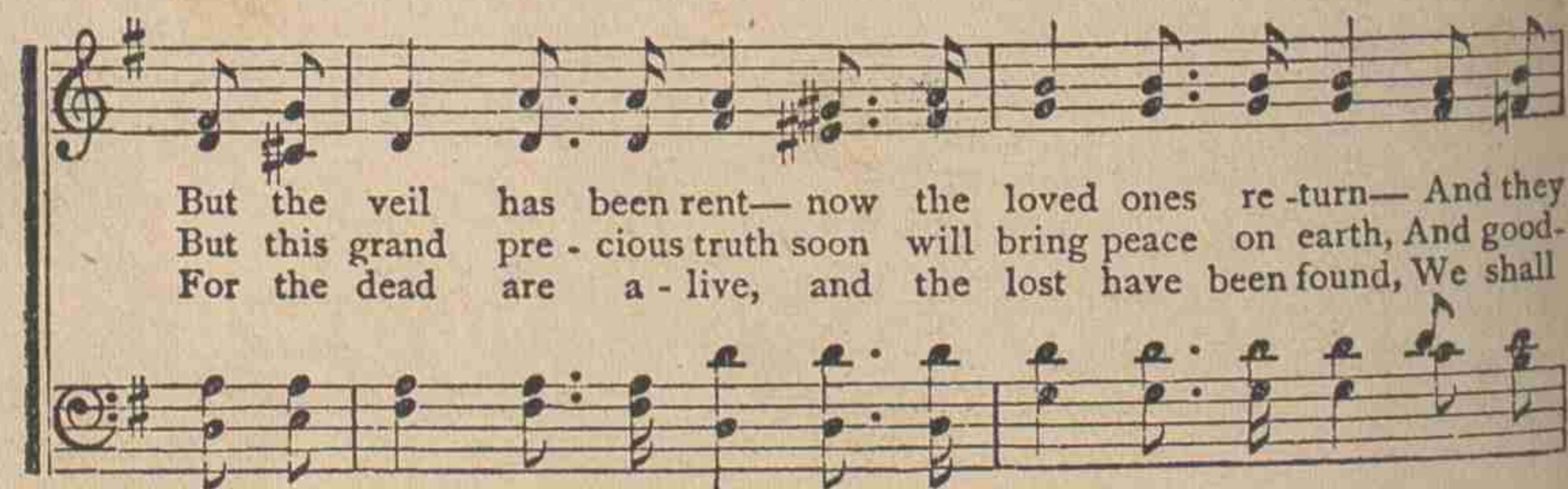
1. We re - mem - ber the time when the world was in doubt, When the
2. We were taught that on earth we should nev - er more know Our friends
3. How we love the dear songs which the sweet an - gels sing, And their



grave was the sym - bol of gloom, When the souls of the dead, with their
who have passed to that bourn, That no trav' - ler comes back to the
fa - ces with ra - diance will glow, While the truths which they teach, and the

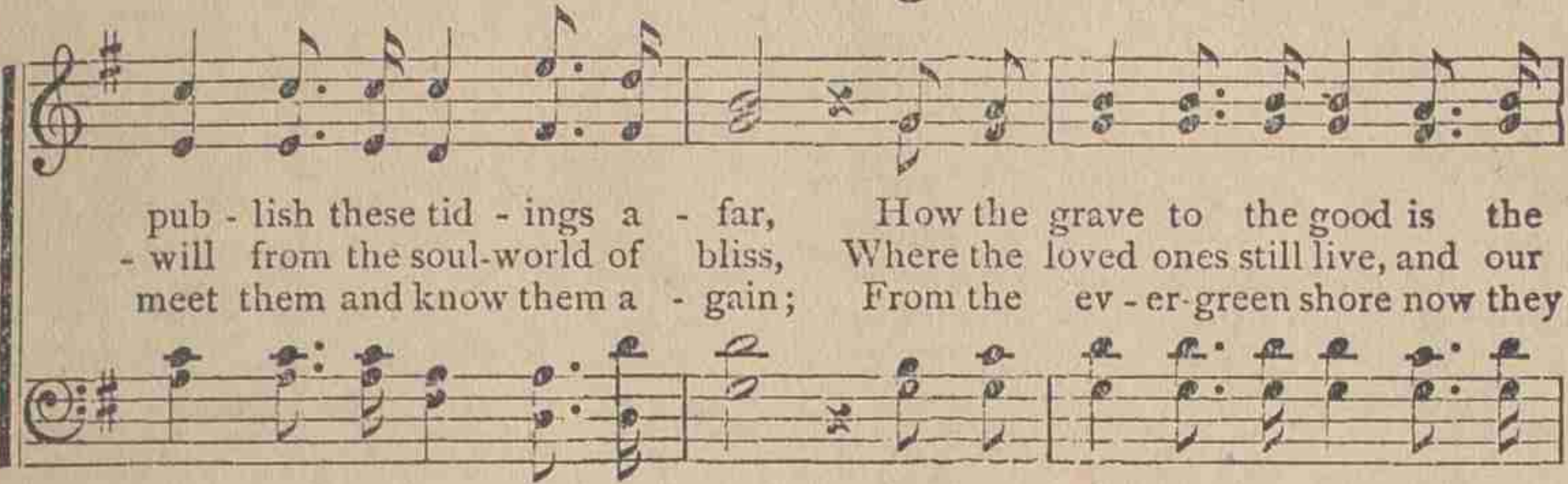


bod - ies, we thought, Were a - sleep in the dark, si - lent tomb.
loved ones' be - low, All must pass ne'er a - gain to re - turn.
bless - ings they bring, Gives a fore - taste of heav - en be - low.

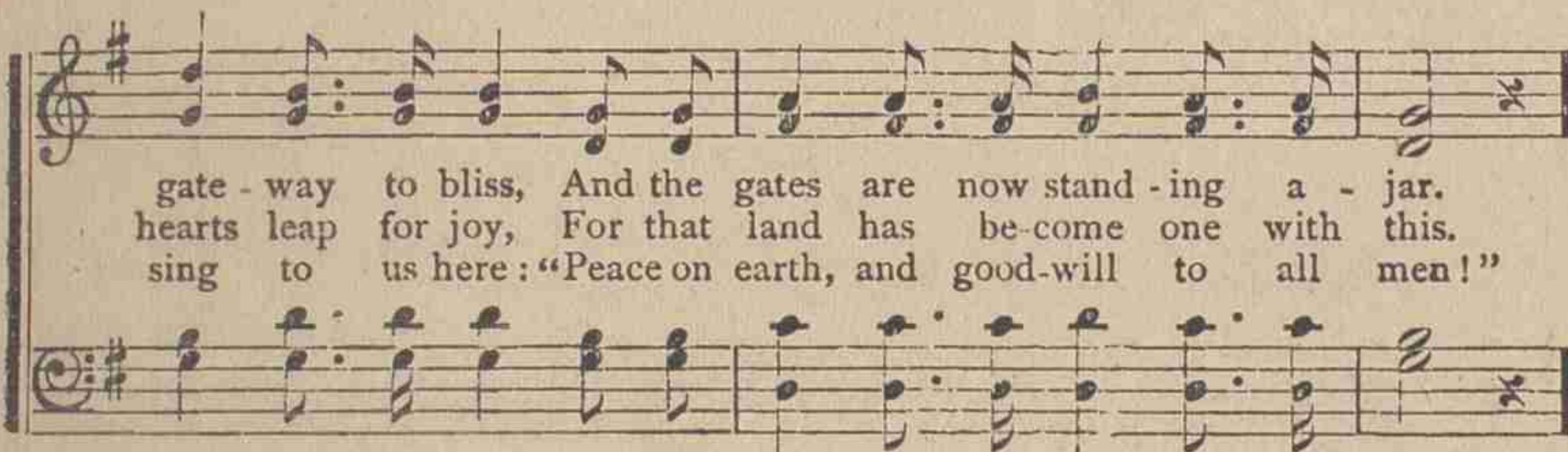


But the veil has been rent—now the loved ones re - turn— And they
But this grand pre - cious truth soon will bring peace on earth, And good -
For the dead are a - live, and the lost have been found, We shall

We shall Meet them Again. Concluded.



pub - lish these tid - ings a - far, How the grave to the good is the
- will from the soul-world of bliss, Where the loved ones still live, and our
meet them and know them a - gain; From the ev - er-green shore now they

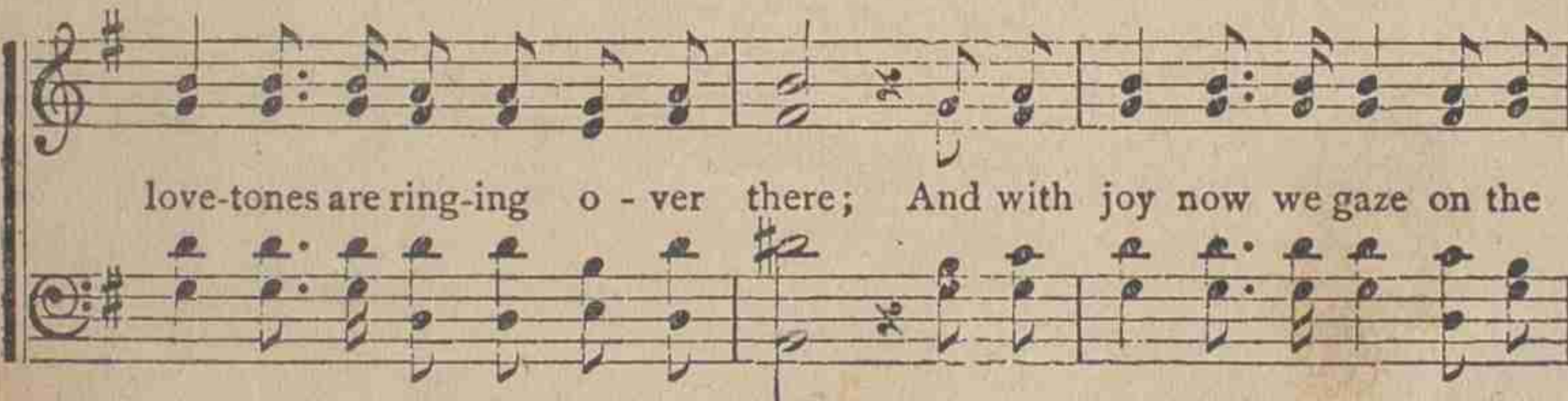


gate - way to bliss, And the gates are now stand - ing a - jar.
hearts leap for joy, For that land has be - come one with this.
sing to us here: "Peace on earth, and good-will to all men!"

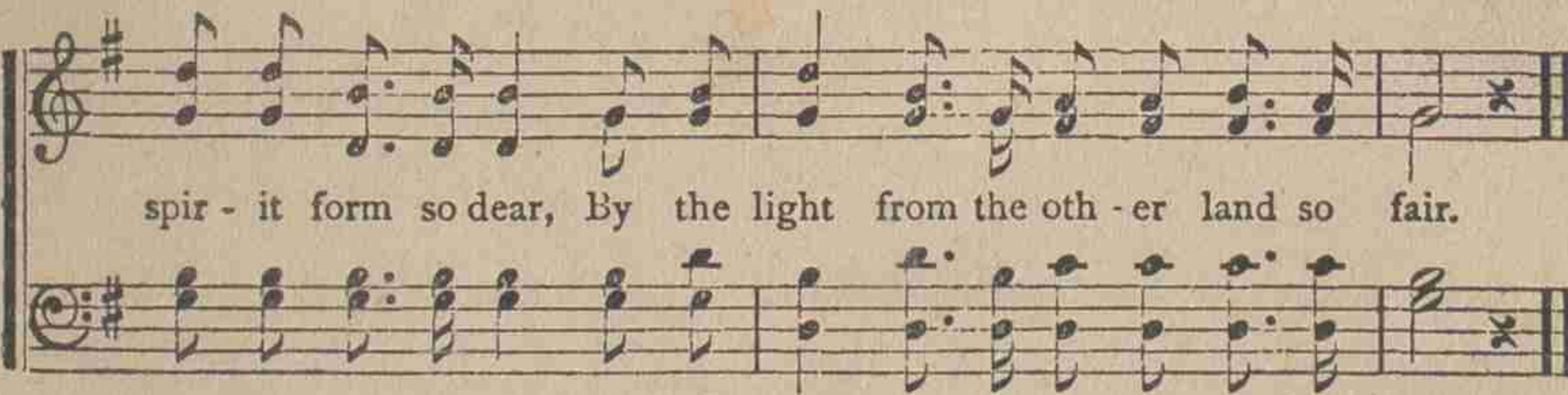
Chorus.



Oh, the sweet an - gel voi - ces we hear! Hark! the



love-tones are ring-ing o - ver there; And with joy now we gaze on the

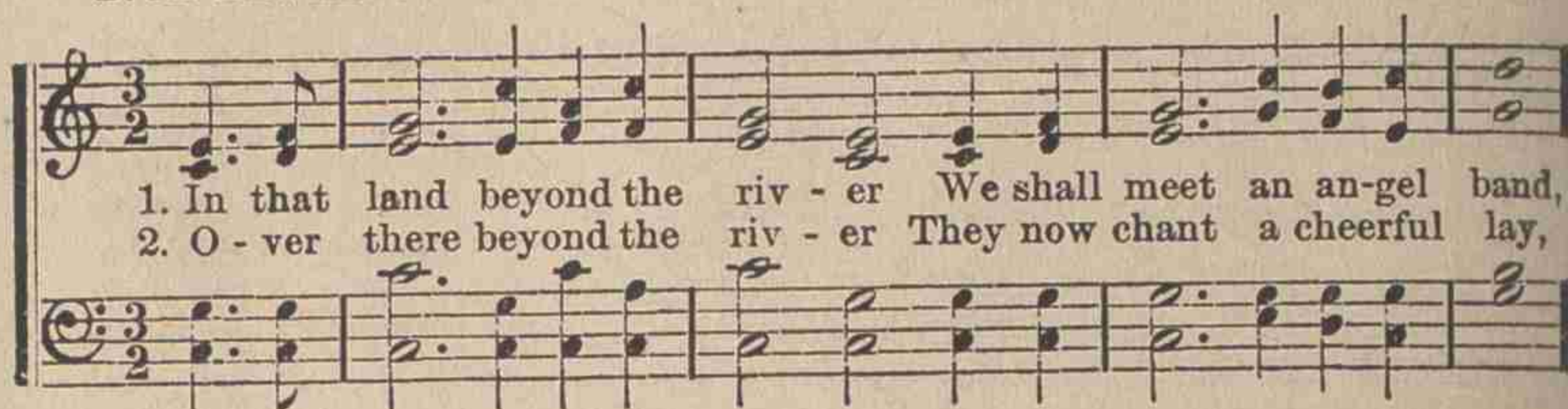


spir - it form so dear, By the light from the oth - er land so fair.

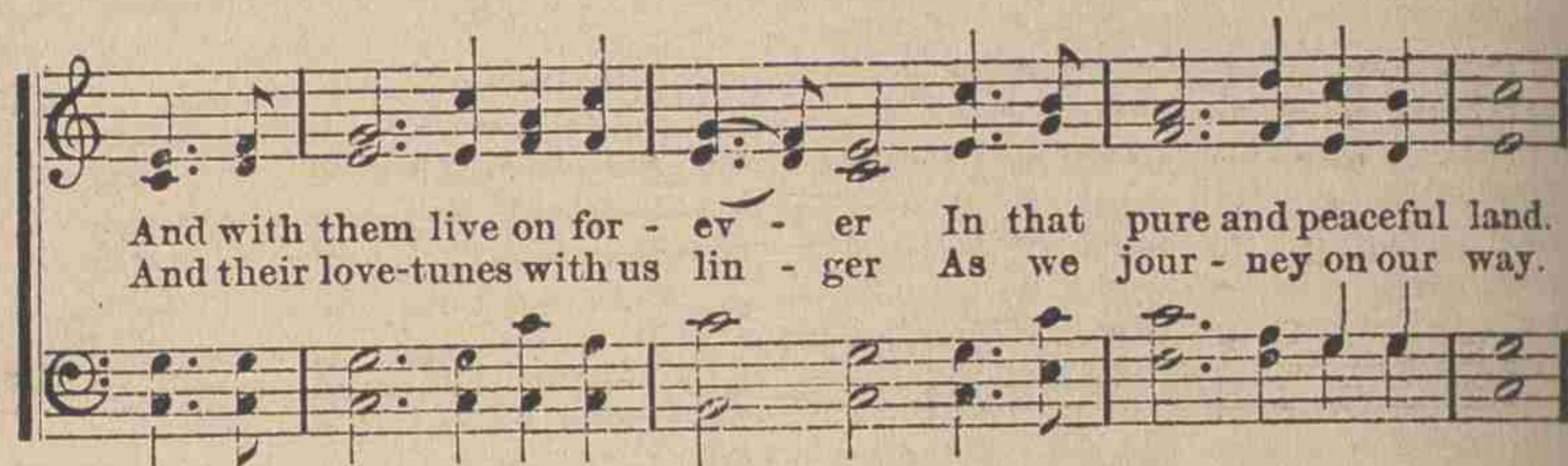
That Land Beyond the River.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

Arr. by W. B. BRADBURY.



1. In that land beyond the riv - er We shall meet an an-gel band,
2. O - ver there beyond the riv - er They now chant a cheerful lay,



And with them live on for - ev - er In that pure and peaceful land.
And their love-tunes with us lin - ger As we jour - ney on our way.

Chorus.



In that land beyond the riv - er They are wait-ing on the shore;



O - ver there beyond the riv - er We shall meet to part no more.

3.

Over there beyond the river
We shall find our good deeds here
Are recorded, and will ever
Make our robes more white appear,

4.

Over there beyond the river,
When our hearts are torn with grief,
Angels whisper they will never
Leave us when we need relief.

5.

Over there beyond the river,
Save among the loved and blest,
When the cares of life are over,
From all labor we shall rest.

6.

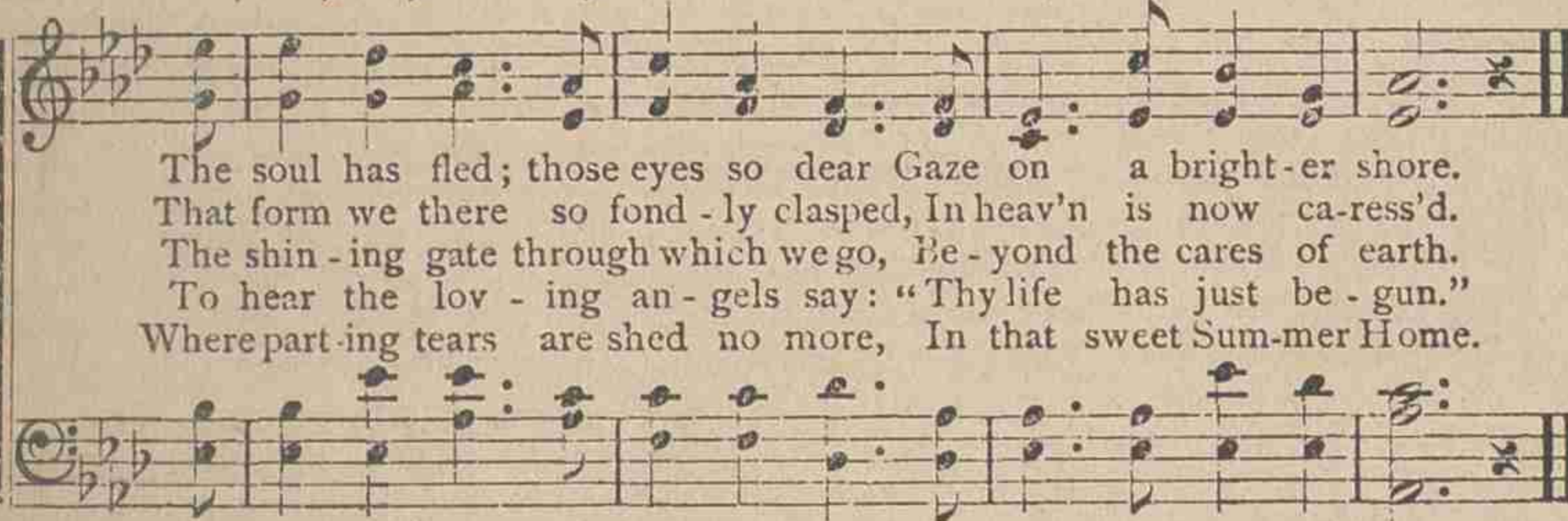
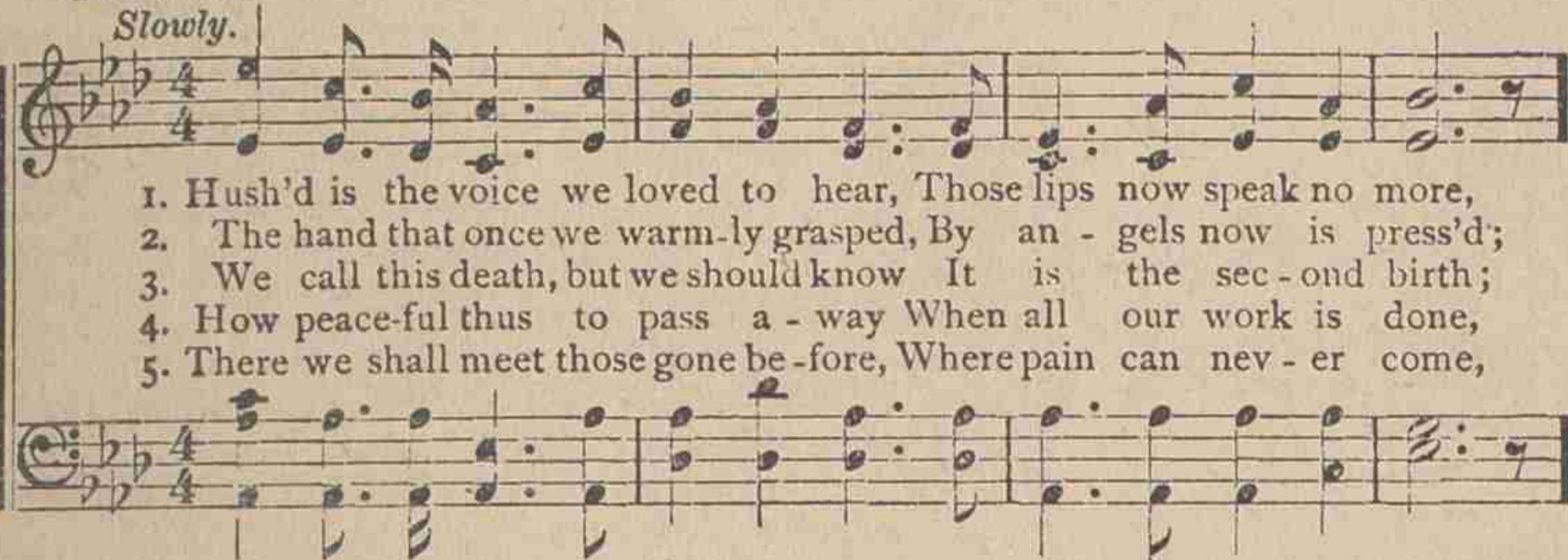
Over there beyond the river
We shall meet dear friends above,
And with them live on forever
In that peaceful land of love.

The Soul Has Fled.

Dr. B. M. LAWRENCE.

B. M. L.

Slowly.



Waiting by the River.

TUNE,— See opposite page.

- 1 We are waiting by the river,
 We are watching on the shore,
 Only waiting for the boatman
 In his bark to bear us o'er.

Chorus.—We are waiting, waiting, waiting,
 Watching, waiting on the shore,
 Only waiting, waiting, waiting
 Till the boatman bears us o'er.

- 2 While the mists hang o'er the river,
 And its billows loudly roar,
 We can hear celestial sonnets
 Wafted from the other shore.
- 3 Of that summer land of glory,
 We have caught such radiant gleams,
 Earth cannot compare in splendor
 With its peaceful vales and streams.
- 4 Over there are all the loved ones
 Who have faded from our side,
 With what joy we there shall meet them
 When we too shall cross the tide.
- 5 In that rest beyond the river,
 When we reach the other shore,
 We shall live with friends forever,
 Parting there will come no more.

Wisdom Orders all Things Well.

"The first heaven and the first earth were passed away."—REV. 21:1.

B. M. L.

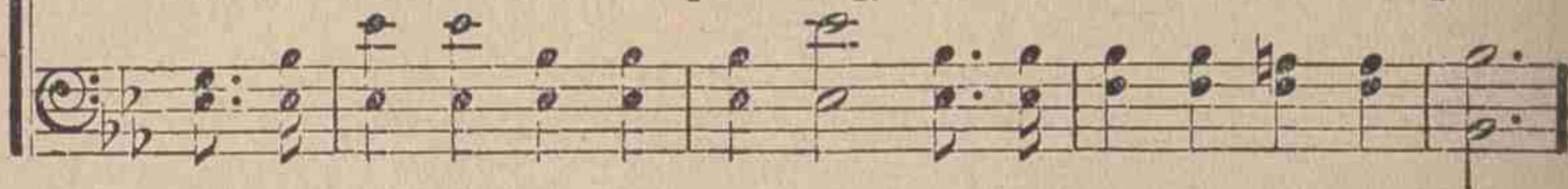
GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.



1. When old wrong from earth shall per-ish, When old forms give place to new,
2. Crowns and thrones will have to crumble, Peace shall reign from shore to shore,
3. When mankind has learn'd this teaching, Wars and woes will sure-ly cease,



Men like an-gels then will cher-ish On-ly what proves just and true.
Right will then make old wrongs tumble, They shall fall to rise no more.
Then the world shall need no preaching, Love will fill all hearts with peace.



Thumb-worn creeds the truth repressing Will, like shad-ows, fade a-way;
Truth and might will wed to-gether; Joy-ful let this an-them swell:
Wis-dom from her shin-ing port-als Will prove all things work for good,



White-wing'd peace the whole earth blessing Then will bring the gold-en day.
"Peace on earth shall reign for-ev-er, Wis-dom or-ders all things well."
An-gels then will talk with mortals, And make earth one broth-er-hood.

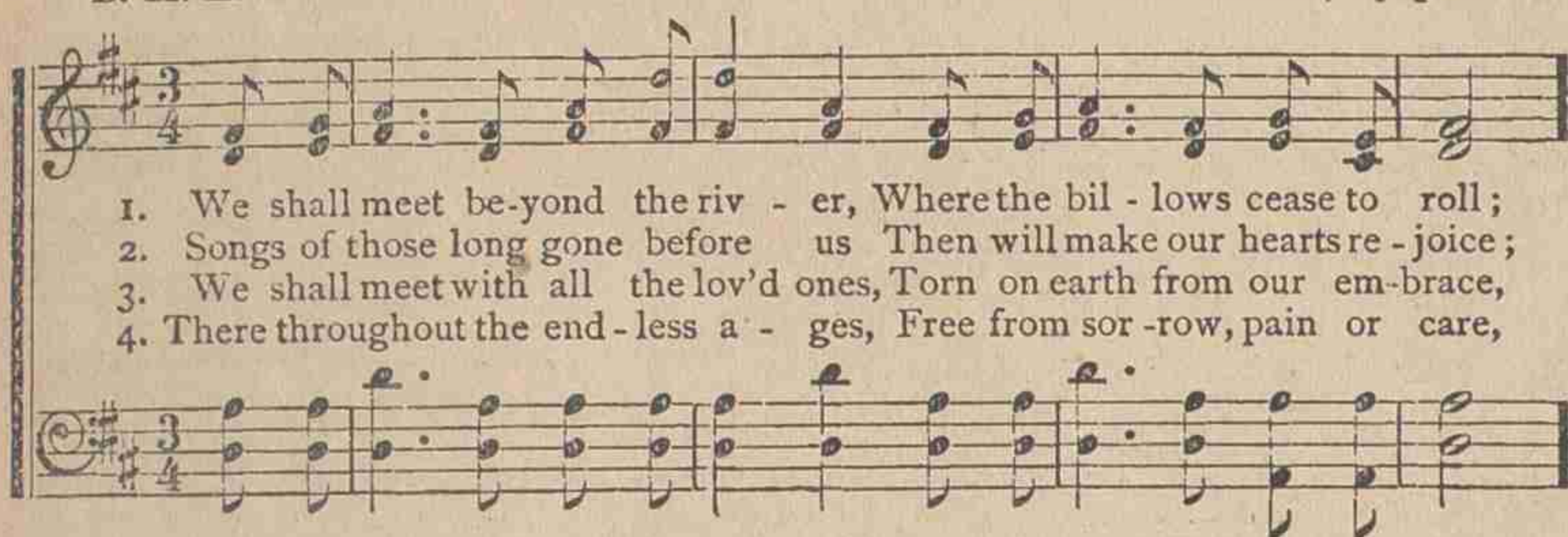


We shall Gather at the River.

"A river the streams where of shall make glad.—Ps. 46: 4.

B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.

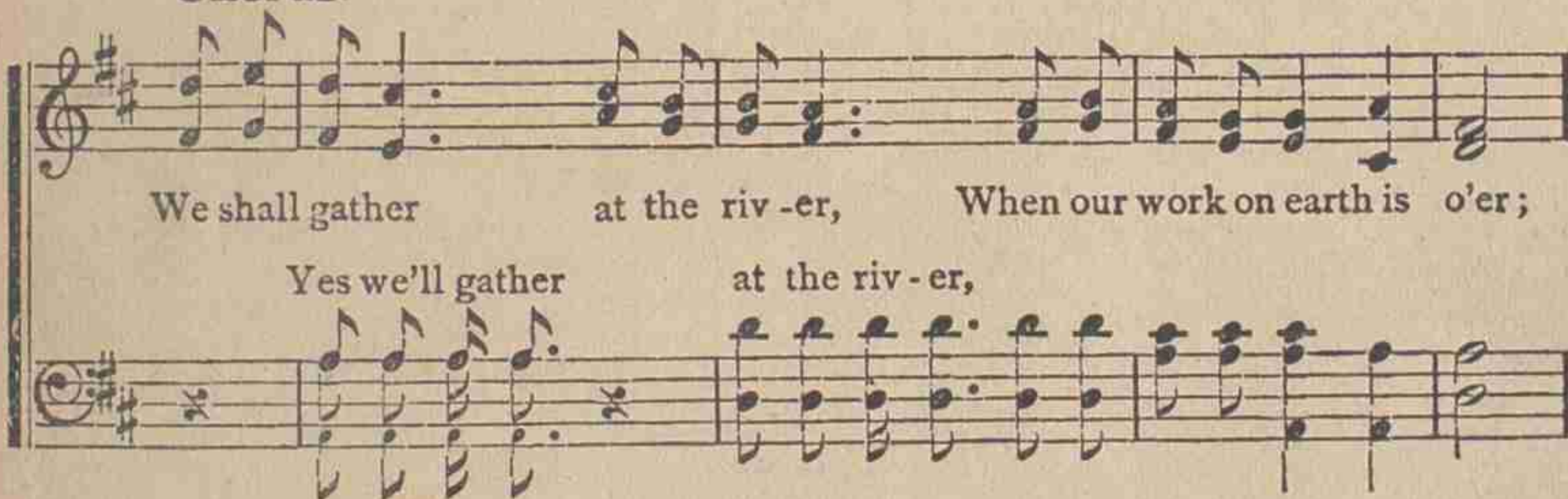


1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the bil - lows cease to roll;
 2. Songs of those long gone before us Then will make our hearts re - joice;
 3. We shall meet with all the lov'd ones, Torn on earth from our em-brace,
 4. There throughout the end - less a - ges, Free from sor - row, pain or care,

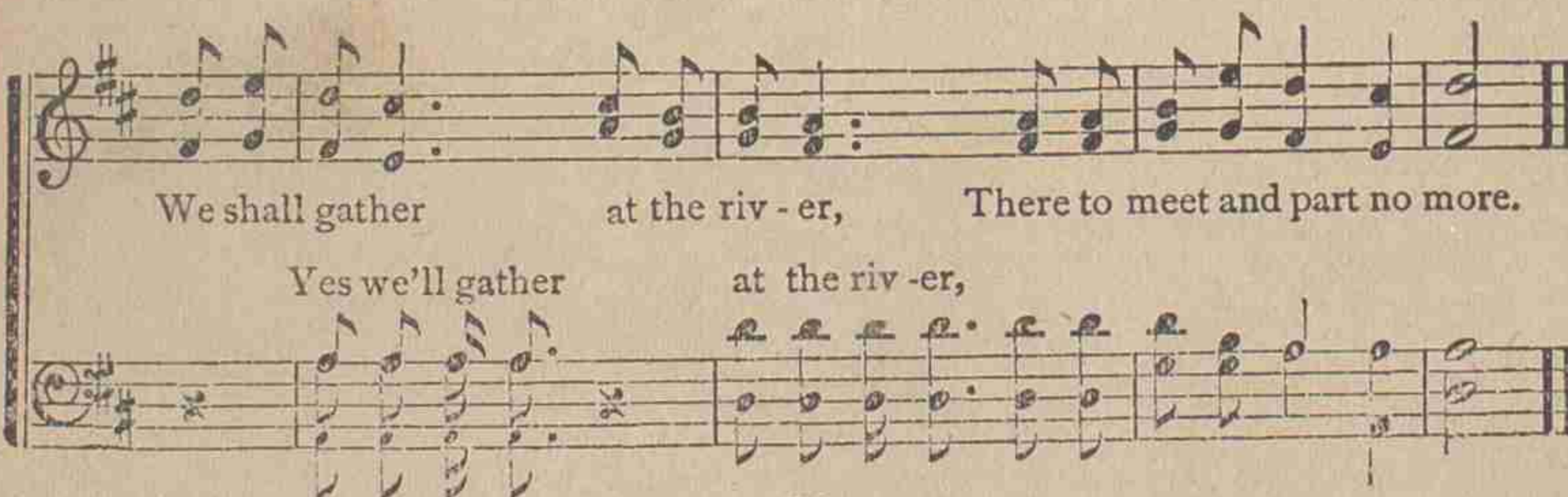


There in all the bright for - ev - er Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul.
 An - gels bright will swell the cho - rus With most sweet ce - les - tial voice.
 We shall hear a - gain their voic - es, And be - hold them face to face.
 We shall live with those that love us, There will be no part - ing there.

