RECITATIONS SONG AND STORY

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

FOR

SUNDAY AND DAY SCHOOLS PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENTS

BY
STEPHEN
V. R.
FORD

NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS
CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & PYE

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Music

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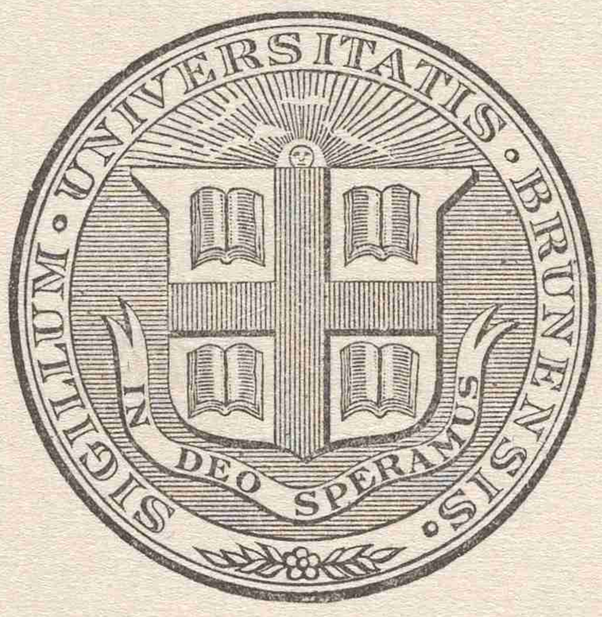

THE HARRIS COLLECTION
OF
AMERICAN POETRY

RECITATIONS SONG AND STORY

FOR

Sunday and Day Schools, Primary and Intermediate Departments

MATERIAL FOR

ANNIVERSARY AND HOLIDAY PROGRAMS
CHURCH AND PARLOR SOCIABLES
AND ENTERTAINMENTS

By STEPHEN V. R. FORD
Author of "Melodies for Little People"

NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS
CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & PYE

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FOREWORD.

IN the preparation of RECITATIONS, SONG, AND STORY, special attention has been given to the department of recitations and class exercises.

The favor shown by Sunday school workers to "Melodies for Little People" demonstrated the usefulness of a book of this character. In arranging programs for anniversary occasions, concerts, church sociables, and entertainments, Sunday school superintendents, primary class teachers, the officers of Epworth Leagues and kindred organizations are confronted with the ever-present question, Where can I obtain suitable material? The author of this little volume has undertaken to answer, in part at least, this question. The recitations cover a wide range of suggestion. Not forgetting the apostolic injunction, "Let all things be done unto edifying," the author is constrained to think that edification and entertainment may coexist; accordingly both the grave and facetious may be found in the contents of that portion of the volume which is devoted to recitations. By far the greater number of the songs, dialogues, recitations, and class exercises are original. This is true of all those the authorship of which is not stated. Being copyrighted, no one will be permitted to print or publish them without the written consent of the owners of copyright.

STEPHEN V. R. FORD.

NEW YORK.

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RECITATIONS, SONG AND STORY.

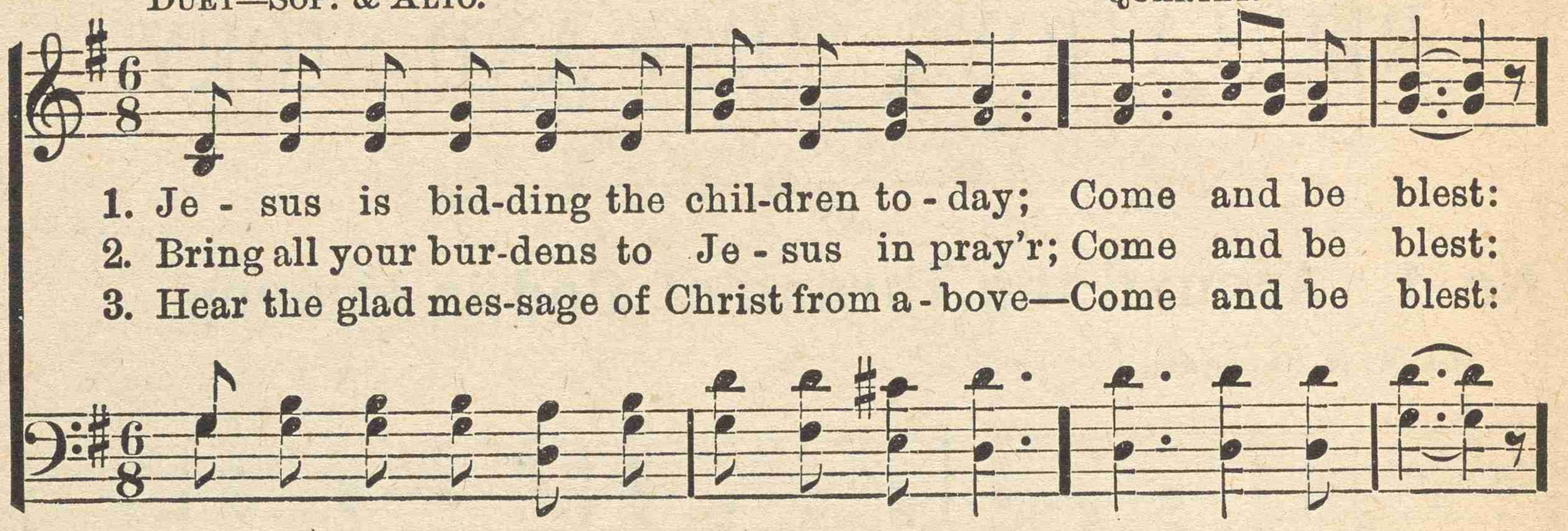
No. 1. Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Mrs. A. H. Shepherd. H. E. Matthews.

No. 2. Come and Find Rest.

MARK F. RAYMOND. EZRA D. YOUNG.

DUET—SOP. & ALTO. QUARTET.



DUET—SOP. & ALTO. QUARTET.

FULL CHORUS.

NOTE.—Primary classes will readily learn the full chorus of this piece. The first part may be sung as the teacher elects.

No. 3. Jesus my Saviour is.

1. Je - sus my Sav - iour is, Je - sus is mine;
2. Je - sus my com - fort is, Je - sus is mine;

No name so sweet as His, Je - sus is mine.
No peace so sweet as His, Je - sus is mine.

His blood was shed for me On the Cross of Cal - va - ry;
All, all to Him I bring; Sim - ply to His cross I cling;

Dy - ing to set me free— Je - sus is mine.
O how I love to sing, Je - sus is mine.

The Bell of the Angels.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters not.
It said that in heaven, at twilight, a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken to the wonderful music that rings.
If he put from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartache and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life—
If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings.
And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and to me.
Let us look in our hearts and question, can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?
So, then let us ponder a little, let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us,—you and me.—*Selected.*

A Babe in a House.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure; a messenger of peace and love;
A resting-place of innocence on earth; a link between angels and men.—*Tupper.*

What Would the World Be?

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We would dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

They are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For they are living poems
And all the rest are dead.—*Whittier.*

The Lost Found.

(A Recitation for Three Children.)

First.

'Twas only a missing sheep,
One out of the great wide fold,
'Twas a wayward sheep and wild,
And had wandered times untold.
But what if it died alone?
Or what if the hills were dark?
'Twas only a sheep that was lost
As an arrow may miss the mark.
But the Shepherd answered: "I cannot rest
While my sheep is away from me;
I'll call till it comes, and I'll bring it home,
For I bought it on Calvary!"

Second.

'Twas only a silver coin;
And the silver was mixed with dross;
It seemed as a worthless thing,
And to loose it but little loss.
There were nine bright pieces left,
And they shone like the morning sun;
And why was there need to search
When the toils of the day were done?
But the seeker said: "Though the coin be rough,
And though ragged its edges be,
Still it bears my image—I cannot rest
Till my lost piece of silver I see!"

Third.

'Twas only a prodigal son,
A wanderer far away;
A sinner made poor by his sin,
Getting poorer every day.
But what if he had no friend?
And what if he had to roam?
Would such a wild, prodigal son
Be missed in his father's home?
"Though all men condemn thee," the father said,
"Yet not I, for I came to save;
And I came to lift thee out of thy sins,
And to rescue thee from the grave!"

All.

And the message in heaven was told,
'Mid the music of angel choirs,
That a son was born anew,
By the Pentecostal fires;
That the fatted calf was killed,
And the fairest robe was given,
For the lost was found again,
As a child of the kingdom of heaven!
"Rejoice! rejoice, for the dead are alive,
And the lost have a welcome given;
They have washed their robes, and made them white,
And of such is the kingdom of heaven.
—*Selected.*

The Sorrows of Childhood.

Down from his Father's mansion in the skies
  Christ came, that childhood's sorrows he might share;
He took upon him its infirmities,
  And to its griefs became the willing heir.

And finding in the little ones of earth
  Celestial graces fully symbolized,
His benedictions crowned them from their birth—
  Their love and fellowship he fondly prized.

And having borne their griefs he went away,
  Ascending to his Father, where he waits,
With arm far-reaching as the earth, for aye,
  To bear them upward through the pearly gates.

There gathered round the great white throne on high,
  In Christ's eternal sympathy and love,
They find for every earthly tear and sigh,
  Full compensation in the world above.

A Foolish Little Maiden.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a piece of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door,
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah, hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head—
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
And the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon nor the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band-box on it,
Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find,
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the little head that's filled with silly little airs,
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.—*Christian Leader.*

A Morning Prayer.

Lord, thou hast brought me through the night
In safety, to behold the light
  Of this new day;
Still let me in thy love abide;
Throughout this day be thou my guide—
My sure defense—whate'er betide,
  I humbly pray. Amen.

No. 4. Jesus' Little Ones.

S. V. R. F. RALPH W. PRUYN.

DUETT—SOP. & ALTO.

1. Lit - tle ones the Sav-iour sought, For He loved them best;
2. Je - sus notes the small-est tear, Hears the faint - est sigh
3. Tho' He reigns, the King of kings, On His ho - ly hill,
4. Lit - tle ones, a shin-ing throng, Round the throne a - bove,

Glad was He to have them brought, To His lov - ing breast.
Of His chil - dren, and is near When to Him they cry.
Joy to lit - tle ones He brings, For He loves them still.
Cel - e - brate in sweet-est song, Je - sus' death - less love.

FULL CHORUS.

Pre - cious Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, Hear us when to Thee we pray;

Pre-cious Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, Bless Thy lit - tle ones to - day.

NO. 5. Praise the Lord, ye Little Ones.

JULIA R. BROWN. RALPH W. PRUYN,

1. Praise the Lord, ye lit - tle ones, In a joy-ful song;
2. Lit - tle ones the Saviour blest, With His words of grace;
3. Christ is call-ing lit - tle ones To His fold to - day;

Children's praises ev - er - more Un - to Him be - long.
Bade them come to Him and rest In His fond em - brace.
Blest are they whose feet are found In the nar-row way.

REFRAIN.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the cho - rus ring;
Praise Him for His ten - der love, Chil - dren of the King.

Little Eyes.

(Motion Recitation for Four Scholars.)

First.

Little eyes, little eyes,
Open with the morning light;
Upward look, upward look,
Heaven's morn is always bright.

Second.

Little heart, little heart,
Full of laughter, full of glee,
Beat with love, beat with love,
For the Lord who blesses thee.

Third.

Little hands, little hands,
Busy with the kite or doll;
Learn ye may, work or play,
Daily to do good to all.

Fourth.

Little feet, little feet,
Soft your patter, light your load;
Do not stray, keep the way,
Walk the straight and narrow road.

—*Rev. B. R. Handy.*

Just Ask an Angel.

(Recitation for Two Small Boys.)

First.

Our baby has a brand new tooth,
And room for many more;
To-day I asked my mamma why
It did not come before.
"Go ask an angel, child," she said;
That's just what I have done,
Dear mamma; then she whispered low,
"I'll tell you later on!"

Second.

Our hen has got ten little chicks
That look like balls of down;
To-day I asked my mamma why
Their feathers were not on.
She said, "An angel might explain;"
And that's the reason why
I asked you mamma; then she said,
"I'll see you by and by!"

Little Offerings.

We bring the bright pennies,
They're little, we know;
But, love going with them,
To dollars they'll grow;
As much as this, surely,
We children can see;
If there were no pennies
No dollars there'd be.—*Selected.*

Offertory.

(Acrostic: Children's Day. Exercise for Twelve Scholars.)

First Scholar.

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.—1 Tim. 6. 17, 18.

Second Scholar.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.—[Prov. 3. 9.

Third Scholar.

I will consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth.—Mic. 4. 13.

Fourth Scholar.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.—Matt. 6. 19–21.

Fifth Scholar.

Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.—Rom. 12. 13.

Sixth Scholar.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20. 35.

Seventh Scholar.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9. 7.

Eighth Scholar.

Now therefore perform the doing of it; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have.

For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.—2 Cor. 8. 11, 12.

Ninth Scholar.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.—Matt. 6. 33.

Tenth Scholar.

Distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.—Luke 18. 22.

Eleventh Scholar.

And he looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury.

And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites.

And he said, Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all:

For all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God: but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had.—Luke 21. 1–4.

Twelfth Scholar.

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. 8. 9.

First Scholar.—Now concerning the collection.—1 Cor. 16. 1.

NOTE.—The twelve scholars come upon the platform presenting to the view of the audience cards spelling out the words CHILDREN'S DAY. On the reverse side of the cards numbering from two to eleven inclusive are the letters (ten in all) forming the word COLLECTION. When the first scholar begins the sentence, "Now concerning the collection," the cards are quickly reversed. Scholar number twelve then passes the collection plate or basket to the members of the class, receiving their offerings, reciting at the conclusion of the collection the words, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done," addressing the audience. The public collection is then taken. It is by no means a bad plan to have the collection taken by the scholars who conduct the motto exercise.

Our Heroes.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer to the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.

And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The right," be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life,
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—*Phœbe Cary.*

No. 6. Cradle Song.

L. A. Craighan. Stephen V. R. Ford.

1. O - ver the hill the new moon drifts, The pine to the sky her dark form lifts, Down in the creek the shad-ow shifts, And the
2. A - way with doubt and a - way with fear! The star of day in heav'n rides clear, Morn - ing brings to the wait-ing ear The

dove is sad - ly wail - ing. Hush-a - by, ba - by, O hush - a - by!
lark's gay song a - trail - ing. Lul - la - by, ba - by, O lul - la - by!

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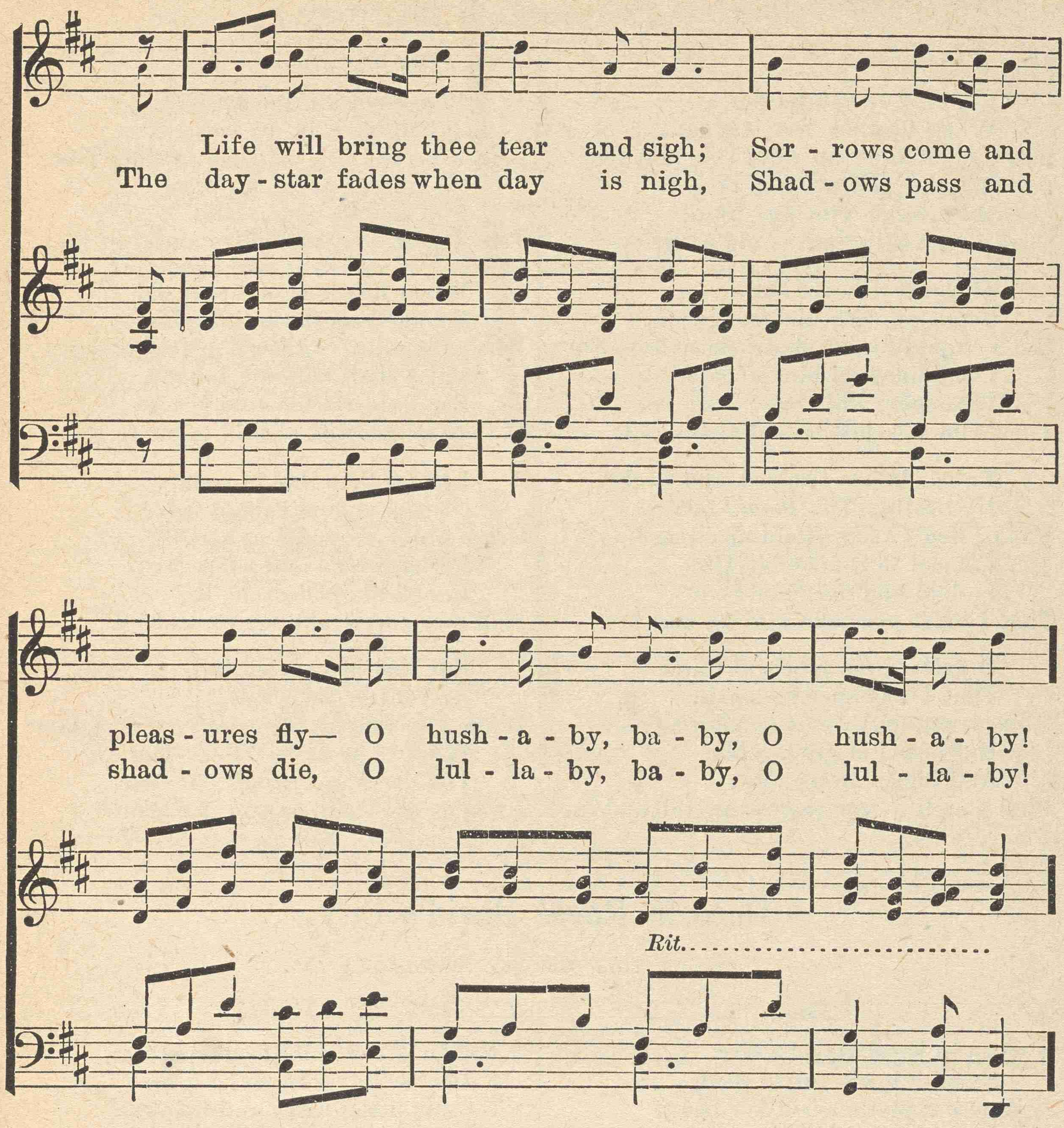
Cradle Song.—Concluded.



No. 7. Morning Prayer.

S. V. R. Ford.

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A Knotty Problem.

(Ray and Tim—Companion Recitations.)

Ray, a boy of six.

I'm only six years old,
While brother Tim is eight;
So I am catching up with Tim, you see;
Because, when I was two,
My brother Tim was four;
Then I was only half as old as he.

Tim says I never can
Catch up with him in age;
But I should like to know the reason why;
I've gained on him since he
Was four, and I was two;
Then Tim was just as old again as I.

Twice six are twelve; and twelve
My brother Tim *should* be;
But he don't keep as old again as I;
I'm sad to think that Tim
Is dull, and does not know
That I must overtake him by and by.

It grieves me much to think
That I was once so small;
Why, I was only 'bout as high as *that;*
But now I'm getting big,
And bigger every day;
I tell you, Ray, you're growing tall and fat!

Tim, a boy of eight.

Just nineteen times a day
Ray dings it in my ear,
"I'll overtake you yet, dear brother Tim;"
He gets all tangled up,
And cannot understand
That I keep just two years ahead of him.

When Ray was one year old
My age was three times his—
I'm bothered over that, I'm free to say;
But I shall hold my tongue,
For I should have no peace
If that conundrum should occur to Ray.

I know that Ray is young,
Of course, and cannot solve
Great problems quite as readily as I;
Perhaps he's dull; but then
In age it's plain that Ray
Will never overtake me by and by.

But Ray is growing tall,
And fatter than a seal;
While I, in weight, seem daily growing less;
What if he says, "Dear Tim,
The dates are wrong: at four
I was as old again as *you*, I guess!"

Once in Royal David's City.

(Recitation for Six Scholars.)

First.

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby,
In a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

Second.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

Third.

And through all his wondrous childhood
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

Fourth.

For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew:
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

Fifth.

And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above:
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

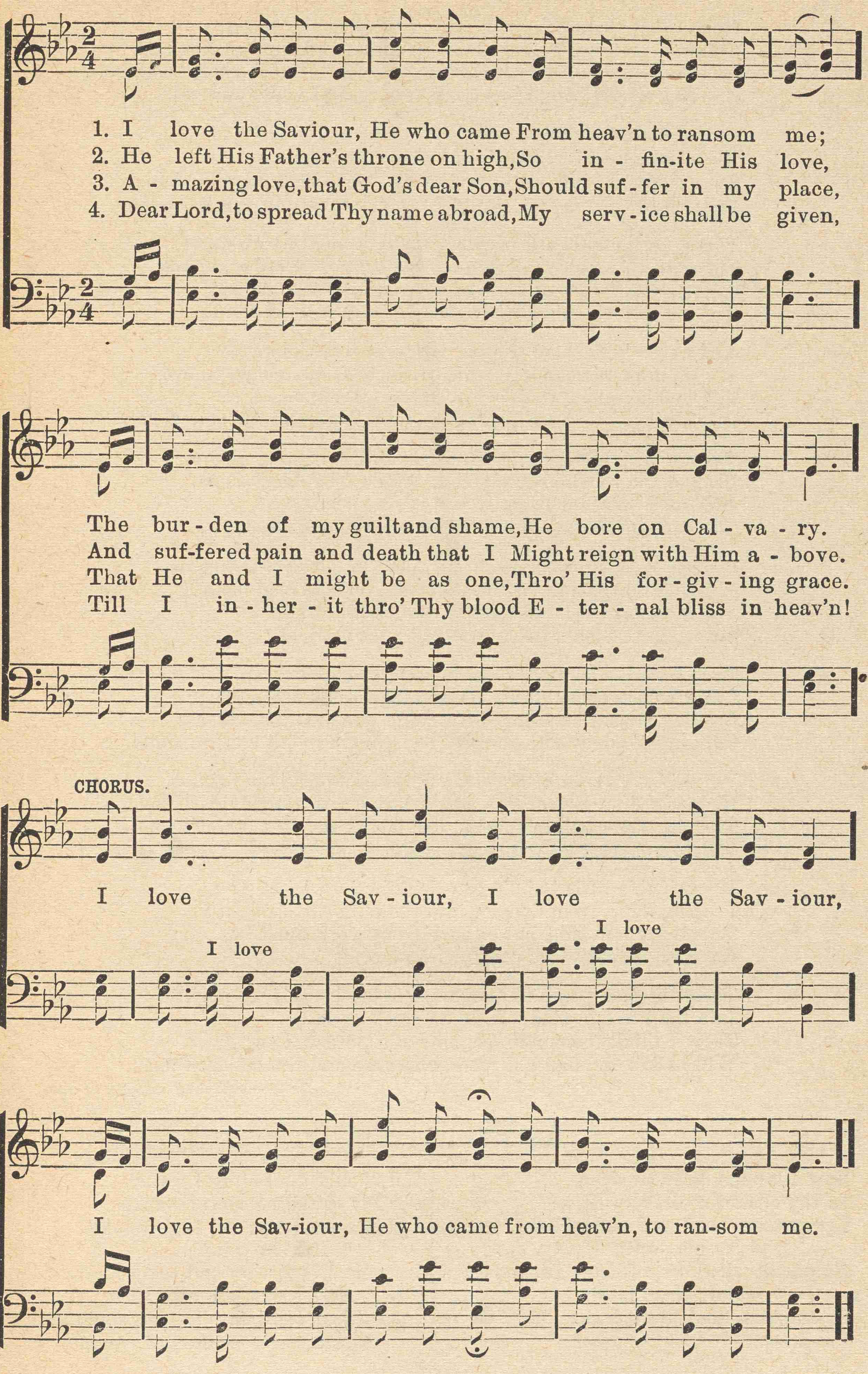
Sixth.

Not in that poor, lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high:
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

—*Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.*

No. 8. I Love the Saviour.

MARK F. RAYMOND. RALPH W. PRUYN.



Our Mission School.

(Recitation.)

Only a little handful, we gathered them in the street,
Children with heads uncovered—children with naked feet:
Children whose eyes looked hungry—children that shook with cold,
Children whose little faces were wasted and white and old.

Only a little building, twelve by twelve at the most,
With five unpainted benches, and a crazy chair to boast.
Two windows—one to the westward, looks at the setting sun,
Pouring his last beams through it, just when our school is done.

There, on the Sabbath evening, many a month we've met,
There, in that golden gleaming, you'll find us gathering yet.
Sweetly the voices ring, and brightly the faces shine,
And the golden sunlight touches all with a light divine.

And as we hear them singing songs of a Saviour's love,
We think of the coming Sabbaths in heavenly courts above,
Till, looking along the vista to those eternal years,
Dim are our eyes with gladness, and the joy that touches tears.

'Tis not the children's faces we see in the shining gloom,
'Tis not the roughened benches, 'tis not the dingy room,
Just for a moment brightly cometh a vision sweet,
Of a host of shining angels treading a golden street;

Bearing seals in their foreheads, clad in garments of snow,
Wearing no trace of sorrows met and vanquished below;
Yet the glorified faces seen in that vision bright
Strangely resemble those lifted to ours to-night.

Then with tender reverence, holding in closer clasp,
Little fingers that tighten round ours in childish grasp;
Looking down in the faces watching our own the while,
Changing to ours with sadness, brightening with ours to smile.

We think of these little children as heirs of a home above,
Blessed with a Father's blessing, loved with the Saviour's love,
Treading the earth in sorrow, but bound for that better home,
Where hunger, and want, and sickness, and toil shall never come.

What if this little building to them is the wicket gate,
Leading away from danger, into the pathway straight!
Something holy and joyous surely our work must be,
Reaching beyond this present into eternity.

There, in that grand to-morrow, looking back if we may,
Into the life and labor living on earth to-day,
Truly I think remembrance, holy and pure and sweet,
Will hallow the dim old room where we and the children meet.

—*Sunday School Times.*

An Evening Prayer.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
In thy shadows soft and deep;
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
I lay me down,
Among thy shadows soft and dark and deep.
I pray thee, Lord,
A helpless soul that leans on thee to keep.

If I should die before I wake,
For thy unfailing mercy's sake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.
If I should die,
In some deep dream and never here awake,
If I should die,
I trust thee, Lord, my sleeping soul to take.
Amen. —*Mary A. Lathbury.*

No. 9. The King I Love Forever.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

1. He standeth by the gate of dawn, The King I love re - turn-ing,
2. He com-eth back to tell me this, That He will go be - fore me,
3. The winds fly soft - ly in His name, And glad the ti - dings car-ry;

The sor - row of the night is gone, I see the day-star burn - ing;
And from those wounded hands of His Will cups of blessing pour me;
And I will go and tell the same Sweet words He spoke to Ma - ry;

My King is beau-ti - ful to me, And Eas-ter skies grow brighter,
I love Him most, I love Him best, My King's dear name I hal - low,
Rab - bo - ni, dear, my joy shall be To lose Thy smile, O nev - er,

I hear His voice, I know 'tis He, And all my heart is light - er.
And where He ris- es to His rest He bid-deth me to fol - low.
Till I at home shall dwell with Thee, The King I love for - ev - er.

Nellie's Gift.

"A Little Child shall lead them."

Did you ever want anything awful bad, and then have it come? Then you know how I felt when the package came from my Auntie in New York, and I opened it and found a pair of real silk mitts. Jack said they were just "splendor-if-ic," and Jack's my brother, and he knows. I had wanted some for ever so long, but I didn't say much about it, 'cause when you live in a little cuddled-up home, and your papa has to buy bread and shoes for so many, the money all flies away before it gets around to what little girls want.

I don't know how Auntie found it out unless Santa Claus told her, and it wasn't near Christmas time, either. They were such pretty brown mitts. Tilly Jones said they were just the color of my hands, but I didn't care for that. Little hands will get brown when they weed the garden and do so many things. I looked at them 'most a hundred times in two days, I guess, and then it came Sunday. Wasn't I glad! I put them on and walked to church, just so. Jack said I hold my paws like a scared rabbit, but I didn't ever see a scared rabbit with mitts on. It isn't right to think too much about what you wear when you go to Sunday School, and by and by I didn't, for we had such a good Sunday School I forgot everything else.

A missionary man told all the folks about some poor little children away off; how the fire had burned down their school-house, and they hadn't any nice homes or clothes, or anything, but they were trying so hard to get along and to learn, and he said what was given to these little ones was just the same as giving to Jesus. Think of that! Just the same as giving to the dear Christ child! I just supposed every one would give. Why, some of the folks are worth as much as ten dollars, or a hundred, and yet that basket stayed 'most empty! I did wish I was rich, and all at once I remembered the poor widow in the Bible. I'd read that very morning how she had given her two mitts; every living mitt she had; it said so. I slipped mine off and dropped them into the basket, and I was glad, if my throat did choke all up. But pretty soon, when that basket was carried up, the gentleman picked them right out. "Has any little girl lost her gloves?" Nobody said anything, and he asked again, "Did any little girl drop her gloves in the basket by mistake?" It was awful still in that room, and I thought he was looking right at me, so I had to say something. "It wasn't a mistake," I told him, "I wanted to help and hadn't any money, but I knew how that poor woman in the Bible gave her two mitts, and so—" Then those folks just shouted, they did, and I felt as if I'd like to drop right down through the floor.

I knew I had made some dreadful blunder, but I couldn't see what; for if m-i-t-e-s don't spell mitts, what does it spell? 'Course I cried, but my teacher just put her arm right around me, and whispered, "Never mind, little Nellie," and she stood up and said, with her voice all trembling: "Dear friends, this little girl has given her greatest treasure. Have we older ones done as much?" Some way the money just poured into that basket after that, and the missionary looked gladder and gladder. They brought my mitts back to me, and my teacher said she would show me how to get some money to give. But, oh, how full that basket was! And when that gentleman counted it, his eyes grew all wet, and he said, softly (though I didn't know what he meant), "A little child shall lead them."

Selected.

Your Mission.

(Ellen H. Gates

RECITATION.

(FOR SIX SCHOLARS.)

First Scholar:

If you cannot on the ocean
  Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
  Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
  Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
  As they launch their boats away.

For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

Second Scholar:

If you are too weak to journey
  Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
  While the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
  As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
  They will not forget the song.

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless His name; show forth His salvation from day to day.

Declare His glory among the heathen, His wonders among all people.

Third Scholar:

If you have not gold and silver
  Ever ready to command;
If you cannot toward the needy
  Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
  O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
  Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Fourth Scholar:

If you cannot in the harvest
  Garner up the richest sheaf,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
  Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers,
  Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
  Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.

And He said, Go.

Fifth Scholar:

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.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

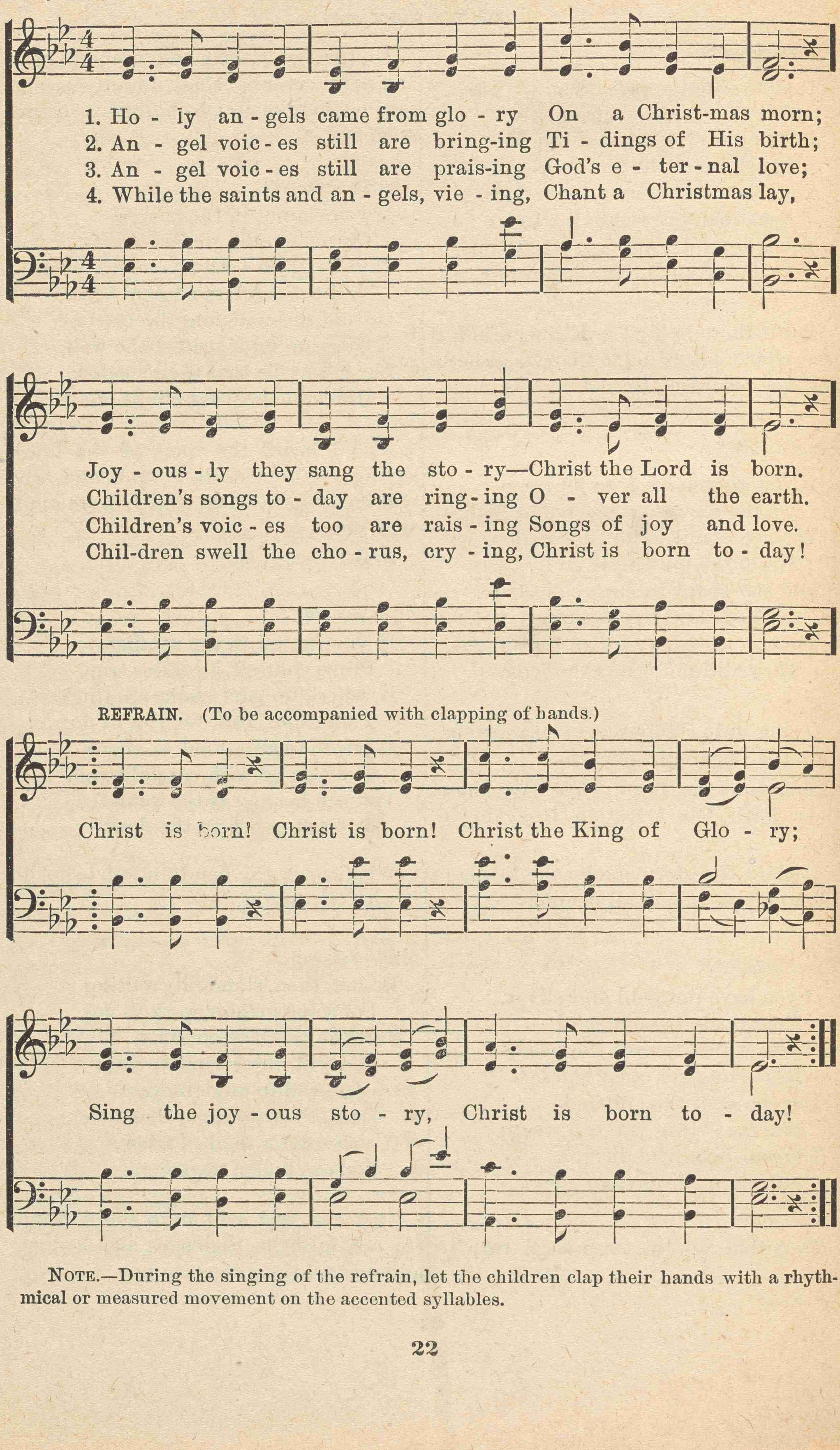
Sixth Scholar:

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

And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.

No. 10. Christ is Born To-Day.

JULIA R. BROWN. EZRA D. YOUNG.



NOTE.—During the singing of the refrain, let the children clap their hands with a rhythmical or measured movement on the accented syllables.

No. 11. Little Soldiers.

(Marching Song.)

1. We are lit - tle sol-diers, Fighting for the Lord, And our trusted
2. O'er us floats the ban-ner Of the King of kings; To the faith-ful
3. When the war is o-ver, Round the throne we'll meet, And lay down our

weap - on Is the Saviour's word; Je - sus is our Captain, And we're
sol - dier Vic - to - ry it brings; They who fight beneath it Can - not
ar - mor At the Saviour's feet: In that day of triumph Our re -

sure to win In the might-y con-flict With the hosts of sin.
suf - fer loss, For it is the standard Of the blood-stain'd cross.
ward shall be Crowns of fadeless glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry!

CHORUS.

Marching, marching, Valiant soldiers we; Marching, marching, On to vic-to - ry!

I'm One Year Older.

(Recitation by a Little Boy.)

I hope that everyone will hear
Just what I have to say:
I'm one year older than I was
A year ago to-day!

Stars and Boys—Companion Recitations.

The Stars.

(*By a Girl.*)

Up, very far away,
From where we mortals stay,
There are a lot of stars,
And planets, such as Mars,
That sparkle in the night
With radiance pure and bright.
Dark nights they never rest;
'Tis then they do their best,
Because they seem to know
We're watching them; and so,
If they're not shining well
The secret we may tell.
But when the moon is full
They're not so beautiful;
Besides, they're tardy, too,
And late in peeping through
The curtain of the sky;
Perhaps they do not try.
Sometimes their light is pale;
And then sometimes they fail
To show themselves at all,
If they are very small.
Then, if the space o'erhead
With clouds is overspread,
They all keep out of sight
And veil their pretty light.
I wonder what they do
When they are hid from view?
They are not busy then;
Perhaps, indeed, that's when
They just put on their things
And do their visitings.

The Boys.

(*By a Boy.*)

Down in the street, near by
The flat we occupy,
There are a lot of boys
Who live to make a noise.
Snare drums are their best toy;
Tin horns they "toot" for joy;
They batter old tin pans,
And kick tomato cans;
They hurl brickbats and stones
At cats whom no one owns,
And vagrant dogs, till they
Howl, and then limp away.
But when "the Fourth" returns,
My, how the powder burns!
The firecracker snaps;
Toy pistol's fatal caps
Their deadly work begin,
While "barkers" swell the din;
Sky rockets sizz and glare,
While cannon rend the air;
Torpedoes far resound;
Snakes hiss and sputter round;
And when the uproar lags,
And patriotism flags,
Boys fire it up again
By blowing up the Maine!
And not till they have spent
Their all are they content;
Then on the following morn,
They find the old tin horn
And "toot" it o'er and o'er,
And drum, just as of yore!

Hurrah for the Rain!

(Dialogue for a Boy and His Mother.)

Jamie.—O dear, it is raining! I cannot go out;
I'll just be uneasy and fretful, and pout;
I hate the old raindrops and wish they would stay
Right where they belong, in the clouds far away.
If I owned the sky I should batten the floor,
So that raindrops could never drip through any more.

Mother.—Why, Jamie, it shocks me to hear you complain,
Because in his goodness God sends us the rain;
Suppose that your wish should be granted! just think—
You never would have any water to drink,
Nor clothing, nor food, and ere long you would die
For lack of the raindrops that fall from the sky.

Jamie.—In thinking it over I guess that is true;
But since we must have them why would it not do
If they were poured out in a bunch, quick as scat,
Instead of just petering down pit a pat?
And why can't they fall quite as well in the night,
And not when I'm wishing to fly my new kite?

Mother.—Dear Jamie, the Being who sends us the rain,
Knows best how to send it; and, if we complain
It's because we are thoughtless; and now, let me say,
If you were a farmer, and needed the hay,
The wheat, oats, and barley, and all kinds of grain,
Though it wrecked a new kite you would welcome the rain.

Jamie.—Well, I'm not a granger; but, when I am grown,
I may run a big ranch in some far Western town;
And, like all great ranchmen, I'll raise, if you please,
Immense flocks of ducks, and of ganders and geese;
And then I'll be shouting, while staying indoors,
"Hurrah for the rain! I don't care if it pours!"

Father.

As a little child my first prayer was learnt from my father's lips; my first introduction to the Bible, which he honored too much to make a task book, was from spelling out the words of the first chapter of the Sermon on the Mount, as it lay on his study table; my earliest lessons of the love and beauty hid in every created thing, were from the stores of his observant mind; my deepest and holiest teachings, too sacred for more than a mere allusion, were given often in the dead of the night, when I was sitting up, sometimes alone, by my father's dying bed.—*Thomas Hood.*

Mother.

My mother was an amiable, sensitive, pious, and devoted woman, who taught her children the fear of God by her godly teachings and spotless life. She often led me outside the city, and showed me the works of God; she pointed me with devout feelings to the omnipotence, wisdom, and goodness of God, and inspired my heart with a deep reverence for the Creator of all things. I shall never forget my mother, for it was she who planted and strengthened my first germ of goodness; she opened my heart to the impressions of nature; she awakened and advanced my conceptions; and it has been her instructions that have exerted a permanent and wholesome influence upon my life.—*Immanuel Kant.*

Talking Too Much.

(Recitation for Four Boys.)

First.

Once on a time, the story goes,
A boy was talked to death;
So with these few remarks I'll close,
Before I lose my breath.

Second.

If that boy talked himself to death
He feared to stop, that's why;
For what if he should hold his breath
Too long! then he would die!

Third.

The youngster in the tale, I know,
Talked some one else to death;
Perhaps you'll take the hint and go,
For I have lots of breath!

Fourth.

I really think if I should try
That I could talk all day;
So I'll begin and end, for I
Have nothing more to say!

No. 12. Jesus Pleads for Me.

JULIA R. BROWN. EZRA D. YOUNG.

1. Christ, the Lord, who died for me, On the cross of Cal - va - ry;
2. Shall I spurn His grace, and so To the wond'ring an - gels show
3. Nay, dear Lord, on Thee I call; Un - to Thee I yield my all;

In the ful-ness of His love, Pleads for me in heav'n a - bove.
That He suffered grief and pain—Bled and died for me in vain?
Make me pure, and meek, and mild, Save me as a lit - tle child.

CHORUS.

Je - sus pleads for me, Je - sus pleads for me,
Je - sus pleads for me, Je - sus pleads for me,

In the ful - ness of His love, Je - sus pleads for me.

No. 13. Hallelujah!

A. H. M. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

From "The Helper," by permission.

2 For a purer, sweeter freedom
Than our father's sires e'er saw;
For our liberty of worship
Unrestrained by let or law;
For the freedom of the Spirit
Wherewith Christ makes all men free;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! God to Thee.

3 For the armies of the faithful,
'Neath the gospel flag unfurled,
In Thy name, who seek the conquest
Of the Kingdoms of this world;
For their still increasing ardor,
Centuries can never cool;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
God of Church and Sunday-School.

No. 14. I would be Like Jesus.

JULIA R. BROWN. EZRA D. YOUNG.

