Musical Gayes

Every Song a Gem.

CINCINNATI,
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PHILIP PHILLIPS & CO.
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Feb. 4

THIRTEENTH EDITION, ENLARGED.

MUSICAL LEAVES

FOR

Sabbath Schools,

COMPOSED OF

MUSICAL LEAVES, NUMBERS 1, 2, 3 & 4,

WITH AN ADDITION OF

100 POPULAR HYMNS.

BY

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY PHILIP PHILLIPS & CO.,
161 West Fourth Street.
MOORE, WILSTACH & BALDWIN,
25 West Fourth Street.

STEREOTYPED AT THE FRANKLIN TYPE FOUNDRY, CINCINNATI, O.

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M2193
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1865

"Sing unto the Lord a New Song."

PREFACE.

In offering this collection of Hymns and Tunes, which is especially adapted and designed to satisfy the wants of the Sabbath-school, we would briefly call attention to some of the leading merits of the book.

1ST. *The Musical Leaves have been issued every six months, by single numbers at a time, with the view of making each number complete in itself, and meeting more perfectly the constant demand of the children as only time and active experience could dictate, thus affording ample time to select choice subjects for poetry and music for the same.*

2D. *Coming, as they do, by twenty Gems at a time, thereby not overstocking the children with a multiplicity of songs, but affording time and a desire to learn all of them.*

3D. *The Poetry is almost entirely new, and written expressly for Sabbath-schools, and is held as copyright property.*

4TH. *The Music is carefully composed and finely adapted to the words, by the most popular writers, who have had long and active experience in Sunday-school music.*

5TH. *All the Songs contain some important Scripture lesson or practical truth, which the Sabbath-school is designed to teach.*

6TH. *About one hundred of the old popular Sabbath-school Hymns will be found in the back part of the book, with the proper tune selected and the key designated.*

7TH. *Printed in plain, clear type, with words directly under the music, firmly bound in stiff covers.*

8TH. *Will be found a fine assortment of Hymns for all occasions, needed in Sabbath-Schools, Concerts, Anniversaries, Christian Commission, Temperance, etc.*

Many thanks are due Messrs. Wm. B. Bradbury, T. E. Perkins, Geo. F. Root, and others, for the most valuable and beautiful songs contributed to the Leaves.

PUBLISHERS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by PHILIP PHILLIPS, in the Clerk's Office of the U. S. District Court for the Southern District of Ohio.

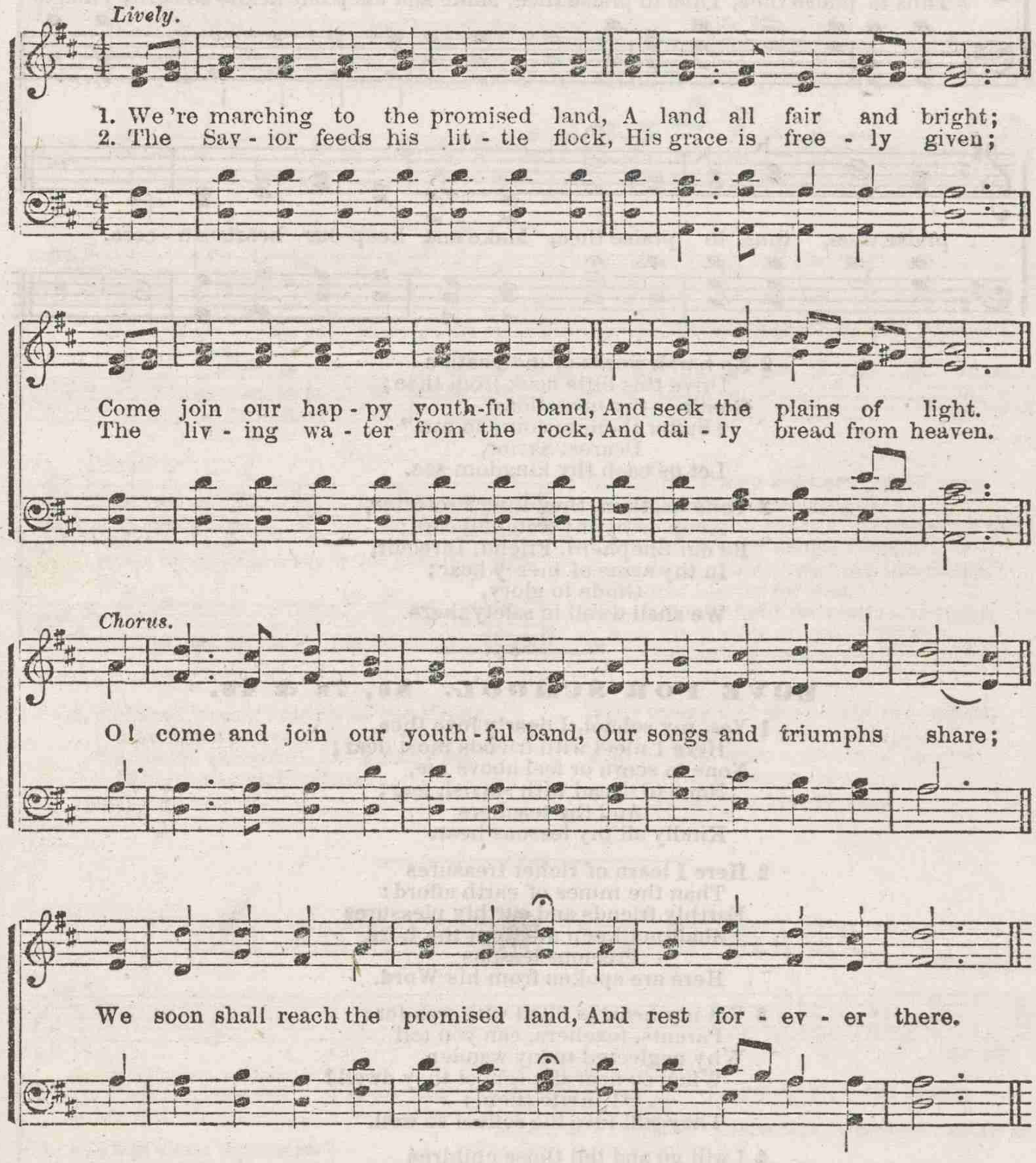
MUSICAL LEAVES,

No. 1.

Can order each number separate, in pamphlet form, at $6 per 100, or 10c. each; or Four Numbers, bound in one Book, (with addition of 100 Hymns), in Stiff Covers, at $30 per 100, or 40c. each. To be had at all the principal Bookstores in the country.

COME JOIN OUR BAND.

T. C. O'KANE.

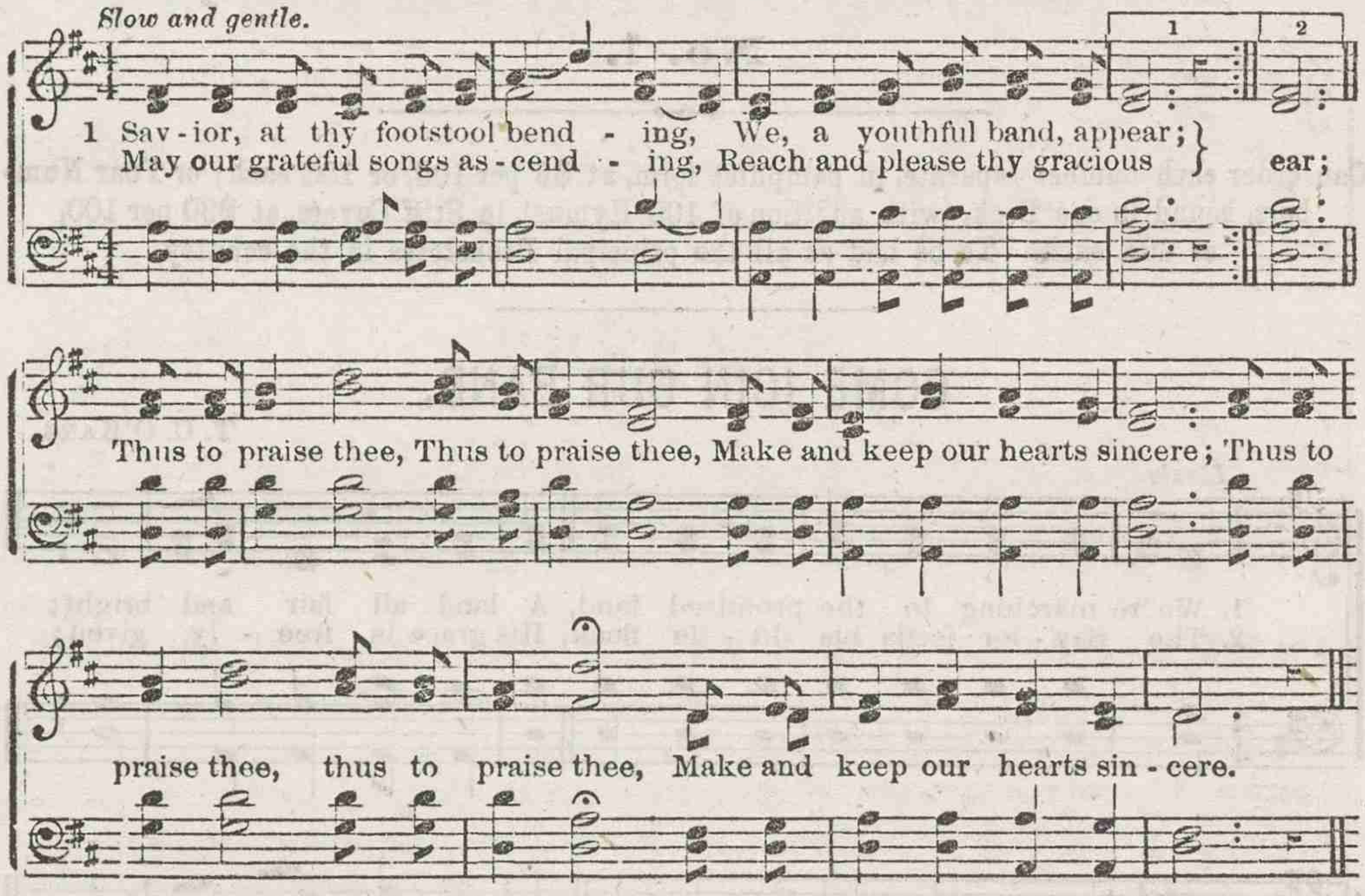


3 In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there,
And happy, youthful voices join
In the angelic choir.
O! come and join, etc.

4 Our teachers kind point out the way,
And guide our feet aright,
To the bright realms of endless day,
Where Jesus is the light.
O! come and join, etc.

SAVIOR, AT THY FOOTSTOOL BENDING. 8s, 7s & 4s.

WM. B. BRADBURY. From the "ORIOLA," by permission.



2 No harsh words of indignation
Drive this little flock from thee;
Gentle is thy invitation:
"Suffer them to come to me."
Dearest Savior,
Let us each thy kingdom see.

3 Take us, then, thou kind Protector,
Keep us by thy watchful care;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director,
In thy arms of mercy bear;
Guide to glory,
We shall dwell in safety there.

LOVE FOR SCHOOL. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Yes, my school, I dearly love thee,
Here I meet with friends most dear;
None to scorn or feel above me,
None to dread with slavish fear;
And the teachers
Kindly all my lessons hear.

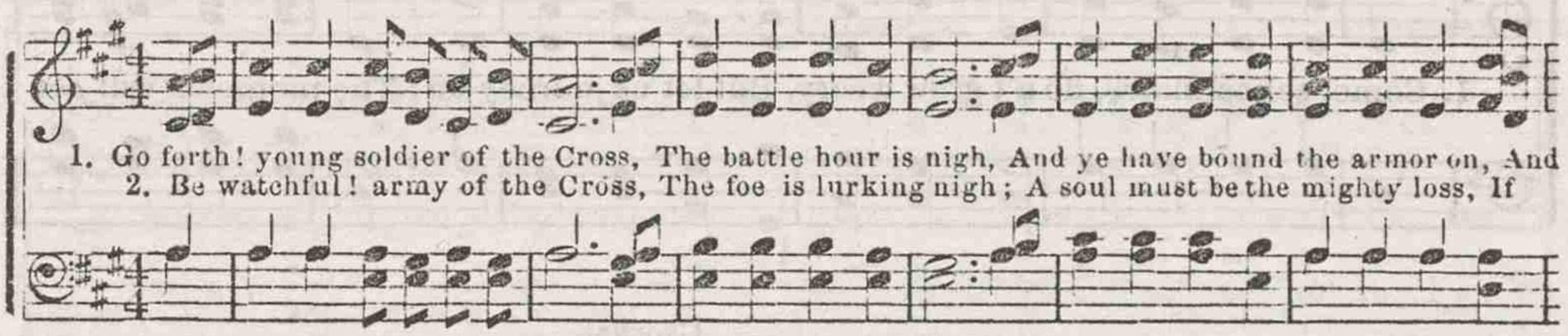
2 Here I learn of richer treasures
Than the mines of earth afford:
Earthly friends and earthly pleasures
Shall not keep me from the Lord
Precious lessons
Here are spoken from his Word.
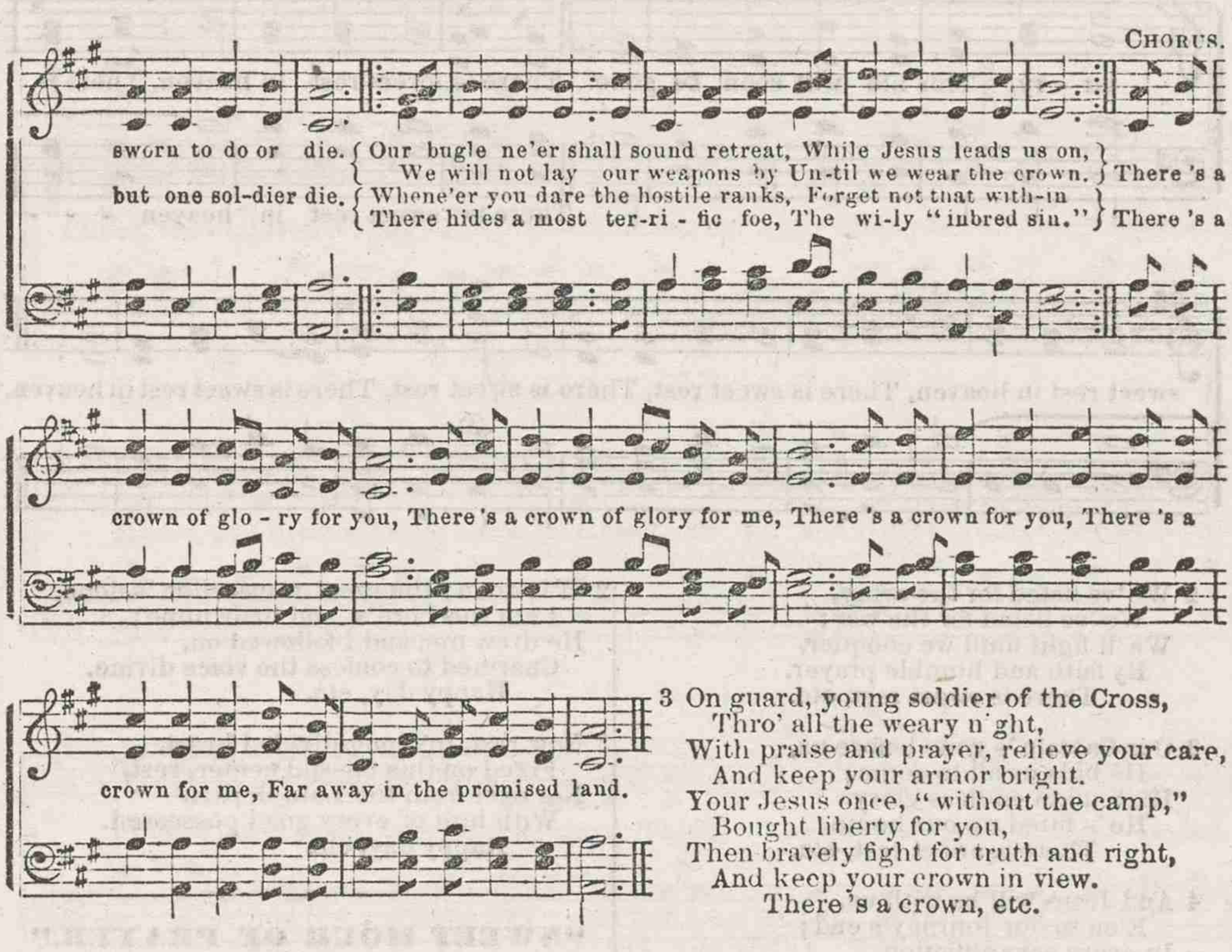
3 Yet my heart is filled with wonder:
Parents, teachers, can you tell
Why neglected many wander,
When so near the school they dwell?
O! invite them;
They will love the school so well.

4 I will go and tell those children
There is room for them and me,
And to school will straightway bring them,
If persuaded they will be.
I am thankful
That my friends invited me.

THE CROWN OF GLORY.

Words by Mrs. E. M. Sangster. From "Golden Shower," by permission of W. B. B.
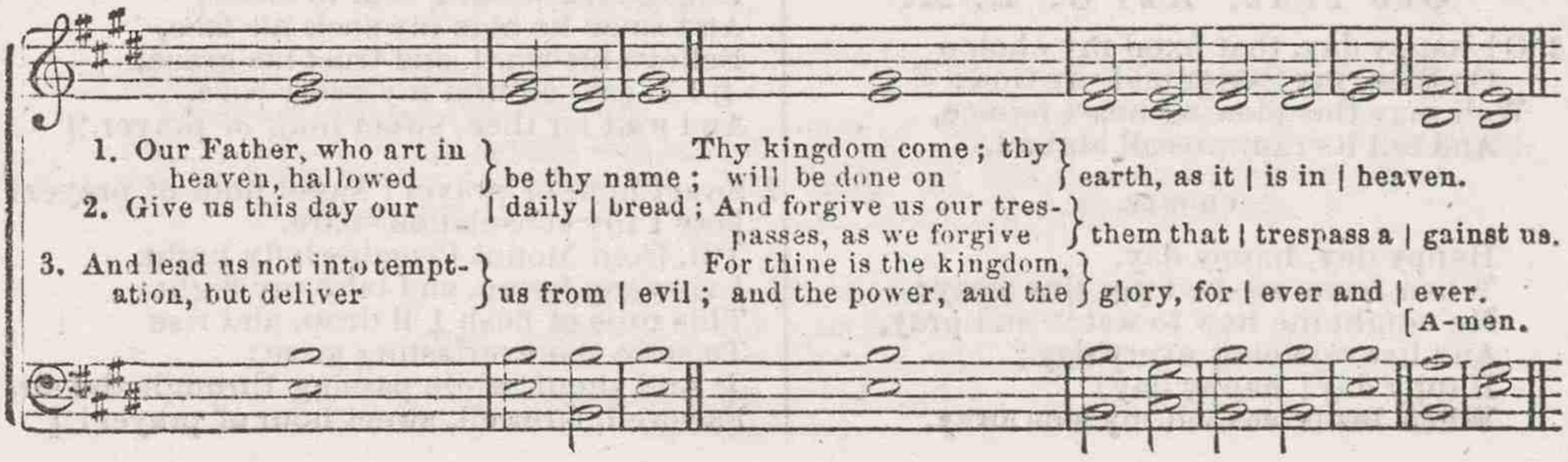




3 On guard, young soldier of the Cross,
Thro' all the weary n'ght,
With praise and prayer, relieve your care,
And keep your armor bright.
Your Jesus once, "without the camp,"
Bought liberty for you,
Then bravely fight for truth and right,
And keep your crown in view.
There 's a crown, etc.

4 Rejoice! young soldier of the Cross,
The victory is sure;
The harp, the palm, are waiting all
Who to the end endure.
Your weary feet shall walk the street,
All paved with gold, on high,
And he who wore a crown of thorns
Will crown you in the sky.
There 's a crown, etc.
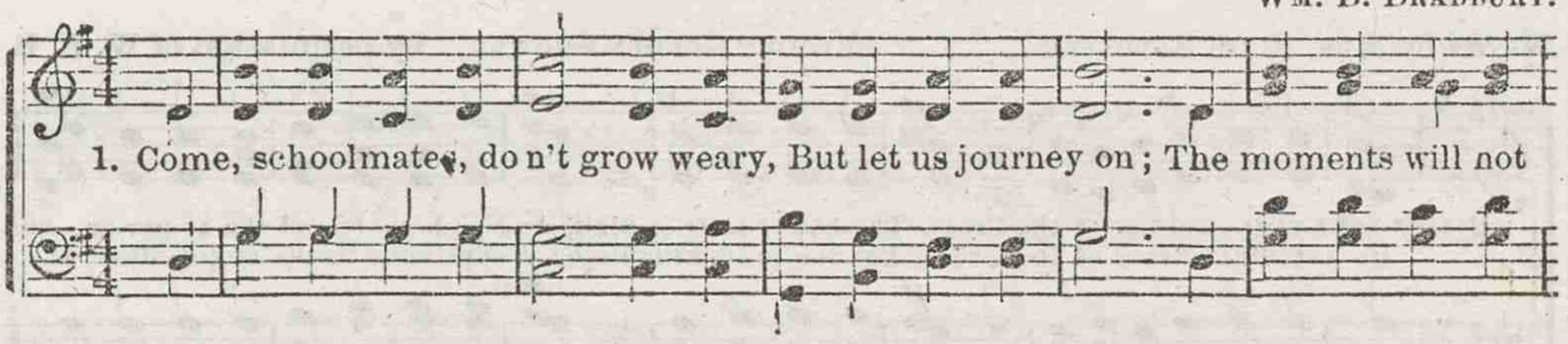
"OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

Tallis.



SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 We've listed for the army,
We've listed for the war;
We'll fight until we conquer,
By faith and humble prayer.
There is sweet rest, etc.

3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He bids us all to come;
High up in endless glory
He's fitted up our home.
There is sweet rest, etc.

4 And Jesus will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end;
In every sore affliction,
His "present help" to lend.
There is sweet rest, etc.

5 Then glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood;
And glory be to Jesus,
Who gives us every good.
There is sweet rest, etc.

O! HAPPY DAY.

OLD TUNE. KEY G. L. M.

1 O! happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done; the great transaction 's done,
I am the Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Happy day, etc.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest,
Nor ever from the Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.
Happy day, etc.

"SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER."

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
|: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.:|

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
|: I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.:|
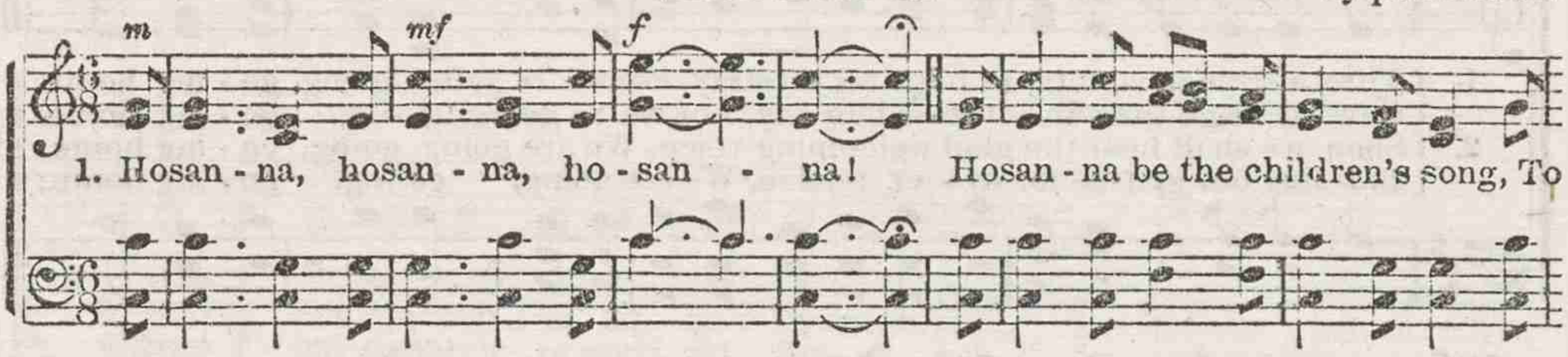
2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty hight,
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
|: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!:|
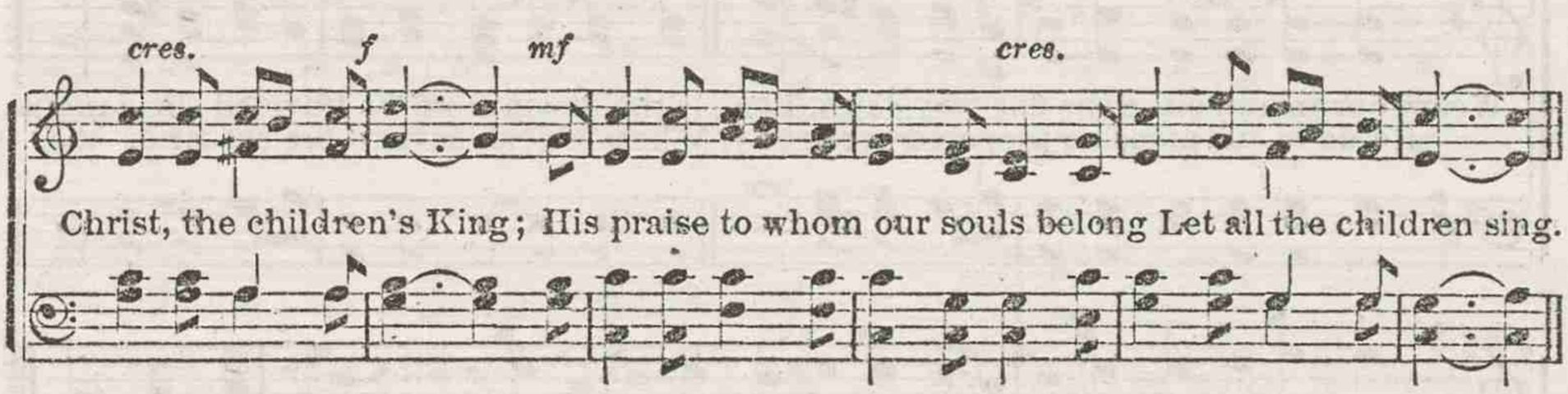
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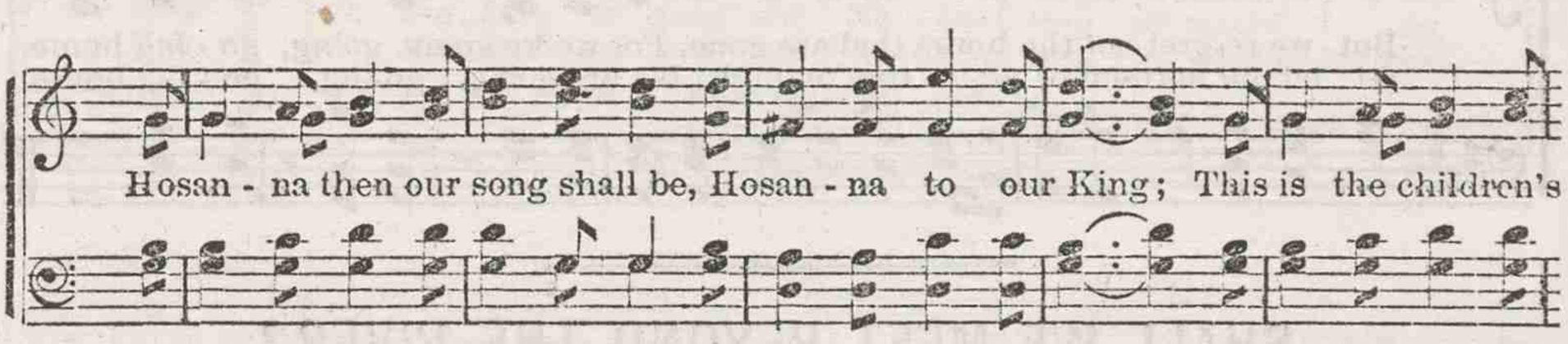
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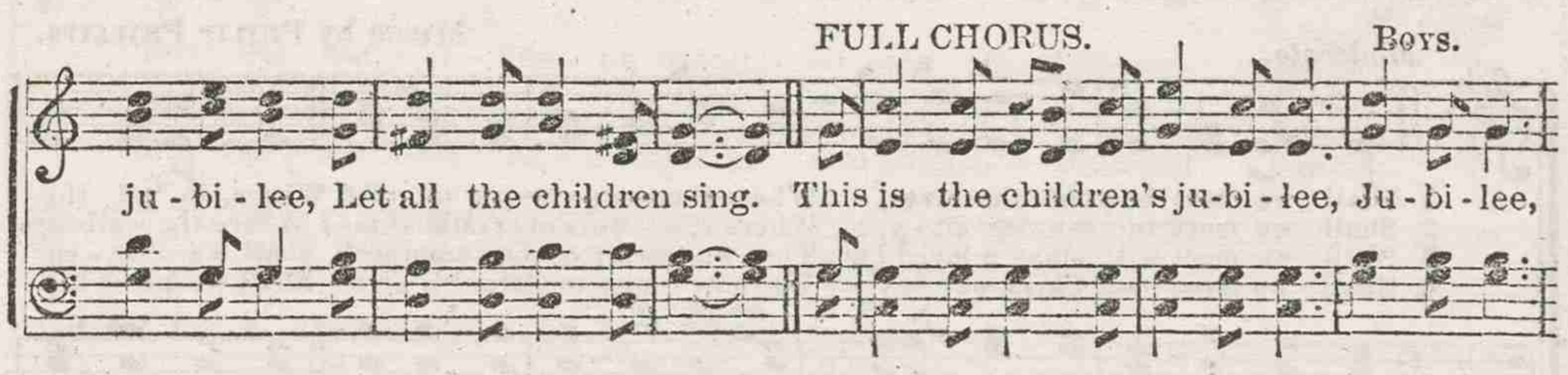
WM. B. BRADBURY

by permission











2 Hosanna here in joyful bands,
Teachers and taught proclaim,
And hail with voices, hearts and hands,
Our loving Savior's name.
Hosanna, etc.

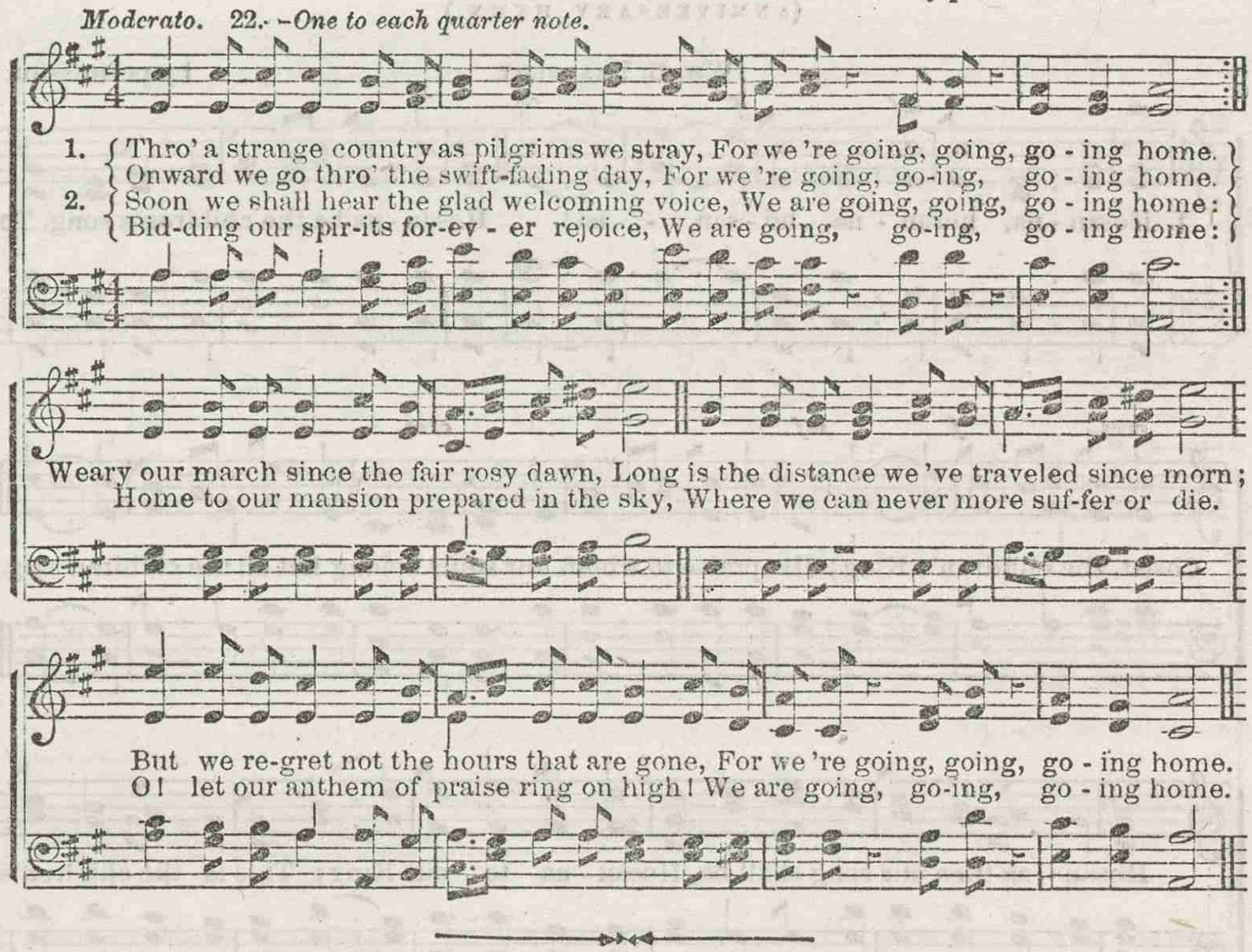
3 Hosanna on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.
Hosanna, etc.

4 Hosanna, sound from church and hall,
Let every voice accord;
And this our watchword, one and all,
Hosanna, praise the Lord.
Hosanna, etc.

"WE'RE GOING HOME."

From "PILGRIMS' SONGS," by permission of W. B. B.

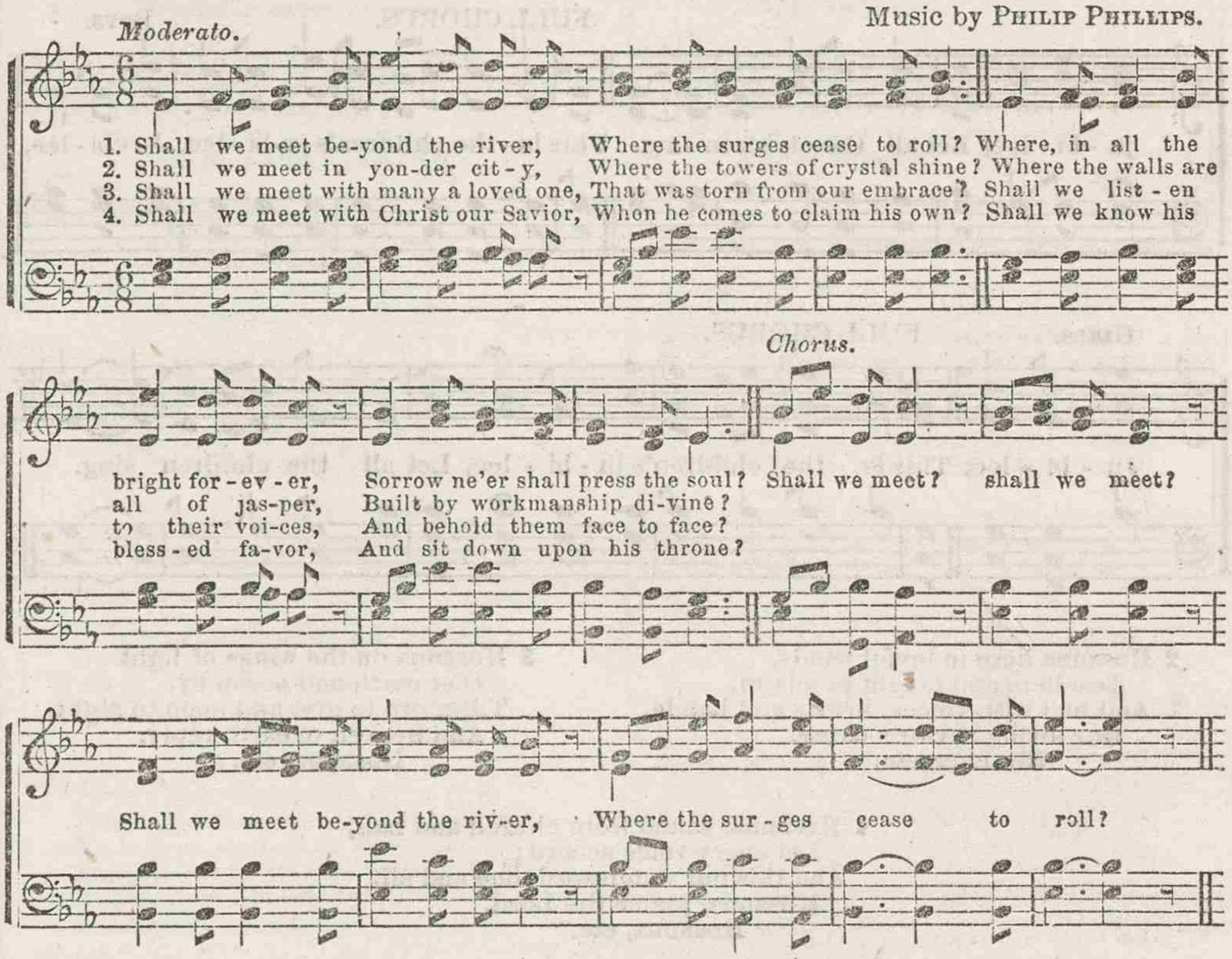
Moderato. 22.—*One to each quarter note.*



SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

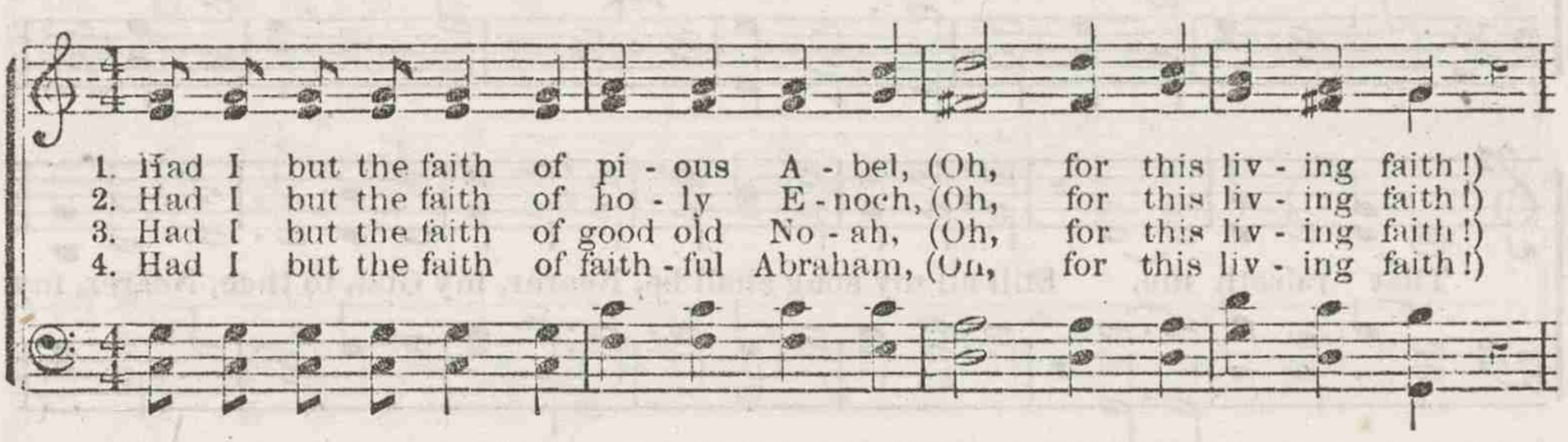
Moderato.



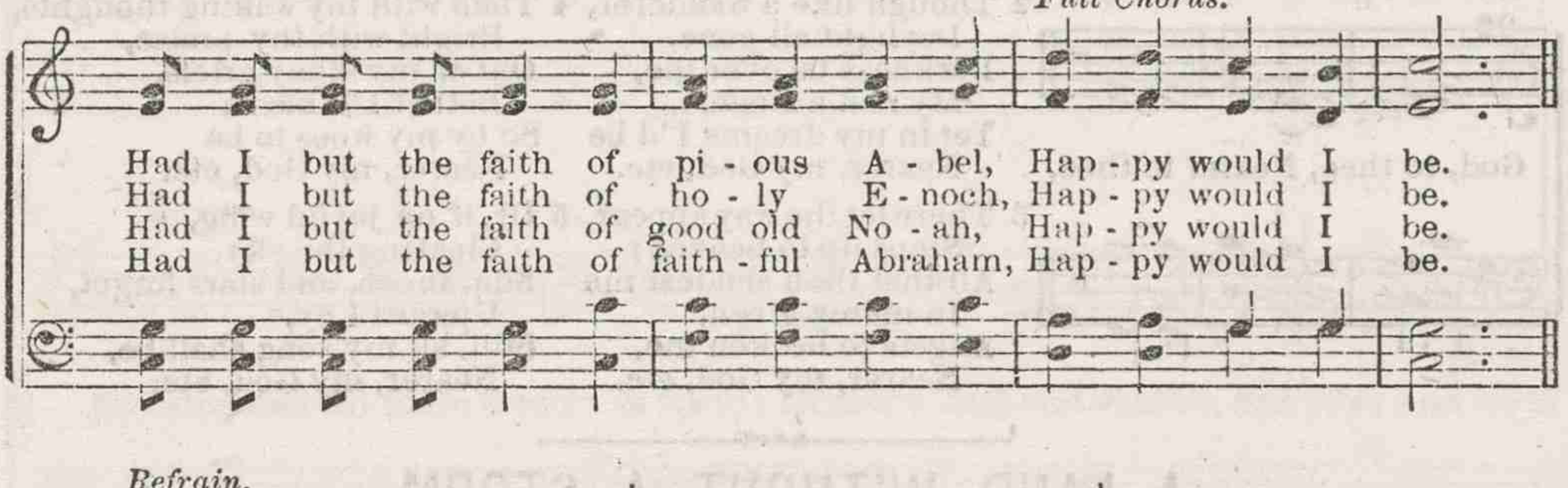
SONG OF FAITH.

"These all died in the faith, not having received the promises."

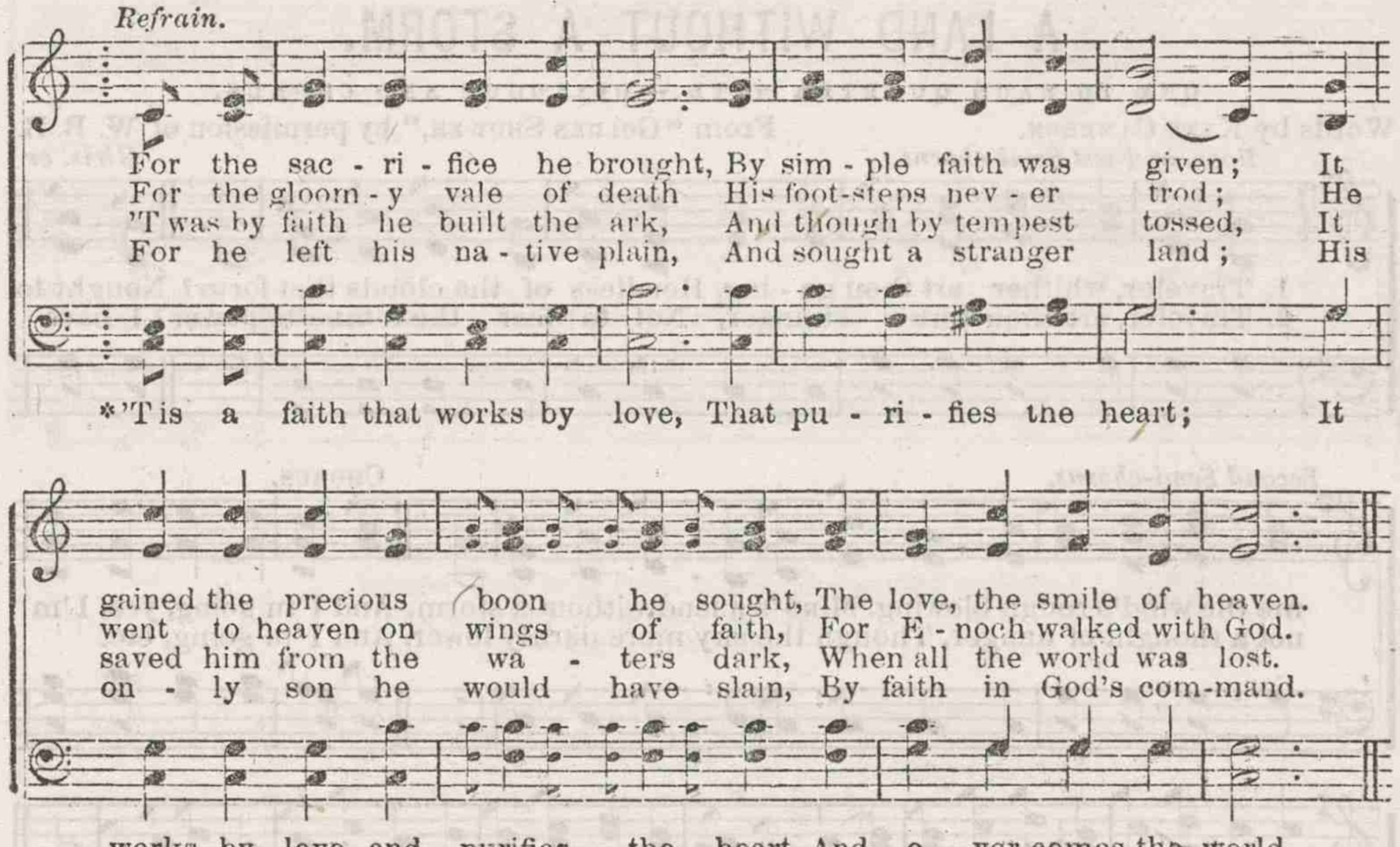
From the "GOLDEN CENSER." WM. B. BRADBURY.



Full Chorus.



Refrain.



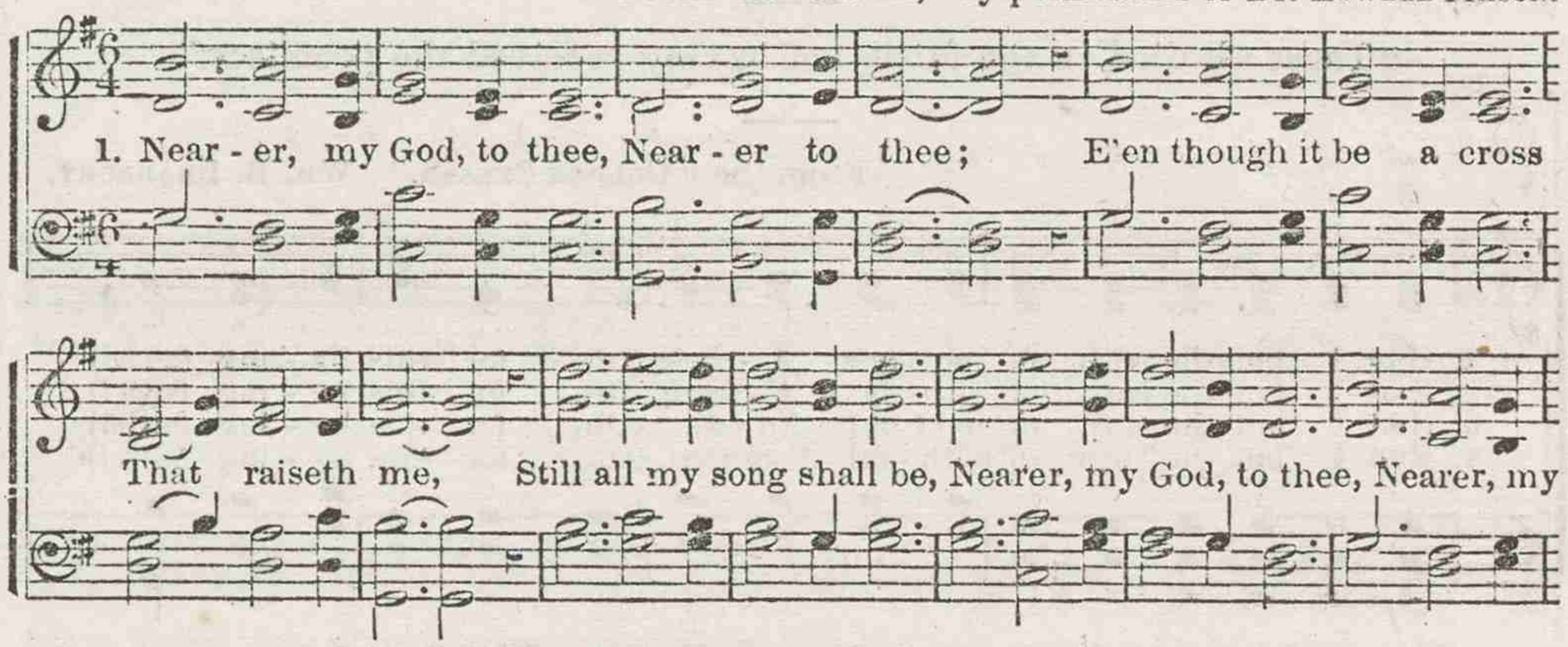
5 Had I but the faith of the Christian Martyrs,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of the Christian Martyrs,
Happy would I be.
They were racked with torturing pains,
Yet brilliant was their faith;
It shone above the burning flames,
Triumphant over death.

6 Had I but the faith that never falters,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith that never falters,
Happy would I be.
Savior, may thy grace divine
This living faith impart;
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And purifies the heart.

*These lines may be sung at the close of the piece, or at the end of each or every other stanza.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. Bethany. 6s & 4s.

From the "ASAPH," by permission of Dr. LOWELL MASON.



2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, etc.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, etc.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, etc.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, etc.