Chorus.



We shall gather at the riv - er, When our work on earth is o'er;
 Yes we'll gather at the riv - er,



We shall gather at the riv - er, There to meet and part no more.
 Yes we'll gather at the riv - er,

Waiting for the Morning.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.—GAL. 5: 22.

Miss. A. V. D.

B. M. L.



1. We are wait-ing for the morn-ing Of that bright and golden day,
2. We are wait-ing for the morn-ing, Night has been so dark and long,
3. We are wait-ing for the morn-ing, And our cour-age will not fail
4. We are wait-ing for the morn-ing, Long has been the night of years,



For the good time so long com-ing, When old wrong shall pass a-way;
Dim-ly now the day is dawn-ing, And we hail it with a song;
While one soul for light is yearn-ing, Un-til truth and right pre-vail;
But we now be-hold the dawn-ing, While the light of truth ap-pears;



Wait-ing for the light of free-dom, Truth to tri-umph o-ver vice,
Light of truth from ev'-ry na-tion Brightly now be-gins to shine,
We will work to ban-ish sor-row, Work and wait for hu-man good,
Once a-gain are an-gels sing-ing, Mor-tals see with rea-son's ken,

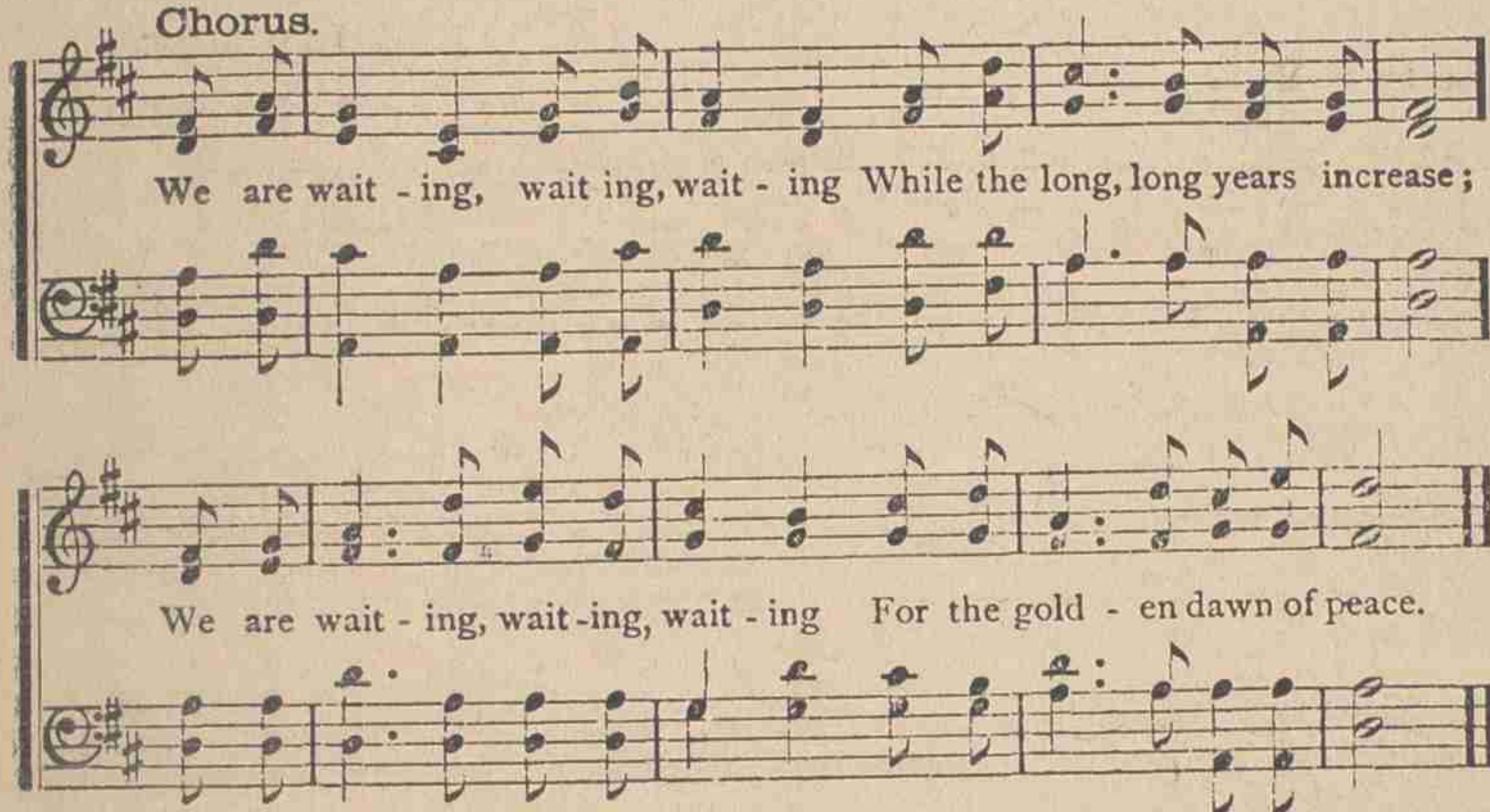


Love to make this earth an E-den, And each home a Par-a-dise.
Pe-ans raise to ev'-ry sta-tion, "Peace on earth" and love di-vine.
Trust-ing to the com-ing mor-row For the per-fect broth-er-hood.
Dove-winged hope and faith are bring-ing "Peace on earth, good-will to men."



Waiting for the Morning. Concluded.

Chorus.



We are wait - ing, wait ing, wait - ing While the long, long years increase ;

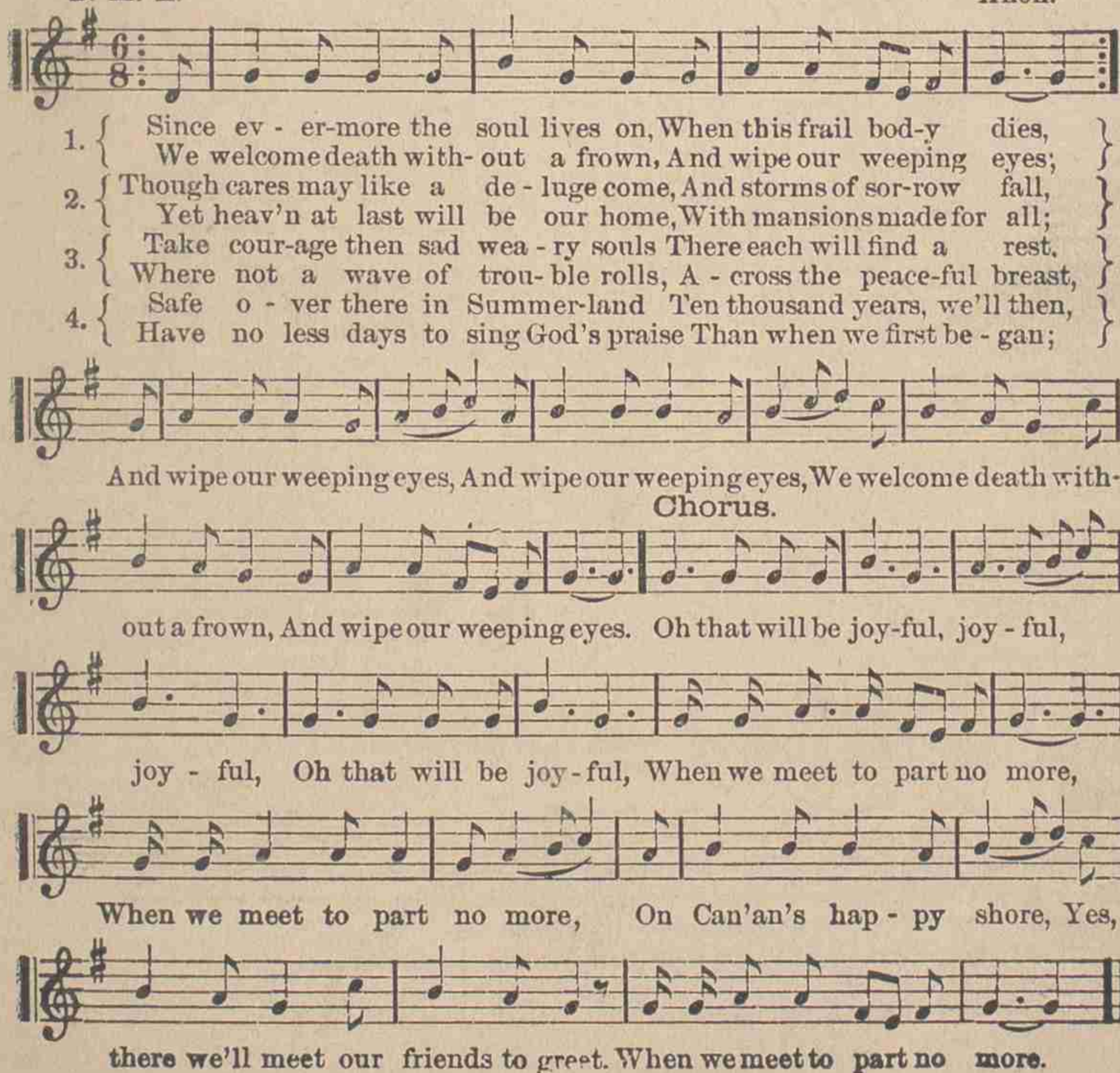
We are wait - ing, wait-ing, wait - ing For the gold - en dawn of peace.

A Home in Summerland.

"I will draw all men unto me."—JOHN 12: 32.

B. M. L.

Anon.



1. { Since ev - er-more the soul lives on, When this frail bod-y dies, }
 2. { We welcome death with- out a frown, And wipe our weeping eyes; }
 3. { Though cares may like a de - luge come, And storms of sor-row fall, }
 4. { Yet heav'n at last will be our home, With mansions made for all; }
 5. { Take cour-age then sad wea - ry souls There each will find a rest. }
 6. { Where not a wave of trou- ble rolls, A - cross the peace-ful breast, }
 7. { Safe o - ver there in Summer-land Ten thousand years, we'll then, }
 8. { Have no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gan; }

And wipe our weeping eyes, And wipe our weeping eyes, We welcome death with-

Chorus.

out a frown, And wipe our weeping eyes. Oh that will be joy-ful, joy - ful,

joy - ful, Oh that will be joy-ful, When we meet to part no more,

When we meet to part no more, On Can'an's hap - py shore, Yes,

there we'll meet our friends to greet. When we meet to part no more.

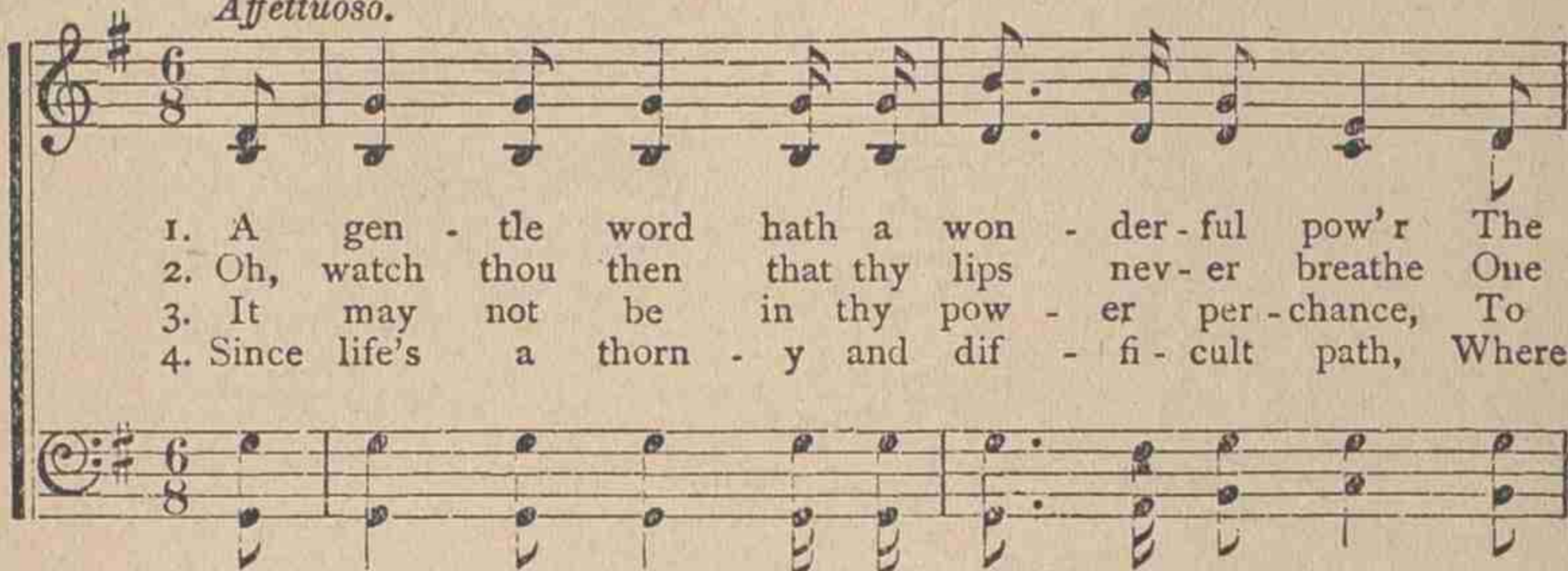
A Gentle, Kind Word.

"Grievous words stir up anger."—PROV. 15: 1.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

Re. by B. M. L.

Affettuoso.



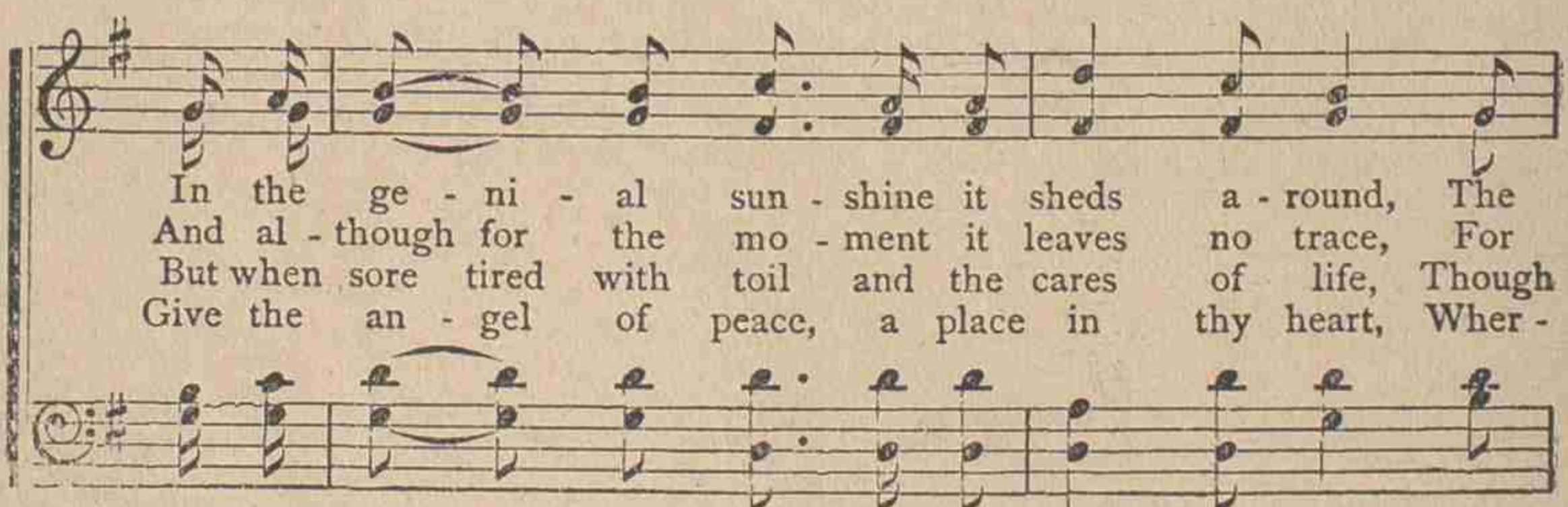
1. A gen - tle word hath a won - der - ful pow'r The
 2. Oh, watch thou then that thy lips nev - er breathe One
 3. It may not be in thy pow - er per - chance, To
 4. Since life's a thorn - y and dif - fi - cult path, Where



wea - ry breast to be - guile, For it glad - dens the eye, it
 cross un - gen - tle, harsh word, For that which is light - ly and
 reach an em - i - nent place, Or to blaz - en thy name on
 toil's the por - tion of man, We all should en - deav - or while



light - ens the brow, And chang - es the tear to a smile.
 so i - dly said, Is oft - en too deep - ly heard.
 his - to - ry's page, As a friend to the hu - man race.
 pass - ing a - long, To make it as smoothe as we can.



In the ge - ni - al sun - shine it sheds a - round, The
 And al - though for the mo - ment it leaves no trace, For
 But when sore tired with toil and the cares of life, Though
 Give the an - gel of peace, a place in thy heart, Wher -

A Gentle, Kind Word.—Concluded.

shad-ows of care de - part, And we feel in its gen - tle and
 pride may the wound con - ceal, Re - mem - ber, the spir - it that's
 the world be - hold thee not, One gen - tle and kind - ly word
 ev - er thy fortune may fall, With a sweet friend - ly smile, a free

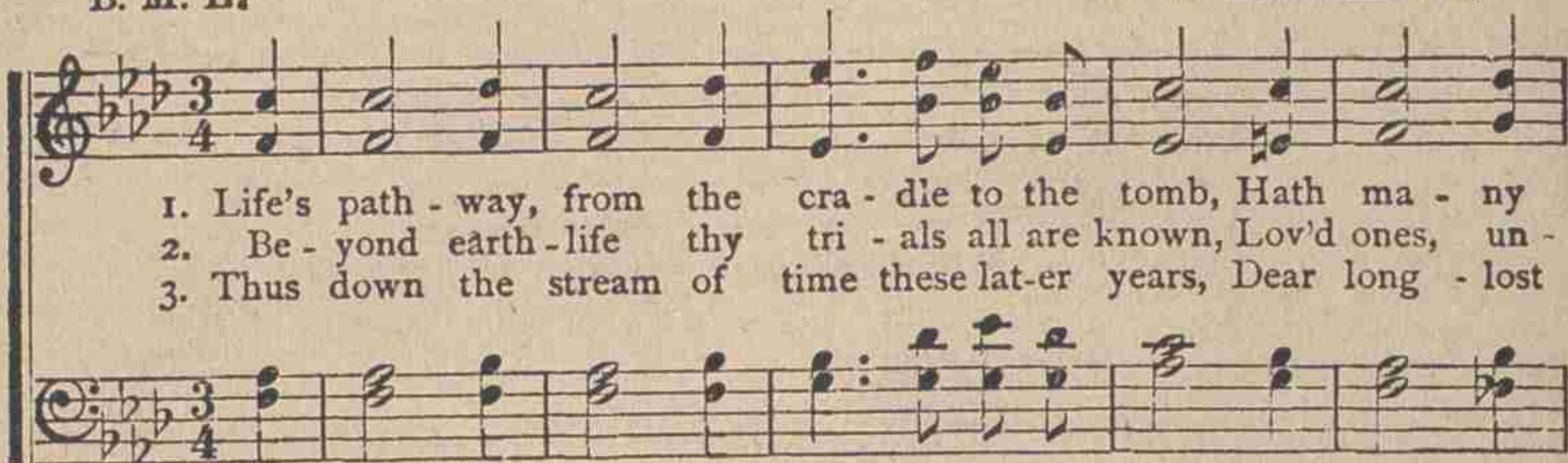
sooth - ing tone, There's a balm for the wound - ed heart.
 calm and still, Will be al - ways the first to feel.
 then may soothe Some de - spond - ing broth - er's sad lot.
 o - pen hand, And a gen - tle, kind word for all.

Dream Faces Celestial.

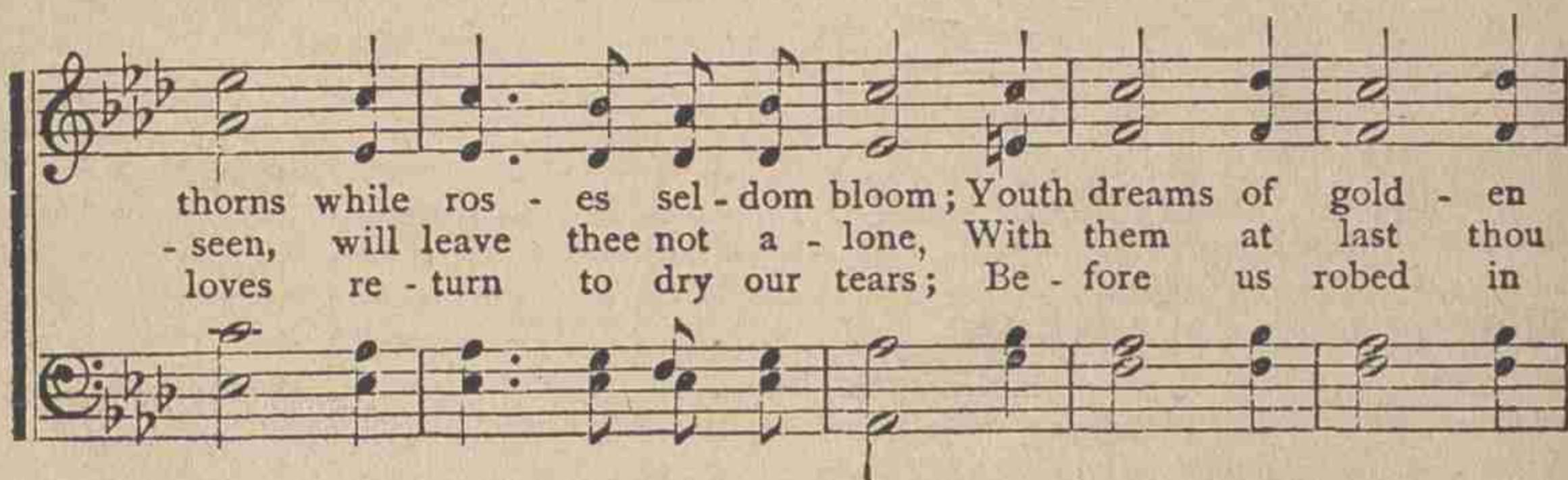
"Which hope we have as an anchor."—HEB. 6: 19.

B. M. L.

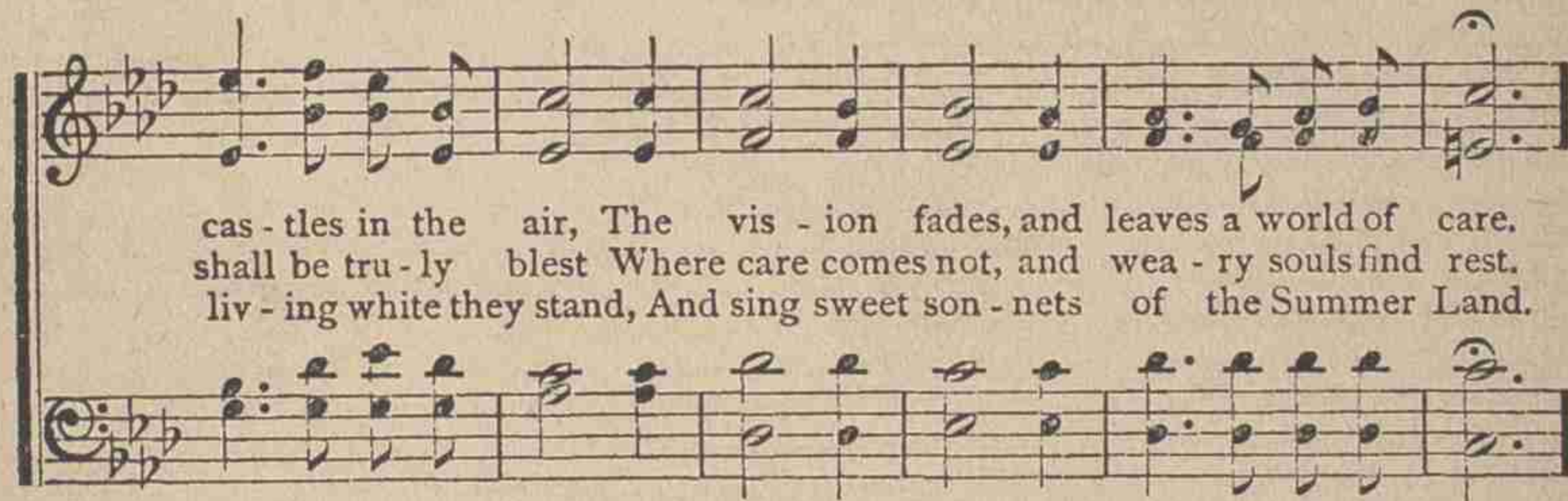
W. M. HUTCHINSON.



1. Life's path - way, from the cra - dle to the tomb, Hath ma - ny
 2. Be - yond earth - life thy tri - als all are known, Lov'd ones, un -
 3. Thus down the stream of time these lat - er years, Dear long - lost



thorns while ros - es sel - dom bloom; Youth dreams of gold - en
 - seen, will leave thee not a - lone, With them at last thou
 loves re - turn to dry our tears; Be - fore us robed in



cas - tles in the air, The vis - ion fades, and leaves a world of care.
 shall be tru - ly blest Where care comes not, and wea - ry souls find rest.
 liv - ing white they stand, And sing sweet son - nets of the Summer Land.

Chorus.

p Allegro.



Sweet an - gels fa - ces, pass - ing to and fro, . . .

p

Dream Faces Celestial. Concluded.

Bring back a - gain bright scenes of long a - go;

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics 'Bring back a - gain bright scenes of long a - go;' are written below the notes. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music concludes with a double bar line.

With love they gen - tly breath forth this re - frain:

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics 'With love they gen - tly breath forth this re - frain:' are written below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The music concludes with a double bar line.

"Hope on, dear one, for we shall meet a - gain."

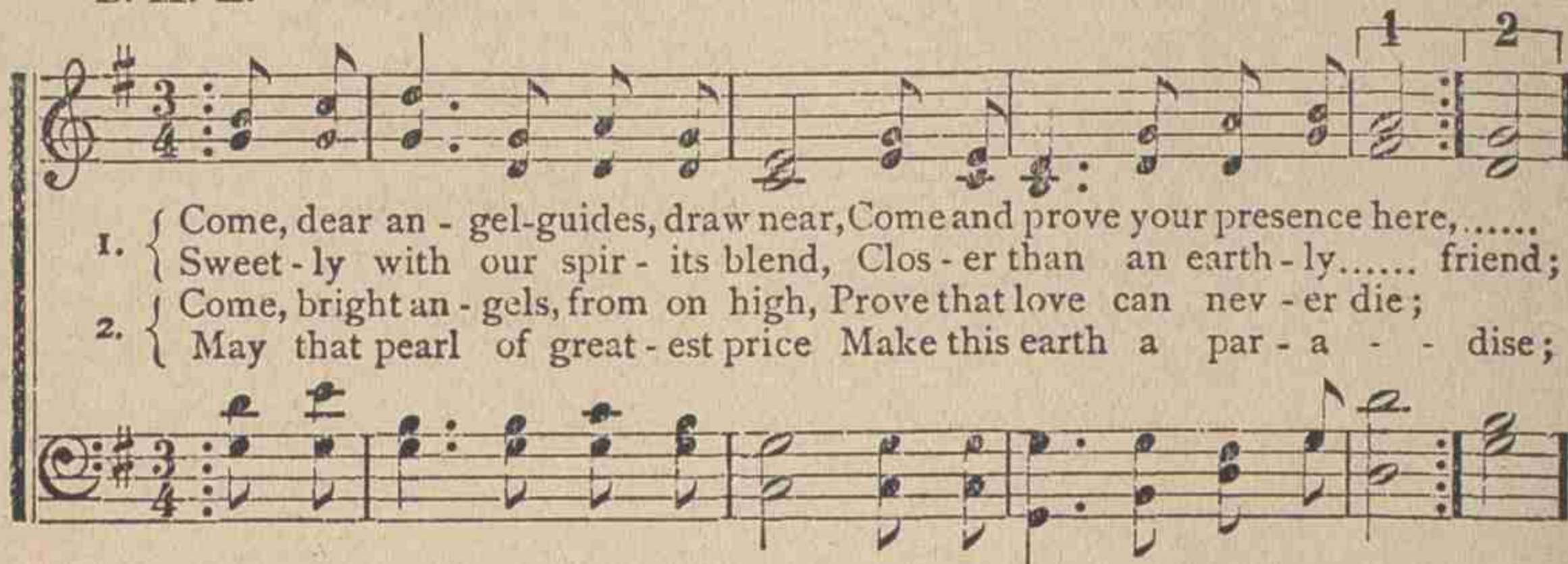
This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics '"Hope on, dear one, for we shall meet a - gain."' are written below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The music concludes with a double bar line.

Come, Dear Angel Guides.

