PURE POEMS

BY

JAMES R. MURRAY

HITCHCOCK & WALDEN, St. Louis, Mo.

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PURE DIAMONDS;

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

NEW WORDS AND MUSIC

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL,

PRAISE MEETINGS,

PRAYER MEETINGS,

and the SOCIAL CIRCLE;

BY

JAMES R. MURRAY.

PUBLISHED BY S. BRAINARDS' SONS, CLEVELAND.

PREFACE.

THIS BOOK was written, and is sent forth in the earnest hope and desire that it may aid, by the influence of its songs of prayer and praise, in winning souls to the cause and kingdom of our blessed Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

It is intended for use, not only in the Sunday School, but in the Prayer and Praise meetings of the Church, and in the Social Circle. Its wide range of subjects and their treatment, eminently fit it for this extended field of usefulness.

Attention is called to a series of songs scattered throughout the work, which might be classed under the general title of "Songs concerning Heaven, our Home." Too many of our songs upon this subject seem to breathe a spirit of discontent and selfishness, utterly at variance with a true Christian submission to God's will. The writers of such songs fail to see any beauty or usefulness in this world, which its Maker pronounced "very good." They look with longing eyes upon the fruits of victory, but wish to be excused from fighting the battle. They desire the Crown, but are unwilling to bear the Cross, its necessary predecessor. We believe this is wrong, and in our songs have tried to inculcate quite a different lesson. While we look with longing, loving eyes upon our heavenly home, it should make us more contented with our lot here, more faithful to our duties, more submissive to God's good will, believing that he who has prepared so much for our happiness there, will not fail to do that which is best for us here, and take us to an Eternal Home, at just the very best time for us to go. God never makes mistakes.

The name of the author of the poetry will be found on the *left* side of the page; that of the composer, on the *right*.

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The author is especially fortunate in numbering among his friends nearly all of the more important writers of Sunday School music, and to them and to all who have contributed to "Pure Diamonds," he tenders his most grateful acknowledgments.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

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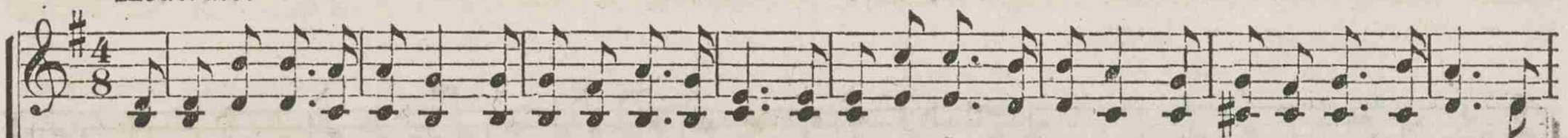
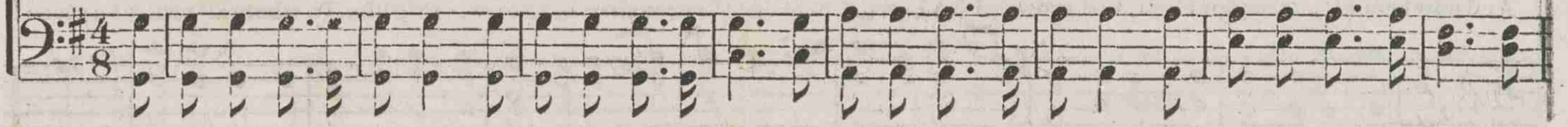
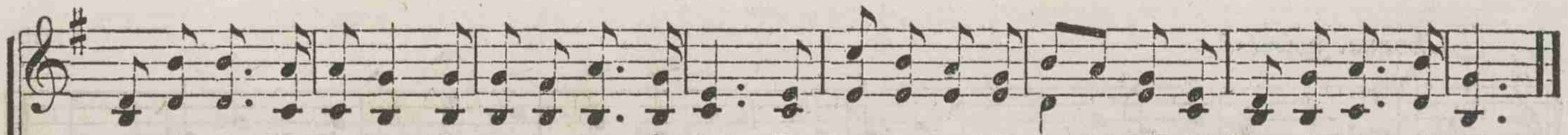
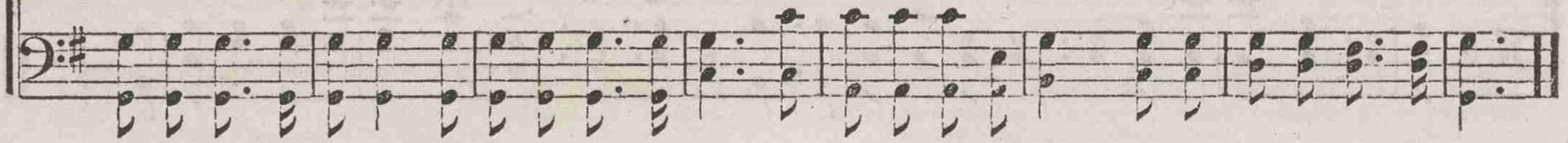
PURE DIAMONDS.

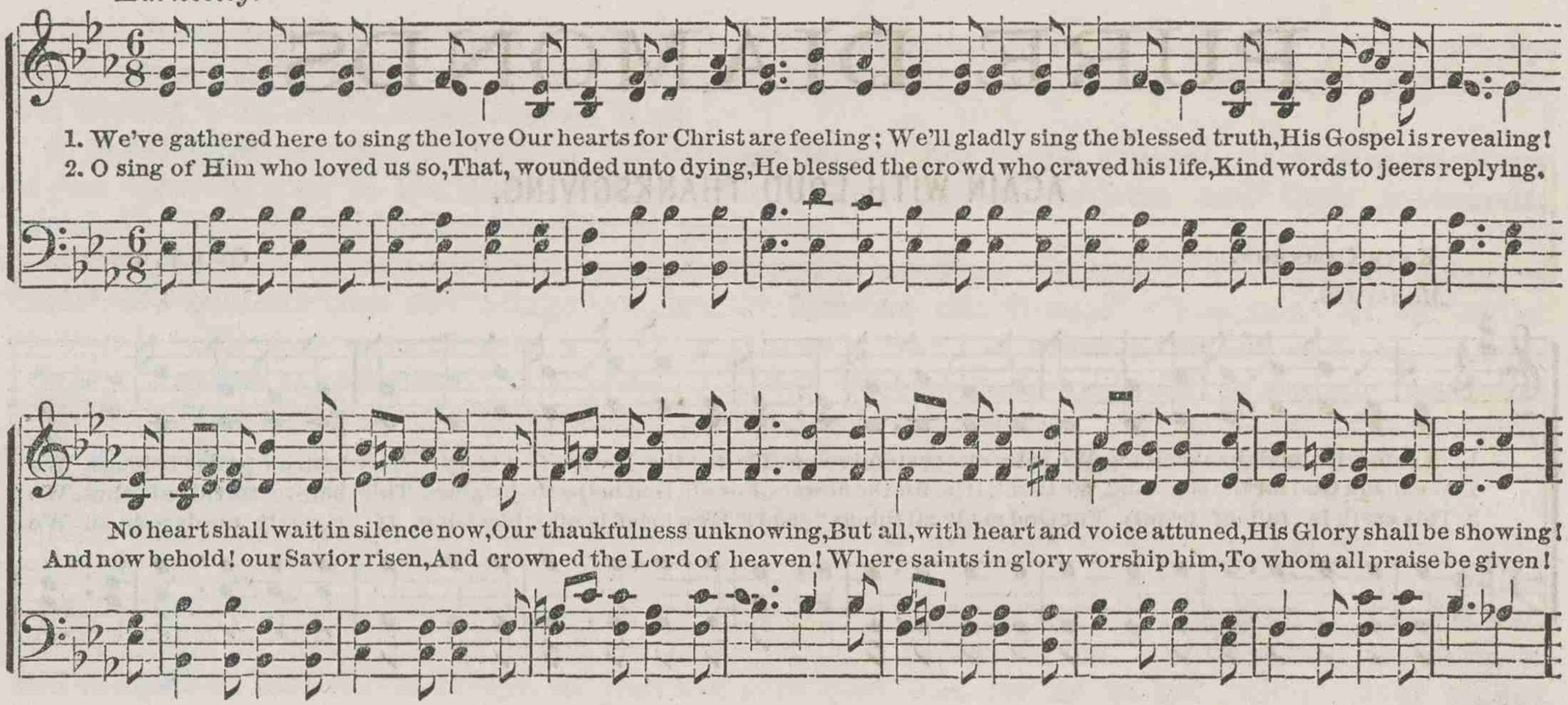
AGAIN WITH LOUD THANKSGIVING.

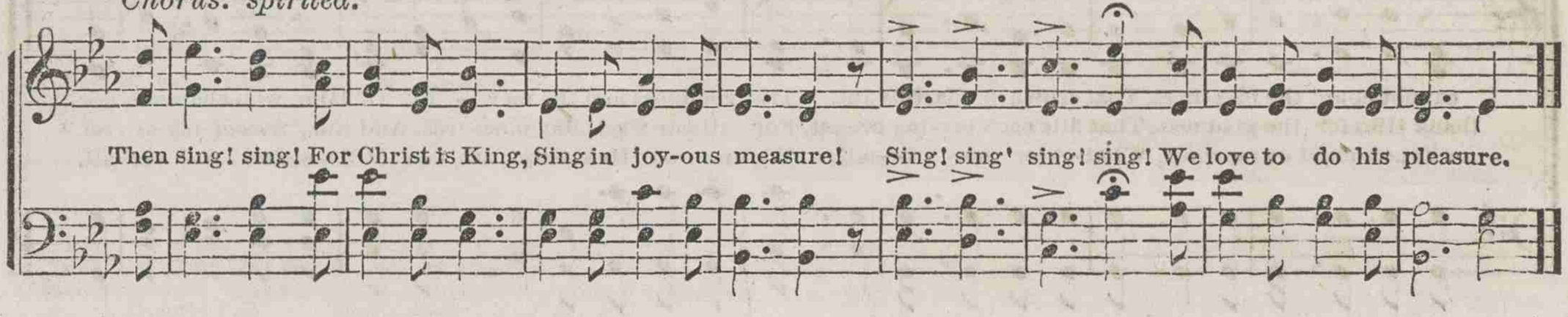
KATE CAMERON. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. Again with loud thanksgiving We raise our grateful songs, Un-to the Lord of glo-ry, To whom all praise belongs. We
2. We thank God for the sunshine, We thank Him for the flowers, For all, that helps to brighten This hap-py world of ours. We
3. This earth is full of beauty, For God made all things "good:" E'en grief is oft a bless-ing, If right-ly un-der-stood. We

cannot count the blessings, That crown our earthly lot, The goodness and the mer - cy, Of Him, who changeth not.
thank Him for the gladness, That fills each lov-ing breast, For all our week day pleasures, And this, "Sweet day of rest."
will not doubt or murmur, What-ev-er may be-fall; We know our Heavenly Fath - er Still watches o - ver all.

SING! SING! FOR CHRIST IS KING!

HOPE ARDOR. J. R. MURRAY.

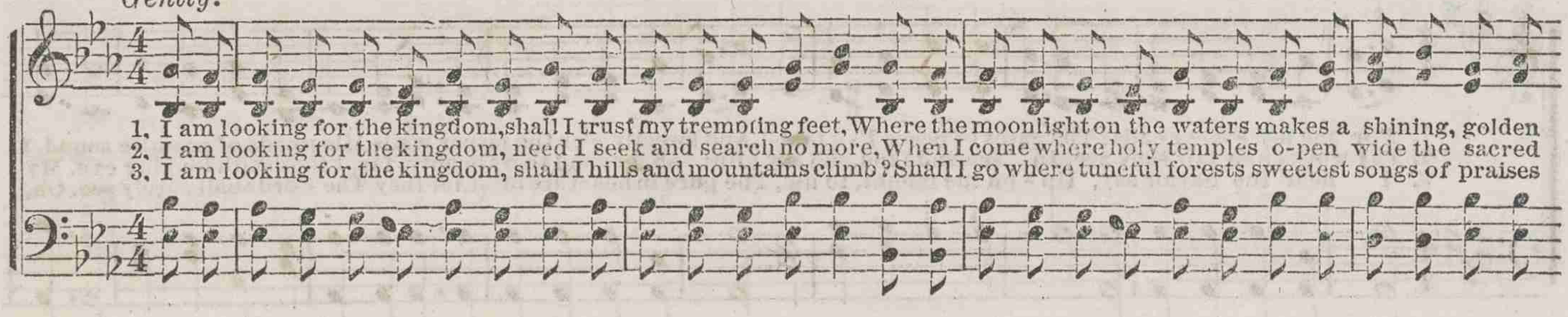
Earnestly.



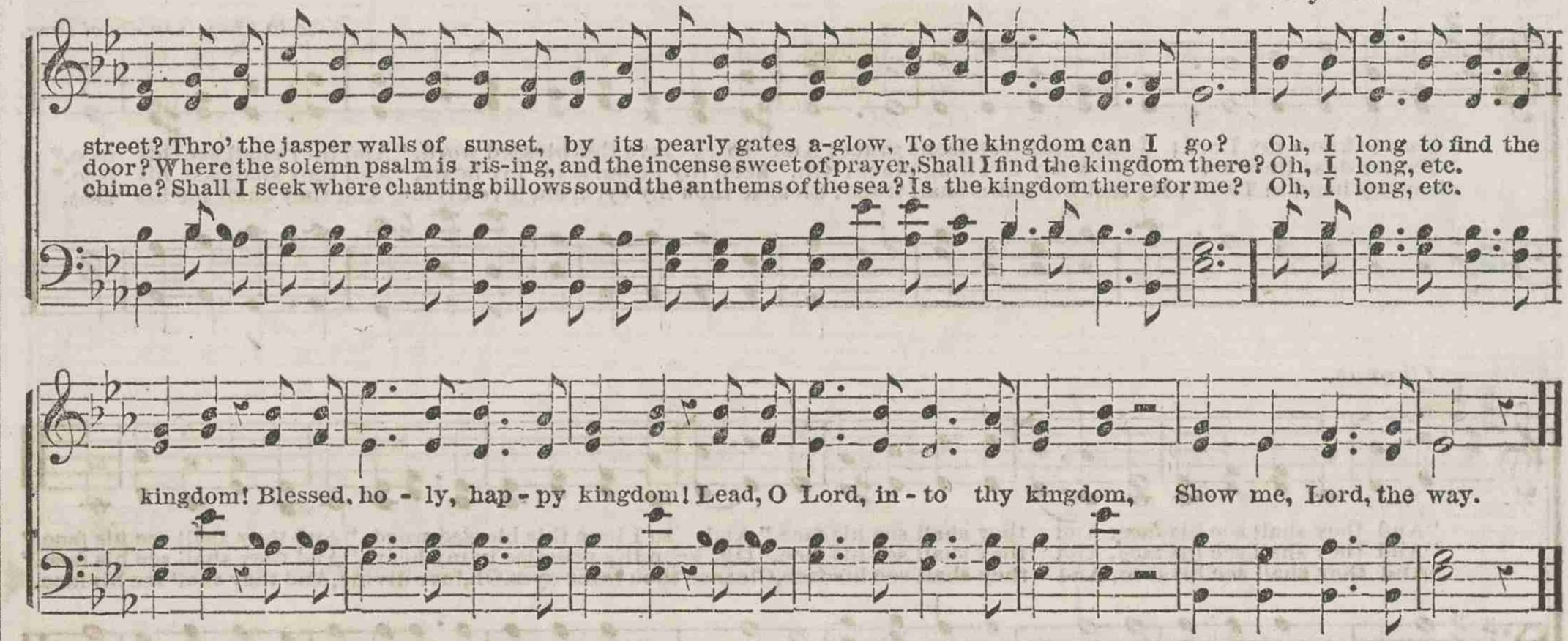
Chorus. spirited.

LOOKING FOR THE KINGDOM.

M. B. C. SLADE. From "The Glory," by G. F. ROOT. F. W. ROOT.

Gently.



Refrain.



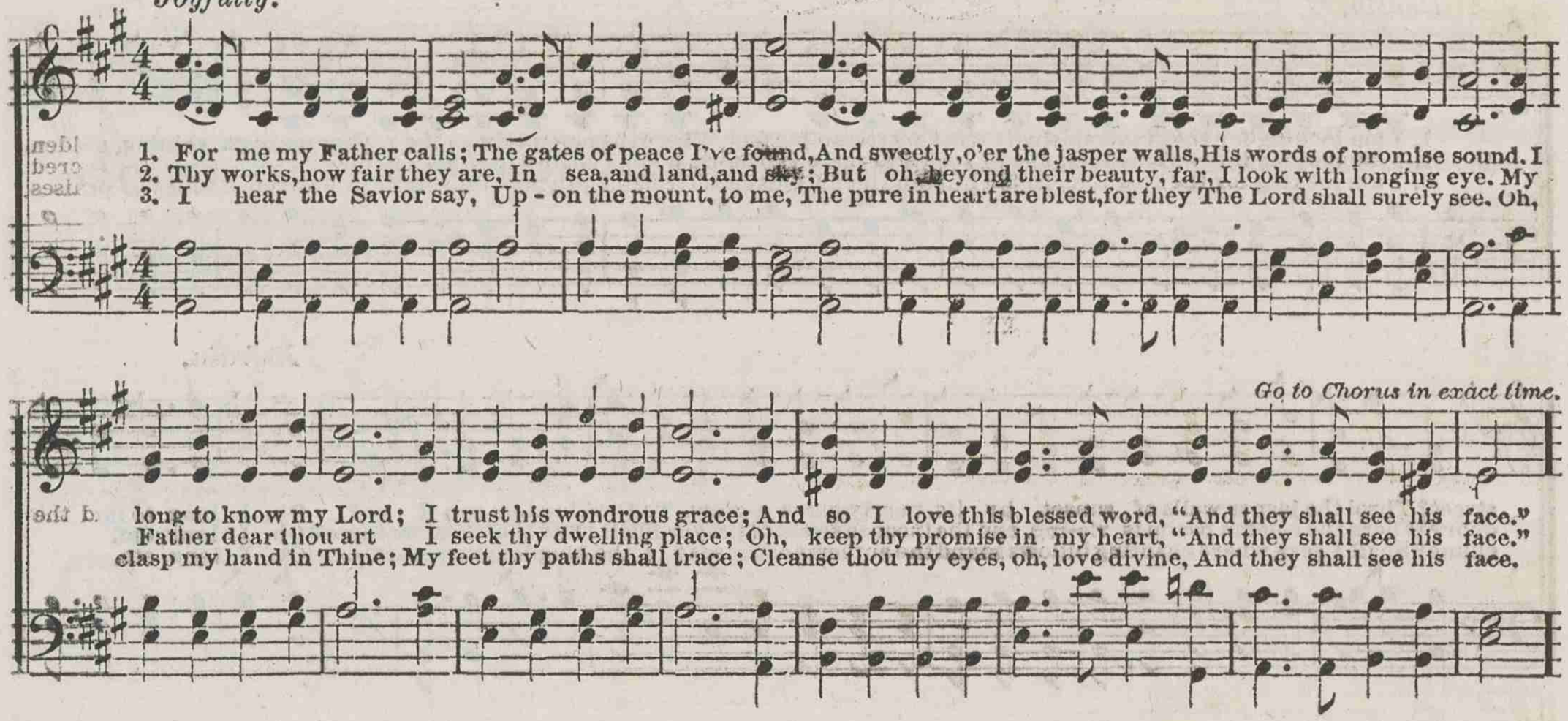
4. Unto me the Lord makes answer in the stillness of the word;
Hast thou not Lo here! full often, and Lo there! hast thou not heard?
Look within thee, weary seeker, hear the Spirit say to thee,
There the kingdom thou shalt see, O, I long, etc.

5. Is thy kingdom, Lord, within me, wilt thou reign in me, my Lord?
I will trust the wondrous promise of the well-beloved word;
Make thou ready, O my spirit, joyful songs of triumph sound·
For the kingdom I have found. O, I long, etc.

AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. (READ REV XXII·4. MATT. V:8.) J. R. MURRAY.

Joyfully.



Chorus.

THE LAND OF THE FOREVER.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

PAULINA. P. P. BLISS.

1. There's a man-sion o'er the riv-er, Which the eye of Faith can see, In the Land of the For-
2. There are pear-ly gates that o-pen, Where a crys-tal riv-er flows; Shall we seek those lilied

Chorus.

ev-er, Will you seek that home with me? In the Land of the For-ev-er, In a
waters, In that realm of dear re-pose? In the Land, etc.

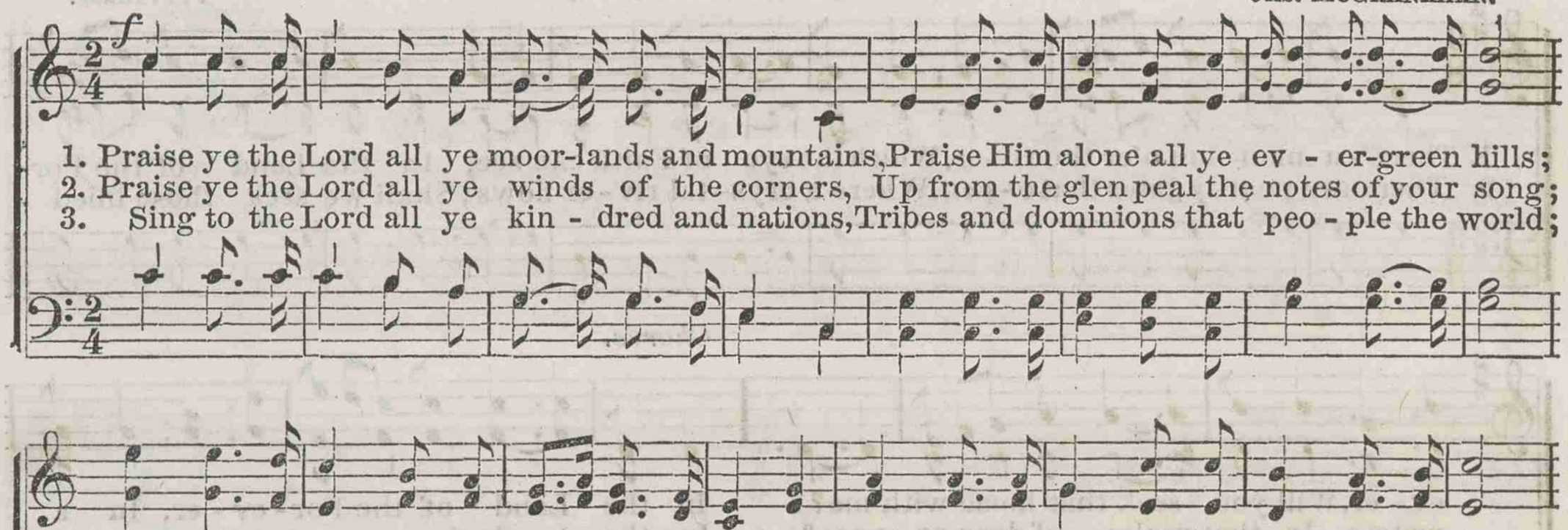
man-sion o'er the riv-er, Where the loved are parted nev-er, I will dwell for aye with thee.

3. There's a rush of joyous pinions,
When the worn and weary come:
May we prove the wondrous rapture
Of a spirit's welcome home.

4. We have shared each other's gladness—
We have mingled sighs and tears;
I would lose thy love-clasp, never,
In those bright eternal years.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.



Repeat ff.

Sprays of the wa - ter-fall, Chant ye a cor - o-nal, Here at the feet of the Ancient of Days.
Wake from your silentness, Sing to the wilderness, Praise ye the Lord, pay your homage to Him.
Shout, till your songs of love Peal thro' the air a-bove, Bearing your lay to the mountains a-far.

THE SABBATH CHIME.

F. A. BENSON. NAGELI.

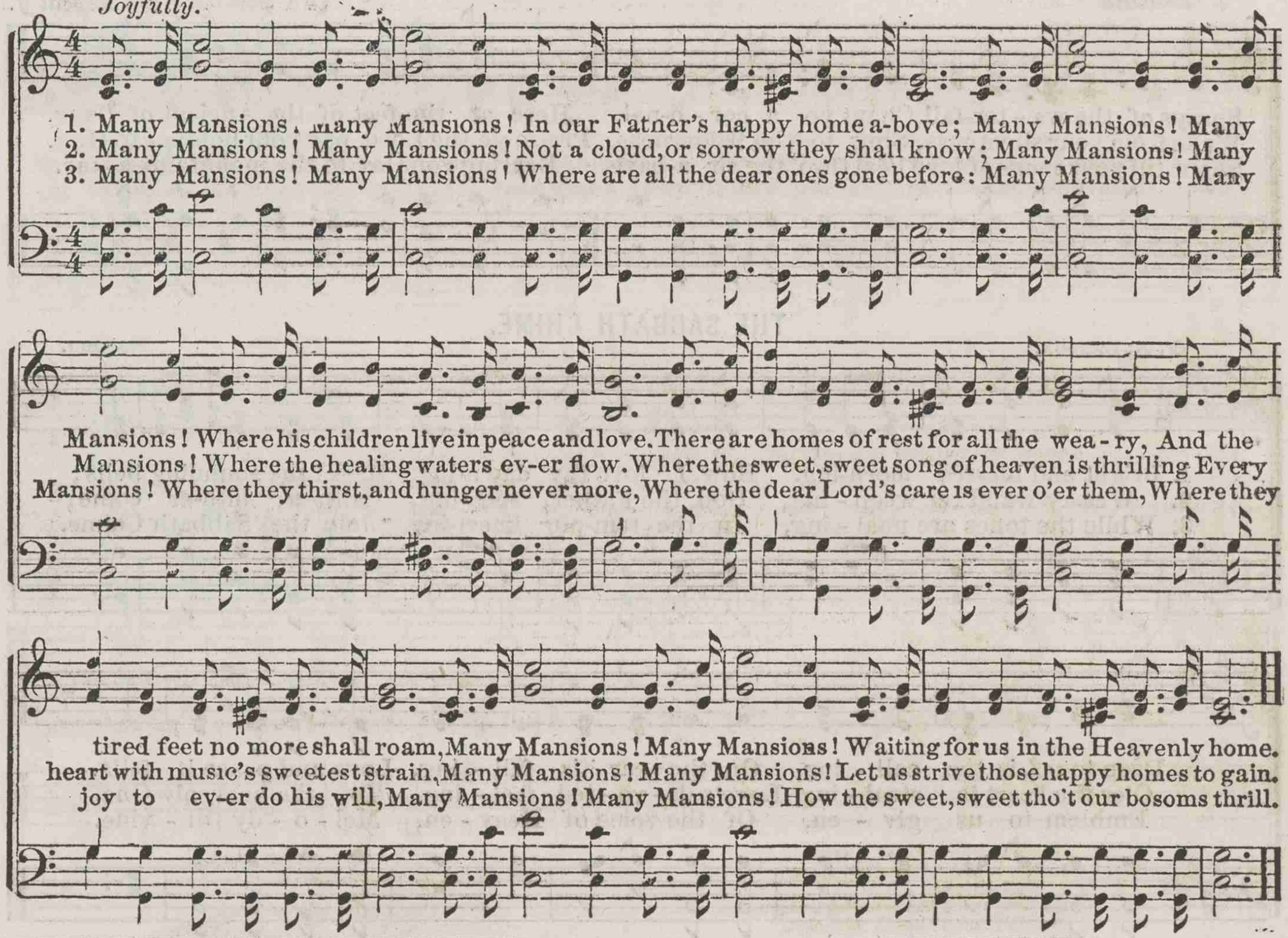
1. Bright and blessed morn-ing, How I love thy dawn-ing, Hark! the sounding bells;
2. Wea-ry wand'rer weep - ing, God, the Father, seek-ing, Hith-er, hith-er come;
3. While the tones are peal - ing, In the tem-ple kneel-ing, Join the Sabbath Chime.

Deep tones, is the call - ing, On the ear 'tis fall - ing, Love and peace it tells.
O'er the heart is steal - ing, Love's de - vo - ted feel - ing, To the heavenly One.
Emblem to us giv - en, Of the voice of Heav - en, Mel - o - dy di - vine.

MANY MANSIONS.

J. R. MURRAY. "In my Father's House are Many Mansions." GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully.



1. Many Mansions! Many Mansions! In our Fatner's happy home a-bove; Many Mansions! Many Mansions! Where his children live in peace and love. There are homes of rest for all the wea-ry, And the tired feet no more shall roam, Many Mansions! Many Mansions! Waiting for us in the Heavenly home.
2. Many Mansions! Many Mansions! Not a cloud, or sorrow they shall know; Many Mansions! Many Mansions! Where the healing waters ev-er flow. Where the sweet, sweet song of heaven is thrilling Every heart with music's sweetest strain, Many Mansions! Many Mansions! Let us strive those happy homes to gain.
3. Many Mansions! Many Mansions! Where are all the dear ones gone before: Many Mansions! Many Mansions! Where they thirst, and hunger never more, Where the dear Lord's care is ever o'er them, Where they joy to ev-er do his will, Many Mansions! Many Mansions! How the sweet, sweet tho't our bosoms thrill.

O TELL THE JOYFUL STORY.

PAULINA. Arr. from a "Spiritual," by J. R. M.

Earnestly.

1. There's a home for us above, There's a mansion built by Love Divine, When our days of toil shall
2. I have placed in thee my trust, Thou rememb'rest we are dust, O God, And thine arm shall be my

Chorus.

cease, We will seek that realm of peace. O, tell the joy - ful sto-ry! There's a
stay, Till I reach the Gates of Day. O, tell the, etc.

land of rest and glo-ry, A dear land of peace and love, Where all tears are wiped a-way.

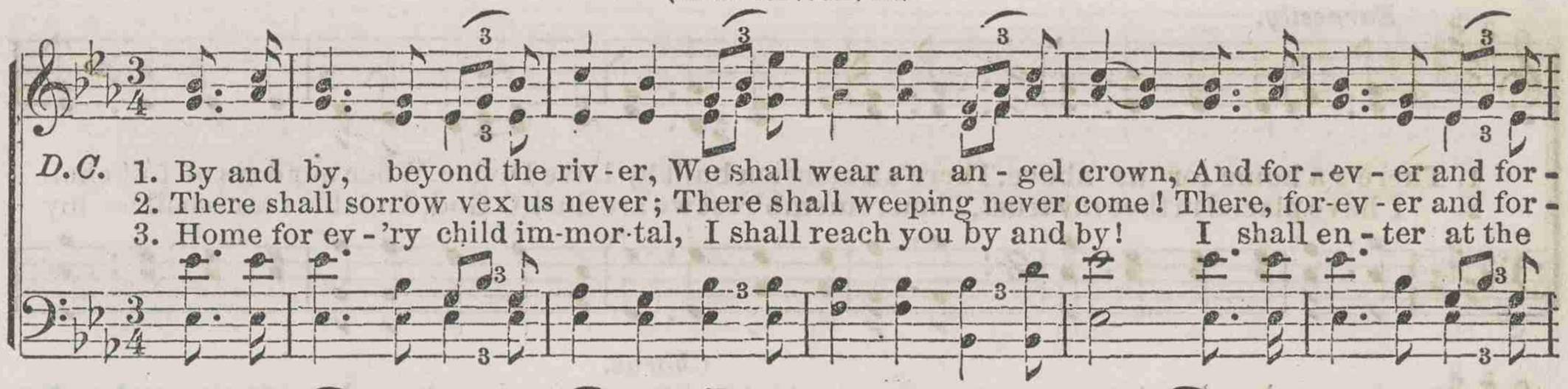
3. O, my Savior's voice I hear,
In His blessed Word of cheer
And love,
He who ruled the wind and wave,
He who came to seek and save.

4. Let us walk with clasping hand,
As a dear united band
In Christ,
Let us share each others' woes,
Till our cares, and griefs shall close.

WE SHALL SIT AT JESUS' FEET.

E. E. REXFORD. J. R. MURRAY.

(READ REV. III, 21.)



N. COE STEWART.

1. In the vineyard of our Fath - er, Dai - ly work we find to do, Scattered gleanings we may
2. Toiling ear - ly in the morning, Catching moments thro' the day, Nothing small or lowly
3. Steadfast, then, in our en-deav - or, Heavenly Father, may we be, And for - ev - er and for -

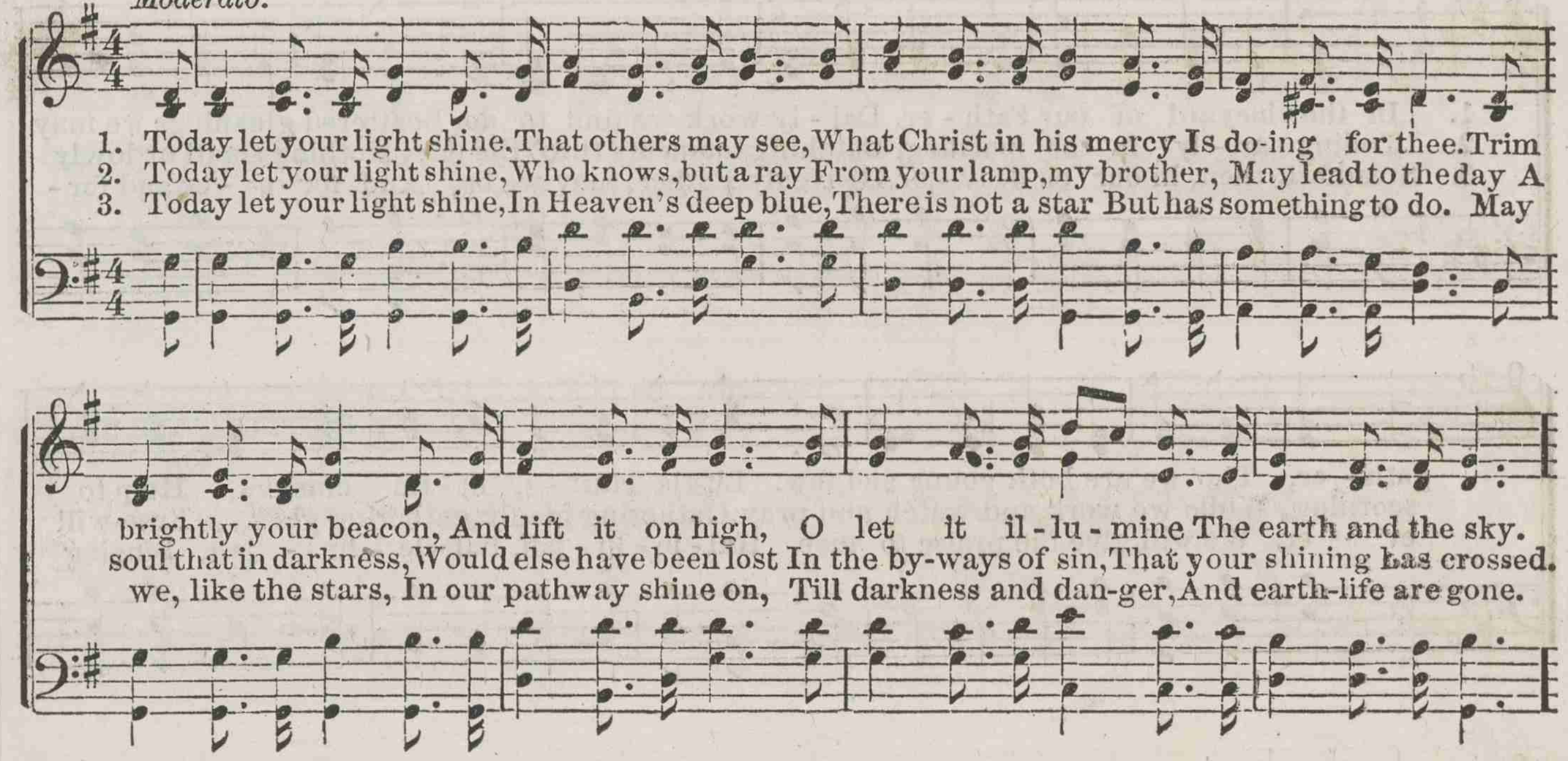
gath - er, Tho' we are both young and few. Lit-tle clusters, lit - tle clusters, Help to
scorning, While we work, and watch and pray. Gathering gladly, gathering gladly, Free-will
ev - er, We will give the praise to thee. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Singing

fill the garner too, Lit-tle clusters, lit-tle clusters, Help to fill the garner too.
offerings by the way Gathering gladly, gathering gladly Free-will offerings by the way.
all e - ter - ni - ty, Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Singing all e - ter - ni - ty.

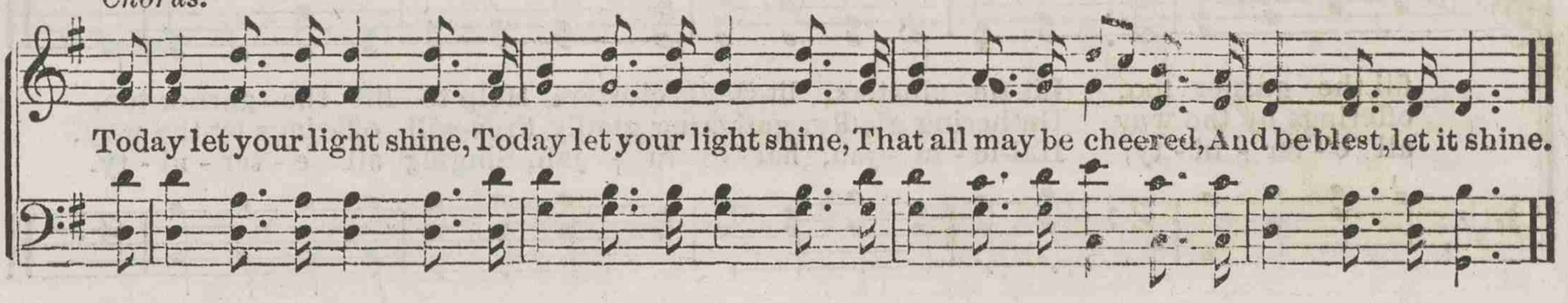
LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

J. R. MURRAY. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

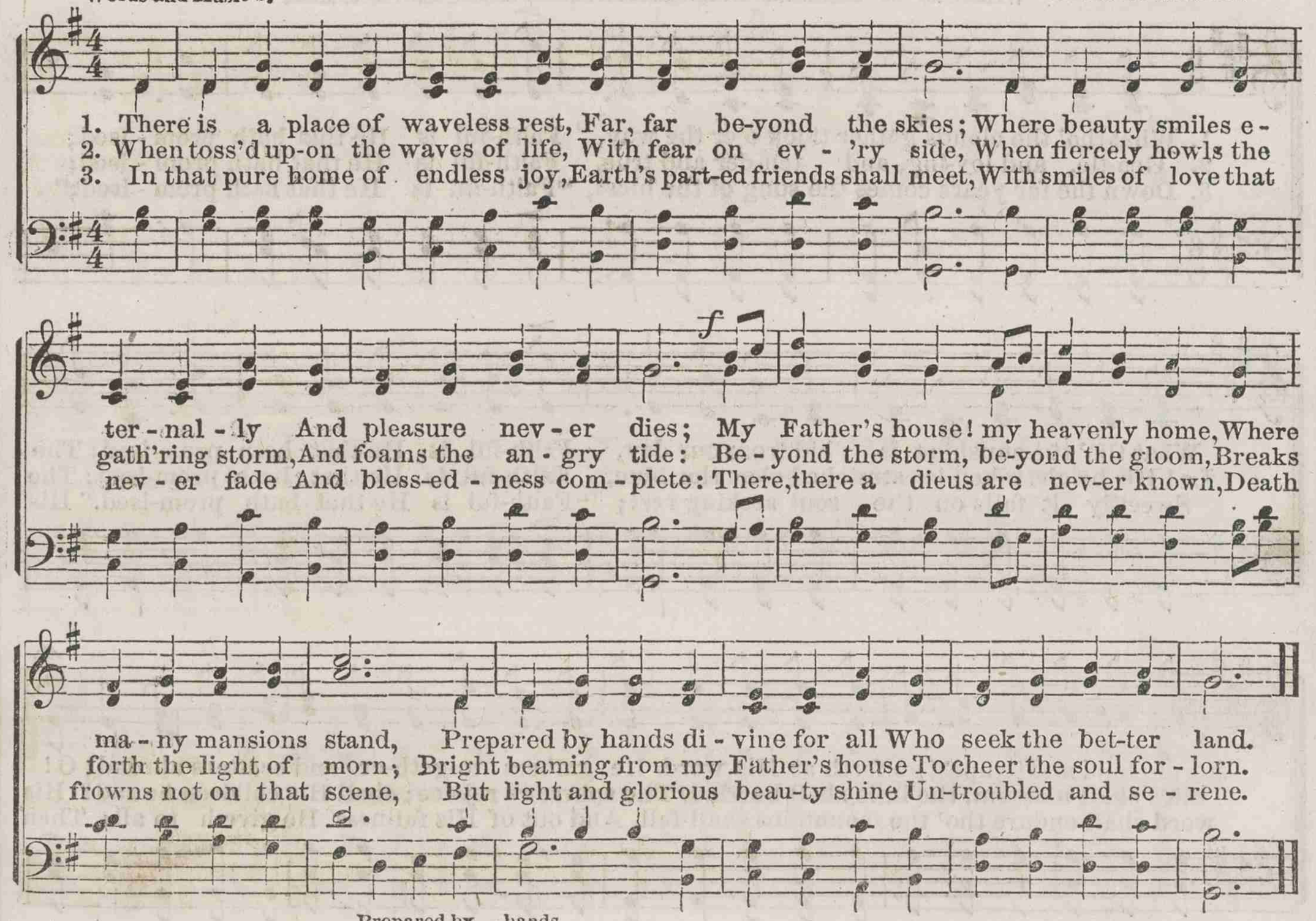


Chorus.



MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.



Prepared by hands,

FAITHFUL IS HE THAT HATH PROMISED.

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

Written for the "South Side" Congregational Sunday School, Lawrence, Mass,

1. What tho' the clouds gather thick o'er the way, Faith-ful is He that hath prom - ised;
2. Gen-tle, and lov-ing, and ten-der and true, Faith-ful is He that hath prom - ised;
3. Down the far years comes the song of the blest, "Faith-ful is He that hath prom - ised;"

What tho' the sunshine is hid from our day, Faith-ful is He that hath prom-ised; The
Lo! His bright token is stretched o'er the blue, Faith-ful is He that hath prom-ised; The
Sweet-ly it falls on the soul seeking rest; "Faith-ful is He that hath prom-ised." His

storm-cloud and tempest go forth at His word, He gathers to-geth-er and scatters abroad; O!
lilies shall blossom, the hills shall be glad, The sparrows rejoice; shall His children be sad? His
word shall endure tho' the mountains shall fall, And out of His fullness He giveth to all; Then

soul wait in patience the day of the Lord, Faith-ful is He that hath prom - ised.
rain falls a - like on the good and the bad, Faith-ful is He that hath prom - ised.
what shall dismay us, what dan-gers ap - pall, Faith-ful is He that hath prom - ised.

CHORUS.

Faithful is He! Faithful is He! Trusting - ly sing as we sail on life's sea;

He will not leave us, wher-e'er we may be, Faith-ful is He that hath prom-ised.

LEAD US, O SHEPHERD TRUE.