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

ONE TO EACH QUARTER NOTE.—DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

Words by KATE CAMERON. From "GOLDEN SHOWER," by permission of W. B. B.

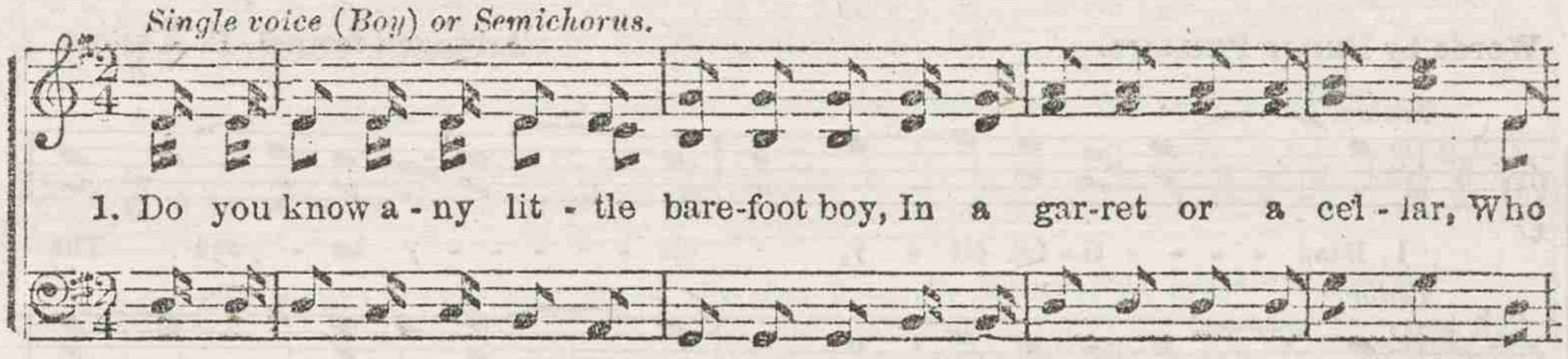
3 *Boys.* Traveler, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.
Girls. No! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far-off shore.
And I 'm going, etc.

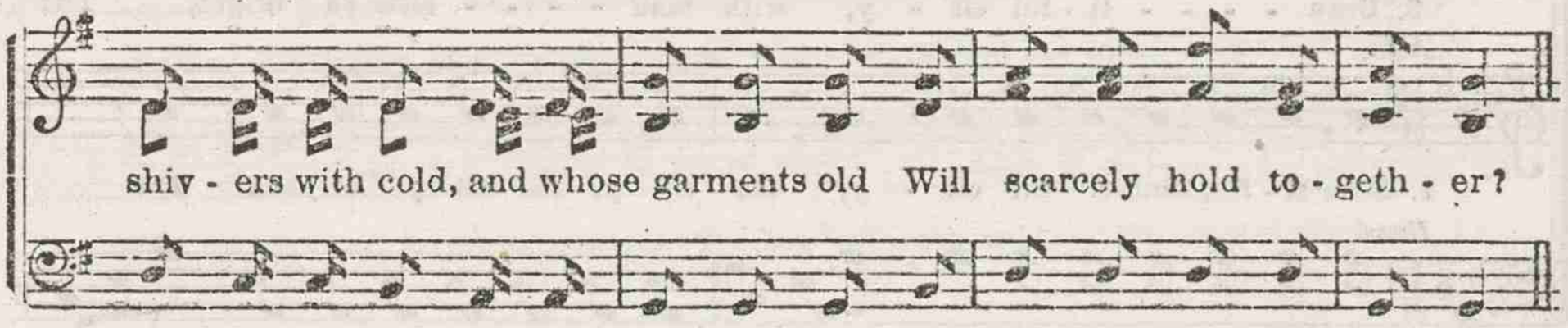
4 *Boys.* Traveler, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.
Girls. Yes! but I shall be immortal
In that land without a storm.
And I 'm going, etc.

NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG.

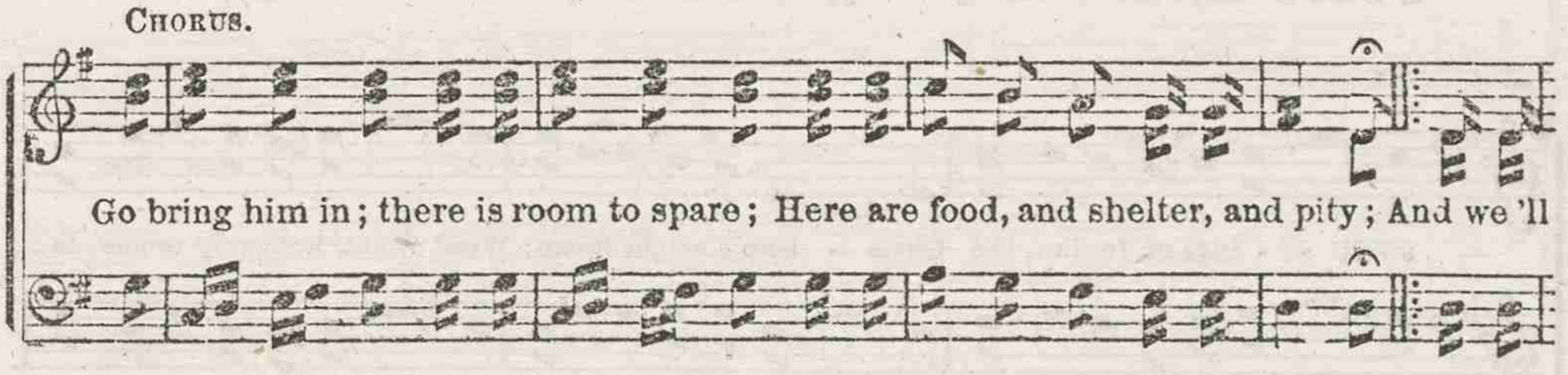
Words by Mrs. E. M. Sangster. From Wm. B. Bradbury's "Once in a While," by permission

Single voice (Boy) or Semichorus.

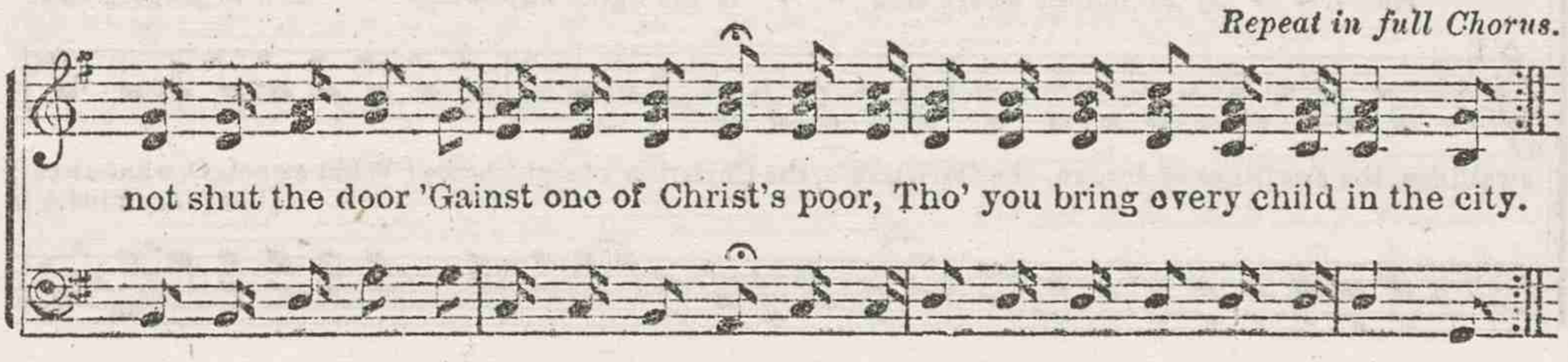




Chorus.



Repeat in full Chorus.



Girl.—2 Do you know any little tired girl,
Whose feet with cold are aching;
Whose shrinking form braves the winter's storm;
The alms of the richer taking?
Go, bring her in, etc.

3 Can you think of a comrade who often goes
To play in the lots on Sunday?
And who 's late at school, and who breaks the rule
Of his teacher dear on Monday?
Go, bring him in, etc.

4 Go, gather them in from the tenement-house,
And the merchant's stately palace—
From the world's dark strife, and the heavenly life;
Let them drink from the golden chalice.
Go, bring them in, etc.

Teacher.—5 'T is the Master's work! there is none so low
But his loving hand may reach them,
And there 's none so sunken in want and woe
But we 'll joy to help and teach them.
Go, bring them in, etc.

CELESTIAL CITY.

QUARTETTE FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONCERTS AND ANNIVERSARIES.

Words by PHILIP PHILLIPS. Arranged from J. P. KNIGHT.

Treble.

1. Beau - - - - ti - ful cit - y, cit - - - - - y be - yond The

Tenor.

2. Beau - - - - ti - ful cit - y, with man - - - - sion so bright, The

Alto.

1. Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful cit - y, the cit - y, the cit - y be-yond The

Bass.

2. Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful cit - y, with mansion, with mansion so bright, The

swell - - ings of Jordan, the Chris - tian's bright home; What sweet, heavenly music is

Ho - - - ly of holies, where God - - is the light, Thy walls - - are of jasper, and

swellings, the swellings of Jordan, the Christian's, the Christian's bright home; What sweet, O, what sweet, [heavenly music is

Holy, the Holy of holies, where God, the God is the light; Thy walls, thy walls are of jasper, and

heard - - in that clime, Where angels and ransomed their strains sweetly chime. No
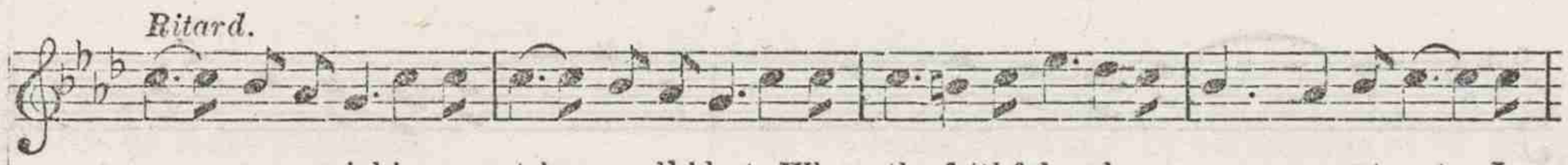
streets - - of pure gold, Resplen - dent with beauty and glory un - told. O

heard in that clime, in that clime, Where angels, where angels and ransomed their strains sweetly chime. No

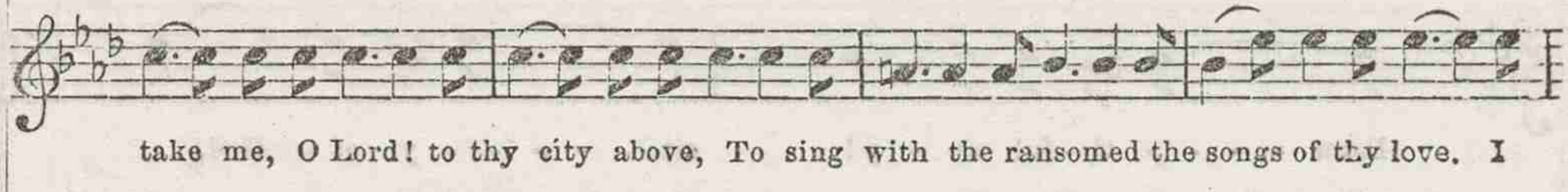
streets of pure gold, of pure gold, Resplendent, resplendent with beauty and glory untold. O

CELESTIAL CITY.—Continued.
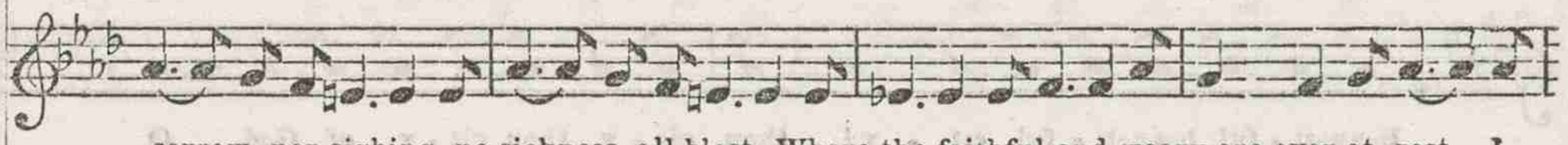
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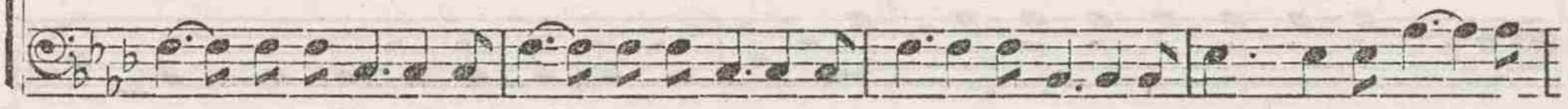


sorrow, nor sighing, no sickness, all blest, Where the faithful and weary are ever at rest. I



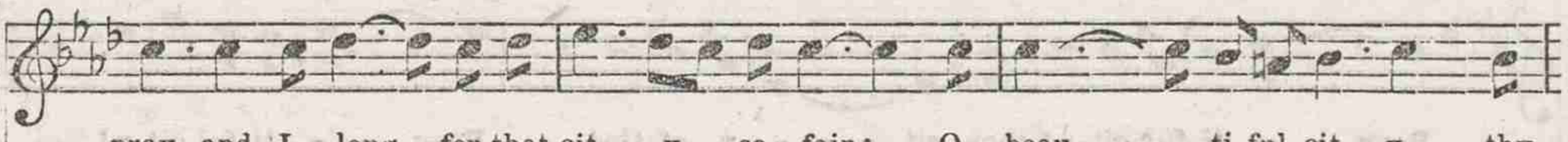
take me, O Lord! to thy city above, To sing with the ransomed the songs of thy love. I
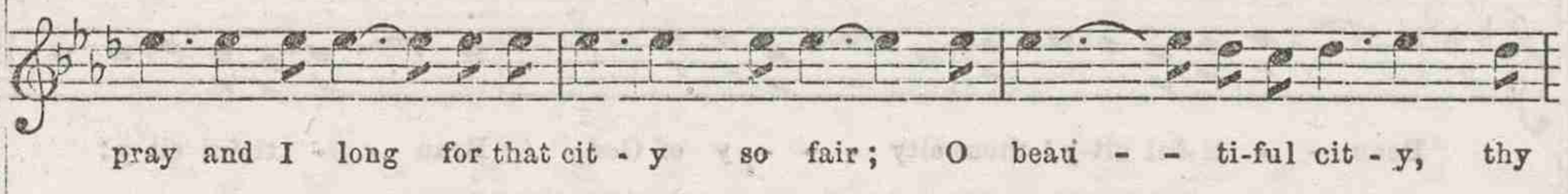


sorrow, nor sighing, no sickness, all blest, Where the faithful and weary are ever at rest. I



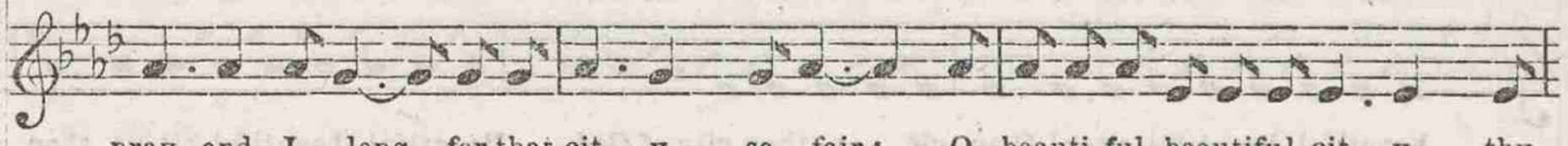
take me, O Lord! to thy city above, To sing with the ransomed the songs of thy love. I



pray and I long for that cit - y so fair; O beau - - ti-ful cit - y, thy



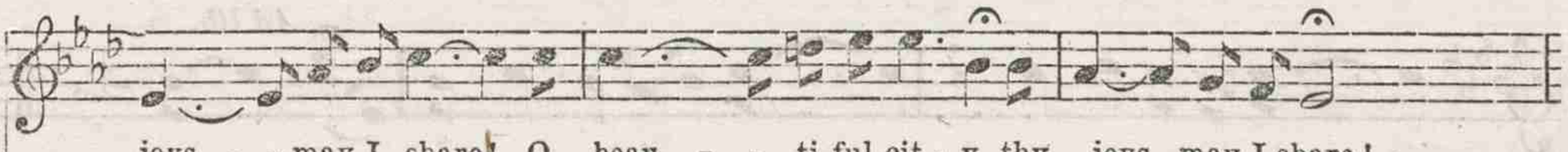
pray and I long for that cit - y so fair; O beau - - ti-ful cit - y, thy
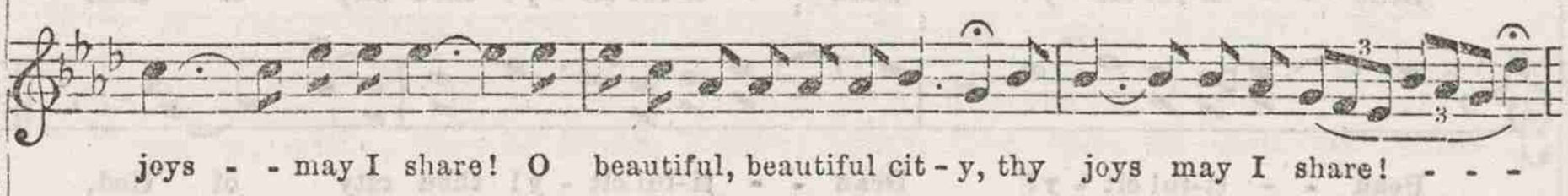


pray and I long for that cit - y so fair; O beauti-ful, beautiful cit - y, thy



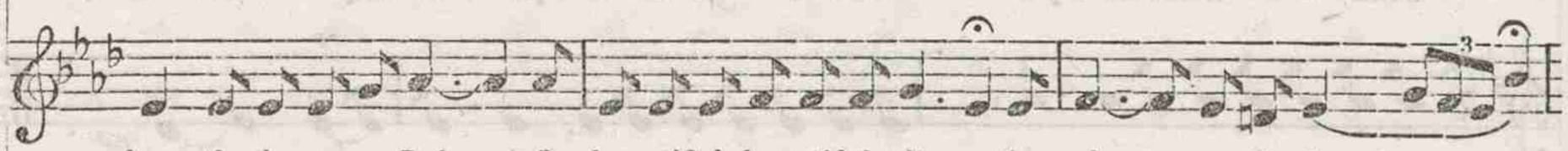
pray and I long for that cit - y so fair; O beauti-ful, beautiful cit - y, thy



joys - - may I share! O beau - - ti-ful cit - y, thy joys may I share!



joys - - may I share! O beautiful, beautiful cit - y, thy joys may I share! - - -



joys, thy joys may I share! O beautiful, beautiful cit - y, thy joys may I share! - - -



joys, thy joys may I share! O beautiful, beautiful cit - y, thy joys may I share!

CELESTIAL CITY.—Concluded.

Beau - - - - ti - ful cit - y! cit - - - - - y of God,

Beau - - - - ti - ful cit - y! cit - - - - - y of God,

Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful cit - y! thou cit - y, thou cit - y of God, O

Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful cit - y! thou cit - y, thou cit - y of God. O

Beau - - ti-ful cit-y! thou cit - - - y of God, Beau - - ti-ful cit-y!

Beau - - ti-ful cit-y! thou city - - - y of God, Beau - - ti-ful cit-y!

beautiful, beautiful cit-y! thou cit - y, thou city of God, Beautiful, beautiful cit-y! thou

beautiful, beautiful cit - y! thou city, thou cit-y of God, Beautiful, beautiful cit - y! thou

Ad lib.

Beau - - ti-ful cit - y! Beau - - ti-ful cit - y! thou city of God.

Beau - - ti-ful cit - y? Beau - - ti-ful cit - y! thou city of God.

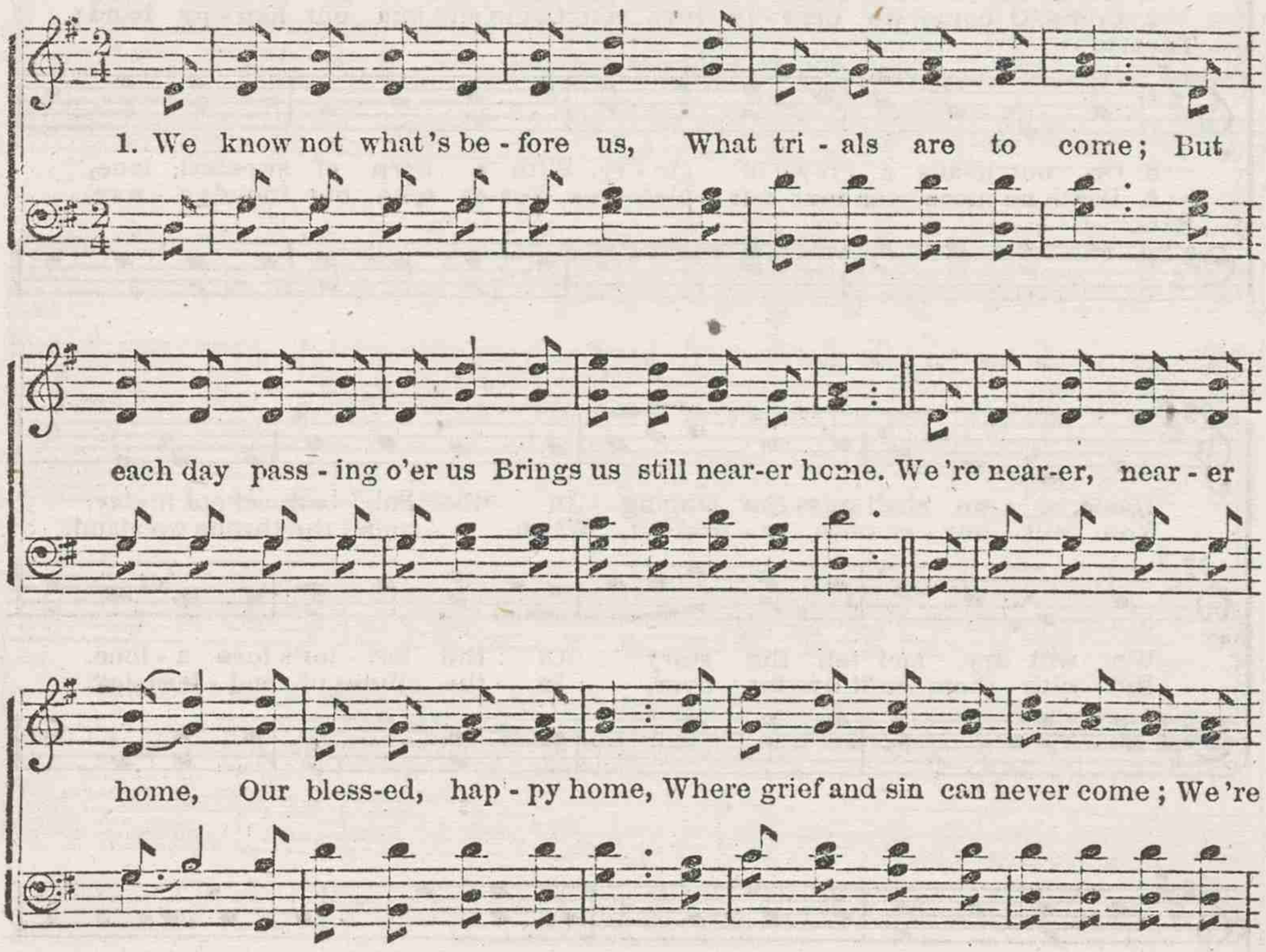
cit-y, thou city of God, O beautiful, beautiful cit - y! thou city of God.

cit-y, thou city of God, O beautiful, beautiful cit - y! thou city of God.

WE'RE NEARER HOME.

TWO TO EACH MEASURE.

Words by KATE CAMERON. From "GOLDEN SHOWER," by permission of W. B. B.



2 Though dark our path, and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ercast,
Let us remember only,
That it will soon be past.
We're nearer, etc.

3 Whate'er of gloom or anguish
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully we'll sing:
We're nearer, etc.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL BAND.

P. PHILLIPS.

ALTO.

1. Hark! the Sab-bath-school bell ring - ing, Calls us from our homes a - way;
2. Come, O come, we dear - ly love you, Come and join our hap - py band;

TREBLE.

3. On our heads a crown of glo - ry, With a harp of sweetest tone,
4. Death no more can mar our pleasures, Nev-er take our friends a - way,

BASS.

Haste, or we shall miss the singing In the Sab - bath-school to-day.
You will nev - er once re - gret it, When a - round the throne we stand.

We will try and tell the story Of the Sav - ior's love a - lone.
But with them we 'll live for - ever, In the climes of end - less day.

2d Chorus. Come and join our happy band, Hap-py band, Hap-py band,

3d Chorus. Then we 'll be a happy band, Hap-py band, Hap-py band,

1st Chorus. For we are a hap - py band, Hap-py band, Hap-py band,

Repeat PP.

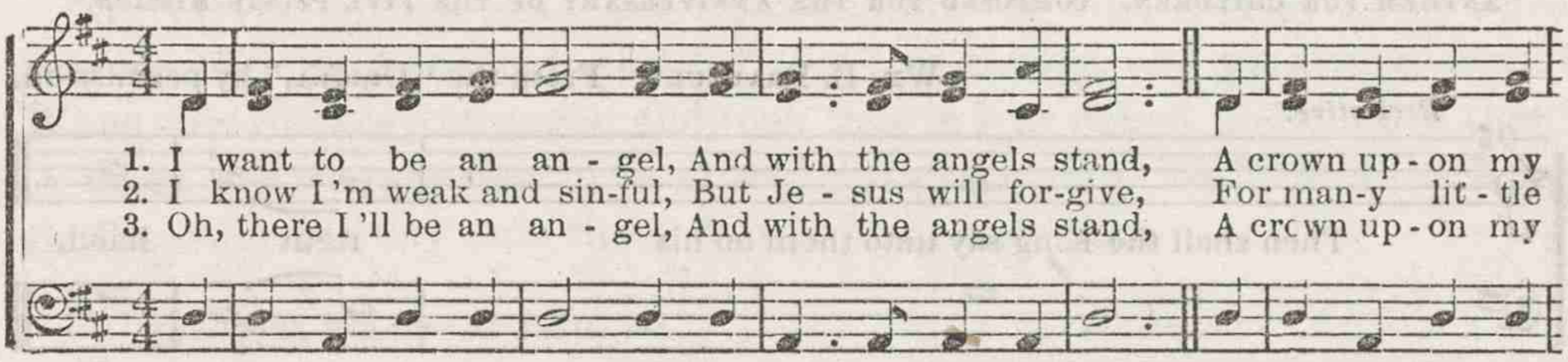
Come and join our hap - py band, In the Sab - bath - school.
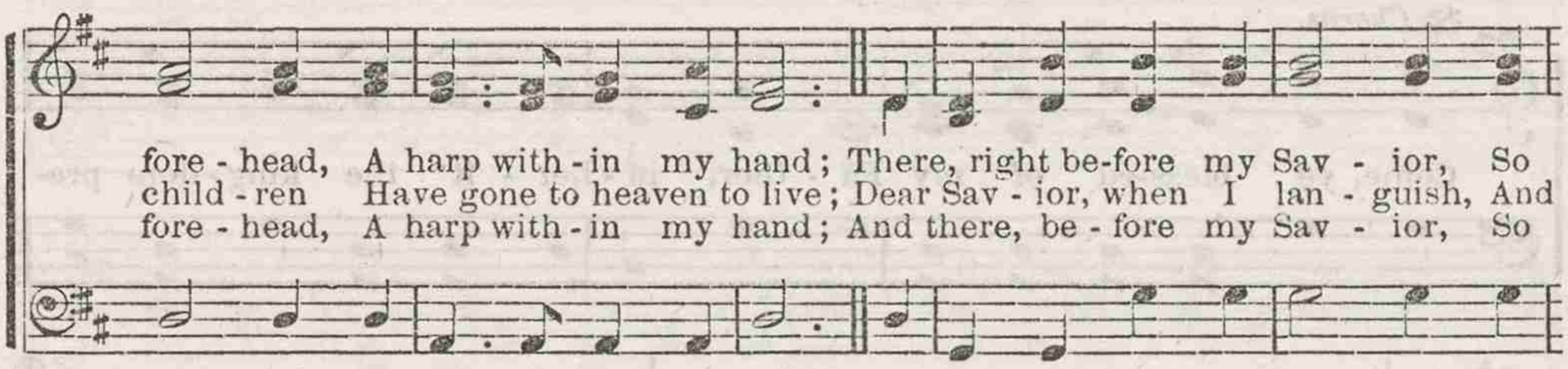
Then we 'll be a hap - py band, When we all get home.
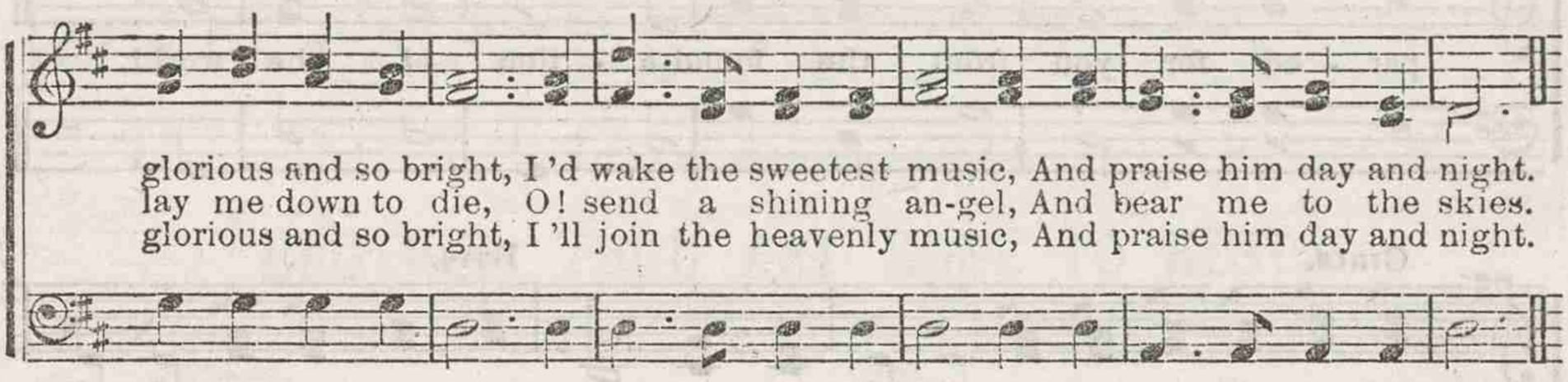
For we are a hap - py band, In the Sab - bath - school.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

Melody by E. L. WHITE.

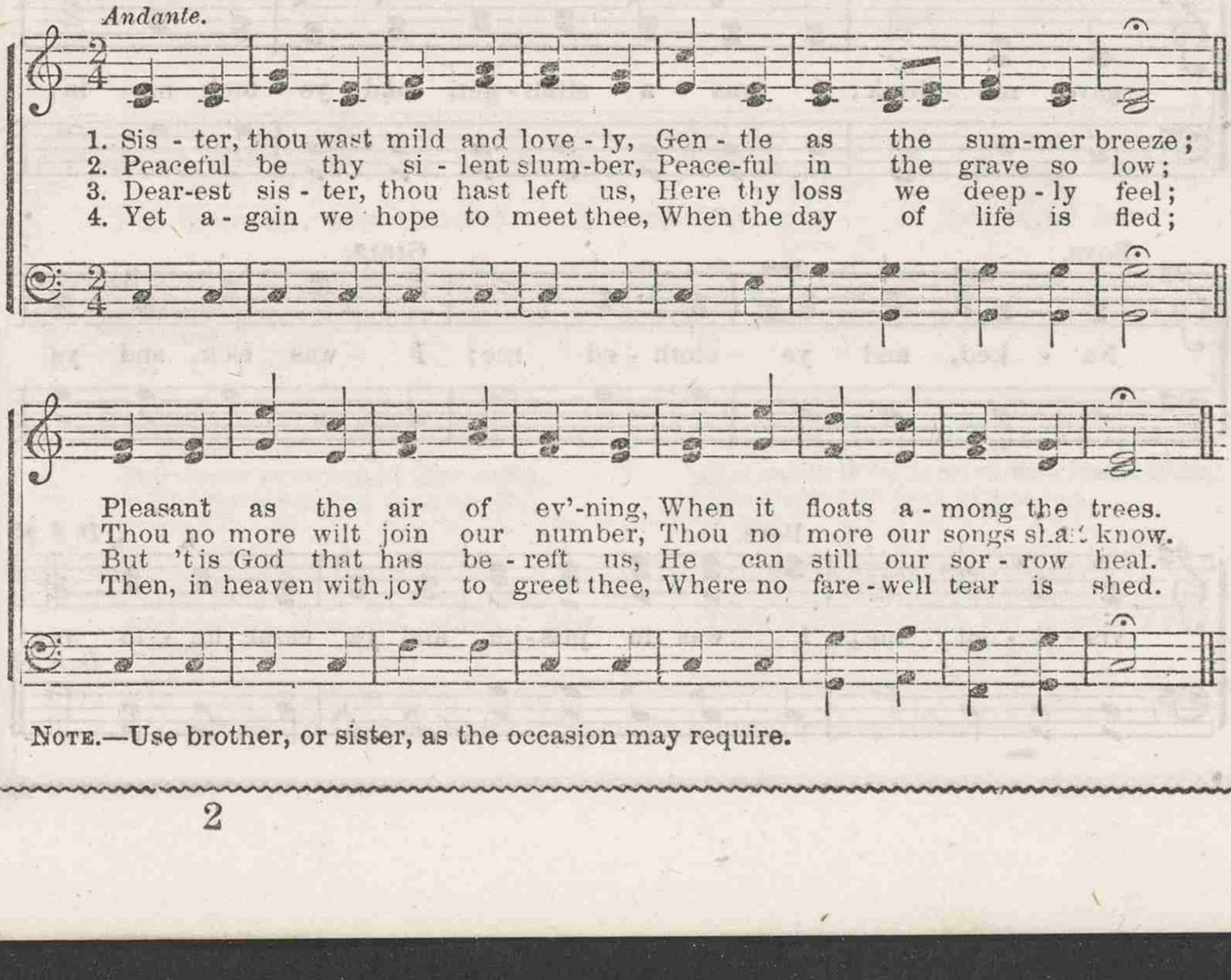






DEATH OF A SCHOLAR. 8s & 7s.

DR. L. MASON.



NOTE.—Use brother, or sister, as the occasion may require.

"COME, YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER."

ANTHEM FOR CHILDREN. COMPOSED FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

WM. B. BRADBURY. From the "ORIOLA," by permission.

Recitative.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand,

𝄋 *Chorus.*

Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa - ther, in - her - it the king - dom pre-

par - ed for you from the found-a - tion of the world.

GIRLS.

For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye

BOYS.

GIRLS.

gave me drink; I was a stran - ger, and ye took me in;

BOYS.

Na - ked, and ye cloth - ed me; I was sick, and ye

GIRLS.

BOYS.

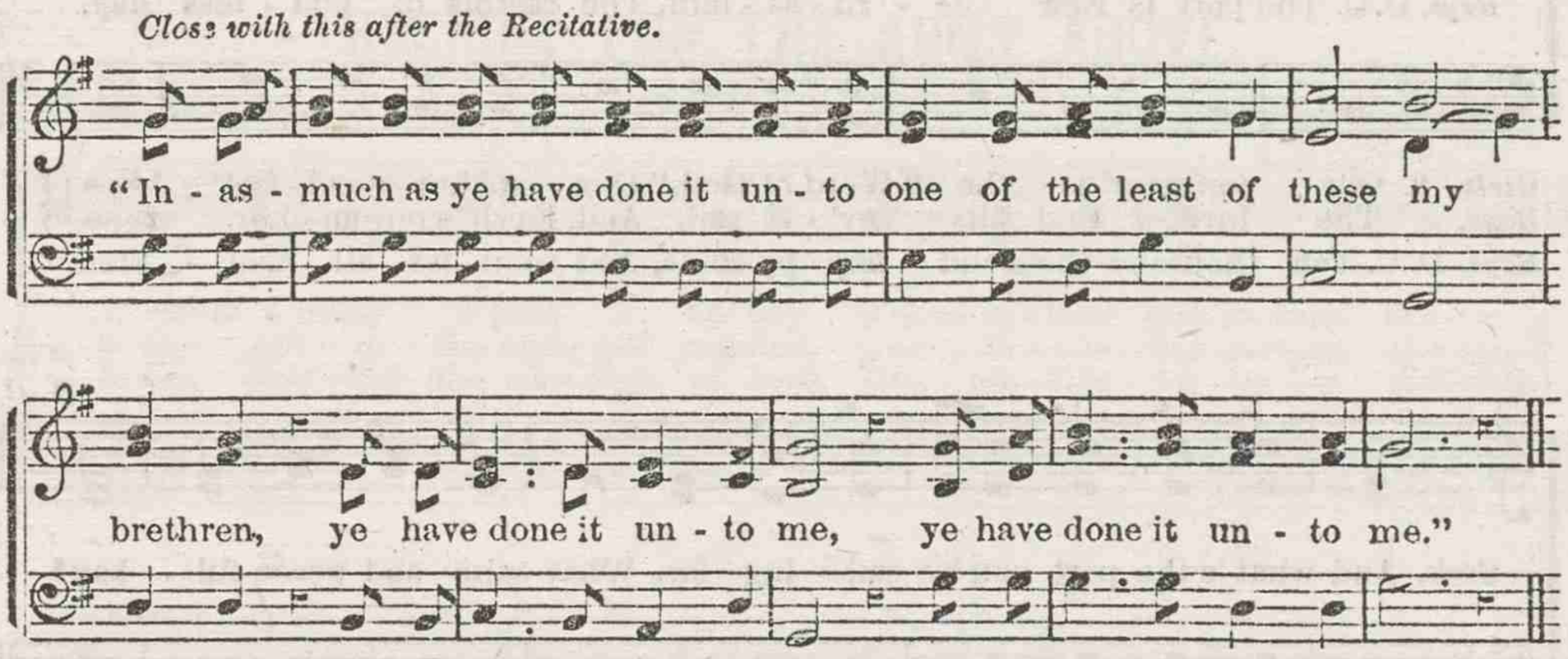
vis - it - ed me; I was in pris - on, and ye came un - to me;

D. S. 𝄋

"COME, YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER."—Concluded.
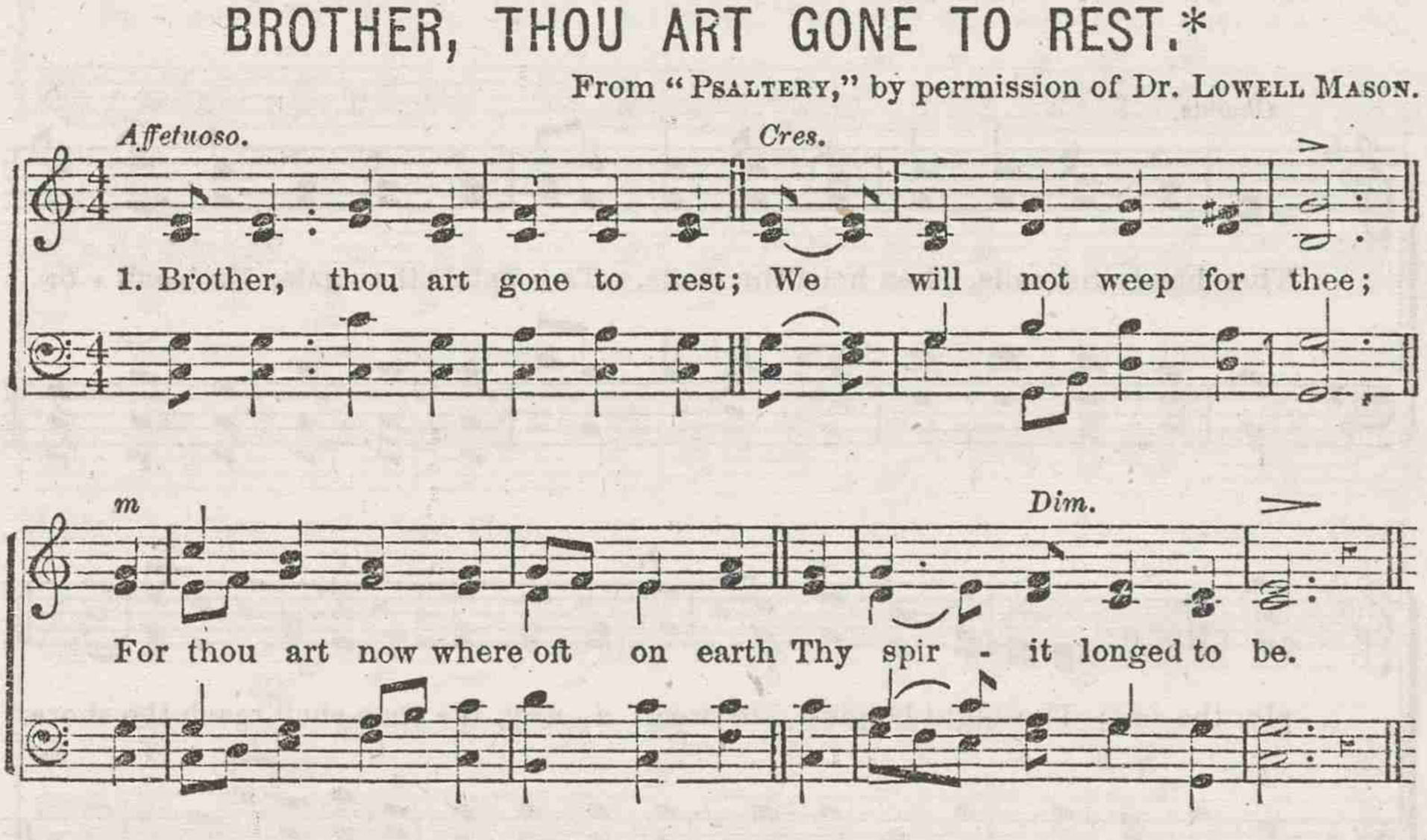
RECITATIVE.—Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you,

Close with this after the Recitative.



BROTHER, THOU ART GONE TO REST.*

From "PSALTERY," by permission of Dr. LOWELL MASON.



2 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thine is an earthly tomb;
But Jesus summoned thee away,
Thy Savior called thee home.

3 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering, now,
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

4 Brother, thou art gone to rest,
Thy sins are all forgiven;
And saints in light have welcomed thee,
To share the joys of heaven.

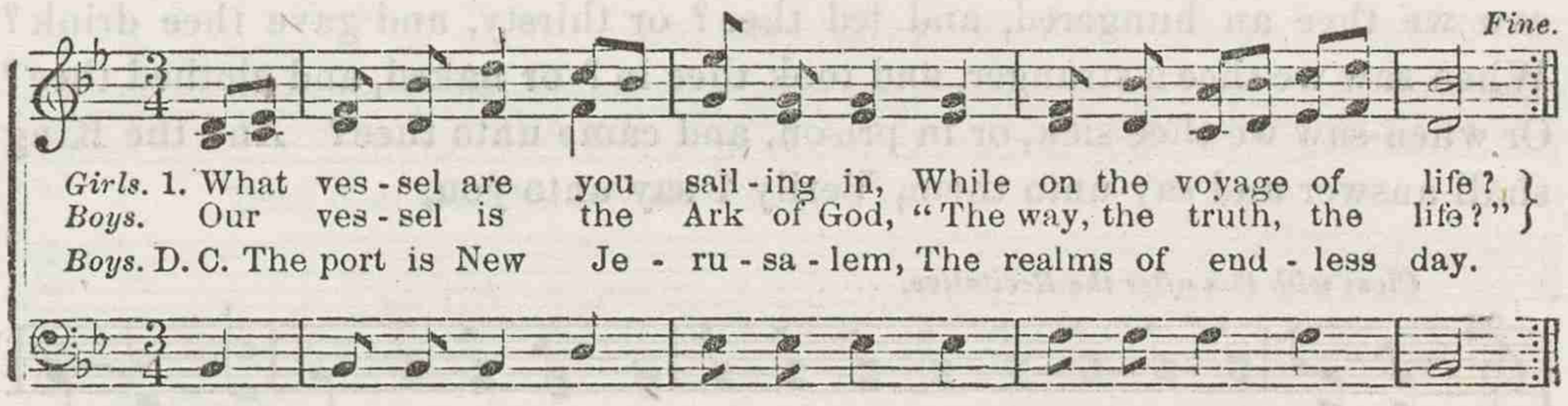
5 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
And this shall be our prayer,
That, when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we shall share.

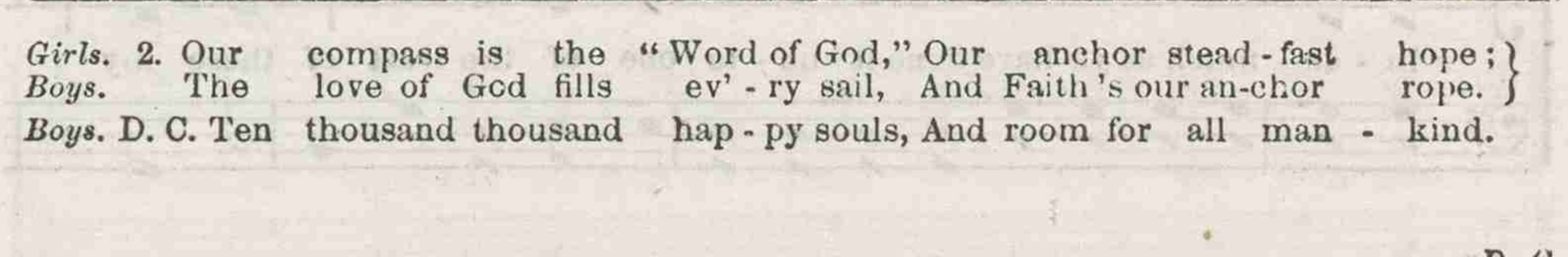
* Sister, teacher, or schoolmate can be used in place of brother.

"WHAT VESSEL ARE YOU SAILING IN?"

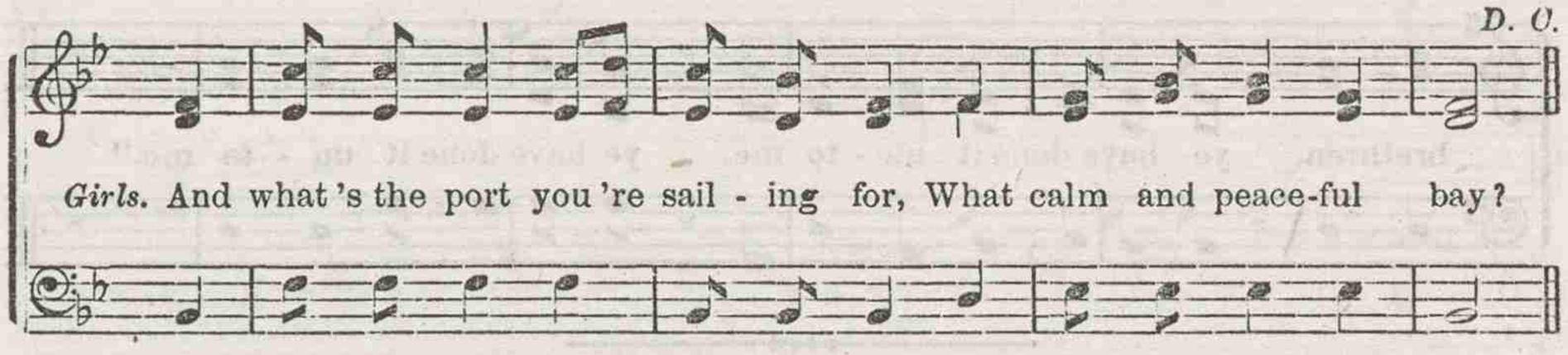
W. H. DOANE.

Fine.
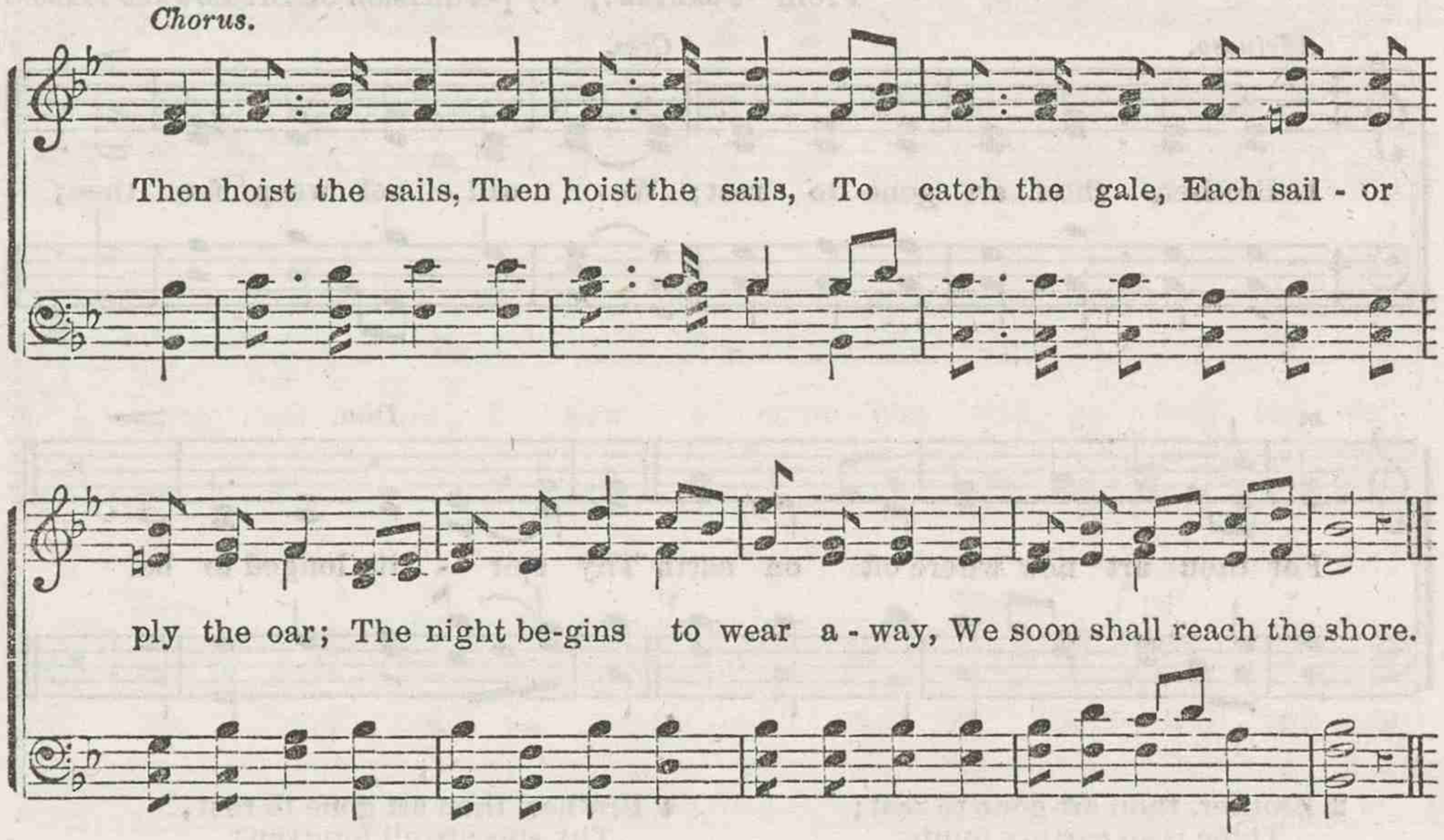




D. C.



Chorus.