1. I would be like Je - sus, By sin un - de - filed,
2. I would be more gen - tle To oth - ers, and prove
3. Dear Je - sus, from fol - ly, And an - ger, and strife
4. O help me, blest Sav - iour, To hide in my heart

O - be - dient and lov - ing, A du - ti - ful child.
That Je - sus has taught me His meek - ness and love.
Pre - serve me, and be Thou The guide of my life.
Thy word, that I nev - er From Thee may de - part.

REFRAIN.

I would be like Je - sus, I would be like Je - sus,

I would be like Je - sus, By sin un - de - filed.

No. 15. Lesson Prayer.

S. V. R. F. L. B Noxon.

1. Dear Lord, may we Heed and o - bey
2. In child - hood make Us wise to know
3. Blest Com - fort - er, Be Thou our Guide,
4. May those who teach Find sweet re - ward,
5. O may Thy will In us be done,
6. May we re - joice In sins for - giv'n,

The les - sons which We learn to - day.
Thy word, that by It we may grow.
And in Thy truth May we a - bide.
In work - ing for Our bless - ed Lord.
Through Je - sus Christ, God's bless - ed Son.
And find at last Sweet rest in heav'n. A - men.

No 16. Mother's Song Prayer.

1. { Fath-er, may my lit-tle one In Thy love and mercy share; / For the sake of Thy dear Son, List-en (*Omit*..... } to her ev'ning pray'r.

Child's Evening Prayer.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.—**Amen.**

Little Eyes.

(MOTION RECITATION FOR THREE LITTLE GIRLS.)

First—Little Eyes.

Little eyes,
Like the shining blue above,
Full of light and love,
Full of glee;
Telling of a life within,
In a world of sin,
Born to you and me!
Will they see the golden way
Leading up to day?
And the God to whom we pray
In the skies?

Second—Little Hands.

Little hands
In the long and weary strife
Of a toiling life,
Will they win?
Will they early learn to bless?
Rescue from distress?
Will they fear to sin?
For the true, the good, the right,
Will they bravely fight?
Strew along the paths of night
Golden sands?

Third—Little Feet.

Little feet
Entered on a thorny way;
Will it lead to day
And renown?
As the rugged steps are trod
Will they climb to God,
And a seraph's crown?
Where the loving Saviour goes,
Finding friends or foes,
Will they follow, till life's close,
As is meet?

All—Little Eyes, Hands, Feet.

Little eyes,
May they wear an angel's guise
In the upper skies!
Little hands,
May they, doing God's commands,
Rest in fairer lands!
May these little feet
Thee, dear Saviour, run to meet
At thy mercy seat;
And with joy for sins forgiven,
Press to heaven!

—*Dewdrops and Sunshine.*

A Wound and a Kiss.

CHARACTERS: MRS. MAY AND HER DAUGHTER NELLIE; MRS. MORTON AND HER DAUGHTER MATTIE.

In Nellie's Home.—Nellie:

I struck Mattie Morton, dear mother, to-day,
While she and her brother and I were at play,
And she went home crying, and Harold cried too,
Though I had done nothing to make him "boo-hoo!"
And now till I find some one other than Matt,
I must play by myself, and I'm sorry for that.

Nellie's Mother:

My dear, I'm astonished that you should express
No sorrow for Mattie; for while you confess
That you were the cause of her crying, you seem
To care nothing for it: you cannot esteem
Her friendship of value: and now, I must know
What Mattie had done that you dealt her a blow.

Nellie:

You see we were rolling our hoops all in line,
When Mattie's hoop happened to roll against mine,
And I was provoked, and just gave her a rap
On the back of her hand, just a smart little tap;
And then she cried out, and went home on a run,
And Harold went too, so that spoiled all our fun.

Nellie's Mother :

Dear Nellie, your conduct has caused me great pain;
You wronged a dear friend and your duty is plain;
Be true to yourself and delay not to go
To Mattie, confessing your fault, and thus show
Your sorrow, and ask her forgiveness, and then
Assure her that you will ne'er harm her again.

In Mattie's Home.— Mattie :

O, mother, my hand is all turned black and blue
Where Nellie May struck it; O, what shall I do!
I thought I should keep it a secret, and so
I told Harold that he must not tell, for you know
I dislike to complain; but, howe'er I may try,
The pain is so great that I cannot but cry.

Mattie's Mother :

Your hand is indeed badly swollen and sore;
You ought to have told me about it before;
You might have been spared much of suffering, I'm sure,
By promptly availing yourself of a cure;
Take this and apply it; and now, Mattie dear,
Of the cause of your trouble I'm anxious to hear.

Mattie :

You see we were rolling our hoops side by side
When, all of a sudden, mine wobbled and shied,
And ran against Nellie's and knocked it down flat;
Then Nellie was angry, and swinging her bat,
She struck me like that, though I was not to blame,
And a lady who saw it, cried out, "O for shame!"

Mattie's Mother :

Dear Mattie, the spirit you show makes me glad;
And while your misfortune and suffering are sad,
Be patient, and let not revenge find a place
In your heart, but entreat the good Lord that his grace
May help you, and also that Nellie may win
The vict'ry o'er selfishness, temper, and sin.

Nellie in Mattie's Home :

Dear Mattie, I'm filled with the keenest regret;
How greatly I wronged you I ne'er can forget—

Mattie :

But I can, dear Nellie; now kiss me once more—

* * * * * * * *

Nellie :

Dear Mattie, I love you as never before.

Nellie and Mattie :

And now we've made up, and the moral is this:
A hurt never lasts quite as long as a kiss!

NOTE.—Two groups, representing the two homes, with an elderly lady and a miss of ten or twelve years in each on the platform, as far separated from each other as may be, the alternating conversations to occur as indicated. Before the closing verse Nellie goes to Mattie. The asterisks indicate the "making up" scene, the kissing and embracing, after which both misses turn to the audience and recite the "moral."

No. 17. Young Missionaries.

S. V. R. F. STEPHEN V. R. FORD.

SOLO.—*1st Voice.*

1. How I wish that we could do Something for the heathen too:
2. What if you and I should pray For the heathen ev-'ry day:
3 Christ may call us both to be Mis-sion-a-ries o'er the sea:

2nd Voice.

If we try to save our pen-nies, We can give the Lord a few:
It would please the blessed Mas-ter On His throne so far a-way:
True, and tho' we're lit-tle children, We can sing "Sal-vation's free!"

SOLO.—*1st Voice.* *2nd Voice.*

Do you think that He could use them? Yes, He nev-er would re-fuse them:
Do you think that He could hear us? Yes, for He is al-ways near us;
Will the Saviour stand be-side us? Yes, and with His eye He'll guide us:

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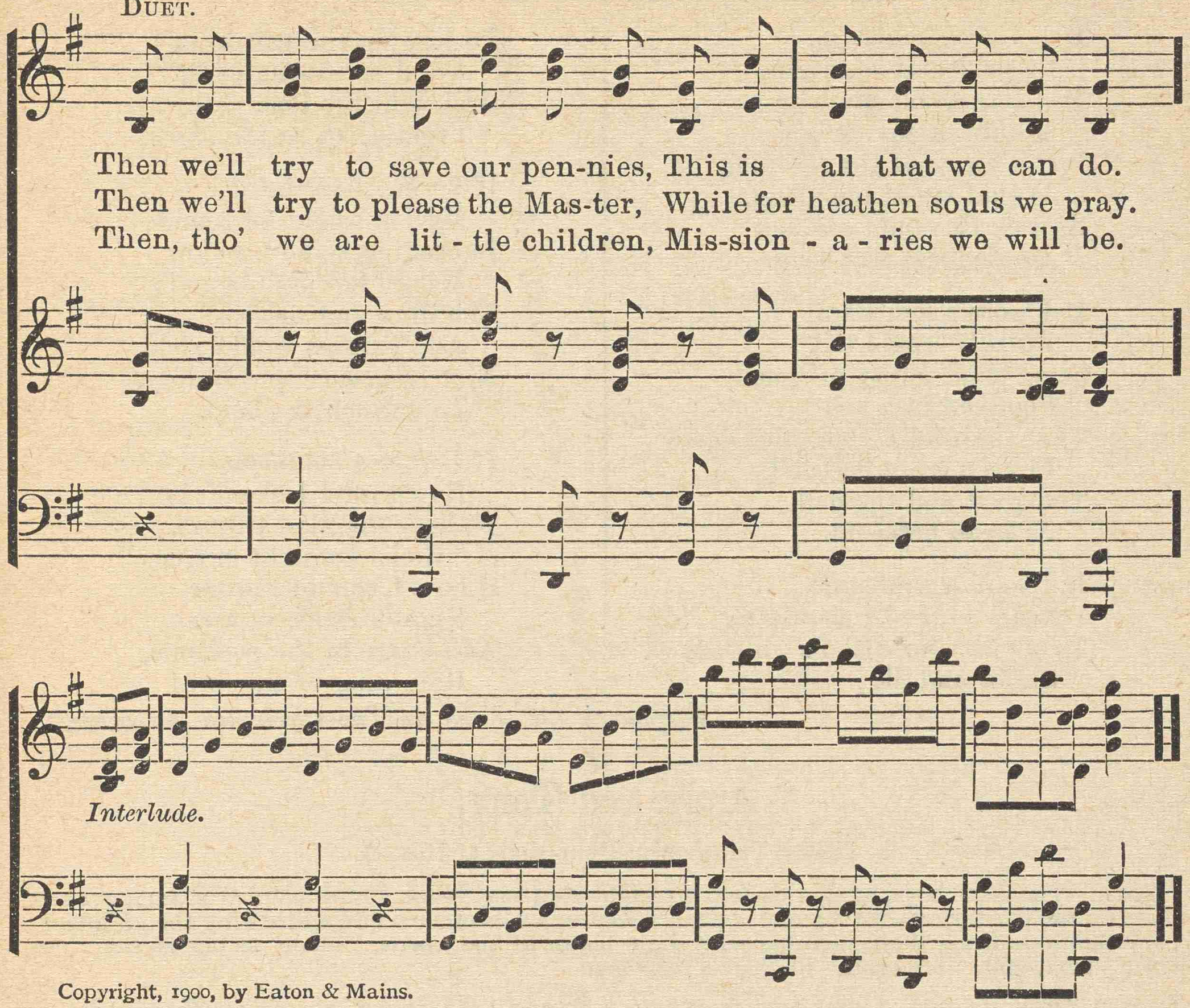
Young Missionaries.—Concluded.

DUET.



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No. 18. To God, the Father, Son.

JOHN WESLEY. (DOXOLOGY.) JOSEPH BROWNELL.

If I Were a Sunbeam.

(A Recitation for Five Little Girls.)

If I were a sunbeam,
So pure and so bright,
To make some one happy
Would be my delight;
"The wings of the morning"
Would speed me along,
And earth would awaken
To gladness and song.

If I were a sunbeam,
I gladly would tell
Some poor, guilty prisoner
Confined in a cell
That sunbeams, like raindrops,
From heaven descend,
The good and the evil
Alike to befriend.

If I were a sunbeam,
Swift-winged I should fly
To homes where God's "little ones"
Suffer and die;
To kiss up the teardrops
From sorrowing eyes,
And light the lone pathway
From earth to the skies.

If I were a sunbeam,
My joy would be found
In seeking some meadow
Where flowers abound;
The lilies and daisies
And pansies would yield
New fragrance and beauty,
To garnish the field.

If I were a sunbeam,
How proud I should be
To hear the glad tribute,
"God's sunlight is free!"
O how I should scatter
Night's shadows away,
And share in the welcome,
Hail, king of the day!

—*Stephen V. R. Ford, in The Christian Advocate.*

Andy and Tony.

(Recitation for Two Small Boys.)

Note.—The two boys, aged respectively eight and six years, stand so nearly facing each other on the platform that they can cast glances at each other while addressing the audience. They should indicate their meaning with their hands at the words, "about as big as that," in Andy's part, and, "is so tall," in Tony's response.

First: Tony, as seen from Andy's standpoint.

Tony is just a little boy,
About as big as *that;*
He seems so very small to me
Because I'm big and fat.

Tony declares that he can eat
Ten pancakes: think of that!
Why, four are just enough for me,
Though I'm so big and fat.

Tony has got a sweetheart now!
He's only six at that;
But I'm not head and ears in love,
If I am big and fat.

Tony just aches to play with me,
But what care I for that!
It seems to me he quite forgets
That I am big and fat.

Second: Andy, as seen from Tony's standpoint.

Andy just thinks he's awful big
Because he is *so* tall;
Well I can grow as big, you see,
But Andy can't grow small!

Andy has got a pair of boots
With tops all bound with red,
And Andy's little sister says
He wears his boots to bed.

Andy once had a sweetheart too,
When he was young and plain;
But 'Liza mittened him, they say,
Because he grew so vain.

Andy and I are out, but soon
He'll come around again
And say, "Dear Tony, you're real nice!"
And then—I'll take him in!

The Death of Little Children.

God lends his "little ones" to earth;
Angels convey them from his throne;
We gladly celebrate their birth,
And fondly prize them as our own.

Heaven claims the fairest as its right,
And ere to earth their hearts are wed,
God takes them back to realms of light
And leaves us to lament our dead.

God doth appoint our infancy;
"Heaven lies about us;" then our ways
Run parallel with his, and he
His guiding love toward us displays.

Life's silver cords of God are given,
And if to evil they are prone,
He oft recalls them back to heaven
And links them to his golden throne.

And if, forsooth, the precious ties
Thus early severed by his hand
Bear our affections to the skies,
And bind them to the Fatherland,

Then 'twere no mystery why God
Transfers his innocents, in love,
From earth to his divine abode,
To adorn the fairer realms above.

And he, in his good time, will show
His full designs; for, "What I do
Thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know
Hereafter," said the Christ, who knew

That doubts would vex, and fears dismay,
And questionings distract us quite;
And with this promise we can pray
For faith to lend its wings to sight.

Now God in vain attempts to show
That he afflicts us for our good;
Then 'twill be plain; for we shall know
The allness of his Fatherhood.

Till then 'twere wisdom to draw near
To him who holds the chastening rod;
He speaks in love, 'tis ours to hear—
"Be still, and know that I am God!"

Temperance Hymn.

Tune, "AULD LANG SYNE," No. 29.

1 Of all the tints the light looks on,
However bright their hue,
There's none that speaks of brighter things
Than does the bit of blue.
Refrain: The bonnie bit of blue, my friends,
The bonnie bit of blue,
It tells of hope, it tells of joy,
The bonnie bit of blue.

2 Come, wear the blue—you cannot know
The good that you may do,
By joining in a noble cause,
The Army of the blue.—*Ref.*

3 Then wear the blue above the heart
That's brave and warm and true,
And never be ashamed to show
The bonnie bit of blue.—*Ref.*

—*Anon.*

The Resurrection.

(FOR THREE SCHOLARS.)

First.

Sown in the darkness, but to bloom again,
When, after winter's reign,
Jesus is reaping
The seed now quietly sleeping,
Ah, praise his name!

Second.

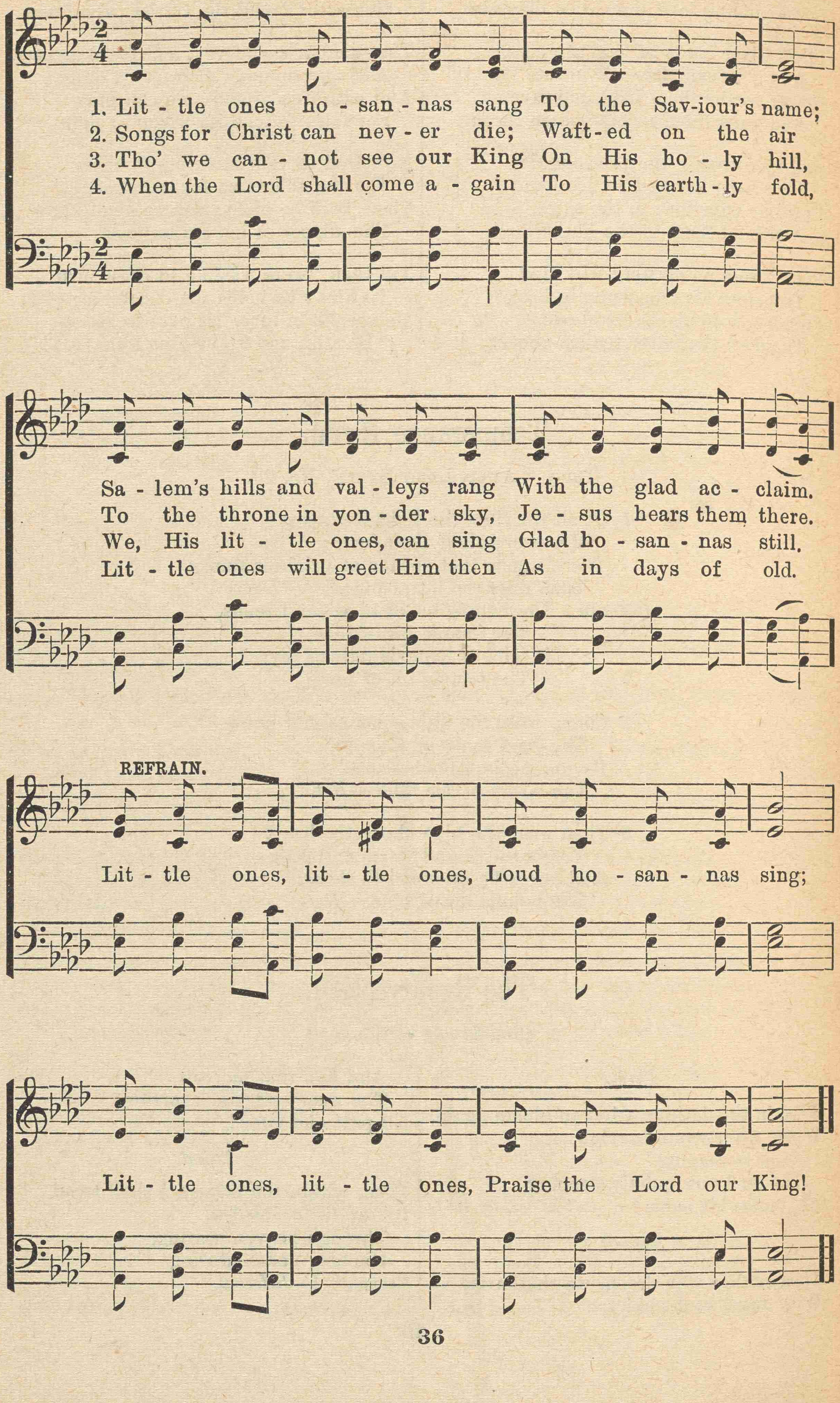
Then as they who dream we shall arise
With Jesus to the skies,
And find that morrow,
The weary pilgrim's sorrow
All past and gone!

Third.

Then, within the holiest, I shall tread,
By my Redeemer led,
Through heaven soaring,
His holy name adoring
Eternally!—*Selected.*

No. 19. Little Ones Hosannas Sang.

S. V. R. F. JOSEPH BROWNELL.



A Cluster of Gems.

Too much of joy is sorrowful,
So cares must needs abound;
The vine that bears too many flowers
Will trail upon the ground.
—*Alice Cary.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
—*Tennyson.*

A kindly act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit when time has flown
Down the gulf of eternity.
—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

The man who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare;
But he who has an enemy
Will meet him everywhere.
—*Emerson.*

He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all their race.—*Lowell.*

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.
For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.—*Faber.*

Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls;
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul.
—*Longfellow.*

My Choice.*

(A Humorous Recitation for Four Girls and Four Boys.)

First Girl.

My choice? A doll, *of course!* that's why!
A doll that can be made to cry;
With rosy cheeks and dimples, rare,
And winking eyes, and golden hair.

First Boy.

My choice? Of course, a pair of skates;
I guess my shoes are number eights;
But, if the skates too short should be,
I'd cut the shoes to fit, you see.

Second Girl.

My choice? A bird that sweetly sings,
With yellow breast and golden wings;
A male canary, that's the kind;
The cage?—the loveliest you can find.

Second Boy.

My choice? An air gun it shall be,
Opening when pressed against one's knee;
Of course, a bullet-shooting gun—
With paper wads there is no fun.

Third Girl.

My choice? A cradle, nice and strong,
Eight inches wide and twenty long,
For Topsy,—that's my dolly's name,
Though she's a white girl "just the same."

Third Boy.

My choice? An awful big tin horn,
One blast from which will wake the morn,
And banish sleep for miles around
With its ear-splitting, horrid sound.

Fourth Girl.

My choice? A kitten that can mew;
Maltese preferred, but black will do,
So long as it has glossy fur
And is provided with a purr!

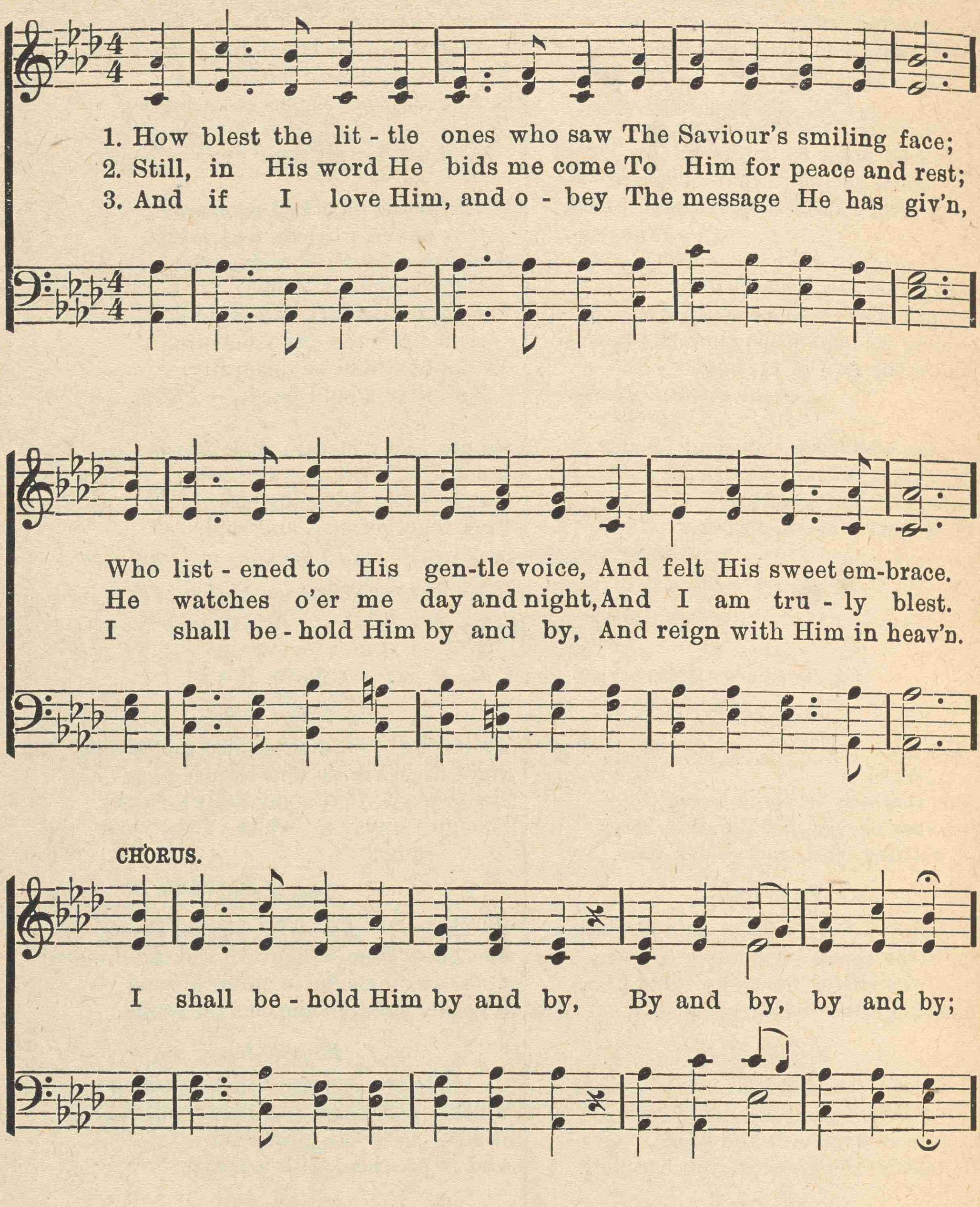
Fourth Boy.

My choice? A drum chock full of noise;
A snare drum, such as merry boys
Beat till the neighbors, driven mad,
In Tophet wish both drum and lad!

* Select for this recitation four girls and four boys of about ten years of age. Arrange them in two lines facing each other. The articles desired should be placed in paper bags, large and uniform in size in order that the article which they contain, respectively, cannot be known excepting by the person who distributes the bags. An attendant asks each member of the group, beginning at number one, What is your choice? As soon as the answer is given a bag tied with a ribbon is brought to the platform and placed in front of the speaker. When the recitations are concluded the bags are untied by the respective recipients and their contents taken out, care having been taken to so distribute the packages that no one of the choosers receives the desired article. Surprise, confusion, the exchanging of the articles, the tooting of the horn and the tapping of the drum are calculated to create a vast deal of merriment.

No. 20. I Shall Behold Him By and By.

MARK F. RAYMOND. RALPH W. PRUYN.



Are You God's Wife?

Amid the city's busy whirl,
A poor, neglected little girl
Dodged in and out, while passing through
The crowd that thronged the avenue,
Until at last she stood before
The spacious window of a store,
Which fairly groaned beneath the weight
Of things too numerous to state—
Cakes, pies and bread, and candy toys;
Cats, dogs and roosters, girls and boys—
So placed that they should tempt the eye
Of every hungry passer-by.
Upon this extra fine display,
Made for the Christmas holiday,
The famished little creature gazed
Until her mind seemed fairly dazed,
So vast and wondrous was the store
Of things she saw to ponder o'er.
Though cold and stormy was the night,
The child seemed spell-bound by the sight;
And while the bustling throng paused not,
She lingered, loath to leave the spot;
For well she knew, or thought at least,
That her bright eyes alone could feast
Upon the things before them placed,
Not one of which she hoped to taste.
While thus she lingered in the storm,
A lady spied her shriveled form.
And, touched with His own sympathy,
Who gave himself for you and me,
She hastened through the open door,
And purchasing a goodly store
Of cakes, and nuts, and candy toys—
The things that brighten Christmas joys—
Withdrew, and in an instant stood
Beside the child who needed food.
"My dear, here are some things for you,—
Cakes, nuts and toys, and candies, too;
They are my gift on Christmas eve.
And now, before I take my leave,
A merry Christmas and good cheer
I wish you; so good-bye, my dear."
Then quick the shawl which overspread
The child's wan face and hatless head
Flew open, and two sparkling eyes,
First glancing at the wondrous prize,
Next met the lady's kindly gaze,
When, with an air of heavenly grace,
The child revealed her better life
By this appeal: "Are you God's wife?"

A Creed.

(Recitation.)

I believe in God above;
I believe in Jesus' love;
I believe his Spirit, too,
Comes to teach me what to do.
I believe that I must be
True and good, dear Lord, like thee.

—*Selected.*

A Message.

(Recitation.)

Every little plant that grows,
Every little grassy blade,
Every little dewdrop shows
Jesus cares for all he made;
Jesus loves, and Jesus knows!
So you need not be afraid!

—*Frances R. Havergal.*

Baby Sleep.

(Motion Recitation for Two Little Girls.)

First.

Two little hands,
  Chubby and warm;
Two little rosy cheeks
  Perfect in form;
Two tiny golden curls,
  On her pure brow,
Resting so daintily
  Always, as now.

Second.

Two little heavy eyes
  Dewy with sleep,
Angels above them
  Vigils will keep.
Jesus will care for thee
  Safe in his love,
Dream, little slumberer,
  Watched from above.

—*Selected.*

No. 21. The Temperance Banner.

(Tune—WEBB.) GEO. JAMES WEBB.

2 Fight on! fight on for Temperance,
Nor let your courage fail,
The Lord is just and mighty,
And right shall e'er prevail.
Though fierce may be the conflict,
Though noisy be the fray,
Yet ours shall be the triumph,
Success shall crown the day.

3 Soon will a brighter morrow
Succeed this pleasant day,
When drink, and sin, and sorrow,
Shall fly far, far away.
Then let us tune our voices,
And sweeter anthems raise,
While earth with heav'n rejoices
In songs of holy praise.

Selected.

No 22. Keep Me Day by Day.

JULIA R. BROWN. EZRA D. YOUNG.

1. Lov - ing Sav - iour, hear me, When on Thee I call;
2. In the strength con - fid - ing, Of Thy might - y arm;
3. When in dan - ger, hide me; Let Thy grace be giv'n;

Be Thou ev - er near me, Hold me lest I fall.
In Thy love a - bid - ing, I shall fear no harm.
Ev - er - more to guide me On the way to heav'n.

CHORUS.

Keep me day by day, Lest from Thee I stray;
Keep me day by day, Lest from Thee I stray;

Guide me by Thy Spir - it, In the nar - row way.

Thy Child I Would Be.

(Recitation for Three Scholars.)

First.

My Father in heaven
  Beholds with delight
The tiniest flower
  That blooms in his sight;
Though never so humble
  No flower, I ween,
That God has embellished
  E'er blushes unseen.

Second.

The birds of the woodland
  That carol their lays,
Partake of God's bounty
  While chanting his praise;
The myriad insects
  That sport in the air
Exist for his pleasure,
  And challenge his care.

Third.

And shall I distrust him,
  Whose fatherly love
Hath sent for my ransom
  The Christ from above;
Who with him assures me
  That all things are mine,
If all to his pleasure
  I freely resign?

All.

My Father in heaven
  Thy child I would be;
My love and my service
  All given to thee;
That I may inherit
  The gift of thy love,
A crown of bright glory
  In heaven above.

Little Acts of Kindness.

(Recitation for Six Little Girls.)

First.

Little acts of kindness,
  Trifling though they are,
How they serve to brighten
  This dark world of care.

Second.

Little acts of kindness,
  How they cheer the heart!
What a world of gladness
  Will a smile impart.

Third.

Little acts of kindness,
  O how potent they
To dispel the shadows
  Of life's cloudy day!

Fourth.

How a gentle accent
  Calms the troubled soul
When the waves of passion
  O'er it wildly roll!

Fifth.

You may have around you
  Sunshine if you will,
Or a host of shadows
  Gloomy, dreary, chill.

Sixth.

If you want the sunshine,
  Smile, though sad at heart;
To the poor and needy
  Kindly aid impart.

All.

Little acts of kindness
  Nothing do they cost,
Oft when they are wanting
  Life's best charm is lost.
Little acts of kindness,
  Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
  Priceless is their worth.

—*Selected.*

Mamma's Kisses.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
  A kiss when I go to bed;
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
  A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
  A kiss when my bath begins;
My mamma is full of kisses—
  As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with "rattle,"
  A kiss when I pull her hair;
She covered me over with kisses
  The day I fell from the stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
  A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
  To her own little baby boy.

—*Selected.*

Johnny May's Adventures.

(Recitation for Five Lads.)

I. Coasting.

"That boy," Johnny May,
Went coasting one day, [of eels;
Where the hill was as slipp'ry as a gallon
His sleigh struck a stone,
And Johnny was thrown [heels!
Up, heels over head, and down, head over

II. Fishing.

"That boy," Johnny May,
While fishing, one day,
Grew drowsy, and into the river he fell!
A man heard him shout,
And, fishing him out, [him well.
Sent him home to get dry, after scolding

III. Fighting.

"That boy," Johnny May,
While fighting, one day, [second best.
Had his eyes both adorned and came out
"Johnny May, you come here!"
'Twas his father; O, dear! [the rest.
Who led Johnny home, where a strap did

IV. Skating.

"That boy," Johnny May,
While skating, one day,
Plunged into a hole like a bushel of lead.
Of course he went down,
But, ere he could drown, [head.
A man pulled him out by the hair of his

V. Shooting.

"That boy," Johnny May,
Was fooling one day
With a rifle, when, bang! went the gun, and at once
His brother fell flat,
With a ball through his—hat!
"Didn't know it was loaded." Of course not; the dunce!

At Jesus's Feet.

(Recitation for Four Scholars.)

First.

I love to sit at Jesus' feet
And hear the wondrous story,
How angels came from heaven to greet
The Lord of life and glory,
When he, the Prince of Peace, was born,
At Bethlehem, on Christmas morn.

Second.

But sweeter still, it is to know,
That Jesus' life was given
To save my soul from guilt and woe,
And win me back to heaven;
For "little ones" like me he died—
For me my Lord was crucified.

Third.

Now from his throne in heaven above,
Where he has gone before me,
He sends me tokens of his love,
And kindly watches o'er me;
The Shepherd of my soul he is—
He knows my name and calls me his.

Fourth.

And if I love him to the end
No earthly foe can sever
My soul from him, my constant Friend,
My hope and joy forever;
He'll lead me with his mighty hand
In safety to the better land.

"Inasmuch."

When one of the boys in John Falk's Reformatory, at Halle in Germany, on a certain evening had invoked this divine blessing on their supper, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou hast provided," another boy looked up and asked, "Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask him every day to sit with us, and he never comes." "Dear child," replied Father Falk, "only believe and you may be sure he will come, for he doesn't despise our invitation."

"I shall set him a seat," said the boy; and just then a knock being heard at the door, a poor apprentice came for admission. He was received, and invited to take the vacant chair at the table.

Then said the inquiring boy again, "Jesus could not come, and so he sent this poor man in his place; is that it?" "Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and every drink of water that we give to the poor, or the sick, or the prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to him. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"—*Bishop Hurst's History of Rationalism.*

No. 23. What I Love.

S. V. R. F. (SOLO AND CHORUS. For Four Girls.) S. V. R. FORD.

First Girl.

1. I love the flow'rs, the pretty flow'rs, Whose fragrance fills the air;

I'm glad our lov - ing Fa-ther makes Them blosom ev - ery - where.

CHORUS.

O the pret-ty lit - tle flowers That make the world so bright; They

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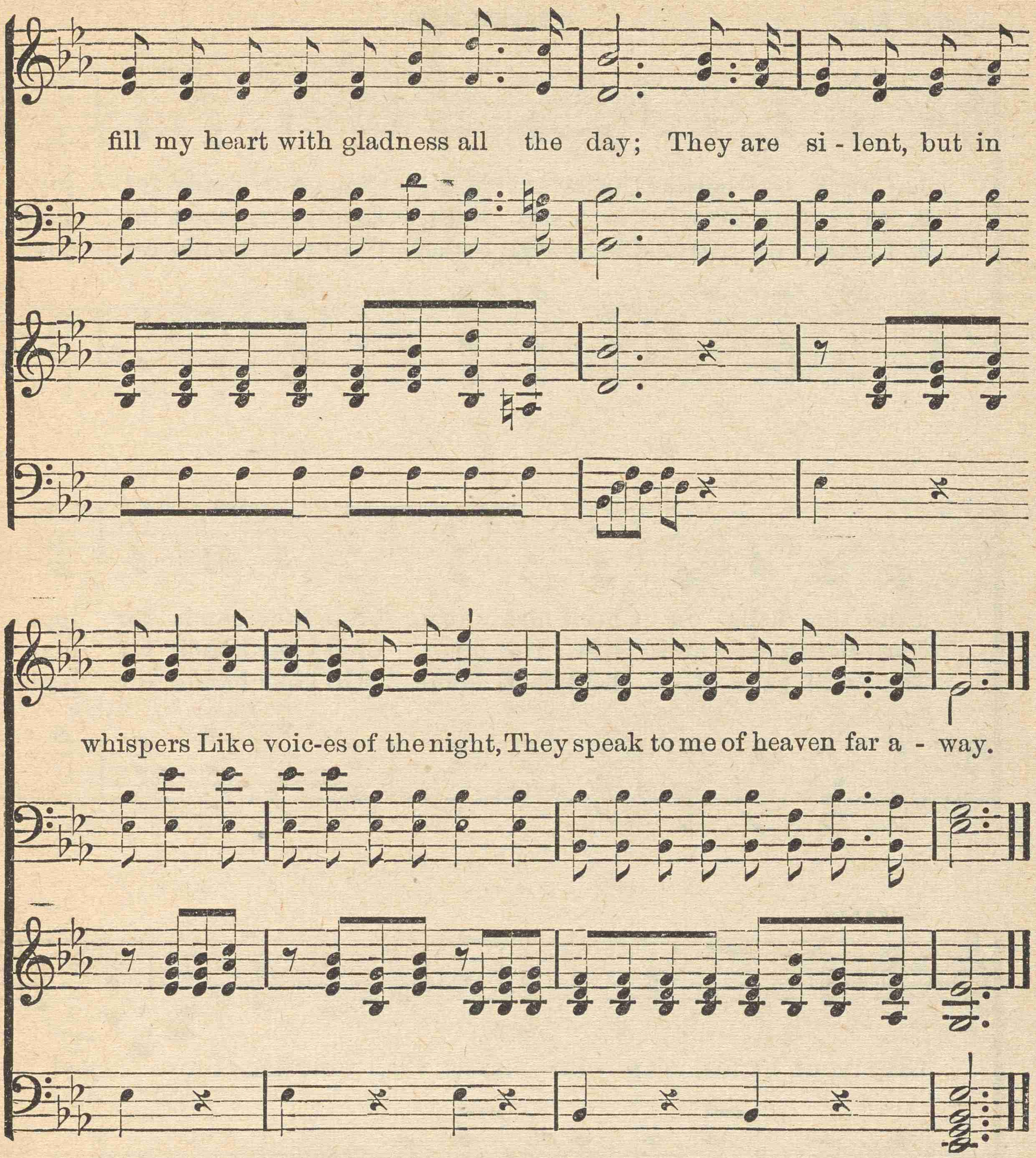
What I Love.—Concluded.



Second Girl. 2 I love the charming little birds
That warble in the bowers;
Sometimes I think they're quite as sweet
And pretty as the flow'rs.—*Cho.*

Third Girl. 3 I love the stars that chase away
The darkness of the night;
Sometimes I call them angels' eyes,
Because they are so bright.—*Cho.*

Fourth Girl. 4 I love the sunbeams, for they paint
Bright spots upon the floor;
I used to try to pick them up,
But then I knew no more.—*Cho.*

NO. 24. Clap Your Hands for Joy!

S. V. R. F. (MOTION SONG.)

1. Christ is born! Christ is born! Clap your hands for joy;
2. Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! Clap your hands for joy!
3. Christ will come! Christ will come! Clap your hands for joy!

Ring the bells on Christ-mas morn, Clap your hands for joy!
Par - don, peace and life He gives, Clap your hands for joy!
He will take His child-dren home, Clap your hands for joy!

REFRAIN.

Clap your hands, clap your hands, Clap your hands for joy!

Clap your hands, clap your hands, Clap your hands for joy!

No. 25. Joy and Gladness.

JOSEPH BROWNELL.

1. Joy and glad-ness I have found, Trust-ing in the Lord;
2. I am kept in per - fect peace, Trust-ing in the Lord;
3. Je - sus gives me sweet-est rest, Trust-ing in the Lord;

With His peace my life is crowned, Trusting in the Lord.
All my fears and trou - bles cease, Trusting in the Lord.
While I lean on His dear breast, Trusting in the Lord.

REFRAIN.

Trust-ing in the Lord, Trust-ing in the Lord;...
Trust - ing in the Lord, Trust - ing in the Lord;

Joy and glad-ness I have found, Trust-ing in the Lord.

Missionary Concert Exercise.

Foreign Missions: Witnesses, the Prophets.

(*Dialogue and Recitations for Nine Speakers.*)

First Speaker.—I am informed that you are not a believer in foreign missions.

Second Speaker.—Indeed, I am not.

First.—I am surprised at this. I can hardly imagine how anyone can withhold his sympathy from so important a cause.

Second.—I am not alone in my opposition to the enterprise. Multitudes of Christians share my opinion.

First.—Yes, I am aware of that. And now may I ask you to state some of the reasons for your hostility to foreign missions?

Second.—Certainly. In the first place, the demands of our Home work are so pressing that it seems a needless waste of money and effort to attempt the cultivation of foreign fields.

First.—In other words, you mean to say that we have heathen enough at home.

Second.—Yes. The whole world is flooding our land with ignorant and degraded people. Why not Christianize them before crossing the sea to reform foreign peoples?

First.—I grant the need of vastly increased effort for the conversion of the heathen among us. But just here let me ask, Where do we find "Darkest America?" Is it not in our great cities, the centers of foreign population?

Second.—To be sure it is.

First.—Very well. Now the way to cleanse a stream is to purify the fountain whence it flows. Hence I argue that it is better to begin with the children of foreign lands who are to be turned in upon us a few years hence, than it is to wait until they come to us with their habits and practices formed before we attempt to save them.

Second.—There is force in that argument, I admit. But, in the second place, I have very little faith in the final redemption of the world to Christ.

First.—Concerning this opinion let me say that, whatever you and I may think, we must appeal to "the law and the testimony" rather than to either our prejudice or judgment. What is the testimony of God's word concerning this matter? This must govern our thoughts, our plans, and our efforts. And now I will

Summon the Witnesses.

Amos, *What is your testimony touching this matter?*

Third.—And I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them.

And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God.

Daniel, *What prophetic vision was given you of the Messiah's kingdom and reign?*

Fourth.—And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom, that which shall not be destroyed.

And the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom forever, even forever and ever.

And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him.

David, *How extensive is the worship of the Lord Jehovah to become?*

Fifth.—All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Habakkuk, *What of the spread of the knowledge of the Lord's glory?*

Sixth.—For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Hosea, *How long shall the name of the Messiah endure?*

Seventh.—And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure forever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

ISAIAH, *Tell us of the increase of Christ's kingdom.*

Eighth.—And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the LORD'S house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the LORD of hosts will perform this.