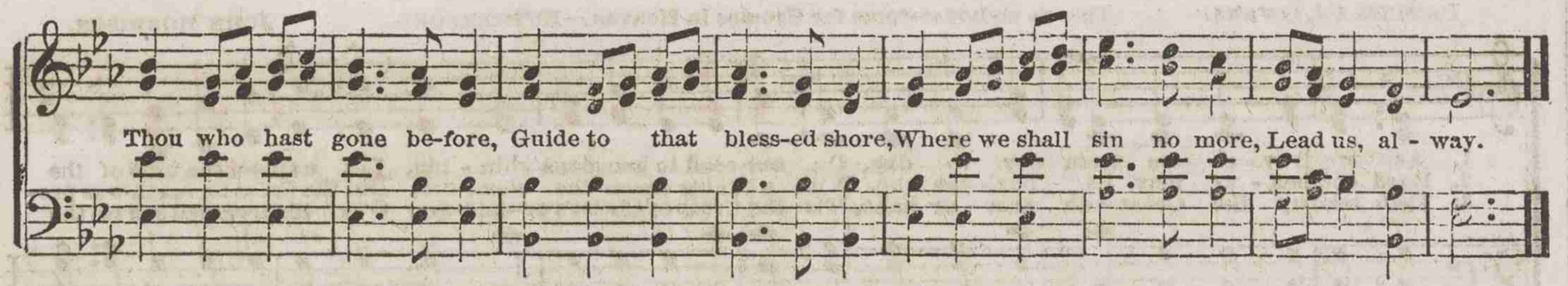
MISS M. A. BAKER. (*May be sung as a Duet, or by the whole school.*) H. R. PALMER.

1. Lead us, O Sav-ior dear! Keep us thy side so near, We shall no dan-ger fear, Nor ev - er stray;
2. Lead us, O Christ di-vine! Take our weak hands in thine· Let thy love o'er us shine; Call us thine own.

Where qui - et wa - ters flow, And fair - est flow'rets grow, Or where the storm-winds blow, Lead us, al - way.
Hear - ing thy voice so sweet, May we, with read - y feet, Fol-low Thee till we meet Round thy pure throne.

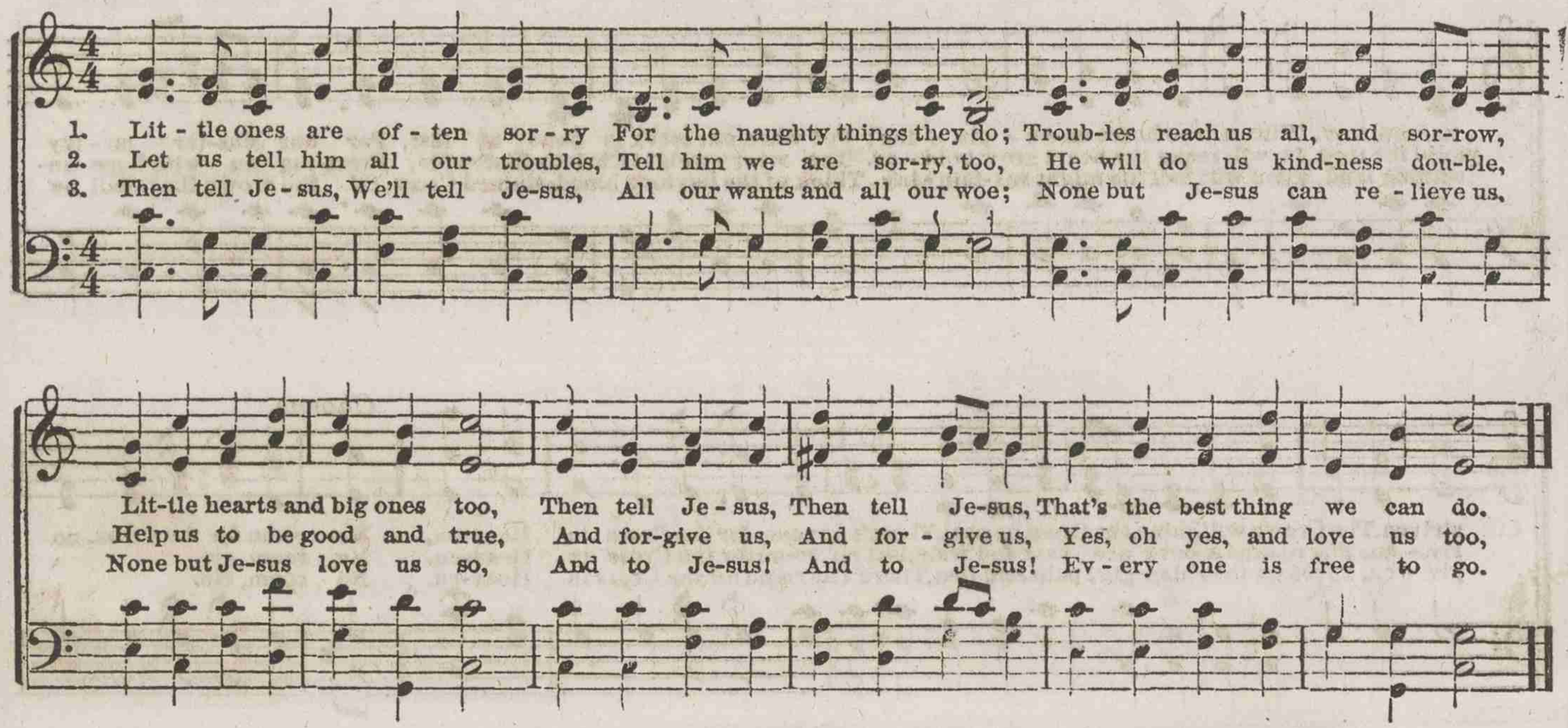
Refrain.

Lead us, O shepherd true! Lead, lest we stray, Till we bid earth a-dieu, Lead us, we pray.



THEN TELL JESUS.

Words from "Youths Companion." Z. M. PARVIN.



NO ROOM FOR THE CROSS IN HEAVEN.

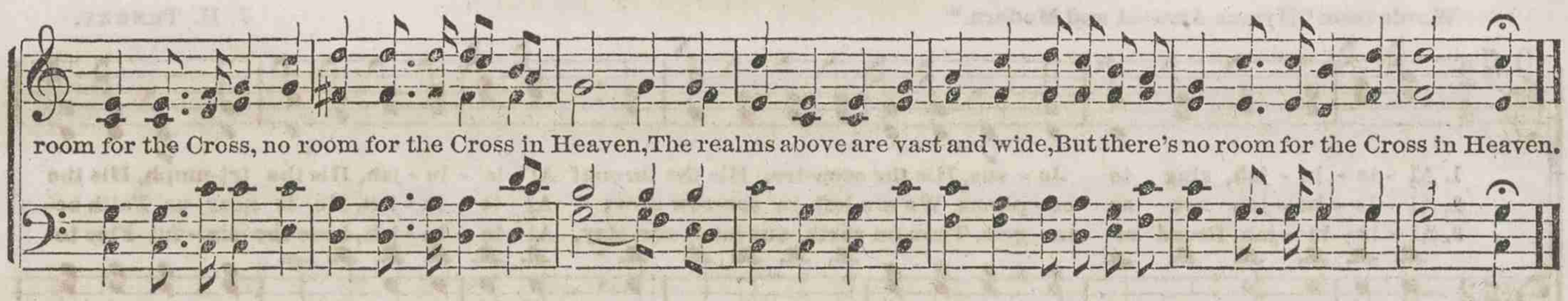
PRISCILLA J. OWENS. (There's no house-room for Crosses in Heaven.—RUTHERFORD.) JOHN MORRISON.

1. As we trav - el on from day to day, On our road to mansions shin - ing, Let us meet the toils of the
2. Hard and hea - vy may its bur - den be, With a bruise up-on the shoul-der, But the Cross on earth was pre-
3. Then take up the Cross with firm - er hand, 'Tis the Cross of Christ's or-dain-ing, O'er the troubled sea to the

narrow way, With a true heart un-re - pin - ing; For when our work is done at last, For our Mas-ter no - bly
pared for thee, It will make thy heart grow bold - er. The weary weight Christ will di-vide, Press-ing on with hope un-
shining land, Thou wilt feel his might sus-tain - ing. Think of the Savior's blood-stained Cross, Of the crown that shall be

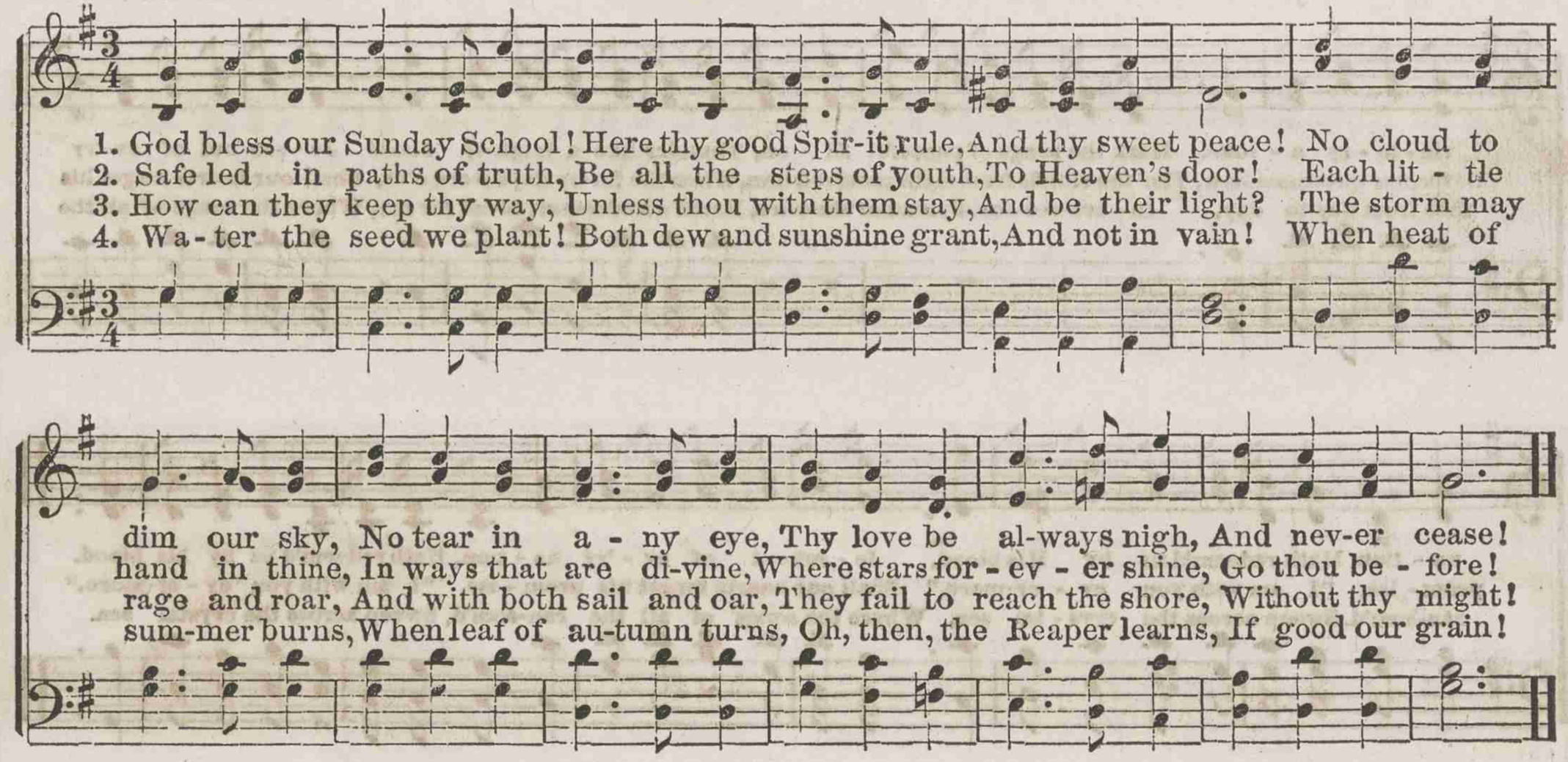
Chorus.

striven, The Crown will shine, the Cross be past, There's no room for the Cross in Heav-en, No room for the Cross, no
riv - en, The realms a-bove are vast and wide, But no room for the Cross in Heav-en. No room, etc.
giv - en, Press on thro' dan-ger, pain and loss, There's no room for the Cross in Heav-en. No room, etc.



GOD BLESS OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

JOSHUA YOUNG. J. R. MURRAY.



ALLELUJAH.

Words from "Hymns Ancient and Modern." J. H. TENNEY.

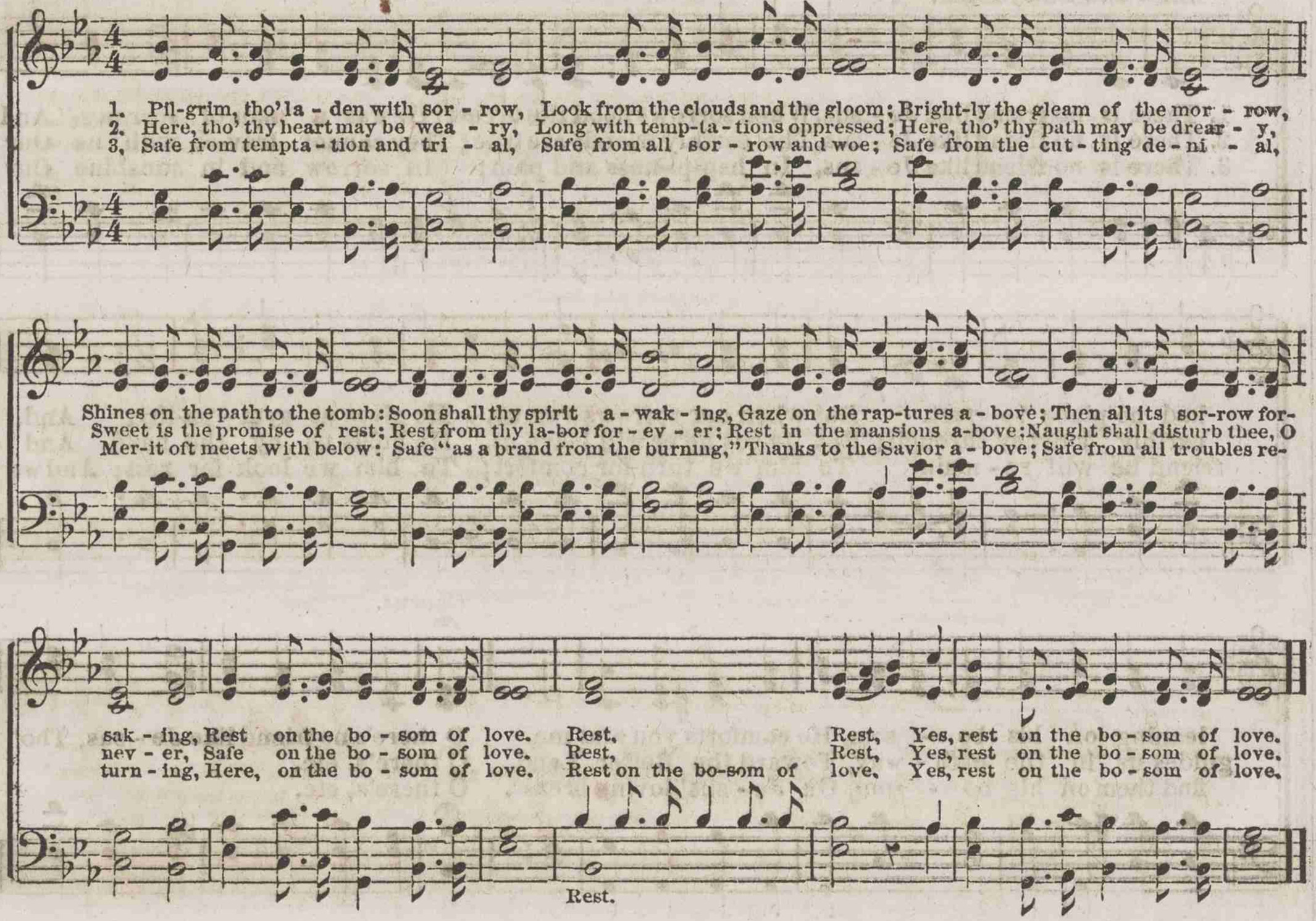
1. Al - le - lu - jah, sing to Je - sus, His the scep-tre, His the throne! Al - le - lu - jah, His the tri-umph, His the
2. Al - le - lu - jah not as or - phans, We are left in sor-row now; Al - le - lu - jah, He is near us, Faith be-
3. Al - le - lu - jah, Bread of an - gels, Thou on earth, our food, our stay, Al - le - lu - jah, here the sin - ful Flee to

vic - to - ry a - lone. Hark the songs of peaceful Zi - on, Thunder like a migh-ty flood! Je - sus out of ev-'ry
lieves,nor questions how, Tho' the clouds from sight received him, When the for-ty days were o'er, Shall our hearts forget his
thee from day to day, In - ter-ces-sor, Friend of sin-ners, Earth's Redeemer, plead for me, Where the songs of all the

na - tion, Hath redeem'd us by His blood, Je - sus out of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hath redeem'd us by his blood.
prom - ise, "I am with you ev - er-more," Shall our hearts forget his prom - ise, "I am with you ev - er-more."
ran-som'd, Sweep across the crys - tal sea, Where the songs of all the ran-som'd, Sweep across the crystal sea.

REST ON THE BOSOM OF LOVE.

GEO. F. ROOT.

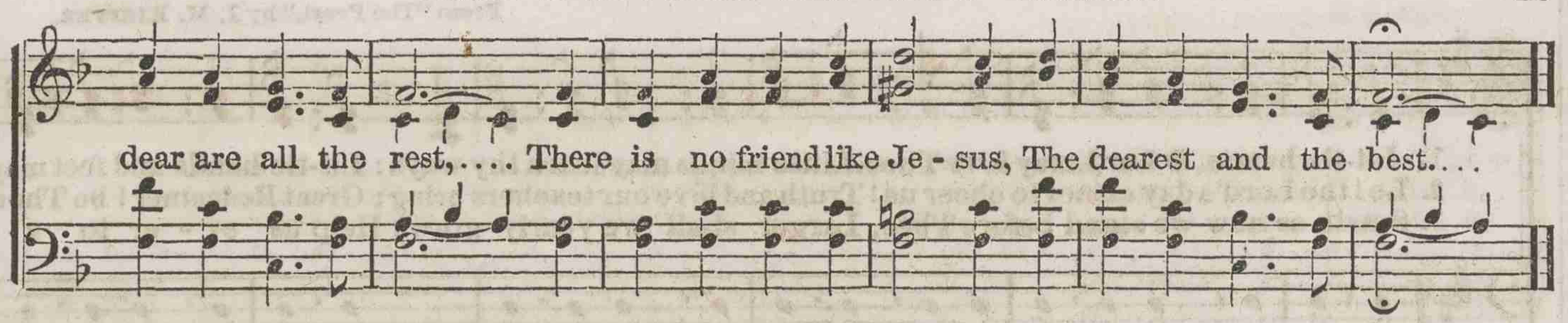
Andantino.

THERE IS NO FRIEND LIKE JESUS.

E. E. REXFORD. J. R. MURRAY.

Slow and with feeling.

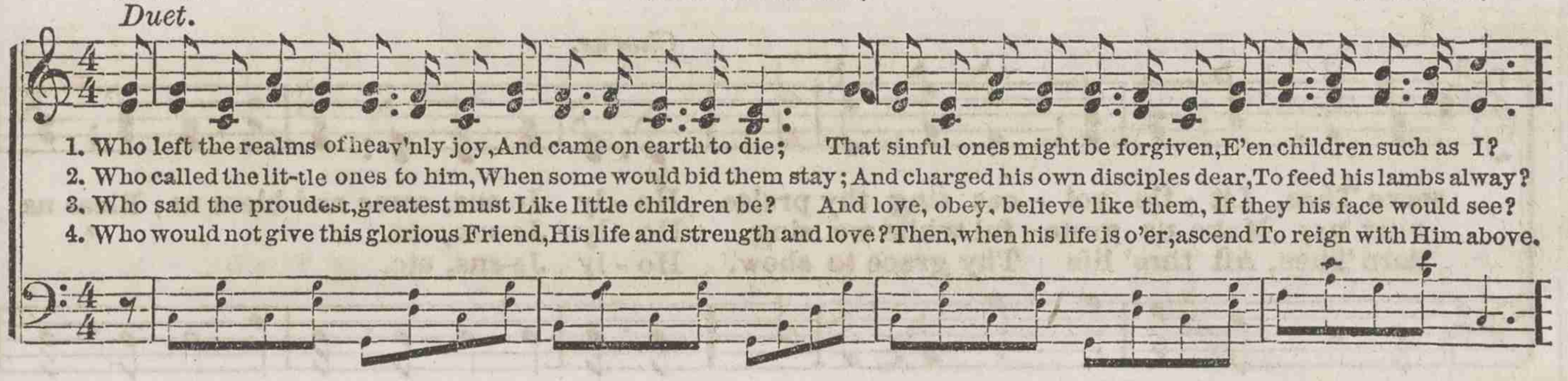
1. There is no friend like Je - sus, When sorrows flood the breast; He was a "man of sorrows," And had no place to rest. But when our sorrows vex us, He gives us sym - pa-thy, And,
2. There is no friend like Je - sus, Tho' earthly friends are true; They cannot trav-el with us Our earthly journey through; But Je-sus ne'er will leave us, He holds us by the hand, And
3. There is no friend like Je - sus, In hap-pi-ness and pain; In sorrow and in sunshine Our friend he will re - main. To him we turn for comfort; To him we look for rest; And we

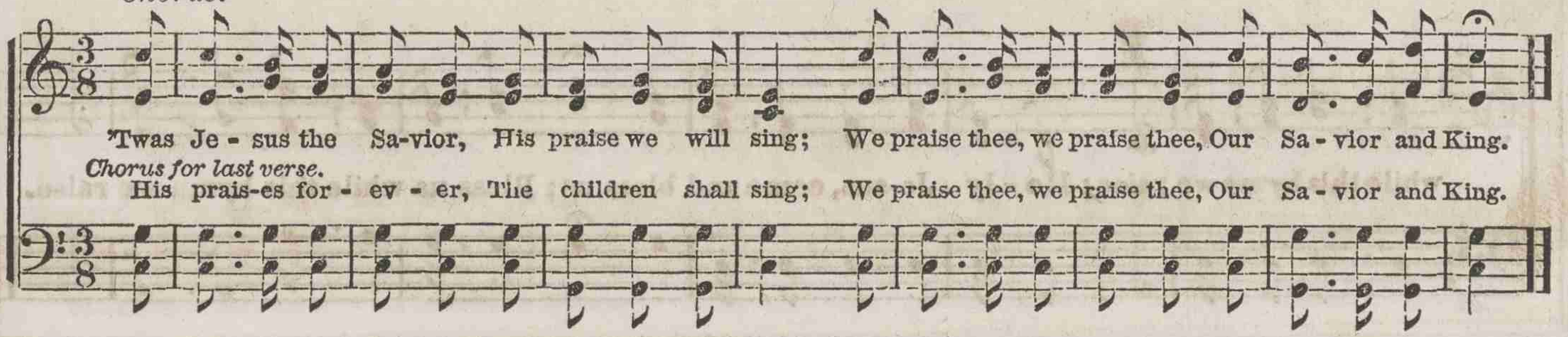
leaning on his bo - som, He comforts you and me. O there's no friend like Je - sus, Tho'
guides us in the path - way, Toward the Better Land. O there's, etc.
find them on his bo - som, On Je - sus' loving breast. O there's, etc.

Chorus.

WHO LEFT THE REALMS OF HEAVENLY JOY.

S. C. H. (Duet and Chorus.) J. K. COLE.

Duet.



Chorus.

COME AND BLESS US.

From "The Pearl," by J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Lit-tle hearts, O Lord, may love Thee, Little minds may learn thy ways: Lit-tle hands and feet may serve Thee, Lit - tle voi - ces sing thy praise.
2. Lo! the Lord's day comes to cheer us! Truth and love our teachers bring; Great Redeemer! be Thou near us, Make us grate - ful while we sing.
3. Small, as now we stand before Thee, Larger shall we yearly grow: Help us ev - er to a - dore Thee, All thro' life Thy grace to show.

Chorus.

Ho - ly Je-sus, come and bless us; Bless us while this hymn we raise; Ho - ly Je-sus, come and bless us; Bless us while this hymn we raise.

MARCHING HOME.

Words and Music by C. C. CASE.

1. We are marching homeward with the blest, To that bright, bright world above; Where our friends are gone and are at
2. Jesus stands and beck-ons to us now, As we fal-ter on the way; He will save us if to him we
3. Our dear Savior has prepared the way, Where we all who will may come; If we serve him truly day by

Chorus.

rest, In that world of light and love. Marching Home, Marching Home, We are
bow, Who rules both night and day.
day, He at last will bring us home.

Marching Home, Marching Home, We are

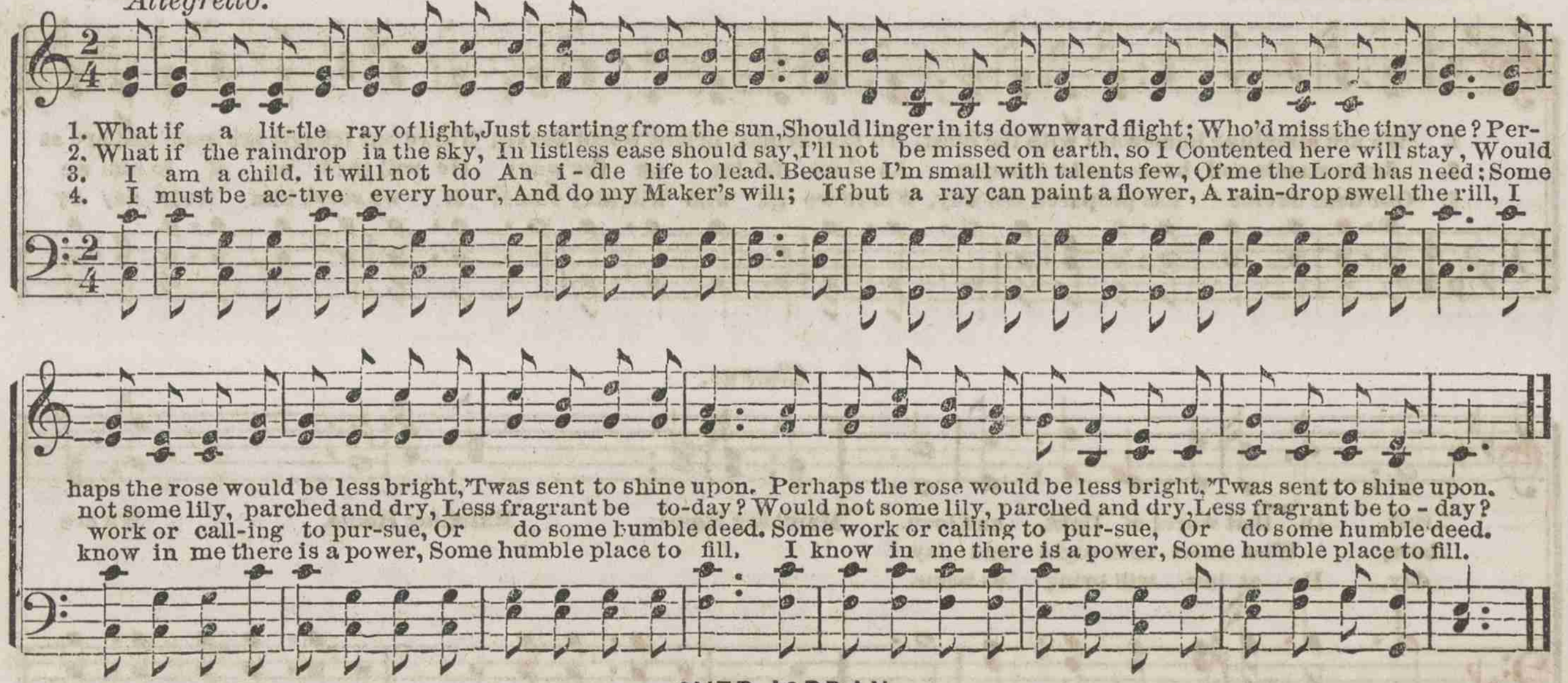
marching homeward with the blest. Marching Home, Marching Home, We are Marching Home to rest.

marching homeward with the blest, With the blest, Marching Home, Marching Home, We are Marching Home to rest.

SOME PLACE FOR ME.

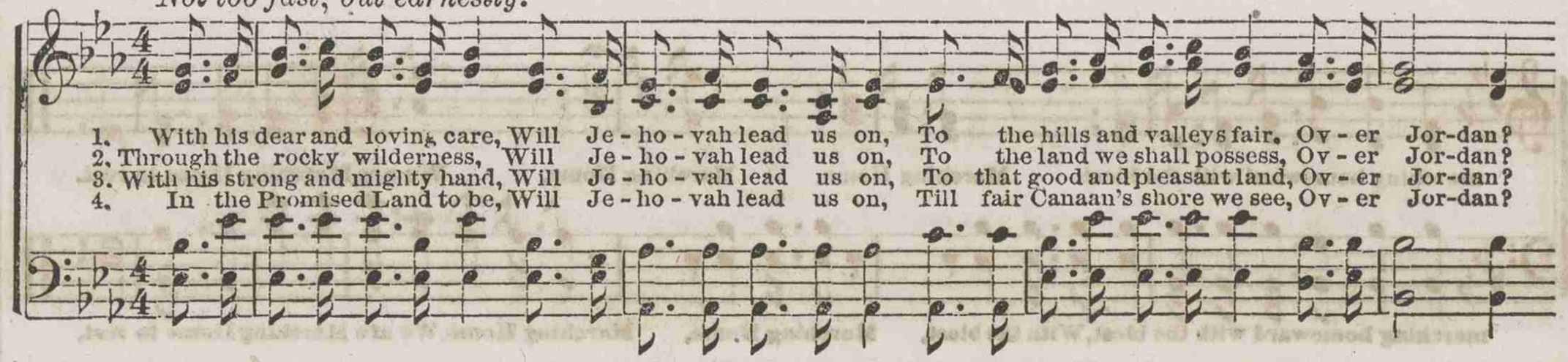
JAMES R. MURRAY.

Allegretto.



OVER JORDAN.

MRS. M. B. C SLADE. (READ DEUT. XI: 31, VIII: 7, 8.) J. R. MURRAY.

Not too fast, but earnestly.

Yes, we'll rest our wea-ry feet By the crys-tal waters, sweet, When the peaceful shore we greet, Over Jor - dan.
Yes, by night the wondrous ray, Cloudy pil - lar by the day, They shall guide us on our way, Over Jor - dan.
Yes! where vine and olive grow, And the brooks and fountains flow, Thirst nor hunger shall we know, Over Jor - dan,
Yes! to dwell with Thee, at last, Guide and lead us, as Thou hast, Till the parted wave be passed, Over Jor - dan.

Chorus.

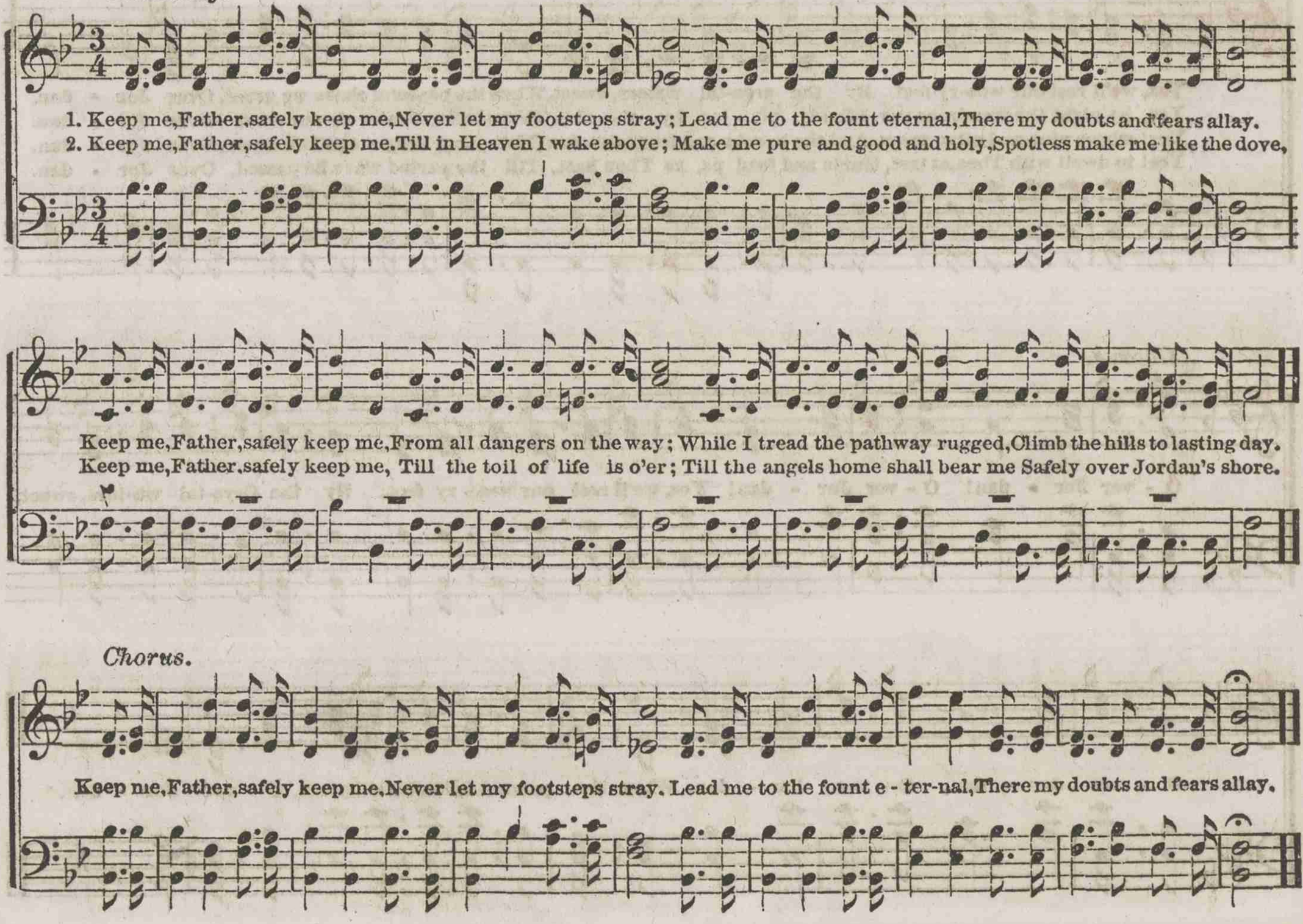
O - ver Jor - dan! O - ver Jor - dan! Yes, we'll rest our wea - ry feet, By the Crys-tal wa-ters, sweet,

O - ver Jor - dan, O - ver Jor - dan, When the peace-ful shore we'll greet, O - ver Jor - dan.

KEEP ME, FATHER.

J. K. COLE.

Earnestly.



Chorus.

GATHERING HOME.

Words and Music by (And ye shall be gathered, one by one.—Is. 27-12.) J. R. MURRAY.

Duet.

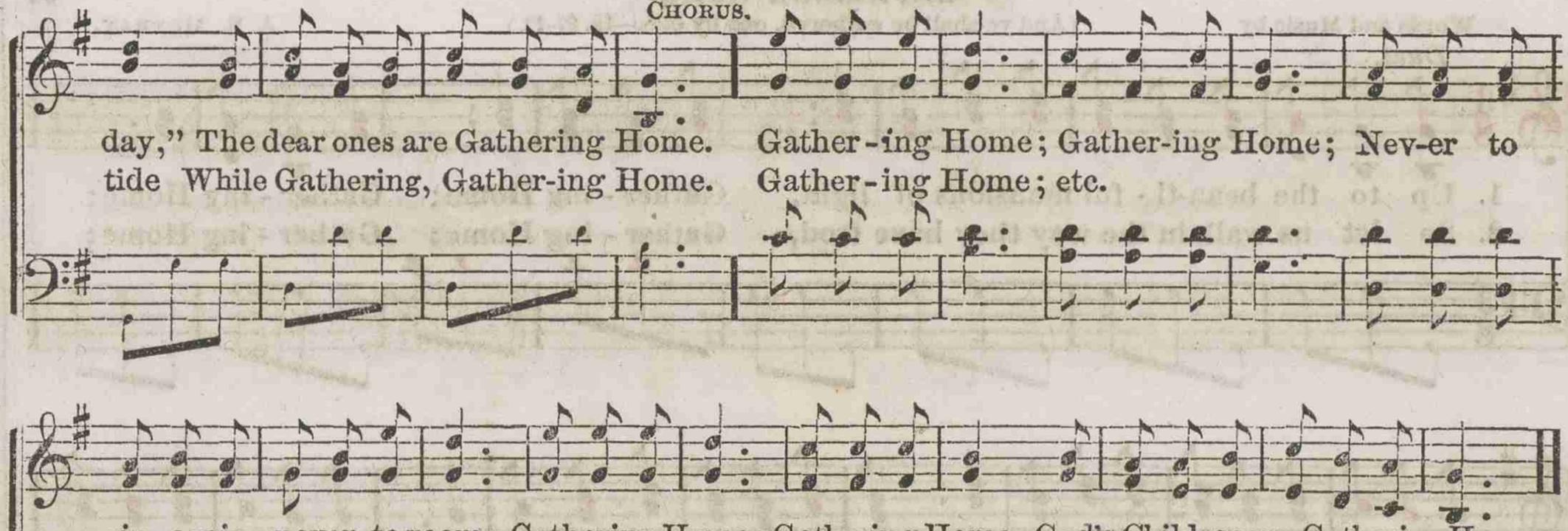
1. Up to the beau-ti - ful mansions of light, Gather - ing Home; Gather - ing Home;
2. So let us walk in the way they have trod, Gather - ing Home; Gather - ing Home;

Up to the city where cometh no night, Where falleth no shadow, or gloom. One and an-oth-er are
Walk in the road leading upward to God, Who lovingly bids us to come. Working for Je-sus, with

gliding a - way, Gath-er-ing Home; Gath-er-ing Home; "Out of the darkness and in-to the
him for our Guide, Gath-er-ing Home; Gath-er-ing Home; Fearing no e-vil, what-ev-er be-

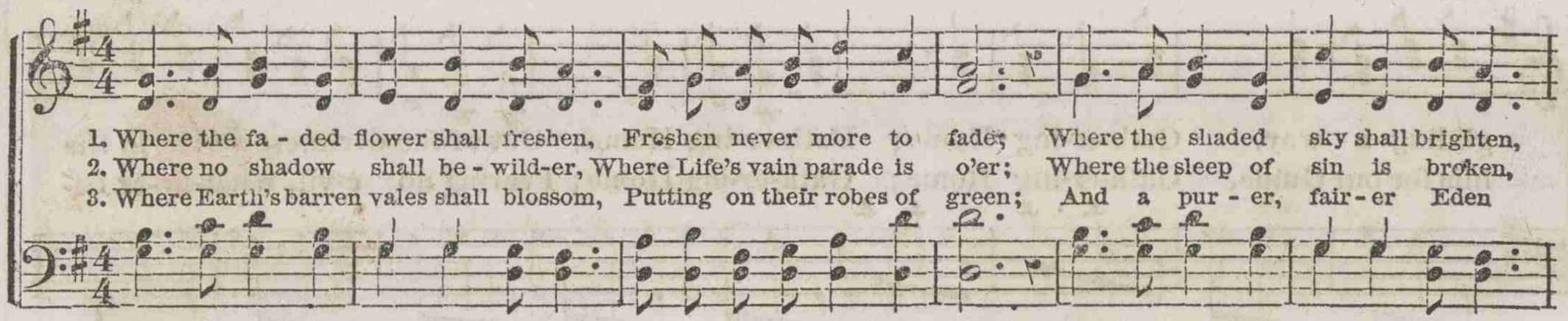
GATHERING HOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



THE MEETING PLACE.

Arr. from H. BONAR. J. R. MURRAY.



Brighten nev-er more to shade. Where the morn shall wake in glad-ness, And the moon the joy pro-long;
And the dreamer dreams no more. Where the bond is never se-ver-ed, Part-ings, clasp-ings, sob and moan,
Be where only wastes have been Where a King in king-ly glo-ry, Such as earth has nev-er known,

Refrain.

Where the day-light dies in fra-grance, 'Mid the burst of ho-ly song.
Mid-night wak-ing, twi-light weep-ing, Heav-y noon-tide—all are done. } Broth-ers, we shall meet and rest,
Shall as-sume the right-eous scep-tre, Claim and wear the heav'nly crown.

meet and rest, meet and rest, Broth-ers, we shall meet and rest, Mid the ho-ly and the blest.

THEN HOIST THE SAILS.*

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

Duet.

