THE
NEW GOLDEN SHOWER
CONTAINING THE
Gems of the "Golden Shower,"
WITH ABOUT ONE-HALF ADDITIONAL (NEW) PIECES,
DESIGNED FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS, SOCIAL, MISSIONARY AND TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

By William B. Bradbury.

BOSTON, MASS.:
PUBLISHED BY D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER.
FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.
Voluntary Testimonials.

"They possess, in the highest degree, all the essentials of a Perfect Piano Forte."—Wm. Mason.

"Bradbury's New Scale Piano Fortes I have examined with great care. They are very superior instruments."—Gottschalk.

"I admire them in the highest degree."—Geo. W. Morgan.

"Bradbury's Pianos were used at the 'Convent of the Sacred Heart,' in company with ten others. Their superior excellence was fully proven."—W. Berge.

"They are the best Square Piano Fortes I have ever played upon."—Harry Sanderson.

"After many trials, I find them superior to all others."—Chas. Fradel.

"In every particular, as to tone, touch and power, they are perfect."—Robert Heller.

"I consider them equal to any I have seen."—John N. Pattison.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,
427 Broome Street, N. Y.
DESCRIPTION OF STYLES
OF
BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES.

No. 1. 7 Octave, French round corners, plain.

No. 2. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, moulding on plinth, carved lyre and scroll desk.

No. 4. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, mouldings on rim and plinth, carved lyre and scroll desk.

No. 4. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, LARGE MOULDINGS on rim, mouldings on plinth, BEVELED TOP, carved lyre and scroll desk.

No. 5. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, BEVELED TOP, mouldings on rim and SERPENTINE MOULDINGS on plinth, Gothic or fluted legs, carved lyre and desk.

No. 6. 7 Octave, Same style as No. 5, with addition of CARVED LEGS.

No. 7. 7 Octave, Four large round corners, finished all round, mouldings on plinth, fluted or Gothic legs, fancy lyre and desk, Large Scale.

No. 8. 7 Octave, Four large round corners, finished all round, MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, carved legs and lyre, Large Scale.

No. 9. 7 Octave, Four large round corners, finished all round, SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, carved legs and lyre, Large Scale.

No. 10. 7 Octave, Four large round corners, finished all round, mouldings on rim, serpentine mouldings on plinth, extra carved legs and lyre.

No. 10. 7 Octave, Four large round corners, finished all round, extra mouldings on rim, LARGE SERPENTINE MOULDINGS on plinth, elegantly carved legs, lyre, and desk.

No. 11. 7½ Octave, Four large round corners, finished all round, MOULDINGS ON RIM, LARGE SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, ELEGANTLY CARVED legs, lyre, and desk.

No. 11. 7 Octave, same as No. 10, with extra mouldings. A very rich case.

No. 12. 7½ Octave, Four large round corners, ELEGANTLY CARVED CASE, legs, and lyre, elegant mouldings.

No. 18. 7⅔ Octave, Agrasse; EXTRA CARVING ON CASE, legs, and lyre. AN ELEGANT INSTRUMENT IN ALL RESPECTS.

No. 14. Grands, according to style of case.

Extra. School Piano, 7 Octave, rich black walnut case, a superior instrument for Schools, made to order.

All the above Instruments are made with Bradbury's New Scale, full iron frame, overstrung bass, and French Grand Action. Every Instrument fully warranted.
THE NEW GOLDEN SHOWHER
CONTAINING THE
Gems of the "Golden Shower,"
WITH ABOUT ONE-HALF ADDITIONAL (NEW) PIECES,
DESIGNED FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS, SOCIAL, MISSIONARY AND TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

NEW YORK:
Published by Wm. B. Bradbury, No. 427 Broome Street.
IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & CO., 48 and 50 Walker Street.
FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.
THE NEW GOLDEN SHOWER.

The "New Shower," differs from the "Chain," "Shower," and "Censer;" 1st, In the large number of pieces calculated to become useful in the Social Meeting as well as in the Sunday School, thus bringing the Sunday School and social religious meeting into closer sympathy and preparing the children for the more public worship of the sanctuary; 2nd, It contains a larger and more choice variety of compositions designed for Missionary and Temperance Meetings, Sunday School Concerts and Anniversaries.

A number of pieces in the Shower, which were found to be of comparative little value, have been left out, and in the "New" Shower, new material has been substituted.

Some of the Hymns have also been changed somewhat in phraseology, but not in sentiment. Tenors have been added to most of the pieces previously written in three parts.

Some sixty choice, new pieces, and twenty hymns have been added, making the "NEW SHOWER," really a new book.

The Author tenders his acknowledgments for the unprecedented favor with which his "GOLDEN SERIES" of SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS have been received by the Sunday Schools of this country, and the many encouraging letters received from the active Christian men and women engaged in the Sunday School cause.

With the earnest hope, that under God, the "NEW" SHOWER may be even more useful than any of its predecessors, the author submits it to the public.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.
The music and poetry of nearly every piece in this work is copy-right property, and "Entered according to Act of Congress." No person, therefore, has a right to print in any form, or for any purpose whatever, either words or music, without first obtaining permission from the author. If hymns or tunes are desired for Sunday School Anniversaries, or for any other purpose, such permission must first be obtained, otherwise the person using them trespasses against the laws of copy-right, makes himself liable, and will be held accountable.

LO! THE FIELDS ARE WHITE TO HARVEST.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. MISSIONARY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 (Lo! the fields are white to harvest; Who will thrust the sickle in?) Satan ever strives to win!

Prone to evil men will follow Paths their father's long have known; In their blindness, still they worship Gods of iron, wood, and stone.

2 There are many, many children,
   Growing up to sin and shame;
   And their little lips are never
   Taught to speak a Saviour's name:
   Though the sun is shining o'er them,
   Bathing all in glorious light,
   Yet their hearts are full of shadows,
   Darker than the darkest night.

3 Lo, the master looks imploring;
   Lo, the myriad heathen stand,
   Waiting for the gospel message
   To arouse the slumb'ring land!
   Who will bear the blessed tidings?
   Spread the knowledge far and wide?
   Telling heathen, wretched heathen,
   'Twas for them a Saviour died!
THE BEST DAY OF ALL THE WEEK.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

Semi-cho. O what beauties adorn the bright Sabbath morn, The best day of all the week.
Semi-cho. And how gladly we start with a light happy heart, As the house of the Lord we seek.

Humbly let us enter in,
Praying to be free from sin.

FULL CHORUS.

Pure without, and pure within, On this Sabbath day. Let us keep, well keep this blessed Sabbath day, This holy Sabbath day,

This holy Sabbath day, Let us keep, well keep this holy Sabbath day, 'Tis the best day of all the week.

2 Be it ever our care
   In that place of prayer,
Our spirits above to raise.
   Let us try to drive out
Each vain worldly thought,
From God's holy courts of praise;
   Let no folly there intrude,
Naught to mar our tranquil mood,
Naught but what is true and good,
   On this Sabbath day. Cho.

3 And our joy is full
   When the dear Sabbath School
   Throws open its friendly door;
   For we're sure there to find
   Our teachers so kind
   With riches of sacred lore.
   As our voices all we raise
   In sweet songs of love and praise
   May we tread in wisdom's ways,
   On this Sabbath day. Cho.

4 And when we go back
   To our week-day track
   Our lessons, and work, and play;
   Let us hold ever dear
   The counsels we hear,
   On the holy Sabbath day.
   And remember that God's eye
   Ever watches from on high,
   And each day he is as nigh,
   As the Sabbath day. Cho.

132
GOD IS LOVE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 (What sound is this? a song thro’ heav’n resounding, God is love!)
And now from earth I hear the song rebound-ing, God is love!
Yes, while a-dor-ing hosts proclaim Love
is his na-ture, love his name, My soul in rapt-ure cries the same, God is Love!

2 This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,
God is love!
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,
God is love!
In this let heaven and earth agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme forever be,
God is love!
Creation speaks with thousand tongues proclaiming,
God is love!
And providence unites her voice, exclaiming,
God is love!
But let the burden’d sinner hear
The Gospel sounding loud and clear,
To every soul both far and near,
God is love!

4 This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,
God is love!
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
God is love!
That God is love I know full well;
And had I power his love to tell,
With loudest notes my song should swell,
God is love!

5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
God is love!
And while I live I'll ask no greater treasure,
God is love!
This theme shall be my song below;
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,
God is love!
ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

CHORUS.—Lively.

On a Sunday morning, On a Sunday morning, On a Sunday morning, The angels sing for joy.

Teachers. Children, can you truly tell, Do you know the story well, Every girl and every boy, Why the angels sing for joy.

Scholars. Yes, we know the story well, Listen now, and hear us tell, Every girl and every boy, Why the angels sing for joy.

3 Angels rolled the rock away,
   Death gave up his mighty prey,
   Jesus triumphed o'er the tomb,
   Rising with immortal bloom,
   On a Sunday morning.

4 Lift ye saints, lift up your eyes,
   Now to glory see him rise;
   Hosts of angels on the road,
   Hail and sing th'incarnate God,
   On a Sunday morning.

5 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
   Jesus burst the gates of hell;
   Death in vain forbids his rise,
   Jesus opened Paradise
   On a Sunday morning.

6 "Peace" our every heart shall fill,
   "Peace on earth, to men good will;"
   We will join the angel's song,
   And the pleasant notes prolong
   On a Sunday morning.

On a Christmas morning. 2d hymn.

1 Children can you truly tell,
   Do you know the story well,
   Every girl and every boy,
   Why the angels sing for joy,
   On the Christmas morning?

2 Yes, we know the story well,
   Listen, now, and hear us tell
   Every girl and every boy,
   Why the angels sing for joy
   On the Christmas morning.
ON A SUNDAY MORNING. Concluded.

3 Shepherds sat on the ground,  
Fleecy flocks scattered round,  
When the brightness filled the sky;  
And a song was heard on high,  
On the Christmas morning.  

4 "Joy and peace the angels sang,  
Far the pleasant echoes rang,  
"Peace on earth, to men good will,"  
Hark! the angels sing it still,  
On the Christmas morning.  

5 "Peace" our every heart shall fill,  
"Peace on earth, to men good will,"  
Hear us sing the angel's song,  
And the pleasant notes prolong  
On the Christmas morning.

THE SCHOOL GATHERING.

1 We come! we come! with loud acclaim  
To sing the praise of Jesus' name;  
And make the vaulted temples ring  
With D.C. And lowly, and, to offer there,  
From youthful lips our humble prayer—To him who slept on Mary's knee,  
A

2 Yet youthful bands are gathering still.  
Oh, thus may we, in heaven above,  
Unite in praises and in love;  
And still the angels fill their home  
With joyful cry, "They come! they come!"
THE LAND OF PLEASURE.

1. There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy forever roll,
   'Tis there I have my treasure, And there I hope to land my soul. Long

2. I'm on my way to Canaan, Still guided by my Saviour's hand,
   Oh, come along, poor sinner, And see Immanuel's happy land! To

   Darkness dwelt around me, With scarcely once a cheering ray, But since my Saviour found me, All that stay behind me, I bid a long, a last fare-well! But come, dear friends, go with me, And

   Light has shone along my way, But since my Saviour found me, A light has shone along my way. With the ransomed ever dwell, But come, dear friends, go with me, And with the ransomed ever dwell.

3. Death's waves shall not affright me,
   Although they're deeper than the grave,
   If Jesus will stand by me,
   I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
   His word hath calmed the ocean,
   His lamp hath cheered the gloomy vale;
   Oh, may this friend be with me,
   When thro' the gates of death I sail!

4. Soon, soon th'archangel's trumpet
   Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
   And all the wheels of nature
   Shall in a moment cease to roll:
   Then shall I see my Saviour,
   With shining ranks of angels come,
   To execute his vengeance,
   And take his ransomed people home.
1. Go bear the joyful tidings, The first on Judah's plain, Awoke the wandering Shepherds, To praise Messiah's name,

Exalt the King of glory, Who left his throne on high, And came on earth a ransom, For guilty-man to die.

CHORUS.

Go sound the gospel trumpet, Beyond the rolling sea, From chains of sin and darkness, To set the captive free.

2. Go in your master's vine-yard, And labor heart and hand, The word of life Eternal, Proclaim to every land, The sweet and precious promise, To all who will believe, Free grace and full salvation, For all who will receive.

CHO.—Go sound the, &c.

3. Go tell the broken spirit, That vainly sighs for rest, There is a home in glory, A home forever blest, Go bring the lost to Jesus, His tender love to share, Go forth to every nation, Immortal souls are there.

CHO.—Go sound the, &c.

4. Haste on your work of mercy, The heavenly call obey, Go in the strength of Jesus, The true and living way, Go like the old disciples, And tread the path they trod, Your duty lies before you, Go—leave the rest to God.

CHO.—Go sound the, &c.
THE MERCY-SEAT. L. M. with Chorus.

1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat. The Mercy-seat, the Mercy-seat, the blessed Mercy-seat, The blessed Mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place than all beside more sweet, It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat. Cho.—The Mercy-seat, &c.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend, Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common Mercy-seat. Cho.—The Mercy-seat, &c.

4 There—there on eagle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more, And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the Mercy-seat, Cho.—The Mercy-seat, &c.

The Wanderer invited.—Tune. OBERLIN.

1 Wanderer from God, return, return, And seek an injured Father's face; Those warm desires, that in thee burn, Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Wanderer from God return, return; Thy Father hears that deep-felt sigh; He sees thy softened spirit mourn, And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.

3 Wanderer from God, return, return; Renounce thy fears: thy Saviour lives; Go to his bleeding cross, and learn How freely, fully he forgives.
Words by Mrs GODFREY.

THINK OF JESUS.

1. Doth sorrow's shadow hover o'er thee, Think, think of Jesus, Is toil, and care, and pain before thee, Think, think of Jesus, Think of him on earth descending 'Neath thy sins and sorrows bending, With thy griefs his bosom rending, Think, think of Jesus.

2. If morning's light to joy awaken, Think, think of Jesus, Should evening find thee lone, forsaken, Think, think of Jesus, Should Time's hands of friends bereave thee, And thy brightest hopes deceive thee, Think of one who will not leave thee, Think, think of Jesus.

OBERLIN. L. M.

1. O Jesus, full of truth and grace, O all-atoning Lamb of God! I wait to see thy glorious face, I seek redemption in thy blood.

2. Thou art the anchor of my hope; Thy faithful promise I receive; Surely thy death shall raise me up, For thou hast died that I might live.

3. When stormy passions rise within thee, Think, think of Jesus, When earthly pleasure lures to win thee, Think, think of Jesus, Though the cup of anguish draining, Cease thy wearied soul's complaining, See the Lamb in glory reigning, Think, think of Jesus.

2 Satan, with all his arts, no more, Me from the gospel hope can move: I shall receive the gracious power, And find the pearl of perfect love,
1. The days for play are past, The Sabbath come at last, We've met a happy band in our own loved Sabbath school.

2. When thought recalls the past And sins are on us cast, We know they quickly feel what our aching hearts would say,

With cheerful smiles we're seen, To greet with joyful mien, Our teachers at our own dear Sabbath school. Teachers true and

Although we may not speak, We'll ever, ever seek, The guidance of such friends so true as they. [faithful

we are sure to find, Ready here to greet us with looks and words so kind, How can we re-pay them

for their work of love, Surely we'll obey them. Our gratitude to prove.

3 Teachers we call our own
May vanish one by one,
The loved ones and the dear ones, they soon must pass away,

But if we Jesus love,
We'll meet them soon above,

And join with them in songs of endless day,

Cho.—Teachers true, &c.
The God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh, When his own children fall around, When tender friends and kindred die.

Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought Should with our mourning passions blend, Nor should our bleeding hearts forget [Th'al mighty ever living friend.

Beneath a numerous train of ills, Our feeble flesh and heart may fail; Yet shall our hope in thee, our God, O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

Our Father God! to thee we look, Our Rock, our Portion and our Friend; And on thy covenant love and truth, Our sinking souls shall still depend.

1. Saviour, now receive him To thy bosom mild; For with thee we leave him, Blessed, blessed child!
2. Tho' his eye hath brightened Oft our weary way, And his clear laugh lightened Half our heart's dismay.

Now let thought behold him In his angel rest, Where those arms enfold him To a Saviour's breast.

Yield we, what was given, At thy holy call: The beautiful to heaven, Thou who givest all.

Still, 'mid heavy mourning, Look thee now to God! There, thy spirit turning, Kneel beside the sod
THE WINE CUP.

Words by Mrs FANNY CROSBY. Melody by S. C. FOSTER, by permission of WM. A. POND & Co.

1 Oh! be warned of your danger, nor slight the day of grace, The wine cup leads to sin and woe;
   'Tis the Saviour that calls you, O fly to his embrace, What joy his mercy can bestow.
D. c. For the world and its pleasures are fleeting as a dream, O, come, and be forever blest.

CHORUS.

See the fount of salvation before you, Drink, oh, drink, and find a peaceful rest,

Shall your homes still be lonely, and pity strive in vain,
   To wake one feeling in your heart?
   Will you doom those who love you, to sorrow, grief and pain?
   Oh! come, and choose the better part. Cho.

2 Break the chain that would bind you, that sparkles to deceive,
   Be warned while yet you may return;
   If the spirit now striving too often you should grieve,
   The lamp of life may cease to burn. Cho.

Our loved ones gone before.

1 Oh! how sweet when we mingle with kindred spirits here,
   And tell of Jesus and his love;
   When by faith we can see him, and feel his presence near,
   It lifts our longing souls above
   We shall meet on the banks of the river,
   Happy, happy, there forever more.
   We shall dwell with the angels and join their choral song,
   Our loved ones, loved ones gone before.
OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE. Concluded.

2 Hark! the words of our Master, be faithful, watch and pray,
   Press on where joys eternal flow;
Let us journey together along the shining way,
   And sing rejoicing as we go. Cho.

3 We are pilgrims to Zion, though trials we must bear,
Will count them blessings in disguise;

THERE'S A CROWN FOR YOU AND ME.

1 There's a crown for you and me, When we meet beyond the river;
   There from pain and sorrow free, We shall dwell in bliss for ever;
   (Here alas! the parting word, There its tones are never heard,
   Thro' our tears is spoken;
   Ties no more are broken: (Every hour that glides a
   Thoughts of a day, Strangers on the earth we roam,) way, Will bring us nearer
   Pilgrims on a troubled tide,
   Where the surges darkly rise,
   Jesus, thou wilt safely guide,
   To mansions in the skies.

2 There's a harp for you and me,
   When we meet beyond the river,
   There from pain and sorrow free,
   We shall strike its chords forever;
   Where the angel hosts above
   Wake their joyful chorus,
   Welcomed by the friends we love,
   Dear ones gone before us;

3 There's a home for you and me,
   When we meet beyond the river,
   There from pain and sorrow free,
   We shall dwell with Christ forever;

In that sunny region bright,
   We shall find our treasure,
   Faith be sweetly lost in sight,
   Hope in endless pleasure;
   Pilgrims on the earth no more,
   We shall pass the troubled deep
   Where the billows cease to roar,
   And storms are lulled to sleep. (V)
I ought to love my Saviour! No earthly friend can be one half so kind and faithful, As he has been to me.

2. He left his home in glory, To save my soul from death, And now in all life's dangers, He still sustains my breath.

Before my lips could utter His sweet and precious name, Until the present moment, His love has been the same.

I lay me down and slumber All thro' the hours of night; And wake again in safety To hail the morning light.

Refrain.

I ought to love my Saviour, My precious, precious Saviour, I ought to love my Saviour, He loves me well I know.

I ought, &c.

3. It is but very little For him that I can do:
   Then let me seek to serve him,
   My earthly journey through;
   And without sigh or murmur,
   To do his holy will:
   And in my daily duties,
   His wise commands fulfil.

4. And when I reach the mansion
   He has prepared for me,
   'Twill be my grateful pleasure
   My Saviour's face to see.
   And 'mid the angel's music,
   Which then will greet my ear,
   How eagerly I'll listen
   My Saviour's voice to hear.
THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

(ANNIVERSARY HYMN.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna! Hosanna be the children's song, To Christ the children's King, His praise to whom our souls belong, Let all the children sing.

Hosanna then our songs shall be, Hosanna to our King,
This is the children's jubilee, Let all [Omit . . . . . . . . .

2. FULL CHORUS.

BOYS. GIRLS. FULL CHORUS.

the children sing. This is the children's jubilee, Jubilee, Jubilee, This is the children's jubilee, Let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna here in joyful bands,
Teachers, and taught, proclaim,
And hail with voices, hearts, and hands,

3 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean flow,

4 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna, sound from church and hall,
Let every voice ascend.
And this our watchword, one and all,

Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply. Cho. Hosanna, &c.

145
1. Lo! the Sunday School army is out on review,
And each school is a regiment, valiant and true,
Tho' we meet in divisions, in church or in hall,
Yet the banner of Jesus floats over us all,
Yet the banner of Jesus floats over us all.
(For the Cross is the banner that gathers our band,
And beneath it we march to the heavenly land.)

FULL CHORUS. ff
For the Cross is the banner that gathers our band,
And beneath it we march to the heavenly land.
THE CROSS. Concluded.

2 In the May-days of old there were oft to be seen,
Where the wreath covered May-pole arose on the green,
Merry children assembled in many a throng,
To encircle their May-tree with dance and with song,
To encircle their May-tree with dance and with song,
But the Cross is our May-tree, and round it we sing,
To the praise of our glorified Saviour and King.
For the Cross is our banner, that gathers our band,
And beneath it we march to the heavenly land.

3 Lo! our Sunday School army is gathered to-day,
In the house of our Father to praise him and pray,
While a chorus of rapture united we sing,
Hallelujah to Jesus our Saviour and King,
Hallelujah to Jesus our Saviour and King,
But the Cross is the word to whose music sublime,
The steps of the Sunday-school army keep time.
But the Cross is the word, to whose music sublime,
The steps of the Sunday-school army keep time.

NAOMI. C. M.
Dr. L. MASON, by permission.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies.
   Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise:
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free.
   The blessings of Thy grace impart, And make me live to Thee.
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend;
   Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

THE SHEPHERD OF SOULS.
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The Shepherd of souls, In his life-book unrolls
   The names of all the lambs of his flock
   The juvenile bands are engraved on his hands, As if they were

   [Words by Rev. WM. HUNTER]

1. He looks in his love
   From his watch-tower above,
   The flocks he bought with blood to survey
   And points with his rod
   To the pastures of God
   And guards them there from going astray.

2. The little ones share
   In his tenderest care;
   The lambs are his peculiar delight;
   At noon they are laid
   In the cool of the shade,
   And nestle in his bosom at night.

3. Great Shepherd, be near,
   To deliver from fear,
   And shelter from the heat and the cold,
   That, safe from alarms,
   We may rest in thine arms,
   And never more depart from thy fold.
A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

Boys. 1 (Traveler whither art thou going, Heedless of the clouds that form?)
Girls. 1 Nought to me the winds rough blowing, Mine's a land without a storm.
And I'm going, yes, I'm going To the land that has no storms, And I'm going, yes, I'm going To that land that has no storms.

Boys. 2 Traveler, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempests power?

Girls. I have not a thought of danger,
Tho' the sky more darkly lower.

Boys. 3 Traveler, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.

Girls. No! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far off shore. Cho.

Boys. 4 Traveler, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.

Girls. Yes! but I shall be immortal
In that land without a storm. Cho.

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

From J. M. EVANS.

CHORUS.

1 A crown of glory bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In yonder realms of light Prepared for me, I'm nearer my home.
ONE DAY NEARER HOME. Concluded.

nearer my home, nearer my home to day; Yes! nearer my home in heaven to day, Than ever I've been before.

2 O may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard,
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE. C. M. Double.

1 (There is a place of sacred rest, Far, far beyond the skies,)
(Where beauty smiles eternally, And pleasure [Omit ...] never dies, My Father's house, my heavenly home, Where "many
D.C. Prepared, by hands divine, for all Who seek the better land.

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,—
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 Yes, even at that fearful hour,
When death shall seize its prey,
And from the place that knows us now,
Shall hurry us away,—

The vision of that heavenly home
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.

4 In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete:
There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.
THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

1 Oh! when will be ended our warfare with sin? The foe that sails us without and within: Tho' fierce be the struggle, still let us endure, For when it is over, the conquest is sure. Then gird on your armor, Gird on your armor,

Follow your Leader and the battle you shall win, For your Captain's gone before you, And he'll lead you on to victory,

Follow your Leader, Follow your Leader, Follow your Leader, And the battle you shall win.
THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. Concluded.

2 Our leader is Jesus, our Captain and King;
Who will all his army to victory bring,
Though now he is absent we know not how near
May be the glad moment when he shall appear.
Then gird, &c.

3 We look for his coming, and think night and day
Of his parting order, to watch and to pray,
The sword and the spirit we'll grasp in our hand,
And like valiant soldiers, make desperate stand.
Then gird, &c.

ANOTHER YEAR. (Anniversary Hymn.)
Or, the Golden Rule.

1 Another year, another year, By God's grace has been given,
That we may tread with hearts sincere, The path that leads to heaven, Our dearest guide, the golden rule, Has been the precious Sabbath School, The Sabbath School, the Sabbath School, The blessed, blessed Sabbath School.

2 Another year, another year,
We've hailed with happy greeting,
Our teachers and our schoolmates dear,
In this loved place of meeting.
Cho. Our dearest guide, &c.

3 We know not but another year
These precious ties may sever;
And friends who to our hearts are near,
May then be gone forever.
Cho. Our dearest guide, &c.

4 Oh! let us wisely spend each year,
Which is, at best, so fleeting,
So that at last we all may hear
With joy the angel's greeting.
Cho. Our dearest guide, &c.
HEAVENLY SONG.

"For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country." Heb. 11. 14.

TEACHERS. There's a country, dear children of endless delight, Unclouded by sorrow, ne'er shaded in night, Where the spirits in scholars. And may all the children unite with that throng? Shall they to the choir celestial belong? Oh! say, may our

3. TEACHERS.
Yes, come with your young hearts to Jesus, and pray That early he'll help you to find the good way! Oh! he'll meet you, dear ones, with his own smile of love And appoint you a place in the mansions above. You may come,
He'll give you a place in the mansions above.

4. ALL.
O Heaven! with joy from this world of distress, Where sin is a burden, and trials oppress— From the wilderness drear, where uncertain we roam We look to that land where the soul has a home, We will go, Will go to that land where the soul has a home.
BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

"And he shewed me a pure River of Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb."—Rev. xxii. 1. By permission of the author, Rev. R. LOWRY.

1 Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod; With its crystal tide for-
2 On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray, We will walk and worship

CHORUS.

ever Flowing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gather at the river, The ever, All the happy, golden day. Yes, we'll gather, &c.

beautiful, the beautiful river—Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

3 On the bosom of the river, Where the Saviour-king we own, We shall meet, and sorrow never 'Neath the glory of the throne.—Cho.
4 Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down; Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.—Cho.

5 At the smiling of the river, Rippling with the Saviour's face, Saints, whom death will never sever, Lift their songs of saving grace.—Cho.
6 Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease; Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.
1. Hush'd be my murmurings, let cares depart, Jesus is near me to cheer my heart; He's near to help me whilst life's hours remain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.

CHORUS.

Gentle angels near me glide, Hopes of glory round me bide. And there lingers by my side, A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near, A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near.

2. Why should I languish—why should I fear? In sorrow and anguish He's ever near; Sleeping or waking—in pleasure or pain, Roaming or resting, He'll near me remain. Cho.—Gentle angels, &c.

3. Scenes that will vanish, smile on me now, Joys of a moment play round my brow. But soon in heaven He'll meet me again, There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my pain. Cho.—Gentle angels, &c.
There's a beautiful land on high, To its glories I fain would fly, When by sorrows press'd down I long for my crown, In that beautiful land on high. In that beautiful land I'll be, From earth and its cares set free; My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare A place in that land for me.

1. There's a beautiful land on high, To its glories I fain would fly, When by sorrows press'd down I walk on the strand, In that beautiful land on high.

2. There's a beautiful land on high, I shall enter it by and by, There with friends hand in hand, I shall long for my crown. In that beautiful land on high. In that beautiful land I'll be, From earth and its cares set free; My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare A place in that land for me.

3. There's a beautiful land on high, Then why should I fear to die, When death is the way, to the realms of day, In that beautiful land on high. — Cho.

4. There's a beautiful land on high, And my kindred its bliss enjoy; And methinks I now see them waiting for me, In that beautiful land on high. — Cho.

5. There's a beautiful land on high, Where I never shall weep or sigh; For my Father hath said no tear shall be shed In that beautiful land on high. — Cho.

6. There's a beautiful land on high, Where we never shall say "good-bye;" Where the righteous will sing, and their chorus will ring In that beautiful land on high. — Cho.
TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

GEO. F. ROOT, by permission.

1. Friends of Temperance, quick to arms, We must struggle for the right; And our noble cause with vigor we'll defend. See the foe is gaining ground, We must meet him in the fight, And be faithful and courageous to the end.

2. Like the fatal wind that sweeps O'er the deserts burning plain; Is the deep and deadly poison of his breath, While the aged and the young: He is binding with a chain, That will lead them on by thousands down to death. Cho.

3. Throw our banner to the breeze, Let the wings that claim redress, Be our signal and our watchword as we go; Like the veterans of the past, We will never, never rest, Till our weapons deal destruction to the foe. Cho.

4. Friends of Temperance, quick to arms, We must struggle for the right; And our noble cause with vigor we'll defend: See the foe is gaining ground, We must meet him in the fight,— And be faithful and courageous to the end. Cho.
THE NARROW WAY.

Words by Mrs. Van ALSTYNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Will you walk with us the narrow way That looks beyond the tomb? That opens wide the gate of day, Where flow'r's immortal bloom? Where the poor in spirit rest From their sorrow toil and care; And the pure in heart their God shall see, And praise him ever there, praise him ever there.

2. Will you come with us and join the throng, That march to Cannan's shore? Will you come with us and learn the song, Where friends have gone before? Cho. Where the poor, &c.

3. Will you come with us o'er Jordan's stream, Where God will safely guide? His rod and staff our comfort still Will bear us o'er the tide.

Cho. Hallelujah God is love, Hallelujah God is love, When a few more storms have passed away, We'll meet in the realms above.
WE'RE NEARER HOME.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 We know not what's before us, What trials are to come: Each day that passes o'er us, Still brings us nearer home.

2 Though dark our path, and lonely, And clouds our sky o'ercast, O let us each remember, The storm will soon be past, We're nearer, nearer home. &c.

3 Whate'er of gloom or anguish Life to our hearts may bring, In doubt we will not languish, But cheerfully we'll sing, We're nearer, nearer home. &c.
Words by (C.)

1. How many in our favored land, This holy day profane; Neglect the Saviour's gracious call, And may each and all remember still, Our mission field at home.

2. "Go feed my Lambs," our Saviour said, And bring them to my fold, For us the same command is given, As then to him of old; While others toil for dying souls, Far o'er the ocean's foam, Be ours to wave its noble cause, Our mission field at home.