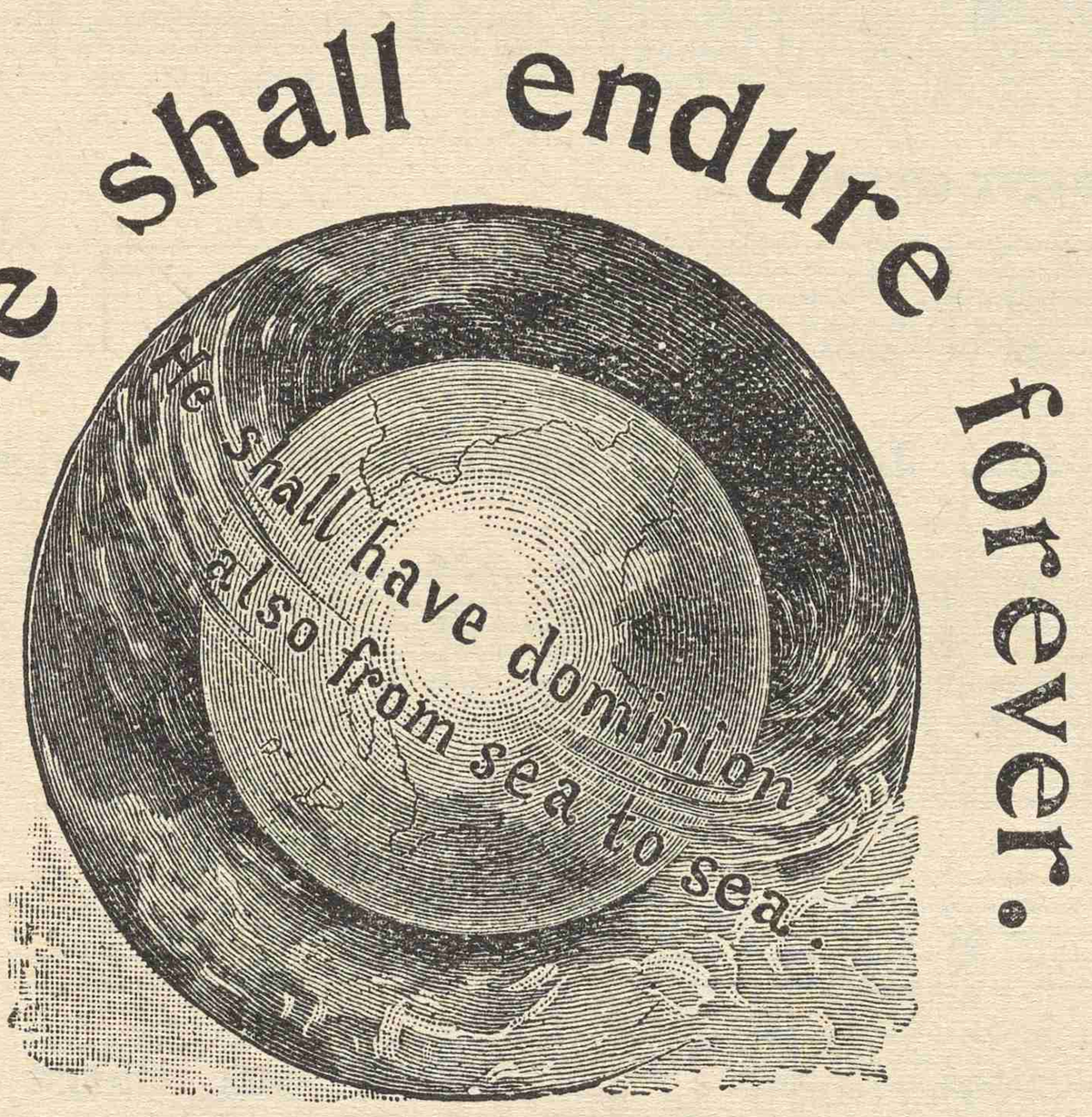
ZEPHANIAH, *What of Christ's dominion in the earth?*

Ninth.—The LORD thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; . . . and he shall speak peace unto the heathen: and his dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth.

First.—This in part is the testimony of prophecy. Further than this, we have the great commission given by the risen Lord to his ministers, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and the Revelator's assurance that "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." "What need we any further witnesses?"

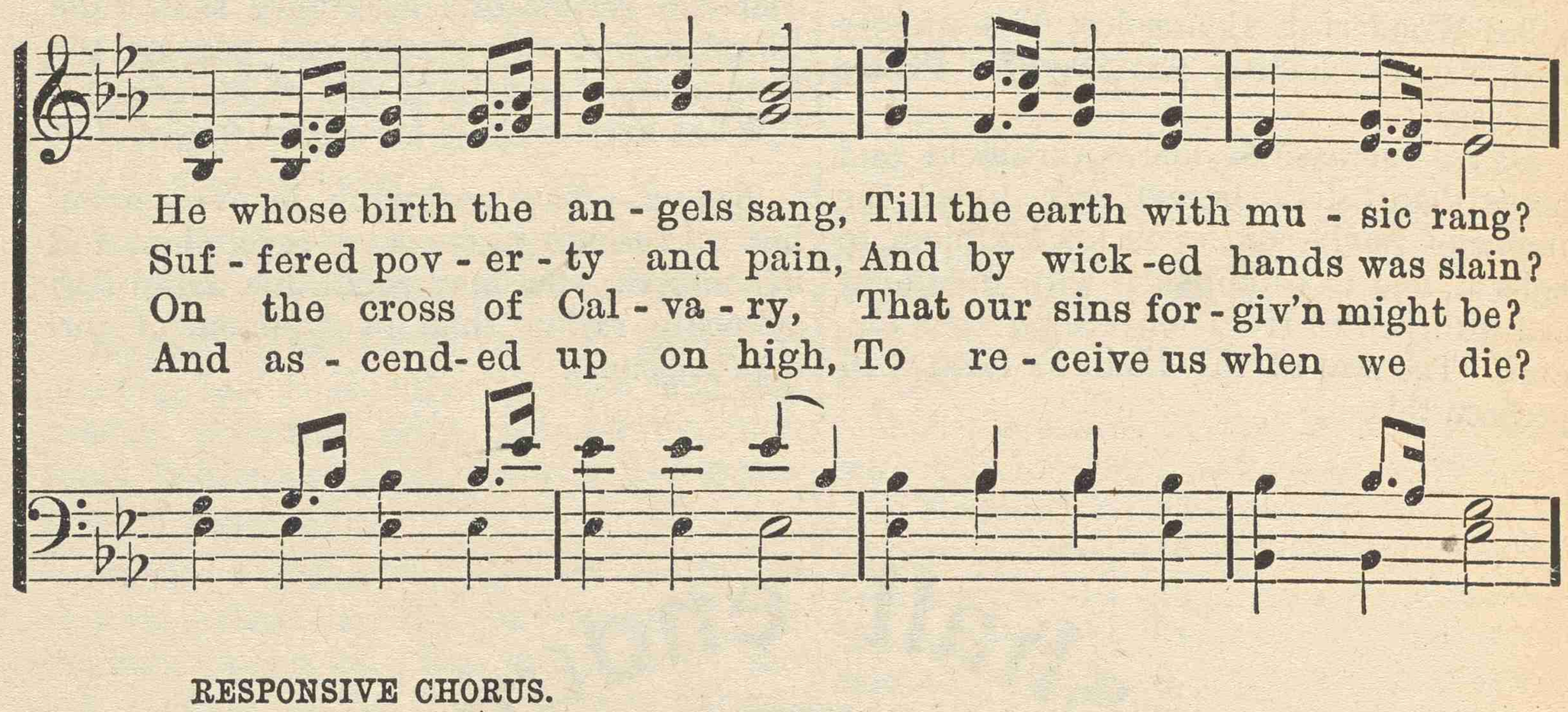
Second.—The testimony is overwhelming. It comes to me as a revelation, and henceforth you may count me an ardent advocate rather than an opponent of foreign missions.



NOTE.—Have the speakers seated upon the pulpit platform, the first and second at the front with a small table containing an open Bible; have also upon the platform, if practicable, a large cross covered with evergreens. After the opening dialogue the seven witnesses representing the prophets rise when called to testify, and recite the Scripture passages assigned to them. With a little care and thorough drill this exercise will furnish an interesting feature of the service.

No. 26. Who came Down from Heaven Above?*

Moderato.—To be sung as a Soprano Solo.



RESPONSIVE CHORUS.

* The stanzas, forming a series of questions, should be sung as a Soprano Solo by the teacher, or a competent singer; the chorus, responsive to the questions, to be sung by the scholars only.

No. 27. The Spiritual Harvest.

(RECITATION AND SONG FOR FOUR SCHOLARS.)

RECITATION.

First Scholar:

In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withold not thine hand.

Singing by the class:

Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broadcast it o'er the land.

RECITATION.

Second scholar:

For thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.

Singing:

Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

RECITATION.

Third scholar:

Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.....God giveth the increase..... First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.

Singing:

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

RECITATION.

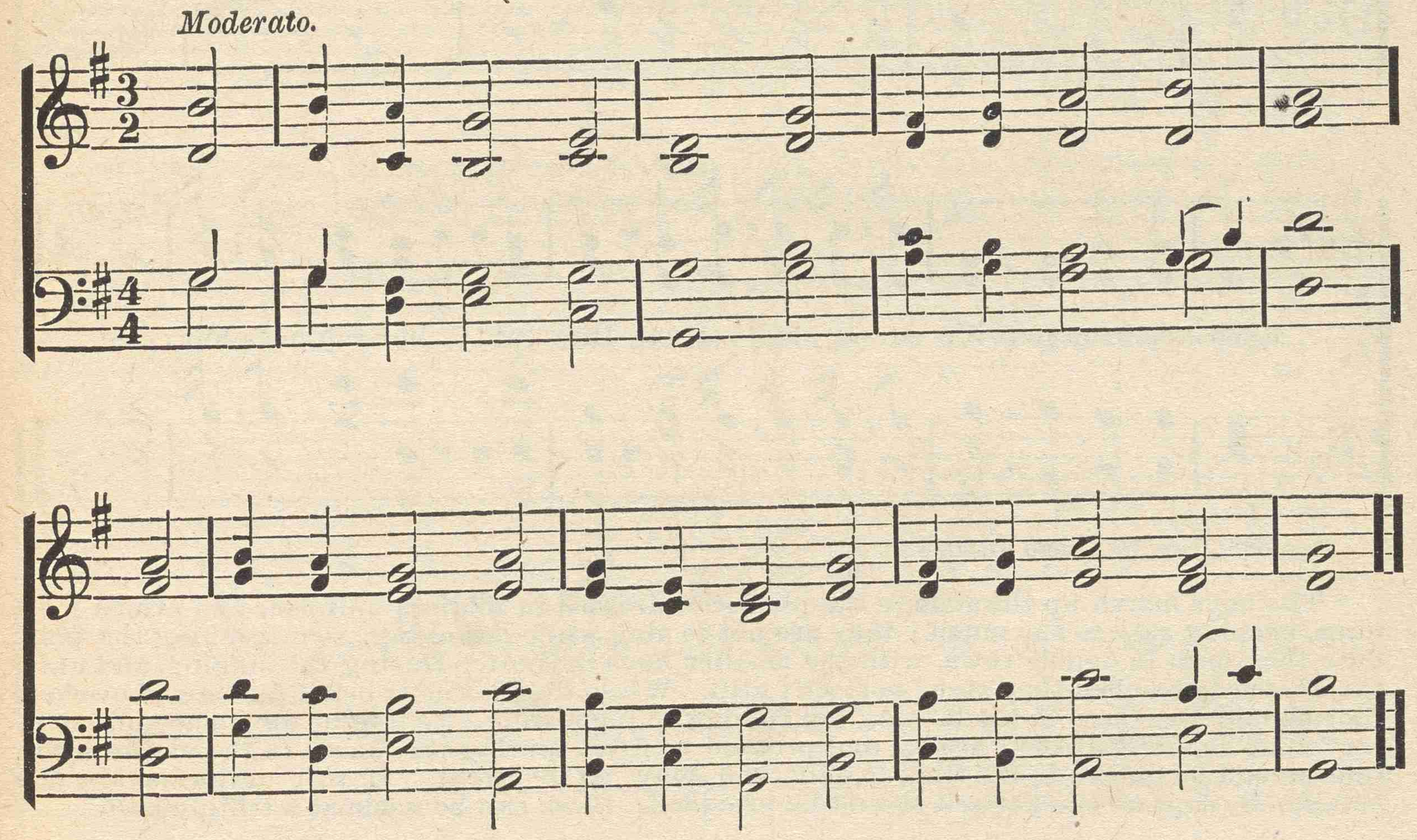
Fourth scholar:

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.....And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth, and he that reapeth, may rejoice together.

Singing:

Thou canst not toil in vain.
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

(STATE STREET.)



No. 28. Little Soldier Boys.*

(Dedicated to my sons Albert George and Raymond Simpson Fletcher.)

J. F. JOSEPH FLETCHER.

Tempo di Marcia.

1. We are lit - tle sol-dier boys, And for Un - cle Sam we'll fight;
2. We are lit - tle sol-dier boys, With the ban - ner of the free;
3. We are lit - tle sol-dier boys, And we'll strive with all our might,
4. We are lit - tle sol-dier boys, Ev - er val-iant, true and brave;

Tho' we're ver - y, ver - y small, We will bat - tle for the right.
List - 'ning to our captains word, Forward! march to vic - to - ry!
For we know that we shall win In our bat - tle for the right.
In the Lord of hosts we trust While our lib - er - ties we save.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Keep step, keep step, The foe - man we'll de-feat; We'll fight for home and coun-try:

Keep step, keep step, We nev - er shall retreat. Hur - rah! hur-rah, boys, hur - rah!

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* The boys march up the aisle to the platform, dressed in soldiers uniform, and armed with guns, keeping step to the music; they are not to sing while marching. On reaching the platform they form in double rows, with the smaller boys in front. During the singing, and until the Chorus is reached, they stand perfectly still. While the Chorus is being rendered, however, they should keep step to the music. On coming to the words, "we'll fight for home and country" they should "present arms," and pretend to fire. During the march to the platform the tune should be played to the Chorus only, and may be repeated. If full uniforms are not obtainable, caps of one pattern should be provided; these can be made at a trifling cost.

No. 29. Closing Exercises.

MOTION PRAYER.

As we raise our hands toward the sky above,
We remember God's banner o'er us is love.

And we bow our heads again in prayer,
Giving ourselves to His loving care.

May the lesson learned in our hearts sink deep;
Dear Lord, between us a loving watch keep.

May we show this week in our work and play
That we've learned of Thee on this holy day.

Take Thou, we pray, each little hand,
And lead us all to the better land.

TEACHERS' PARTING.

(Heads kept bowed.)

Remember God is watching you,
For whether wrong or right
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.
Yes, He who blessed the little ones
Is marking all you do, [deed
Then let each word and thought and
Be honest, brave, and true.

CLOSING PRAYER.

Dear Saviour, ere we part
We lift our hearts to Thee
In gratitude and praise
For blessings full and free.
Go with us to our homes,
Watch o'er and keep us there,
And make us, one and all,
The children of Thy care. Amen.

From "PRIMARY SUNDAY SCHOOL SERVICE."

GOOD-BYE SONG.

S. V. R. F. (Tune—AULD LANG SYNE.)

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No. 30. Jesus' Name.*

(RECITATION AND SONG FOR THREE MISSES.)

Emblems:—STAR, CROSS, CROWN.

JESUS, O BLESSED NAME!

S. V. R. F. (ITALIAN HYMN.) FELICE GIARDINI.

RECITATIONS.

FIRST.—*Emblem, a Star.*

Jesus, Name sent from heaven;
By God's archangel given,
This Name I bring;
To me 'tis dearer far
Than names of angels are—
The bright and morning STAR—
His praise I sing.

SECOND.—*Emblem, a Cross.*

I, too, with joy confess
The Name I daily bless—
Jesus divine;
At His dear CROSS I win
The victory over sin—
Comfort and peace within—
Such joys are mine.

* The first and the last verses should be sung to the same tune. The emblems should be large enough to be easily seen by the members of the congregation, and sufficiently artistic to be attractive. At every allusion to them, they should be conspicuously displayed.

THIRD.—*Emblem, a Crown.*

Jesus, God's only Son,
The Name that proudly won
In mortal strife
O'er death the victory,
Now reigns on high, that He
May give to you and me
The CROWN of life.

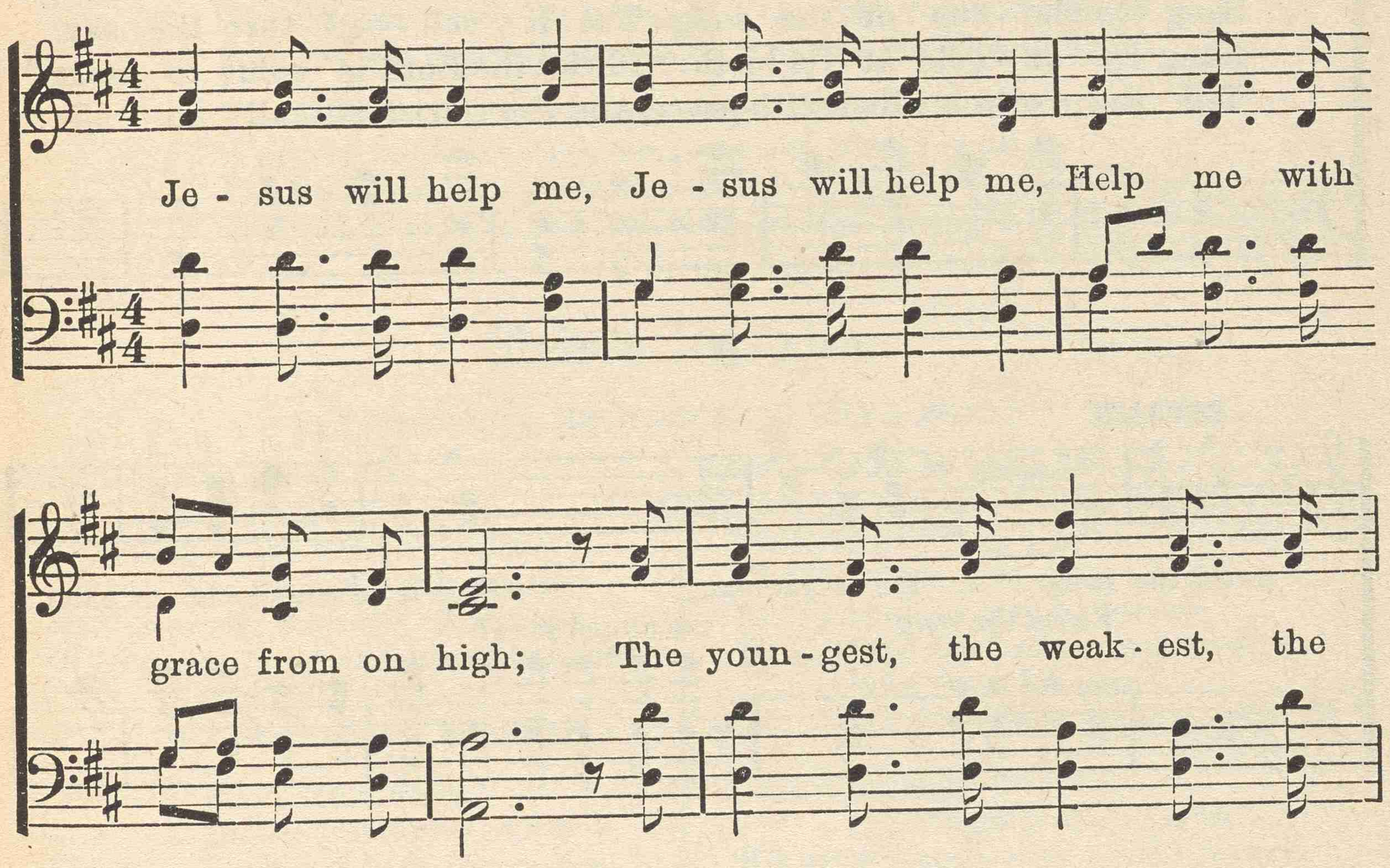
All sing:

Hail STAR of Bethlehem!
No thorny diadem
Engirds Thy brow!
The CROSS that bore Thy shame
Is hallowed by Thy Name—
And Thou art crowned with fame,
Eternal now!

No. 31. The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

RESPONSE. (Jesus Will Help Me.)



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No. 32. Sweet the Song the Angels Sang.

S. V. R. F. STEPHEN V. R. FORD.

1. Christ the Lord is born to - day, Was the song the an - gel sang,
2. Ho - ly ones, a countless throng, From the shin-ing throne on high,
3. Still to all the list'ning earth Comes the soul - in-spir-ing strain
4. For the song shall nev-er cease Till the pow'rs of e - vil fall—

O'er the place where Je-sus lay, Till the earth with mu - sic rang.
Sang the cho - rus of the song Till it ech - oed thro' the sky.
Sung by an - gels at His birth: "Christ the Lord is come to reign."
Till the world is filled with peace, And the Christ is all in all.

REFRAIN.

Sweet the song..... the an-gel sang! Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain!
Sweet the song the an-gel sang!

Tell the world.... that Christ is born, "Peace on earth, good will to men."
Tell the world that Christ is born,

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Mites.

(Recitation.)

Only a penny! a gift so small
Seems scarcely worth the giving at all;
But pennies multiplied, dollars make;
So we'll gather the pennies for his dear sake,
Who suffered and died on the cross to save
A world of sin from death and the grave.

It may be but a cup of cold water given
To one who has nobly toiled and striven
To bear the glad tidings of Jesus' love,
To whisper of rest in the mansions above.
A cup of cold water, though small the gift,
May help some fainting soul to uplift.
A prayer of faith from a burdened heart,
That the workers might bear some humble part
In sending the message of peace to those
Whose lives are encompassed by little woes;
Not a gifted prayer, yet it reached the throne
Of him who died for sin to atone.

Then bring in the mites; let them gathered be
Into the Master's treasury;
Remember the widow's mite of old
Outranked rich gifts of silver and gold;
Her *all* she laid at the Master's feet,
And *love* made the offering complete.

—*Kate M. Frayne.*

The Fields are White.

(Missionary Recitation.)

The fields are white to harvest, the Lord of harvest stands,
His faithful servants calling to join the reaper bands;
To each one comes the message, "Go work for me to-day;"
And *you* are called among them, and will you turn away?

The fields are white to harvest, and there is much to do;
A special work for each one, a special work for *you*;
Put boldly in your sickle, however frail it be,
And tell at eve the wonders our God hath wrought by thee.—*Selected.*

Christ's Dominion.

(Missionary Recitation for Four Boys.)

First.— From sea to sea
Shall his dominion be,
According to the promise written;
And he in scorn and insult smitten
Shall hear the welcome salutations
Of long oppressed and weary nations;
And he shall rule
Star-crowned and beautiful.

Second.—He shall come down,
As on the grass new mown
The rain descended from the spaces,
Renewing all earth's tribes and races
With his sweet life of love and beauty
Through faith in him and deeds of duty;
And thus shall he
Hold sway from sea to sea.

Third.— And he shall live,
And men to him shall give
Their treasures as they tell the story
Of his renown and rising glory;
And it shall be a rich oblation
To him, the Lord of our salvation,
Who from his pain
Went up henceforth to reign.

Fourth.—He shall not fail;
His kingdom shall prevail;
His armies come with royal banners,
Oppressions die mid their hosannas;
His chariot is onward speeding,
The cry of all his poor ones heeding;
Great Prince, ride on!
Till thou all lands hast won.

—*Dwight Williams.*

Benediction.

Teacher.—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.
Response.—The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.
All.—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. *Amen.*

No. 33. Singing as I Go.

ANON. JOSEPH BROWNELL.

1. My heart o'er-flows with song, I love the Sav - iour so;
2. I'm but a pil - grim here, This world is not my home;
3. No bird on joy - ful wing Is hap - pi - er than I;
4. I sing of Je - sus' love— For lit - tle ones like me—

In Christ I trust, to Him be-long, I'm sing - ing as I go.
In Christ I dwell, and feel no fear, While o'er the earth I roam.
In sweet-est songs His praise I sing, Who rules both earth and sky.
Of Him who came from heav'n above, And died to make me free.

REFRAIN.

I'm sing - ing as I go, I'm sing - ing as I go;
In Christ I trust, to Him be - long, I'm sing - ing as I go.

I Wonder Why.

I have a little brother,
A tiny baby brother;
But he's big enough to cry,
Yes, and cry, *and* cry, AND cry!
And what is very queer,
He never cries a tear;
I wonder why?

He has a great big brother,
A fat and jolly brother,
But he's small enough to laugh,
Yes, and laugh, *and* laugh, AND laugh!
And, what is very queer,
He often laughs a tear;
I wonder why?

NOTE.—This should be recited by a boy of ten who is, of course, the "fat and jolly brother," and who indicates the fact that the allusion is to himself by pointing the index finger to his breast when those words are recited.

The North Wind Doth Blow.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn
To keep himself warm
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

The New Moon.

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there,
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
O what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And then I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

—*Mrs. Follen.*

Earth's Minor Chords.

Earth's minor chords shall all resolve into diviner harmony;
The mists and shadows all dissolve, and glory fill eternity.

The Reason Why.

A Boston master said one day:
"Boys, tell me if you can, I pray,
Why Washington's birthday should shine
In to-day's history more than mine?"

At once such stillness in the hall
You might have heard a feather fall;
Exclaims a boy not three feet high,
"Because *he* never told a lie!"

—*Selected.*

I Wonder if the Saviour Cares?

(DIALOGUE.)

First Scholar.

I wonder if the Saviour cares
When I forget to say my prayers?
If, when "I lay me down to sleep,"
And trust in him "my soul to keep,"
I quickly close my eyes, and fall
Asleep before on him I call;
Will he protect me through the night,
And keep me safe till morning light?

Second Scholar.

Perhaps he will for he is good
To those who scorn his fatherhood;
But still it grieves his heart to know
That little children treat him so.
If they would have his tender care,
And in his love and mercy share,
They never should forget to pray
For his protection night and day.

No. 34. What does little Birdie say?

Words from TENNYSON'S "Sea Dreams." STEPHEN V. R. FORD.

SOLO.—*1st Voice.*

1. What does lit - tle bird - ie say, In her nest at peep of day?
2. What does lit - tle ba - by say, In her bed at peep of day?

2nd Voice.

Let me fly, says lit - tle bird - ie; Moth-er, let me fly a - way.
Ba - by says, like lit - tle bird - ie, Let me rise and fly a - way.

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What does little Birdie say.—Concluded.

1st Voice.

Bird - ie, rest a lit - tle lon - ger, Till the lit - tle wings are stronger;
Ba - by, sleep a lit - tle lon - ger, Till the lit - tle limbs are stronger;

DUET.

So she rests a lit tle lon - ger, Then she starts and flies a - way.
If she sleeps a lit - tle lon - ger, Ba - by too shall fly a - way.

No. 35. Collection Song.

(To be sung while collection is being taken.)

1. 'Tis but lit - tle we can give, But our mites we glad - ly bring;
2. He who saw the wid-ow's mite, Hears the pennies as they fall;

Knowing that the bless-ed Lord Will ac-cept love's off - er - ing. A-men.
From His throne in yon-der sky, Je - sus sees and counts them all.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. *Amen.*

The Lessons of the Flowers.

(Responsive Recitations for Six Girls.)

First.

Little classmate, do you know
Why so many daisies grow?
Everywhere they greet the eye—
Can you give the reason why?

Second.

Yes; to me the daisies say,
That the beauty they display
Is to be enjoyed by all;
Rich and poor and great and small.

Third.

Little classmate, what so bright
As the rose, in which unite
Beauty, grace, and fragrance rare:
Whence such wisdom, skill, and care?

Fourth.

'Tis of God: no hand but his
Could adorn a flower like this;
Thus the rose reminds us still
Of God's wealth of care and skill.

Fifth.

Little classmate, have you seen
Pansies, robed in velvet sheen,
On the green-sward nestling low?
Tell me, Who adorns them so?

Sixth.

'Tis the Lord: his wondrous power,
Lavished on a tiny flower,
Tells us that his children share
In his providential care.

Note.—The three groups of speakers should be furnished with clusters of the flowers mentioned in their respective recitations. The exercise is equally appropriate for Easter or Children's Day anniversaries.

Flowers, Birds, and Stars.

(Recitation for Three Small Children.)

First.

I speak of the flowers,
So pure and so bright,
Whose fragrance and beauty
Our senses delight.
The end of their mission
They grandly fulfill,
Be teaching God's goodness
And marvelous skill.

Second.

I speak of the birds,
So free from all care;
While warbling God's praises
His bounty they share.
Their suff'rings afflict him;
He knoweth them all;
And e'en when they perish,
His eye notes their fall.

Third.

I speak of the stars—
Each one a bright gem
Bedecking with splendor
Night's grand diadem.
Though silent God's glory
They nightly proclaim,
And teach us to worship
His wonderful name.

Youth.

Gather the rosebuds while you may;
Old Time is still a-flying;
And the same flower that blooms to-day
To-morrow shall be dying.—*Herrick.*

No. 36. Teach us more of Thee.

M. A. B. EZRA D. YOUNG.

Moderato. **Teacher.**

1. Do you know why Je - sus came From His throne in glo - ry?
2. Do you know why Je - sus' life On the cross was giv - en?
3. Do you know why Je - sus rose From the grave, im - mor - tal?

Scholars Response.

Yes; He came that we might learn Calvary's sa - cred sto - ry.
Yes; He gave His life that we Might be saved in heav - en.
Yes; He rose that we might rise Un - to life e - ter - nal.

FULL CHORUS. (To follow the last response.)

Bless - ed Je - sus, Teach us more and more of Thee;

Bless - ed Je - sus, Teach us more of Thee.

Cross and Crown.

NOTE.—This exercise should be rendered by five boys and five girls. Each member of the first group, the boys, should be provided with a cross; each of the girls should wear a crown of gilt paper, and be attired in white, suggestive of the Saviour's glorification. Cover the crosses with evergreen and immortelles. If proper skill is displayed in arranging and conducting the exercise it may be made both attractive and instructive.

(RECITATIONS WITH EMBLEMS, FOR TEN SCHOLARS.)

FIRST GROUP OF FIVE—EMBLEM, THE CROSS.

First.

Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.

Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

Second.

Reproach hath broken my heart; and I am full of heaviness: and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none.

They gave me also gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink.

Third.

One of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.

And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God.

Fourth.

So Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified.

And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha:

Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

Fifth.

So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.

First.

From Calvary a cry was heard,
A bitter and heartrending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

Second.

A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

Third.

The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

Fourth.

Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

Fifth.

Lord, on thy cross I fix mine eye:
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

—*J. W. Cunningham.*

SECOND GROUP OF FIVE—EMBLEM, A CROWN.

First.

Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.

Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.

Second.

Rejoice because your names are written in heaven.

When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.

Third.

O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken:

Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?

Fourth.

We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.

Fifth.

Now of the things which we have spoken this is the sum: We have such an high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens.

And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden crown.

First.

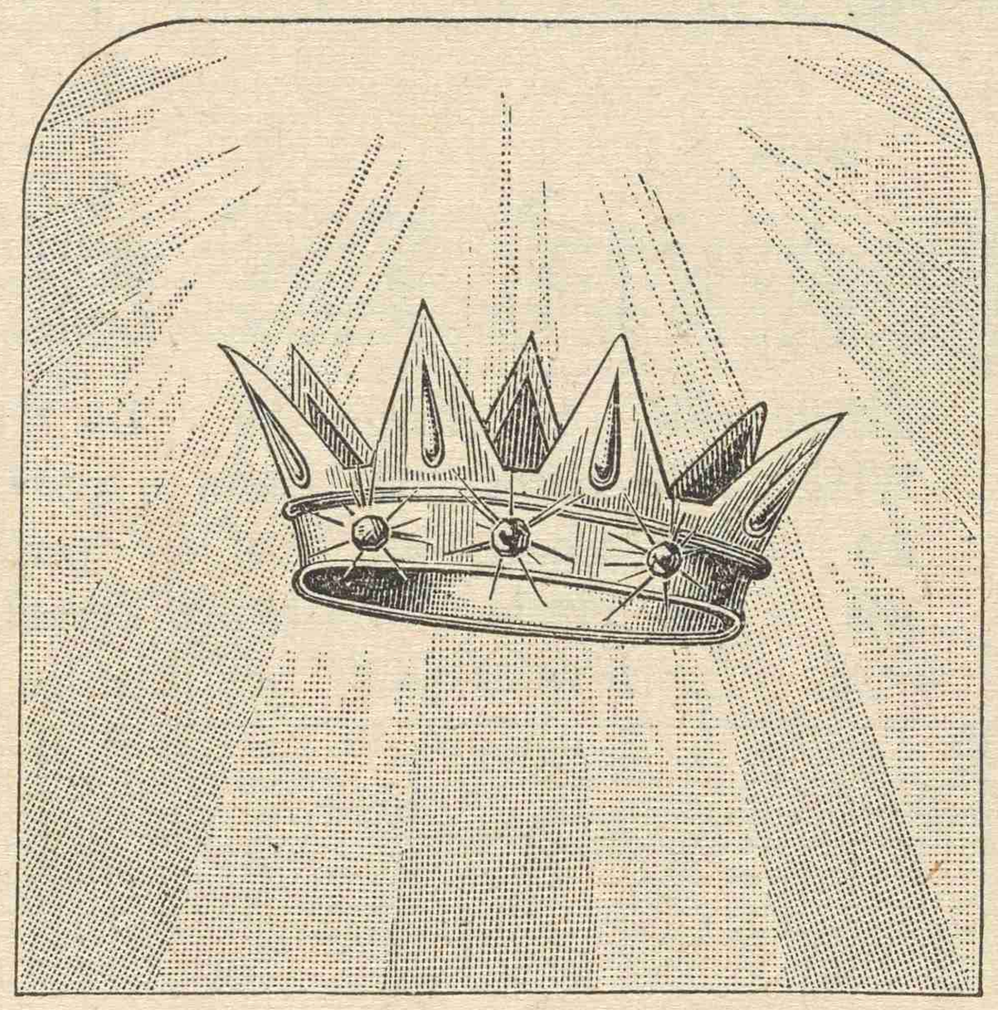
Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Second.

Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright!

Third.

Crown him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his piercéd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.



Fourth.

Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Fifth.

Crown him the Lord of heaven!
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit through him given
From yonder triune Throne!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

—*Matthew Bridges.*

All together recite:

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

NO. 37. Fly Away, Wings of Gold.

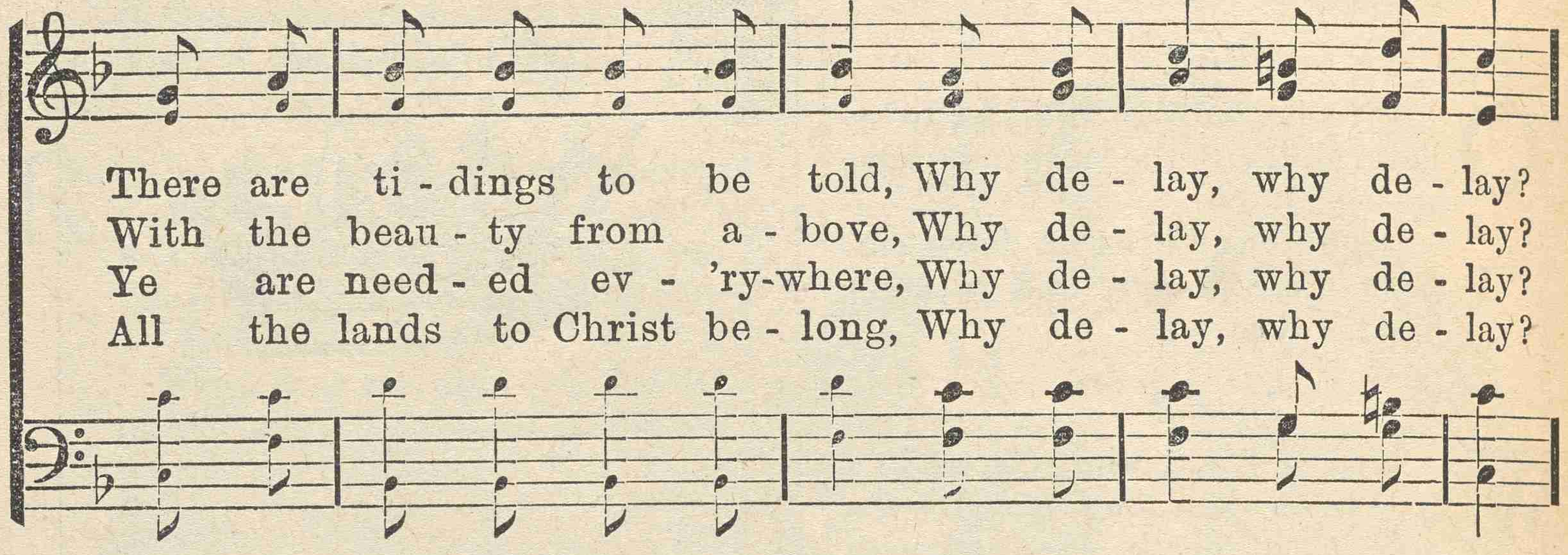
D. W. Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

SOLO. QUARTETTE.

1. Fly a - way, wings of gold, Fly a - way! fly a - way!
2. Fly a - way, wings of love, Fly a - way! fly a - way!
3. Fly a - way, wings of prayer, Fly a - way! fly a - way!
4. Fly a - way, wings of song, Fly a - way! fly a - way!

SOLO. QUARTETTE.

There are ti - dings to be told, Why de - lay, why de - lay?
With the beau - ty from a - bove, Why de - lay, why de - lay?
Ye are need - ed ev - 'ry-where, Why de - lay, why de - lay?
All the lands to Christ be - long, Why de - lay, why de - lay?



There are weep-ers by the sea, Born in sin and mis - er - y;
There are doors of stone be - tween Bleeding hearts in an-guish keep,
Go in Je - sus' bless-ed name, He will send the answ'ring flame,
Take with you the liv - ing balm, Place on ev - 'ry lip a psalm,

Je - sus waits to make them free; Come, they say; come, they say.
And the light they have not seen, O'er the spray, hear them pray.
Tell the lands how Je - sus came; Hap - py they who o - bey.
Put in ev - 'ry hand a palm, Hap - py day, hap - py day.

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No. 38. God the Father, Bless Us.

Unknown. STEPHEN V. R. FORD.

1. Bless us, God our Fa - ther! Lit - tle chil - dren we;
2. Bless us, God our Sav - iour! Lit - tle chil - dren we,
3. Bless us, Ho - ly Spir - it! Lit - tle chil - dren we,
4. Make us ho - ly chil - dren, Fill us with Thy love;

At Thy throne are kneel - ing, In hu - mil - i - ty.
To Thy cross are cling - ing In hu - mil - i - ty.
Ask Thy grace to teach us In hu - mil - i - ty.
And at last re - ceive us In Thy heav'n a - bove.

REFRAIN.

God the Fa - ther, bless us, Christ the Lamb of God;

Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in One, Ev - er - last - ing Lord.

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The World for Jesus.

(Missionary Recitation for Four Scholars.)

First.

The whole wide world for Jesus,
For his is its domain,
And his is the dominion,
From sea to sea to reign;
To him the kings of Sheba
Their royal gifts shall bring,
And isles afar their tribute
Shall render to their King.

Second.

The whole wide world for Jesus,
His banner be unfurled
Wide as his great commission,
"Go ye to all the world,
And preach to every creature
The messages of peace;
Lo! I am with you alway
Till time itself shall cease."

Third.

The whole wide world for Jesus;
O Church of Christ, awake!
Put on thy strength, O Zion,
Thy post of duty take;
Go forth upon thy mission
In Jesus' name alone,
Till earth, with all her millions,
His sovereignty shall own.

Fourth.

The whole wide world for Jesus;
Where Satan long hath reigned
The Prince of Peace shall triumph,
The world shall be regained;
The realms which sat in darkness
Have seen the glorious light,
For lo! the dawn is breaking
Along the verge of night.

All.

The whole wide world for Jesus!
Behold! the time at hand!
His vanguard hosts are massing
Their force in every land;
Each thrill of ocean's cable,
Each breeze fresh tidings brings
Of conquests won for Jesus,
The mighty King of kings.

—*Rev. Oliver Crane, D.D.*

The Missionary's Departure.

He goeth forth with weeping now,
The parting hour hath come;
And saddened thoughts his spirits bow,
To leave his much-loved home.

He goeth forth with weeping; near
Are gathered anxious friends;
And from their hearts united prayer
In his behalf ascends.

He knoweth the joy that he must lose,
The trials he must bear;
And yet no lot that he could choose
Would be to him so dear.

He goeth, bearing precious seed,
To distant heathen lands;
The word of life to those who need—
And 'tis his Lord commands.

And he shall come again with joy,
With sheaves of ripened wheat,
While grateful songs his lips employ—
He shall his Saviour meet.

The seed upon the mission field
Thus sown shall doubtless rise,
And in its rich abundance yield
A harvest for the skies.—*Selected.*

Good News.

(Recitation.)

There comes a sound from other lands,
It thrills upon the ear,
While every Christian heart expands,
The tidings to declare:
That eager crowds together press
The word of God to hear,
And then, in tones of deep distress,
Pour out their souls in prayer.