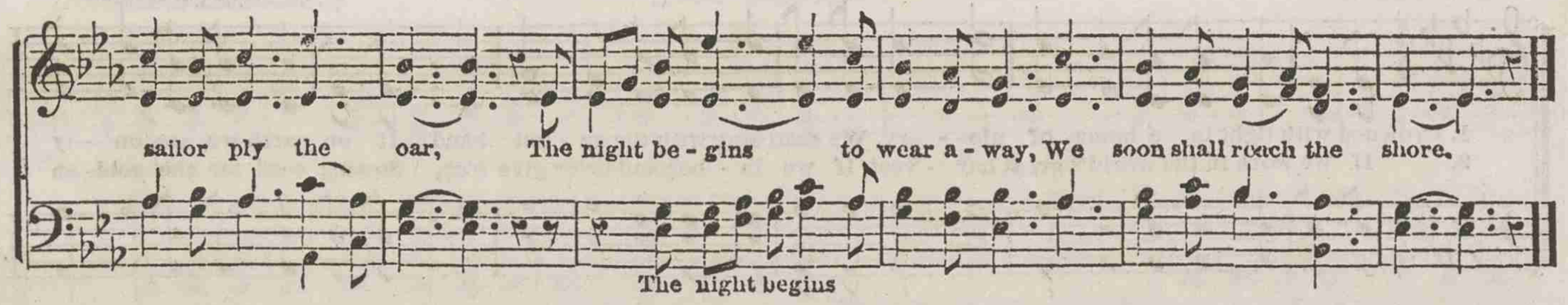
1st Duet.
1. What ves-sel are you sailing in, While on the voyage of life? *2d Duet.* Our ves-sel is the Ark of God, "The
2d Duet.
2. Our compass is the "Word of God," Our anchor, stead-fast hope; The love of God fills ev - 'ry sail, And

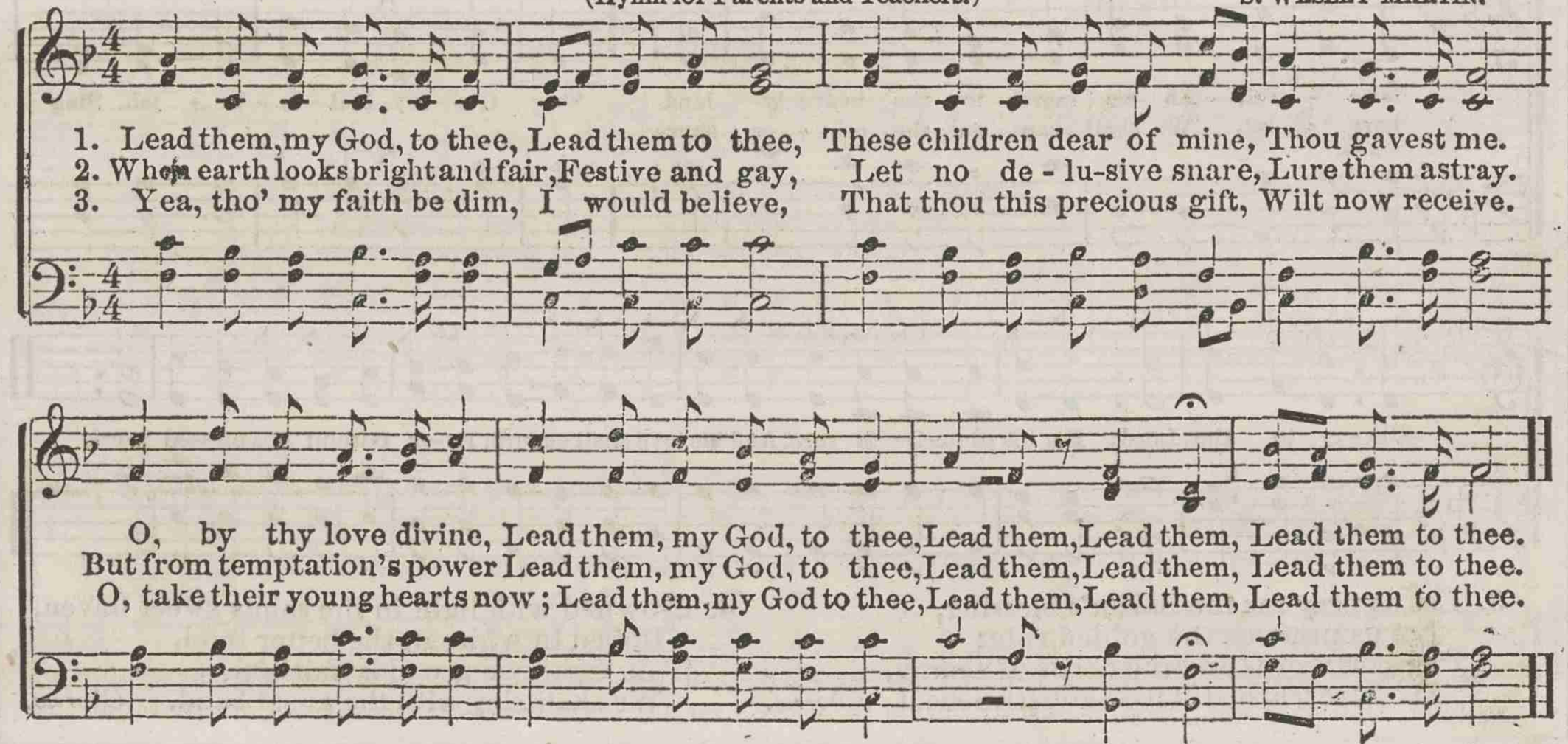
way, the truth, the life." *1st Duet.* And what's the port your sailing for, What calm and peaceful bay? *2d Duet.* The port is New Je -,
1st Duet. *2d Duet.*
faith's our anchor rope. How ma-ny have you now on board That no-ble ship di - vine? Ten thousand, thousand

Chorus. f

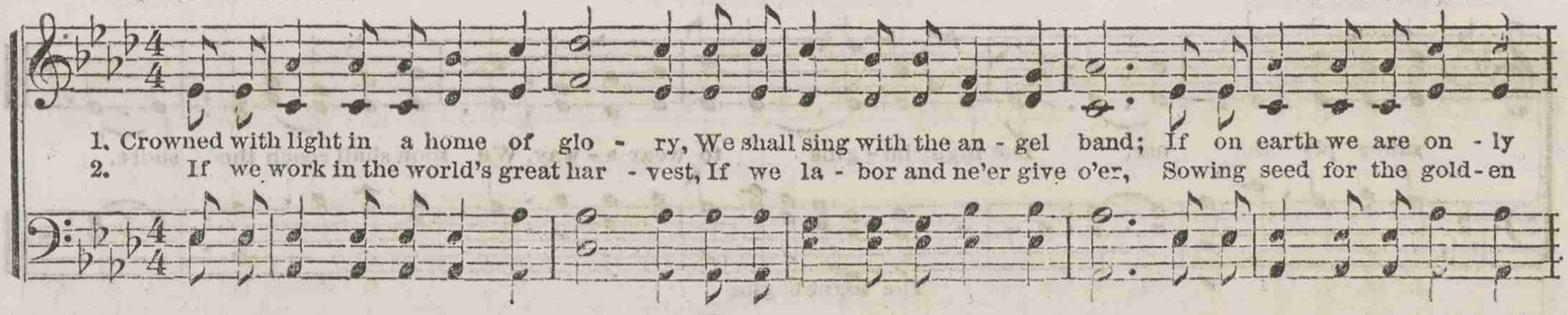
ru - sa-lem, The realms of end-less day. Then hoist the sails..... To catch the gale, Each
hap - py souls, And room for all man - kind, Then hoist the sails, etc.

f
Then hoist the sails,

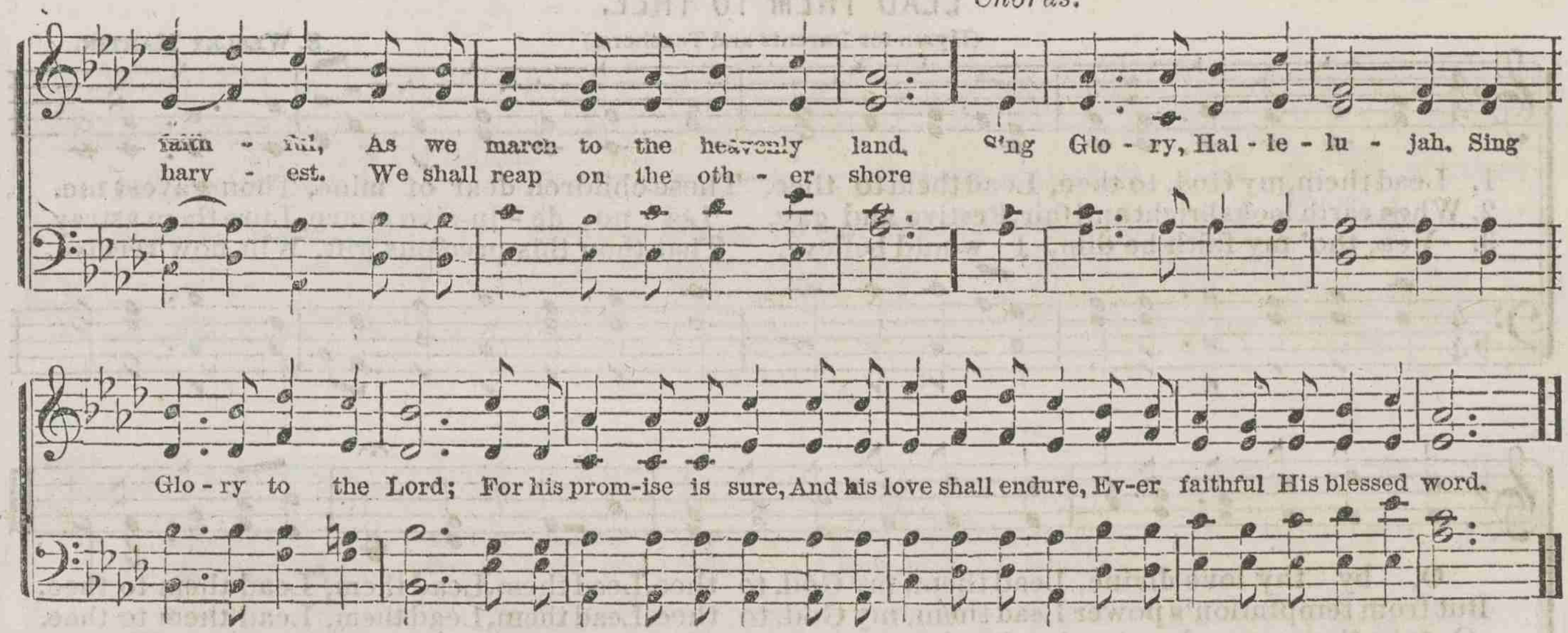
* Select two Duets,—Let the 1st Duet sing the 1st, 2d, 5th and 6th lines of the 1st stanza, and the 2d Duet sing the 3d, 4th, 7th and 8th lines. Of the 2d stanza, the 1st Duet sings only the 5th and 6th lines, and the 2d Duet sings the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 7th and 8th lines.

LEAD THEM TO THEE.

(Hymn for Parents and Teachers.) S. WESLEY MARTIN.

CROWNED WITH LIGHT.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. JAS. M. NORTH.



Chorus.



3. Let us pray for the Savior's blessing,
Let us practice the golden rule;
Pleasant words and the deeds of mercy,
We have learned in the Sabbath School. *Chorus.*

4. Crowned with light in the saints sweet haven,
Robed in white in the better land,
If on earth we are only faithful,
We shall sing with the angel band. *Chorus.*

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

Words and Music by (From "The Prize.") J. R. MURRAY.

Joyfully.

1. Upward and on-ward, in - to the light, Out of the darkness, out of the night; In-to the sunshine, in - to the
2. Upward and on-ward, nev-er des-pair! Up to the mountains shining and fair; Up to the cit - y, golden and
3. Upward and on-ward, be not dismayed; An - gels surround thee, be not a-fraid; Loved ones are calling, Je-sus says

Chorus.

day, In - to the heavenly way.
blest, Up to the heavenly rest.
"Come, Come to your heavenly home."

Upward and onward, pressing a - long, O let us ev - er walk with
Upward and onward, etc.
Upward and onward. etc.

heart and purpose strong; "He who hath loved us," go - eth be - fore, Ev - er and ev - er - more.

CHEERFULNESS.

C. B. HARGER. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Soprano.

1. Cheerful hearts delight our heav'nly King, Breathing happy joy where-'er they go,
2. Think not that religion means to sigh, Casting down our hearts in guilt and shame;
Chorus. Come, in joyful strains, then let us sing, Cheerful hearts delight our heav'nly King.

Alto.

1. Cheer - ful hearts de-light our heav'nly King, Breathing happy joy where'er they go,
2. Think not that re - ligion means to sigh, Casting down our hearts in guilt and shame,
Chorus. Come, in joy-ful strains, then let us sing, Cheerful hearts de-light our heav'nly King,

Tenor.

Bass.

Fine.

Shedding light and sunshine in their homes, Piercing e'en the darkest haunts of woe.
Christ in his unbound - ed heav'n-ly love, Asks us to rejoice in his dear name.
All can do the will of Him, our Lord, By a kindly smile and cheerful word.

Shedding light and sunshine in their homes, Piercing e'en the darkest haunts of woe.
Christ in his un-bounded heav'nly love, Asks us to rejoice in His dear name.
All can do the will of Him, our Lord, By a kindly smile and cheerful word.

Many bitter tho'ts and words have fled, Many weary hearts have ceased to pine;

Truest happiness it is when one Gives in earnest love his heart to God;

Chorus D. C.

Yielding to the influence of a smile, Prompted by a love al - most di - vine.

Trusting in His promise to re - move All the heavy - pressing sin - ful load.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

(Are they not all ministering spirits.)

J. P. WESTON.

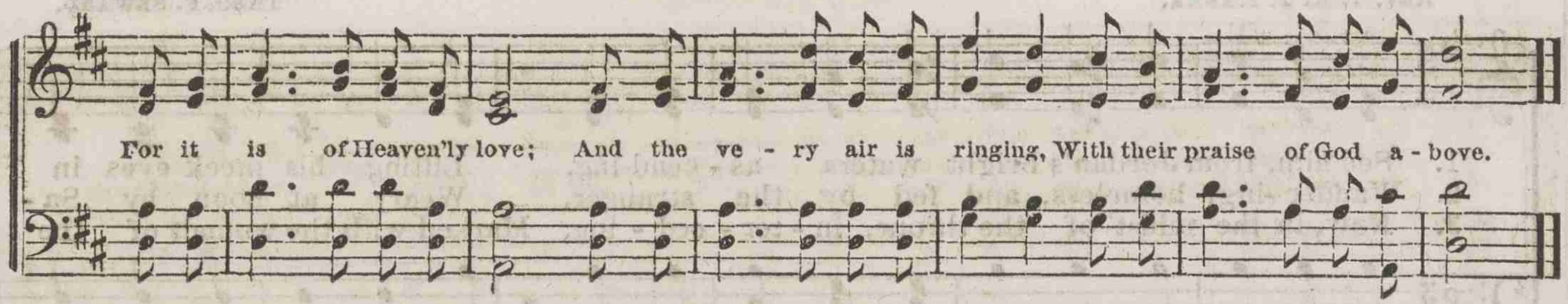
Duet.

1. Is it true that an-gels hear us, When we sing our songs of praise? That bright wings are wav-ing near us,
2. Is it true that in our sor-row, They in ten - der love draw nigh, Telling us of that bright morrow,
3. Can we doubt since that bright legion, Came re - joic - ing to the earth, Leaving the ce - les-tial region,

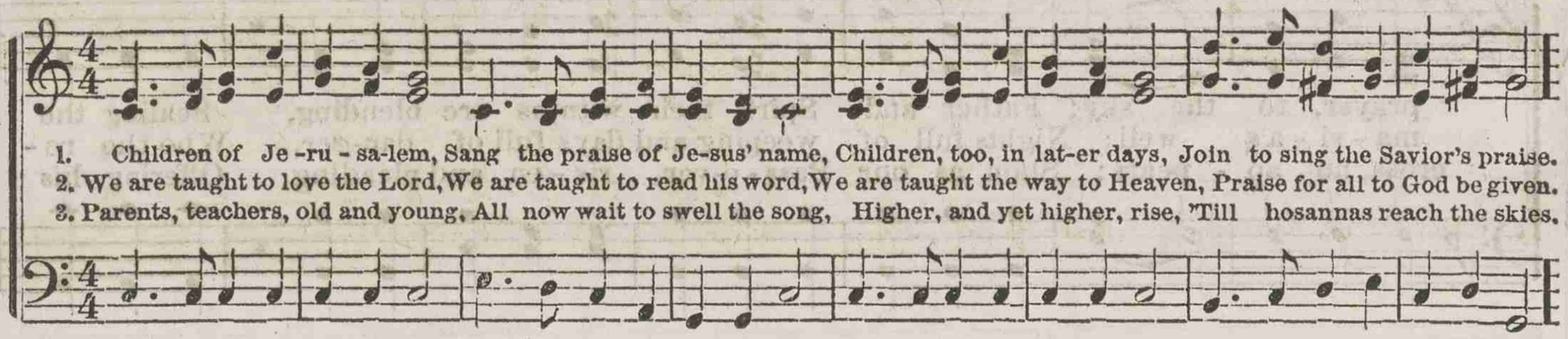
Quartette.

When to heaven our thoughts we raise? Is it true that when we're pray-ing, Radiant forms are bending near?
Where no tear shall dim the eye? Do they come on ho-ly missions, From our Father's home a-bove;
To announce the Savior's birth? Or when in the garden bend-ing, Christ was filled with pain and grief

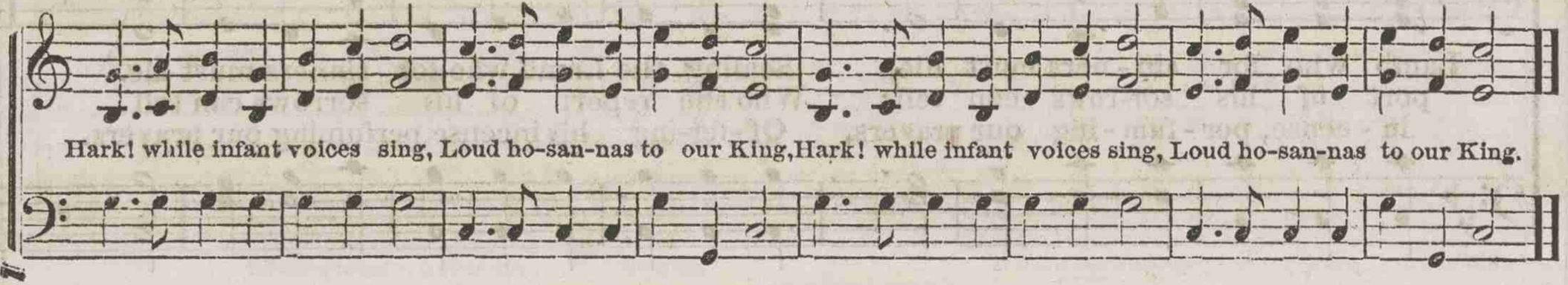
Chorus.

That they know what we are say - ing, And our ev - 'ry word can hear? Let us lis - ten to their singing,
To return with our pe - ti - tions, And our songs of praise and love? Let us, etc.
Ho - ly an - gels were at - tend - ing, With their words of sweet re - lief? Let us, etc.

CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

GEO. F. ROOT.



Chorus.



BEHOLD THE LAMB.

REV. T. A. T. HANNA. THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. See him, from Jordan's bright waters as - cend-ing, Lifting his meek eyes in prayer, to the sky; Father and Spirit their witness are blending, Sealing the Lamb who for sin - ners must die,
2. Wander -ing, homeless, and fed by the stranger, Weary at noon by Sa - ma - ri - a's well; Nights full of weeping and days full of dan-ger, Who the re - port of his sor-rows can tell;
3. Now, in the midst of the throne, in - ter - ced - ing, Marked with the wounds of the cross, he ap - pears; Slain as our Pass - o-ver, ris - en and pleading, Offering his in - cense, per - fum - ing our prayers,

Sealing the Lamb who for sinners must die.
Who the report of his sorrows can tell.
Of - fer-ing his incense, perfuming our prayers.

JESUS LOVES YOU.

HELEN L. SMITH. J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Bring your ev - 'ry care to Je-sus, Je-sus, your Al - migh - ty friend; He will car - ry
2. Je - sus calls you, kindly calls you; Trust his nev - er - fail - ing love; He who died on
3. Bring your ev - 'ry grief to Je-sus, Who has suf - fered so for you; Think you he will

Chorus.

all your burden, Love and keep you to the end.
Calvary's mountain, Calls you from his home a - bove.
slight your sor-row? He, the faith - ful and the true.

Je - sus loves you, Je - sus loves you,
Je - sus loves you, etc
Je - sus loves you, etc.

Je - sus, your Al - mighty friend; He will car - ry all your burden, Love and keep you to the end.

4. Bring your every joy to Jesus;
For he smiles to see you glad;
He would have his children happy;
Never gloomy, never sad. CHORUS.

5. Give yourself away to Jesus;
Oh, he longs to make you blest;
He will bring you safe to glory,
Where the ransomed are at rest. CHORUS.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Words and Music by (READ REV. XXII: 1-5.) REV. J. S. BOYD.

Solo. *Semi-Chorus.* *Solo.*

1. Where shall we end our sor - row? On the oth - er side. Where be - gin the
2. Where flows the crys - tal riv - er? On the oth - er side. Where God's children
3. Where is Christ our loved ones bring-ing? On the oth - er side. Where shall we soon

Semi-Chorus. *Chorus.*

glad to - mor-row? On the oth - er side. There the sweet voiced an - gels sing;
reign for - ev - er? On the oth - er side. They no sun, no can - dle need;
hear them sing-ing? On the oth - er side. Oh! we'll join them—charming sight!

Saints on harps strike loud the strings; Gladdest mu-sic ev - er rings, On the oth-er side.
Christ, their Light, his flock shall feed; And to liv-ing wa-ters lead, On the oth-er side.
Waving palms and wearing white; Serving God both day and night, On the oth-er side.

OUR SAVIOR'S NAME.

("That name which is above every name.") JOHN MORRISON.

1. Our Savior's name, our Savior's name, O let it crown our loft-iest strain, While Heav'n and earth in concert sing, And
2. With vi - ol, harp, and trumpet's sound, Now let the fes - tal joy be crowned, While all on earth re-joice a - gain, And
3. Blest be the ev - er sacr-ed morn, That shrines the joy when Christ was born, When he from realms of glory came, And

Chorus.

all the high-est arch-es ring, Our Sav - ior's name, our Savior's name.)
sing in sweet triumphant strain, Our Sav - ior's name, our Savior's name.
seraphs glad - ly sang his name, Our Sav - ior's name, our Savior's name.

O wreath it in sweet Savior's name,

chor - al strain, With peace on earth, good will to men, With peace on earth, good will to men.

PASS ALONG THE WATCHWORD!

(S. S. BATTLE SONG.)

A. T. GORHAM.

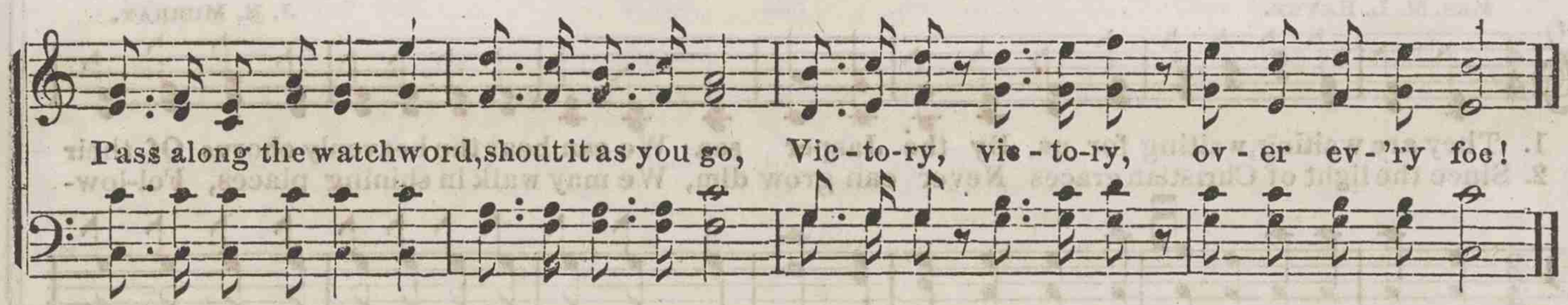
Spirited.

1. Pass along the watchword, Soldiers of the King! 'Thro your bannered egions let the war-cry ring!
2. Gird a-new your armor, draw the trusty sword, Faithful lit-tle sol-diers, fighting for the Lord!
3. We ar marchin homeward with our God to dwell, Homeward where the angels' songs of triumph swell.

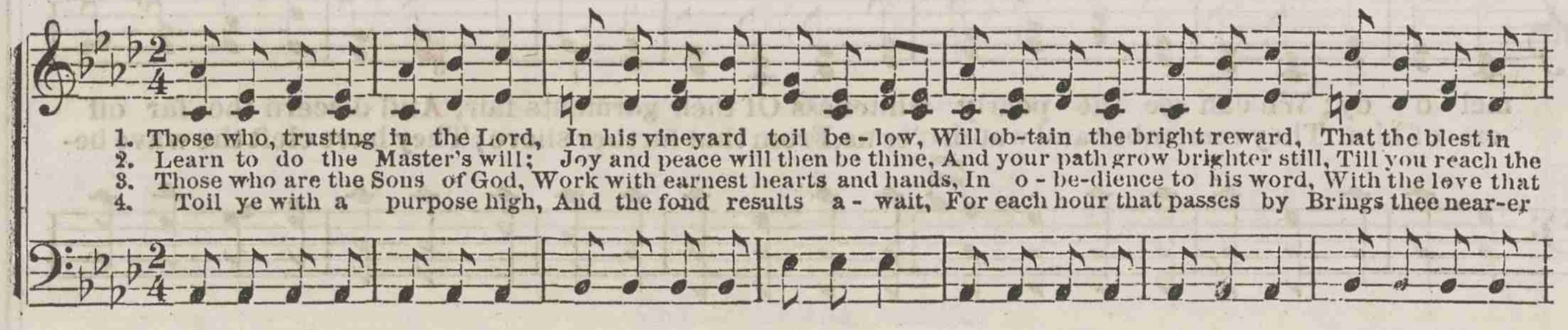
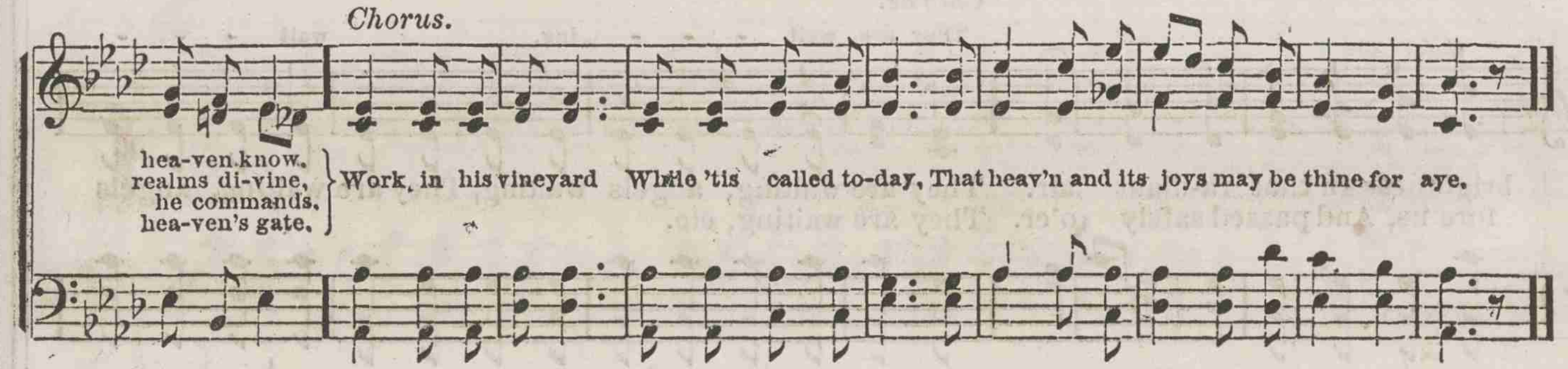
Pass a-long the watchword as you onward go, Vic - to-ry, vic - to - ry, o-ver ev'ry foe!
Jesus Christ, your Captain, gives you as you go, Vic - to-ry, vic - to - ry, o-ver ev'ry foe!
There we'll gladly gather, no more out to go, Vic - to-ry, vic - to - ry, ours o'er ev'ry foe!

Chorus.

Pass along the watchword! Victory! Vic - to-ry! Pass along the watchword! Vic-to - ry! Vic - to-ry!



WORK IN THE VINEYARD.

F. SWETT. (Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.—MATT. XX: 7.) J. W. SHRYOCK.



THE JASPER SEA.

MRS. M. L. RAYNE. J. R. MURRAY.

1. They are waiting, waiting for us, By the Jasper sea; We can hear the heavenly chorus Of their
2. Since the light of Christian graces Never can grow dim, We may walk in shining places, Fol-low-

mel - o - dy; We can see the pearly whiteness Of their garments fair, And discern the far off
ers of him. They remember and watch o'er us, From that further shore; They have cleft the wave be-

Chorus.

They are wait - - - ing, wait - - -

brightness In that ra-diant air. They are waiting, angels waiting, They are waiting, angels
fore us, And passed safely o'er. They are waiting, etc.

ing For you, friend, and me,..... They are wait - - -

waiting, They are waiting, waiting, waiting for us by the Jasper sea. They are waiting, an-gels

ing, wait - - - ing, Wait - ing for you and for me.....

waiting, yes they're waiting there for me; Waiting for you and for me, for you and me.

THE ETERNAL YEARS.

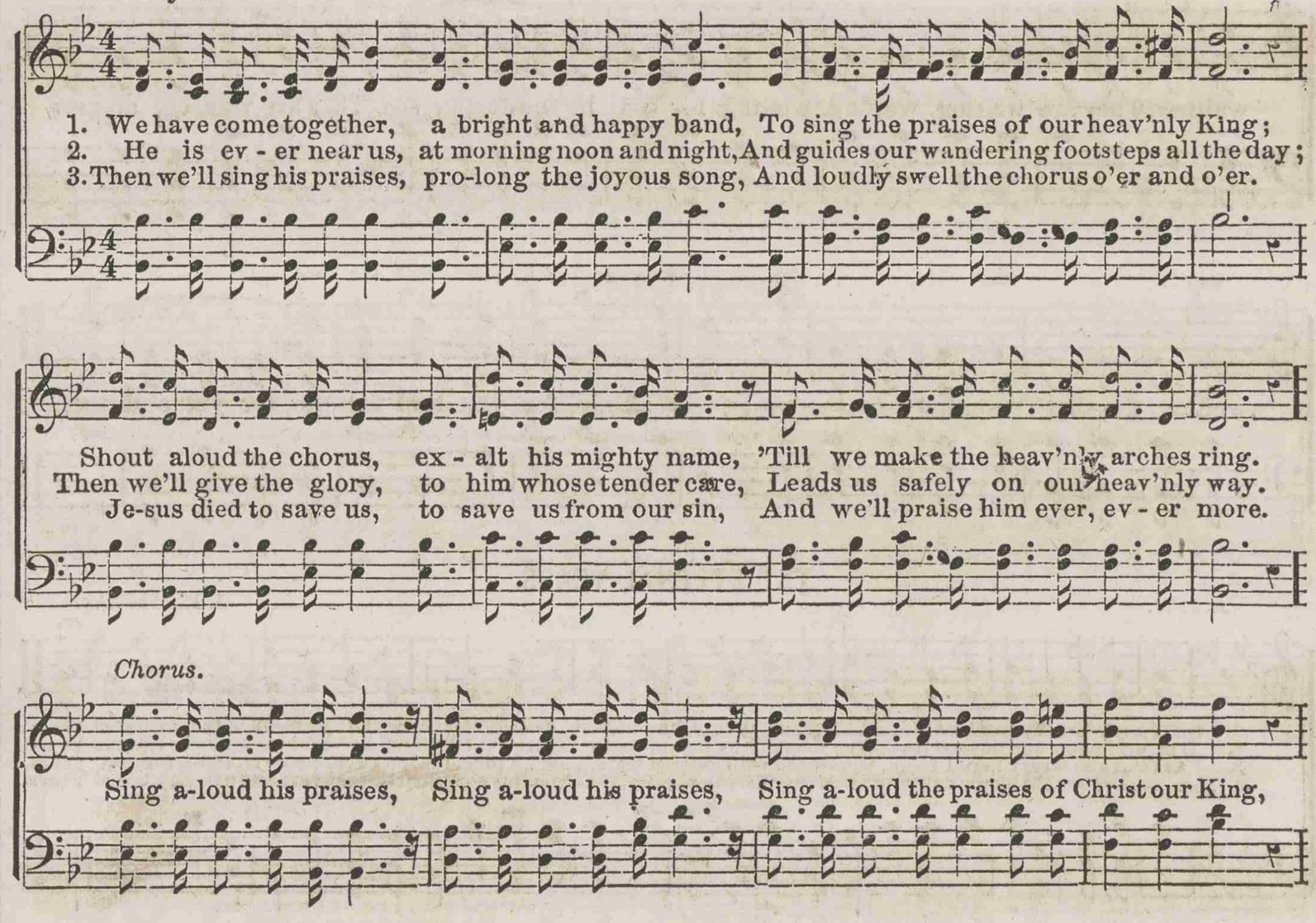
A. J. W. J. R. MURRAY.

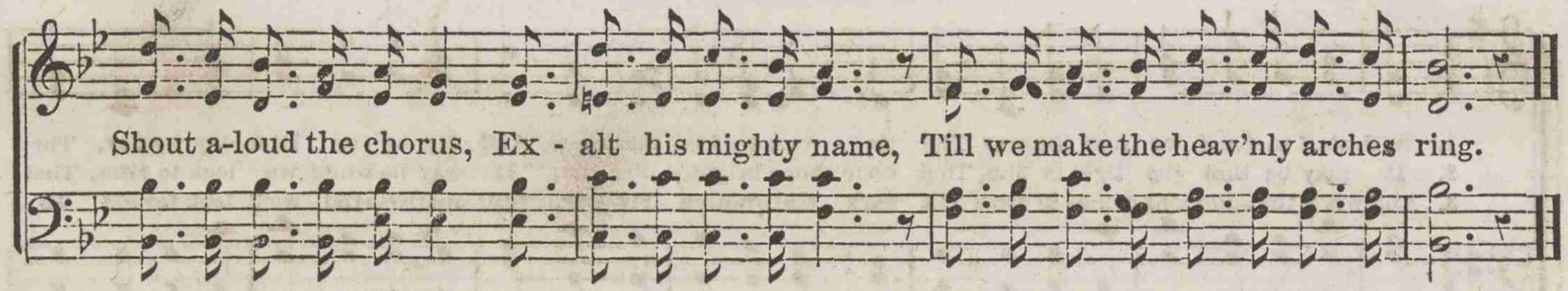
1. O still, my heart, thy troubled thoughts, Thy anxious doubts and fears: There yet is peace and rest for thee In the Eternal Years.
2. O blessed home and blessed peace, The thought my bosom cheers, There yet is calm and rest for me In those Eternal Years.
3. As faint and weary here I roam, Oppressed with gloomy fears, I sigh, I long, for the sweet peace Of those Eternal Years.
4. Then hasten Thou the happy day When, free from cares and fears, With Thee my soul shall taste sweet rest In those Eternal Years.

SING ALOUD HIS PRAISES.

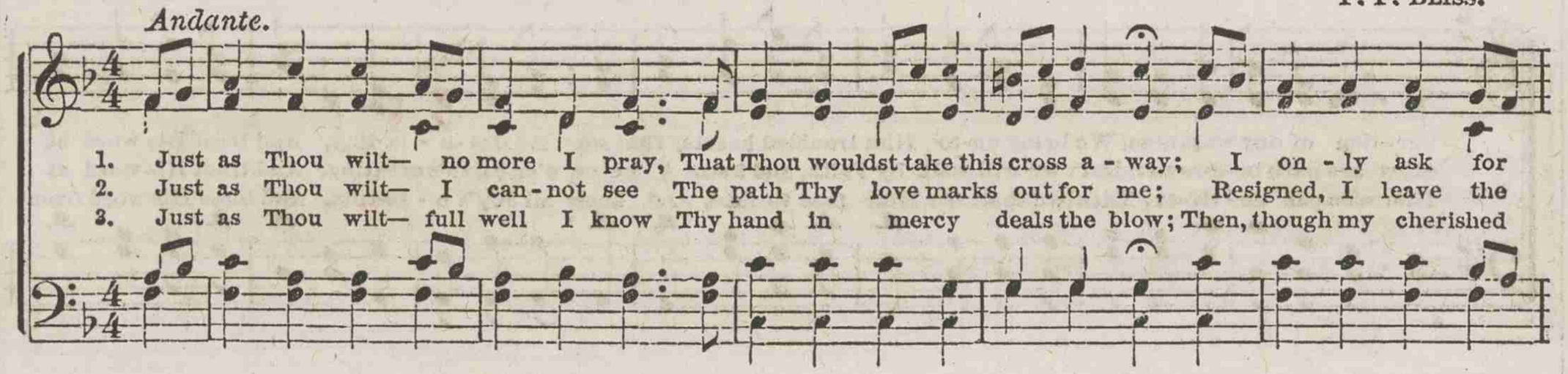
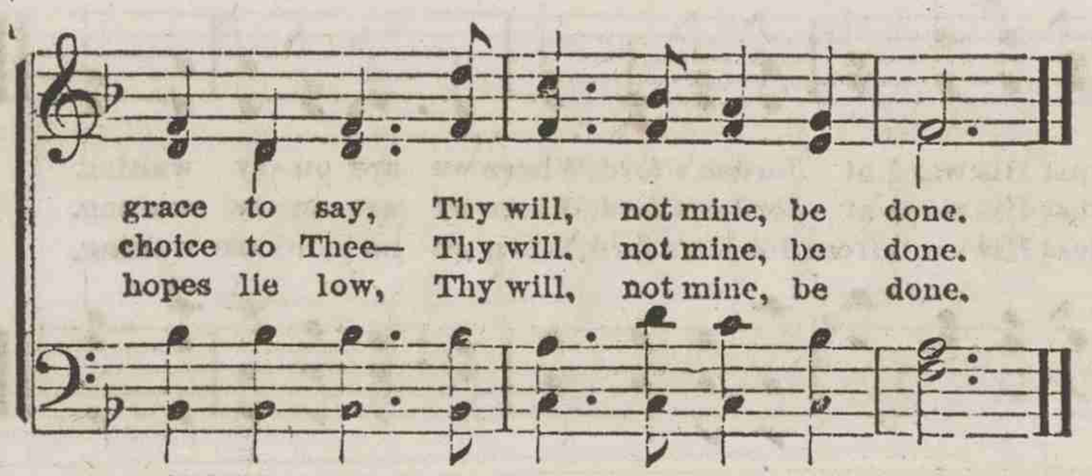
Words and Music by H. E. KIMBALL.

Allegretto.





JUST AS THOU WILT.

P. P. BLISS.

4. Just as Thou wilt—though called to part
With dearest friends, until my heart
Quivers beneath Thy piercing dart—
Thy will, not mine, be done.

5. Just as Thou wilt—O Lamb divine,
What grief can be compared to Thine!
Then let thy prayer henceforth be mine,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

6. Just as Thou wilt—till life be past;
Then, safe beyond earth's stormy blast,
My soul shall sing with joy at last,
Thy will *and* mine be done.

WAITING AT THE FORD.

PAULINA. J. R. MURRAY.

1. With staff in hand we tread the way The Sa - vior trod in meekness, And lay up - on Him, day by day, The
2. It may be that the light is dim, That once shone brightly o'er us; It may be while we look to Him, That
3. And when the summons comes to cross The dark and swollen riv - er, Still undismayed we'll look for aid To

bur - den of our weakness. We bring un-to Him troubled hearts, That sin is des - o - la-ting, And trust His word at
skies are dark be-fore us: But we will walk by Faith, and know A peace, o'er earth's creating, And trust His word at
Him who can de - liv-er: Then we shall see Him face to face, And know all Joy's e - la-ting. And bless His word from

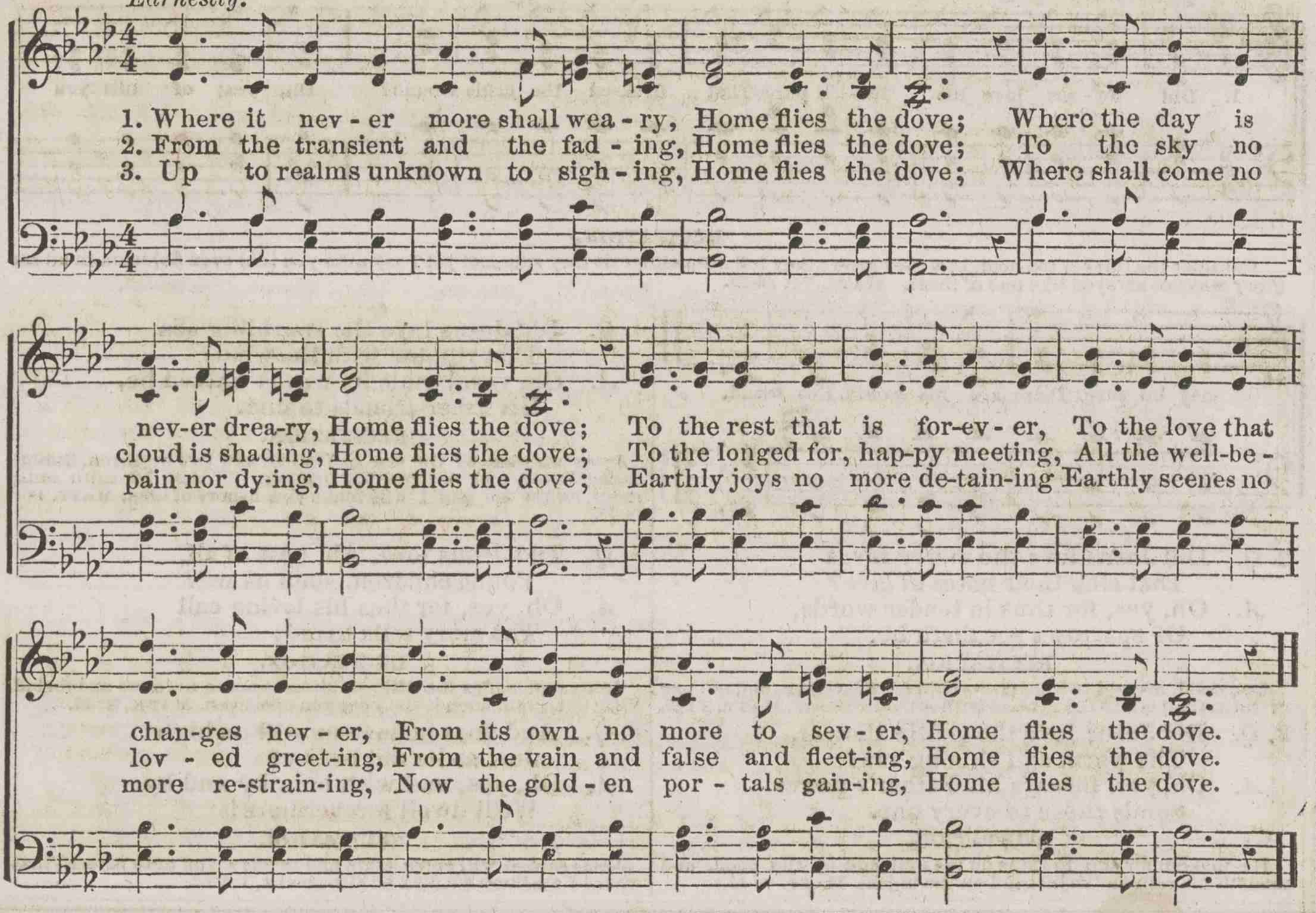
Jordan's ford, Where we are on - ly wait-ing, And trust His word at Jordan's ford, Where we are on - ly waiting.
Jordan's ford, Where we are on - ly wait-ing, And trust His word at Jordan's ford, Where we are on - ly waiting.
Jordan's ford, When we no more are wait-ing, And bless His word from Jordan's ford, When we no more are waiting.

HOME FLIES THE DOVE.

The soul may be likened to a dove in a cage, from which some day it shall be set free to go home to its rest.

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

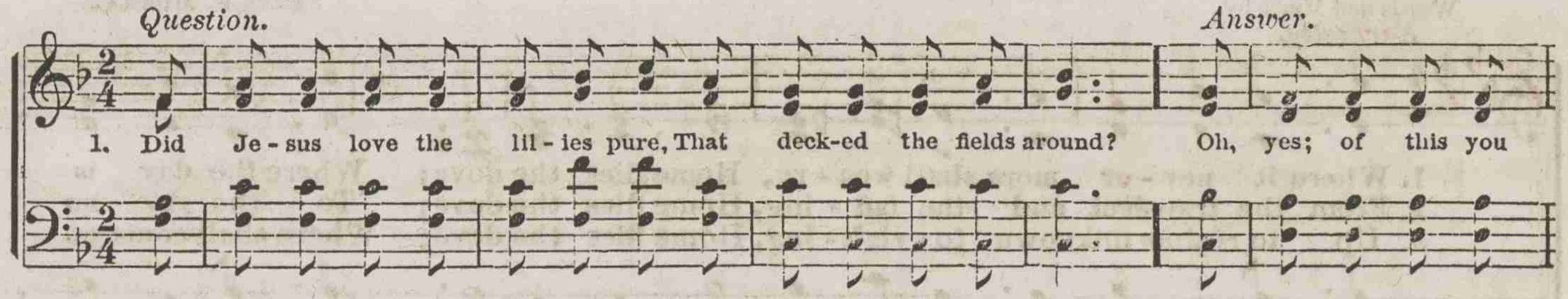
Earnestly.



DID JESUS LOVE THEM?

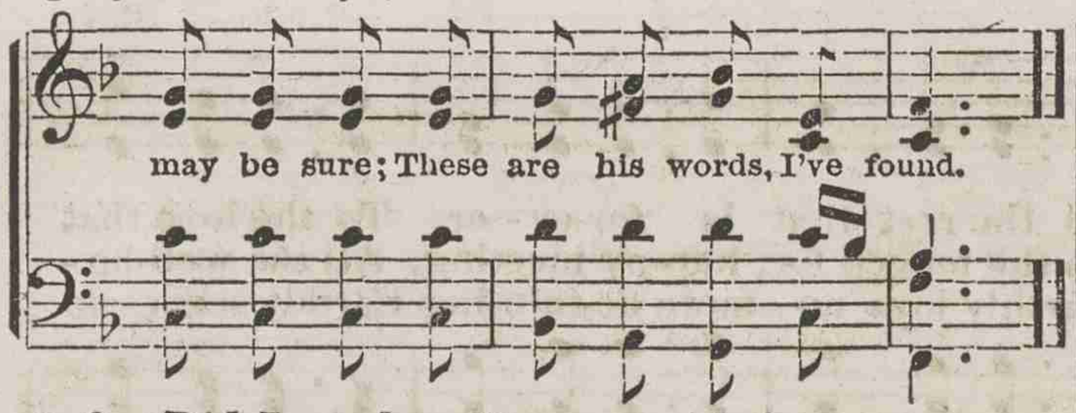
MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. J. R. MURRAY.

The questions may be sung by a single voice (Treble) or as a Duet (Treble and Alto) or as printed, by the teachers or a class. The answers are to be sung by the whole school. The recitations may be by single voices or by classes.