3 But are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
We need not fear, for Christ is near,
Our Father's at the helm.
We 've looked astern, and many a storm,
The Lord has brought us through;
We 're looking now ahead, and lo!
The land appears in view.
Then hoist the sails, etc.

4 O come on board, there 's room for all!
Whoever will may come;
Obey the Savior's tender call,
He 'll guide us safely home.
And when we all are landed safe
On that celestial shore,
Redeeming love shall be our song,
To sing for evermore.
Then hoist the sails, etc.

MUSICAL LEAVES,

No. 2.

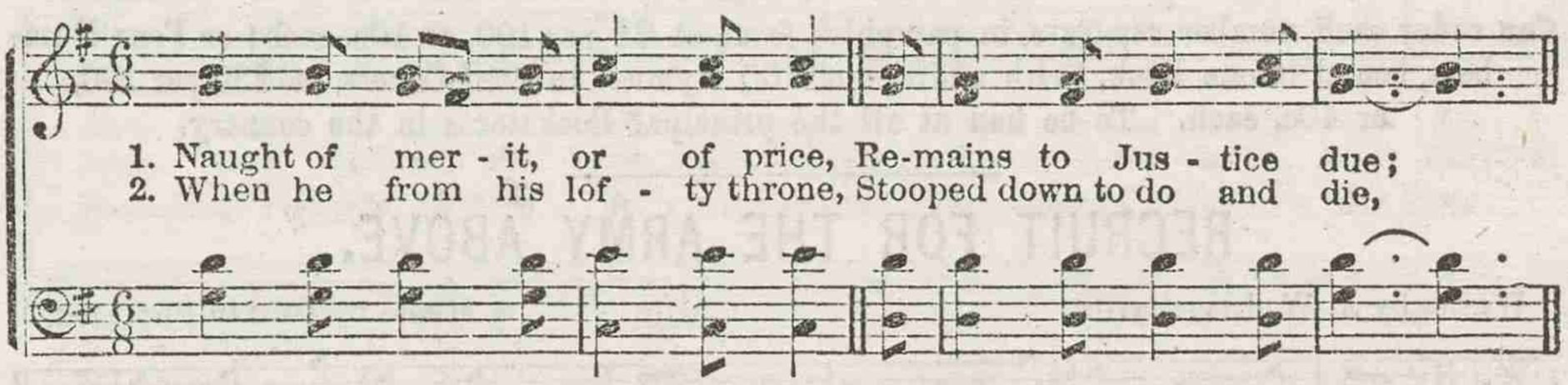
Can order each number separate, in pamphlet form, at $6 per 100, or 10c. each; or Four Numbers, bound in one Book, (with addition of 100 Hymns), in Stiff Covers, at $30 per 100, or 40c. each. To be had at all the principal Bookstores in the country.
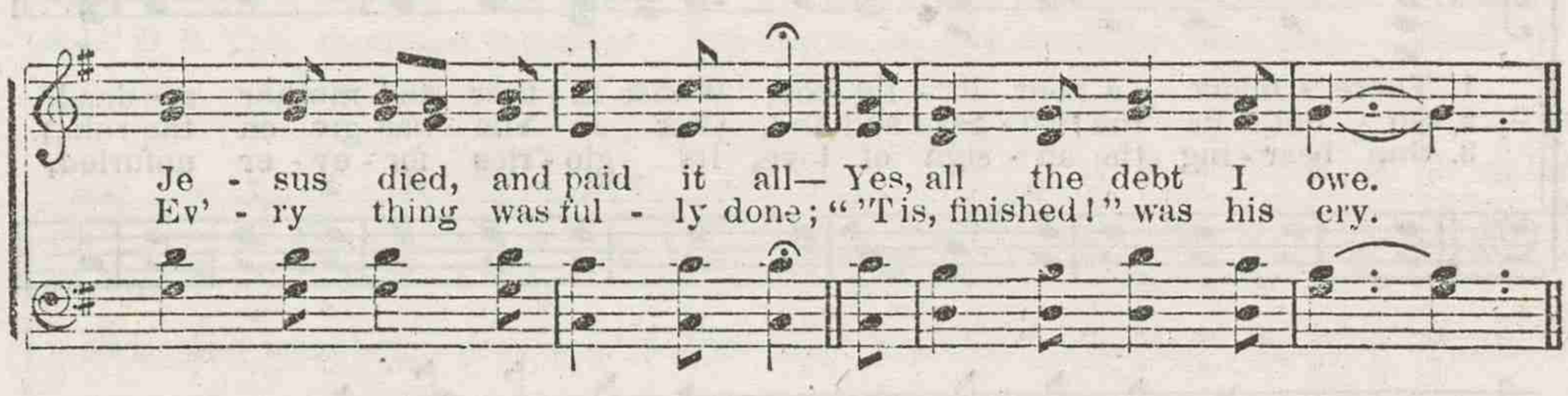
RECRUIT FOR THE ARMY ABOVE.

Words by A. W. LIVINGSTON. Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.
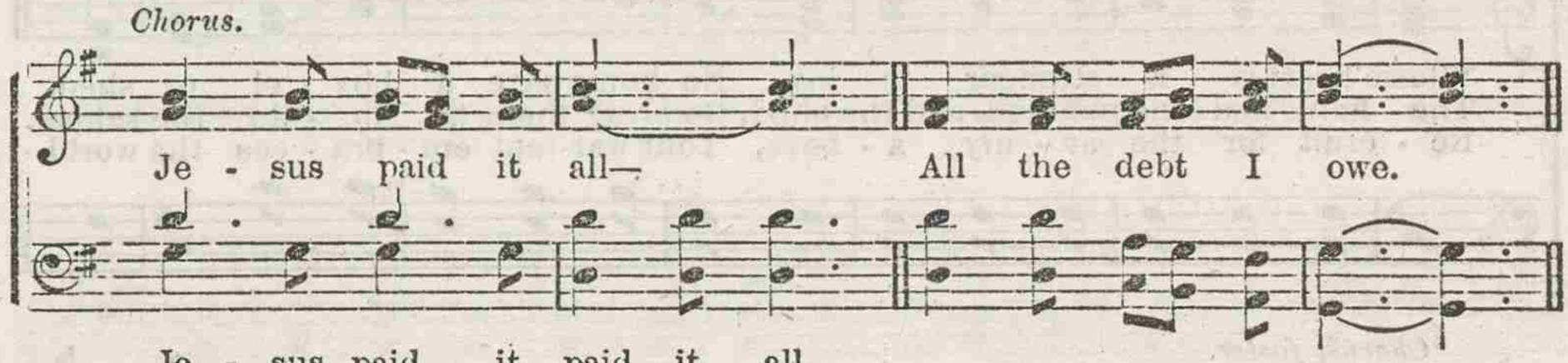
JESUS PAID IT ALL.
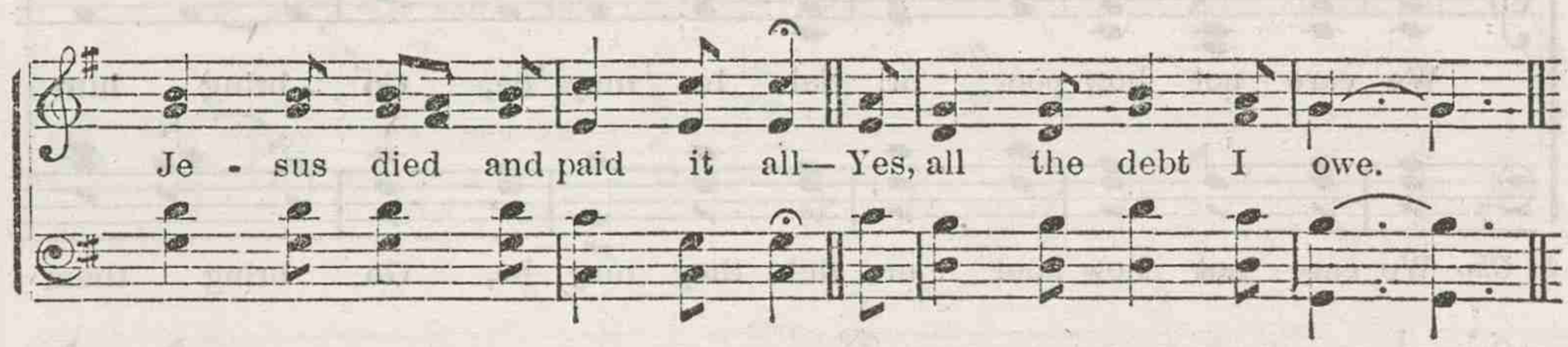
From "GOLDEN CENSER," Bradbury's new Sunday-School Music Book (to be issued in May, 1864), by permission of WM. B. BRADBURY.





Chorus.





3 Weary, working, plodding one,
O, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your "doing;" all was done,
Done ages long ago.
Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe, etc.

4 'TIL to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing" ends in death.
Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe, etc.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down, all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe.
Jesus died and paid it all—
Yes, all the debt I owe.

DOTH JESUS LIVE IN THEE?

SILAS H. AYERS.

1 Every thing both great and small,
Christ gives me *now* to do;
Jesus lives, and gives me all—
And more—makes all things new.
Jesus gives me all,
All the grace I need;
Jesus lives, and gives me all,
Yes, every thing I need.

2 When our Savior we receive
As Prophet, Priest, and King,
We by faith divinely live,
And works, his tribute bring.
Jesus gives me all, etc.

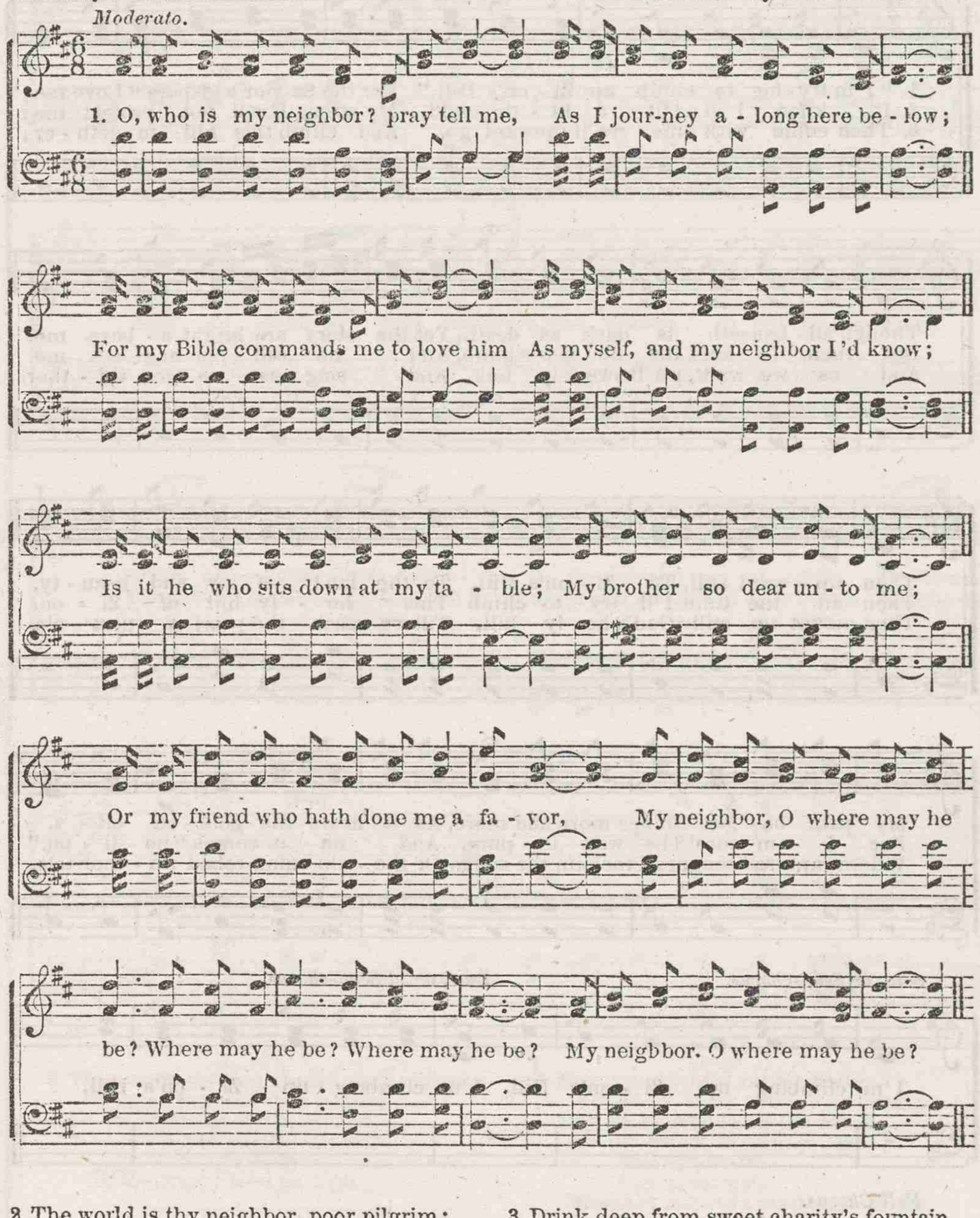
3 Christ in us doth live and move,
We're branches of the *vine;*
Jesus, word of life and love,
In faith and works combine.
Jesus gives me all, etc.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

"A new commandment give I unto you: Love ye one another, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. Contributed by WM. B. BRADBURY.

Moderato.



2 The world is thy neighbor, poor pilgrim;
From the beggar, so wretched to see,
To the rich man that rides in his carriage,
All alike have a claim upon thee!
Go ye out in the highways and hedges,
The alleys, the lanes, and the street,
For ye never have need to stand idle,
The want of a neighbor to greet.

3 Drink deep from sweet charity's fountain,
Little failings in kindness o'erlook;
For dear Jesus had pity for others,
And he never his neighbor forsook!
He hath said that a cup of cold water,
If given in the name of the Lord,
In that day when he makes up his jewels,
Shall meet with a tenfold reward.

"CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL."

Little Artie Bain, with tremulous voice and moistened eyes, uttered these words in the class-room.

Words by Rev. JOHN G. CHAFEE. Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. "I'm try-ing to climb up Zi - on's Hill," For the Sa-vior whispers "Love me;"
2. I know I'm but a lit - tle child, My strength will not protect me;
3. Then come with me, we'll up-ward go, And climb this hill to-geth - er;

Though all beneath is dark as death, Yet the stars are bright a - bove me.
But then I am the Sa - vior's lamb, And he will not neg - lect me.
And as we walk, we'll sweet-ly talk, And sing as we go thi - ther.

Then up - ward still, To Zi - on's Hill, To the land of joy and beau - ty,
Then all the time I'll try to climb This ho - ly hill of Zi - on,
Then mount up still God's ho - ly hill, Till we reach the pearl - y port - als,

My path be - fore Shines more and more, As it nears the gold - en cit - y.
For I am sure The way is pure, And on it comes "no li - on."
Where raptured tongues Proclaim the songs Of the shi - ning-robed im - mor-tals.

Solo, or Semi-chorus. *Duet, or 2d Semi-chorus.*

I'm climbing up Zi - on's Hill, I'm climbing up Zi - on's Hill,

Full Chorus.

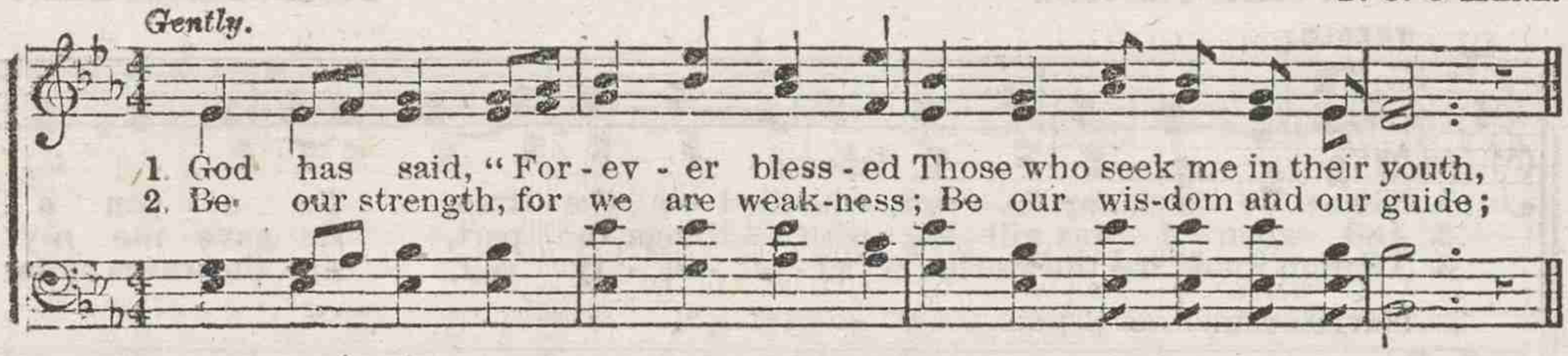
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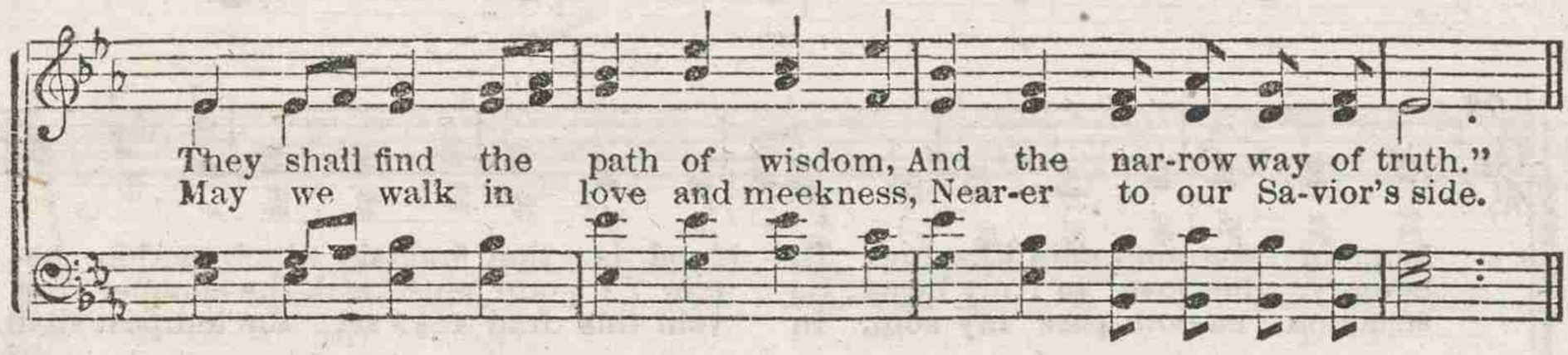
Climb - ing, climb - ing, climb - ing up Zi - on's Hill.

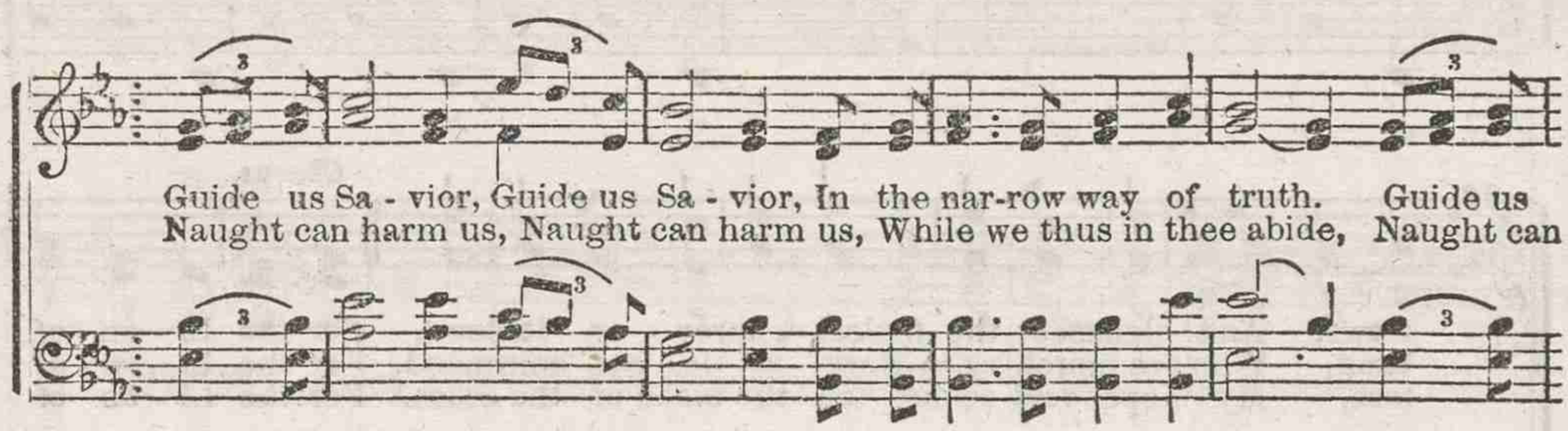
GUIDE US, SAVIOR.

"He will guide you into all truth."

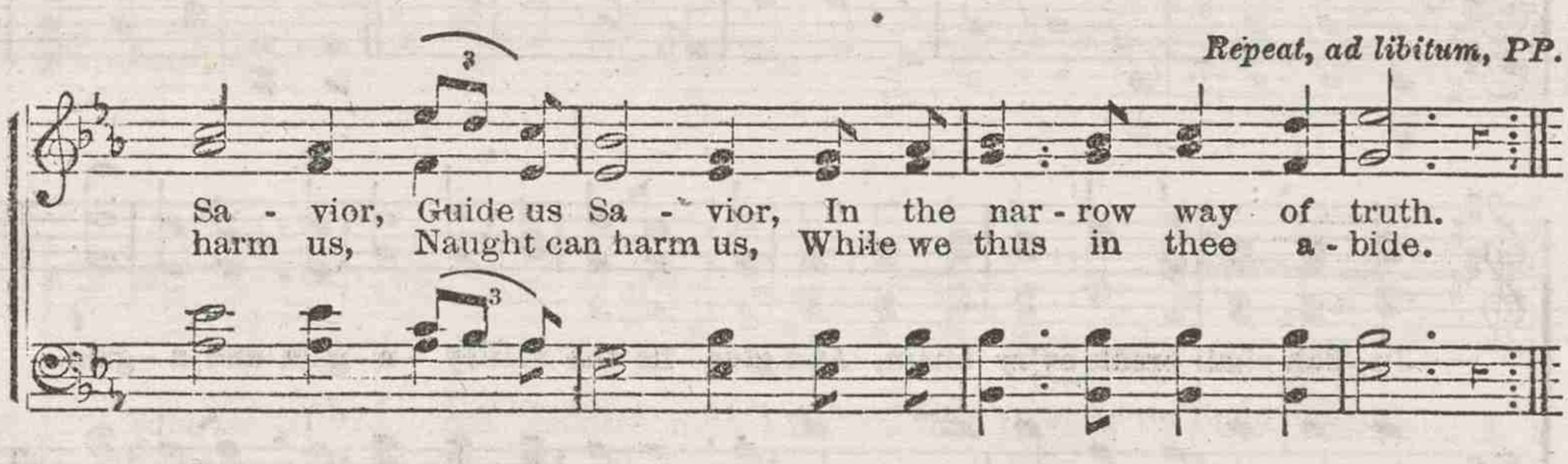
T. C. O'KANE.







Repeat, ad libitum, PP.



3 Thus when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky;
‖: Gently passing :‖
To the happy land on high.

Lend us Thy Favor.

BY MISS ANNIE E. HOWE.

1 Guide us! O thou blessed Savior;
Thoughtless little ones are we;
Lend us e'er thy loving favor,
May we strive to follow thee.
‖: From temptation, :‖
Bid our careless footsteps be.

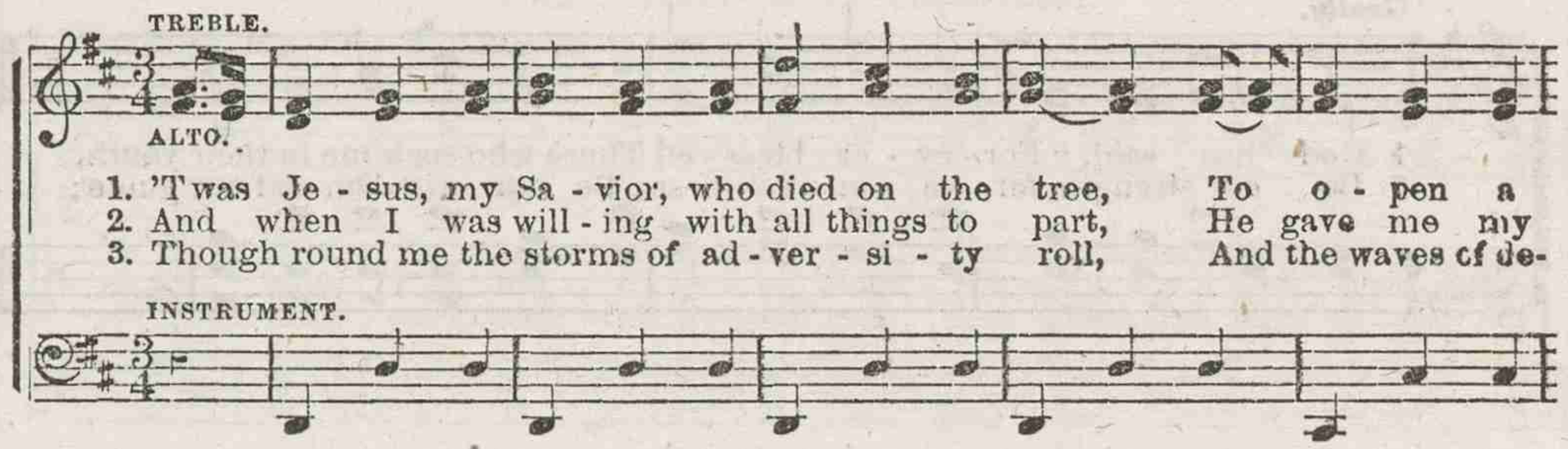
2 May thy watchful angels hover
Round us, when there 's evil near;
May we hide beneath the cover
Of thy wings, in time of fear:
And in sorrow,
And in sorrow,
Comfort our sad hearts, and cheer.

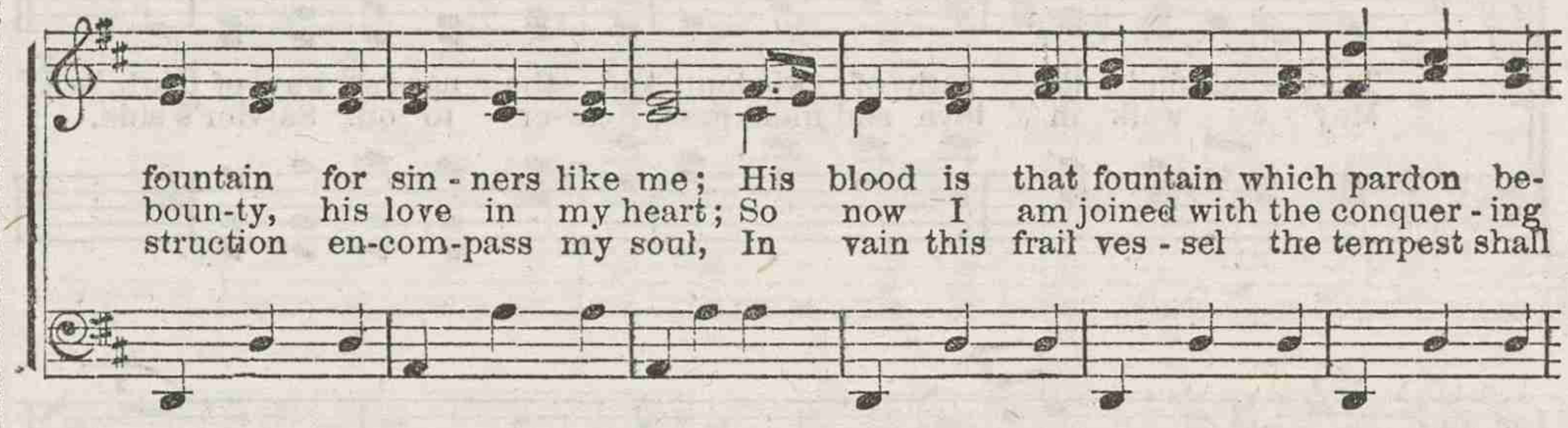
4 And when death at last o'ertakes us,
And we sink beneath his might,
May that blessed morn awake us,
Safe in yonder realms of light;
There forever,
There forever,
Chant thy praise with angels bright.

THE LION OF JUDAH.

Words and Theme by H. Q. WILSON. Composed by HENRY TUCKER.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS. From "CHORAL HARP."





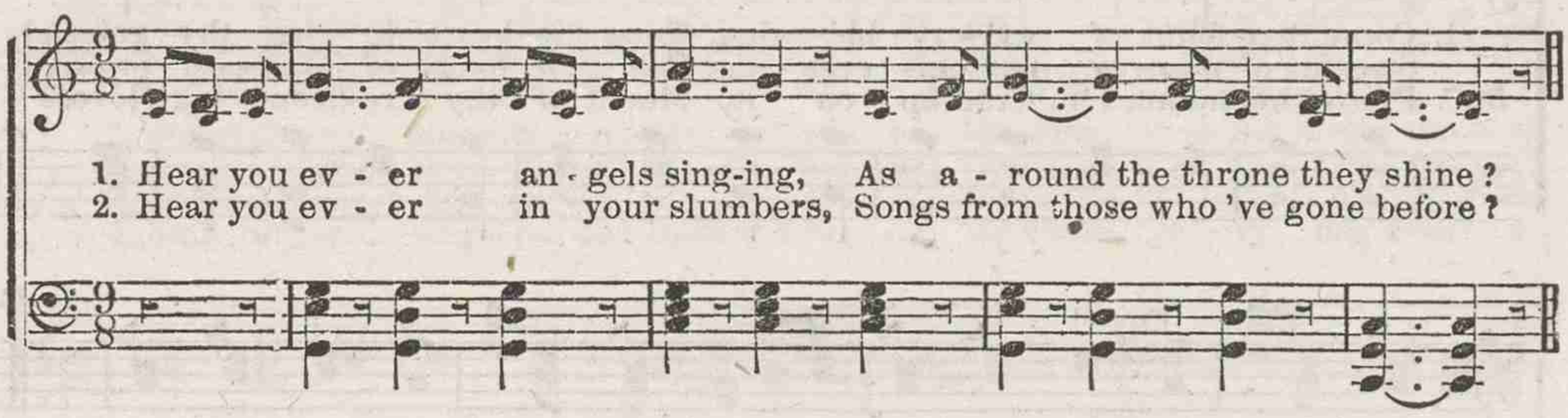
4 And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away
I 'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.
For the Lion, etc.

5 And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
I 'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross ever more.
For the Lion, etc.

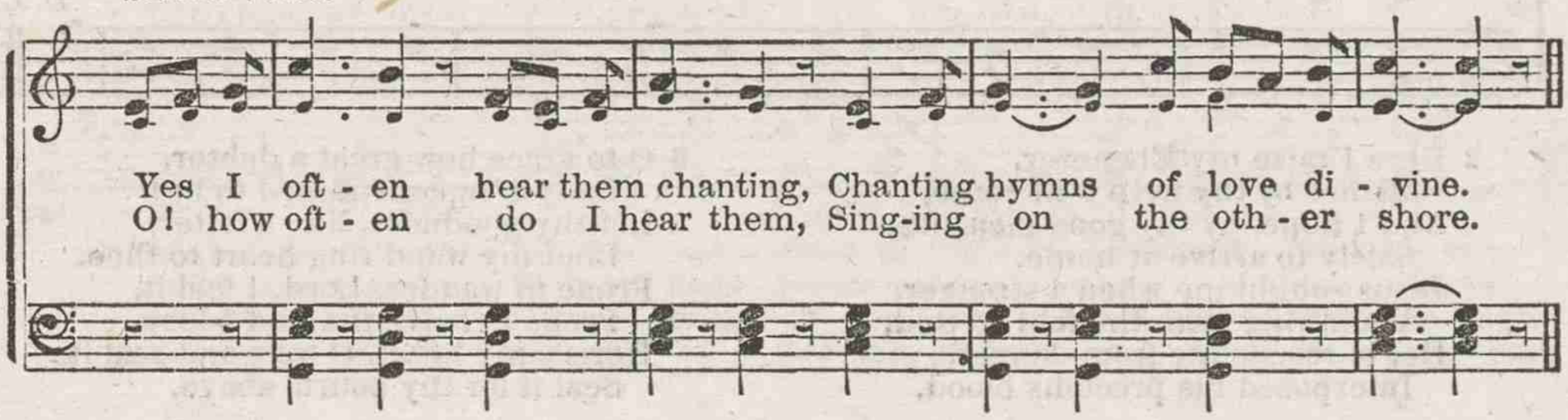
JUST BEYOND.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

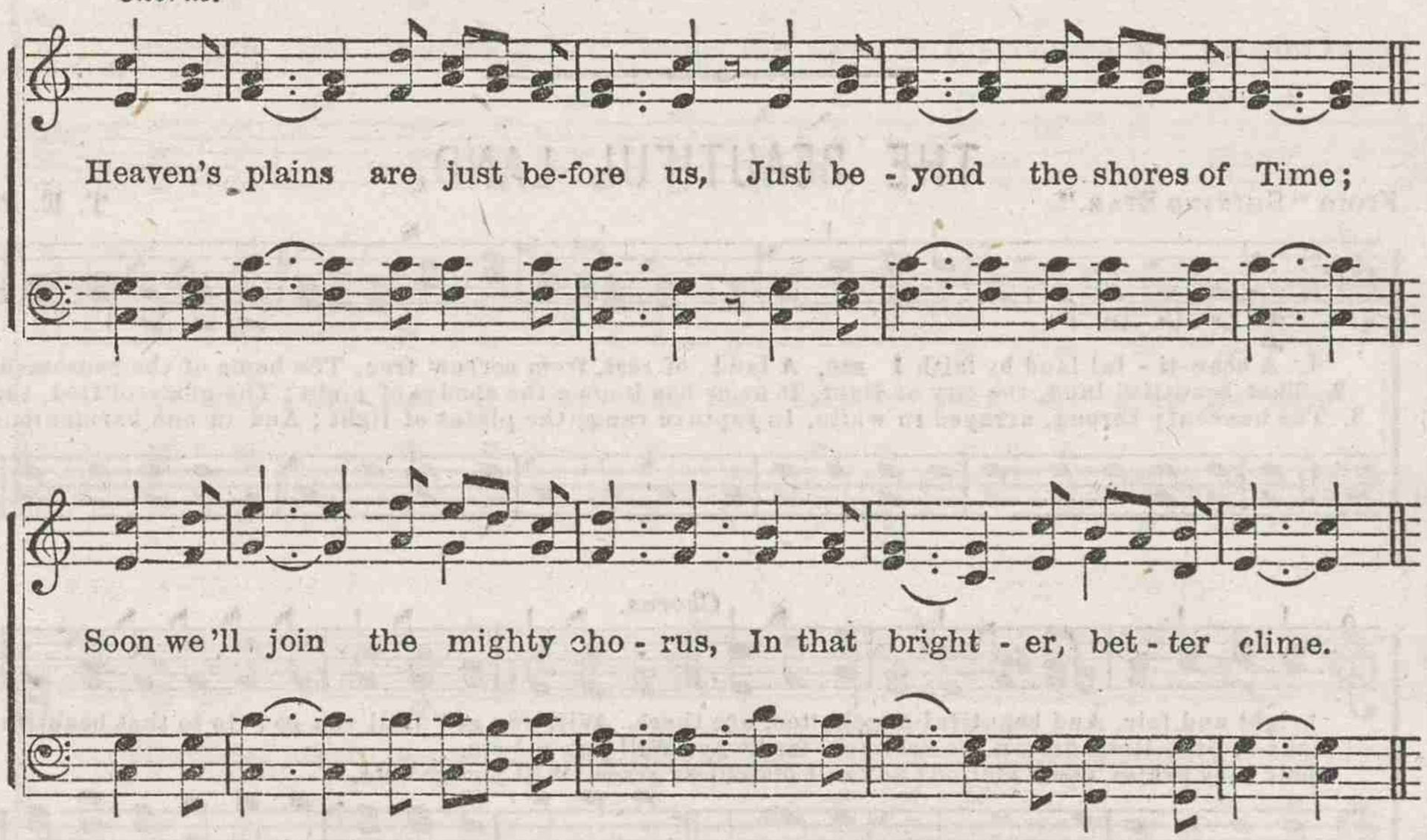
First Voice.



Second Voice.



Chorus.

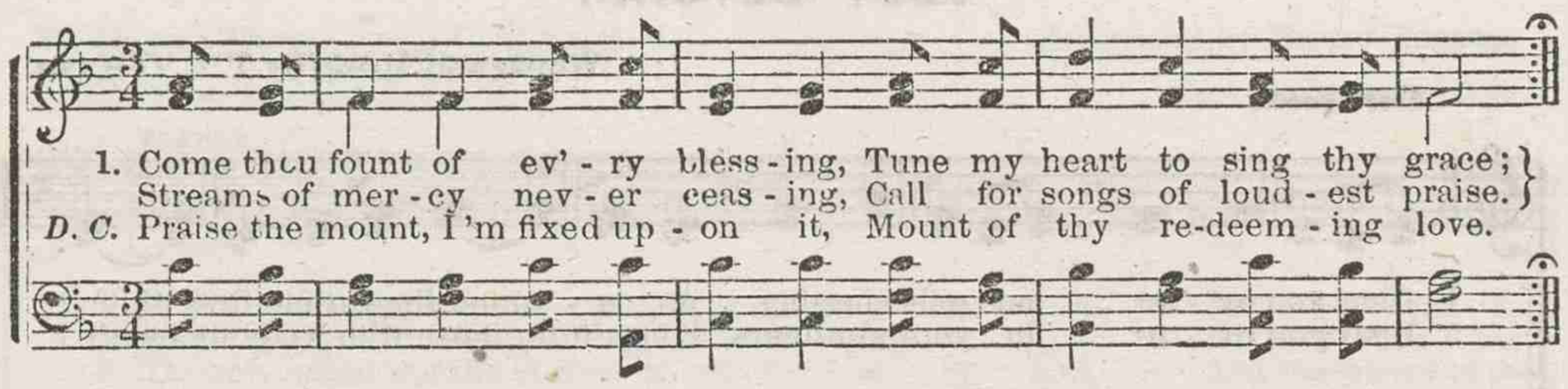


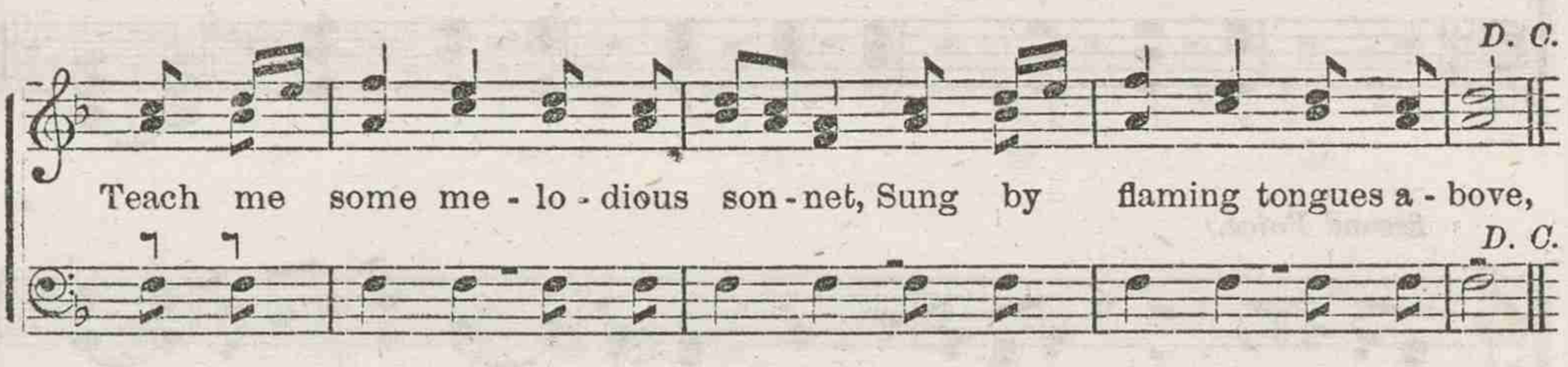
3 Do you ever feel like going
To that land so bright and fair?
O! how often would I gladly
Go and join the loved ones there.
Heaven's plains, etc.

4 Let us cherish, now and ever,
Glowing hopes of joys to come,
And when earthly ties we sever,
Meet in heaven, our happy home.
Heaven's plains, etc.

REMARK.—The 1st, 2d and 3d stanzas should be sung by *Solo* voices, as marked, and the 4th stanza as a *Duett*, by the two voices.

HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US.



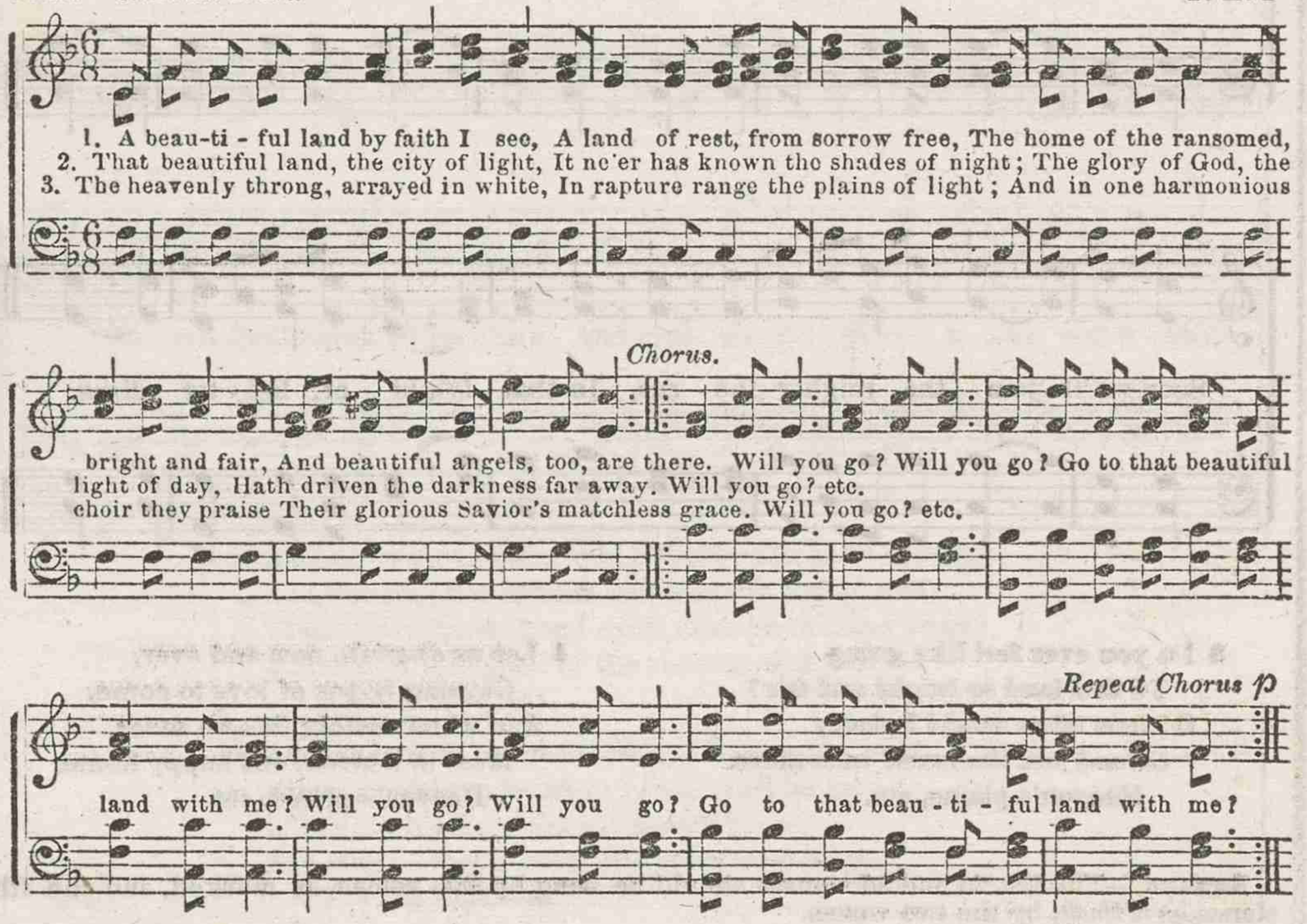


2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I 'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

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

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

From "SHINING STAR." T. E. P.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL BATTLE-SONG.

Published by the AMERICAN BAPTIST SOCIETY. Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of
2. Press-ing on! press-ing on! to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of
3. Fight-ing on! fight-ing on! in the midst of the strife, At the call of our
4. Sing-ing on! sing-ing on! from the bat-tle we come, Ev'-ry flag bears a

children from near and from far; Hap-py hearts, full of song, 'neath our
faith to the bat-tle we go; 'Mid the cheer-ing of an-gels, our
Cap-tain, we draw ev'-ry sword; We are bat-tling for God, we are
wreath, ev'ry sol-dier renown; Heav'nly an-gels are wait-ing to

ban-ners we bring, Lit-tle sol-diers of Zi-on prepared for the war.
ranks march a-way, With our flags point-ing ev-er right on t'wards the foe.
struggling for life, Let us strike ev'-ry reb-el that fights 'gainst the Lord.
wel-come us home, And the Sa-vior will give us a robe and a crown.

Chorus.

Marching on! marching on! sound the bat-tle cry! sound the bat-tle cry!

For the Sa-vior is be-fore us, and for Him we draw the sword.

Marching on! marching on! shout the vic-to-ry! shout the vic-to-ry!

We will end the bat-tle sing-ing hal-le-lu-jahs to the Lord.

THE ANGELS IN THE AIR.

Contributed to "MUSICAL LEAVES." REV. R. LOWRY.

1. When life's la - bor-song is sung And the e - bon arch is sprung, O'er the
2. Dark the shadows in the vale, Fierce the howling of the gale, But the
3. Flood the heart with pass - ing tears, Frost the head with pass - ing years, Min-gle

sha - ded couch of death so still; Then the Lord will light the scene With the
shi - ning ones are near our door; With our robes as bright as they, We will
want and woe to - geth - er here; But the Lord will lift the cloud, That en-
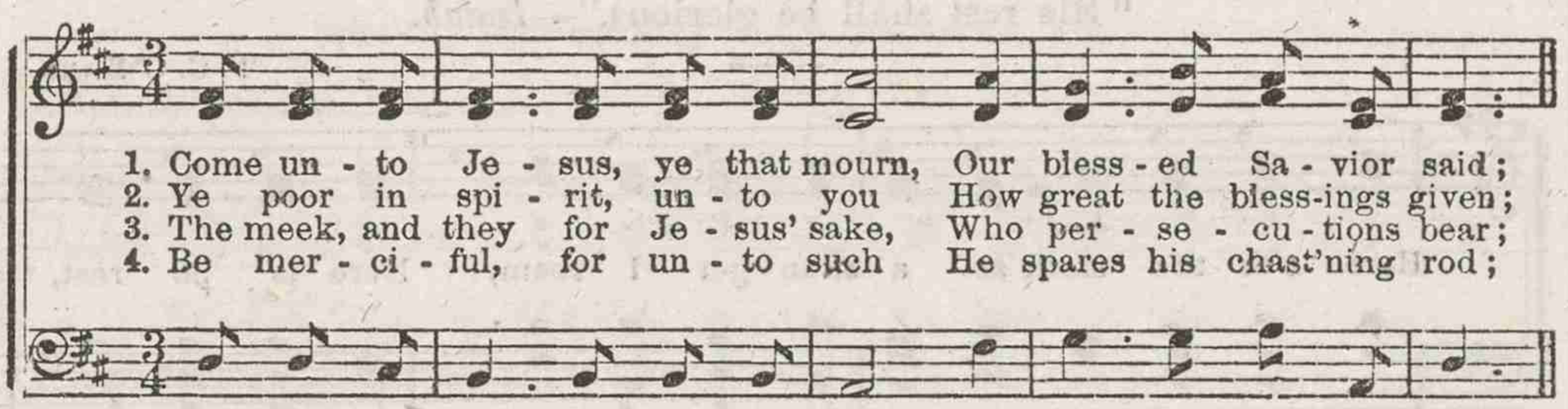
an - gels' star - ry sheen, As they wel - come us to Zi - on's hill.
tread the star - ry way, With the sha - dow and the storm no more.
wraps the shi - ning crowd, And we 'll nev - er know a sor - row there.