Behold, they pray! like him of old,
Bowed down with guilt and sin;
But soon the arms of love enfold,
And light springs up within.

Behold, they pray! a depth unknown
Those cheering words contain;
For vast eternity alone
Their meaning can explain.

An earnest of that day we see,
Its dawn appeareth now;
That glorious day, when every knee
Shall unto Jesus bow.
Let saints of every land and name
Behold the promise bright,
And now their Saviour to proclaim
With all their powers unite.

—*Sunday School Times.*

No. 39. Once was Heard the Song of Children.

1. Once was heard the song of chil - dren, By the Sav - iour
2. Palms of vic - t'ry strewn a - round Him, Garments spread be -
3. God o'er all in Heav - en reign - ing, We this day Thy

when on earth; Joy - ful in the sa - cred tem - ple,
neath His feet, Proph - et of the Lord they crown'd Him,
glo - ry sing— Not with palms Thy path - way strew - ing,

Shouts of youth - ful praise had birth, And Ho - san - nas,
In fair Sa - lem's crowd-ed street. While Ho - san - nas,
We would bet - ter trib - ute bring— Glad Ho - san - nas,

and Ho - san - nas, Loud to Da - vid's Son broke forth.
while Ho - san - nas, From the lips of chil - dren greet.
glad Ho - san - nas, To our Proph - et, Priest and King.

No. 40. Hosanna to Jesus.

S. V. R. F. STEPHEN V. R. FORD.

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Little Chatterbox.

(Recitation for a Little Girl.)

They call me "Little Chatterbox;"
My name is little May;
I have to talk so much, because
I have so much to say.

And, O, I have so many friends!
So many; and you see,
I can't help loving them because
They, every one, love me.

I love my papa and mamma;
I love my sisters, too;
And if you're very, very good,
I guess that I'll love you!

But I love God the best of all;
He keeps me all the night;
And when the morning comes again,
He wakes me with the light.

I think it is so nice to live!
And yet, if I should die,
The Lord would send his angels down
And take me to the sky.

—*Selected.*

The Hat Problem.

(Recitation for a Boy of Five Years.)

I'm five years old and big at that,
As anyone can see;
My mamma says a five-inch hat
Is none too big for me.

I'll soon be ten years old, and then,
If I am wide and tall,
My hat will have to measure ten,
Or it will be too small.

Some lads get awful heads, they say;
There's my big bröther Ned;
A fellow said to him one day,
"Don't get too big a head!"

Now if my head and I should grow,
My hat would be about
As big—but I'm mixed up, and so
I'll let you think it out!

Labor On.

(Missionary Recitation.)

Nobly thou thy work hast chosen;
Labor on.
Though the stream may long be frozen,
Waters pure must lie beneath,
Crested by the crystal sheath.

Though thou may'st sometimes be weary,
Labor on.
Forest paths at first seem dreary,
Till we see the beauty round,
In the trees and on the ground.

Does the toilsome way affright thee?
Labor on.
Flowers from toil shall soon delight thee,
Breathing fragrance heavenward,
Telling angels thy reward.

Dost thou deem thyself forsaken?
Labor on.
Though the vessel may be shaken,
Jesus walks upon the deep;
At his voice the winds shall sleep.

—*Selected.*

Missionary Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, infinite in love and rich in mercy, and in his Son Jesus Christ our Lord, given to us as an offering for sin, and by the preaching of whose Gospel the world is to be reconciled to himself. I believe in his word as the doctrine of life and the light of all people. I believe in the Holy Catholic Church as the dispenser of the blessings of his covenant, to whom he has said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." I believe in the altar of sacrifice, and the laying on of gifts, and the lifting up of the heart in prayer that God will honor the gift in bringing the heathen unto himself. I believe that all power is given unto the Son, and that "he shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law." "For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory forever. Amen."—*Rev. Dwight Williams.*

No. 41. Jesus was Once a Little Child.

1. Je - sus was once a lit - tle child, A lit - tle
2. Once He was just the age I am, And just as
3. And yet, though He was once a child, He is the

child like me; Was cra - dled in His moth - er's
help - less, too; He used to sleep and walk, and
God of all, And an - gel hosts be - fore His

arms, And sat up - on her knee.
speak Just as all chil - dren do.
throne, In low - ly wor - ship fall. A - men.

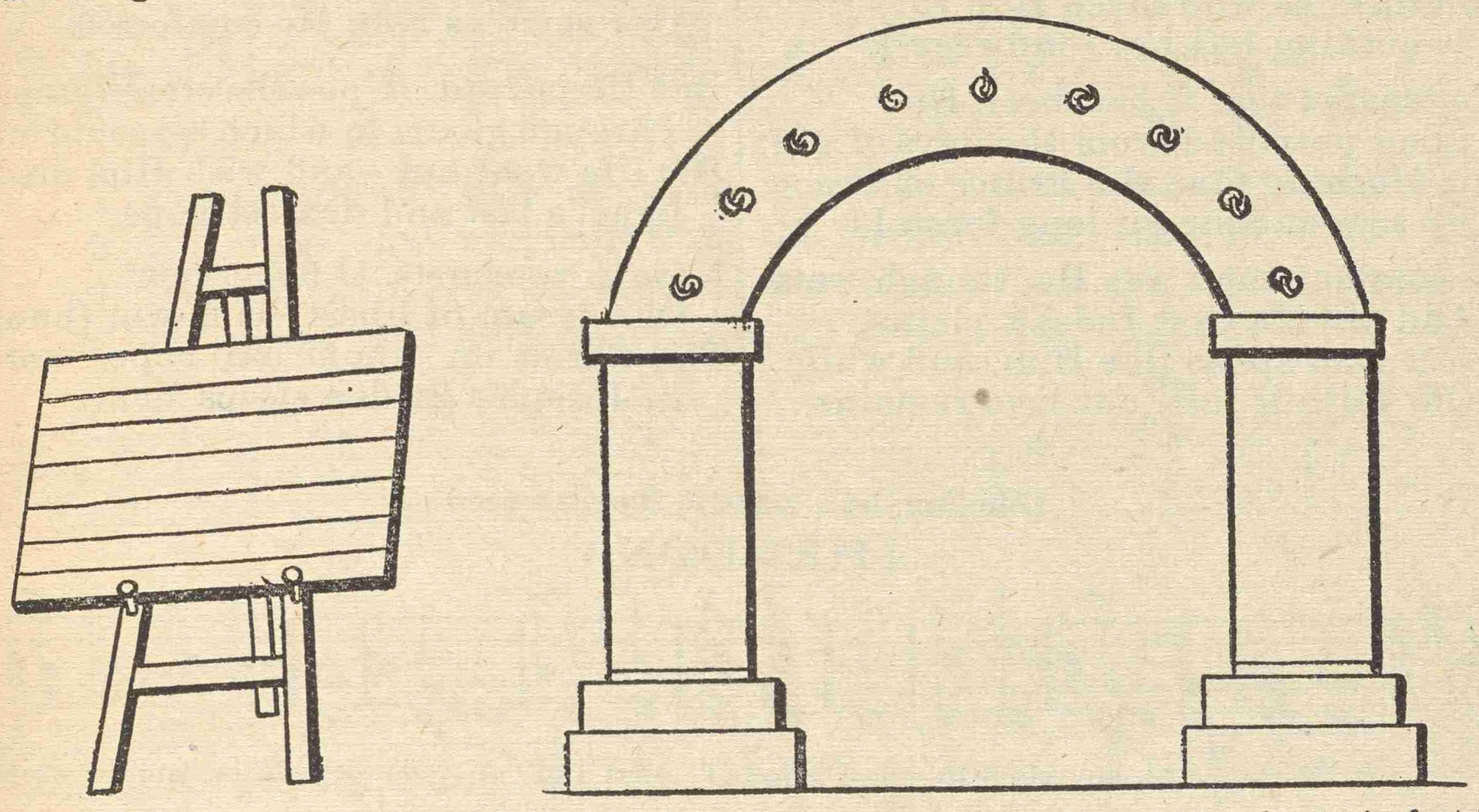
4 And why was it He chose to be
A child so poor and weak?
It was that I might learn from Him,
How blessed are the meek.

5 It was that I might learn from Him,
My parents to obey,
And like the child of Nazareth,
Grow holier every day.

Easter Offerings—Scripture Mottoes.

The flowers appear on the earth.—Cant. 2. 12.
Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse.—Mal. 3. 10.
Thou shalt put them into one basket, and bring them.—Exod. 29. 3.

NOTE.—Have these Scripture mottoes lettered on a large card, and place the card upon an easel in sight of the audience when the class offerings are to be made.



NOTE.—Erect an arch upon the pulpit platform. The columns should be about six feet in height. Insert as many pegs or hooks into the arch as there are classes in the Sunday school. When a class is called by its number or name one of its members should convey to the platform a basket containing flowers and the class offerings, and place it upon one of the pegs or hooks of the arch. Appropriate Scripture texts should be recited by the class, the members to rise and remain standing while its offering is being carried to the platform.

Class Recitations.

Freely ye have received, freely give.—Matt. 10. 8.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20. 35.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.—Prov. 3. 9.

Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?—1 Cor. 4. 7.

But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.—2 Cor. 9. 6.

God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.—2 Cor. 9. 8.

I will consecrate their gain unto the Lord of the whole earth.—Mic. 4. 13.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9. 7.

If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.—2 Cor. 8. 12.

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. 8. 9.

An Evening Prayer.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness, curtain thou my bed,
And cool, in rest, my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord
and thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith
can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

—*Author Unknown.*

No. 42. The Hope of Israel.

(RECITATION FOR TWO GIRLS, WITH SOLO, DUET AND CHORUS.)

First speaker

The Hope of Israel is dead,
  The stone is sealed, the watch is set,
And unto us who loved Him so
  Is nothing left but fond regret.

We trusted that it had been He
  Long promised from the days of old;
The Morning Star, the Prince of Peace,
  By seer and singer long foretold.

No common man was He, though worn
  And sad He trod Judea's plains,
Never man spake like Him, and while
  Our faith is lost, our love remains.

Divinity shone in His face
  Where women wept above their dead,
Our griefs He took upon Himself,
  Our sorrows hath He comforted.

But He is dead. Upon the cross, [grope,
  Through gloom in which we could but
His life went out—and with Him died
  Israel's last and dearest hope.

Now to your nets, O fishermen!
  Our dream of liberty is flown, [hung
The Christ on whom our hopes were
  In Joseph's garden sleeps alone.

(Singing, by a voice in the distance.)

(HENDON.)

First speaker, again (half turning and listening.)

What means the music that I hear
Falling so faintly on my ear?
How can they sing who know such loss
As His who died upon the cross!

Second speaker (advancing).

I'll tell you why their hearts can sing
  Who saw the Lord laid in the grave,
And why the heavenly arches ring
  With song of One, mighty to save.

(Turning to the audience.)

While yet the dusk of twilight deep
  Unsilvered folds the day,
The women come with eager feet,
With linen pure, and spices sweet,
  To wrap the precious clay.

But ah! the door is open wide,
  Strange fears their bosoms stir,
Where is He whom they see no more?
Why sits the Angel there before
  The empty sepulcher?

O glorious tidings, strangely sweet,
  That thrill the anxious ear!
"The Lord of life is King of death,
He lives, for aye, the Scripture saith.
  Seek Him! He is not here.

"Run swiftly! tell the wondrous news
  To those who mourning wait;
He is not holden by the tomb;
But, passing through its lonely gloom,
  Makes it a golden gate."

Now sound the tidings far and near
  To earth's remotest shore!
And hail the glorious Easter morn
When hope and peace and life were
      born—
  He lives for evermore!—

MARJORIE MOORE.

The Hope of Israel.—Concluded.

"Sing Halleluia!"

E. D. Y. EZRA D. YOUNG.

SOP. and ALTO DUET. *Unison.*

1. The Prince of Life is ris'n to - day, Sing hal - le - lu - jah!
2. He rose tri - umphant from the strife, Sing hal - le - lu - jah!
3. He reigns at God's right hand on high, Sing hal - le - lu - jah!
4. Be - cause He lives, we too shall live, Sing hal - le - lu - jah!

SOP. and ALTO DUET. *Unison.*

The tomb is emp - ty where He lay, Sing hal - le - lu - jah!
The res - ur - rec - tion and the life, Sing hal - le - lu - jah!
In sov-'reign might and maj - es - ty, Sing hal - le - lu - jah!
To Him all praise and hon - or give, Sing hal - le - lu - jah!

FULL CHORUS.

Sing hal - le - lu - jah! Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day;

Sing hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris'n to - day.

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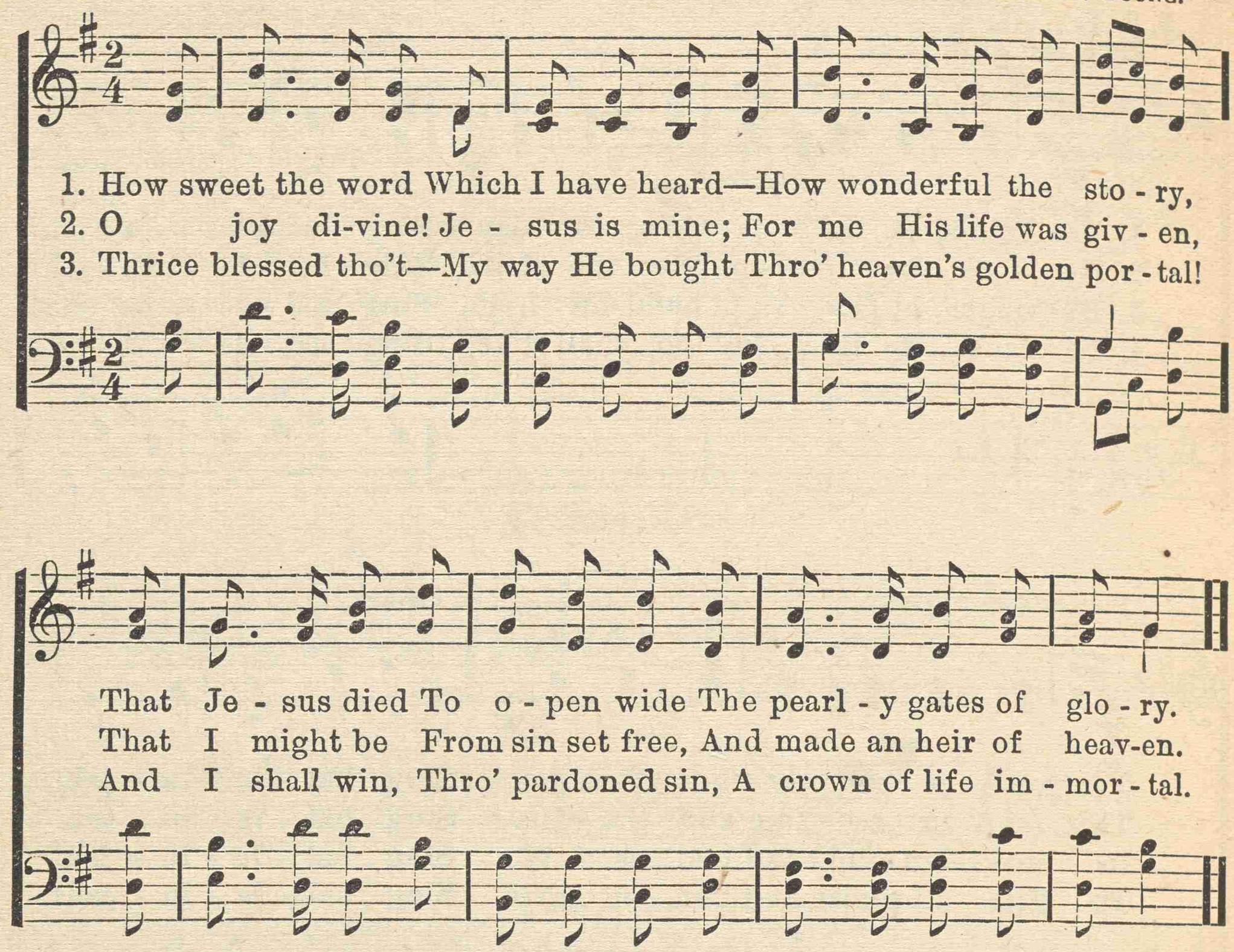
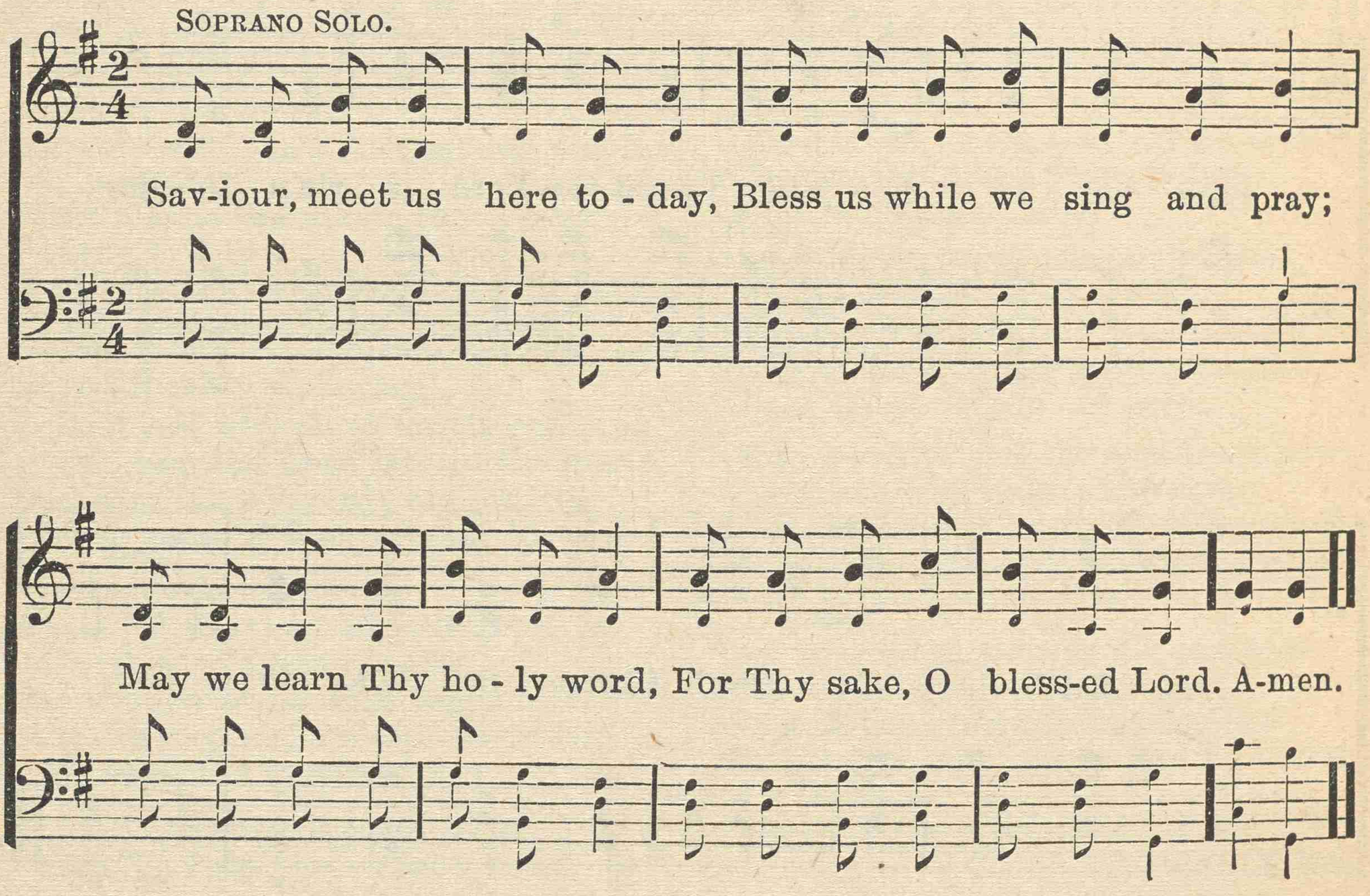
No. 43. How Sweet the Word.

JULIA R. BROWN. EZRA D. YOUNG.



No. 44. Opening Prayer.

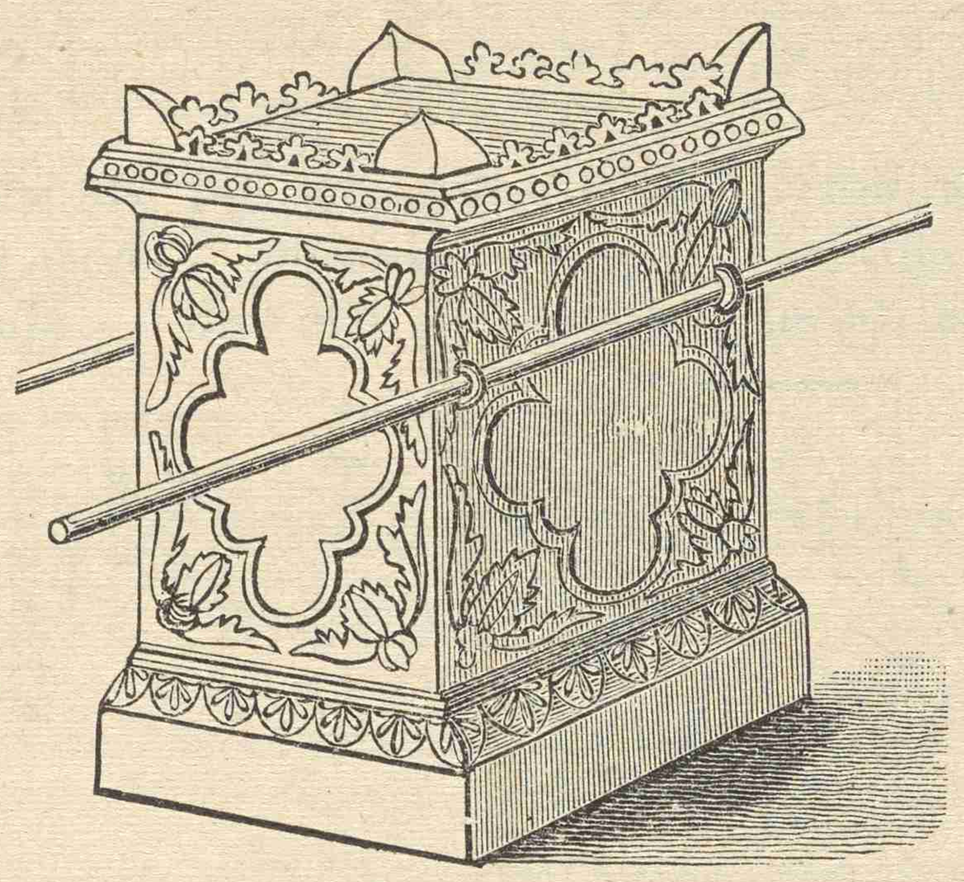
SOPRANO SOLO.



Offertory.

(With an Altar and Class Recitations.)

"Bring thy gift to the altar."



Note.—Erect an altar upon the pulpit platform and place over it the Scripture motto quoted above in letters faced with evergreen or immortelles, if practicable. When a class number or name is called by the secretary, the class should rise and repeat an appropriate Scripture or other selection, and remain standing while one of its number conveys its contribution to the platform and places it upon the altar. Baskets containing, in addition to the offerings, flowers for distribution to the aged and infirm members of the society after the service, will lend beauty and grace to the exercises. At the conclusion of the offertory let the congregation rise and sing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Scripture Selections.

Lay not up for yourse.ves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Matt. 6. 19–21.

And he looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury.

And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites.

And he said, Of a truth I say unto you, that this widow hath cast in more than they all:

For all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God: but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had. Luke 21. 1–4.

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich. 2 Cor. 8. 9.

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate. 1 Tim. 6. 17, 18.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase. Prov. 3. 9.

I will consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth. Mic. 4. 13.

Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality. Rom. 12. 13.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts 20. 35.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9. 7.

Now therefore perform the doing of it; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have.

For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not. 2 Cor. 8. 11, 12.

Rain, Rain, Go Away.

Rain, rain,
Go away,
Come again
Another day;
Little Johnny
Wants to play.

No. 45. Jesus Loves Children.

J. A. FRASER, Jr.

Moderato.

FRED. WELDEN.

1. Je - sus loves children, the Bi - ble says so; He will be with them wher-
2. "Suf-fer the children to come un-to me," Those words He spoke beside
3. Rag-ged and tat-tered and hun-gry, the waif May to the Sav-iour re-

p

ev - er they go, Shield them from harm thro' the darkness of night,
blue Gal - i - lee; Not the rich on - ly His sweet message greets,
pair and be safe; Christ once was friendless and hun-gry and poor,

CHORUS.

Guide them and help them all day to do right.
Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the streets.
That's why He pit - ies the waifs at the door.

} Shout the glad news to each one you meet, Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the street, street.

Little Star, How Bright You Shine.

Little star, how bright you shine
  In the sky up yonder!
I have learned to call you mine;
  Do you care, I wonder?

Would you know the reason why
  You are mine? Then listen:
From the bed on which I lie
  I can see you glisten.

When my nightly rest I take,
  Faithful watch you're keeping;
But I miss you when I wake:
  Then, perhaps, you're sleeping.

Little star, please shine again
  In the sky above me
When the evening comes, and then
  I shall know you love me.

The Penny He Meant to Give.

There's a funny tale of a stingy man,
  Who was none too good, but might have been worse;
Who went to church on a Sunday night,
  And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging plate,
  The church was but dim with the candle's light;
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
  And chose a coin by touch, and not by sight.

It's an odd thing, now, that guineas should be
  So like unto pennies in shape and size;
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said,
  "The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring,
  And back in his seat leaned the stingy man,
"The world is so full of the poor!" he thought;
  "I can't help them all; I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
  To see the gold guinea fall into his plate;
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
  Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account
  The guinea of gold is set down to me.
They lend to him who give to the poor;
  It will not so bad an investment be."

"No, no, man," the chuckling sexton cried out;
  "The Lord is not cheated; he knows thee well;
He knew it was only by accident
  That out of thy fingers the guinea fell.

"He keeps an account, no doubt, for the poor;
  But in that account he'll set down to thee
No more of that golden guinea, my man,
  Than the one bare penny ye meant to 'gie.'"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale;
  A serious side, as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor
  In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
  How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in his account
  For all the pennies we long to "gie."

—*H. H., in "St. Nicholas."*

No. 46. Our Father.

"It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves."—Psalm 100:3.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Lit - tle beam of ro - sy light, Who has made you shine so bright?
2. Lit - tle blossom, sweet and rare, Who has made you bloom so fair?
3. Lit - tle child, with face so bright, Who has made your heart so light?

pp *mf*

"'Tis our Fa-ther, 'tis our Fa - ther." Lit - tle bird with golden wing,
"'Tis our Fa-ther, 'tis our Fa - ther." Lit - tle streamlet in the dell,
"'Tis our Fa-ther, 'tis our Fa - ther." Who has taught you how to sing

pp

Who has taught you how to sing? "'Tis our Fa - ther, 'tis our Fa - ther."
Who has made you, can you tell? "'Tis our Fa - ther, 'tis our Fa - ther."
Like the mer-ry bird of spring? "'Tis our Fa - ther, 'tis our Fa - ther."

CHORUS.

mf

"'Tis our Fa - ther, God a - bove, God a - bove; He has made us,

Our Father.—Concluded.

He is love, He is love, He is love, He is love."

No. 47. Ring, Ring the Bells.

STEPHEN V. R. FORD.

1. The Christmas bells are ringing (ringing), On this joy-ful morn;
2. Our hearts to Christ we're bringing (bringing), At His feet we fall;

An-gel-ic hosts are sing-ing (singing), "Christ the Lord is born."
We join the saints in sing-ing (singing), "Crown Him Lord of all."

REFRAIN.—*Repeat the Refrain softly.*

Ring, ring the bells (ring, ring the bells), Joyful news their ringing tells;

Ring, ring the bells (ring, ring the bells), Christ is born to-day.

NOTE.—The repeated words in parentheses, set to small notes, should be sung as echoes by a person concealed from view. During the singing a cluster of small fine-toned bells in an adjoining room should be rung, keeping time to the music. The first part may be sung as a solo, if desired. The music is so simple that it can be sung by primary classes.

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No. 48. Children's Worship.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. EZRA D. YOUNG.

1. Lord, whose goodness ev - er near, Scatters blessings on our way,
2. Lord of life! Thy breath a - wakes Leaf and blos-som from their sleep,
3. Touch our hearts that love may flow As the riv - ers to the sea;
4. Thou hast called us, heav'nly King! Teach our feet to seek Thy ways;

Crowns with bliss the roll-ing year, Fills with joy each pass-ing day.
Win - ter's i - cy fet - ters breaks, Bids the loosened wa - ters leap.
Thou a - lone canst love be - stow, All its fountains are in Thee.
Teach our hands their gifts to bring, Teach our lips to sing Thy praise.

REFRAIN.

Angels praise Thee, say-ing ev - er, "King of glo - ry, reign for ev - er!"

Grate-ful songs we too would sing, For Thou art the children's King.

Children, Do You Know?

(Recitation.)

Do you know how many stars
  There are shining in the sky?
Do you know how many clouds
  Every day go floating by?
God in heaven has counted all;
  He would miss one should it fall.

Do you know how many children
  Go to little beds at night,
And without a care or sorrow,
  Wake up in the morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell,
  Loves you too, and knows you well.

—*Selected.*

The Baby Went to Boyland.

He sat on my knee at evening,
  The boy who is "half-past three,"
And the clear brown eyes from his sun-browned face
  Smiled happily up to me.
I held him close as the twilight fell,
  And called him "my dear little son;"
Then I said: "I have wondered for many days
  Where it is that my baby has gone!

"I'd a baby once in a long white gown,
  Whom I rocked just as I do you:
His hair was as soft as yellow silk,
  And his eyes were like violets blue.
His little hands were like pink-tipped flowers—
  See, yours are so strong and brown;
He has slipped away and is lost, I fear.
  Do you know where my baby's gone?"

Did my voice half break as the thoughts would come
  Of the sweet and sacred days
When motherhood's first joys were mine?
  Was a shade of regret on my face?
For close round my neck crept a sturdy arm,
  And the boy who is "half-past three"
Said, "The baby—he went to Boyland,
  And—didn't you know?—he's me!"

—*Philadelphia North American.*

A Boy's Dream.

A little boy sat dreaming,
  Upon his nurse's lap,
That all the pins fell out of the stars,
  And the stars fell into his cap.

And when the dream was over,
  What should that little boy do,
But go and look inside his cap,
  And find it was not true!—*Selected.*

Our Mission Work.

(Recitation for Four Scholars.)

First.

Obey the Captain's great command,
  Spread far and wide the blessed news,
Salvation free for every land,
  The glorious tidings quick diffuse.
Nor fail, through any tempting bribe
  Of ease, or comfort, or of wealth,
To give the boon to every tribe,
  That great elixir of soul health.

Second.

Stand ye in apostolic place,
  From thence go into all the world,
Impeded not by caste or race,
  His banner graciously unfurl.
'Twill scatter pagan night away;
  The glorious victories from afar
Proclaim the dawn of Gospel-day,
  While brightly shines "the morning star."

Third.

Built from the deep by coral toil
  Are numerous islands of the main;
And rich in products is the soil;
  But there man needs the Saviour's reign.
Like insect-builders may you thrive
  In rearing up his temple there;
Or as the most industrious hive,
  Your work the human heart will cheer.

Fourth.

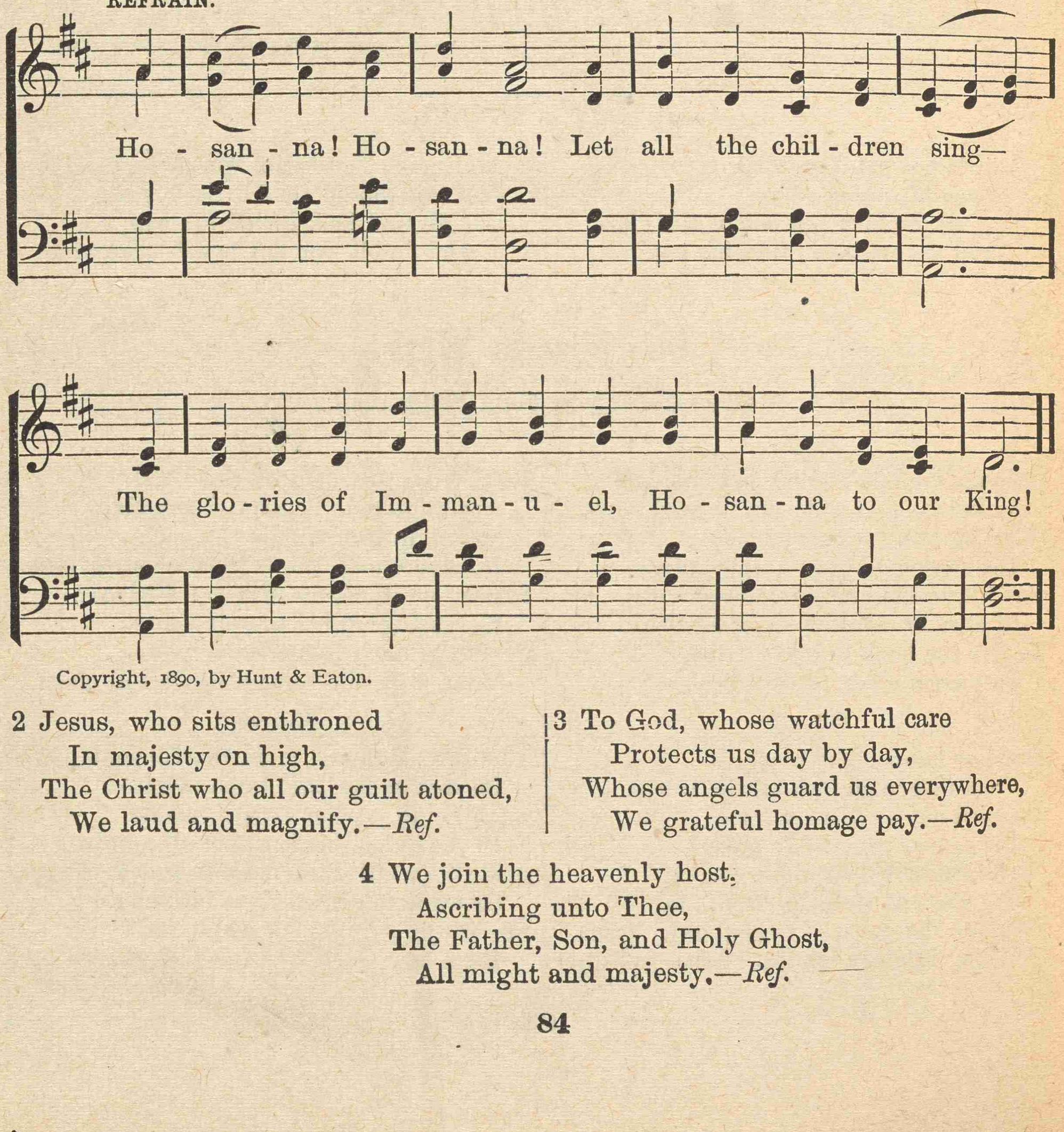
Then let all gloom from fearful souls
  Be driven far, and hope inspire
Each noble worker Christ enrolls
  In that blest book which all admire;
And they shall shine more bright than star,
  Or even sun in clearest heaven;
For winning souls is greater far
  Than any work to mortal given.

—*Rev. W. H. Phipps.*

No. 49. The Children's Jubilee.

S. V. R. F. S. V. R. FORD.

REFRAIN.



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2 Jesus, who sits enthroned
In majesty on high,
The Christ who all our guilt atoned,
We laud and magnify.—*Ref.*

3 To God, whose watchful care
Protects us day by day,
Whose angels guard us everywhere,
We grateful homage pay.—*Ref.*

4 We join the heavenly host,
Ascribing unto Thee,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All might and majesty.—*Ref.*

My Good-for-nothing.

(Recitation for a Little Boy.)

What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me, if you can.
You, with your fingers as white as a nun—
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun;
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for. Now ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands pressing soft on my face
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true:
"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you."

—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

A Little Girl.

If no one ever marries me—
  And I don't see why they should,
For nurse says I'm not pretty,
  And I'm seldom very good—
If no one ever marries me,
  I sha'n't mind it very much;
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,
  And a little rabbit hutch.

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
  And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb, quite clean and tame,
  That I can take to town.
And when I'm getting really old—
  At twenty-eight or nine—
I shall buy a little orphan girl
  And bring her up as mine.

—*Laurence Alma-Tadema.*

Welcome, Little Robin.

Welcome, little robin,
  Messenger of spring;
Notes of joy and gladness
  To my heart you bring.
Frosts in March await you,
  But you seem to say,
"All my songs are fragrant
  With the breath of May."

Wakeful little robin,
  First to greet the light,
While the world is sleeping
  On the breast of night.
Oft your chirping wakes me,
  And you seem to say,
"Rouse thee from thy slumber—
  Greet the newborn day."

Cheerful little robin,
  From all sorrow free;
Not a strain of sadness
  Mars your melody.
Sweet the psalm you teach me;
  For you seem to say,
"Tune your heart to gladness—
  Scatter grief away."

Trustful little robin,
  Free from anxious care,
Since the feathered songsters
  In God's bounty share.
Listening to your warbling,
  This you seem to say,
"God, who cares for robins,
  Guards thee day by day."

—*Christian Advocate.*

Closing Recitation.

Be with us, Lord,
This coming week,
That we may guard
Each word we speak.

Upheld by thy
Almighty arm,
May we be kept
From every harm.

Go with us till
Next Sabbath, then
Come with us, as
We meet again.

No. 50. God Knows.

German.

1. Do you know how ma - ny stars.... There are
2. Do you know how ma - ny bird - ies In the
3. Do you know how ma - ny chil - dren Go to

shin - ing in the sky? Do you know how ma - ny clouds
sun - shine sing all day? Do you know how ma - ny fish - es
lit - tle beds at night? And with-out a care or sor - row

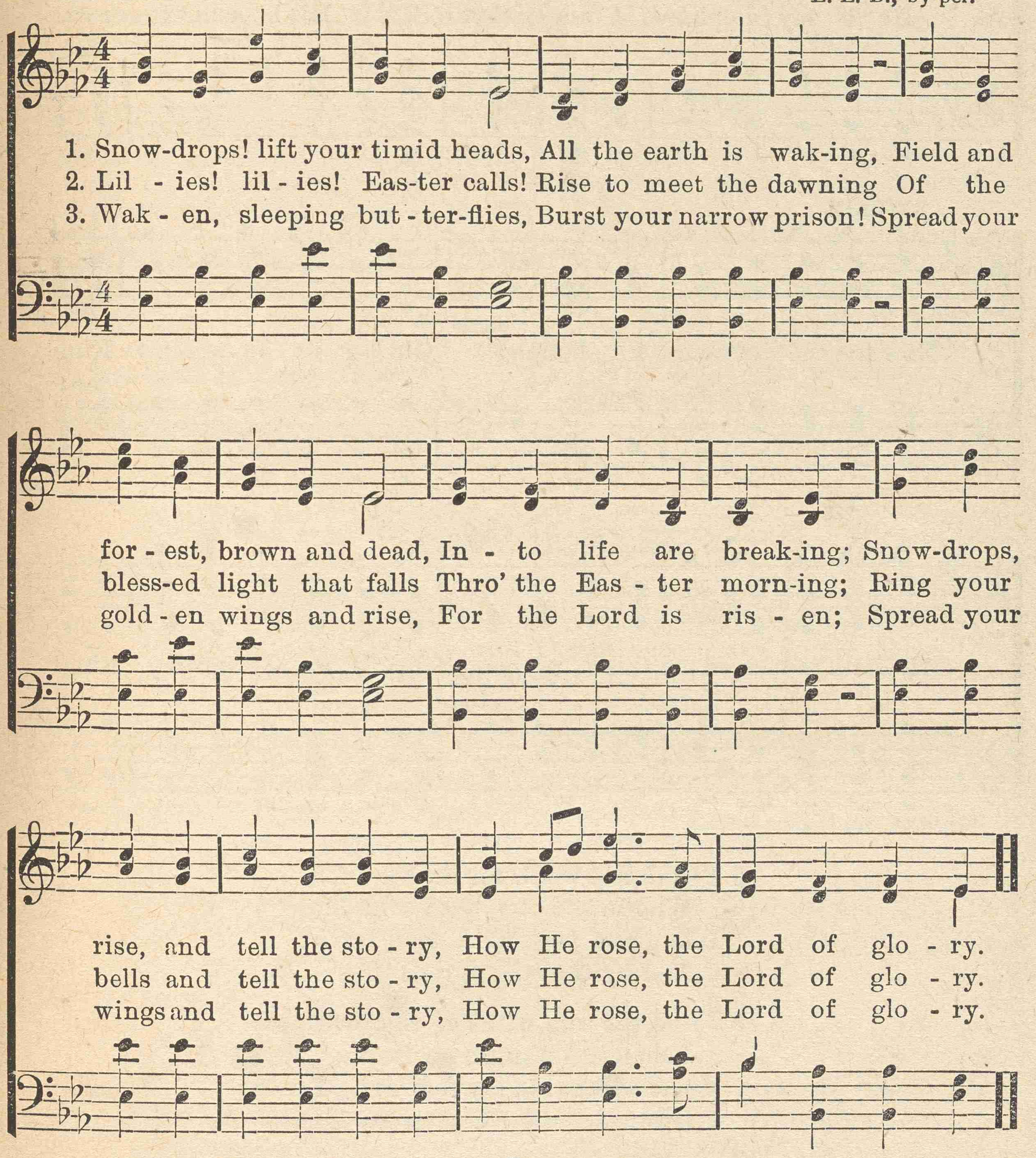
Ev - 'ry day go float - ing by? God, the Lord, their num-ber
In the spark - ling wa - ter play? God, the Lord, who dwells in
Wake a - gain with morn - ing light? God in heav - en each name

know - eth, For each one His care He show - eth, Of the
heav - en, Name and life to each has giv - en, In His
can tell, Knows us, too, and loves us well,.... He's our

God Knows.—Concluded.