RECITATION.

Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. MATT. VI: 28-29.



2. *Q.* Did Jesus love the merry birds
That sing their notes of glee?
A. Oh, yes, for thus in tender words,
Of sparrows speaketh he.

RECITATION.

Jesus said, are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and not one of them shall fall to the ground without your father. MATT. X: 29.

3. *Q.* Did Jesus love the gentle shower,
The warm and shining sun?
A. Oh, yes, he says his Father's power
Sends these to every one.

RECITATION.

He maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust. MATT. V: 45.

4. *Q.* Did Jesus love the sparkling sea
That rippled with the wind?
A. Oh, yes, beside its waves walked he,
His fisher-friends to find.

RECITATION.

Jesus walking by the sea of Galilee saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother. And he saith unto them, follow me and I will make you fishers of men. MATT. IV: 18-19.

5. *Q.* Did Jesus love, Ah, best of all,
Young children, such as we?
A. Oh, yes, for thus his loving call
The story tells to me:

RECITATION.

Jesus said, suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. MARK, X: 14.

6. *Q.* And does he love us still on high
Just as he did before?
A. Oh, yes, and with him, by and by
We'll dwell forevermore!

RECITATION.

Jesus said—I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also. JOHN, XIV: 3.

SOW YE BESIDE ALL WATERS.

ANNA SHIPTON.

J. R. MURRAY.

Spirited.

1. Sow ye beside all wa - ters, Where heaven's dew may fall; La - bor and be not
2. Sow when the sun - light sheddeth Its warm and cheer - ing ray; For rain of heav'n des
3. Sow when the morn-ing break-eth In beau - ty o'er the land; And when the even - ing
4. On! with thine heart in heav - en, On! in thy Master's might; Till the wild waste shall

Cho. D. C. Sow ye beside all wa-ters, Where heaven's dew may fall; La - bor and be not

Fine.

wea - ry, For the Spir-it breathes o'er all. Sow ye be-side all wa - ters,
cend - eth, When the sunbeams pass a - way. Sow when the tem - ptest low - ers,
fall - eth Then withhold not thou thine hand, Sow though the rock re - pel thee.
blos - som In the blessed Savior's light. Work while the day-light last - eth,

wea - ry. For the Spir-it breathes o'er all.

Chorus D. C.

Sow-ing with faith and prayer, Name him whose hand up - holds thee, And sow thou ev - 'ry-where.
For calm-er days will break, And seed in darkness nourished, A good-ly plant may make.
In cold and ster - ile pride; Some cleft there may be riv - en, Where lit - tle seeds may hide.
Ere shades of night come on; Soon shall we rest from la - bor, Soon shall our work be done.

BE UP AND DOING.

E. A. W. P. P. BLISS.

1. Be up and do - ing! for the work A-round thee thickly stands; And few the earnest
2. Be up and do - ing! think of men Who're dy-ing day by day,— Dy-ing in sin and

workers are, And few the will - ing hands. Be up and do - ing! think of souls Who
wretchedness: Oh! help them while you may. Be up and do - ing! soon thy toil Shall

perish all a - round, That thro' thy earnest helpfulness Some "lost" ones may be "found."
have a full re - ward, And all his faith-ful la - bor-ers Be "ev - er with the Lord."

JESUS SAID.

(BAPTISMAL HYMN.)

Composed and Dedicated to the Lawrence St. Sabbath School, Lawrence, Mass, S. A. Ellis.

Allegro.

Suf-fer lit-tle children to come un-to me, Je-sus said, Je-sus said,

Fine.

Suf-fer lit-tle children to come un-to me, Je-sus said, For-bid them not.

Moderato.

D. C.

For of such is the Kingdom, the Kingdom of Heaven, For of such is the Kingdom, the Kingdom of Heaven.

D. C.

THE LAND BEYOND THE BLUE.

R. F. HUGHES. J. R. MURRAY.

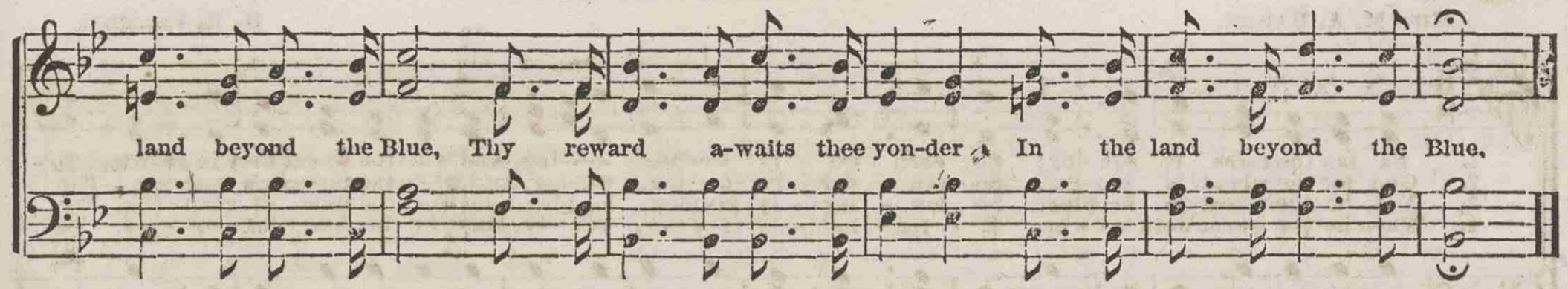
Earnestly.

1. Onward! Halt not, pilgrim stranger, Tho' thy cross be hard to bear; Strength thou shalt receive from Heaven, If thy
2. Forward! Turn not, pilgrim stranger, There's a race for thee to run, And a crown will be thy guerdon When thy
3. Upward! Faint not, pilgrim stranger, Pierce the clouds which thee surround; See the pear-ly gates be-fore thee, At the

cour - age fail thee ne'er. God is ev - er near to guide thee, If thou to thy-self be true; Thy re-
work be-low is done, There's a gol - den harp in glo - ry, And a spot - less robe for you, When you
far ho - ri - zon's bound! Look not backward, for there's danger; Ev - er keep the goal in view, 'Till thou

Chorus.

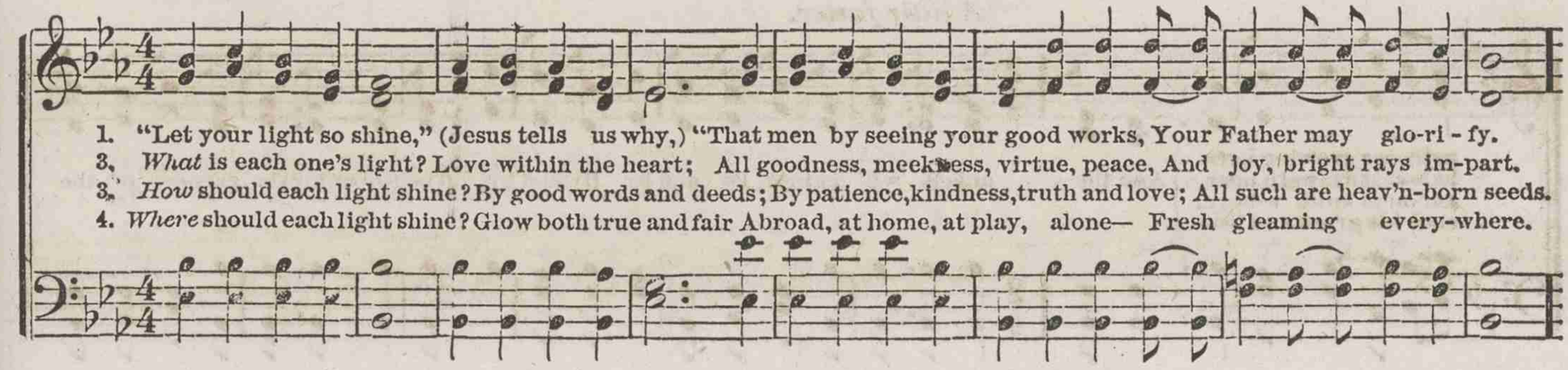
ward will come here-af - ter, In the land beyond the blue.
reach the Ho - ly Ci - ty, In the land beyond the blue.
pas - sest o'er the riv - er, To the land beyond the blue,

} In the land beyond the Blue, In the

SHINING LIGHTS.

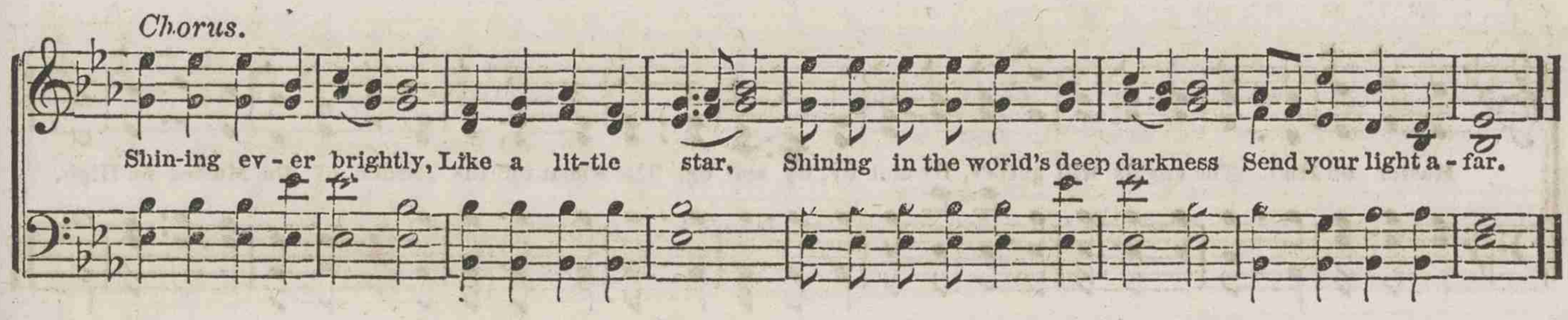
(MATT. V: 16.)

Words and Music by REV. J. S. BOYD.

Moderato.



Chorus.



THE TARES.

MISS M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Sa - tan the tares is sow-ing; So earn - est - ly sow-ing, sow-ing, And with the wheat they're growing. To -
2. God for the wheat is car-ing, So ten - der - ly car-ing, car-ing, And while the tares he's sparing, The
3. Yes, he the wheat is keeping, So lov - ing - ly keeping, keeping, Safe for the time of reap - ing, For
4. When he the wheat doth sev - er, E - ter - nal - ly sev - er, sev - er, May we be his for - ev - er, To

A little faster.

geth - er growing here.
har-vest draweth near.
gar-ners built a-bove.
sing his grace and love.
} And the angels will gather, By and by, By and by, The wheat for the garner of the

Master on High, The angels will gather, By and by, By and by, The wheat for the garner of the Master on High.

I THINK HE LOVES THE LITTLE ONES BEST.

GERALD MASSEY. JOHN MORRISON.

1. When he was with us our Saviour said, Suffer the Children to come unto me; I see Him still with
2. Here we are poorest of God's own poor, Toiling for bread from day to day, In Heav'n is laid a
3. Then lit-tle hearts be glad and sing, Freely His love to His Children warms; And little voices

Chorus.

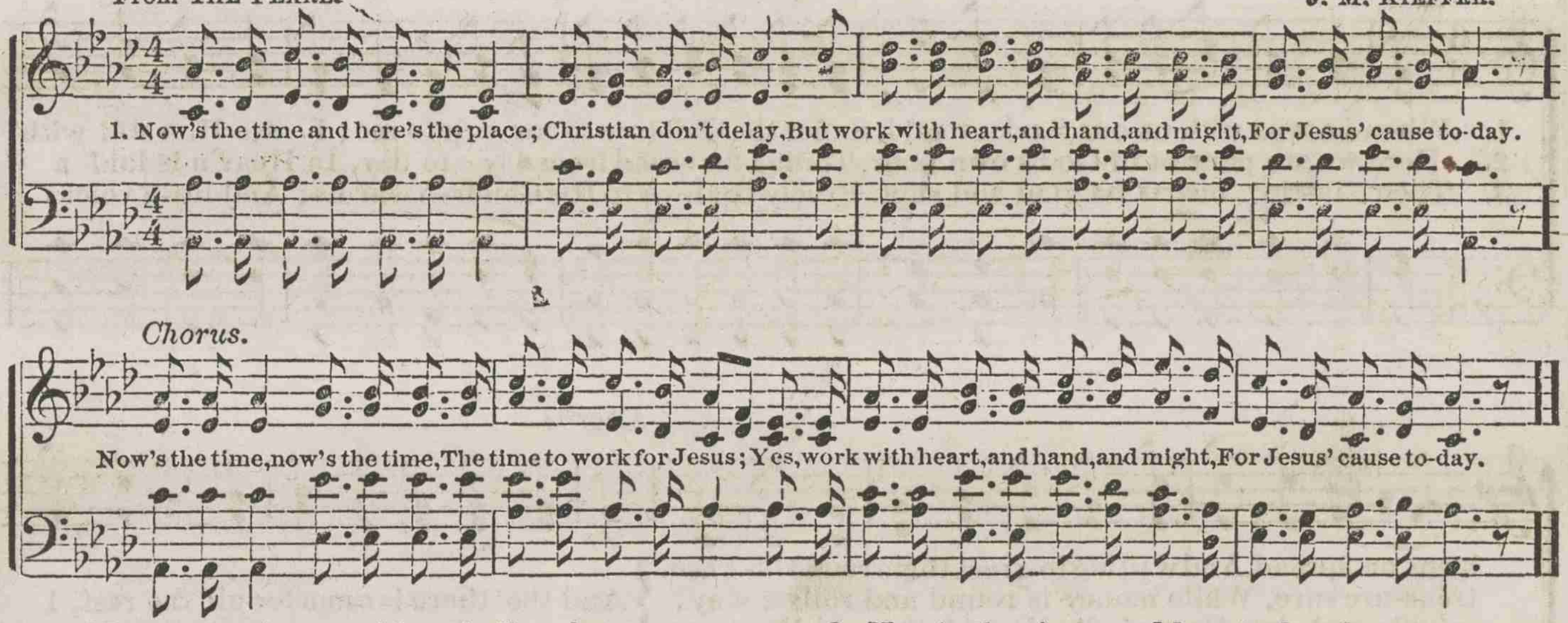
arms out-spread, And waiting to greet them round his knee.
treas-ure sure, While money is round and rolls a-way.
ripple and ring, How gladly He folds them in His arms.

} And tho' there is room for all the rest, I

think He loves the Lit-tle Ones best; And tho' there is room for all the rest, I think He loves the Little Ones best.

WORK FOR JESUS.

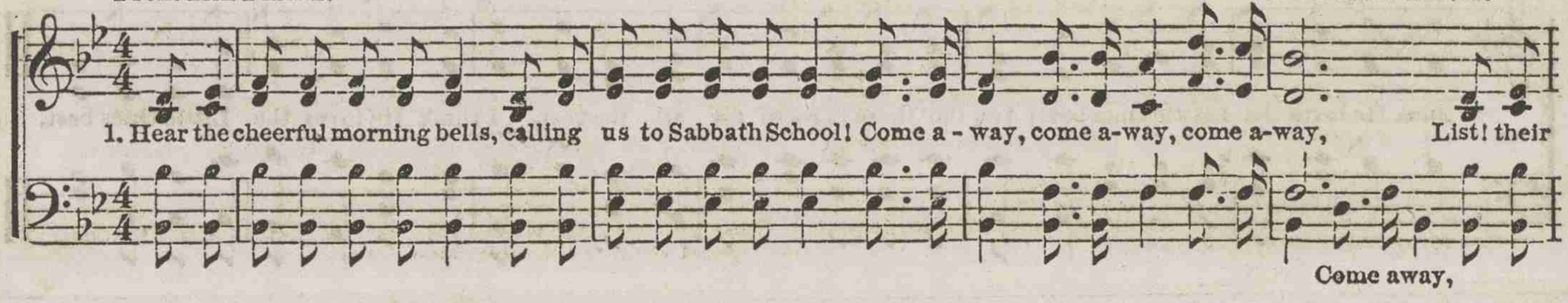
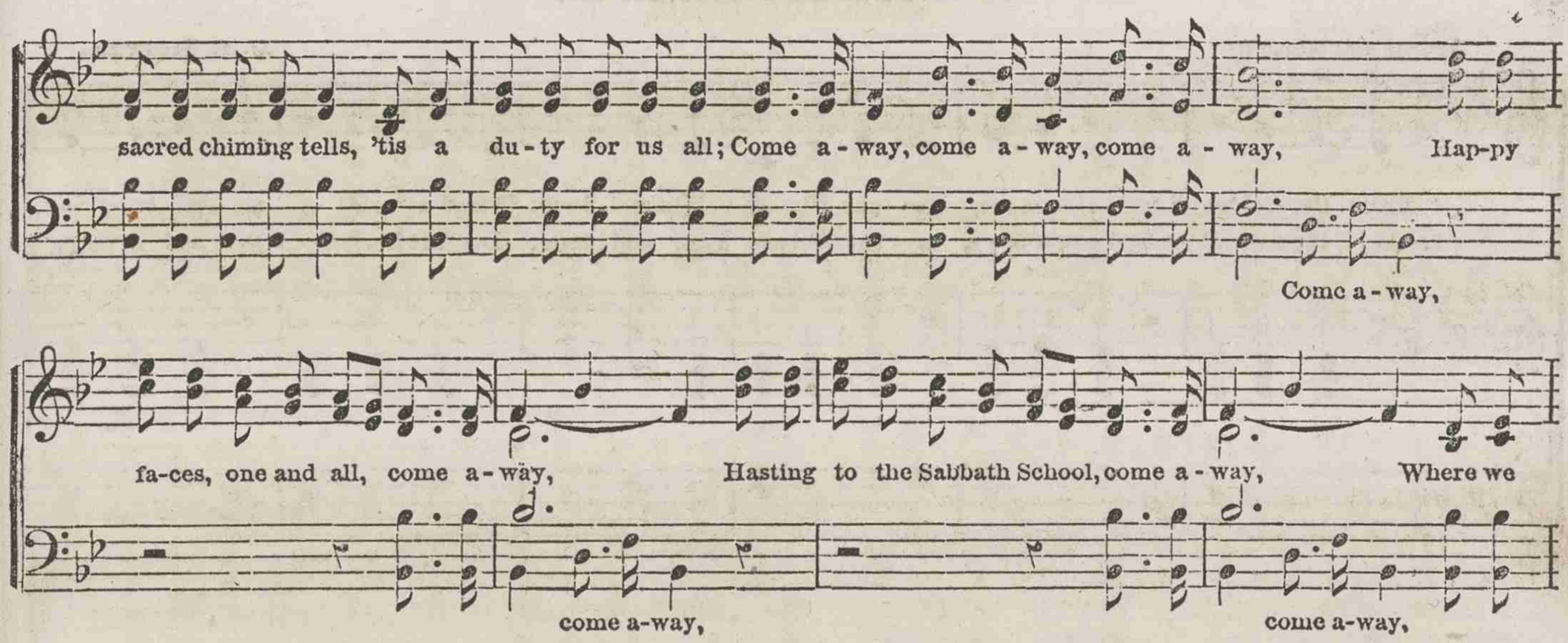
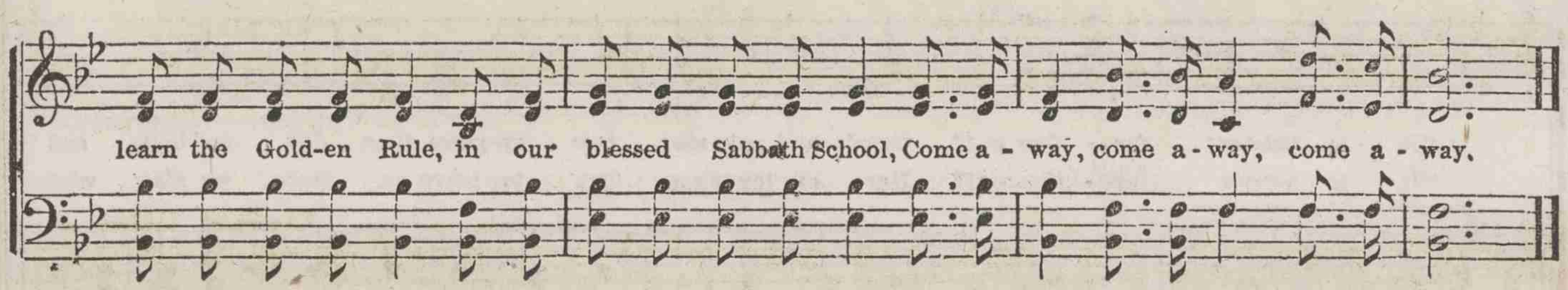
From THE PEARL.

J. M. KIEFFER.

2. Now's the time, and here's the place;
Jesus lead the way;
Thou art our Light, our Strength, and Trust;
For thee we'll work to-day. *Chorus.*

3. Now's the time, and here's the place,
Christian, never cease;
But labor on for Christ and truth,
Above there's rest and peace. *Chorus.*

COME AWAY TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

From THE PEARL.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



2. How we love the meetings there, in our blessed Sabbath School,
Come away, come away, come away.
There unite in praise and prayer, at our Father's gracious call,
Come away, come away, come away.
There we've teachers, kind and true, come away,
There we've books, both old and new, come away,
There we love to heed each rule, in our pleasant Sabbath School,
Come away, come away, come away.

3. There we learn of Jesus' love, in our blessed Sabbath School,
Come away, come away, come away.
And the road that leads above, where there's happiness for all,
Come away, come away, come away.
There we sing our songs of love, come away,
And are taught of things above, come away,
Then let's heed the cheerful call, for the blessed Sabbath School,
Come away, come away come away.

IT IS BETTER FARTHER ON.

Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

1. From the Golden Land a-bove us, To our wea-ry hearts and lone; Comes a voice of an - gel sweetness,
2. Are thy feet all bruised and wea-ry, Is thy journey long and lone; Do the hours seem sad and dreary,

"It is bet-ter far - ther on!" Grief and pain may now op-press thee, Joy and hope and
"It is bet-ter far - ther on!" Here our loved are first to leave us, Here we sing with

friends be gone, Faint not, heart, thy rest is com-ing, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
sad-dened tone, Here our eyes are dimmed with weeping, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."

Chorus.

is bet-ter, yes, tis bet-ter, Bid the shadows

It is bet - ter, yes, tis bet - ter, Bid the shad-ows, and your fears be gone,

sweet - ly say-ing, It is bet - ter,

Hear the voi-ces ev - er sweet - ly say - ing, "It is bet - ter, bet-ter far-ther on."

WHITHERSOEVER THOU GOEST WE GO.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. "Through pathways of dan-ger and darkness and dread, We fol - low Thee glad - ly, O Master," we said. "Lead
2. Says the Master "who follows the path where I lead Must learn of its sadness, and suf - fer its need, Its
3 Sore - sor - row-ing, sobbing and wounded and worn, We hear a voice say-ing, "This too have I born!" And

on-ward, lead up-ward! thro' weal or thro' woe, For whith - er - so - ev - er Thou go - est, we go!"
cross must en-dure, and its dan - gers must know: Wilt thou fol - low me,—where - so - ev - er I go?"
while we bend weep-ing, we find on the sod The prints where the feet of the Mas-ter have trod!

Chorus.

"Yea! whither - so - ev - er! what - ev- er betide, We fear not the dan-gers with Thee for our guide? Tho' we

bow to the bur - den and weep for the woe, Yet, whith-er - so - ev - er Thou go - est, we go!"

WITH THEE.

J. R. MURRAY.

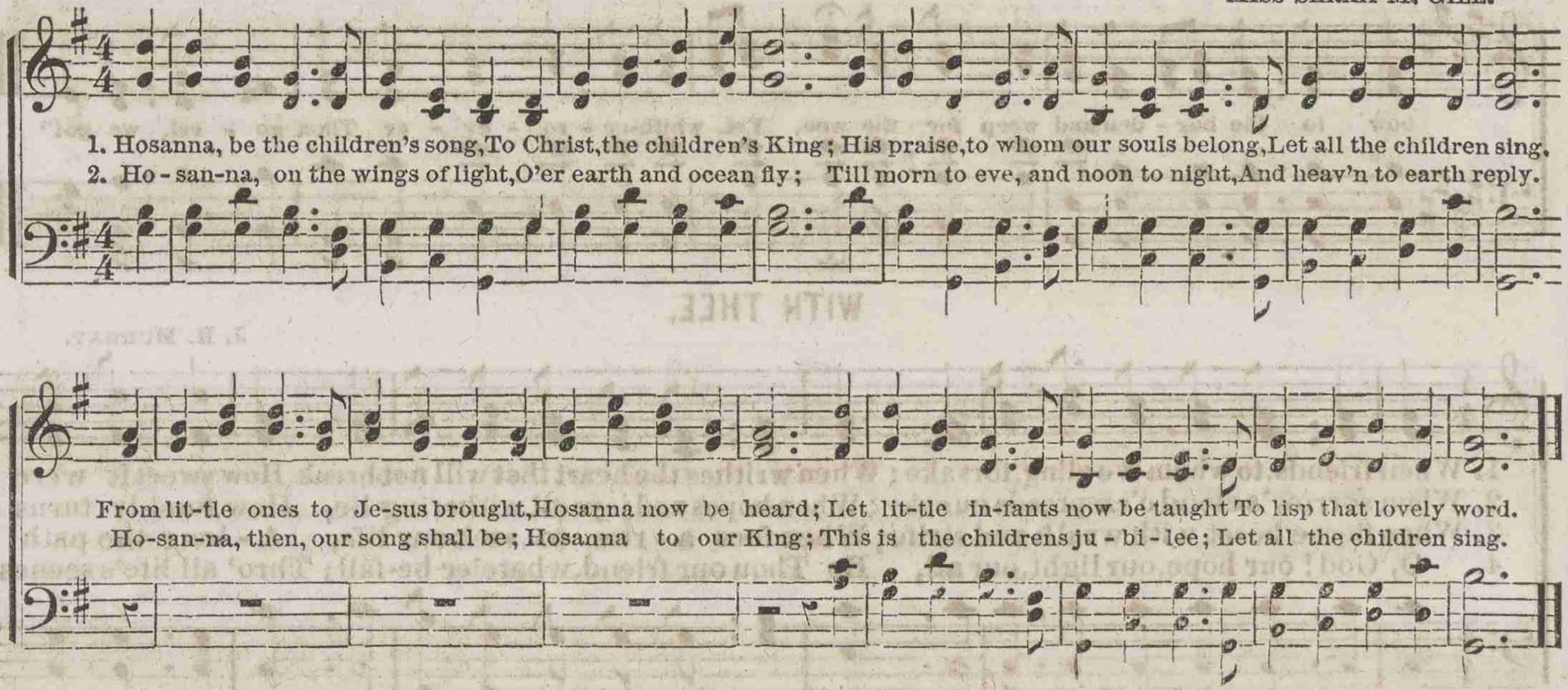
1. When friends, to whom we cling, forsake; When writhes the heart that will not break, How sweet it were
2. When sorrow's cloud o'erspreads our sky; When hopes and joys all withering lie, How fond-ly turns
3. When fierce beset with wrath and strife; When foes a - rise to seek our life, A - long the path
4. O, God! our hope, our light, our all, Be Thou our friend, whate'er be-fall; Thro' all life's scenes

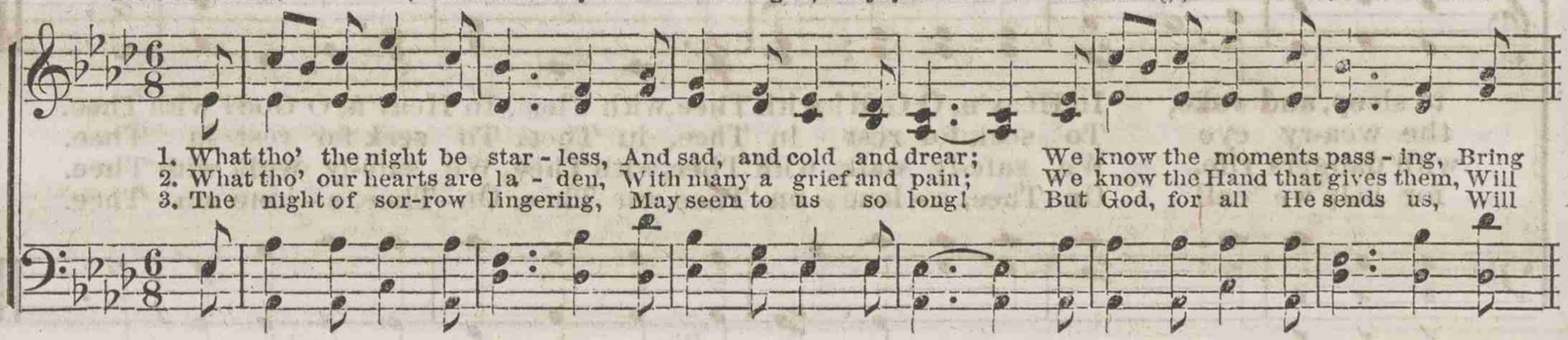
Thee, with Thee, with Thee.

to sleep, and wake, In Heav'n, O God! with Thee, with Thee, In Heav'n, O God! with Thee.
the wea-ry eye To seek for rest in Thee, in Thee, To seek for rest in Thee.
with dangers rife, We safe-ly walk with Thee, with Thee, We safe-ly walk with Thee.
for help we call On Thee, a - lone on Thee, on Thee, On Thee, a - lone on Thee.

Dim - - e - ril.

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

MISS SARAH M. GILE.

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

HOPE ARDOR. (Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.) J. R. MURRAY.

morning yet more near; We know the cloud of darkness, Is on - ly for the night, That
lift them off a - gain. We know, that tho' so wea - ry, We fain would weep with grief, The
make us ful - ly strong; And as we turn to wel-come The morn's first ray of light, We

Chorus.

daylight in its dawning, May seem more glad and bright.
light of God's own promise Shall sure-ly give re - lief.
find that all our sor-row, Was on - ly for the night.

So tho' the night be star-less, Our

hearts will know no fear, For moments quickly passing, Bring daylight yet more near,

THE BIBLE.

PAULINA. (A well of Salvation.) J. R. MURRAY.

1. When the heart is pressed with care, And the eye grows dim; When we look to God in prayer, Fleeing un - to him.
2. Love the bless-ed word of God, Lest thy feet should slide From the narrow pathway, trod By the Cru - ci-fied.
3. Here are springs of joy and peace, Strength for weakness given, Hope that all our woes shall cease In the light of heav'n

There is comfort and re-lief, That no words may tell, There is heal-ing for our grief, In Sal-va-tion's Well.
Lest thy spir-it weak-ly yield To the tempter's spell, Seek this fountain and be healed From Salvation's Well.
Here the Pearl, whose mystic worth, Tim may never tell, Oh! what blessedness comes forth, From Salvation's Well.

Chorus.

O! beloved and blessed Page, Who thy worth may tell; Let us draw, from Youth to age, From Salvation's Well.

HILLS OF THE BLEST.

E. E. REXFORD. S. A. ELLIS.

Andantino.

1. Soul of the Christian, be happy in God; Treading the path that your Savior has trod, Soon shall your feet climb the
2. Soul of the Christian, be stead-fast and true Work in the field God has giv - en to you; Sow in the spring time, and
3. Soul of the Christian, let noth-ing affright, Trust in thy Father and fol-low the right, Look not to earth but the
4. Soul of the Christian, be stead-fast in God, Trust you his hand, tho' it holdeth a rod, He loveth most whom he

rit. *Chorus.*

Hills of the Blest, Hills where the weary may tarry and rest.
reap in the fall, Lo, there is sow-ing and reaping for all.
hills ov - er there, Beau - ti-ful Hills where a crown thou shalt wear.
chas - tis- eth sore Soul of the Christian, Oh fal-ter no more.

Hills of the Blest, though the riv - er is wide,

rit.

See I your heights where the happy abide, Hills of the Blest Beautiful hills Hills! Hills where the weary may tarry and rest.

Hills of the blest, Beautiful hills,

STRAIGHT AHEAD.

MARY FLETCHER. J. R. MURRAY.

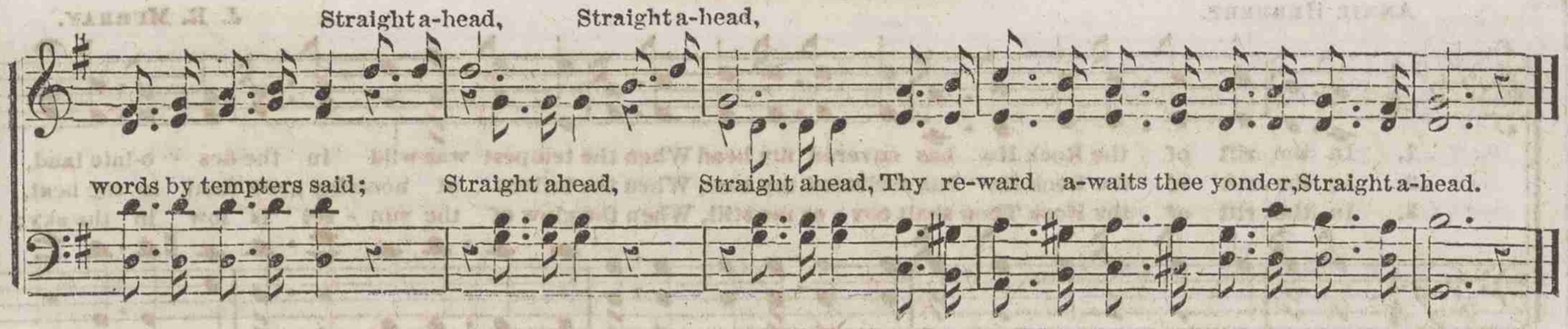
1. Nev-er from the path of du - ty, Ev - er let thy footsteps stray, Tho' in wild, lux - u-riant beau-ty Flowers bloom a -
2. Tho' the way be dark and narrow, Turn not to the left or right, Broader ways may come to-morrow, Purer beams thy

round thy way; Dangerous pitfalls they are hiding, Tho' they sweetest fragrance shed, Let thy watchword be a - bid-ing,
footsteps light; Hope, its cheering rays so ten-der, May around thy pathway shed, Burn-ing with re - new - ed splendor,

Chorus.

Straight ahead, Straight a-head,

Ev-er, ev - er, ev - er straight ahead. Straight ahead, straight ahead, Never pause to dream or wonder, O'er the
Ev-er, ev - er, ev - er straight ahead.

STRAIGHT AHEAD.—Concluded.

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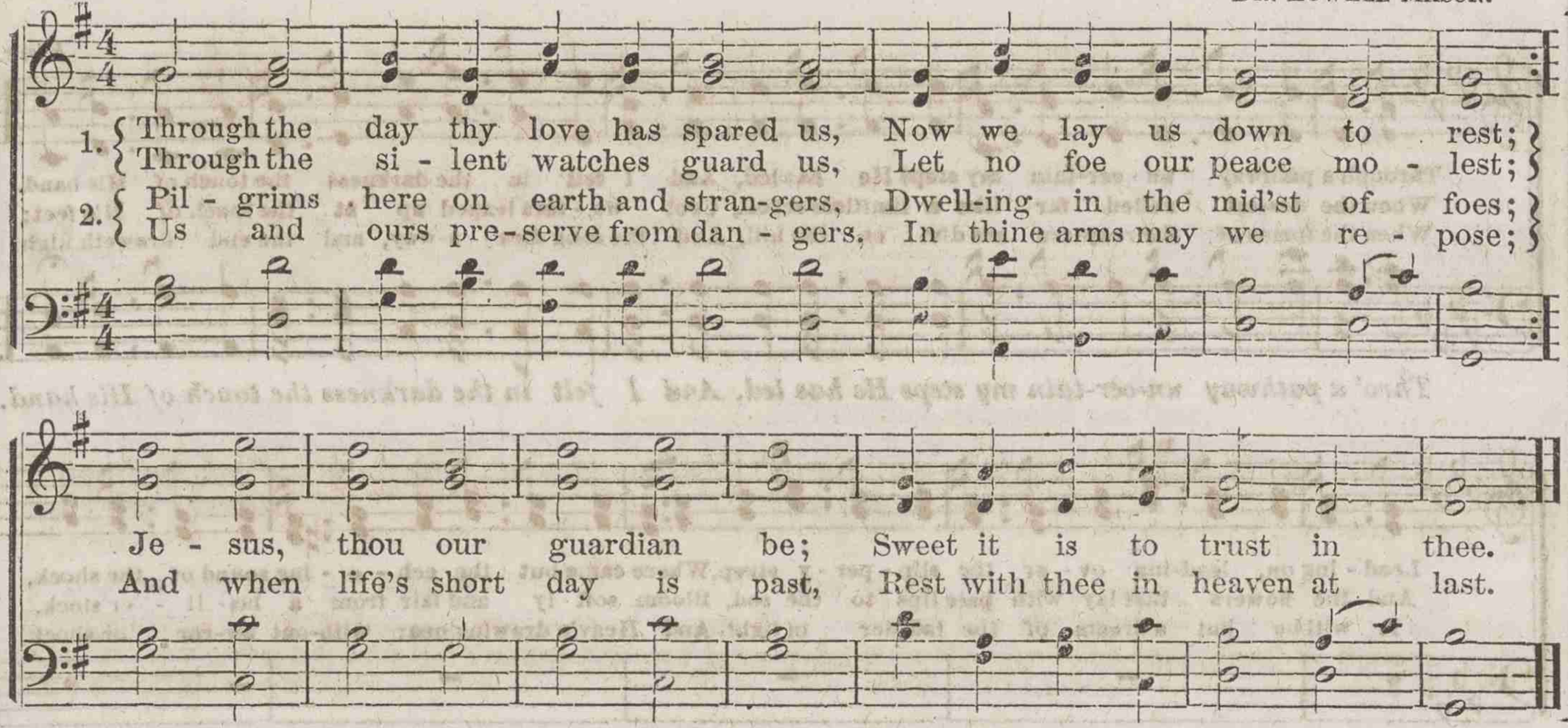
DR. LOWELL MASON.

THE RIFT OF THE ROCK.

ANNIE HERBERT. J. R. MURRAY.

1. In the rift of the Rock He has covered my head When the tempest was wild in the des - o-late land,
2. In the rift of the Rock He has sheltered my soul, When the toilers at noonday grew faint in the heat,
3. In the rift of the Rock Thou shalt cov - er me still, When the glow of the sun - set is low in the sky;

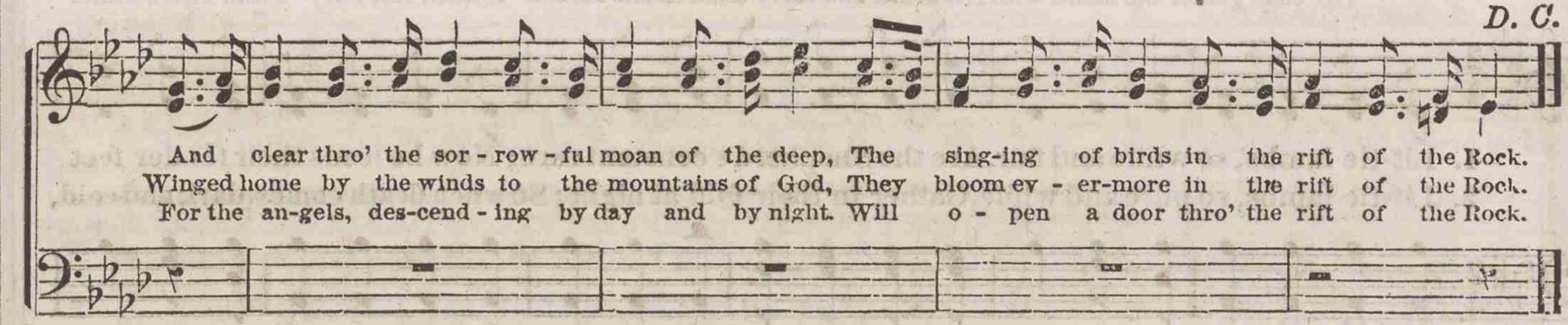
Chorus D. C. In the rift of the Rock He has covered my head, When the tempest was wild in the des - o-late land,

Fine.

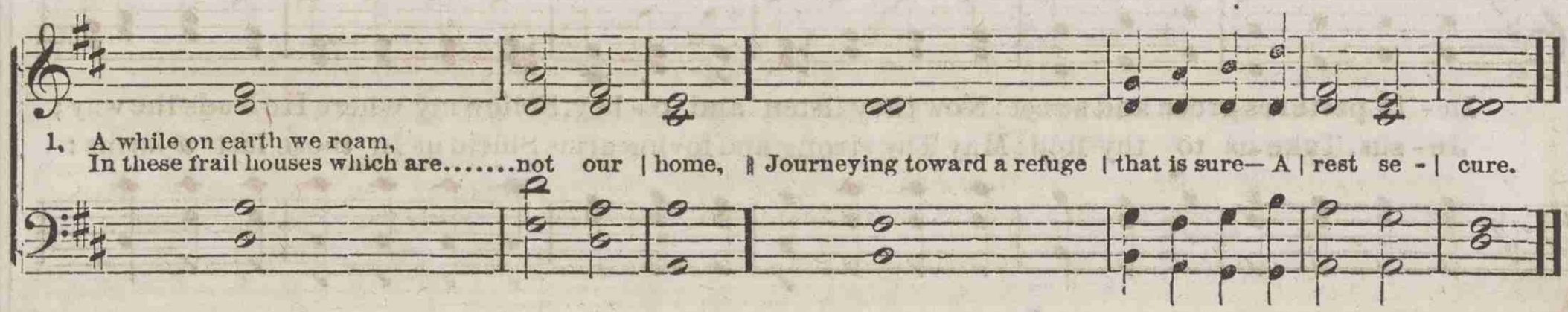
Through a pathway un - cer-tain my steps He has led, And I felt in the darkness the touch of His hand.
When the des-ert rolled far like a limitless scroll, Cool wa - ters leaped up at the touch of His feet;
When the forms of the reap-ers are dim on the hill, And the song dies a-way, and the end draweth nigh;

Thro' a pathway un-cer-tain my steps He has led, And I felt in the darkness the touch of His hand.

Lead - ing on, lead-ing ov - er the slip - per - y steep, Where came but the ech - o - ing sound of the shock,
And the flowers that lay with pale lips to the sod, Bloom soft - ly and fair from a ho - li - er stock,
It will be but a dream of the lad-der of light, And Heav'n drawing near with-out ter-ror or shock,



DWELLERS IN TENTS.

J. R. MURRAY.

2.

Only a little while
We dread the frown of life, and | court its | smile;
A dwelling then we have, not | made with hands
In | other | lands.

3.

Therefore, we need not mourn
That sudden clouds cross our | skies are | borne;
That winter chills us, and the | storm makes rents
In | our frail | tents.

4.

Therefore, we need not fear,
Though moth and rust corrupt our | treasure | here;
Though midnight thieves creep in with | silent stealth
To | seize our | wealth.

5.

For, in our Father's house,
A mansion fair He has pre- | pared for | us;
And only till His voice shall | call us hence,
We | dwell in | tents.

LITTLE LAMBS.

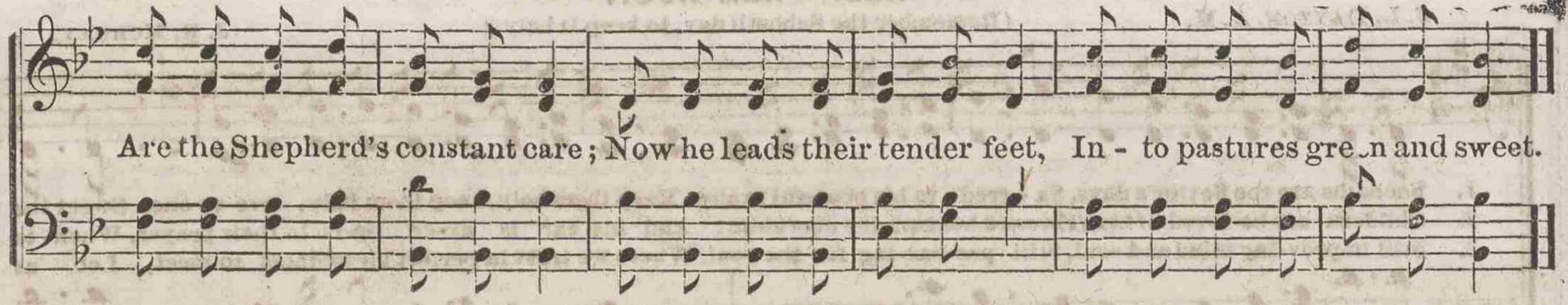
(He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom. ISAIAH XL: 11.) From THE PEARL.

