NEW COLLECTION OF SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, MANY OF WHICH ARE THE LATEST COMPOSITIONS OF WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, AND HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED.

REV. ROB'T LOWRY, EDITOR, ASSISTED BY WM. F. SHERWIN AND CHESTER G. ALLEN.

NEW YORK:
Published by BIGLOW & MAIN, successors to WM. B. BRADBURY, No. 425 Broome Street. AND FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.
PERKINPINE & HIGGINS,
56 North Fourth Street,

PHILADELPHIA,

Keep constantly on hand a full supply of the latest and best LIBRARY Books from the leading Societies and Publishers. We make our selections with great care, and guarantee the moral and religious character of the books, cheerfully exchanging any that may not be satisfactory, selling at Publishers' prices, and, wherever practicable, making liberal discounts to Schools.

A full assortment of MUSIC BOOKS, such as

Fresh Laurels, Palmer's S. S. Songs,
Standard Singer, Chain,
Shower, Censer,
Trio, Silver Spray,
Happy Voices, Musical Leaves,
Singing Pilgrim, Songs of Gladness,
Bright Jewels, Casket, Nos. 1 & 2. Etc., Etc., Etc.

ALSO,

Spellers, Question and Lesson Books, Maps, Medals, Reward Cards,
Blackboards, Bible Dictionaries, Certificate Blanks, Library
Registers, Secretaries' and Superintendents'
Books, Mottoes, Scripture Pictures,
Infant Class Manuals.

and everything new and useful for Sabbath-school use kept on hand or supplied to order. We have been engaged in this special branch of business for years past, and have acquired an experience which we think our customers uniformly find beneficial to their interests. A Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue, containing names and prices of several thousand volumes, sent free to any address on application.
A NEW COLLECTION OF SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, MANY OF WHICH ARE THE LATEST COMPOSITIONS OF

William B. Bradbury,
AND HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED.

Rev. Rob’t Lowry, Editor,
ASSISTED BY
WM. F. Sherwin
AND
CHESTER G. Allen.

NEW YORK.
PUBLISHED BY BIGLOW & MAIN, 425 BROOME STREET,
(Successors to WM. B. BRADBURY.)
IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & CO., No. 47 Greene Street,
AND FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.
GREETING.

Fellow-Workers in the Sunday School:—

From the old and well-known House which has already supplied the Sunday Schools of our land with 4,000,000 of Music Books, we greet you with a new Song Book of "BRIGHT JEWELS," to aid you in your blessed employment. We have aimed to make it worthy of acceptance among those to whom spirituality of thought and purity of expression are among the chief elements of value in Sunday School song.

The Superintendent and the Chorister will find in this collection of "BRIGHT JEWELS" abundant and fitting material for the Sunday School Session, the Prayer Meeting, the Musical Exercise and the Anniversary. If we have not succeeded in meeting every taste in every particular, we have at least endeavored to project our work on the plane of a high-toned Christian sentiment.

In this cluster of "BRIGHT JEWELS" may be found hymns of the Advent and the Resurrection; hymns of Penitence and of Faith; hymns of Activity and of Repose; hymns of Precept and of Experience; hymns of Earth and of Heaven; hymns for the Christian child, the mature believer, and the unconverted.

It has not been deemed advisable to introduce in "BRIGHT JEWELS" any considerable number of the "old standards," which are supposed to be in possession of all our Sunday Schools. The hymns and tunes in this work have been almost entirely prepared expressly for it; and Sunday Schools may rely on not being obliged to repurchase large quantities of material which they have already used in a variety of forms. The contents of the book are almost wholly fresh and new.

If a hymn in "BRIGHT JEWELS" does not seem to reflect the mind of every singer, do not, on that account, pass it by. We sing our common songs in the Sanctuary, though the words may not express the experience of every worshipper. We teach our children the Lord's Prayer, though the language may not be the expression of the child's consciousness. We hope to provide the child with a framework which his own experience will fill up by-and-by.

Some choice effusions of Wm. B. Bradbury, never before published, lend their lustre to "BRIGHT JEWELS," and claim a place with his well-established favorites. In these posthumous productions of the lamented composer will be recognized the voice of one who "being dead, yet speaketh" in that mellifluous tone so familiar in all the Sunday Schools of the land.

The melodies of W. H. Doane, T. E. Perkins and others, have already found a welcome in the circles in which they have been sung; while the hymns of well-known writers, as well as those whose authors have preferred to suppress their names, will prove themselves acceptable to the lovers of Sunday School song.

And now, with a prayer that this book may contribute in some degree to the glory of God, the Editors renew their greeting to their Fellow-Workers in the Sunday School, and express the hope that all who take these fresh songs on the fresh lips of youth, may be found, when the Lord cometh, among His

WARREN Music Stereotypers.  "BRIGHT JEWELS."
SPECIAL NOTICE

The music and poetry of nearly every piece in this book is COPYRIGHT PROPERTY, and is “entered” as required by law. 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 publishers.

We have tried to have our Sunday School friends understand this matter, by printing the above notice on all our publications; but we are sorry to find, that in many instances, our rights have been utterly disregarded. Hymns and tunes have been selected from our books and printed for Sunday Schools without any attempt at obtaining our consent to use them. This course is morally as well as legally wrong. It costs us a great deal of time and money to collect the material for a Sunday School Music Book; and the low price at which we furnish it, in order to place it within the reach of the poorest Sunday School, requires that a large number should be sold before we can be reimbursed for the original outlay; and hence, whenever a Sunday School is supplied with selections from our popular books, whether they are printed on a card and entitled “Song Roll,” or in any other shape, we are injured to that extent. We have no doubt, that in most instances, this has been done innocently, and with no design to defraud us; but in self-defence we shall be obliged, in future, to take legal steps to prevent this unauthorized appropriation of our property, including all the compositions of the late Wm. B. Bradbury.

BIGLOW & MAIN.
INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

This Index is merely intended to aid the Leader in selecting Hymns on some of the most important and familiar topics. A careful examination will enable him to discover many hymns on given subjects not placed here under their specific heads. In every case an enlightened judgment must determine the selection.

ANNIVERSARIES—36, 95, 135, 144.
ACTIVITY—6, 9, 10, 20, 24, 22, 34, 48, 49, 51, 68, 73, 80, 104, 128, 142, 155.
AFFLICTION—66, 131.
CHILDREN, (HYMNS FOR LITTLE)—11, 19, 21, 39, 40, 55, 57, 60, 79, 87, 124.
CHRIST, (BIRTH OF)—27, 105, 122, 136.
CHRIST, (RESURRECTION OF)—42, 71, 114, 146.
DOXOLOGIES—157.
FAITH—6, 15, 48, 58, 56, 67, 72, 77, 93, 106, 107, 121, 127, 154, 155.
HEAVEN—28, 37, 41, 43, 47, 62, 70, 86, 94, 100, 102, 110, 117, 118, 120, 126, 133, 149, 141, 152, 154.
HOLY SPIRIT—37, 83, 97, 103, 109, 115, 116, 148.
JOY, (HYMNS OF)—16, 18, 25, 69, 134, 138, 148, 149, 154, 155.
LIFE AND DEATH—36, 44, 66, 131, 150, 154.
LORD'S DAY—11, 12, 14, 31, 88, 109, 114, 125, 149.
MISSIONARY—7, 50, 51, 64, 153, 156.
PRAISE TO GOD—74, 98, 99, 105, 116, 154.
PRAISE TO CHRIST—5, 8, 19, 23, 27, 82, 96, 144.
REST—13, 81, 91, 100.
SUNDAY SCHOOL—26, 31, 59, 89, 95.
VICTORY—8, 38, 92.
YOUTH—52, 65, 90, 96, 103, 112.
BRIGHT JEWELS.

BRIGHT JEWELS OF SONG.

With spirit.

Words and Music by WM. F. SHERWIN

1. Bright jewels of song to the Saviour we bring, Glad anthems of praise to our glorified King; With

seraphs and angels before thee, we raise, In humbler devotion, our chorus of praise. Bright

jewels of song, Bright jewels of song, Bright jewels, bright jewels to Jesus belong.
Bright jewels of song, Bright jewels of song,

2. Our grateful hosannas we offer to thee,— Proclaiming salvation so boundless and free,
Till o'er the wide earth the sweet story we send
Of Jesus, the sinner's Redeemer and Friend.
Cho.—Bright jewels, &c.

3. Accept Thou our offering, oh make it sincere; These songs of rejoicing life's pathway shall cheer.
And when with the ransomed in glory we sing,
Bright jewels we'll shine in the crown of our King.
Cho.—Bright jewels, &c.
STAND FAST.

"And having done all, stand."—Eph. vi. 13.

1. Can you stand for God, tho' you stand alone, With your heart at rest, and your soul secure; With the
2. Can you stand for God when the heart grows faint, And your sad soul looks thro' the blinding tears; Can you
3. Can you stand with faith, tho' the time be long, Tho' the night be dark and the day-star dim; Can you

rock beneath, and in front the throne, Can you stand and still endure? Can you stand, can you stand, Can you
bear life's sorrows without complaint, Thro' the tedious, toilsome years?
stand for truth, and in Christ be strong, 'Till you stand complete in Him?

Can you stand, can you stand, &c.

stand for Christ alone? If we stand in the strife 'till the end of life, We shall stand at the heavenly throne
1. Strike the harp of Zion, wake the tuneful lay; Bear the joyful tidings far away,
2. Over distant regions vailed in error's night, See the holy dawn of gospel light;
3. O, the joyful story, life to every soul! Like a mighty ocean let it roll,

CHORUS.

Lo! the morn is breaking, morn of purest love, Praise forever, praise to God above. Glory! glory!
See! the nations coming at the Saviour's call, Coming now to crown him Lord of all.
Bringing home the lost ones from the path of sin, Till the world shall all be gathered in.

hark! the angels sing, Glory! glory! hear the echo ring! Strike the harp of Zion, wake the tuneful lay;

Bear the joyful tidings far away, far away, Bear the joyful tidings far away.
HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER.

FANNY CROSBY.
Not too fast.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Come and join the glorious army praising God below, Singing still the songs of Zion,

joyful as we go; With a steadfast hope in Jesus, who has triumphed o'er the grave, Our

trust is in His mighty arm, the strong to save. He shall reign forever glory to His name,

Shout aloud, ye nations all! Wondrous love proclaim! He has died to save us, died to make us free,
HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER. Concluded.

2 We will bear His glorious banner nobly till we die,
    We are pressing boldly onward where our treasures lie,
    He has promised His protection and His promise cannot fail,
    Our hope is in His mercy, and we must prevail.—Cho.

3 Walking still beneath the shadow of His mighty wings,
    We shall reach the golden city of the King of kings:
    Oh! the pleasures that await us on that bright celestial shore,
    We'll join the noble army who have gone before.—Cho.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

SCATTER SEED.

1. In the fur-rows of thy life, Scatter seed, Scatter seed! Small may be thy spirit-field,

2. Up! the morning flies away, Scatter seed!
    Tho' thy works should seem to fail, Scatter seed!
    Spring-time always dawns for thee, Scatter seed!

3. Hand of thine must never tire,
    Some may fall on stony ground
    Ope thy spirit's golden store,
    Heart must keep its pure desire:
    Flower and blade are often found
    Stretch thy furrows more and more.
    While thy brothers faint and bleed.
    In the clefts we little heed.
    God will give to thee thy meed.

4. Scatter seed!
    Scatter seed!
    Scatter seed!

But a good-ly crop 'twill yield: Sow the kindly word and deed. Scatter, scatter seed!

In the fur-rows of thy life, Scatter seed, Scatter seed! Small may be thy spirit-field,

Up! the morning flies away, Scatter seed!
    Tho' thy works should seem to fail, Scatter seed!
    Spring-time always dawns for thee; Scatter seed!
1. Bright is the joy of the girl or boy, Who in earnest keeps on trying, Some good to do, tho' the years are few And time on wings is flying. Some good to do, some good to do, In joy as well as sorrow, Some good to do, some good to do, To-day and then to-morrow.

2. Helping the weak with a temper meek, Is a duty laid before us, Avoid the wrong as we pass a long, For Jesus watches o'er us.

3. Pity and love should our spirits move, For the needy and forsaken; Their lack of food, and their want of good, Should all our care awaken. Some good to do, &c.

4. Bravely we'll stand in a loving band, And in earnest keep on trying Some good to do, though the years are few, And time on wings is flying. Some good to do, &c.
LITTLE HEARTS AND LITTLE MINDS.

1. Little hearts, O Lord, may love thee; Little minds may learn thy ways; Little hands and feet may serve thee; Little voices sing thy praise: Holy Jesus, come and bless us. Bless us while this hymn we raise. 

2. Lo! the Lord's day comes to cheer us; Truth and Love our teachers bring; Great Redeemer! be thou near us, Make us grateful while we sing: Loving Jesus, come and bless us, Guard our weakness all below. Then, O Jesus, Come and bless us, Take us home from all below.

3. Little ones, we stand before thee, Larger shall we yearly grow; Help us ever to adore thee, All thro' life thy grace to show; Then, O Jesus, Come and bless us, Take us home from

W. F. SHERWIN.
DAWNING IN THE VALLEY.

1. Dawning in the valley, Smiling o'er the hill, Peaceful calm and still.
   Lo! the Sabbath morning, Cheers the drooping spirit,
   With its golden rays, While we greet its coming With a song of praise, While we greet its coming With a song, &c.

CHORUS.

Welcome day, holy day, Hear the passing moments gently say, Watch and pray, watch, &c. Come to Jesus, come away.

2. While in joyful chorus Light of hope eternal, By our Father blest.
   Chime the Sabbath bells, In our hearts to shine.
   Let us seek the temple May our soul's devotion
   Where our Father dwells Kindle while we sing.
   Bending there before him Praise to him who made it,
   Ask for grace divine Day of sweet refreshing, Praise to God our King.

3. Day of rest from labor, Welcome day, &c.
   Pure and tranquil rest; By our Father blest.
   Day of sweet refreshing.
1. Take thy staff and journey onward: Look beyond this vale of tears; Far above its gloomy shadows, Lo! thy

2. Haste thee on! the day is waning;
   Watch and work with all thy might,
   Lest the evening close upon thee
   Ere thou reach the mountain height. Cho.

3. Speed thee on! through toil and danger,
   God will bring thee on thy way;
   More and more thy faith increasing,
   To the light of perfect day. Cho.

4. Run the christian race before thee;
   Lay aside thy weight of care:
   Reaching forward, pressing onward,
   Win the crown 'tis thine to wear. Cho.

5. Yonder lie the fields of glory,
   Just beyond the narrow sea.
   Pilgrim, haste, thy strength renewing;
   There thy home, thy rest shall be. Cho.
1. Hark! the bells of holy Sabbath, Hear their ringing soft and clear! While their solemn, sacred music,

2. Hear the sweet, persuasive summons, Telling now God's high behest, Six days shalt thou have for labor,

CHORUS.

Sounds so sweetly to the ear. We hail this day so full of joy, We hail this day so

On the seventh thou shalt rest.

full of joy; We hail this day so full of joy, And greet it with a song, And greet it with a song.

3. What a blessing is the Sabbath!
   With its sweetly chiming bells,
   Spirit pure, of deep devotion,
   In their calm vibration dwells.—Cha.

4. Then the weary one's reminded
   Of Jehovah's high behest;
   Six days only shalt thou labor,
   On the seventh thou shalt rest.—Cha.
ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

1. Why despond, tho' trials come, And tears our cup may fill? 
   Far above the gathering clouds The sun is beaming still.

2. Why recall the treasured hopes, Like morning's beauty fled? 
   Look above the clouds that hang So darkly o'er thy head.

CHORUS.

Let us look above the clouds, Above the clouds, Above the clouds, Look above the shining stars That sparkle in the sky, 

3 Sorrow like a surge may roll, 
   And wild the storm may be; 
   The sun still shines for thee. — Cho.

4 Try, in cheerful, patient hope, 
   The ills of life to brave; 
   There's light beyond the wave. — Cho.
1. My life flows on in endless song; Above Earth's lamentation, I catch the sweet, tho'
2. What tho' my joys and comfort die? The Lord my Saviour liveth; What tho' the darkness
3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue above it; And day by day this

far-off hymn That hails a new creation; Through all the tumult and the strife, I
gather round? Songs in the night He giveth; No storm can shake my inmost calm, While
pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it; The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A

hear the music ringing; It finds an echo in my soul—How can I keep from singing?
to that refuge clinging; Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from singing?
fountain ever springing; All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from singing?
I'M PRAYING FOR YOU.

1. I have a Saviour—he's pleading in glory—So precious, tho' earthly enjoyments be few; And
2. I have a Father—to me he has given A hope for eternity, precious and true; And
3. I have a Crown, and I'll wear it forever, Encircled with jewels of heavenly hue; 'Twas
4. I have a Rest, and the earnest is given, Tho' now for a time 'tis conceal'd from my view; 'Tis

now he is watching in tenderness o'er me; But oh! that my Saviour was your Saviour too!
soon will my spirit be with him in heaven; But oh! that he'd let me bring you with me too!
purchased by Jesus, my glorified Saviour; But oh! could I know one was purchased for you!
life everlasting—'tis Jesus—'tis heaven: And oh! dearest friend, let me meet you there too!

REFRAIN.

For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you!

For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you!
LIVING WATER.