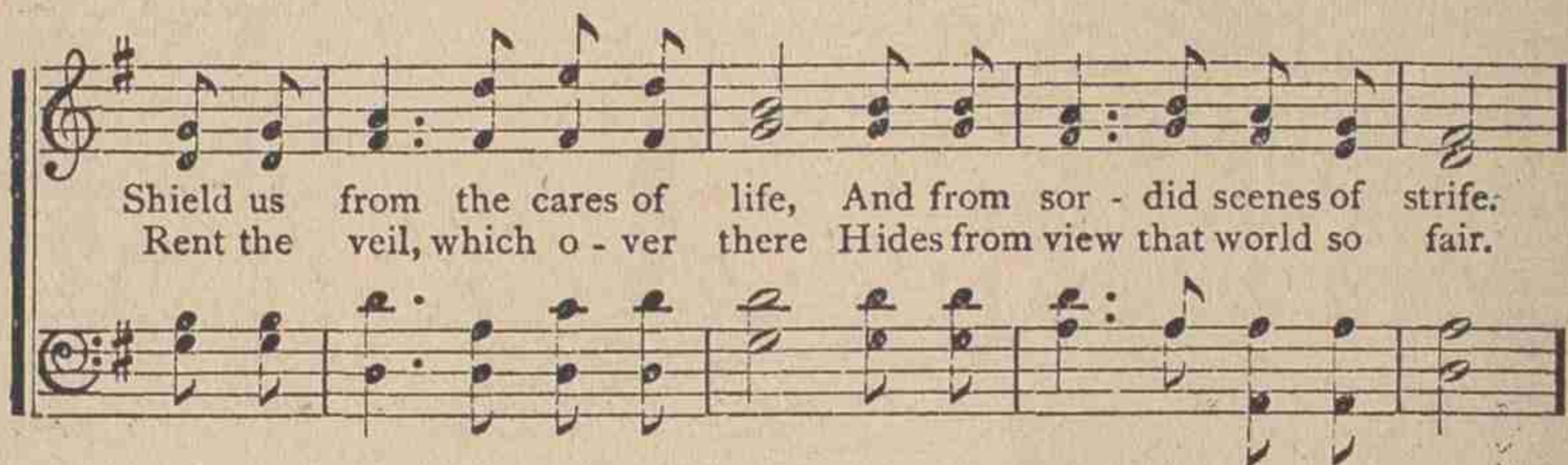
"Are they not all ministering spirits."—HEB. 1: 14.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

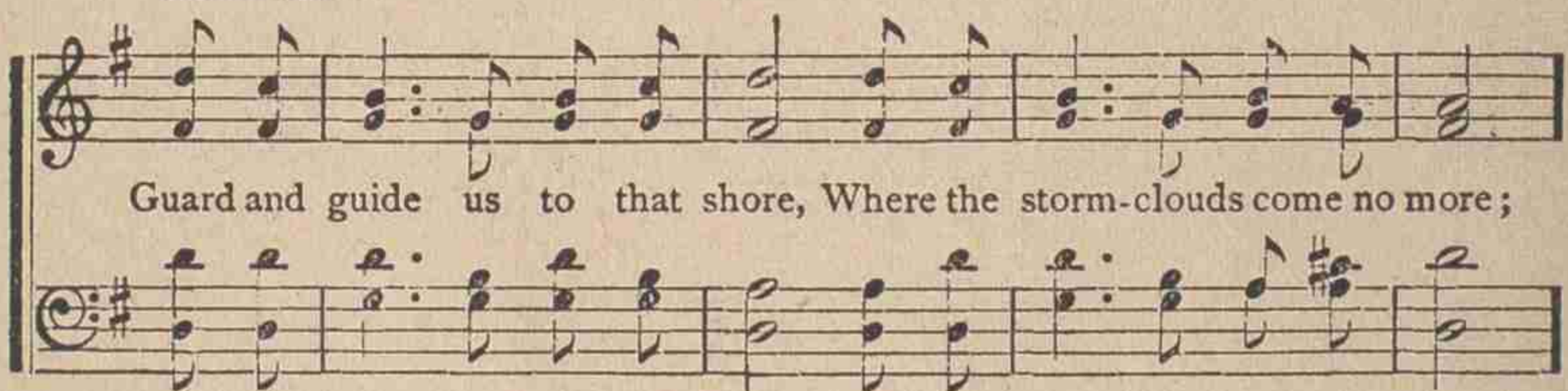


1. { Come, dear an - gel-guides, draw near, Come and prove your presence here,.....
Sweet - ly with our spir - its blend, Clos - er than an earth - ly..... friend;
2. { Come, bright an - gels, from on high, Prove that love can nev - er die;
May that pearl of great - est price Make this earth a par - a - - dise;

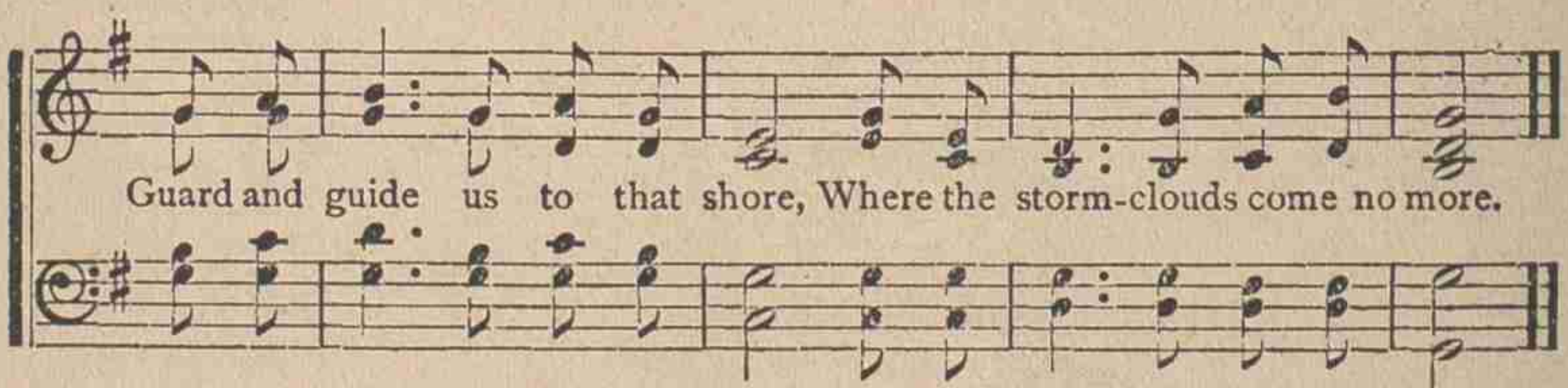


Shield us from the cares of life, And from sor - did scenes of strife.
Rent the veil, which o - ver there Hides from view that world so fair.

Chorus.



Guard and guide us to that shore, Where the storm-clouds come no more;



Guard and guide us to that shore, Where the storm-clouds come no more.

3 Come and lead us in the light,
Make our pathway smooth and bright,
When dark trials meet us here;
May the star of hope shine clear,
Leading us to that fair clime,
Free from all the cares of time.

4 When we breathe our latest breath,
Come and quell all fears of death,
Then beyond the silent tomb,
Where the fadless flowers bloom,
May we on that peaceful shore
Meet our friends and part no more.

Life's Golden Moments.

B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.

Allegro non troppo.



1. Life is fleet-ing swift-ly on-ward, Gold-en mo-ments speed a-way,
2. Leave the phantoms, they are on-ly Emp-ty bubbles, wealth and fame;
3. Then press on-ward, time is pass-ing, Use each mo-ment as it flies,



Cho.—Life is fleet-ing ev-er on-ward, End-less pro-gress is its goal,

FINE.



Weeks and months seem on-ly shad-ows, And long years a pass-ing day.
Should'st thou work for hu-man wel-fare, Souls in bliss will bless Thy name.
Deeds of love are all re-cord-ed, Though un-seen by mor-tal eyes.



On-ly when we use it wise-ly Shall we gain a growth of soul.



Time is like a flow-ing riv-er, Things are not just as they seem,
Those who raise one fall-en brother, There will gain a great re-nown,
In the soul-world we shall see them, Where all se-cret thoughts are known,



D. C. *al* FINE.



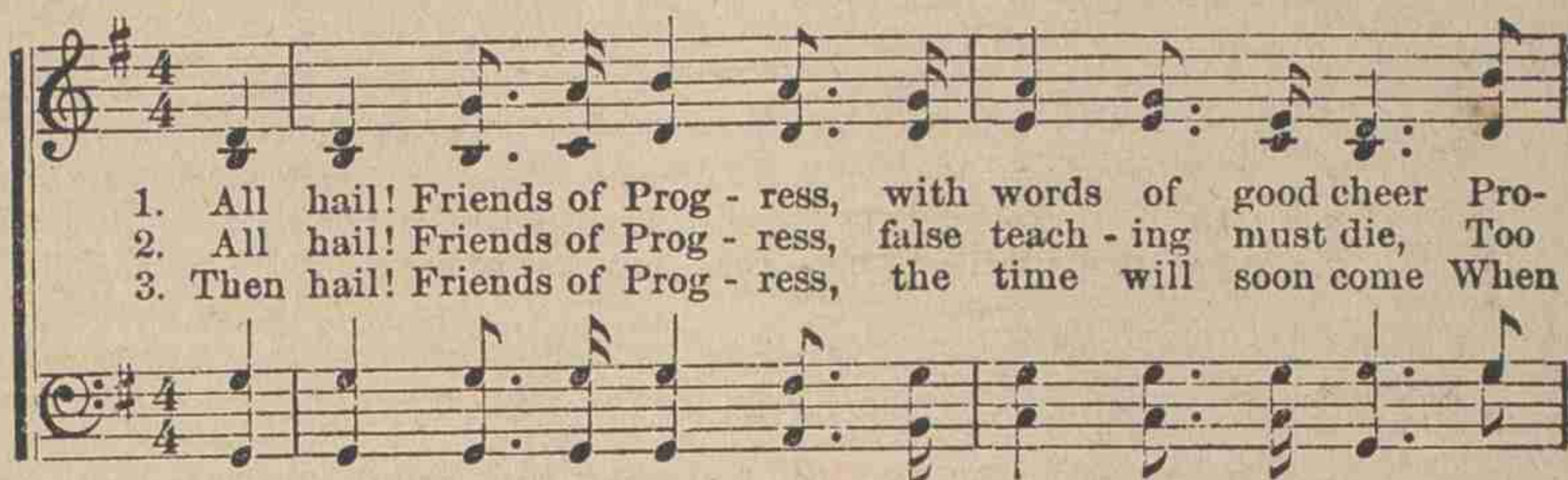
Truth a-lone can stem the cur-rent, Er-ror floats a-down life's stream.
And no priest or king in glo-ry Will re-ceive a bright-er crown.
Jus-tice there is ev-en handed, And all reap what they have sown.



Wisdom Better than Gold.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

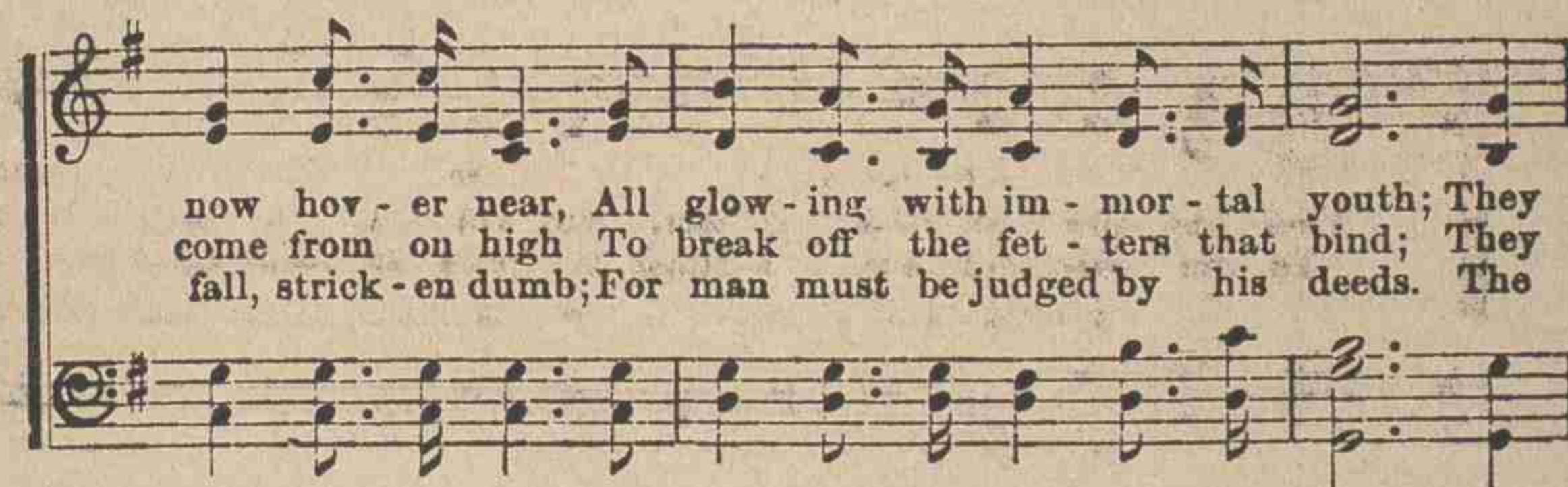
GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.



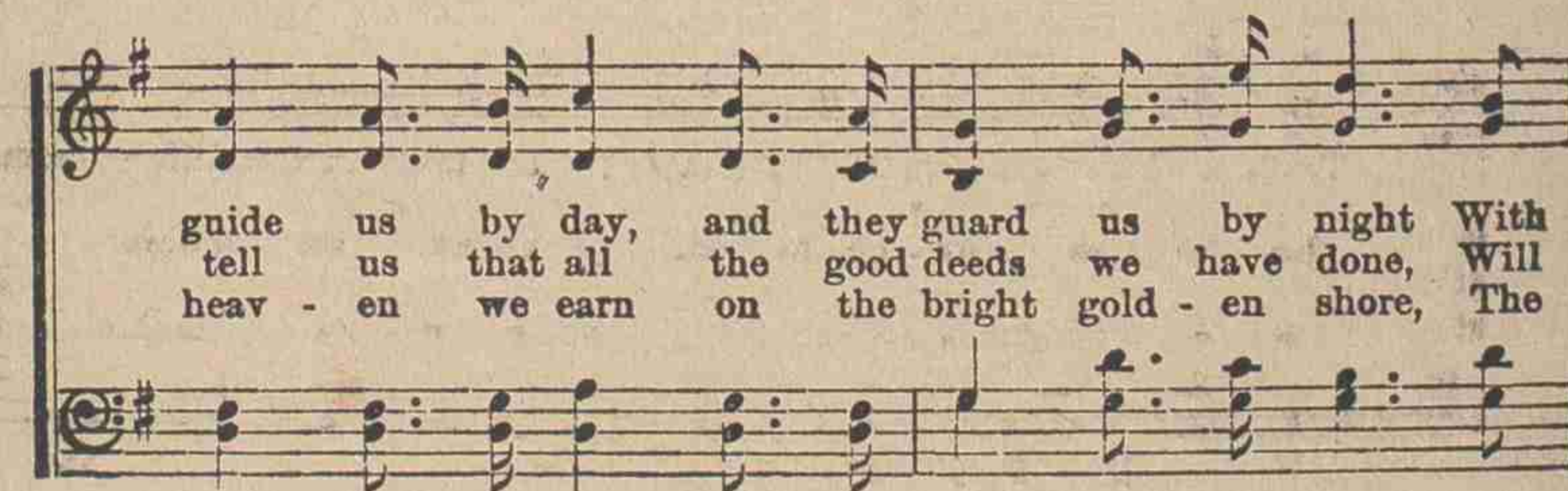
1. All hail! Friends of Prog - ress, with words of good cheer Pro-
 2. All hail! Friends of Prog - ress, false teach - ing must die, Too
 3. Then hail! Friends of Prog - ress, the time will soon come When



- claim to the world this grand truth: Lost lov'd ones are liv - ing, they
 long have the blind led the blind; But now the bright an - gels have
 souls will outgrow thumb-worn creeds, Like Saul on the highways they'll

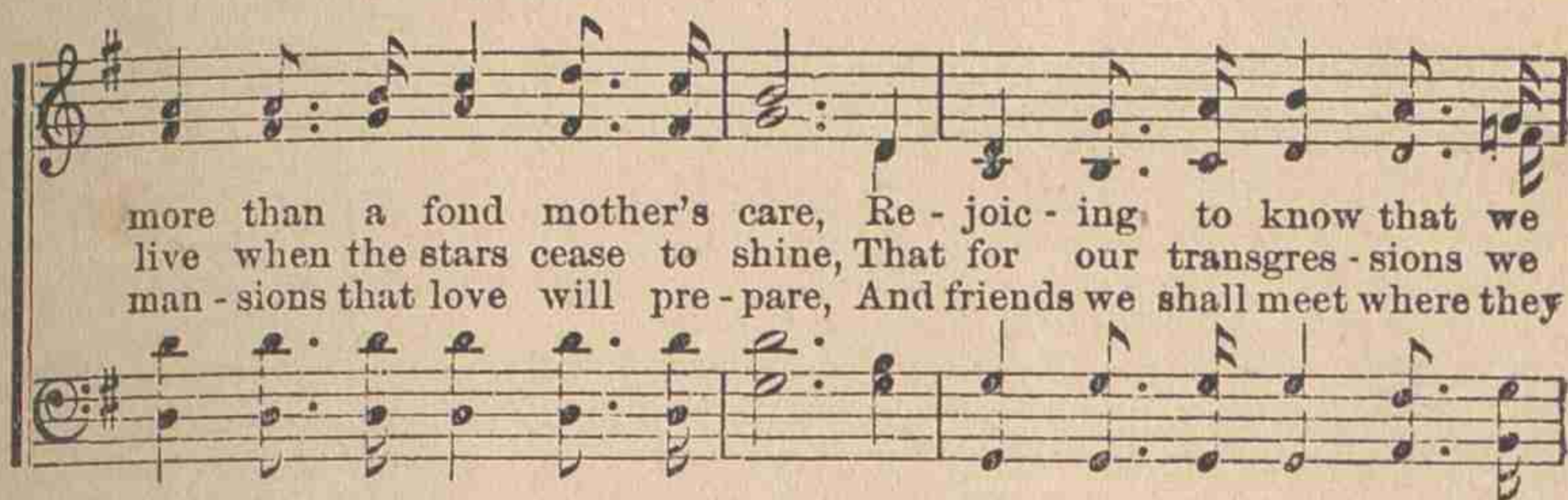


now hov - er near, All glow - ing with im - mor - tal youth; They
 come from on high To break off the fet - ters that bind; They
 fall, strick - en dumb; For man must be judged by his deeds. The



guide us by day, and they guard us by night With
 tell us that all the good deeds we have done, Will
 heav - en we earn on the bright gold - en shore, The

Wisdom Better than Gold. Concluded.



more than a fond mother's care, Re-joic-ing to know that we
live when the stars cease to shine, That for our transgres-sions we
man-sions that love will pre-pare, And friends we shall meet where they



walk in the light, And thus for sweet heav-en pre-pare.
each must a-tone, This on-ly will make us di-vine.
part nev-er-more, Will wel-come us then o-ver there.

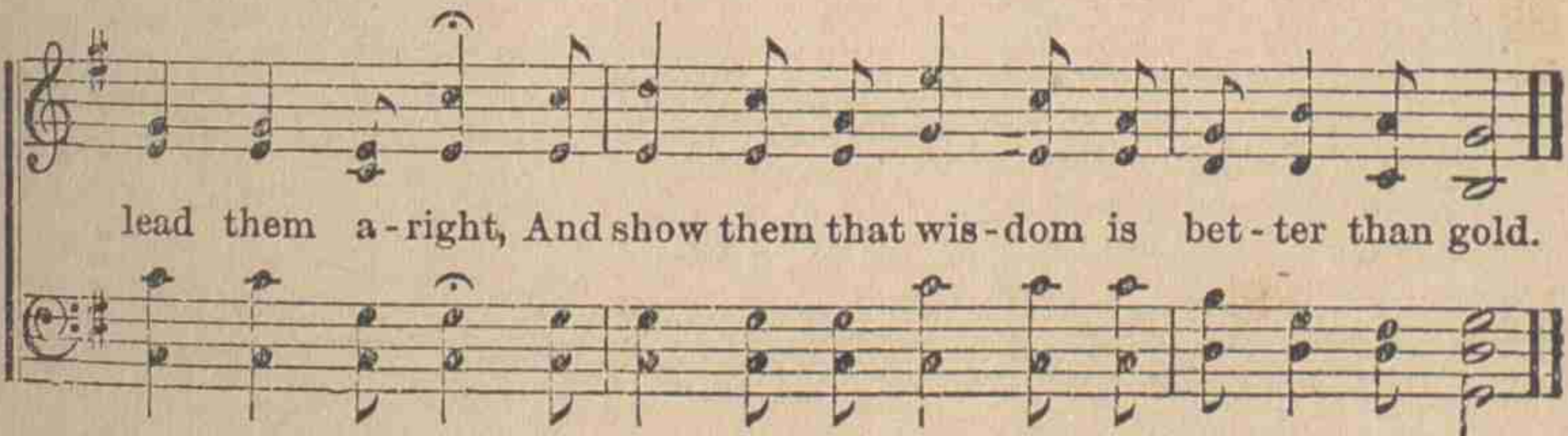
Chorus.



Walk in the light, yes, walk in the light, Train up the



chil-dren and care for the old, Teach them the truth, yes,



lead them a-right, And show them that wis-dom is bet-ter than gold.

While on our Journey Home.

Man goeth to his long home.—ECCLES. 12: 5.

B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON, by per

1. Thro' the vale of life we wan-der While on our jour-ney home;
 2. This hope brings us peace and gladness While on our jour-ney home;
 3. Clouds of gloom this tho't will ban-ish While on our jour-ney home;

D.C.—That by do - ing well our du - ty, While on our jour-ney home,

Wear - ry wait - ing oft we pon - der While on our jour-ney home.
 It removes heartaches and sadness While on our jour-ney home.
 And all doubt and cares will van-ish While on our jour-ney home.

We shall gain a world of beau-ty When we ar-rive at home.

Chorus.

Hark! we hear bright an-gels sing-ing While on our jour-ney home;

D.C.

Lov - ing words with sweet tones ringing While on our jour-ney home;

4 Angels know our way is dreary
 While on our journey home;
 And they know our feet grow weary
 While on our journey home.

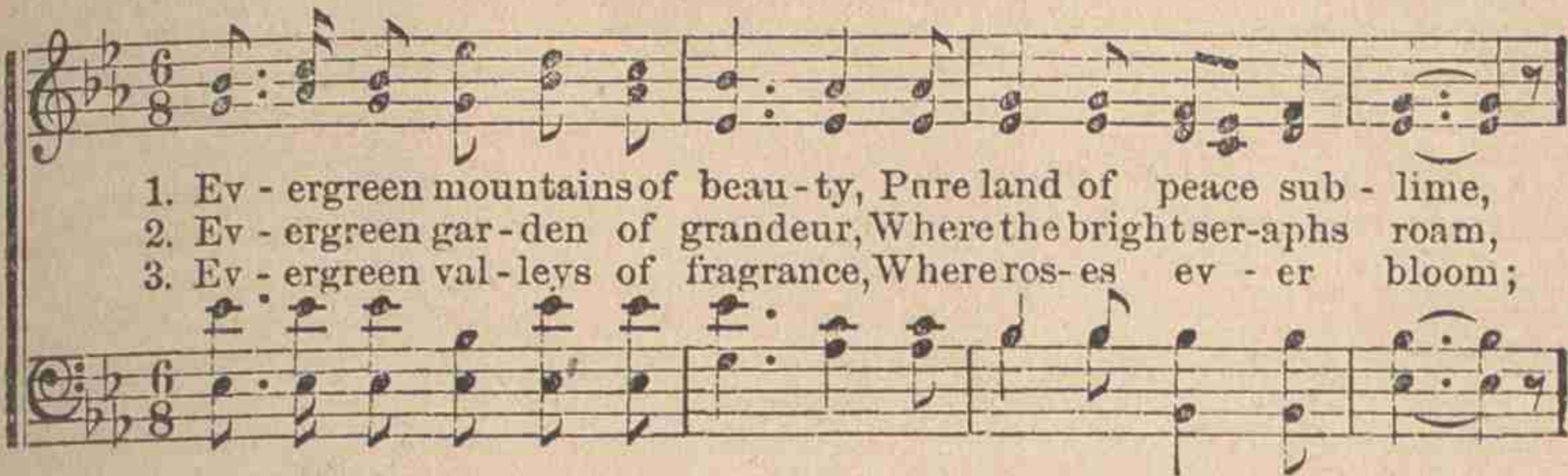
5 But beyond the storm to-morrow
 We shall arrive at home,
 Then farewell to grief and sorrow
 When we arrive at home.

The Evergreen Mountains.

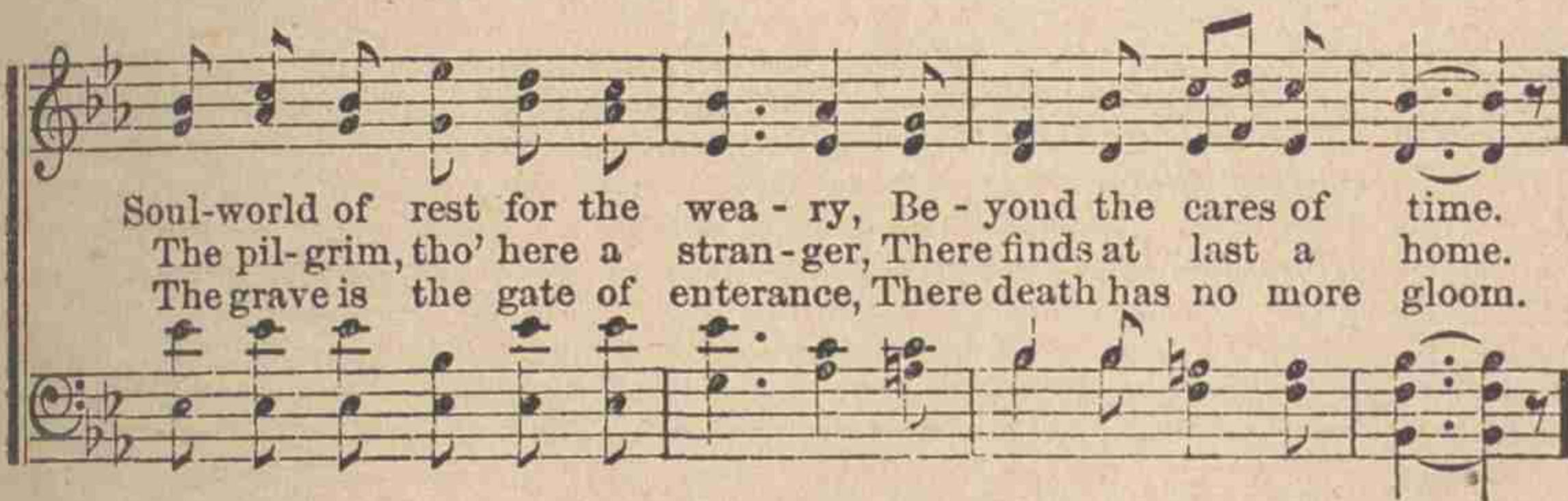
"The days of the upright and their inheritance shall be forever."—Ps. 37: 13.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.



1. Ev - ergreen mountains of beau - ty, Pure land of peace sub - lime,
 2. Ev - ergreen gar - den of grandeur, Where the bright ser - a - phs roam,
 3. Ev - ergreen val - leys of fragrance, Where ros - es ev - er bloom;

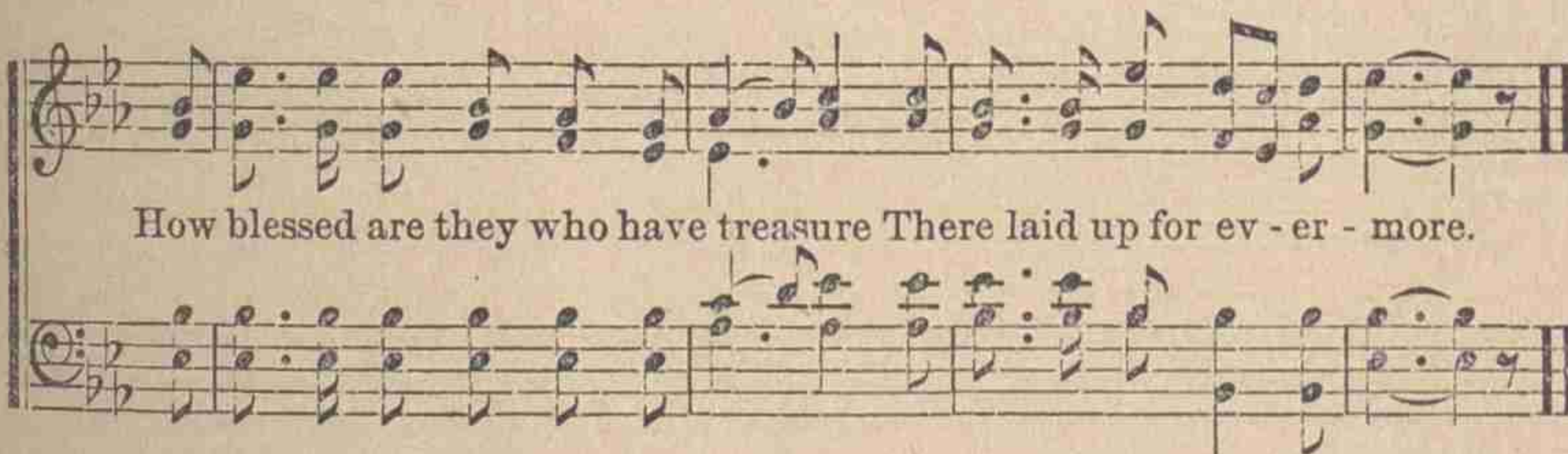


Soul-world of rest for the wea - ry, Be - yond the cares of time.
 The pil - grim, tho' here a stran - ger, There finds at last a home.
 The grave is the gate of entrance, There death has no more gloom.

Chorus.



Beau - ti - ful riv - er of pleas - ure, Safe on thy peace - ful shore;



How blessed are they who have treasure There laid up for ev - er - more.

4 Evergreen bowers of gladness,
 When life on earth is past,
 With scenes unsullied by sadness
 We all shall meet at last.

5 There the loved and lost are waiting,
 Enrobed in purest white,
 With harps attuned they are chanting
 Sweet songs of love and light.

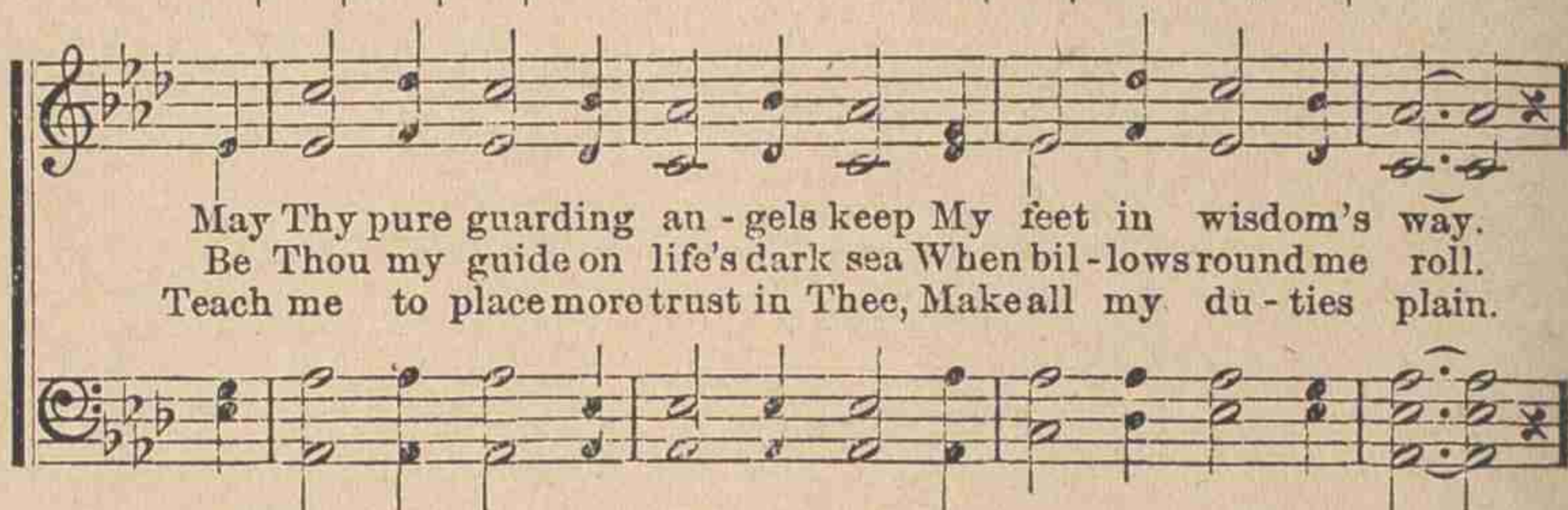
The Pilgrim's Daily Prayer.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.

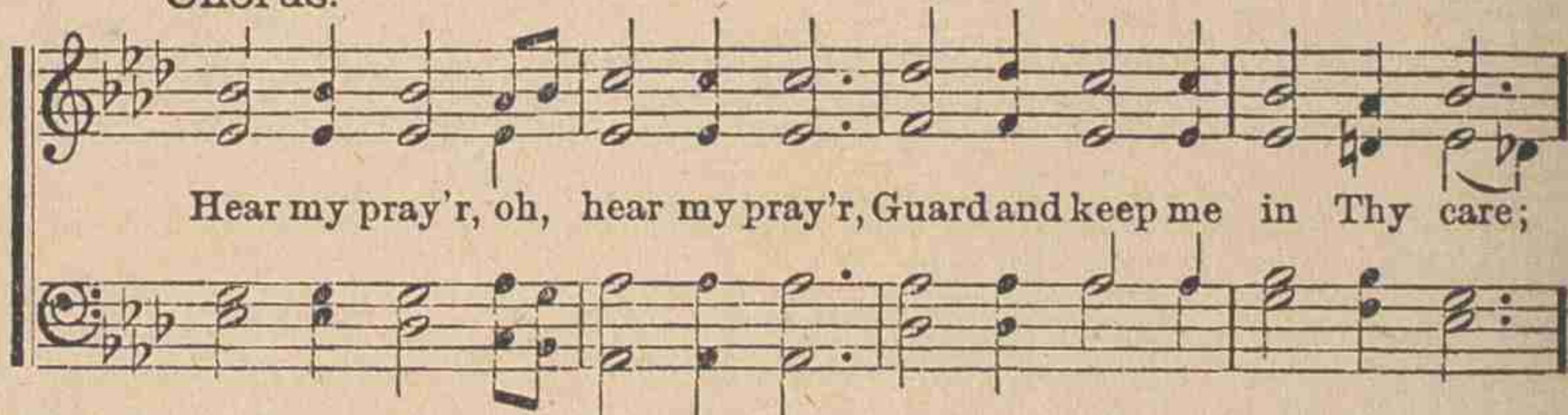


1. Thou source of Life, oh, hear my pray'r, For guidance thro' each day;
 2. Thou source of Light, oh, hear my pray'r, Send sunshine to my soul;
 3. Thou source of Love, oh, hear my pray'r, Let me not live in vain;



May Thy pure guarding an - gels keep My feet in wisdom's way.
 Be Thou my guide on life's dark sea When bil - lows round me roll.
 Teach me to place more trust in Thee, Make all my du - ties plain.

Chorus.



Hear my pray'r, oh, hear my pray'r, Guard and keep me in Thy care;



Lov - ing Fa - ther, hear my pray'r, Hear, oh, hear my heartfelt pray'r!

4 Thou source of Truth, oh, hear my prayer,
 That all mankind may know
 Our loved ones can return to earth,
 And bring sweet heaven below.—CHO.