1. Lit-tle lambs, so white and fair, Are the Shepherd's constant care; Now he leads their tender feet
2. Lit-tle lambs, so pure and white, Gather in their fold at night; So when death comes, dark and cold,

In - to pastures green and sweet; Now they listen and o - bey, Following where He leads the way;
Je - sus, Take us to thy fold; May Thy strong and loving arms Shield us in those last a-larms:

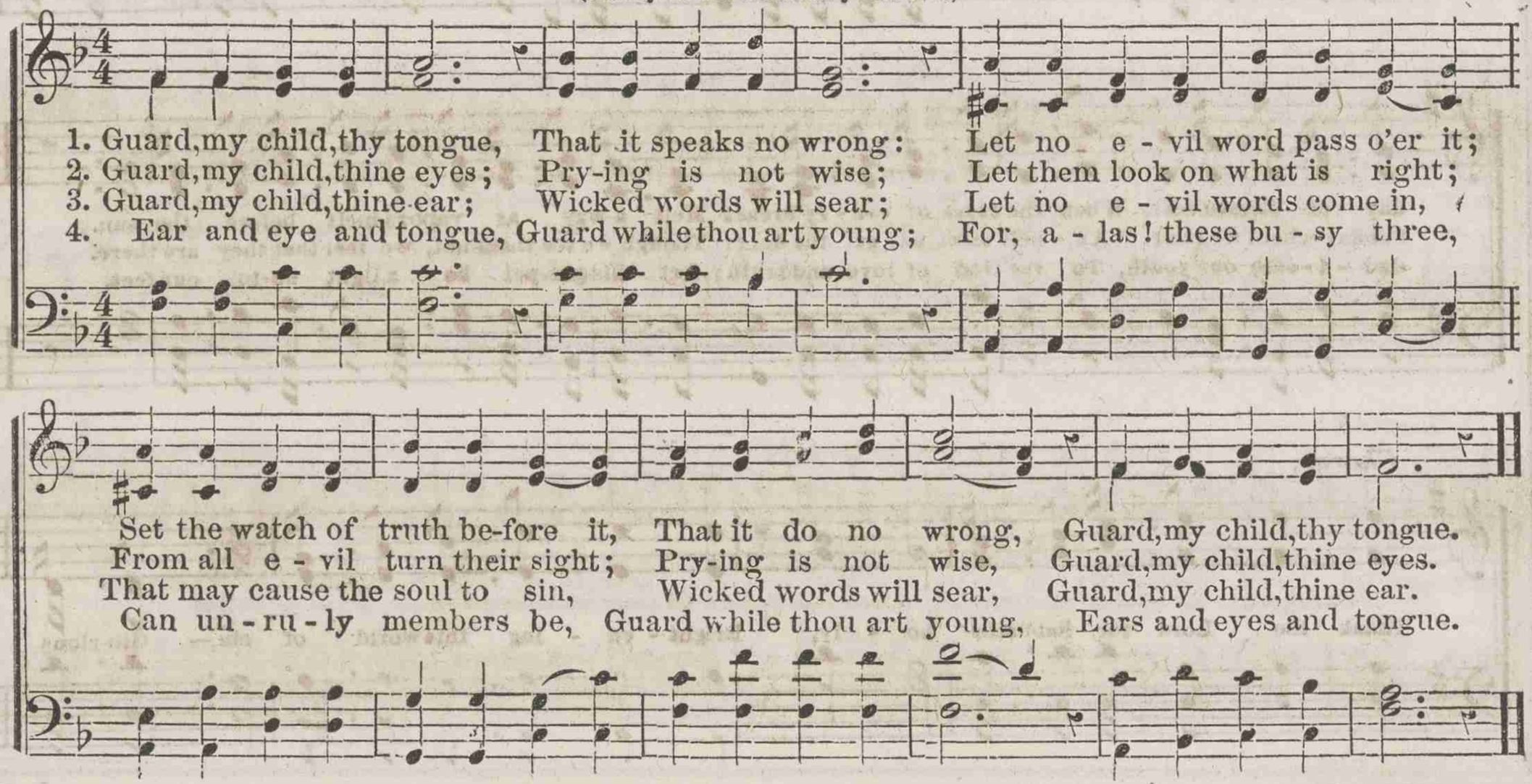
Chorus.

Je-sus, may we learn to be, Thus o - be-dient un - to Thee.
Sweet and qui-et be our sleep, O thou Shepherd of the sheep.

Lit-tle lambs, so white and fair,

GOOD COUNSEL.

(A Rhyme six hundred years old.)

J. R. MURRAY.



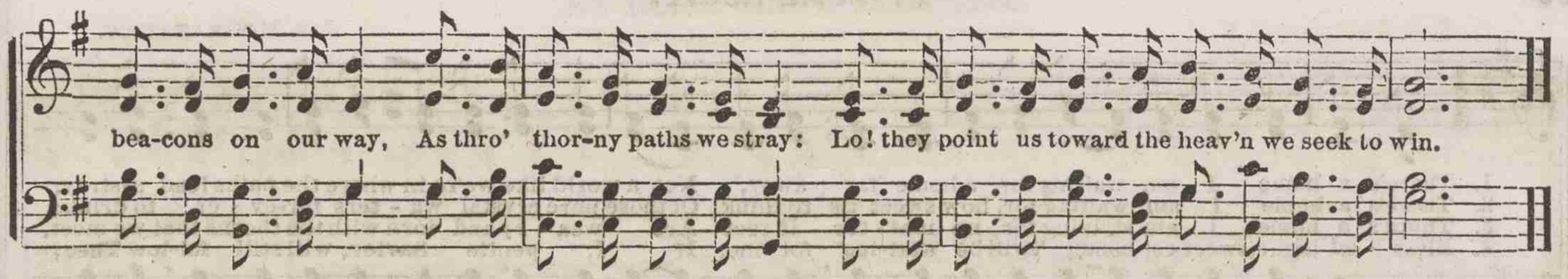
KEEP THEM HOLY.

J. L. DAYTON, A. M. (Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.) J. R. MURRAY.

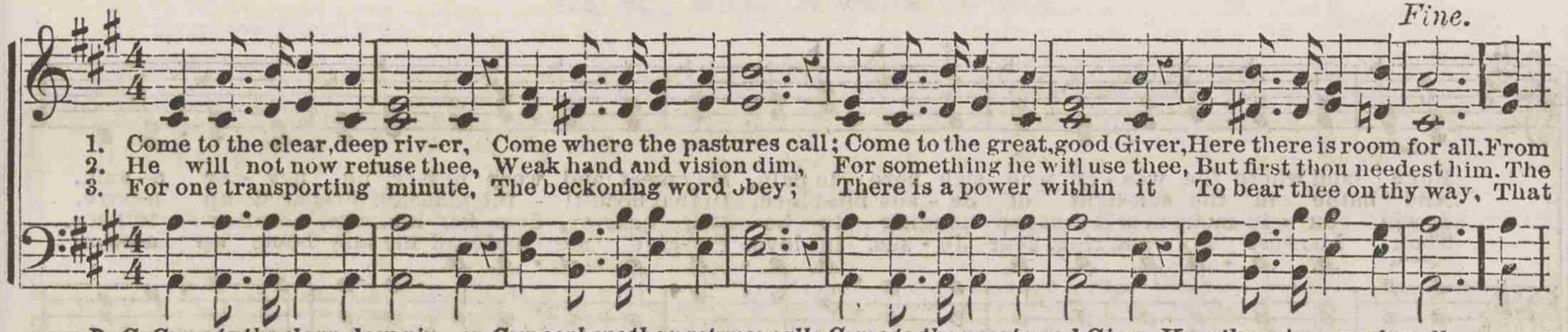
1. Sabbaths are the Savior's days, Sa - cred to his peaceful praise; Keep them holy, keep them holy, eve-ry one. Sweet the
2. Children are be-loved of him, Throned beneath the cherubim: And his ear is ev-er op-en to their prayer. When to
3. Still improv-ing mind and soul, Still pre-par-ing for the goal, Where we trust in perfect blessedness to meet, Let us

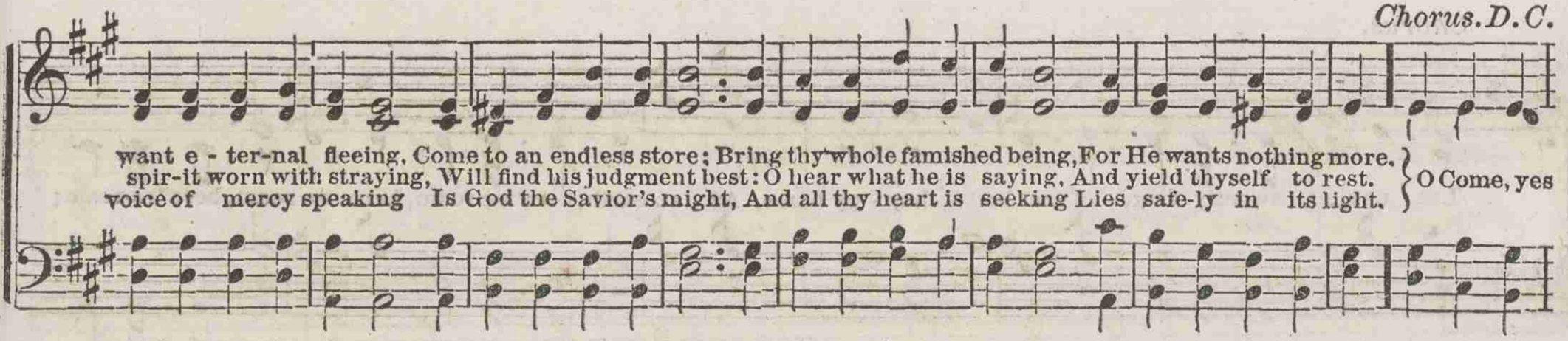
day of blessed rest, When the cares of eve - ry breast Melt a-way as vapors melt before the sun.
Sunday school we pour, An - gels meet us at the door: Though we see them not, we feel that they are there.
ded - i - cate our youth, To the God of love and truth; Let his gos-pel be a light un-to our feet.

Chorus.

Thank the Lord for Sabbaths ho - ly, Bright - en - ing this world of sin,— Glo-rious

COME TO THE CLEAR, DEEP RIVER.

A. L. WARING. J. R. MURRAY.





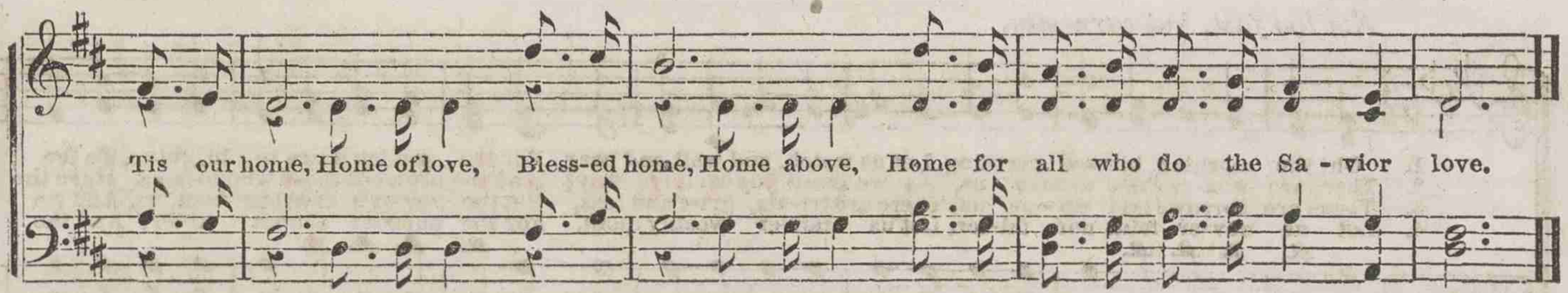
MY HOME ABOVE.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

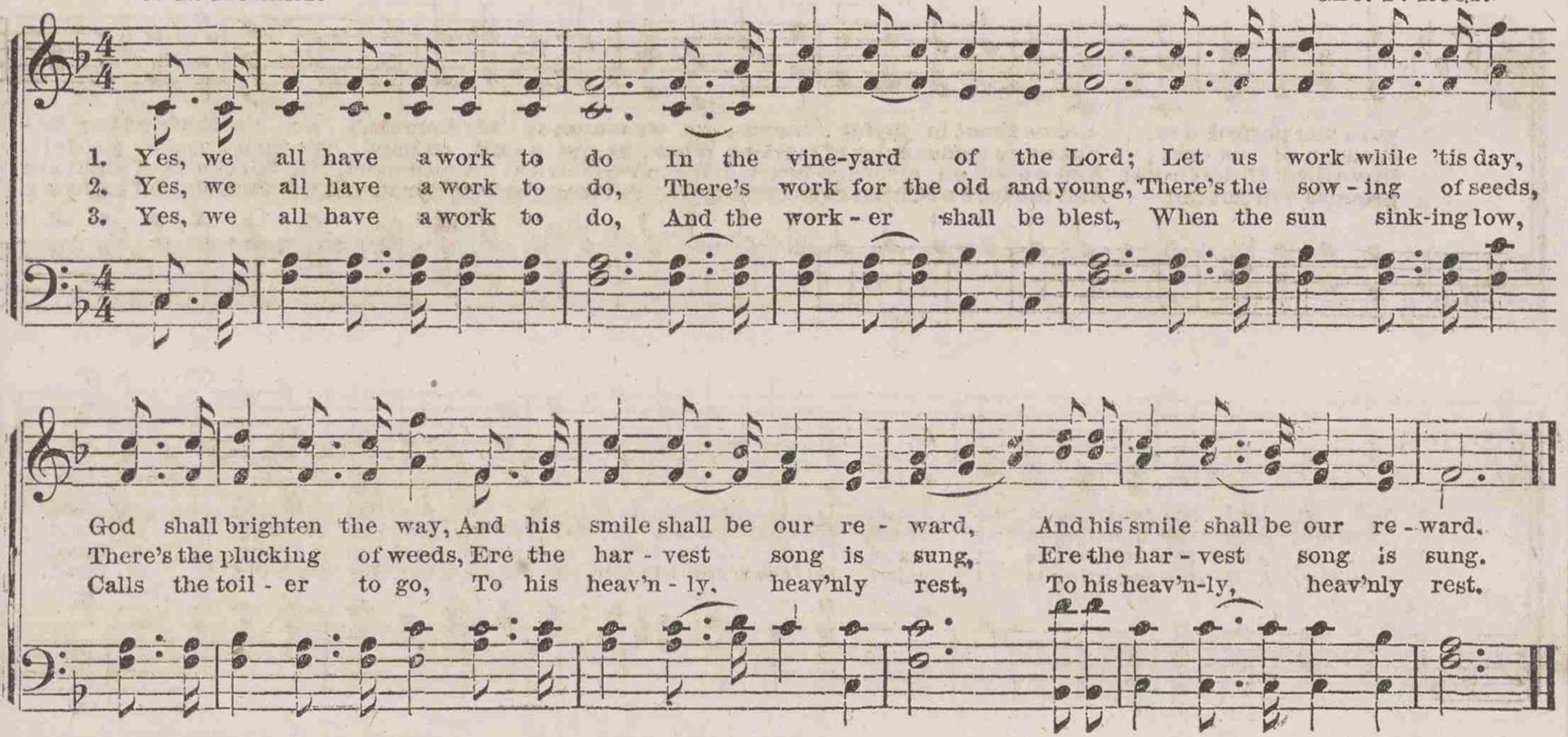
1. There's a home I am waiting for, a home far away, Not a world like we're in where the paths lead a-stray,
2. There's a home I am waiting for, how sweet 'tis to think Of those pure crystal wa - ters for-ev - er to drink;
3. There's a home I am striving for, no mat - ter if feet Are wea - ry and torn with the thorns that we meet,
4. Bless - ed home, sweet-est home, 'twill be wait-ing for me, If I, gentle Savior, will still fol-low Thee;

But a land where the wea - ry who sigh here in pain, May meet and weep nev-er, no, nev - er a - gain.
And bathe in the sun-light of Je - sus' blest love, In that beau-ti - ful mansion prepared up a-bove.
It will on - ly make hearts that are longing to be Still near-er, dear Sav-ior, yes, near-er to Thee.
Thou knowest my wand'ring, dear Je - sus, in love, For-give me and lead me safe home up a-bove.

Chorus.

Let us sing, sweetly sing, of that home, hap - py home, As on earth, here we roam, here we roam, here we roam;

WE ALL HAVE A WORK TO DO.

J. R. MURRAY. GEO. F. ROOT.



THE MORNING IS AT HAND.

PAULINA. J. R. MURRAY.

Not too fast, but earnestly.

1. Oh! the morning, blessed morning, Let us watch, and wait, and pray For the golden dawn to brighten, To the
2. There are wea-ry skies a-bove us, As we tread this earthly way; And the brows of those who love us, Have the
3. There are sorrows laid up-on us, There are tri-als, grief and loss, But the Savior's love has won us, And we
4. Let us nev-er faint nor fal-ter, Let us nev-er weakly quail, For the purpose cannot al-ter, And the

pure and perfect day. Let us shout in joyful chorus, As we march at his command, Lo! the shadows flee be-
shadow of de-cay; But there comes a day of meeting When, as one u-nit-ed band, We shall know a joy-ful
leave them at the Cross; And we toil on stronger-hearted. When we strive at his command, O! the clouds of night are
promise will not fail: And the love of Christ constraining, We will seek the brighter strand, O! the stars of night are

fore us, And the morning is at hand, Lo! the shadows flee before us, And the morning is at hand.
greeting, And the morning is at hand, We shall know a joy-ful greeting, And the morning is at hand.
part-ed, And the morning is at hand, O! the clouds of night are parted, And the morning is at hand.
wan-ing, And the morning is at hand, O! the stars of night are waning. And the morning is at hand.

COME TO JESUS, WEARY ONE.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Come to Jesus, weary one, Hark, he calls you, Hark, he calls you! He has nothing left undone, To entice you; Come, Oh come;
2. Come to Jesus, weary one, Needy are you? Needy are you? He is a-ble all alone, To supply you! Come, Oh come;

He smiles, he calls, he kind-ly waits, His arms he opens wide; Oh, come to Je-sus, wea-ry one, And in his bosom hide.
He holds a free and plenteous store, From which you may receive, And never, never suffer more: For Jesus loves to give.

Chorus.

Come to Jesus, weary one! Hark, he calls you! Hark, he calls you! He has nothing left undone, To entice you:—Come, Oh, come.

GOOD NIGHT.

Words and Music by (From "Select Music for S. S.") J. H. McNAUGHTON.

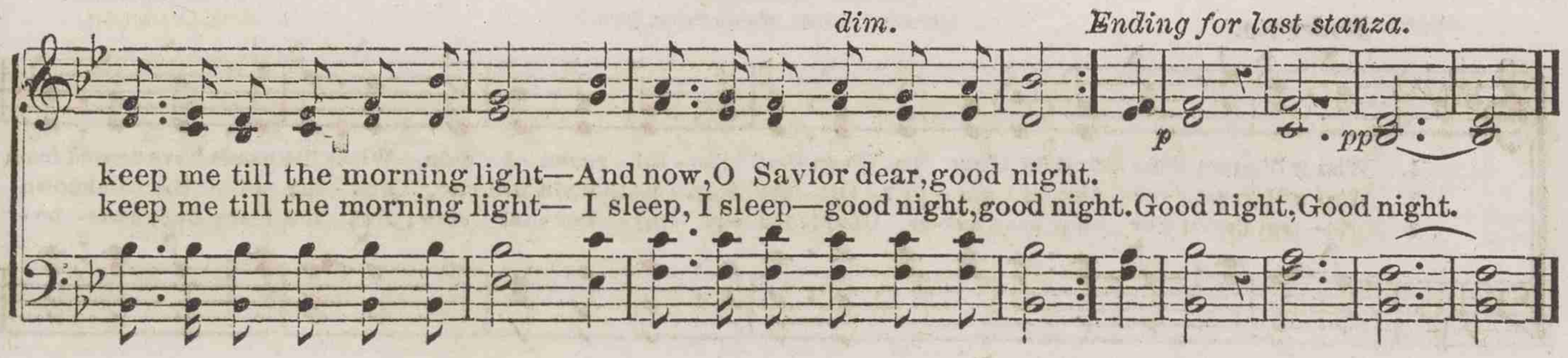
Tenderly.

1. Good night, O Sa-vior dear, Good night! Be near me till the morning light; O
2. Thy hand O let me hold in mine— I'll safe - ly, sweetly sleep in Thine; I

cres.

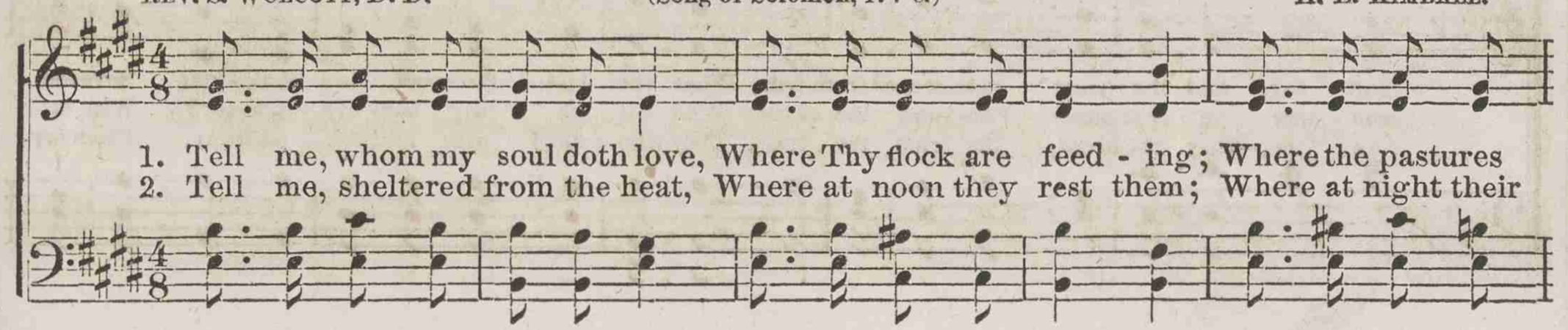
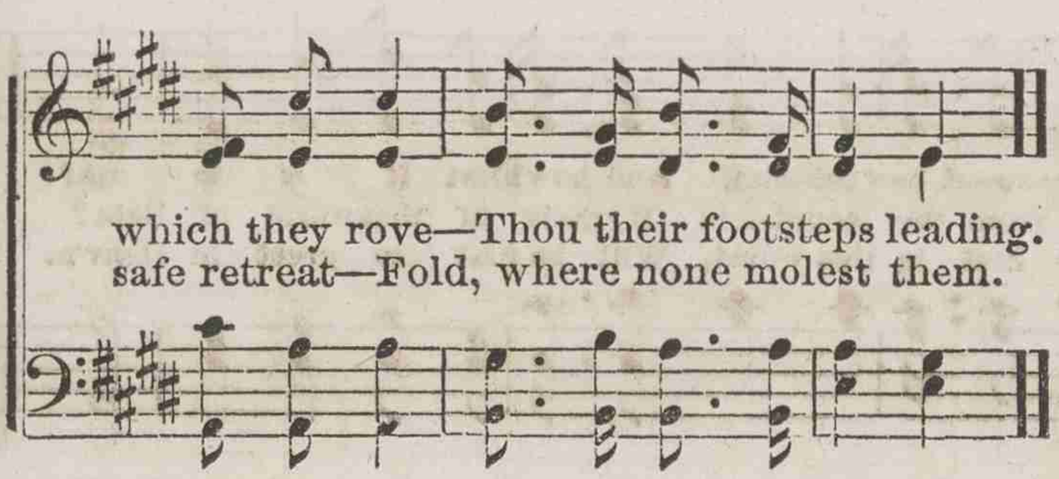
hear my prayer, my ten - der cry; I'll sleep so sweet when thou art nigh. O
fear no ill tho' dark the sky— I hear thy voice: "Fear not—'tis I!" A

hear my trembling, tender prayer— Hear thou my cry, O Sa - vior dear: Safe
help - less child, I pray to Thee, O Sa - vior, bend Thine ear to me: Safe



keep me till the morning light—And now, O Savior dear, good night.
keep me till the morning light— I sleep, I sleep—good night, good night. Good night, Good night.

WHERE FEEDETH THY FLOCK.

REV. S. WOLCOTT, D. D. (Song of Solomon, 1: 7-8.) H. E. KIMBALL.

1. Tell me, whom my soul doth love, Where Thy flock are feed - ing; Where the pastures
2. Tell me, sheltered from the heat, Where at noon they rest them; Where at night their

which they rove—Thou their footsteps leading.
safe retreat—Fold, where none molest them.

3. Strong is Thy protecting arm;
   Richly Thou providest;
   Feeding, resting—kept from harm—
   Blest the flock Thou guidest.

4. Noon and night be my defense;
   Let no foe ensnare me;
   Bring me to the shepherds' tents—
   In Thy bosom bear me.

WHO WILL GREET ME FIRST IN HEAVEN.

J. R. MURRAY.

Moderato.

1. Who will greet me first in Heav - en, When that bliss - ful realm I gain,—When the hands have ceased from toil - ing, And the heart hath ceased from pain When the last fare-well is spok - en, Severed the last ten-der tie, And I know how sweet, how sol-emn, And how blest it is to die?
2. Who will greet me first in glo - ry? Oft the earn - est thought will rise, Mus - ing on the unknown won - ders Of that home be-yond the skies Who will be my heav'nly men-tor? Will it be some seraph bright, Or an an - gel from the count-less Myriads of that world of light?
3. No— not these! for they have nev-er Gladdened here my mor - tal view; But the dear ones gone be - fore me,—They, the loved, the tried, the true; They who walked with me life's pathway, From my soul by death were riven, They who loved me best in this world, Will be first to greet in Heav'n.

I SOUGHT THEE.

(They that seek me early shall find me.)

J. H. TENNEY.

1. I sought thee when my heart was low, I found thee and my hopes revived, And all the world from
2. I laid my burden at thy feet, My head up-on thy ten-der breast, Thy name of love I
3. I wept the sor-row of my heart, And thou mine eyes didst gen-tly dry; I sighed thro' fear that
4. And now that life to thee I'll give, With calmer trust and brighter joy; In thee and for thee,

me shall know, What com-fort I from thee de-rived, All that I need-ed
did re-peat, And thou didst un-der-stand the rest. All that I need-ed,
we must part, But thou didst whis-per, "Ev-er nigh." It was enough, I
I will live, To do thy will my sole em-ploy. Thus most se-cure to

all and more, Thy presence did to me re-store, Thy presence did to me re-store.
all and more, Thy presence did to me re-store, Thy presence did to me re-store.
asked no more, Thy voice did all my life re-store, Thy voice did all my life re-store.
part no more, With that sweet joy thou didst re-store, With that sweet joy thou didst re-store.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

J. R. MURRAY. (READ PSALM XXIII.) GEO. F. ROOT.

1. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, In his green pastures forev - er I stray; Ever he lead-eth me,
2. E'en thro' the valley, val - ley of shadows, Fearing no ev - il, I on-ward shall go, His love enfolding me,
3. Blessed Re-deem-er, true is thy promise, "Lo! I am with you al - way, to the end," What shall distress me,

Chorus.

Ev - er he feed-eth me, Blessing and blessing me day af-ter day.
His arms upholding me, Safe in the care which his blessed ones know.
What can oppress me, While I have thee for my Savior and friend.

Singing his praises, my heart up - rais -

Thanks for the love of my Savior and God; Serving him ever, Be my endeavor, Walking the way that his footsteps have trod.

DARE AND DO.

E. E. REXFORD. J. R. MURRAY.

Spirited.

1. Let's dare and do, for the pure and true; Let's ev-er be brave and bold, In the fight with sin, let us
2. Let's work and toil, now in life's turmoil, Steadfast and strong for the right, And bat-tle wrong, the
3. Let's sow good seed, As the day may need, And wait till the harvests come, And the sheaves are bound on the

Chorus.

strive to win Some soul from the tempter's hold.
whole day long, And rest not un-til the night.
Master's ground In the time of Harvest home.

O dare and do for the pure and true;

That is the mission we have to do; Dare and do, Dare and do, Ev - er be brave and true.

COME TO ME, SAVIOR.

M. P. A. CROZIER. (From THE PEARL.) FRANK M. DAVIS.

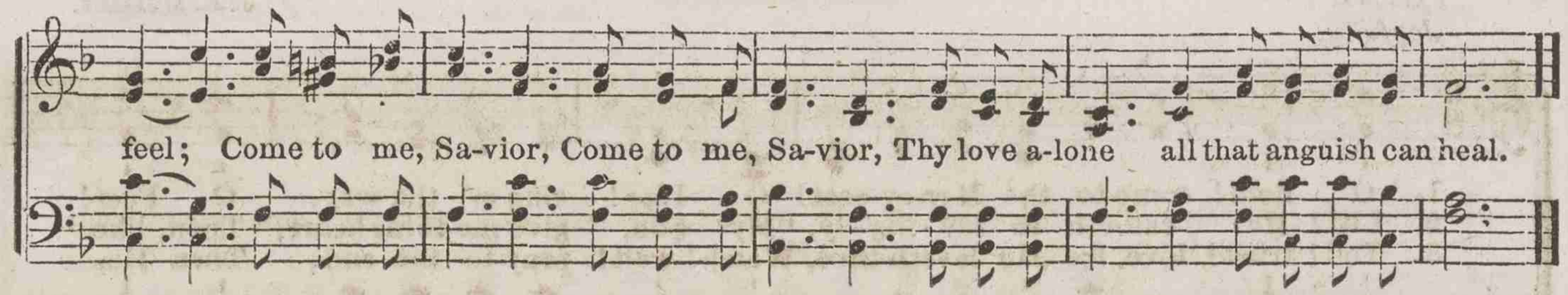
Tenderly.

1. Come to me, Sa - vior, Come, now in my grief; Thy tender pres-ence is sweetest re -
2. Come to me, Sa - vior, for dark is the night; Vain-ly I seek for some star's fee-ble
3. Come with the brightness that beams in Thy face; Come with the smiles of Thy mer-cy and

lief; Thy heart hath known all the anguish I feel, Thy love a - lone all that anguish can heal.
light; O - pen my eyes to behold at my side, Je-sus my Sa - vior, my God and my Guide.
grace; Come, and with footsteps as si-lent and fleet, Morning shall come with Thy beautiful feet.

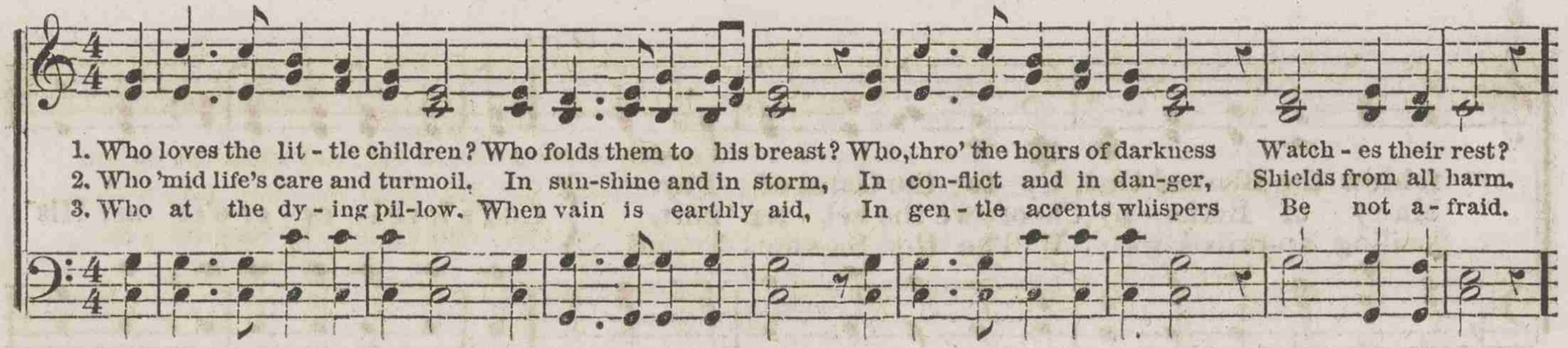
Chorus.

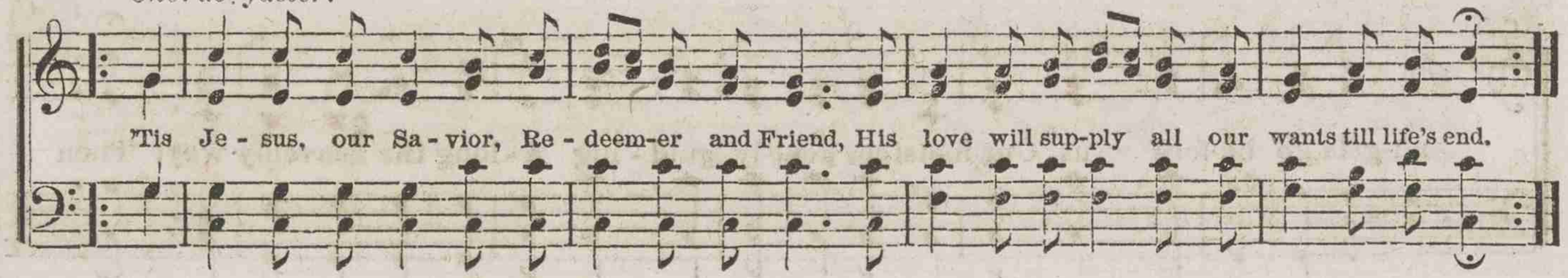
Come to me, Sa - vior, Come to me, Sa - vior, Thy heart hath known all the anguish I



WHO LOVES THE LITTLE CHILDREN?

Words and Music by H. E. KIMBALL.



Chorus. faster.

HIS LOVE IS EVER O'ER US.

PAULINA. J. R. MURRAY.

Joyfully.

1. O Soul! come to the Mer-cy-seat! O Lips! sing of the way, O Feet!
2. List! He call-eth so lov-ing-ly, "My Son, give me thine heart;" Then, like
3. Toil! trust! love, for He loveth thee, Watch! wait! pray to the end; Then He,

D.C. O Soul! come to the Mer-cy-seat! O Lips! sing of the way, O Feet!

Fine.

fol-low the Blessed One, Up to the Gates of Day.
Ma-ry of Betha-ny, Choose we the bet-ter part.
smiling ap-prov-ing-ly, Will be thy Sa-vior-Friend.

} God's love is ev-er o'er us, His

fol-low the Blessed One, Up to the Gates of Day.

D. C.

an-gels go be-fore us, Our footsteps gent-ly guid-ing A-long the heavenly way. Then

IN THAT BLEST HOME ABOVE.

Arranged from a poem by MRS. MATRAN. J. R. MURRAY.

(And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it.—REV. XXIII: 26.)

1: O to be liv - ing ev - er so free, In that blest home a - bove; Where life is one long,
2: Sweetly the ransomed rest from the strife In that blest home a - bove, Walk - ing beside the
3: Living— and never a bell will toll, There none will low - ly lie, A - ges unend - ing will

D. C. O to be liv - ing ev - er so free, In that blest home a-bove; Where life is one long,

Fine.

long ju - bi - lee, Where all is peace and love, With the sweet, sweet stor - ies of earth all told, Singing
Riv - er of Life. Sing - ing the songs of love, And they sing till the dwellers of isle and town Leave the
roll and roll, And none will ev - er sigh, They have left the cross for the bright, bright crown, And their

long ju - bi-lee, Where all is peace and love.

Chorus D. C.

songs that ne'er grow old, And sheltered secure in the Savior's fold, As on - ly the liv-ing can be.
cross and take up the crown, And they sing till the sorrows of earth they drown With songs from the bright world above.
sorrows are all cast down, O hap - py the dwellers of isle and town In the world beyond the sky.

WE ARE SOWING.

(READ MARK IV: 26.)

ARTHUR BAKER.

Animated.

1, We are sowing, dai - ly sow-ing, Countless seeds of good and ill, Scattered on the lev - el
2. Seeds that fall a - mid the stillness Of the lone - ly mountain glen; Seeds cast out in crowded
3, Thou who knowest all our weakness, Leave us not to sow a - lone! Bid Thine an-gels guard the
4. Check the froward thoughts and passions, Stay the has - ty, heedless hands. Lest the germs of sin and

lowland, Cast up - on the win - dy hill; Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows, Soft with
places, Trodden un - der foot of men; Seeds by i - dle hearts for - got - ten, Flung at
fur-rows Where the pre-cious grain is sown, Till the fields are crowned with glo - ry, Filled with
sor - row Mar our fair and pleasant lands. Fath - er, help each weak en-deav - or, Make each

heav'n's gra - cious rain; Seeds that rest up - on the sur-face, Of the dry, un - yield-ing plain.
random on the air; Seeds by faith - ful souls re-membered, Sown in tears and love and prayer.
mel - low ripened ears— Filled with fruit of life e - ter - nal From the seed we sowed in tears.
faith - ful effort blest; Till thine har - vest shall be garnered, And we en-ter in - to rest.

THE CHILD'S CREED

YOUTH'S COMPANION. J. R. MURRAY.

1. I must not lie, but speak with cautious tongue; God hears each word that little children say; Like pearls up - on a string of gold, are hung All gentle things we utter, day by day. I must not fight; these skillful, busy hands Were meant to touch with
2. I must not steal what - e'er my neighbors own, Or small, or mean, or worthless unto them; For God will see from his e-ter-nal throne; If but a flower I take, he marks the stem. I must not hate—for hate is dead-ly sin— Ev'n my en - e - my
3. But I must love, love is the morning star, That ushers in the day; love, like the sun, Scatters its constant blessings near and far; It tells of heav'n; 'tis heav'n on earth begun. And I must pray; my little heart must rise, Quick as a tho't can

silk-en, soft caress; To lead the weak, to work, when toil demands, Nor curse with smiting what God meant to bless.
tho' he hated me: God's golden gates I cannot en-ter in, If in my soul one thought of hate there be.
send it unto heav'n; Straight as the lark goes singing to the skies, So must my soul's best powers to God be given.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a fu - ture life, In a world all bright and fair, Where we'd rest in the light of joy and love, With nev - er a cloud of care, Where
2. Where melo - dy soft and pure as light, Bursts forth from a chor - al throng; A sea of deep harmo - ny bright with waves Of rap - tur - ous, glad - some song; Oh,
3. 'Twas on-ly a dream, a beauti - ful dream, A glimpse of the land of the blest; A land of whose joys can nev - er know, Till pass-ing be - yond to its rest; Till

beauti - ful foun-tains fall in light, Each drop a glit - t'ring gem, As bright as if gather-ed by
there we have walked with a joy - ous band, Of the loved ones gone be - fore, And shared in the joys of the
death's dark river we've passed for aye, With its cold waves dark'n-ing flow, Then ev - er we'll dwell in that

Chorus.

fai - ry hands, From a roy - al di - a - dem.
bet - ter land That lies on the "oth - er shore."
beautiful world. And its full fru - i - tion know.

O the beau - ti-ful world, O the
The beau-ti-ful world,

beau - ti - ful world, O the beau - ti - ful world, all bright, all bright and fair.
The beauti - ful world, The beau-ti - ful world,

DAY-STAR.

C. T. ROOT.

1. We lift our souls to thee, Thou Day Star from on high; The Sun it-self is but thy shade, Yet cheers both earth and sky.
2. Oh! let thy rising beams, Dis-pel the shades of night, And let the glories of thy love Come like the morning light.

THE CALL OF THE MASTER.

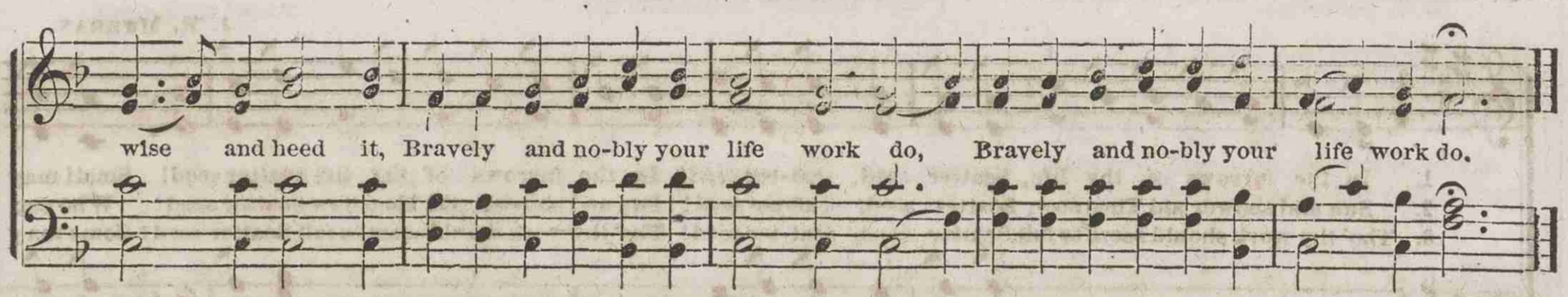
E. E. REXFORD. From MOZART.

1. List - en, oh children, the Lord is call - ing "Come, Come hith - er, oh come to me;
2. Come then, oh come as the Mas - ter bids you; Much is wait - ing for you to do;
3. Come, for he bids you no long - er tar - ry, Life is fleet-ing, and soon is gone. The
4. Gath - er the tares in the wheat - field grow - ing: Pluck, and cast from the heart to - day, And

Here there is room for the dear, dear chil - dren, Of such the Kingdom of Heav'n shall be."
Work in the vineyard and toil in har - vest; Come, for the Mas-ter has need of you.
work of the mas-ter must be done quick - ly, Rise to the la - bor in youth's fair dawn.
ev - er and al - ways the good seed sow - ing, Work for the Mas-ter who calls to - day.