1. As I sought with weary flitting Where to dwell, where to dwell, Came I to the Master sitting on the well; From its living depths he brought it, Bubbling up, bubbling up, And to me who faintly sought it, Gave the cup; Twas the well of health and cheer, Living water fresh and clear. O the Master is sitting on the well, Life was in the draught He gave, Springing life to help and save.

2. From its living depths he brought it, Bubbling up, bubbling up, And to me who faintly sought it, Gave the cup; 'Twas the well of health and cheer, Living water fresh and clear. O the Master is sitting on the well, And the Master is sitting on the well, While the Master is sitting on the well.

CHORUS.

Living Water flows, Giving life where'er it goes, While the Master is sitting on the well.
LIVING WATER. Concluded.

3 Thirsting traveler, will you try it?
   Still it flows—
Still the Master, sitting by it.
   Holds to those
Who with earnest heart would sup,
Living Water in the cup.  Cho.

4 From your dreary deserts turning,
   Pause and drink;
Calm the striving, cool the burning
   At its brink;
Here find healing, and repose
Where the living Water flows.  Cho.

GLADLY, BROTHERS, GLADLY.

1. Gladly, brothers, gladly Wake the joyous strain; Sing the praise of Jesus, Once for sinners slain.
2. Sweetly, sisters, sweetly Tell the story o’er; How He suffered, languished, How the cross He bore.

CHORUS.

Praise Him, ever singing Sweetest melody; Saviour own the offering, The children bring to Thee;

3 Come, ye infant voices,
   Lisp the Saviour’s praise;
Let the love of Jesus
   Prompt your earliest lays.  Cho.

4 Sweet it is to praise Him,
   Sweeter far to love;
Let us be in earnest,
   Seeking Him above.
WORK TO DO FOR JESUS.

Rev. R. Lowry

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." Matt. ix. 37.

1. There is work to do for Jesus, Yes, a glorious work to do, For a harvest fully ripened, rich and golden lies in view; With a prayer to God, our Father, Let us all the work pursue, For our risen Lord is calling, And the harvesters [omt... are few.

CHORUS.

Yes, there's work to do for Jesus, And the harvest is in view, There's a great work everywhere to do, There is work to do for Jesus, And the harvesters are few, There's enough work for all to do.
WORK TO DO FOR JESUS. Concluded.

2 There is work to do for Jesus,
   And we hear the Saviour say
   "Why art standing here so idle,
   At the noontide on the way?"
   Even now I will accept thee;
   With the rest, thy wages pay;
   Go and labor in my vineyard
   Till the closing of the day. Cho.

3 Yes, there's work to do for Jesus;
   Who will answer to the call?
   See! the vintage is abundant,
   There is work to do for all;
   God commands that we should labor,
   Though the task our hearts appall;
   For he claimeth our life service,
   Till the shades of death shall fall. Cho.

CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

1. Gentle Saviour, God of love, Hear us from thy throne above, While we meet to praise thee here, In our Infant

2. Jesus, thou wast once a child, Make us humble, meek, and mild. Kindly fold us on thy breast, There thy little

class so dear. (May the lessons we have heard)
From thy pure and holy word, Make us what we ought to be, Lead thy little lambs to thee.

lambs would rest. (In that happy world of light)
Where the day is ever bright, May our angel voices sing, Glory! glory to our King!
O, GIVE US TO EAT.

"He answered and said unto them:—Give ye them to eat."—Mark. vi. 37

1. What shall we do, for the desert is lonely, Here have we lingered till close of the day;

Father, 'tis night-fall, thy children are hungry, Lord, we shall faint if thou send us away;

Rugged and cold are the mountains before us, If we must perish we'll die at thy feet;

Thou hast the bread that endureth forever, Saviour, dear Saviour, O, give us to eat.
O, GIVE US TO EAT. Concluded.

2 Grant us a faith that is firm and abiding,
   Faith that relies on thy promise alone;
   Willing to trust thee and wait for thy blessing,
   Pleading no merit, no worth of its own;
   Where shall we turn for the sunlight of comfort,
   Where but to thee in this barren retreat?
   Still do we hunger and thirst in the desert,
   Saviour, dear Saviour, O give us to eat.

3 Thanks for the dew of thy soul-cheering presence,
   Dropping like rain, as we journey along;
   Nourished and fed from thy store-house of mercy,
   Love be our watchword and Jesus our song;
   Only in Thee is our hope of salvation,
   Only in Thee is our rapture complete;
   If but the crumbs that may fall from thy table,
   Saviour, dear Saviour, O give us to eat.

KATE CAMERON.

GLORY TO JESUS.

1. Hear the music of our voices, As our hearts and lips unite, While each thankful soul rejoices, Thus to praise the Lord of light. Glory, glory, glory be to Jesus! When the

2. In our songs of adoration, Let us bless His holy name; Who for every tribe and nation, To this world a ransom came. He from ev'ry evil saves us; Glory, glory, &c.

3 There are none so poor and lowly
   None so lost in guilt and sin,
   But the Saviour, meek and holy,
   Bids them freely enter in. Cho.

4 For the gate of mercy standeth
   Ever open, night and day;
   And the voice of Christ commandeth—
   "Come to me—I am the way." Cho.
ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is dearer Than yesterday, to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for beauty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere thought How Christ my life has bought.

2. One more day's work for Jesus: How glorious is my King! 'Tis joy, not duty, To speak his

CHORUS.

Jo-sus, One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

3 One more day's work for Jesus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the story, To show the glory, Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine! One more, &c.

4 One more day's work for Jesus— O, yes, a weary day; But heaven shines clearer And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way; And Christ in all— Before his face I fall. One more, &c.

4 O, blessed work for Jesus! O, rest at Jesus' feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure, And pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve another day! One more, &c.
SING ALWAYS.

I will sing praise to my God while I have my being."—Ps. 104—33.

FANNY CROSBY.

1. Sing with a tuneful spirit, Sing with a cheerful lay, Praise to thy great Creator, While on the pilgrim way. Sing when the birds are waking, Sing with the morning gatherers; Sweet is the voice of song. Sing when the sky is darkest, Sing when the thunder-clouds closing, Sing with the latest breath. Sing till the heart's deep longings Cease on the other shore. Then with the countless numbers there, Sing on, forever more!

2. Sing when the heart is troubled, Sing when the hours are long, Sing when the storm-clouds roll; Sing of a land where rest remains, Rest for the weary soul.

3. Sing in the vale of shadows, Sing in the hour of death, And when the eyes are a- tor, While on the pilgrim way. Sing when the birds are waking, Sing with the morning gatherers; Sweet is the voice of song. Sing when the sky is darkest, Sing when the thunder-clouds closing, Sing with the latest breath. Sing till the heart's deep longings Cease on the other shore. Then with the countless numbers there, Sing on, forever more!

W. F. SHERWIN.
OUR CHEERFUL SABBATH HOME.

1. How sweet the chim-ing Sabbath bells! We love the wel-come sound; And haste, with glad and
will-ing heart, Where pur-est joys are found. Our home, our home, our home, our home.

2. From christian friends and teachers there, We learn the heavenly way, That leads to Him who
kind-ly gave This ho-ly hap-py day. Our home, our home, our home, our home, our home.

CHORUS.

Our cheerful Sabbath home! We glad-ly seek its dear re-treat, Our cheerful Sabbath home.

3. We sing our Saviour's wond'rous love, And all his tender care;
We sing of joy beyond the sky In mansions bright and fair

4. The angels, robed in purest white, Surround the throne above;
And there our happy souls may join To sing redeeming love.
1. Kindly and graciously, prompted by love, Jesus came down from the bright world above, Tho' he was
glorious, almighty, divine, Sun of that world where the bright spirits shine; Gentle and lowly, and
humble and mild, Praise him! oh, praise him! for, prompted by love, Jesus came down from the bright world a-
too, was a child;}

2 Lovingly, lovingly, close to his breast,
Once little children so fondly he press'd;
Laid each dear hand on some little one's head
Tenderly smiling, as sweetly he said:—
"Dear little children, so happy and free!
Suffer the children to come unto me."
Lovingly, lovingly, close to his breast,
Once little children so fondly he press'd.

3 Tenderly, tenderly, free from alarms,
Jesus now folds the dear lambs in his arms;
Hark! there is melody through the air borne—
Borne from the "happy land" whither they're gone:
"Parents, and sisters, and brothers most dear!
Weep not, but meet us, oh, meet with us here!
Tenderly, tenderly, free from alarms,
Jesus now folds us, his lambs, in his arms."
1. On the sweet Eden shore so peaceful and bright, The spirits made-perfect are dwelling in light.

Their white wings are wafting them gently a-long, Thro’ beautiful regions of glory and song.

CHORUS,

On the sweet Eden shore so peaceful and bright, On the sweet Eden shore,

On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest. With friends gone before, We’ll tarry and rest,
ON THE SWEET EDEN SHORE. Concluded.

2 O, blessed to rise when life's pangs are o'er,
To mount up to heaven and dwell evermore,
To never grow weary and never know care,
In those beautiful regions so blooming and fair. Cho.

3 On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest,
With friends gone before soon we'll tarry and rest,
Content there with Jesus our Saviour to stay,
We'll delight in the pleasures that never decay. Cho.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Our Father in heaven, We hal - low thy name; May thy kingdom ho - ly On earth be the same.

2. Forgive our transgressions, And teach us to know That humble compassion Which pardons each foe;

O give to us dai - ly Our portion of bread, It is from thy bounty That all must be fed.

Keep us from temptation, From weakness and sin, And thine be the glo-ry, For - ev - er. Amen.
1. When first the dove afar and wide, Skimm'd the dark waters o'er, To seek beyond the heaving tide A green and peaceful shore—No leaf-y bough, nor life-like thing Rose with the swelling main; The lone-bird sought, with faltering wing, The hallowed ark again. There's an ark on the waters, O come! There's an Ark on the waters, O come! When the world is covered o'er, And its

O come!
2 And ever thus man's heart has traced
A lone and weary round;
But never yet, amid earth's waste,
A resting-place has found;
The peace for which his spirit yearns,
Is ever sought in vain.
Till, like the dove, he homeward turns,
And finds his God again.—Cho.

THE BLESSED SABBATH DAY.

1. It is the blessed Sabbath day, A day of praise and prayer; To Sunday school we'll haste away, Let's

all be early there. It is the blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed Sabbath day, day.

2 We will not trifle time away,
But spend its precious hours in study, and in songs of praise,
With all our heart and powers.

3 And very, very hard we'll try
To please our teachers dear;
And then, we'll ask God's blessing too,
Upon their labors here.

4 And if our Saviour here we love,
In heaven, redeemed, we'll sing
With all the shining host above,
Hosannas to our King!
1. If you want the love of Jesus, growing sweeter in the soul, daily living as his witness,

As the golden moments roll, don’t forget the Master’s warning, but his precious word obey;

While the Christian life adorning, you must watch as well as pray. You must watch, you must watch,

You must watch as well as pray, you must watch, you must watch, you must watch as well as pray.
WATCH AS WELL AS PRAY. Continued.

2 Like the birds of early morning, Give to him your sweetest song, And rehearse the notes at evening; Life at longest is not long; If you would be more like Jesus, Doing good along the way, Don't forget his precious message, You must watch as well as pray.

3 If the clouds of gloom hang o'er you, If you suffer pain or loss, Don't forget the loving Saviour Died for you, upon the cross; Died, the pearly gates to open To the realms of blissful day; If you would reach the portals, You must watch as well as pray.

I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

1. I want to be like Jesus, All gentle, pure, and mild; His seal upon my forehead And owned [Omit ............] as His dear child; My heart so weak and

chorus. I want to be like Jesus, The gentle, pure and mild; [Omit.............] er be his child.

2 I want to do like Jesus, To mark each passing day With deeds of love and mercy Or cheer some lonely way; Speak gentle words of counsel. Avoid each secret sin. And to my precious Saviour, The lost ones seek to win.—Cho.

3 I want to live like Jesus, Whose words with love were fraught; I want to find His favor.

4 Watch until the dawn of heaven Breaks in glory on your sight; Pray until the crown is given, And the robe of peerless white; Till you reach the golden mansions, Where all tears are wiped away; Till you join the angel-anthems, You must watch as well as pray.
1. Do we love our gentle Saviour, We must labor while 'tis day; Work for Jesus, chorus. Little pilgrims bound for Zion, We must labor while 'tis day; Work for Jesus, work for Jesus, Till the sunlight fades away. Bird and bee, and sparkling fountain, work for Jesus, Till the sunlight fades away.

FINE.

Each their cheerful work pursue; O how pleasant to remember, There is something we can do.
WORK FOR JESUS. Concluded.

2 We can drop a word of kindness,
   And perhaps that word may be
   Like an acorn by the way-side,
   Growing up a stately tree;
   Wretched homes of want and sorrow,
   When our tearful eyes behold,

   We can bring the helpless children
   To our Saviour's precious fold.
   Little pilgrims, &c.

3 While we sing to those around us
   Of our glorious home above,
   We may lead a careless wanderer
   To a Saviour's pardoning love.
   We can help to send the gospel
   O'er the ocean far away;
   If we love our gentle Saviour,
   We must labor while 'tis day.
   Little pilgrims, &c.

(F. J. C.)

GO, LEAVE THY HEART WITH JESUS.  HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Go, leave thy heart with Jesus, And tell him all thy care; Go seek a throne of mercy, And find thy refuge there; Tho' dim with tears of sorrow Thy weary eyes may be, Look up, and trust in Jesus, Who bore the cross for thee.

2. Go, leave thy sins with Jesus,
   The life, the truth, the way;
   Whose precious blood has cancel'd
   The debt thou couldst not pay.
   Thy faith must bring the blessing
   Of peace, and pardon free,
   Look up, and trust in Jesus,
   Who bore the cross for thee.

3. Go, leave thy fears with Jesus,
   Thy hopes, thy love, thy all;
   And then in calm submission
   Await thy Father's call;
   When angels hover round thee
   And earthly scenes decay,
   O lean thy head on Jesus,
   And breathe thy life away.
REAPING TIME.  WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Jesus, we thy lambs would be, Humbly we would follow thee, When the reaping time shall come
Waiting for the joyful day, When all care will pass away; When the reaping time shall come
And angels shout the harvest home, When the reaping time shall come, And angels shout the harvest home.

2. Now the field of grain is white,
Now the day is dawning bright,—
Brighter far the sky will be,
When our Master we shall see:—Cho.

3. May we wait, and watch, and pray
For the coming of that day,
When the wheat shall sifted be,
And the chaff be driv’n from thee:—Cho.

ANNIVERSARY OPENING HYMN.

1 Happy, happy meet we here,
Time has roll’d another year;
Spring-tide brings the festal day,
Loud we lift the thankful lay;
Thanks to God who gives us breath,
Thanks to God who saves from death,
Thanks for daily mercies given,
Crown’d with Sabbath light from heav’n.

2 Happy, happy meet we here—Blessed Jesus, be thou near;
Let our pleasures ever be
Only those approved by thee;
Praise the Saviour’s precious name,
He, to save, from heaven came,
For our sins did bleed and die—
Now he pleads for us on high.

3 Happy, happy meet we here—Parents, Pastors, Teachers dear;
All, with gladsome heart and voice,
Share with us our festive joys;
Thanks to God for parents kind,
Thanks for friends with hearts inclined
Thus to guide us on the road
Leading safely up to God.

* The tics are for the "Anniversary Hymn."
Meet me in that lovely land, Where the happy white-robed band,
Round the throne of glory stand,

Meet me on that peaceful shore,
When earth's toilsome work is o'er,
Where our friends have gone before,

Meet me in that world of light,
Where, amid the glories bright,
All who conquer in the fight,

Chorus.

Ever blest at God's right hand.
Meet in bliss no tongue can tell;
Meet, with angel bands to dwell,
And the ransom'd part no more.

Share the beautiful sight.

Meet me in that world of cheer,
Where is seen no falling tear,
Where no clouds of night appear,
Where the sky is ever clear.—Cho

Meet in heaven where all is well,
Meet me in that land.

5 Gentle Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Guide us to that realm above,
Where the saints forever prove
All the fulness of thy love.—Cho.
1. When the first blush of morn rises o- ver the hills, Blithe and ev- er, ev- er cheer-i-ly, And it
2. When the an-gels of light from the gates of the day, Speeding ev- er, ev- er fear-less-ly, Deck the

meets with the smiles of the riv- ers and rills, As they flow nev- er, nev- er wear-i- ly, Flow
rocks and the mountains in shining ar-ray, As they come nev- er, nev- er cheer-less-ly, Come

CHORUS.

nev- er, nev- er wear-i- ly,—Then, hopeful pil-grim, hush thy sigh, And know that when thou
nev- er, nev- er cheer-less-ly,—

slow.
tempo.

com'st to die, Thy soul will lift its vic-tor cry, And be taken home o'er the deep blue dome, With the
MORNING SUNSHINE. Concluded.

sunshine of morning, The sunshine of morning, the sunshine of morning around thee.

WHAT THE LITTLE THINGS SAID. [Infant Class.]

Words by FANNY.

1. "I'll lie me down to yon-der bank," A little raindrop said—"And try to cheer that
d. c. But surely I must do my best, For God has work for all."

lonely flow'r, And cool its mossy bed; Perhaps the breeze will chide me, Because I am so small,

2 "I may not linger," said the brook,
"But ripple on my way,
And help the rills and rivers all
To make the ocean spray;
"And I must haste to labor,"
Replied the busy bee,
"The summer days are long and bright,
And God has work for me."