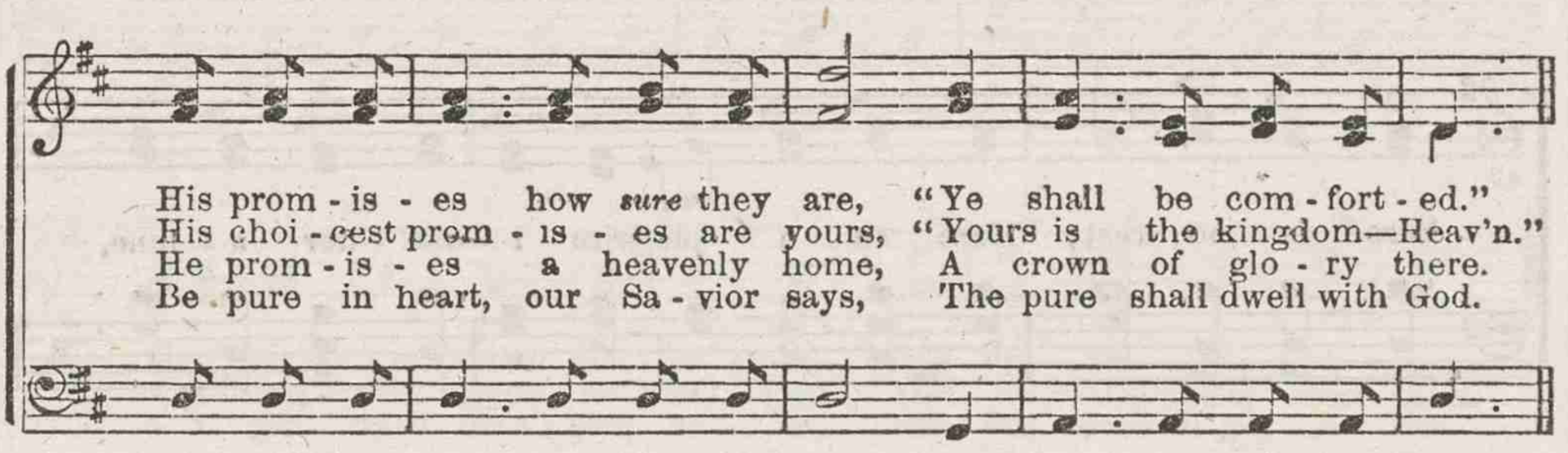
Chorus. Steady time.

We 'll meet each oth - er there, Yes! we 'll meet each oth - er there, With the
angels in the air, Yes! we 'll meet each other there; We 'll meet each other there, Yes! we 'll
meet each oth - er there, With the an - gels, with the an - gels in the air.

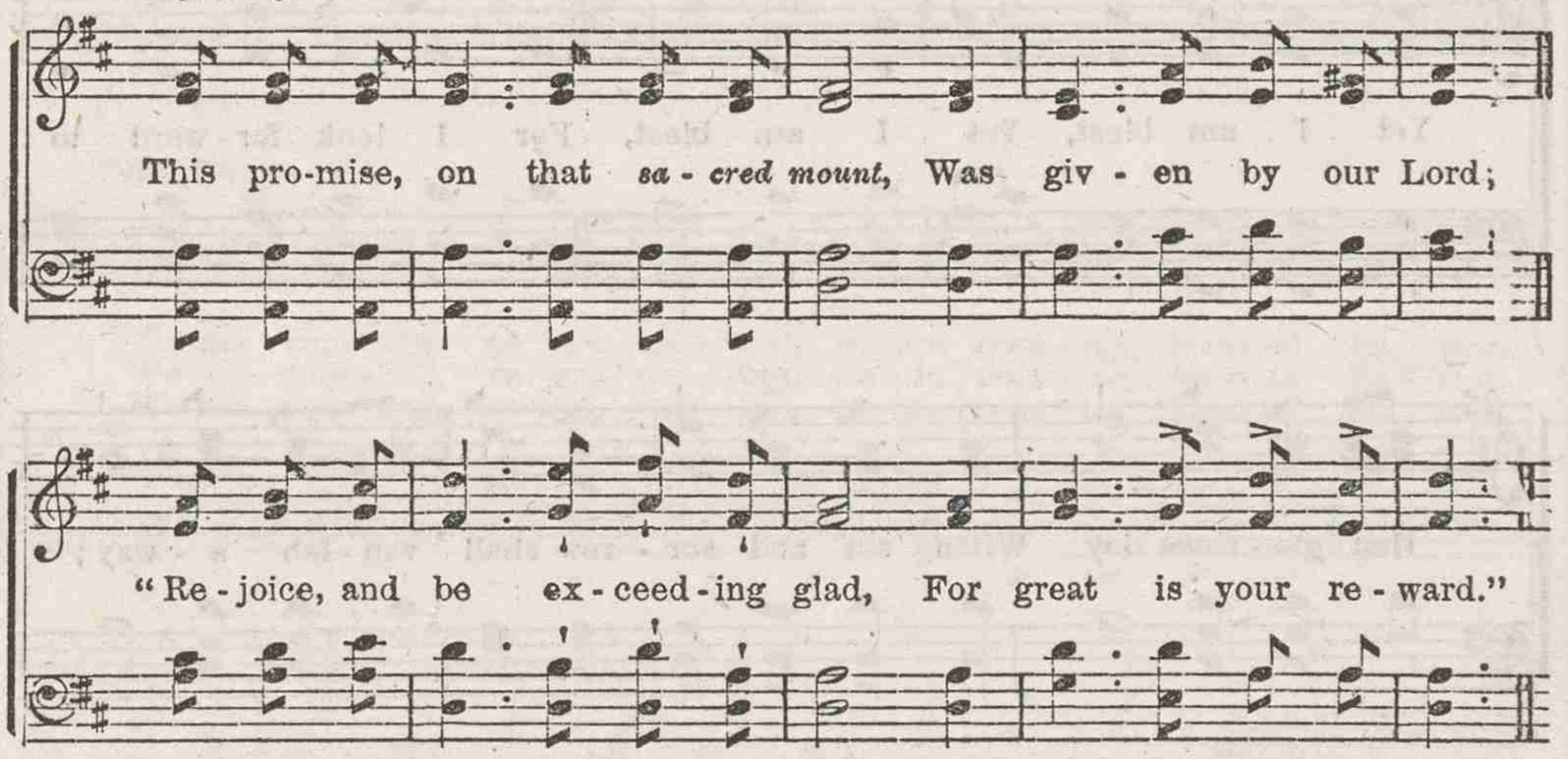
CHRIST ON THE MOUNT.

Words by Dr. E. G. SUMNER. (MATT. V.) Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



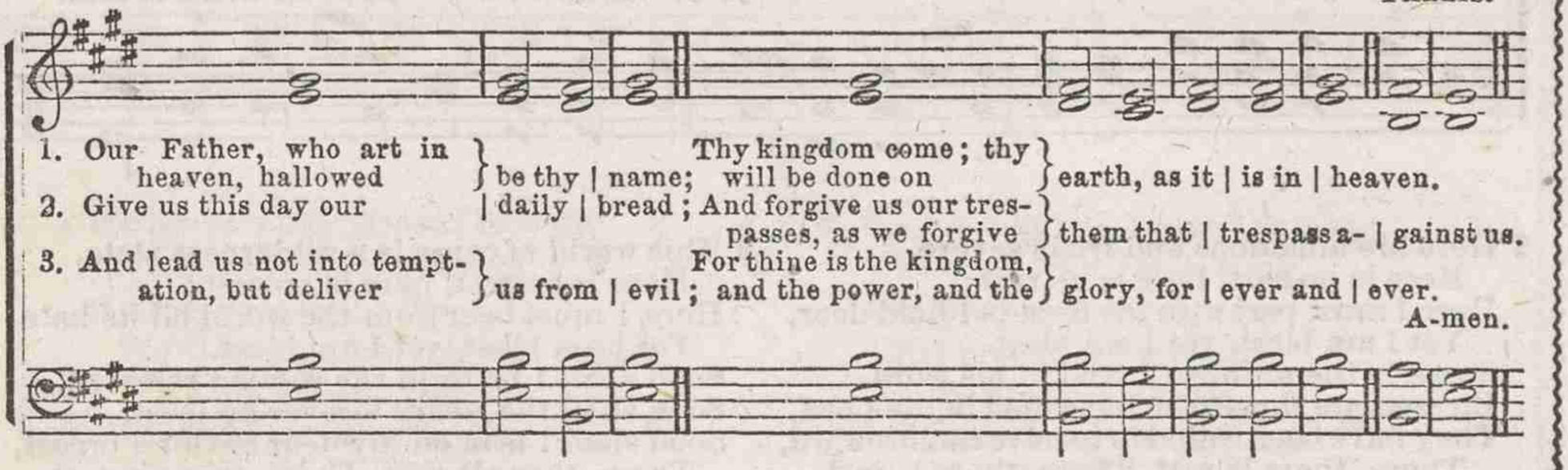


Chorus.



"OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

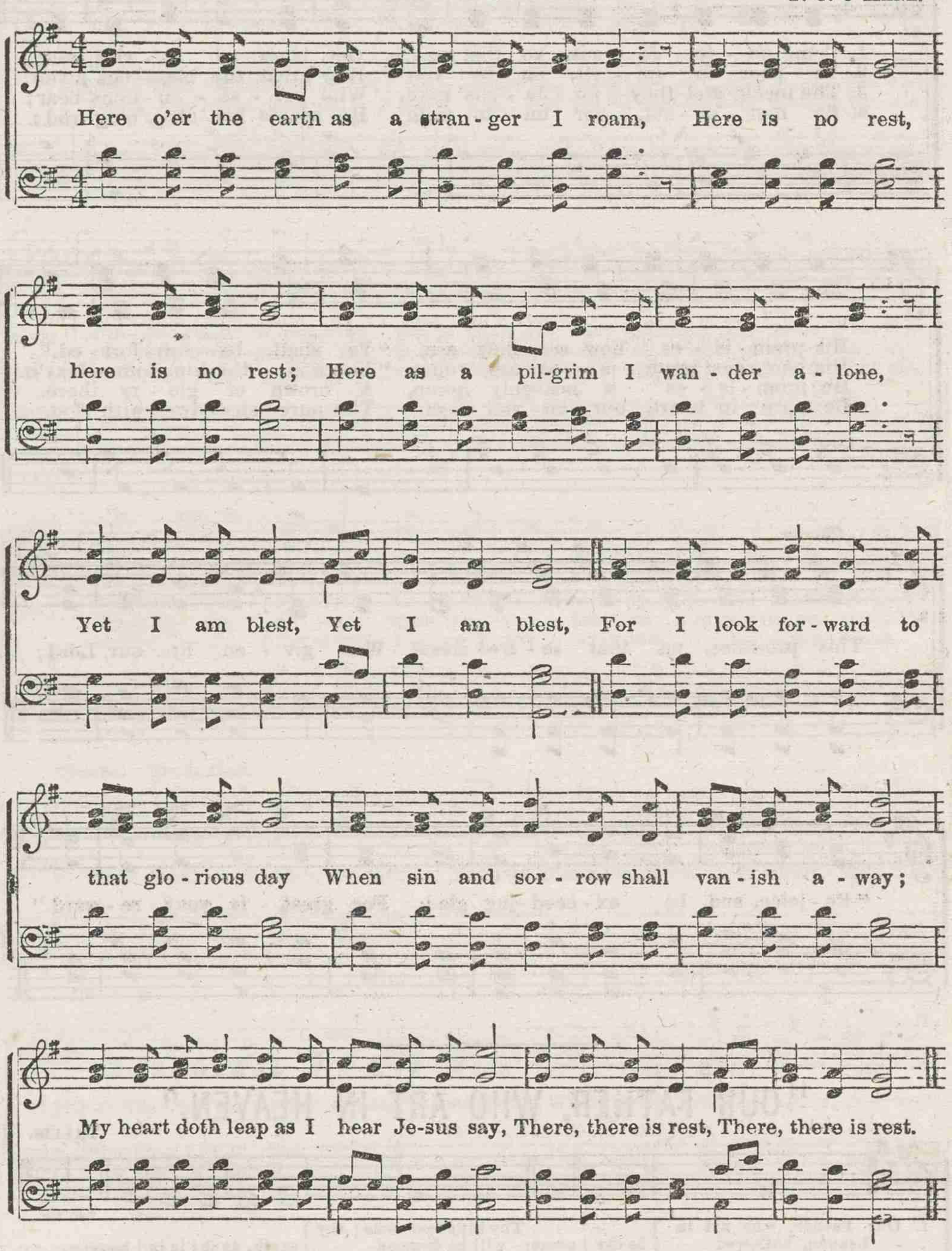
TALLIS.



THERE, THERE IS REST.

"His rest shall be glorious."—*Isaiah.*

T. C. O'KANE.
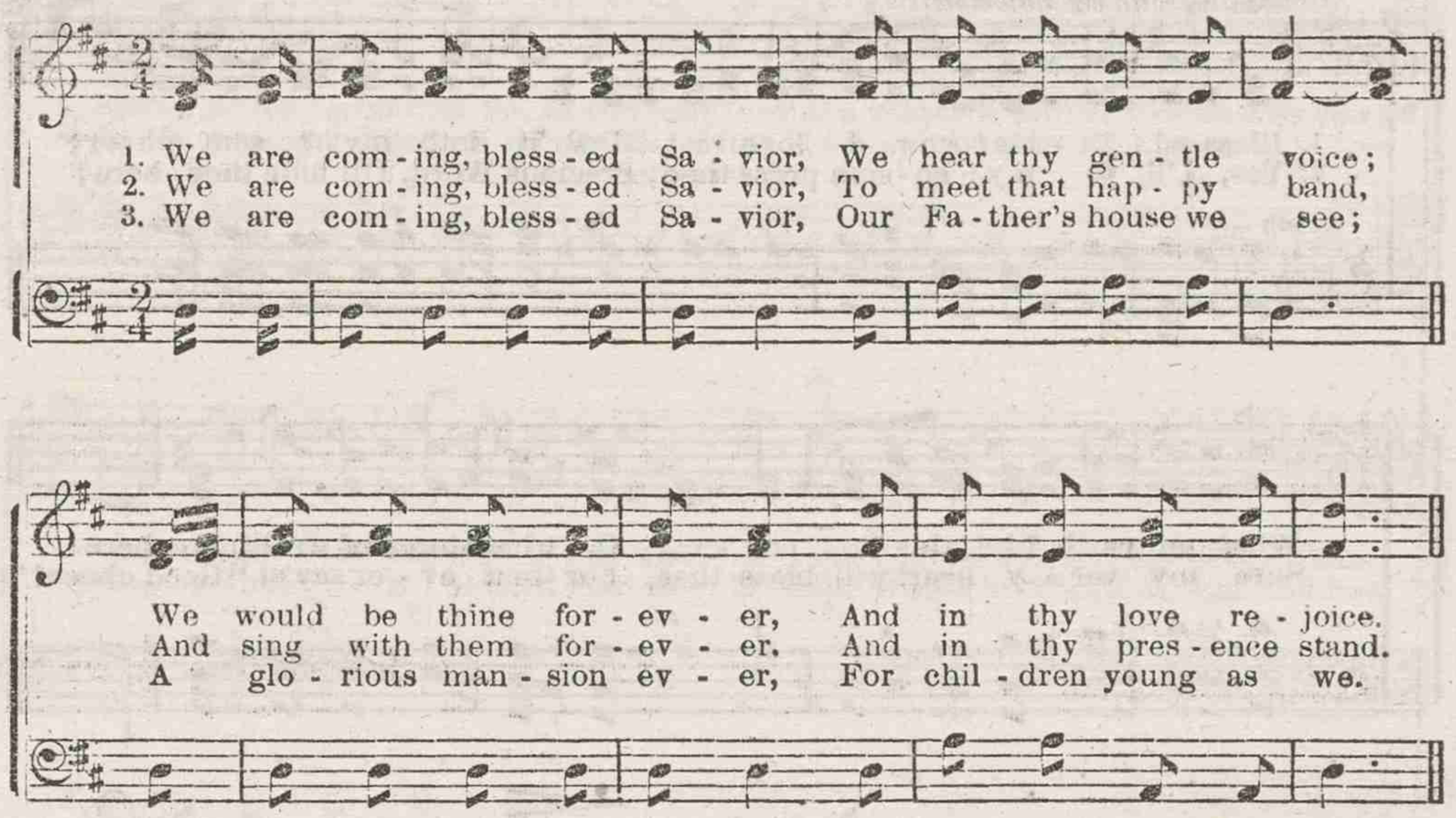


2 Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,
They have been called to receive their reward,
There, there is rest, There, there is rest.

3 This world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean on my dear Savior's breast,
There, there is rest, There, there is rest.

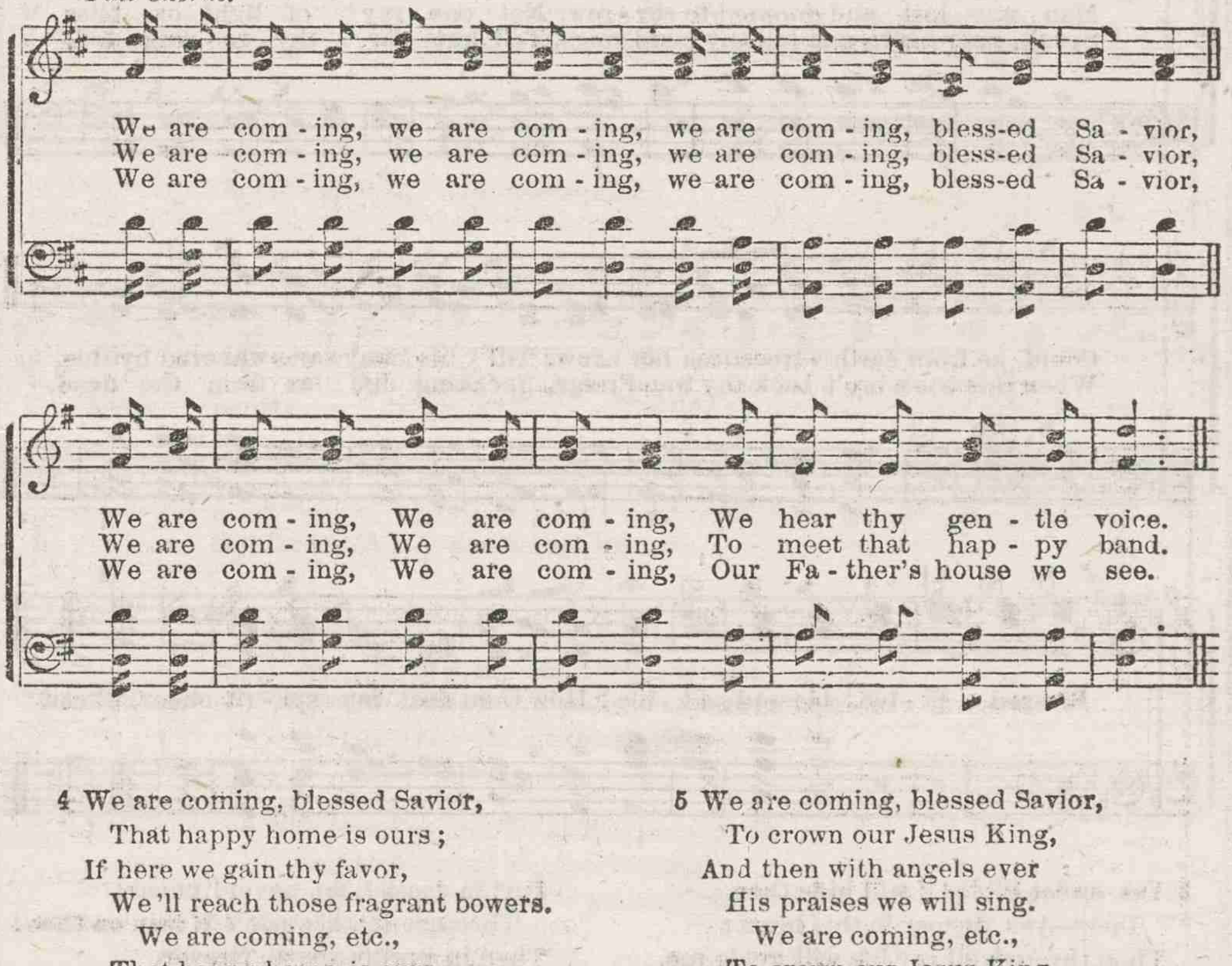
WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOR.

Specially contributed by Wm. B. Bradbury, from "The Golden Censer."

Words by Mrs. Lydia Baxter.



Full Chorus.



4 We are coming, blessed Savior,
That happy home is ours;
If here we gain thy favor,
We 'll reach those fragrant bowers.
We are coming, etc.,
That happy home is ours.

5 We are coming, blessed Savior,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, etc.,
To crown our Jesus King.

BLESSED BIBLE.

"Thy Word have I hid in my heart."—*David.*

Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

Gently, with strong emphasis.

1. Bless-ed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it doth my bo-som cheer!
2. Yes, I'll to my bo - som press thee; Precious Word, I'll hide thee here;

What on earth like this to cov - et? O, what stores of wealth are here!
Sure my ver - y heart will bless thee, For thou ev - er say'st "Good cheer!"

Man was lost and doomed to sor - row, Not one ray of light or bliss
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings, Tell how far thy ro - vings led,

Could he from earth's treasures bor - row, Till his way was cheered by this.
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.

Blessed Bi - ble! blessed Bi - ble! How thou dost my spi - rit cheer, cheer.

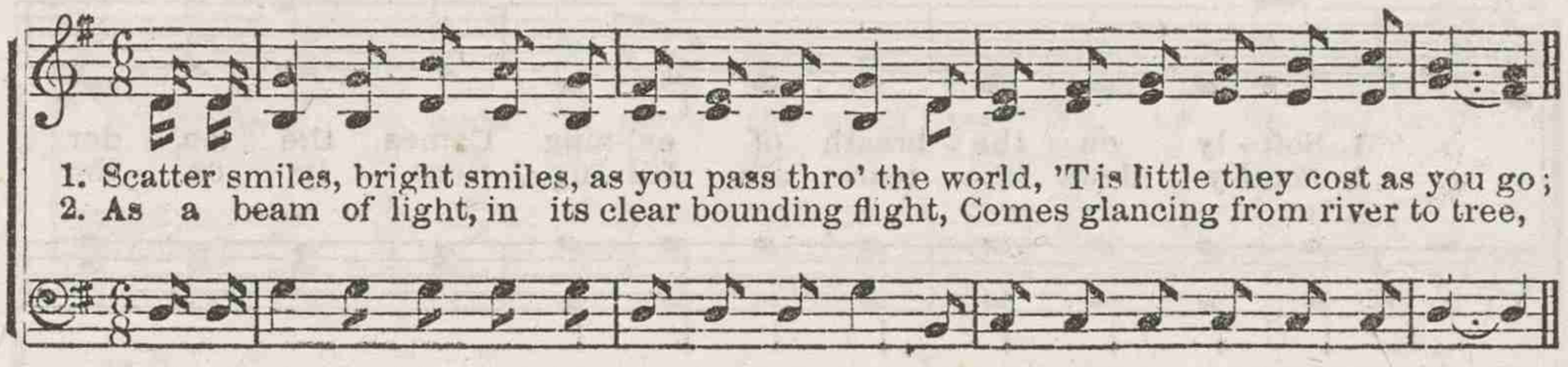
3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.

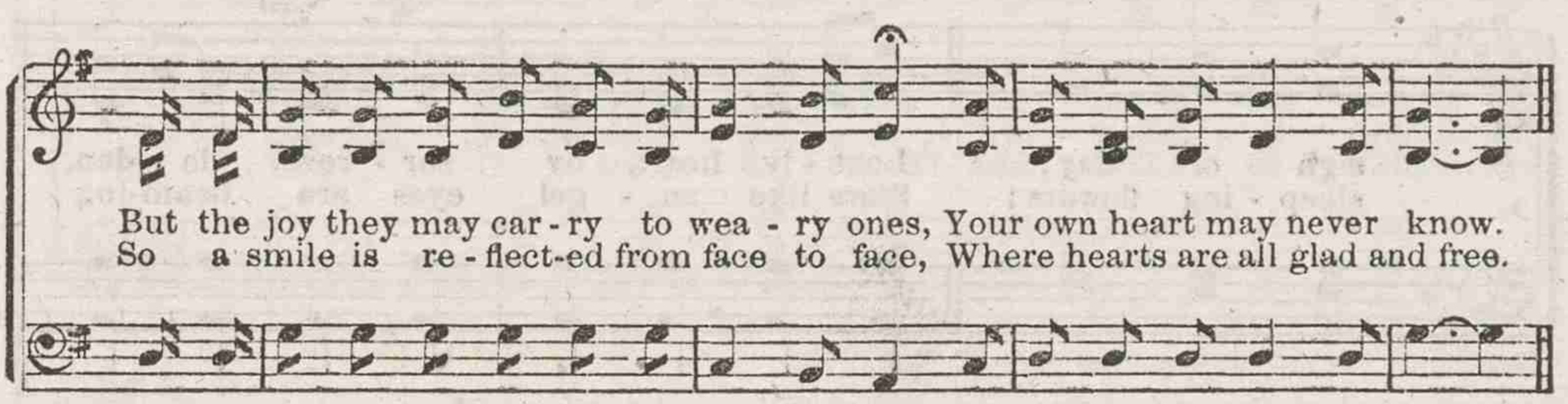
Part in death? no, never! never!
Through death's vale I 'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

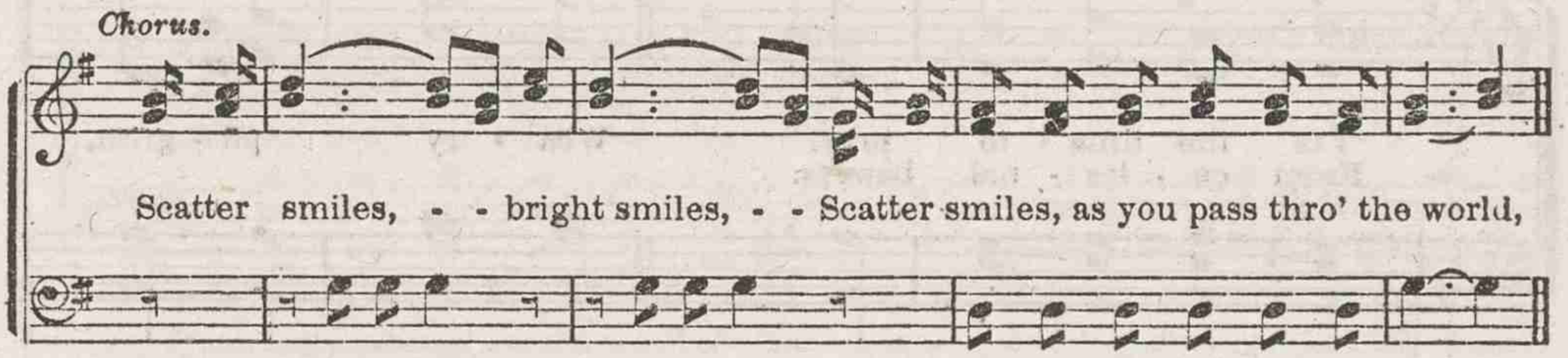
SCATTER SMILES AS YOU GO.

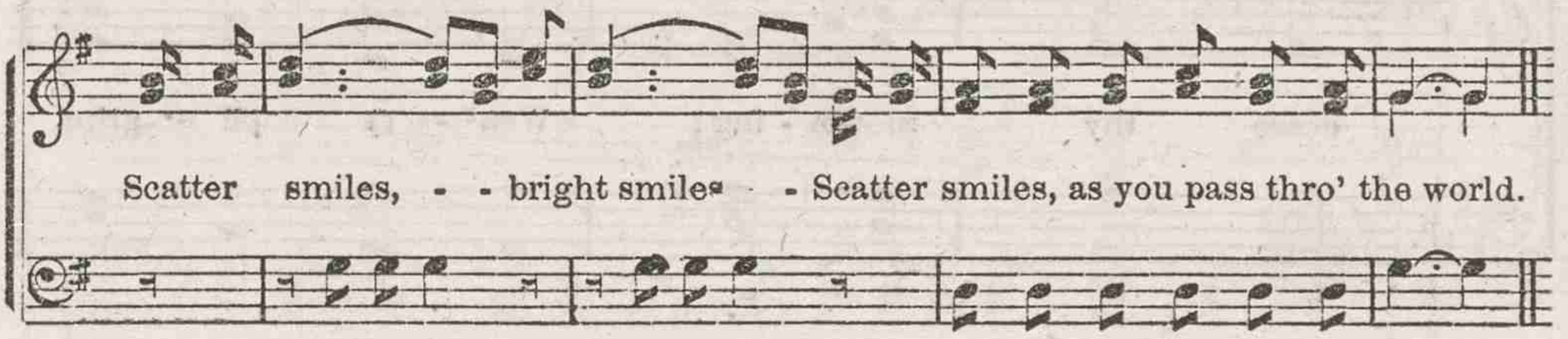
From "THE GOLDEN CENSER," by permission of WM. B. BRADBURY.

Words by Rev. R. S. TAYLOR.
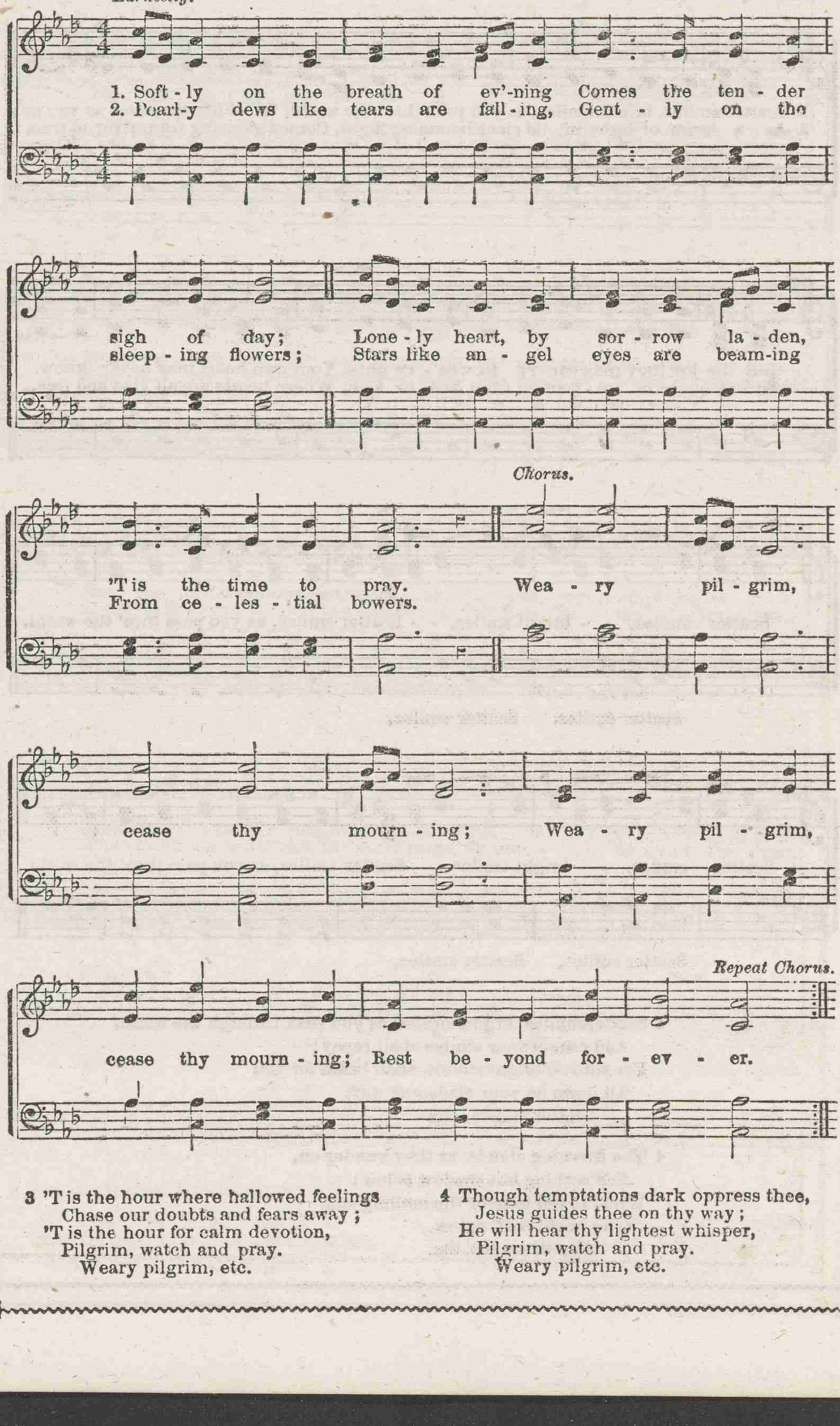








3 Scatter smiles, bright smiles, as you pass through the world,
And others your smiles shall repay;
For smiles, bright smiles, shall beam for you
All down on your gladsome way.
Scatter smiles, etc.

4 The frowning clouds, as they wander on,
See nothing but shadow below;
While to the gaze of the smiling sun,
The world is all aglow.
Scatter smiles, etc.

PILGRIM, WATCH AND PRAY.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. T. E. P.

Earnestly.



3 'T is the hour where hallowed feelings
Chase our doubts and fears away;
'T is the hour for calm devotion,
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Weary pilgrim, etc.

4 Though temptations dark oppress thee,
Jesus guides thee on thy way;
He will hear thy lightest whisper,
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Weary pilgrim, etc.

TAKE MY YOKE UPON YOU.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

p Soft and gentle.

1. "Come to me, all ye that la - bor, Heav - y la - den and op-
2. "Take my ea - sy yoke up - on you, Leave the wrong, and choose the
3. Lord, we come to plead thy prom - ise; We, by sin and guilt op-
4. Guard - us by thy kind pro - tec - tion, Pu - ri - fy our ev' - ry

pressed;" These were the pre - cious words of Je - sus,
right; Come, learn of me the meek and low - ly,
pressed, Would take thy ea - sy yoke up - on us;
heart; O teach us, Lord! and make us hum - ble,

mf Chorus, with energy, but not very loud.

"Come, and I will give you rest." 'Tis a Fa - ther's love, 'tis a
You shall find my bur - den light."
Grant us, Lord, on thee to rest.
Meek, and low - ly, as thou art.
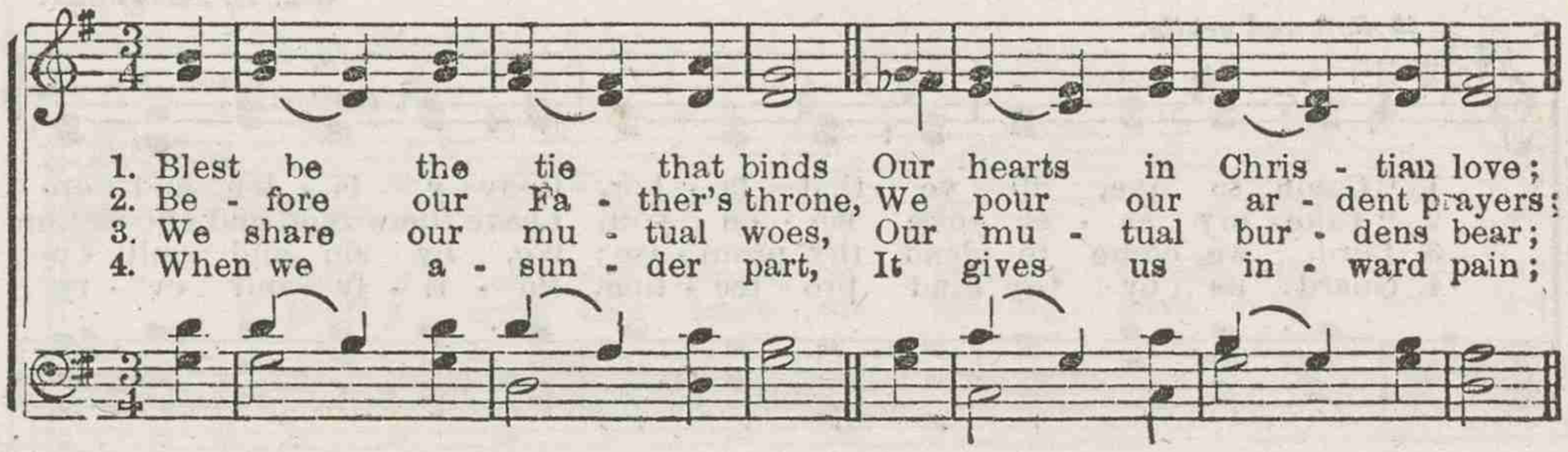
Fa - ther's call, In his house a - bove there is
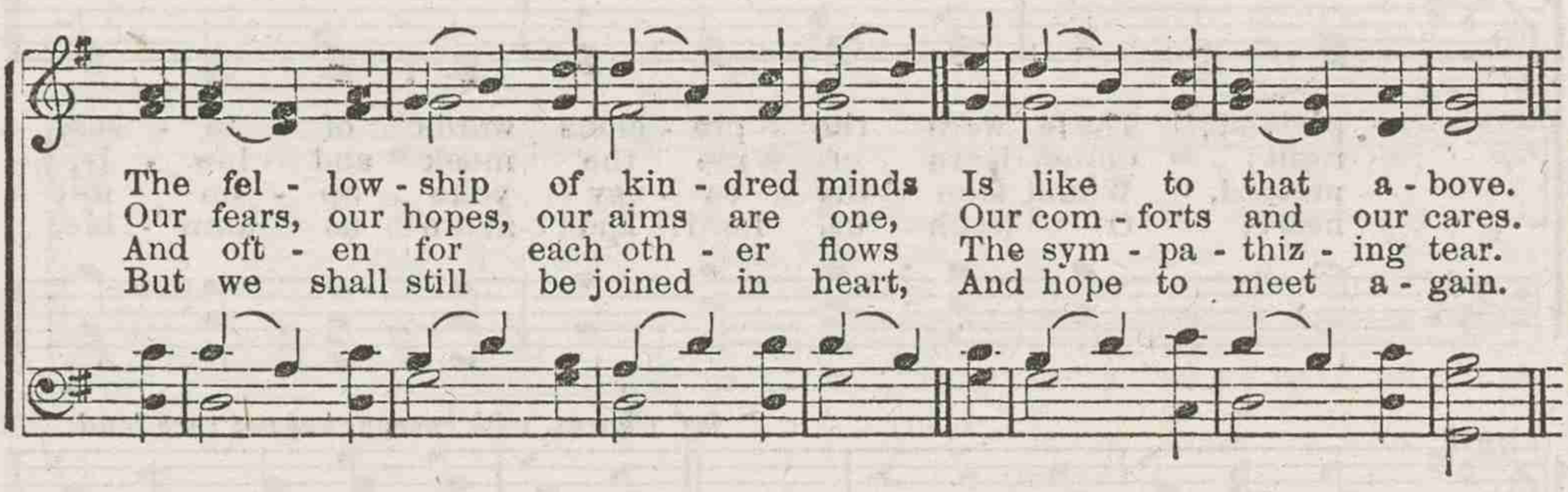
room for all; Yes, there's room for all in my Fa - ther's

heaven - ly home; Yes, there's room for you, there's room for me.

DENNIS.

From NAGELLI.





HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

1 I 'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wint'ry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Savior's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There too I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

1 WE are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound, we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we 'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2 Come on board, O! "ship" for glory,
Be in haste—make up your mind!
For our vessel 's weighing anchor,
You will soon be left behind!
All the storms, etc.

3 When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er!
We will walk about the city,
And we 'll sing for evermore.
All the storms, etc.

MARCHING ALONG.

1 THE children are gath'ring from near and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war;
The conflict is raging, 't will be fearful and long,
We 'll gird on our armor, and be marching along.
Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor, and be marching along.
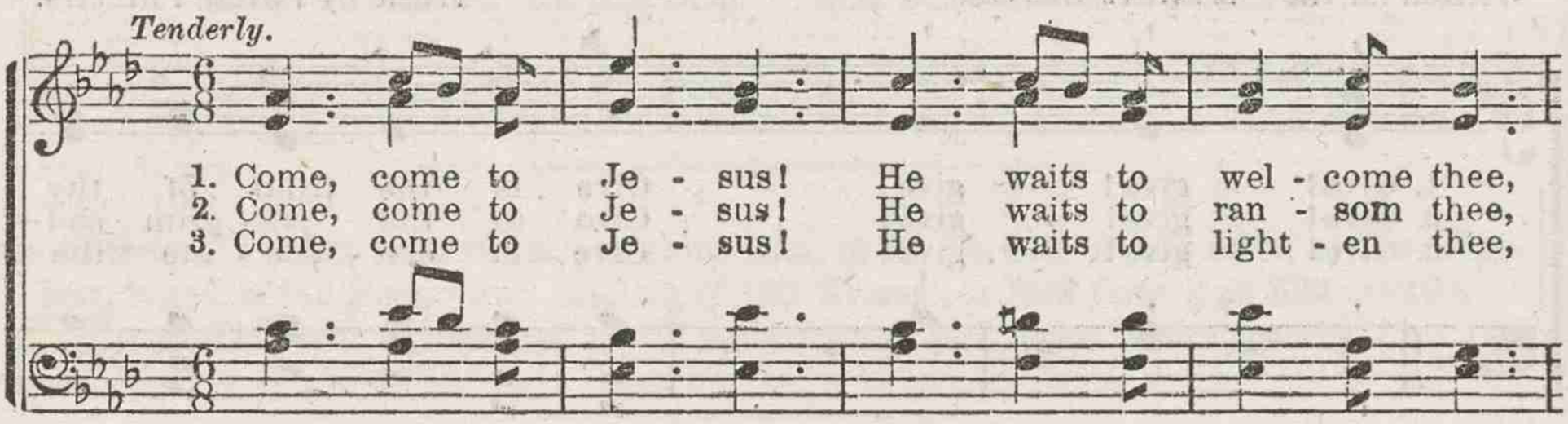
2 We 've listed for life, and will camp on the field;
With Christ as our Captain, we never will yield;
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We 'll hold in our hands as we 're marching along. Marching along, etc.

3 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong,
If trusting our Savior, while marching along.
Marching along, etc.

COME TO JESUS!
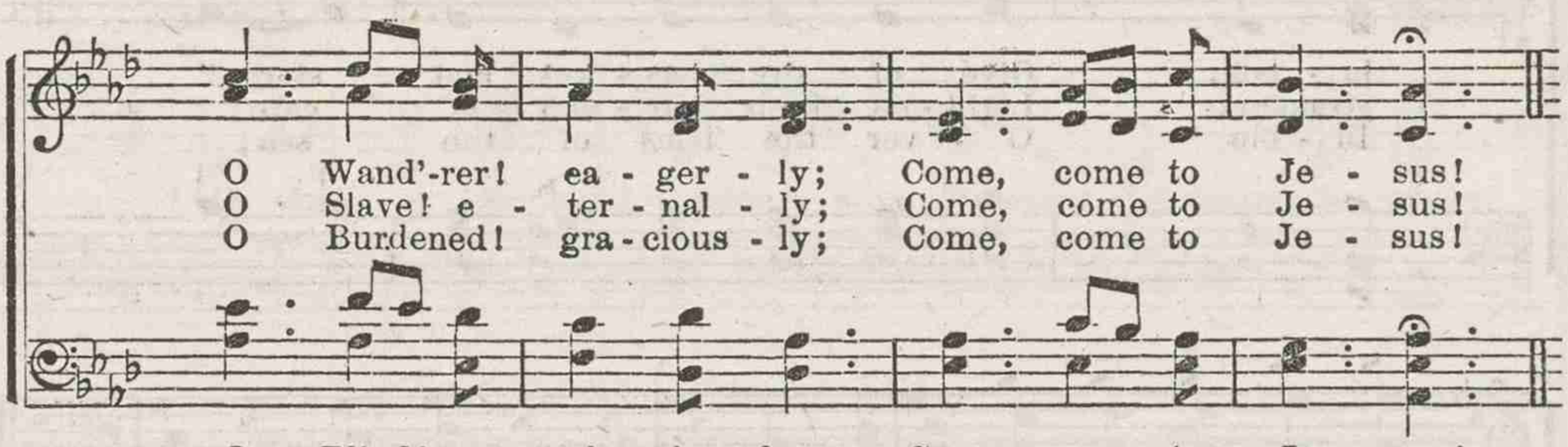
Words by Dr. GEO. B. PECK, Clifton Springs, N. Y. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Tenderly.
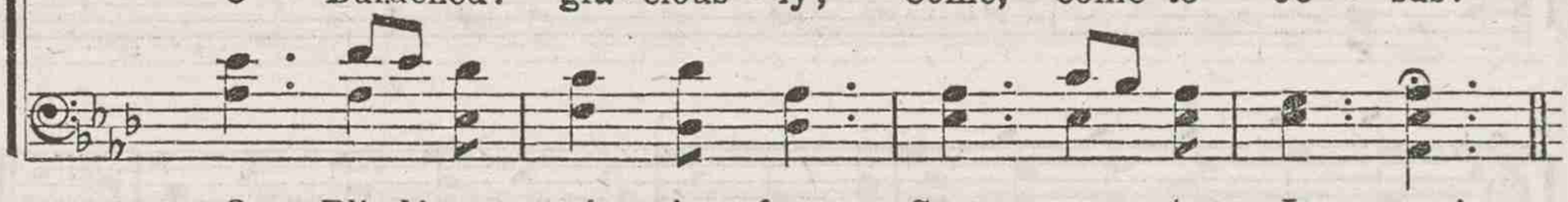


1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee,
2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee,
3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to light - en thee,

4. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to give to thee,
5. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to shel - ter thee,
6. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to car - ry thee,
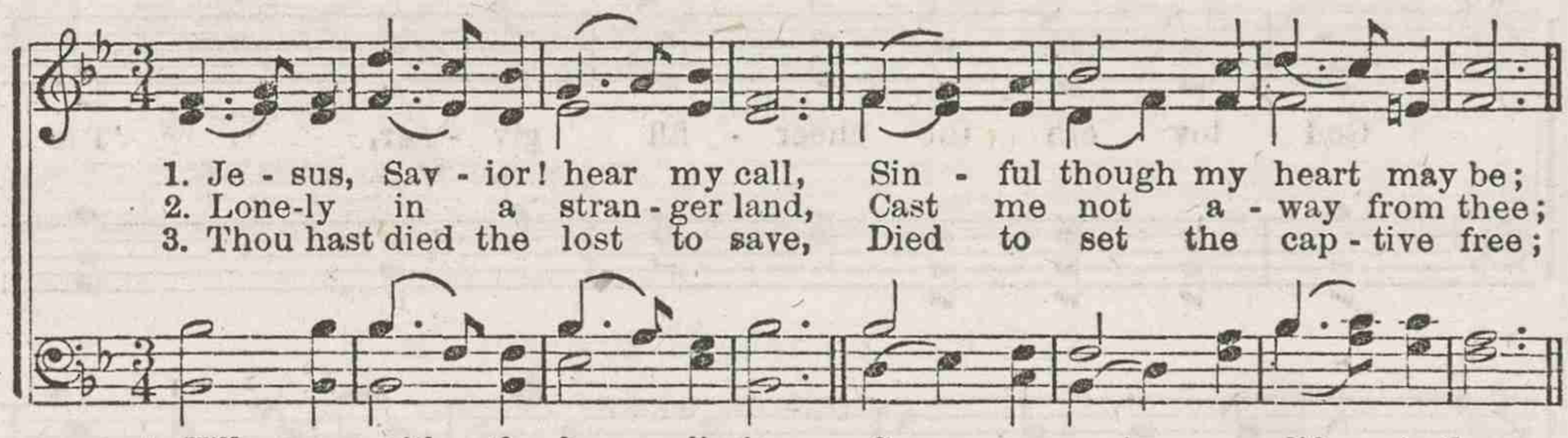


O Wand'-rer! ea - ger - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
O Slave! e - ter - nal - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
O Burdened! gra - cious - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!



O Blind! a vi - sion free; Come, come to Je - sus!
O Wea - ry! bless - ed - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
O Lamb! so lov - ing - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!

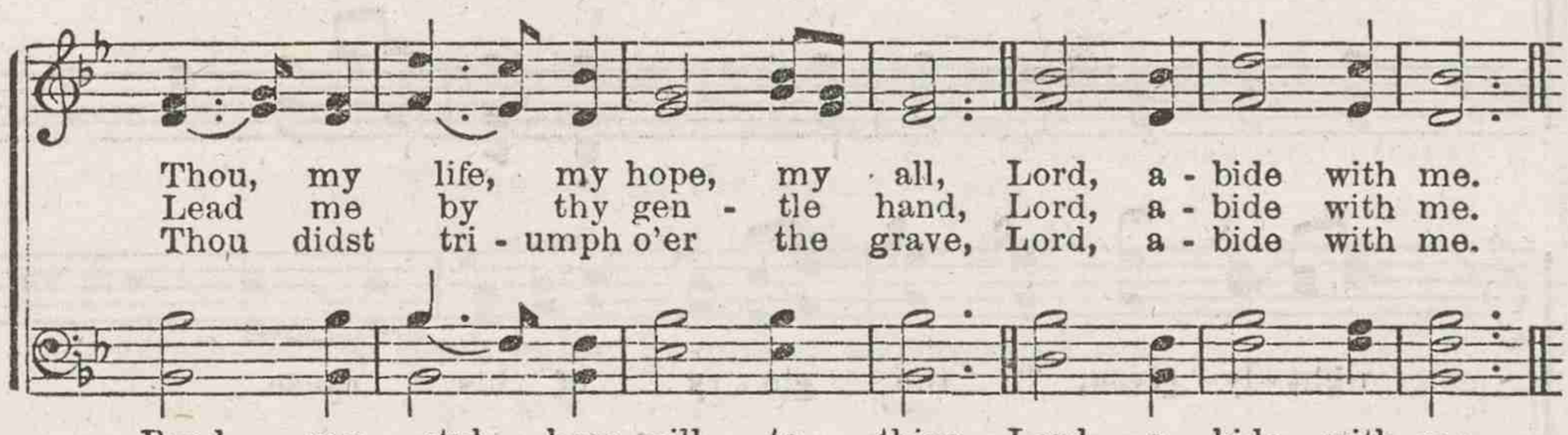
LORD, ABIDE WITH ME.