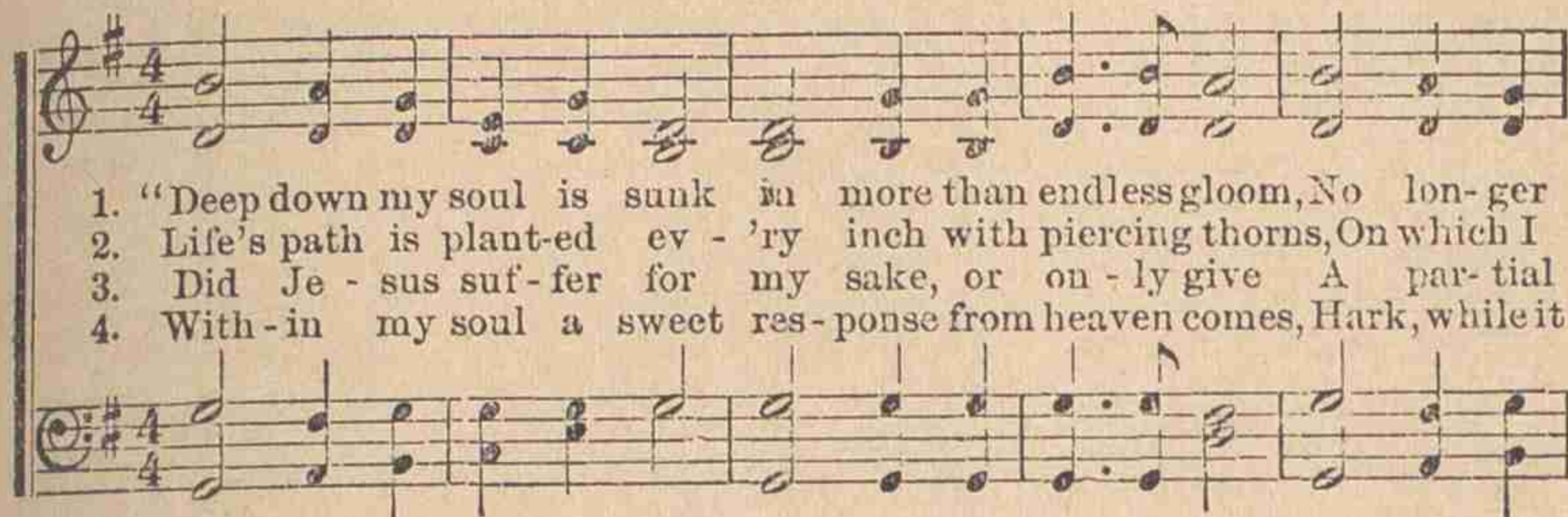
5 Thou source of Wisdom, hear my prayer,
 That, while on earth I roam,
 Bright angels may my course control,
 And guide me safely home.—CHO.

The Cross Wins the Crown.

"Ye must be born again."—JOHN 3: 7.

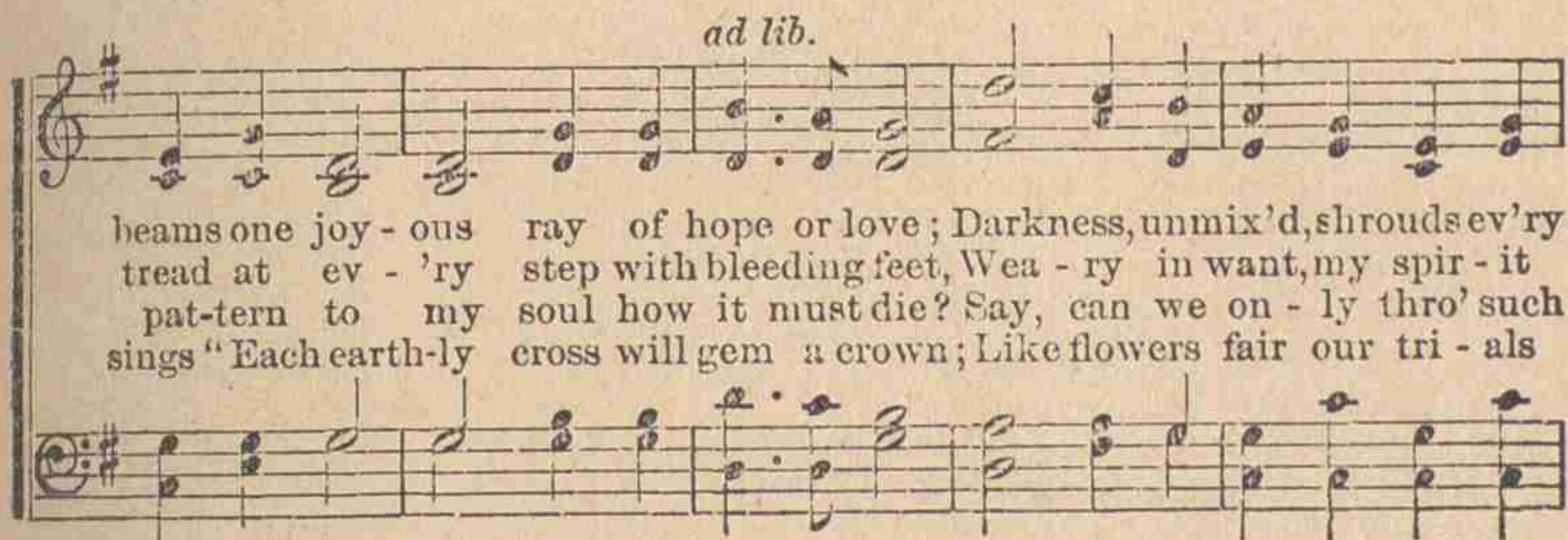
B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

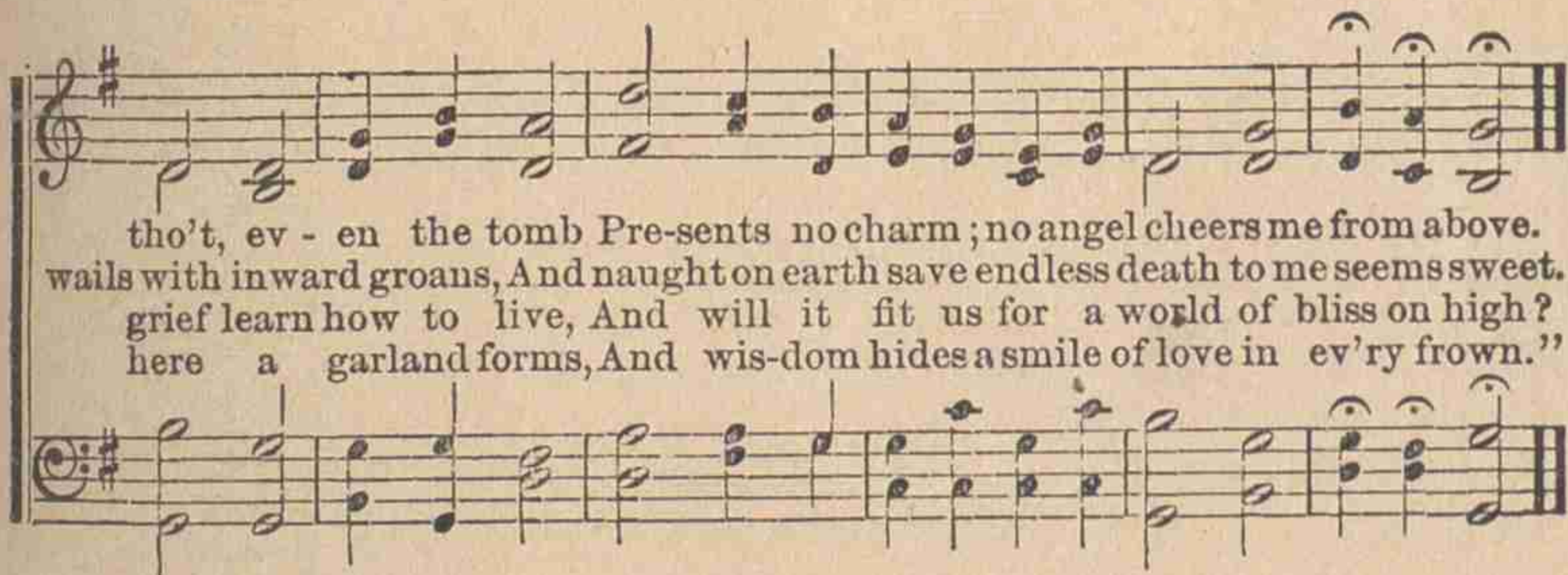


1. "Deep down my soul is sunk in more than endless gloom, No longer
 2. Life's path is plant-ed ev - 'ry inch with piercing thorns, On which I
 3. Did Je - sus suf - fer for my sake, or on - ly give A par - tial
 4. With - in my soul a sweet res - ponse from heaven comes, Hark, while it

ad lib.



beams one joy - ous ray of hope or love; Darkness, unmix'd, shroud ev'ry
 tread at ev - 'ry step with bleeding feet, Wea - ry in want, my spir - it
 pat - tern to my soul how it must die? Say, can we on - ly thro' such
 sings "Each earth - ly cross will gem a crown; Like flowers fair our tri - als



tho't, ev - en the tomb Pre - sents no charm; no angel cheers me from above.
 wails with inward groans, And naught on earth save endless death to me seems sweet.
 grief learn how to live, And will it fit us for a world of bliss on high?
 here a garland forms, And wis - dom hides a smile of love in ev'ry frown."

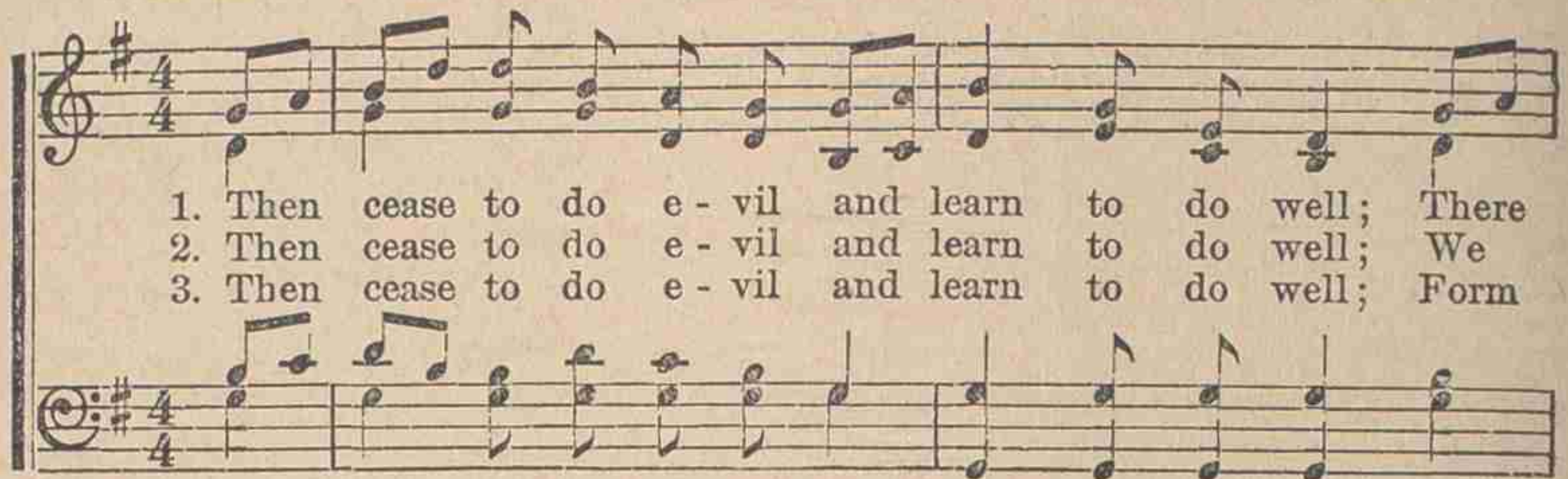
5 Then while without the rain drops fall, while nature weeps,
 Within my soul the storm has broke, the bow appears,
 And joy like laughing rills through all my being leaps,
 Tears are but dew—a holy calm quells all my fears.

6 Trust, doubting soul, the unseen power that rules o'er all,
 Is not thy life of greater worth than lilies bloom?
 Behold His loving hand who check the sparrows' fall,
 And from this moment banish all thy faithless gloom.

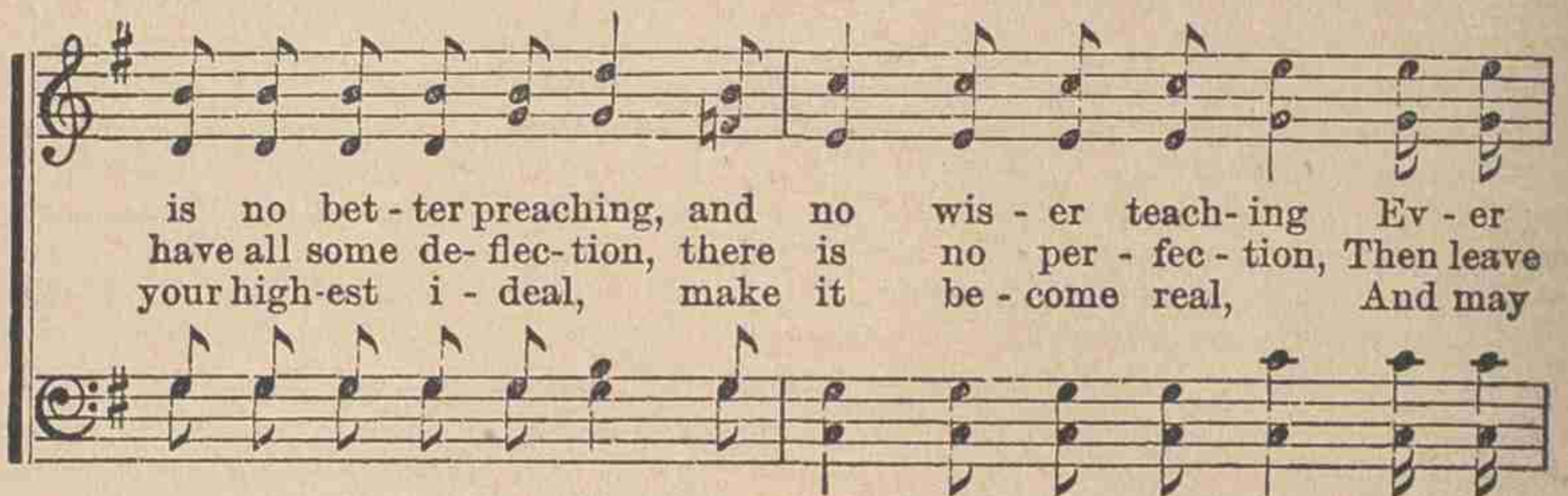
Learn to do Well.

B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON.



1. Then cease to do e - vil and learn to do well; There
 2. Then cease to do e - vil and learn to do well; We
 3. Then cease to do e - vil and learn to do well; Form



is no bet - ter preaching, and no wis - er teach - ing Ev - er
 have all some de - flec - tion, there is no per - fec - tion, Then leave
 your high - est i - deal, make it be - come real, And may



giv - en to man; Not e - ven an an - gel from
 fail - ures be - hind; Pre - pare for the fut - ure since
 this be your aim: While ask - ing the an - gels dark



heav - en could tell An - y way of sal - va - tion for
 heav - en and hell Are made from con - di - tions, the
 thoughts to dis - pel, From a - bove they will hear thee and

Learn to do Well.—Concluded.



one's self or na - tion That can e - qual this plan.
se - quence of ac - tions, Both of bod - y and mind.
keep ev - er near thee, Help - ing thee to win fame.

Chorus.



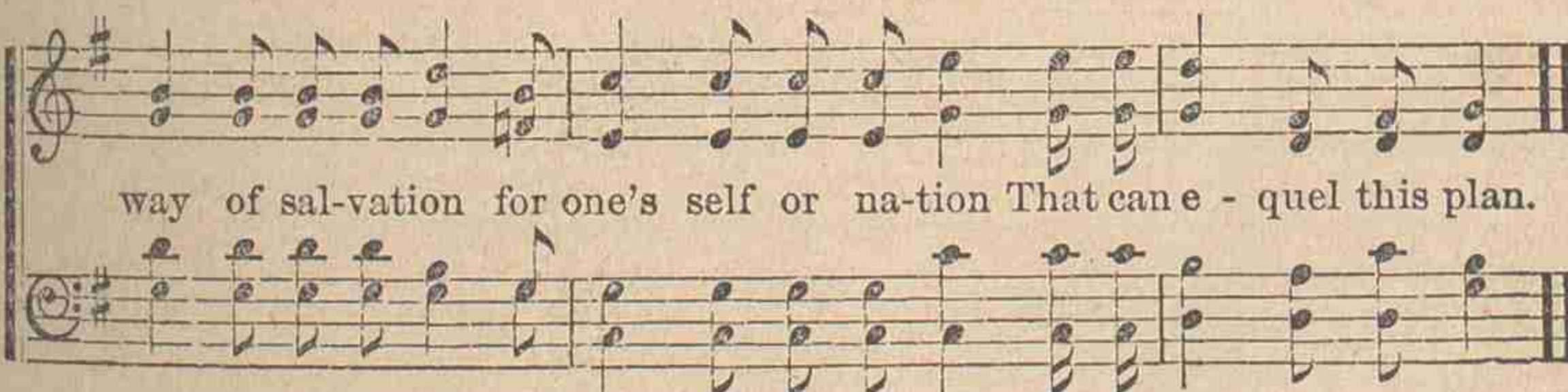
Oh, then learn,..... oh, learn to do well,.....
Oh, then learn, oh, learn to do well, to do well,



Do the best,..... the best that you can,
Do the best, the best that you can, do the best;



Not e - ven an an - gel from heav - en could tell A - ny



way of sal - vation for one's self or na - tion That can e - quel this plan.

All Hail the Time.

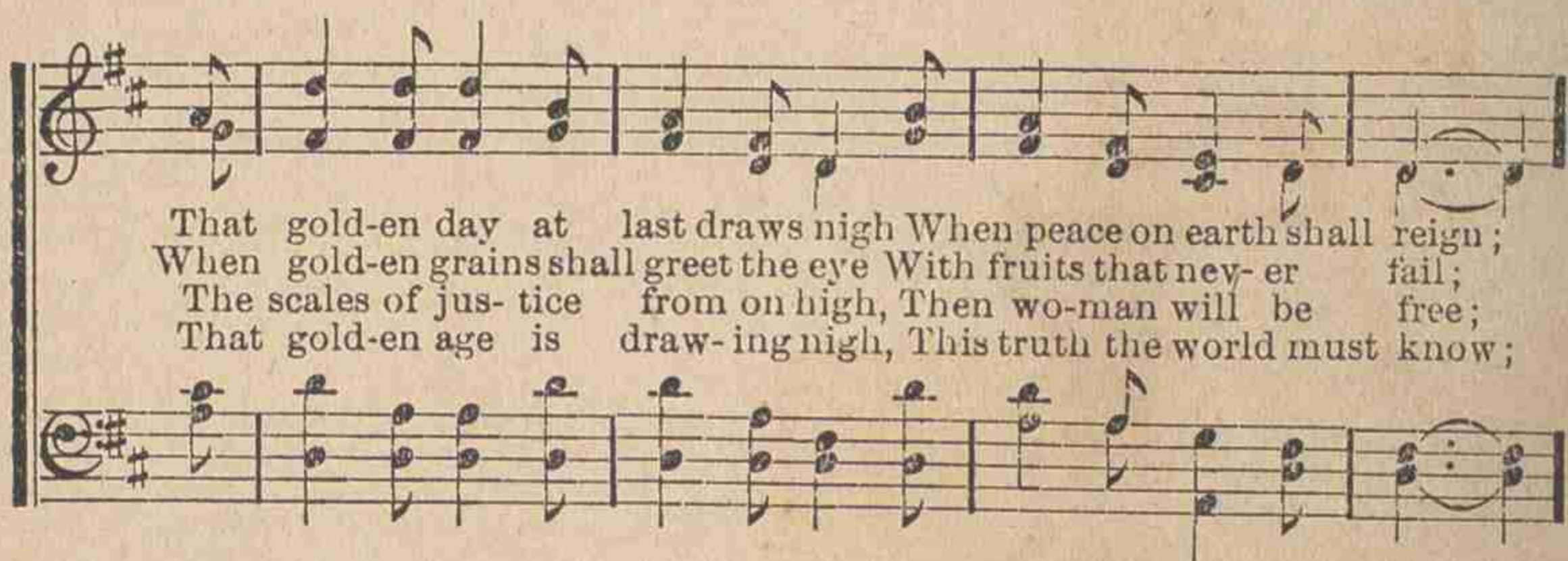
B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

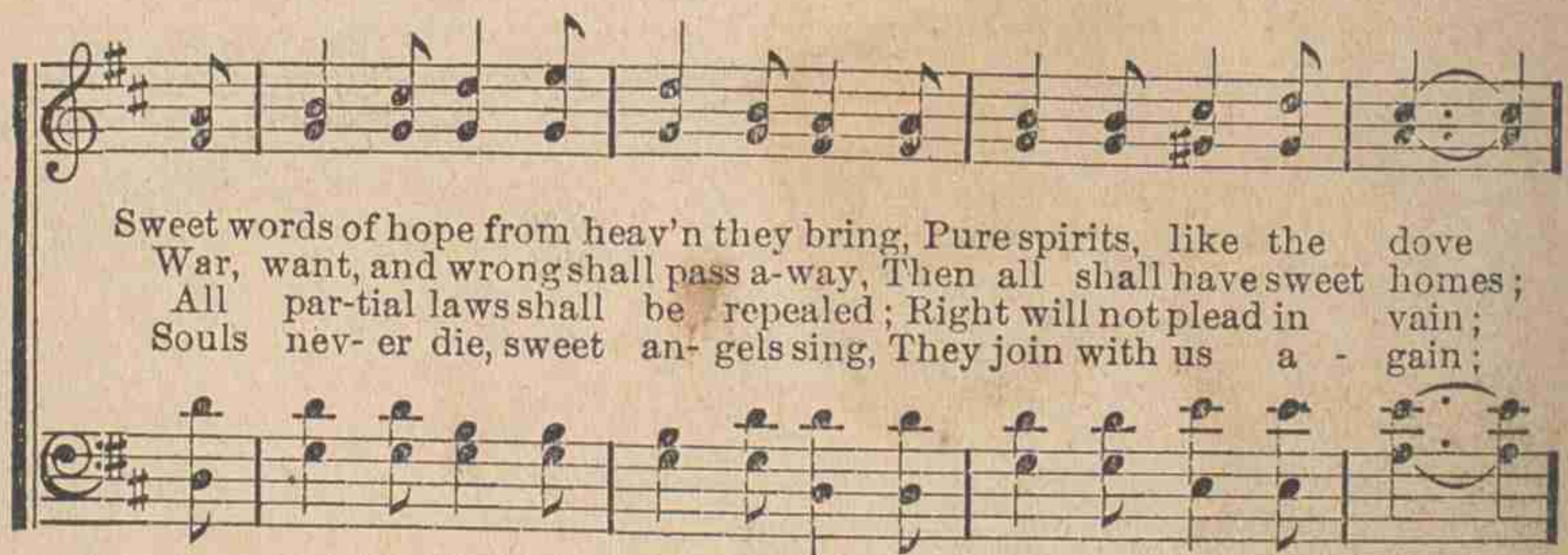
Allegro.



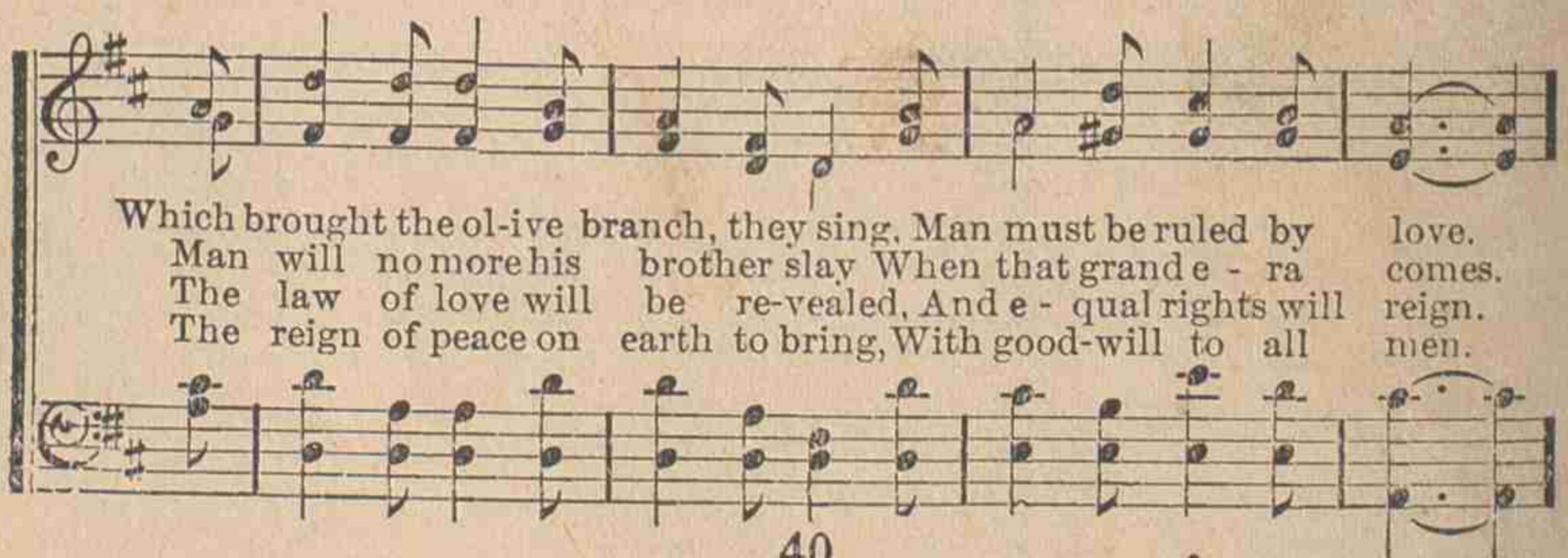
1. All hail the time, sweet by and by, When an-gels sing a - gain,
 2. All hail the time, sweet by and by, When plen-ty shall pre - vail,
 3. All hail the time, sweet by and by, When those who rule shall see
 4. All hail the time, sweet by and by, When heav'n begins be - low;



That gold-en day at last draws nigh When peace on earth shall reign;
 When gold-en grains shall greet the eye With fruits that nev-er fail;
 The scales of jus-tice from on high, Then wo-man will be free;
 That gold-en age is draw-ing nigh, This truth the world must know;



Sweet words of hope from heav'n they bring, Pure spirits, like the dove
 War, want, and wrong shall pass a-way, Then all shall have sweet homes;
 All par-tial laws shall be repealed; Right will not plead in vain;
 Souls nev-er die, sweet an-gels sing, They join with us a - gain;



Which brought the ol-ive branch, they sing, Man must be ruled by love.
 Man will no more his brother slay When that grand e - ra comes.
 The law of love will be re-vealed, And e - qual rights will reign.
 The reign of peace on earth to bring, With good-will to all men.

All Hail the Time.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then sing, all hail! sweet by and by, When wisdom from a - bove
With truth and right shall join with might, And rule the world by love.

The Glory Thine.

B. M. L.

Miss M. W. M.

1. Al - mighty pow'r of heav'n and earth, Father of love, su-preme, di-vine,
2. Now while we worship Thee as Lord, May wisdom from a - bove combine
3. When blest in bask-et and in store, With fruits of gold, corn, oil, and wine,
From whom all worlds have had their birth, Thou great first cause, all glory Thine!
With love to man, and thus a - ward True praise to Thee, all glo - ry Thine!
Make us good stewards for the poor, Thus may we prove all glo - ry Thine!
4 When disappointments cloud our way, Grant that our souls may not repine,
But may we see in life's dark day Beyond the clouds, all glory Thine!
5 Let angels, from the unseen shore, Now fill our hearts with love divine;
And may we feel forever more Thy will be done, all glory Thine.

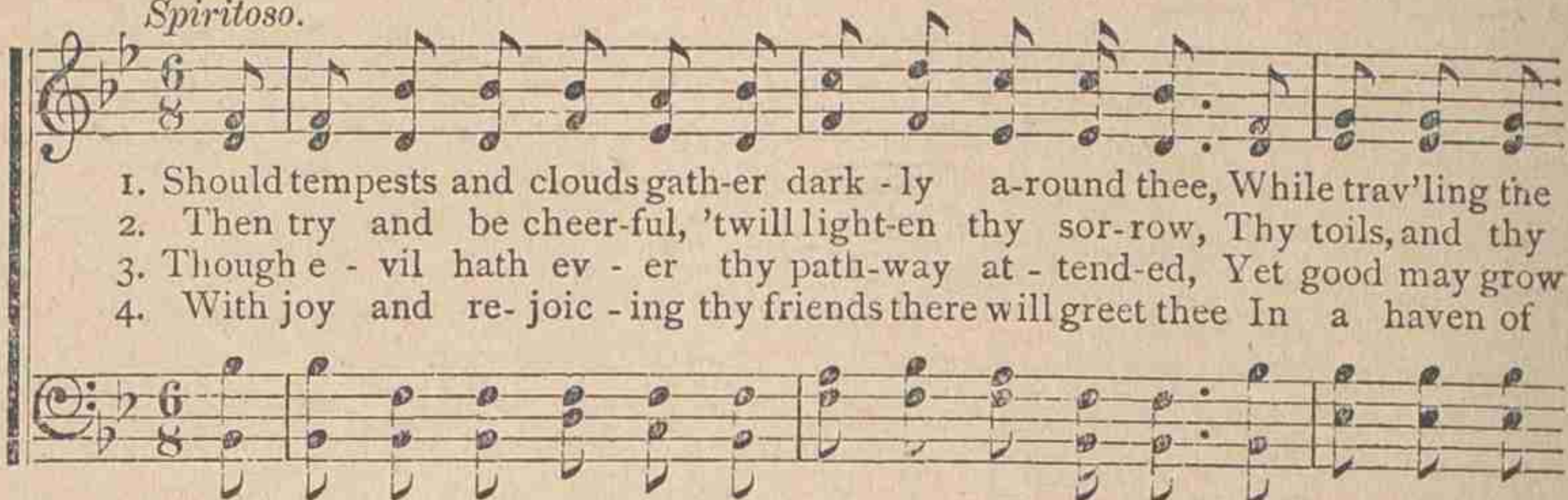
Words of Good Cheer.

Mrs. A. L. CAMERON.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

Arr. by B. M. L.

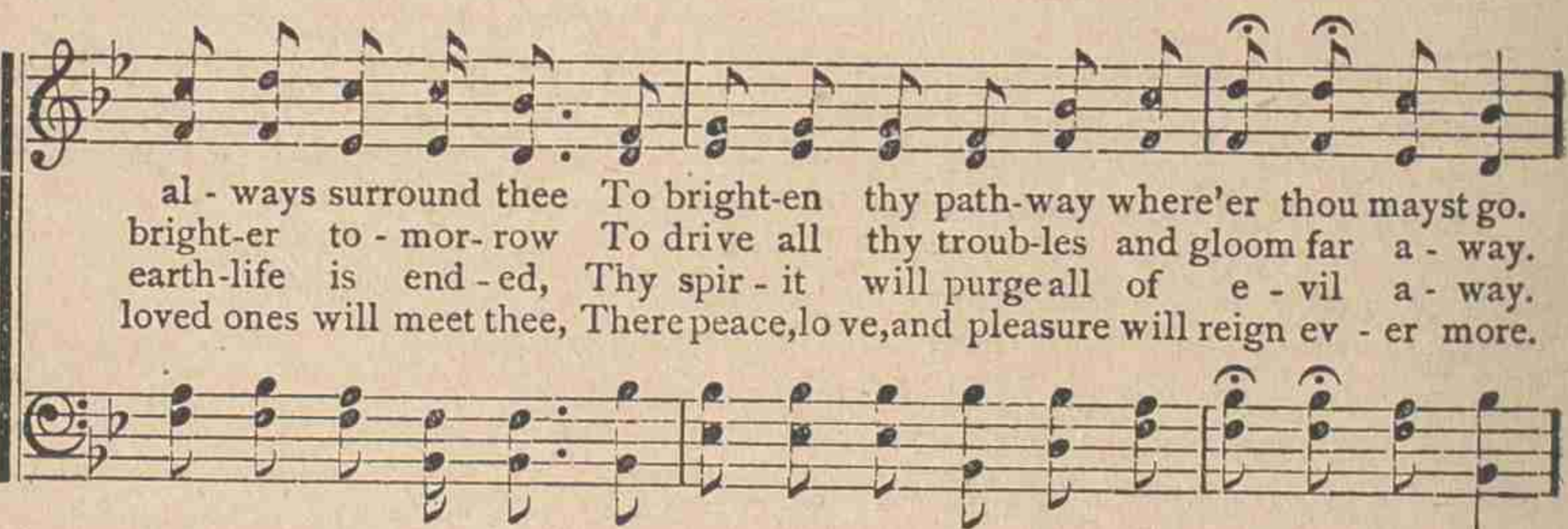
Spiritoso.