3 If little things that God has made
Are useful in their kind,
Oh! let us learn a simple truth,
And bear it in our mind;
That every child can praise him,
However weak or small;
Let each with joy remember this,
The Lord has work for all.
COME LITTLE ONE UNTO ME.  

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."—Mark x. 14.

1. Hark! 'tis the voice of my Saviour I hear, "Come, little one, unto me." What shall I answer him—

   Like softest music it falls on the ear, "Come, little one, unto me.

2. Hark! how he calls in the sunbeams that shine, "Come, little one, unto me." In to the homes of the

   Thus bright and cheerful be that heart of thine, "Come, little one, unto me.

What shall I say? All here is beautiful; Yet, can I stay While Jesus calls me? Oh, poor I will pry, Warm every heart, every tear-drop I'll dry; Seeking my light and my

3 Jesus is calling in flowers that fade,  
   "Come, little one, unto me;"

   Ere 'neath the ground like their leaves thou

   art laid,
   "Come, little one, unto me;"

   There is a land where the flow'rs are bright,

   Needing no sunshine, for God is its light;

   Oh, to be there! how I long for the sight;

   Jesus, I will come unto thee.


"TWILL NOT BE LONG.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Duet. Slow and gliding.

1. 'Twill not be long our journey here, Each broken sigh and falling tear Will soon be gone, and

2. 'Twill not be long the yearning heart May feel its every hope depart, And grief be mingled

3 Though sad we mark the closing eye,
Of those we lov'd in days gone by,
Yet sweet in death their latest song—
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long. Roll on, &c.

4. These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread,
Through which our way so oft is led—
This march of time, if faith be strong,
Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long. Roll on, &c.
Hail! all hail! A glorious light has arisen! Hail! all hail! the midnight of gloom is o'er!

Hail! all hail! The soul is released from its prison! Shout, Oh! shout, for death shall destroy no more!

Hail! all hail! our Jesus, our Saviour victorious; Praise, all praise to Him who for sinners died;

Hail! all hail! His name and his fame are so glorious; Praise, oh! praise the ONE that was crucified!
Come, oh! come; with hearts and with voices uniting;
Swell, oh! swell the glorious song of praise;
List, oh! list the voice of a Saviour inviting;
Blest, oh! blest the soul that his call obeys.
Hail! all hail! the angels forever are singing;
Hail! all hail! to Him who redeemed from sin;
Praise, sweet praise, the children unceasingly bringing,
Praise His name, when heaven they enter in.

Hail! all hail! for us He is still interceding;
Hail! all hail! His mercy will never cease;
Praise the Lamb! the Lamb upon Calvary bleeding;
Hail the Christ, the wonderful Prince of peace!
Hail! all hail! our Jesus, our Saviour victorious;
Praise, all praise to Him who for sinners died;
Hail! all hail! His name and his fame are so glorious;
Praise, oh! praise the ONE that was crucified!

WE SHALL MEET.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We shall meet beyond the river, By-and-by,
And the darkness will be over, By-and-by;
With the toilsome journey done, And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun, By-and-by.

2. Down with all of earth's delusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
War, and strife, and sin's confusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
We shall rest our pilgrim feet
On the shores where loved ones meet,
There to dwell in bliss complete,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

3. We shall see and be like Jesus,
By-and-by, by-and-by:
He a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And the angels who fulfill
All the mandates of his will,
Shall attend and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

4. When with robes of snowy whiteness,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By-and-by, by-and-by—
There our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
1. Roll, Jordan, roll, Thy foaming waters roll a-long; No ill I fear, for Christ is near, His
   rod and staff are strong. My Lord will meet me on the shore, When heart and flesh shall fail;
   rod and staff are strong. My Lord will meet me on the shore, When heart and flesh shall fail; His
   Tho' sin and Satan join their power To plunge me in the deep, The
   presence dear my soul will cheer, When deep in Jordan's vale. O

2. Roll, Jordan, roll, Thy foaming waters roll a-long; Beyond thee lies fair Paradise, Where
   head and staff are strong. My Lord will meet me on the shore, When heart and flesh shall fail;
   Tho' sin and Satan join their power To plunge me in the deep, The
   presence dear my soul will cheer, When deep in Jordan's vale. O

REFRAIN.

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL. WM. B. BRADBURY
ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL. Concluded.

billows are dashing on the shore! He'll bid the tide a-base its pride, And bring me safely o'er.

3 Roll, Jordan, roll,
   Thy foaming waters roll along;
   The hosts of God thy bed have trod
   With trumpet and with song:
   Right through thy waves, with pomp divine,
   The fiery pillar passed
   In days of yore, and brought them o'er
   To Canaan's land at last.—Cho.

REMEMBER ME.

ASA HULL. By per.

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head
   For such a worm as I?
   CHO.—Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when thou sittest on thy throne, Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
   He hung upon the tree?
   Amazing pity! grace unknown!
   And love beyond degree! Help me, &c.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
   And shut his glories in,
   When Christ, the mighty Maker died
   For man, the creature's sin. Help me, &c.

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

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
   The debt of love I owe;
   Here, Lord, I give myself away,
   'Tis all that I can do. Help me, &c.
1. "Tis Jesus in the sunshine, And Jesus in the shade; 'Tis Jesus still, when earthly hopes, Like Jesus in the sunshine, And Jesus in the shade; 'Tis Jesus still, when earthly hopes, Like

2. "Tis Jesus in the sunshine, Before the Father's face; In Jesus all the glories meet, And summer-blossoms fade; 'Tis Jesus the unchanging one, Whose changeless love I know; And summer-blossoms fade; 'Tis Jesus the unchanging one, Whose changeless love I know; And

CHORUS—'Tis Jesus in the sunshine, And Jesus in the shade; 'Tis Jesus still, when earthly hopes, Like summer-blossoms fade.

Fine.

3 O, Jesus in the sunshine!
'Tis there he bids me dwell;
And all his wealth 'tis mine to claim,
He loveth me so well;
O Jesus! matchless name of love!
Full flowing tide of peace!
Bright portal thou, to realms above,
Where praise shall never cease.

when the work he gives is done, To meet him I shall go.
glo-ry waiteth too, for me, When trial days are done.

when the work he gives is done, To meet him I shall go.
glo-ry waiteth too, for me, When trial days are done.
Words by Miss V.  GOOD NIGHT, WE'LL MEET IN THE MORNING.  R. L. 47

1. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning, Far above this fleeting shore; To endless joy in a

2. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning, See the hours are waning fast; Along the banks of the

3. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning, Where our friends have gone before; In robes of white

4. Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning, There from pain and sorrow free, With him who died

   CHORUS:

   moment awaking, There we'll sleep no more. Where the pearly gates will nev-er, never close, And the
   clear flowing riv-er We shall meet at last.
   waiting to greet us On the oth-er shore.
   grave to redeem us We shall ev-er be.

   tree of life its dewy shadow throws, Where the ransomed ones in love repose, Our glorious home shall be.
KIND WORDS FOR ALL.

Words by J. M. EVANS.
Solo, or Duet.

1. How dark were life, with naught to cheer
   No smile of love to light the gloom;
   The pilgrim on his way;
   No kind word's cheering ray.

2. The soul by sorrow oft oppress'd,
   Must sink beneath its weight,
   If no kind word is ever said,
   To cheer life's saddened fate.

3. Spurn not from thee, with bitter taunt
   The outcast steeped in sin;

   But with kind words to cheer and bless,
   That soul to virtue win. Cho.

   4. When sorrows try—when cares annoy,
      Strike no discordant note;
      But on the wings of every breath
      Let words of kindness float. Cho.

Words by W. BENNETT.

THINE, LORD, FOREVER!

Words by W. BENNETT.

1. Thine, Lord, for-ev - er! Purchas'd by blood divine, Rescued and saved by Thee, Lord, I am Thine!
2. Thine, Lord, for-ev - er! Thro' storm and tempest wild, Trusting confid - ing - ly, I am Thy child!

THINE, LORD, FOREVER!

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Thine, Lord, for-ev - er! Purchas'd by blood divine, Rescued and saved by Thee, Lord, I am Thine!
2. Thine, Lord, for-ev - er! Thro' storm and tempest wild, Trusting confid - ing - ly, I am Thy child!

1. Thine, Lord, for-ev - er! Purchas'd by blood divine, Rescued and saved by Thee, Lord, I am Thine!
2. Thine, Lord, for-ev - er! Thro' storm and tempest wild, Trusting confid - ing - ly, I am Thy child!
PILGRIM, HASTE THEE ONWARD.

Words by [V.] WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Pilgrim haste thee onward, See! the light of day Breaking in its splendor, Shining on thy way; 
2. Haste thee on thy journey, Je - sus bids thee go! He will lead thee safe-ly Thro' this vale be - low;

CHORUS.

With its ear - ly dawning, Speed the race to run; Linger not to rest thee, Till the crown is won; All to Him con-fid - ing, Joy thy heart shall fill; And the morrow find thee Pressing onward still;

3 Run thy race with patience; 
   Lo! the angel band 
   Cheer thy footsteps onward, 
   To the promised land; 
   Soon their crowns of glory— 
   Shall thine eyes behold; 
||:Yonder lies the city, 
   With its streets of gold ;||

Linger not to rest thee, Till the crown is won. 
And the morrow find thee Pressing onward still.

TUNE.—"Thine, Lord, forever!" on page 48.

3 Thine, Lord forever! 
   Cheered by Thy precious word, Thro' darkness, doubts, and fears; Thine, thine, O Lord!

4 Thine, Lord, forever! 
   Tho' death shall lay me low, E'en in that dreadful hour Thine, Lord, I know!

5 Thine, Lord, forever! 
   When safe before Thy throne I stand, forevermore Thine, thine alone!
1. Hail! hail the glorious morning! See the gospel heralds flying, Sounding the faithful warning,

With each other kindly vie-ing; No word of truth concealing, Faith its mighty power revealing, Each gracious promise telling, From the Lord most high.

Je-sus and his word de-ny-ing. Lo! now to heav’n are crying, Turning to the Lord;

Glad they hail the ris-ing glo-ry; Christ, like the sun advance-ing, Conquers by his word.

Learn to love, a-dore and fear him; When all shall bow be-fore him, Join to sing his praise;

Peace shall flow to us for-ev-er, And love to God the Giv-er, Crown our happy days.
HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.
MISSION SONG.

1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,—Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
2. If you cannot cross the ocean And the heathen lands explore, You can find the heathen nearer,
3. If you cannot speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Jesus,
4. While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you, Let none hear you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do!"

Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich reward he offers free;
You can help them at your door; If you cannot give your thousands, You can give the widows' mite,
You can say he died for all; If you fail to rouse the wicked, With the judgment's dread alarms,
4 While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you, Let none hear you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do!"

Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me." And the least you do for Jesus Will be precious in his sight.
You may lead the little children To the Saviour's waiting arms.

Words by V. A.
Music by P. P. Van Arsden.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE. 51
1. God our Father loves us; See Him in the flow-ers, In the fields of golden harvest,
2. God our Father loves us; See His bright worlds o'er us, Angel hosts, and mansions glittering,

Chorus.

In the woodland bow-ers. Let us, in our sweet life-morning, Give ourselves un-to Him.
See the saints before us.

We shall see the brighter dawning, And in glory view Him.

3. God our Father loves us;
   See his gracious favor;
   Most we view it, most adore it,
   In our loving Saviour.—Cho.

4. God our Father loves us—
   Lord, we would adore thee,
   Spirit-changed, we can be like thee,
   And can sing in glory.—Cho.
1. I come, I come with this one plea, Jesus lives, Jesus lives. My Lord, my Life, I come to thee,
2. With this sure plea, O Lord, I come, Jesus lives, Jesus lives. O fit me for thy heavenly home,
3. Now my en-raptured spirit sings, Jesus lives, Jesus lives. Such joy the blest assurance brings,

Jesus lives, Jesus lives. Though in my soul remains no trace Of love, or joy, or
Jesus lives, Jesus lives Though guilty all, and sore op-prest, Yet here I find en-
Jesus lives, Jesus lives. He lives to plead for me a-bove, And through his life I

inward grace, Nor fit-ness for yon heavenly place. Jesus lives, Jesus lives.
dur-ing rest, Through faith in thee my soul is blest. Jesus lives, Jesus lives.
sweet-ly prove The ful-ness of his dy-ing love. Jesus lives, Jesus lives.
1. I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet, And Jesus abides with me there;

And his Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete, And his perfect love casteth out fear.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to this valley of blessing so sweet, Where Jesus will fulness bestow,

Oh, believe, and receive, and confess him, That all his salvation may know.
2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
   And plenty the land doth impart;
   There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
   And joy for the sorrowing heart.—Cho.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
   Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
   And Christ sets his covenant seal.—Cho.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, “Worthy the Lamb that was slain.”—Cho.

DEAR JESUS, HEAR ME. (Child's Prayer.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Saviour, bless a little child; Teach my heart the way to Thee; Make it gentle, good and mild; Loving Saviour,

   Chorus.

   care for me. Dear Jesus, hear me, Hear thy little child to-day; Hear, O hear me; Hear me when I pray.

2 I am young, but Thou hast said—
   All who will, may come to Thee;
   Feed my soul with living Bread;
   Loving Saviour, care for me.—Cho.

3 Jesus, help me, I am weak;
   Let me put my trust in Thee;
   Teach me how, and what to speak;
   Loving Saviour, care for me.—Cho.

4 I would never go astray.
   Never turn aside from Thee;
   Keep me in the heavenly way;
   Loving Saviour, care for me.—Cho.
Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

IT IS ALL FOR THE BEST.

R. L.

1. It is all for the best, O my Fa-ther,
   All for the best, all for the best,
   Whether

2. It is all for the best, O my Fa-ther,
   Pov-er-ty, wealth, pov-er-ty, wealth,
   For thine

3. It is all for the best, O my Fa-ther,
   Still for the best, still for the best,
   Then

   All for the best, all for the best,

   tear-drops or smiles be my por-tion,
   La-bor or rest; Thy love each pleasure sin-gles,
   Each

   arm will sus-tain and up-hold me,
   In pain or health; Thy wis-dom guides me ev-er,
   Thy

   let me not shrink from ful-fill-ing
   All thy be-hest; I would be thine in meekness,
   Pi-

   cup of sor-row min-gles, Thy hand in mer-cy sends them all,
   Great things and small.

   grace for-sakes me nev-er, If I but lean up-on thee, Lord, Trust-ing thy word.

   ty my sin and weakness; Let me not lay the bur-den down, No cross-no crown.

CHORUS.

   All for the best, all for the best, It is all for the best, shadow or sunlight,

   It is all, it is all for the best.
IT IS ALL FOR THE BEST. Concluded.

4 It is all for the best, O my Father!
This I well know,
In the broad fields above we'll be reaping
Joy for our woe;
Then to thy cross, my Saviour,
My heart will cling forever,
I'll sing till in thine arms I rest:
All's for the best.  Cho.

DUTIFUL CHILDREN.  WM. B BRADBURY.

1. How much our parents cared for us, In all our young and tender years! And we will not un-

CHORUS.

grateful be, When age to them ap-pears. No, no, no! We will not treat our parents so,

No, no, no, no, no!

2 When old and helpless they become,
And we behold their strength decay,
Shall we neglect the loving ones
Who watched us all our way?  Cho.

3 We know we never can repay
The loving debt to them we owe;
But we will love them more and more,
The older they may grow.  Cho.
THE RIVER OF LOVE.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.  WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Come, oh! come, to the river of love, The soul-cheer-ing, life-giv-ing river; In
2. Come, oh! come, while the dew-drops are bright, While care and its burdens are light-est; Come
3. Come, oh! come, from the Eden above This stream of salvation is flowing; It
4. Come, oh! come, for our Jesus can save: And glory whose brightness fades never, Shall break on the vision beyond the dark grave, And we shall be happy forever. Come, oh! come, &c.

freshness it flows from the bright courts above; 'Tis free from the glorious Giver.
drink from its fulness in morning's pure light, While life with its pleasure is bright-est.
bears in its music the message of love, A foretaste of heaven bestowing.

CHORUS.

Come, oh! come to the river of love, Come drink and be happy for ev er; Come, oh! come to the

riv-er of love, Come drink and be happy for ev er.
THE SABBATH SCHOOL FOR ME.

1. The Sabbath School! I love the place, With ties no stroke can sever, Where joy lights up each beaming face, And memory loves fond thoughts to trace, When in its shade we gather. Where happy hearts and smiling faces, love that flows and changes not, With holy pleasure mingled.

2. The Sabbath School! How dear the spot Where heart with heart has tingled, When each has borne his brother's lot, In wak'en songs of joy above, In all the heavenly dwelling.

3. The Sabbath School! Thy name I love; Thy very walls are telling Of scenes that would an angel move, And Filling up these sacred places, On the holy Sabbath come; Oh, the Sabbath School for me!
DEAR LITTLE LAMBS.

The first part of this song may be sung by the larger scholars, and the response by the infant class; or one or more of the teachers may sing the first part, and the whole school the second part of each verse, until the second part of the last verse, when all should sing together.

First Part.

1. Dear little lambs, will you come to the Saviour, Oh, come to His fold with the happy and the blest; Sweet is the voice of the Shepherd that loves you, How Father's dear embrace; Angels that stand by the portals of glory Are

Second Part. Infant Class.

gently he will fold you in his arms to rest. Are we little lambs, little lambs of the Saviour? gazing now with rapture on each happy face. We are little lambs, little lambs of the Saviour,
DEAR LITTLE LAMBS. Concluded.