Words by a BLIND POETESS.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior! hear my call, Sin - ful though my heart may be;
2. Lone-ly in a stran - ger land, Cast me not a - way from thee;
3. Thou hast died the lost to save, Died to set the cap - tive free;

4. Fill me with thy love di-vine, Con - se - crate my life to thee;
5. When the shades of death prevail, Fa - ther, let me cling to thee;
6. Then, oh, then, my rap - tured soul Heaven's e - ter - nal rest shall see;



Thou, my life, my hope, my all, Lord, a - bide with me.
Lead me by thy gen - tle hand, Lord, a - bide with me.
Thou didst tri - umph o'er the grave, Lord, a - bide with me.

Bend my stub - born will to thine, Lord, a - bide with me.
When I pass the gloom - y vale, Lord, a - bide with me.
There, while end - less a - ges roll, Live and reign with thee.

GOD LOVETH THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

Written for the "MUSICAL LEAVES." Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Give! give! give! Give of the fruits of thy
2. Give! give! give! Give to the pil - grim and
3. Give! give! give! Give to dis - trib - ute the

la - bor; Give of thy "bas - ket and store;"
stranger; Light - en their bur - den of care;
Bi - ble O - ver the isles of the sea;

Give to the cause of the need - y, Je - sus will give to thee more.
Give to the wid - ow and or - phan, Help them their sor-row to bear.
Na - tions now sit - ting in darkness Light from its pa - ges will see.

Chorus.

God lov - eth the cheer - ful giv - er, 'T is
one of his sa - cred laws; He will bless your alms when
right - ly given, To the glo - ry of his cause.

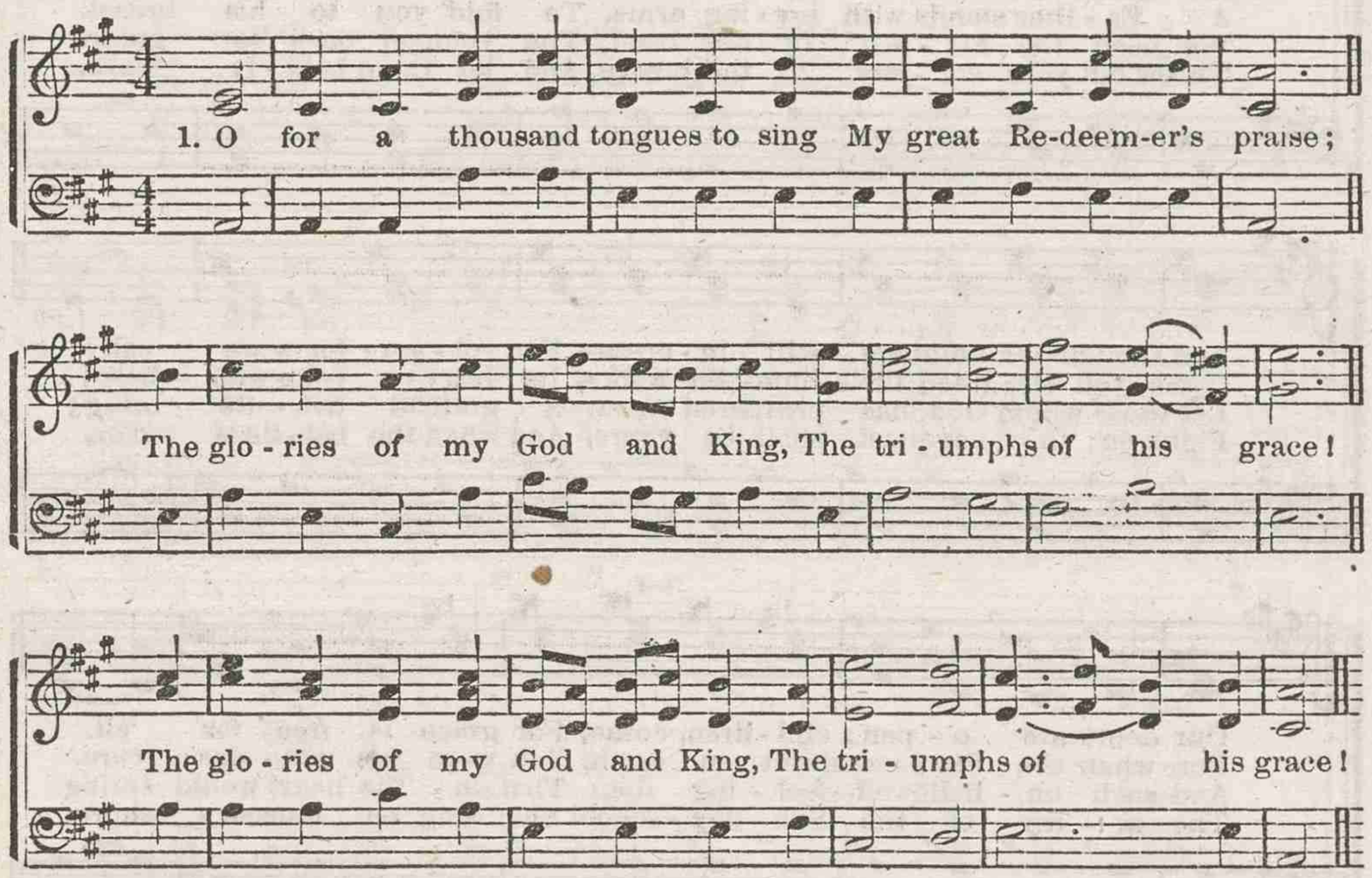
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No. 3.

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CORONATION. C. M

All Sing. HOLDEN.



2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

RECRUIT FOR JESUS.

Words by Miss Fanny Crosby. Music by Philip Phillips.

1. The ar - my of the Sun - day-school Is marching on its way;
2 Here let the orphan's cheek be dry, The wea - ry find a rest;
3. To Zi - on we are marching home, Let all with us a - bide;
4. Fight on, young soldiers of the Cross, With courage true and brave;

Re - cruits, recruits, to fill our ranks, The bat - tle - cry to - day!
A Fa - ther stands with lov - ing arms, To fold you to his breast.
We need the eld - est of our band, The younger ones to guide.
Throw out your col - ors to the breeze, And let them bold - ly wave.

And though our numbers still in - crease, For vol - un - teers we call;
Come, you who tread life's hum-bler walks, Its hea - vy yoke who bear;
Let those whom God has prospered most, A grateful trib - ute bring;
Fight on; the conquest shall be yours, And when the bat - tle 's o'er,

Our doors are o - pen; chil - dren, come, For grace is free for all.
For when the Sav - ior dwelt on earth, You were his ten - der care.
And each un - hallowed feel - ing die, That in the heart would spring.
The ar - my of the Sun - day - school Shall sing on Canaan's shore.

Chorus.

Free grace, free grace for all, O, chil - dren hear the call! To

high and low its bless - ings flow, For Je - sus died for all.

LET IT PASS; Or, It is Better to be Wronged than Wrong.

S. J. VAIL, by permission.

Chor.

1. Be not swift to take of - fense; Let it pass, Let it pass.
2. Strife corrodes the pu - rest mind; Let it pass, Let it pass.
3. Ech - o not an an - gry word; Let it pass, Let it pass.
4. If for good you've tak - en ill; Let it pass, Let it pass.

Chor.

An - ger is a foe to sense; Let it pass.
As the un - re - gard - ed wind, Let it pass.
Think how oft - en you have erred; Let it pass.
O be kind and gen - tle still; Let it pass.

Brood not dark - ly o'er a wrong Which will dis - ap - pear ere long,
All the vul - gar souls that live May con - demn with - out re - prieve;
Since our joys must pass a - way Like the dew - drops and the spray,
Time at last makes all things straight; Let us not re - sent, but wait,

Ra - ther sing this cheer - y song, Let it pass.
'Tis the no - ble who for - give; Let it pass.
Where - fore should our sor - rows stay? Let it pass.
And our tri - umph shall be great; Let it pass.

Chorus.

Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly sing this song; Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly

sing this song, Bet - ter to be wronged than wrong; Let it pass.

"THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK."

(MATT. VII: 24, 25.)

From "GOLDEN CENSER." W. B. B.

1. O, if my house is built up - on a rock, I know it will stand for-ev - er;
2. For He whose word is lasting as the hills, Whose truth is unchanging ever,
3. O, if my house is built up - on the sand, 'T will fall when the floods are swelling;
4. Then let my house be built upon a rock, For there it will stand for-ev - er;

The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock May beat upon my house that is
Hath said my house on the solid rock shall stand, He 'll hold it by his might in the
The winds will blow, and the tempest will descend, And beat upon my house that is
The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock May beat upon my house that is

found-ed on a rock, But it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,
hol - low of his hand, And it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,
built up - on the sand, And it sure - ly will fall, nev - er to rise,
found-ed on a rock, But it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,

Full Chorus.

nev - er, nev - er, nev - er! My rock is firm, it is my sure foun-

My rock is firm, is firm,

mp

da - tion, 'T is Je - sus Christ, my lov - ing Sav-ior, Je - sus Christ, my

cres. *f*

lov - ing Sav-ior, The rock of my sal - va - tion, The rock of my sal - va - tion.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

Music by R. Lowry.

Duet. *Chorus.*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er bright, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!
2. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er free, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!
3. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er dear, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!

Duet. *Chorus.*

No win - ter there, nor chill of night, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!
The soul's sweet home of Lib - er - ty, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!
Thy pearly gates almost ap - pear, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!

The dripping cloud is chased a way, The sun breaks forth in end - less day,
The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ransomed there will nev - er know,
And when we tread thy love - ly shore, We 'll sing the song we 've sung be - fore,

f

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest!
Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest!
Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest!

f

Chorus.

Beau - ti - ful land, beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!

Beau - ti - ful land, beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!

OUR JOY WILL BE COMPLETE.

Words by Miss Fanny Crosby. Music by T. C. O'Kane.

1. Pil - grim in this vale be - low, By sin and care oppressed,
2. Wand'rers from our na - tive clime, While stran - gers here we roam,
3. Father, when the way is dark, O! guide us o'er the sea,
4. Faith im-mor - tal plumes her wings, And bids the soul as - cend,

Stay not by the streams of woe, Press on - ward to thy rest.
Look be - yond the shores of time To heaven, the Christian's home.
Thou canst steer our frag - ile bark, And waft it home to thee.
Hope the glo - rious pros - pect brings, When all our toils shall end.

Look be - yond the storm - y sky, Up - ward to a calm re - treat,
Life is but a win - t'ry day, Mer - cy brings the prom-ise sweet,
Bid the ra - ging wa - ters cease, Hush the waves be - neath our feet;
Then we 'll shout, the con - flict o'er, Then we 'll bow at Je - sus' feet;

There shall friend-ship nev - er die, Our joy will be com-plete.
Soon its light will fade a - way, Our joy will be com-plete.
An - chor in the port of peace, Our joy will be com-plete.
There with mar - tyrs gone be - fore, Our joy will be com-plete.

Refrain. Joyful.

Our joy, our joy, our joy will be com - plete,

Our joy, our joy, our joy will be com - plete.

"RALLY ROUND THE CROSS."

"Let me glory in the Cross."

Words by Miss Fanny Crosby. Music by Philip Phillips.

1. Hark the Gos - pel trum-pet sounding, Hear its ech - o far and wide;
2. Through his all - a - ton - ing mer - it, We no more are slaves to sin;
3. See our glo - rious ban - ner wav - ing O'er the Christian's bat - tle-ground;
4. We are on the banks of Jor - dan, Dark - ly though its wa - ters flow,

Mil - lions to the Cross are fly - ing, Where the Sav - ior bled and died.
By his grace we yet may con-quer Foes with-out and foes with - in.
Faith-ful at our posts of du - ty, Let us each and all be found.
Up - ward to the Mount of Zi - on, Shout tri-umph-ant as we go.

Come and join that no - ble ar - my, And our bat - tle - cry shall be,
Cour - age, let our hearts be va - liant, And our ar - mor bright - ly shine;
See our glo - rious ban - ner wav - ing, To its col - ors bold - ly stand;
One more strug-gle, one more con-quest, And our mor - tal strife shall cease;

Ral - ly round the Cross of Je - sus; He has died to make us free.
Take the helm - et of sal - va - tion, Wield the sword of truth di - vine.
Lo! one "bea-con" in the dis - tance, Pointing to the prom - ised land.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le lu - jah! We shall gain the port of peace.

Chorus.

Ral - ly round the Cross, Ral - ly round the Cross;

Je - sus died to make us free; Ral - ly, ral - ly round the Cross.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

T. E. P.

1. We have no home but heav - en, A pil - grim garb we wear;
2. We have no home but heav - en! Then wherefore seek one here?
3. We have no home but heav - en! How cheering is the thought,

Our path is marked by chan - ges, And strewed with man-y a care;
Why mur - mur at pri - va - tions, Or grieve when trouble's near?
How bright the ex - pect - a - tions Which God's own word has taught.

Sur - round - ed by tempt - a - tion, By va - ried ills oppressed,
It is but for a sea - son That we as stran - gers roam,
With ea - ger hearts we hast - en, The promised bliss to share;

Each day's ex - pe - rience warns us That this is not our rest.
And stran-gers must not look for The com-forts of a home.
We have no home but heav - en! O, would that we were there!

Chorus.

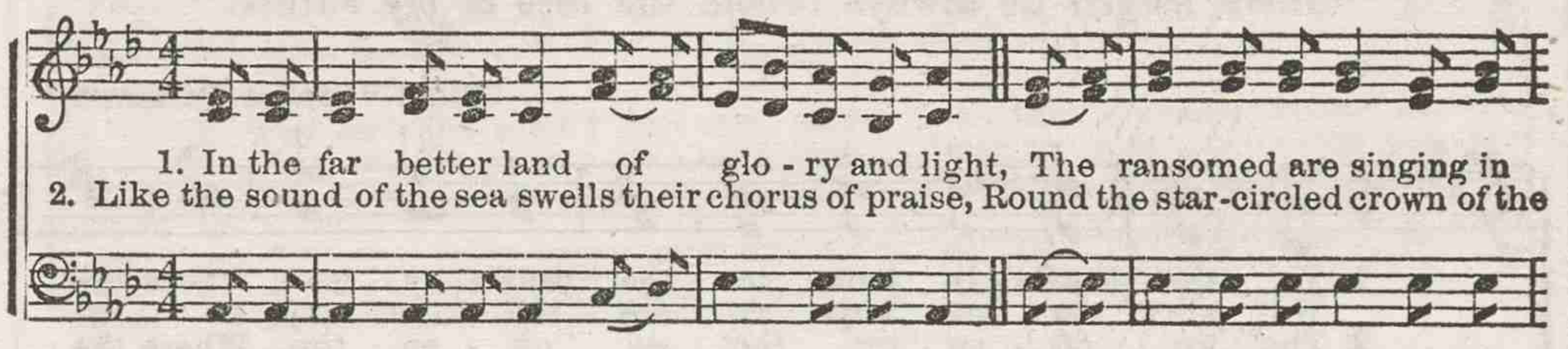
We have no home but heav - en! We want no home be - side;

Repeat softly.

O God! our Friend and Fa - ther! Our foot - steps thith - er guide!

"THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN"

T. C. O'KANE.
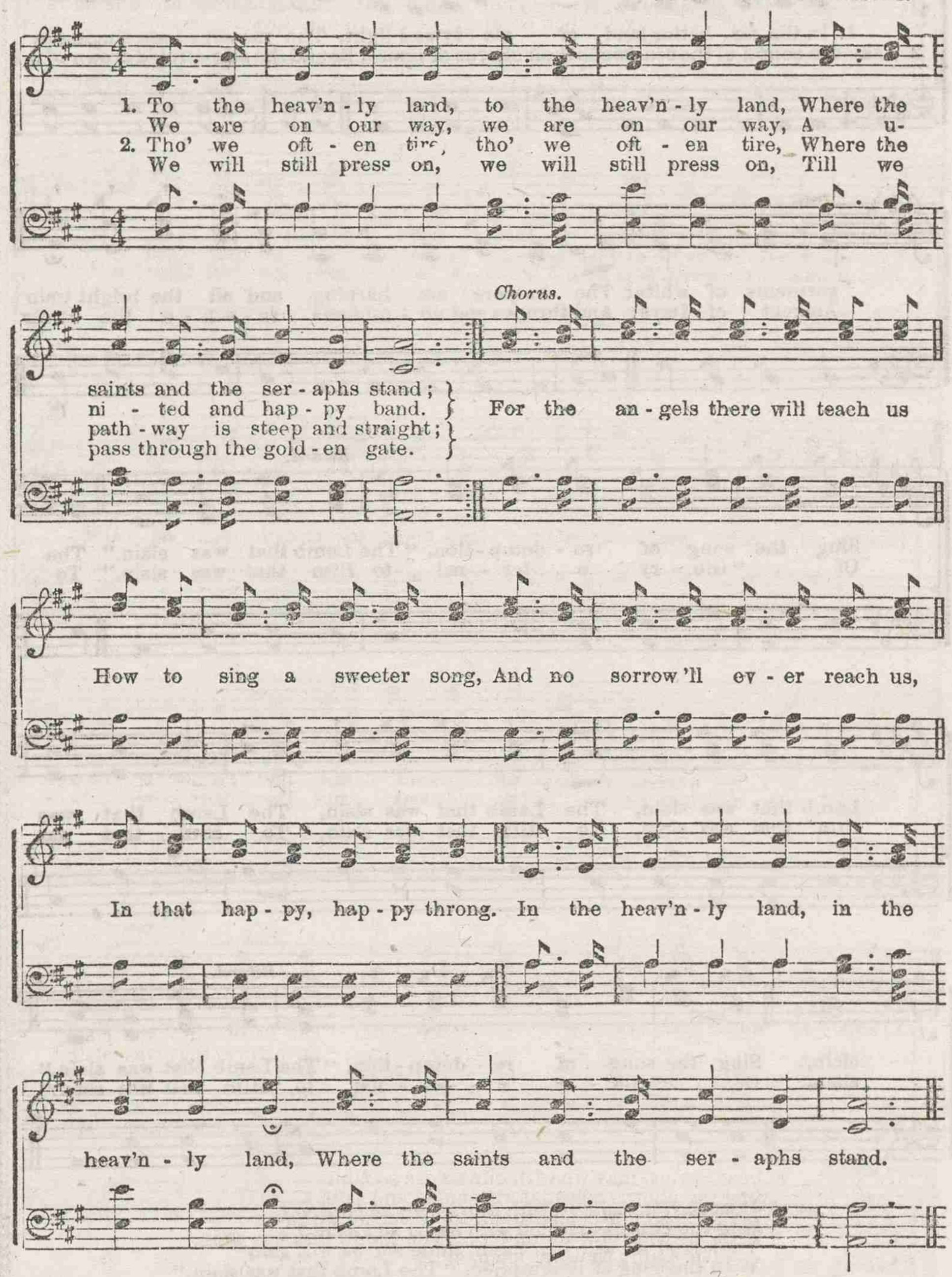


3 Dear Savior, may we with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes! yes! we will join them, thine ear we will gain
With the song of redemption, "The Lamb that was slain."
The Lamb that was slain, etc.

4 Now, teachers and children and friends, all unite
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;
We 'll sing to our Savior the soul-stirring strain,
The song of redemption, "The Lamb that was slain."
The Lamb that was slain, etc.

THE ANGELS THERE WILL TEACH US.

"There Angels do always behold the face of my Father."

From "Spring Blossoms."



3 But we need not fear, but we need not fear,
For we 've Jesus to be our guide;
And with him so near, aye, with him so near,
Naught of evil can e'er betide.
For the angels, etc.

4 Will you go with us, will you go with us?
Come and share this bright home above;
Where the endless day, where the endless day,
So illumed by our Father's love.
For the angels, etc.

WE ARE COMING, LORD, TO THEE.

Words by Miss Fanny Crosby. Music by Philip Phillips.

1. Why for - bid them? Je - sus said; Let the children come to me;
2. Keep us in thy sa - cred fold, Teach us how to watch and pray;
3. May we go to yon - der clime, Where the ho - ly an - gels are;

Why for - bid them? for of such Shall my heav'n-ly king - dom be.
Lead us by thy gen - tle hand, Thou, the life, the truth, the way.
Safe - ly pillowed on thy breast, Sin can nev - er reach us there.

We have heard thy voice di - vine, Sin - ful though our hearts may be;
Sav - ior, thou wert once a child, Weak and help-less then as we;
O, how wondrous is thy love! Thou hast died for such as we;

Sav - ior, thou canst make them pure; We are com - ing, Lord, to thee!
O, how ten - der is thy call! We are com - ing, Lord, to thee!
Help us on thy love to rest; We are com - ing, Lord, to thee!

Chorus, by Bradbury.

Lively.

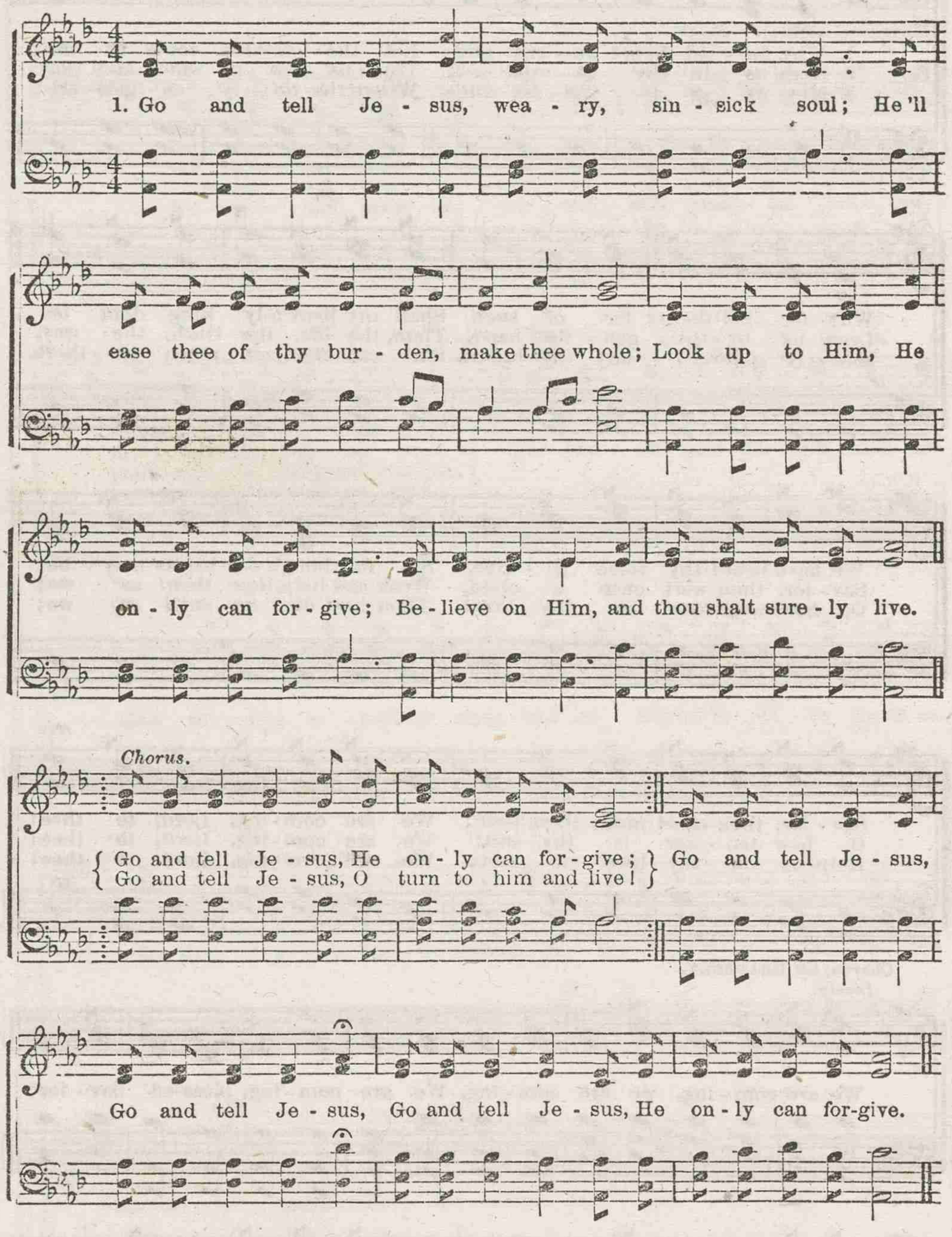
We are com - ing, we are com - ing, We are com - ing, bless-ed Sav - ior;

We are com - ing, we are com - ing, We are com - ing, Lord, to thee!

GO AND TELL JESUS.

"And they went and told Jesus."

T. F. SEWARD.



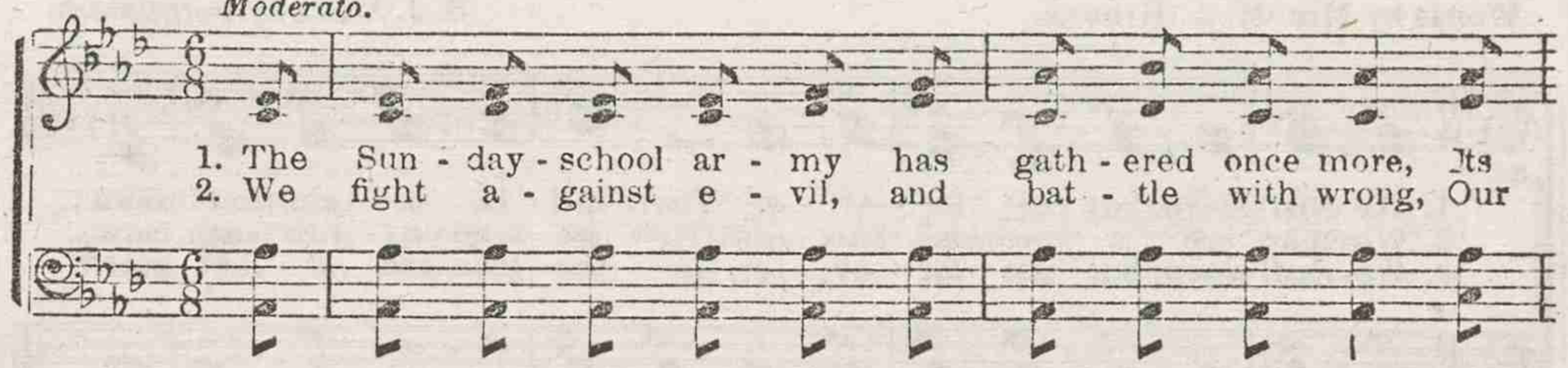
2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes;
His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have. *Chorus.*

3 Go and tell Jesus, he 'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
He 'll take thee in His arm, and on His breast
Thou mayst be happy, and forever rest. *Chorus.*
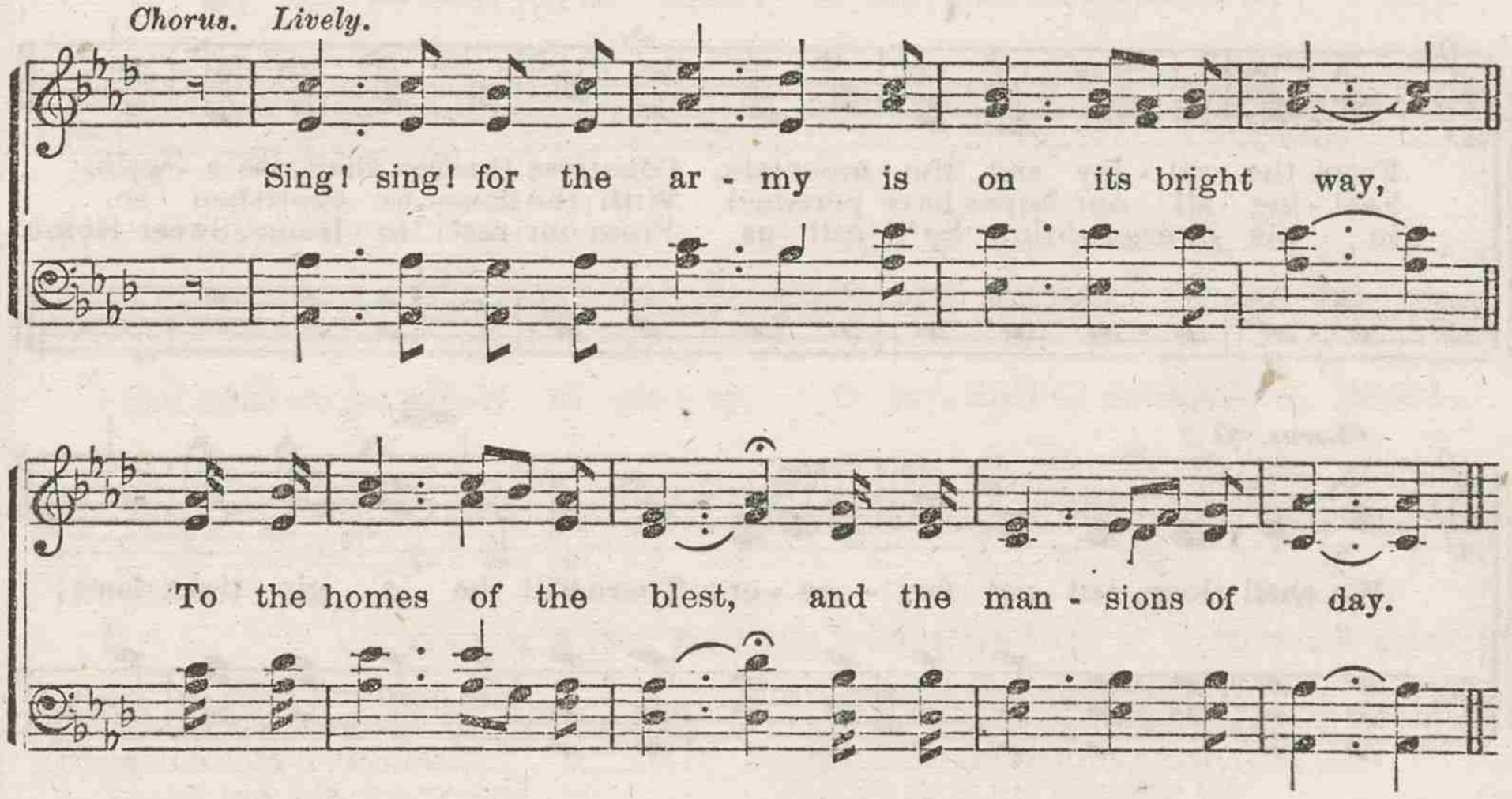
YOUNG SOLDIERS.

T. C. O KANE.

Moderato.



Chorus. Lively.



3 In the midst of our conflicts we 'll think of our Lord,
Who died on the cross and from death was restored,
To save us from sin, and to give us a place
With the angels who always behold his bright face.

4 To Jesus, our Captain, hosannas we raise,
And join with our teachers in singing his praise;
His soldiers we are, and his soldiers we 'll be,
Till we lay down our armor and death sets us free.

WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder. S. J. Vail, by permission.

1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er; There will be a glo-rious dawn;
2. When we see a precious blos - som That we tend - ed vith such care,
3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the lone and si - ent grave;

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er! On the re - sur - rec - tion morn!
Rude-ly tak - en from our bos - om, How our ach - ing hearts des - pair!
Bless-ed be the Lord that tak - eth, Bless-ed be the Lord that gave.

From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,
Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,
In the bright, e - ter - nal cit - y Death can nev - er, nev - er come;

From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain.
Feel - ing all our hopes have perished With the flower we cherished so.
In his own good time he 'll call us From our rest to Home, Sweet Home.

Chorus. p *cres.*

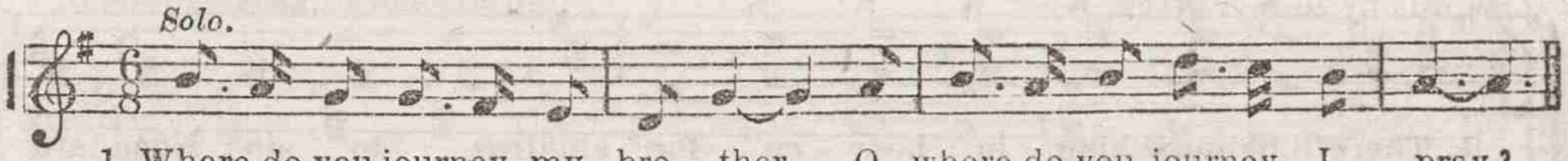
We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er; There will be a glo - rious dawn;

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er! On the re - sur - rec - tion morn!
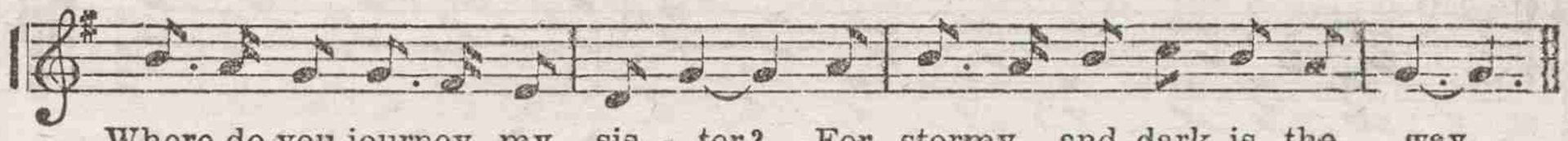
O SAY, SHALL WE MEET YOU ALL THERE?

Words by MINNIE WATERS. S. J. VAIL, by permission.

Solo.
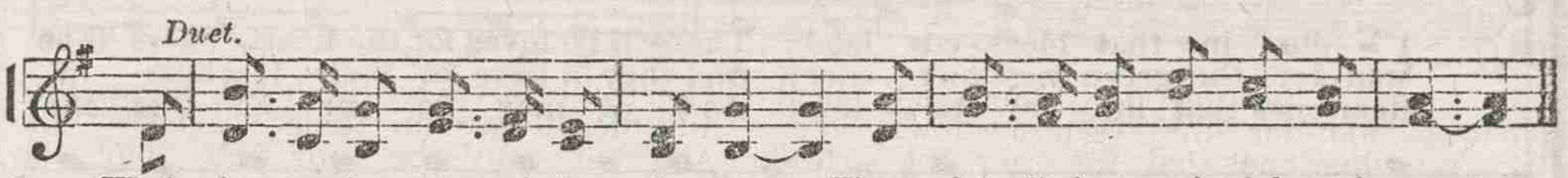


1. Where do you journey, my bro - ther, O where do you journey, I pray?
2. What is your mission, my bro - ther, What is your mission be low?
3. O! yes, you will meet us, my bro - ther, God helping our weakness and sin;
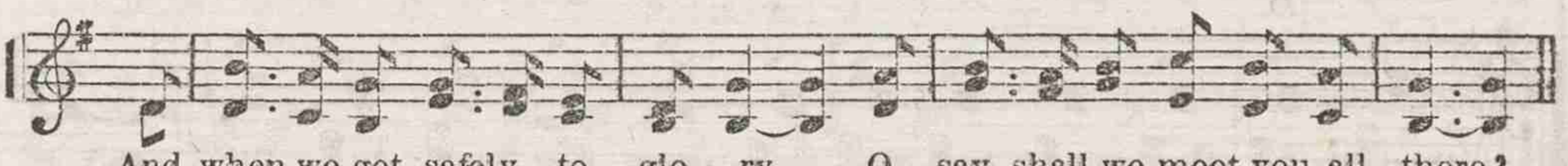


Where do you journey, my sis - ter? For stormy and dark is the way.
What is your mission, my sis - ter, As journey - ing onward you go?
Bearing the cross, we, my sis - ter, The crown will endeavor to win.

Duet.

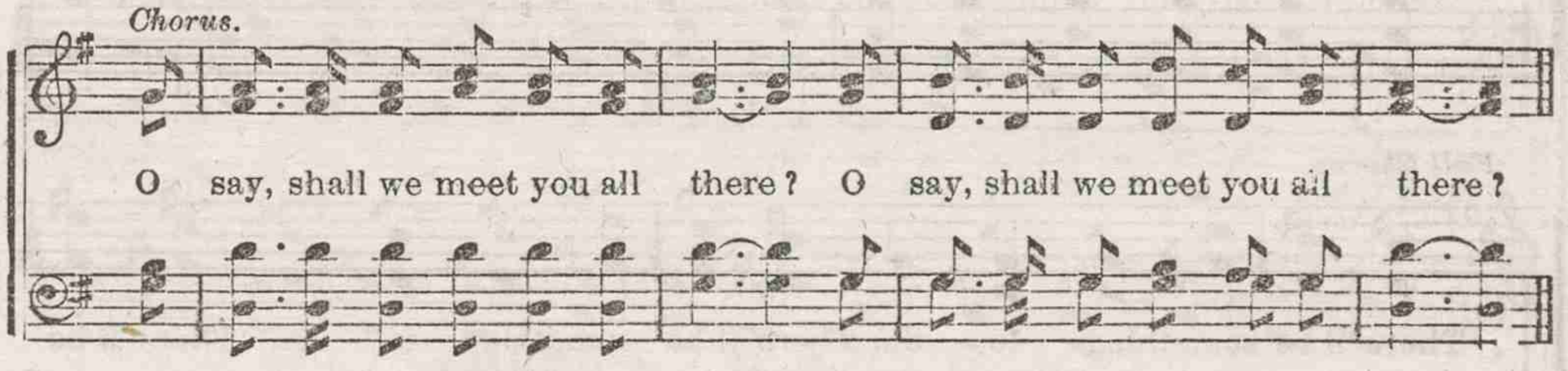


We 're journeying onward to Ca - naan, Through suff'ring, and trial, and care,
Our mission is prac-tic-ing mer - cy, Sweet char - i - ty, patience, and love,
We 'll walk through the vale and the shadow, Through suff'rings, and trials, and care,
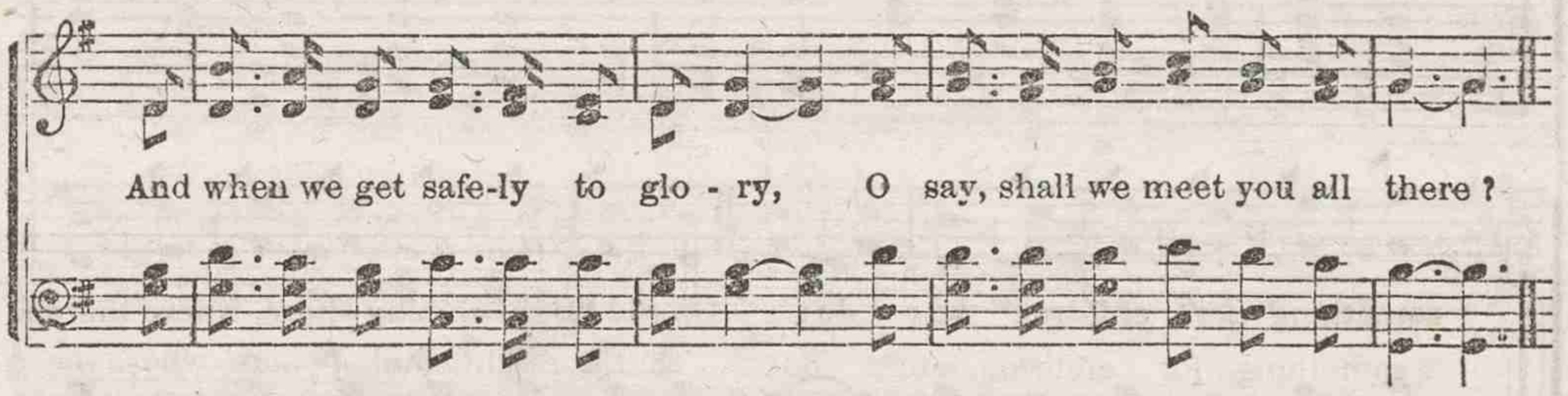


And when we get safely to glo - ry, O say, shall we meet you all there?
And following the footsteps of Je - sus, That lead to the mansions a - bove.
And when you get safely to glo - ry, You 'll meet, yes, you 'll meet us all there!

Chorus.



O say, shall we meet you all there? O say, shall we meet you all there?



And when we get safe-ly to glo - ry, O say, shall we meet you all there?

OVER THE RIVER I'M GOING. MINNIE WATERS.

1 OVER the river I 'm going,
Beyond where the pearly gates stand,
Over the cold icy billows,
To live in a fair, sunny land.
My Father has built me a mansion,
And filled it with treasures of gold,
Yes, over the river I 'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.
Chor.—To where there are pleasures untold,
To where there are pleasures untold;
Yes, over the river I 'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.

2 Over the river I 'm going;
O, seek not to draw me aside!
See, for the boatman is waiting
To ferry me over the tide.
My Savior is there to receive me,
And shield me from suffering and cold;
Yes, over the river I 'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.
Chor.—To where there are pleasures untold,
To where there are pleasures untold;
Yes, over the river I 'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.

SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

Words by R. S. TAYLOR. From "GOLDEN CENSER." W. B. B.

1. There 'll be something in heav - en for children to do; None are
2. There 'll be les - sons to learn of the wis - dom of God, As they
3. There 'll be er - rands of love from the man-sions a - bove, To the

i - dle in that bless - ed land; There 'll be loves for the heart, There 'll be
wan-der the green meadows o'er; And they 'll have for their teachers in
dear ones that lin - ger be - low; And it may be our Fa - ther the

thoughts for the mind, And em - ploy - ment for each lit - tle hand.
that blest a - bode, All the good that have gone there be - fore.
chil - dren will send To be an - gels of mer - cy in woe.

Full Chorus.

There 'll be something to do, There 'll be something to do, There 'll be
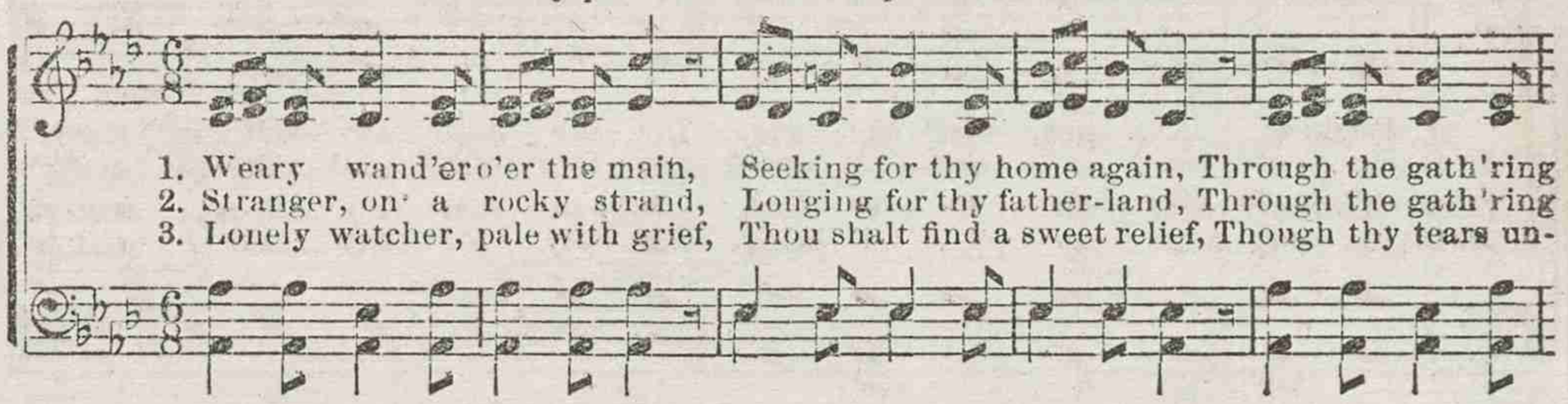
something for children to do; On the bright shining shore, where there's

joy ev' - er - more, There 'll be something for children to do.

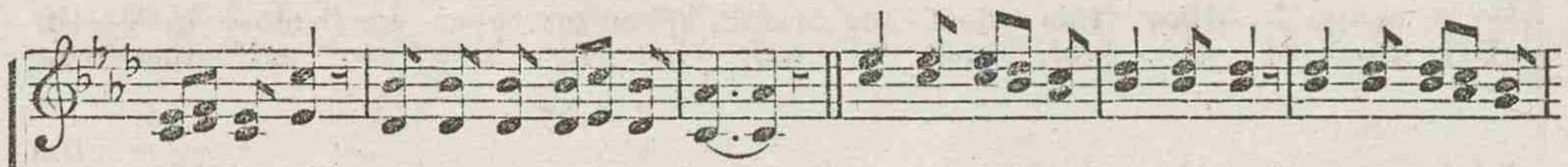
THE POLAR STAR.

Words by Miss Fanny Crosby. From "Shining Star." T. E. P.

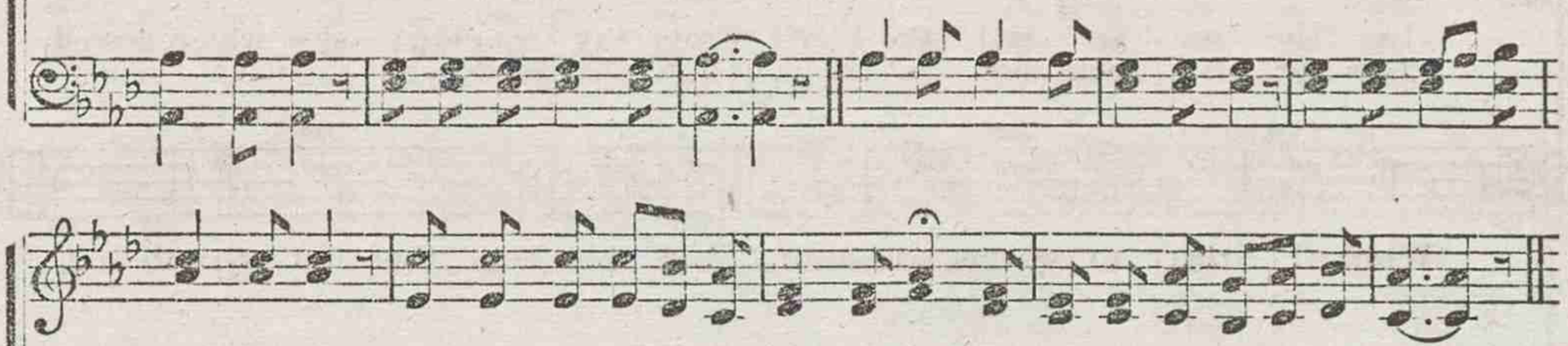
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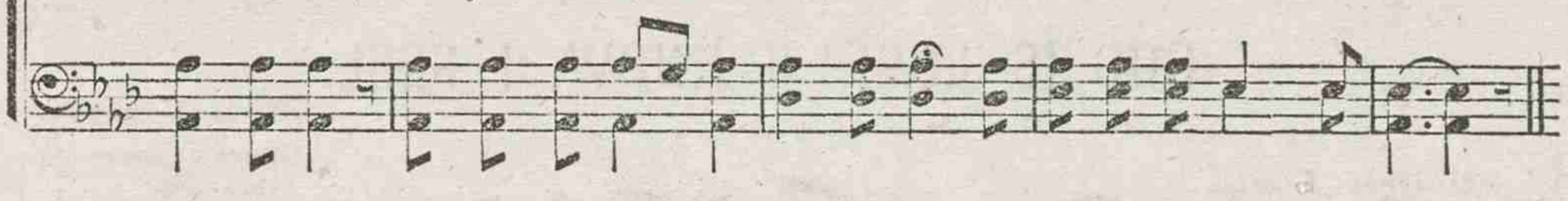


1. Weary wand'er o'er the main, Seeking for thy home again, Through the gath'ring
2. Stranger, on a rocky strand, Longing for thy father-land, Through the gath'ring
3. Lonely watcher, pale with grief, Thou shalt find a sweet relief, Though thy tears un-



mists that rise, Vailing thy natal skies; Look beyond, there 's light for thee, Streaming o'er the
clouds that rise, Vailing thy natal skies; Look beyond, there 's hope for thee, Dawning o'er the
heeded fall, Jesus will count them all; Look beyond, there 's joy for thee, Breaking o'er a
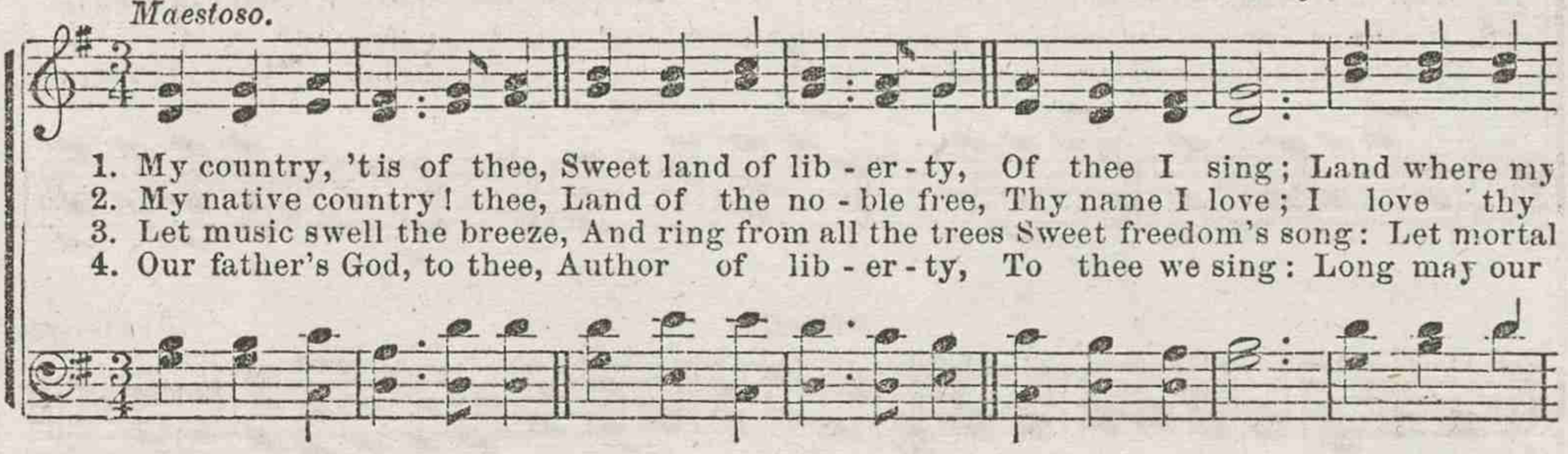


tur-bid sea; Softly it smiles, though distant far, The beautiful po - lar star.
tranquil sea, Softly it smiles, etc.
troubled sea, Softly it smiles, etc.