Cho. Our mission, &c.

3. How many a poor neglected child With pleading eyes we meet, A gentle word might hither guide Its little wandering feet, A precious lamb, that God may bless, Beneath this hallowed dome, Then let us ever bear in mind, Our mission field at home.

Cho. Our mission, &c.
LOOKING HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ah! this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy throngings; For my Father's mansions still Earnestly is longing,
2. Soon the glorious day will dawn, Heav'nly pleasures bringing; Night will be exchanged for morn, Sighs give place

Refrain.

Looking home, Looking home, Towards the heav'nly mansion Jesus hath prepared for me, In his Father's kingdom.

3. Oh! to be at home again,
4. With this load of sin and care,
   All for which we're sighing,
   Then no longer bending,
   From all earthly want and pain
   But with waiting angels there
   To be swiftly flying.—Cho.
   On our soul attending.—Cho.

Hudson. C. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Jesus! thou art the sinner's friend, As such I look to thee; Now, in the fullness of thy love, O Lord! remember me.
2. Remember thy pure word of grace—
   Remember Calvary;
   Remember all thy dying groans,
   And, then, remember me.
3. Lord! I am guilty— I am vile,
   But thy salvation's free;
   Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
   Dear Lord! remember me.
4. And when I close my eyes in death,
   When creature helps all flee,
   Then, O my dear Redeemer-God!
   I pray, remember me.
PRAYERFUL YOUTH.—Tune Hudson.

1 O God of truth to thee I cry,
   Be thou my guide, my friend;
Send thy good Spirit from on high,
   My footsteps to attend.

2 In mercy listen to my prayer,
   And in my early days
May I thy precious blessing share,
   Thy smile on all my ways.

3 For happy is that prayerful youth
   Whose guide thou, Saviour, art,
Whose mind is steadfast in thy truth,
   Who yields to thee his heart.

THE WELCOME HOME.

1 How sweet will be the welcome home, When this short life is o'er, When
   pain and sorrow, care and grief. Shall [Omit]...dwell with us no more.

2 When we that bright and heav'nly land With spirit eyes shall see, And
   join the holy angel band, In [Omit]...praise, dear Lord, of thee.

FULL CHORUS.

1 The welcome home, the welcome home, The Christian's welcome home,
   Welcome home. The Christian's welcome home.

2 Lord, grant my frail and wayward bark
   May anchor sure and fast,
Beside the shining gates of pearl,
   Where I may rest at last!
When once within, my soul shall know
   No hunger, thirst or pain,
No sickness, sorrow, care or death
   Shall visit me again!—Cho.

3 Oh may I live while here below,
   In view of that blest day,
When God's bright angels shall come down
   To bear my soul away!
When I shall walk the golden streets,
   In garments white and pure;
And sing an endless song to him,
   Who made my soul secure!—Cho.
THE ANGELS SING. S. M. With chorus.

1. Come ye who love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in the song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

The angels sing in their happy home, The angels sing in their happy home, The angels sing in their happy home, And we will join them here.

2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God, But children of the Heavenly King, May speak their joys abroad.—Cho.

3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets,

HEAR GRACIOUS GOD.

1. Hear, gracious God! my humble moan, To thee I breathe my sighs; When will the mournful night be gone, And when my joys arise?—

2. My God! oh, could I make the claim— My Father, and my Friend— And call thee mine, by every name, On which thy saints depend—
HEAR GRACIOUS GOD. Concluded.

3 By every name of power and love,
   I would thy grace en- treat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
||: Nor leave thy mercy seat. ||

4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
   Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns—
||: Thy presence makes my day. ||

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
   Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
||: And all the gloom de- part. ||

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
   And bless the healing rays,
And change these deep, complaining sighs
||: To songs of sacred praise. ||

THE HEAVENLY CHORUS.

For Sunday School Concerts.

1 We lift our voices, In a strain of gladness, And the songs upon our tongues, Banish all our sadness. Small streams that murmur, Round each humble dwelling, While they flow so still and slow, Keep the tide-waves swelling.

3 If we with patience Run the race before us, Soon our King will bid us sing In the heavenly chorus.

Children and parents, Cordially invited, Praise the Lord with one accord, Voices all united. Thus we together, With our small oblations, All unite, to send the light, To the darkened nations. Let us with meekness Seek his face and favor, And at last, when life is past, Meet the blessed Saviour.
GOOD TIDINGS.

Words by LUrus Wm.T Esq.  MISSIONARY.  WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Shout the tidings of salvation, To the aged and the young; Till the precious invitation
2 Shout the tidings of salvation, O'er the prairies of the West; Till each gathering congregation

CHORUS.

Wa-ken ev-ery heart and tongue. Send the sound the earth around, From the rising to the
With the gospel sound is blest. Send the sound, &c.

set-ting of the sun, Till each gathering crowd, Shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done.

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

4 Shout the tidings of salvation,
   O'er the islands of the sea:
   Till, in humble adoration,
   All to Christ shall bow the knee.
   Cho.—Send the sound, &c.
WE COME WITH SONG TO GREET YOU. WM. B. BRADBURY. 37

1 Another week has passed away, Time swiftly speeds along; We come again to praise and pray, And sing our greeting song.

2 We come, the Saviour's name to praise, To sing the wondrous love, Of him who guards us all our days, And guides to heaven above.

3 We'll sing of mercies daily given, Through every passing year, We'll sing the promises of heaven, With voices loud and clear.

4 O, let us live that we may share, Unfading joys above, How sweet through endless happy years To sing redeeming love.

STEADFAST. L. M.

1 Now I resolve, with all my heart, With all my powers, to serve the Lord; Nor from his precepts e'er depart Whose service is a rich reward.

2 Oh! be his service all my joy! Around let my example shine, Till others love the blest employ, And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul, My solemn, my determined choice, To yield to his supreme control, And in his kind commands, rejoice.

4 Oh, may I never faint nor tire, Nor wandering leave his sacred ways; Great God! accept my soul's desire, And give me strength to live thy praise.

165
1. We are bound for Canaan's happy land, We are bound for Canaan's happy land, We are bound for Canaan's happy land.

Cho. Singing glory, hallelujah, Singing glory, hallelujah, Singing glory, hallelujah, We're bound for Canaan's land.

Say, comrades, will you go with us, Say, comrades, will you go with us, Say comrades, will you go with us, To Canaan's happy land.

To our Sunday School we'll all repair, To our Sunday School we'll all repair, And we'll sing with one accord while there Of Canaan's happy land!

Cho. Singing glory, &c.

Our Saviour he will lead us on, Let us meet dear parents in that land, Our Saviour he will lead us on, Let us meet dear teachers in that land, Our Saviour he will lead us on, Let us meet dear schoolmates in that land, On Canaan's happy shore!

Cho. Singing glory, &c.

Cho. Singing glory, &c.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

Girls.

Boys and Girls.

1. (We love to sing together, We love to sing together, Our hearts and voices one;

To praise our heavenly Father, To praise our, &c. And [Omit. ..................] his eternal Son.

166
WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER. Concluded.

1. Repeat FULL CHORUS.

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

3 We love to read together.
   The word of saving truth,
   Whose light is shining ever
   To guide our early youth.
   We love, we love, &c.

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

REST. L. M.

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

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
   To be for such a slumber meet;
   With holy confidence to sing,
   That death hath lost its venomed sting.

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

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

The Resurrection.

1 Awhile they rest within the tomb
   In sweet repose, till morning come!
   Then rise with joy to meet their God,
   And ever dwell in his abode.

2 Celestial dawn! triumphant hour!
   How glorious that awakening power,
   Which bids the sleeping dust arise,
   And join the anthems of the skies!

3 This weary life will soon be past,
   The ling'ring morn will come at last,
   And gloomy mists will roll away
   Before that bright, unfading day.
IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

Words by LUCY LARCOM.

1. (If I were a sunbeam, I know what I'd do; I would seek white lilies, Roaming woodlands thro'.) I would steal among them, Softest light I'd shed;

Until every lily Raised its drooping head,
Until every lily Raised its drooping head.

2. If I were a sunbeam, I know where I'd go; Into lowliest hovels, Dark with want and woe, Till sad hearts look'd upward, I would shine and shine, Then they'd think of heav'n, Their sweet home and mine.

Art thou not a sunbeam, Child, whose life is glad, With an inner radiance Sunshine never had? Oh, as God hath blessed thee, Scatter rays divine! For there is no sunbeam But must die or shine.

A BRIGHT SABBATH MORN.

Arranged from ROSSINI.

1. Forth we go on a bright Sabbath morn, While the dew is on the lawn, List to the joyful notes that flow, On we go, we go.
**A BRIGHT SABBATH MORN.** Concluded.

---|---|---|---|---
Come, follow, follow me. We'll gladly follow thee. From sinful thought set free, We'll follow, follow thee.

2 We will leave all worldly care.
And this hour we'll spend in pray'r,
Hark, how the heavenly anthems flow,
On they go, they go.

2d Semi-chorus.
3 Blessed art thou, Sabbath joys,
Free from toil and care and noise;
Well we love in thy courts to stay,
Happy day, happy day.

3ST 2d Semi-chorus.
4 Let our songs of praise ascend,
And with angel music blend,
Until God in love shall say—
Come away, away!

41 B.C.

Words by Miss JANE HAMILTON.

**A FAITHFUL FRIEND.**

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (Tis a blessed thought to know, When our follies grieve us,
And the sins of all the past, Rise and will not [Omit... leave us,] That before the Father's throne Pleading in our favor,

2. Jesus owns our worthless names
At the court of heaven,
Stands and pleads that for his sake
We may be forgiven,
Pleads by that lone night of woe,
Spent in sad Gethsemane,

3 Though we long have turned aside
From his gentle warning,

4 Treated all his love with pride,
And his words with scorning;
Still his love abides the same,
Faithful, true and tender
Still he stands at God's right hand,
Ever our Defender.—**Cho.**
THE HAPPY SONG.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. W.M. B. BRADBURY.

1. We are now in youth's bright morning, Cherri-ly we're passing on; Joys around us sweetly dawning,
2. If the charms of earth are fleet-ing, And should quickly pass away; Still the Ho-ly Spir-it's greeting,

REFRAIN.

Tell us joys may yet be won. We are young, and we are hap-py, We are hap-py,
Shall not with those charms decay. We are young; &c.

happy in our song, We are young, and we are hap-py, hap-py, happy in our song.

For the last stanza, this refrain may be repeated pp.

3. Wisdom's cheering voice invites us,
   To the feast of Jesus' love,
   And a foretaste here delights us,
   On our way to realms above. Cho.

4. When we cross the shining Portal
   On the banks of yonder shore,
   And are clothed in robes immortal
   We'll be happy ever more. Cho.
PRAISE THE LORD. 8s & 7s. Double. * 

1 (Praise the Lord, when blushing morning Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew;) 
Praise him, when revived cre-a-tion Beams with beauty [Omit ......] fair and new. Praise the Lord, 
early breezes Come so fragrant from the flowers: Praise, thou willow by the brookside, Praise, ye birds among the bowers. 

2 Praise the Lord, and may his blessing 
Guide us in the way of truth; 
Keep our feet from paths of error, 
Make us holy in our youth. 

Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven, 
Angels, sing your sweetest lays, 
All things utter forth his glory; 
Sound aloud Jehovah's praise. 

MANOAH. L. M. 

PRAYER. 

1 Come, Holy Spirit! calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God; Remove each vain, each worldly thought, And lead me to thy blest abode. 

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul 
A living spark of holy fire? 
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame; 
Make me to burn with pure desire. 

3 A brighter faith and hope impart, 
And let me now my Saviour see; 
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart; 
And bid my spirit rest in thee.
THE GOLDEN CITY.

1 (We seek the golden city, The city of our King, )
And as we journey thither, We joy. [Omit] fully will sing. Come, friends, come,

2 Its walls are built of jasper,
   Its streets are paved with gold,
   And countless are the glories,
   Which we shall there behold. Cho.

3 The pearly gates stand open,
   For there they have no night;
   Nor sun, nor moon, nor candle,
   The Lamb--He is their light. Cho.

4 And there is no more sorrow,
   Nor pain, nor death, nor sin;

For nought that worketh evil,
Shall ever enter in. Cho.

5 And there Life's crystal river,
   Eternally shall flow;
   While leaves to heal the nations
   Beside its waters grow. Cho.

6 But through the Golden City,
   Our loudest praise shall ring,
   When we behold our Saviour,
   Our Prophet, Priest and King Cho.
HAPPY GREETING.

1. Come let us be joyful and mingle our strain, With those who are gathered to meet us again;

With pastor, and teachers, and parents we join, To bless our Creator and Saviour divine.

CHORUS.

Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, Happy greeting, Happy greeting to all!

Happy greeting, &c.

2 A year has departed, how rapid its flight;
   We welcome another, as joyous and bright;
   How kindly our Father has kept us from ill,
   He gives us his spirit to watch o'er us still. Cho.

3 Our Sunday school banner is waving to-day,
   Our number's increasing, with rapture can say;
   * Month, or week.

   We'll stand by that banner and fight for the Lord.
   We'll hope in his mercy, and trust in his word. Cho.

   Our Father in heaven, we render to thee,
   Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
   Protect us and keep us, dear Saviour we pray,
   That from thy blest precepts we never may stray. Cho.
THE SOUND OF SALVATION. (Missionary )
Words and Music by THOS. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc.

1. Go forth ye glad heralds with tidings of joy, A Saviour is given for our race; O bid all the heathen their idols destroy, And trust in his fulness of grace.

CHORUS.
Let the sound of salvation be echoed abroad, Till the world shall acknowledge her Saviour and God.

2 O tell of his wisdom, his power and his love,
How he labored and languished and bled,
How he rose from the tomb and ascended above,
Rich blessings around us to shed.

Cho. Let the sound, &c.

3 Bid the heathen repent of their sin and believe,
And trust in Immanuel's word;
O tell them his promise can never deceive,
For righteousness dwells with the Lord.

Cho. Let the sound, &c.

4 O tell of his purity, gentleness, grace,
His holiness, kindness and care;
And bid them his offers of pardon embrace,
And unite in thanksgiving and prayer.

Cho. Let the sound, &c.

5 Go forth ye glad heralds, and publish afar
That sinners may now be forgiven;
Go, show them the brightness of Bethlehem's Star,
To lead in the pathway to heaven.

Cho. Let the sound, &c.
THE CROWN OF GLORY.

Words by Mrs. E. M. SANGSTER.

1. Go forth! young soldier of the Cross, The battle hour is nigh, And ye have bound the armor on, And sworn to do or die.

CHORUS.

(Our bugle ne'er shall sound retreat, While Jesus leads us on.) There's a crown of glory for you,

2. Be watchful! army of the Cross, The foe is lurking nigh, A soul must be the mighty loss, If but one soldier die.

Whene'er you dare the hostile ranks, Forget not that within There hides a most terrific foe, The wily "inbred sin." Cho.

3. On guard, young soldier of the Cross, Thro' all the weary night, With praise and pray'r, relieve your care, And keep your armor bright.

Your Jesus once "without the camp," Bought liberty for you: Then bravely fight for truth and right, And keep your crown in view. Cho.

4. Rejoice! young soldier of the Cross, The victory is sure, The harp, the palm, are waiting all Who to the end endure.

Your weary feet shall walk the street, All paved with gold on high, And he who wore a crown of thorns, Will crown you in the sky. Cho.

There's a crown of glory for me, There's a crown for you, There's a crown for me, Far away in the promised land.

175
TAKE THE CROSS.

Moderately quick.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 "Take thy cross and follow me," Thus the Master speaks to thee: Though in sin thou dost abide,

FULL CHORUS.