No. 51. Easter Song.

MARY A. LATHBURY. L. L. B., by per.



No. 52. Glory to Jesus my King.

S. V. R. F. S. V. R. Ford.

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt & Eaton.

2 I shall nct want, for they are fed.
Who in the Shepherd confide;
Into green pastures I shall be led,
And by the still water's side.—*Ref.*

3 From the safe paths of righteousness
I shall not wander nor roam;
Jesus will guide my feet while I press
Onward toward heaven my home.—*Ref.*

A Temperance Talk.

I am a temperance girl, every inch of me, and so is my sister Betsey. The young man who waits on her says that she is just "saturated with temperance from the feather on her hat to the tips on her shoes!" I don't know the meaning of "saturated," but Harlow does, or he would not use the word; for Betsey says that "he is a well-behaved young person."

But, as I was saying, I am a temperance girl morning, noon, and night. My motto is, cold water to drink as a-a-average ["beverage" suggested by the prompter]—beverage, that's the word I was trying to find. When I grow up, of course some young man will wish to wait on me, and I give him notice now, that I shall "pop the question to him" right away, "Are you a temperance man?" If he stammers, or hesitates, he might as well "set his cap" for some other girl. I shall give him the mitten right off! Yes I shall! Delays are dangerous! Of course, the young man might deceive me. Some girls say that they can tell by a young man's breath whether he uses beer, or whisky, or tobacco, but I can't see why they should get near enough to each other for that. It isn't necessary! I shall say to Harry, if that is his name—and, from what I know now, I guess it will be—I shall say to him, "Harry, unless your breath is pure you keep your distance." Then if he doesn't come closer to me than is necessary I shall know he is guilty! He may say that he has been eating onions; but I guess I know onions!

A Child's Thoughts of God.

They say that God lives very high!
  But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

  And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see him in the gold,
  Though from him all its glory shines.

God is so good, he wears a fold
  Of heaven and earth across his face—
Like secrets kept for love untold.

  But still I feel that his embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things made,
  Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
  On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night; and said,
  "Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Baptism of a Child.

She stood up in the meekness of a heart
Resting on God, and held her fair young child
Before her bosom with its gentle eyes
Folded in sleep, as if its soul had gone
To whisper the baptismal vow in heaven.
The prayer went up devoutly with her faith
That it would be even as she had prayed,
And the sweet child be gathered to the fold
Of Jesus. As the holy words went on
Her lips moved silently, and tears, fast tears,
Stole from beneath her lashes, and upon
The forehead of the beautiful child lay soft
With the baptismal water. Then I thought,
That to the eye of God, that mother's tears
Would be a deeper covenant—which sin
And the temptations of the world and death
Would leave unbroken—and that she would know,
In the clear light of heaven, how very strong
The prayer which pressed them from her heart had been
In leading its young spirit up to God.—*N. P. Willis.*

No. 53. Child's Evening Prayer.

(RECITATION AND SONG.)

Recitation. One night I surely thought I heard
An angel singing low,
A song I often sing myself,
The sweetest one I know.
I listened at the window pane,
And caught each precious word,
I could not see the one who sang,
But this is what I heard:—

(JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.)

MARY L. DUNCAN. (SOLO.) JOHN WYETH, 1823.

Rec. And then I thought it could not be
An angel, since the Lord
Calls little children His own lambs,
In His most holy word.
And while I listened for the voice,
This sweet and fervent prayer
Was gently wafted, as before,
Out on the evening air:

2 *All this day Thy hand has led me,*
And I thank Thee for Thy care:
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

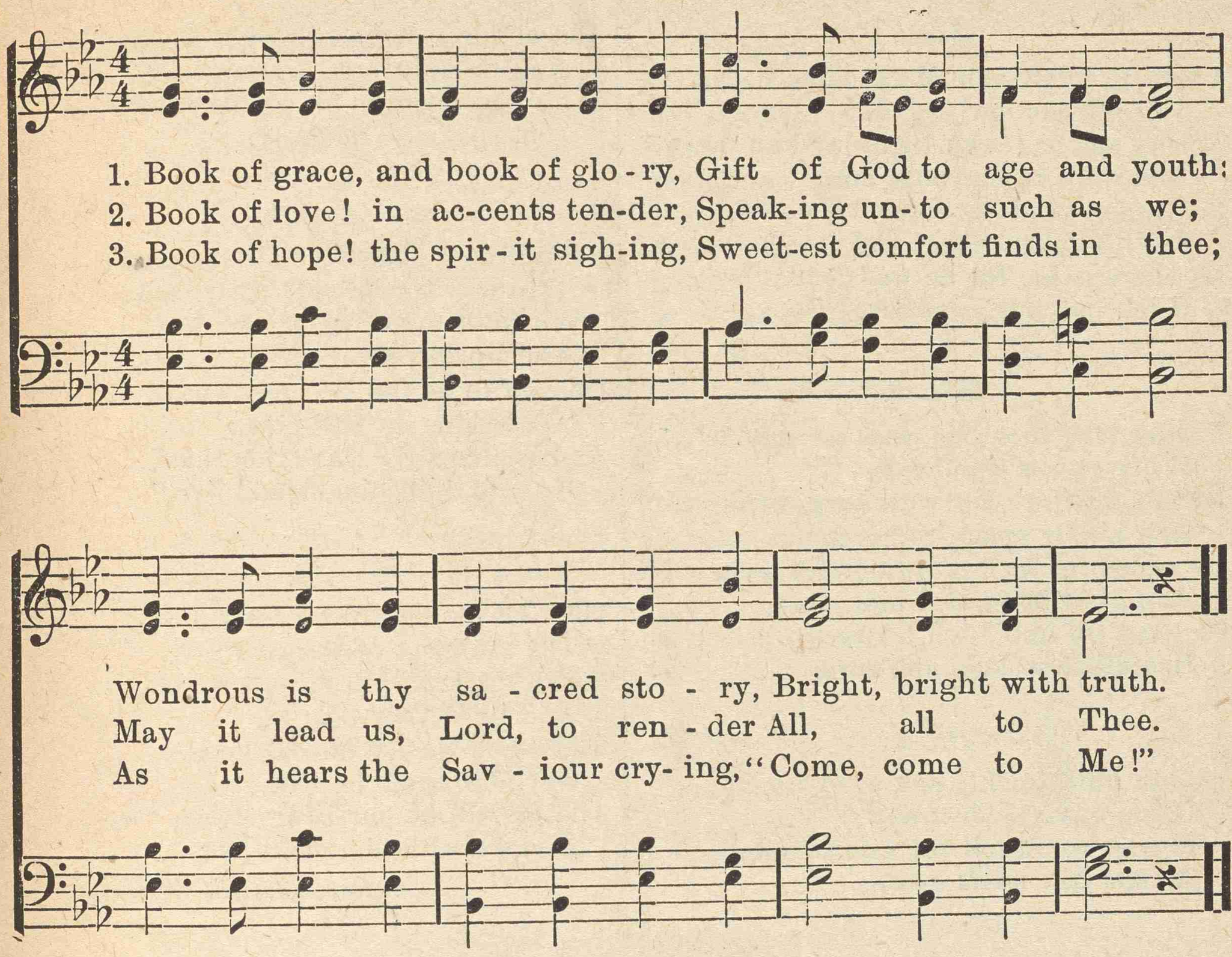
Rec. And then I knew it was a child
Whose voice had charmed my ear;
But while the angels did not sing,
I knew they hovered near.
And Christ himself was there to grant
The little child's request;
And then she sang this verse and fell
Asleep on Jesus' breast:

3 *Let my sins be all forgiven;*
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

NOTE—Select two girls, one of whom renders the recitation, the other the song. The singer should be concealed from the view of the audience. The hymn should be sung very slowly and with marked expression.

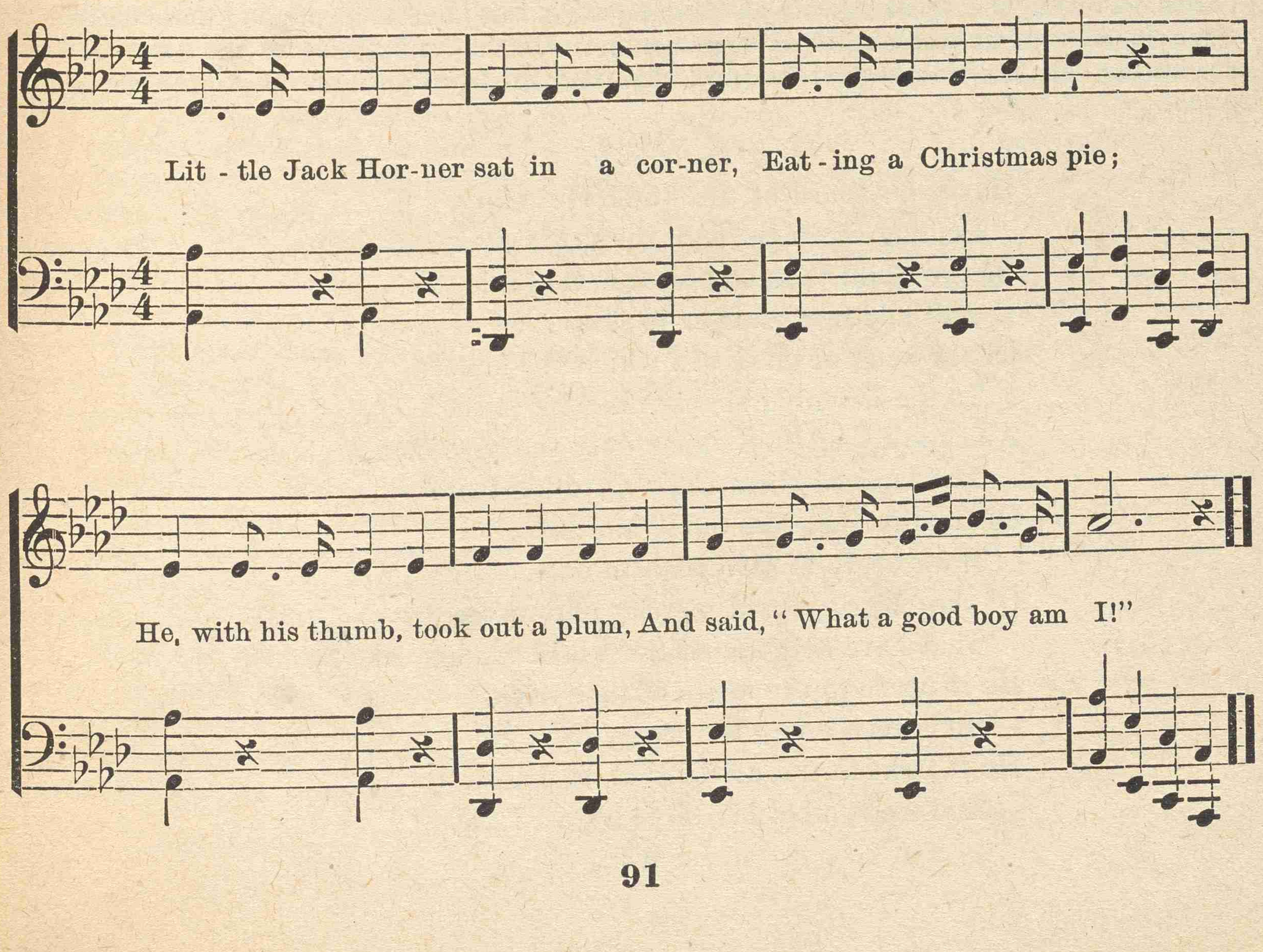
No. 54. Book of Grace.

ANON. J. B.



No. 55. Little Jack Horner.

J. B.



Our King.

(Recitation for Four Girls.)

First.

I love to think how Mary came
To seek the lowly spot,
Where she had seen them lay him down,
And wept to find him not;
"I cannot bind his form," she said,
"With spices sweet and rare;
O, where is he, for he was dead;
O tell me, tell me where?"

Second.

I think how soon her tears were gone
When at the sepulcher,
He stood before her with surprise,
And kindly spake to her;
He called her by her own sweet name,
And none had loved him more,
Or wept for him such bitter tears,
Heartsick so long and sore.

Third.

I think how quickly she went forth,
It was her gladdest day;
And who could tell the tale so sweet,
As she flew swift away;
The children listened to her words,
And thought how dear was he,
Who took them in his loving arms,
And spake so tenderly.

Fourth.

I think how glad were all the poor;
"He was our friend," they said;
"We wept to see him torn away,
And up to Calvary led;
He said to us the sweetest words,
'Your sins do I forgive;'
And wonderful! the dying thief,
He said with him should live."

All.

Then let us bless the Easter day,
The sweetest of the year;
For Jesus knoweth all our names,
And he is very near;
And when we see him as he is,
Our new name he will give,
And he will be our King alway,
And we with him shall live.

—*Rev. Dwight Williams.*

Star and Cross.

(Recitation for Two Boys.)

NOTE.—Provide the speakers with a star and a cross. At the first mention of these emblems, which should be large and attractive, they should be held up to the view of the congregation, care having been taken to conceal the front side from the sight until the respective words are spoken.

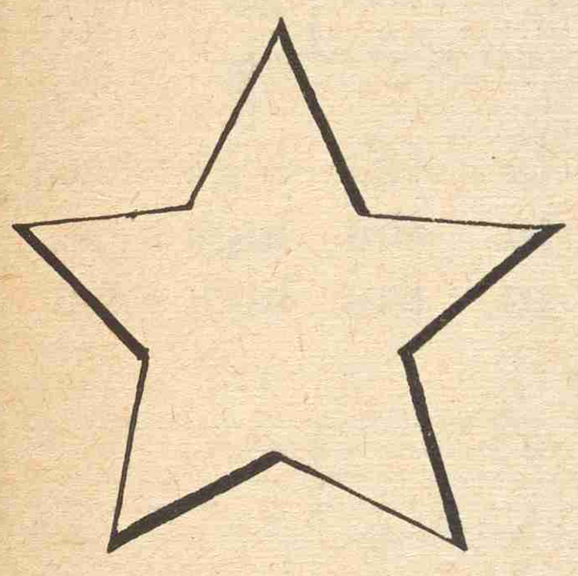
First.

Have you heard of the wonderful story,
Coming down through the years dark and deep,
Of the Child that was born in a stable,
And laid in a manger to sleep?
Of the song of good will which the angels
To the listening shepherds sang sweet?
And the STAR that shone over the wise men,
And showed them the way to his feet?
Of the life that was noble and holy,
More ready to give than to take,
Of the blessings and mercies unnumbered
That have brightened the world for his sake?
He is peace to the strife of the striving,
He is rest where the weary ones are,
He is light to the dwellers in darkness,
And we symbol his birth by a STAR.

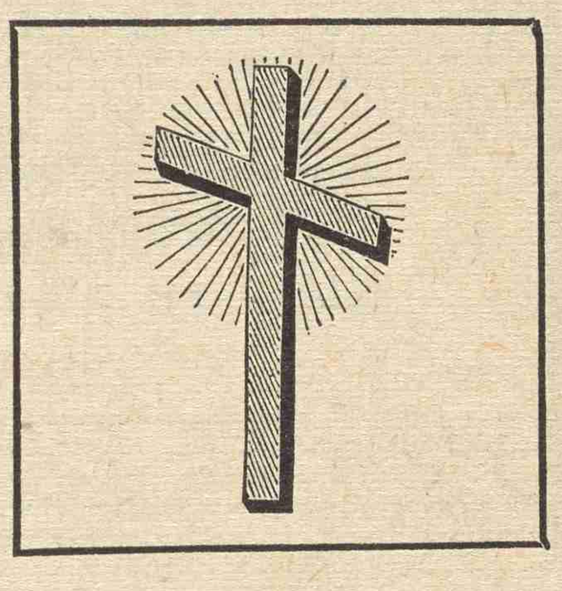
Second.

Shall I tell you the sorrowful story
  Of One who lived only to bless,
To comfort the sad and the lonely,
  And lighten the load of distress;
Whose feet went on errands of mercy,
  Whose hands were but lifted to heal,
Who was weary and hungry and thirsty,
  His kinship with men to reveal;
Who left the bright home of his Father,
  The kingdom and glory above,
To bring to the lost and forsaken
  God's wonderful message of love?
But the world would have none of his pardon
  And love that was mighty to save;
They scoffed him and scorned him and scourged him,
  And gave him a CROSS and a grave.

Both.



Not envy, nor hate, nor defiance,
  Could render love's labor in vain;
For he wrought a lost world's redemption,
  By his sacrifice, passion, and pain.
And to-day for the joy of salvation,
  We count earthly treasure but loss;
And with praise through the ages eternal,
  The Lord of the STAR and the CROSS.—*Marjorie Moore.*



Foreign Missions.

(Address by a Boy.)

You "don't believe in foreign missions?" You do believe in Christ's kingdom on the earth, however. But did it never occur to you that this kingdom is a foreign mission enterprise? It "is not of this world." It came down from heaven. The angel that sang that thrilling song to the shepherds of Bethlehem plain was its prophet, sent from the celestial realms to announce its approach. He declared that the "good tidings of great joy" which he brought should be "to all people." Jesus was the first foreign missionary ever sent out. He said, "The Father hath sent me into the world." Bethlehem was the first mission station on the face of the globe. There the Founder of our holy Christianity was first worshiped by the Gentiles—the wise men from the East. From that hour to this, through nineteen centuries, the followers of Jesus—his missionaries—have been extending the boundaries of his kingdom from the center to the poles of the earth. Suppose the apostles had said, "We don't believe in foreign missions; we have heathen enough at home." What would have been our condition to-day? Who brought the tidings of great joy to us? The successors of the apostles whom Jesus commanded, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." We think it a hardship to give some of our substance for the spread of the Gospel. Do we reflect that our redemption cost the Son of God his life; that but for the self-denials of an army of heroic men, endured in our behalf, the knowledge that we are redeemed would never have come to us? An army of martyrs have made it possible for us to know the truth. We have nothing that we have not received. Is it manly to boast of our light and knowledge and then refuse to aid in sending these blessings to our less-favored fellow-beings? The Gospel will be preached to all nations, whether or not we aid in sending the message. Shall we be wise for ourselves, or shall we be unworthy to have in trust the talents of truth and knowledge and money that God has given to us to use as his stewards? He is watching us; some day he will say to us, "Give an account of thy stewardship." What shall it be?

No. 56. Merry, Chiming Bells.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Mer - ry, mer - ry chim - ing bells, Clear and sweet their carol swells;
2. In a man-ger far a - way, Once the in - fant Sav-iour lay;
3. Let the glo - rious ti - dings fly, An - gels sing and earth re - ply;

Joy - ful news that mu - sic tells—Glo - ry in the high - est.
We will sing His birth to - day, Glo - ry in the high - est.
Glo - ry be to God on high! Glo - ry in the high - est.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry be to God on high, Glo - ry in the high-est!

No. 57. See My Little Birdie's Nest.

A. KÖHLER. German.

FINE.

1. See my lit - tle bird - ie's nest, And an egg in it doth rest;
D.C.—Egg in nest so snug doth lie, Bird - ie will come by and by.
2. Save the nest and spare the egg, Do not touch it, this I beg;
D.C.—It will sing to you a song, This will please you all day long.

See, My Little Birdie's Nest.—Concluded.

No. 58. Little Ones.

V. J. K. German Melody, by per.

The Lover's Watch.

My sister says I should be seen
  Instead of being heard;
Sometimes I think Belle does not mean
  To have me speak a word.

When Harry calls—Harry's her beau—
  Belle talks and talks, while I
Must squeeze my lips together—so—!
  I can't imagine why.

One evening Harry said to me,
  "What time do you retire?"
At nine; but I'll be company
  Till ten, if you desire.

"No," Harry said, "your health must be
  Consulted first, you know;
And if you must sit up for me,
  I'll take my hat and go."

Then Belle seemed all cut up, but why,
  I could not understand;
Since Harry's anxious care lest I
  Should risk my health, was grand.

So Harry stayed, and I stayed too,
  Till nine, and scarcely stirred;
Good manners said it would not do
  To leave, or speak a word.

By Harry's watch 'twas nine before
  It seemed much after seven;
But it was fast an hour or more,
  Or dreadful slow at eleven.

For just as Harry clicked the gate
  I woke, and heard him run;
And as I thought, "It must be late,"
  The town clock struck for one.

Next morn at breakfast I was heard
  For once, as well as seen;
While sister Belle scarce spoke a word,
  Except to call me "mean."

You see I said that Harry stayed
  Till one: how Belle did blush
And tremble! till I felt afraid
  She'd spill her oatmeal mush!

Then papa kind o' smiled, while I
  Declared that Belle was ill,
And mamma asked, "Will some one try
  To keep that young one still?"

Then there was silence on the spot,
  And I could plainly tell
By papa's looks that he was not
  Alarmed for sister Belle.

"By Harry's watch," Belle said at last,
  "'Twas just eleven," and so
I said, "The town clock was too fast,
  Or Harry's watch was slow!"

Boys in Our Town.

(For Five Boys.)

First.

There was a boy in our town
  Whose victuals were his pride;
He thought of nothing else, and so
  At last he did decide:
"I'll eat my breakfast just before
  I go to bed, and then
I'll get an extra meal, because,
  Next morn I'll eat again!"

Second.

There was a boy in our town,
  A big, vain booby-boo,
Who asked a girl at school one day,
  "May I go home with you?"
"No, thank you, I prefer to go
  Alone; but understand,
If you're afraid to go alone,
  I'll lead you by the hand!"

Third.

There was a boy in our town
  Who snatched all he could reach
From smaller lads, till they put up
  A job on that young "leech."
They made some cayenne pepper drops,
  And he, as oft before, [mouth,
Snatched them and stuffed them in his
  And then he—snatched no more!

Fourth.

There was a boy in our town
  Whose head was awful thick;
He swallowed gum unless it had
  Directions on the stick.
And yet, behold that boy's career!
  His brain power did expand
As he grew up, until, at last,
  He ran a peanut stand!

Fifth.

There were two boys in our town
  Whose names were Pat and Mike;
Their parents wondered which was which
  They looked so much alike.
When asked his name in school, Mike said:
  "I cannot tell you that;
Because, you see, I may be Mike,
  Or my twin brother Pat!"

NO. 59. Jesus Loves Us Tenderly.

1. Je - sus loves us ten - der - ly, For His lit - tle ones are we;
2. While in Je - sus we a - bide We are safe what - e'er be - tide;
3. Je - sus, keep us from all sin; Cleanse and make us pure with - in;

Since He guards us day by day, From His fold we can - not stray.
Trust-ing in His might-y arm, We can nev - er suf - fer harm.
Guide us safe - ly with Thine eye To our Fa - ther's house on high.

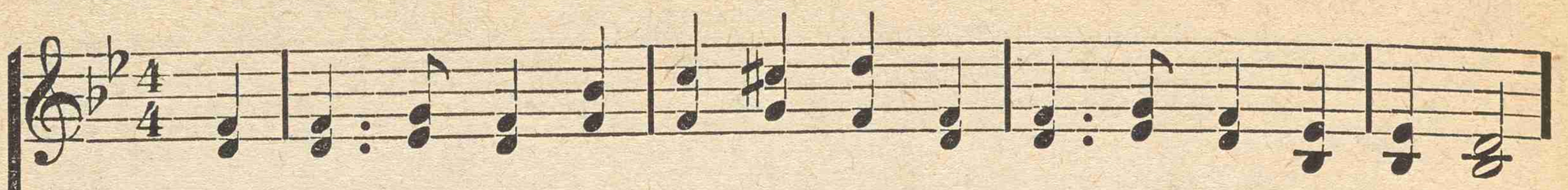
CHORUS.

Day by day, day by day, Je - sus watch - es o'er us;

All the way, all the way, Je - sus goes be - fore us.

No. 60. The King of love my Shepherd is.

Sir HENRY W. BAKER. (The twenty-third Psalm.) RALPH W. PRUYN.



1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa-ters flow My ransomed soul He lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool - ish, oft I strayed But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me;

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
And on His shoulder gent - ly laid, And home, re - joicing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.

REFRAIN.

1. For - ev - er and for - ev - er, And He is mine for - ev - er.
6. For - ev - er and for - ev - er, With-in Thy house for - ev - er.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth.

6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Dorothy's Birthday.

Dear little daughter Dorcthy,
Just five years old to-day,
She counts the years upon her hand
In such a pretty way.

"My little finger it is one,
My baby year, you know;
Three fingers more and then my thumb
Make five—all in a row.

"I am so big that I can hold
My little baby brother;
So old that I can do a lot
Of things to help my mother.

"I feed the hungry winter birds
That come and ask for bread;
I give the food to Pug and Puss,
And make their little bed.

"I keep my baby doll house neat
And tidy every day;
I gather up the scattered toys
And put them all away.

"For I am five years old, you know,"
Counting again that day
The fingers and the little thumb
In such a pretty way.

—*Mrs. S. J. Brigham.*

If Jesus Were Here.

(A Missionary Dialogue for Five Misses.)

Mary. I have been wondering what Jesus would say if he were here in person as one of our speakers. What do you think his theme would be?

Alice. I do not know, to be sure. Indeed, such a question has not entered my mind. Since you have been pondering it, however, I should be glad to know what answer has come to you in response to your own question.

Mary. I have thought that he might talk of three things; namely, Praying, Doing, and Giving.

Alice. Surely these are practical topics for a missionary meeting.

Mary. Yes. And now, since each one of us has a Bible, suppose we discover what he did say to his disciples, and what is elsewhere recorded by the sacred writers concerning these topics. You may turn, Alice, to Luke 10. 2, and read what Jesus bade his disciples to pray for.

Alice reads: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

Julia, you may read from the 8th verse of the second psalm.

Julia reads: "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

Mary. Very good. These two passages enforce the duty of praying for the extension of Christ's kingdom in the world. Concerning the second topic,

DOING:

Jennie, you may read from Matt. 28. 19, 20.

Jennie reads: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

Mary. Florence, please open your Bible and read from Acts 1. 8.

Florence reads: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Mary. Alice, you may read a portion of the 28th verse of Matthew, 21st chapter.

Alice reads: "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

Mary. Now we may seek to learn what Jesus would say to us concerning the duty of

GIVING.

Julia, please tell us what our Lord said to his disciples, as recorded in Matt. 10. 7, 8.

Julia reads: "And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give."

Mary. Please turn to Matt. 19. 21, Jennie, and read what Jesus said to the young ruler.

Jennie reads: "Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me."

Mary. We will refer to one more passage of Scripture, namely, Prov. 3. 9. Florence, you may read it.

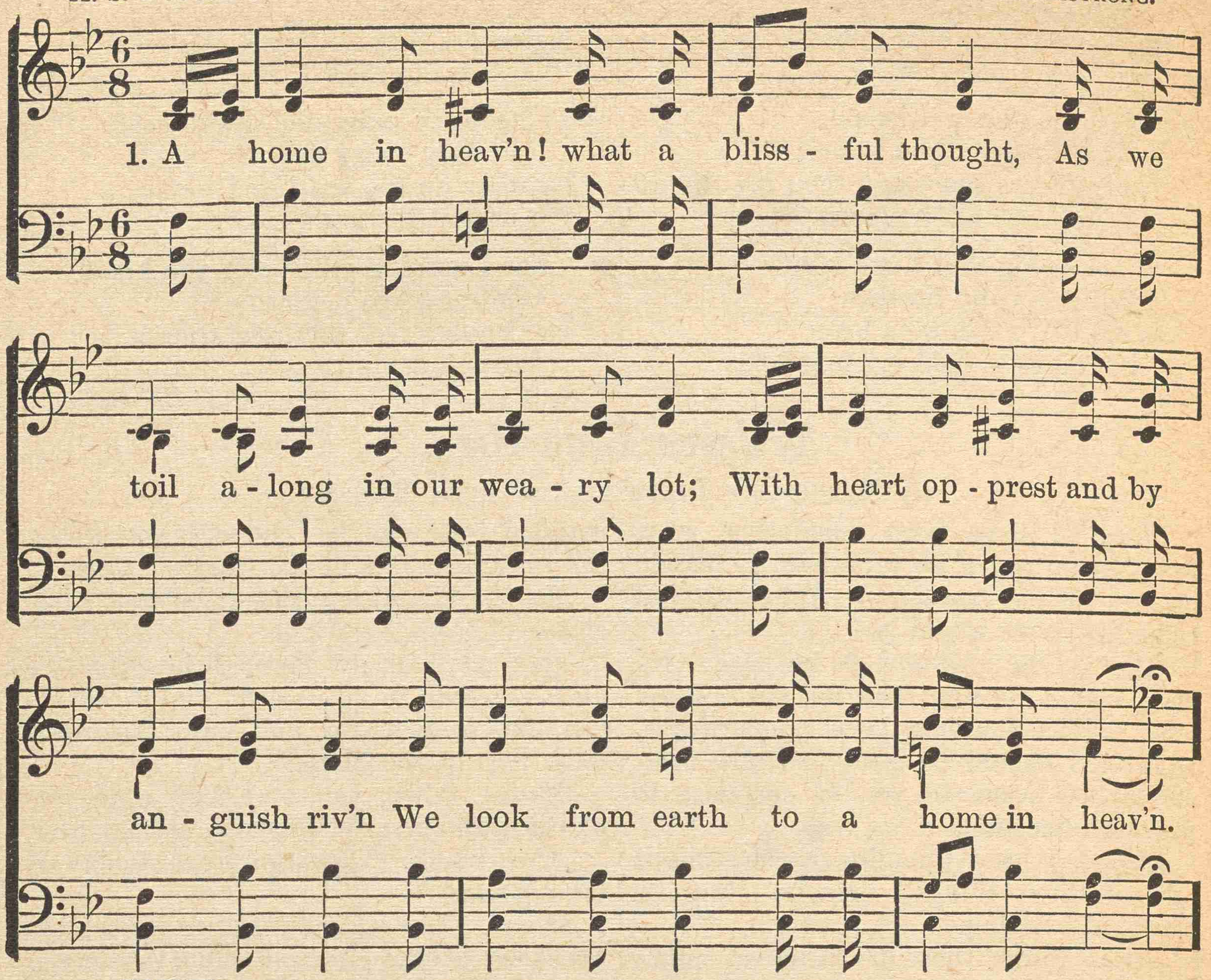
Florence reads: "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase."

Mary. I am sure we have learned some valuable lessons bearing upon the claims of the missionary cause upon us, and I trust we may profit by them.

NOTE.—The speakers should be seated upon the pulpit platform during this exercise.

No. 61. Our Heavenly Home.

A. S. DOUGHTY. F. L. ARMSTRONG.



CHORUS.

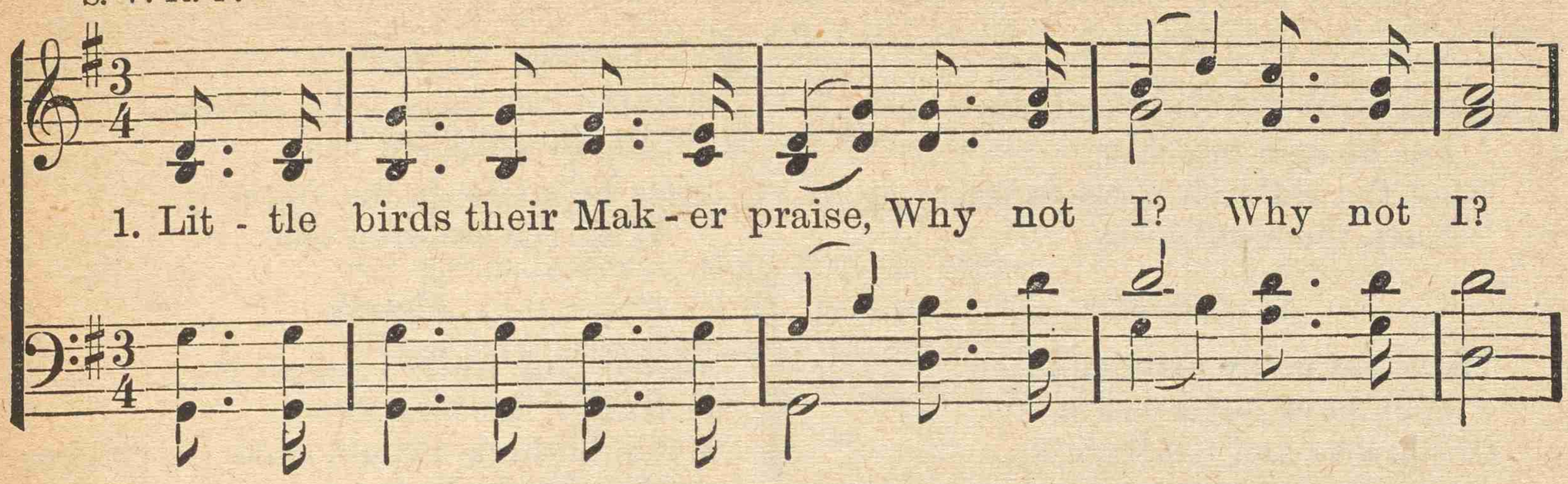
From "The Helper," by permission.

2 A home in heaven, where we toil no more,
But reign with Christ on the golden shore;
In songs of praise we will there unite
With the great throng arrayed in white.—*Cho.*

3 Dear home in heaven! may we all meet there,
With the redeemed all its glory share;
And with the angels around the throne
Forever dwell in that sweet, sweet home.—*Cho.*

No. 62. Why Not I?

S. V. R. F. S. V. R. Ford.



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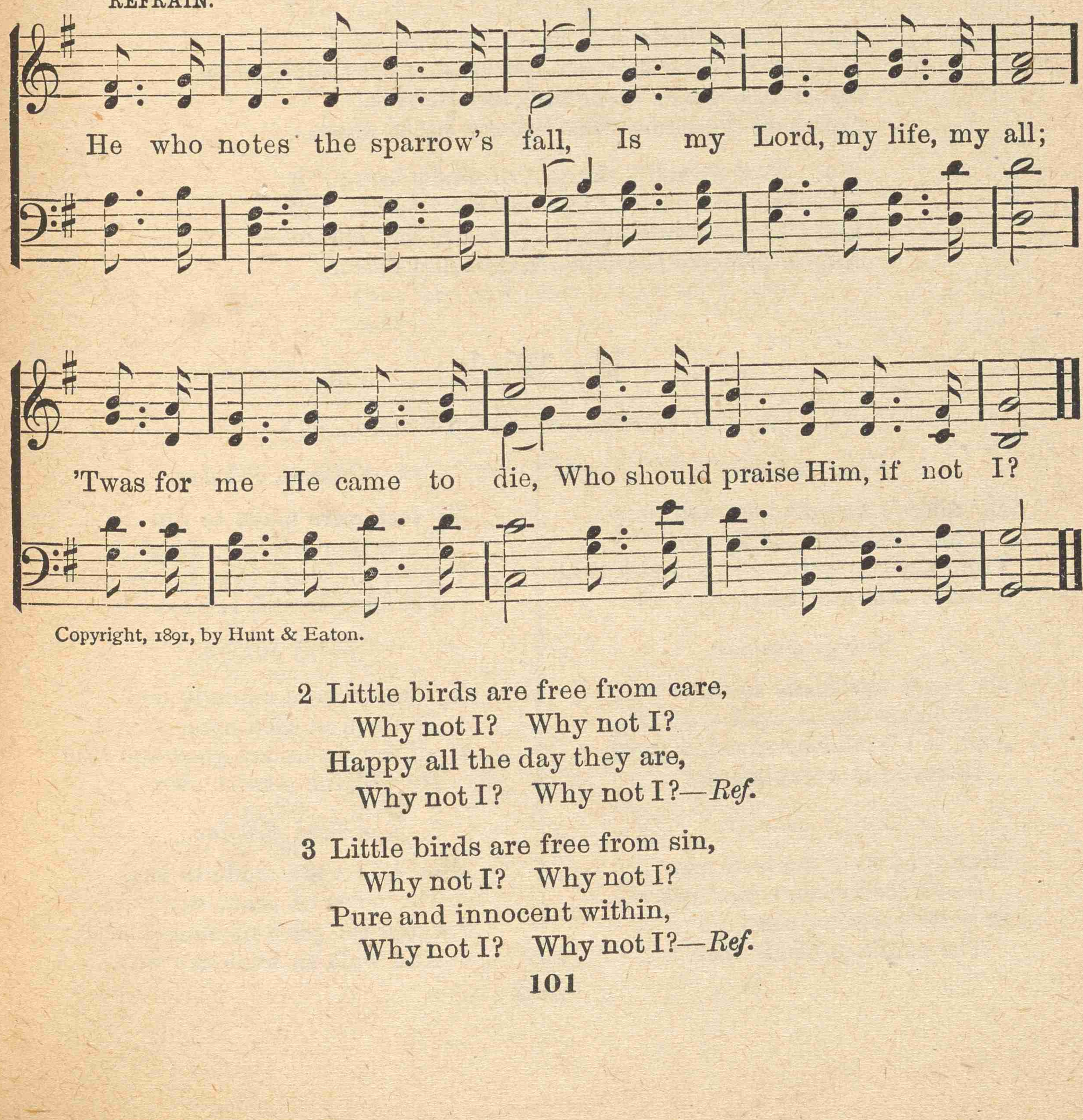

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2 Little birds are free from care,
Why not I? Why not I?
Happy all the day they are,
Why not I? Why not I?—*Ref.*

3 Little birds are free from sin,
Why not I? Why not I?
Pure and innocent within,
Why not I? Why not I?—*Ref.*

Jesus Loves Little Children.

(Recitation for Four Little Girls.)

First.

Jesus loves the little children:
For he said one day,
"Let the children come to me,
Keep them not away."

Second.

There are many little children
Who have never heard
Of his love and tenderness,
Of his holy word.

Third.

I would tell these little children,
If they all could hear,
How he spoke to his disciples,
With the children near.

Fourth.

Listen now while I repeat it;
Hark! 'tis very sweet:
I should think 'twould make the children
Hasten him to meet.—*Selected.*

Our Baby.

We have a baby, a dear little sprite,
One who is happy from morning till night;
"Cherub" we call him, and "Darling," and "Pet;"
Names are so scarce that he has none as yet.

Heaven dwells within him, so peaceful he seems;
Sometimes he laughs right out loud when he dreams;
Angels are then whispering tales in his ear—
Stories that only a baby can hear.

He who took little ones up in his arms,
Soothed all their sorrows and heightened their charms,
Still watches o'er them with infinite care;
Comes to the home when a babe enters there.

Dear, blessed baby, the gift of God's love;
Guileless and pure as the seraphs above;
Light of the household, its treasure and charm—
Angels protect thee from danger and harm.

My Work.

(Motion Recitation for Six Scholars.)

First Scholar.

My tongue was made to tell
That Jesus ransomed me
From sin and guilt, that I might dwell
With him eternally.

Second Scholar.

My heart was made to trust
In Jesus Christ my Lord;
And, if I would be saved, I must
Believe his every word.

Third Scholar.

Mine eyes were made to see
God's mercy, love, and grace
In daily granting unto me
The smilings of his face.

Fourth Scholar.

My feet were made to run
On errands for the Lord;
The smallest act that I have done
For him he will reward.

Fifth Scholar.

My hands were made to do
The will of God alone;
If all my deeds are good and true
He will the service own.

Sixth Scholar.

Mine ears were made to hear
The voice of Jesus say:
"Avoid the path of danger near,
And walk in wisdom's way."

The Christ in Isaiah.

NOTE.—Select five scholars; provide them with cards containing, respectively, one of the five letters comprising the word "Jesus." The first scholar steps to the front of the platform and recites the verse beginning "Our motto," following it with the recitation of the text beginning "JEHOVAH." During the recital of this text he turns the card to the view of the congregation, after which the other four scholars recite in the order given, displaying their cards.

(MOTTO RECITATION FOR FIVE SCHOLARS.)

(*Introductory recitation by the first scholar.*)

Our motto is Jesus, the adorable Name
Of him who redeemed us from sin, guilt, and shame;
Whose advent and mission Isaiah of old,
In visions foresaw, and in writings foretold.

JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; he also is my salvation.

EVERY valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.

SURELY he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

UNTO us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

SO shall he sprinkle many nations; the kings shall shut their mouths at him; for that which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they had not heard shall they consider.

The Lifted Gate.

(RECITATION FOR THREE SCHOLARS.)

First.

As Mary looked inside
  She saw two angels where
They laid the Crucified,
  And, like a palace fair,
The rocks in beauty shone,
  And like a gate of gold
The lifting of the stone,
  A rapture to behold.

Second.

She wept no more that day,
  For lo! her eyes had seen
The light from far away,
  In realms of love serene;
And evermore she knew,
  The open portal there,
Was but the gateway through
  To thrones and mansions fair.

Third.

This was the vestibule
  Where Mary stood that day;
The Palace Beautiful
  Could not be far away;
For, waiting there, behold!
  He came and spake to her,
And to a gate of gold
  He turned the sepulcher.

—*Rev. Dwight Williams.*

No. 63. We Welcome All.