May we follow Jesus and be like Him every day? Gladly we will come to the
We are very humble, but our Shepherd He will be; Precious are the words that with

kind, loving Shepherd, Whose gentle hand will lead us in the shining way.
joy we remember: "Forbid not little children," let them come to me.

First Part.
Dear little lambs, what a promise He gives you,
How great are the blessings His tender care bestows,
Safe you shall dwell in the green shady pastures,
Beside the cooling fountain where the water flows.

Second Part.
We are little lambs, we will cling to the Saviour,
We will be His precious ones and give Him all our love:
Help us by your prayers that we may all be faithful,
And Jesus then will take us to our home above.

First Part.
Dear little lambs, we will pray for each other,
And trust in the Lord as we journey thus along;
Soon we shall cross o'er the dark, rolling river,
And join the happy chorus of the angels' song.

All.
Blessed be the Lord, we will praise Him forever,
He will bid us welcome when we reach fair Canaan's shore;
Blessed be the Lord, to His name be the glory,
We'll meet the friends we've cherished then to part no more.
1. Only just across the river, Over on the other side, Where the angels are in waiting,

And the pure in heart abide; Where there is no pain or sorrow To intrude on heavenly rest,

CHORUS,

Only just across the river, Stand the mansions of the blest. Only just across the river,

Where the saints are passing over, Only just across the river, Over on the other side.
OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE. Concluded.

2 Only just across the river,
Are the friends we loved below,
Clad in pure and spotless garments,
That are whiter than the snow;
They have braved cold Jordan's billows,
And have pass'd thro' death's alarms,
They are free from every sorrow,
In the Saviour's loving arms. Cho.

3 Only just across the river,
Where the hills of glory shine,
There the pearly gates unfolding,
Lead the soul to joy divine.
There the tree of life is blooming,
And the living waters glide,
Only just across the river,
Over on the other side. Cho.

4 Only just across the river
Are the robes of spotless white;
Only just across the river
Are the crowns of glory bright,
And the saints and angels joining
In the songs with one accord,
Only just across the river,
Sing the praises of the Lord. Cho.

THE GOSPEL FEAST. C. M.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke xiv. 17.

1. Come, sinner to the gospel feast; O come without delay;
   For there is room in Jesus' breast For all who will obey.
   There's room in God's eternal love,
   To save thy precious soul; room in the Spirit's grace above, To heal and make thee whole.

2. There's room in heaven among the choir, And harps and crowns of gold,
   And glorious palms of victory there, And joys that ne'er were told.

3. There's room in the Spirit's grace above, To heal and make thee whole.
   For thee and thousands more: O, come and welcome to the Lord; Yea, come this very hour.

4. Only just across the river
   Are the robes of spotless white;
   Only just across the river
   Are the crowns of glory bright,
   And the saints and angels joining
   In the songs with one accord,
   Only just across the river,
   Sing the praises of the Lord. Cho.

[board]
O, SEND FORTH THE BIBLE.

[MISSIONARY.] 

WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Oh, send forth the Bible, more precious than gold! Let no one presume the best gift to withhold.
2. It points us to heaven, where Christians will go; It warns us to shun the dark regions of woe.
3. It tells us of One who is mighty to save, Who died on the cross, and arose from the grave.

DUET.

It speaks to all nations in language so plain, That he who will read it, true wisdom may gain.
It shows us the evil and dangers of sin, And opens a fountain for cleansing within.
Who dwelleth on high in that holy abode, Where saints are uniting in praises to God.

CHORUS.

Then send forth the Bible, Send forth the Bible, Send, O, send it forth!

4. It tells us that all will awake from the tomb; Bids sinners reflect on a judgment to come; It tells us that mansions of bliss are prepared The hope of believers, - their glorious reward Then send forth the Bible, &c
5. Oh, who would neglect such a volume as this, That warns us from danger, invites us to bliss? Send forth the blest Bible, earth's regions around Wherever the footsteps of man shall be found Then send forth the Bible &c.
Our hearts are young and joyous, 'Tis spring-time with us now; The dew of life's bright morning Is fresh upon each brow; The world to us seems pleasant, With love its joys to share; God in his tender All our heart and mind; But we can never love him, Until our hearts are clean; The precious blood of

1. Our hearts are young and joyous, 'Tis spring-time with us now; The dew of life's bright morning Is fresh upon each brow; The world to us seems pleasant, With love its joys to share; God in his tender All our heart and mind; But we can never love him, Until our hearts are clean; The precious blood of

2. O, can we e'er forget him Who is so good and kind? No, rather would we love him With love its joys to share; God in his tender All our heart and mind; But we can never love him, Until our hearts are clean; The precious blood of

3. We know the harps of heaven Would sound a gladdener strain: "There's joy among the angels," When one repents of sin; O help us, then, dear Saviour, To give our hearts to thee; Let us, in youth's glad morning, Thy loved disciples be!

4. And when upon our foreheads The silver locks shall fall, Or early comes the shadow, Which comes alike to all—Still safe upon thy bosom Our spirits shall recline, And, 'mid the joys of heaven; We shall be ever thine!
DEATH OF A PIOUS SCHOLAR.

1. Where we oft have met in gladness, On the holy Sabbath day, Now our father, in our sadness—

2. One we loved has left our number,—In the narrow dwelling laid; There our dreams lie dreamless slumber,

Refrain.

Mourning over one away; Tears are falling, Tears are falling, On this holy Sabbath day; Tears are falling, Till the trump that wakes the dead; When the angel, When the angel, From their slumbers, wakes the dead; When

3. But while we in sadness gather, Mourning thus for one away, Lo, the angels say, “Another Joins our holy song to-day?” Weep no longer; Join with them the sacred lay.

4. Let our grief, then, turn to gladness, As we praise thy saving love, Which, o'er every shade of sadness, Sheds the light of joys above,— Grief dispelling, By the light of joy above.
1. When striving with the hosts of sin, We oft-times suffer loss, But if the conquests
2. In fierce temptation's darkest hour, When hope seems well nigh lost, O, then we'll look to
3. Let worldlings trust their hoarded gold, We count it filth and dross, In Jesus we have
4. Then let us manfully endure, Tho' high the waves may toss, In hope of rest on

CHORUS.

we would win, We must keep near the cross. O, there's safety near the cross, Yes, there's
Christ the more, And still keep near the cross
wealth untold, We glory in his cross
Canaan's shore, We daily bear the cross.

safe - ty near the cross, Mid the dir-est con-flict sin can wage. There is safety near the cross.
SOUND THE BATTLE CRY!

Vigorously, in march time

1. Sound the battle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on,
   2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and banner bright

   Stand firm every one; Rest your cause upon His holy word. Rouse then, soldiers!
   Gleaming in the light; Battling for the right We ne'er can fail.

   rally round the banner! Ready, steady, pass the word along; Onward, forward,

   3 Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all
      By thy grace; When the battle's done, And the vict'ry won, May we wear the crown
      Before thy face. Cho.
1. Pilgrim, rejoice! for the mantle of sin, That hung like a pall o'er thy spirit within, Is yielding at last to the smile of the day; The gloom and the darkness are breaking away.

2. Wild was the storm, but thy Saviour was near, In all thy affliction to comfort and cheer; His mercy unfolding the brightness of day, The clouds of thy sorrow are breaking away.

CHORUS.

Breaking away! breaking away! The clouds are all breaking away!

3 Nearer the close of thy peril and strife, And nearer thy home o'er the ocean of life; Press onward! the angels are guarding thy way; The mist and the shadow are breaking away. Cho.

4 Pilgrim, rejoice! and thy courage renew; Look up! for the heaven of joy is in view; One stroke of the oar, and thy spirit can say, From earth and its toil I have broken away. Cho.
1. Thou art "the glory of all lands," Thou pleasant earthly Canaan; But there's a "house not
bound for the land of Canaan, From sorrow free we'll rest in thee, In heaven, the Christian's Canaan.

2. Here figs and wheat and oil a-bound, With milk and honey flowing; While ancient hills with
pleas-ant earth-ly Ca-naan, Its regions blest are types of rest, In heaven, the Christian's Canaan.

3. But winter o'er her glory glides, And strips the earthly Ca-naan; While "ev-er-last-ing
made with hands," More glorious far than Ca-naan. O Ca-naan, bright Ca-naan, The
vines are crowned, With palm and ce-dar grow-ing. O Ca-naan, bright Ca-naan, The
spring a-bides" Throughout the heaven-ly Ca-naan. O Ca-naan, bright Ca-naan, We're
pleas-ant earth-ly Ca-naan, Its regions blest are types of rest, In heaven, the Christian's Canaan.

CHORUS.

O Ca-naan, bright Ca-naan, The
spring a-bides" Throughout the heaven-ly Ca-naan.

We're
O Ca-naan, bright Ca-naan, We're

pleas-ant earth-ly Ca-naan, Its regions blest are types of rest, In heaven, the Christian's Canaan.
Words by Rev. T. A. T. Hanna.

**CHRIST IN GLORY.**

“Thou hast ascended on high; thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men.” Psalm lxviii—18.

1. Sing, O ye heavens, in glory extending, Shout, ye old forests, and lone; Deep, call to deep, as the
2. Bright are his robes as he rises in splendor, Moving thro’ welcoming throngs; Glorious the wounds of the

Saviour ascending, Mounts from the grave to the throne! Tell the glad story, “Christ is in glory, children’s Defender, Waking gold harps and sweet songs. Hear the grand chorus, “Jesus, reign o’er us;

Seraphs and saints at his foot-stool are bending; Tell the glad story, Christ is in glory; Great is thy power, but thy heart is as tender—Hear the grand chorus, Jesus reign o’er us;

3 Lo! as the sea, with its waves never ending, Breaks into foam on the shore, So our young hearts to the Victor ascending— Rising to die nevermore—||: Joyful are crying, “Saviour undying, We in the train of thy triumph attending. Crown thee our King, for thy sorrows are o’er!”
1. Weary not, my brother; Cheerful be thy song; Is thy burden heavy, And the journey long?

Does the weight oppress thee? Cast it on the Lord; Run thy race with patience, Trusting in his word.

CHORUS.

Looking un-to Je - sus, He has died for thee; Oh, glo-ry be to Jesus, We'll shout salvation free.

2. Seek and thou shalt find him,
Still in faith believe;
Call and he will hear thee,
Ask him, and receive:
In the darkest moment—
In the deepest night,
He will give thee comfort,
He will give thee light.

3. Trials may befall thee,
Thorns beset thy way,
Never mind them, brother,
Only watch and pray;
Through the vale of sorrow
Once the Saviour trod;
Run thy race with patience,
Pressing on to God.

4. Labor on, my brother,
Thou shalt reap at last
Fruits of joy eternal,
When thy work is past;
Crowds of shining angels
View thee from the skies;
Run thy race with patience,
Yonder is the prize.
1. Up! and work, behold the morning Sheds afar its golden ray; Can you sleep, when souls are dying?

2. Do you love the blessed Saviour, Have you faith in God above? By a life of self denial Prove the ardor of your love; Feed the lambs with hunger pining

Will you slight his great command, Will you plead your want of courage When before his bar you stand? In the rugged wilds of sin; You can find them all around you, You can help to bring them in.

3. Not the smallest seed you scatter From your hand shall fall in vain; You will see the cloud arising, God will bring the promised rain;

Be content for him to labor, Count it gain to suffer loss; If you wear a crown of glory You must win it by the cross.
PRAISE THE GIVER OF ALL.
SUITABLE FOR A FESTIVAL.

1. Let us mingle our voices in chorus today; The earth is rejoicing, all

na-ture is gay, And the stream in the valley goes laughing along; How happy its
d.c. Let his children with rapture his mercy recall, The boun-ti-ful

beauti-ful song; Praise the Lord, the Giver of all, Praise the Lord the Giver of all;

CHORUS.

2. There is joy in the sunbeam that sparkles so bright,
And calls the young blossoms to welcome the light;
And the bird in the greenwood is singing with glee,
As cheerful and happy as we. Cho.

*Or, "festival day."

3. Let us join the glad music and joyfully raise,
In purest devotion, our jubilant praise;
We are grateful to God for this beautiful day;
We'll sing the bright moments away. Cho.
Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

KEEP ON PRAYING.

T. E. PERKINS, from "Sabbath Carols." by per.

1. Long my spirit pined in sorrow, Watching, waiting all in vain; Waiting for a golden morrow,

Free from worldly care and pain; When I heard a sweet voice saying, In the accents of a friend, Cheer up, brother,

CHORUS.

"keep on praying," Keep on praying to the end. When our wayward thoughts are straying, When God's mercy

seems delaying, Then in faith we'll keep on praying, Keep on praying, Keep on praying to the end.

2 Ye who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye who mourn your load of sin,
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures
In the end you're sure to win;
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your troubles at his feet,
Plead with faith in Calvary's story,
Till your joys are all complete.—Cho.

3 How the angel band rejoices
When a kneeling mortal prays,
Hear them cry, in heavenly voices,
"Keep on praying" all your days
Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day,
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away.—Cho.
DID JESUS LOVE ME.

1. Did Jesus love me—Love a worthless sinner like me? Did Jesus suffer For me on Calvary?
2. Does Jesus love me—Love a thankless sinner like me? Does Jesus offer From sin to set me free?
3. Will Jesus love me—Love a helpless sinner like me? Will Jesus ever My friend and helper be?

Yes, he gave his life to save me From the sins that now enslave me; Fully and freely He shed his blood for
Yes, if I will now believe him, With an humble heart receive him, Surely and truly He waits to pardon
Yes, his flock he e'er will cherish, Not the feeblest lamb shall perish; Loving and faithful, He will not turn from

REFRAIN.

me. O loving Jesus, Thy heart is full of love for me; Melt thou this heart of mine, And I will love thee.
me. O loving, &c.
me. O loving, &c.
1. There is Life for a Look at the crucified one, There is life at this moment for thee, Then

Look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved, Unto Him who was nailed to the tree. Look! Look! Look and

Live! There is life for a look at the crucified one, There is life at this moment for thee.

2 Oh why was he there as the bearer of sin,
   If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh why, from his side, flowed the sin cleansing blood,
   If his dying thy debt has not paid?
Look! Look! Look, &c.

3 It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayers
   But the Blood that atones for thy soul.
On him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once,
   Thy weight of iniquities roll.
Look! Look! Look &c.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
   There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world, he appeared,
   And completed the work he begun.
Look! Look! Look, &c.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once,
   The life everlasting he gives,
And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
   Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.
Look! Look! Look, &c.
1. O come to the fountain of mercy and love, Whose pure healing water so gently doth move;

2. Come hither, sad mourner, by sorrow oppressed, Draw near to this fountain, and you shall find rest;

It flows from the Saviour's side plenteous and free, O come, guilty sinner, 'tis flowing for thee.

O trust in the Saviour, whose love flows so free; Come hither, sad mourner, 'tis flowing for thee.

Flowing for thee, flowing for thee; O come, guilty sinner, 'tis flowing for thee.

Flowing for thee, flowing for thee; Come hither, sad mourner, 'tis flowing for thee.

Flowing for thee, flowing for thee; Flowing for thee, flowing for thee; 'tis flowing for thee.
O COME TO THE FOUNTAIN. Concluded.

3 Come, weary and laden with trouble of heart,
O come to the fountain, come just as thou art;
Drink deep of its waters, refreshing and free,
Partake of its fulness, 'tis flowing for thee.
Flowing for thee, flowing for thee,
Partake of its fulness, 'tis flowing for thee.

4 Whoever will hearken and turn to the Lord,
Shall find full redemption and peace thro' His blood;
Then hear all ye nations, and come at His call,
This soul cleansing fountain is flowing for all.
Flowing for all, flowing for all,
This soul cleansing fountain is flowing for all.

CHILDREN, COME.

Girls.

1. Lift aloud your songs of praise, Children, come; children, come; Up to God your voices raise, Children, children,
   Chorus.

Girls.

Fine. Semi-Chorus or Quartette. All.

Girls.

Come; { He can hear each little voice,
{ He can make each heart rejoice,
{ He can give you blessings choice, Children, come, O come.

Girls.

D. C. for Chorus.

2 God invites you in his word,
Children, come; children, come;
Oft ye have his bidding heard,
Children, children, come;
Come, and choose the narrow way,
Come, nor from my precepts stray,
Come, prepare for endless day;
Children, come, O come.—Cho.

3 Hear the Saviour gently call,
Children, come; children, come;
I've a welcome for you all,
Children, children, come,
Come, and share my tender love,
Come, my promised kindness prove,
Come, and learn of heaven above;
Children, come, O come.—Cho.
1. The shadows are falling, Swift closeth the day, I hear a voice calling, It seemeth to say,—Oh,
2. The day is departing, The darkness is here; Ah! why am I starting, While heart beats with fear, Soul!
3. The light is appearing, The darkness is gone, For Jesus is nearing, And tender His tone,—Oh,

soul! hast thou glean'd well to-day? In the world's harvest field, With its full precious yield, Has it
hast thou not glean'd well to-day? In the world's busy throng, Hast thou failed to be strong, Weakly
soul! in my might glean each day; When the harvest is o'er, Shall be joy ever more, If the

vainly appealed,— Oh, soul! hast thou gleaned well to-day? Hast thou gleaned...... Hast thou
yielding to wrong, Oh! hast thou not gleaned well to-day?
sheaves at thy door Shall say, thou hast filled well thy day?

Hast thou gleaned,

gleaned..... Hast thou gleaned..... well to-day? Oh, soul! hast thou gleaned well to-day?