1. Should tempests and clouds gath-er dark - ly a-round thee, While trav'ling the
 2. Then try and be cheer-ful, 'twill light-en thy sor-row, Thy toils, and thy
 3. Though e - vil hath ev - er thy path-way at - tend-ed, Yet good may grow
 4. With joy and re-joic - ing thy friends there will greet thee In a haven of



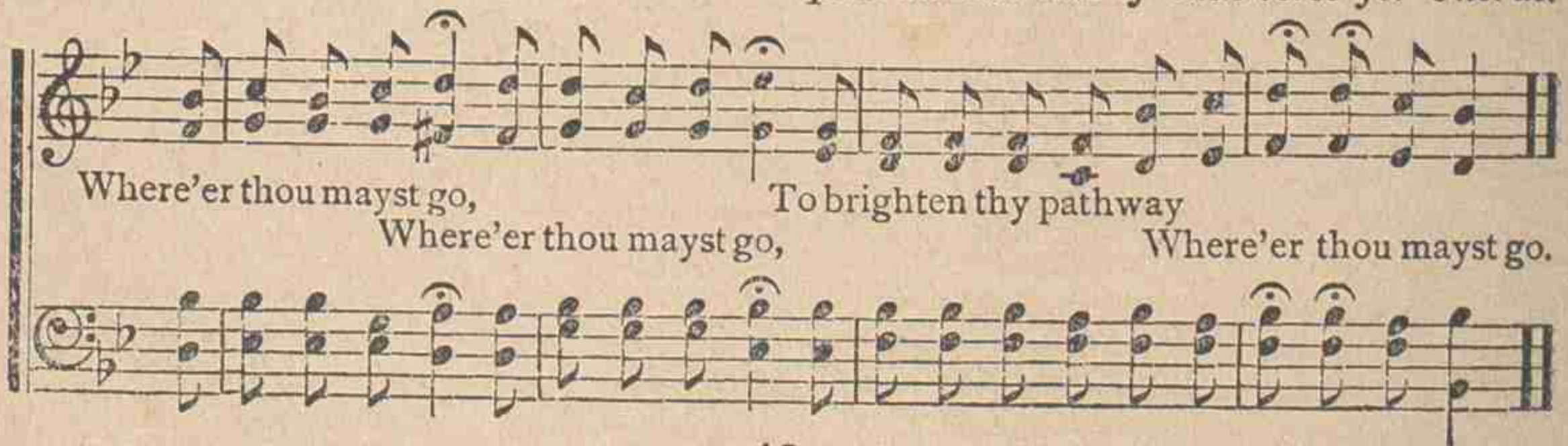
jour - ney of life here be - low, Re-mem - ber, that spir - it - friends
 tri - als, though dark be the day; And know that for thee there's a
 out of it some fut - ure day; If nev - er be - fore, when this
 rest when life's jour - ney is o'er, With songs of re - joic - ing thy



al - ways surround thee To bright-en thy path-way where'er thou mayst go.
 bright-er to - mor-row To drive all thy troub-les and gloom far a - way.
 earth-life is end-ed, Thy spir - it will purge all of e - vil a - way.
 loved ones will meet thee, There peace, lo ve, and pleasure will reign ev - er more.

Chorus.

Repeat the last line of each verse for Chorus.



Where'er thou mayst go, To brighten thy pathway
 Where'er thou mayst go, Where'er thou mayst go.

Thou Great Life Giver.

B. M. L.

Miss GRACE C. ANDREWS.



1. Oh, Thou, the great Life Giv - er, from whom all blessings flow,
 2. Oh, Thou, the great Life Giv - er, whose home is ev - 'ry - where,
 3. Oh, Thou, the great Life Giv - er, Thou Source of truth and love,
 4. Oh, Thou, the great Life Giv - er, Fa - ther of all be - low,



Thy king - dom come, and ev - er Thy will be done be - low;
 May we now and for - ev - er Thy light and wis - dom share;
 When earth - ly ties shall sev - er, take our free souls a - bove,
 May we re - mem - ber ev - er that mer - cy which we show,



With hearts all free from sad - ness, de - void of grief and gloom,
 Thou might - y force un - fold - ing each be - ing from its birth,
 There, thro' all com - ing a - ges, while we life's book re - view,
 The same will be our meas - ure up - on that peaceful shore,



We wor - ship Thee with glad - ness, and dread no fear - ful doom.
 Whose pow'r is all - con - troll - ing from at - om up to earth.
 May we up - on its pag - es find all things pure and true.
 And prove a price - less treas - ure till time will be no more.

The Ship of Life.

"Which hope we have as an anchor."—Heb: 6: 19.

B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.

1. Our ship glides o'er the wa - ter, With col - ors flow - ing
2. With pro - gress for our com - pass, Which ev - er points a -

free, Bound for a fair - er quar - ter, We're sail - ing on life's sea.
- bove, And pray'r that heav'n may guide us, We'll gain the port of love.

Chorus.

Oh, hear sweet voi - ces sing - ing, Songs from the oth - er shore; Peace

an - gels now are bring - ing Good will on earth once more.

3 With wisdom for our captain,
Love-mates our loyal crew,
Faith is our trusty watchman,
And hope our beacon true.—CHO.

4 Souls gone before still hover
Round us on wings of love,
While we are sailing over
They lift our thoughts above.—CHO.

5 When passion storms have bound us,
Peace comes to quell the blest;
When breakers bleak surround us,
Hope will her anchor cast.—CHO.

6 With angel friends beside us,
All sordid aims will cease,
Our pilot, prayer, will guide us
Safe in the port of peace.—CHO.

A Name in the Sand.

GEO. D. PRENTICE.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

Con espressione.



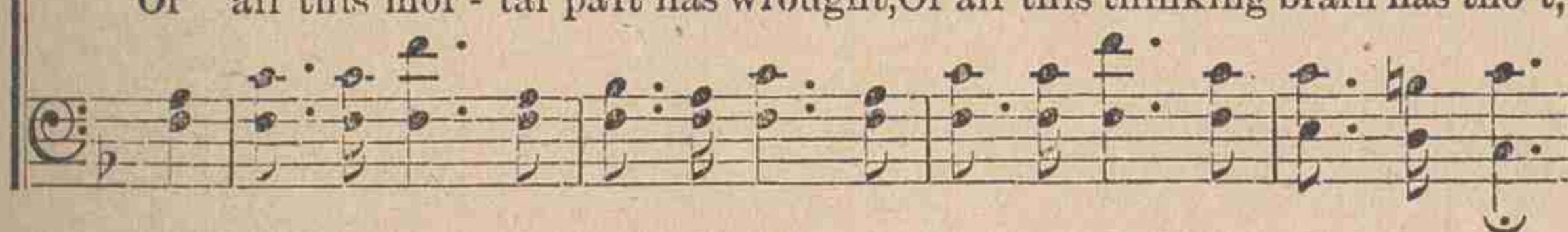
1. A - lone I trod the ocean's strand, A pearl-y shell was in my hand,
 2. And thus me-thought 'twill quickly be With ev'-ry mark on earth by me,
 3. And yet with Him who counts the sands, And holds the waters in His hands,




I stoop'd and wrote up - on the sand My name, the year, the day;
 A wave from dark ob - liv - ion sea Will sweep across the place
 I know a last - ing rec-ord stands In-scribed against my name;




As onward from the spot I past One ling'ring look behind I cast,
 Where I have trod the sand-y shore Of time and been to be no more
 Of all this mor - tal part has wrought, Of all this thinking brain has tho't,



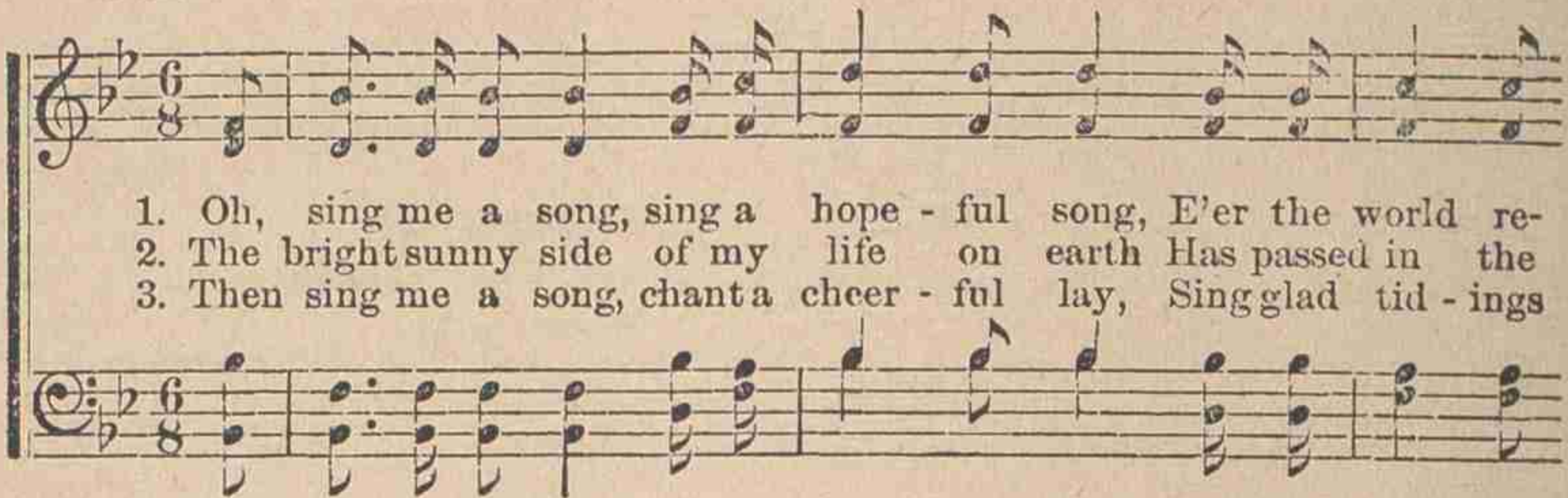

A wave came roll - ing high and fast, And wash'd my line a - way.
 Of me, my day, the name I bore, To leave no track or trace.
 And from the fleet - ing moments caught For glo - ry or for shame.



The Golden Years to Come.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

B. M. L.



1. Oh, sing me a song, sing a hope - ful song, E'er the world re-
 2. The bright sunny side of my life on earth Has passed in the
 3. Then sing me a song, chant a cheer - ful lay, Sing glad tid - ings



- cedes from my view, Tell me that right shall rule o - ver wrong,
 years that are flown, I'm wait - ing now for an - oth - er birth,
 from o - ver there, Let me catch one gleam of the golden day,



That the false shall give place to the true; The fur - rows
 To a world where dark clouds are un - known; Bright gold - en
 When the pure shall be free from all care; I've strug - gled



made by the hand of Time, Tell me I must soon go home,
 years in a fair - er clime, Wait for me in that sweet home,
 long with the false and wrong, Have seen truth and jus - tice fail,

The Golden Years to Come. — Concluded.



Then sing me a song, a joy - ous song Of the gold-en years to come.
But my soul while here still longs to hear Of the gold-en years to come.
But I know some time, in a fair- er clime, That the right shall yet pre-vail



Chorus.



Oh, sing me a song, oh, sing me a song, Sing me a song of the



gold - en years, When the world shall be free from crime; Oh,



sing me a song of that bliss - ful time, Sing me a



song that will dry all tears, In the gold - en years to come.

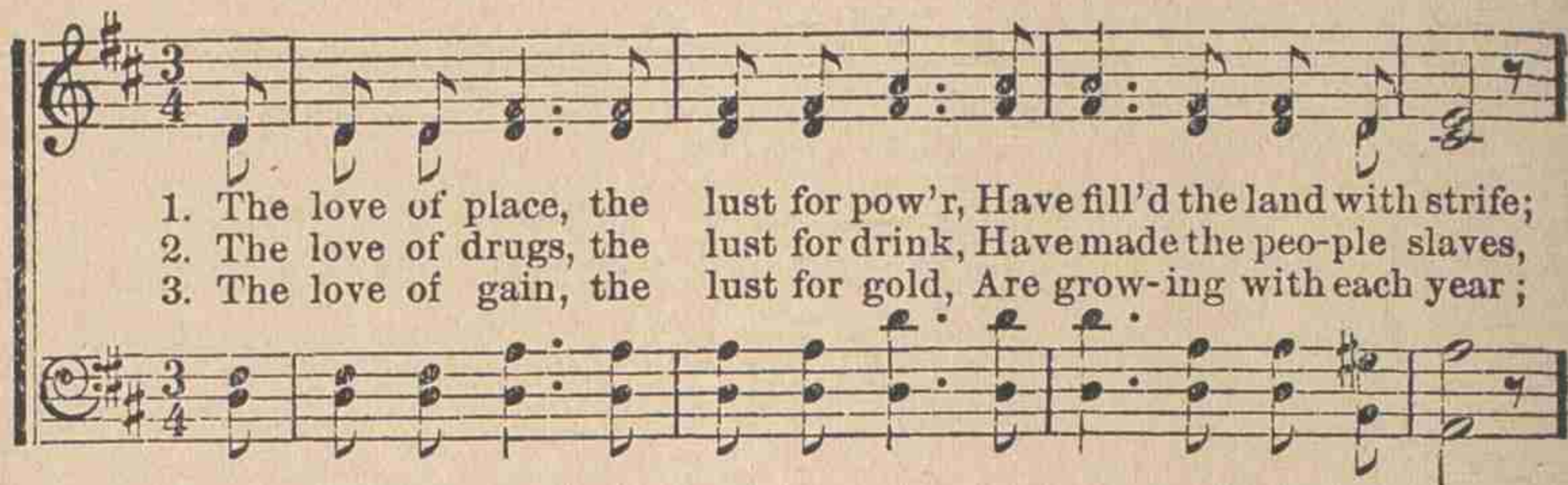


The Grand Era of Peace.

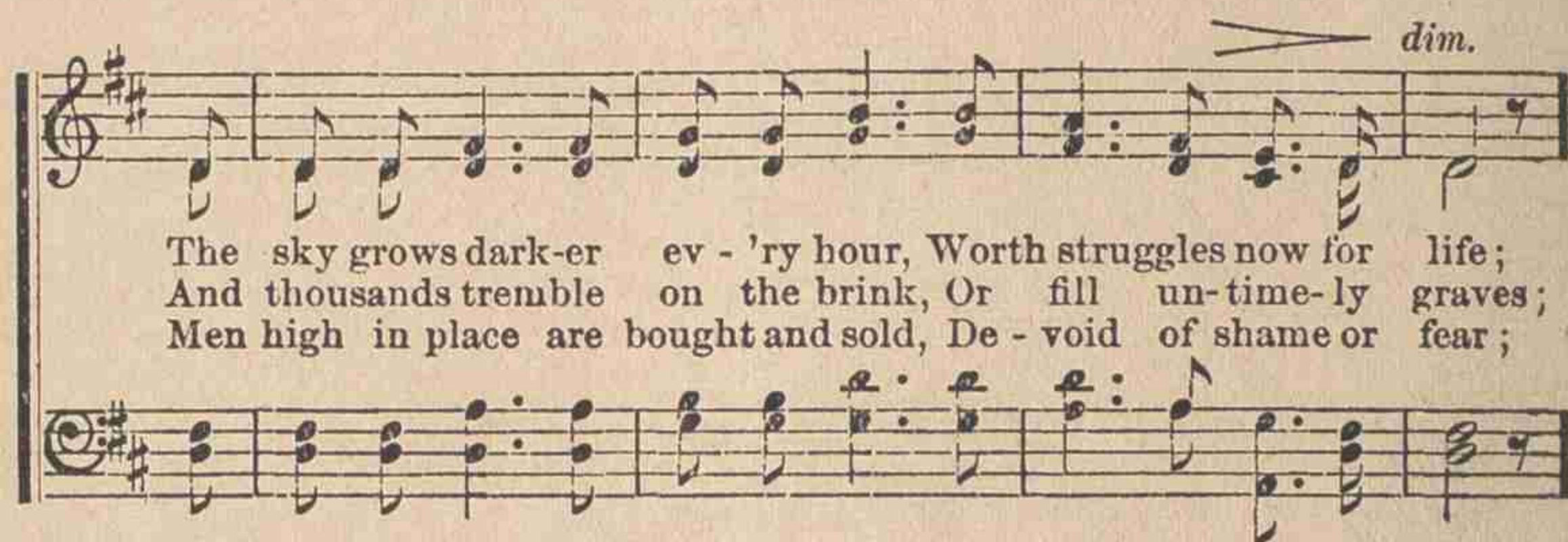
"Neither shall they learn war any more."—ISA. 2: 4.

B. M. L.

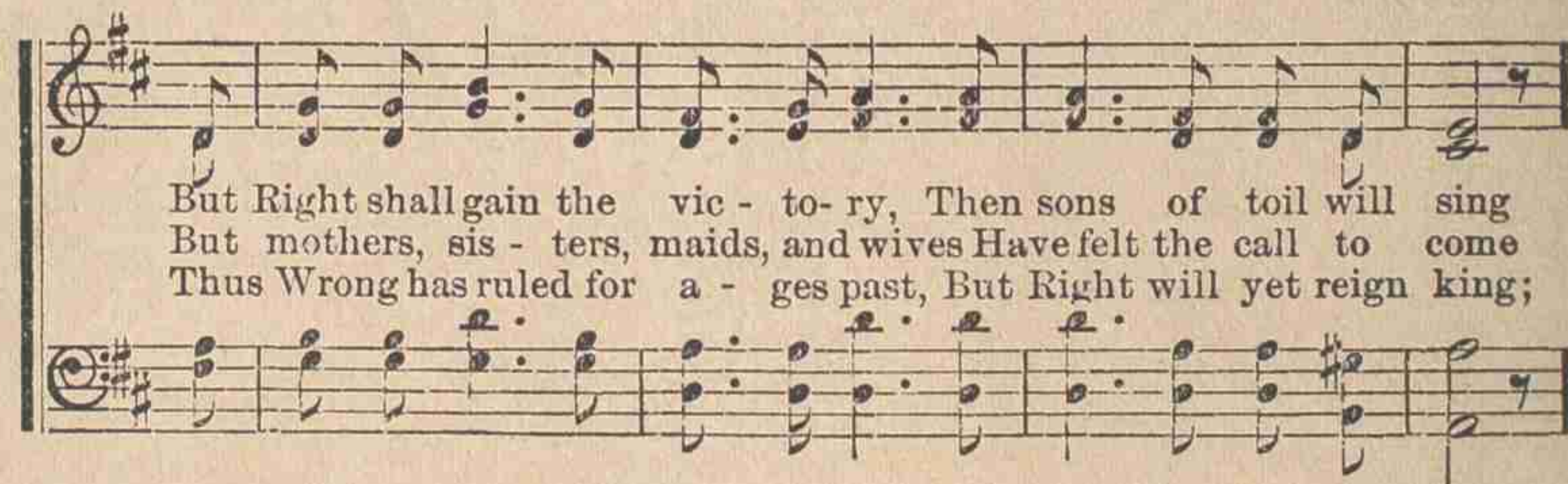
B. M. LAWRENCE.



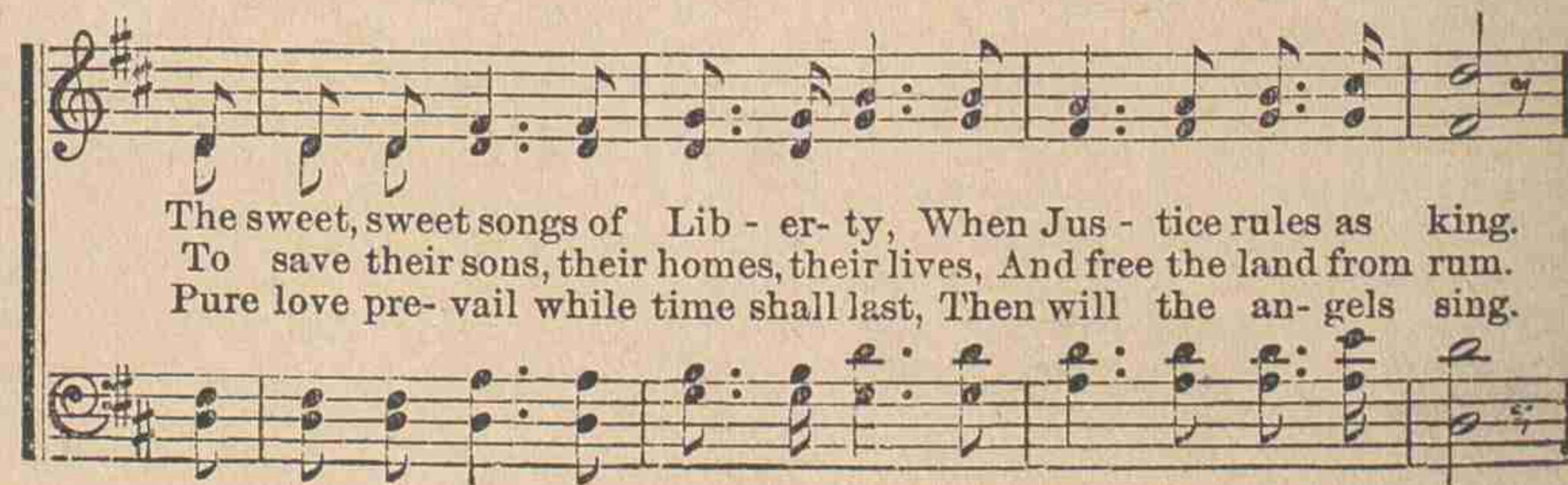
1. The love of place, the lust for pow'r, Have fill'd the land with strife;
 2. The love of drugs, the lust for drink, Have made the peo-ple slaves,
 3. The love of gain, the lust for gold, Are grow-ing with each year;



The sky grows dark-er ev - 'ry hour, Worth struggles now for life;
 And thousands tremble on the brink, Or fill un-time-ly graves;
 Men high in place are bought and sold, De - void of shame or fear;



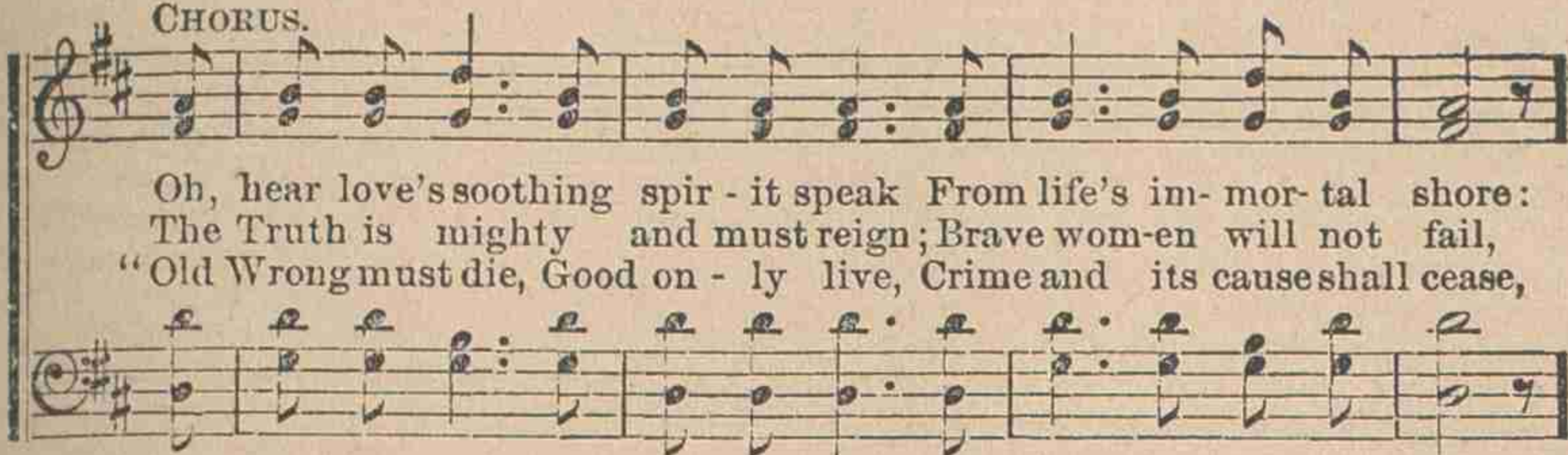
But Right shall gain the vic - to-ry, Then sons of toil will sing
 But mothers, sis - ters, maids, and wives Have felt the call to come
 Thus Wrong has ruled for a - ges past, But Right will yet reign king;



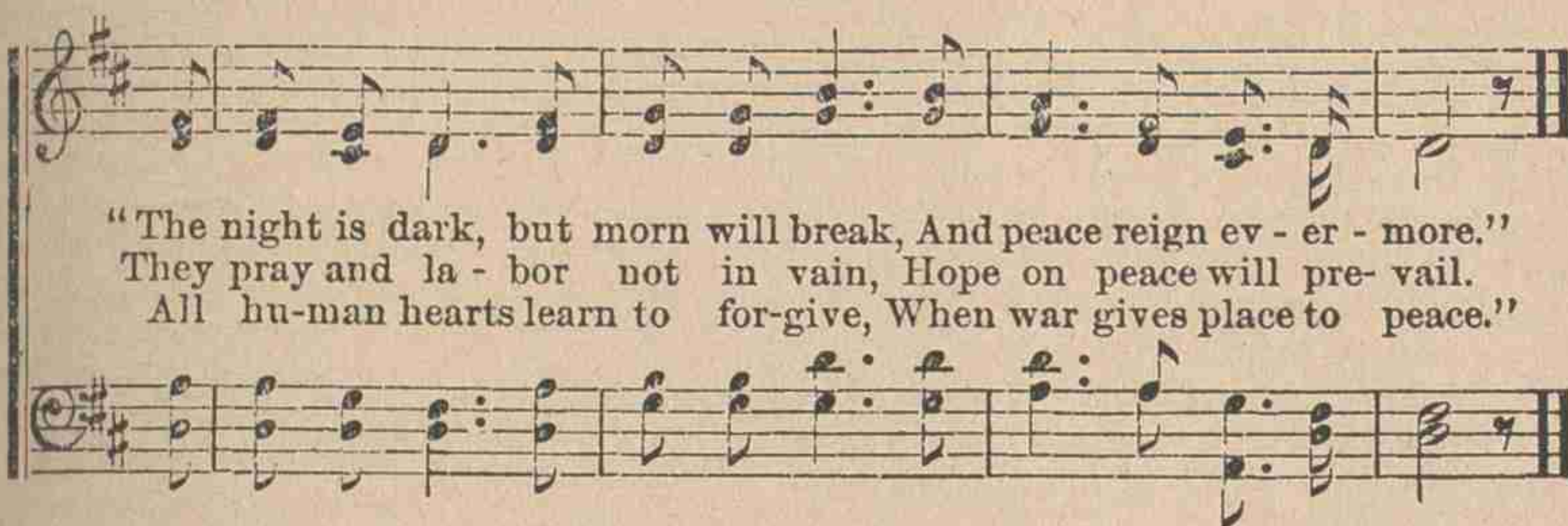
The sweet, sweet songs of Lib - er-ty, When Jus - tice rules as king.
 To save their sons, their homes, their lives, And free the land from rum.
 Pure love pre-vail while time shall last, Then will the an-gels sing.

The Grand Era, Etc.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Oh, hear love's soothing spir - it speak From life's im - mor - tal shore:
The Truth is mighty and must reign; Brave wom - en will not fail,
"Old Wrong must die, Good on - ly live, Crime and its cause shall cease,



"The night is dark, but morn will break, And peace reign ev - er - more."
They pray and la - bor not in vain, Hope on peace will pre - vail.
All hu - man hearts learn to for - give, When war gives place to peace."

Prophet, Tell Us of the Light.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE.



1. Prophet, tell us of the light, What its signs of promise are. Pil - grim,



o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star.

2 Prophet, tell us of the light,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Pilgrim, virtue, truth, and right,
Love and peace, its course portends.

3 Prophet, tell us of the light,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Pilgrim, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

4 Prophet, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Pilgrim, ages, yet unknown,
It will shine o'er all the earth.

5 Prophet, will the rule of wrong
And injustice soon be o'er?
Pilgrim, angels sing their song:
"Peace shall reign forever more!"

Dare to be Free.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.



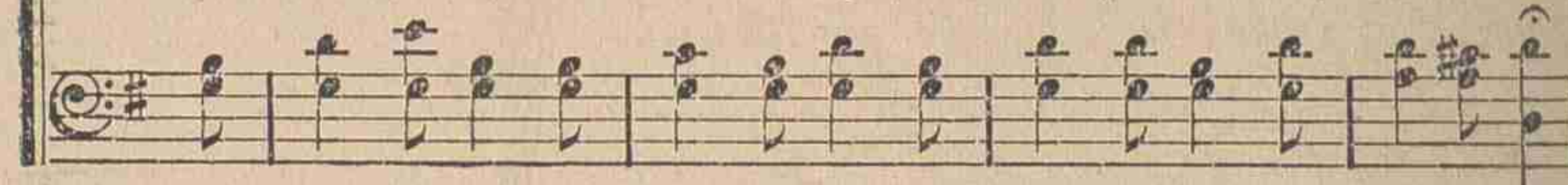
1. Dare to be free from ev-'ry wrong, With steadfast will let reason reign;
2. Dare to be free! though all a-lone, Stand by the truth, let scoffers jeer;
3. Dare to be free! tho' fashion's frown Should spurn thee from her fickle throng;



While slave to vice and passions strong E - ter - nal life thou canst not gain,
Should foes revile and friends disown Still keep thy conscience pure and clear;
There waits for thee a royal crown Where seraphs swell sweet freedom's song;



Pre-serve thy temple, pure and free, That angels bright may dwell with thee;
The Scribes, we read, shall en-ter in Christ's kingdom aft-er Mag-da-len;
There wisdom, love, and truth shall reign, And worth, not wealth, reward attain;



Pre-serve thy temple, pure and free, That angels bright may dwell with thee.
The Scribes, we read, shall en-ter in Christ's kingdom aft-er Mag-da-len.
There wisdom, love, and truth shall reign, And worth, not wealth, reward attain.



Dare to be Free.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



1-2. Dare to be free! dare to be free! Pure and free as the hopes of youth;
3. Thereall are free, thereall are free For - ev - er in the land of love;



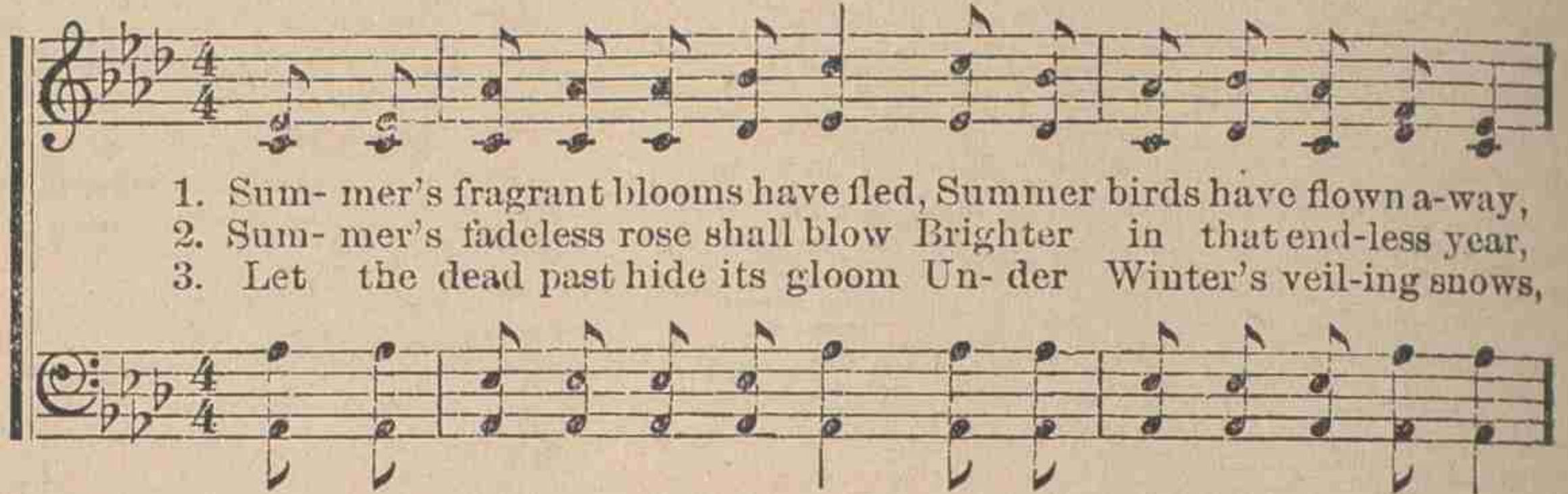
Dare to be free! dare to be free! Pure and free as the voice of truth.
Thereall are free, thereall are free For - ev - er in the world a - bove.

Summer Sweet Shall Ever Bloom.