W. A. B. (ANNIVERSARY MOTION SONG.) JOSEPH BROWNELL.

1. We welcome all, Both great and small, To this our joy - ful meet - ing;
2. Our lips re - peat, In accents sweet, Sal-vation's wondrous sto - ry;
3. With hearts as one, To God's dear Son, Our ser-vice shall be giv - en;

While hand in hand, A hap - py band, We sing our song of greet - ing.
With joy we raise, Our songs of praise, To Christ, the Lord of glo - ry.
And then at last, When life is past, We'll reign with Him in heav - en.

REFRAIN.

Wel-come, wel-come, one and all; Wel - come to our meet - ing.

No. 64. I'll Try to be True.

W. A. BOYD. JOSEPH BROWNELL.

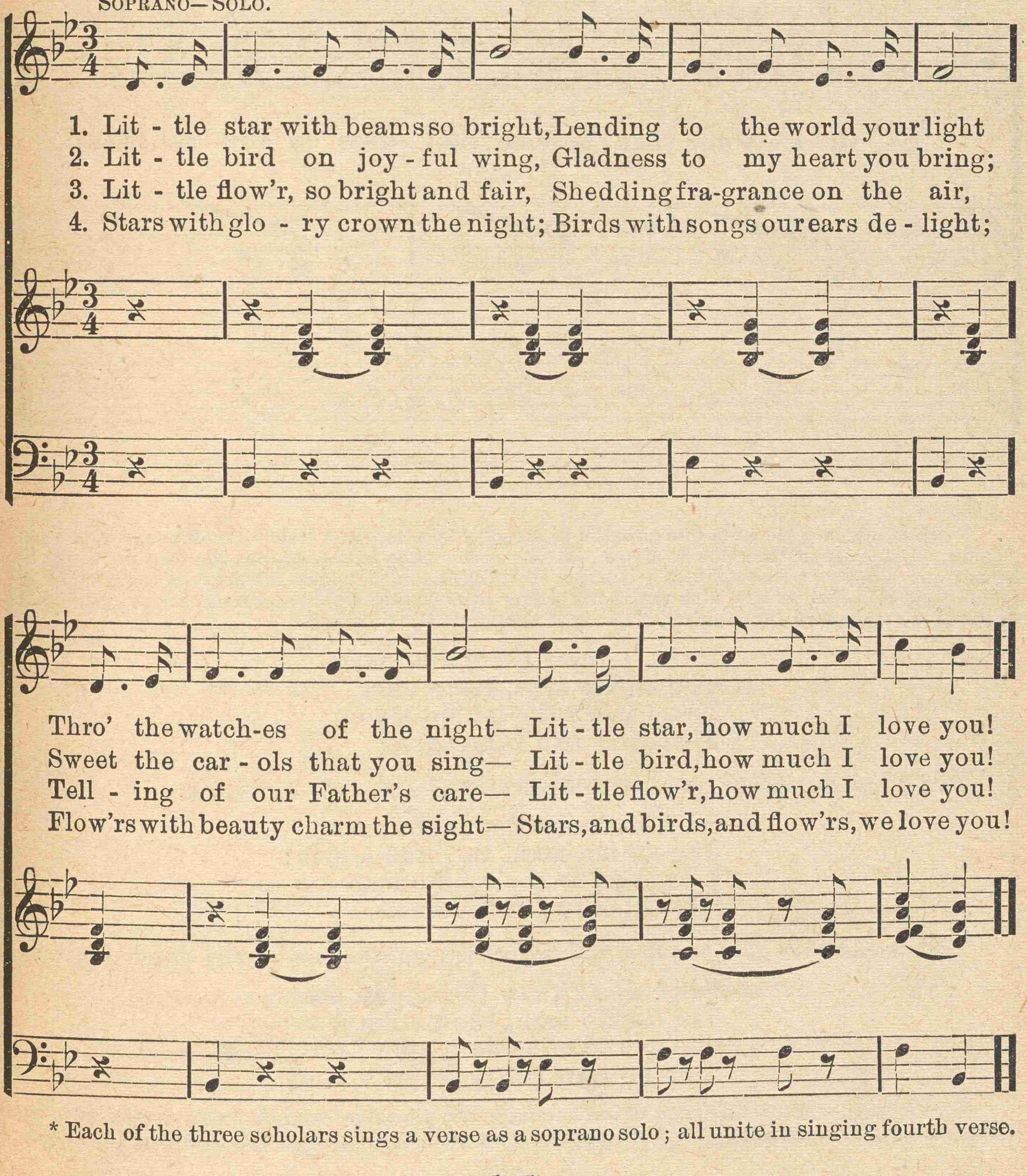
{In all that I say, And all that I do.
In work and in play, I'll try to be true.} O help me, dear Je-sus,

I'll Try to be True.—Concluded.

No. 65. Little Star, and Bird, and Flower. *

W. A. B. (FOR THREE YOUNG MISSES.) JOSEPH BROWNELL.

SOPRANO—SOLO.



* Each of the three scholars sings a verse as a soprano solo; all unite in singing fourth verse.

No. 66. Do You Know the Muffin Man?*

* Select seven girls, each one capable of singing the Soprano Solo, one of whom acts as the leader. Place six of the girls in a row, side by side. The leader facing the first girl sings the question: "Do you know," etc. During the singing she gazes intently at the girl, at the same time pointing at her with the index finger of the right hand, and motioning rhythmically with it to emphasize the singing. The girl responds by singing:

"Yes, I know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin;
Yes, I know the muffin man
That lives in Drury Lane."

This is repeated until the sixth girl is reached, who responds by singing:

"I don't know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man;
I don't know the muffin man
That lives in Drury Lane."

Then the first five girls, together with the leader, gather about her and sing derisively:

"She don't know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man;
She don't know the muffin man
That lives in Drury Lane."

She remains silent while they drive her from the platform by their vehement singing and threatening gesticulations. A piano accompaniment may be played softly during the singing.

No. 67. Little Ones are We.

S. V. R. F. S. V. R. Ford.

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt & Eaton.

2 In the Sunday School
We learn the golden rule,
Which tells us to be loving,
And kind and merciful.—*Ref.*

3 On this holy day,
We meet to sing and pray,
And learn what Jesus tells us
About the narrow way.—*Ref.*

4 In this sacred place
The Saviour's words of grace
Are taught us, and He shows us
The smilings of His face.—*Ref.*

5 Here we meet to sing
The praises of our King;
To Christ who reigns in glory,
Our choicest gifts we bring.—*Ref.*

No. 68. Happy Children.

F. J. C. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, by per.

1. We are children, hap-py children, Singing, singing as we go;
2. Do not let the joys a - round us Tempt our lit-tle feet to stray,
3. If we try to fol - low Je - sus, Try to serve Him here be - low,

'Tis our Father's hand that leads us, Leads us thro' this world be-low.
O our Fa - ther, kind-ly keep us In the strait and nar-row way.
Where He lives and dwells for-ev- er, Sing-ing, sing - ing shall we go.

CHORUS.

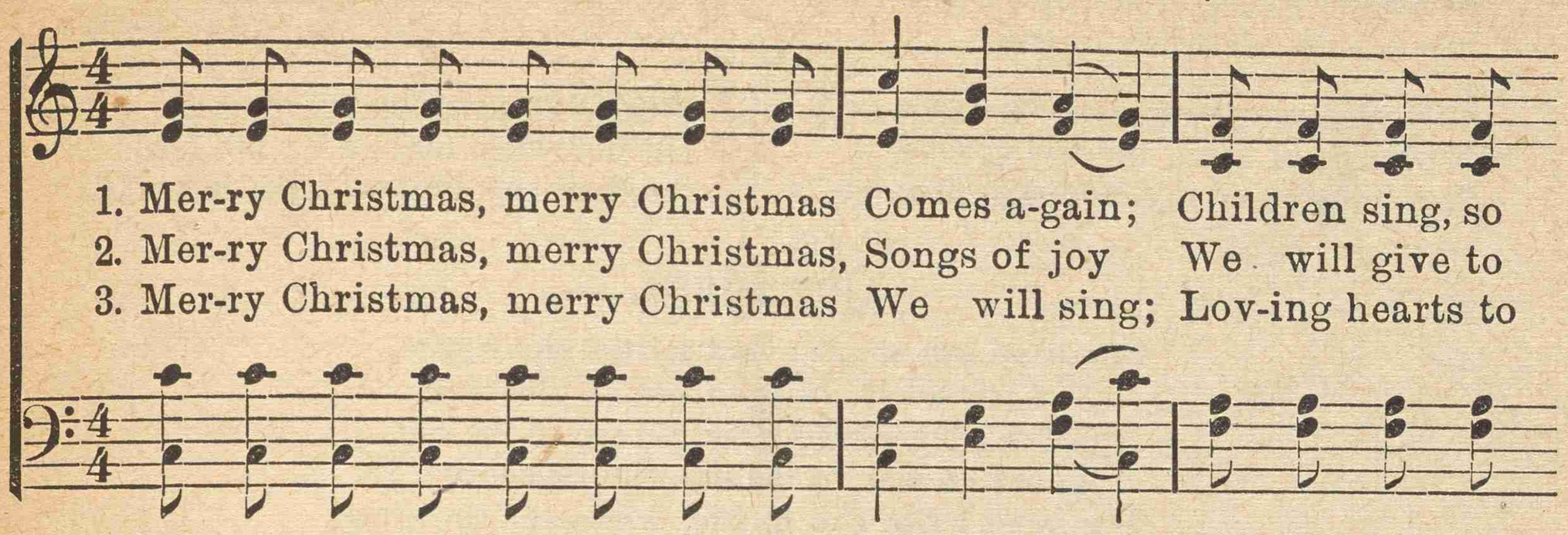
Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing;

Praise to God, praise to God, Praise to God our heavenly King.

Copyright, 1869, in "Notes of Joy," by J. F. Knapp.

No. 69. Merry Christmas.

J. F. JOSEPH FLETCHER.



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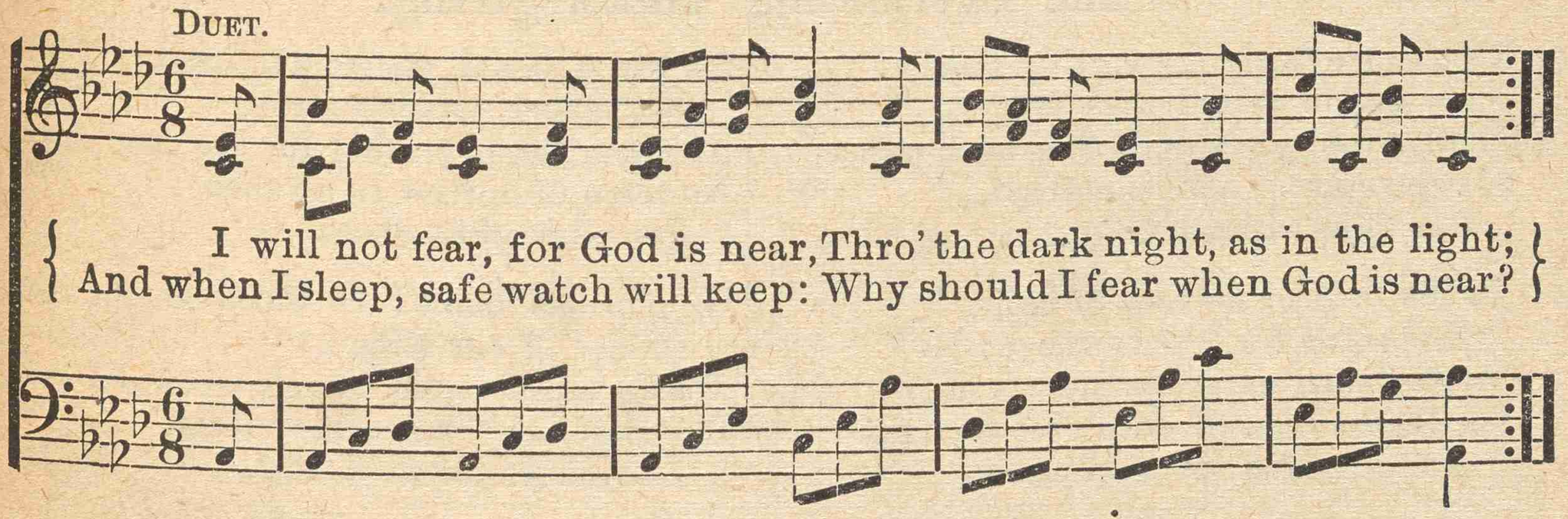
No. 70. I Will Not Fear.

ANON. M. E.

DUET.



Be with Me.

Dear Lord, be with me day by day,
In all my work, in all my play,
In all I do, or think, or say.

Though I am weak, if I am thine—
A branch of thee, the living vine—
The fullness of thy strength is mine.

Be thou my refuge and my guide;
In thy pavilion let me hide
And fear no harm, whate'er betide.

Supply in love my every need;
On heavenly manna let me feed;
So shall my soul be blest indeed.

Our Lives.

Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure,
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure;
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or meter,
And if it is glad, we may make it sad,
Or if sweet, we may make it sweeter.—*Selected.*

Bedtime.

Rosebud lay in her trundle bed,
With her small hands folded above her head,
And fixed her innocent eyes on me,
While a thoughtful shadow came over their glee.
"Mamma," she said, "when I go to sleep
I pray the Father my soul to keep;
And he comes and carries it far away,
To the beautiful home where his angels stay.
I gather red roses and lilies so white;
I sing with the angels through the long night;
And when, in the morning, I wake from my sleep,
He gives back the soul that I gave him to keep,
And I only remember, like beautiful dreams,
The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams."

—*Dewdrops and Sunshine.*

The Drink for Me.

The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,
Is not the drink for me!
It kills his body and his soul,
How sad a sight is he!
But there's a drink which God has given,
Distilling in the showers of heaven,
In measures large and free; [me.
Oh, that's the drink—that's the drink for

The stream that many prize so high,
Is not the stream for me!
For he who drinks it still is dry,
And so will ever be.
But there's a stream, so cool and clear,
The thirsty traveler lingers near,
Refreshed and glad is he!
O, that's the drink—that's the drink for me.

—*Selected.*

The Everlasting Thanksgiving.

No meager fare, like earthly feast,
No sorrow mixed with joy;
The Lord himself doth robe each guest
For the eternal marriage feast,
For bliss without alloy.

No ills to fear, no foes to fight,
No prayer for war to cease;
No darkened path, nor stormy night,
For Christ himself doth give us light
And life, and joy, and peace.

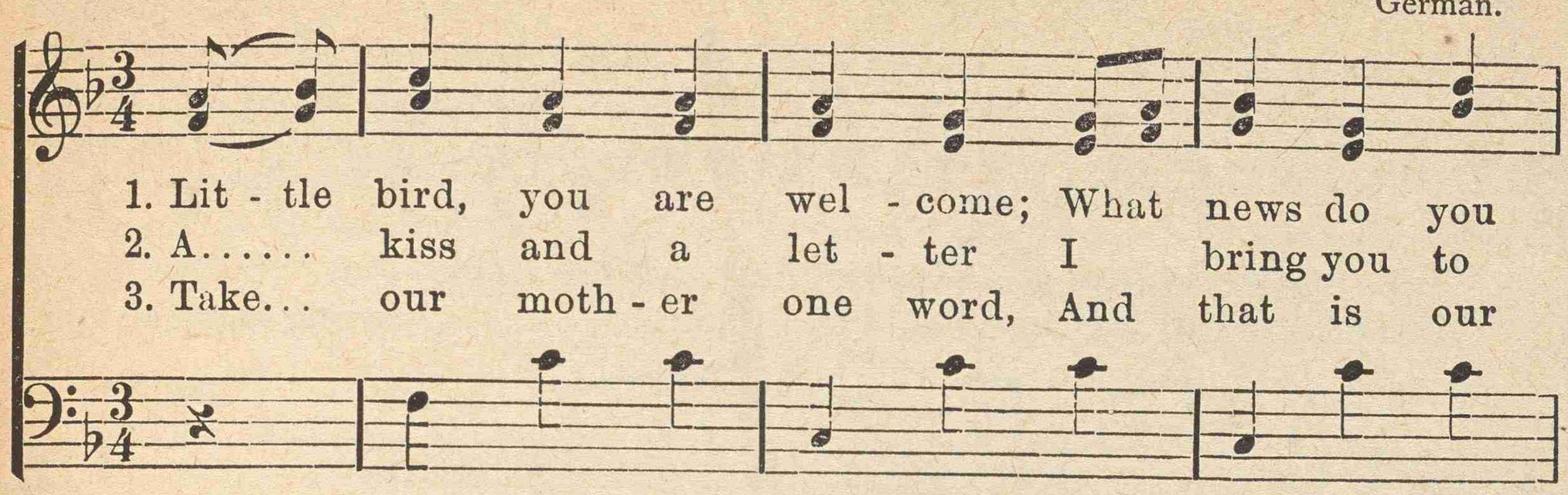
No weary heart, nor aching head,
No vexing, anxious care;
No cheerless mourning for the dead,
No tears of sorrow to be shed,
For all is glory there.

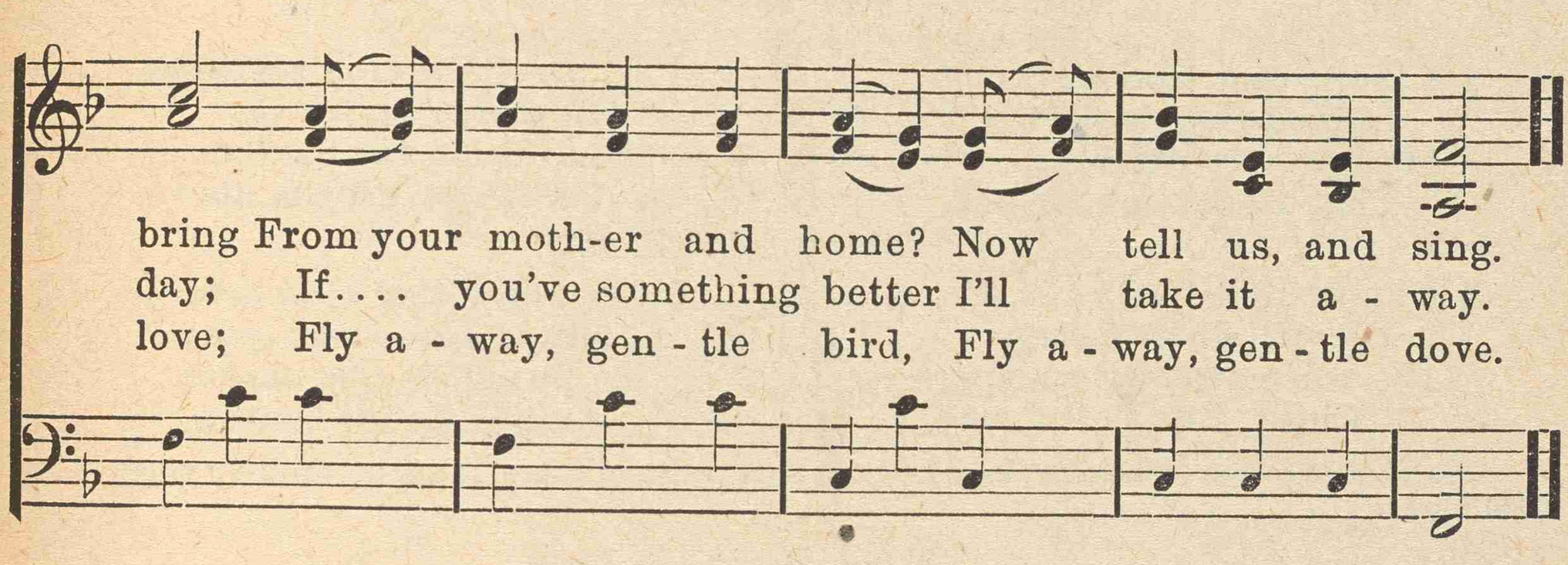
O, glorious home! O, blood-bought rest!
O, city of our King! [blessed,
With saints and angels crowned and
Partakers of the heavenly feast,
Eternal praise we'll sing.

—*Alfred Taylor.*

No. 71. Little Bird, You are Welcome.

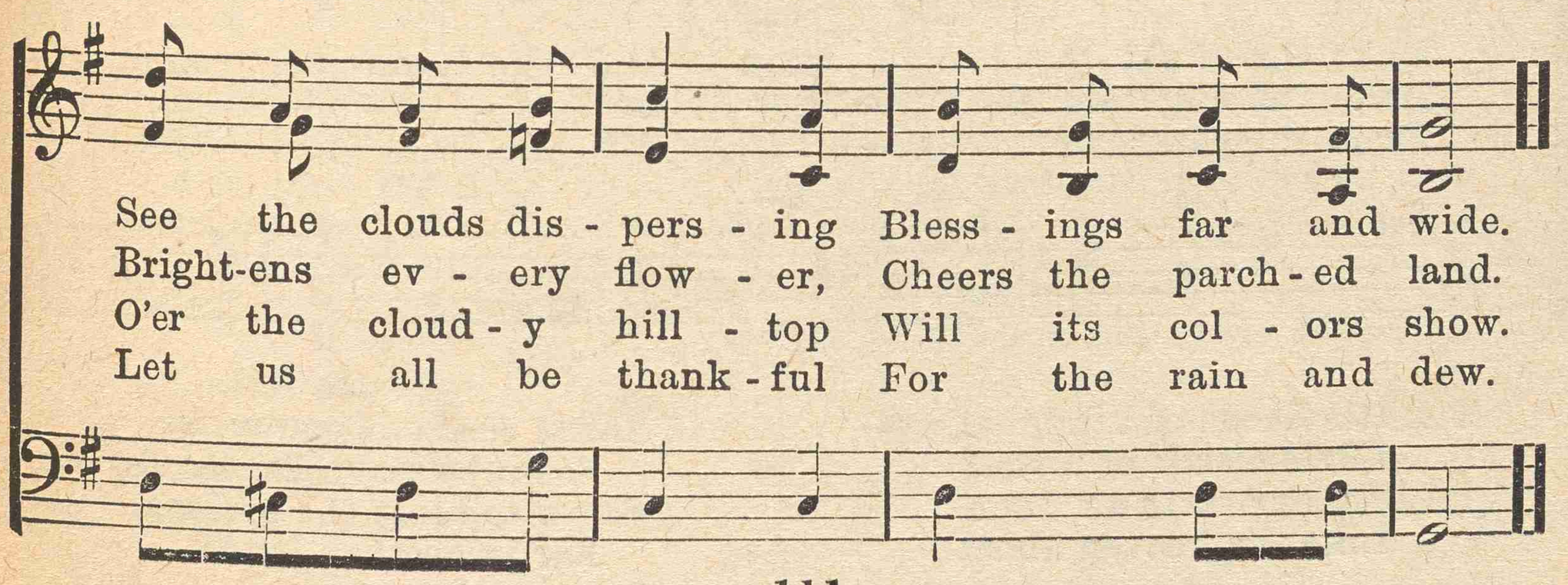
T. E. HEERWART. German.





No. 72. See, the Rain is Falling.

ANON. ANON.



No. 73. I Know.*

W. A. B. (FOR FOUR SMALL SCHOLARS.) FRED. S. WILMOT.

2 I know that God hears me:
Indeed there's no word
My lips ever uttered
That He has not heard.

3 I know that God calls me,
For oft when I stray
His voice sweetly whispers,
"Child, this is the way."

4 I know that God seeks me
In mercy and love:
To find me the Saviour
Came down from above.

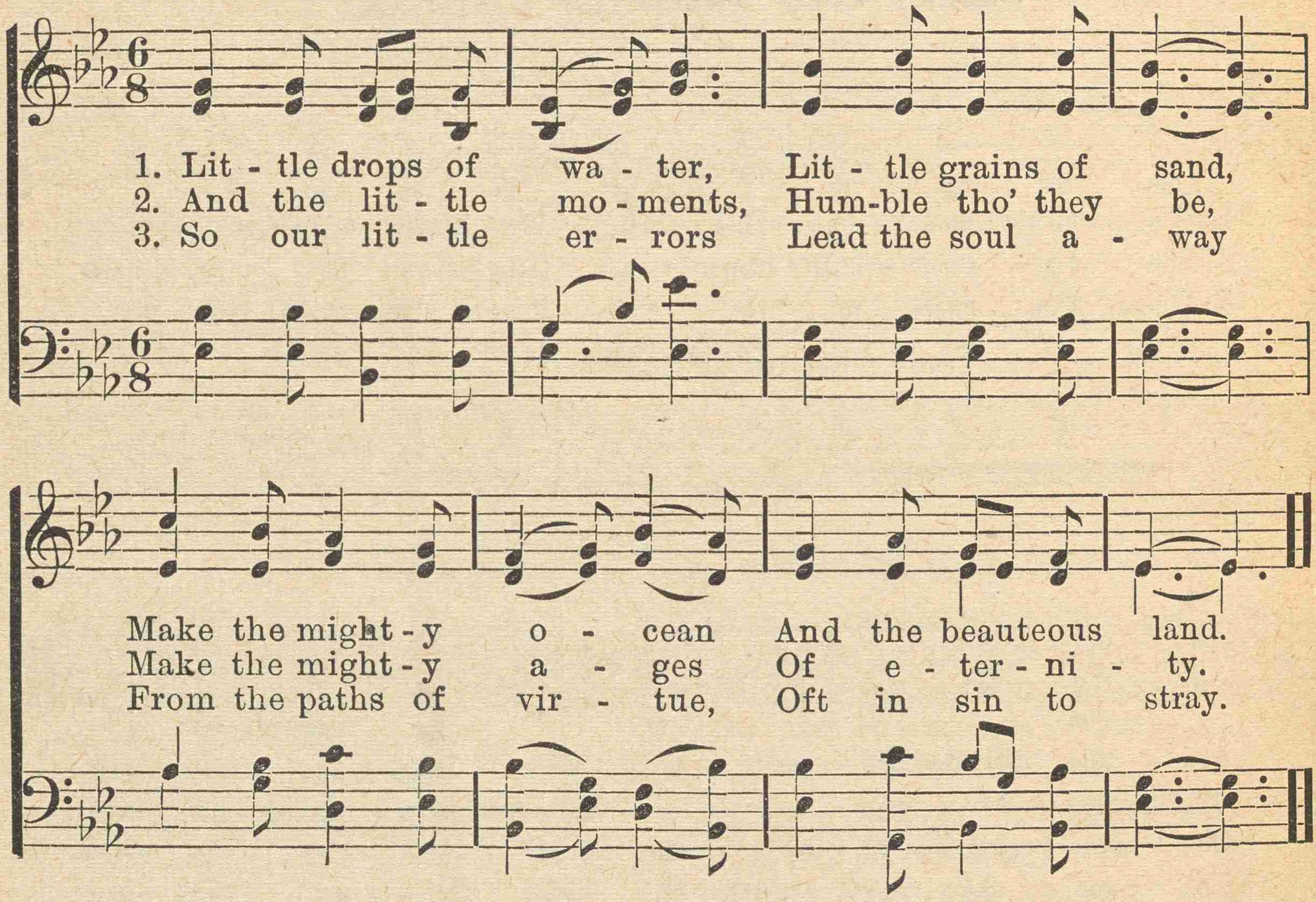
All sing:

5 We know that God loves us,
Since Jesus was given
To purchase our pardon
And fit us for heaven.

* Each of the four scholars sings a verse as a soprano solo; the four unite in singing the fifth verse.

No. 74. Little Drops of Water.

F. S. W.



4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

The Sabbath.

A bright spot—an oasis
  Amid earth's desert drear;
The sweetest bud that blooms upon
  The rose tree of the year;
A miniature of heaven, hung
  Upon a chain of days,
Wore on the breast of Father Time,
  To cheer his weary ways.

A soothing poem, written in
  A volume of dull prose;
A waft of soft spring melody,
  Heard at the winter's close;
The golden clasp that binds the leaves
  Of six days' episode,
That God's own fingers will unclose,
  Across the Jordan's flood.

—*Selected.*

A Prototype.

The church was still as the parson read
  That dear old tale of the Prodigal Son,
And many a worshiper's eyes were dim
  When the cracked voice ceased and the lesson was done.

But I caught a glimpse through the open door
  Of a figure ragged, slouching, cold;
I know not why, but my thoughts recurred
  To the son of the story,—that story old.

As later I passed the vestry door
  I heard re-echoed that joyful cry:
The parson had clasped the wanderer
  As he cried aloud, "Safe home, my boy!"—*Selected.*

Not Good Enough.

"O, sir!" said a poor boy in the reform school to his minister, "I am not good enough to go to Christ."

"My boy, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He receives the bad, not the good, else none would be saved. It is your badness, not your goodness, that you are to bring to him."

"O!" cried the boy, "that is news, that is good news; there is hope for me."

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
  O, Lamb of God! I come."

—*Child's Paper.*

Begin with God.

Begin the day with God!
  He is thy sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn;
  To him address thy lay.

The first transaction be
  With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
  And all the day be love!

—*Anon.*

A Hint.

Our Daisy lay down
  In her little nightgown,
And kissed me again and again,
  On forehead and cheek,
  On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut to their gain.

Then foolish, absurd,
  To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
  That wife and that lover
  Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told.

There close at her side,
  "Do you love me?" I cried;
She lifted her golden-crowned head,
  A puzzled surprise
  Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kiss you!" she said.

—*Selected.*

No. 75. Glory to the Father Give.

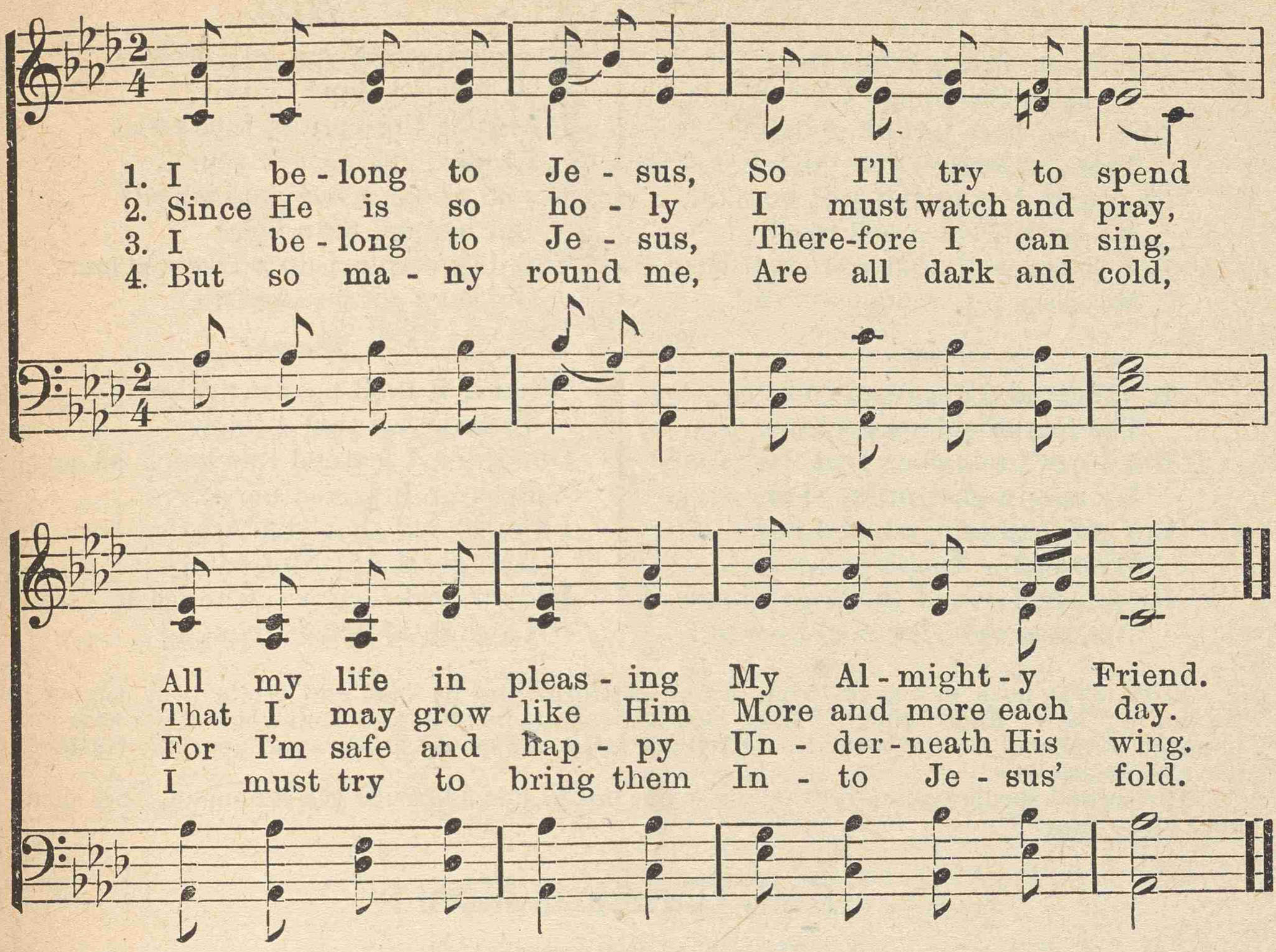
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 76. Praise Him, Praise Him.

ANON. Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN.

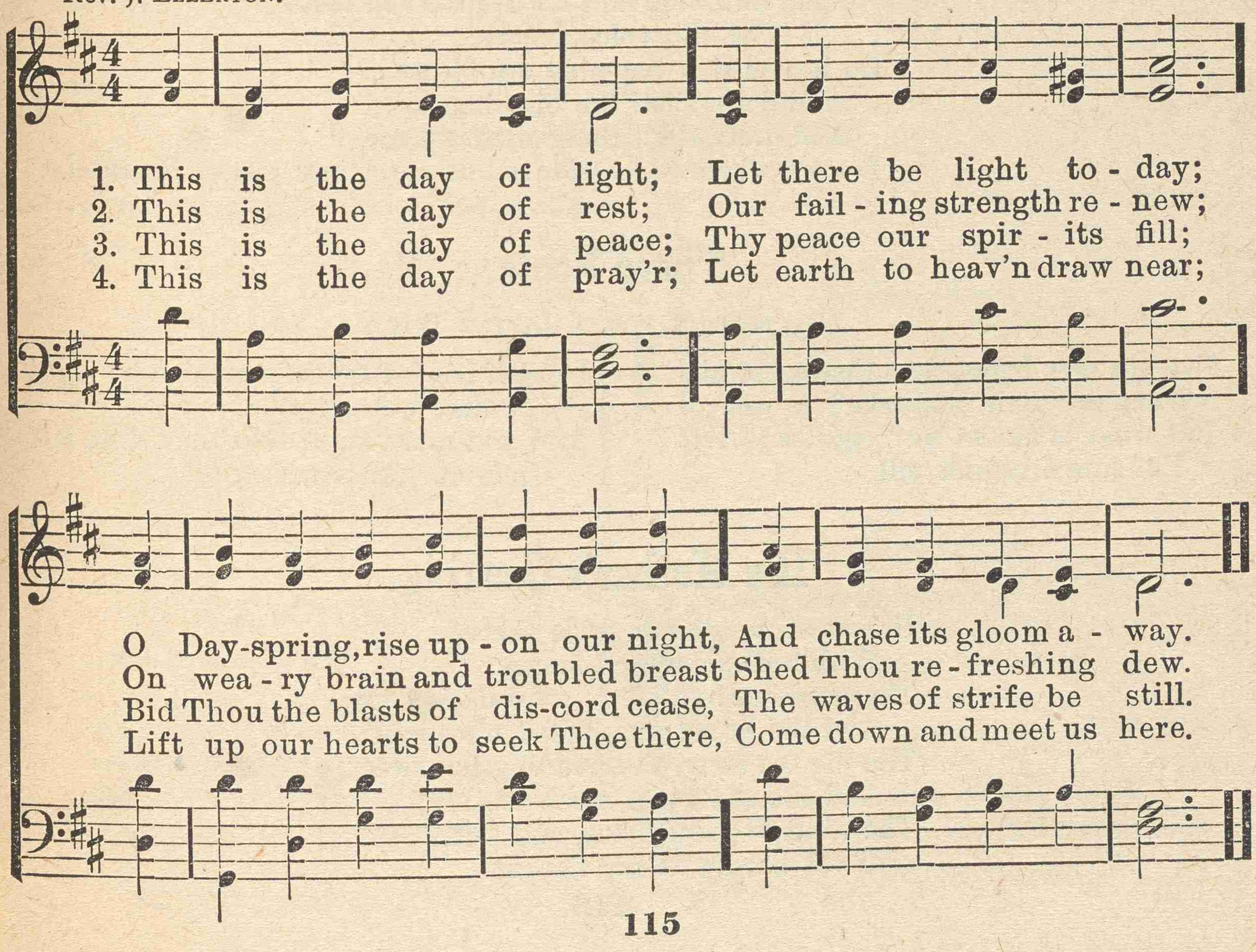
No. 77. Watch, Pray, and Work.

Unknown.



No. 78. The Lord's Day.

Rev. J. Ellerton. English.



Orations.

(For Four Boys.)

First.

It took me many, many years
To learn the things I know;
And I am here to talk about
Them all before you go.
Of course I can't tell just how far
My boyish voice will reach;
But, listen well, and you shall hear
Me make my maiden—BOW!

Second.

It didn't take me years to learn
The lots of things I know;
But I can't tell them fast, because
My mouth goes off so slow.
I'm going to tell you of a boy
Who had a Noah's ark;
He pinched one of the dogs to see
Whether that dog could—BOW!

Third.

It took me lots and lots of years
To learn a thing or two;
But what I'm here to talk about
I know, and so will you.
It's all about a boy, and what
Did happen unto him;
This boy climbed up a tree and crept
Out on a rotten—BOUGH!

Fourth.

What if it took me twenty years
To learn all that I know?
One thing I learned "as quick as scat,"
Because it jarred me so.
I am the lad that climbed that tree
And got a dreadful launch;
It didn't take me years to learn
To shun a rotten—BOUGH!

NOTE.—The boys step to the front of the platform, one by one, and recite. On coming to the words "bow" and "bough" they hesitate for an instant, and then voice them with pronounced emphasis, at the same time giving a jerky nod of the head, whereupon they instantly leave the platform.

The second speaker should drawl his words out in keeping with the statement, "my mouth goes off so slow."

Hail, Christmas Morn!

Hail, Christmas morn!
For unto us the Son is born,
The Man of Rest!
The weary quest
Is over now, for he who cometh calleth,
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest!"
The still voice falleth
On hearts that listening are blessed,
And daily shall the blessing flow,
And daily shall the gladness grow,
For we which have believed do enter into rest.—*Havergal.*

Those Boots.

(Recitation for a Little Boy.)

I've got new boots, and that's not all,
They're "right and left" as well;
But what is meant by "right and left"
I'm sure I cannot tell.

I guess it's 'cause they're mine by *right*,
For they were given to me;
And you must know that they were *left*
Upon our Christmas tree!

His Mother's Cooking.

He sat at the dinner table there,
With a discontented frown;
The potatoes and steak were underdone,
And the bread was baked too brown.
The pie too sour, the pudding too sweet,
And the roast was much too fat;
The soup so greasy, too, and salt,
'Twas hardly fit for the cat.

"I wish you could eat the bread and pies
I've seen my mother make;
They're something like, and 'twould do you good
Just to look at a loaf of her cake."
Said the smiling wife, "I'll improve with age;
Just now I am but a beginner;
But your mother has come to visit us,
And to-day she cooked the dinner."—*Lizzie M. Hadley.*

The Alpine Forget-me-not.

A tiny flower seed had lain,
Throughout the winter's icy reign,
In Alpine soil, until, one morn
In balmy May, it grew forlorn,
And, brooding o'er discouragement,
Muttered this song of discontent:
"Why should a true Forget-me-not
Lie here entombed, to mold and rot,
While genial sunbeams wait to greet
My coming with their kisses sweet;
And dew-pearls, glistening like gems
Arrayed in regal diadems,
With raindrops, which the clouds distil—
Each one attesting God's good will—
Laden with blessings, wonder why
I linger here, content to die?"
While thus it mused the stir and swell
Of life disturbed the dormant cell;
And from its folds a tiny blade
Through chill, and damp, and darkness made
Its way, in quest of light, when, lo!
Its welcome was a bank of snow!
Though for a little time dismayed,
The tender spire ere long displayed
The courage born of trials sore,
And, pressing upward, as before,
With steadfast purpose, sought the sun,
Displacing snow-sands, one by one,
That interposed to bar its way,
Until, at early dawn, one day,
It burst from darkness into light—
A blossom beauteous to the sight.
And then the sunbeams lingered near,
Dispensing light, and heat, to cheer
The lonely plant; while, day by day,
The snow dripped silently away,
Revealing to the astonished sight
The soil o'erspread with verdure bright.
And thus the meek Forget-me-not
With blessings crowned the dreary plot;
While it became, through constancy,
The emblem of fidelity.

Golden Sayings of Jesus.

RECITATIONS FROM THE GOSPEL OF JOHN. (FOR FOUR, FIVE, SIX, AND SEVEN SMALL CHILDREN.)

In Four Words.

I am the way.
I am the door.
I am from above.
I have loved you.

In Five Words.

I am the living bread.
I am the Good Shepherd.
I call you not servants.
I tell you the truth.
I have overcome the world.

In Six Words.

I am the bread of life.
I am not come of myself.
I know whom I have chosen.
I have given them thy word.
I seek not mine own will.
I will not leave you comfortless.

In Seven Words.