Hast thou gleaned, Hast thou gleaned, &c.
1. In darkness art thou walking, Thy sky with clouds o'ercast? Look back with humble feeling, Re-

2. Then like a child confiding, O-bey thy Father's will, And rest thee in his promise, To

CHORUS.

call each blessing past.
keep thee faithful still. O rest thee, rest thee, Faint and weary hearted; O rest thee,
1. Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer, Sing, O earth, His wonderful love proclaim.

Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glory, Strength and honor give to his holy name.

d.s. O ye saints that dwell on the mountain of Zion, Praise Him, praise Him ever in joyful song.

Like a shepherd Jesus will guard his children, In his arms he carries them all day long.

2 Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
   For our sins He suffered and bled and died;
   He, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation.
   Hail Him, hail Him, Jesus, the Crucified.
   Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
   Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
   Once for us rejected, despised, and forsaken,
   Prince of Glory, He is triumphant now.

3 Praise Him, praise Him, Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
   Heavenly portals, loud with hosannas ring,
   Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
   Crown Him, crown Him—Prophet and Priest and King
   Death is vanquished! Tell it with joy, ye faithful.
   Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
   Jesus lives! No longer thy portals are cheerless,
   Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.
WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME.  

1. The Spirit, in our hearts, is whispering, “Sinner, come;” The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all his children, “Come.” The youngest may come, The poorest may come, The weakest, the meanest, the vilest may come, And who-so-ever will, let him come, And take of the life-water freely.

2. Let him that heareth say To all about him, “Come;” Let him who thirsts for righteousness, To all who would drink of the stream of life: 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

3. Yes, who-so-ever will, O let him freely come, And freely drink the stream of life; 'Tis the Fountain of life, And all who would drink of this water are accepted of God.
Andante, with expression.

1. Keep thou my way, O Lord! My-self I cannot guide; Nor dare I trust my erring steps One moment
2. For every act of faith, And every pure design,—For all of good my soul can know, The glory,

from thy side; I cannot think a-right, Unless inspired by thee; My heart would fail without
Lord, be thine; Free grace my pardon seals, Thro’ thy atoning blood; Free grace the full as-

3. O speak, and I will hear; Command, and I obey; My willing feet with joy shall haste To run the heavenly way; Keep thou my wand’ring heart, And bid it cease to roam; O bear me safe o’er death’s cold wave To heaven, my blissful home.
FANNY CROSBY.

A JEWEL WORTH KEEPING. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. I know of a jewel whose lustre Is purer and brighter than gold—A jewel that sparkles forever, A jewel, dear children, worth keeping, A treasure for you and for me.

2. That jewel, the love that redeems us! O seek it by watching and pray'r; I know the dear Saviour is willing To dorn the young and the old; A jewel more precious than rubies, Or pearls from the depth of the sea—A give you that jewel so fair; And O, in the crown of the faithful, Its glory transcendant shall be—A

CHORUS.

A jewel, dear children, worth keeping, A treasure for you and for me.

A jewel worth keeping, A jewel, dear children, worth keeping, A jewel, dear children, worth keeping, A treasure for you and for me.
1. Now the Saviour invites you to come; And fly to the arms of his love; In his kingdom of grace there is
2. Are you thirsty? remember the call, O come, and salvation receive; For the fountain is open to
3. Are you weary and sighing for rest? To Jesus your refuge repair; He will pillow your head on his

room, And a mansion of glory above. Over Jordan a home bright and fair, . . . Our
all Who will truly repent and believe.
breast, If you seek him by watching and prayer.

Saviour has gone to prepare; We shall rest by and by from our care, . . . . . In that

from our care,
OUR HOME BRIGHT AND FAIR. Concluded.

4.
To the faithful a promise is given,
Who meekly his counsel obey,
Of a crown of rejoicing in heaven,
And a treasure that fades not away.
Over Jordan, &c.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

Rev. J. N. FOLWELL.

1. Father above, Thou God of love, To thee I give Thanks that I live; All thro' the night,
2. On this new day, To thee I pray; Be thou my guide, Walk by my side; Make me within
3. My eyes direct, My ears protect, From words and scenes Thy Book condemns; My tongue restrain
4. And at sunset, Let no regret Of misspent time, O, Lord, be mine; Still let me share

CHORUS,

Till broad day-light, Thou hast me kept While I have slept For this I plead, [God:
All free from sin, And fix my place Within thy grace (And all I need, ) Thro' Christ, my Lord, The Son of
From things profane; My hands and feet Both guide and keep.
Thy tender care, And at life's end To thee ascend.
1. With cheerful voices kindly greeting, We come to sing our festal lay; With happy hearts together meeting, We hail this happy day; Our voices now in concord flowing, Our cause more bright, and brighter glowing, Our song the Sabbath land shall be; The Sabbath land where all are free; The Sabbath land of Liberty! The Sabbath land, the Sabbath land, The Sabbath land of Liberty!
We'll sing of freedom's highest glory,
That brightens earth with heavenly ray;
And gladly spread the blessed story.
This holy, happy day;
A light on yonder shore is burning,
And Christian hearts are thither turning;
And ours the Sabbath Land shall be;
The Sabbath Land where all are free;
The Sabbath Land of Liberty.

In freedom's sky a star is gleaming,
To guide the Christian on his way;
And strong in faith, our banner streaming,
We'll wage the battle fray,
Our Sabbath army onward pressing,
Our mission, Peace, Good-will, and Blessing,
Our song in Christ shall ever be
The Sabbath Land where all are free,
The Sabbath Land of Liberty.

In the golden sunlight shining bright and clear
On our cheerful Sabbath home;
Christian friends and teachers gladly meet us here
In our cheerful Sabbath home.
D. C. Little lambs of Jesus, happy we will be
In our cheerful Sabbath home.

We will sing with delight, for our hearts are gay,
As the bird when it soars on its wings away;

Jesus watches o'er us with a shepherd's care,
In our cheerful Sabbath home;
He will kindly listen to our simple prayer,
In our cheerful Sabbath home.—Cho.

Gentle, loving Saviour, may thy spirit dwell
In our cheerful Sabbath home;
Here thy tender mercy, O, 'tis sweet to tell,
In our cheerful Sabbath home.—Cho.
1. Come in life's young, golden morning, While the dew is sparkling bright, And the angel voices call you
2. Come, while Hope is looking onward, Thro' the path of coming years, All the earth can give is fleeting,

SEMI-CHORUS.

To the pearly gates of light; Look to Jesus! how he loves you! Sweet and gentle is his voice; And its best is wet with tears; Look to Jesus! he will give you Better hope than all beside,

Breathing love in tender accents, While he bids your heart rejoice; Look to Jesus! look to Jesus! And when storms and tempests gather, Safe in him you shall abide; Look to Jesus! look to Jesus!

Come and in his smile rejoice! Look to Jesus! look to Jesus! Come and in his smile rejoice. Let your hope in him abide, Look to Jesus! look to Jesus! Let your hope in him abide.
YOUNG GOLDEN MORNING. Concluded.

3 Come while youth with joy is beaming,
   Come while days are bright and fair;
In the paths of peace and glory,
   Wisdom bids you enter there;
Look to Jesus! Blest Redeemer!
   Giving joy forever pure,
He will crown with fadeless beauty
   That unchanging shall endure;
Look to Jesus! look to Jesus!
   Giving joy forever pure.

4 Come with hearts your Saviour trusting,
   Come with faith in Jesus' word;
While the voices lead you sweetly,
   Let his gracious call be heard;
Look to Jesus! Him believing,
   Children trust in him alone,
Love and faith, at last receiving
   Glory round his Father's throne;
Look to Jesus! look to Jesus!
   So we'll gather round the throne.

I'LL GIVE YOU REST.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1 Weary child, from day to day Burdened, fainting by the way, Sighing, longing to be free,
   d. s. Lonely, and by grief oppressed,
2. "Come with all your wants and woes; Come, whatever may oppose; All my gifts are full and free,
   d. s. Go and be the Saviour's guest;

Tenderly.

List, a voice, "Come unto me." Toiling in the march of life, Restless in the daily strife,
   "Come to me; I'll give you rest."
If you will but come to me." Weary child, 'tis Jesus' voice, Haste and make the better choice;
   Go to him and be at rest.
CHRISTIAN FREEDOM SONG.

Rev. R. Lowry.

'And ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free.'—John viii. 32.

1. A brighter day is breaking, The nations are a-waking; A holy light is creeping o'er the

land and o'er the sea; The voice of God has spoken, The chains of sin are broken, And by the Truth of

chorus.

Calvary the soul is free, Shout Hallelujah! the day is breaking o'er us! For

Victory and Liberty we sing to God a chorus, Until we lift our banners a
CHRISTIAN FREEDOM SONG. Concluded.

mid the loud hosannas, That peal a song of Freedom at the Golden throne.

2 Where'er the captive quivers,
The word of grace delivers
The struggling soul of childhood and
the heavy heart of age;
To every glad believer,
Escaped the dread Deceiver,
The song of full redemption quenches
Satan's rage.—Cho.

3 God's chariot wheels are rumbling,
The walls of sin are crumbling,
The guns of Truth are booming on
the hill and on the wave;
And 'mid the cannon's rattle
In Freedom's holy battle,
The song of triumph thunders o'er
Oppression's grave.—Cho.

4 O! mighty Intercessor,
Defeat the great Oppressor,
Till from the trodden spirit every
tyrant shall be hurled,
And, every fetter riven,
Beneath the light of heaven,
The flag of Gospel Freedom covers
all the world.—Cho.

TRUST IN GOD.

Fine.

1. (The Lord, our God, is faithful, His ways are just and true;) By cool, refreshing waters, the weary soul He leads;
His tender love is boundless, His mercy ever new;
d. c. And, like a gentle shepherd, His flock He kindly feeds. Fine.

2 We'll praise Him for His goodness,
And trust Him for His grace;
He will not always chide us,
Nor hide His smiling face;
For while in deep contrition
Our hearts to Him return,
He gives the cheerful promise,
To comfort those that mourn.

3 We'll trust for every blessing
Our Father, and our Guide;
We'll trust Him in our weakness,
Still walking by His side;
We'll trust Him on the billow;
We'll trust Him on the shore;
And, through eternal ages,
We'll trust Him ever more.

D. C.
1. Through a world of sorrow, Pilgrims, we roam. Waiting for the morrow, Longing for home; Seeking for a
2. Earthly cares surround us, Death lurking near, Of — and confound us, And chill with fear; But there's one who
ci - ty, Whose foundations stand On the Saviour's faithful promise, In the better land.
guides us, Leads us with his hands; He will bring us safely o - ver To the promis'd land.

Chorus.

There'll be rest for - ev - er For the Pilgrim band, When around the throne we gather, In the promised land.

3 In that world of glory, There we'll sorrow never,
Blest world above, But with rapture stand;
There we'll tell the story And we'll part no more forever
Of Jesus' love In the promis'd land.—Cho
ANNIVERSARY SONG.

KATE CAMERON.

1. We sing our song of ju - bilee, Our voices risin\(^{\text{g}}\) \textit{long} and free; And with the notes of sweet accord, We praise our ev\(-\) er blessed Lord. Singing togeth\(-\)er, singing togeth\(-\)er, Teachers and scholars gladly unite; Singing togeth\(-\)er, singing togeth\(-\)er, Love fills our hearts, and our faces are bright.

2 We praise Him for the year now past, And at his feet our cares we cast; And O may He who guides our way Forbid our youthful steps to stray. Singing together, \&c.

3 Our Sabbath school, oh! may He bless, And guard its lambs with tenderness, And lead us gently when we die To our Good Shepherd's fold on high! Singing together, \&c.

WM. F. SHERWIN.
1. Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace, Obey the Saviour’s call; Come, seek his face and taste his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

2. Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring, Ye children great and small; Hosanna sing to Christ your king, And crown him Lord of all.

3. This Jesus will your sins forgive, O, haste! before him fall: For you he died, that you might live To crown him Lord of all.

Chorus.

In the dew-y time of youth, let us come, Before the brown leaves fall; He will guide us with His truth, let us come, And crown him Lord of all.
THE ANGEL OF PRAYER.

Words and Music by Rev. E. G. TAYLOR.

1. With the Angel of God, Jacob wrestled all night, And struggled in prayer, 'till the morning gave light;
2. The Angel appears as unwilling to bless, Determined to leave him alone in distress;

And though by his fears and temptations assailed, He would not give over until he prevailed.
But, hark to the words of the patriarch bold, And see how by faith's conqu'ring grasp he lays hold

REFRAIN.

Oh! the Angel of Prayer Bids us come with our care To Jesus who loveth his blessings to give; And

wrestle and pray, 'Till the dawn of the day, And the seeker shall find, the inquirer receive.

3. "I'll not let thee go," is the wrestler's strong cry, "Except thou wilt bless me, I surely shall die;"
Ah! quickly the Angel's unwillingness, feigned, Has vanished, and Jacob the blessing has gained.

4. Thus God bids us come to the throne of his grace, And there he will show us his reconciled face;
The wrestler in prayer shall ever prevail, The promise is sure, and never can fail.
HOLY IS THE LORD.

Words by Mrs. V.

W.M. B. BRADBURY.

Moderato.

1. Holy, holy, holy is the Lord! Sing, O ye people, gladly adore Him;

Let the mountains tremble at His word; Let the hills be joyful before Him;
d.s. Holy, holy, holy is the Lord, Let the hills be joyful before Him.

Mighty in wisdom, boundless in mercy, Great is Jehovah, King over all.

2 Praise Him, praise Him! Shout aloud for joy,

Watchman of Zion, herald the story;

Sin and death his kingdom shall destroy;
All the earth shall sing of his glory;
Praise Him, ye angels, ye who behold him
Reposed in His splendor matchless divine. Chorus.

3 King eternal, blessed be His name!

So may His children gladly adore Him,
When in heaven we join the happy strain,
When we cast our bright crowns before Him;
There in His likeness joyful awakening,
There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.—Chorus.
1. Praise the Lord, oh! praise him, praise him, Praise the Lord who reigns above! Now with cheerful voices raise

Songs of gratitude and love. Praise Him all ye great creation; Praise Him every clime and

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord, Praise Him, praise Him!

Praise ye the Lord, Praise the Giver of Salvation, Praise the Lord forever more.

Praise Him, praise ye the Lord, praise Him, praise Him!

2. Praise the Lord of life and glory,
   Praise the Lord of truth and grace;
   Tell to all His wondrous story:
   Bid them early seek His face. — Cho.

3. Praise the Lord with loud hosannas,
   Praise Him with the mighty throng:
   Write His name upon your banners,
   Be His praise your battle song!

4. Praise the Giver of Salvation,
   Praise him every clime and tongue;
   Heav'n and earth, and all creation
   Shout aloud in joyful song! — Cho.
BROTHERS, WE SHALL MEET AND REST.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

1. When these weary days are over,
When our griefs have passed away,
Like the clouds that melt and vanish.

2. Soon the earthly chain will sever;
Soon to higher joys we’ll rise;
Soon we’ll meet the blessed Saviour.

3. Oh, the blissful, joy-ous meeting!
Bliss and joy beyond compare!
When the saints, in rapture greeting,

In the sun’s effulgent ray,
Then, with light, and joy, and gladness,
Making sunshine in the breast,

In the realms of Paradise;
Then our hearts will cease to languish,
By their load of guilt oppressed;

Their Redeemer’s love declare!
Storms and doubts shall vex us never,
In those mansions of the blest;

Far away from sin or sadness,
Brothers, we shall meet and rest!
Brothers, we shall meet and rest,

There, beyond this toil and anguish,
Brothers, we shall meet and rest!
Brothers, &c.

Safe at home, and safe forever,
Brothers, we shall meet and rest!
Brothers, &c.

Brothers, we shall meet and rest!
BROTHERS, WE SHALL MEET AND REST. Concluded.

Meet and rest, yes, meet and rest; Safe at home, and safe for ever, Brothers, we shall meet and rest.

THE PENITENT.

Rev. JOHN G. CHAFEE.

1. Can my soul find rest from sorrow, Can my sins forgiven be, Must I wait until to-morrow Ere my Savior speaks to me? Will he speak in words of kindness? Will he wash away my sin? blindness, And remove this deadly pain?

2. O, the darkness, how it thickens, Like the brooding of despair! And my soul within me sickens— God, in mercy, hear my prayer! Give me but a hope to cherish, Give me just one ray of light— Help me, save me, or I perish, Take away this awful night! O, the miracle of grace! I will joy to tell the story How he cometh from above— Fills my soul, O, glory, glory! With the blessings of his love.
OVER THE RIVER I'M GOING.

1. Over the river I'm going, Beyond where the pearl-y gates stand; Over the cold icy

    billows, To live in a fair sun-ny land; My Fa-ther has built me a mansion, More precious than silver and

    gold; Yes, over the river I'm going To where there are pleasures un-told. The an-gels there will

    welcome me With harps and crowns of gold; Yes! over the river I'm going, To where there are pleasures un-told.

2. Over the river I'm going To meet in the land of the blest,

    Lov'd ones, who long have been waiting,

    To welcome me home to my rest;

    The world with its pleasures no longer

    My spirit in bondage can hold,

    For over the river I'm going,

    To where there are pleasures untold.

    The angels, &c.

3. Over the river I'm going,

    O! seek not to draw me aside;

    See! the bright angels are waiting

    To carry me over the tide;

    My Saviour is there to receive me,

    And shield me from suffering and cold;

    Yes, over the river I'm going,

    To where there are pleasures untold.