Jesus calls thee to his side; Trust no merit of thine own, Look to Him, and Him alone. Take the cross the

precious cross! Count all worldly gain as loss, And all earthly things as dross; Jesus bids thee bear the cross.

2 There's a cross for thee to bear;
Toil, and pain, and grief, and care,
Yet though heavy it may be
Jesus bore still more for thee!
'Tis the thorny path alone
That can lead thee to His throne. Cho.

3 Soon, life's work will all be done,
Soon, thy mortal course be run:
Then, if thou hast faithful been,
And hast triumphed over sin,
Then thy cross thou layest down,
Christ shall give the promised crown. Cho.
GLORY TO THE FATHER GIVE.


1. Glory to the Father give, God, in whom we move and live, Children's prayer's He deigns to hear, d. c. Children raise your sweetest strain

2. Glory to the Holy Ghost, He reclains the sinner lost, Children's minds may be inspire, d. c. For the Gospel from above,

Children's songs delight his ear, Glory to the Son we bring, Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.

To the Lamb, for He was slain, Touch their tongues with holy fire, Glory in the highest be, To the blessed Trinity.

For the word that God is love.

LORD, I BELIEVE. C. M. Double.

"Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief." WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Lord, I believe: thy power I own, Thy truth I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone, When from thy paths I stray. Lord, I believe, but gloomy fears sometimes bedim my sight,

D. C. I look to thee with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light.

Yes, I believe, and only thou Canst give my soul relief;

Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow, Help thou mine unbelief.
THE LAND OF BEULAH. C. M.

Words by Rev. J. HASKELL.

REFRAIN.

1 (My latest sun is sinking fast, My race is nearly run; My strongest trials now are past, My triumph is begun.) O come, angel band, come, and around me stand, O bear me away on your snowy wings, To my immortal home, O bear me away on your snowy wings, To my immortal home.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
   Of friends and kindred dear,
   For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
   The crossing must be near.—Cho.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
   My spirit loudly sings;

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
   Who bled and died for me;
   Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
   And gives me victory.—Cho.

The holy ones, behold, they come!
   I hear the noise of wings.—Cho.
1 Sweet carols let us sing; Rich offerings let us bring To our Redeemer

King, Who reigns in glory. From heav'n to earth he came; Praise to his holy name! Let

all redeem'd from shame Rehearse the story; Let all redeem'd from shame Rehearse the story.

2 Above angelic lays
Our Christmas hymns we raise;
With heart and voice we praise
The infant Jesus.
The song ascends on high;
It soars above the sky;
And echo gives reply,
"From sin He frees us."

3 For He, the humble born,
In poverty forlorn,
Subject to bitter scorn,
And vile behaviour;
The Great and Holy One,
Was God's anointed Son,
Who by his deeds hath won,
The name of Saviour.

4 Then on this natal day,
Our tribute let us pay,
And in a joyful lay
Unite our voices.
Loud will we raise the song,
Still the sweet strain prolong;
Thy church, in one vast throng,
O Lord, rejoices.
FORWARD. 7s & 6s.

"Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward," Ex. 14:15.

1. Forward shall be our watchword, As weeks and months revolve, Forward in earnest purpose, And in each high resolve. No recreant glances casting On Sodom still so near, No wish of sloth indulging, No thought of coward fear.

2. Forward in holy likeness, To him unseen we love; Forward in faith unyielding, His faithfulness to prove. Forward to meet our Master, Whose coming draweth nigh; Forward to reach the guerdon Prepared for saints on high.

3. Forward in God's great Army, Embattled foes to meet; Forward with songs of victory, Our conquering Lord to greet. Forward in ceaseless effort For weal of all around; Forward, yes, forward ever, Till with Jesus we are crown'd.
1. All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

2. Crown him,—ye morning stars of light! Who formed this floating ball,—Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all.

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

Glory of the sacred Page.

1 What glory glides the sacred page! Majestic, like the sun, It gives a light to every age; It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat; Its truths upon the nations rise: They rise, but never set.

3 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine For such a bright display, As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.

4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue The steps of him we love, Till glory break upon our view In brighter worlds above.

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

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

Perpetual Praise.

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

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim The honors of my God; My life, with all its active powers, Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Nor will I cease thy praise to sing, When death shall close mine eyes; My thoughts shall then to nobler heights, And sweeter raptures rise.

4 Then shall my lips, in endless praise, Their grateful tribute pay; The theme demands an angel's tongue And an eternal day.
1. List the Sabbath bells, so merrily ringing, A thousand happy voices sweet are singing;

A thousand holy thoughts are upward springing, To usher in this Sabbath morn,

Learn redemption's song, ye nations, learn it, And sing that song for ever more.

CHORUS.

Bear the sacred sounds, ye breezes, bear them, Bear the sacred sounds, to every shore.

2. Hear the grateful song of brooklet and river, And hear the little birds their praise deliver, A thousand hymns of praise to God the giver, 'Tis music meet for Sabbath day.

Cho.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

3. Hasten forth to join this glorious chorus, For see the azure sky is bending o'er us,

And happiness divine is just before us, If we improve the Sabbath day!

Cho.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

4. List the Sabbath bells so merrily ringing, A thousand happy children now are singing

A thousand holy thoughts are upward springing, To usher in the Sabbath day.

Cho.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.
Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

THE HAPPY LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Oh, will you join our happy band, All, all is love, We're marching to fair Canaan's land, All, all is love, With cheerful hearts we love to sing The glories of our heav'nly King, And to his fold the wayward bring, Where all, all is love.

2. His gracious hand our steps shall guide, All, all is love, There's safety near his bleeding side, All, all is love, Come wash in this atoning flood, This fountain filled with Jesus' blood, 'Twill fit you for that b'lest abode Where all, all is love.

3. By faith we see those hills so bright, All, all is love, And countless millions rob'd in white, All, all is love, And when we meet to part no more With those we love, who've gone before, We'll shout upon that shining shore, Here, all, all is love.

4. Oh, happy day! oh, glorious rest! All, all is love, We shall be safe among the best. All, all is love, What notes of rapture strike the ear! Is it the music of that sphere? Oh, hallelujah! heaven is near! And all, all is love.

SILVERTON. C. M.

PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord! when we bend before thy throne, And our confessions pour, O may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we deplore.

2. Our contrite spirits, pitying see, True penitence impart, And let a healing ray from thee Beam hope on every heart.

3. When we disclose our wants in prayer, O let our wills resign; And not a thought our bosom share, Which is not wholly thine.
1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of (God, I come!

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

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

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

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

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

THE BLUE BIRD'S TEMPERANCE SONG.

1. Oh! I'm a happy blue bird, sober as you see; For pure cold water's the drink for me: I take a drop here, and a -
THE BLUE BIRD'S TEMPERANCE SONG. Concluded.

nother drop there, And make the woods ring with my temperance air. O don't defy it, Better, better try it,

Water, pure water from the spring below, Better, better try it, Better, better try it, Try it sir? try it sir? do.

2 There is a little Bobby-Linkum sitting on a tree
He's singing a temperance song as you see,
'Tis "Bobolink, take a drink, take a drink to-day,
And Mister Bobolink, not a cent to pay!
Cho. Oh, don't defy it, better try it, &c.

3 As down among the lilies every day I go
To take my bath in the lake below,
If I chance to meet a drunkard all so pale and thin,
I say sir, "how d'ye do? and sir, "pray walk in!
Cho. Oh, don't defy it, better try it, &c.

4 Come rise up with the songsters early in the morn,
See the thirsty grass and the waving corn—
How their emerald faces brighten in the dazzling sun
While catching the dew drops one by one.
Cho. Oh, don't defy it, better try it, &c.

5 All up above the mountains all below the sea,
With my temperance song agree—
That for man in his toil, or the bird upon her nest,
Cold water, cold water, the purest and best!
Cho. Oh, don't defy it, better try it, &c.
SINGING AND PRAISING FOREVER.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Thro' the new Jerusalem, Lined by fairest flowers, Flows a pure and crystal stream,

There to join the ransom'd host, Singing and praising for ever, Singing and praising for ever,

Close by that beautiful river, There to join the ransom'd host, Singing and praising for ever.

2. There are saints in robes of white, That have gone before us, With the angels there unite,

There to join the ransom'd host, Singing and praising for ever, Singing and praising for ever,
SINGING AND PRAISING FOREVER.  Concluded.

3 They who long the cross have borne,
   Cast their crowns before him;
Martyrs with their palms of gold
Singing with joy adore him.
Soon along the verdant banks;
Close by the beautiful river:

4 Courage then O fainting soul,
   Jesus still is near thee;
If thy feeble strength should fail
   Call, for he waits to hear thee;
He will bear thee in his arms,
   Close by the beautiful river;
There we'll hail our Sovereign King,
   Singing and praising forever.

COLD WATER.  1st time.  2d time.  Rev. R. LOWRY.

1 (The flowers drink their morning draught Of dew, of dew,)
   Sweet-er than an-y nec-tar quaffed. By
   me or you; See how the crystal

2 (The meadows feel the scorching sun, His breath, his breath,)
   Like flames thro' many a field will run, 'Tis
   death! 'Tis death! But oh, when comes the

   drops im-part, A ten-der beauty to each heart! Oh, wa-ter, best of drinks thou art! I'll
   evening hour, How grateful then the fall-ing shower, Re-viv-ing eve-ry drooping flower! Oh,

   quaff thee every morn, I'll quaff thee eve-ry morn.
   wa-ter pure and free! Oh, wa-ter pure and free!

3 The birds, that blithely soar on high. On wing, on wing,
   As brilliant as the glowing sky, And sing, and sing.
   Their merry songs; by crystal rill,
They plume their wings, and drink their fill,
   'Mid liquid pauses, singing still,
   Their Heavenly Father's praise.

4 Since nature thus herself renews. By thee, by thee,
   With fragrant showers, and gracious dews, So free, so free,
   Why should not I that fountain seek,
Those waters pure and clear bespeak,
   The glow of health to every cheek,
   To every heart a joy?
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

I. There's a beautiful land Where sweet flowers ever bloom, A land all filled with odors of richest perfume, When life's journey is ended, All good children there will stand, With the white-robed saints in glory in that beautiful land.

CHORUS.

Then come happy angels, on love's pinions come, With music, sweet music to welcome us home; With your bright crowns of glory and your golden harps in hand, O! welcome the children to this beautiful land.

2. In the beautiful land little children ne'er grow old; On every little forehead is placed a crown of gold, A harp tuned by an angel, in every little hand, And they sing God's praise forever, in the Beautiful Land. Cho.

188
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND. Concluded.

3
In the Beautiful Land our dear Saviour we shall see,
We shall hear his words of welcome,—"Little children come
to me."
Then around His throne in glory, with our crowns and harps
we'll stand,
And we'll praise the Lamb forever in that Beautiful Land.

Cho. Then come, &c.

4
But the Beautiful Land is not for little ones alone,
There is room enough for every one, around the Father's
throne,
There join us friends and parents, take the children by the
hand,
And we'll journey on together to the Beautiful Land.

Cho. Then come, &c.

THE UNION BAND.

1. O we're a band of brethren dear, Who will join this happy band? Who live as pilgrim strangers here, Who will join this happy band?

CHORUS.

Hallelu-jah, hallelujah, We will join this happy band, Singing hallelujah, Hallelujah, We will join this happy band.

2
The prophets and apostles too,
Once belonged to this happy band,
And all God's children here below,
All have joined this happy band.

Cho. Hallelujah, &c.

3
Let no contention e'er divide
Members of this happy band;
But firm, united, side by side,
Thro' this life together stand.

Cho. Hallelujah, &c.

4
And when death comes, as come it must,
To divide this happy band;
The links will not return to dust,
They will shine at God's right hand.

Cho. Hallelujah, &c.

189
1. Ye soldiers of the cross, rise, and put your armor on; March to the city of the New Jerusalem;

2. The watchmen they are crying; attend the trumpet's sound, Take the gospel banner, and the pow'r's of hell surround,

CHORUS.

Jesus gives the order, and leads his people on 'Till victory is won. Glory, glory, hallelujah! Hearts and arms make ready, the battle is at hand; Go forth at Christ's command.

REPEAT AD LIBUTUM.

Lay hold upon the Saviour by faith's victorious shield, March on in order 'till you win the glorious field, Faint not by the way, 'till you've gained that peaceful shore, Where war shall be no more.

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah! &c.

3. Lay hold upon the Saviour by faith's victorious shield, March on in order 'till you win the glorious field, Faint not by the way, 'till you've gained that peaceful shore, Where war shall be no more.

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah! &c.

4. Ne'er think the victory won, nor lay your armor down, March on in duty, 'till you gain the starry crown, When the war is o'er and the battle you have won, Jesus will say, "well done."

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah! &c.
I'LL THINK OF MY SAVIOUR.

I'll think of my Saviour when daylight is breaking
Away from the darkness and gloom of the night,
When fresh from his slumber the sun is awaking,
And girding himself with the armor of light.

CHORUS. GIRLS.

BOYS.

CHORUS.

I'll think of my Saviour, And trust him forever.
I'll seek for his favor, And hope through his love,

FULL CHORUS.

With angels to meet him, With seraphs to greet him,
And praise him forever, In mansions above.

I'll think of my Saviour when daylight is sinking,
And blending its beams with the twilight so gray,
When bright starry eyes in the azure are twinkling,
And silence embraces the close of the day.

Cho.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

I'll think of my Saviour when pleasure is spreading
Her soft downy pinions to gladden my way;
Thro' sorrow and sadness, alone He was treading,
To open for sinners the portals of day.

Cho.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

I'll think of my Saviour when sorrow is flinging
Her thick robe of sadness around the dark tomb;
If light from His presence a glory is bringing,
'Twill scatter its darkness and hide all its gloom.

Cho.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

I'll think of my Saviour, my dear blessed Saviour,
When he from on high His angels shall send,
And take to His bosom His loved ones forever,
To join in the anthems that never shall end.

Cho.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.
GOING HOME.  
WM. B. BRADBURY.

(Through a strange country as pilgrims we stray, For we're going, going, going home.)

Weary our march since the fair rosy dawn, Long is the distance we've traveled since morn;

But we regret not the hours that are gone, For we're going, going, going home.

2 Why should we gather earth's withering flowers?
   When we're going, going, going home:
   Soon shall we tread the fair Heavenly bowers
   For we're going, going, going home:
   There fragrant garlands immortal will bloom,
   Untouched by blight, and unshadowed by gloom,
   And never strewn the path to the tomb;
   For we're going, going, going home.

3 Hark! 'tis the storm crashing loud through the pines
   We are going, going, going home;
   See the faint glimmering light that now shines
   We are going, going, going home.

Little we heed the wild roar of the wind,
   Onward we still look, and never behind;
   This thought alone gives sweet peace to our mind
   We are going, going, going home.

4 Soon we shall hear the glad welcoming voice,
   We are going, going, going home:
   Bidding our spirits forever rejoice,
   We are going, going, going home:
   Home to our mansion prepared in the sky,
   Where we can never more suffer or die,
   O! let our anthem of praise ring on high!
   We are going, going, going home.
WILLOW DALE. C. M. Double.

"SING US ONE OF THE SONGS OF ZION."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 (Sing, them, my children, sing them still, Those sweet and holy songs.)

[cheer:

Oh, let the psalms of Zion's hill, Be heard from youthful tongues.)

O sing them at the early dawn, The rising morn to

D.C.—And sing them round the evening hearth, When fires are blazing near.

1 Earth's shadowy years will soon be o'er,
    Heaven's blissful morn arise,
    And sorrow's night will then no more
    O'ercloud our weeping eyes,

    Thy Saviour cares for thee.