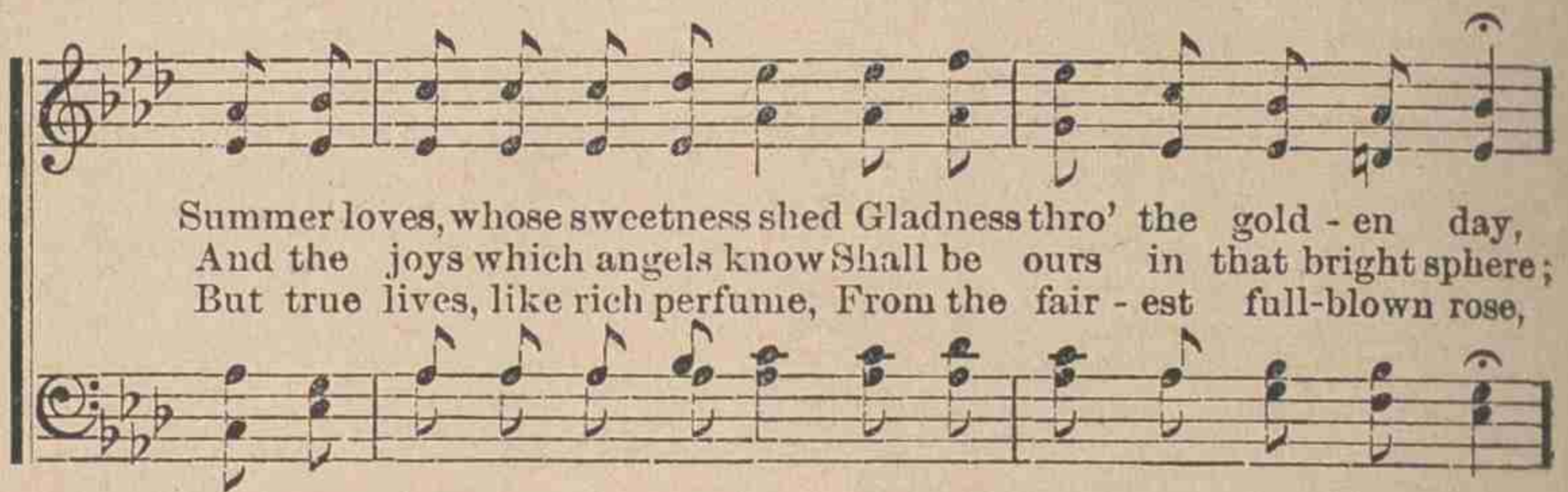
"And there shall be no more death!"—REV. 21: 4.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

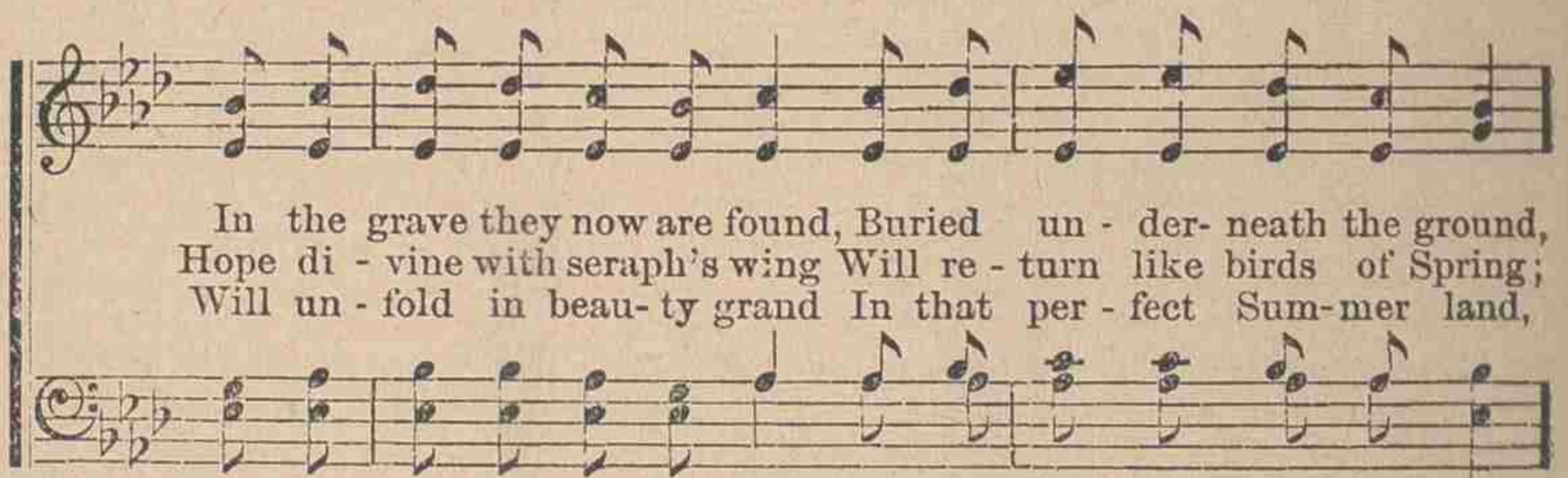
GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.



1. Sum-mer's fragrant blooms have fled, Summer birds have flown a-way,
 2. Sum-mer's fadeless rose shall blow Brighter in that end-less year,
 3. Let the dead past hide its gloom Un-der Winter's veil-ing snows,

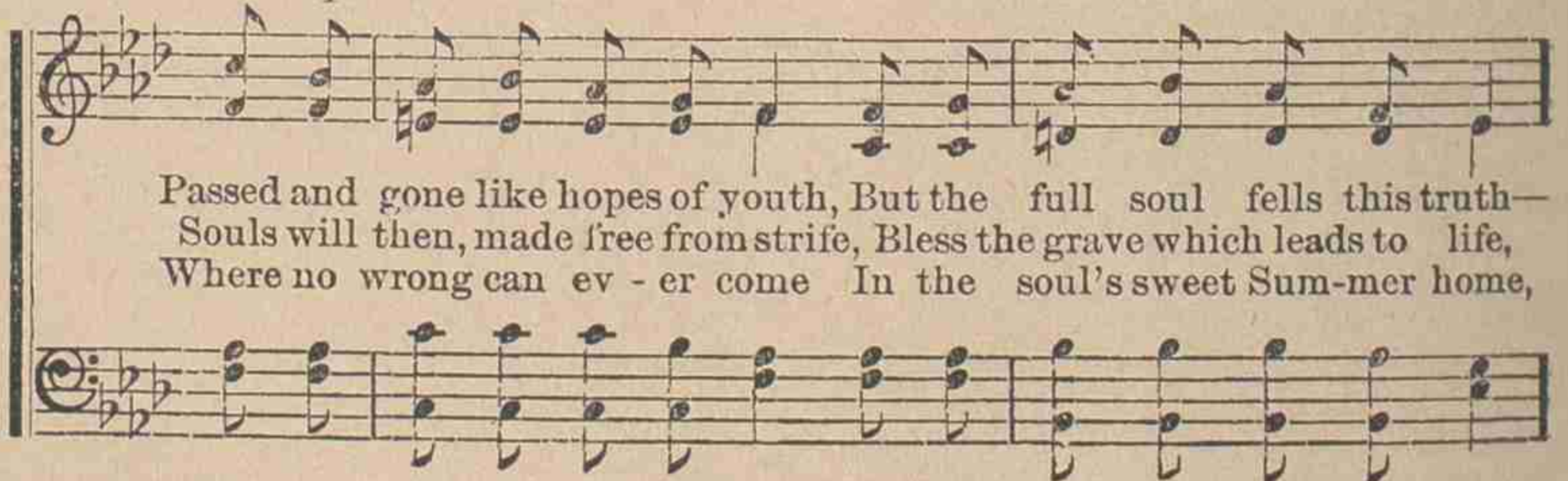


Summer loves, whose sweetness shed Gladness thro' the gold-en day,
 And the joys which angels know Shall be ours in that bright sphere;
 But true lives, like rich perfume, From the fair-est full-blown rose,



In the grave they now are found, Buried un-der-neath the ground,
 Hope di-vine with seraph's wing Will re-turn like birds of Spring;
 Will un-fold in beau-ty grand In that per-fect Sum-mer land,

Slower p.



Passed and gone like hopes of youth, But the full soul feels this truth—
 Souls will then, made free from strife, Bless the grave which leads to life,
 Where no wrong can ev-er come In the soul's sweet Sum-mer home,

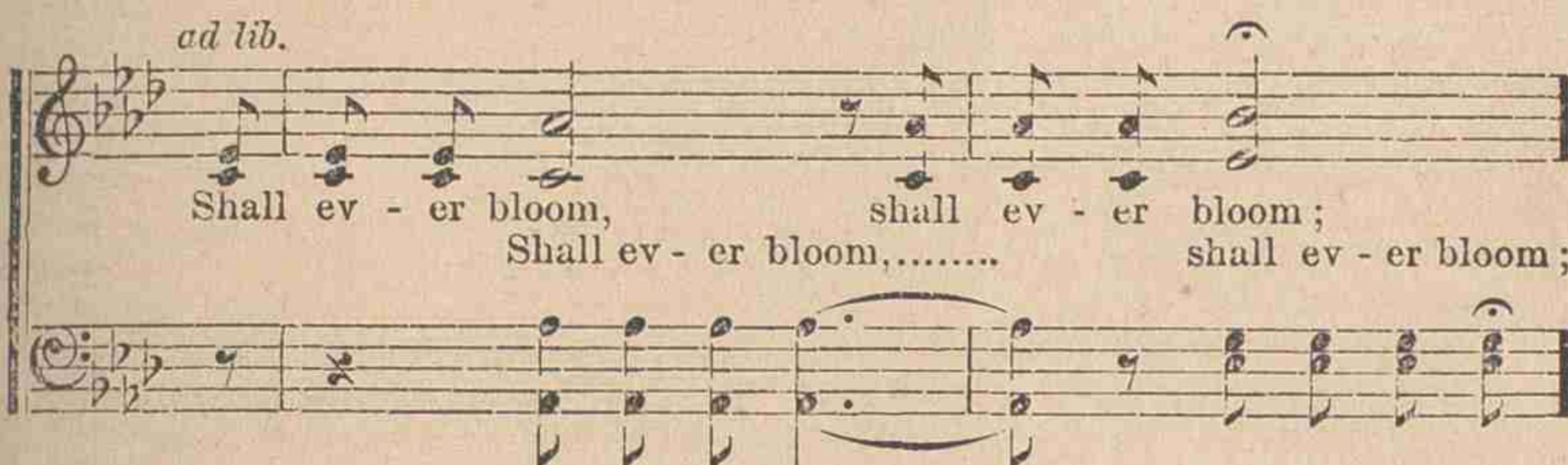
Summer Sweet, Etc.—Concluded.

a tempo.



That be - yond the si - lent tomb Summer sweet a - gain shall bloom;
When be - yond the si - lent tomb Summer sweet a - gain shall bloom;
There be - yond the peaceful tomb Summer shall for - ev - er bloom;

ad lib.



Shall ev - er bloom, shall ev - er bloom;
Shall ev - er bloom,..... shall ev - er bloom;

rit.



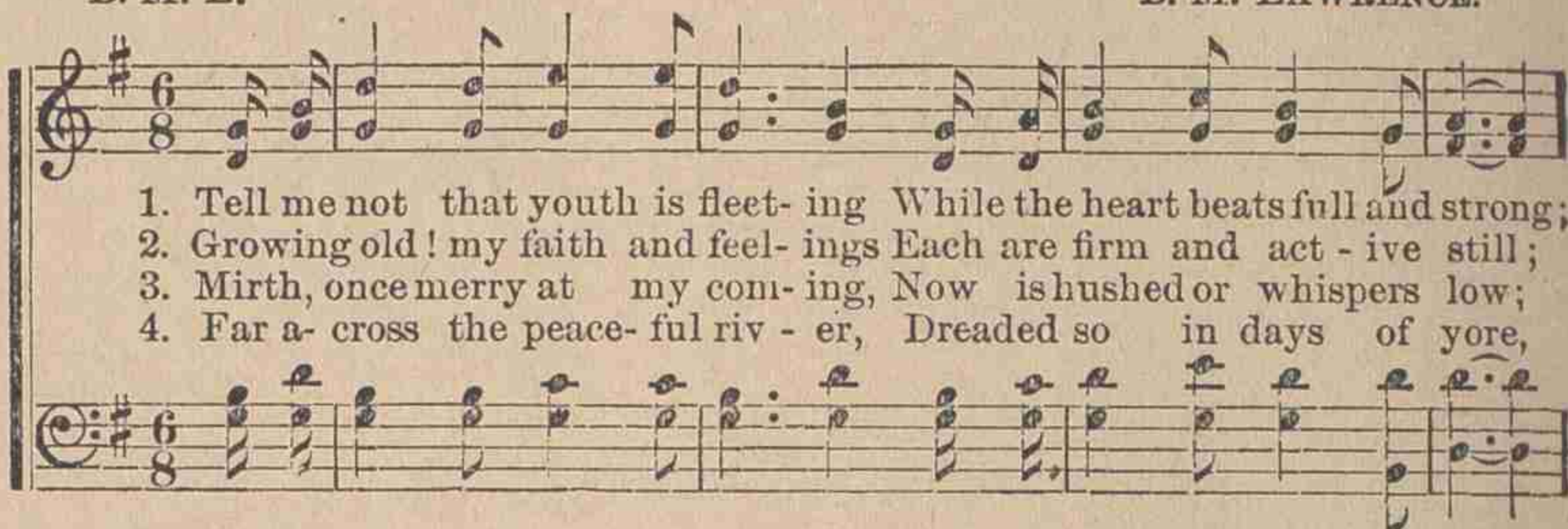
Yes, be - yond the si - lent tomb Summer sweet shall ev - er bloom.

Tell Me Not I'm Growing Old.

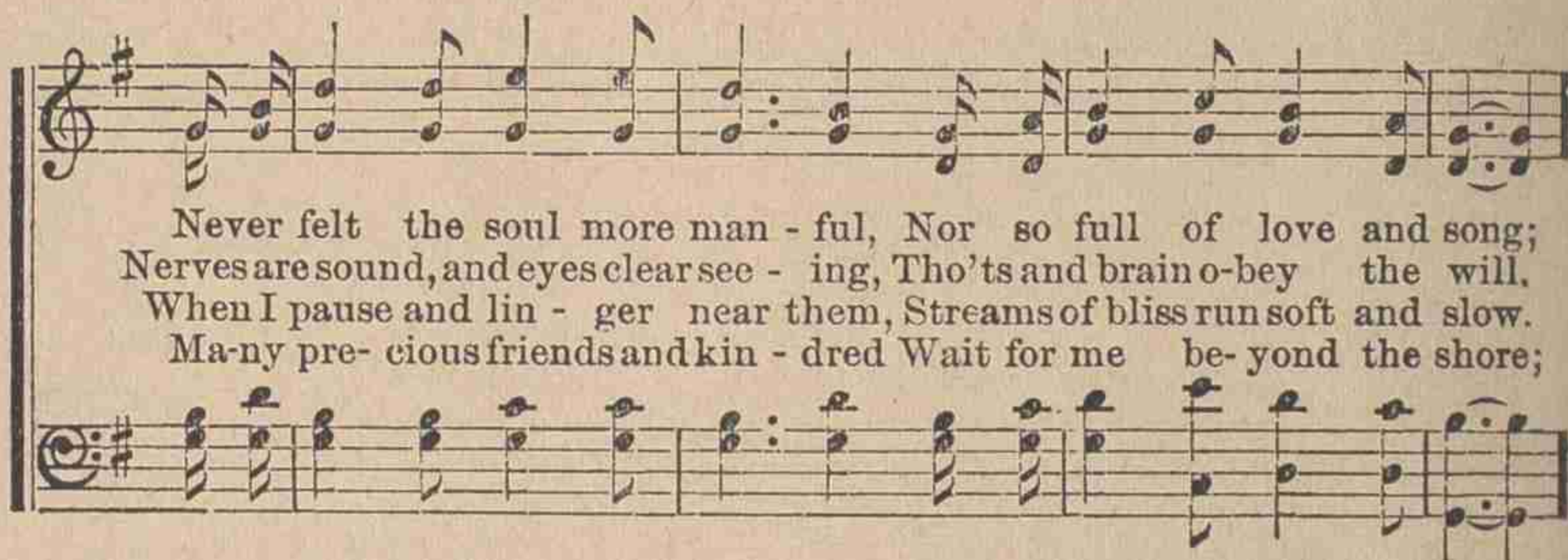
"The years of thy life shall be increased.—PROV. 9: 11.

B. M. L.

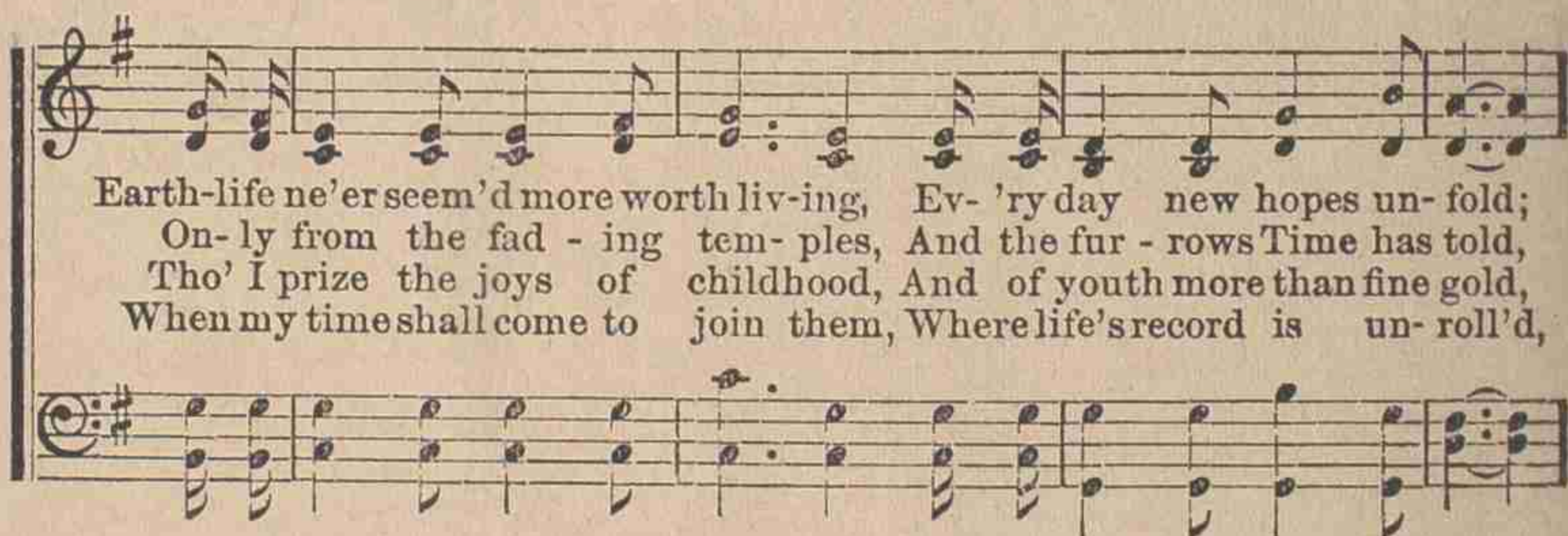
B. M. LAWRENCE.



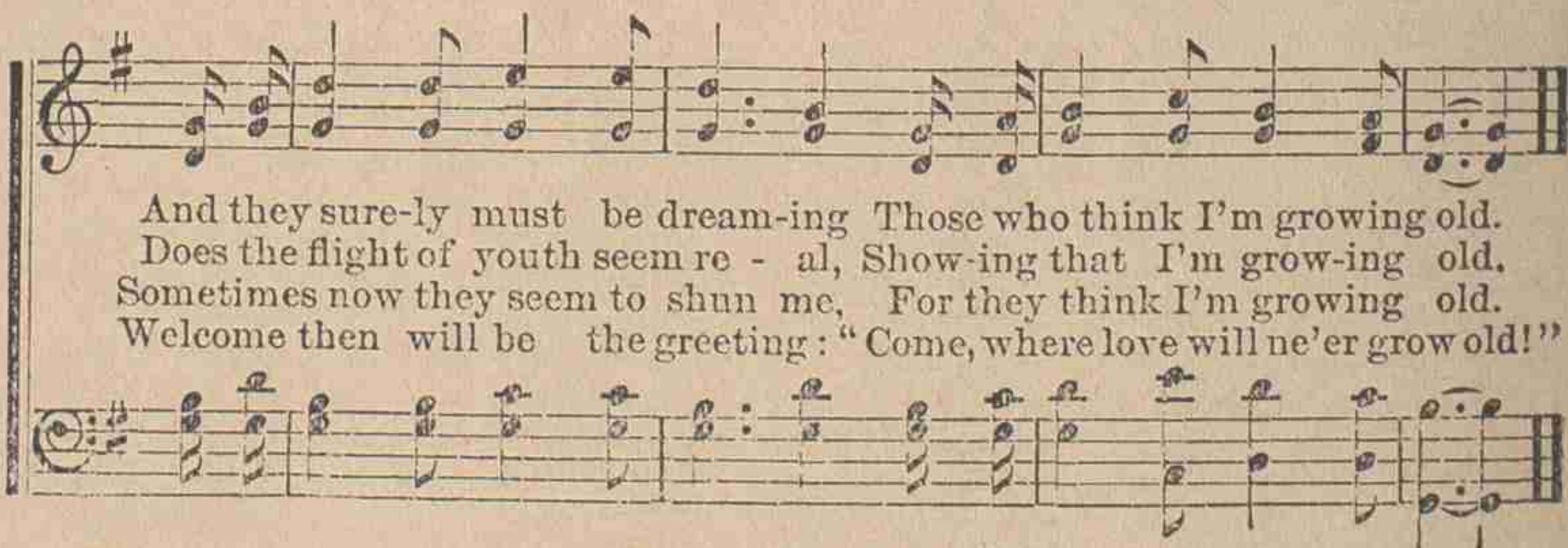
1. Tell me not that youth is fleet- ing While the heart beats full and strong;
 2. Growing old! my faith and feel- ings Each are firm and act - ive still;
 3. Mirth, once merry at my com- ing, Now is hushed or whispers low;
 4. Far a- cross the peace- ful riv - er, Dreaded so in days of yore,



Never felt the soul more man - ful, Nor so full of love and song;
 Nerves are sound, and eyes clear see - ing, Tho'ts and brain o-bey the will.
 When I pause and lin - ger near them, Streams of bliss run soft and slow.
 Ma-ny pre- cious friends and kin - dred Wait for me be- yond the shore;



Earth-life ne'er seem'd more worth liv- ing, Ev- 'ry day new hopes un- fold;
 On- ly from the fad - ing tem- ples, And the fur - rows Time has told,
 Tho' I prize the joys of childhood, And of youth more than fine gold,
 When my time shall come to join them, Where life's record is un- roll'd,



And they sure-ly must be dream- ing Those who think I'm growing old.
 Does the flight of youth seem re - al, Show- ing that I'm grow- ing old.
 Sometimes now they seem to shun me, For they think I'm growing old.
 Welcome then will be the greet- ing: "Come, where love will ne'er grow old!"

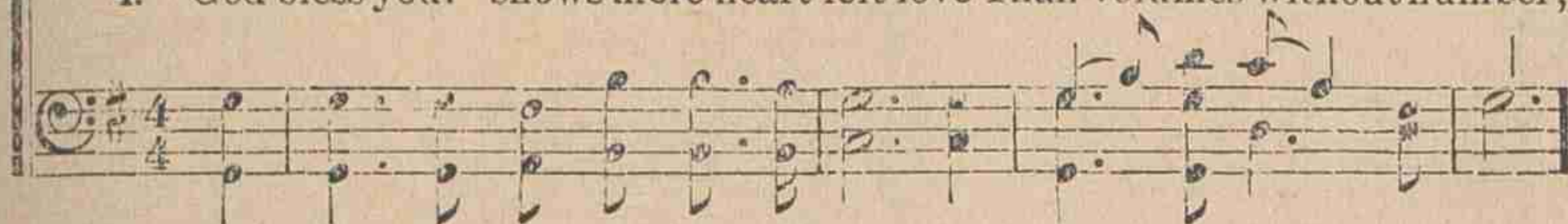
God Bless You!

Anon.

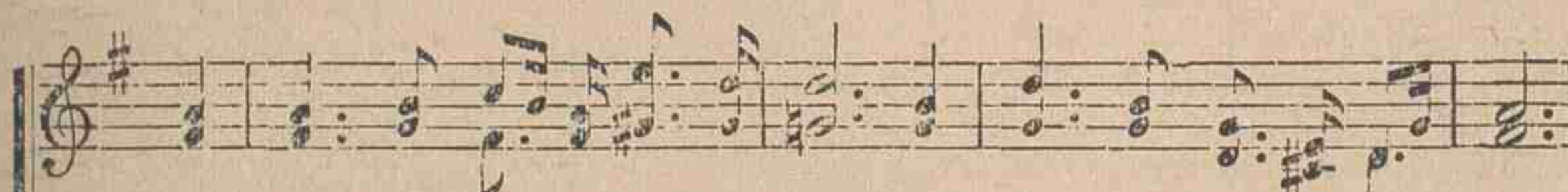
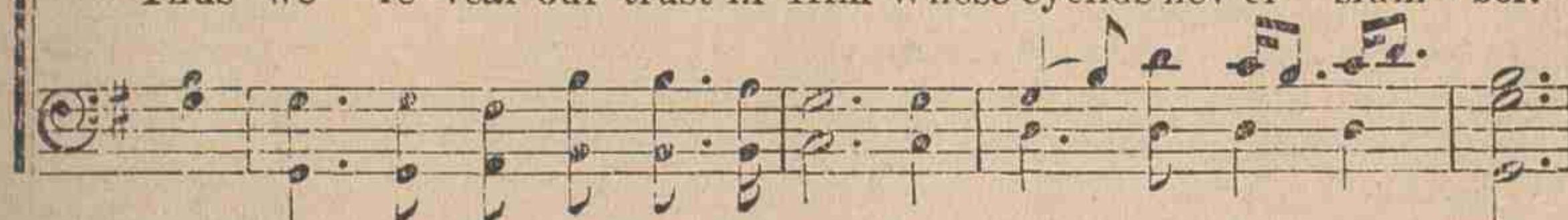
GEO. BEAVERSON.



1. How sweet-ly fall those simple words Up - on the hu - man heart,
2. "God bless you!" ah! long months ago I heard that mournful phrase,
3. The moth-er sending forth her boy To scenes, un- tried and new,
4. "God bless you!" shows more heart-felt love Than volumes without number;



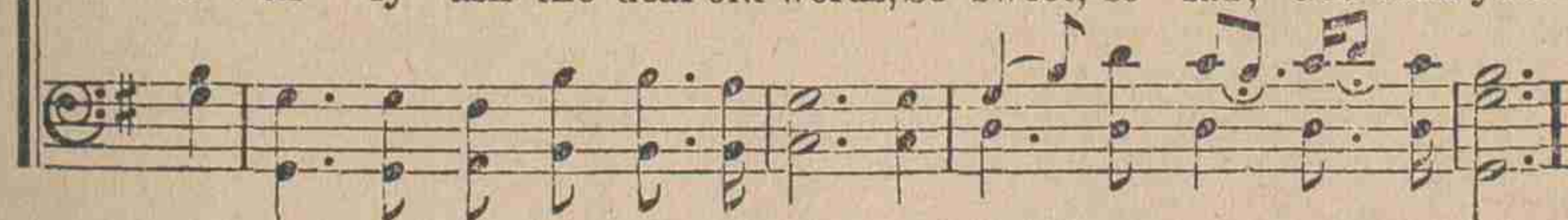
When friends, long bound by strongest ties, Are doomed by fate to part!
 When one, whom I so dear-ly loved, Went from my dream-y gaze.
 Lisps not a studied, state-ly speech, Nor murmurs out, "a - dieu,"
 Thus we re-veal our trust in Him Whose eyelids nev-er slum - ber.



You sad - ly press the hand of those Who thus in love ca-ress you,
 Now blind-ing tears fall thick and fast; I mourn my long-lost treas - ure;
 She sad - ly says, between her sobs, "Whene'er misfortunes press you,
 I ask in part-ing no long speech, Drawled out in studied meas-ure,



And soul, re-sponsive, beats to soul In breath-ing out, "God bless you!"
 While ech - oes of the heart bring back The farewell prayer, "God bless you!"
 Come to thy mother, boy, come back," Then sad-ly sighs, "God bless you!"
 I on - ly ask the dear old words, So sweet, so sad, "God bless you!"

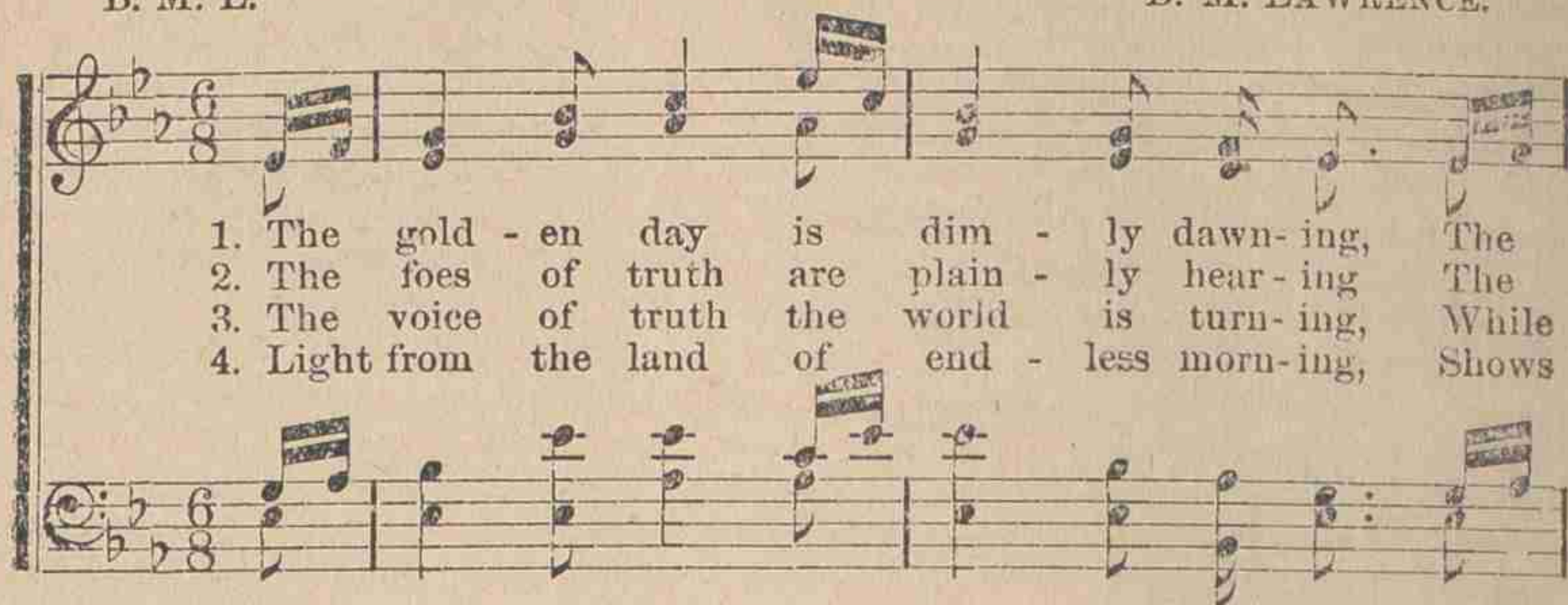


The Golden Day is Dawning.

"In those days will I pour out my spirit."—JOEL 2: 29.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE.