    The angels, &c.
TO JESUS I WILL GO.

1. There's a gentle voice within calls away; (calls away,) 'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er,)
But my heart is melted now, I obey; (I obey;) From my Saviour I will wander no more. [Omit.]

2. He has promised all my sins to forgive, (to forgive,) If I ask in simple faith for his love; (for his love,)
In his holy word I learn how to live, (how to live,) And to labor for his kingdom a - [Omit.]

2d. | Chorus.

more. Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Jesus I will go and be saved; Yes, I will go;
bove.

3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by and by. - Chc.

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
But my heart is melted now, I obey;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

— Chc
1. Is the light of beauty waning? Shed no tear of vain regret: Do not grieve tho' youth has
2. Is the weight of care and sorrow Pressing down thy weary heart? Early hopes and kindred
3. Is thy footstep, once so buoyant. Growing faint and feeble now? Has the chill-y frost of
4. Summer flow'rs may lose their fragrance, Autumn's withered leaves may fall, In the bright-er land be-

fad-ed, And the morning star has set. Strike thy tent and urge thy way, To thy house not made with
pleasures, Do they one by one de-part? winter Left its traces on thy brow? fore thee, Thou wilt thank thy God for all.

hands, To the realms of end-less day; To the hap-py an-gel bands.
1. How we love to sing of the star whose light Shone forth from the east on that blessed night, When a
2. 'Twas the birth of Him who was long foretold, The hope of the just in the days of old, That the

choral chant from the angels bright, Woke the earth in joy-ful numbers. Glory, glory in the angels sang to their harps of gold, And proclaim'd in joy-ful numbers.

highest, Shout aloud for joy all ye saints in heav'n: Glory, glory in the highest, Peace, good will to man be given

3 'Twas the Saviour's birth and the holy time, That spoke to the world in a voice sublime; And it called the nations of every clime, To exalt His name and praise Him. Cho.
4 To redeem the lost from His fold that stray'd, The crown of His kingdom aside He laid; And the debt of sin by His death he paid, From the grave he rose victorious. Cho.
5 Still we love to sing of the star whose light Shone forth from the east on that blessed night, When a choral chant from the angels bright, Woke the earth in joyful numbers. Cho.
1. "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" O, wouldst thou see our Jesus? Behold Him near, He
2. Why weepest thou, And seek-est thou, With doubting and re-pin-ing? O, lift thine eye! Thou
3. Believe him now; Receive Him now; Look up, with faith and meekness, To Jesus' blood, Which
4. Believest thou? Cease weeping now—Thy soul he will deliver; The cross He bore; Our

Refrain.

Shalt free each tear, Our bless-ed, lov-ing Je-sus. O, believe Him; O receive Him—
shall de-scry His rai-ment, near thee, shin-ing.
free-ly flowed For all thy sin and weak-ness.
sins He wore, And nailed them there for-ev-er.

There is none like Je-sus; He is near thee; He will cheer thee—On ly trust in Je-sus.
DEPENDENCE. 7s.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Feeble, helpless, how shall I Learn to live and learn to die? Who, O God! my guide shall be? Who shall lead thy child to Thee?

2 Blessed Father, gracious one! Thou hast sent thy holy Son; He will give the light I need, Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord, He my trembling steps shall lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word, In my meekness, thus shall I Learn to live and learn to die. Thus in deed, and thought, and word, Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord, In my meekness, thus shall I Learn to live and learn to die.

4 Learn to live in peace and love, Like the perfect ones above; Learn to die without a fear, Feeling Thee, my Saviour, near.

HAVE MERCY, LORD, ON ME.

R. L.

1. When doubts and fears becloud the sky, And sorrow's tempest rages high, Then, when no other help is nigh,

2. When sins oppress me with their load, When strait and toilsome seems the road That leadeth up from earth to God,

3 When death itself confronts my face, And wraps me in its cold embrace, And finished is my earthly race, Have mercy, Lord, on me.

4 When worldly cares are passed away, When I behold the judgment day, And naught below can be my stay, Have mercy, Lord, on me.
HE IS COMING OUT TO MEET US.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. When we turn to God and leave the path of sin, When the heart repenting feels the need of Him;
2. He will guide our feet where quiet waters flow, He will lead us onward thro' the vale below;
3. At the cold, dark stream of Jordan when we stand, He will bear us safely to the promised land;

Then our gentle loving Father full of pardoning grace, Comes to meet us with a kind embrace.
With his presence and his blessing cheer us day by day, He will come to meet us on the way.
With his loving arm around us we shall hear him say, I have come to meet you on the way.

CHORUS.

Coming out to meet us on the way, Coming out to meet us, coming out to meet us,

Oh! the joyful welcome—see the Father now, Coming out to meet us on the way.
1. Sabbath bells are pealing, Thoughts of hallowed rest revealing; Hear their music stealing

2. Tuneful strains are ringing, Happy voices sweet are singing, Praise and glory bringing

3. Through the Holy Spirit, Through the Saviour's precious merit, May we all inherit

Joy with Thee above; There, among the pure and blest, May we find eternal rest:

Sweetly there,—Free from care—Sing redeeming love,
BEAUTIFUL RIVER.
*N.*

"And he showed 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.

Cheerful.

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

CHORUS.

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. Cho.
1. Weeping will not save me—Tho' my face were bath'd in tears, That could not allay my fears,

Could not wash the sins of years, Weeping will not save me. Jesus wept and died for me;

Jesus suffered on the tree; Jesus waits to make me free; He alone can save me.

2. Working will not save me—Purest deeds that I can do,
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
Waiting will not save me.—Cho.

3. Waiting will not save me—Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.—Cho.

4. Faith in Christ will save me—Let me trust thy weeping Son;
Trust the work that he has done;
To his arms. Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.—Cho.
DEAR ARE THE CHILDREN.

1. A dreary place would be this earth, Were there no little people in it; The song of life would lose its mirth, Were there no children to begin it; No little forms like buds to grow, And make the loving heart surrender; No little hands on breast and brow, To keep the love chords tender.

2. Far in the clime tow'rd which we reach, Thro' time's mysterious, dim unfolding, The little ones with lose its mirth, Were there no children to begin it; No little forms like buds to grow, And make the loving heart surrender; No little hands on breast and brow, To keep the love chords tender.

So said the blessed Saviour's voice, When in Judea's realm, a preacher, He made a child confront the proud, And be their simple teacher.
DEAR ARE THE CHILDREN. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sweet are the children, how we love to greet them! Life takes the sunshine whensoe'er we meet them;

Dear are the children, dear are the children, Ever dear to us and the Saviour too.

DAY OF GRACE.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Now is the day of grace; The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,
   Now to the Saviour come; And I will guide you home."

2. A Father bids you speed; He calls in love; he sees your need;
   O, wherefore then delay? He bids you come to-day

3. To-day the prize is won; Then, O, be wise; to-morrow's sun
   The promise is to save; May shine upon your grave.
O, BLESSED SABBATH MORNING.

1. O, blessed Sabbath morning, All the earth adorning, Glad we hail thy banner on the hills unfurl'd! In
chorus. blessed Sabbath morning, All the earth adorning, Coming as the sunshine in a world of night! Thro'
ev-ery vale of weeping, Comes thy glory creeping, Driving out the shadows from the world;
all thy holy gleaming, We see the glory streaming From the ever-last-ing hills of heavenly light.

And in thy holy day, Death and darkness flee away, For Jesus, our Redeemer rises
from the grave; He breaks the fatal spell, He destroys the gates of hell, And the
O, BLESSED SABBATH MORNING. Concluded.

O, blessed Sabbath morning, Welcome to thy dawning!
Down into the empty grave thy sunlight goes;
The bars of death are shattered, All the sentries scattered,
And the angels tell us Jesus rose;
O, may the Christ within Raise us from the grave of sin,
And give us happy freedom with the Spirit-born;
Then, as in rosy bed, We shall sleep among the dead,
And we'll waken on the Resurrection morn.
O, the blessed Sabbath, &c.

THE HUMBLE HEART.

1. Dear Saviour, let thy watchful eye,
 Protect me day by day;
That from the precious fold I love,
My heart may never stray.
Make me humble, loving, dutiful;
Make thy home within me beautiful;

2 I want thy Spirit's gentle power,
My constant guide to be;
I want thy love, thy tender care,
To bind me close to thee.—Cho.

3 In sweet submission may I walk,
Along the shining way,
'Till Thou my Saviour call me home,
"To realms of endless day."—Cho,
1. Oh, sing praise unto the Lord! Lift your voices in accord, Loud the joyful hallelujahs sound!
2. Glad sing praise unto the Son! Let the glories He hath won, By the ransomed He hath saved, be sung;
3. Full sing praise unto the Word, And the Spirit of the Lord, For He giveth life to all who seek;

Shout the triumphs of His grace, Let it fill the sacred place, Where the children of His love are found.
Swell the grandly joyous strain, Let it echo back again, While the pealing Sabbath bells are rung!
Where He reigneth is true peace, And His power shall never cease; He alone the chains of sin can break!

CHORUS.

Praise Him! praise Him! All ye children, praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Children, ever praise Him!
SING PRAISE UNTO THE LORD! Continued.

With united voices, Heart-y, happy voices, Ever, ever praise Him! Praise the Lord!

THE GLORIOUS DAY IS COMING.

With spirit.

R. L.

1. The glorious day is coming, is coming, is coming, The glorious day is coming, When we will be at home.
2. Our trials will be o-ver, be o-ver, be o-ver, Our trials will be o-ver, And we be safe at home.
3. Thro' grace a-lone we conquer, we conquer, we conquer, Thro' grace alone we conquer, Un-til we rest at home.

CHORUS.

We'll join the saints in the morning, And go away to Jesus, We'll join the saints in the morning, And sing the ju-bile.

4. The ransomed ones are waiting, To welcome us at home. — Cho.
5. We'll praise His name forever, When we arrive at home. — Cho.
HOLY CITY.

1. There is a holy city, A happy world above, Beyond the starry regions, Built by the God of love; An everlasting temple; And saints arrayed in white, There serve their great Redeemer, And dwell with Him in light; There serve their great Redeemer, And dwell with Him in light.

2. The meanest child in glory Outshines the radiant sun; But who can speak the splendor Of that eternal throne, Where Jesus sits exalted, In heavenly majesty? The elders fall before Him, And angels bend the knee.

3. The hosts of saints around Him Proclaim His work of grace; The patriarchs and prophets, And all the godly race, Who speak of fiery trials And tortures on their way— They came through tribulation To everlasting day.

4. And what shall be my journey, How long I'll stay below, Or what shall be my trials, Are not for me to know; In every day of trouble, I'll raise my thoughts on high; I'll think of that bright temple, And crowns above the sky.
WE WILL SING REDEEMING LOVE.

1. We're trav'ling thro' a desert land, The way is long and dreary, But on the other shore we'll stand, And never more be weary. We will sing Redeeming Love, With the shining ones above, On the flow'ry banks of Jordan's river; We will sing to Him alone Who is sitting on the throne, And to Christ, the blessed Lamb, forever.

2. The distant hills our strength renew, Their beauty we discover; The welcome ford appears in view, And some are passing over. — Cho.

3. Though now we march with broken ranks, And much of straggling, thither, We all shall tread the flow'ry banks, And sing our song together. — Cho.
1. There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! Wheresin and sorrow
2. No clouds e'er pass along the sky, Happy land! Happy land! No tear-drop glistens

pass away. Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! And music fills the balm-y air, And
in the eye, Happy land! Happy land! They drink the gushing streams of grace, And

angels with bright wings are there, And harps of gold with mansions fair, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
gaze up-on the Saviour's face, Whose brightness fills the holy place, Happy land! Happy land!

3 Though we are sinners, every one,
   Jesus died! Jesus died!
   And though our crowns of peace is gone,
   Jesus died! Jesus died!
   We may be cleansed from every stain,
   We may be crowned with bliss again,
   And in that land of pleasure reign;
   Jesus died! Jesus died!

4 Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
   Come away! Come away!
   We long to reach our Father's home,
   Come away! Come away!
   Oh, come, the night is gliding past,
   And men and things are fleeting fast,
   Our turn will surely come at last;
   Come away! come away!
ABIDE IN THE SHIP.

1. The clouds bend low and grimly scowl; The seas rush high in angry foam; While, thro' the night the storm-fiends howl, And
2. But fiercer still the loud wind blows, And higher climb relentless waves; Thro' darker night the doom'd ship plows O'er
3. Morn follows night without a sun, And lightnings glare, and thunders roar O'er battling seas whose wrath has run The

dashing waves send breakers home; The stout ship's straining timbers creak, And pallid forms behok'en wreck; But
mountain heights, and yawning graves; The la-ding, tackling, ballast go,—Eu-ro-clydon his vengeance wreaks, Tho'
ship in fragments on the shore; On boards and planks up on the strand, The rescued grateful tribute bring; From

CHORUS.

to the trembling shipmen speaks An angel standing on the deck: A-bide in the ship, And be of good
not a hair shall fall in woe; And thro' the storm the angel speaks: toil and wreck all safe to land, They, with the cherished angel sing:

A-bide in the ship,

4 Lone trav'ler on the world's wide deep,
By rude waves tossed and tempests driv'n,
Fear not the storms that rend and sweep,
The earthly ship that steers for heaven;
But keep the faith, the soul's sure bark,
Though hull and spars, and rigging fall,
Tho' loud winds howl, and nights grow dark—
And God will be your all in all. Cho.

be of good cheer, &c.
1. Ring the bells, the Christmas bells, Chime out the wond'rous story; First in song, on angel tongues, It came from realms of glory; "Peace on earth, good will to men," Angelic voices ringing,

Christ, the Lord, to earth has come, His glorious message bringing. Ring the bells, the merry Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous story, Glory be to God on high, For evermore be glory.
2 Wise men hastened from the east,
To bring their richest treasure,
Gold and myrrh, and frankincense,
And jewels without measure;
Him they sought, although a king,
They found in birth-place lowly,
There, within a manger, lay
The babe so pure and holy.

3 Earthly crowns were not for him,
He came God's love revealing;
On the cross he died for us,
His blood forgiveness sealing;
'Tis the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day,
Its grateful anthem raises.

COMING TO JESUS.
E. W. KELLOGG, from "Happy Voices:"
(By permission.)
1. Come, little children, come unto me; Oh, will you come, oh, will you come? I'll be your Saviour, and
2. Yes, blessed Jesus, we'll come to thee; Yes, we will come, yes, we will come: Thou our protector and

hap-py you'll be; Oh, will you come unto me? Ye little lambs, I invite you to come,
Saviour shall be; Yes, we will come unto thee; Guide us, dear Saviour, thro' life's dreary way,

Come dwell with me in my heavenly home; There in my bosom you all shall find room; Oh, will you come,
Soon shall we come to that glorious day, When sin and sorrow will vanish away; Yes, we will come,

oh, will you come? There in my bosom you all shall find room, Oh, will you come unto me?
yes, we will come: When sin and sorrow will vanish away, Yes, we will come unto thee.
1. Lo! the Sabbath morning breaking, breaking, Fills the heart with music, joy and gladness;

Strains of pure devotion waking, waking, Let us join the chorus of praise to God.

While the cheerful bells are ringing, ringing, Chim-ing out their welcome loud and clear,

Thongs of happy children singing, singing, Gath-er in the home they prize so dear.

2 Gentle, loving Saviour, bending, bending
From a throne of mercy, grant thy blessing,
While our grateful voices blending, blending,
Swell the happy chorus of praise to Thee;

Where the golden harps are ringing, ringing,
In the sunny vales of Eden fair;
Where the pure in heart are singing, singing,
Jesus, may we dwell forever there.—Cho.
1. Shall we anchor in the harbor, When our journey’s o’er; Shall we meet our blessed Saviour,

2. Shall we stem the surging billows, And the heaving tide; Shall we reach that peaceful haven,

CHORUS.

On that happy golden shore? Yes, we’ll anchor in the harbor, When our trial days are over; Yes, we’ll anchor in the harbor, On that happy golden shore.

3. O, the skies are never clouded,
   In that happy land;
   And a splendor gleams upon us,
   As we near the golden strand.—Cho.

4. We are sailing, we are sailing
   To that golden shore,
   And we’ll anchor in the harbor,
   Where we’ll rest forever more.—Cho.
1. There's a light on the dark and surging deep, That shines while the loud winds roar, And the form of the Friend who does not sleep, Comes on from the other shore; He's walking the sea, To you and to me; sin and strife, Is here from the other shore; He's walking life's sea, To you and to me;

Keeping the light of us, E'er to befriend, Ever in sight of us, Succor to lend, Walking so carefully, Seeking to find, Ever so prayerfully, Earnest and kind,

2. There's a light in the depths of surging life, That shineth for-evermore; And the Friend who would stay all does not sleep, Comes on from the other shore; He's walking the sea, To you and to me; sin and strife, Is here from the other shore; He's walking life's sea, To you and to me;

Keeping the light of us, E'er to befriend, Ever in sight of us, Succor to lend, Walking so carefully, Seeking to find, Ever so prayerfully, Earnest and kind,

3 There's a light in the depths of christian hearts, That gleams on the crown before, And the Saviour whose love a bliss imparts, Attends to the other shore; He's walking life's sea with you and with me, Keeping in reach of us, Watching for all, Caring for each of us, Lest we should fall, Walking the sea, walking the sea.
1. How many sheep are straying, Lost from the Saviour's fold! Upon the lonely mountain, They shiver with the cold; Within the tangled thickets, Where poison-vines do creep, And over rocky briar and thro' brake? Unheeding thirst or hunger, Who still, from day to day, Will seek as for a ledge Wander the poor, lost sheep. O, come, let us go and find them! In the paths of death they treasure, The sheep that go a-stray?