2 Sing them when Sabbath Schools are met,
    And your young voices raise,
    Your Sabbath evening melodies
    To their Redeemer's praise.

    So shall each unforgotten word,
    When distant far you roam,
    Call back your heart which once it stirred,
    To childhood's blessed home.

3 Sing them, dear children, many a saint
    These holy strains have sung;
    These walls of ours have echoed them,
    From many a pilgrim's tongue.

    Oh, sing them in a land like this,
    Where pilgrim's steps have roved;
    Oh, children sing these melodies—
    The songs our father's loved.

    Earth's shadowy years. 2d hymn.

2 In every changing scene of life,
    His hand will ever guide:
    He will not leave thee here alone,
    What can'st thou want beside?

    Though deep the wound may be,
    Remember Jesus bore it all,
    Thy Saviour cares for thee.

3 There is a morn, a glorious morn,
    For every night of gloom;
    A smile for every falling tear,
    A hope beyond the tomb.

    Then peace; reposing heart, "be still,"
    Whate'er thy trials be;
    Look up to him, who feels them all—
    Thy Saviour cares for thee. (C).

1 Be still, repining heart, be still,
    And learn with humble trust;

    To lean confiding on his word,
    The only good and just.

    What tho' at times thy courage fail,
    And dark thy path may be;

    Look up to God he knows it all,
    Thy Saviour cares for thee.

To the strains this verse may be sung.

3 There is a morn, a glorious morn,
    For every night of gloom;
    A smile for every falling tear,
    A hope beyond the tomb.

    Then peace; reposing heart, "be still,"
    Whate'er thy trials be;
    Look up to him, who feels them all—
    Thy Saviour cares for thee. (C).
1. Speed away! speed away! happy soul of the blest,
   From thy prison-house fly, like a bird to her nest; Angel spirits are bending in love from the sky, To
   welcome thee home to the mansions on high! To the land where no night is, no tears, no decay! Speed a-
   way, speed away, happy soul of the blest, Speed away, speed away to the land of thy rest.

2 Speed away! speed away! O why linger below,
   When thy measure of glory no mortal can know,
   And the visions of beauty thy sight,
   All come from the Christian’s dear home of delight,
   Thy darkness is turned into infinite day!
   Speed away, speed away, &c.

3 Speed away! speed away! happy soul of the blest,
   To the land where the weary-worn pilgrim may rest,
   To the city celestial, that beautiful shore,
   Where the presence of death we shall fear nevermore,
   Up! heavenward! let nothing the journey delay!
   Speed away, speed away, &c.
WE COME WITH REJOICING.

Words by KATE CAMERON. (APPROPRIATE TO ANY ANNIVERSARY OCCASION.)

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1 We come with rejoicing, thanksgiving, and song, The notes of our anthem, let echo prolong: To

Him who redeemed us, and saved us from death, We'll sing loudest praises, while He gives us breath.

CHORUS.

The Lamb that was slain! And liveth again, We'll sing loudest praises, To the Lamb that was slain.

2 The Lamb that was slain! our salvation is made!

In robes of His glory, our spirits arrayed;
O why should we fear, while on Him we rely,
He'll help us to live, and prepare us to die. Cho.

3 Oh! Jesus our Saviour! the dearest and best,

On Thee all our hopes for Eternity rest!
We love Thee, we praise Thee, Thy name we adore,
To Thee all our thoughts and our wishes shall soar. Cho.

195
JESUS LOVES ME.

1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so; Little ones to him belong, They are weak but

CHORUS.

He is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to open wide; He will wash away my sin, Let his little child come in. Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still, Though I'm very weak and ill; From his shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie. Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

4 Jesus loves me! He will stay, Close beside me, all the way; If I love him, when I die He will take me home on high. Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

From "Song Garden," by permission of MASON BROTHERS.

Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work mid springing flow'rs;

2. Work for the night is coming, Work thro' the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon,

3. Work for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight dies,
WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. Concluded.

Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

Give every flying minute, something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

THE MASTER IS GONE.

Semi-chorus, or Duet.

1. Love sounds in her sighs, love flows in her eyes, How pensive she utters her moan, The stone is removed, lost is all that she loved. Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone, Master is gone!

CHORUS.

2 “In vain was my care those spices to prepare,
   To enbalm my dear Saviour alone;
   Taken home from my view, what alas shall I do.”
   Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone! 

3 “I seek but in vain to relieve my heart's pain,
   From bosoms as callous as stone;
   No one here can calm, by sweet sympathy's balm,
   A heart full of sighs for the Master she loves.
   Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone.

4 “Hallelujahs arise; assist me ye skies,
   And rejoice with a mortal who mourned!
   Hence sorrow, hence care; to the winds with despair.
   Raboni, Raboni, the Master's returned.”

197
HAPPY IN THE LORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A pilgrim and a stranger here, happy, happy, happy, I seek the home to pilgrims dear, happy in the Lord.
A home beyond this mortal shore, happy, happy, happy, Where sin and sorrow come no more, happy in the Lord.

CHORUS.
We'll cross the river of Jordan, happy, happy, happy, happy, Cross the river of Jordan, happy in the Lord.

2 I leave this world of sin behind me, happy, &c.
That better home in heaven to find, happy in, &c.
Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy, &c.
But fairer is my home up there, happy in, &c.
Cho. We'll cross the river,

3 In that fair clime of endless day, happy, &c.
The Lord shall wipe all tears away, happy in, &c.
To living founts, through verdant meads, happy, &c.
The Lamb his ransomed followers leads, happy in, &c.
Cho. We'll cross the river &c.

4 The fruits and flowers of Paradise, happy, &c.
In plenteous showers round them rise, happy in, &c.
No death shall visit them again, happy, &c.
No sickness there, no touch of pain, happy in, &c.
Cho. We'll cross the river, &c.

5 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home, happy, &c.
My Saviour smiles and bids me come, happy in, &c.
No mourning there, no funeral gloom, happy, &c.
But health and youth forever bloom, happy in, &c.
Cho. We'll cross the river, &c.
MY MANSION IN THE SKY.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

1 Oh, Jesus, precious bleeding Lamb, My spirit longs for thee; My waiting soul on wings of love, From this vain world would flee. Oh! I'm glad there's a mansion in the sky, Where my soul may be happy when I die, I'm glad, I'm glad, Oh, I'm glad there's a mansion in the sky.

2 In that bright world of love and light, That city of our God; I know a glorious welcome waits, Each lover of the Lord!—Cho.

3 The vain pursuits of this short life, How weak and frail they seem;

4 If I'm a lover of the Lord, And to his footstool come; I know He'll send his angels down, To guide me safely home;—Cho.
THE BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.  W.M. B. BRADBURY

1. Oh, give me a harp on the bright hills of glory—A home when life's sorrows are o'er,
   Where joys that await the meek and the lowly, Will more than lost Eden restore,

2. Oh, there let me roam on the banks of the river, Escorted by angels along;
   And with them adore the Bounteous Giver, Whose love is rehearsed by the

FULL CHORUS. f

Where the new song of glory Is the theme of the holy, And the ransomed are safe ever more,
Where the new song is given, To the loved ones in heaven, And the angels rehearse the song,

3. There sweetly we'll rest in those mansions for ever
   And bask in the fulness of love,
   Where fields are all bright with flowrets that never
   Shall wither in Eden above.

Cho.—There the new song of pardon,
   Is the theme over Jordan,
   And each harp swells the chorus of love.

4. Oh, who has prepared this banquet of pleasures,
   In heaven's sweet bower of rest?
   And bids us partake of all its rich treasures,
   And waits now to welcome each guest.

Cho.—It is Jesus, our Saviour,
   And we'll praise him for ever,
   When we're safe in those mansions of rest.
OUR BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Jesus is our morning star, Brightly beaming from afar; He is sent to guide our way, From the darkness of the day: And His dying love alone, Can for all our sins atone. The bright and morning star, The bright and morning star.

2 Jesus is our morning star Tho' in sorrow's night we are; Tho' the clouds around our way Give no token to the day: And His dying love alone, Can for all our sins atone. The bright and morning star, The bright and morning star.

3 Jesus is our morning star When our prison we unbar, When we break the chains of sin, And the pure light of the day: Still, the dawning hour draws near; Rise, and cast aside each fear. The bright, &c. Chorus.

Our Guiding Star.

1 Glorious hope, eternal life,
   Promise sweet to mourners given,
   Soon will end this mortal strife,
   Look beyond there's rest in heaven;
   Rest from sorrow, toil, and care
   In our Father's mansion fair.

   Cho.—We're on our journey home,

   2 We must meet with trials here;
   Through a desert waste we roam;
   But our Saviour still is near,
   He will guide us safely home,
   201

   3 On a wild and stormy sea,
   When our fragile bark is driven,
   Shatter'd tho' its sails may be,
   We shall anchor safe in heaven;
   We shall rise triumphant there,
   To our Father's mansion fair.—Cho.
WE HAVE COME REJOICING.

Suggested in part by a melody of BELLINI.

1 We have come rejoicing on this happy day, In our Sunday School we dearly love to stay;

2 Thro' the week he's kept us, and his smiling face Still is beaming on us in this happy place.

D. C. We have come rejoicing on this happy day, In our Sunday School we dearly love to stay;

And with voices blending in a sacred song, We the Saviour's praise prolong.
And the gracious Spirit from his holy throne, Tells us of a better home.

And with voices blending in a sacred song, We the Saviour's praise prolong.

CHORUS.

There we shall never grieve him more, But with the angels on that shore, Strike the harps of glory in a sweeter strain, And

3 Jesus there is smiling, on his Father's throne,
Saying, "Come in welcome, come for here is room,
In these shining mansions I have still a place,
Children hasten to my face." Cho. There we shall, &c.

4 And in robes of glory, like the stars above,
Shall my loved ones ever, ever with me rove;
Where the waving flowerets of immortal bloom,
Shed around their sweet perfume. Cho. There we shall, &c.

* Or "year," if for anniversary.
FOR THOU HAST DIED FOR ME.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 75

1 (When clouds hang dark-ly o'er my way And earth-ly comfort dies,)
   On thee my Sa-viour and my God, My [Omit .................] ev-ery hope re-lies.

I hear thy spir-its gen-tle voice, Thy cross by faith I see,—
   Thy precious blood O, dy-ing

Lamb, Redeems and makes me what I am, For thou hast died for me, For thou hast died for me.

2 My soul, confiding in thy word,
   Can rest securely there,
   And feel at peace in every storm,
   Beneath thy watchful care;
   A sinner lost, but saved by grace
   Be this my only plea:
   Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
   Redeems and makes me what I am,
   For thou hast died for me.

3 O when I leave this mortal scene,
   And rise to worlds of light;
Then shall I see thee as thou art
   Arrayed in glory bright:
There by the living stream divine,
   My raptured song shall be;
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
   Redeems and makes me what I am,
   For thou hast died for me.
JESUS IS KING.

1. He who once to earth came down, Toil'd and suffered here below, Sits upon his heavenly throne, Wears the crown of glory now; While angels join to sing, And loud the sweet words ring—

2. Many little ones are there, Gathered in that shining throng; Listen! thro' the Sabbath air, You may hear their joyful song. Come let us join to sing, And Christians in the song unite — Jesus is King, Jesus is King.

3. Yes, our loved and lost are there, They have reached the happy land, Now white robes and crowns they wear, They have joined the angel band. Come let us join to sing, And loudly the sweet words ring—

4. Surely we that song may share, Jesus bids the children come; Gives the lambs his tender care, Guides them to his heavenly home. Come let us join to sing, Loud let the sweet words ring, Jesus is King.

5. They strike each golden string, Gladly swell the notes of praise, And with saints and angels bright, Still the grateful anthem raise. Come let us join to sing, Loud let the sweet words ring, Jesus is King.
I have made my peace with Jesus,
"That was settled long ago."

2.
Mother you are bending o'er me,
Trying hard to ease my pain,
You would make the struggle lighter,
But your tender care is vain.
Do not weep, my soul is happy,
I am not afraid to go:
Jesus loves me, yes, I feel it,
"That was settled long ago."

3.
Fainter grew that voice so gentle,
Quickly came his feeble breath,
Leaning on the arm of Jesus,
He had passed the gates of death.
How his cheering words of comfort
Like a strain of music flow,
* A dying Christian boy's answer to his mother, when asked if he was "willing to die."
JESUS OUR SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

1. Jesus is our Shepherd, wipping every tear; Folded in his bosom, what have we to fear?
2. Jesus is our Shepherd, well we know his voice; How its gentlest whisper, makes our hearts rejoice:

Only let us follow whither he doth lead, To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.
Even when it chid-eth, tender is its tone; None but he shall guide us, we are his alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd, for the sheep he bled:
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood he shed,
Then on each he setteth his own secret sign,
They that have my Spirit, these (saith he) are mine.

Jesus is our Shepherd, guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm,
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

COME UNTO ME.

By permission of Dr. L. Mason.

1. Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed
2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring flow'r's were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father, Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

When the loved slept, in brighter homes to wake, Where their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crown'd.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
   Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
   Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn;

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
   Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
   Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

OUR ANGEL SISTER. 88 & 7S.  R. S. T.

Gently,

1 (In the greenwood sweetly sleeping, Where the willow branches wave,
   Lies our darling little sister, In the dark and silent grave. There's she's resting in the silent

2 There she lies and knows no sorrow,
   In that silent lonely spot;
While around her grave are blooming,
   Roses and Forget-me-not.
CODA. There's she's resting, &c.

3 There the Robin sweetly warbles;
   There the wild Bee gaily hums;
There the streamlet gently murmurs;
   There the water-lily blooms.
CODA. There's she's resting, &c.

4 When our sister mingled with us
   Well she loved the Saviour's name,
Ere she reached the heavenly portals,
   Angel guards to greet her came.
CODA. She is resting, &c.

Death of a S. S. Scholar.

1 Like a young and tender blossom,
   Is the form before us now,
Death has laid his icy fingers
   On the pale and gentle brow,
Cold and silent (he) she is sleeping now.

2 But her soul has gone before us—
   Gone to join the holy throng,

3 When she crossed the darksome river,
   Jesus cheered her lonely way;
Upward to the fields of Eden,
   In the fadeless realms of day,
We shall meet her in the realms of day.

In that bright and sunny region
   We may learn her happy song,
There in glory learn her happy song.

207
NOW WE LIFT OUR TUNEFUL VOICES.
FOR S. S. CELEBRATION.  
From "Oriola," by permission.

Ye who join our celebration,
Sweetest melodies employ;
Bow with us in adoration,
Filled with holy heavenly joy.
Cho.—As we lift, &c.

Teachers kind, whose care unceasing,
All must honor and approve;
Thanks for labor still unceasing,
Heaven reward your works of love.
Cho.—As we lift, &c.

Thanks to God for every blessing,
Which his bounteous hand bestows;
All on earth that's worth possessing,
From that hand incessant flows.
Cho.—As we lift, &c.

WELCOME HOUR OF PRAYER.
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. When softly o'er the distant hills  
The beams of morning break;
2. When like a giant in his course,  
The glorious orb of light,
3. When slowly fades the silent eve,  
Beneath the glowing west;

When nature breathes her choral hymn,
Ascend-ing in the radiant sky,
And tranquil thoughts of heavenly peace,

208
WELCOME HOUR OF PRAYER. Concluded.

My cheerful heart shall wake; My strength renewed my soul refreshed, I'll bless a Father's care, Has reached his noonday height; From earthly scenes I'll turn away, To bless a Father's care.

With-in my bosom rest; For all the mercies of the day, I'll bless a Father's care.

And hail with pure and holy joy, The welcome hour of prayer, welcome hour of prayer.

1. Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too, As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

2. Why should we tremble to convey Their bodies to the tomb?

There, the dear flesh of Jesus lay, And left a long perfume.

3. Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kindred rise;

Awake, ye nations under ground!

Ye saints! ascend the skies.

209
1. We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories confessed: But what must it be to be there, To be there, To be there, But what must it be to be there.

2. We speak of the pathways of gold, Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare, Of its wonders and pleasures unconfessed: But what must it be to be there, To be there, To be there, But what must it be to be there.

3. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation and care,— From trials without and within: But what must it be to be there?

4. We speak of its service of love, Of the robes which the glorified wear, Of the church of the first-born above; But what must it be to be there?

5. O Lord, midst our gladness or woe, Still for heaven our spirits prepare; And shortly we also shall know And feel, what it is to be there.

6. Then anthems of praise we will sing, When safe in that heavenly rest; To Jesus, our Saviour and King, Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

ROSSINI. C. M.
2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

3 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-land.

4 Then welcome toil and care and pain!
And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

5 Come, crown, and throne; come, robe and palm;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of righteousness!

"EVEN ME."

WM. B. BRADBURY.
1. Meet again! yes, we shall meet again, Tho' now we part in pain! His peo-ple all To-
gether Christ shall call, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise the Lord.
wipe all tears away, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

3. Now I go with gladness to our home,
With gladness thou shalt come;
There I will wait
To meet thee at Heaven's gate.
Hallelujah!

4. Dearest! what delight again to share
Our sweet communion there!
To walk among
The holy ransomed throng.
Hallelujah!

5. Not to mortal sight can be given
To know the bliss of Heaven;
But thou shalt be
Soon there, and sing with me,
Hallelujah!

6. Meet again! yes, we shall meet again,
Though now we part in pain!
Together all
His people Christ shall call.
Hallelujah!
YOU MUST BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

CHORUS.

1. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home, Thy Father calls for thee; For you must be a lover of the Lord, No longer now an exile roam, In guilt and misery.

2. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home, 'Tis Jesus calls for thee: The Spirit and the Bride say come; Oh! now for refuge flee.

Cho.—For you must, &c.

3. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home, 'Tis madness to delay; There are no pardons in the tomb, And brief is mercy's day.

Cho.—For you must, &c.

LEARNING OF JESUS.

1. Haste we now with eager feet, Teachers, scholars gladly greet, On this Sabbath morn we meet, That we may learn [of Jesus.

2. Help us, Lord, throughout this day, While we sing and while we pray, Let thy Spirit with us stay, While here we learn of Jesus.

3. Lord our hearts are full of sin, Let thy Spirit enter in, Make them pure, all white and clean, And full of love to Jesus.

4. As we learn thy righteous will, Help us, Holy Father, still, Each commandment to fulfill, And give the praise to Jesus.

213
BEAUTIFUL ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY. From the "Day Spring." By permission.

1. Beautiful Zion built above, Beautiful city that I love, Beautiful gates of pearly white,

Beautiful temple—God its light; He who was slain on Calvary, Opens those pearly gates to me.

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

Beautiful harps thro' all the choir; There shall I join the chorus sweet,

Worshiping at the Saviour's feet

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow

Beautiful palms the conquerors show,

Beautiful all who enter there; Thither I press with eager feet,

There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King,

Beautiful songs the angels sing,

Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,

Beautiful home of perfect peace; There shall my eyes the Saviour see,

Haste to this heavenly home with me

THE PROMISED LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I have a Father in the promised land, I have a Father in the promised land, My Father calls me, I must go,

2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Saviour in the promised land, When Jesus calls me, I must go,
THE PROMISED LAND. Concluded.

CHORUS.

To meet him in the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll away to the promised land; I'll a-way to the promised land,

My Father calls me, I must go, To meet him in the promised land.

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

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

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S REQUEST.

1. Look on us kindly, friends; Met here to-day,
Here from all worldly joys Turn we a-way,
We ask not wealth or fame, This boon we pray, Teach us the Saviour's love
Each Sabbath day, Teach us the Saviour's love, Each &c.

2. Six days of toil and work Our portion are;
Often our hearts must know Something of care:
But from our sorrows we all turn a-way, To learn the Saviour's love
Each Sabbath day, To learn the Saviour's love, Each &c.

3. Follies beset our path
Dangers surround;
Often our feet must tread
Enchanted ground,
But from all vanity
Turn we away,
To learn the Saviour's love
Each Sabbath day.

4. Look on us kindly, friends;
Watch us with care;
Aid us with counsels good
Help us by prayer.
Guide back our wandering feet,
Whene'er we stray;
Teach us the Saviour's love
Each Sabbath day.
THE INVITATION.

Words by K. G.

Arranged from a melody of the "Contrabands."

1. "Let little children come to me" The Lord the Saviour said, Forbid them not, for such shall be, The saints in glory made.

CHORUS.

Joyful are the words we hear, Saviour to thy arms we come Give us now thy blessing dear, Heav'n is our home.

Hal-le-lu-jah, we will sing Praise for- ev- er to the Lord, Father, Saviour, glorious King, Praise, praise the Lord.

2 Why should we wait for life to fade
   And earthly joys grow dim?
   When they the happiest are made,
   Who early go to him.
   Blessed are the words we hear,
   Saviour to thy arms we come,
   Keep our souls from doubt and fear,
   Heaven is our home. Hallelujah, &c.

3 O! let us not a moment wait,
   But haste to meet our friend;
   The way is narrow—straight the gate,
   But blissful is the end.
   Precious are the words we hear.
   Saviour, to thy arms we come,
   Loving thee with hearts sincere,
   Heaven is our home. Hallelujah, &c.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing, Jehovah is the sov'reign God, The uni- ner-sal King.
2. Come—worship at his throne, Come—bow before the Lord; We are his work, and not our own, He formed us by his word.
3. To-day attend his voice, Nor dare provoke his rod; Come—like the people of his choice, And own your gracious God.
THE ANGELS IN THE AIR. Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. When Life's la - bor song is sung, And the e - bon arch is sprung, O'er the shaded couch of death so still,

2. Dark the shadows in the vale, Fierce the howling of the gale, But the shining ones are near our door:

3. Flood the heart with parting tears, Frost the head with passing years, Mingle want and woe together here—

Then the Lord will light the scene With the angels' star-ry sheen, As they welcome us to Zi - on's hill. With our robes as bright as they, We will tread the starry way, With the shadow and the storm no more, But the Lord will lift the cloud That enwraps the shining crowd, And we'll never know a sor-row there.

CHORUS. Steady time.

We'll meet each other there Yes! we'll meet each other there, With the an-gels in the air, Yes, we'll meet each other there: We'll meet each other there Yes! we'll meet each other there, With the angels, with the angels in the air.
WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at war, Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved? moved And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?

2. O! what shall I do to be saved, When the pleasures of youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-moved, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?

3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll away, And eternity opens to view? What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?

4. O! Lord look in mercy on me, Come, O come and speak peace to my soul: Unto whom shall I flee, Dearest Lord, but to thee, Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole That will I do! that will I do! To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

1. (I'm but a stranger here: Heav'n is my home;) (Dangers and sorrows stand) (Round me on every hand,) Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

W.M. E. BRADBURY.
HEAVEN IS MY HOME. Concluded.

2 What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage:
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not:
Heaven is my home,
Whatever my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my Father-land—
Heaven is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

WE MUST LIVE FOR GOD.
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We must live for God, 'tis a solemn call,
   We were lost till mercy found us,
   We can bring a soul to the house of prayer,
   Where the grateful hymn is stealing,
   It will touch a chord that was buried there,
   It will make a tender feeling.

2. We can lead perhaps to the living stream,
   When the heart is worn and weary,
   We can seek the lost that have wandered far,
   From the only source of pleasure—
   By the radiant light of our Polar star,
   We can point to our heav'ly treasure.

3. In the Sunday school we can train our youth,
   And our tender care bestowing,
   They will learn to walk in the way of truth,
   Where the spring of joy is flowing,
   We can tell of hope from the sacred page,
   To the erring heart returning,
   We can guide the steps of declining age,
   Where the lamp of life is burning.

4. We can cheer the faint, and the weak sustain,
   We can pray with the sick and dying,
   We can tell of peace through a Saviour's name
   To a soul for comfort sighing,
   We must live for God, 'tis a solemn call,
   We were lost till mercy found us,
   In our glorious field, there's a place for all,
   We must work for those around us.
THE ANGELS THERE WILL TEACH US.

"There angels do always behold the face of my Father." W.M. B. BRADBURY.

1. To the heavenly land; to the heavenly land, Where the saints and the seraphs stand; For the

2. We are on our way; we are on our way, A united and happy band, For the

We will still press on: we will still press on, Till we pass through the Golden Gate: For the

angels there will teach us, How to sing a sweeter song! And no sorrow'll ever reach us, In that

happy, happy throng In the heav'nly land, in the heav'nly land, Where the saints and the seraphs stand.

3. But we need not fear: but we need not fear,
   For we've Jesus to be our guide:
   And with him so near: aye with him so near
   Naught of evil can e'er betide,
   Cho.—For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

4. Will you go with us! will you go with us!
   Come and share this bright home above,
   Where the endless day, where the endless day
   Is illumined by our Father's love,
   Cho.—For the angels there shall teach us, &c.
SAVED BY GRACE. 8s & 7s, Double.
Arr. From Spiritual Songs.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

1 Precious Saviour, I have found thee, Now I feel thy power divine; In my raptured soul reflected,

D. S. Precious Saviour, I have found thee,

CHORUS.

I can see thy glory shine. What a change from grief to gladness, Lost in wonder I adore;

Thou art mine I ask no more.

2 Earthly pleasures fading round me,
Like the autumn leaf may fall;
Jesus thou wilt give me comfort,
Thou art dearer far than all.—Cho.

3 I will praise thee, I will bless thee,
This my happy song shall be;
When I reach the port of glory,
Jesus thou hast died for me.

Cho.—for 3d verse. Saved by grace, thy child forever,
Lost in wonder, love and praise;
Precious Saviour I have found thee,
Thou art mine, I ask no more.

For Missionary concerts.

1 In thy temple Lord we gather,
In thine own appointed way;

2 2 1

For thy glorious cause, and kingdom,
At thy sacred feet to pray.

Cho. Star of Jacob, King of Judah,
Hallelujah to thy name;
May thy love in every bosom,
Kindle to a living flame.

2 Bless thy servants gone to labor
With thy standard in their hands;
Guide them o'er the snow-clad mountain,
On the deserts burning sand. Cho.

3 May thy word in might prevailing,
Far and wide its power extend;
And the world its truth confessing.
To thy gentle sceptre bend. Cho.
Holy Sabbath, glad young voices,
Welcome you with joyous song,
While the aged heart rejoices
With the youthful throng,
May the light of this blest morning
Every youthful heart illumine,

**Instrument, in imitation of the bells.**

May the blessed angels keep us,
Till another dawn,
And when earth's best, purest love-light
Fadeth from our sight away,
May our risen Saviour take us
To his endless day.

---

SABBATH EVENING BELLS.

R. S. T. — arranged.

1 (The shadows of night are creeping fast
Across the hill and dell,
And softly the zephyr's waft the tones, [Omit ..............] Of the Sabbath evening bells.

CHORUS. $p$ cres. $p$ cres. $\text{dim.}$ $\text{cres.}$ $\text{dim.}$ $\text{dim.}$

Oh, Sabbath evening bells! Oh, Sabbath evening bells! What words of love, and joy and rest
Thy quiet music tells.

2 As silently sinks the weary sun,
Far down the western steep,
So peacefully at the eve of life,
May I lay me down to sleep. Cho.

3 And may the sweet hope be granted then
Each doubt and fear t'allay,
That soon will the gloom of night be lost
In the dawn of endless day. Cho.
The Lord will provide.

1 (O, Pilgrims to Zion, your courage renew, Your Captain's before you, his standard's in view;
   Then why do you falter, He bids you be strong And help one another to journey along:

   O trust him forever your refuge and guide, Remember the promise, "The Lord will provide," "The Lord will provide," "The Lord will provide."

2 The world may disown you, and friends may forsake,
The night may be cheerless, but morning will break,
When burdened with sorrow and longing for rest,
Temptations may follow, "'Tis all for the best;"
His arm is around you, your Shepherd and guide,
Remember the promise, "The Lord will provide."

3 Behold in the valley the lillies so fair,
'Tis not from their labor, the beauty they wear;
If clothed by your Father the grass that must die.
The wants of his children his hand will supply.
Then trust him forever, your refuge and guide.
Remember the promise, "The Lord will provide."
THE LIFE-BOAT.

1. The life-boat! the life-boat! how bravely she rides The darkened and stormy, and treacher-ous main, The
wild moaning tempest, the fierce rolling tide, Unite their dark powers to o'erwhelm her in vain The mariner sees her, and

2. The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! o'er life's stormy wave, Is the life-boat to rescue all tempest toss'd souls, It
ever is ready from danger to save; 'Tis safe on the ocean, tho' fiercely it rolls, The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! it

hope fills his breast, The lamp from her bow gleams bright o'er the sea, It shines as a star on the billows fierce breast, And
shines ever bright, Like a heavenly star on the water's dark breast, It sheds in man's pathway a glorious light, And

mounts o'er the waters so nobly and free, And mounts o'er the waters so nobly and free. points out his course to the haven of rest, And points out his course to the haven of rest.
Go sound it abroad, the tidings proclaim, Salvation to all, through Him that was slain;
The Isles of the deep shall lift up their voice, And nations afar shall hear and rejoice;

He lives to redeem us, Jesus our King! To mansions of glory the ransomed will bring.
The harp that was broken—sweetly shall ring, And Judah return to her Saviour and King.

Go sound it abroad, the tidings proclaim, Salvation is purchased through Him that was slain.

Go, heralds, away! your mission fulfil
The Gospel declare, we'll pray for you still—
Be steadfast, be watchful, stand by the right,
And God will sustain you with wisdom and might.

Go, heralds, away! the harvest is near,
The reapers will come, the Master appear;
Be patient in labor, fervent in love,
And God will reward you in glory above.

CHO.—Go sound it abroad, &c.
1. My soul repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

2. High as the heav'n's are rais'd Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed.

3. His power subdued our sins, And his forgiving love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove.

4. The pity of the Lord, To those who fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel; He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

The Charming Place.

1. How charming is the place, Where my Redeemer, God, Unvails the beauties of his face, And sheds his love abroad!

2. Here on the mercy seat, With radiant glory crowned, Our joyful eyes behold him sit, And smile on all around.

3. Give me, O Lord, a place Within thy blest abode, Among the children of thy grace, The servants of my God.

"Jesus Wept."

1. Did Jesus weep for me? And sigh o'er sinners here? My soul that weeping Saviour see, And shed thyself a tear.

2. Did Jesus pray for me? For such a wanderer care? My heart subdued and broken be, And drawn to him in prayer.

3. Did Jesus die for me? Oh, depth of love divine! I die to sin—I'll live to thee; O, Saviour, make me thine!

BRADEN. S. M.

BY WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The day is past and gone; The evening shades appear; O may we all remember well The night of death draws near.

2. We lay our garments by. Upon our beds to rest; So death shall soon disrobe us all Of what we here possessed.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears; Many angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears.

Superiority of the Scriptures.