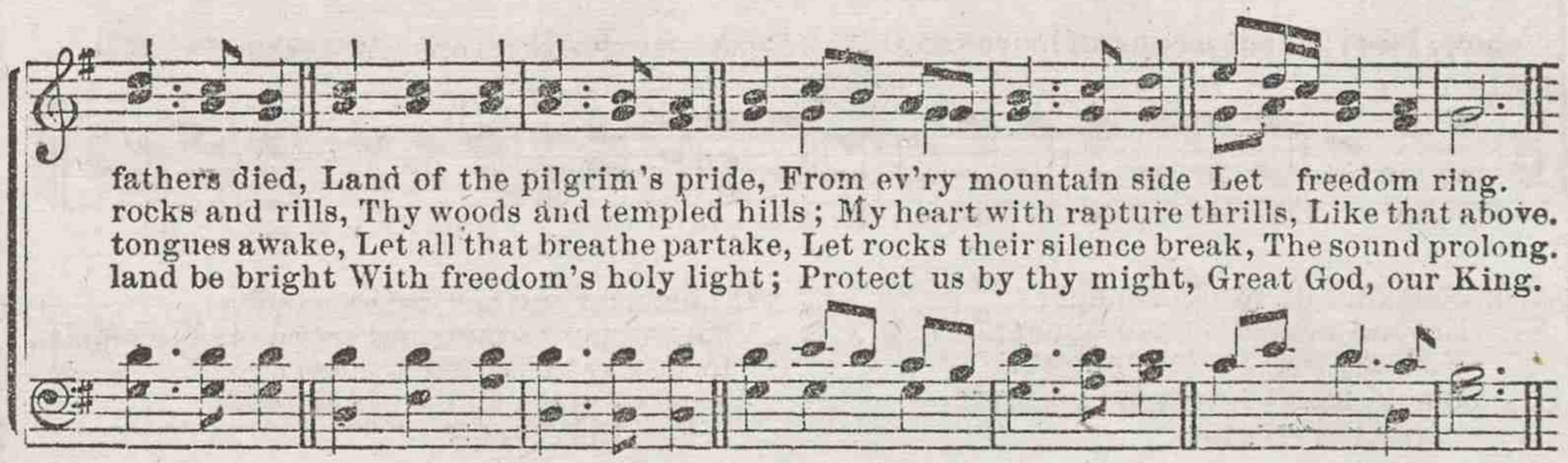
AMERICA. National Hymn.

Words by S. F. Smith.

Maestoso.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our father's God, to thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our

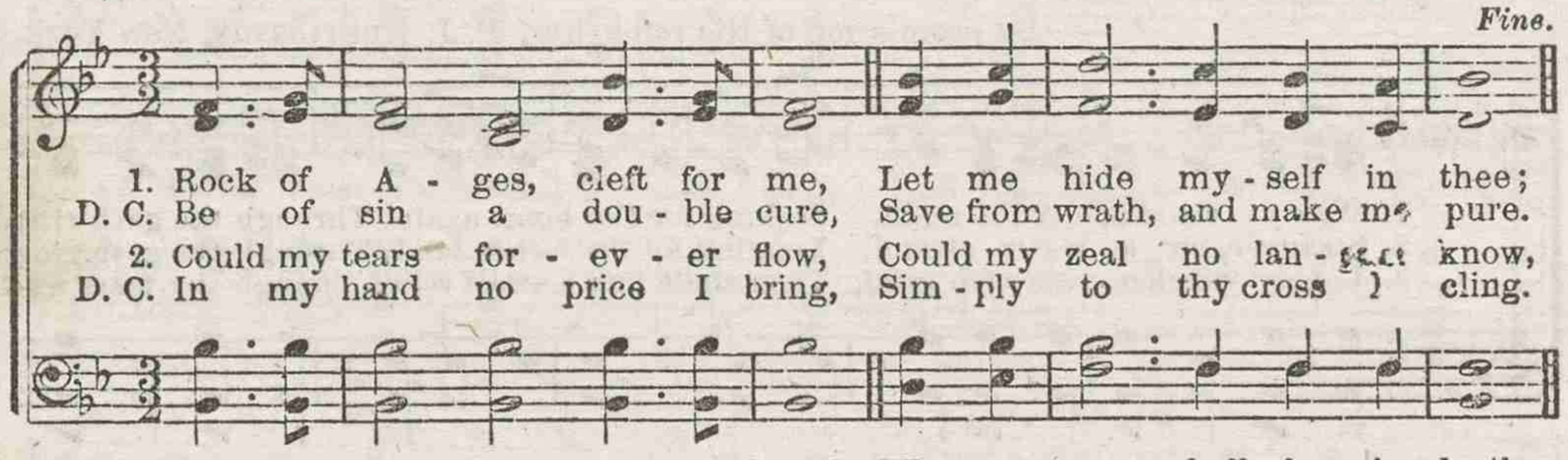


fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

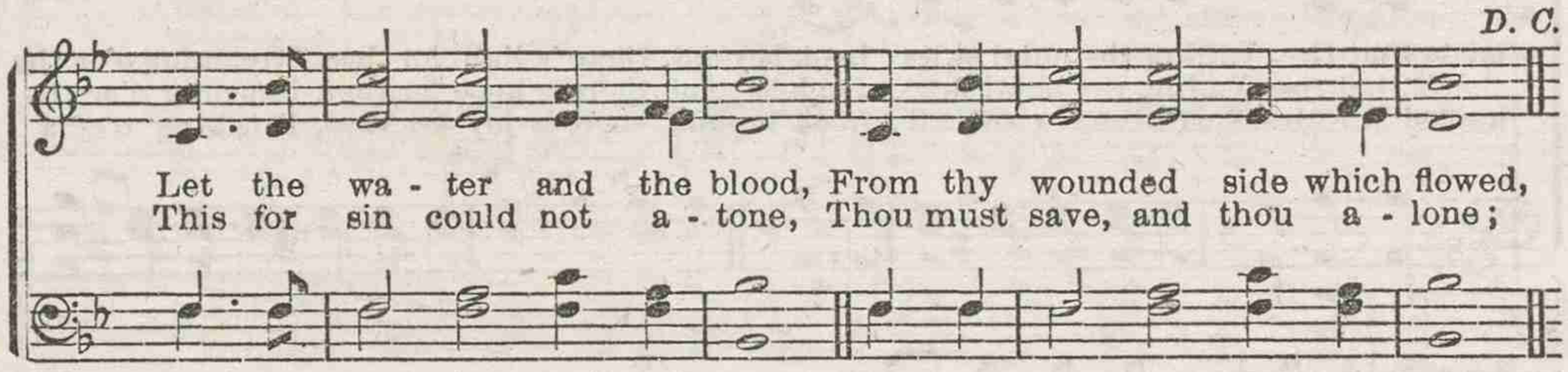
ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

DR. HASTINGS.

Fine.



D. C.



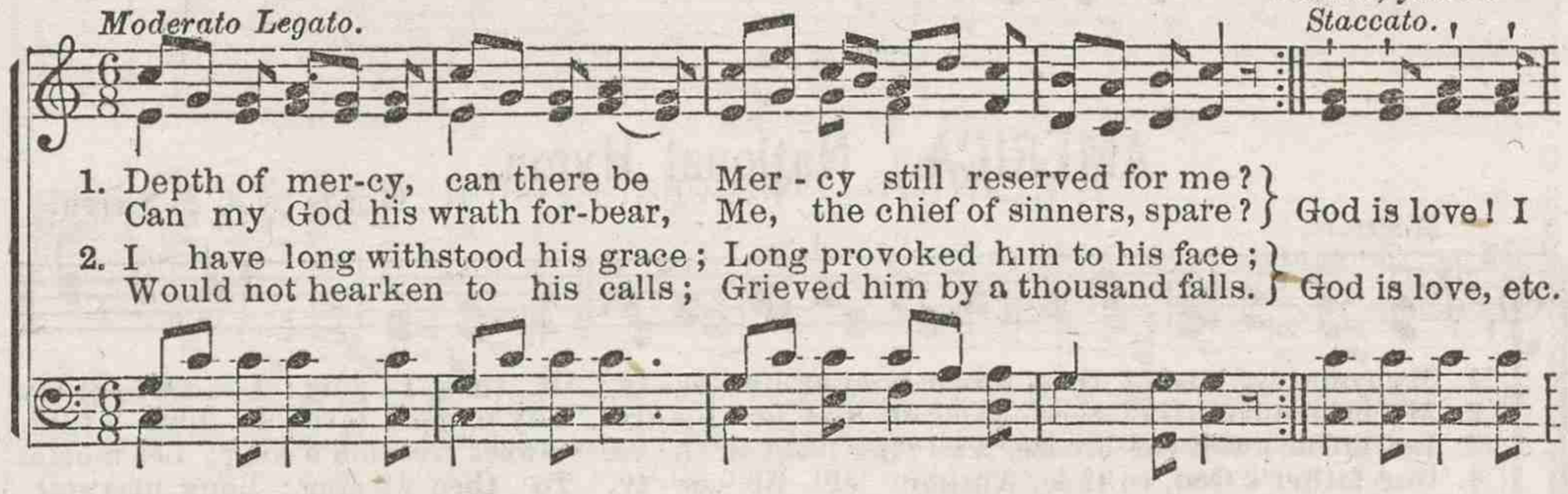
GOD IS LOVE! I KNOW, I FEEL.

W. H. ROBERTS.

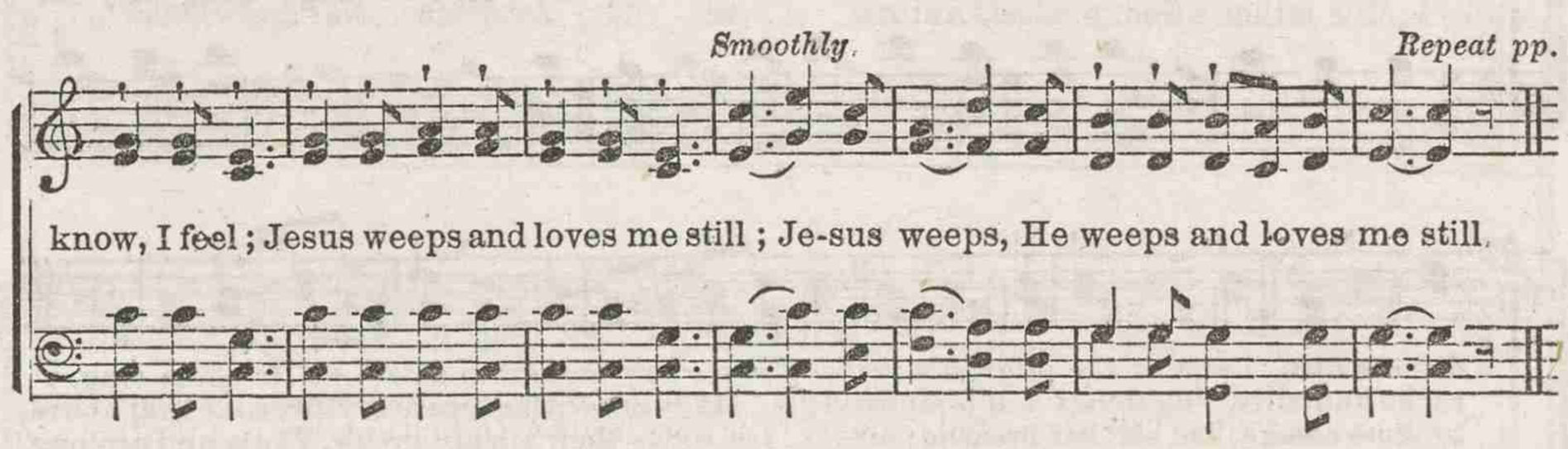
Chorus, faster.

Staccato.

Moderato Legato.



Smoothly. *Repeat pp.*



3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
God is love, etc.

4 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
God is love, etc.

MUSICAL LEAVES,
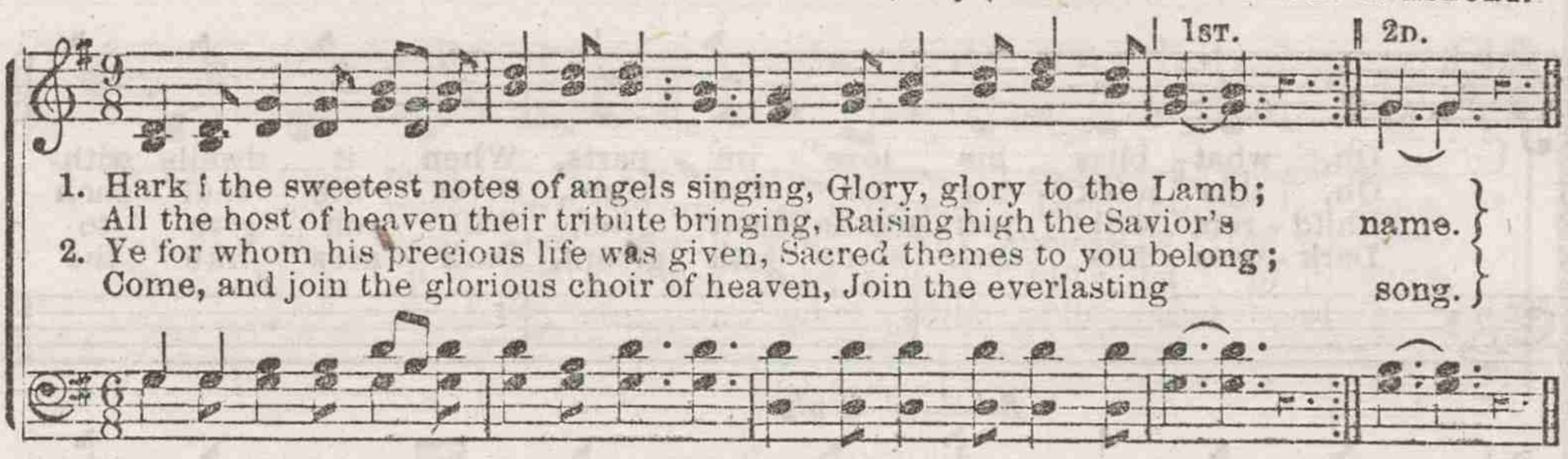
No. 4.

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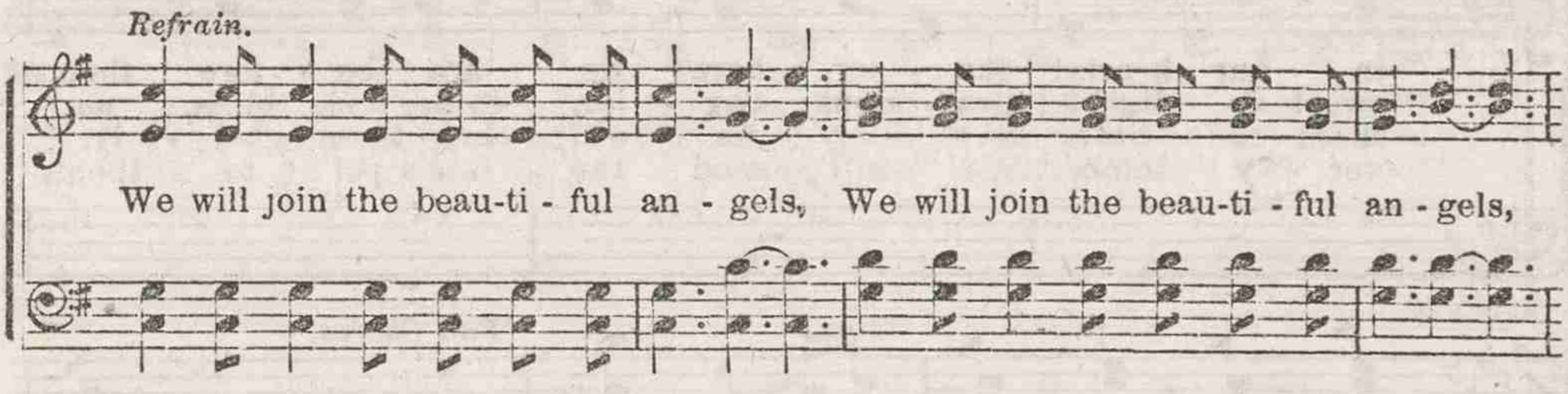
"GLORY, GLORY TO THE LAMB."

"And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—REV. 5: 11, 12.

From the "GOLDEN CENSER," by permission of WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Hark! the sweetest notes of angels singing, Glory, glory to the Lamb;
All the host of heaven their tribute bringing, Raising high the Savior's name.
2. Ye for whom his precious life was given, Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, and join the glorious choir of heaven, Join the everlasting song.



3 Hearts all filled with holy emulation,
We unite with those above;
Sweet the theme—the theme of free salvation,
Founts of everlasting love.
We will join, etc.

4 Endless life in Christ our Lord possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, riches, power, and blessing
Be forever to the Lamb.
We will join, etc.

GIVE ALL TO JESUS.

Words by Rev. JOHN G. CHAFEE. Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Teacher's Message. *Response.*

1. First your hearts to Je - sus give, Children dear, ev' - ry - where;
2. Chil - dren, you should work for God, An - y - where, ev' - ry - where;
3. War hath made homes des - o - late, Round us here, ev' - ry - where;
4. There are man - y hea - then, too, Far be - yond the rolling deep;

Response.

What de - light it is to live, With Christ near.
'Tis the path your Sav - ior trod, Walk you there.
Wid - ows sigh, and or - phans weep, Here and there.
Dark, 'neath skies of pu - rest blue, Now they weep.

Oh, what bliss his love im - parts, When it dwells with-
Oh, this work - ing for the right, Gives the soul such
Child - ren, will you soothe their grief, Will you give to
Dark - ness fills their souls with gloom, Dark - ness like the

Scholars' Reply.

in our hearts! Sav - ior, here we are be - fore thee,
sweet de - light! Gra - cious Sav - ior, come, and bless us,
them re - lief? Sav - ior, we will help them glad - ly,
ver - y tomb. We will send the Gos - pel to them,

Full Chorus.

On us with thy fa - vor shine; We will give thee
With thy ho - ly mind im - bue; Let thy spir - it
With kind gifts and gen - tle words; Cheer their hearts that
Give our mon - ey, with our prayers; With glad hearts and

all the glo - ry, All that we pos - sess is thine!
now pos - sess us, Then we 'll love, and praise, and do.
throb so sad - ly, Bless them as our stock af - fords.
hands we 'll show them, That our bless - ings may be theirs.

REMEMBER THE POOR!

Music contributed to the "MUSICAL LEAVES," by GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. When safe in your dwell - ing, so cheer - ful and warm,
2. When la - bor re - ward - ed, a com - fort be - stows,
3. His words, kind - ly spo - ken, should ne'er be for - got;
4. Go, suc - cor the low - ly, who 're bur - dened with woe;

Ye hear but its wail - ing, the cold win - ter storm;
That brings to your bo - som a tran - quil re - pose,
The poor ye have al - ways, but me ye have not;
Take heed that in se - cret your alms ye be - stow;

When loved ones a - round you are gath-ered once more,
'T is God who in - creas - es your bas - ket and store,
Pri - va - tion and sor - row how meek - ly he bore!
Be kind to the way - ward, the err - ing re - store,

Then pause for a mo - ment, re - mem - ber the poor!
'T is Je - sus who bids you, re - mem - ber the poor!
Are ye his dis - ci - ples, re - mem - ber the poor!
And God will re - ward you, re - mem - ber the poor!

Chorus.
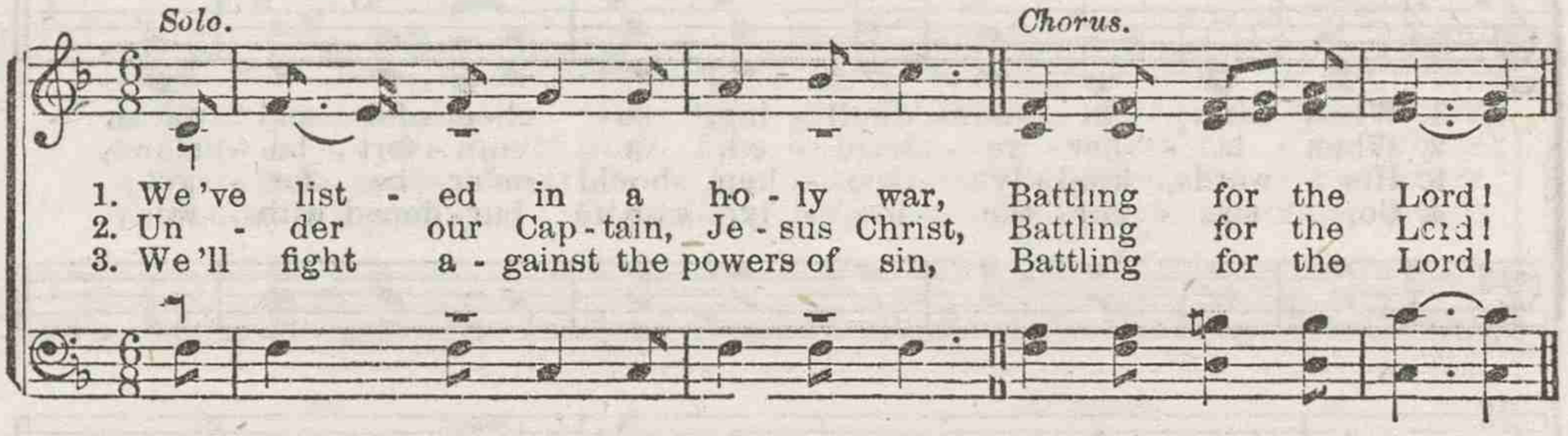
Blessed is he that considereth the - - - - - - poor, the
The Lord will preserve him, and keep him a- - - - - - live, and

Lord will deliver him in - - - - - time of trouble.
he shall be blessed up- - - - - on the earth.
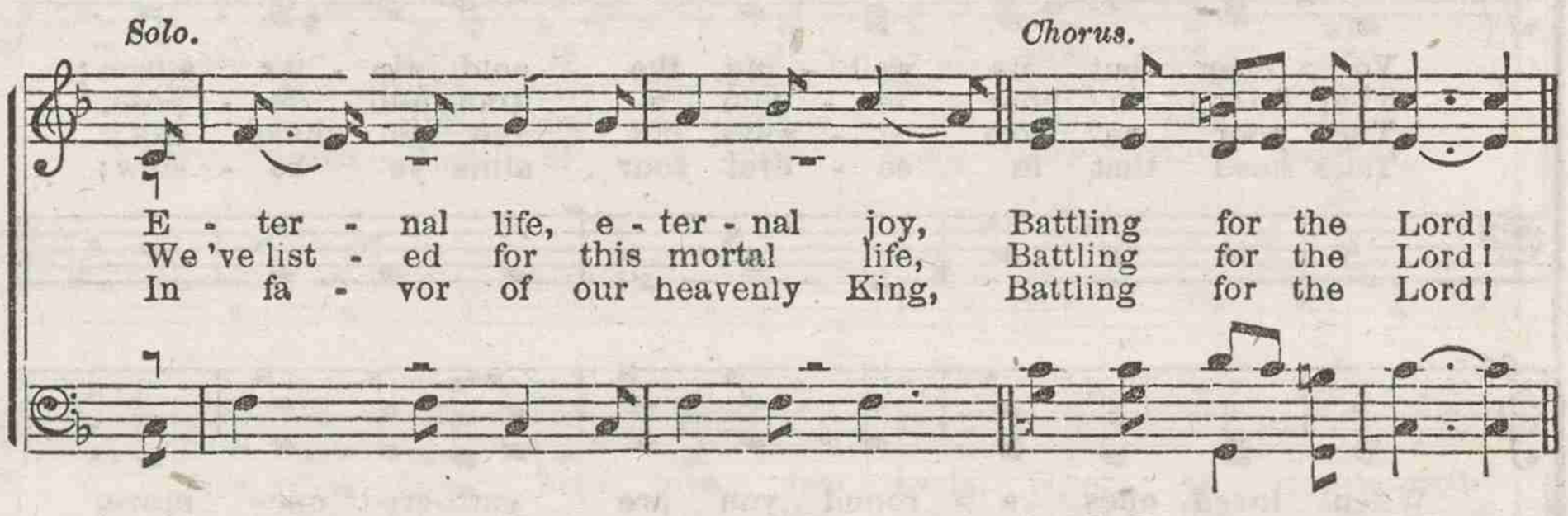
BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

Words by P. PHILLIPS. Music by T. E. PERKINS.

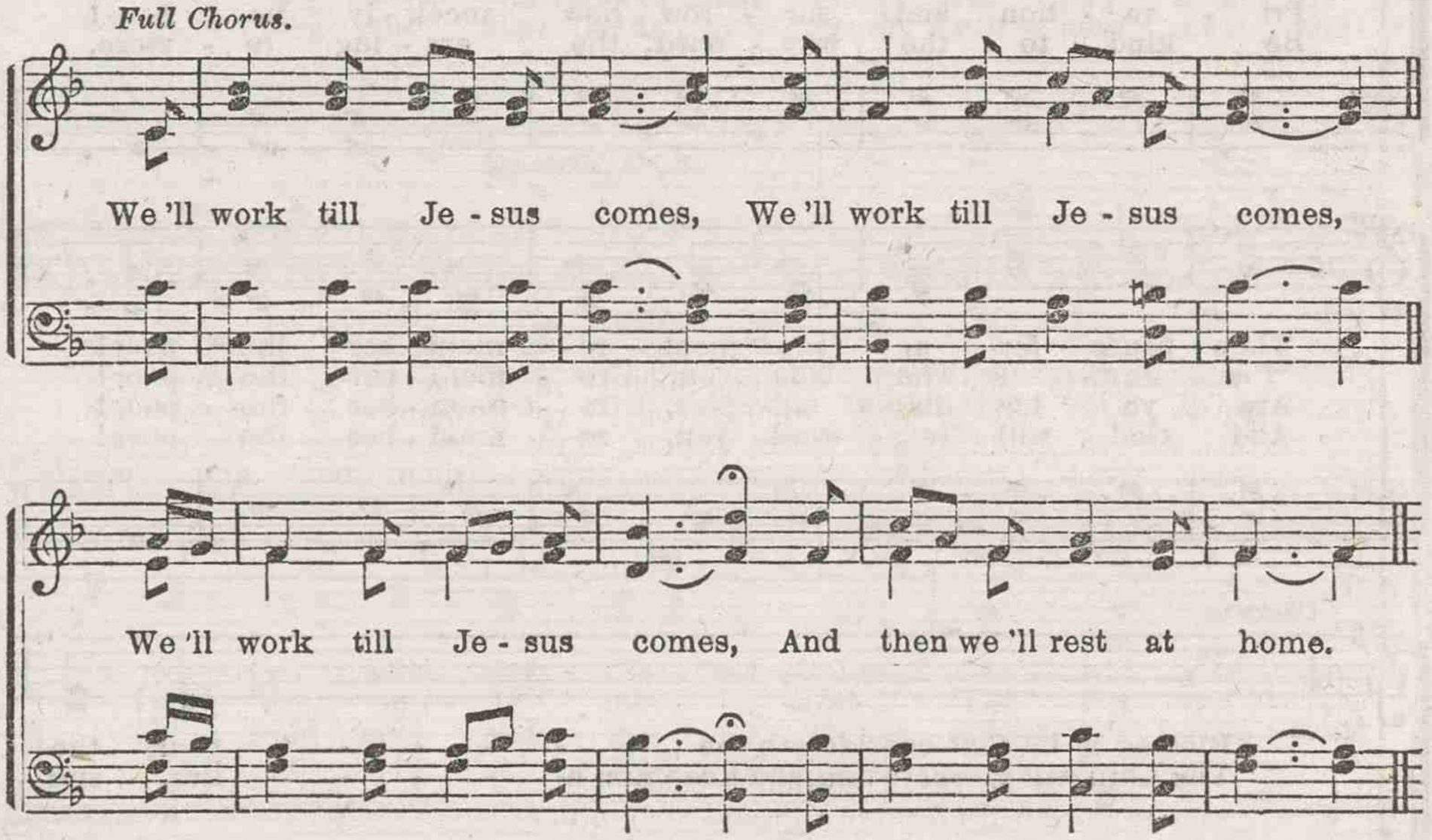
Solo. *Chorus.*



Solo. *Chorus.*



Full Chorus.



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

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

THE RANSOMED BAND.

T. C. O'KANE.

Cheerful.

1. Oh hap - py land! Oh hap - py land! Where saints and an-gels dwell;
2. But ev' - ry voice in yonder throng, On earth has breathed a prayer;

We long to join that glorious band, And all their anthems swell.
No lips untaught may join that song, Or learn the mu - sic there.

Chorus.

Oh heav'n - ly home Of the good and the blest!

Oh wel - come the day, When we shall a - way, And

Rit.

be for - ev - er at rest, And be for - ev - er at rest!
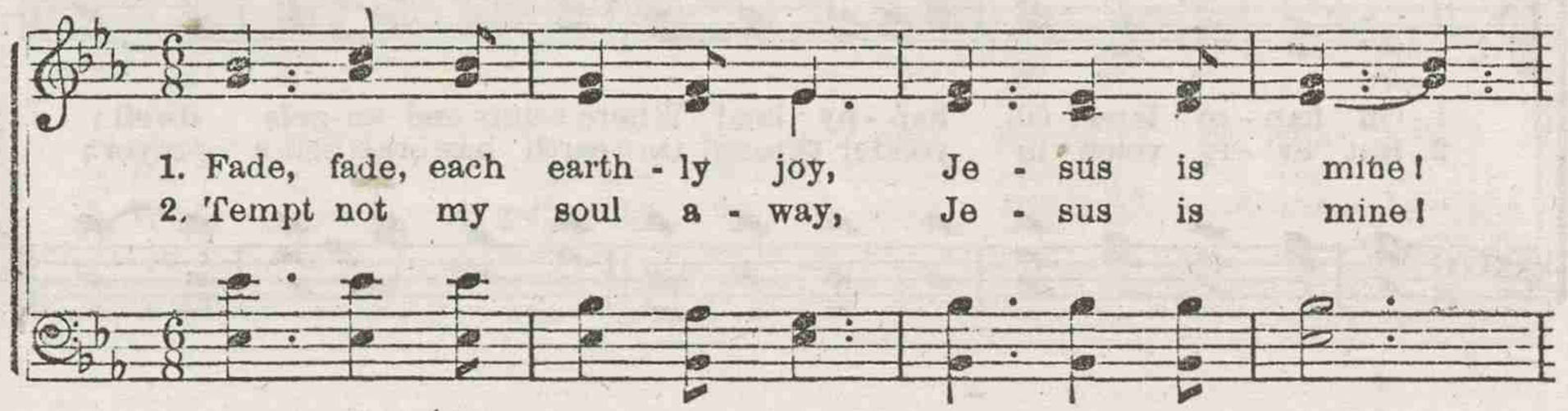
3 Thou heav'nly Friend, thou heav'nly Friend,
Oh hear us when we pray!
Now let thy pard'ning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Oh heav'nly home, etc.
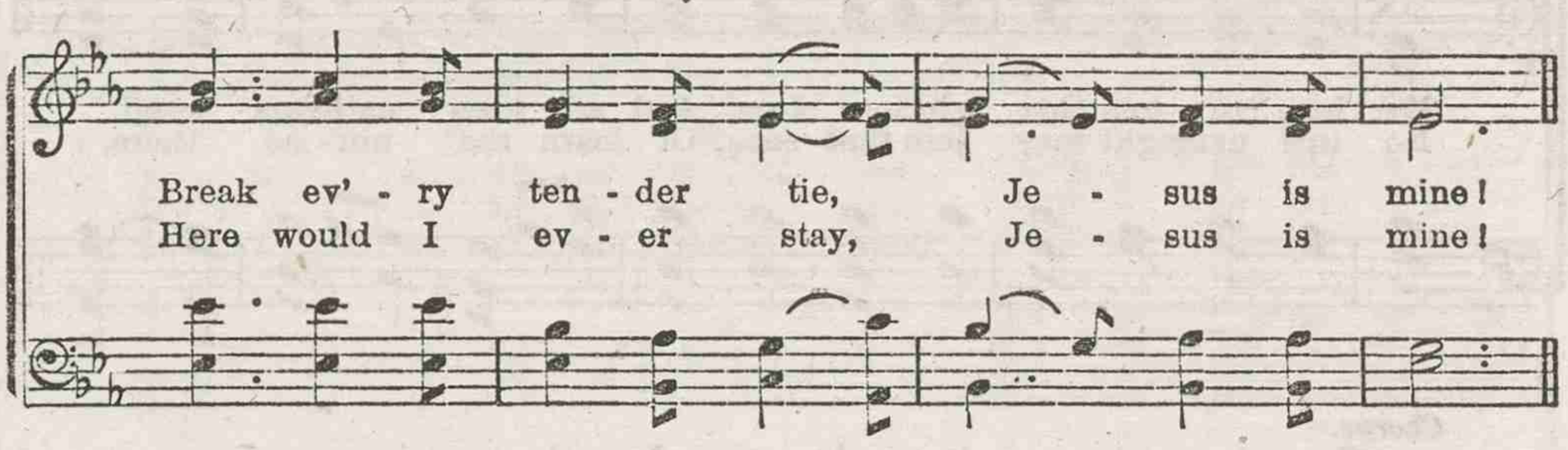
4 Be all our fresh and youthful days
To thy blest service given;
Then we shall meet to sing thy praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.
Oh heav'nly home, etc.
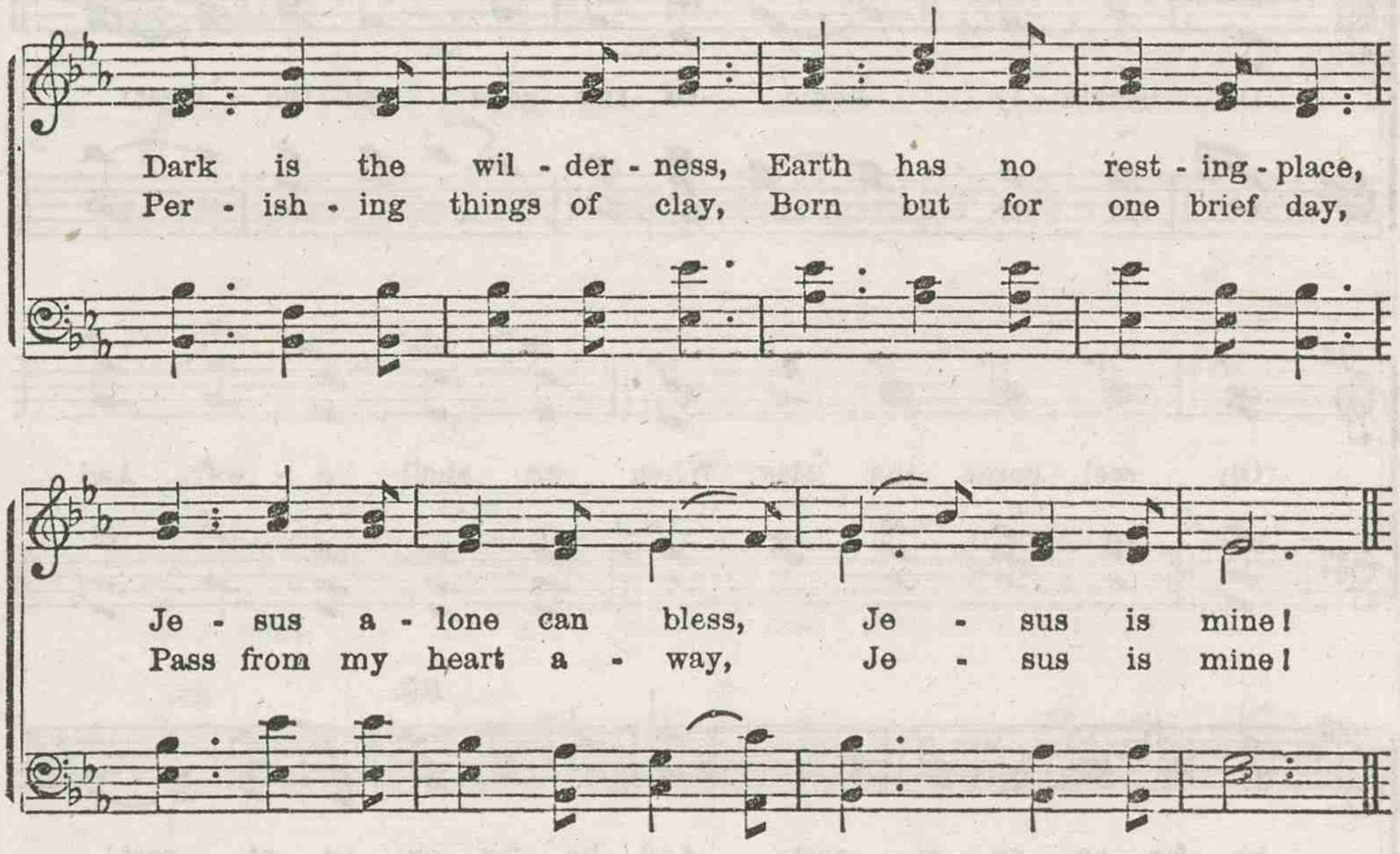
JESUS IS MINE.

Words by BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.

From "SHINING STAR," by permission.







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

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!

YOUNG CONVERT.

Words written expressly for the "MUSICAL LEAVES." WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Too long I trod the path of sin, The world's de - ceit - ful
2. I know I am a child of God, I know his smile is
3. When shall I burst these mor - tal ties, My flight with rap - ture

pleas - ure; But now by grace my heart has found A
o'er me, And to my man - sion in the skies, The
wing - ing, Where saints and mar - tyrs bend the knee, And

pure and price - less treas - ure. Re - deem - ing love, trans-
way is bright be - fore me. By faith, at times, I
an - gel choirs are sing - ing? Dear Sav - ior, to thy

port - ing theme, That fills my soul with glad - ness; Now
seem to stand On Zi - on's ho - ly mount - ain; I
cross I cling, And shout the won - drous sto - ry, A

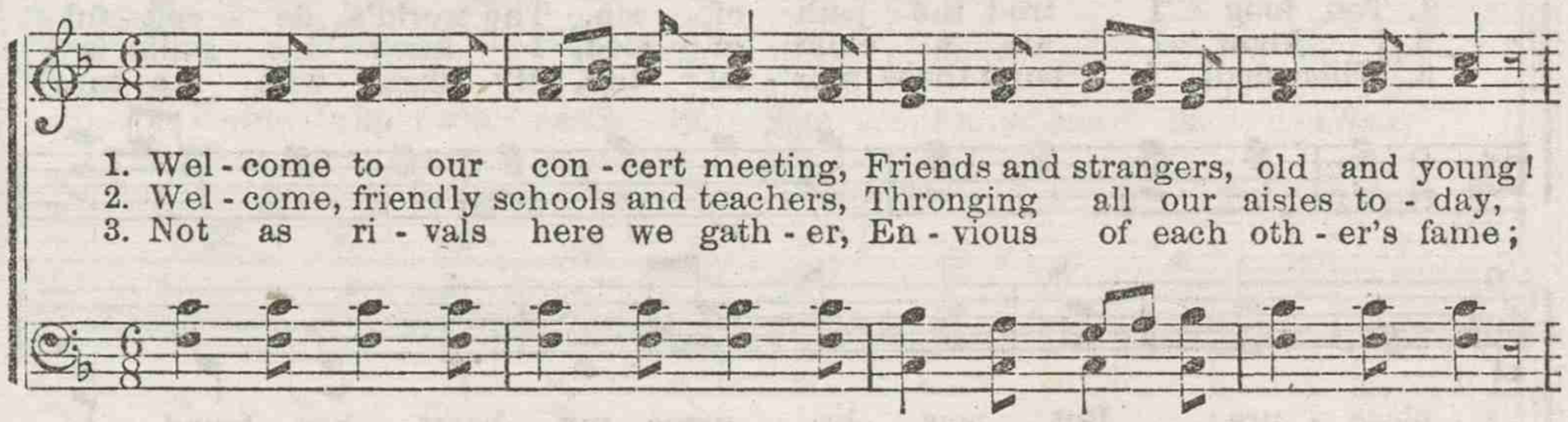
I can sing its power di - vine, With - out one thought of sad - ness;
see the ra - diant fields of light, And drink the crys - tal fount - ain;
sin - ner lost, by mer - cy found, And made an heir of glo - ry;

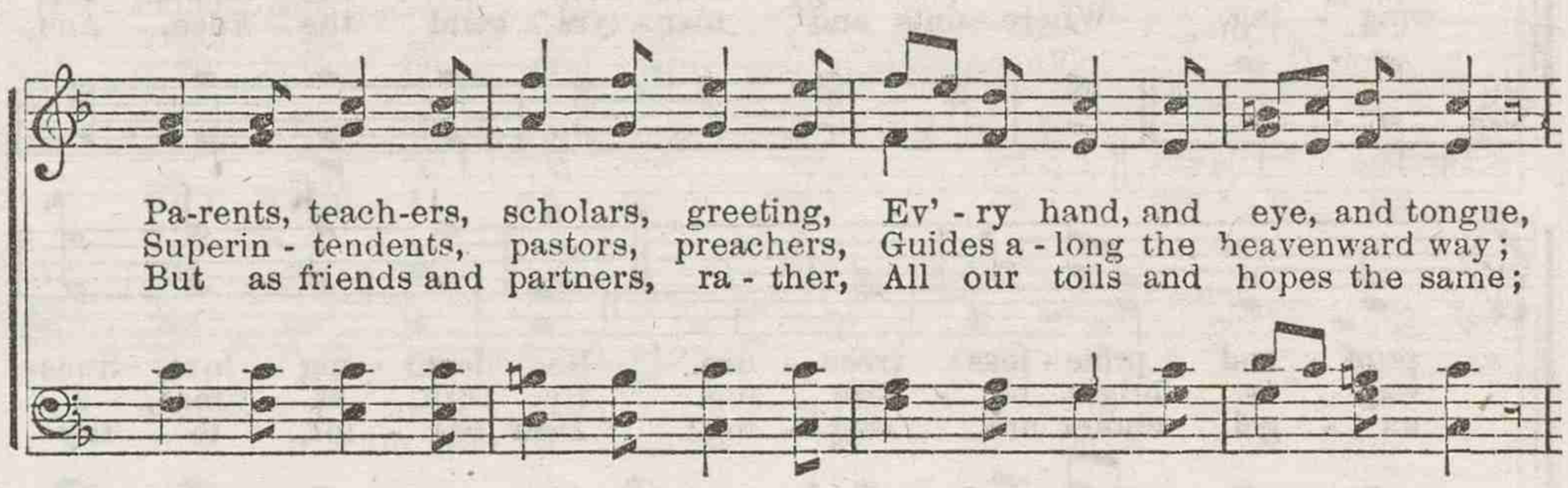
Now I can sing its power di - vine, With-out one thought of sad-ness.
I see the ra-diant fields of light, And drink the crys - tal fount-ain.
A sin - ner lost, by mer - cy found, And made an heir of glo - ry.

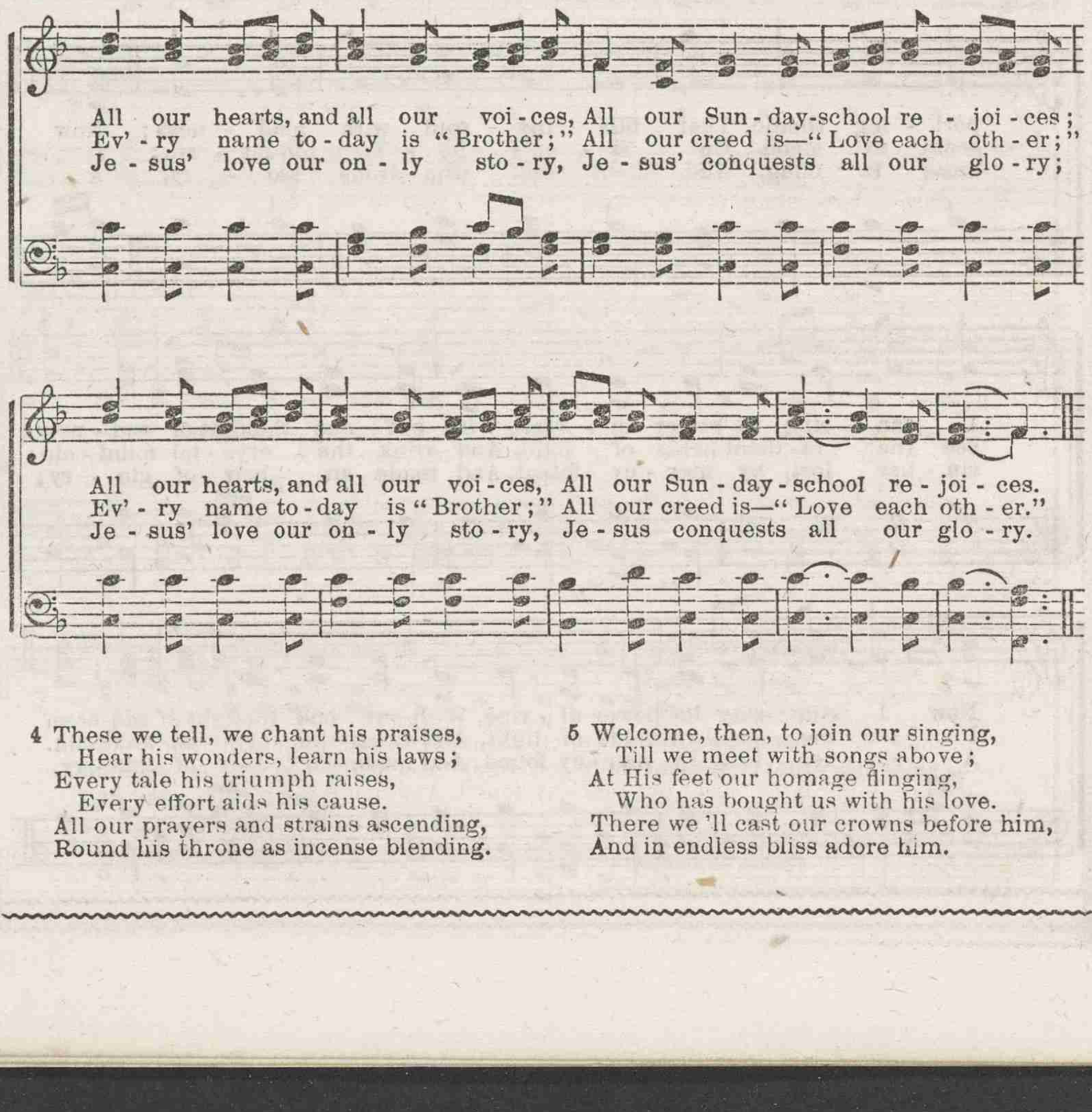
WELCOME TO OUR CONCERT.

SONG FOR UNION SABBATH-SCHOOL MEETINGS.

Words by Rev. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, M. A. HUBERT P. MAIN.







4 These we tell, we chant his praises,
Hear his wonders, learn his laws;
Every tale his triumph raises,
Every effort aids his cause.
All our prayers and strains ascending,
Round his throne as incense blending.

5 Welcome, then, to join our singing,
Till we meet with songs above;
At His feet our homage flinging,
Who has bought us with his love.
There we 'll cast our crowns before him,
And in endless bliss adore him.

SELECT HYMNS AND TUNES.

The following Hymns and Tunes are mostly taken from the popular Sabbath-school Singing-book, "ORIOLA," published by MOORE, WILSTACH & BALDWIN, Cincinnati, O.

GOOD TIDINGS.

Key G.

1 SHOUT the tidings of salvation
To the aged and the young;
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.

CHORUS.

Send the sound the earth around,
From the rising to the setting of the sun,
Till each gath'ring crowd shall proclaim aloud,
The glorious work is done.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the West;
Till each gath'ring congregation
With the Gospel sound is blest.
Send the sound, etc.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.
Send the sound, etc.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea;
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Send the sound, etc.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Key A♭.

1 BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir.

3 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.

THE SHINING SHORE.

Key G.

1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh, etc.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh, etc.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says "Come," and there 's our home,
Forever, oh! forever!
For oh, etc.

THE PRECIOUS NAME.

TUNE—"Believer." Key D. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis "manna" to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

TUNE—"Lilly Dale." Key B♭. C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?

CHORUS.

O heaven, sweet heaven! O heaven of the blest,
How I long to be there,
And thy glories to share,
And to lean on Jesus' breast!

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
O heaven, etc.

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
O heaven, etc.

4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee,
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.
O heaven, etc.

INVITATION OF CHRIST.

TUNE—"Horton." Key A. 5th P. M.

1 COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your homes;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Hither come, for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

THE YOUNG CONVERT.

TUNE—"Abiding Rest," from the "Shawm." Key 7 C. 8s & 7s P. M. Double.

1 I NOW have found abiding rest,
For which I long was sighing;
Now on my Savior's faithful breast
My weary head is lying.
This is the place where sin no more,
Nor death and hell alarm me;
I now am safe, by Jesus' power,
From all that else would harm me.

2 He whispers me, I'm wholly thine,
And thou art mine forever;
Henceforth all fear and doubt resign,
Confiding in thy favor.
Thy every want shall find supply
From thy exhaustless treasure;
I'll fill thy spirit with my joy,
The pledge of endless pleasure.

LITTLE BAND OF LOVING ONES.

Key B♭.

1 WE all should love one another,
We all should love one another,
We all should love one another,
And keep the golden rule.

CHORUS.

Sing on, love on, ye little band of loving ones;
Sing on, love on, ye little band of loving ones,

2 We all should love our parents,
We all should love our parents,
We all should love our parents,
As children ought to do.
Sing on, love on, etc.

3 We all should love our sisters,
We all should love our sisters,
We all should love our sisters,
And love our brothers too.
Sing on, love on, etc.

4 We all should love the Bible,
We all should love the Bible,
We all should love the Bible,
Which tells us what to do.
Sing on, love on, etc.

5 We all should love the Savior,
We all should love the Savior,
We all should love the Savior,
Who shed for us his blood.
Sing on, love on, etc.