2. Oh, who will go to find them? Who, for the Saviour's sake, Will search with tireless patience Thro' roam; At the close of the day, 'twill be sweet to say, "I have brought some lost one home."
3 Say, will you seek to find them?
   From pleasant bowers of ease,
   Will you go forth determined
   To find the "least of these?"
   For still the Saviour calls them,
   And looks across the wold,
   And still he holds wide open
   The door into his fold.

4 How sweet 'twould be at evening,
   If you and I could say,
   Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
   The sheep that went astray!
   Heart-sore and faint with hunger,
   We heard them making moan,
   And, lo! we come at nightfall,
   And bear them safely home.

LEAD THEM, MY GOD, TO THEE.

1. Lead them, my God, to thee,
   Lead them to thee, These children dear of mine, Thou gavest me;
   O, by thy love divine, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, Lead them to thee.

2. When earth looks bright and fair,
   Festive and gay,
   Let no delusive snare
   Lure them astray;
   But from temptation's power
   Lead them, my God, to thee,
   Lead them to thee.

3. E'en for such little ones,
   Christ came a child,
   And through this world of sin
   Moved undefiled;
   O, for his sake, I pray,
   Lead them, my God, to thee,
   Lead them to thee.

4. Yea, though my faith be dim,
   I would believe
   That thou this precious gift
   Wilt now receive;
   O, take their young hearts now;
   Lead them, my God, to thee,
   Lead them to thee.
1. Jesus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain, Free to all, a healing stream.

2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; There the bright and morning star

Chorus.

Flows from Calvary's mountain. In the Cross, In the Cross Be my glory ever, Till my raptured

soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

3. Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me; Help me walk from day to day, With its shadow o'er me.—Cho.

4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ever, Till I reach the golden strand. Just beyond the river.—Cho,
THEY ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

1. Gone to the grave is our loved one, Gone with a youthful bloom; Lowly we bend, schoolmate and friend.

2. Oft we have mingled together, Sometimes in prayer and song; Now when we meet, this one we greet.

CHORUS.

Passing away to the tomb. They are going down the valley, The deep, dark valley; We'll never again in our throng.

see their faces never more, Till we pass down the valley, The dark, death valley, And

meet them on the other shore.

3. Sweetly the form will be sleeping, Under the cypress shade; Sad though we be, fondly will we Cherish the name of the dead. Cho.

4. Down in the valley they're going, Down to the other shore; But with the blest—fair land of rest— Weeping will come never more. Cho.
1. The Master is come, and calleth for thee, He stands at the door of thy heart, No friend so for-

giving, so gentle as he, Oh, say, wilt thou let him de-part? Pa-tiently wait-ing, earnestly

2. The Master has come with blessings for thee, A-rise, and his message re-ceive; Thy ransom is

pleading, Je-sus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart, Pa-tiently waiting, earnest-ly pleading,

3 The Master is come, and calleth thee now,

wait-ing, plead-ing.

Je-sus, thy Sav-iour, knocks at thy heart.

3 The Master is come, and calleth thee now,

This moment what joy may be thine;

How tender the smile that illumines his brow,

A pledge of his favor divine. Cho.

4 He waits for thee still, then haste with delight,

O, fly to the arms of his love,

Press on to that beautiful mansion of light,

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

1. "Land a-head!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the living waters

2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re-

CHORUS.

lav-ing Shores where heav'ly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on

sounding From the bright immortal bands.

that e-ter-nal shore; Drop the an-chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
   On this calm and silv'ry bay;
   Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding,
   Shores in sunlight stretch away.—Cho.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
   All the storms of life are past;
   Praise the Rock of our salvation,
   We are safe at home at last!--Cho.
HAPPY, EVER HAPPY. Music by W.M. G. FISHER, by per.

1. Jesus died upon the tree, That from sin we might be free, And forever happy be—
2. Lord, we bring our hearts to thee; Dying love is all our plea; Thine forever we would be—

Happy in his love; He has paid the debt we owe; If with trusting hearts we go, He will wash us
Jesus, ever thine; Jesus smiles and bids us come; In his loving arms there's room, And he'll bear us

FULL CHORUS.

white as snow, In his blood. Then with joy and gladness sing; Happy, ever happy be; Praises to our
safely home, Home above.

3 When we reach that shining shore,
All our suffering will be o'er,
And we'll sigh and weep no more,
In that land of love;
But in robes of spotless white,
And with crowns of glory bright,
We will range the fields of light,
Evermore. Cho.
1. A Happy New Year to thee, schoolmate, A Happy New Year to thee! Our days have been pleasant and bright, schoolmate, As ever the sunshine could be; We've blended our voices in song, schoolmate, We've truth, teacher, Thy heart has been faithful to me; In all the long journey of life, teacher, Thy love, pastor, And trembled with many a plea; Thy heart has been burdened for me, pastor, For joined in a concord of prayer; And each to the other may wish, schoolmate, The words will illumine the way; And from what thy counsels have taught, teacher, May me hast thou labored and prayed; O, may the dear Saviour be mine, pastor, On

2. A Happy New Year to thee, teacher, A Happy New Year to thee! Thy hand has unfolded the

3. A Happy New Year to thee, pastor, A Happy New Year to thee! Thy voice has resounded in

4. A Happy New Year to you, parents, A Happy, thrice Happy New Year! No words can repay for your love, parents, My father, my mother, so dear; May many bright New Years be yours, parents, When winters have crowned you with snow, And all of us gather at last, parents, Where sorrow we never shall know.

A Happy New Year to you, parents,
A Happy, thrice Happy New Year!
No words can repay for your love, parents,
My father, my mother, so dear;
May many bright New Years be yours, parents,
When winters have crowned you with snow,
And all of us gather at last, parents,
Where sorrow we never shall know.
O, RING THE MERRY BELLS.

A holy dawn is breaking Across Judea's night, The slumbering fields are waking Be
To you what grace is given, O shepherds sore afraid! The message comes from heaven, To
And still, tho' Satan rages, We hear the joyful strain That comes along the ages, From

A heavenly light; The shepherds see the glory, They hear the wondrous story, To you is born, by
make the nations glad; To you who hear the angel, There comes a new evangel; And unto all thro'-
Bethlehem's starry plain; And peace on earth is sounded, Good will to men unbounded; And men and angels

prophet's word, A Saviour who is Christ, the Lord, This day in Bethlehem. O ring the merry,
out the earth, Shall come the joy of Jesus' birth. This day in Bethlehem.
join to sing The glory of the newborn King, The babe of Bethlehem.

mercy bells, What hope and joy their music tells! O, ring the mercy, mercy bells, The
O, RING THE MERRY BELLS. Concluded.

JESUS LEAD MY HEART TO THEE.

FANNY CROSBY.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Jesus, lead my heart to thee; Help my weak endeavor Still thy faithful child to be; Loving Saviour,  
2. Let me plead thy promise sweet, "They who seek shall find me;" Nearer to thy mercy-seat, Nearer to thy  
3. I would love thee every day, I would grieve thee never; Saviour, teach me how to pray; Keep me in the narrow way, Make me thine forever.  
4. Hast thou borne the cross for me? Then, without repining, Let me bear it now for thee; Cheerful, Lord, whate'er it be, All to thee resigning.
1. The Christian delights by still waters to roam, And longs for the bliss of his dear heavenly home; And
2. The eye of his faith is un-clouded and bright, The Saviour his comfort, the Saviour his light; And

when in green pastures his soul freely feeds, He blesses the hand that supplies all he needs.
thus to his home, while he journeys along, His soul is refreshed as he murmurs the song.

And this his sweet song Floats softly along, Like the music of angels The Christian's sweet song;
THE CHRISTIAN'S SWEET SONG. Concluded.

Saviour, dear Saviour, be near to me, Keep me, O keep me nearer to thee. Let me never wander

from thy heav'ly way, Keep me, O keep me, Let me never stray, Keep me, O keep me; Let me never stray.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Asa Hull, by per.

1. Redeeming work is done; The debt of sin is paid; The precious Lamb of God, My sacrifice is made.
2. I'll bow at Jesus' feet, And plead his grace so free; I'll wash me in his blood, That blood was shed for me.
3. Yes, Jesus paid it all, To him the glory be; His love my pardon speaks, And grace has set me free.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all; All to Him I owe! Sin had left a crimson stain; He wash'd it white as snow.
ROBES FOR THE RIGHTEOUS. R. L.

"And lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—Rev. vii. 9

1. Who are these array'd in white, Brighter than the noonday sun? Foremost of the sons of light;

2. These are they that bore the cross; Nobly for their Master stood; Suffers in his righteous cause;

CHORUS.

Nearest the eternal throne? Clean robes, white robes, Robes for the righteous, Robes for the righteous, Followers of the Lamb of God.

3 Out of great distress they came; Wash'd their robes, by faith, below, In the blood of yonder Lamb,— Blood that washes white as snow.

4 Therefore are they next the throne, Serve their Maker day and night; God resides among his own, God doth in his saints delight.
1. Yon-der the flow'rs im-mor-tal grow, Yon-der the liv-ing wa-ters flow; Where the redeemed in
2. Floating in measures soft and clear, List to the heavenly mu-sic clear; Ten-der-ly sweet its
3. Soon we shall pass from earth away, Borne to the realm of end-less day; Soon in the fields of
4. Hap-py the child whom Je-sus calls, Hap-py the bud that ear-ly falls; Hap-py the lambs—O

   CHORUS.

   glory stand, Dwells the children’s angel band. Round the throne of God they sing, Thro’ the heav’ns the
   numbers fall, Bringing peace and joy to all.
   glo-ry stand, There we'll join the an-gel band.
   joy un-told, Safe with-in the shepherd’s fold.

   voices ring, Gold-en harps in ev-ery hand, Bless-ed, bless-ed an-gel band.
1. The children all for Jesus! Every one, every one; While a soul remains in sin, The work is just be-
2. The children all for Jesus! Hear him call, hear him call; In the gentle Shepherd's arms There's room enough for

The children all for Jesus! Bring them now, bring them now, Ere the world benumb the heart, Or sorrow mark the brow.—Cho

Pray on! hope on! tho' the field be dreary; Jesus loves the children, loves them every one;

Pray on! work on! let us not be wea-ry; God will give a sweet reward When all the work is done.

3 The children all for Jesus!

4 The children all for Jesus!

All may come, all may come;

O, the joy, when life is o'er,

To find them all at home!—Cho.
1. Amazing grace, how sweet the sound That sav’d a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now can see. 
2. Thro’ many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come; ‘Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home. The Lord hath promised good to me, His in the vail A life of joy and peace. This earth will soon dissolve like snow, The
3. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease, I shall possess with grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed.

word my hope secures; He will my shield and portion be As long as life endures, 
sun forbear to shine; But God, who called me here below, Will be forever mine.
WE COME WITH GLAD ACCLAIM.

1. We come, we come, we come with glad acclaim, To sing, To sing our dear Redeemer's name,
   And join, and join in one rejoicing throng, To bring to our Immanuel a youthful song;
   With humble hearts we ask His grace, In life's spring time we seek His face.

2. We come, we come, we come in early days, To sing, To sing a song of grateful praise;
   To Him, to Him, who left the shining train, To win a rebel sinner back to heaven again;
   Now, by the fount of His dear blood, The young and old may come to God;
We come, we come, we come to Jesus, With song-crown and garland the Saviour-king we own.

We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, we sing to Jesus, And bring our happy hallelujah's round the throne.
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed; Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,

He is risen indeed; “He captive led captivity, He robbed the grave of victory,” He
broke the bars of death, He broke the bars of death. Hallelujah, hallelujah, halle-

Let every mourning soul rejoice,
And sing with one united voice;
The Saviour rose to-day.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
The great and glorious work is done,
Free grace to all through Christ, the Son;
Hosanna to His name,
Hosanna to His name. Hallelujah, &c.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Let all that fill the earth and sea,
Break forth in tuneful melody,
And swell the mighty song,
And swell the mighty song. Hallelujah, &c.

FANNY CROSBY.

THE BRIGHTEST DAY OF ALL.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. How sweet the Sabbath morning Is breaking from above; It fills the soul with gladness, And tells of peace and love; Its beams so pure and holy, In quiet beauty fall; It

2. Another week is ended, And still we live to share A Father's kind protection, A

saviour's gentle care; A week of countless blessings, Our grateful hearts recall; But

3 Oh, let us then adore Him Whose mercy crowns our days; The source of all our comfort, He claims our highest praise; The God who feeds the raven, And marks the sparrow's fall, For us has made the Sabbath The brightest day of all.

God has made the Sabbath The brightest day of all.
1. Oh, we are gladly singing, Our praise to Jesus bringing For all his tender love; Our hearts with rapture swelling, His boundless mercy telling, Would seek a brighter dwelling, A glorious home above.

2. Oh, we are gladly singing, Our happy voices ringing While here with joy we meet; The Saviour bending near us, We know in love will hear us— With light divine will cheer us, And bless our dear retreat.

3. Oh, we are gladly singing, While faith and hope are winging Our thoughts to yonder shore; Dear Jesus, when in glory We tell the wondrous story, We'll cast our crowns before thee, And praise Thee ever-more.

THE BEAUTIFUL WAY.

1. Beautiful way, hallowed and blest, Leading us home to a mansion of rest;
Wisdom declares happy are they, Walking with God in the beautiful way.

2 Softly a voice murmurs within,
   Turn from the world and the pleasures of sin,
   Come and rejoice, why will ye stay?
   Walk in the shining, the beautiful way.

3 Beautiful way, peaceful and bright,
   Gently from Eden reflecting its light;
   Cheerful the beam, tranquil the ray,
   Guiding the soul in the beautiful way.

4 Beautiful way, gladly we sing,
   Praise and thanksgiving to Jesus we bring;
   Still may His love teach us to pray,
   Help us to walk in the beautiful way.

FESTAL SONG.

L. WILDER.

1. Come, join the festive song, Wake voices all; Chime with the vernal throng, List to the call: (Hear we in ev'ry breeze,)
   From vale and mountain trees,

2. Lord of the rolling year, Round and above, Boundless thy works appear, Boundless thy love; (All, all in earth and sky,)
   As glide the seasons by,

3 Joyous we swell the strain,
   Thankful to thee,
   Watched by thy care again
   Spring-tide to see;
   Still in this gospel-land
   Thronged forth the Sabbath band,
   Under Truth's canopy,
   Happy and free.

Glo - ry to God on high, Glo - ry for aye!
New glo-ries of thy name, Ev - er proclaim!

3 Joyous we swell the strain,
   Thankful to thee,
   Watched by thy care again
   Spring-tide to see;
   Still in this gospel-land
   Thronged forth the Sabbath band,
   Under Truth's canopy,
   Happy and free.

4 Onward forever flow,
   Truth's mighty wave;
   Soon ev'ry clime below
   Conquer and save;
   Sweet as the voice of Spring,
   Then ev'ry tongue shall sing,
   Glory to God on high,
   Glory for aye!
"To-day we carried Jennie W— to the grave. There we left her form, young, and fair, and beautiful, but we know her spirit is with Jesus. For many weeks God had been pleased to confine her on a bed of sickness, and yet, through all, he enabled her to rejoice in his love. When told, the last night of her life, that she could not hope to live till another day, she exclaimed, folding her hands with a smile of peaceful joy—'O! is it possible that I am to see my Saviour so soon? Shall I wake with Jesus in the morning?'—S. S. TIMES.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. A sweet young child upon its mother's breast, Like a blighted lily pale and sad was lying,

Heeding scarce the tears that could not be repressed, For the mother knew her darling child was dying.

CHORUS.

Oh, blessed sleep! a heart so free from guile, Turns to its Father's house and fair dominion,
Parting with those it loves, a little while, Then speeding far up-on its down-ny pin-on.
"Weep not," she said, "tho' angels call me hence, Ere yet another day is dawning;

Dark may be the night, but the morrow will be bright, For I'll wake with Jesus in the morning!

So may I rest, secure from every care, Safe, oh, safe within my Heavenly Father's keeping, When I have said my humble evening prayer, And the angels bright are watching while I'm sleeping; Then, if the night should steal away my breath, As peacefully upon my bed I'm lying,

Death is but sleep, and sleeping may be death, But in the world above there's no more dying; Weep not for me, though angels call me hence, Ere yet another day is dawning; Dark may be the night, but the morrow will be bright, For I'll wake with Jesus in the morning!
1 For this sweet hour, O God above,
Accept our thanks, our highest love;
Here may the dew of grace descend,
From Thee our Father, Saviour, Friend.

2 Accept our thanks, O gracious Lord,
For every promise in thy word;
And may thy truth divinely blest,
Sink deep in every youthful breast.

3 O grant our teachers all may be
Inspired with zeal, and taught of thee;
That by their kind instruction given,
Our souls may find the gate of heaven.

4 O guard us, Lord, from day to day,
In all we do and all we say;
From evil thoughts our hearts defend,
And guide us to our journey's end.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

1. Jeru - sa - lem the golden! With milk and honey blest; Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice opprest. I

For last verse.

know not Oh! I know not What joys await me there; What radiance of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare. A - men.
Jerusalem the Golden. Concluded.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
   All jubilant with song,
   And bright with many an angel,
   And all the martyr throng.
   There is the throne of David,
   And there, from toil released,
   The shout of them that triumph,
   The song of them that feast.