I am the resurrection and the life.
I am the door of the sheep.
I came not to judge the world.
I in them and thou in me.
In my Father's house are many mansions.
I have glorified thee on the earth.
If ye love me, keep my commandments.

No. 79. Hallelujah, Blessed Saviour.

J. F. JOSEPH FLETCHER.

1. We are ver - y lit - tle chil-dren, Go-ing to a bet - ter land;
2. We are ver - y lit - tle chil-dren, And we trust in Je - sus love;
3. We are ver - y lit - tle chil-dren, Make us strong to do Thy will,
4. We are ver - y lit - tle chil-dren, Help us, Lord, to fol - low Thee;

Je - sus is our chos-en Lead-er And the Cap-tain of our band.
With His watchful eye He'll guide us To His home in heav'n a - bove.
And while toil-ing in Thy vineyard With Thy grace our bo-soms fill.
Till we gain a home in heav-en And Thy face in glo - ry see.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, blessed Sav-iour, With joy Thy praise we sing;
Hal - le - lu - jah, blessed Sav-iour, Our ris - en Lord and King!

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No. 80. A Temperance Song.

W. H. O. (FOR A LITTLE BOY.) M. E.

My song is short, because, you know, I'm short; but I ex - pect to grow.
You see this bow of ribbon blue? Well, I'm for temp'rance—How are you?

Afraid of a Mouse.

(Recitation for a Small Boy.)

Note.—An imitation mouse, to which a fine thread is attached, should be concealed from the speakers' view by being suspended over the edge of the platform, the other end of the thread being held by a person located back of the speaker. When the speaker recites the words, "Come running along off there," he should be instructed to look and point to the place indicated, whereupon the mouse is drawn over the edge of the platform and toward the speaker. If he is in the secret he will feign alarm and hurry from the platform; if he is not, the sudden appearance of the mouse will doubtless startle him sufficiently to lead to the same result.

I'm not afraid of a mouse!
  Indeed why should I be
Afraid of a mouse, when it
  Is always afraid of me?

One day a little mouse
  Ran right across the floor,
And mamma screamed, and ran
  Out through an open door!

And then she cried, "A mouse!"
  And when I looked around,
As brave as a soldier boy,
  The mouse could not be found.

A boy that's afraid of a mouse
  Could not say "Boo" to a goose!
For such a boy as that
  I never could have any use!

Why, if I should see a mouse
  Come running along off there—

Of What are You Dreaming?

Of what are you dreaming, my dear little tot,
So peacefully sleeping alone on your cot?
Alone? Nay, for angels are bidden to keep
God's little ones safe from all harm while they sleep;
And I know from the smile on your lips that you hear
An angel's sweet words whispered low in your ear.

Of what are you dreaming? I never may know,
Since you are not able to tell me, and so
I can but conjecture, and yet, it may be,
That my guardian angel will whisper to me
The message of love which to you has been given,
By "ministering spirits," bright angels from heaven.

Of what are you dreaming? I listened and heard
A voice from Judea; and this was the word
That fell from the lips of your best Friend and mine,
Dear Jesus of Nazareth, Saviour divine:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and so,
Of this you were dreaming, my darling, I know.

—*Stephen V. R. Ford, in Northern Christian Advocate.*

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

Golden head so lowly bending,
  Little feet so white and bare;
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
  Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,
  "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying;
  Praying him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly—
  "If I should die before I wake,"
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly,
  "I pray the Lord my soul to take."

O the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
  Of the soul who wrote that prayer;
Children's myriad voices floating
  Up to heaven, record it there.

If of all that has been written
  I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition
  Rising to the throne divine.

—*Selected.*

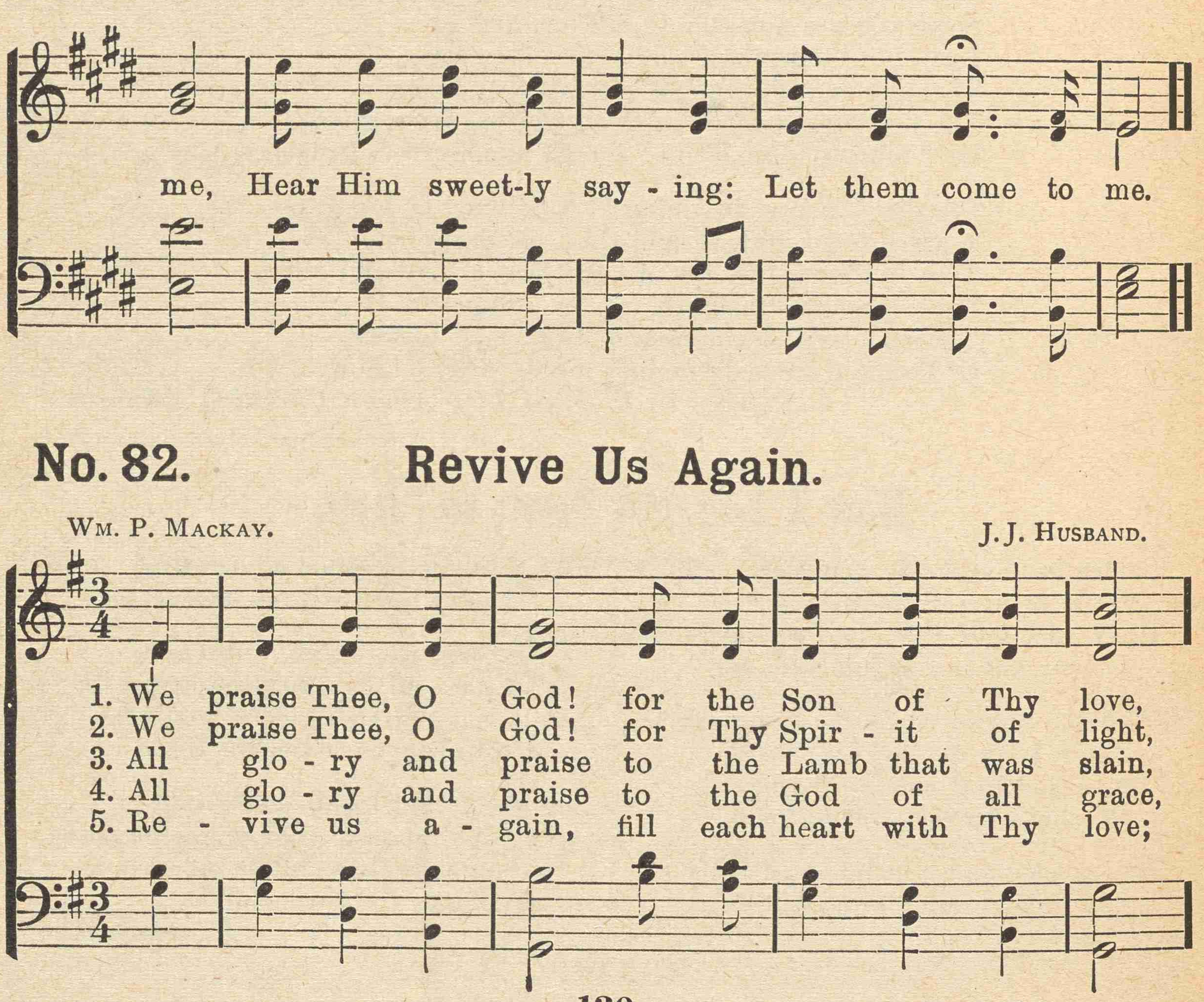
No. 81. Let Them Come to Me.

A. H. ADAMS. WM. W. BENTLEY

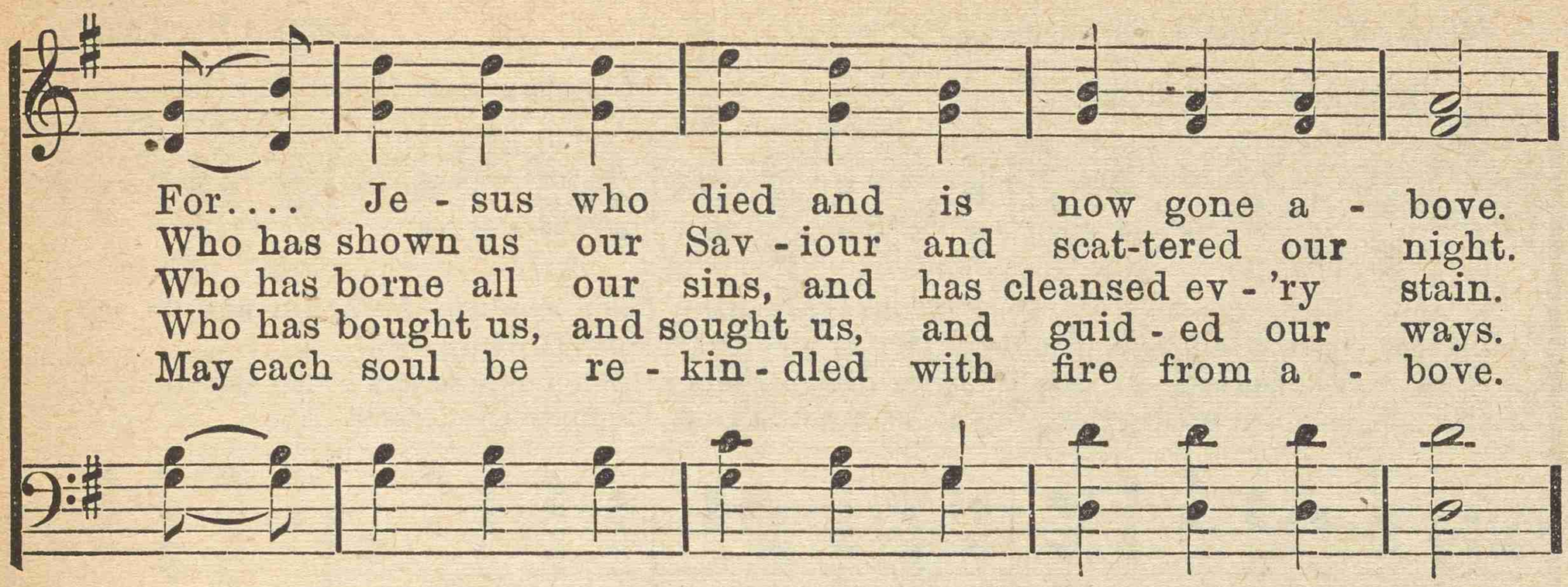
Tenderly.

No. 82. Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



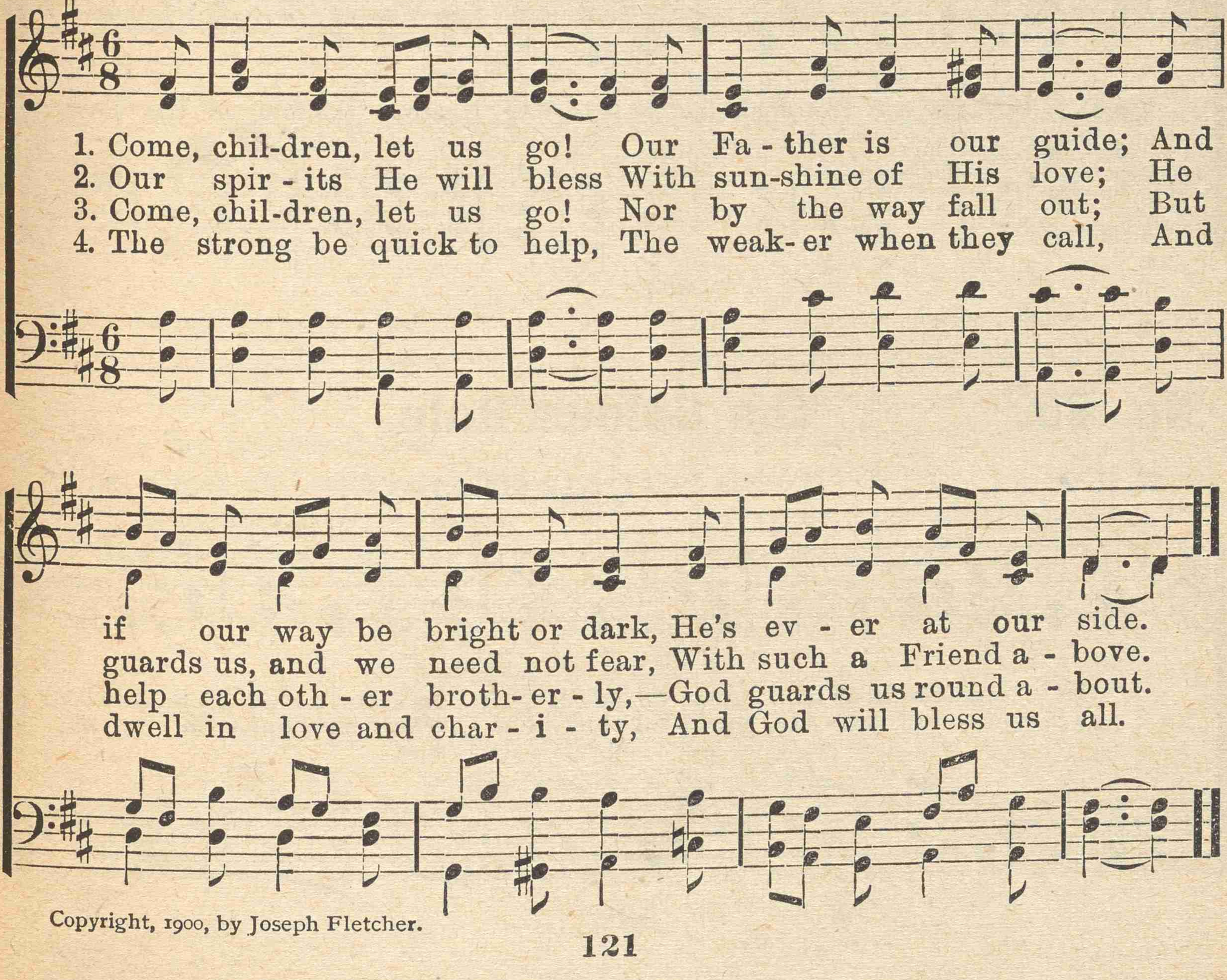
Revive Us Again.—Concluded.



No. 83. Come, Children, Let Us Go.

(Dedicated to my little friend, Henry Stover.)

ANON. Arr. by J. F. (CLOSING HYMN.) JOSEPH FLETCHER.



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No. 84. Come, Come To-day.

W. A. B. JOSEPH BROWNELL.

SOP. and ALTO DUET. QUARTETTE.

1. Come, children, come while the Saviour is pleading, Come, come to-day; Do not de-lay;
Kind-ly the lambs of the flock He is lead-ing, Haste to the (*Omit*.....)

2. Let not the voice of the tempter deceive you, Come, come to-day; Do not de-lay;
Je-sus is waiting in love to receive you, Come to the (*Omit*.....)

CHORUS.

fold of His love. Come, come to-day, Do not de-lay; Haste to the fold of His love;
cross and be saved.

Kind-ly the Lambs of His flock He is lead-ing, Haste to the fold of His love.

No. 85. The Golden Rule.

W. H. O. (FOR TWO LITTLE GIRLS.) M. E.

DUET.

I ought to keep the gold-en rule Which I have learned at Sunday School;
To do to oth-ers, cheer-ful-ly, What I would have them do to me.

No. 86.

America.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY. Ad. from Dr. JOHN BULL.

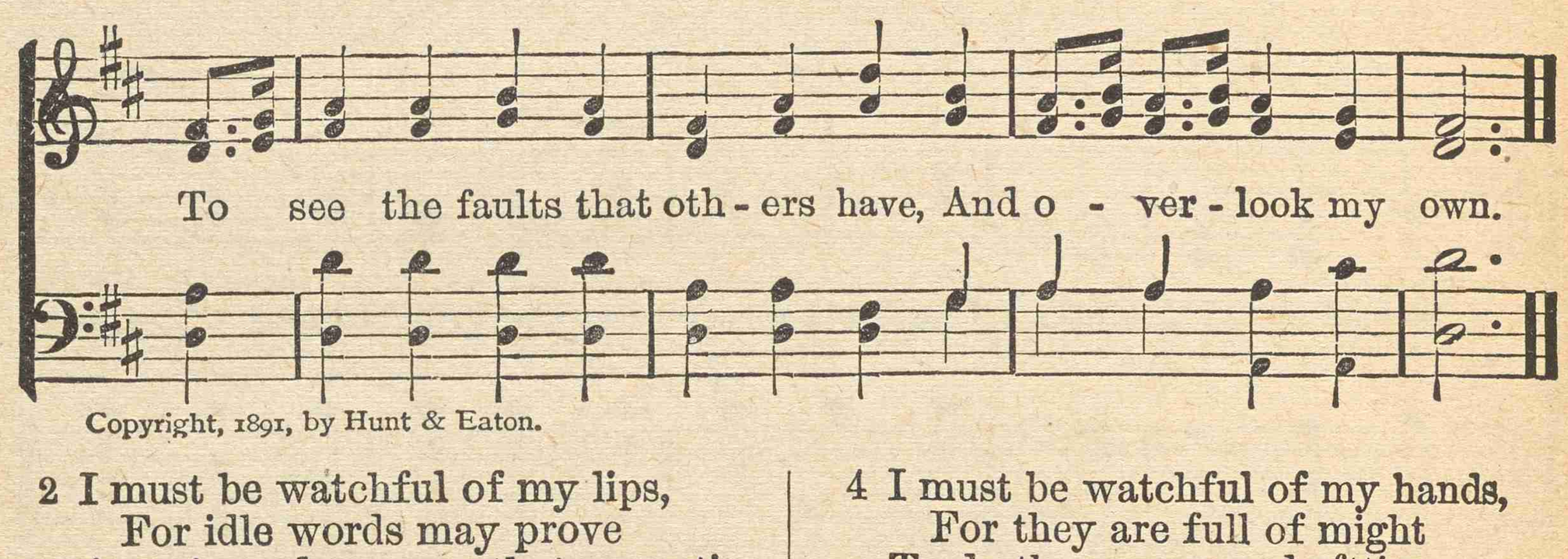
2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our Father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

No. 87. I Must be Watchful.

Unknown. (MOTION SONG.) S. V. R. FORD.



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2 I must be watchful of my lips,
For idle words may prove
As poisoned arrows, that may sting
And wound the hearts I love.

3 I must be watchful of my feet,
For they are prone to stray,
In every path of wickedness
Where Satan leads the way.

4 I must be watchful of my hands,
For they are full of might
To do the wrong, and ofttimes seem
Unable to do right.

5 I must be watchful of my thoughts,
Lest Satan get control,
For evil thoughts are sure to work
Destruction to the soul.

No. 88. The Blessed Trinity.

S. V. R. F. S. V. R. FORD.

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt & Eaton.

No. 89. Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

ANON. S. V. R. FORD.

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No. 90. Child's Hymn.

M. A. E., abr. Dr. L. MASON.

2 When in the morn I wake,
Softly I pray;
"Keep me, for Jesus' sake,
From harm this day."

3 And when the wings of sleep
Brood over night,
His angels o'er me keep
Watch till the light.

4 Where'er my pathway lies,
He's with me still;
Upward I lift my eyes
Toward Zion's hill.

5 I trust when life shall end
He'll take me home;
And when He calls, I'll say:
"Gladly I come."

Class Exercise—With Emblems.

(For Thirteen Scholars.)

Note.—The first, seventh, and thirteenth numbers may be assigned to boys, the remaining numbers to girls. The thirteen Scripture recitations are to be represented by appropriate emblems, some of which, as the star, the cross, and the crown, need no explaining. The proper emblem for the second is a large Bible; for the third, a bow and arrows; for the fourth, a lighted lamp; for the fifth, a basket of grapes—the term "vine" being invariably used in the Scriptures to designate the grape. Easter lilies furnish the fitting emblem for the sixth scholar, as the text indicates. Furthermore, they symbolize the resurrection, and are therefore especially appropriate for Easter Day services. The "corn" of the Scripture signifies "wheat," a "handful" of which should be held by the eighth scholar. Boughs of cedar, or of other evergreen trees, are suggested by the ninth recitation. For the tenth a globe, or, if this be not available, a map of the world should be used. The eleventh scholar should be supplied with a smooth or dressed stone. The twelfth scholar should carry an anchor. The crown should be made of gilt paper, answering to the "golden crown" of the text. The beauty of the exercise depends largely upon the skill displayed in the construction of the star, the cross, the crown, and the anchor.

First.—I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a STAR out of Jacob, and a Scepter shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth.

Second.—For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my WORD be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

Third.—And Elisha said unto him, Take BOW and ARROWS: and he took unto him bow and arrows. And he said to the king of Israel, Put thine hand upon the bow: and he put his hand upon it: and Elisha put his hands upon the king's hands. And he said, open the window eastward: and he opened it. Then Elisha said, Shoot: and he shot. And he said, The arrow of the Lord's deliverance, and the arrow of deliverance from Syria.

Fourth.—For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a LAMP that burneth. And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory: and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.

Fifth.—For the seed shall be prosperous; the VINE shall give her fruit, and the ground her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew; and I will cause the remnant of this people to possess all these things. And it shall come to pass, that as ye were a curse among the heathen, O house of Judah, and house of Israel; so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing: fear not, but let your hands be strong.

Sixth.—I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the LILY, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the vine of Lebanon.

Seventh.—But God forbid that I should glory, save in the CROSS of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.

Eighth.—There shall be a handful of CORN in the earth upon the top of the mountains: the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth. His name shall endure forever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

Ninth.—Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land forever, the BRANCH of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time.

Tenth.—For the EARTH shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Eleventh.—Thou sawest till that a STONE was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer thrashing floors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them; and the stone that smote

the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.

Twelfth.—God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath. That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: which hope we have as an ANCHOR of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.

Thirteenth.—And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden CROWN.

Like Angel's Eyes.

Like angel's eyes the stars are peeping
From out the heavenly blue; [keeping
All through the shades of night they're
O'er me their vigil true.

If clouds perchance obscure their shining,
Lo! still the stars are there;
They deck the clouds with silver lining,
And drive away despair.

And so God's watchful care ne'er ceases;
I know full well, indeed,
The measure of his love increases
According to my need.

His "little ones" the Saviour presses
Close to his loving breast;
They share the bliss of his caresses,
And find in him sweet rest.

Morning Prayer.

Dear Father, hear my morning prayer
For guidance through the day;
On thee I'll cast my every care
Nor from thy precepts stray.

O press me close and closer still
To thy great heart of love,
That I may keep thy righteous will,
Nor disobedient prove.

Protect me from the tempter's snare,
And give me strength to win
Through constant watchfulness and prayer,
The victory over sin.

In peril let me quickly fly
To thy almighty arm;
Hear thou in heaven my earnest cry,
And rescue me from harm.

Assure me that through Christ thy Son
My sins are all forgiven;
And when my work on earth is done
Grant me sweet rest in heaven.

Ring Out Sweet Christmas Bells.

(Recitation for Six Scholars.)

First Scholar.

Ring out, ring out, sweet Christmas bells!
On this glad morn your ringing tells
To all the nations of the earth
The story of Immanuel's birth:
Messiah, King of Glory.

Second Scholar.

Ring out! take up the joyful strain,
Whose echo, wafted o'er the main
From Bethlehem on Christmas morn,
Proclaims the tidings, Christ is born:
Messiah, King of Glory.

Third Scholar.

Ring out a truce o'er all the world
To war; let battle flags be furled,
And hate, and strife, and carnage cease,
Since Christ is born, the Prince of Peace:
Messiah, King of Glory.

Fourth Scholar.

Ring out! till souls with sin oppressed
Obtain abiding peace and rest
In him who sets the prisoner free—
Whose law is perfect liberty:
Messiah, King of Glory.

Fifth Scholar.

Ring out God's loving Fatherhood,
Ring out man's common brotherhood,
Together linked in him whose birth
Brought heavenly charity to earth:
Messiah, King of Glory.

Sixth Scholar.

Ring out, ring out till God's dear Son
Makes heaven and earth in spirit one;
Till love holds universal sway
Through him who hallows Christmas day:
Messiah, King of Glory.

No. 91. When His Salvation Bringing.

JOHN KING. JOSEPH BROWNELL.

1. When His sal - va - tion bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil-dren still—
3. For, should we fail pro-claim-ing Our great Re-deemer's praise,

The chil-dren all stood sing-ing, "Ho - san - na to His name."
Though now as King He reigneth On Zi - on's heav'nly hill;
The stones our sil-ence shaming, Might well "Ho-san - na!" raise.

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,
We'll flock a-round His ban - ner Who sits up - on the throne,
But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?

He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a-loud, "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son!"
No! while our hearts are ten - der, They, too, shall be the Lord's.

No. 92. Christ is Born.

S. V. R. F. S. V. R. Ford.

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2 Angels from the realms of glory,
Told the Saviour's birth;
Joyfully they sang the story
To the list'ning earth:—*Ref.*

3 Christ is come to bring salvation,
Shout the joyful strain!
Sing the news till every nation
Learns the glad refrain!—*Ref.*

A Missionary Lesson.

(Recitation for Two Children.)

First Child.

A grain of corn an infant's hand
May plant upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks may spring and yield
Enough to stock a little field.
The harvest of that field might then
Be multiplied by ten times ten,
Which sown thrice more would furnish
bread
Wherewith an army might be fed.

Second Child.

A penny is a little thing
Which e'en the poor man's child may fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven:
As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a millionfold;
For lo! a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.

—*From "Missionary Concerts."*

Don't Forget.

(Recitation.)

Little children, when you pray
To God to keep you through the day;
When you ask that he would take
Your sins away, for Jesus' sake;
When you thank him for your friends,
And the comforts that he sends,
Don't forget to breathe a prayer
For those who know not of his care.
Many little ones there are,
Over the sea so very far,
Who never heard of God above,
Who do not know of Jesus' love,
Children who have never heard
From Christian friends this blessed word,
That gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Dearly loves each little child,
And bids them always come and pray
To him who takes their sins away.
This Saviour they have never known,
And therefore kneel to wood and stone.
O children! ask of him to send
Some one to be the heathen's friend,
To guide them from destruction's road,
Into the path that leads to God,
That they may have their sins forgiven,
And when they die may go to heaven;
That they and you at last may stand
Within that happy, happy land.

—*Selected.*

Little Love's Dream of the Angels.

(A Dialogue.)

Mother.

What were the holy angels saying
To you in dreamland, little dear?
A smile upon your lips was playing,
And then I saw you shed a tear.
Then you awoke just after sighing,
As if bad dreams disturbed your sleep;
What turned your smiling into crying?
Tell me: the secret I will keep.

Child.

Mother, I saw fair angels round me,
With robes and wings of snowy white;
And then I wondered how they found me,
And why the room was filled with light.
They told me that I need not fear them,
And called me "Little Love," which
made
Me feel so happy to be near them
That I could never be afraid.

And then I listened while they told me
That Jesus sent them from above
To keep me safe from harm, and fold me
Securely in their arms of love.
They told me then of baby brother
Who lives in heaven; and while they
spoke
I cried, and then they kissed me, mother,
And said, "Good-bye"—then I awoke.

Stop and Think.

My boy, when they ask you to drink,
Stop and think.
Just think of the danger ahead;
Of the hearts that in sorrow have bled
O'er hopes that were drowned in the bowl,
Filled with death for the body and soul.
When you hear a man asking for drink,
Stop and think.
The draught that he drinks will destroy
High hopes and ambitions, my boy;
And the man who the leader might be
Is a slave that no man's hand can free.

O this terrible demon of drink!
Stop and think
Of the graves where the victims are laid,
Of the ruin and woe it has made,
Of the wives and the mothers who pray
For the curse to be taken away.

Yes, when you are tempted to drink,
Stop and think
Of the danger that lurks in the bowl,
The death that it brings to the soul,
The harvest of sin and of woe,
And spurn back the tempter with "No."

—*E. E. Rexford.*

The Raindrops.

When I read of a river in heaven above,
I wonder if God, in his infinite love,
Lets the raindrops that fall from some place up on high
Drip down, one by one, through the floor of the sky.

They're so pearly and pure that I think they must fall
From a world where no sin ever enters at all;
When they're kissed by a sunbeam, how pretty they are:
They glisten and sparkle and shine like a star.

Then, again, the idea to me is so quaint
That raindrops and sunbeams together should paint
Those beautiful rainbows that hang in the air,
And gladden our sight with their colors so rare.

For their beauty I prize the pure raindrops, I think;
But I bless them for giving me water to drink.
Pure water! clear water!—what gift so divine!
Three cheers for cold water! 'tis better than wine!

Puzzlers.

(Recitation for Two Little Boys.)

First.

Some folks call me a little boy,
And some a little man;
I can see how I can't be both,
I can't see how I can.

Second.

Some folks call puss a little kitten,
And some a little cat;
I can't see how she can be both;
Will some one tell me that?

Pet's Early Morning Call.

(Motion Recitation for Three Girls.)

Two little feet I hear
Pattering on the floor
Softly;
Two little eyes there are
Peeping through the door
Slyly;
Birds are piping morning song,
Cautiously he moves along,
Lest he wake me.

Two little hands I feel
Resting on the spread
Slightly;
Two little steps he takes
O'er me—on the bed—
Lightly;
In his snow-white nightgown
Carefully he lays him down
Lest he wake me.

Two little lips are soon
Pressing my lips down
Sweetly;
Two little arms are there
Twisting my neck round
Gently;
Roguishly his eyes meet mine,
Laughingly he says, 'tis time
I should wake me.

—*Dewdrops and Sunshine.*

No. 93. Come, White Angels.

(BABY SONG.) STEPHEN V. R. FORD.

1. Come, white an-gels, to ba-by and me; Touch his blue
2. Come, white doves, to ba-by and me; Soft-ly whirr

eyes with the im-age of sleep; In his sur-prise he
in the si-lent air; Flutter a-bout his

will cease to weep: Hush, child, the an-gels are com-ing to thee!
gold-en hair: Hark, child, the doves are coo-ing to thee!

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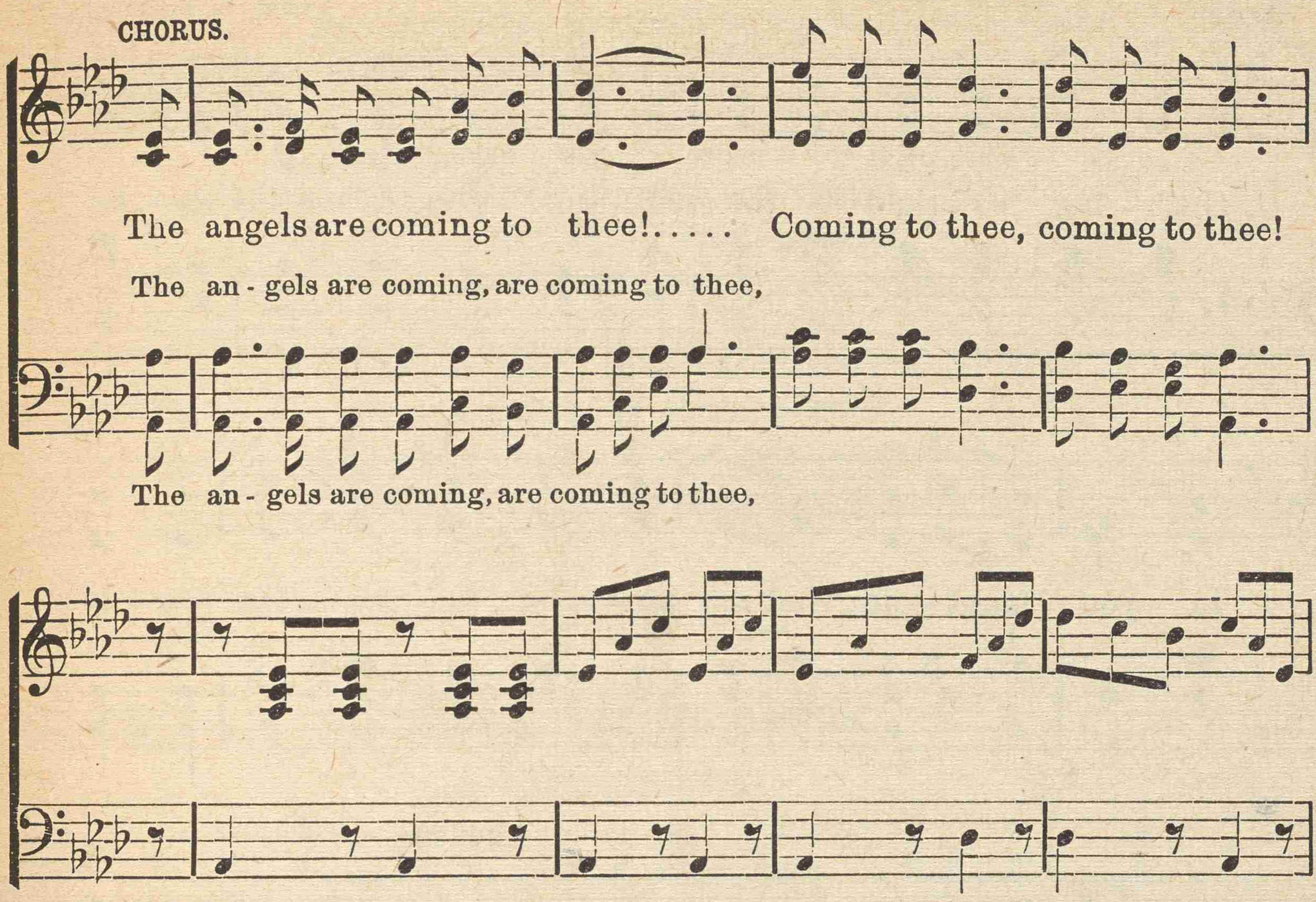
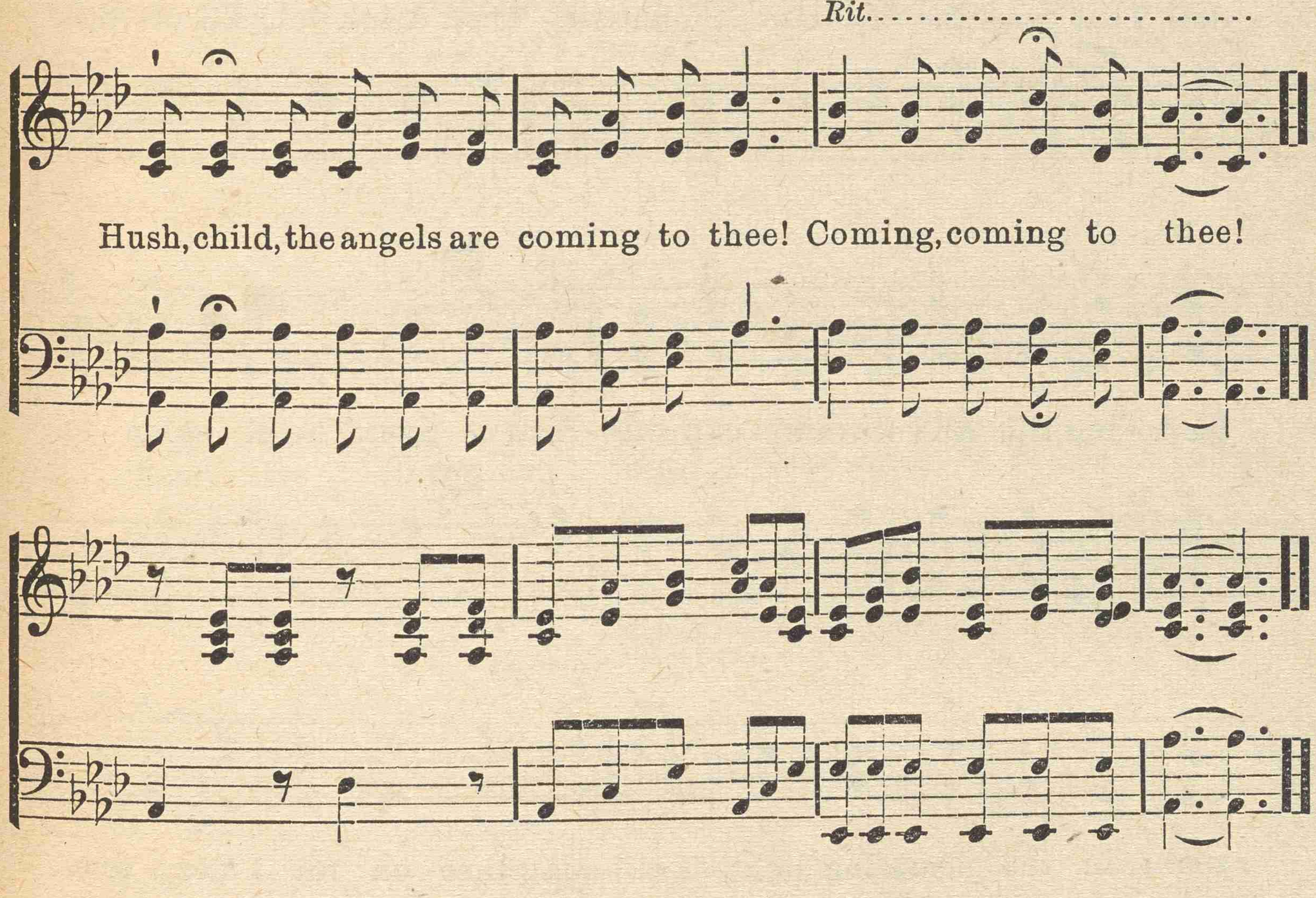
Come, White Angels.—Concluded.





3 Come, white lilies, to baby and me;
Drowsily nod before his eyes;
So full of wonder, so round and so wise:
Hist, child, the lily-bells tinkle for thee!

4 Come, white moon, to baby and me;
Gently glide over the ocean of sleep;
Silver the waves of its shadowy deep:
Sleep, child, the whitest of dreams to thee!

No. 94. The Sparkling Rill.

ANON. JAMES B. TAYLOR.

1. Gush - ing so bright in the morn-ing light, Gleams the wa - ter
in yon fount - ain; And as pure - ly, too, as the ear - ly
dew That gems the dis - tant mount-ain. Then drink your fill of the
gush - ing rill, And leave the cup of sor - row; Tho' it shine to -
night in the gleam-ing light, 'Twill sting thee on the mor - row.

CHORUS.

2 Quietly glide in their silvery tide.
Pearly brooks from rocks to valley;
And the flashing streams in the strong sunbeams
Like bannered armies rally.—*Cho.*

3 Touch not the wine, though it brightly shine,
When a purer draught is given;
A gift so sweet all our wants to meet,
A beverage bright from heaven.—*Cho.*

4 O fountain clear, with a heart sincere
We will praise thy glorious Giver;
And when we rise to our native skies,
We'll drink of life's bright river.—*Cho.*

No. 95. Two Little Eyes.

(MOTION SONG.)

ANON. S. V. R. FORD.

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Redeeming Love.

Look round, and see those numbers infinite
That stand before the throne, and in their hands
Palms waving high, as token of victory
For battles won—these are the sons of men
Redeemed, the ransomed of the Lamb of God;
All those, and millions more of kindred blood,
Who now are out on messages of love—
All these, their virtue, beauty, excellence,
And joy, are purchase of redeeming blood;
Their glory, bounty of redeeming love.
O love divine! harp, lift thy voice on high!
Shout, angels! shout aloud, ye sons of men!
And burn my heart with the eternal flame!
My lyre be eloquent with endless praise!
O love divine! immeasurable love!
Stooping from heaven to earth, from earth to hell,
Without beginning, endless, boundless love!
Above all asking giving far, to those
Who naught deserved, who naught deserved but death.
Saving the vilest! saving me! O love
Divine! O Saviour God! O Lamb, once slain!
At thought of thee, thy love, thy flowing blood,
All thoughts decay; all things remembered fade;
All hopes return; all actions done by men
Or angels disappear, absorbed and lost.

—*Pollock's Course of Time.*

The Visit of the Magi.

(For Six Scholars.)

First Scholar.—Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

Second Scholar.—When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

Third Scholar.—And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come a governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Fourth Scholar.—Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

Fifth Scholar.—When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

Sixth Scholar.—And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshiped him; and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

The Birds' Drinking Place.

In the deep woods,
Among the rocks,
The little birdies
Come in flocks
To get a drink.

The Wood Thrush
And the Chickadee,
The Oriole and the
Brown Pewee,
And Bobolink.

And every little
Thirsty thing,
With furry foot
Or feather wing,
Come when they choose—

To take a bath,
Or get a drink,
To sing a song,
Or catch a wink
Of sweet repose.

—*Mrs. S. J. Brigham.*

When My Mamma Makes Bread.

When my mamma makes bread at night
  I help her all I can;
I climb up by the table
  And hold my little pan,
And watch her while she mixes in
  The flour so soft and white,
And salt and milk and sugar,
  And yeast to make it light.
And then she kneads and kneads it,
  Till it's smooth as it can be;
And if I'm good and do not tease
  She gives a piece to me.

I put a cover over it,
  And all the dark, still night,
While I am sleeping in my bed,
  My bread is getting light.
Last time it baked so nice and brown,
  And everybody said,
When it was done, there never was
  A better loaf of bread.
I reached up to the parrot's cage
  And gave a piece to Polly;
I buttered all the rest and had
  A party for my dolly.

A Slumber Song.

(For a Fisherman's Child.)

Furl your sail, my little boatie,
  Here's the harbor, still and deep,
Where the dreaming tides, instreaming,
  Up the channel creep.
See, the sunset breeze is dying;
Hark, the plover landward flying,
Softly down the twilight crying:
    "Come to anchor, little boatie,
    In the port of Sleep."