1. O Lord, thy perfect word Directs our steps aright, Nor can all other books afford Such profit and delight.

2. Celestial beams it sheds To cheer this vale below: To distant lands its glory spreads, And streams of mercy flow.

3. True wisdom it imparts, Commands our hope and fear: Oh, may we hide it in our hearts, And feel its influence there.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.
1. My son, know thou the Lord. Thy father's God obey, Seek his protecting care by night, His guardian hand by day.
2. Call while he may be found, And seek him while he's near; Serve him with all thy heart and mind, And worship him in fear.
3. If thou wilt seek his face, His ear hear will thy cry; Then shalt thou find his mercy sure, His grace forever night.

Closing Hymn.
1. Once more before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.
2. Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.
3. Thus nurtured by thy word,
May each in wisdom grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

Blessings sought in Prayer
1. Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
2. Thine image, Lord bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
3. Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

Prayer for the Intemperate. S. M.
1. Intemperance walks abroad,
His victims day by day,
Are wasting in the paths of sin
Their precious life away.
2. Dear Jesus! thou hast died,
Thy gracious arm can save;
O bring the wanderers to thy fold,
And snatch them from the grave.
3. Convicted of their guilt;
O may they seek thy face,
And, never rest till they have found
The comfort of thy grace.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name:
   Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread,
   And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil:
   For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for- | ever. A- | men.
GIVE THANKS.—Chant. Antiphonal.

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.*

1st RESPONSE. CHORUS. W.M. B. BRADBURY.

1 O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; For his mercy endureth for ever.

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.*

2nd RESPONSE. CHORUS. ALL.

2 O give thanks unto the God of gods; For his mercy endureth for ever. Amen.

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

* By teacher or teachers.—The responses by the scholars.

CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.

Amen.
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.—Chant. Antiphonal. 101

1st Division, or Teachers. 2d Division, or Scholars. ALL.

PSALM XXIII.

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

COME UNTO ME. Chant. WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

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

3. When nature shudders, loth to part
   From all I love, en-joy, and see,

   When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
   A sweet voice utter, Come to me,

4. Come, for all else must fall and die,
   Earth is no resting place for thee;
   Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
   I am thy portion, Come to me.

5. O voice of mercy! voice of love!
   In conflict, grief, and agony,
   Support me, cheer me from above!
   And gently whisper, Come to me.
WE ARE PILGRIMS. 7s.

1st. 2nd. Full Chorus.

1 (We are pilgrims on the earth, Journeying onward from our birth,) still to death. Yes, we are pilgrims, Yes, we are pilgrims, Yes, we are pilgrims on our journey home.

2 (Every hour and every breath Brings us nearer) going home! But beyond this vale of tears, Lies the land that knows no fears: Where our steps no more may roam, Pilgrims, we are going home!

3. Home to long-lost friends and dear, Friends we mourn in sorrow here Home to endless peace and love, In our Father's house above. Cho.

4. Let no trifles by the way, Tempt our hearts or steps to stray, From the narrow path and strait Leading to the golden gate. Cho.

5. No, our faith has still in view One like us, a pilgrim too; From his track we will not roam We to Christ are going home. Cho.

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

1. Come, schoolmates, do not weary, But let us journey on, The moments will not tarry, This life will soon be gone.

2. We've listed in the army, We've listed for the war; We'll fight until we conquer, By faith and humble pray'r.
SWEET REST IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

We'll wait till Jesus comes.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home?

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome, This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my home.

3. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for succor on his breast, And he'd conduct me home.

4. Our Jesus will be with us, E'en to the journey's end; In every score affliction, A "present help" to lend. CHO.

5. We bless the name of Jesus, Who bought us with his blood: All glory be to Jesus, Who gives us every good. CHO.

Dr. MILLER.

231
IN OLDEN TIMES.

Words by Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

1. In olden times when boys were wild, On English soil arose a child,
   His name was Robert, true and mild, Omit. So loving, loving, and good.

   FULL CHORUS.

   Then away! away! our cause is growing stronger,
   Away! away! to the Sunday School,
   Then away! away! we can't wait any longer, A way to the Sunday School.

2. As Robert Raikes walked out one day,
   To see if children were at play,
   Some boys were seen on Sabbath day,
   A playing, playing—Ah me.
   Cho. Then away! &c.

3. In seventeen hundred eighty-one,
   Across the sea in Glous'ter town,
   The glorious Sunday School begun,
   Its coming! coming! along.
   Cho. Then away! &c.

4. O, how this little fire has spread,
   And warmed to life the carnal dead,
   And brought them to our living Head,
   So loving, loving and good;
   Cho. Then away! &c.

5. Come, parents, teachers, one and all,
   And never think the work is small,
   But listen to the heavenly call:
   Be workers, workers to day;
   Cho. Then away! &c.

6. When storms are past, and work is o'er,
   And Sunday Schools shall be no more,
   We'll gather on the golden shore,
   Singing glory, glory to God.
   Cho. Then away! &c.

7. Then what a glorious sight 'twill be
   To see the millions of the free
   All happy in eternity,—
   So welcome, welcome the day!
   Cho. Then away! &c.
Frail is my bark and stormy is the ocean, How can I hope to stem the rushing tide;

How can I face the billows wild commotion, [Omit] Dangers are threat'ning me on every side.

With Jesus at the helm, I shall journey safely over, Though the storm is raging

With Jesus at the helm, I shall journey safely over, And find a refuge from the storm when Heav'n is my home.

Though weak my faith, there's One whose love unfailing,
Will cast a brightness over sight so dim;
His strength for all my frailties still avail
Will make me feel the love I owe to Him. Cho.

Hushed are my fears, and in his love confiding,
O let me lean my head upon his breast;

At His command the troubled waves subsiding,
Will safely bear me home with Him to rest. Cho.

Frail is my bark, but Jesus is beside me,
E'en through the night I see his glorious form,
With Him to cheer, to strengthen and to guide me,
My soul will calmly brave the darkest storm. Cho.
"WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING."

Words by KATE CAMERON.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A little child lay dying, As the sunset hour drew nigh, And these the words he uttered When he breathed his last Good-Bye. "I know that my angel mother is waiting to bear me from thee, We'll all meet again in the morning.

2. The words were full of solace, Falling like a healing balm On the heart so sorely stricken, That the mourner might well be calm. The sharp sting of anguish taken, The burden of grief grew more light, We'll all meet again in the morning, Like a rainbow spanned Death's night. Cho.

3. O, ye who sadly languish, Weighed down by grief and gloom, Beside the grave's dark portal, Look beyond the silent tomb! With God leave your precious treasures, Shall He not in all things do right? We'll all meet again in the morning, Death's sleep is but for a night. Cho.
THE FATHER RECLAIMED.

1 How can he leave them? How can that Father go? Heedless of winds that blow Cold round his cot:

Leave them to pine for bread, Children of want and pain, Father they call in vain, He answers not.

2 How can he leave them,
Leave to the tempter's power,
Passing each golden hour Careless away.
While in his dreary home,
Sad tears for him are shed;
Is every feeling dead,
How can he stay?

3 How can he leave them,
Pale is their mother's brow,
Hope's dying embers now Fade in despair.
Folding her precious ones,
Hark! through the midnight dim,
Oh, how she prays for him,
Lord hear her prayer.

4 Why does she tremble,
Was it his voice that said—
"Lift up thy drooping head,
Sorrow is o'er;
Come to your Father's arms,
Children, your fears are past;
I am reclaimed at last,
I'll drink no more."

My Shepherd.

1 Thou art my Shepherd,
Caring in every need,
Thy little lambs to feed;
Trust in thee still;
In the green pastures low,
Where living waters flow,
Safe by Thy side I go,
Fearing no ill.

2 Or if my way lie
Where death o'erhanging nigh,
My soul would terrify
With sudden chill—
Yet I am not afraid;
While softly on my head
Thy tender hand is laid,
I fear no ill.

3 I Thou wilt guide me,
Gladly I'll go with Thee;—
No harm can come to me
Holding Thy hand;
And soon my weary feet
Safe in the golden street,
Where all who love Thee meet,
Re deem'd shall stand.
1 There is a place where all my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there, Where verdure and blossoms will never, never fade, And fields are eternally fair. That blissful place is my dear fatherland; By faith its delights I explore; But sweeter, dearer, dearer is the hand, That leads me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where holy angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful abode, The joys of that place no mortal tongue can tell, For there is the palace of God.—Cho.

3 There is a place where loving friends are gone, Who suffered and worshipped with me, Exalted with Christ on His pure and spotless throne, The King in His beauty they see.—Cho.

4 There is a place where through faith I hope to live, When life and its labors are o'er, A place which the Saviour to faithful ones will give, And there I shall sorrow no more.—Cho.
THE UNION SONG.

Words by WM. OLAND BOURNE.

1. Boys and girls are all for Union, North and South and East and West; All the States in lov'd communion Heart and hand with freedom blest. Then join in a loud hurrah! Hurrah for the land of the free! For Union and peace, for order and law! Hurrah for the land of the free!

2. We will love our land forever, Dearest land beneath the sun; Foemen's steel shall not dissever, Youthful hearts that now are one.—Cho.

3. We are all a band of Brothers, And the states are Sisters too, And in time there will be others That shall happy vows renew.—Cho.

4. Let the hopeful words be spoken, On the wings of promise borne: Never shall the links be broken, Never shall the flag be torn.—Cho.

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

The crystal fountain.

1. 'Tis the balmy shower descending In the valley, on the plain, Makes the air so cool around us Cheers the drooping flowers again. Cho.—Then joyful together we'll sing, As gay as the bird on its wing; Cold water for me, our motto shall be And loudly our chorus shall ring.

2. We are like the leaves unfolding, Spangled o'er with morning dew; Water from the crystal fountain, Makes us glad and merry too.—Cho.

3. Give us water, sparkling water, From the brooklet pure and free; Grateful to our God who gave it. Let our hearts forever be.—Cho.
JOY FOR THE SORROWFUL.
Solo or Duet, with Chorus.

Isaiah, 35:10.

1. Joy for the sorrowful, strength for the weak, Words of benevolence Jesus doth speak;

2. Joy for the sorrowful, sight for the blind,
    The dumb singing praises, the savage made kind,
    The lame leaping high; these are signs of the day.
    When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

3. Joy for the sorrowful, laughter and song,
    Among the redeemed who journey along,
    And looking for rest at the end of the way,
    When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

4. Joy for the sorrowful! Spirit of God,
    If on toward Zion but feebly I've trod,
    0, strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
    Till sorrow and sighing have both fled away.

CHO. All looking for rest at the end of the way,
    When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away,
    For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

CHO. Oh, strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
    Till sorrow and sighing shall both flee away,
    Till sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.
WHEN THE MORNING LIGHT.

1. (When the morning light drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full, And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll away to the Sabbath-School,)
For 'tis there we all agree, All with happy hearts and free, And I love to early be
At the Sabbath-School; I'll away! away!

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

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

4. May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath school:
I'll away! &c.
1. Sad is the drunkard's life, Wasting in crime, Far from the path of right. Reckless of time,

Tears of repentant grief, Chill as they start, Hardly a tender thought, Wakes in his heart, Wakes in his heart.

2. Often a single spark,

Kindles a flame,

Picture a happy past,

Point to the better land,

Come to the precious fold, watched by his care,

Jesus is near.

3. Kindness may win him back,

Prayer may reclaim,

Bring back his early youth,

Home of the blest,

Come to the Lamb of God, why wilt thou stay.

3 Life is a desert wild mantled in woe,

Earth has no joy for thee, where wilt thou go,

Lift up thy drooping heart, banish thy fear,

Come to the precious fold, watched by his care,

(V.)

4. Go when he sits alone,

Burdened with care

Tell how a mother's eye,

O'er that departed one,

Come to the Lamb of God, why wilt thou stay,

Jesus is near.

4 Point to the better land,

Where she has passed away

Memory will yearn

He may return.

Lonely and desolate, far from thy home,

Why from thy Father's arms, why wilt thou roam,

Lovingly, tenderly falls on thy ear,

"Rest thee, O weary one," Jesus is near.

"Rest thee, O weary one," Jesus is near.

Come to the precious fold, watched by his care,

"Rest thee, O weary one," Jesus is near.

(V.)
THE PROMISED DAY. (Missionary.)

Words by Mrs. Van Alstyne.

Music by Henry Tucker.

1. Saw ye not the promised day, Breaking o'er the mountain height? Doubt and darkness flee away, Trembling at its dawning light. Blessed Jesus, reign forever. Let salvation, like a river, Rolling onward, onward still, All the world with gladness fill.

CHORUS.

2. Heard ye not the welcome sound, Wafted o'er the heaving main? They are flocking home to thee; From the East, the North and West, And the Isles beyond the sea. Cho. Blessed Jesus, &c.

3. Now the fruits of joy abound, Precious souls are born again. From the East, the North and West, And the Isles beyond the sea. Cho. Blessed Jesus, &c.

241

1 Go to Jesus when thy heart
Droops beneath its weight of care;
When the joys of earth depart,
Seek a purer light in prayer.

Cho. Jesus will forsake thee never,
He is thine, and thine forever,
By the cooling stream that flows,
Thou shalt find a sweet repose.

2 O'er the hopes in ruin laid;
Does the tear in secret fall?
Is thy trembling soul afraid?

Go to the Jesus—tell him all. Cho.

3 Go to Jesus, on his breast
He will lay thy aching head,
Calm thy every pain to rest,
Beams of mercy o'er thee shed. Cho.
HOSANNA. "Blessed is he that cometh." —Anthem.

**Christmas.**

pp—as at a distance.

Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,

Single voice.

Blessed be the kingdom of our father Da-vid, That cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord,
HOSANNA. Concluded.

GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS AND BOYS. GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.

Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na.

FULL CHORUS.—CHOIR AND SCHOOL.

Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, Hosanna, in the highest, in the highest, | est, Amen, Amen.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

JESUS HELP ME.

HENRY TUCKER.

Moderate. Fine. D.C.

1. Jesus help me I am weary, Let me hold Thy hand in mine. (O! my Father, do not leave me,) In this dark and dreadful hour, d. c. Fold me in Thy arms of mercy, Keep me from the tempter's power.

2. Jesus help me, I am fainting, 'Neath the deserts burning sky, Lead to pastures cool and fragrant, There my every want supply, Shade me with Thy wings eternal, Let me feel Thee ever near, Thou canst whisper words of comfort, Thou canst dry the falling tear.

3. Jesus help me, I am sinking, In the cold and chilly wave, Give me strength, my faith increasing, Thou alone hast power to save, Let my soul be filled with rapture, Let my hope be stayed on Thee, Let me bear my cross with patience, Till I sleep and wake with Thee.
THE CHILDREN'S BATTLE SONG.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross, A young and joyful band; We've joined the army marching home To

2 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross, We'll never quit the field; Like valiant heroes bold and brave, We'll

Canaan's promised land. The world and sin our strongest foes Will oft beset our way; But we must keep our

fight but never yield. Our captain is the prince of peace, Who died that we might live; To all his faithful

FULL CHORUS.

armor bright And always watch and pray. We must keep our armor bright, We must keep our

children here A crown of life he'll give. We must keep, &c.

armor bright, We must keep our armor bright, And always watch and pray, always watch and pray.
THE CHILDREN'S BATTLE SONG. Concluded.

3 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross,
   Our colors we will show;
And with the bible in our hand
   We'll boldly meet the foe.
O let us strive to win the prize,
The great command obey;
To love the Lord with all our soul,
   And labor while 'tis day.—Cho.

4 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross,
   And by that cross we'll stand;
We've joined the army marching home,
To Canaan's promised land.
And when we reach the golden fields
   Of that immortal shore;
With all the armies of the blest,
   We'll sing the battle o'er.—Cho.

AWAY OVER JORDAN.

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, View the land, view the land, He whom I fix my hopes upon,
2 His track I see, and I'll pursue, View the land, view the land, The narrow way till him I view,

REFRAIN.