1. The gold - en day is dim - ly dawn - ing, The
 2. The foes of truth are plain - ly hear - ing The
 3. The voice of truth the world is turn - ing, While
 4. Light from the land of end - less morn - ing, Shows

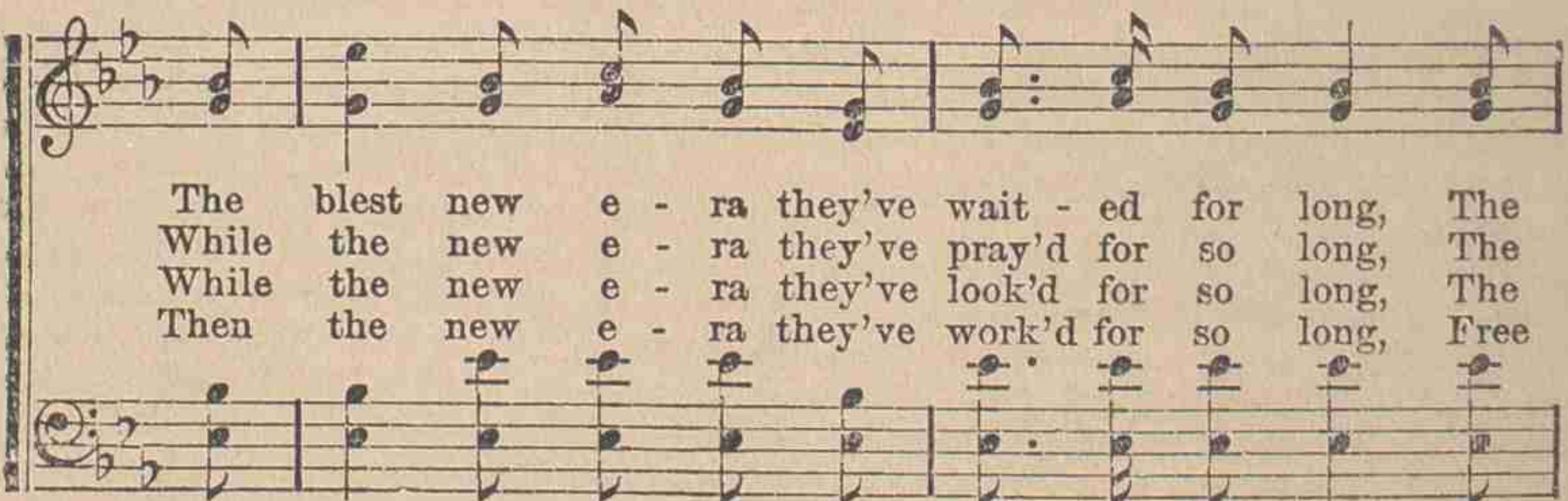


glad good time at last appears; The light of truth il -
 toll - ing knell of their de - cay; Un - righteous rul - ers
 jus - tice holds the scales in hand, And all earth's na - tions
 peace through all the earth shall reign, When hu - mane hearts shall



- lumes the morning, Bidding the faith - ful quell their fears.
 too are fear - ing, The coming dawn of freedom's day.
 now are learn - ing That right must rule in ev - 'ry land.
 heed the warn - ing, And sev - er ev - 'ry wom - an's chain.

Chorus.



The blest new e - ra they've wait - ed for long, The
 While the new e - ra they've pray'd for so long, The
 While the new e - ra they've look'd for so long, The
 Then the new e - ra they've work'd for so long, Free

The Golden Day is Dawning.—Concluded.



faith - ful all hail with a joy - ful song, A joy - ful
 peo - ple all hail with a joy - ful song, A joy - ful
 na - tions all hail with a joy - ful song, A joy - ful
 wom - en will hail with a joy - ful song, A joy - ful



song, a joy - ful song, The faith - ful all hail with a joy - ful song.
 song, a joy - ful song, The peo - ple all hail with a joy - ful song.
 song, a joy - ful song, The na - tions all hail with a joy - ful song.
 song, a joy - ful song, Free wom - en will hail with a joy - ful song.

5.

Then in that golden, good time coming,
 When right is might, and all made
 free,
 The earth more bright than Eden bloom-
 Will swell with songs of liberty. [ing
 Then the new era they've toiled for so
 long,
 The toilers all hail with a joyful song,
 A joyful song, a joyful song,
 The toilers all hail with a joyful song.

6.

The hosts of heaven and earth combin-
 ing,
 Will carry on the work begun ;
 The star of hope within us shining,
 Proclaims the victory well nigh won.
 Then the new era, they've hoped for so
 long,
 The angels will hail with a joyful song,
 A joyful song, a joyful song,
 The angels all hail with a joyful song.

That Evergreen Shore.

"And his rest shall be glorious."—ISA. 11: 10.

B. M. L.

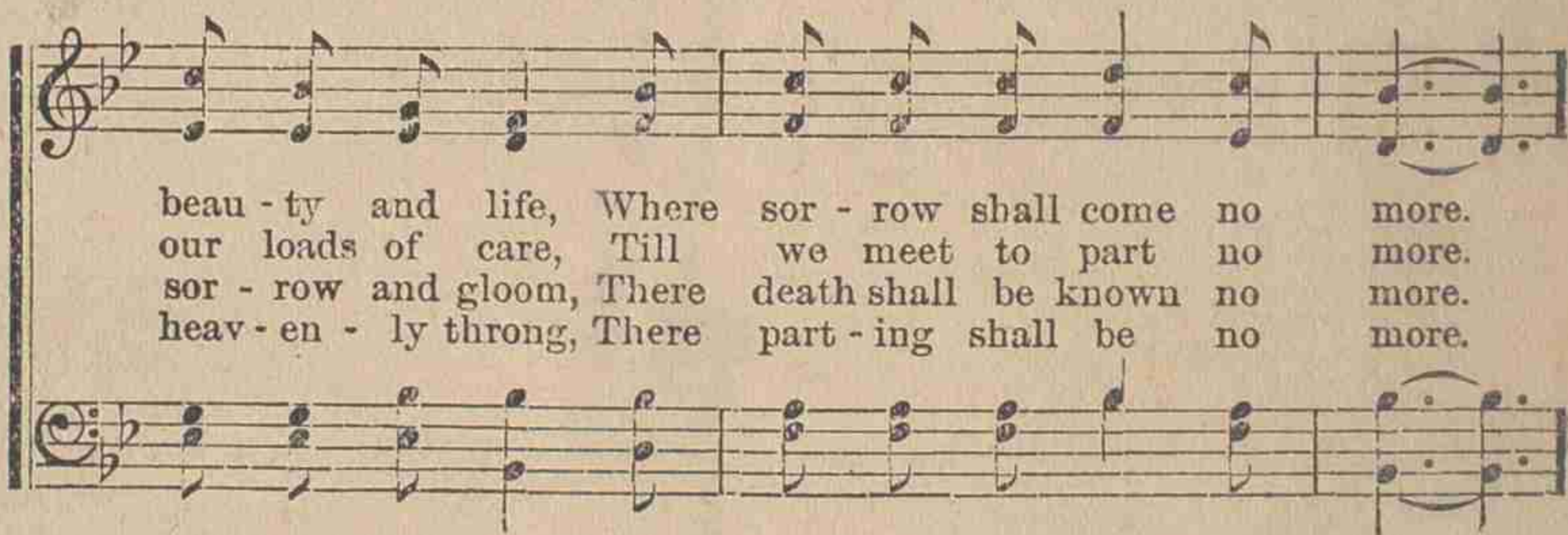
From "Spiritual Harp." By per.



1. Our home is not this world of strife, We're bound for that
 2. Loved ones are wait - ing o - ver there; Gone, gone to that
 3. There fade - less flow'rs will ev - er bloom All a - long that
 4. They cheer us while we pass a - long Our way to that



ev - er - green shore, To live in a land of
 ev - er - green shore, They come back to light - en
 ev - er - green shore; Fare - well to a world of
 ev - er - green shore; When we shall en - ter that



beau - ty and life, Where sor - row shall come no more.
 our loads of care, Till we meet to part no more.
 sor - row and gloom, There death shall be known no more.
 heav - en - ly throng, There part - ing shall be no more.

Chorus.



Sweet home, e - ter - nal sweet home, We're bound for that

That Evergreen Shore.—Concluded.

ev - er - green shore. There we shall be free for - ev -

- er to roam, Where sor - row will come no more.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system contains the first two lines of the song, and the second system contains the next two lines. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Tune.—OLD HUNDRED.

Doxologies.

L. BOURGEOIS.

No. 1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, by soothing grief and woe;

Praise Him, as an-gels praise a-bove; Praise Him, with wisdom, truth, and love.

The musical score for the first doxology is presented in two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Thou Great first-cause, supreme, most high,
 ☩ Whose glory fills the earth and sky,
 ☩ May Thy love make us more divine,
 ☩ Till we become most truly Thine.

Source of all light, to Thee we pray
 ☩ While passing through life's darkest day,
 ☩ For clearer sight that we may see
 ☩ The path that leads more near to Thee.

Thou God of Peace, before we part,
 ☩ Send some kind angel to each heart,
 ☩ Lead us, we pray, with loving hand
 ☩ Until we reach the Summer Land.

Dear angel-guides, may thy sweet peace
 ☩ Remain with us till life shall cease,
 ☩ Then bear our souls to that bright shore
 ☩ Where loved ones meet to part no more.

Lead me, Loving Angels.

"Prayer of the righteous man availeth much."—JAS. 5: 16.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

1. Father, we are weary Pilgrims, Plodding on our way, And we
Plodding on our way,

need Thy guarding an - gels For a guide each day.
For a guide each day.

CHORUS.

Father, hear us! Un - to Thee we pray: Let Thy
Un - to Thee we pray:

lov - ing an - gels lead us, Lest we lose our way.
Lest we lose our way.

2 Teach us that our strength is weakness
When compared with Thine,
And although to err is human,
To forgive's divine.—CHO.

3 May we each become less selfish
When our souls are grown,
We shall feel a brother's welfare
Equal with our own.—CHO.

4 Earth will then become like heaven;
Wrong will reign no more;
Men will walk and talk with angels
From the other shore.—CHO.

5 Father, we are weary pilgrims,
Plodding on our way,
And we pray that guarding angels
Guide our feet each day.—CHO.

Fond Memories of Childhood.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE.



1. The blaze up-on the hearth burns low, And there is still-ness ev-'ry-where,
2. Somehow, since then, that simple pray'r Still takes me back to distant years;
3. Oh, for one hour in that dear place! Oh, for the peace of that dear time!



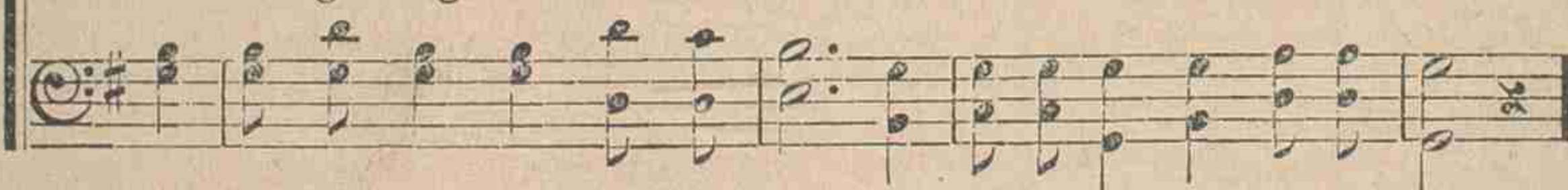
While fire-light shad-ows flutt'ring go Like troubled spir-its, here and there;
My tho'ts are with the dear ones there, That tre-ble sounding in my ears.
Oh, for one glimpse of moth-er's face, And for that childish trust sub-lime!



A child's sweet tre-ble breaks the gloom, As slumbers round the eyelids creep,
Once more I hear the child's "A-men!" And ask the "Lord, my soul to keep!"
No more my soul seems all a-lone, For now, while shadows round me creep,



While lute, like from the fur-ther room, Comes "Now I lay me down to sleep!"
While mother's faith comes back a-gain, When now, "I lay me down to sleep!"
An an-gel sings with tre-ble tone When-e'er I lay me down to sleep.



Chorus. *Slow and soft.*



{ "Fa-ther, send now, while I slum-ber, Ho-ly an-gels round my bed; }
{ May thy bless-ings, with out num-ber, Gen-tly fall up-on my head!" }

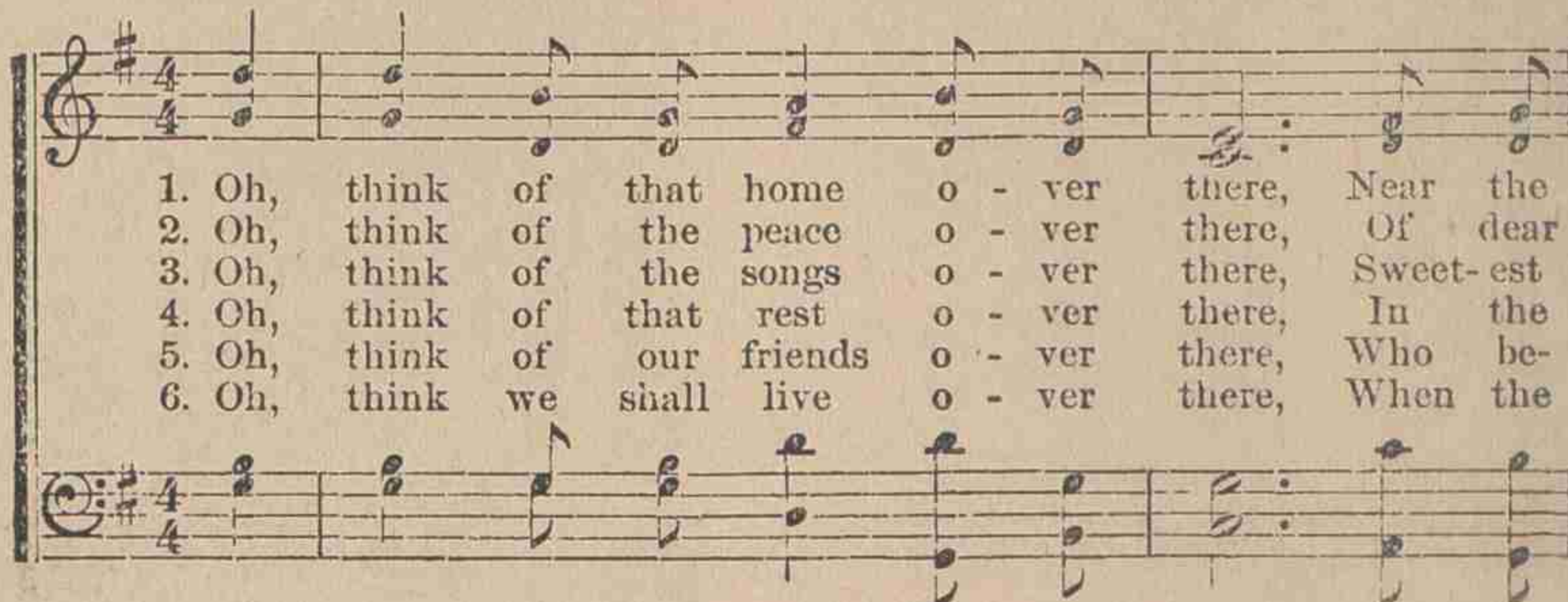


Oh, Think of that Home Over There.

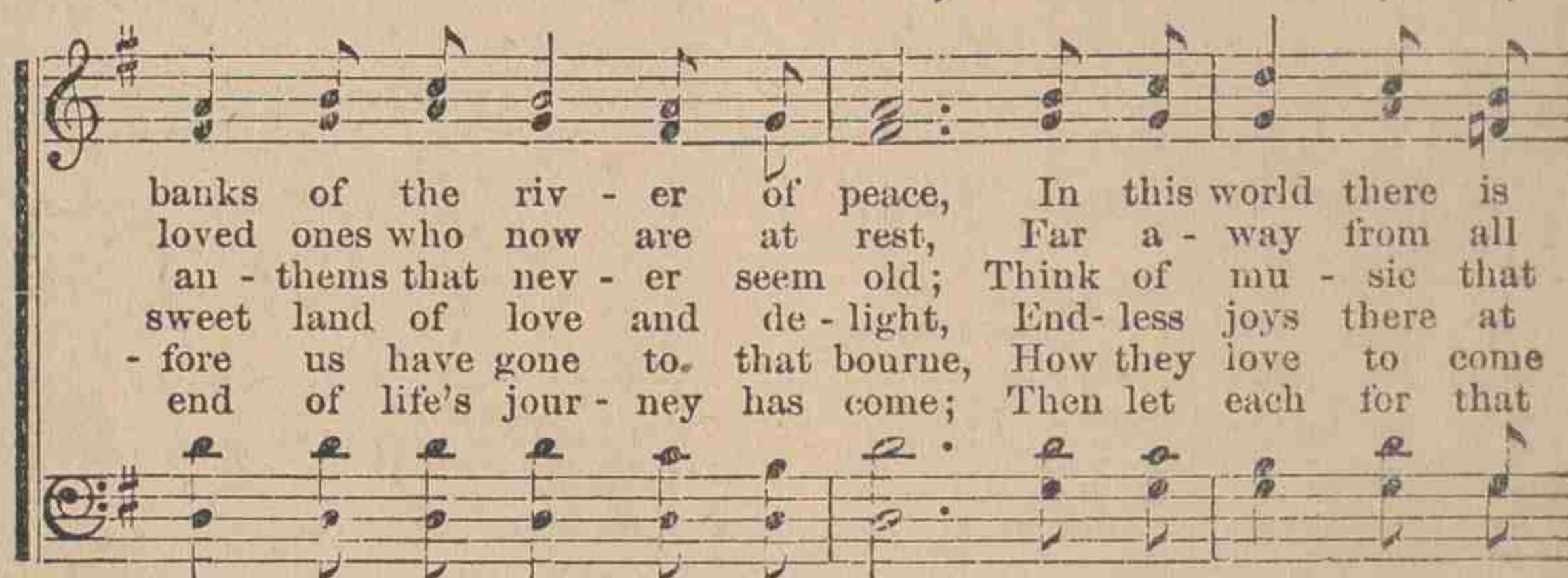
"Neither can they die any more."—LUKE 20: 36.

B. M. L.

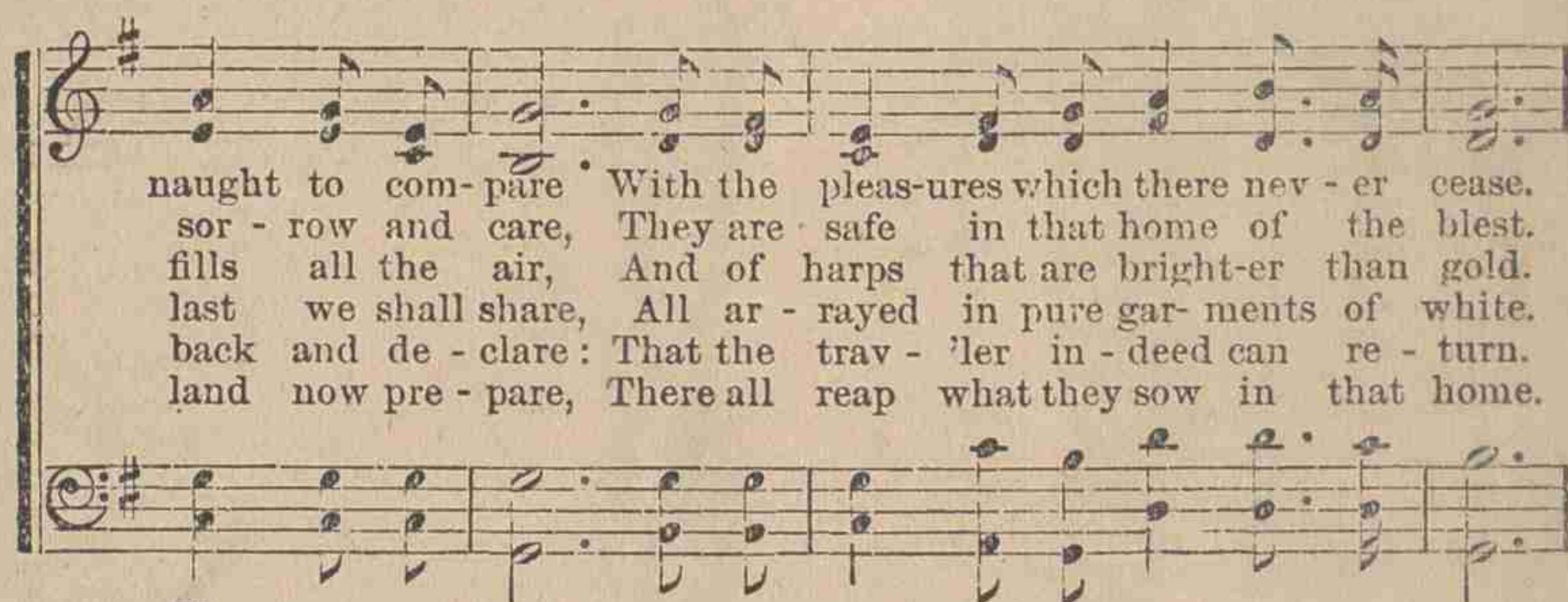
B. M. LAWRENCE.



1. Oh, think of that home o - ver there, Near the
 2. Oh, think of the peace o - ver there, Of dear
 3. Oh, think of the songs o - ver there, Sweet-est
 4. Oh, think of that rest o - ver there, In the
 5. Oh, think of our friends o - ver there, Who be-
 6. Oh, think we shall live o - ver there, When the

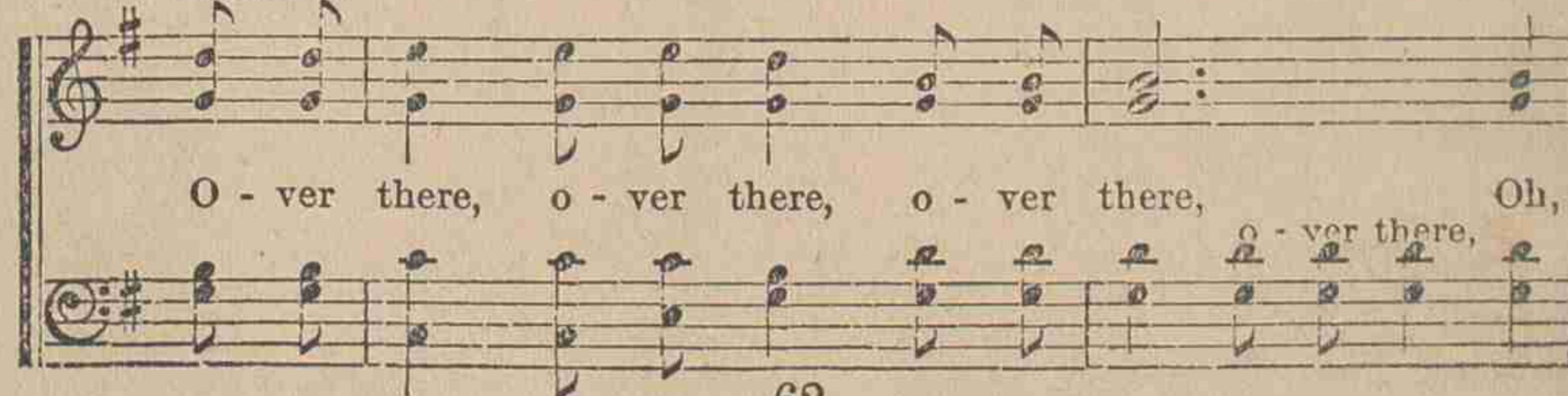


banks of the riv - er of peace, In this world there is
 loved ones who now are at rest, Far a - way from all
 an - thems that nev - er seem old; Think of mu - sic that
 sweet land of love and de - light, End-less joys there at
 - fore us have gone to that bourne, How they love to come
 end of life's jour - ney has come; Then let each for that



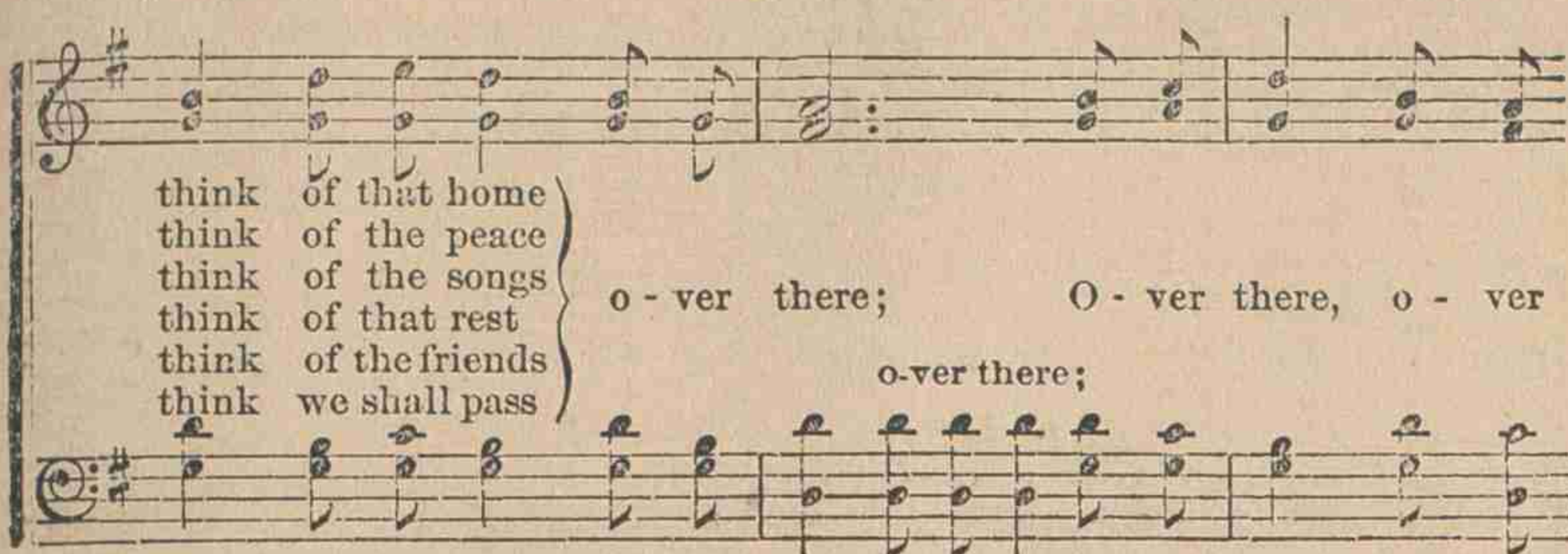
naught to com- pare With the pleas-ures which there nev - er cease.
 sor - row and care, They are safe in that home of the blest.
 fills all the air, And of harps that are bright-er than gold.
 last we shall share, All ar - rayed in pure gar - ments of white.
 back and de - clare: That the trav - 'ler in - deed can re - turn.
 land now pre - pare, There all reap what they sow in that home.

Chorus.



O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh,
 o - ver there,

Oh, Think of that Home, Etc.—Concluded.



think of that home
 think of the peace
 think of the songs
 think of that rest
 think of the friends
 think we shall pass

o - ver there; O - ver there, o - ver there;
 o-ver there;



there, o - ver there,

Oh, think of that home o - ver there.
 Oh, think of the peace o - ver there.
 Oh, think of the songs o - ver there.
 Oh, think of that rest o - ver there.
 Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.
 Oh think weshall live o - ver there.

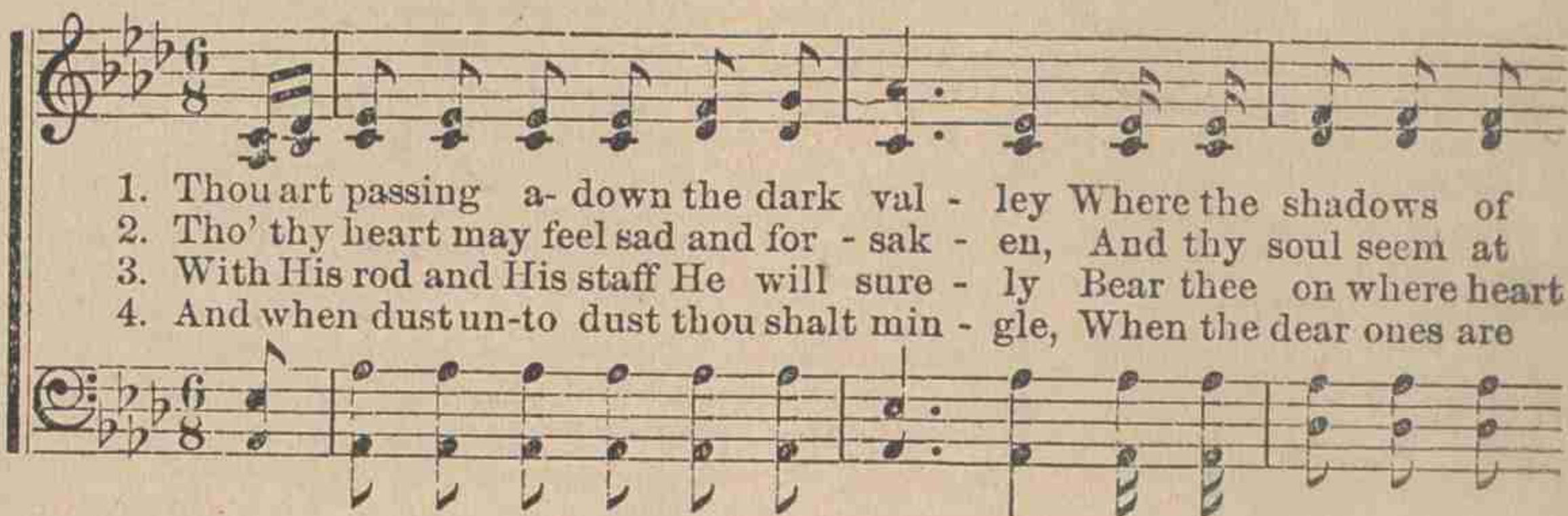
o - ver there, over there.

Walking Through the Valley.

To Miss M. W. M. on the loss of friends.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE.



1. Thou art passing a-down the dark val - ley Where the shadows of
 2. Tho' thy heart may feel sad and for - sak - en, And thy soul seem at
 3. With His rod and His staff He will sure - ly Bear thee on where heart
 4. And when dust un-to dust thou shalt min - gle, When the dear ones are



death hedge thy way, But the storm-clouds of gloom, now so
 times all cast down, Tho' thy trust in God's love may be
 aches are un - known, And when sor - rows shall gath - er a -
 lost from thy sight, Then let truth and love keep thine eye



heav - y, Shall break forth in a bright gold - en day.
 sha - ken, Yet thy cross He will change to a crown.
 - round thee, He'll not leave thee to suf - fer a - lone.
 sin - gle, And by faith learn to walk in the light.

Chorus.



In the land where the rose blooms for - ev - er, Where they

Walking Through the Valley.—Concluded.



In the Sweet Bye and Bye.

"Great is your reward in heaven."—MATT. 5: 12

G. H. No. 7.

B. M. L.

1.

When we meet beyond the river,
In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall bless the Great Life-Giver
In the sweet bye and bye;
There our deeds will all be known
When our life-work here is done,
We shall reap what we have sown
In the sweet bye and bye.

2.

When we meet beyond the river,
In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall part no more for ever
In the sweet bye and bye;
There with rapture, oh, how sweet,
All our loved ones we shall greet,
Then our bliss will be complete
In the sweet bye and bye

3.

When we meet beyond the river,
In the sweet bye and bye,
Peace and joy will wed together,
In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall all be known above
By our works of truth and love,
Good deeds will a passport prove
In the sweet bye and bye.

4.

When we meet beyond the river,
In the sweet bye and bye,
Loving hearts no more shall sever
In the sweet bye and bye;
There the grave will loose its gloom,
Sorrow no more shroud the tomb,
Flowers there will ever bloom
In the sweet bye and bye.

Waiting in Heaven for Me.

"Every man that hath this hope purifieth himself."—1 JOHN 3: 3.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE.



1. We are told of a world where the rough seas of time Nev - er
2. Here on earth we have grief, dis - ap - point-ment, and pain, Care and
3. We shall meet those we love in the sweet summer land, Where the
4. Then at last when my work in this world is well done, And the



beat on its peace-ful shore, And the pass-port which leads to that
toil is our lot be - low, But we know we shall meet all our
tur-moils of life are past, We shall greet them a - gain with a
time to de-part is come, When the good fight is fought and the



ee - les-tial clime Is the sig - net of love ev - er - more; There,
loved ones a - gain In that fair land to which we must go; There
bright an-gel-band, Ne'er to part while the long a - ges last; Take
vic - to - ry won, And a summons shall bid me come home, Then

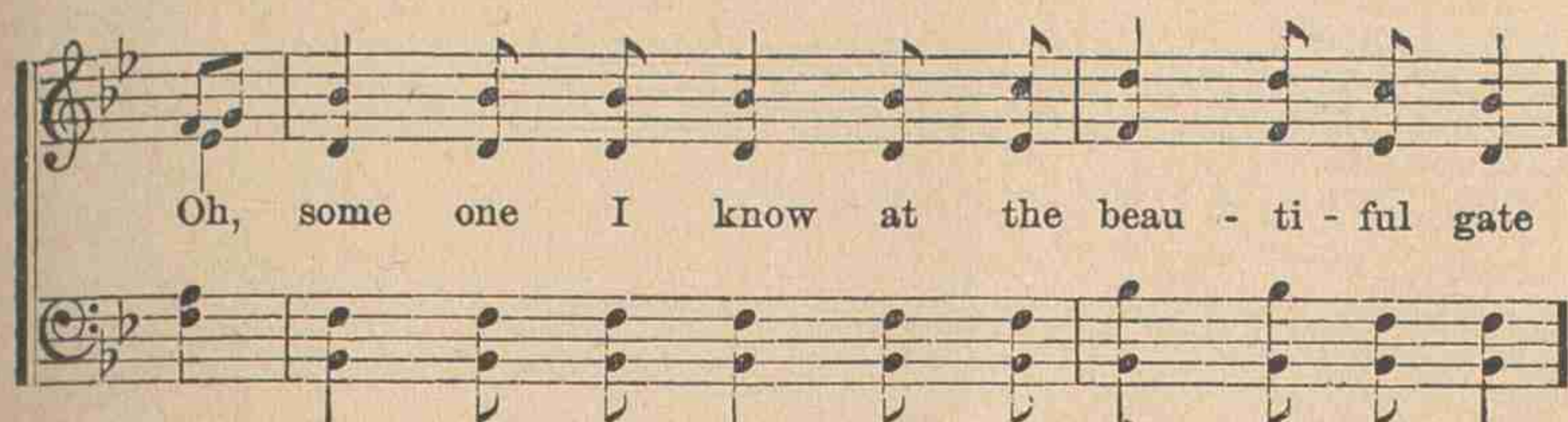


all the good deeds that on earth we have done, Recorded in light we shall see.
are joyful times as we journey thro' life, A glimpse of that soul rest we see.
courage, lone heart, for the portals of bliss Will then fling wide open for thee.
when from this weary-worn temple of clay My soul is for - ev - er set free.