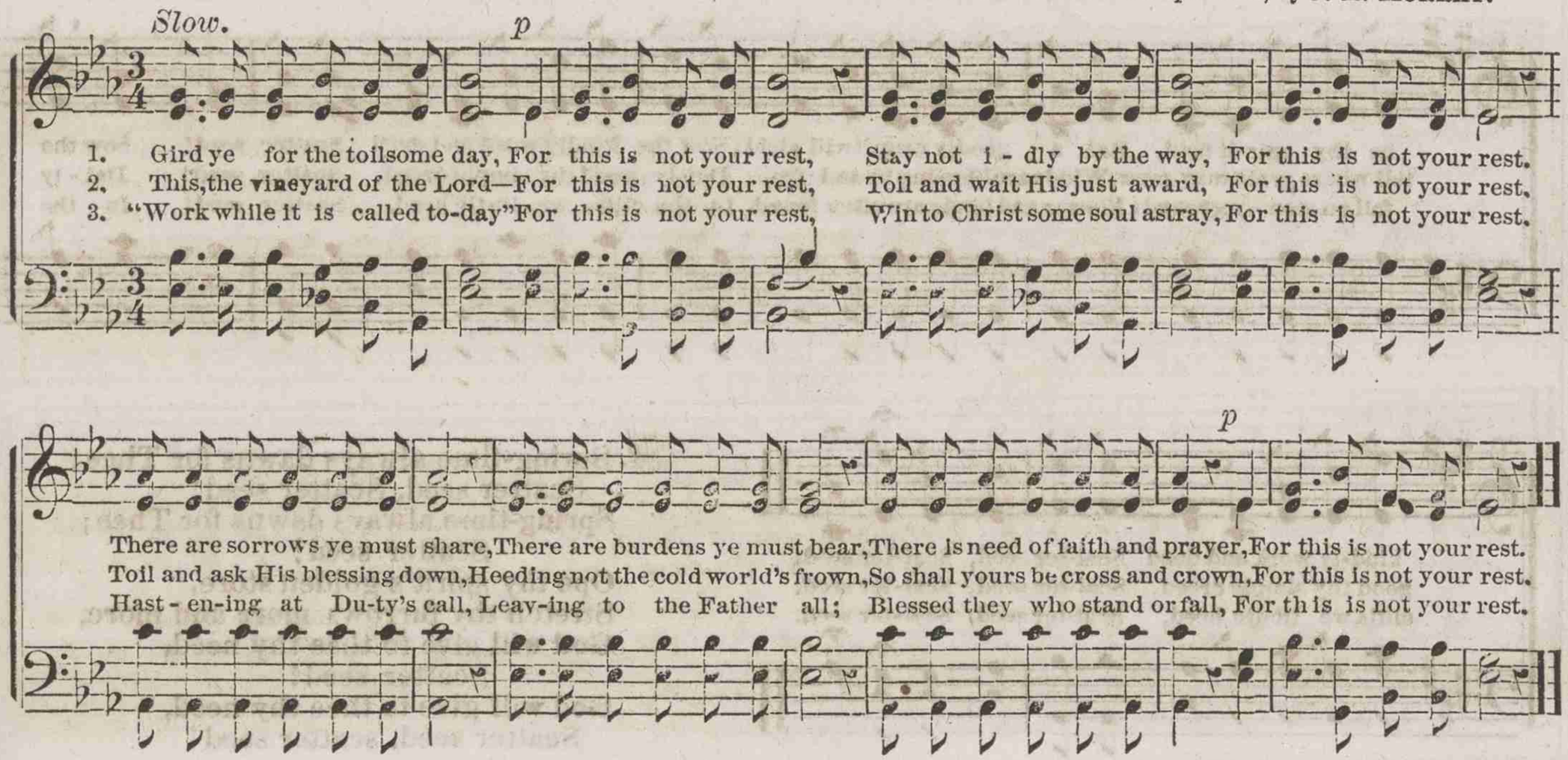
Refrain.

Je - sus is call - ing, O hear him, hear him, "Come unto me I have work for you," Hear ye the call and be



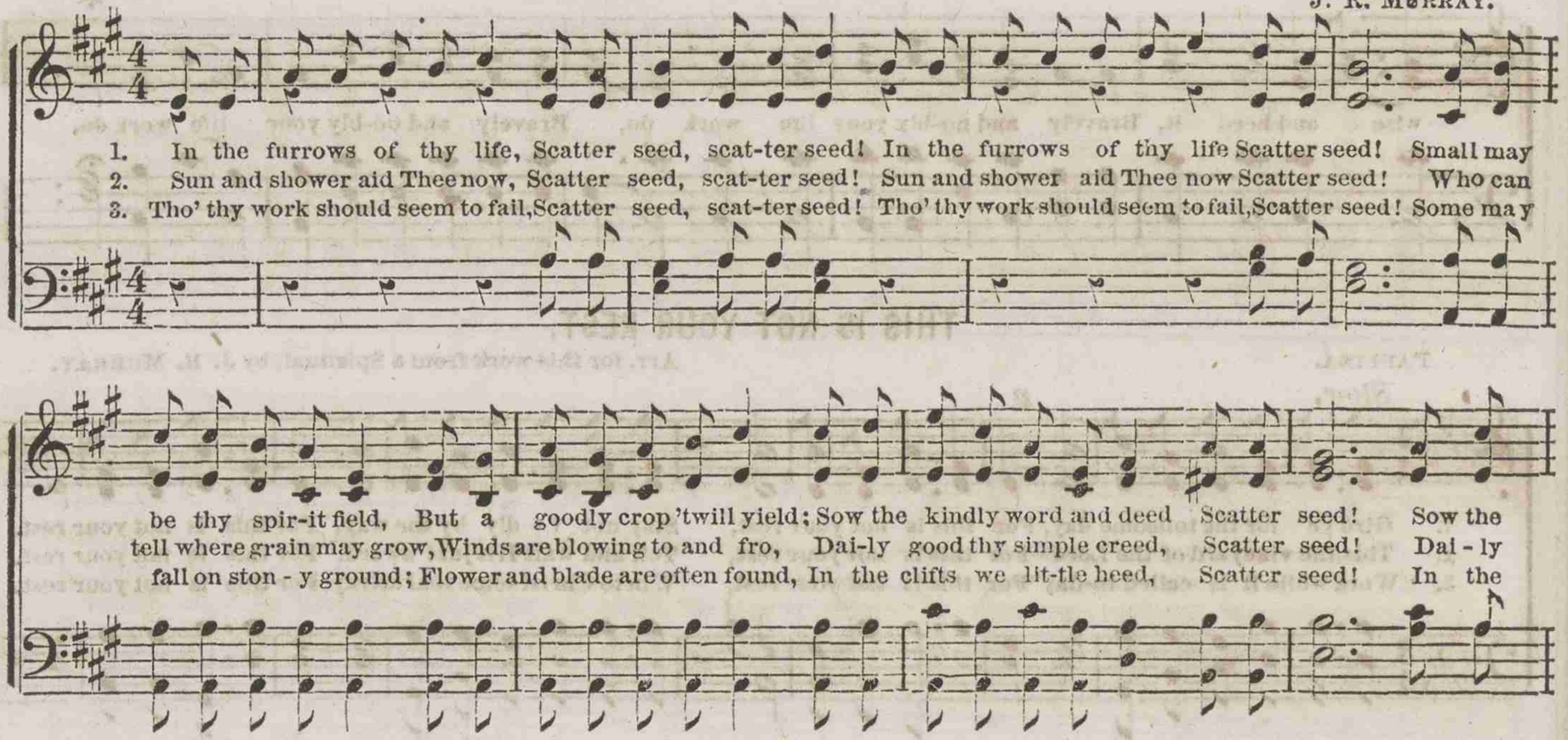
THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.

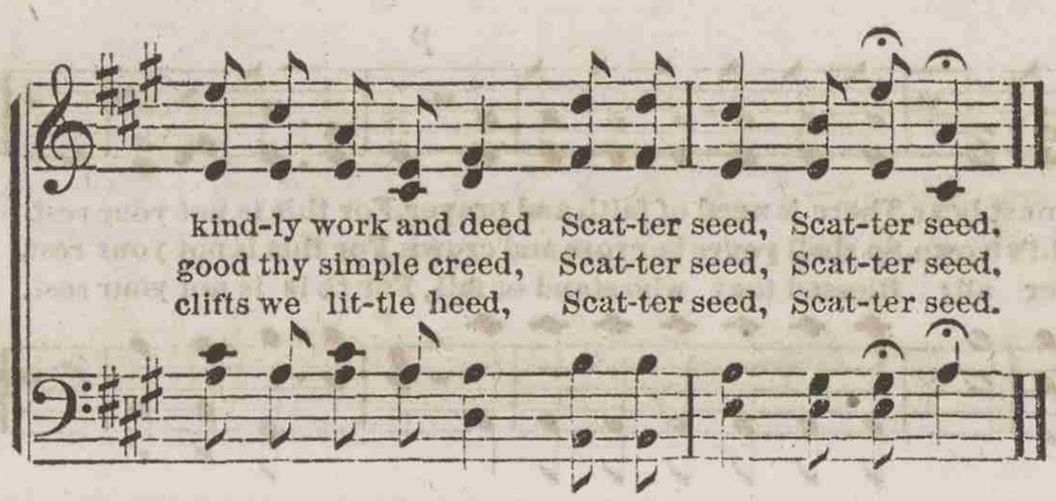
PAULINA. Arr. for this work from a Spiritual, by J. R. MURRAY.



SCATTER SEED.

J. R. MURRAY.





4. Spring-time always dawns for Thee;
Scatter seed, Scatter seed!
Spring-time always dawns for Thee;
Scatter seed!
Ope thy spirit's golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more,
God will give to thee thy need,
Scatter seed!
God will give to thee thy need,
Scatter seed, scatter seed!

HE FOLDS THEM IN HIS BOSOM.

From THE PRIZE. (In memory of "LITTLE JIM.") Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Tenderly.

1. He folds them in His bo - som Thro' all the hap-py hours; He gathers to His own dear home The well - be-loved of ours. For, Oh, He loves them dear - ly, His choicest gems are they; He guides them with a gen - tle hand A-long the heav'nly way.
2. His voice so sweet and ten - der, So heavenly in its tone, That when He calls they fol - low Him, And leave us here a - lone; Yet not a-lone, for ev - er And ev - er by our side, In gen - tle of - fi - ces of love The lit - tle an-gels glide.

KEEP STRIVING.

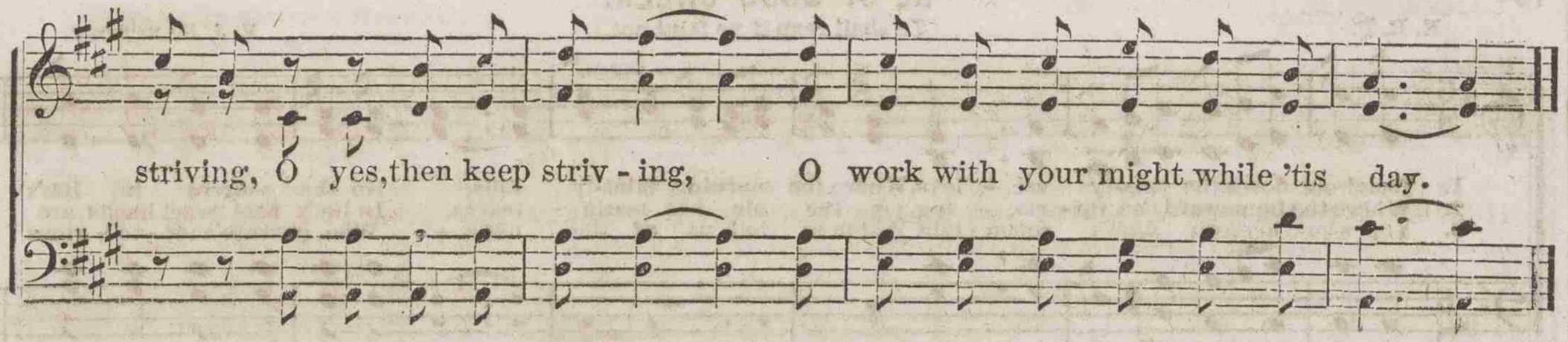
E. E. REXFORD. J. R. MURRAY.

1. As we journey a-long thro' the val-ley of life, Toward the home that is over the riv-er, Our
2. We sometimes may fal-ter and sink by the way, But we should lose courage, oh nev-er! For
3. Then up, weary hearts, and press onward, right on, And nev-er sink down, but keep striving; The

hearts must look upward, be strong in the strife, With faith in the boun-ti-ful Giv-er.
far in the distance gleams brightly a day, Whose sunshine shall brighten for-ev-er.
end is in view and the crown shall be won, And a welcome a-wait your arriv-ing.

Chorus.

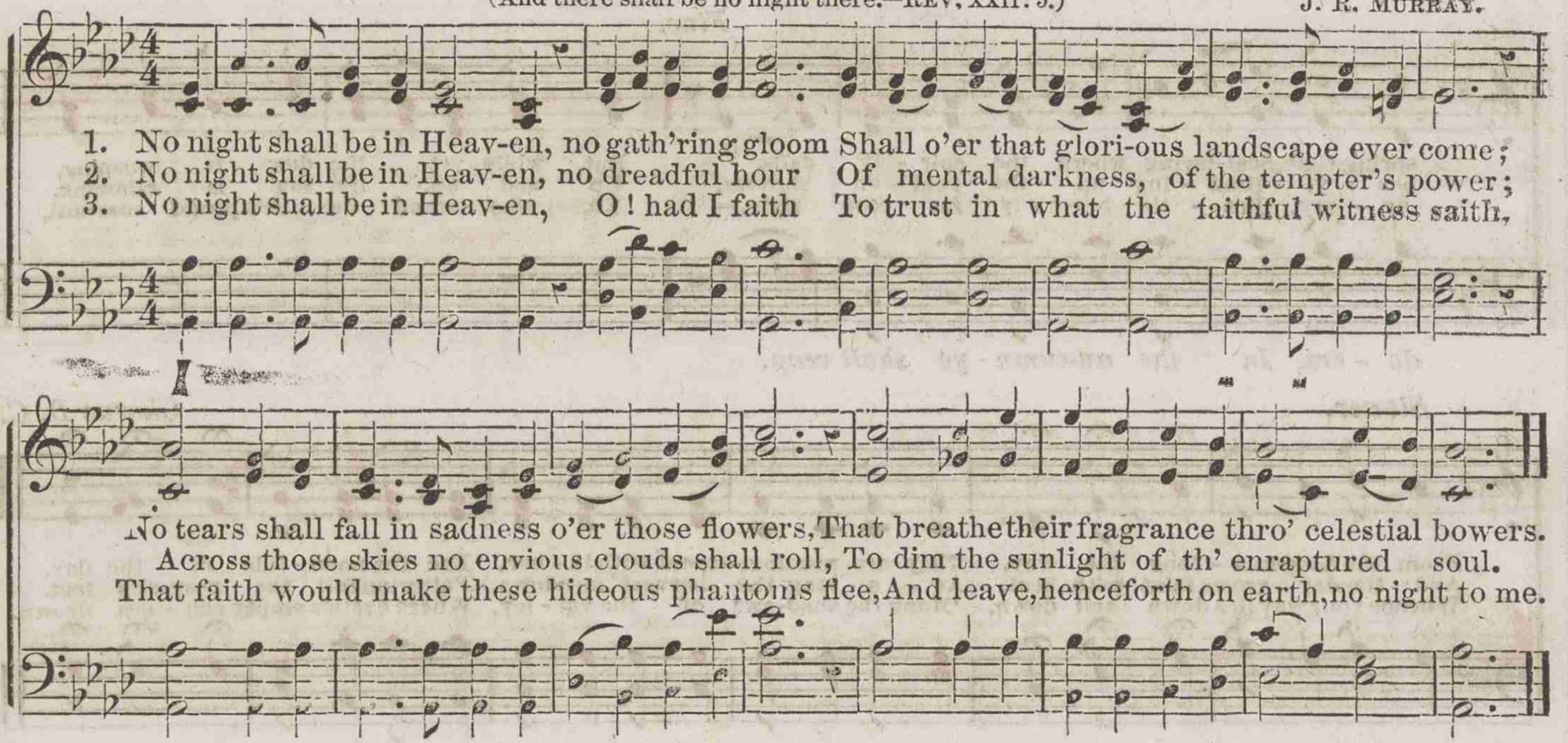
Keep striving, keep striving, keep striving, keep striving, Never fal-ter at all by the way, But keep



NO NIGHT SHALL BE IN HEAVEN.

(And there shall be no night there.—Rev. xxii: 5.)

J. R. Murray.



BE OF GOOD CHEER.

(Ye shall reap if ye faint not.)

E. R. P. F. J. BANCROFT.

1. Laughing down the mis-ty val - leys, Where the morning faint-ly falls, Go the sources in life's
2. Where the homeward lark up - ris - ing, On the air her matin leaves, In life's field swart hands are
3. Ye, who keep on Zion's moun - tain Watch to tell us of the night,— Who, in truth's vic - to - rious

D. C. Be not weary, spring-time sowers, Thro' the val-ley's lev - el sweep,— If ye be but faith-ful

Fine.

spring-time, Scat-tering where the spir - it calls. But, while yet the dew is weeping,
bus - y, Bind - ing up the gold - en sheaves. Up and up, the sun is climbing,
ar - my, Bat - tle brave - ly for the right,— Ye, who stand on life's proud sum-mit,

do - ers, In the au-tumn ye shall reap.

Slower. *Chorus D. C.*

From the flowers a - long the way, They are pausing,—spent with la - bor, Ere the noon - tide of the day.
And the day grows faint with heat, As a - long the harvest' meadows Faltering fall the reap-er's feet.
Whence your way lies down and down, 'Mong the shad-ows of the val - ley, Where earth's empty ech - oes drown.

MARY CREIGHTON KIMBALL. H. E. KIMBALL.

Allegretto.

1. We're toiling up the rugged hill, That leads to truth and glo-ry, And tho' we faint, we'll
2. We bear like Him, no heavy load, And still our steps grow weary, Our brows wear not His
3. Then climbing up the rugged side, Our cares will come more lightly, If we but have His

Chorus.

on-ward go, Like Him of Sa-cred Sto-ry.
crown of thorns, Yet oft our hearts are drea-ry.
patient will, To gild the shadows bright-ly.

} We'll fol - low Him, we'll fol - low Him, For

an - gels show the way Where Je-sus reigns, in realms of love, In life's e - ter - nal day.

OVER THE RIVER.

Words from PASTORAL VISITOR.

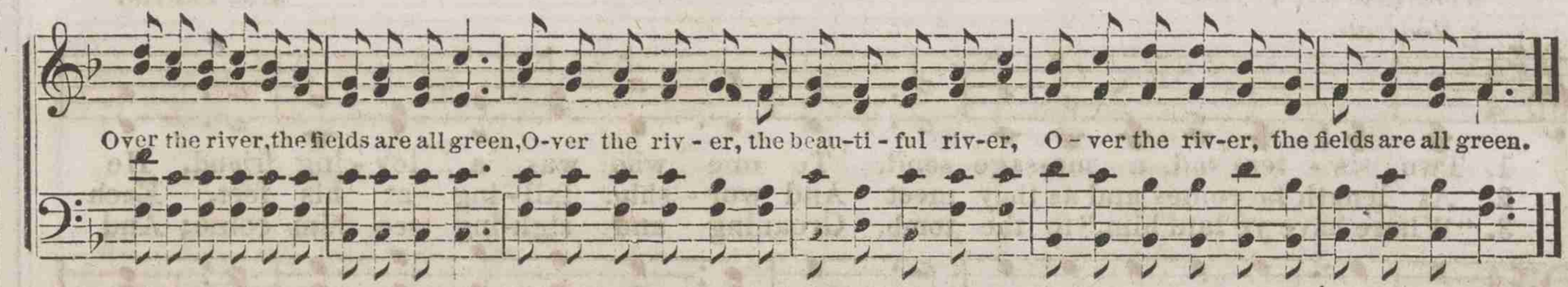
C. C. CASE.

1. O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time Lies the bright land of a
2. O - ver the riv - er, the pil - grims re - treat, Gor - geous in splen - dor, in
3. O - ver the riv - er, our sor - rows will cease, Hushed by the songs of
4. O - ver the riv - er, the man - sions are there Oh how in - vit - ing! our

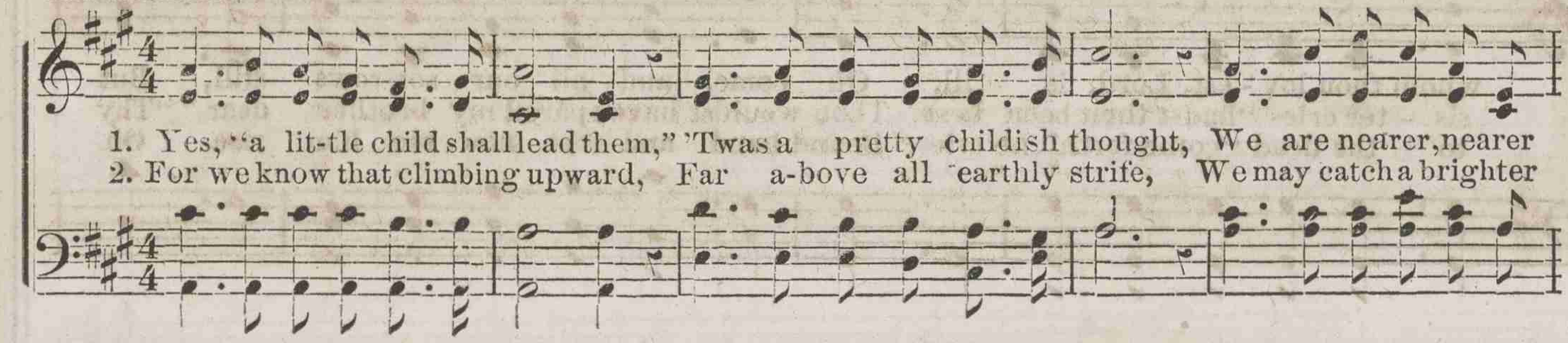
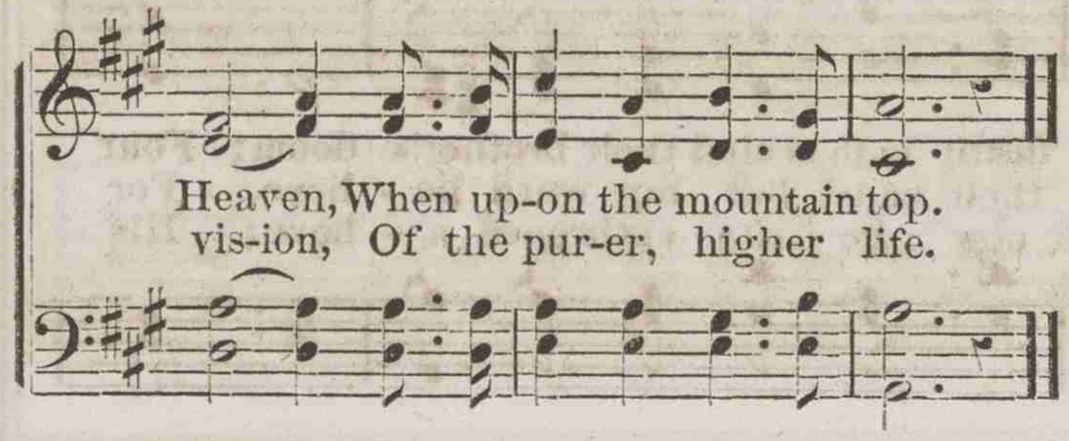
ver - due sub - lime; Val - leys of beau - ty in splen - dor do shine,
beau - ty com - plete, An - gels are sing - ing in har - mo - ny sweet,
heav - en - ly peace, When we get there what a hap - py re - lease,
loved ones are there, Soon in those man-sions their glo - ry we'll share;

Chorus.

Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.
Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.
Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.
Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.

O - ver the riv-er, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

NEAR TO HEAVEN.

AGNES S. J R. MURRAY.

(A little girl was with a party on the top of a mountain, when she asked them to sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," because they were near to Heaven.)



3. But we seldom climb the mountain,
Oft our weary feet must stand
In the valley, duty doing,
With the foe on every hand.

4. Here we may be near to Heaven,
If we guard each word and thought;
Till we see with clearer vision,
Than upon the mountain top.

LOVING FRIEND.

Words from S. S. VISITOR. Z. M. PARVIN.

Moderato.

1. Two sis - ters sad, a message send, To one who was a lov - ing friend, He
2. At length he comes and as they meet And wor - ship, fall - ing at his feet, Each
3. "Where have ye laid him," to the tomb, Groaning and sigh-ing see him come; And

whom thou lov - est, Lord, is ill, Oh come, and all our sor-rows still, But
sis - ter cries "hadst thou been here, Thou wouldst have spared my brother dear," "Thy
to the dead "come forth" he cries, Bound hand and foot, now see him rise. Oh

lo! that friend de-lays to come 'Till death hath sealed their brother's doom; Four
broth - er shall a - rise and live, If thou canst but my word be - lieve, For
wondrous sym - pa - thy and love! But now he sits enthroned a - bove; His

days e - lapse, he's absent still, What grief those sis - ters' bosoms fill.
I the res - ur - ec - tion am To all who trust my gracious name.
life new joy to souls im - parts And soothes and cheers the mourning hearts.

Chorus.

O wondrous sym-pa-thy and love, But now he intercedes a - bove, New

Oh wondrous sym - pa - thy and love, But now he intercedes above, New

life, new joy to souls im-part, And soothes and cheers the mourning heart.

life, new joy, new joy to souls impart, to souls impart, And soothes and cheers the mourning heart, the mourning heart.

life, new joy to souls im - part, And soothes and cheers the mourning heart.

BY AND BY.

LETTA C. LORD. WM. T. ROGERS.

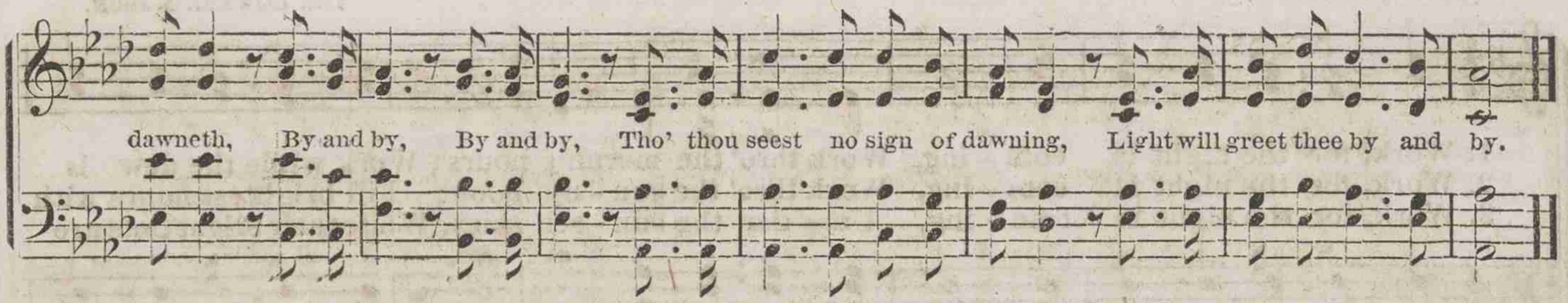
Solo, or Duet and Chorus.

1. Is thy trembling heart a - weary? Are thy footsteps almost gone? Does life seem a bur-den
2. Is thy spir - it sad with - in thee? Raise thy heart in earnest prayer; Trust a Father's lov - ing
3. Has thy spir - it grown a - wea-ry? Do not fal - ter in thy strife; God has work for thee, my

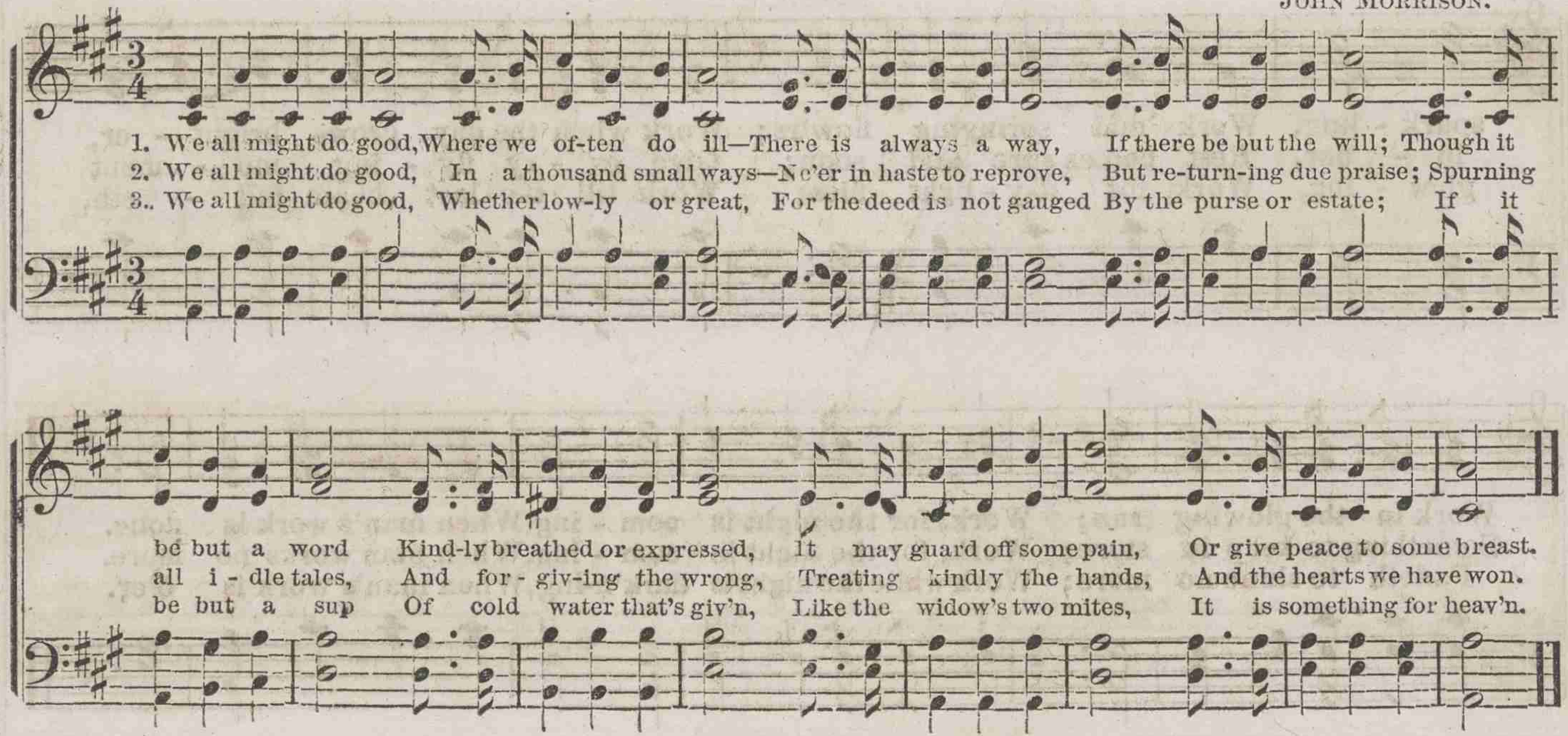
dreary? Cour-age, broth-er, struggle on! Bear it cheer - ful - ly and bravely, Do not stop to weep or
kindness, Trust a Father's ten-der care; Call up-on him in thy sorrow, He will hear thy falt'ring
brother, As thou tread'st the path of life; Darkness may obscure thy pathway, Clouds may gather in thy

Chorus.

sigh, Af - ter night the morning dawneth, Light will greet thee by and by.
cry, Though thou seest no sign of dawning, Light will greet thee by and by.
sky, Storms may rage, but do not murmur, Light will greet thee by and by.

By and by the morning

WE ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

JOHN MORRISON.



WORK.

From THE PEARL. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies, While their bright tints are

spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright - er,
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev' - ry fly - ing mo - ment
glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'n-ing, When man's work is o'er.

Words and Music by (Trust ye in the Lord Jehovah, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.) JOHN MORRISON.

1. Trust in a lov - ing fath - er's hand, To shel - ter and to guide; Strong to up-hold and
2. Trust in a lov - ing fath - er's voice, That calls us to o - bey; Thro' flow-ing vales, and
3. Trust in a lov - ing fath - er's care, He free - ly will provide; His blessings rich, to
4. Trust in a lov - ing Sav-ior's power, Thro' sor-row's dark - est night, His presence makes the

Chorus.

o - ver all, His wis - dom will provide.
pastures green, He points the liv - ing way.
all are given, Who in his love confide.
darkest hour, To glow with heav'nly light.

Trust in him always, trust in him always, Trust in him always

nev-er, nev-er fear, Trust in him al - ways, nev - er fear, His hand will sustain thee when dan-ger is near.

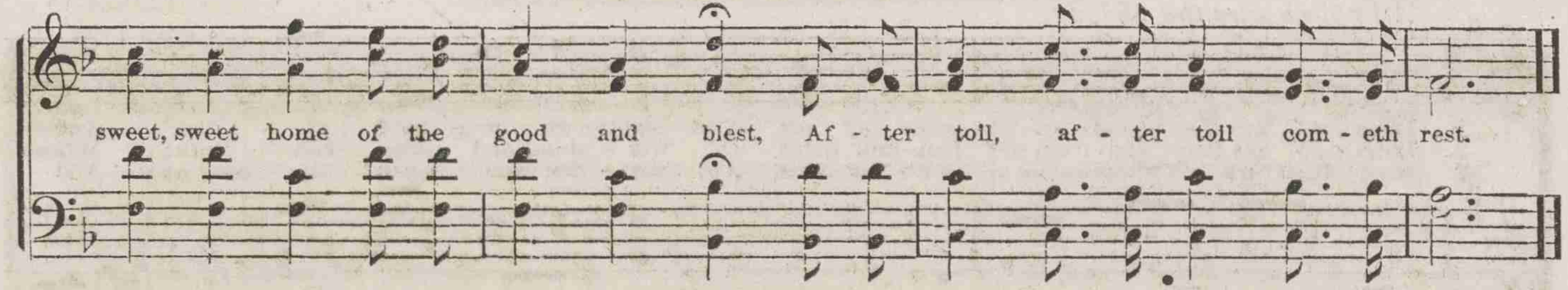
AFTER TOIL COMETH REST.

A. H. A. (There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.) J. R. MURRAY.

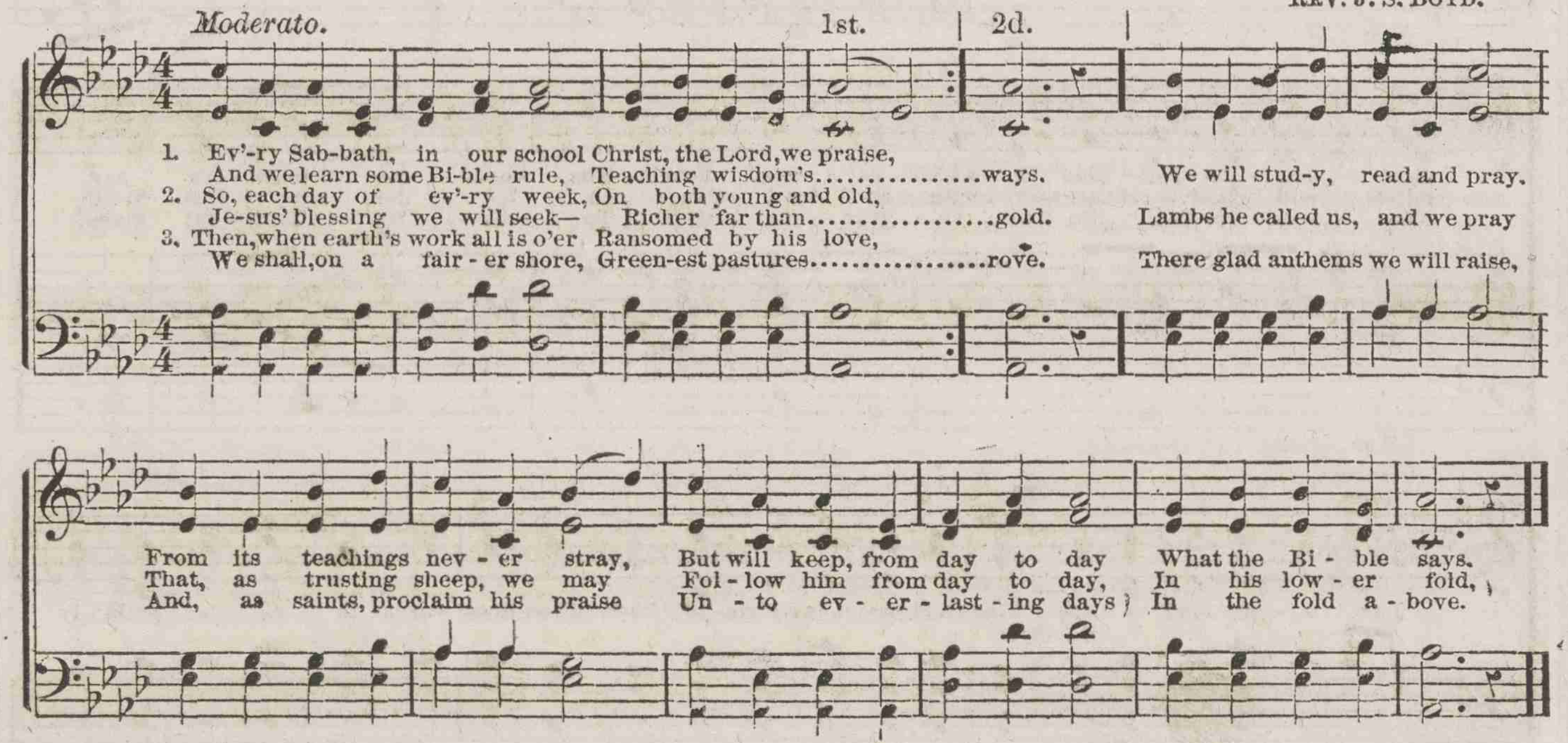
1. I know there are homes up a - bove for the wea-ry, Where sor-row and sigh-ing for - ev - er are o'er; I
2. I know there is rest; but a - while as we journey, A - long thro' this val - ley of shadows and tears, There's
3. Let us make them to feel that this earth's not all sad-ness, That dark clouds have linings of sil - ver and gold, And
4. Then let us not lin-ger in sighs, and grow wea-ry, Re-mem - ber the rest that is wait-ing a-bove, For

know there are man-sions of rest for the faith - ful, Wait - ing for us on the Beau - ti - ful Shore,
some - thing to do; yes, we each have our mis - sion, The faint-ing to raise, and the lone - ly to cheer.
point them to Je - sus, their lov - ing Re-deem - er, Whose love and af - fec - tion can nev - er be told.
those who have fin - ished their mis - sion, be - liev - ing That Je - sus was lead - ing them home by his love.

Chorus.

Af - ter toil, af - ter toil, cometh rest, cometh rest, af - ter toil, af - ter toil, cometh rest, cometh rest, In the

SABBATH WORK.

REV. J. S. BOYD.



NAMES WRITTEN IN HEAVEN.

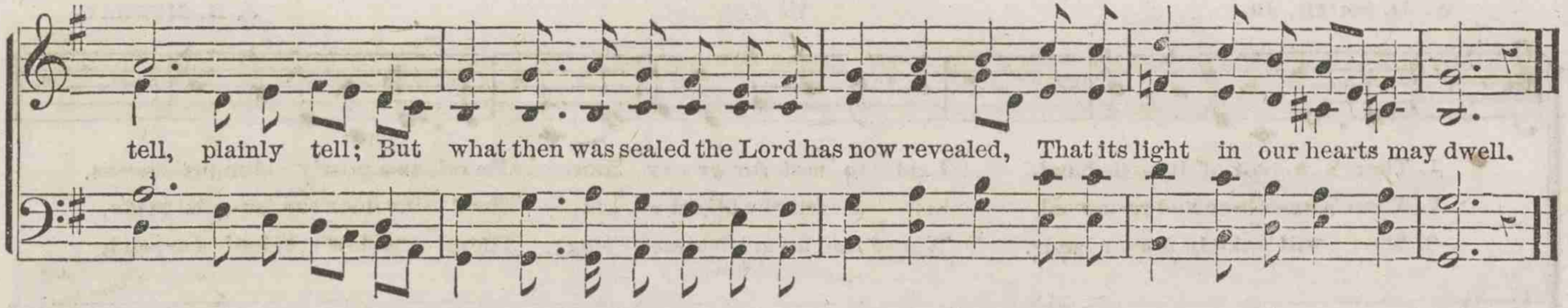
MISS M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.

All voices sing the Melody.

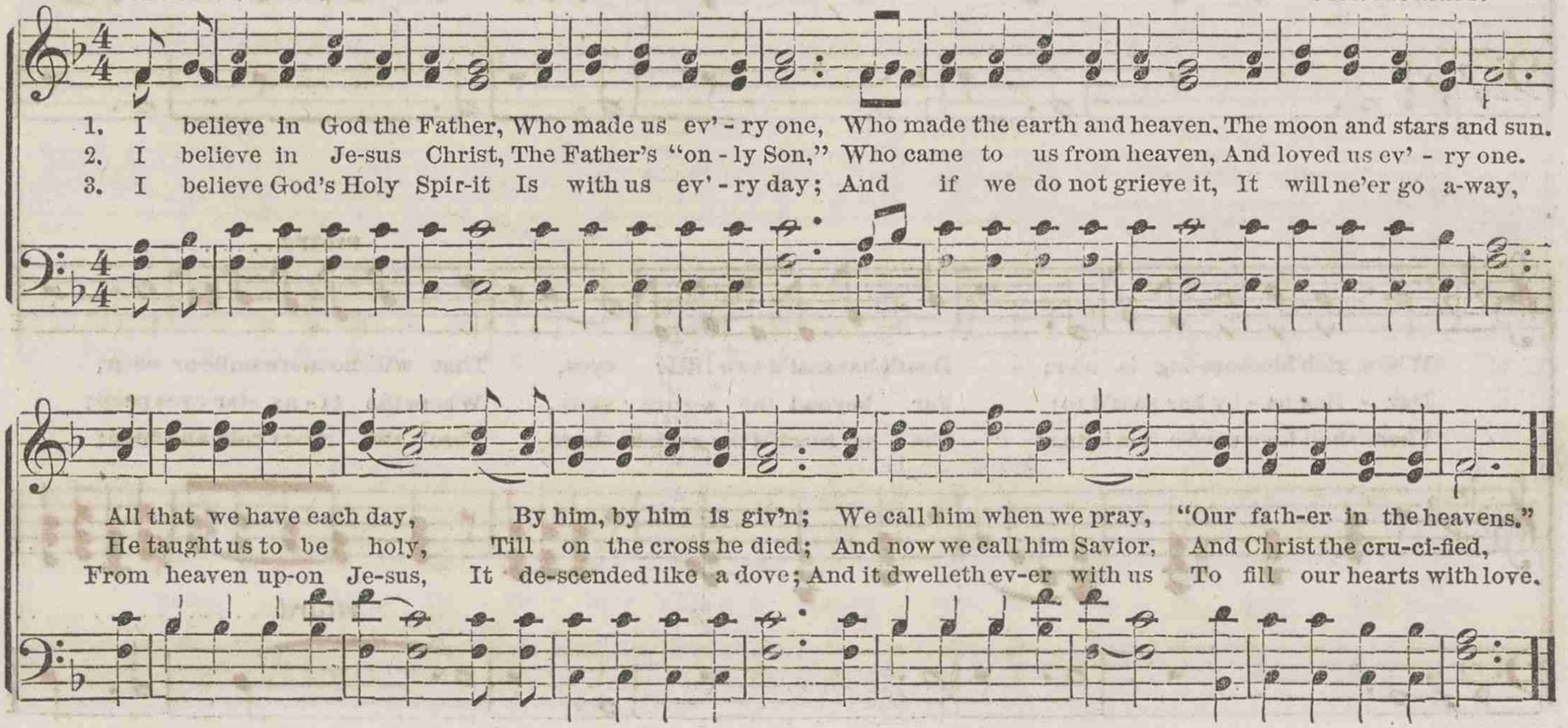
1. Bless - ed are they whose eyes ad - mir - ing see The sights we be - hold to - day, And
2. Bless - ed are they who from the foun-tain drink Of wis - dom, and love and truth; Whose
3. Most blest are they whose names in liv - ing lines, Are writ - ten and sealed in heav'n; And

blest are the list' - ning ears which ea - ger hear The words our teach - ers say,
minds and whose hearts are stored with sa - cred things In ten - der, joy - ous youth.
who shall re - ceive the white, en - grav - en stone To all the faith - ful given.

Chorus.

For a - ges long a - go, kings and prophets sought to know What these words to us so plain - ly

LITTLE CHILD'S BELIEF.

ANNIE E. HALL. J. R. MURRAY.



BABY'S GONE TO SLEEP.