View the promised land, Away, away over Jordan, We'll view the land, View the land, Away, away over View the promised land, Away, away, &c.

3 The way the holy prophets went, View the land, &c.
The road that leads from banishment, View the promised Cho.—Away, away, &c.
Jor-dan, We'll view the promised land.

4 The king's highway of holiness, View the land, &c.
I'll go, for all his paths are peace, View the promised land
Cho.—Away, away, &c.

245
COME UNTO ME. (Anthem.)

$m\text{p}$ Soft and gentle tones, but earnest and devout.

"Come unto me all ye that labor And are heavy laden, And I will give you rest,

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, And ye shall find rest unto your souls, For my yoke is easy and my burden is light, My yoke is easy and my burden is light."

SEMI-CHORUS.

O precious invitation, Help us, O Lord, to
COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

FULL CHORUS.

come with a broken heart, and a contrite spirit, O precious invitation, Help us, O Lord, to come with a broken heart, and a contrite spirit; We praise thee, we bless thee, O Jesus, for thy love, We bless thee for the precious words that thou hast given to us.

highest, in the highest, in the highest.

Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na in the highest, ho-sanna in the highest, in the highest.
1. Lo! descending the heavens rending, Messengers from God to men: Angels winning, tidings bringing, Christ is born in
Bethlehem; Come with gladness, and ban-ish sadness, Children sweetly tune your voices. Sing aloud while
heaven rejoices; Hallelujah! Hallelujah! "Peace on earth, good will to men." Lift a-loud a

Cres.

lofty strain, God is reconciled to man, Glory to our Saviour King, Heaven and earth with glory ring,
fore him now, Humbly in his presence bow, Now to him our tribute bring, Lord of lords and King of kings

Words by KATE CAMERON.

THE LAND OF PEACE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st Semi. Cho. On earth are wars and tumults, And danger, fear and strife, While unseen powers combining Assail our fleeting life.

2d Semi. Cho. But there is never conflict, Nor danger, nor alarm; The land of peace is guarded By an Almighty arm.

CHORUS. The land of peace, &c.

1st Semi. Cho. How blissful to look forward When all these storms shall cease And see that happy country, The holy land of peace.

2d Semi. Cho. We will not mind the's struggles, Which soon must have an end, But place our trust in Jesus, Our everlasting friend.

CHORUS. The land of peace, &c.
And when he was come nigh, even to the descent of the mount of Olives, the whole Multitude of the disciples began to rejoice, and to praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works that they had seen, saying, "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord. Peace on earth, and glory in the highest, blessed be the King."
THE WHOLE MULTITUDE. Concluded.

Blessed be the King, who cometh in the name of the Lord, Blessed be the King, who

A little faster.

cometh in the name of the Lord. Glory, glory, glory in the highest, Peace in heav'n, and glory in the highest.

ALTO SOLO. Original movement.

Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord,

Al Seg. End with Cho. "Glory in the highest."

Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in the highest, Hosanna, hosanna in the highest.
HOSANNA ANTHEM.
A Concerted Piece for Public Performances.

Scholars.*

Hosanna in the highest, in the highest, Hosanna in the

Teachers and Congregation.*

1. What are those soul-reviving strains Which echo

highest, in the highest. Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest.

thus from Salem's plains; What anthems loud, and louder still,


Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest.

Base Solo.

So sweetly sound from Zion's hill.

2. Lo! 'tis an infant chorus

Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna, Hosanna

sings,

Hosanna to the King of kings,

The Saviour, comes and babes pro-

* The children should sing their Hosanna through once before the teachers and congregation commence—then the two
HOSANNA ANTHEM. Concluded.

Solo voices in an adjoining room, or at a distance from the Chorus. Let the tones be clear and well sustained.

A little faster.

Proclaim Hosannas—By congregation and choir to the melody of "Old Hundred," the children singing again the "Hosanna" attached to it.

4 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear; See David's Son and Lord appear! All praise on earth to him be given, And glory shout through highest heaven.—Ch.

253
Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, [Omit ............] Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
||: O! how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home. ||

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
||: O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home. ||

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
||: O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home. ||
| A bright Sabbath morn          | 40 Come unto me (Chant) | Heavenly Song          | 24 Just as thou art     |
| A crown of glory bright       | 20 Come ye who love the | He who once to earth   | 76 Learning of Jesus    |
| A faithful friend             | 41 Coronation           | Holy Sabbath           | 94 Let little children  |
| Ah, this heart is void        | 32 Death of a child     |                         | 124 Like a young and tender |
| A land without a storm        | 20 Dennis               |                         | 79 Lonely and desolate  |
| A little child lay dying      | 106 Did Jesus weep for me |                | 54 List the Sabbath bells |
| All hail the power            | 53 Doth sorrow's shadow |                         | 112                     |
| And when he was come          | 122 Earth may robe      |                         |                         |
| Another week has passed       | 37 Earth's shadowy years |                  |                         |
| Another year                  | 23 Even me              | How can he leave them  | 107 Look on us kindly   |
| A pilgrim and a stranger      | 70 Father whate'er of    | How charming is the... | 98 Lord; I believe      |
| A Saviour ever near           | 26 Forth we go          | How many in our favored | 31 Lord, I hear of shower's. |
| Asleep in Jesus               | 39 For thou hast died for me |                  |                         |
| Away over Jordan              | 117 Forward             | I'm but a stranger here.| 33 Lord, when we bend   |
| Awhile they rest               | 39 Forward shall be     | If I were a sunbeam    | 32 Lo, descending       |
| Beautiful land on high        | 27 Frail is my bark     | I have a father in     | 26 Lo, the fields are white |
| Beautiful river               | 25 Friends of Temperance.|                         |                         |
| Beautiful Zion                | 86 From every stormy wind |                  |                         |
| Behold the throne of          | 99 Give thanks (Chant)  | Intemperance walks     | 99 Mother tell me       |
| Be still repining heart       | 65 Glorious hope        | In thy temple Lord     | 77                     |
| Beyond the smiling            | 126 Glory to the Father give |                  |                         |
| Boys and Girls are all for    | 109 Go bear the joyful tidings |         |                         |
| Braden                        | 98 God is love          | I'll think of my Saviour | 63 My mansion in the sky |
| Canaan's happy land           | 38 Go forth ye glad heralds |                  |                         |
| Children can you truly        | 6 Go forth ye glad heralds |                  |                         |
| China                         | 81 Going home           | Jesus at the helm      | 105 My son know thou    |
| Christmas anthem              | 120 Good tidings        | Jesus, help me         | 99                     |
| Cold water                    | 59 Go sound it abroad   | Jesus is King          | 19 Naomi                |
| Come holy spirit, calm        | 43 Go to Jesus          | Jesus is our morning   | 73 Now I resolve        |
| Come let us be joyful         | 45 Happy greeting       | Jesus is our shepherd  | 37                     |
| Come, schoolmates             | 102 Happy in the Lord   | Jesus thou art the sinners | 32 Oh! give me a harp    |
| Come sound his praise         | 88 Haste we now with eager |                  |                         |
| Come unto me                  | 78 Hear gracious God    | Jesus loves me         | 68 Oberlin              |
| Come unto me (Anthem)         | 118 Heaven is my home   | Jesus my all           | 117 O give thanks       |

<p>| 255 |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index</th>
<th>Concluded.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O, Jesus full of truth</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O, Jesus precious</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Land of rest</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord thy perfect word</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On a Sunday morning</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once more before we</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One day nearer home</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Pilgrims to Zion</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our angel sister</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our bright and morning</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our father who art</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our mission field</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our own loved Sabbath</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O we're a band of</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O what beauties adorn</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O what shall I do</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O when will be ended</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O who will join our</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise the Lord</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Precious Saviour I have</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rest</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Return O wanderer</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Re-Union</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rossini</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sabbath evening bells</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sabbath morning bells</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sad is the drunkard's life</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saved by grace</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour now receive him</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saw ye not the promised</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shall we gather at</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shout the tidings of</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silver street</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silverton</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Singing and praising</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing them my children</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldiers of the cross</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Thomas</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steadfast</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet carols</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet rest in heaven</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take the cross</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Temperance rallying</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That was settled long</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The angels in the air</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The angels sing</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The angels there will</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The beautiful land</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The best day of all the</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The blue birds</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The bright hills of glory</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The children's battle song</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The children's Jubilee</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The christian's dear home</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The christian soldier</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The cross</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The greatest welcome home</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The crown of glory</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The day is past and gone</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The days for play are</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The dear ones all at</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The dear one's all at</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The God of love</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The gold city</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The happy land</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The happy song</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The invitation</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tho' a strange country</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tho' the new Jerusalem</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tho' the new Jerusalem</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis a blessed thought</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis the balmy shower</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the heavenly land</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traveler whither art</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wanderer from God</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We are bound for</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're nearer home</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're now in youth's</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We are pilgrims</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We come, we come</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We lift our voices</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We must live for God</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We seek the Golden city</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We speak of the realms</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We'll all meet again in</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We'll wait till Jesus</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What glory gilds the</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What shall I do</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What sound is this</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When clouds hang</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When life's labor song</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When softly o'er</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the morning light</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why do we mourn</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willowdale</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will you walk with us</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With tearful eyes</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodworth</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Work, for the night is</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yes, I will bless thee</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye soldiers of the cross</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yes, we are soldiers</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You must be a lover of</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE MUSICAL PROFESSION OF NEW YORK TO WM. B. BRADBURY.

STRONG ENDORSEMENT OF WM. B. BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES.

The most eminent of the musical profession of New York City, after frequent and thorough trials of my New Scale Piano-Fortes, have given me the most emphatic and unqualified Testimonials. The following is a specimen of the voluntary testimony I am constantly receiving from gentlemen entirely interested, and, as all will acknowledge, most thoroughly qualified to judge of the merits of a Piano.

"We have examined, with much care, Mr. WM. B. Bradbury's New Scale Piano-Fortes, and our opinion that, in power, purity, richness, equality of tone, and thorough workmanship, Mr. Bradbury's instruments excel."

"We find great brilliancy and a beautiful singing quality of tone most happily blended. We rarely seen a square Piano-Forte combining so many of these qualities essential to a perfect instrument."


GOTTSCHALK,
The renowned Pianist and Composer, after a careful and thorough examination of WM. B. Bradbury's New Scale Piano-Fortes, says:

"I have examined with great care, Mr. WM. B. Bradbury's New Scale Piano-Fortes, and it is my opinion that they are very superior instruments."

"I have especially remarked their thorough workmanship, and the power, purity, richness, and equality of their tone. I recommend, therefore, these instruments to the public in general, and doubt not of their success."

"New York, July 12, 1863."
BRADBURY'S PIANO FORTES.

FAVORABLE NOTICES.

*** Our friend, Mr. William B. Bradbury, makes Pianos that are equal to the best in the world. We have had one of them in our own house for several years, and for richness and brilliancy of tone it is such a piano as is not excelled by any that we have ever heard. Its tones are more perfect now than when it was new, which is a good deal more than can be said of most pianos that have had years' faithful use. — Ed. N Y. Examiner.

Theodore Tilton, editor of the Independent, in a note to Mr. Bradbury, says:

"My Dear Bradbury: I have had the beautiful piano so long, that now to ask me how I like it is like asking me how I like one of my children. In fact, if you were to ask the children, I'm afraid they would say they liked it nearly as well as they like me. It speaks every day, the year round, and never loses its voice. I wish its owner could do half as well. Ever your friend, as of old.

Theodore Tilton.

The Piano Forte. — There is probably no article of utility or luxury in the purchase of which so much must be trusted to the honor and integrity of the manufacturers as the Piano Forte. The name of William B. Bradbury is a musical household word, and is a sure guarantee to the purchaser that the instrument bearing his name is in all respects perfect. Mr. Bradbury has gained a world-wide celebrity; and having plenty of capital, is determined that his instruments shall not be equalled by those of any other maker. — Christian Advocate and Journal.

[From the New York Evangelist, Dec. 28, 1865.]

Bradbury's Pianos. — New York produces, we suppose, the finest pianos in the world. Very great progress has been made in the manufacture of these instruments within a few years. Perhaps nobody has made more rapid improvement than our friend Mr. Bradbury. He has recently finished a Grand Scale Square, which is claimed to be the finest Square Piano ever built; and though we are not connoisseurs in such matters, we must confess our admiration for its rich roundness, mellowness, and depth of tone. It is not our purpose to vaunt its superiority over any other particular build of pianos, but merely to note its own excellence, with a feeling of gratification that the taste of our citizens is so refined as to create a demand for such instruments. This magnificent instrument possesses not one harsh, jarring, "wooden" or metallic note, either in its highest or lowest registers; it sinks its melodious tones to the softness of an Aëolian harp, or in the wildest forte passages pours forth a flood of richest harmony. To us it seemed as if this were about the ideal of a Piano Forte. At any rate, we do not expect to hear, in the next five years, anything which comes nearer to perfection.
### New Golden Chain

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paper Covers</th>
<th>Board Covers</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 cts.</td>
<td>35 cts.</td>
<td>50 cts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$25</td>
<td>$30</td>
<td>$44</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*New Golden Shower*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paper Covers</th>
<th>Board Covers</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 &quot;</td>
<td>35 &quot;</td>
<td>50 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Golden Censer

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paper Covers</th>
<th>Board Covers</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 &quot;</td>
<td>35 &quot;</td>
<td>50 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

S. S. Banner

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paper Covers</th>
<th>Board Covers</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 &quot;</td>
<td>35 &quot;</td>
<td>50 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Praises of Jesus

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paper Covers</th>
<th>Board Covers</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 &quot;</td>
<td>25 &quot;</td>
<td>30 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Plymouth S. S. Collection

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paper Covers</th>
<th>Board Covers</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60 &quot;</td>
<td>80 &quot;</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>70</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Palm Leaves

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paper Covers</th>
<th>Board Covers</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 &quot;</td>
<td>50 &quot;</td>
<td>80 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>70</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Chain and Shower, in one volume

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paper Covers</th>
<th>Board Covers</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65 &quot;</td>
<td>85 &quot;</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>75</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Chain and Censer

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paper Covers</th>
<th>Board Covers</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65 &quot;</td>
<td>85 &quot;</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>75</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Shower and Censer

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paper Covers</th>
<th>Board Covers</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65 &quot;</td>
<td>85 &quot;</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>75</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Golden Trio, (Chain, Shower and Censer, in 1 vol.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paper Covers</th>
<th>Board Covers</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$1.00</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>100</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Pilgrims' Songs for Social Meetings

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paper Covers</th>
<th>Board Covers</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
<td>Single Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
<td>Per Hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 &quot;</td>
<td>70 &quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The New Golden Shower contains, in addition to the "Gems" of the Golden Shower, about sixty pieces and twenty hymns nearly all new and written expressly for this work. Among which will be found a choice variety of Missionary, Temperance and Anniversary pieces; also a large number of pieces designed expressly for Revivals, Prayer Meetings, &c., making the "New" Shower really a "NEW" BOOK, which the author believes will be found the most useful and popular of his Sunday School series.

JUST PUBLISHED.

The "NEW" Golden Chain—containing all Pieces (Music and words) of the Golden Chain, with about one-third more additional Pieces. Price as above.

The Book of Worship—103 Psalms, 406 Hymns, and 103 Spiritual Songs, set to the most popular tunes. 12 mo. pp. 528. Price, $1.75. Per Hundred, $150.00

Golden Hymns—being a selection of hymns, without music, from Mr. Bradbury's S. S. publications. Price, in stiff paper covers, $10 per hundred copies; in cloth backs, $12 per hundred copies.

 Specimen Copies of any of the above Books sent by mail on receipt of the retail price.