Waiting in Heaven for Me.—Concluded.

Chorus.



Oh, some one I know at the beau - ti - ful gate



Will in heav - en be wait - ing for me! Yes, some one I



know at the beau - ti - ful gate Will in heav - en be



wait - ing for me, In heav - en be wait - ing, In



heav - en be wait - ing, In heav - en be wait - ing for me.

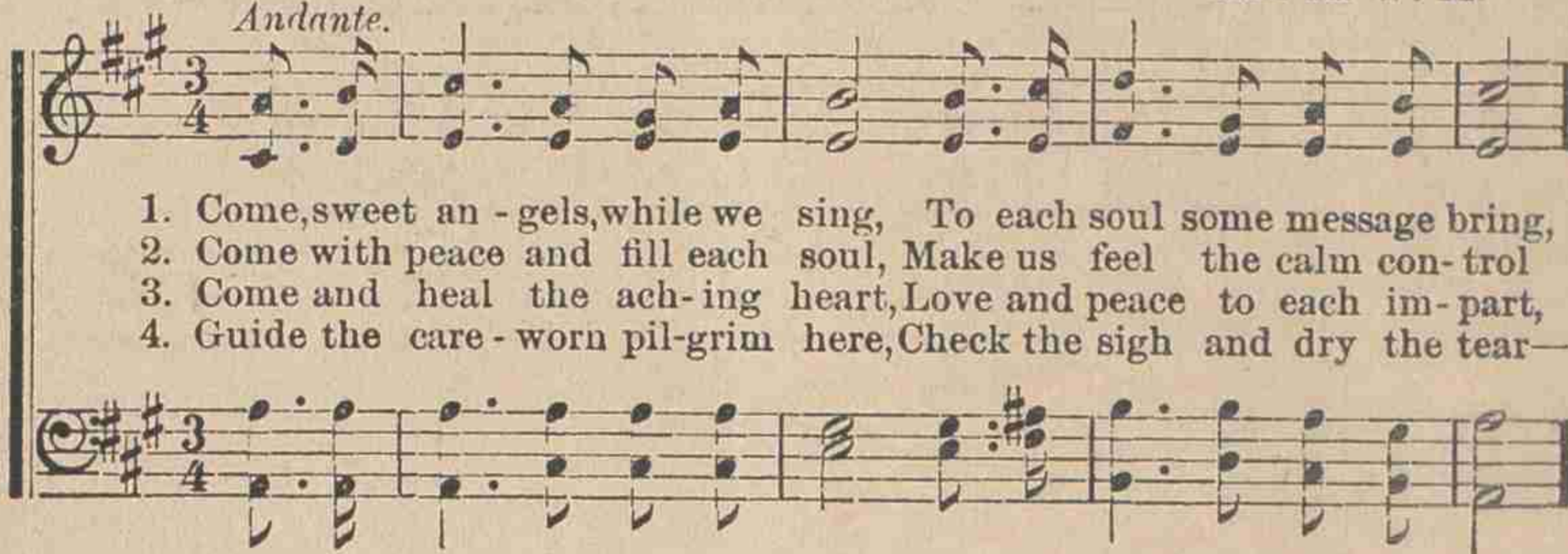
Open Wide the Gates.

"Thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren."—REV. 22: 9.

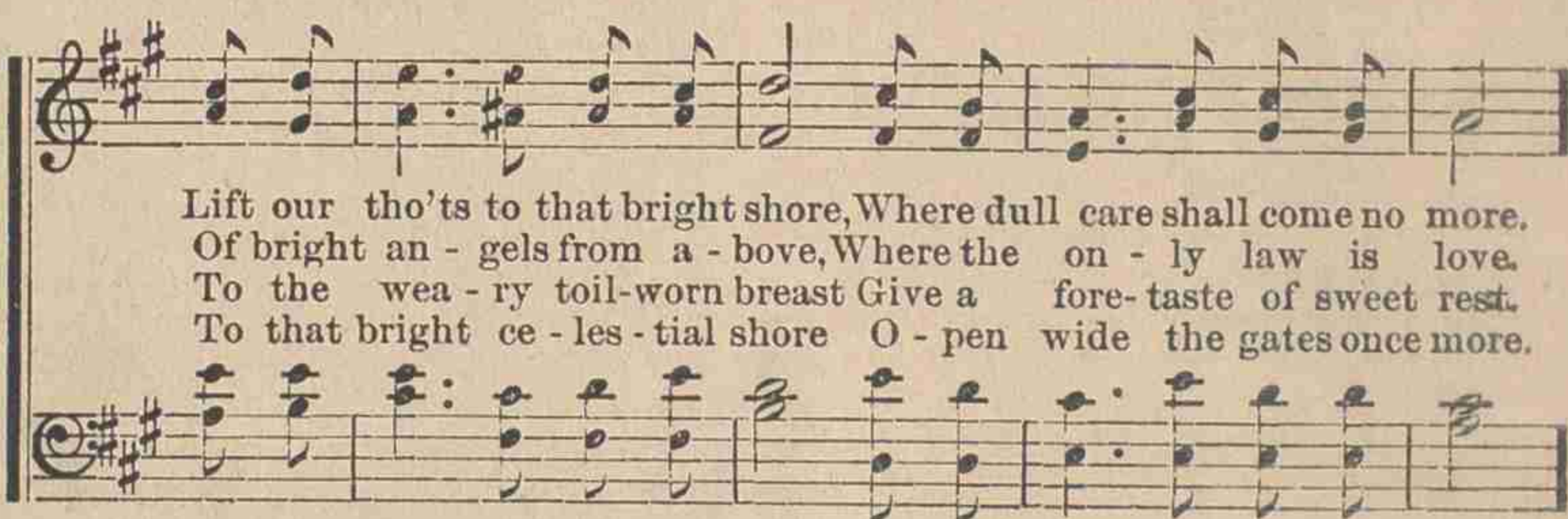
B. M. L.

Miss M. W. M.

Andante.



1. Come, sweet an - gels, while we sing, To each soul some message bring,
 2. Come with peace and fill each soul, Make us feel the calm con - trol
 3. Come and heal the ach - ing heart, Love and peace to each im - part,
 4. Guide the care - worn pil - grim here, Check the sigh and dry the tear—



Lift our tho'ts to that bright shore, Where dull care shall come no more.
 Of bright an - gels from a - bove, Where the on - ly law is love.
 To the wea - ry toil-worn breast Give a fore-taste of sweet rest.
 To that bright ce - les - tial shore O - pen wide the gates once more.

Chorus.



Meet us here, Oh, meet us here, From the soul's e - ternal home,
 Meet us here, Meet us here,



Greet us here, Oh, greet us here, O - pen wide the gates and come.

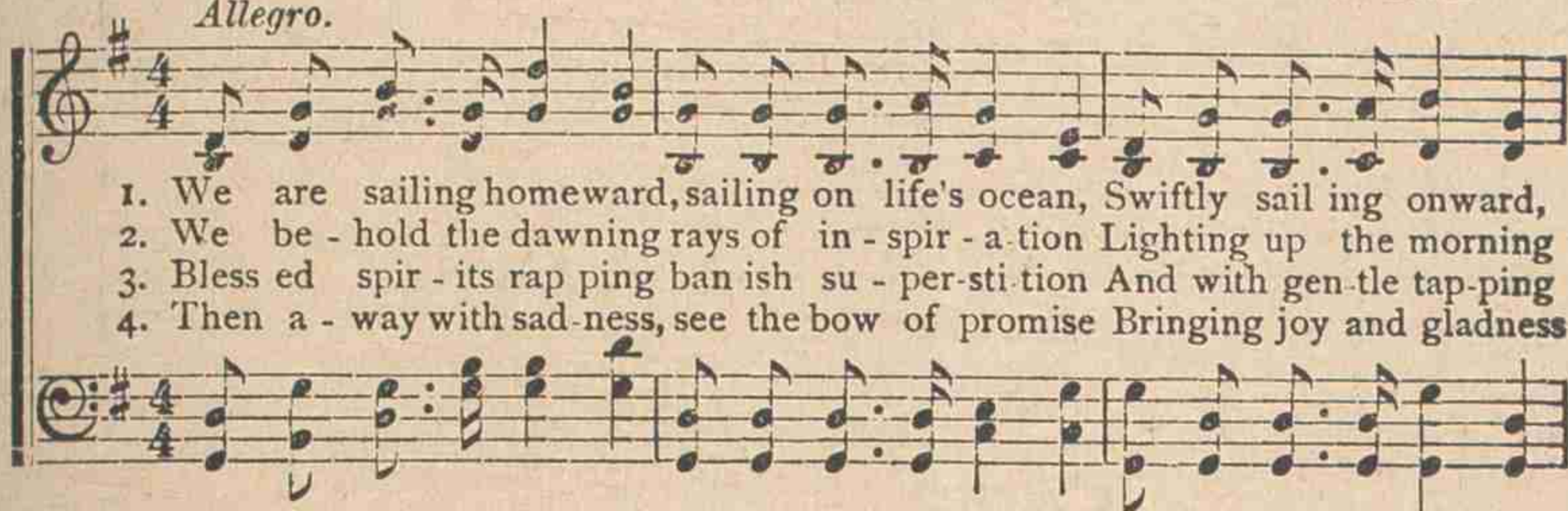
They Are Only Gone Before.

"Therefore my heart is glad."—Ps. 16: 9.

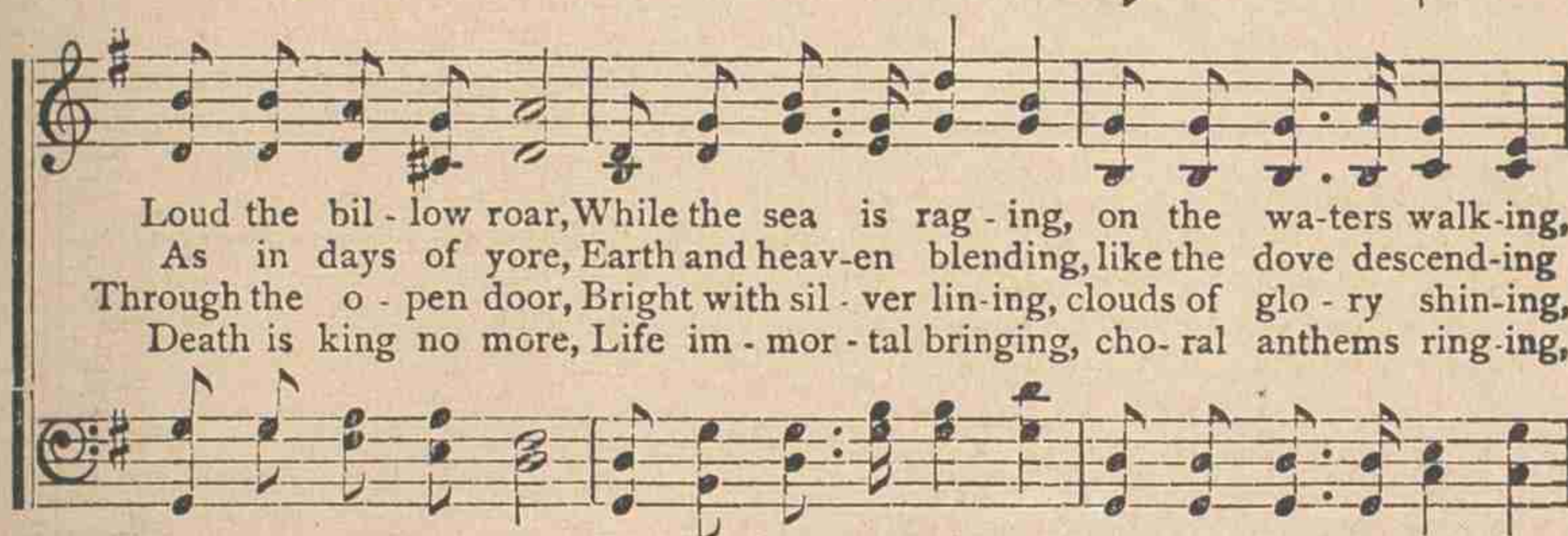
B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE

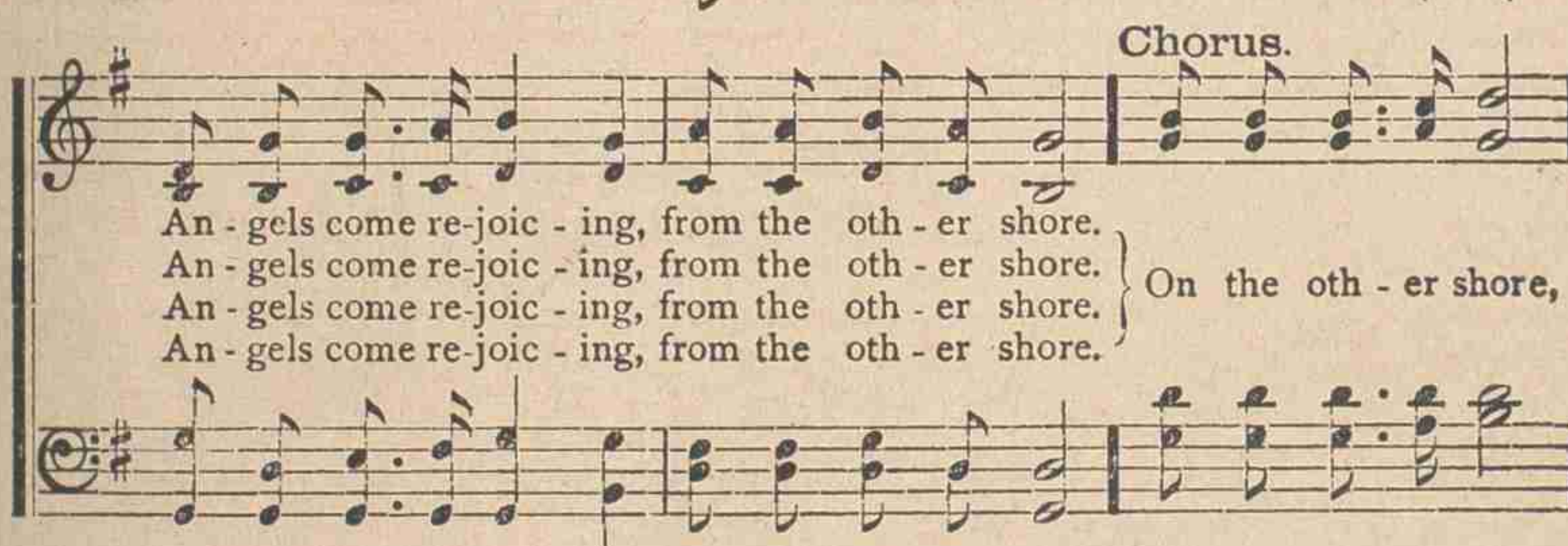
Allegro.



1. We are sailing homeward, sailing on life's ocean, Swiftly sail ing onward,
 2. We be - hold the dawning rays of in - spir - a - tion Lighting up the morning
 3. Bless ed spir - its rap ping ban ish su - per - sti - tion And with gen - tle tap - ping
 4. Then a - way with sad - ness, see the bow of promise Bringing joy and gladness



Loud the bil - low roar, While the sea is rag - ing, on the wa - ters walk - ing,
 As in days of yore, Earth and heav - en blend - ing, like the dove descend - ing
 Through the o - pen door, Bright with sil - ver lin - ing, clouds of glo - ry shin - ing,
 Death is king no more, Life im - mor - tal bring - ing, cho - ral anthems ring - ing,

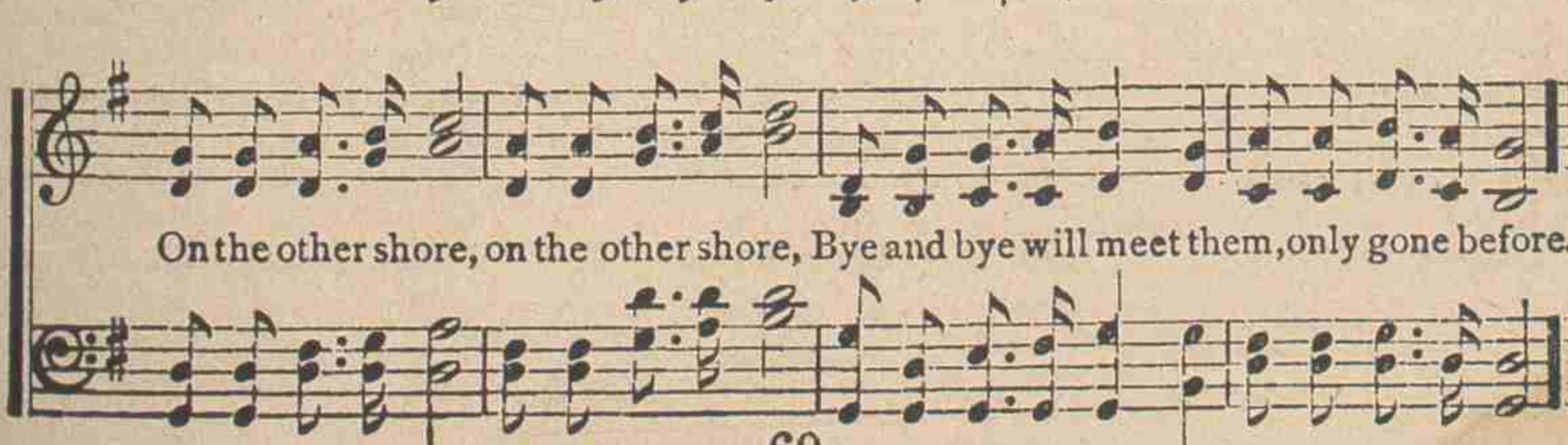


Chorus.

An - gels come re - joic - ing, from the oth - er shore.
 An - gels come re - joic - ing, from the oth - er shore. } On the oth - er shore,
 An - gels come re - joic - ing, from the oth - er shore.
 An - gels come re - joic - ing, from the oth - er shore.



on the oth - er shore, Beacon lights are shin - ing on the oth - er shore,



On the other shore, on the other shore, Bye and bye will meet them, only gone before.

The Second Easter Dawn.

"The stone was rolled away."—St. Mark 16: 4.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE.



1. Once a- gain we hail the dawning, Of the day so long foretold, Hail the
2. Light comes through the mystic curtain, Hiding loved ones from our eyes, And the
3. Those called dead we know are living, Once again their forms we see, Joy now



an- gels now re- turn- ing, As they did in days of old; Hail once more the
gates are now wide o- pen, To that land beyond the skies, Where we all shall
takes the place of mourning, From the fear of death made free, Gladly now we



East- er morning, When the stone away is rolled, And truth goes marching on.
live for- ev - er, For the spir- it nev - er dies, The soul goes marching on.
sing re- joic- ing, "Grave where is thy victory?" The soul goes marching on.



Chorus.



{ Marching on, marching on, Hail the Sec - ond East - er dawn - ing, }
{ Marching on, marching on, Hail the gold - en East - er morn - ing, }



When truth goes marching on.



- 4 We have heard the harps of angels,
Sounding from the other shore,
With our song a sweet strain mingles,
Recognized in days of yore,
And we know the dear Evengels,
Are the loved ones gone before,
Their souls are marching on.

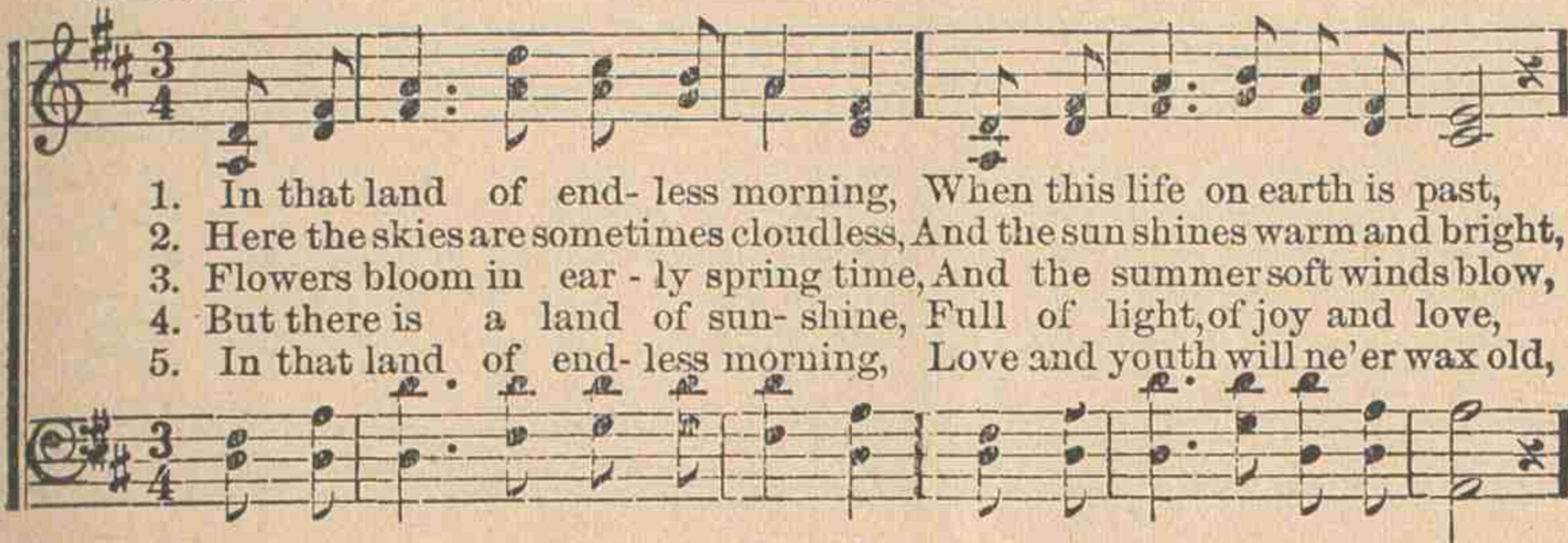
May be sung to the tune of John Brown, as a Spiritual Anniversary Hymn.

The Land of Endless Morning.

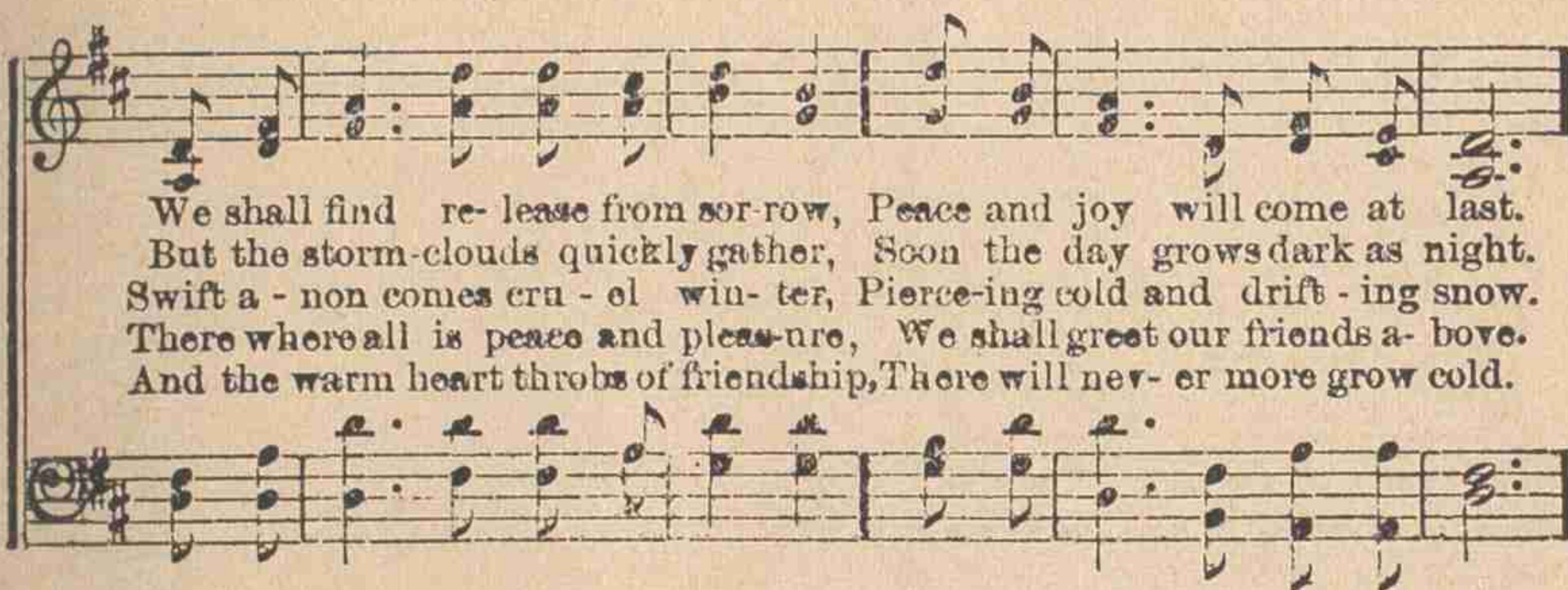
"There shall be no night there."—Rev. 22. 5.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE.



1. In that land of end-less morning, When this life on earth is past,
 2. Here the skies are sometimes cloudless, And the sun shines warm and bright,
 3. Flowers bloom in ear-ly spring time, And the summer soft winds blow,
 4. But there is a land of sun-shine, Full of light, of joy and love,
 5. In that land of end-less morning, Love and youth will ne'er wax old,



We shall find re-lease from sor-row, Peace and joy will come at last.
 But the storm-clouds quickly gather, Soon the day grows dark as night.
 Swift a-non comes cru-el win-ter, Pierce-ing cold and drift-ing snow.
 There where all is peace and pleas-ure, We shall greet our friends a-bove.
 And the warm heart throbs of friendship, There will nev-er more grow cold.

Chorus.

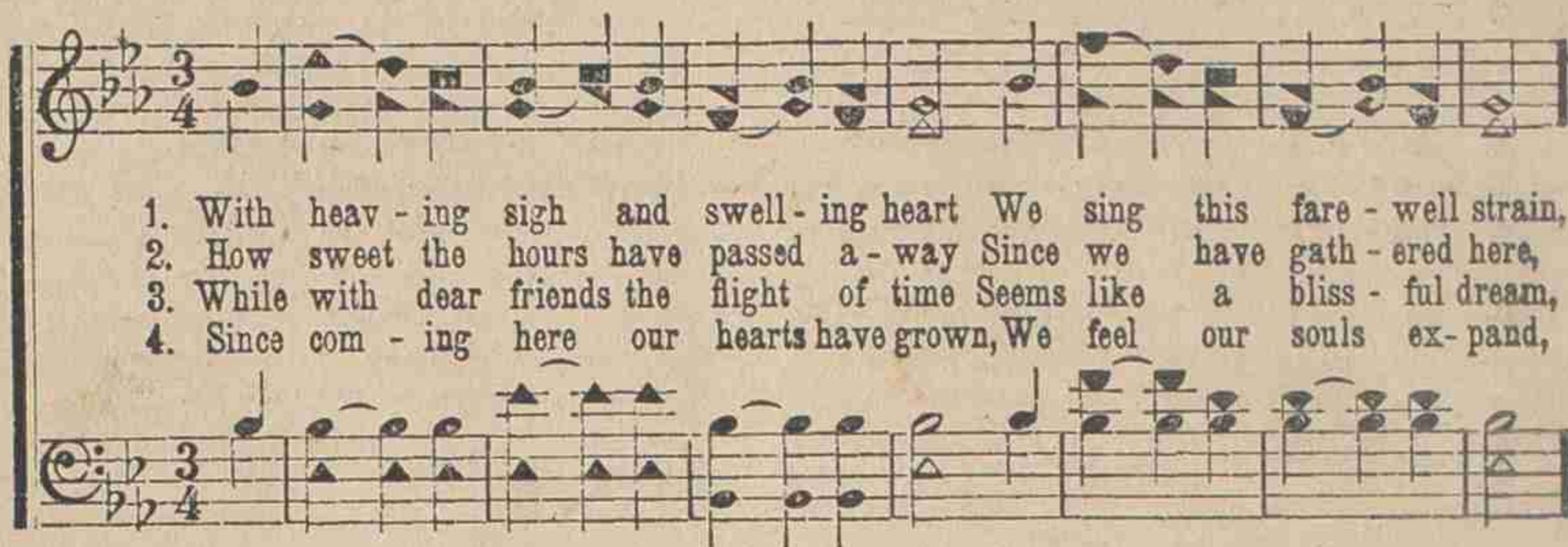


In that land we shall meet, O-ver on the peace-ful shore,
 Pre-cious thought, oh how sweet, We shall meet to part no more.

Parting Song, Good Night.

B. M. L.

W. E. BARKER.



1. With heav - ing sigh and swell - ing heart We sing this fare - well strain,
 2. How sweet the hours have passed a - way Since we have gath - ered here,
 3. While with dear friends the flight of time Seems like a bliss - ful dream,
 4. Since com - ing here our hearts have grown, We feel our souls ex - pand,



For soon the time will come to part, Yet we shall meet a - gain;
 Bright sun - shine from love's gold - en day Has filled our souls with cheer,
 When souls we love from some fair clime Float with us down life's stream,
 Since now we know we still are known And loved in an - gel land,



Meet here or on some bright - er shore, Where part - ing songs
 And though we now are forced to part, We shall re - main
 The vis - ion fades and breaks the spell, With fond re - gret,
 Where part - ing scenes no more shall come, Safe in the soul's



are sung no more.
 but one in heart.
 we say "fare-well!" } Good night, good night, good night!
 sweet Sum - mer Home.

to me in Reulakland: Christmas time.

The Christmas chimney shall speak
of peace,

To wayward hearts with discord ^{Feig}
The tumult of the strife shall cease,
And every angry throat be still.

Oh Christmastime! glad Xmas time.
That rings the bells of every chime
And bids all nations pause to hear
Sweet ~~Angels~~ ^{voices} ringing clear
All every heart is thrilled again
With peace on Earth Good will to men.

2. For lo! Sweet angel voices sing,
And o'er the world the music rolls
On land and sea the echo rings
When love is in the human soul.

3.
We all are children of the King
For love is childhood's truest sign.
So unto us shall Xmas bring
A deeper trust and peace divine.

Music
1894
Sp

The spiritualists' hymnal.

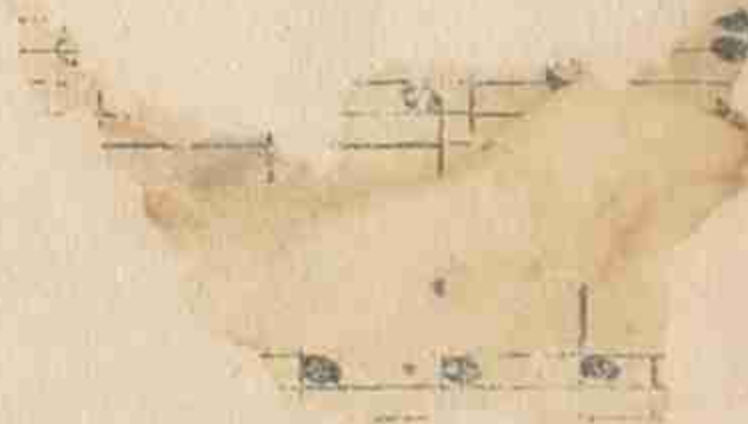
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THE SPIRITUALISTS' HYMNAL



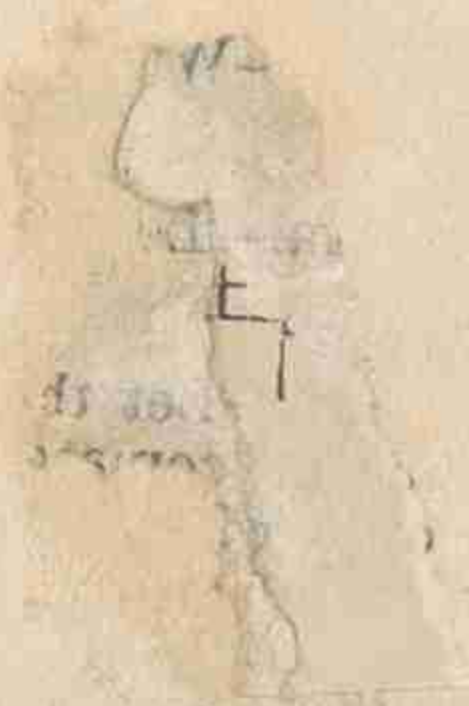
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back free endpaper torn.



7



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