6 We hope to go to heaven,
We hope to go to heaven,
We hope to go to heaven,
And sing the songs of love.
Sing on, love on, etc.

SWEET STORY.

Key D.

1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

HUMILITY AND CONTRITION.

TUNE—"Penitence." Key B♭. 12th P. M.

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Savior Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart.
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow.
If thy bowels now are stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Key A♭.

1 THERE'S a light in the window for thee, brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
A dear one has moved to the mansions above,
There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS.

A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee;
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care you are free;
The Savior has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven, etc.

3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea!
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven, etc.

4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven, etc.

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

Key G.

1 'TIS religion that can give—
In the light, in the light;
Sweetest pleasure while we live—
In the light of God.
'Tis religion must supply—
In the light, in the light;
Solid comfort when we die—
In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light,
In the light, in the light;
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2 After death its joys shall be—
In the light, in the light;
Lasting as eternity—
In the light of God.
Be the living God my Friend—
In the light, in the light;
Then my bliss shall never end—
In the light of God.
Let us walk, etc.

THE SABBATH BELL.

Key G.

1 PLEASANT is the Sabbath bell—
In the light, in the light;
Seeming much of joy to tell—
In the light of God.
But a music sweeter far—
In the light, in the light;
Breathes where angel-spirits are—
In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light,
In the light, in the light;
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2 Shall we ever rise to dwell—
In the light, in the light;
Where immortal praises swell—
In the light of God?
And can children ever go—
In the light, in the light;
Where eternal Sabbaths glow—
In the light of God?
Let us walk, etc.

3 Yes, that bliss our own may be—
In the light, in the light;
All the good shall Jesus see—
In the light of God.
For the good a rest remains—
In the light, in the light;
Where the glorious Savior reigns—
In the light of God.
Let us walk, etc.

HEAVENLY UNION.

TUNE—"Wirth." Key A♭. C. M.

1 How sweet and heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

SONG OF THE INFANTS.

Key C.

1 SOME call us infants,
Our life just begun;
Some call us "the fathers,"
They must be in fun;
Some wish we were many,
Yet others we guess,
When we 're in a frolic,
Most wish we were less.

2 Some say, while they call us
Such wee bits of things,
We 're what men are made of,
The priests and the kings;
Whatever we may be,
We 're sure of one thing;
That you are our Shepherd,
And we 're here to sing.

3 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.

WANDERER'S RETURN.

TUNE—"Retreat." Key C.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return!
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return!
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

WONDER.

Key G.

1 O! 'T IS a glorious mystery,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
That I should ever saved be,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,
'T is a wonder, a wonder;
Why God should save my soul from hell,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

2 Great mystery that Christ should place,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
His love on any of Adam's race,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
But there 's a greater mystery,
'T is a wonder, a wonder;
That he bestowed his love on me,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

3 Great mystery I do behold,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
That God should ever save a soul,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
But here 's a greater mystery,
'T is a wonder, a wonder;
That he bestowed his love on me,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

4 Why was I not still left behind,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
With thousand others of mankind,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
To run the dangerous, sinful race,
'T is a wonder, a wonder;
And die and never taste his grace,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

5 No mortal can a reason find,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
'T is mercy free, and grace divine,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
O! 't is a glorious mystery,
'T is a wonder, a wonder;
And will be to eternity,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

PENITENCE.

TUNE—"Autumn." Key A. 8s & 7s. Double.

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

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

THE BRIGHT CROWN.

Key C.

1 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,
Ye happy, praying band,
Though in this world you suffer loss,
You 'll reach fair Canaan's land.

Chorus.

Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,
For we 've all got the cross to bear;
It will only make the crown the brighter to shine,
When we have the crown to wear.

2 All earthly pleasures we 'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view;
In Jesus' strength we 'll undertake
To fight our passage through.
Let us never, etc.

3 O what a glorious shout there 'll be,
When we arrive at home!
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."
Let us never, etc.

A BLESSING SOUGHT.

Tune—"Autumn." Key A. 8s & 7s. Double.

1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing,
While once more thy praise we sing:
Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
Nothing worthy can we bring;
Yet thy book of love hath taught us,
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear;
For the sake of Him who bought us,
We may call and thou wilt hear.

2 What a boon to us is given,
Thus to lift our voice on high!
Well assured the ear of Heaven
Hears our wants, and will supply.
Weak and sinful—oh, how often
Must we look to God alone,
For his grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as his own!

HAST THOU STILL A FATHER.

Key G.

1 Hast thou still a father,
Or a mother dear?
Hast thou yet a brother,
Or a sister here?

2 O then love them freely,
Cherish every tie!
All we prize most dearly,
All on earth must die.

3 Still, be not forgetful
Of the Friend above;
He can never perish,
And his name is love.

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

Tune—"Siloam." Key D.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

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

3 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

4 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

A PERFECT HEART.

Tune—"Roscoe." Key B♭ Minor. C. M.

1 O for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name, of Love.

THE GLORIOUS TIME.

Tune—"Harwell." Key G.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel call obey!
Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

MERCY SEAT.

TUNE—"Retreat." Key C.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'T is found beneath the mercy seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all on earth more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

NEVER LATE.

Key D.

1 I 'LL awake at dawn on the Sabbath day,
For 't is wrong to doze holy time away;
With my lessons learned, this shall be my rule—
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

2 Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing;
None are tardy there, when the woods do ring;
So, when Sunday comes, this shall be my rule—
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

3 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

4 But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no more;
Then I 'll ne'er regret that it was my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

THE REPENTING SINNER RETURNING.

TUNE—"Salvation." Key G minor. C. M.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I 'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I 'll tell him I 'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I 'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

TUNE—"Greenville." Key E. 8s & 7s.

1 SAVIOR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

LORD'S PROTECTION.

TUNE—"Hebron." Key B♭. L. M.

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste;
And I, perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

GOOD-NIGHT!

Key D.

1 How sweet the happy evenings close,
'T is the hour of sweet repose—
Good-night!
The summer winds have sunk to rest,
The moon, serenely bright,
Unfolds her calm and gentle ray,
Softly now she seems to say—
Good-night!

2 These tranquil hours of social mirth,
For the dearest link of earth—
Good-night!
And, while each hand is kindly pressed,
O, may our prayers to heaven
With humble fervor be addressed,
For its blessings on our rest—
Good-night!

3 O, how each gentle thought is stirred,
As we breathe the parting word—
Good-night!
O, could we ever feel as now,
Our hearts with love upraised,
And while our warm affections flow,
Hear, in murmurs soft and low—
Good-night!

THE LAMBS OF JESUS.

TUNE—"Woodworth." Key E♭. L. M.

1 THE lambs of Jesus! who are they
But children that believe and pray?
That keep God's laws and ask his grace,
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place!

2 The lambs of Jesus! they are meek,
The words of peace and truth they speak;
To all God's creatures they are kind,
And, like their Lord, of gentle mind.

3 The lambs of Jesus oh, that we
Might of that blessed number be!
Lord, take us early to thy love,
And lead us to the fold above.

THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

TUNE—"Windham." Key G minor. L. M.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

TUNE—"Woodworth." Key E♭. L. M.

1 I KNOW 't is Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded spirit whole;
My nature is by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

2 How kind is Jesus, O how good!
'T was for my soul he shed his blood;
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

3 When I offend, by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong;
If I repent, he 's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

4 To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

CONDEMNED, BUT PLEADING THE PROMISES.

TUNE—"Windham." Key G minor. L. M.

1 SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but do n't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound!
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 O save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

I'M A PILGRIM.

Key G.

1 I 'M a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I 'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 Of that country to which I 'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I 'm a pilgrim, etc.

PEACEFUL REST.

TUNE—"Rest." Key D. L. M.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his cruel sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

VISITATION OF DEATH.

TUNE—"Galena." Key B♭. C. M.

1 DEATH has been here, and borne away
A scholar from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we he died.

2 Not long ago he filled his place,
And sat with us to learn;
But he has run his mortal race,
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last.

4 We can not tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first; oh, may we all
Prepare to meet our God!

5 All needful help is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply,
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

Key A.*

1 I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For heaven, that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For all the ties that bind me,
For all the tasks assigned me,
For bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I may do.

2 I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
And, wiser from conviction,
Help on each grand design.

3 I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
Where men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

HOW SWEET IS THE SABBATH TO ME.

OLD TUNE. Key G. 8s.

1 How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day when the Savior arose!
'T is heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.
He knows I am weak and defiled,
My life is but empty and vain;
But if he will make me his child,
I 'll never forsake him again.

2 This day he invites me to come;
How kindly he bids me draw near!
He offers me heaven for home,
And wipes off the penitent tear.
He offers to pardon my sin,
And keep me from every snare,
To sprinkle and cleanse me within,
And show me his tenderest care.

3 I can not, I must not refuse;
His goodness has conquered my heart;
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all of my folly depart.
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose!
'T is heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.

LORD, TEACH A SINFUL CHILD TO PRAY.

C. M.

1 LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer;
For thou canst hear the words I say,
For thou art every-where.

2 Teach me to do the thing that 's right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And may it be my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

3 Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I 'll call;
But keep me more than all from sin,
For that 's the worst of all.

JOYFULLY! JOYFULLY! ONWARD WE MOVE.

TUNE—"Joyfully! Joyfully!" Key G.

1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Jesus, our Savior, in mercy says come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

2 Teachers and scholars have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome;
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Savior, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his scepter be gone;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we 'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

Key C.

1 WE love to sing together,
We love to sing together,
Our hearts and voices one;
To praise our Heavenly Father,
To praise our Heavenly Father,
And his eternal Son.
We love, we love, we love, we love,
We love to sing together;
We love, we love, we love, we love,
We love to sing together.

2 We love to pray together
To Jesus on his throne,
And ask that he will ever
Accept us as his own.
We love, etc.

3 We love to read together
The Word of saving truth,
Whose light is shining ever
To guide our early youth.
We love, etc.

4 We love to be together
Upon the Sabbath day,
And strive to help each other
Along the heavenly way.
We love, etc.

WHEN THE MORNING LIGHT.

Key A.

1 WHEN the morning light drives away the night,
With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I 'll away to the Sabbath-school;
For 't is there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath-school.
I 'll away! away! I 'll away! away!
I 'll away to Sabbath-school.

2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the trees,
To the Sabbath-school I go;
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath-school.
I 'll away, etc.

3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there;
In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath-school.
I 'll away, etc.

4 May the dews of grace fill the hallowed place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows
Shall a sweet perfume exhale;
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er
At the Sabbath-school.
I 'll away, etc.

USE OF THE BIBLE.

TUNE—"Pleyel's Hymn." 7s.

1 HOLY BIBLE! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

TUNE—"Pleyel's Hymn." 7s.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies!
With angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Christ by highest heaven adored!
Christ, the everlasting Lord!
Vailed in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate *D*eity!

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

TUNE—"Homeward Bound." Key A.

1 OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Far, from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Steady, O, pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
O how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 Down the horizon the earth disappears,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Joyful, O, comrades! no sighing or tears,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Listen! what music comes soft o'er the sea?
"Welcome, thrice welcome, and blessed are ye."
Can it the greeting of paradise be?
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
Safely we stand on the radiant shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

THE PROMISED LAND.

OLD TUNE. Key E♭.

1 I HAVE a Father in the promised land,
I have a Father in the promised land;
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.

CHORUS.

I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.

2 I have a Savior in the promised land,
I have a Savior in the promised land;
My Savior calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
I'll away, etc.

3 I have a crown in the promised land,
I have a crown in the promised land;
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
I'll away, etc.

4 I hope to meet you in the promised land,
I hope to meet you in the promised land;
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised land.
We'll away, etc.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Key A. C. M.

1 THE Sunday-school, that blessed place,
Oh! I would rather stay
Within its walls a child of grace,
Than spend my hours in play.

CHORUS.

The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
Oh! 't is the place I love;
For there I learn the golden rule,
Which leads to joys above.

2 'T is there I learn that Jesus died
For sinners such as I;
Oh! what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high.
The Sunday-school, etc.

3 Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To Him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.
The Sunday-school, etc.

4 And welcome, then, the Sunday-school,
We'll read and sing and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.
The Sunday-school, etc.

DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME.

C. M.

1 Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the fullness of thy love,
Oh, Lord! remember me.
Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.
I own I 'm guilty, own I 'm vile,
Yet thy salvation 's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

3 Howe'er forsaken or distressed;
Howe'er oppressed I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

Tune—"Unity." Key E♭.

1 When shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,
Never! no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never! no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Savior!
May we all there unite
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never! no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet, ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never! no, never!

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

Tune—"Happy Land." Key E.

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Savior King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh, then, to glory run!
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Key E. 7s & 6s.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds! his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

INVITATION TO YOUTH.

TUNE—"Missionary Hymn." Key E. 7s & 6s.

1 "REMEMBER thy Creator,"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night.
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator,"
E'er life resigns its trust,
E'er sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust.
Before, with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear,
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

I LOVE THE CHURCH.

TUNE—"St. Thomas." Key G. S. M.

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

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

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

LOVING KINDNESS.

TUNE—"Loving Kindness." Key A. L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!
His loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, oh, how great!
His loving kindness, etc.

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, oh, how good!
His loving kindness, etc.

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
His loving kindness, etc.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death!
His loving kindness, etc.

6 Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.
His loving kindness, etc.

LONELY TRAVELER.

Key G.

1 I'M a lonely traveler here,
Weary, oppressed;
But my journey's end is near,
Soon shall I rest!
Dark and dreary is the way,
Toiling I 've come;
Ask me not with you to stay,
Yonder 's my home.

2 I'm a weary traveler here,
I must go on;
For my journey's end is near,
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give
Win me away;
Pleasures that forever live,
I can not stay.

3 I 'm a traveler to a land
Where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band;
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I 'm a traveler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I 've loved below,
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome, sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.

5 I 'm a traveler—call me not—
Upward my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I can not stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I 'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call;
Yonder 's my home.

WE ARE PILGRIMS.

Key A.

1 We are pilgrims on the earth,
Journeying onward from our birth;
Every hour and every breath
Brings us nearer still to death.

Chorus.

Yes, we are pilgrims; yes, we are pilgrims;
Yes, we are pilgrims, on our journey home.

2 But beyond this vale of tears
Lies the land that knows no fears,
Where our steps no more may roam;
Pilgrims, we are going home!
We are pilgrims, etc.

3 Home to long-lost friends and dear,
Who are missed and mourned for here;
Home to endless peace and love,
In our Father's house above.
We are pilgrims, etc.

4 Let not trifles by the way
Tempt our hearts or steps to stray
From that narrow path and strait,
Leading to the golden gate.
We are pilgrims, etc.

5 No, our faith hath One in view
Who was once a pilgrim too;
From his track we will not roam,
For to Christ we 're going home.
We are pilgrims, etc.

JUST AS I AM.

Tune—"Woodworth." Key E♭.

1 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!

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

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

6 Just as I am—thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

Key A. C. M.

1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
Singing glory, etc.

3 What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love—
How came those children there?
Singing glory, etc.

4 Because the Savior shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing glory, etc.

5 On earth they sought the Savior's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing glory, etc.

MORNING BELLS.

Key A. 8s & 7s.

1 Hark! the morning bells are ringing,
Children, haste, without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.

Chorus.

Come, children, come, the bells are ringing,
To the Sabbath-school repair;
Let us all unite in singing,
All unite in solemn prayer.

2 'T is an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet to praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.
Come, children, come, etc.

3 Do not keep your teacher waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'T is the holy Sabbath day.
Come, children, come, etc.

4 Children, haste, the bells are ringing,
And the morning 's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
Come, children, come, etc.

SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US.

Key D. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear young children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY.

Key G.

1 O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend!
O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend!
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

Chorus.

I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
For the Savior is your Captain,
For the Savior is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin.
I am glad, etc.

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand.
You shall sing his praise forever,
You shall sing his praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land.
I am glad, etc.

CHRIST'S UNIVERSAL AND EVERLASTING KINGDOM.

Tune—"Duke Street." Key E♭. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his Word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

HAPPY MEETING.

Tune—"Happy Greeting to all." Key E. 11s.

1 Come, children, and join in our festival song,
The weeks and the months are all speeding along;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise
To God, who has kept us and lengthened our days.

Chorus.

Happy meeting to all! happy meeting to all!
Happy meeting, happy meeting, happy meeting to all!

2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us and guide us, dear Savior, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.
Happy meeting to all, etc.

3 And if, ere this year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.
Happy meeting to all, etc.

4 Kind teachers, we children would thank you this day,
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way
How we may escape from the world's sinful charms,
And find a safe refuge in our Savior's loved arms.
Happy meeting to all, etc.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

TUNE—"Autumn." Key A. 8s & 7s.

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

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried;
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

TUNE—"Happy Greeting to all." Key E. 11s.

1 COME, children, and join in our festival song,
The New Year has come, and the old year has gone;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise,
To God, who has kept us and lengthened our days.

CHORUS.

Happy New Year to all! happy New Year to all!
Happy New Year, happy New Year, happy New Year to all!

2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Savior, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.
Happy New Year, etc.

3 And if, ere this New Year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.
Happy New Year, etc.

4 Kind teachers, we children would thank you this day,
That faithfully, kindly, you 've taught us the way
How we may escape from the world's sinful charms,
And find a safe refuge in the Savior's loved arms.
Happy New Year, etc.

5 Dear Pastor, we ask thee, as lambs of thy fold,
To teach us that wisdom more precious than gold;
Our footsteps to guide in the pathway of truth,
To "love our Creator in the days of our youth."
Happy New Year, etc.

6 And now, as we enter another New Year,
We pray for a blessing on your labors here;
May many "bright jewels" be your blest reward,
And "crowns of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord."
Happy New Year, etc.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.

Key F.

1 TO-DAY the Savior calls!
Ye wand'rers come;
Oh, ye benighted souls!
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
And death is nigh.

3 To-day the Savior calls!
Oh, hear him now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'T is mercy's hour.

INSTRUCTION FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

C. M.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy Book will guide our youth,
And well support our age.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.

TUNE—"Watcher." Key D. 7s & 6s.

1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top
He met his Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

5 Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O, gentle Savior! send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?

TUNE—"Manor." Key E♭. 8s & 7s.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise!
Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!"

2 Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

3 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

THE EARTH SHALL BE FULL OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE LORD.

TUNE—"Webb." Key B♭. 7s & 6s.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blessed river of salvation!
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—the Lord is come.

CHRIST THE SHEPHERD.

C. M.

1 SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3 He 'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Savior's arms
We 're safe from every snare.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

TUNE—"Duke Street." Key E♭. L. M

1 WE are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—yet we have heard
The Gospel news, the heavenly Word;
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment day.

3 We are but young—yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place!

4 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
Oh, lead us in the path of truth!
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

TELL ME, BROTHERS, WILL YOU MEET ME?

Key B♭.

QUESTION.

1 TELL me, brothers, will you meet me?
Tell me, brothers, will you meet me?
Tell me, brothers, will you meet me,
On Canaan's happy shore?

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah;
Glory, glory, hallelujah;
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Forever, evermore.

ANSWER.

1 Yes, by the grace of God, I 'll meet thee;
Yes, by the grace of God, I 'll meet thee;
Yes, by the grace of God, I 'll meet thee,
On Canaan's happy shore.
Glory, glory, etc.

QUESTION.

2 Say, young converts, will you meet me?
Say, young converts, will you meet me?
Say, young converts, will you meet me,
On Canaan's happy shore?
Glory, glory, etc.

ANSWER.

2 Yes, by the grace of God, we 'll meet thee;
Yes, by the grace of God, we 'll meet thee;
Yes, by the grace of God, we 'll meet thee,
On Canaan's happy shore.
Glory, glory, etc.

QUESTION.

3 Heart-broken sinner, will you meet me?
Heart-broken sinner, will you meet me?
Heart-broken sinner, will you meet me,
On Canaan's happy shore?
Glory, glory, etc.

ANSWER.

3 How can a sinner ever meet thee?
How can a sinner ever meet thee?
How can a sinner ever meet thee,
On Canaan's happy shore?
Glory, glory, etc.

QUESTION.

4 Jesus will pardon, if you ask him;
Jesus will pardon, if you ask him;
Jesus will pardon, if you ask him,
In earnest faith and prayer.
Glory, glory, etc.

ANSWER.

4 Then, by the grace of God, I 'll meet thee;
Then, by the grace of God, I 'll meet thee;
Then, by the grace of God, I 'll meet thee,
On Canaan's happy shore.
Glory, glory, etc.

ANTICIPATIONS OF HEAVEN.

OLD TUNE. C. M.

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

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

5 When I 've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
I 've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when I first begun.

HOLY FORTITUDE.

TUNE—"Arlington." Key G. C. M.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Shall I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

BY AND BY.

Key B♭.

1 Our bondage here shall end,
By and by, by and by;
Our bondage here shall end,
By and by.
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we 'll return,
By and by, by and by;
And to Canaan we 'll return,
By and by.

2 Our Deliverer will come,
By and by, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our three-score years and ten,
And bright glory crown the day.
By and by.

3 Though our enemies are strong,
We 'll go on, we 'll go on;
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves,
We 'll go on.

4 By Marah's bitter stream,
We 'll go on, we 'll go on;
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply,
To a land of corn and wine,
We 'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's flood
We are come, we are come;
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he 'll divide,
And the ransomed host shall shout,
We are come.

6 There friends shall meet again,
Who have loved, who have loved;
Our embraces shall be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we we meet to part no more,
Who have loved.

7 Then, with all the happy throng,
We 'll rejoice, we 'll rejoice;
Shouting, "Glory to our King,"
Till the vaults of heaven shall ring,
And through all eternity,
We 'll rejoice.

SUFFERING SAVIOR.

C. M.

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, th' almighty Savior, died
For man, the rebel's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'T is all that I can do.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

Tune—"Fountain." C. M.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

PILGRIMAGE HEAVENWARD.

Tune—"Harwell." Key G. 7s.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

SOWING THE SEED.

TUNE—"Boylston." Key C. S. M.

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

2 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by spots 't is found;
Go forth, then, every-where.

3 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

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

5 Then when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

TUNE—"Frederick." 11s & 12s.

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Oh, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi, 28.

CHANT. Key C.

1 WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | "Come to | me.'

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the | bidding, | "Come to | me!"

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | "Come to | me."

MARY TO THE SAVIOR'S TOMB.

TUNE—"Martyn." Key F. 7s. Double.

1 MARY to the Savior's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ has risen from the dead,
Now he bid her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye, who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your weeping eyes.

PRAISE.

TUNE—"Cranbrook." S. M.

1 GRACE! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
And every ransomed power shall join
In wonder, love, and praise.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

As sung by Chaplain C. C. McCabe, while a prisoner in Libby, after hearing Old Ben (the colored paper-seller in Richmond) cry out: "*Great news by the telegraph! Great battle at Gettysbury! Union soldiers gain de day!*" Upon hearing such glorious news, Chaplain McCabe sung this soul-stirring hymn, all the prisoners joining him heartily in the chorus, making the old prison-walls ring with "GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH!"

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible quick sword:
His truth is marching on.
CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

2 I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.
CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel,
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."
CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet:
Our God is marching on.
CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

OUR MISSION.

Words by PHILIP PHILLIPS. TUNE—"O say, shall we meet you all there?"

As sung at the Third Anniversary of the U. S. Christian Commission, held in the House of Representatives, at Washington, D. C., January, 1865.

1 WHAT is your mission, my brother—
What is your mission below?
Do you follow the footsteps of Jesus,
As journeying onward you go?
O, yes! our mission is mercy,
Sweet charity, patience, and love;
Giving aid to the suffering and wounded,
Till we reach the bright mansions above.
Till we reach the bright mansions above,
Till we reach the bright mansions above;
Giving aid to the suffering and wounded,
Till we reach the bright mansions above.

2 We will give to the Christian Commission,
To comfort our soldiers afar,
Who have suffered in battle and prison,
Protecting us—off at the war.
O, yes! we will labor on ever,
For Liberty, Justice, and Right,
And God will sustain us forever,
With his comfort, his grace, and his might
With his comfort, his grace, and his might,
With his comfort, his grace, and his might;
And God will sustain us forever,
With his comfort, his grace, and his might.

3 We are struggling between light and darkness,
O! haste ye, the day will soon dawn;
Our land shall again be united,
And right shall have conquered the wrong.
Then a Peace will come o'er us forever,
And this "beacon-light" country our home;
Then heaven to earth shall re-echo,
Arise, for DELIVERANCE HAS COME.
Arise, for Deliverance has come,
Arise, for Deliverance has come;
Then heaven to earth shall re-echo,
Arise, for Deliverance has come.

OPENING EXERCISES.

From Psalm xix.

Supt. The law of the Lord is perfect,
Chil. Converting the soul:
Supt. The testimony of the Lord is sure,
Chil. Making wise the simple:
Supt. The statutes of the Lord are right,
Chil. Rejoicing the heart:
Supt. The commandment of the Lord is pure,
Chil. Enlightening the eyes.
Supt. The fear of the Lord is clean,
Chil. Enduring forever:
Supt. The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
Chil. More to be desired are they than gold,
Supt. Yea, than much fine gold:
Chil. Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
Supt. Moreover by them is thy servant warned;
Chil. And in keeping of them there is great reward.
Supt. Who can understand his errors?
Chil. O, cleanse Thou me from secret faults.
Supt. Keep Thy servant also from presumptuous sins:
Chil. Let them not have dominion over me:
Supt. Then shall I be upright,
Chil. And I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
Supt. Let the words of my mouth,
Chil. And the meditation of my heart,
Supt. Be always acceptable in Thy sight.
Chil. O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

OUR LORD'S PRAYER. (See page 5.) To be sung by the School.

BEATITUDES.

Matthew v.

Supt. Blessed are the poor in spirit:
Chil. For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Supt. Blessed are they that mourn:
Chil. For they shall be comforted.
Supt. Blessed are the meek:
Chil. For they shall inherit the earth.
Supt. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
Chil. For they shall be filled.
Supt. Blessed are the merciful:
Chil. For they shall obtain mercy.
Supt. Blessed are the pure in heart:
Chil. For they shall see God.
Supt. Blessed are the peacemakers:
Chil. For they shall be called the children of God.
Supt. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
Chil. For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Supt. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,
Chil. And I will give you rest.
Supt. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me;
Chil. For I am meek and lowly in heart:
Supt. And ye shall find rest unto your souls,
Chil. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

CHRIST ON THE MOUNT. (See page 31.) Or, TAKE MY YOKE UPON YOU. (See page 37.) To be sung by the School.

Psalm xxiii.

Supt. The Lord is my shepherd;
Chil. I shall not want.
Supt. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
Chil. He leadeth me beside the still waters.
Supt. He restoreth my soul:
Chil. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
Supt. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
Chil. I will fear no evil:
Supt. For Thou art with me;
Chil. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Supt. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Chil. Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Supt. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
Chil. And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

GUIDE US, SAVIOR. (See page 25.) To be sung by the School.

CHOICE TUNES.

SOLOS, DUETS, TRIOS, AND QUARTETTES,

OF THE VERY CHOICEST KIND,

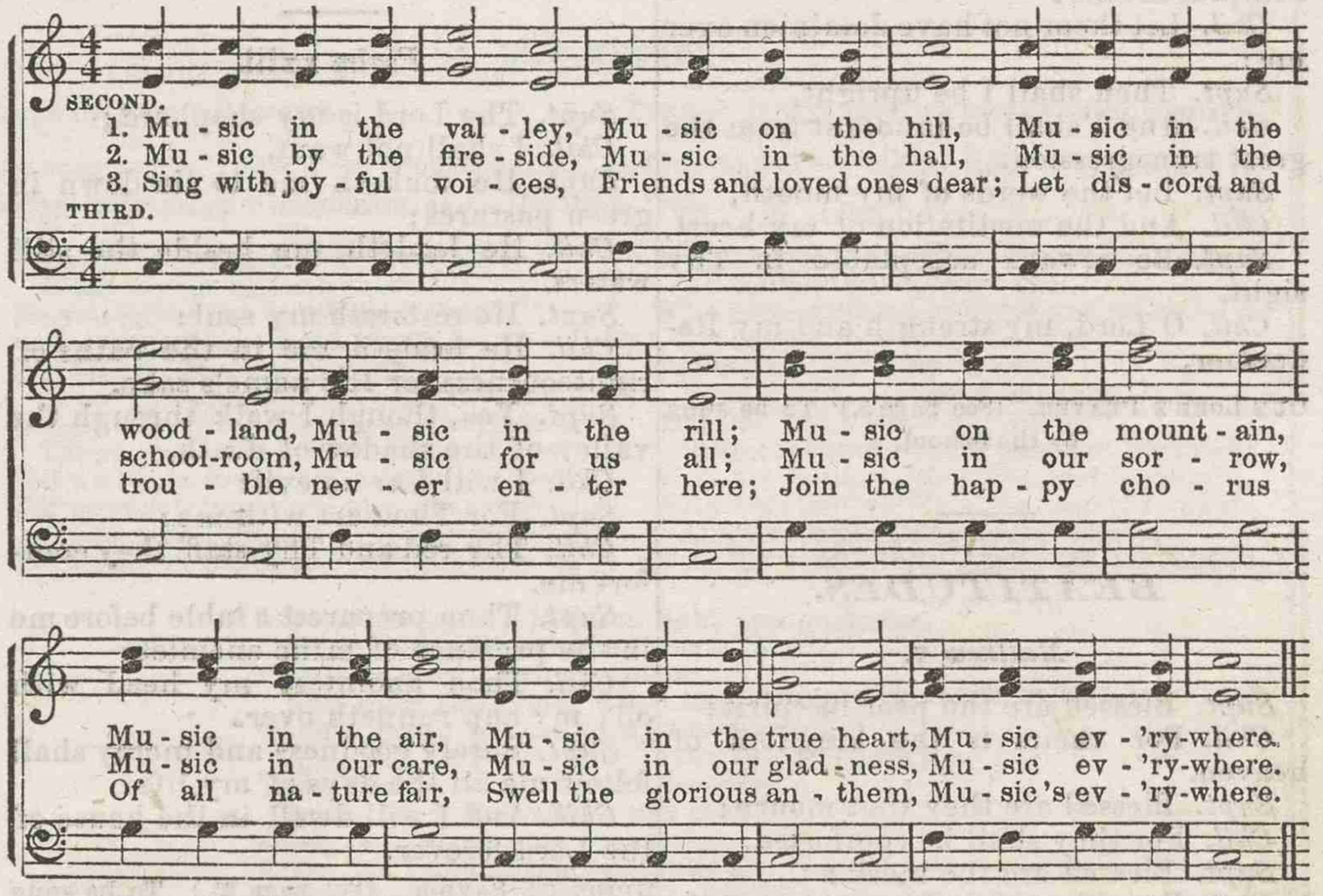
EMBRACING

PATRIOTIC, CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, TEMPERANCE, AND SOCIAL MUSIC.

"MUSIC EVERYWHERE."

EXTENDED SCALE. (UPPER.) *

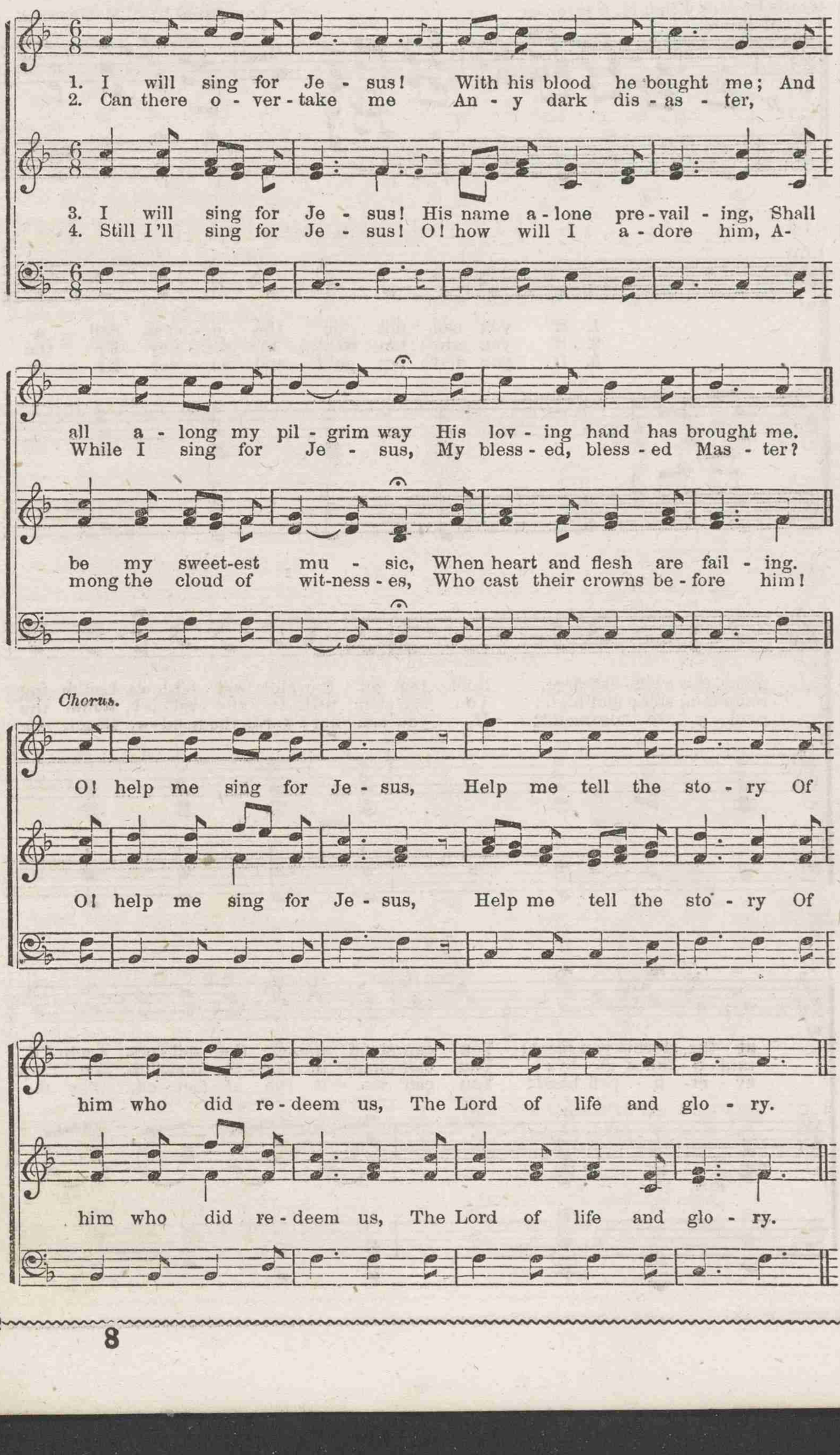
FIRST. *Allegretto.* From "EARLY BLOSSOMS," by GEO. F. ROOT.



*Do not let the voice be carried so high as to be harsh, generally not above F or G.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

Words by Mrs. ELLEN HUNTINGTON GATES. Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



YOUR MISSION.

By permission of S. BRAINARD & Co., Publishers, Cleveland, O.

Words by Mrs. Ellen M. GATES. Composed by S. M. GRANNIS.

Moderato.

p *cres.*

1. If you can not on the o - cean Sail a-
2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er

dim.
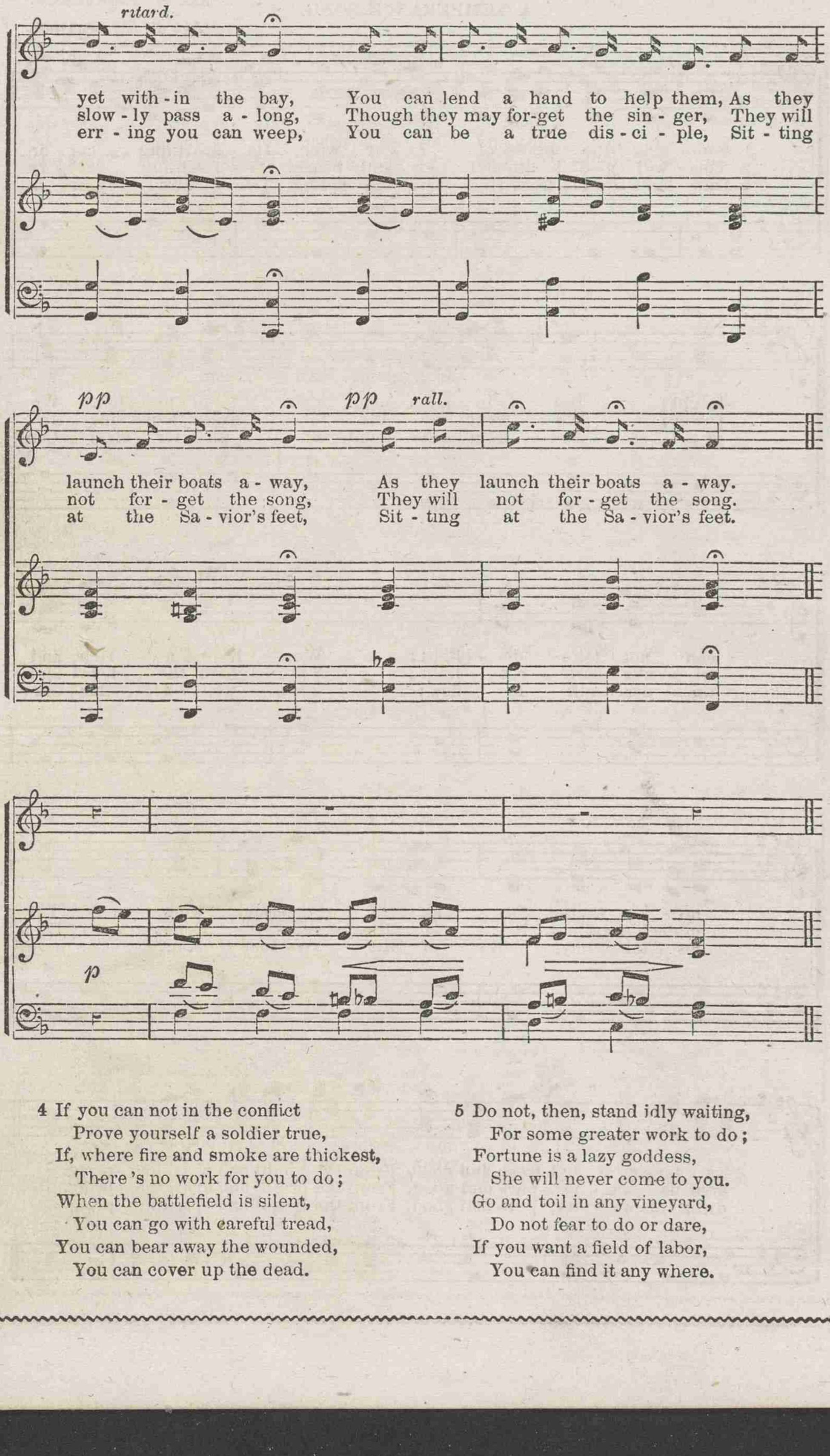
mong the swift - est fleet, Rock - ing on the high - est bil-lows, Laugh - ing
mountain, steep and high; You can stand with - in the val - ley, While the
read - y to command; If you can not t'wards the need - y, Reach an

cres.

at the storms you meet; You can stand among the sail - ors, Anchor'd
mul - ti - tudes go by; You can chant in hap - py measure, As they
ev - er o - pen hand; You can vis - it the af - flict - ed, O'er the

dim.

YOUR MISSION.—Concluded.



4 If you can not 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 battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

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

THE SPARKLING WATER.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

ASA R. TROWBRIDGE.

1. Some sing the praise of ro - sy wine, Its sparkling col - or bright;
2. This will give health and joy and peace, Re - fresh-ing ev' - ry power;
3. Our sires drank from this liv - ing spring, Two hundred years a- go;

But in such songs with them to join We
We want no bet - ter drink than this In
And from this fount - ain wa - ter clear Con-

can not take de - light; We have a rich and
tri - al's dark - est hour; To cheer the heart and
tin - ues still to flow; Then we, on this our

no - ble theme, Fit for a prince and king, 'T is
quench the thirst, It is the ver - y thing; Then
fes - tal day, Will of its vir - tues sing, And

wa - ter pure and fresh and good, From the bright and sparkling spring.
give us wa - ter, pure and good, From the bright and sparkling spring.
drink this wa - ter, pure and good, From the bright and sparkling spring.

THE SPARKLING WATER.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Treble.

Sing mer - ri - ly, O! Sing mer - ri - ly! Sing

Tenor.

Sing mer - ri - ly, O! Sing mer - ri - ly! Sing

Alto.

Sing mer - ri - ly, O! Sing mer - ri - ly! Sing

Bass.

mer - ri - ly, O! Sing mer - ri - ly! Sing mer - ri - ly, O! Sing

mer - ri - ly, O! Sing mer - ri - ly! Sing mer - ri - ly, O! Sing

mer - ri - ly, O! Sing mer - ri - ly! Sing mer - ri - ly, O! Sing

mer - ri - ly, O! Sing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, O!

mer - ri - ly, O! Sing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, O!

mer - ri - ly, O! Sing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, O!

"THERE'S A SOUND AMONG THE FOREST TREES."

Words by Miss Fanny Crosby. A new Rallying Song and Chorus, by Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. There's a sound among the forest trees, a - way, boys, Away to the battlefield, hurrah! Hear its thunders from the mountain, no de-
2. With the standard of our Union waving o'er us, We 'll shout as we march along, hurrah! Like the vet'rans of the past who fought be-
3. There's an angel form above us gently twi - ning A wreath for the conqueror's brow— Through the cloud of war a beacon light is

lay, boys, We 'll gird on the sword and shield. Shall we fal - ter on the threshold of our fame, boys? The
fore us, Our hearts shall be true and strong. To the struggle, no - ble heroes! let us nev - er Be
shin - ing, A - way to the con - flict now. For the spi - rit of de - part - ed years re - turn - ing, Cries

light of the morn appears, hurrah! Quick to du - ty, "Up and at them," once a - gain, boys, Hur - rah for our Vol - un - teers.
false to our sword or shield, hurrah! To the U - nion let us bold - ly stand for - ev - er, And conquer, but nev - er yield.
on to the bat - tle - field, hurrah! And the patriot fire in ev' - ry heart is burn - ing: We 'll conquer, but nev-er yield.

They are coming from the North, they are coming from the West, Where the mighty river flows, From New England's hallowed soil, Where our
Let the traitor foe advance, and the cannon loudly roar, With a peal as wild and shrill, In the cause of Truth and Right we will
Then our banner to the breeze, we shall triumph, never fear, And our bark ride proudly still, Like the noble sires who bled for the

Full Chorus.

Pilgrim Fathers rest, And the Star of Free - dom rolls. There 's a sound among the for - est trees, a - way, boys, A-
brave him as be - fore, For our souls are daunt - less still.
gem we hold so dear, On the field of Bun - ker Hill.

f

way to the bat - tle - field, hurrah! Quick to du - ty, "Up and at them," once a - gain, boys, Hurrah for our Vol - un teers.

This new and popular song is for sale at all the principal Music Stores. Price, 25 cents.

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CRYSTAL SPRING.

Words by CHARLES THURBER, Esq. Arranged by H. P M.

Allegro. Duet. *Responsive Chorus.*

1. What is beau - ty's dead-liest foe? 'T is the still.
2. What can mar the sweet-est face? Al - co - hol.
3. What can wake the an - gry frown? Drunk - ards know.
4. What can make us sick and poor? Sots can tell.
5. What brings vice and guilt be - low? Strong drink will.

Duet. *Responsive Chorus.*

What sheds count - less charms be - low? 'T is the rill.
What can dress it up with grace? Showers that fall.
What can charm the pas - sions down? Streams that flow.
What brings plen - ty to the door? Wa - ter will.
What makes streams of vir - tue flow? Spark - ling rill.

Duet.

See it spread be - fore the eyes, Beau - ties of a thousand dyes;
See them on the landscape sink, Paint the grass, and deck the pink;
See the song-ster drink and fly, Charming earth and charming sky;
Drink, O! drink it mer - ri - ly, 'T will a glorious treasure be,
Stay no long - er at your wine, But par - take the gift di - vine;

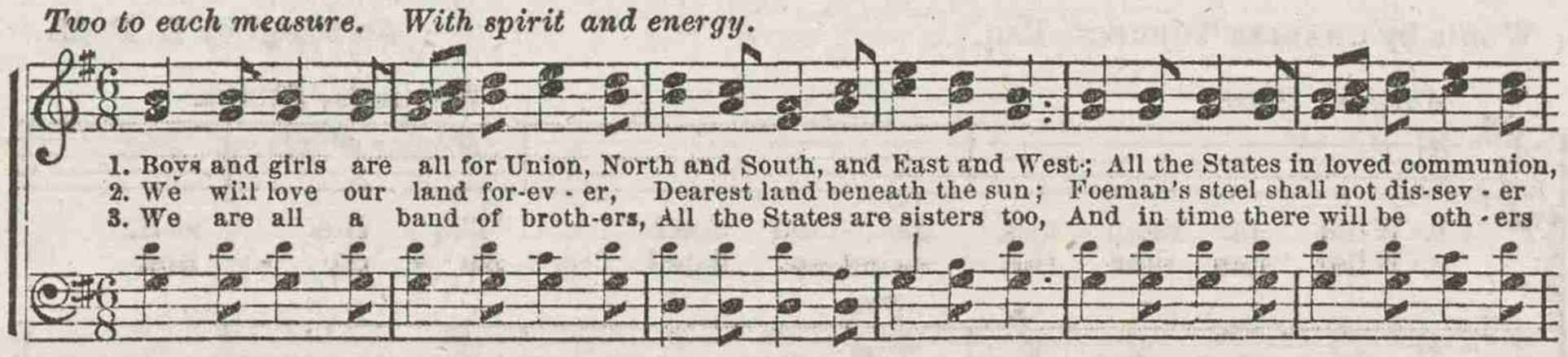
Full Chorus.

O! 't is sent in full sup - plies, Drink thy fill, drink thy fill.
Come, O! come with joy and drink, Great and small, great and small.
Drinker, to the fountain hie, Fear-less go, fear - less go.
Leaving all thy stores to thee, Grow-ing still, grow - ing still.
Then ye may in vir - tue shine, Queens and kings, queens and kings.

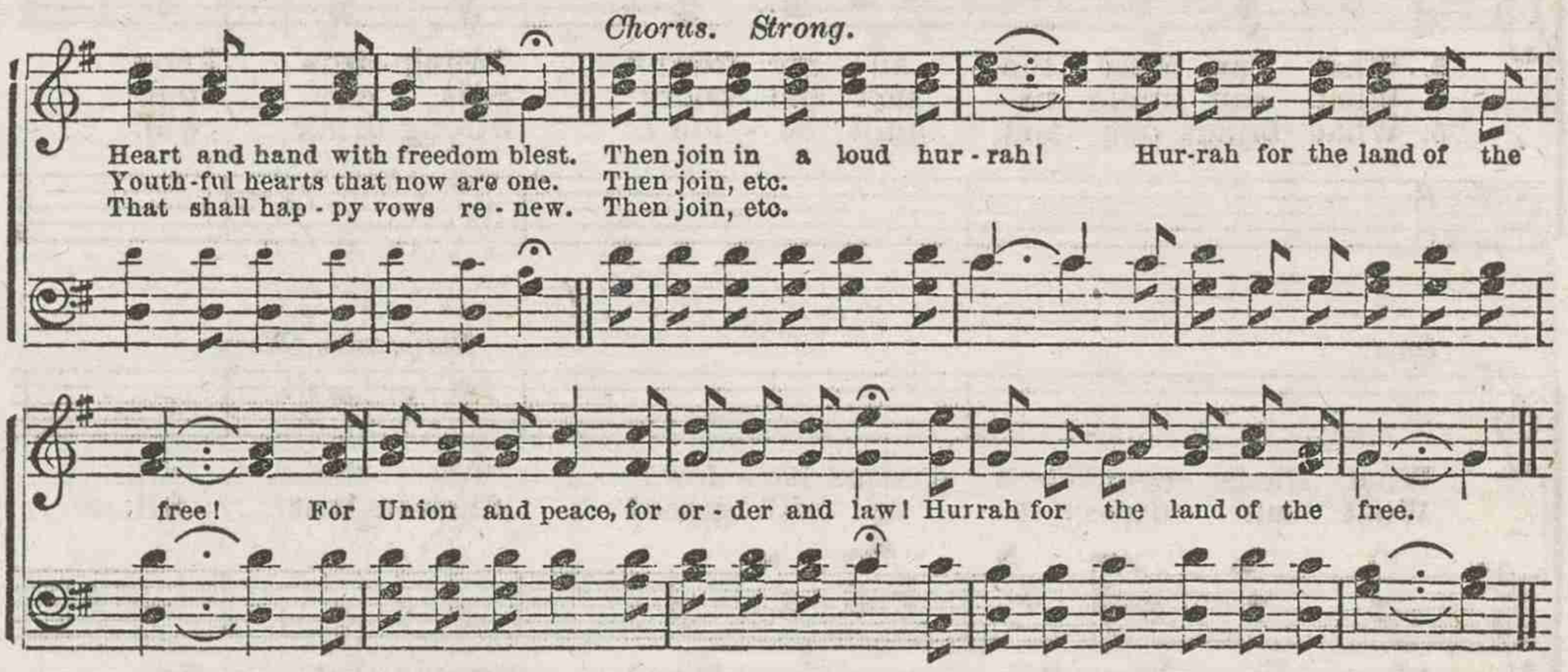
THE UNION SONG.

Words by Wm. Oland Bourne. From "Golden Shower," by permission of Wm. B. B.

Two to each measure. With spirit and energy.



Chorus. Strong.



4 Let the hopeful words be spoken,
On the wings of promise borne;
Never shall the links be broken,
Never shall the flag be torn.
Then join, etc.

5 Union now and Union ever!
Boys and girls for Union all!
We will keep it safe, and never
Shall our glorious Union fall.
Then join, etc.

NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

1 I met a child, his feet were bare,
His weak frame shivered with the cold;
His youthful brow was knit with care,
His flashing eye his sorrow told.
Said I, "Poor boy, why weepest thou?"
"My parents both are dead," he said;
"I have not where to lay my head;
O, I am lone and friendless now!"
Not friendless, child; a Friend on high
For you his precious blood has given;
Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry,
"There are no tears, no tears in heaven."