W. D. SMITH, JR. J. R. MURRAY.

1. There's a pair of lit - tle hands, Laid to rest for-ev - er more; There's two pearly dimpled cheeks,
2. There's an-oth-er bud re-moved, Ere it felt the blight of sin, Thro' the door the an-gels made,
3. She will wake in fair-er lands, Where the an-gel voi-ces sing; There the flow'ret shall ex-pand,

Whose rich blossom-ing is o'er; Death has seal'd two little eyes, That will no more smile or weep;
Dar - ling ba - by has pass'd in; Far beyond the a-zure skies, Where the ti - ny star-eyes peep;
There shall love perfec-tion bring; She has reach'd the golden shore, Thro' the riv-er cold and deep;

ritard

ritard

a tempo. *rit e dim.* *a tempo.*

Ti - ny windows of the soul, Lit - tle ba-by's gone to sleep; Lit-tle ba-by's gone to sleep.
From all earth's sad doubts and fears. Lit - tle ba-by's gone to sleep; Lit-tle ba-by's gone to sleep.
An - gels bore her safe-ly there. Lit - tle ba-by's gone to sleep; Lit-tle ba-by's gone to sleep.

a tempo. *rit e dim.* *a tempo.*

Chorus. *rit.*

An - gels bore her safe-ly home; So for her we may not weep; Soft - ly to the door-way

rit e dim. *pp* *a tempo.*

come, Lit - tle ba - by's gone to sleep; She has on - ly gone to sleep.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN. (New.)

(READ REV. XXXIII.)

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en, I lan - guish for one gleam Of all thy glo - ry fold - en, In
2. Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en, When sun - set's in the west, It seems the gate of glo - ry, Thou
3. Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en! There all our birds that flew— Our flowers but half un - fold - en, Our
4. Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en, I toil on day by day, Heart sore each night with long - ing, I

dis - tance and in dream! My thoughts, like palms in ex - ile, Climb up to look and pray For a
cit - y of the blest! And mid-night's star - ry tor - ches, Thro' in - ter - me-diate gloom, Are
pearls that turned to dew— And all the glad life— mu - sic, Now heard no lon - ger here, Shall
stretch my hands and pray That, midst Thy leaves of heal - ing, My soul shall find her rest, Where the

Chorus.

glimpse of that dear coun - try That lies so far a - way.
wav - ing with their welcome To thy e - ter - nal home.
come a - gain to greet us, As we are draw-ing near.
wicked cease from troubling, The wea - ry are at rest.

} Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en, My

hope, my heav'n, my home; With songs of joy and sweet em-ploy, To Thee, to Thee we come.

THE TEACHERS' PRAYER.

A. T. GORHAM.

Gently.

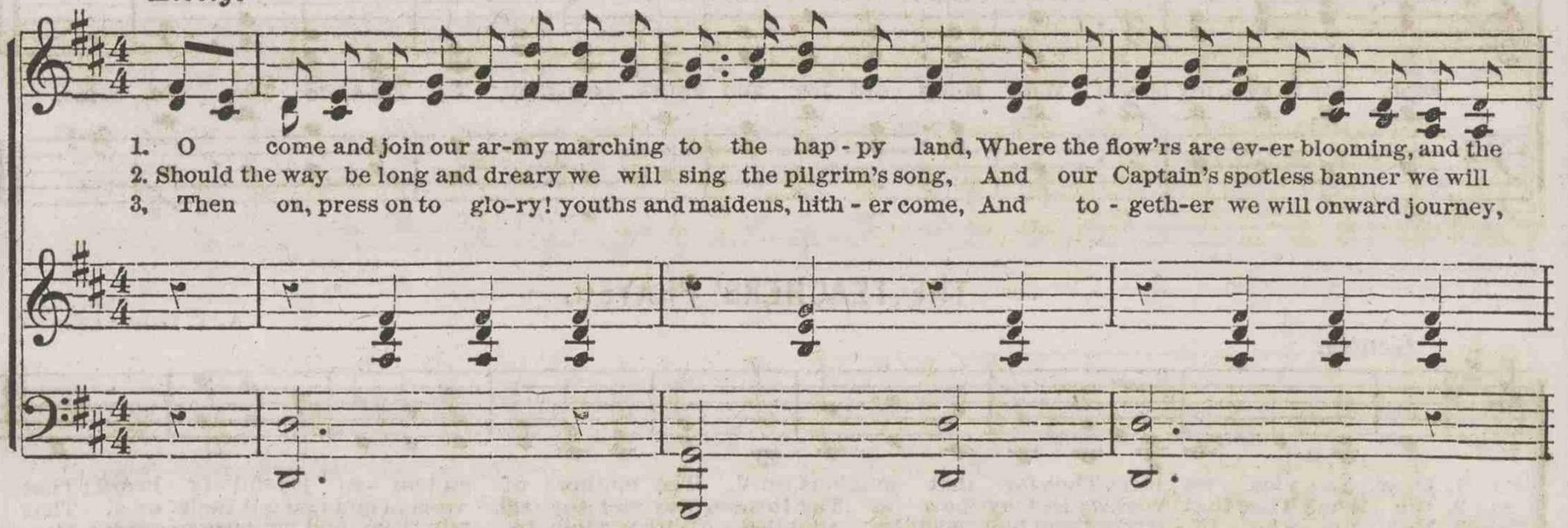
1. Dear Sa - vior, we bless Thee for that gracious word, The mothers of Sa-lem so joy-ful - ly heard; That
2. We thank Thee that young ones may bow at Thy throne, May seek thy sal - va-tion and make it their own, That
3. May we who in - struct them be rich-ly supplied With wisdom to win them, and patience to guide; O
4. When teach-ers and scholars be - fore Thee ap - pear, The last blessed welcome may all of us hear; Thy

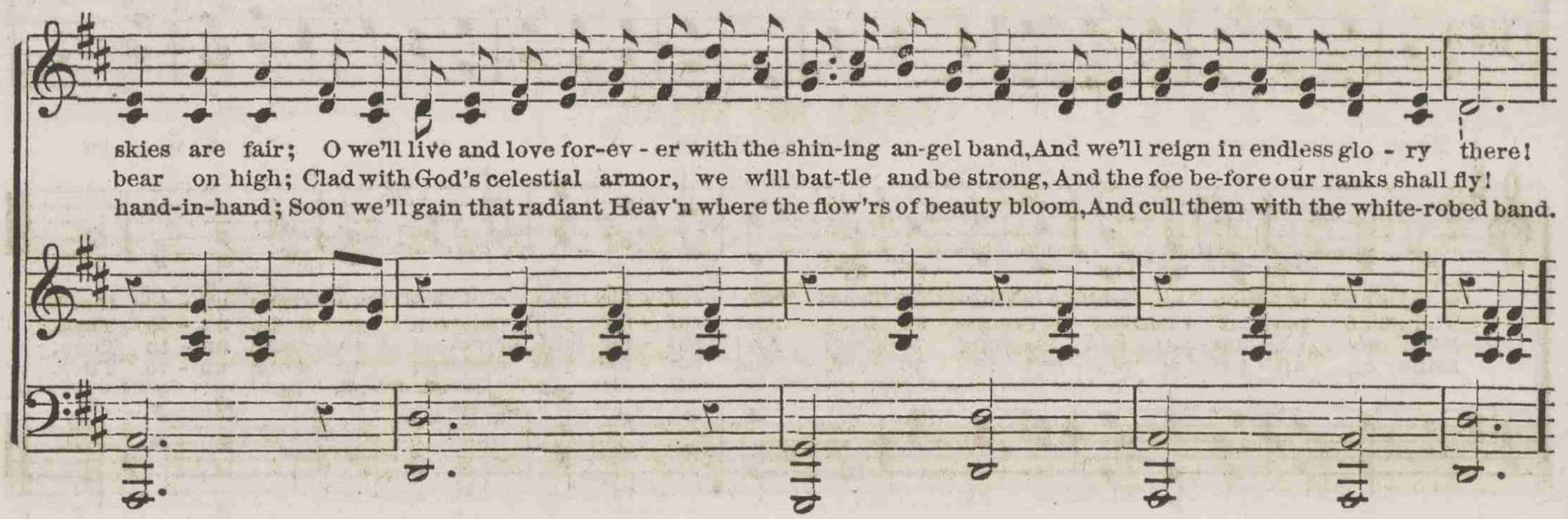
word which sus-tains us while working for Thee— "Oh! suf - fer the children to come un - to me."
Thou wilt per-mit them thy servants to be, And suf - fer the children to come un - to Thee,
let our ex - am - ple and teaching a - gree, And suf - fer the children to come un - to Thee,
smile of ap - prov-al per - mit us to see, And suf - fer the children to come un - to Thee,

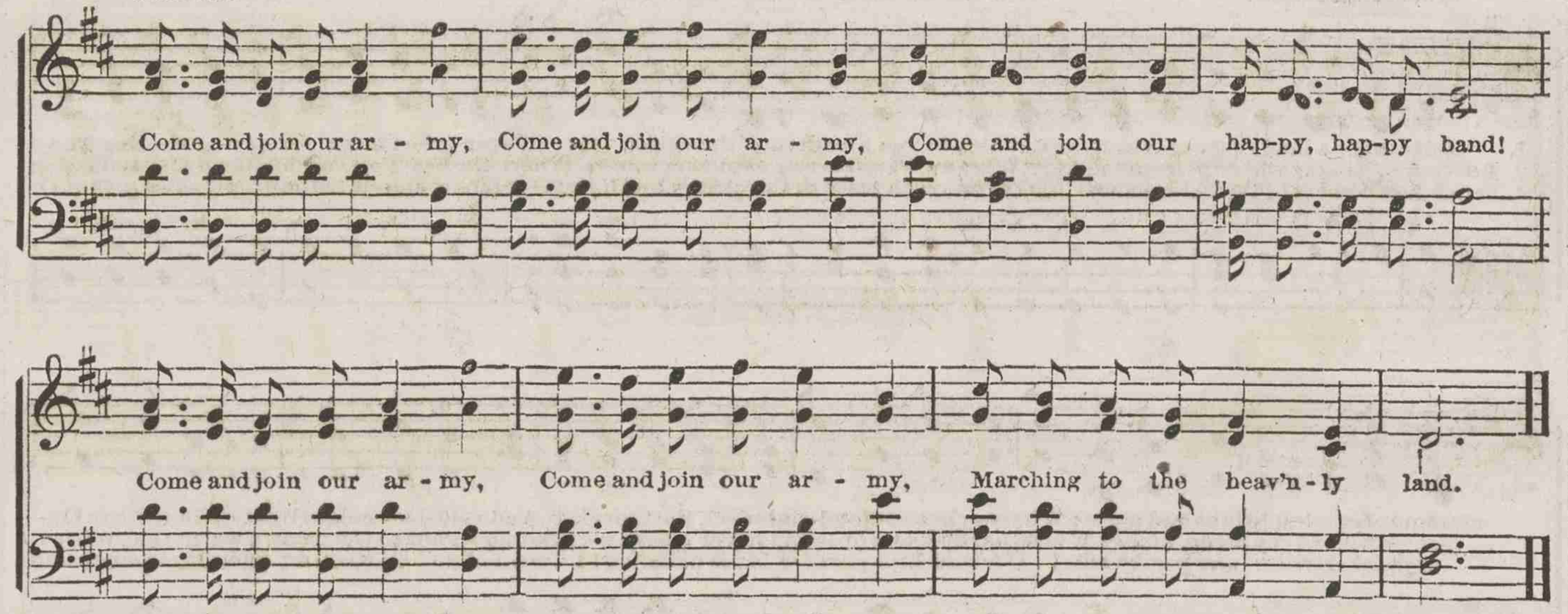
COME AND JOIN OUR ARMY.

DUET AND CHORUS. (RALLYING SONG) A. T. GORHAM.

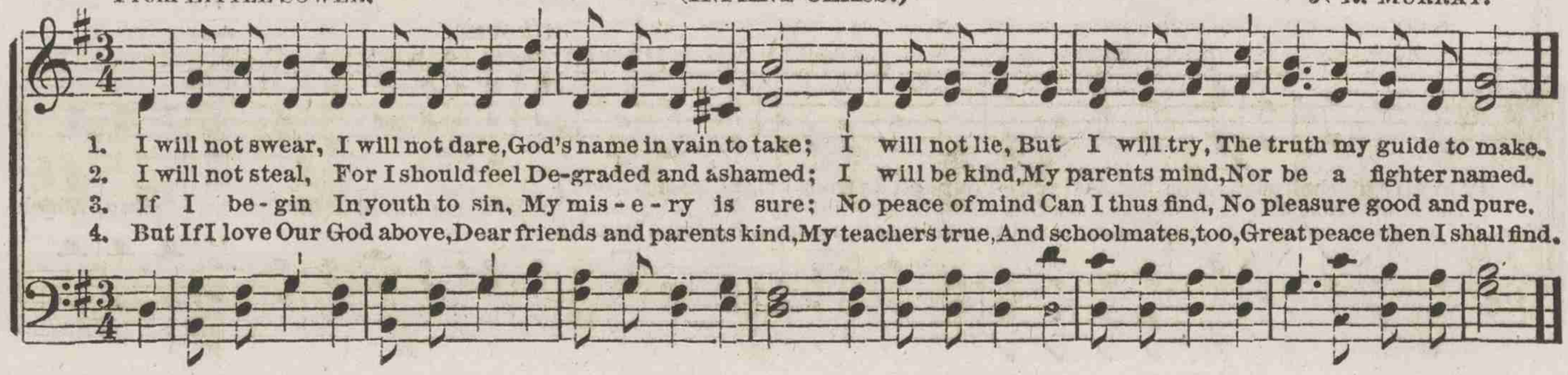
Lively.





Chorus.

I WILL NOT SWEAR.

From LITTLE SOWER. (INFANT CLASS.) J. R. MURRAY.



DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

MRS. M. E. NEALY. (Having the glory of God.—REV. XXI: 11.) WM. T. ROGERS.

1. I dream of a land of flowers unfading, Which bloom afresh thro' the vernal year; Of ever-green trees for - ev-er shading The
2. I dream of a home where pain and sighing, Where sin and sorrow are never known Where the heart's dear idols dead and dying, Can
3. O fadeless flowers of the fields of heav'n! O ever-green trees of the changeless hills; O rainbow clouds to the bright skies given! O

streams of crystal, bright and clear; Where crimson cloud-tints deck the morning, And rain-bow colors light up in the eve, On-
nev - er leave us alone, alone! Where harsh cold words can never grieve us, Sending a chill to the heart's warm tide, Where
crys-tal riv-ers and pearly rills! O friendships pure! O loves unfading! I dream of you all when my dark days come; And

Chorus.

ly to give up their rich adorning, And round our spirits their bright woof weave.
those we trust will ne'er deceive us, But roam e-ter - nal - ly by our side.
when the dark waters my eyes are shading, May bright forms smile me a welcome home.

I dream of a land of flow'rs un - fading, Which

bloom afresh thro' the ver - nal year, Of ever-green trees for-ev - er shading The streams of crystal, bright and clear.

FEED MY LAMBS.

J. A. SMART.

1. "Feed my lambs!" how con - de - scending, How com - pas - sion - ate the grace
2. Rich - est trea-sure, dear - est tok - en, From his stores of love to give;
3. "Feed my lambs!" ye pas - tors, hear it; Feed the flock of his own hand;

Of the Sa - vior, just as - cend - ing, Thus to bless our in-fant race!
Kept from age to age un - brok - en, Till its boun - ty we receive.
O, for Him, for us, re - vere it; Keep the Shep - herd's last command.

OUR'S THE LOSS, AND NOT OUR DARLING'S.

Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

1. Our's the loss, and not our dar - ling's; Our's the pain and her's the joy; Our's the mourning and the
2. Her's the white robes, ev-er shin - ing, In the Love that made them so; Her's the glo - ry and the
3. Her's the lit - tle feet that pat - ter, (Mak - ing mu-sic as they go), Thro' the golden streets of

weep - ing, Her's the bliss with-out al - loy; Her's the Cit - y pure and gold - en;
rap - ture, Which the an - gels on - ly know; Her's the crown-wreath, nev-er fad - ing,
heav - en, And where liv - ing wa - ters flow; Her's the lit - tle hand that beck - ons,

Our's the earth-life, stain'd with sin; Her's the green fields, and the gar-dens, Where the an-gels en - ter in.
Her's the mu-sic of the skies; Our's the eyes, all dim'd with weeping, Her's the ev-er tear-less eyes.
Ev - er from the Radiant shore,— An - gel of the Lord to lead us Where we'll nev-er lose her more,

Chorus.

Our's the loss, and not our dar - ling's; Our's the pain, and her's the joy;.....
Our's the loss and not our dar-ling's, Our's the pain and her's the joy;
Our's the mourning and the weep - ing, Her's the bliss, with-out al - loy.

rit e dim.

Our's the mourn - ing and the weep - ing, Her's the bliss, with-out al - loy.

OUR SHIP IS HOMEWARD BOUND.

J. R. MURRAY.

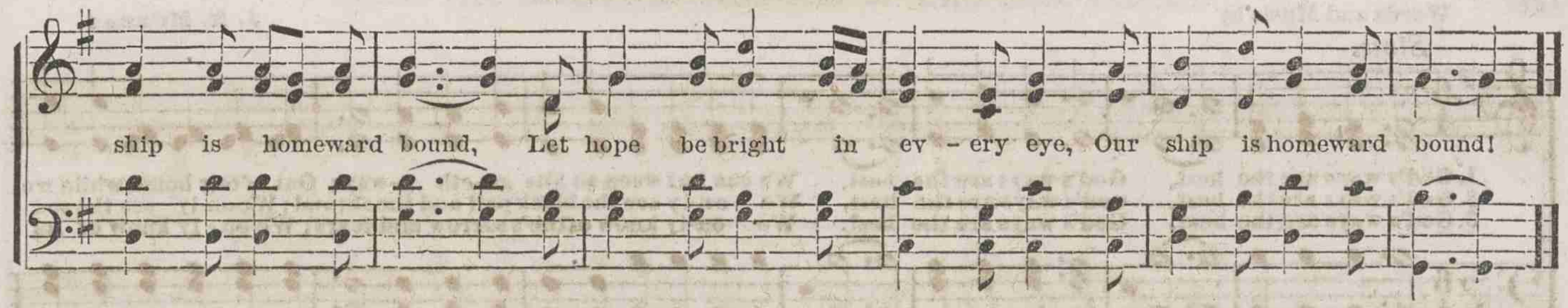
Spirited.

1. What tho' the an - gry waves are high, And darkness reigns a - round? Let hope be bright in ev' - ry eye. Our
2. What tho' the lightening glare a - bove, And deaf'ning thunders roar, When with the eye of faith and love We
3. We've of - ten longed with them to bow At our Re-deem-er's feet,— He loved us first, we love him now, Then

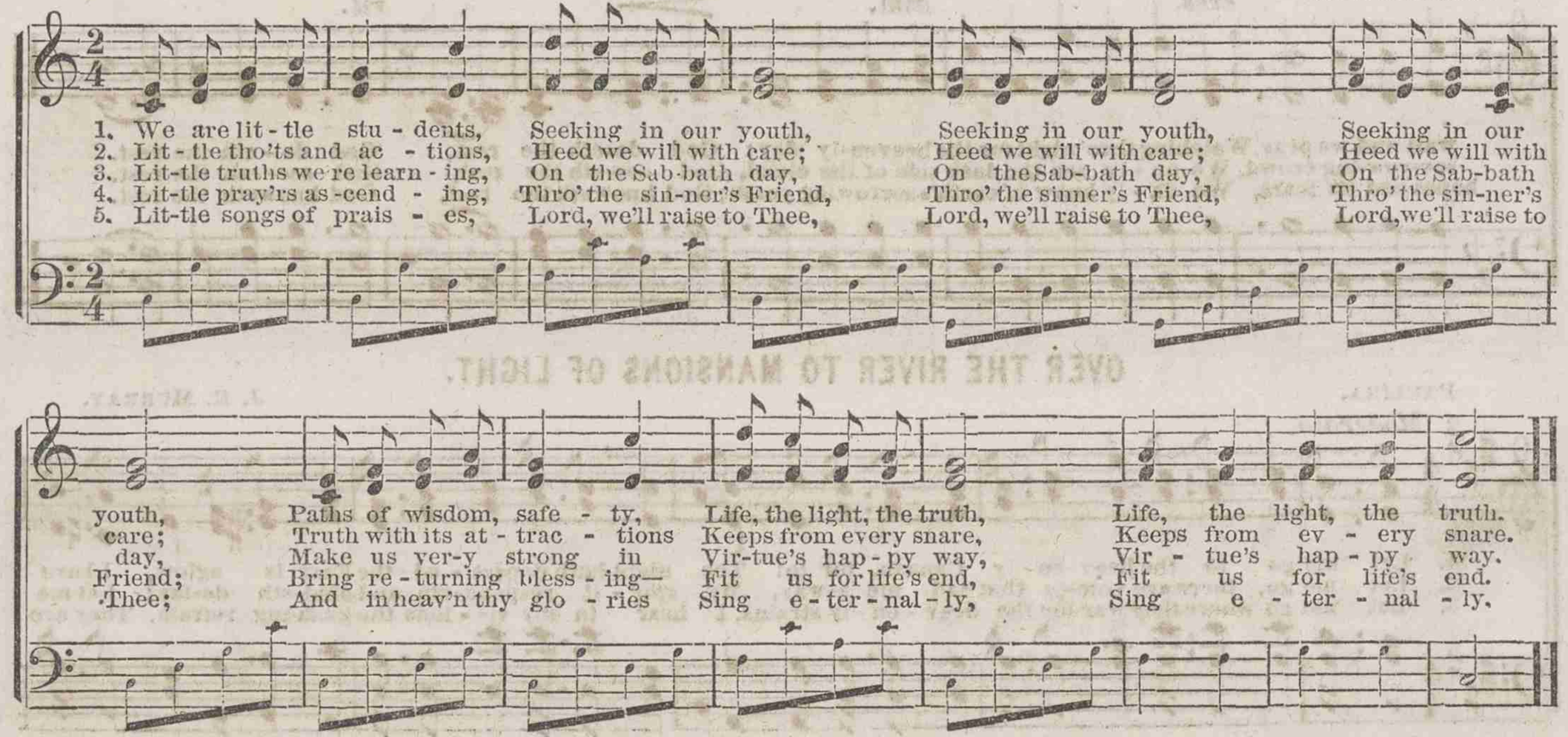
ship is homeward bound! What tho', nor moon, nor stars ap - pear A - mid the gloom pro - found; Why
view the dis - tant shore? We know that friends are wait - ing there, We loved in life be - fore; And
let the bil - lows beat! And let them bear our hopes a - way, Although they once were sweet; We

Chorus.

should we yield a place to fear? Our ship is homeward bound,
an - gel forms all bright and fair Line the e - ter - nal shore.
catch a glimpse of com - ing day—Oh, let the bil - lows beat!

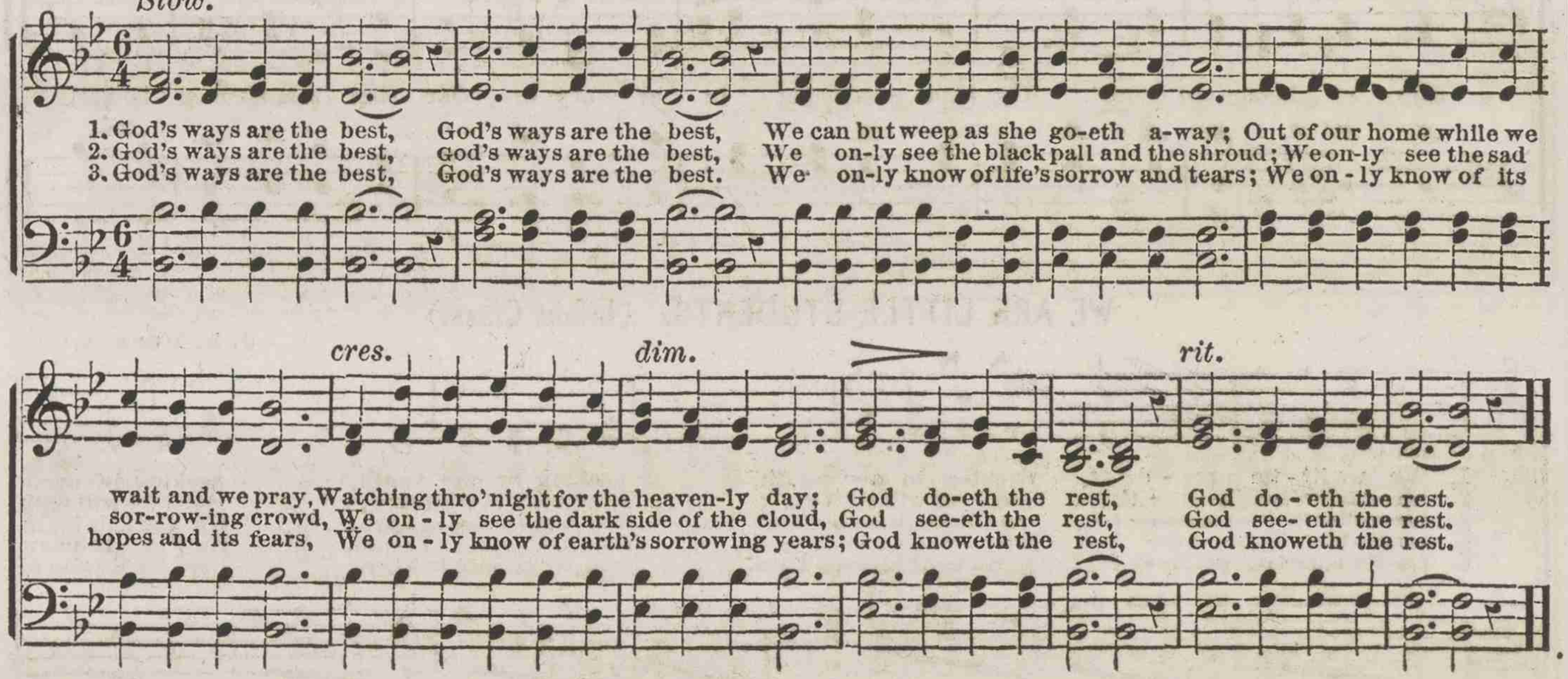
} Homeward, homeward, Our

WE ARE LITTLE STUDENTS. (Infant Class.)

J. R. MURRAY.



GOD'S WAYS ARE THE BEST.

Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

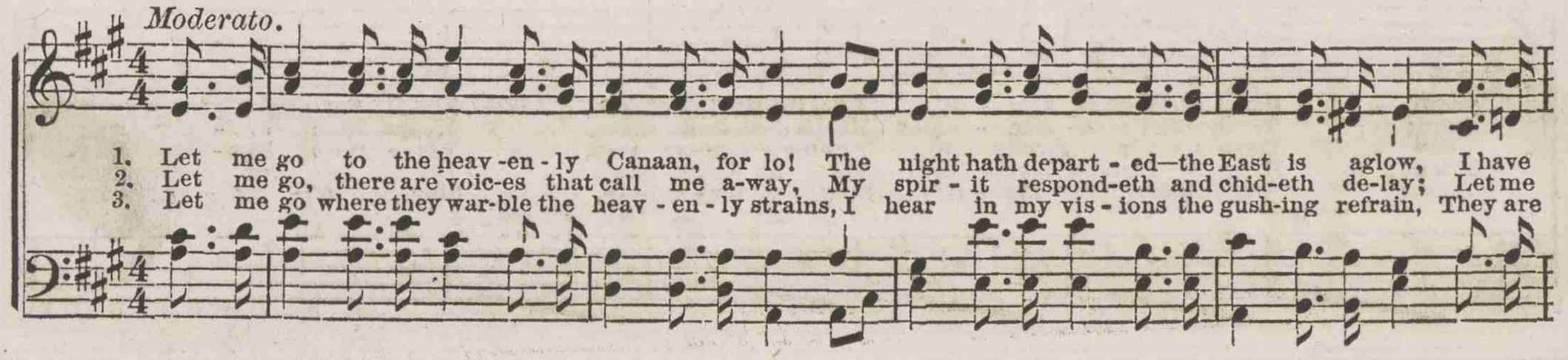
Slow.

1. God's ways are the best, God's ways are the best, We can but weep as she go-eth a-way; Out of our home while we
2. God's ways are the best, God's ways are the best, We on-ly see the black pall and the shroud; We on-ly see the sad
3. God's ways are the best, God's ways are the best. We on-ly know of life's sorrow and tears; We on-ly know of its

wait and we pray, Watching thro' night for the heaven-ly day; God do-eth the rest, God do-eth the rest.
sor-row-ing crowd, We on-ly see the dark side of the cloud, God see-eth the rest, God see-eth the rest.
hopes and its fears, We on-ly know of earth's sorrowing years; God knoweth the rest, God knoweth the rest.

OVER THE RIVER TO MANSIONS OF LIGHT.

PAULINA. J. R. MURRAY.

Moderato.



1. Let me go to the heav-en-ly Canaan, for lo! The night hath depart-ed—the East is aglow, I have
2. Let me go, there are voic-es that call me a-way, My spir-it respond-eth and chid-eth de-lay; Let me
3. Let me go where they war-ble the heav-en-ly strains, I hear in my vis-ions the gush-ing refrain, They are

wan - dered a - far from the mansions of rest, The wa - ters of Life and the home of the blest.
haste from the Ma - rah - like wa - ters of strife, To learn of the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.
strik - ing their harps in di - vin - est ac-cord, And Heav - en re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.

Chorus.

O - ver the riv - er to mansions of light— O - ver the riv - er to spir-its in white—O

List to their ac - cents—how sweet - ly they flow! Wilt thou not go with us! Wilt thou not go!

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

Words and Music by J. K. COLE.

Moderato.

1. In this our Pil - grim way be - low, We know not how or where to go, On ev'-ry hand temptations
2. Would you escape the ways of sin, And now the march to heav'n be-gin, Seek Christ the Sav - ior, while 'tis
3. While you behold the Heav'nly throne, And worship Him who sits there-on; Come now to Christ, come now in

Chorus, Faster.

lure; We need a guide that's true and sure.
day, He is the Life, the Truth, the Way.
youth, He is the Way, the Life, the Truth,

O Je-sus, the Savior, our guide he will be, And lead us all safe-ly o'er

life's stormy sea, The truth he will show us; the Life and the Way, For this he has promised to all who o-bey.

CAST YOUR NETS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. (READ JOHN XXI: 3-6.) EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. Seven fish-ers went out by night at sea, In a ship on the waves of Gal-i-lee, In vain they toiled till the
2. Not one of the seven said, why, oh, Lord? For they loved to o-bey the Master's word; They cast, therefore, and be-
3. Ye fish-ers who go as fish-ers of men, Casting o-ver your nets all night in vain; The long, dark hours have ye
4. Oh, brothers, be glad and strong in the faith, Ye are fish-ers of men, the Mas-ter saith, And grow not faint tho' the

Chorus.

night was o'er Then Je-sus stood on the shin-ing shore.
hold! they saw Their net more full than their hands could draw.
toiled with-in The toss-ing waves of a world of sin?
toil seem vain, But cast your nets to the right a-gain.

A-cross the sound of the sea he cried,
They then rejoiced that the dear Lord cried,
Your mas-ter calls at the morn-ing-tide,
The dear Lord's voice in your heart shall guide,

Cast your nets on the oth-er side, The oth-er side, the oth-er side, Ye shall fill your nets on the oth-er side.
Cast your nets on the oth-er side, The oth-er side, the oth-er side, Ye shall fill your nets on the oth-er side.
Cast your nets on the oth-er side, The oth-er side, the oth-er side, Ye shall fill your nets on the oth-er side.
Cast your nets on the oth-er side, The oth-er side, the oth-er side, Ye shall fill your nets on the oth-er side.

A LITTLE WHILE.

(But thou shalt follow me afterwards.—JOHN XIII: 36.)

J. R. MURRAY.

1. A lit - tle while to walk this wea-ry road; A lit - tle while to bear this heav - y load; Then
2. A lit - tle while to love with earth-ly love, And then we share the "fullness" from a-bove, A
3. A lit - tle while of storm and wind and rain, And then the shin - ing heav - en we shall gain; A

all our earth-ly pil - grim-age shall cease, And we shall wear the crown of perfect peace. A
lit - tle time of darkness and of doubt, Then the bright home whose light shall ne'er go out. A
lit - tle time to toss on life's rough sea, Then in that peace - ful home our rest shall be. A

lit - tle toil and sad - ness here be - low, A lit - tle time to watch and plant and sow, Then
lit - tle while we part from those we love, And then we'll meet them in our home a - bove, A
lit - tle while! O Savior! make us strong, To bear that lit - tle tho' it oft seems long! Guide

Je- sus calls his la - bor - ers a - way, Where ev - er - last - ing joy and glad - ness stay.
lit - tle while we wait with fear oppressed, Then wea - ry wait - ing ends in per - fect rest.
thou our way with thine own lov-ing hand Till we shall en - ter in the promised land.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

MISS THOMPSON. (READ ISAIAH I: 18.) J. R. MURRAY.

Moderato.

1. Whit - er than snow! beauti-ful snow, Cov'ring so ten-der-ly earth's dreary blight, Hiding the darkness of all here be-low,
2. Whit - er than snow! beauti-ful snow, Nev-er a stain on its ra - diance seen, Contrasting ev - er with sorrow and woe,
3. Whit - er than snow! beauti-ful snow, Helpless-ly seek we for cleansing below, On-ly thro' Christ can our sins be forgiven,

Hid-ing the darkness of all here below, Emblem of pu-ri - ty, how can we be Like un-to thee, like un-to thee.
Con-trasting ev-er with sorrow and woe, To-ken of innocence! when shall we be. Like un-to thee, like un-to thee.
On - ly thro' Christ can our sins be forgiven, But if we trust in Him some-time we'll be. Like un-to thee, like un-to thee.

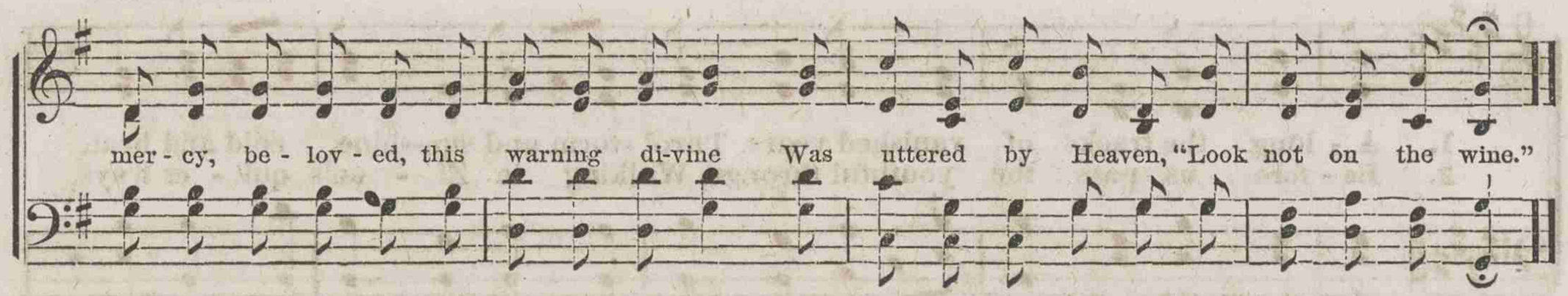
O HASTE TO THE RESCUE. (Temperance.)

PAULINA. (There is an evil which I have seen under the sun and it is common among men.—PROV. VI: 1.) J. R. MURRAY.

1. O! haste to the rescue—the streets are a - glow, With lights at the gates of the Cit - y of woe, How
2. The demon is sleepless, and spreading his snares, While lov-ing and loved ones as - sist un - a-wares; They
3. The youth who has tasted the poi - son -ous draught, The man who has thought of his scruples and laughed, The
4. Then haste to the rescue, if on - ly to win One soul to the right, from the meshes of sin, If

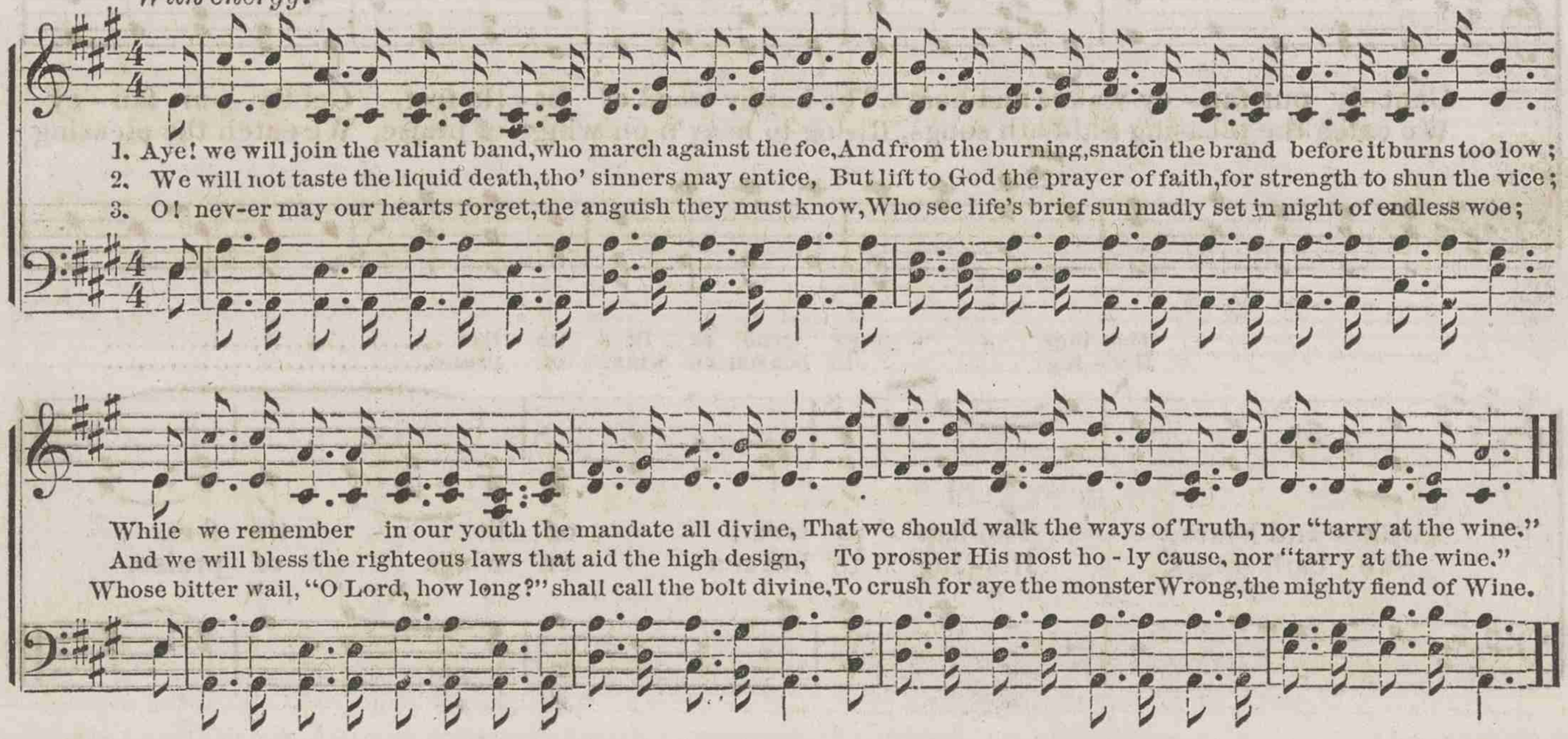
bright is the broad road! How smooth the des - cent The hearth, how for - sa - ken! How wild the la-ment!
press the full cup to the lips that they love, And see not the frown of the an - gel a - bove,
wretch who is rav - ing on death-bed of shame, Ac - curs-ed of Heav-en, are one and the same.
on - ly to snatch from the burn-ing one brand, Thank God and march on with the Temper-ance band.

Chorus.

Then flee from the tempter, O! flee, ere his toils Shall wring from the life of thy spir - it, his spoils, In

THE CHILDREN'S RESPONSE. (Temperance.)

PAULINA. J. R. MURRAY.

With energy.



ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. A - long the tracks of vanished years, Thro' storm and sun-shine, cold and heat,
2. Be - fore us pass the youthful throngs, Walking in Zi - on's qui - et ways,

Gent - ly our fan - cy wakes and hears, The happy tread of lit - tle feet, Gently our fan - cy
We catch the pleasing Sabbath songs, Rising to heav'n on wings of praise, We catch the pleasing

The hap - - py tread of lit - tle feet.....
Ris - ing to heaven on wings of praise.....

wakes and hears, The hap - py tread of lit - tle feet.
Sab - bath songs, Ris - ing to heaven on wings of praise.

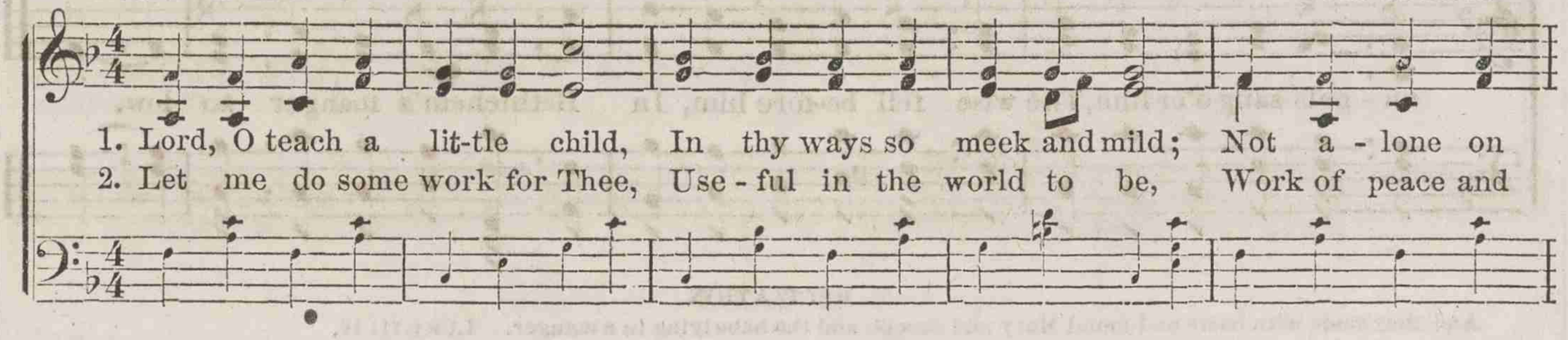
3. Some of these pilgrim feet no more
Tread these rough paths of earthly care;
They wander on that radiant shore
Where sin shall never spread its snare.
They wander on that radiant shore
Where sin shall never spread its snare.

4. Yet we are safe while Jesus leads,
Though dangers throng about our way;
He helps us in our sorest needs,
And guards us from the beasts of prey.
He helps us in our sorest needs,
And guards us from the beasts of prey.

5. In pastures green, by waters still,
Through fields in living beauty drest,
He takes us up to Zion's hill,
On to his everlasting rest.
He takes us up to Zion's hill,
On to his everlasting rest.