Far away, my little boatie,
  Roaring waves are white with foam:
Ships are striving, onward driving,
  Day and night they roam.
Father's at the deep sea trawling,
In the darkness rowing, hauling,
While the hungry winds are calling:
    "God protect him, little boatie,
    Bring him safely home!"

Not for you, my little boatie,
  Is the tide and weary sea;
You're too slender and too tender,
  You must rest with me.
All day long you have been straying
Up and down the shore, and playing;
Come to port, make no delaying!
    Day is over, little boatie,
    Night falls suddenly.

Furl your sail, my little boatie,
  Fold your wings, my tired dove;
Dews are sprinkling, stars are twinkling
  Drowsily above.
Cease from sailing, cease from rowing;
Rock upon the dream-tide, knowing
Safely o'er your rest are glowing,
    All the night, my little boatie,
    Harbor lights of love.

—*Henry Van Dyke, D.D.*

The Great Teacher.

(Recitation for Six Small Boys.)

First.

We do not see our Teacher's face,
  We do not hear his voice;
And yet we know that he is near,
  We feel it and rejoice.

Second.

There is a music round our hearts,
  Set in no mortal key;
There is a presence in our souls,
  We know that it is he.

Third.

His loving teaching cannot fail;
  And we shall know at last
Each task that seemed so hard and strange,
  When learning time is past.

Fourth.

O! may we learn to love him more,
  By every opening page,
By every lesson he shall mark
  With daily ripening age.

Fifth.

And then to know as we are known
  Shall be our glorious prize,
To see the Teacher who hath been
  So patient and so wise.

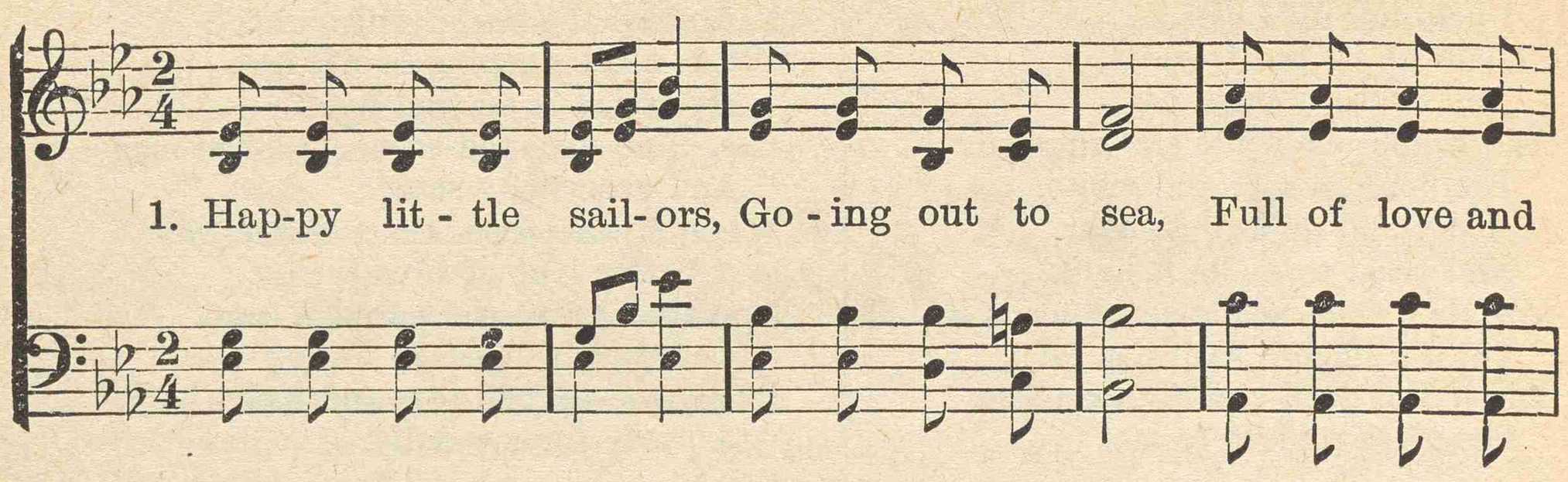
Sixth.

O joy untold! yet not alone
  Shall ours the gladness be;
The travail of his soul in us
  Our Saviour-God shall see.

—*Frances R. Havergal.*

No. 96. Little Sailors.

Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS. (SONG FOR BOYS.) S. V. R. FORD.



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2 Take your compass with you,
For the Polar Star
Oftentimes is hidden,
And the way is far;
Ask on board the Pilot,
For He knows the shoals,
He who made the ocean
All its rage controls.

3 Take the Living Water,
For the seas are brine,
You could never drink them,
Though so clear they shine;
Surely take the anchor,
It would never do
To sail far without it
All the surges through.

4 Broader seas and deeper,
Farther from the shore,
Go, ye little sailors,
Where the breakers roar
To the heavenly country!
Spread the snow-white sail,
O'er the waters wafted
Angels you will hail.

5 Happy little sailors!
Jesus is the star,
Jesus is the Pilot,
To that land afar;
Listen! for He calls you,
Happy shall you be,
Till you drop the anchor
In the golden sea.

No. 97. While the Birds are Singing.*

(RECITATION AND SONG.)

Recitation. While the birds are singing
Praises, Lord, to Thee,
And the air is ringing
With the melody;
We, Thy love confessing,
Raise our joyful song;
Glory, power and blessing,
Unto Thee belong.

(GLORY TO THE FATHER.)

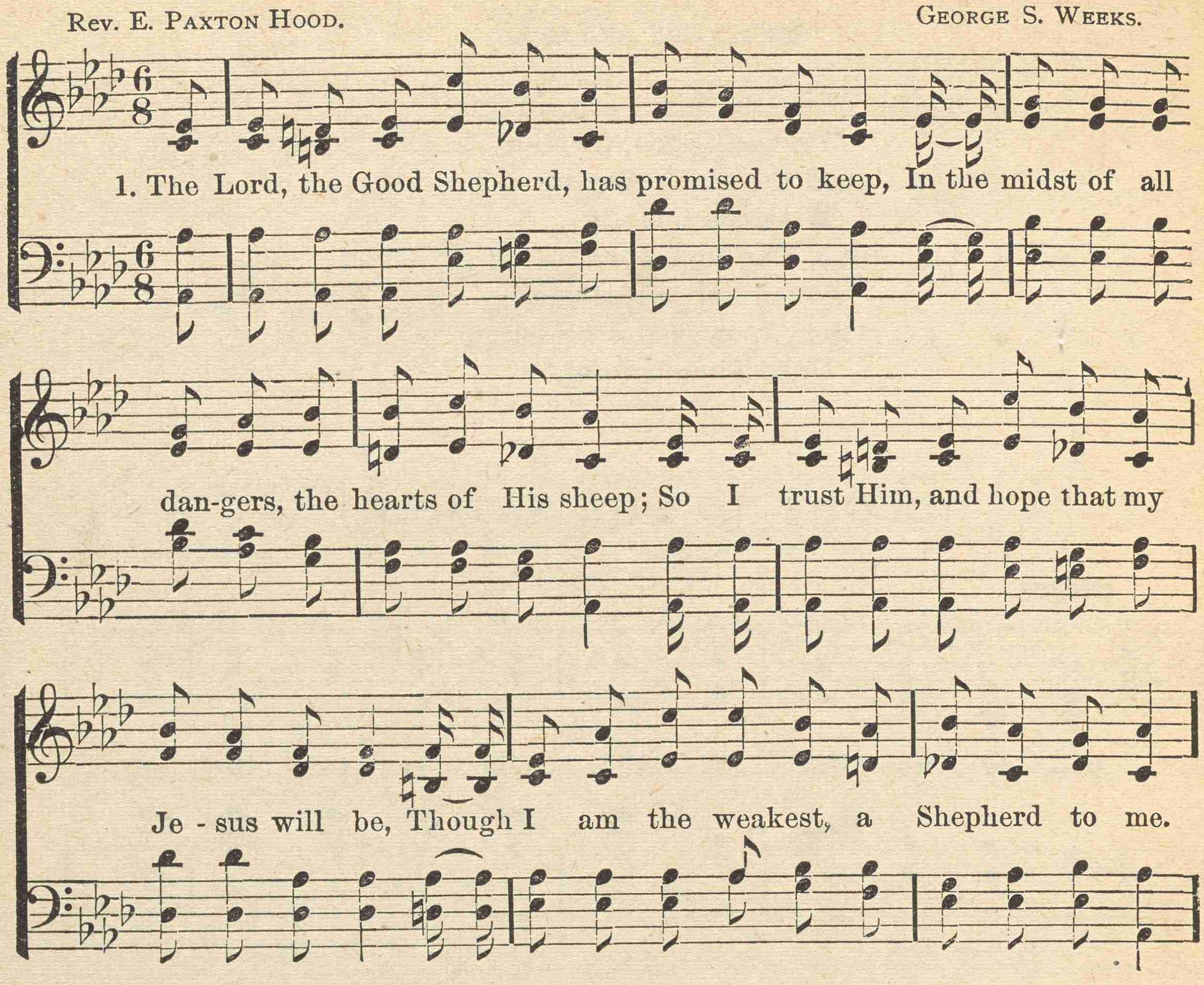
Rec. Flowers in all their glory
Blosoms everywhere,
Telling us the story
Of God's skill and care;
We with them would render
Praise to God above,
For His care so tender,
And His boundless love.
Glory, etc.

Rec. Stars that nightly glisten,
Silent though they are,
If we rightly listen,
God's great power declare;
We, God's glory voicing,
In our tuneful lays,
Come to-day rejoicing
In His love and grace.
Glory, etc.

* Select the best speaker in the class to recite the verses, and let the entire class sing "Glory," etc., at the end of each verse.

No. 98. The Lord is my Shepherd.

Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. GEORGE S. WEEKS.



CHORUS.

Copyright, 1875, by George S. Weeks, by per.

2 I am told that He gathers the lambs in His arms,
And shelters them safe from the world's rude alarms:
And I long to be sure, that is just what I am,
That the Lord is my Shepherd and I am His lamb.

3 The Lord is my Shepherd: wherever I go,
Green pastures, still waters, He makes me to know;
A rod to defend me, protect me, and guide;
Then what can I need for my safety beside?

4 His sheep cannot perish, His hand is their strength;
They may wander, but reach the best pasture at length.
What joy in this valley of weeping to know
The Lord is my Shepherd, wherever I go!

No. 99. These Little Ones.

(MOTTO RECITATION AND SONG FOR FIFTEEN SCHOLARS.)

THY word is a lamp unto my feet.—Ps. 119:105.

HE shall gather the lambs with his arm.—Isa. 40:11.

EVEN a child is known by his doings.—Pro. 20:11.

STRIVE to enter in at the strait gate.—Mat. 13:24.

ENTER not into the path of the wicked.—Pro.—4:14.

LO, children are an heritage of the Lord.—Ps. 127:3.

I lay down my life for the sheep.—John 10:15.

THEY that seek me early shall find me.—Pro. 8:17.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation.—Ps. 27:1.

LITTLE children keep yourselves from idols. Amen.—1 John 5:21.

EVERY one that loveth is born of God.—1 John 4:7.

O come let us worship and bow down.—Ps. 95:6.

NOW the end of the commandment is charity.—1 Tim. 1:5.

EVERY branch that beareth not fruit he purgeth it.—John 15:2.

SEARCH me, O God, and know my heart.—Ps. 139:23.

HOLY SPIRIT, BE OUR GUIDE.

NOTE.—Each recitation contains eight words. The scholars may advance to the front of the platform one by one, and after reciting, turn the letter side of the cards to the view of the Congregation. The exercise to conclude with the singing.

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What Would I Do?

If this were twenty centuries ago,
And three wise men should seek my house and say,
"We bring glad tidings! Christ is born to-day?
Arise and follow yonder star whose glow
Would lead you to the child!" would I obey,
If this were twenty centuries ago?

From out my urn of precious hoarded things,
Would I make haste to pour the richest share
For him? The sweetest of my perfumes spare
To bathe the feet of the young King of kings?
Or break the costliest ointment on his hair,
From out my urn of precious hoarded things?

Alas! I dare not say this I would do,
Since I have slighted many another guest
That came from God, have stayed from many a quest
That would have led me to the good and true,
To slumber on with head upon my breast;
Nay, nay! I dare not say this I would do.

My best resolves like shifting shadows are;
Each day some holy light shines on unsought,
And while my silly fluttering wings are caught
By the world's rosy cradle, Christ's own star—
How can I tell?—might beckon me for naught,
My best resolves like shining shadows are.

And when Christ comes again, as come he will,
And wise ones hasten forth with rapt delight
To welcome him, and own his kingly right,
Will man be questioning and doubting still?
I would be pure and fit for heaven's own light,
When Christ shall come again, as come he will.

—*The Congregationalist.*

Naming the Baby.

When the angels brought baby-brother to our house they forgot to leave his name. If I knew their address I should write to them for it. A letter sent to heaven might reach them. I mailed a letter to Santa Claus at the North Pole. Papa said it would never reach him, but I guess he received it, for he brought me the very things I asked him for. When the angels bring a baby if they would only pin a piece of paper with the name on it to the baby's dress, there would be no bother about it. It's a wonder the angels don't get the babies all mixed up and leave them at the wrong house sometimes. Perhaps they do. But our baby is all right excepting his name. He is next to the cutest baby we ever had at our house. We never had but two. We are stewing over names all the time. Papa says it's "too killin' for any use." There are too few names to go around, I guess. We have thought of Harold and Ray and Walter and Dewey, but what one likes another doesn't like; and so it goes. The other day Miss Bentley came in. She said, "I do think it's well nigh sinful to cheat a baby out of a name for three months. Most likely Cain and Abel were named as soon as they were born; at least the Bible doesn't say they were not. Besides, the Bible has lots of likely names, such as Haran, and Bilshan, and Pildash, to choose from." Then papa replied, "When you get married, Miss Bentley, and come to have a rollicking boy-baby like that little cherub in the crib, you will imagine that there never was a name good enough for him even in the book of Genesis." And then didn't Miss Bentley just turn crimson! After a little she said to papa, "If you will name the baby Solomon Winter, after my great-grandfather on my mother's side, I will give him a splendid pair of boots on his tenth birthday." That interested papa, and he said, "I am almost willing to do it just to hold you to your promise." Of course he didn't care anything about the pair

of boots. Mamma objected, however. She said, "I don't like the sound of Solomon Winter. No, Miss Bentley; so long as my name is Jerusha Ann Green I shall never consent to name our baby Solomon Winter, no matter how many boots you might give him. He would be called Sol. Wintergreens by every urchin in town!" So that was given up. I guess if we keep on baby will have to name himself when he grows up. We have to call him "fatty," and "dumpling," and "toodles," and everything. The other day mamma called him "Ichabod," and O my, how he did scream! Mamma said he wouldn't have been madder if she had called him Judas Iscariot! "Ichabod!" No wonder he was mad. Anybody excepting Miss Bentley would have screamed. She said, indeed, that "Ichabod" was a good, old-fashioned name, and a Bible name at that. I never knew before how terrible a thing it is to find a real nice name for a baby. It is worse than the measles. It tires one all out. I wonder if there was such a time over my name? But then there were only papa and mamma to decide it. Now I have something to say about baby's name; papa says more than all the others put together. I am afraid baby will grow up and go to the kindergarten without a name, and then he will not know who he is himself. The teacher will ask him, "What is your name?" He will answer, "Baby, just Baby." Then she will say, "Isn't that real funny!" I once heard of a boy who had not been named when he went to the kindergarten. The teacher knew where he lived, though, so she pinned a card on his jacket and sent him home by mail, or express, or some way I don't just remember how, to get his name, and he never came back any more. I suppose he is still hunting around for his name. So we see how dangerous it is not to have your name with you.

The Bright and Morning Star.

O, wondrous Star of Bethlehem!
  Foretold in sacred story;
'Mid heavenly orbs the fairest gem,
  We hail thy rising glory.
O, guide us with unerring light
  To Israel's Consolation,
And with the magi we'll unite
  In praise and adoration.

The Bright and Morning Star thou art,
  O, Jesus, King immortal!
Thy radiance cheers the pilgrim's heart
  And leads to heaven's grand portal.
We bow with reverence at thy feet
  To worship and adore thee;
And when around thy throne we meet,
  We'll cast our crowns before thee.

O, Bright and Morning Star shine on
  With ever growing splendor,
Till victory over sin is won,
  And all thy foes surrender.
Shine on, and let thy light increase
  Till grief, and woe, and sadness
Shall vanish, and the Prince of Peace
  Crowns all the earth with gladness.

The Nativity.

The air was still o'er Bethlehem's plain,
  As if the great night held its breath,
When Life Eternal came to reign
  Over a world of death.

All nature felt a thrill divine
  When burst that meteor on the night,
Which, pointing to the Saviour's shrine,
  Proclaimed the newborn Light.

Light to the shepherds! and the star
  Gilded their silent midnight fold;
Light to the wise men from afar
  Bearing their gifts of gold.
Light to a realm of sin and grief;
  Light to a world in all its needs;
The Light of Life, a new belief
  Rising o'er fallen creeds.

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
  Though leading to a martyr's throne;
A light to guide till Christ returns
  In glory to his own.

There still it shines, while far abroad
  The Christmas choirs sing now, as then,
"Glory, glory unto our God!
  Peace and good will to men!"

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

No. 100. Beautiful Home.

FRANK FOREST. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. There is a home e - ter - nal, Beau - ti - ful and bright,

Where sweet joys su - per - nal Nev-er are dimm'd by night;

White-rob'd an-gels are sing - ing Ev - er a-round the bright throne;

When, O when shall I see thee, Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home?

REFRAIN.

Home, beau - ti - ful home,.... Bright, beau-ti - ful home;....
Beauti-ful home, Beauti-ful home;

Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

2 Flow'rs forever are springing,
In that home so fair,
Thousands of children are singing
Praises to Jesus there;
How they swell the glad anthems
Ever around the bright throne;
When, O when shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home.—*Ref.*

3 Soon shall I join that anthem
Far beyond the sky;
Jesus became my ransom,
Why should I fear to die?
Soon my eyes will behold Him
Seated upon the bright throne;
Then, O then shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home!—*Ref.*

No. 101. Lord, Keep us Safe This Night.

(VESPERS.) S. H. Stone.

Twenty-six Buds of Promise from God's Word.

"A"—Matt. 18. 2.

"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them."

"B"—Luke 2. 10.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

"C"—Psa. 34. 11.

"Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

"D"—Gal. 6. 10.

"Do good unto all men."

"E"—Matt. 18. 3.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"F"—John 21. 15.

"Feed my lambs."

"G"—John 3. 16.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"H"—John 6. 37.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

"I"—Prov. 8. 17.

"I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me."

"J"—Matt. 19. 14.

"Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"K"—Prov. 4. 23.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

"L"—Matt. 28. 20.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

"M"—2 Cor. 12. 9.

"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

"N"—Matt. 7. 21.

"Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

"O"—Psa. 8. 2.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

"P"—Matt. 3. 3.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

"Q"—1 Thess. 5. 19.

"Quench not the Spirit."

"R"—Eccles. 12. 1.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

"S"—Matt. 6. 33.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness."

"T"—Isa. 40. 31.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

"U"—Isa. 9. 6.

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

"V"—John 3. 3.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

"W"—Phil. 2. 12.

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

"X."—Gal. 6. 14.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Y"—1 John 4. 4.

"Ye are of God, little children."

"Z"—Luke 19. 8.

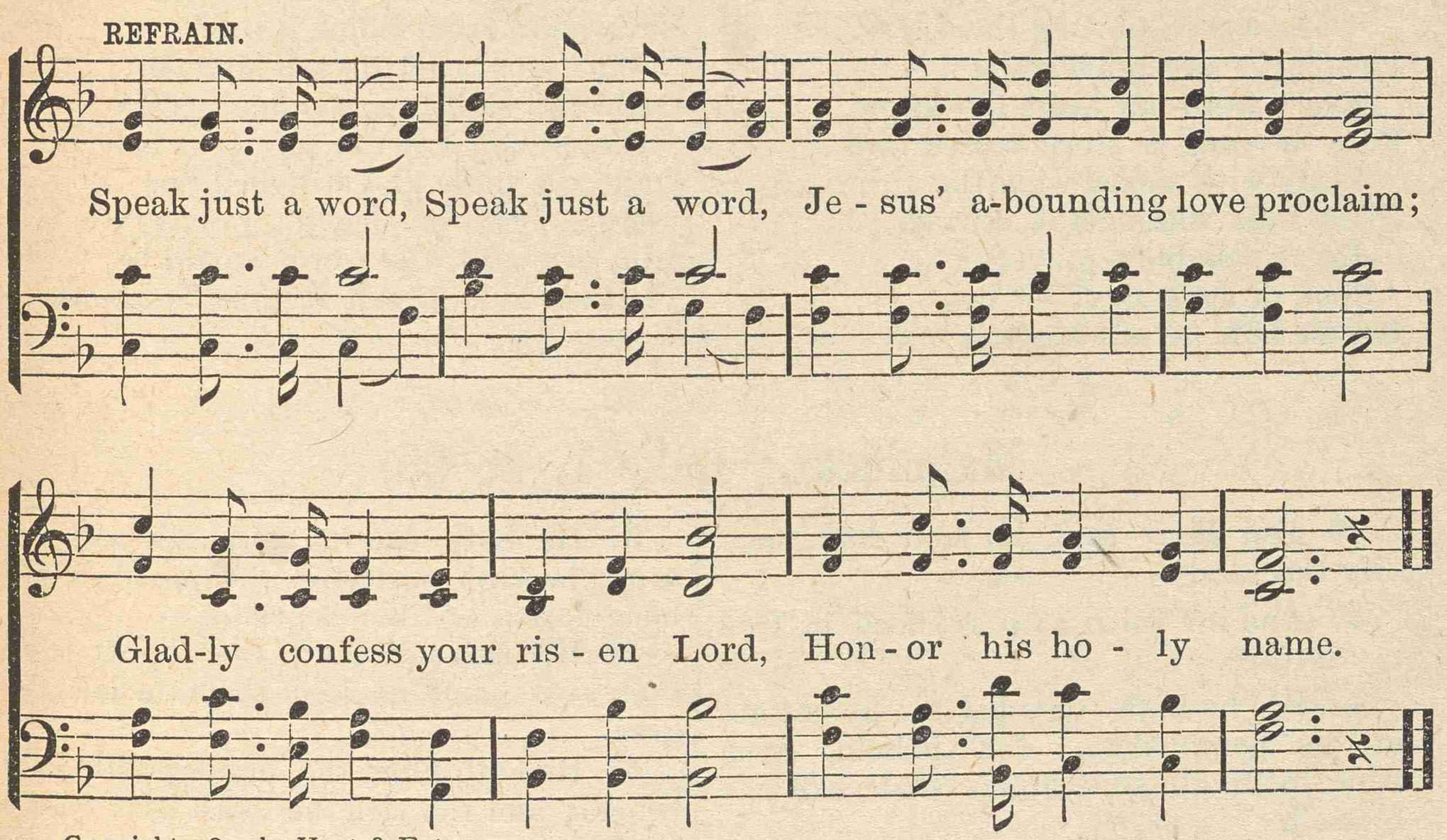
"Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord: Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold."

NOTE.—If desired, the children can carry the letters of the alphabet made of pasteboard.

—*Mrs. W. S. McCowan.*

No. 102. Speak Just a Word for Jesus.

S. V. R. Ford.



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2 Early begin to bear the cross,
Speak just a word for Jesus;
They who deny him suffer loss,
Speak just a word for Jesus.—*Ref.*

3 Fear not the world nor heed its frown,
Speak just a word for Jesus;
They who endure shall wear the crown,
Speak just a word for Jesus.—*Ref.*

The Rainbow.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky!
My heavenly Father set it there,
So bright! so fair! so high!

My heart leaps up! God gives the sign!
The storm will pass away!
O, doubt no more; his word is sure.
Believe, believe; obey.—*Selected.*

Rock of Ages.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sung as little children sing:
Sung as sing the birds in June,
Fell the words like bright leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Let me hide myself in thee."
Felt her soul no need to hide—
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words, unheedingly,
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me."
'Twas a woman sang them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
'Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me."
Lips grown aged sang the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sang as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have pressed;
Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid;
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in thee."—*Anon.*

Magnificat.—Luke 1. 46-55.

46 And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,

47 And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

48 For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

49 For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

50 And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.

51 He hath showed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

52 He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

53 He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

54 He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy;

55 As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever.

In Winter.

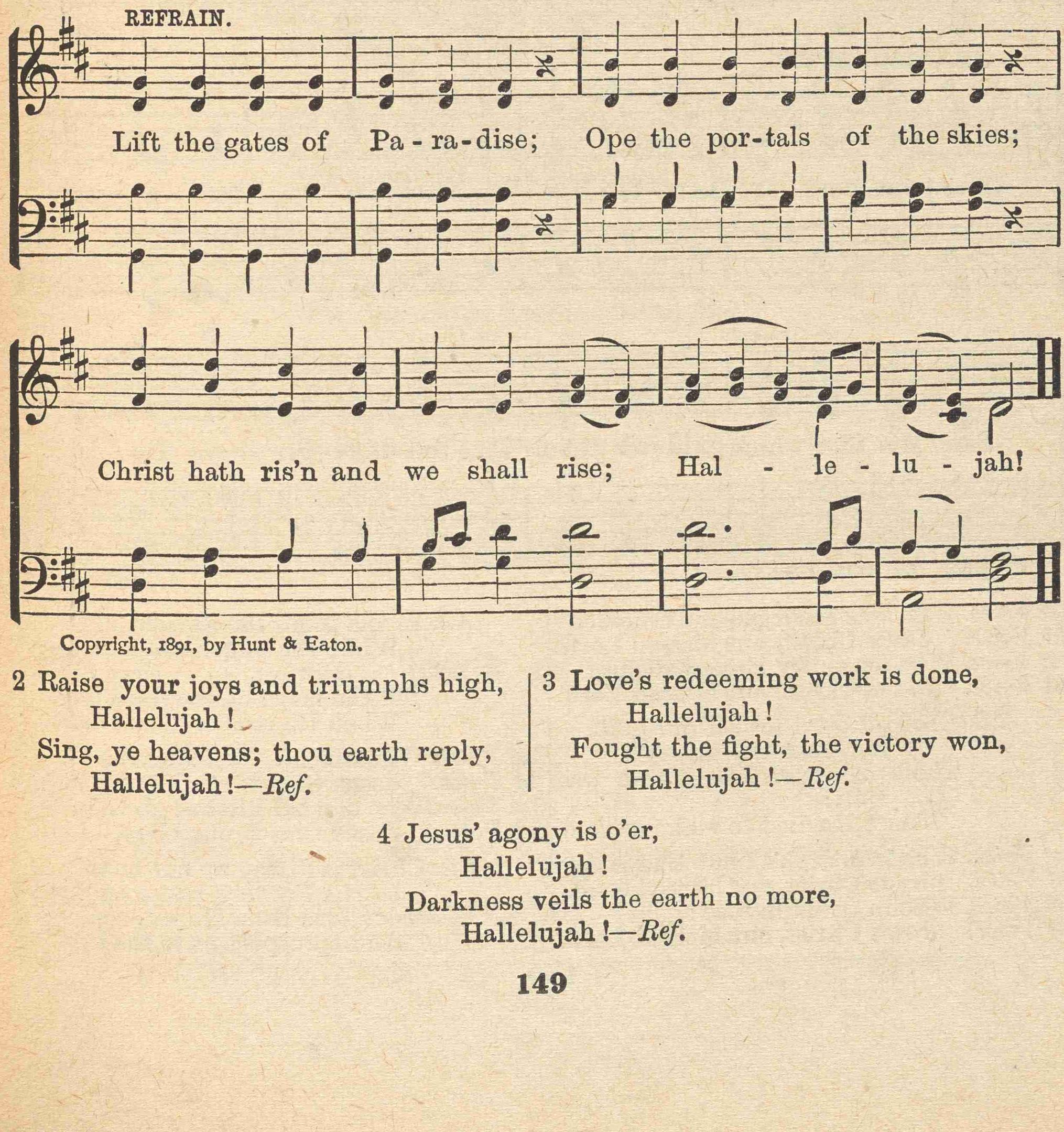
The wind went whistling through the pines,
The ground was white with snow,
A flock of happy little birds
Were flying to and fro,
And saying all the time to me,
"Chick-a-dee-dee, Chick-a-dee-dee."

"Dear little winter bird," I said,
"What do you eat, I pray?
I do not see a seed or crumb
Along the woodland way.
The heavenly Father feedeth thee,
Dear Chick-a-dee, dear Chick-a-dee."
—*Mrs. S. J. Brigham.*

No. 103. He is Risen.

C. WESLEY. S. V. R. FORD.

REFRAIN.



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2 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Hallelujah!
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth reply,
Hallelujah!—*Ref.*

3 Love's redeeming work is done,
Hallelujah!
Fought the fight, the victory won,
Hallelujah!—*Ref.*

4 Jesus' agony is o'er,
Hallelujah!
Darkness veils the earth no more,
Hallelujah!—*Ref.*

No. 104. Who Came Down from Heaven?

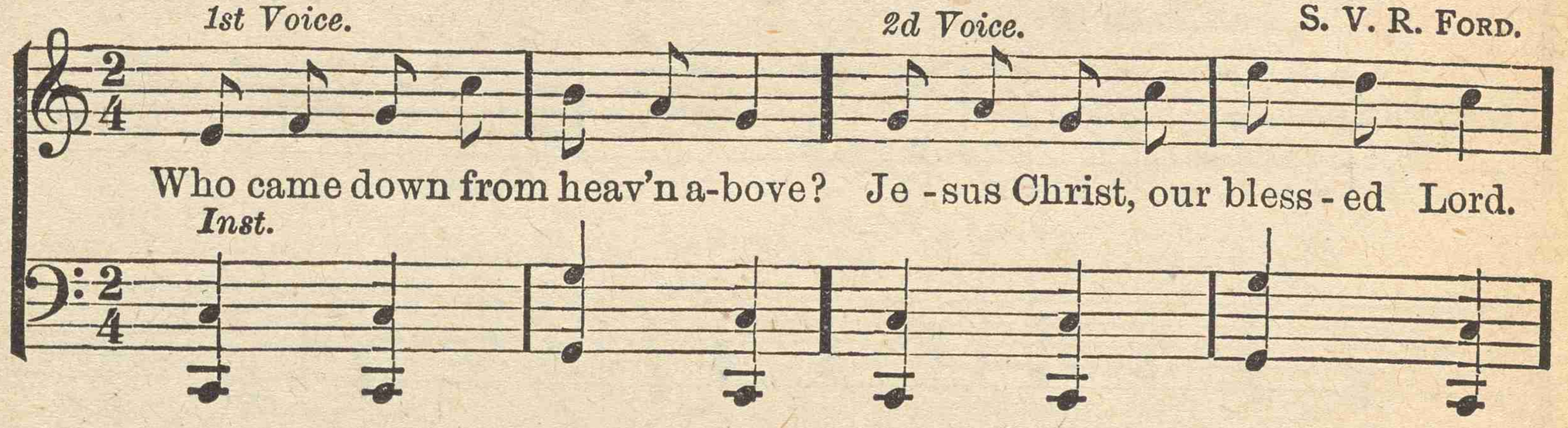
RECITATION AND SINGING (for Primary Classes).

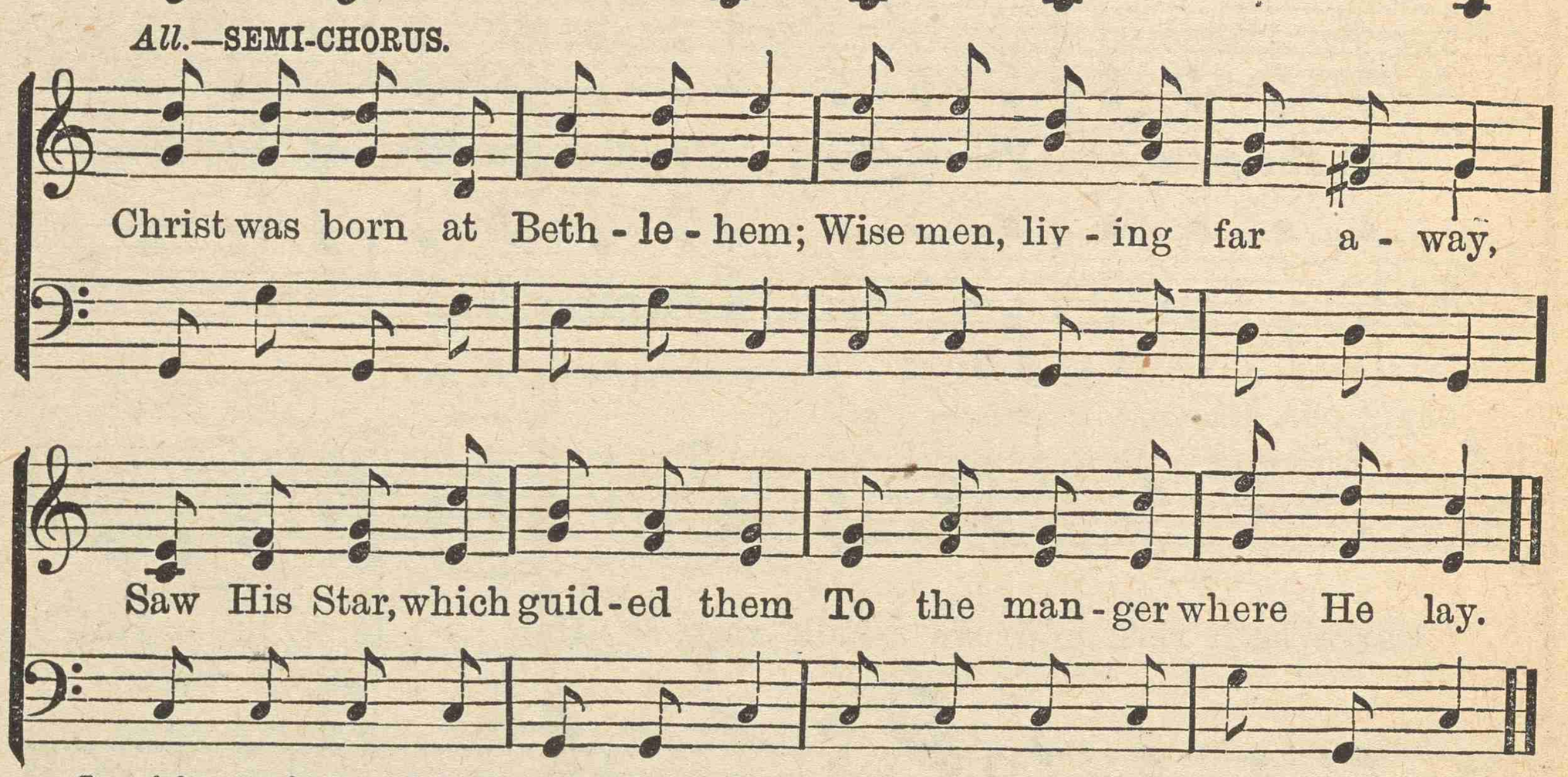
RECITATION (BY A LITTLE CHILD).

OUR GREETING.

On this glad day, while far and near the Easter bells are ringing,
With joyful hearts we gather here, our Easter offerings bringing;
We come to sing a Saviour's love—to tell the wondrous story
That Christ is risen and reigns above, the Lord of life and glory.

S. V. R. FORD.





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1st Voice. Who was scourged and crucified?
2d Voice. Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.
1st Voice. Who for guilty sinners died?
2d Voice. Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.

All. Christ atoned for all our guilt
On the cross of Calvary;
There His precious blood was spilt;
There He died to make us free.

1st Voice. Who in Joseph's tomb had lain?
2d Voice. Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.
1st Voice. Who in triumph rose again?
2d Voice. Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.

All. In the tomb the Saviour lay
While the angel watched the door,
Till the morn of the third day,
When He rose to die no more.

1st Voice. Who ascended into heaven?
2d Voice. Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.
1st Voice. Who eternal life has given?
2d Voice. Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.

All. Christ is fitting up our home
In His Father's house on high;
If we love Him, He will come
And transport us to the sky.

No. 105. Song of the Pennies.

S. V. R. F. S. V. R. FORD.

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2 Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping,
One by one as rain-drops fall;
Still, one penny can accomplish
Scarcely anything at all.

3 Falling, falling, falling, falling,
Like the tiny flakes of snow;
Yet the nickels, dimes and dollars,
From the little pennies grow.

4 Gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring,
Like the dew-drops of the night;
When we're each to each united,
What can stand before our might?

5 Would you like to hear the chorus
Of the song the pennies sing?
Drop a shining silver dollar
On the plate and hear it ring!

NOTE.—Select two little children and let them sing the first four stanzas alternately as a Soprano Solo, both singing the closing stanza. Provide a ringing metal or glass plate, and let them drop a penny on it at every mention of the word forming the first line of the first four stanzas. Sing slowly, smoothly, and in exact time. The song is to be followed, of course, by the offertory.

No. 106. Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.

Rock of Ages.—Concluded.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 107. Faithful Shepherd.

Rev. T. B. Pollock, abr. S. V. R. Ford.

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2 Hold me fast and guide me
In the narrow way;
So with Thee beside me
I shall never stray.

3 Hallow every pleasure,
Every gift and pain;
Be Thyself my treasure,
Though none else I gain.

4 Day by day prepare me,
As Thou seest best,
Then let angels bear me
To Thy promised rest.

No. 108. The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian.

1 Our Father who art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name. ‖
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done in | earth, · · as it | is in | heaven,

2 Give us this | day our— | daily | bread: ‖
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.

3 Lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ‖
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. |
A- — | men.

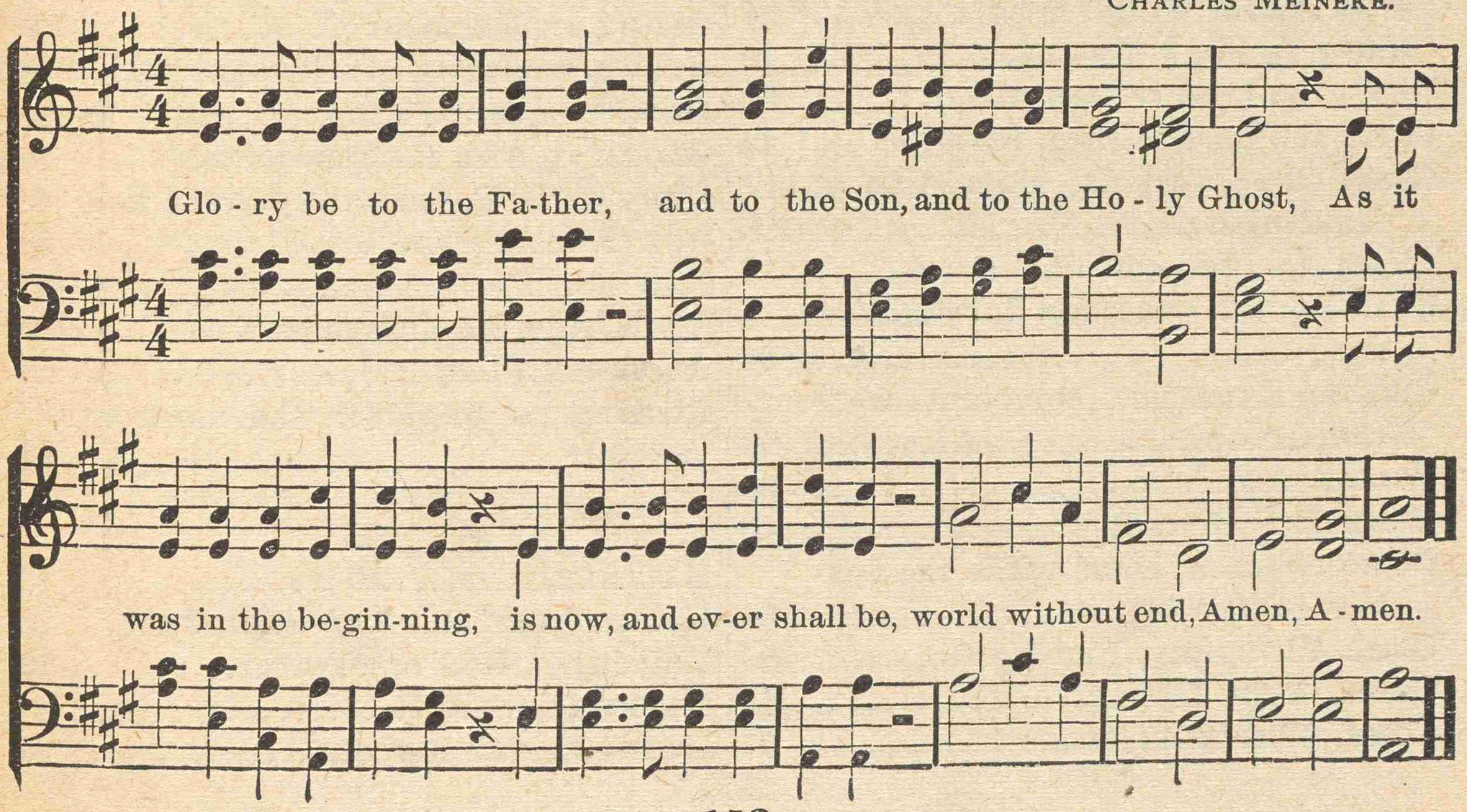
No. 109. Glory in Excelsis.

Unknown.

Glory be to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth | peace, good- | will · · toward | men.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee, ‖ we glorify Thee, we give
thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

No. 110. Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



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