2 I saw a man in life's gay noon,
Stand weeping o'er his young bride's bier;
"And must we part," he cried, "so soon!"
As down his cheek there rolled a tear.
"Heart-stricken one," said I, "weep not!"
"Weep not!" in accent wild, he cried;
"But yesterday my loved one died,
And shall she be so soon forgot?"
Forgotten? No! still let her love
Sustain thy heart, with anguish riven;
Strive thou to meet thy bride above,
And dry your tears, your tears in heaven.

3 I saw a gentle mother weep,
As to her throbbing heart she pressed
An infant, seemingly asleep
On its kind mother's shelt'ring breast.
"Fair one," said I, "pray weep no more."
Sobbed she, "The idol of my hope
I now am called to render up,
My babe has reached death's gloomy shore."
Young mother, yield no more to grief,
Nor be by passion's tempest driven,
But find in these sweet words relief,
"There are no tears, no tears in heaven."

4 Poor traveler o'er life's troubled wave,
Cast down by grief, o'erwhelmed by care;
There is an arm above can save,
Then yield not thou to fell despair.
Look upward, mourners, look above!
What though the thunders echo loud,
The sun shines bright beyond the cloud;
Then trust to thy Redeemer's love.
Where'er thy lot in life be cast,
Whate'er of toil or woe be given;
Be firm—remember to the last,
"There are no tears, no tears in heaven."

MERCY'S FREE.

1 By faith I view my Savior dying,
On the tree, on the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me.
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear;
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear!
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, can it be?
Oh, yes! he did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free.
Soon as I in his name believed,
The holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul retrieved,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

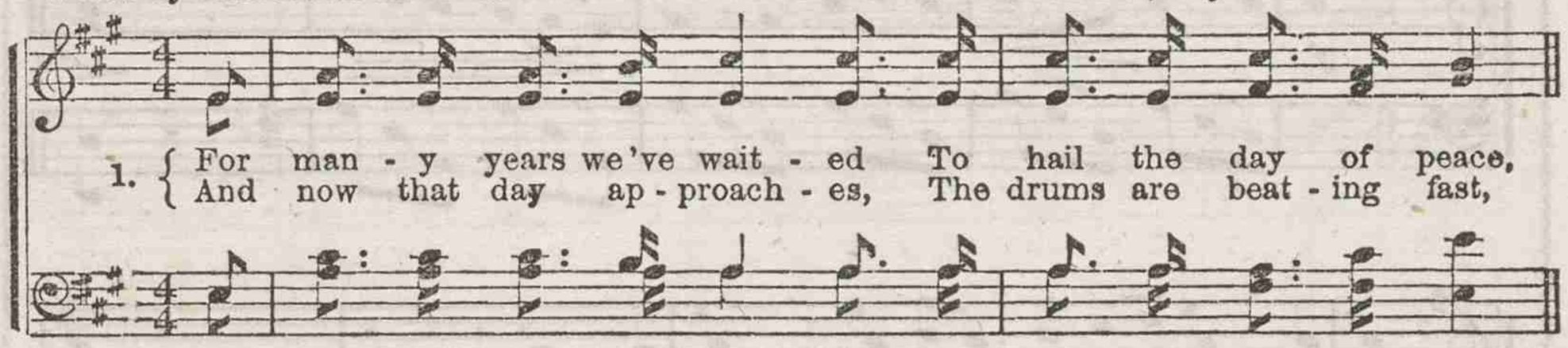
4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free;
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove;
All may enjoy the Savior's love,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.
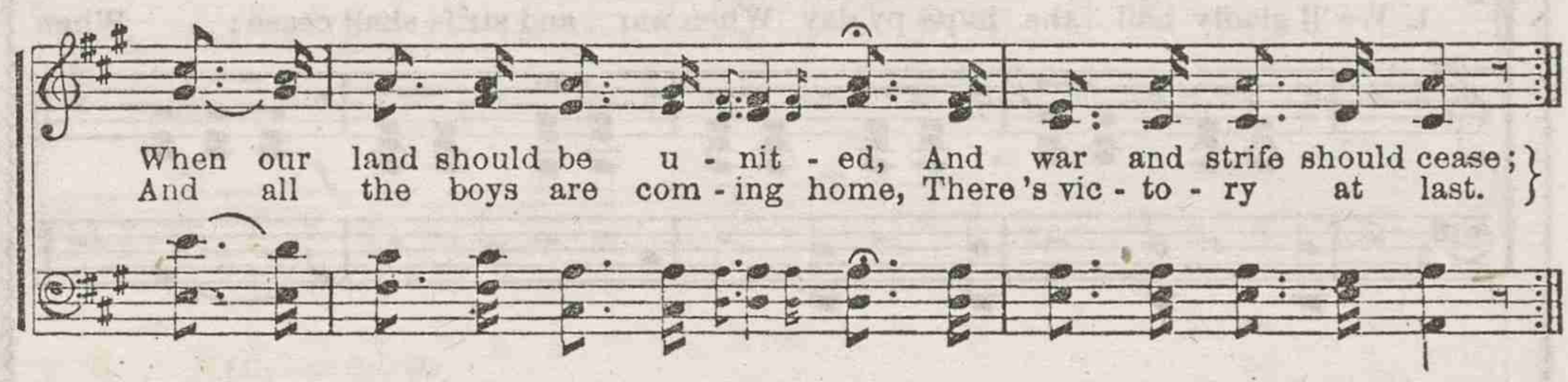
VICTORY AT LAST.

A PROPHETIC SONG AND CHORUS.

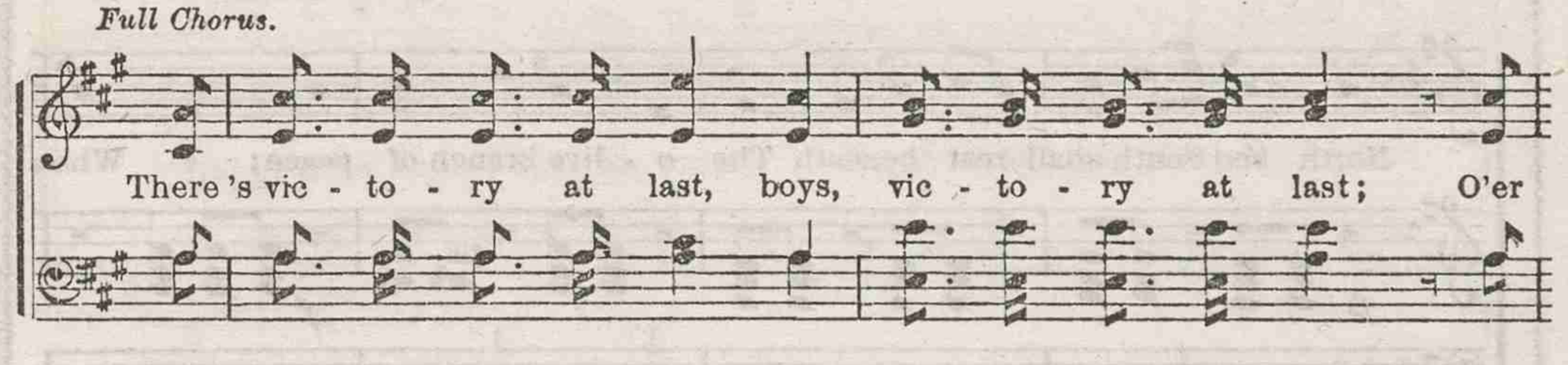
(May be sung as a Solo and Quartette.)
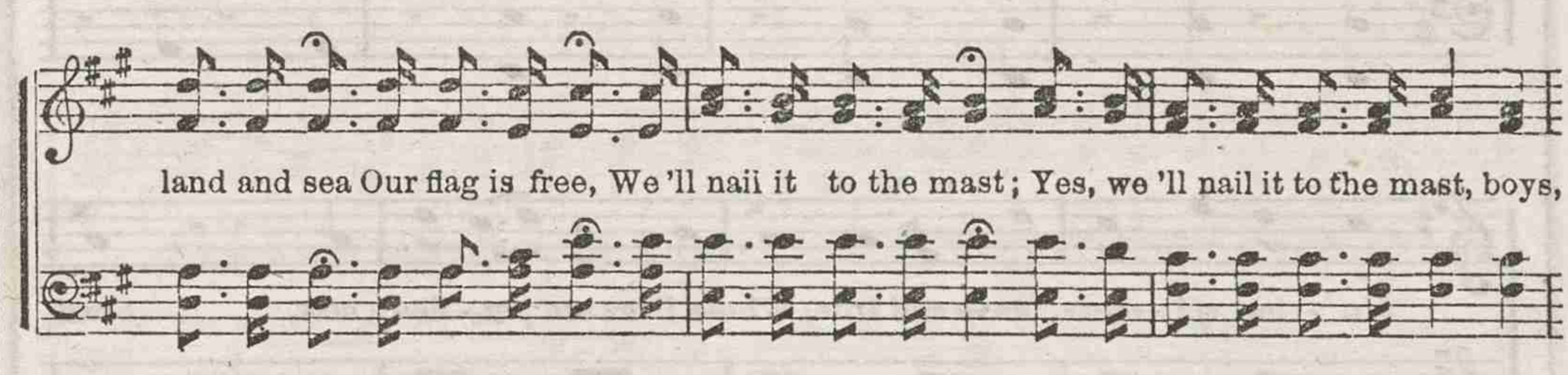
Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. From "Golden Censer," by WM. B. BRADBURY.

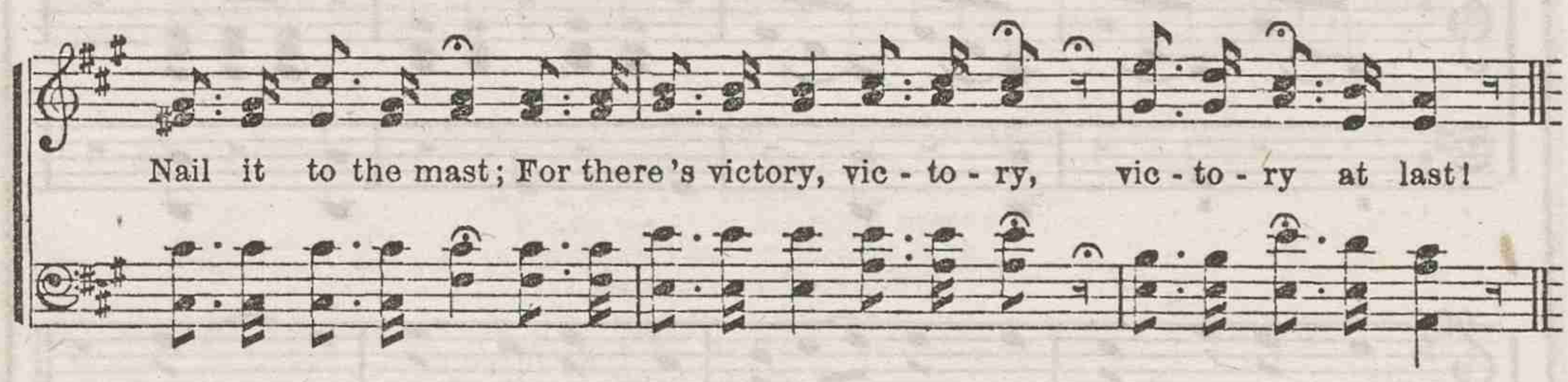




Full Chorus.







2 The heroes who have gained it,
And lived to see that day,
We will meet with flying banners
And honors on the way;
And all their sad privations
Shall to the winds be cast,
For all the boys are coming home—
There's victory at last.
There's victory, etc.
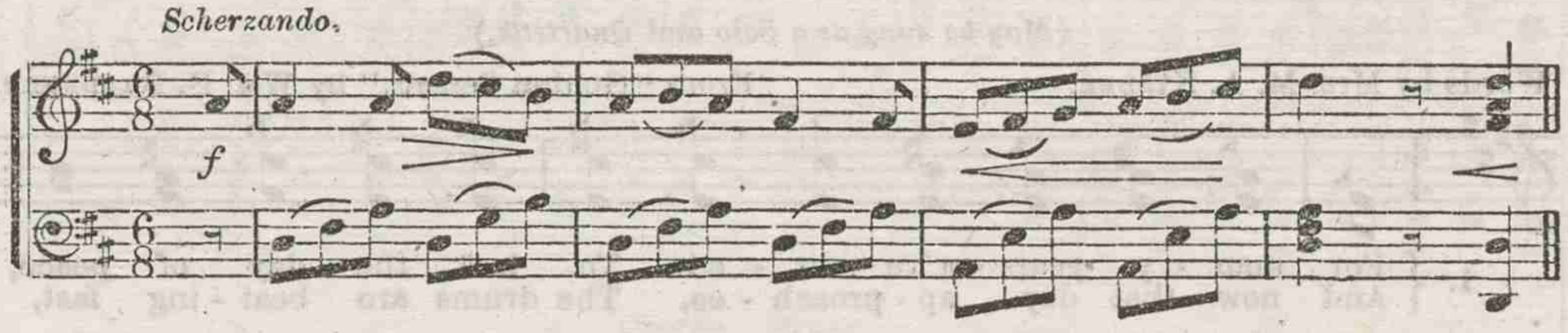
3 O, happy wives and children,
Light up your hearts and homes,
For see, with martial music,
"The conquering hero comes,"
With flags and streamers flying,
While drums are beating fast;
For all the boys are coming home—
There's victory at last.
There's victory, etc.

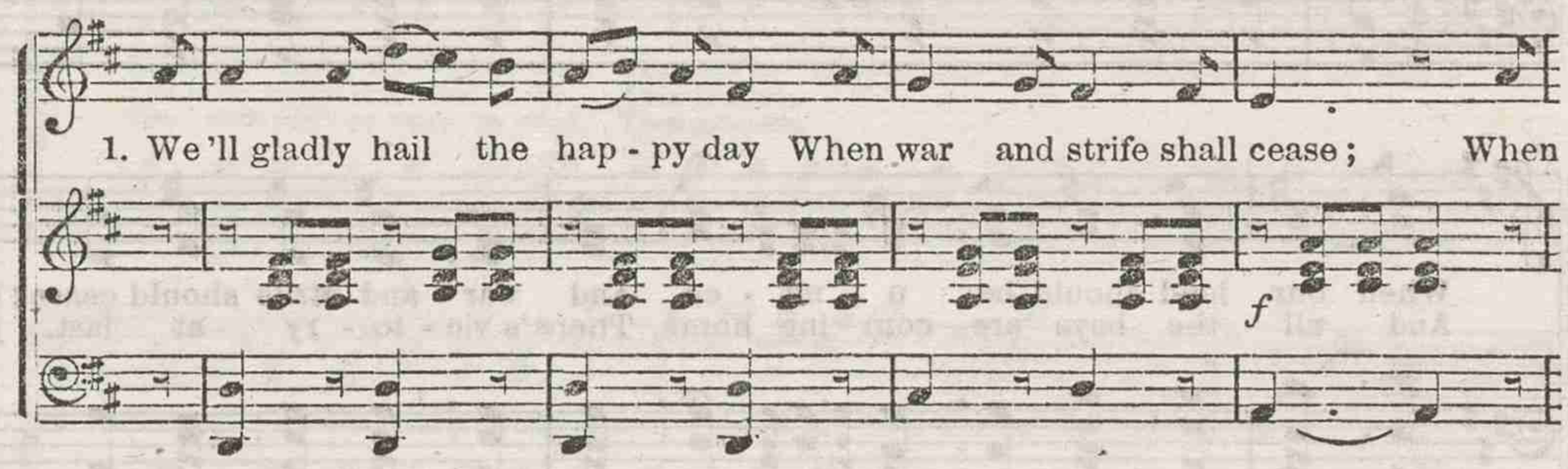
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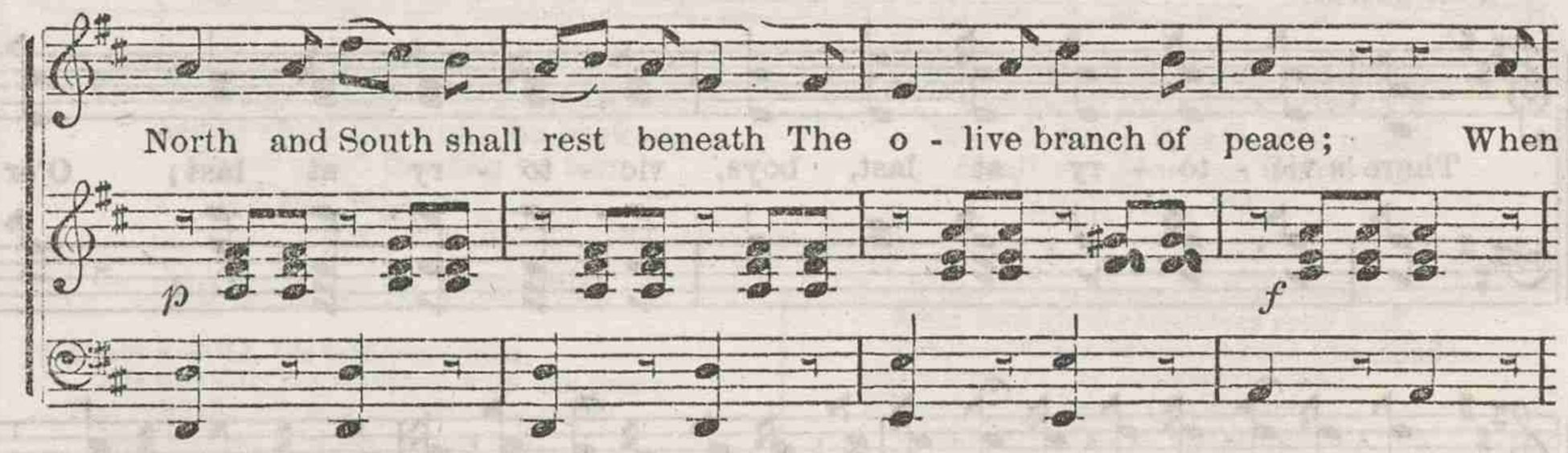
Won't We be a Happy People when this War is Over.

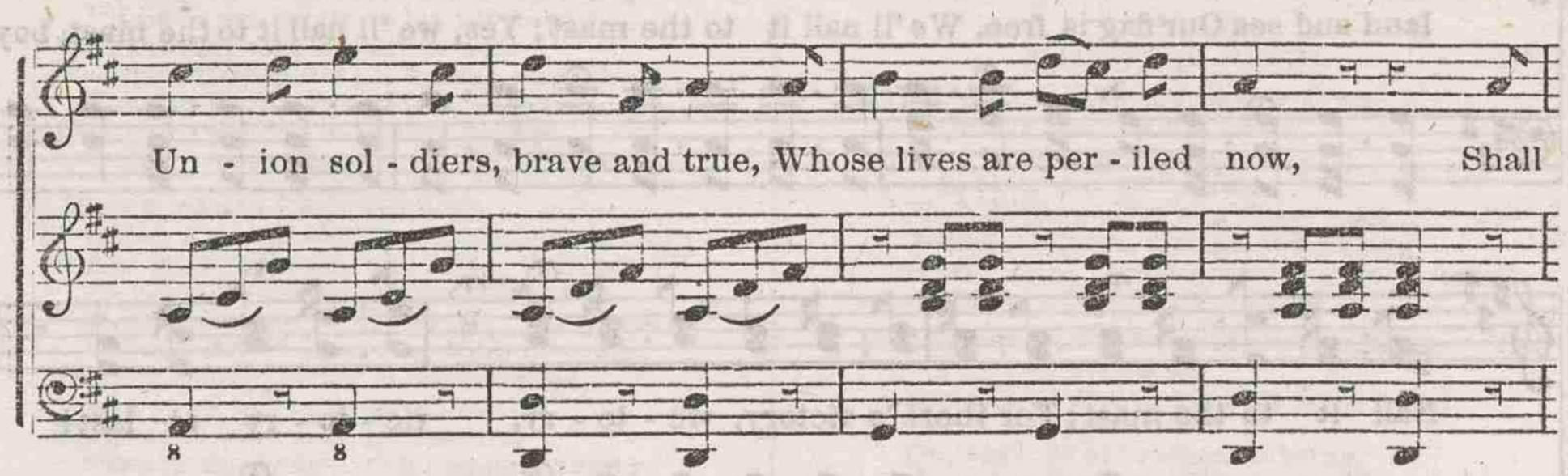
Words by A. W. LIVINGSTON. Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.
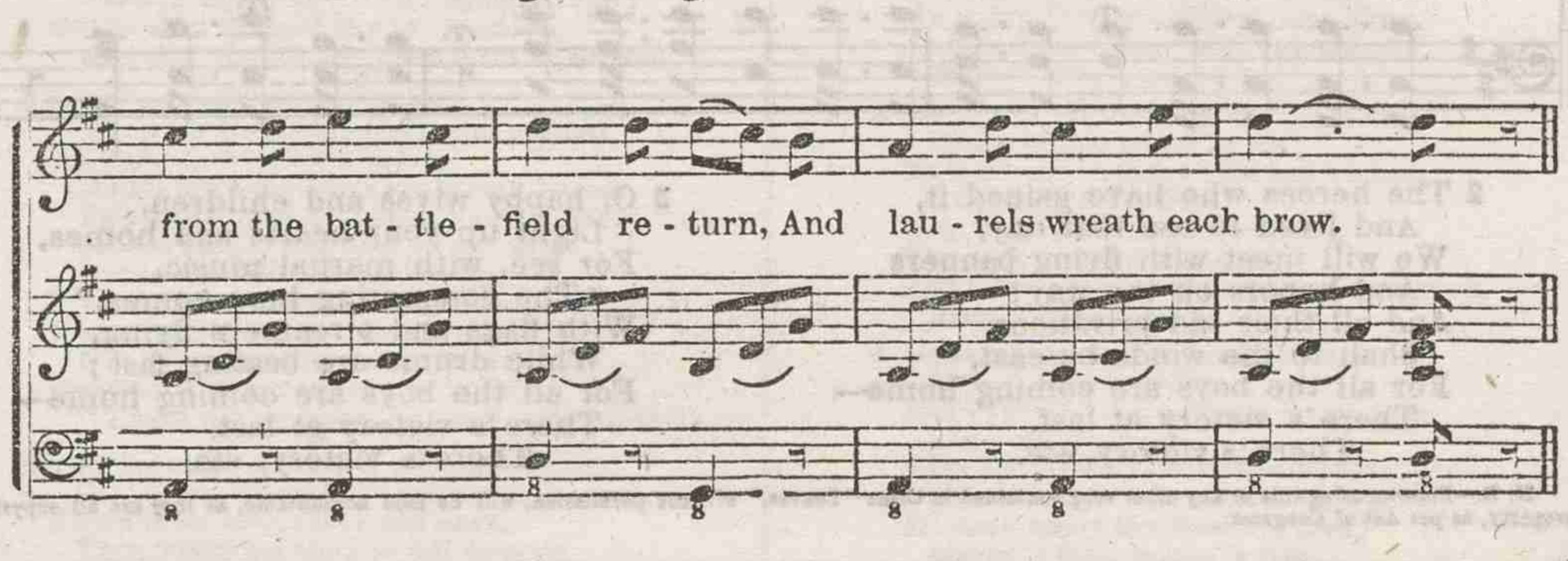
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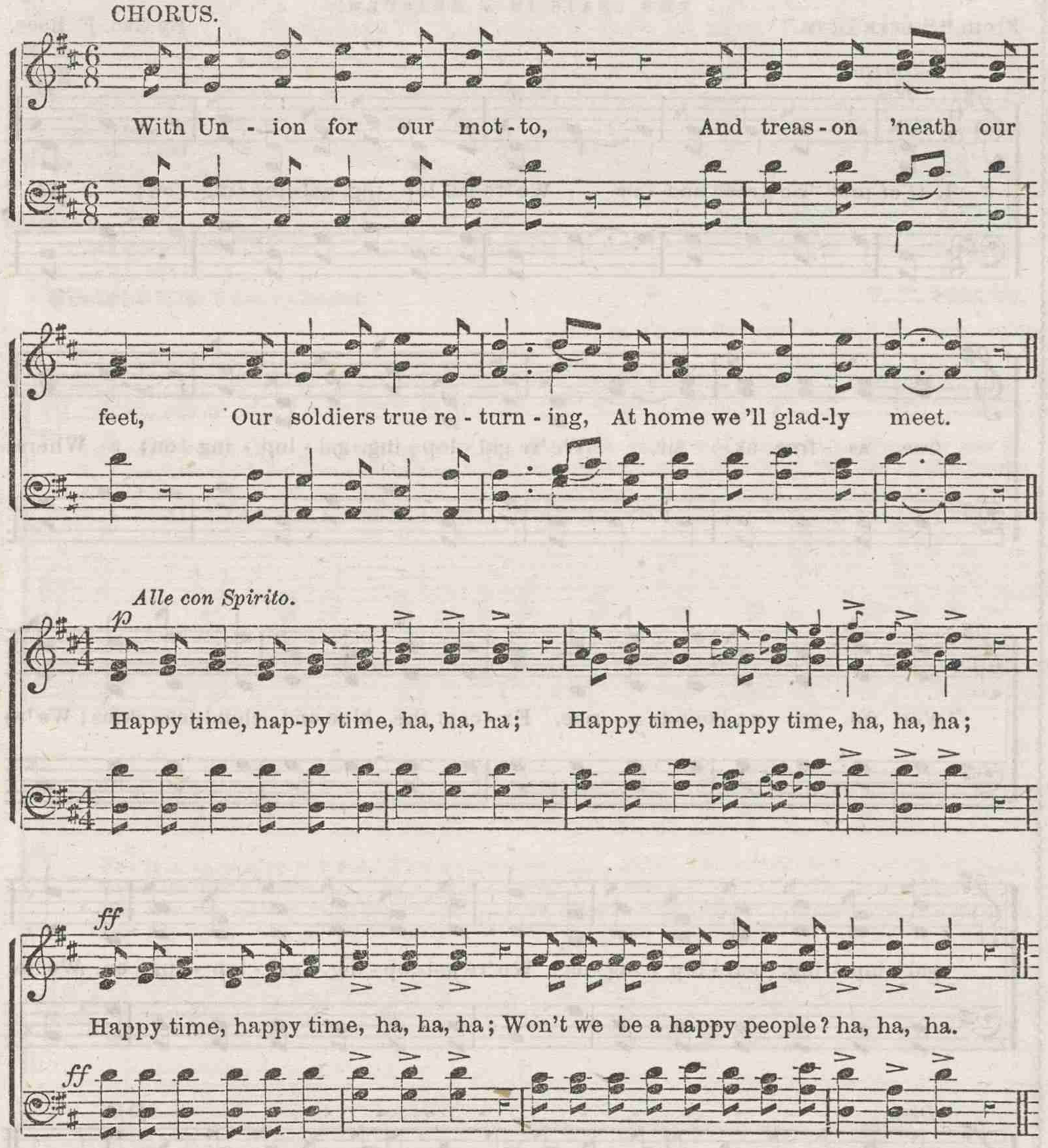










Won't We be a Happy People?—Concluded.

CHORUS.



2 With cheerful songs and banners gay,
Our happiness complete,
We 'll hail the bright, auspicious day,
When we at home shall meet;
Columbia's banner waving high
Her stars and stripes above,
We 'll sing a patriotic song,
With those we dearly love.
With Union, etc.

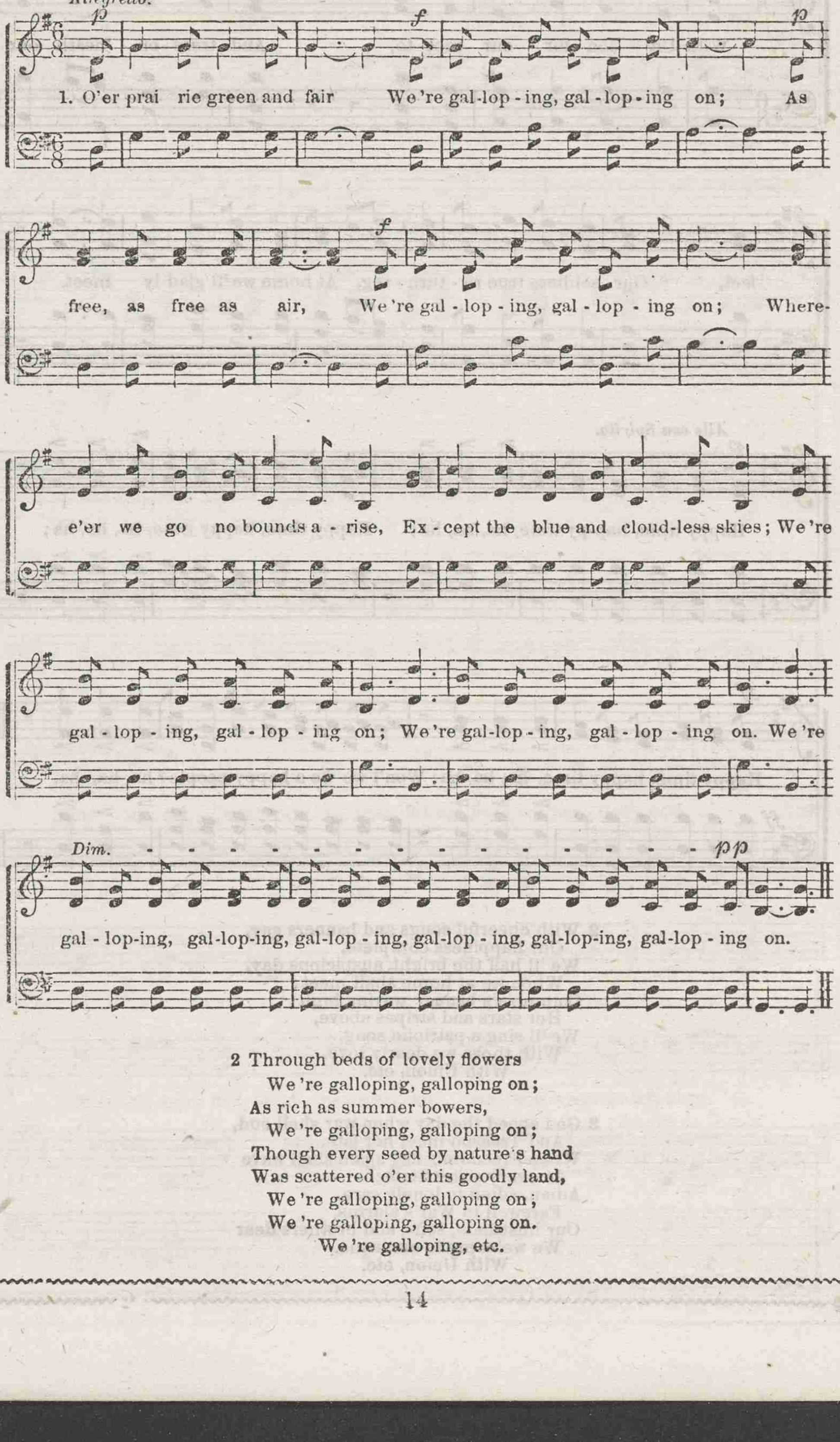
3 God speed the day when war shall end,
And Treason meet her fate,
When Freedom's flag again shall wave
In every sister State;
Adieu, adieu to lonely care,
Farewell to War's alarms,
Our husbands, sons, and brothers dear
We welcome to our arms.
With Union, etc.

"O'ER PRAIRIE."

TWO BEATS IN A MEASURE.

From "SILVER LUTE." By GEO. F. ROOT.

Allegretto.



2 Through beds of lovely flowers
We 're galloping, galloping on;
As rich as summer bowers,
We 're galloping, galloping on;
Though every seed by nature's hand
Was scattered o'er this goodly land,
We 're galloping, galloping on;
We 're galloping, galloping on.
We 're galloping, etc.



Words by Miss Fanny Crosby. T. E. Perkins.

From "New Shining Star," by permission.

Solo.

1. Yes, I know thou art praying to-night, mother, And I feel thou art praying for me;
2. I have fought for the Union and right, mother; I have stood by the flag of the free;
3. There's a chill on my forehead, to-night, mother; I am dying far distant from thee;
4. I am going to Jesus above, mother, With the pure and the blest I shall be;

For it comes o'er my soul like a vision of light, And I know thou art praying for me.
That Banner so fair, with its colors so bright, 'T was the pride of our nation and thee.
But the star of my faith is unclouded and bright, For I know thou art praying for me.
But my spirit will guard thee in love, dear mother, Till wafted by angels to me.

Chorus.
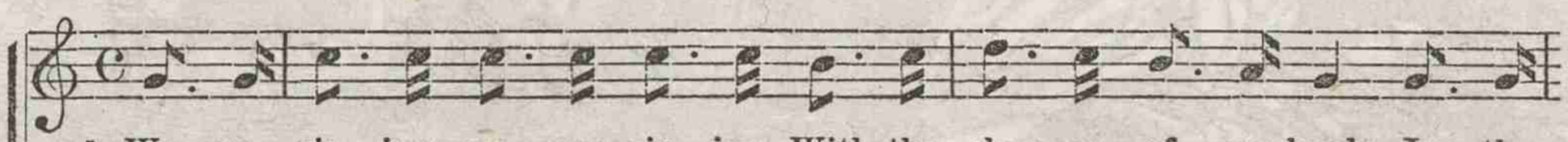
In my bosom all care is at rest, mother, No longer by sorrow op - pressed;

O! I know thou art praying to-night, mother, And I know thou art praying for me.
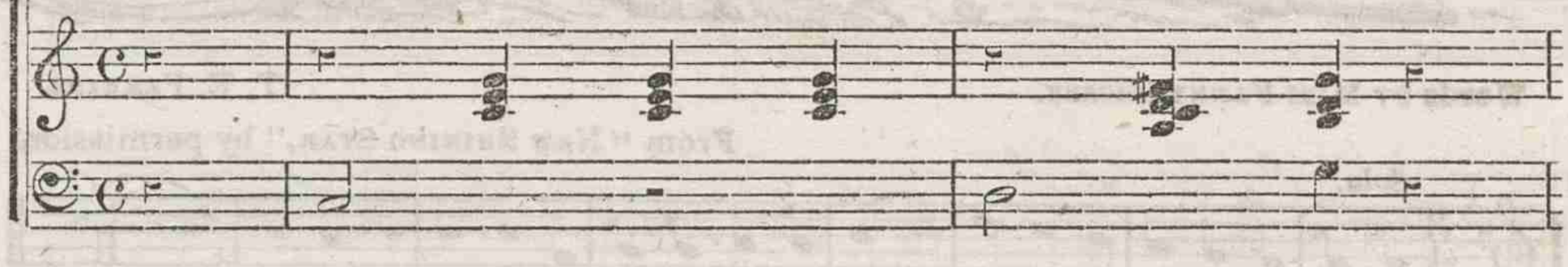
WE ARE RISING AS A PEOPLE.
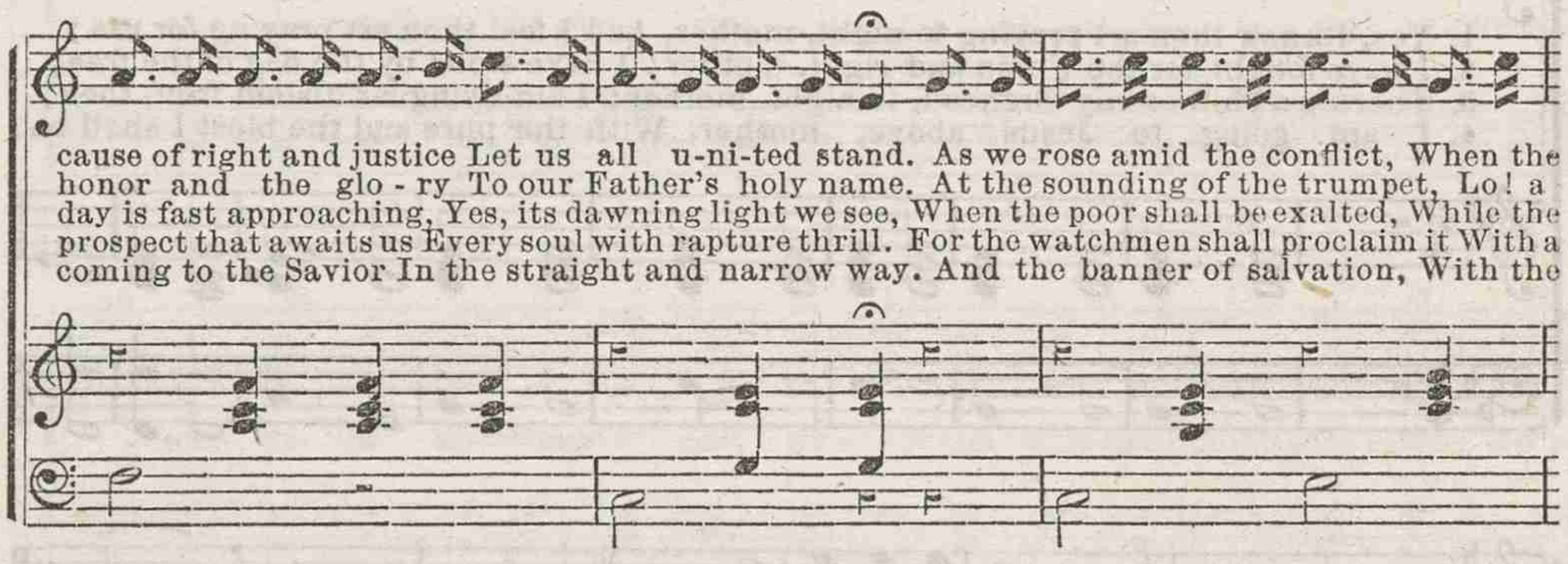
A NEW SOUL-STIRRING SONG AND CHORUS FOR THE TIMES.

Words by a BLIND POETESS. Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



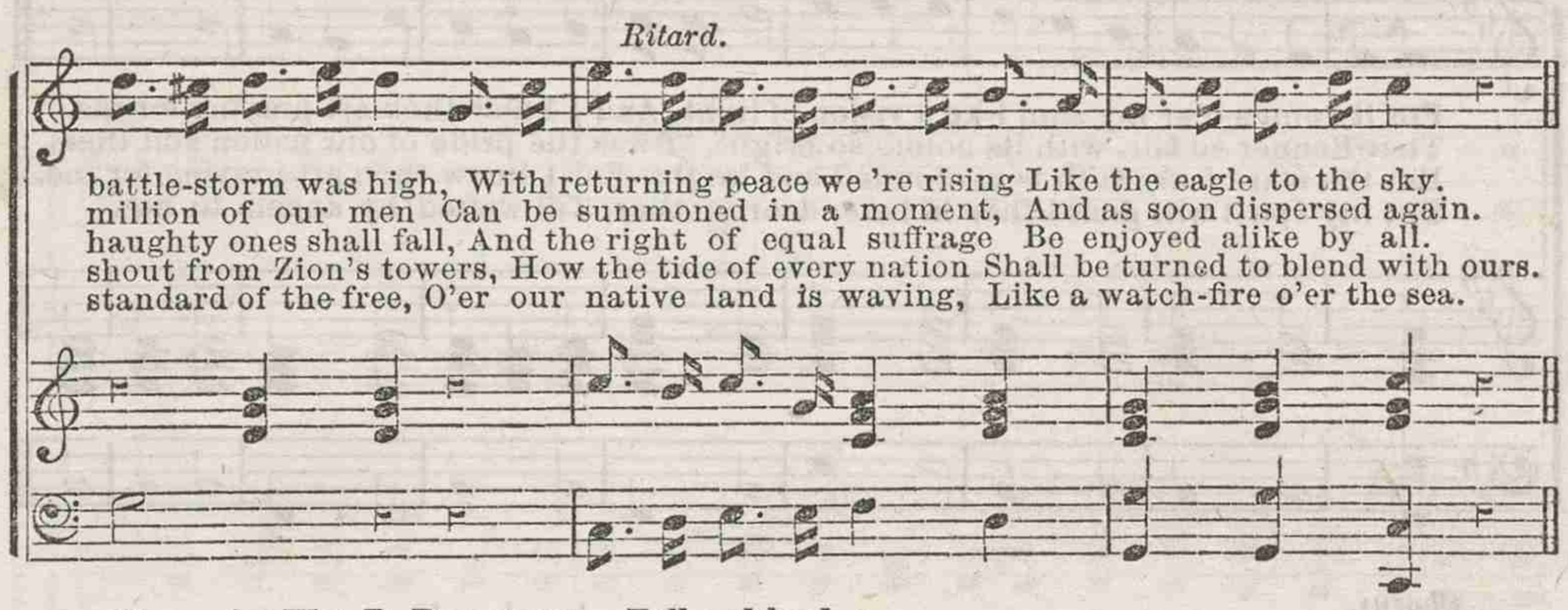
1. We are ris - ing, we are ris - ing, With the chan-ges of our land; In the
2. We are ris - ing as a peo - ple, In the scale of hon - est fame; Be the
3. We are ris - ing and pro-gress - ing, Lo! the fet-tered slave is free; And the
4. We are ris - ing, heavenward ris - ing, Let our course be on-ward still; And the
5. Hal - le - lu - jah! we are ris - ing, For our children learn to pray; They are





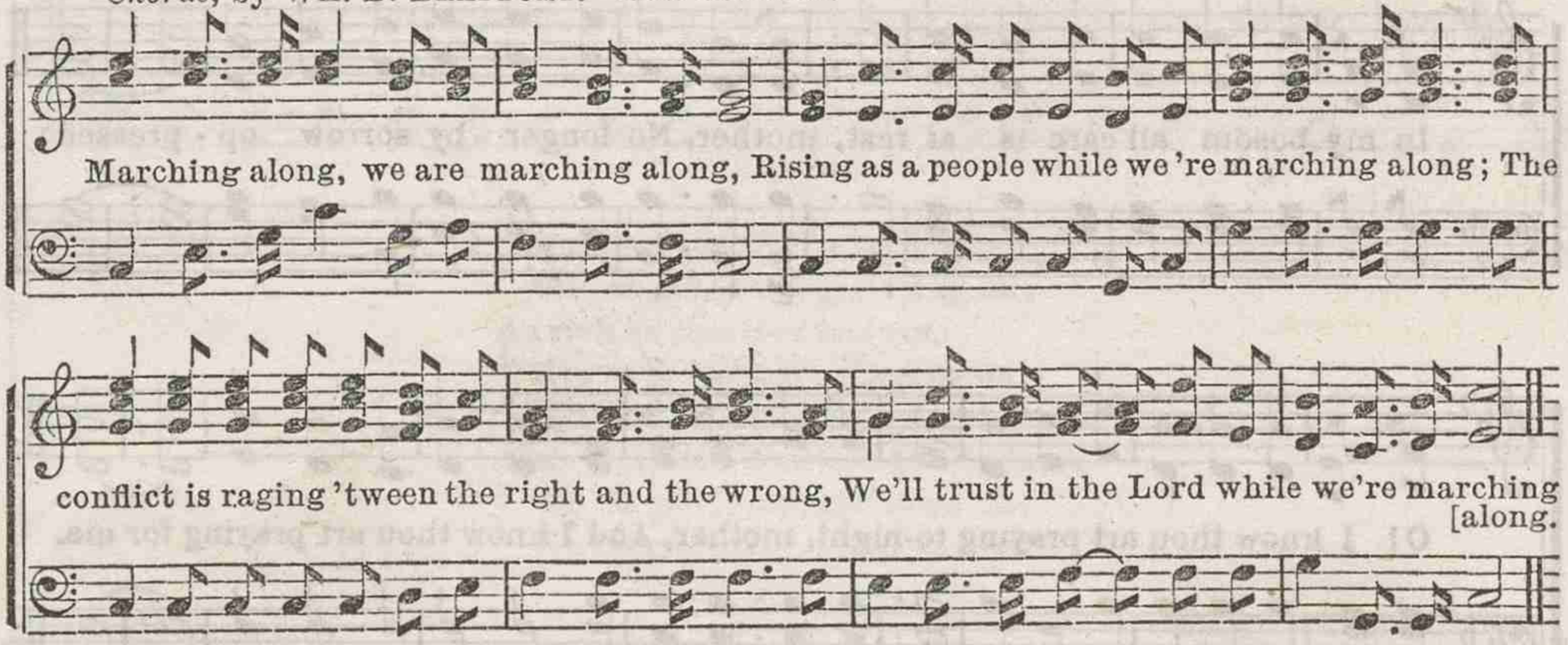
cause of right and justice Let us all u-ni-ted stand. As we rose amid the conflict, When the
honor and the glo - ry To our Father's holy name. At the sounding of the trumpet, Lo! a
day is fast approaching, Yes, its dawning light we see, When the poor shall be exalted, While the
prospect that awaits us Every soul with rapture thrill. For the watchmen shall proclaim it With a
coming to the Savior In the straight and narrow way. And the banner of salvation, With the

Ritard.



battle-storm was high, With returning peace we 're rising Like the eagle to the sky.
million of our men Can be summoned in a moment, And as soon dispersed again.
haughty ones shall fall, And the right of equal suffrage Be enjoyed alike by all.
shout from Zion's towers, How the tide of every nation Shall be turned to blend with ours.
standard of the free, O'er our native land is waving, Like a watch-fire o'er the sea.

Chorus, by WM. B. BRADBURY. *Full and loud.*



Marching along, we are marching along, Rising as a people while we 're marching along; The
conflict is raging 'tween the right and the wrong, We'll trust in the Lord while we're marching
[along.

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ac ess. Use your ingenuity in find
ing something to be done, some question t
be answered, which is within the reach o
the dullest and most perverse child in you
class, and when he succeeds, fail not to re
ward his success with judicious notice an
commendation. You will soon find hi
taking an interest and waking up.

But there are very many things to be don
by the teacher who has a class that will no
study their lessons. We have mentione
one of these things. At some future time w
will touch upon others. The first thing
however, for every teacher to do, who is
situated, is to make up his mind that the ev
may be corrected, and that it *shall* be co
rected. Remember for yourself the case
the Carthagenians just referred to. You ca
do the thing, if you only *think* so. Or, fo
getting the words of Virgil, remember those
the Divine teacher, "All things are possibl
to him that believeth." Settle in your min
that you can and will succeed in getting you
scholars to prepare their lessons, and succe
is already assured; nay, is already ha
achieved.

For The Sunday-School Times.

THE MARYLAND

AND

District of Columbia S. S. Convention

THE sixth annual meeting of this body w
held this year at Hagerstown, beginni
on Tuesday afternoon, December 1st, a
holding over Wednesday and Thursday,
eight sessions in all. Delegates were prese
from nearly every county, a specially lar
epresentation coming up from Baltimore a

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YOUR MISSION.

The following words were written by the Rev. Dr. March, of Philadelphia, to be sung to the tune "Your Mission," as sung by Mr. Phillips:

Hark, the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus,
Will be precious in his sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms!

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be:
Answer quickly when he calleth:
"Here am I, send me, send me."

A. B.

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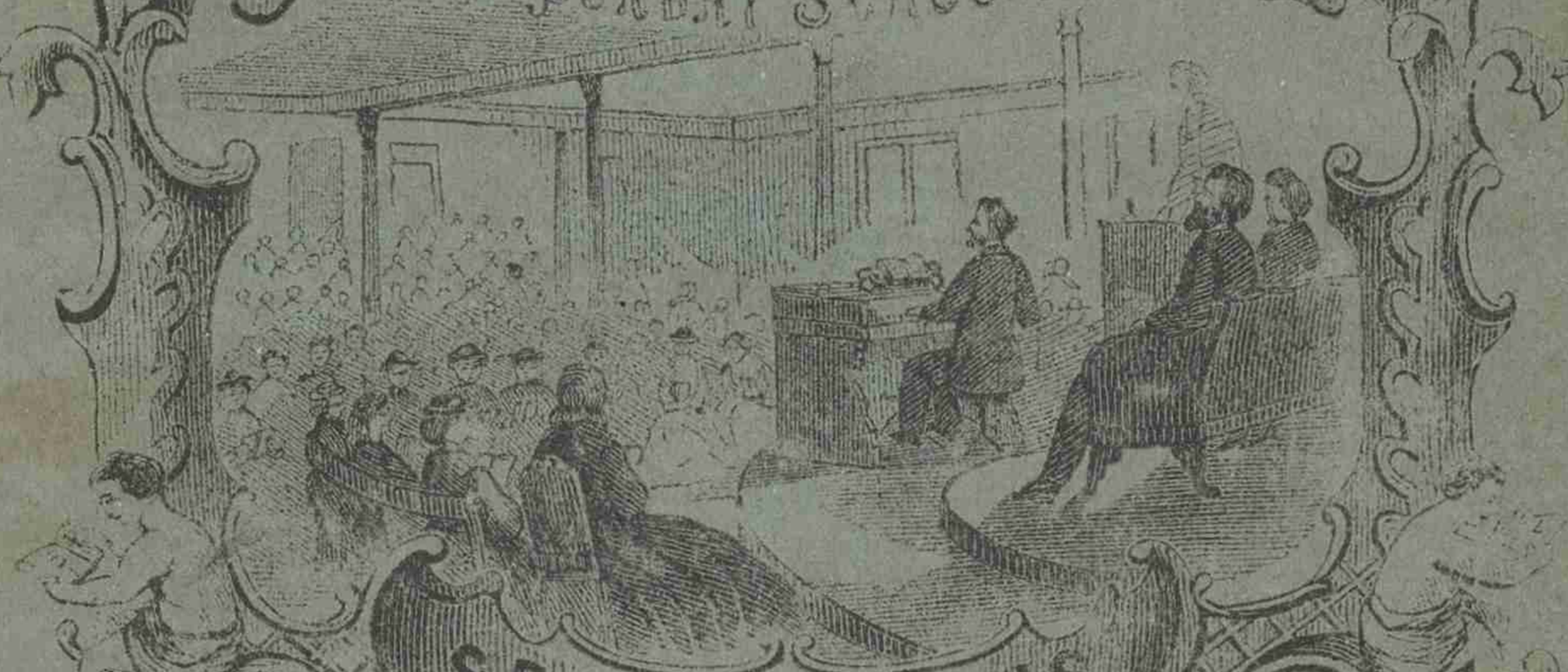
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