A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

R. V. MURRAY. J. R. MURRAY.

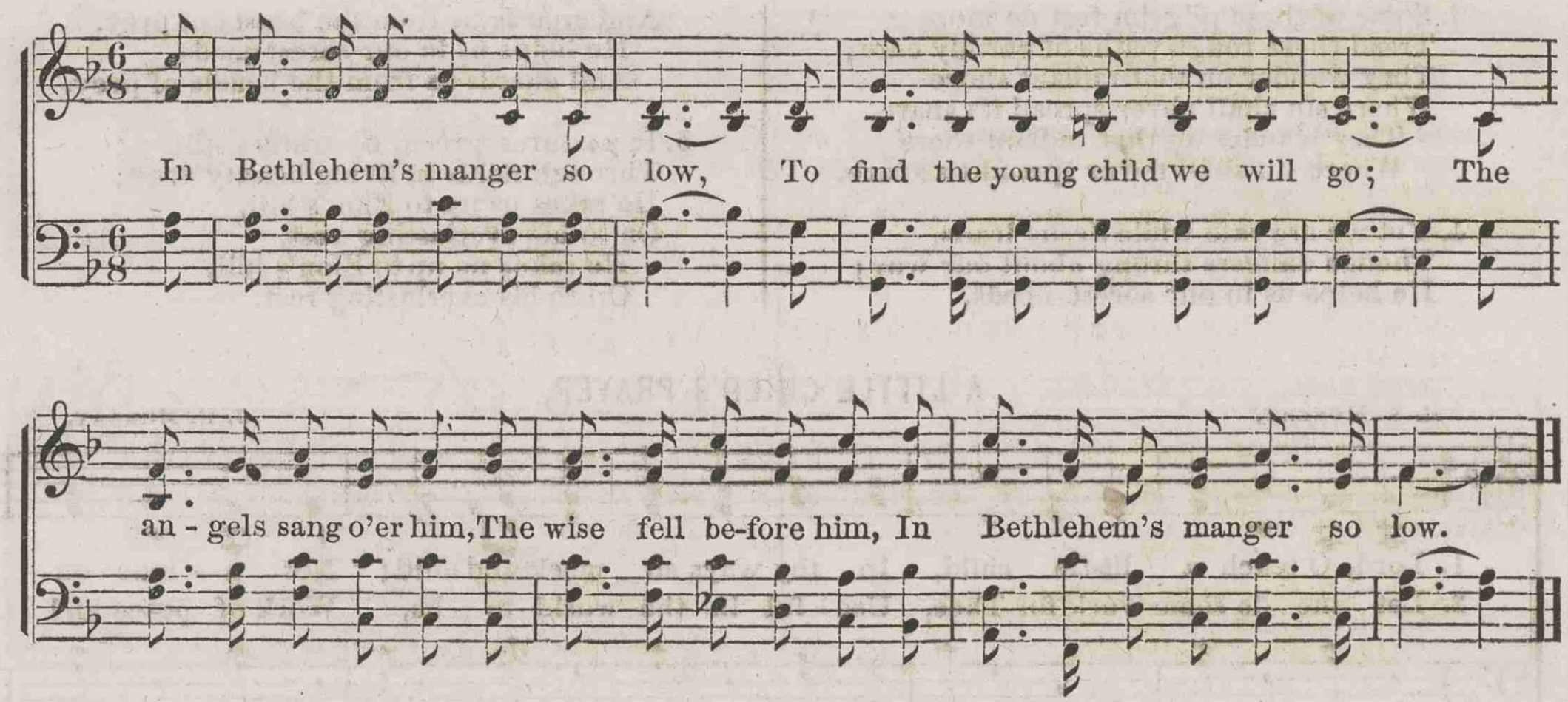


3. Fold me in thy arms I pray,
Keep me good thro' all the day,
When I sleep, or when I wake
Lord, my soul in keeping take.

4. In thy love O may I stay,
Teach me, Lord, aright to pray.
Wheresoever I may be,
Guide my little feet to Thee.

LOOKING FOR JESUS.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. J. R. MURRAY.



RECITATION.

And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger. LUKE II: 16.

SONG.

O'er blossoming Galilee hills,
Or roaming by Nazareth rills,
See where he is staying,
His mother obeying;
O'er blossoming Galilee hills.

RECITATION.

And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them. MATT. 1: 51.

SONG.

Oh, come to the Jordan with me,
The calm, sunny river, and see
All duty fulfilling,
How Jesus is willing;
Oh, come to the Jordan with me.

RECITATION.

Jesus said, suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. MATT. III: 15.

SONG.

Come up to the beautiful mount,
Hear now, from his lips like a fount,
The blessings are flowing,
His love is bestowing,
Come up to the beautiful mount.

RECITATION.

He went up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came unto him, and he opened his mouth and taught them. MATT. V: 1, 2.

SONG.

Now enter the house of the Lord,
Where Jesus has opened the word,
His dear lips are preaching,
His tender voice teaching,
Now enter the house of the Lord.

RECITATION.

He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath Day, and stood up for to read. He found the place where it is written. The spirit of the Lord is upon me, LUKE IV: 16, 17.

SONG.

Now seek the sweet Bethany home,
Where often at eve he would come;
Where Mary sits hearing
His accents endearing,
Now seek the sweet Bethany home.

RECITATION.

Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, who also sat at Jesus feet, and heard his word. LUKE X: 38, 39.

SONG.

Oh say, by and by can we go,
By following Jesus below;
The bright mansions sharing,
His love is preparing,
Oh say, by and by can we go.

RECITATION.

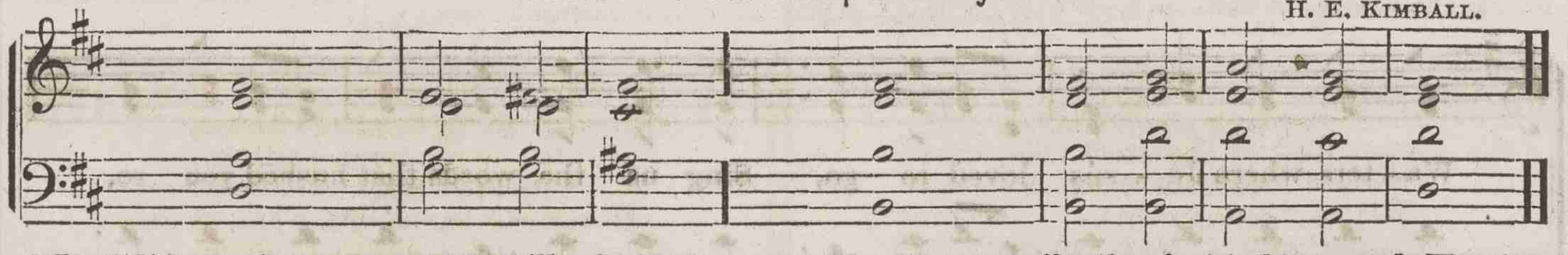
Jesus said, In my father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.—I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also. JOHN, XIV: 2, 3.

SONG.

Yes, yes! by and by we will go
By following Jesus below;
The bright mansions sharing,
His love is preparing,
Yes, yes! by and by we will go.

CHANT.—"I Will lift up Mine Eyes."

H. E. KIMBALL.

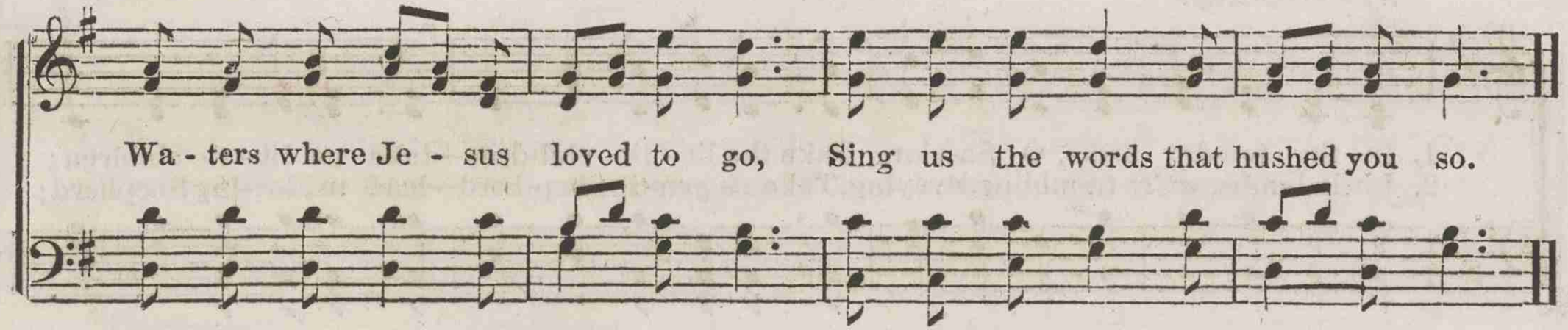


1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh. my | help.‖
2. My help cometh from the Lord, | which made | heaven, and | earth.
3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved, He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.‖
4. Behold, He that keepeth Israel, | shall not | slumber, nor | sleep.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Beau - ti - ful lake of Gal - i - lee, Sing to the shin - ing shore,

Tell us what Je - sus said to thee, Still-ing the storm - y roar.

Wa - ters where Je - sus loved to go, Sing us the wo'rds that hushed you so,

RECITATION.

He said unto the sea, Peace, be still!—MARK IV: 39.

SONG.

Beautiful Jordan, bright and blue,
Sing us a sacred song.
Tell us what Jesus came to do,
Walking thy banks along.
‖: River that kissed his willing feet,
Sing us of him the story sweet. :‖

RECITATION.

Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptised of him. MATT. III: 13.

SONG.

Beautiful Mount of Olivet,
Sing us in accents low;
Whisper how, when the sun was set,
Jesus was wont to go
‖: Into the mount, apart to pray,
Sing us the words he used to say. :‖

RECITATION.

Jesus went as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives. * * * And when he was at the place, he said, "Pray that ye enter not into temptation." LUKE XXII: 39, 40.

SONG.

Beautiful City, built on high,
Sing us the words, so dear,
Up in thy mansions, by and by,
We from his lips shall hear.
‖: City of God, with pearly gates
Sing us the joy for us that waits. :‖

RECITATION.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, "Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." MATT. XXV: 34.

SONG.

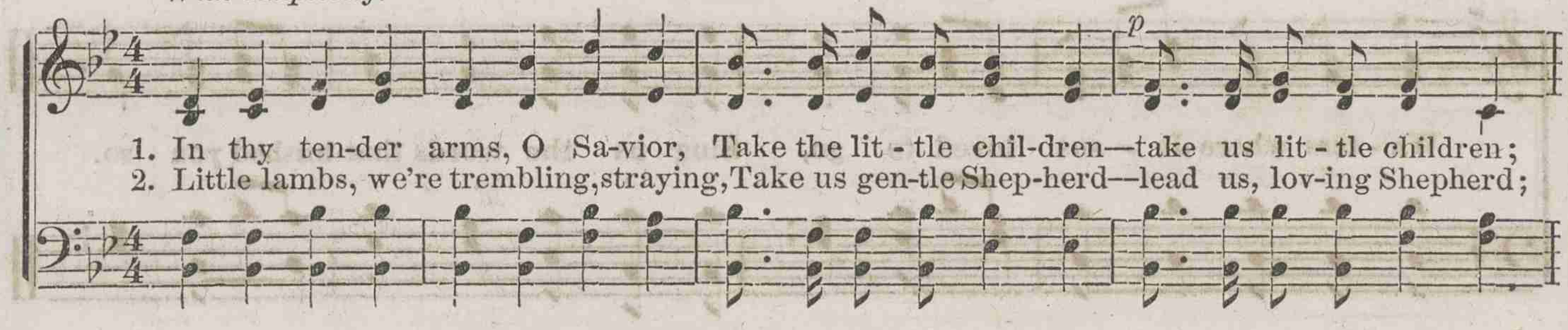
Beautiful Mountain where he came,
Sing us the blessings sweet,
Promised to those who loved his name,
Coming around his feet.
‖: Mountain of Blessings sing, while we
Joyfully chant them all with Thee. :‖

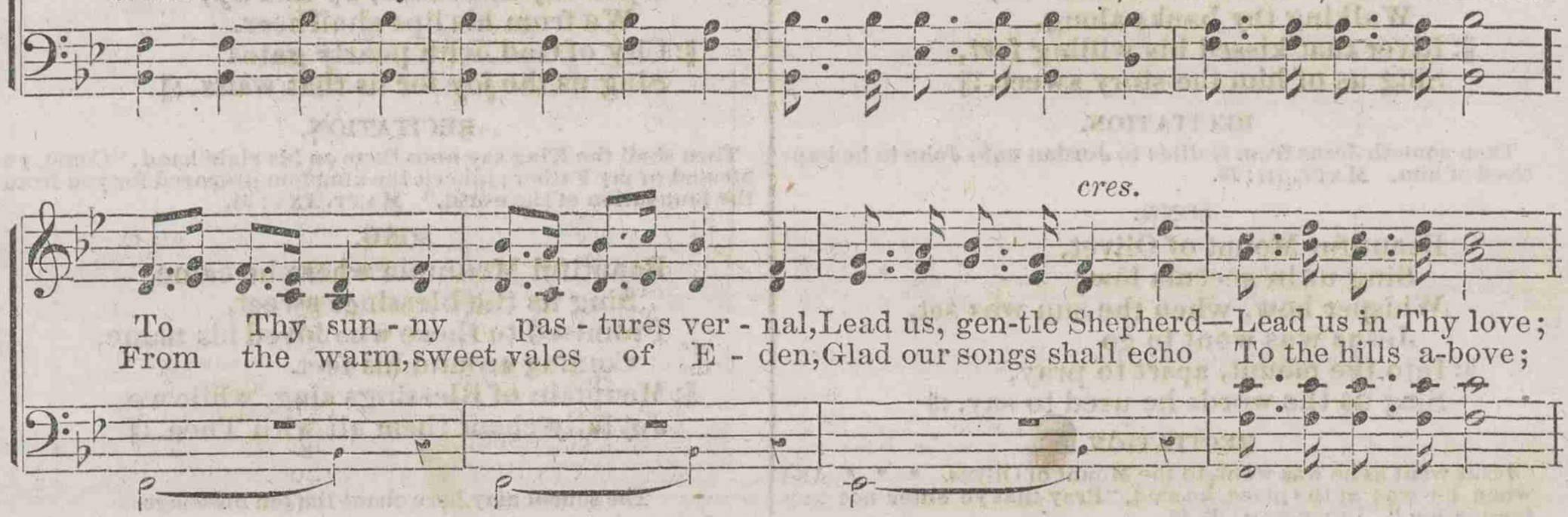
The school may here chant the ten blessings

IN THY TENDER ARMS, O SAVIOR.

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON.

With simplicity.





cres.

Where sweet spring doth bloom e - ter - nal Take us in Thy Love—O take us in Thy Love!
Woods and mountains loud re - sound-ing With E-ter-nal Love—O sweet E-ternal Love!

Chorus.

p

In thy ten-der arms, O Sa-vior, Take the lit - tle chil-dren—take us lit - tle children;

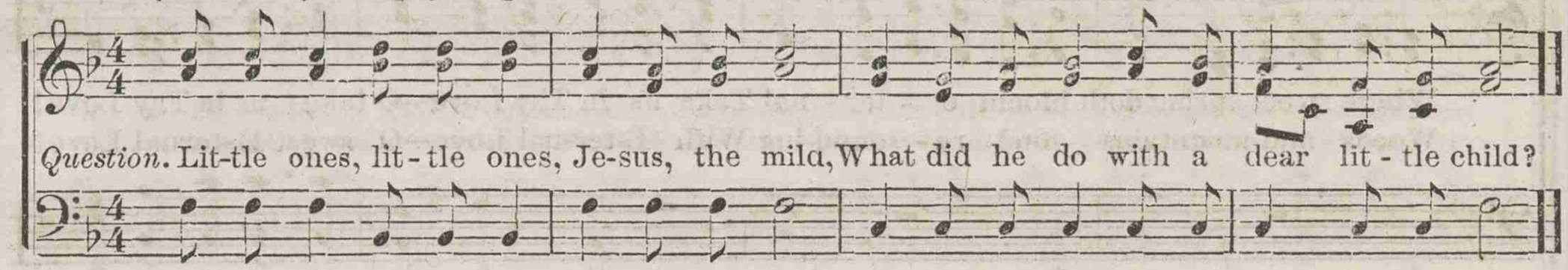
cres.

In Thy lov - ing arms, O Sa - vior, Take us all to Thee— O take us all to Thee.

THE ANGELS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. (READ MATT. XVIII: 3-10.) J. R. MURRAY.

The questions may be sung by a single voice or as a Duet, the answers to be spoken by the little ones together.



Answer.—And Jesus called a little child unto them, and set him in the midst of them.

Question.—Little ones, little ones, say have you read
Words that the loving Lord Jesus then said?

Answer.—Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones.

Question.—Little ones, little ones, how did his love
Speak of the angels in heaven above?

Answer.—For I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

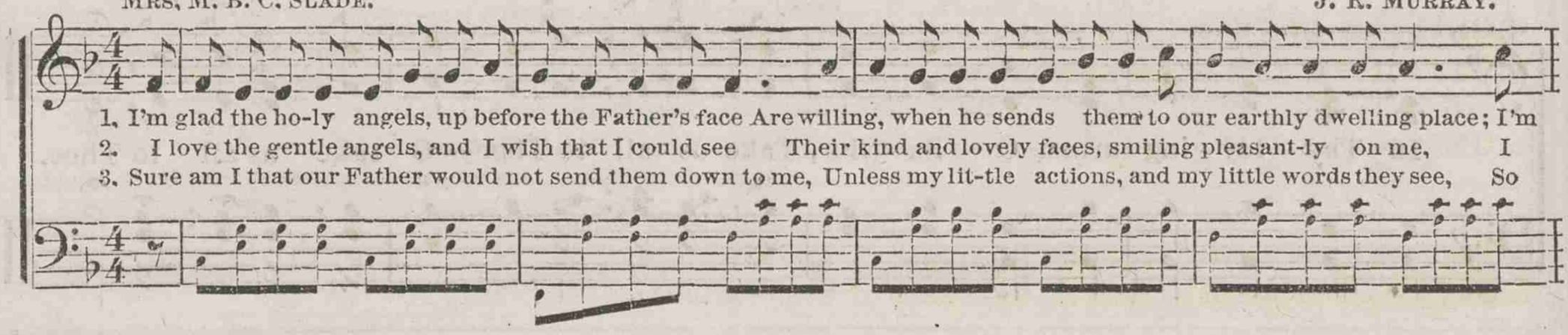
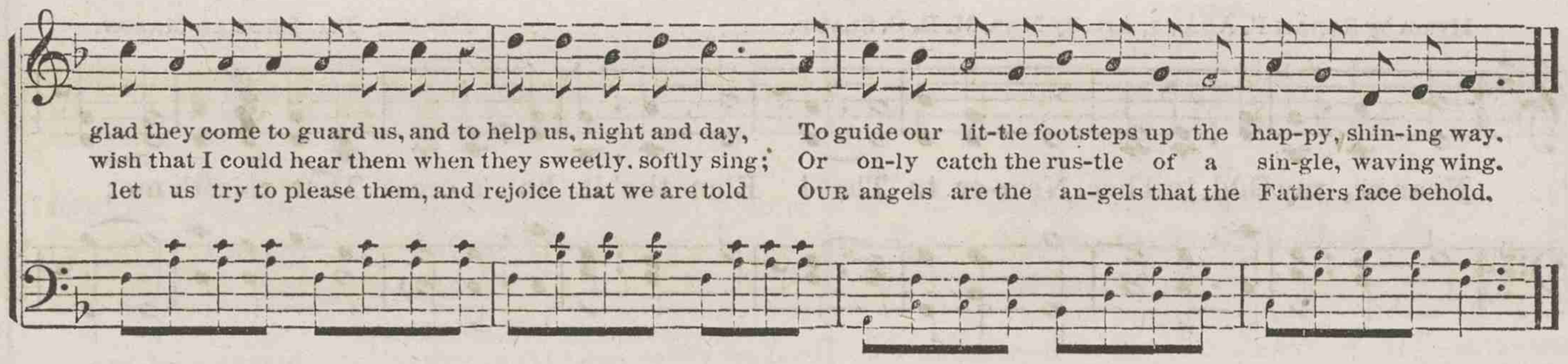
Question.—Little ones, little ones, how learn you, there,
Angels the *highest*, have children in care?

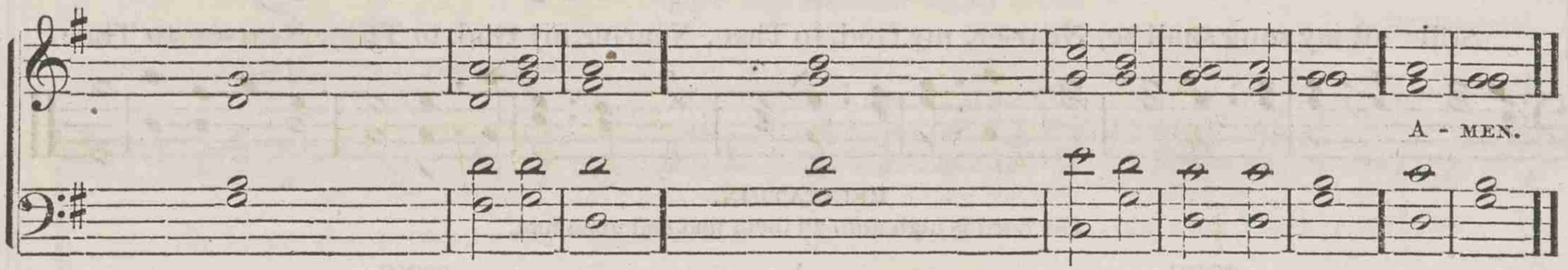
Answer.—Because, THEIR ANGELS DO ALWAYS BEHOLD THE FACE OF THE FATHER.

Question.—Little ones, little ones, sing us your joy
Angels are kept in such loving employ.

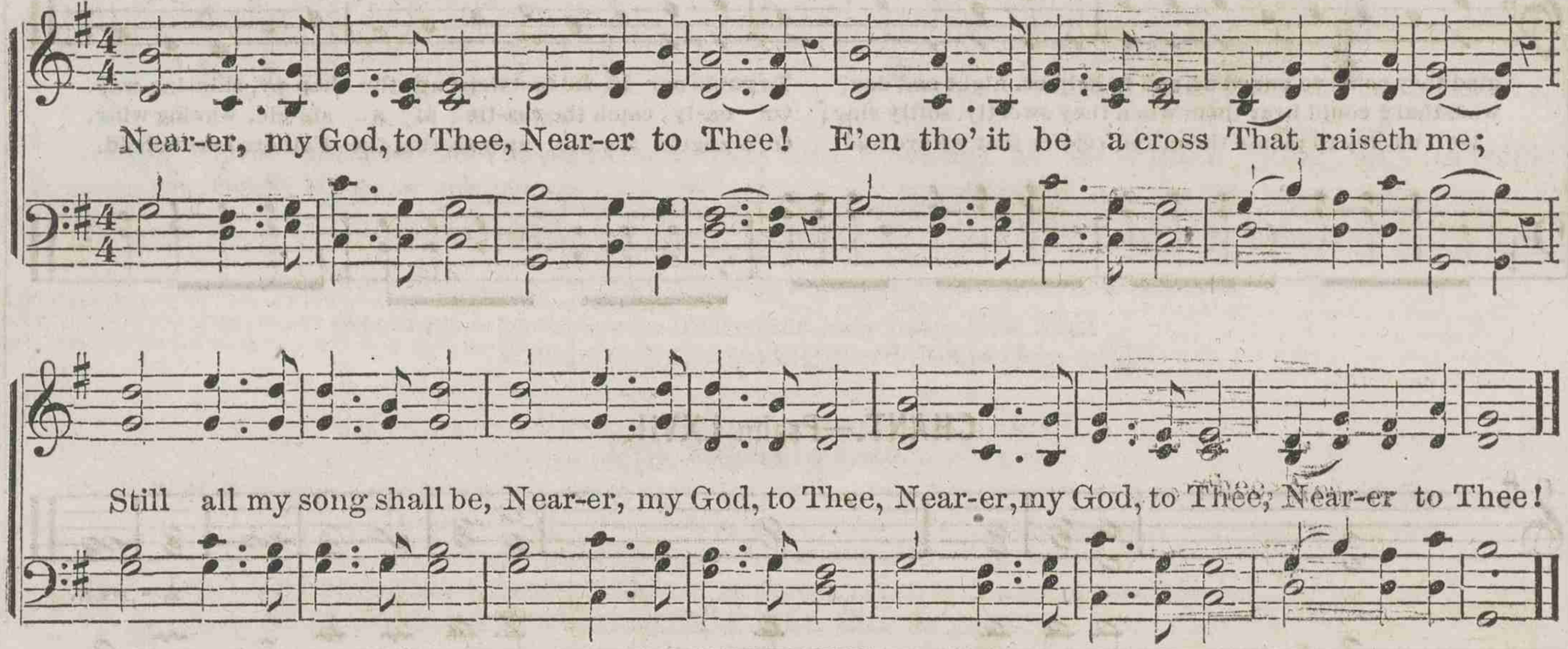
SONG OF THE LITTLE ONES.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. J. R. MURRAY.



CHANT.—Psalm LXVII.

1. God be merciful unto | us and | bless us; ‖ And cause his | face to | shine up - | on us;
2. That thy way may be | known upon | earth; ‖ Thy saving | health a - | mong all | nations;
3. Let the people praise | thee, O | God; ‖ Let | all the | people | praise thee;
4. O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy; ‖ For thou shalt judge the people righteously and govern the . . | nations | upon | earth;
5. Let the people praise | thee, O | God; ‖ Let | all the | people | praise thee.
6. Then shall the earth | yield her | increase; ‖ And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
7. God | shall | bless us; ‖ And all the | ends of the | earth shall | fear him.

NEARER TO THEE.

Hymn by SARAH F. ADAMS, Arr. by MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. LOWELL MASON.

RECITATION.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him.

SONG.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

RECITATION.

And Jacob lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set. And he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillow, and lay down to sleep. And he dreamed. GEN. XXVIII: 11.

SONG.

There let the way appear
Steps, unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

RECITATION.

Behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it, and behold the Lord stood above it. GEN. XXVIII: 12.

SONG.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stormy griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So, by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

RECITATION.

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, surely the Lord is in this place; * * and he took the stone that he had put for his pillow and set it up for a pillar. * * * And he called the name of that place Bethel. GEN. XXVIII: 16, 18, 19.

SONG.

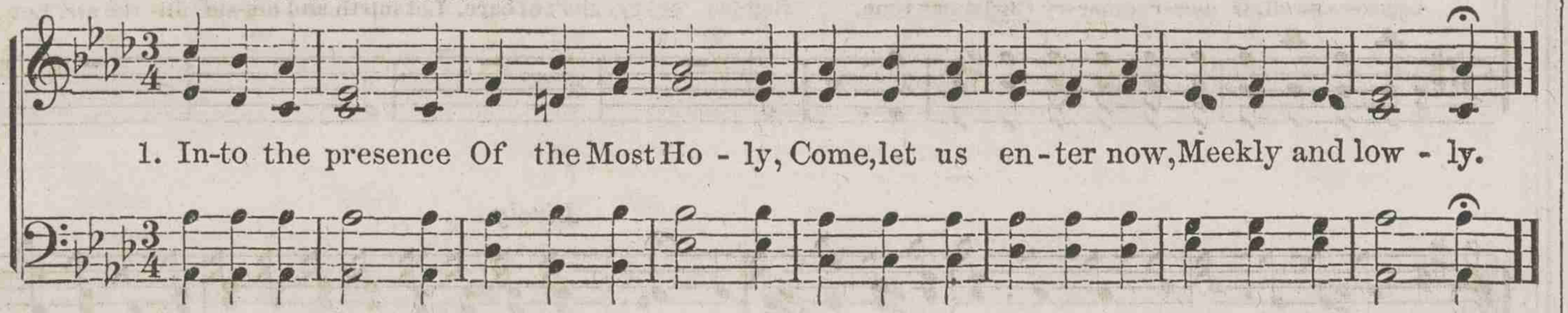
Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot
Upward I fly:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee.

RECITATION.

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. PS. CXXXIX: 8, 9.

LET US ADORE HIM.

Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Slow and with reverance.

2.

Self all forgetting,
Pride all forsaking,
Knowing that all we are
Is of his making.

3.

Earnestly, humbly,
Kneeling before him.
Putting the world away
Let us adore him.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Lively.

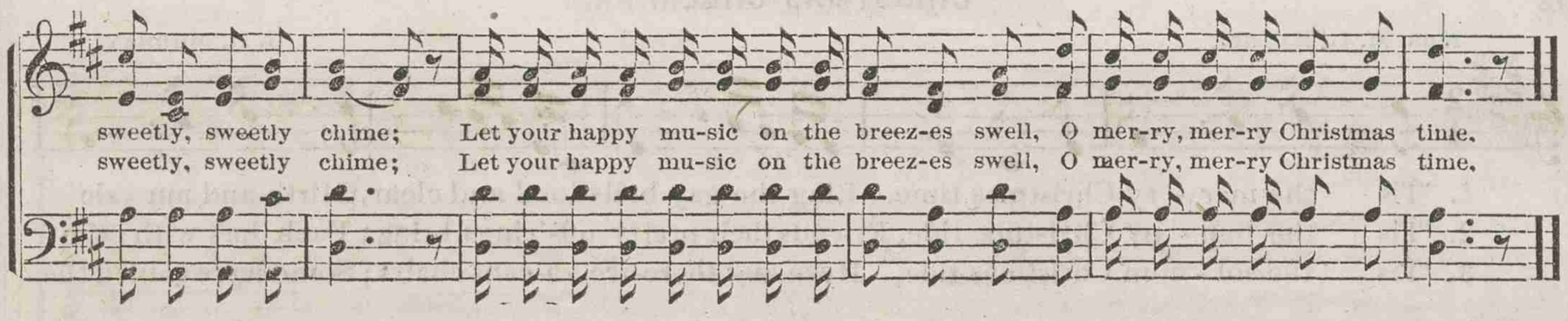
1. Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells, O sweetly, sweetly chime; Let your happy mu-sic on the
2. Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells, O sweetly, sweetly chime; Let your happy mu-sic on the

Slower.

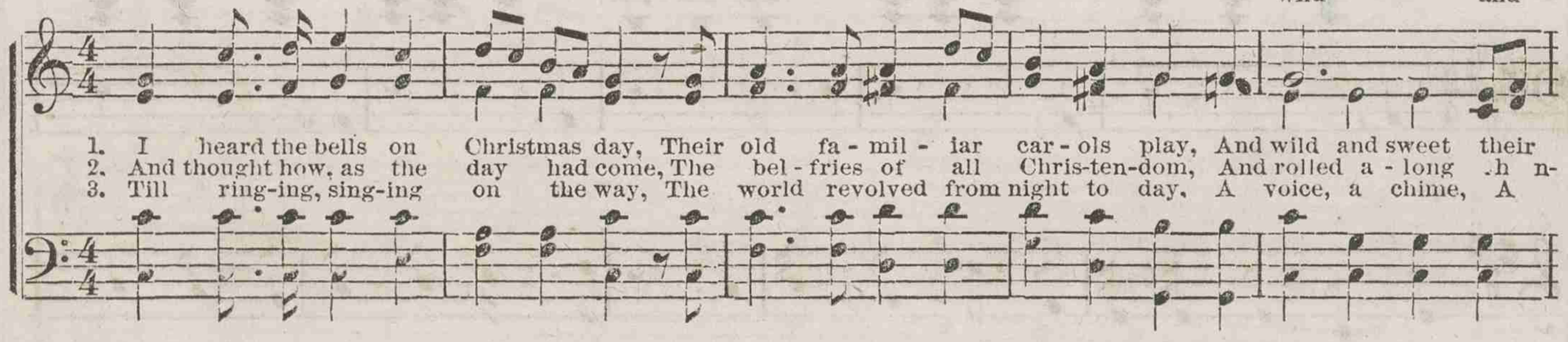
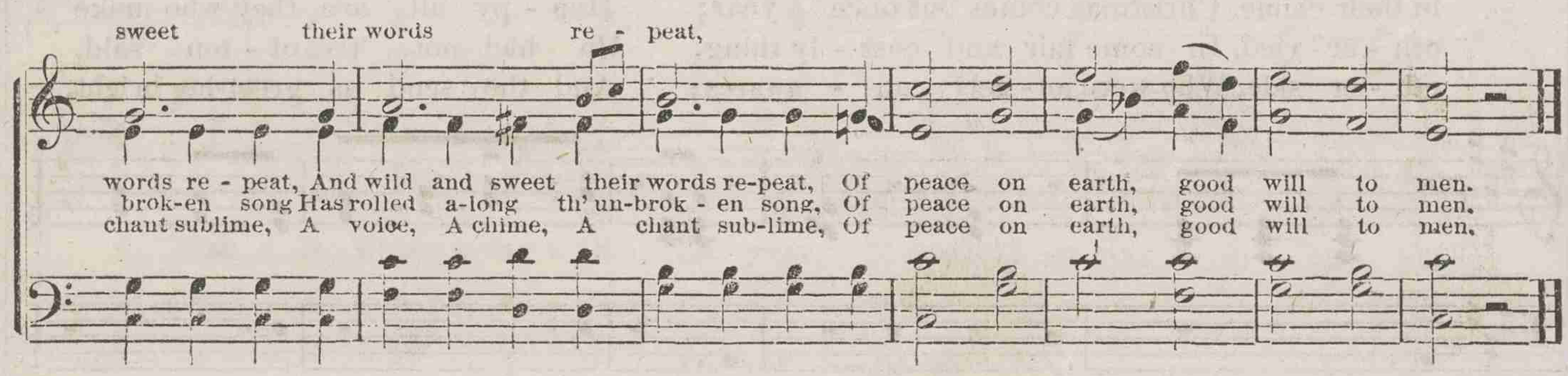
breez-es swell, O mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas time, Peace on earth, good will to men, O an - gel sing - ers, sing again, While
breez-es swell, O mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas time, Ban-ish ev'-ry tho't of care, Let mirth and mu-sic fill the air, Let

Lively.

hearts and voic - es here be - low Send back the glad re-frain. O mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas bells, O
words of cheer and smiles a-bound, And gladness ev' - ry where. O mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas bells, O



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

LONGFELLOW. J. W. SHRYOCK.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

MRS. M. L. RAYNE. J. R. MURRAY.

1. 'Tis the mer - ry Christmas time, Ring the gay bells loud and clear, Mirth and mu - sic
2. 'Tis the hap - py Christmas tide, Friends their pretty off-'rings bring; Each has with the
3. 'Tis the sol - emn Christmas tide, Here and there are va-cant chairs; Some have gained the

in their chime, Christmas comes but once a year; Hap - py all are they who make
oth - er vied, In some fair and cost - ly thing. He had not, 'tis of - ten said,
oth - er side, Who were an - gels un - awares; And they send us greet-ing bright,

rit. *tempo.*

Oth - ers hap-py for his sake; Who in Bethlehem was born, Long ago, on Christmas morn.
Where to lay his sa-cred head, Let us not forget His poor When we view our Christmas store.
"Peace on Earth" good will to-night! Let us catch the heav'nly cheer, Making Christmas all the year.

rit. *tempo.*

f *Chorus.* *p* *p*

Let us catch the heav'n-ly cheer, heav'n-ly cheer, heav'n-ly cheer,

f

Mak - ing Christ - mas all the year, Making Christ-mas all the year.

PEACE ON EARTH.

Words and Music by QUARTET. J. R. MURRAY.

Moderato. *Allegretto.*

1. Peace on earth, Peace on earth, Good will to men, O ring again, ye merry bells, Of happy days your music tells, And yet once more your
2. Peace on earth, Peace on earth, Good will to men, Shine out again, O angel light, Break thro' the darkness of our night; Sing to our souls the

strain prolong, O joyous Christmas song, Let gentle words and deeds abound, Let music ev'ry-where resound, A Loving Heart once
glad refrain, "Peace and good will to men," Come to earth's children ev'ry where, In lowly cot and palace fair, A Loving Heart once

Chorus. Animato.

Mer-ry Christmas, mer-ry Christmas, Mer-ry Christmas, bless-ings

came this way, On happy Christmas day. Mer-ry Christmas all, mer-ry Christmas all, Merry Christmas, bless-ings
came this way, On happy Christmas day, Mer-ry Christmas all, etc.

ev - er on you fall; Merry Christmas, mer-ry Christmas, Merry Christmas one and all. *Vivace.*

ev - er on you fall; Merry Christmas all, merry Christmas all, Merry Christmas one and all, Merry, merry, merry, merry,

merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas all, Merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry,

merry, merry Christmas all, Mer-ry, merry, merry Christmas all, Merry, merry, merry Christmas all.

all, A merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas all, A merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas all.

THE NEW YEAR'S STORY.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. MENDELSSOHN.

1. We sing the year's long sto - ry Of Sabbath ser - vice done; Of fields all white with harvest; Of precious trophies

p *cres.* *f* *dim.*

2. We sing the year's glad sto - ry; For, wheresoe'er we went, The Lord's dear love went with us, And showers of mercy

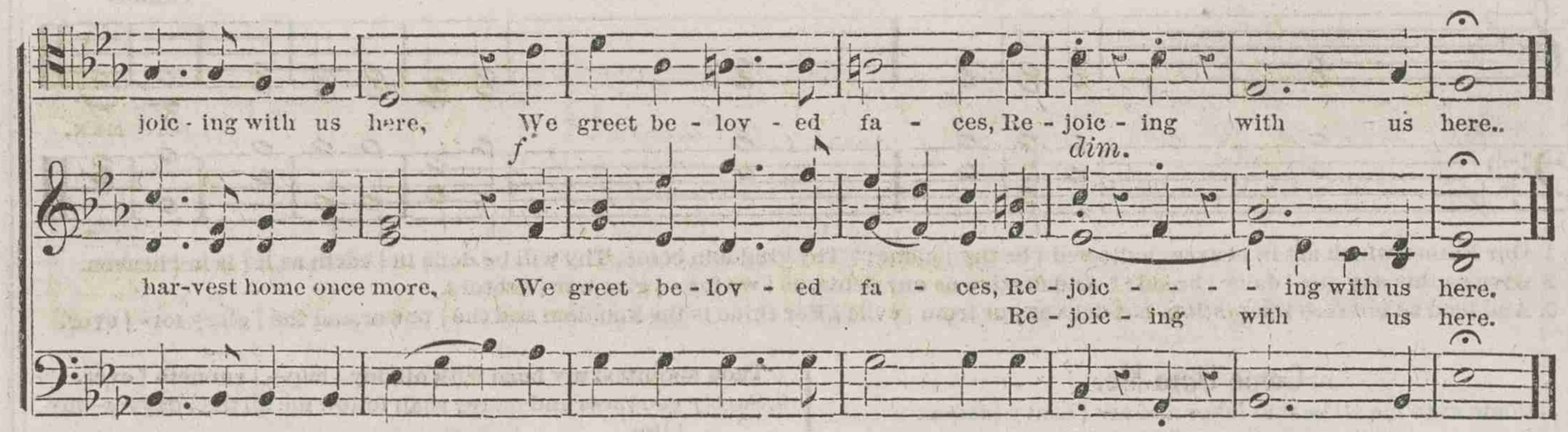
won, In old fa - mil - iar pla - ces, So sacred and so dear, We greet be-lov-ed fa - ces, Re -

In old fa - mil-iar pla - ces,

f *p*

sent, The seed here sown, up - spring - ing, Rich, golden harvest bore; Now our ripe sheaves bringing, we Sing

won, In old fa - mil - iar places,

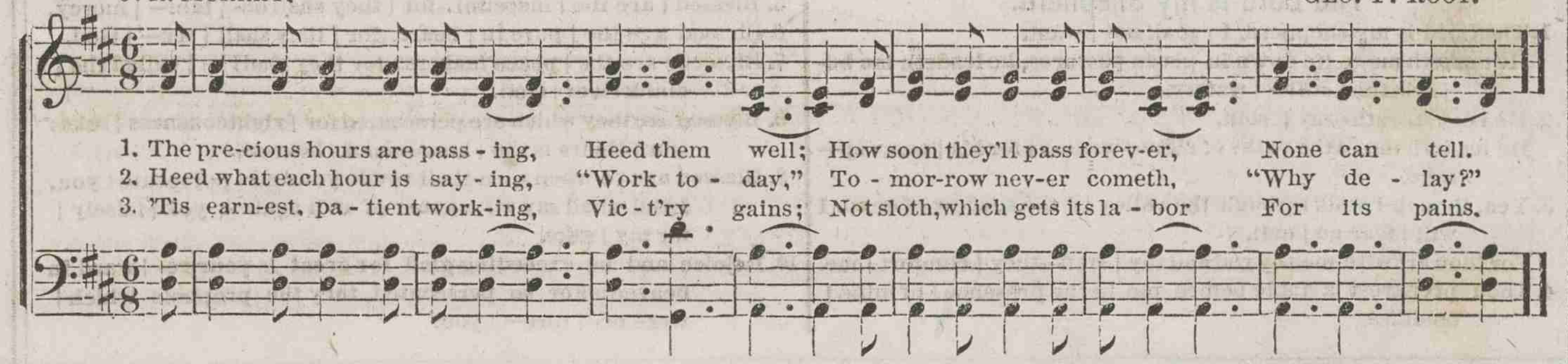


3. We sing the year's bright story,
The story, new and old;
Our Shepherd's voice hath gathered
The lambs within the fold,
Hath called them from the mountains,
The winding ways of sin;
And to the living fountains
Hath kindly led them in.

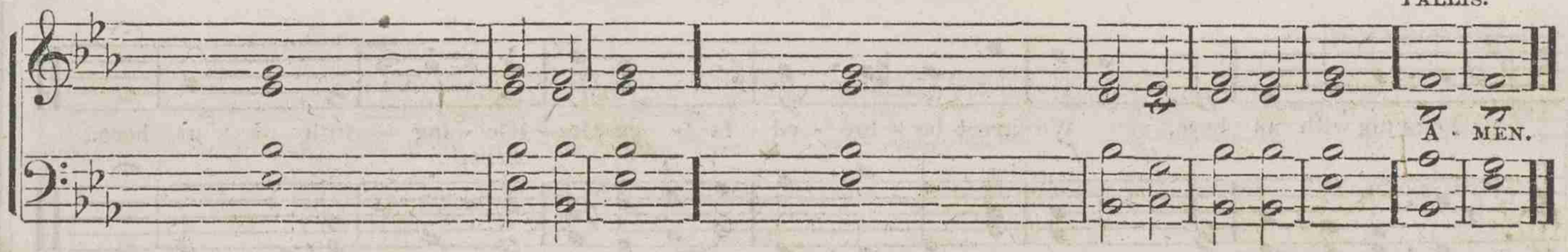
4. We sing the year's new story;
Its promise, Lord, shall be,
The strength thy hand hath given
Shall grow by serving Thee,
Unto thy kingdom pressing,
Oh, Father, ever dear,
Renew to us thy blessing,
Make glad another year.

PRECIOUS HOURS ARE PASSING.

J. R. MURRAY. GEO. F. ROOT.



CHANT.—The Lord's Prayer.

TALLIS.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name; ‖ Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in | earth as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread: ‖ And forgive us our debts, as | we for - | give our | debtors.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; ‖ For thine is the kingdom and the | power,and the | glory for- | ever.

Come Unto Me.

1. Come unto me all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden.
   Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and | I will | give you | rest.
2. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and | lowly in | heart.
   And ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls.
3. For my yoke is easy, and my | burden is | light.
   For my yoke is | easy—and my | burden—is | light.
4. And the spirit and the bride say *come*, and let him that | heareth —say | *come.*
   And let him that is athirst *come*, and whosoever will, let him take the | water of | life— | freely. A - MEN.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

1. The Lord is my shepherd, I | shall not | want.
   He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me be- | side the | still— | waters.
2. He re- | storeth—my | soul.
   He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for his | name's| — sake.
3. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,I will | fear, no | evil.
   For thou art with me,thy rod and thy | staff—they | comfort | me.
4. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies.
   Thou anointest my head with oil. my | cup— | runneth | over.
5. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of—my | life.
   And I will dwell in the | house—of the | Lord—for- | ever.
   A - MEN.

The Ten Blessings.

1. Blessed are the | poor in | spirit: ‖ for | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.
2. Blessed are | they that | mourn: ‖ for | they shall be | comfort- | ed.
3. Blessed | are the meek: ‖ for | they shall in- | herit the | earth.
4. Blessed are they which do hunger and | thirst after | righteousness: ‖ for | they | shall be | filled.
5. Blessed | are the | merciful: ‖ for | they shall ob- | tain— | mercy.
6. Blessed are the | pure in | heart: ‖ for | they shall | see— | God.
7. Blessed | are the | peace makers: ‖ for they shall be | called the | children of | God.
8. Blessed are they which are persecuted for | righteousness | sake: ‖ for | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.
9. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and | persecute | you. ‖ And shall say all manner of evil against you | falsely | for my | sake.
10. Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your re- | ward in heaven: ‖ For so persecuted they the prophets which | were be- | fore— | you.

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