3 And they who, with their Leader,
   Have conquered in the fight;
   For ever and for ever,
   Are clad in robes of white.
   Oh, land that seest no sorrow!
   Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
   Oh, royal land of flowers!
   Oh, realms and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

"O come, Immanuel!"

1. O, come, O come Immanuel! And ransom captive Israel That mourns in lonely exile here, Un-

2. O, come, thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.—Cho.

3. O, come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path of misery.—Cho.

4. O, come, O, come, thou Lord of might,
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient time didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
1. **Come, sound his praise abroad,**
   And hymns of glory sing:
   Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
   The universal King.

2. **Come, worship at his throne,**
   **Come, bow before the Lord**;
   We are his work, and not our own,
   He form'd 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.

(2) **[Golden Chain, 4.]**

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

   The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
   Oh! 'tis the place I love,
   For there I learn the gospel rule
   Which leads to joys above.

2. 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died
   For sinners such as I;
   Oh! what has all the world beside,
   That I should prize so high.

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

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

3. **[Golden Chain, 10.]**

1. **I love thy kingdom, Lord,**
   The house of thine abode,—
   The Church our blest Redeemer say'd
   With his own precious blood.

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

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

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

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

4. **[Golden Chain, 77.]**

1. **Nearer, my God, to thee,**
   Nearer to thee!
   E'en tho' it be a cross
   That raiseth me!

   Still all my song shall be,
   Nearer, my God, to thee,
   Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

2. **The wanderer,**
   The sun gone down,
   Darkness be over me,
   My rest a stone,

   Yet in my dreams I'd be
   Nearer, my God, to thee,
   Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

3. **There let the way appear**
   Steps unto heaven;
   All that thou sendest me,
   In mercy given:

   Angels to beckon me
   Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

4. **Then with my waking thoughts**
   **Bright with thy praise,**
   Out of my stony griefs
   Bethel I'll raise:

   So by my woes to be
   Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

5. **Or if, on joyful wing,**
   **Cleaving the sky,**
   **Sun, moon, and stars forgot,**
   **Upward I fly,**

   **Still all my song shall be,**
   **Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!**

(5) **[Golden Chain, 88.]**

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

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

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

3. **Should coming days be dark and cold,**
   We need not cease our singing:
   **That perfect rest naught can molest,**
   Where golden harps are ringing.
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
   Each chord on earth to sever,
   Our King says, Come, and there's our
   For ever, oh! for ever! [home,

   (6) [Golden Chain, 27.]
1. O, do not be discouraged,
   For Jesus is your Friend;
   O, do not be discouraged,
   For Jesus is your Friend;
   He will give you grace to conquer,
   He will give you grace to conquer,
   And keep you to the end.
   I am glad I'm in this army,
   Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
   Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
   And I'll battle for the school.

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

3. And when the conflict's over,
   Before him you shall stand;
   And when the conflict's over,
   Before him you shall stand;
   You shall sing his praise for ever,
   You shall sing his praise for ever,
   In Canaan's happy land.

   (7) [Golden Censer, 20.]
   Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,
   Think how much a word can do;
   Never be afraid to own your Saviour,
   He who loves and cares for you.

   Kindly
   Never be afraid,
   Kindly
   Never be afraid,
   Never, never, never ;

   Jesus is your loving Saviour,
   Therefore never be afraid.
2. Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
   In his vineyard day by day;
   Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
   He will all your toil repay.
   Never be afraid, &c.
3. Never be afraid to bear for Jesus,
   Keen reproaches when they fall;
   Patiently endure your every trial,
   Jesus meekly bore them all.
   Never be afraid, &c.
4. Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
   If you on his care depend,
   Safely shall you pass through every trial,
   He will bring you to the end.
   Never be afraid, &c.
5. Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
   He, the life, the truth, the way,
   Gently in his arms of love will bear you
   To the realms of endless day.
   Never be afraid, &c.

   (8) [Golden Shower, 68.]
1. Work, for the night is coming,
   Work thro' the morning hours;
   Work while the dew is sparkling,
   Work 'mid springing flowers;
   Work when the day grows brighter,
   Work in the glowing sun;
   Work, for the night is coming,
   When man's work is done.

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

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

3. Work, for the night is coming,
   Under the sunset skies;
   While their bright tints are glowing,
   Work, for daylight flies;
   Work till the last beam fades,
   Fadeth to shine no more;
   Work while the night is dark'ning,
   When man's work is o'er.

   (9) [Golden Censer, 21.]
1. In the cross of Christ I glory,
   Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
   All the light of sacred story
   Gathers round its head sublime.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,
   Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
   Never shall the cross forsake me;
   Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
   Light and love upon my way,
   From the cross the radiance streaming
   Adds new lustre to the day.

4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
   By the cross are sanctified;
   Peace is there that knows no measure,
   Joys that through all time abide.

   (10) [Golden Shower, 19.]
1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
   Thy sovereign will denies,
   Accepted at thy throne of grace,
   Let this petition rise:—

   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.  

   (11) [Golden Chain, 100.]

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

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

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

   (12) [Golden Chain, 104.]

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

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,  
   In many a gentle shower,  
And brighter scenes before us  
   Are opening every hour:  
Each cry to heaven going  
   Abundant answer brings,  
And heavenly gales are blowing  
   With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending  
   Before the God of love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
   In gratitude above:  
While sinners, now confessing,  
   The gospel's call obey,  
And seek a Saviour's blessing,  
   A nation in a day.  

   (13) [Golden Shower, 68.]

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

   (14) [Golden Chain, 94.]

1. SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,  
   Much we need thy tend'rest care;  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
   For our use thy fold prepare.  
Blessed Jesus,  
   Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

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

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

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

   (15) [Golden Chain, 8.]

1. To-DAY the Saviour calls:  
   Ye wand'rans, come;  
Oh, ye benighted souls,  
   Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Saviour calls;  
Oh, hear him now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls;  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

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

1. I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumb'ring care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead  
Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,—  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

4. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

1. Nothing, either great or small,  
Remains for me to do;  
Jesus died, and paid it all,—  
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2. When he from his lofty throne  
Stoop'd down to do and die.  
Every thing was fully done;  
"Tis finished!" was his cry.

3. Till to Jesus' work you cling,  
Alone by simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing;  
Your "doing" ends in death.

4. Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down all at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
All glorious and complete.

To-day the Saviour calls;  
Oh, hear him now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.
INDEX.

Titles in CAPS. First Lines in Roman.

A BOVE the Clouds .................. 15
A BIDE in the Ship .................. 121
A brighter day is breaking ........ 92
A dreary place would be this earth 112
A happy New Year to thee .......... 135
A holy dawn is breaking .......... 138
A JEWEL WORTH KEEPING ......... 85
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? 45
ALL to Christ I owe ................. 139
AMAZING Grace .................... 143
Anniversary Song .................. 95
As I sought with weary flitting .. 18
A sweet young child, upon ...... 150
B EAUTIFUL River .................. 110
Beautiful way, hallowed and .... 148
Breaking away ..................... 69
Bright is the joy of the girl or boy 10
Bright Jewels of Song ............ 5
Brothers we shall meet and .. 100
C ANAAN ......................... 70
Can my soul find rest from .. 101
Can you stand for God? .... 6
CHILDREN, come .................. 79
CHILDREN'S Prayer ............... 21
Child's Prayer ................... 87
Christian Freedom Song .......... 92
Christ in Glory ................... 71
Christ the Lord, is risen to-day 146
Closing Hymn ..................... 152
Come and join the glorious army .. 8
Come, children, hail the Prince of 96
Come, in life's young golden .... 90
Come, join the festive song .... 149
Come, little children, come unto 124
Come, LITTLE one, unto Me ...... 40
Come oh! come to the river of .. 58
Come, sinner to the gospel feast .. 63
Come, sound His praise abroad .. 154
COMING to Jesus ................. 123
CROWN Him ....................... 96
DAWNING in the Alley .......... 12
DAY of Grace ..................... 113
DEAR are the CHILDREN .......... 112
DEAR Jesus, Hear me ............. 55
DEAR Little Lambs ................. 60
Dear Saviour, let thy watchful eye 115
DEATH of a Pious Scholar ........ 66
DEPENDence ....................... 107
DID Jesus Love ME ............... 76
Dismiss us with Thy blessing Lord 157
Do we love our gentle Saviour .. 34
DUTIFUL Children ................. 57
EASTER Anthem .................. 146
FA THER above, thou God of .. 87
Father, whate'er of ............. 155
Feeble, helpless, how shall I .. 107
Festal Song ....................... 149
For this sweet hour, O God above 152
From Greenland's icy ............ 156
GENTLE Saviour, God of Love .... 21
GLADLY, Brothers, GLADLY .... 19
GLORY to Jesus .................. 23
God loves us ..................... 52
God our Father loves us .......... 52
Go, Leave thy Heart with .. 35
Gone to the grave is our loved one 181
GOOD Night! we'll meet in the .. 47
HAIL! all HAIL .................... 42
HAIL! HAIL! the GLORIOUS ..... 50
Happy, ever Happy ............... 134
Happy, happy meet we here .... 36
Hark! 'tis the voice of my ...... 40
Hark! the bells of holy sabbath .. 14
Hark! the voice of Jesus ........ 51
Hast thou gleaned Well? .... 80
HAVE Mercy, Lord on me .... 107
Hear the music of our Voices ... 23
He is COMING OUT to meet us .. 108
HE SHALL Reign FOREVER ....... 8
Holy City ....................... 118
Holy, holy, holy is the Lord ... 98
Holy IS the Lord ............... 98
How can I keep from singing? .. 16
How dark were life, with naught .. 48
How many sheep are straying? .. 128
How much our parents cared for ... 74
How sweet the chiming sabbath .. 75
Hymn, as sweet the sabbath morning.

---

CANYAN

Can you stand for God? 6
Can my soul find rest from 101
CHILDREN, come 79
CHILDREN'S Prayer 21
Child's Prayer 87
Christian Freedom Song 92
Christ in Glory 71
Christ the Lord, is risen to-day 146
Closing Hymn 152
Come and join the glorious army 8
Come, children, hail the Prince of 96
Come, in life's young golden 90
Come, join the festive song 149
Come, little children, come unto 124
Come, LITTLE one, unto Me 40
Come oh! come to the river of 58
Come, sinner to the gospel feast 63
Come, sound His praise abroad 154
COMING to Jesus 123
CROWN Him 96
DAWNING in the Alley 12
DAY of Grace 113
DEAR are the CHILDREN 112
DEAR Jesus, Hear me 55
DEAR Little Lambs 60
Dear Saviour, let thy watchful eye 115
DEATH of a Pious Scholar 66
DEPENDence 107
DID Jesus Love ME 76
Dismiss us with Thy blessing Lord 157
Do we love our gentle Saviour 34
DUTIFUL Children 57
EASTER Anthem 146
FA THER above, thou God of 87
Father, whate'er of 155
Feeble, helpless, how shall I 107
Festal Song 149
For this sweet hour, O God above 152
From Greenland's icy 156
GENTLE Saviour, God of Love 21
GLADLY, Brothers, GLADLY 19
GLORY to Jesus 23
God loves us 52
God our Father loves us 52
Go, Leave thy Heart with 35
Gone to the grave is our loved one 181
GOOD Night! we'll meet in the 47
HAIL! all HAIL 42
HAIL! HAIL! the GLORIOUS 50
Happy, ever Happy 134
Happy, happy meet we here 36
Hark! 'tis the voice of my 40
Hark! the bells of holy sabbath 14
Hark! the voice of Jesus 51
Hast thou gleaned Well? 80
HAVE Mercy, Lord on me 107
Hear the music of our Voices 23
He is COMING OUT to meet us 108
HE SHALL Reign FOREVER 8
Holy City 118
Holy, holy, holy is the Lord 98
Holy IS the Lord 98
How can I keep from singing? 16
How dark were life, with naught 48
How many sheep are straying? 128
How much our parents cared for 74
How sweet the chiming sabbath 75
Hymn, as sweet the sabbath morning.
INDEX.—Continued.

How we love to sing of the star...105

I'M PRAYING FOR YOU.........17
I come, I come, with this one...53
If you want the love of Jesus...32
I have a Saviour, he's pleading...17
I have entered the valley of...54
I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul...157
I know of a jewel whose lustre...85
I love thy kingdom, Lord...154
I love to steal awhile away...157
In darkness art thou walking...81
In the Cross of Christ I glory...155
In the furrows of thy life...9
In the golden sunlight shining...89
IN THE PROMISED LAND...94
IS THE LIGHT OF BEAUTY WANING...104
IT IS ALL FOR THE BEST...56
It is the blessed Sabbath day...31
I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS...33
I'LL GIVE YOU REST...91
I'll hie me down to yonder...89

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN...152
Jesus died upon the tree...134
Jesus, keep me near the cross...130
JESUS, LEAD MY HEART TO THEE...137
JESUS LIVES...53
Jesus loves me! this I know...156
Jesus, we Thy lambs would be...36

KEEP ON PRAYING...75
Keep Thou my way, O Lord 84
Kindly and graciously...27
Kind words for all...48

"LAND ahead!" its fruits are.133
LEAD THEM, MY GOD, TO...129
Let us mingle our voices in chorus...74
Lift aloud your songs of praise...79
LITTLE HEARTS AND LITTLE MINDS...18
Little hearts, O Lord, may...11
LIVING WATER...18
Long my spirit pined in sorrow...75
LOOKING UNTO JESUS...72
Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing...157
LO! THE SABBATH MORNING...125

MEET me in that lovely land 37
MORNING SUNSHINE...38
My days are gliding swiftly by...154
My life flows on in endless song...16
NEARER, my God, to Thee...154
Near the Cross...130
Never be afraid to speak for Jesus...155
NEW YEAR SONG...135
NONE BUT JESUS...111
Nothing, either great or small...157
Now is the day of grace...113
Now the Saviour invites you...86

O, BLESSED SABBATH MORNING 114
O, "O come, Immanuel!"...153
O come, O come, Immanuel!...158
O, come to the Fountain!...78
O, do not be discouraged...155
O GIVE US TO EAT...22
Oh! sing praise unto the Lord...116
Oh! so Bright...120
Oh! we are gladly singing...148

ONE more day's work for Jesus 24
ONLY Jesus...46
Only just across the river...62
On the Sweet Eden Shore...28
O, REST THEE, Brother!...81
O, Ring the Merry Bells...136
O, send forth the Bible...64
OUR cheerful Sabbath Home...26
Our Father in Heaven...29
Our hearts are young and...65
Our Home, Bright and Fair...86
Over on the other side...62
Over the River, I'm going...102

PILGRIM, haste thee onward...49
Pilgrim, rejoice! for the...69
Praise! give Praise...82
Praise God, from whom all...157
Praise Him, praise Him...82
Praise the Giver of All...74
Praise the Lord, [Anthem]...99

REAPING Time...86
Redeeming work is done...189
REMEMBER Me...45
Ring the Bells, the Christmas Bells...122
Robes for the righteous...140
ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL...44

SABBATH Bells...14
SABBATH Bells are pealing...109
SAFETY near the Cross...67
Safe within the Vail...133
Saviour, bless a little child...55
INDEX.—Concluded.

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us. 156
Saviour, listen to our prayer ... 123
Scatter Seed ........................................ 9
See the golden sunlight ... 89
Shall we anchor? ..... 126
Shall we gather at the river? 110
Shout aloud for joy ... 105
Sing always .................. 25
Sing, O ye heavens in glory ... 71
Sing Praise unto the Lord ... 116
Sing with a tuneful spirit .... 25
Some good to do ... 10
Sound the battle cry .... 68
Stand fast ... 6
Strike the harp of Zion ... 7

TAKE thy staff and journey ... 13
The angel of prayer ... 97
The beautiful way ...... 148
The blessed invitation ... 124
The blessed sabbath day ... 31
The brightest day of all ... 147
The children all for Jesus ... 142
The children's angel band ... 141
The Christian delights by still ... 138
The Christian's sweet song ... 138
The Christmas bells ... 122
The clouds bend low and grimly ... 121
The glorious day is coming ... 117
The gospel feast ... 63
The humble heart ... 115
The Lord our God, is faithful ... 93
The lost sheep ... 128

The master is come, and calleth ... 132
The master's call ... 132
The morning light is breaking ... 156
The penitent ... 101
There is a better world, they say ... 120
There's a gentle voice within ... 103
There is a holy city ... 118
There's a home, weary pilgrim ... 13
There's a light on the dark ... 127
There's an ark on the waters ... 30
There is life for a look ... 77
There is work to do for Jesus ... 20
The river of love ... 58
The sabbath land of liberty ... 88
The sabbath school for me ... 59
The sabbath school! I love the ... 59
The shadows are falling ... 80
The spirit in our hearts, Is ... 83
The Sunday school, that blessed ... 154
The valley of blessing ... 54
They are going down the ... 131
Thine, Lord, forever! ... 48
Thou art the glory of all lands ... 70
Through a world of sorrow ... 94
'Tis Jesus in the sunshine ... 46
To-day, the saviour calls ... 156
To God the Father, God the Son ... 157
To Jesus I will go ... 103
Trust in God ... 93
'Twill not be long ... 41

UP and work! ......................... 73

WAKING with Jesus ... 150
Walking the sea ... 127
Watch as well as pray ... 32
We're trav'ling thro' a desert land ... 119
Weary child, from day to day ... 91
Weary not, my brother ... 72
We come with glad acclaim ... 144
Weeping will not save me ... 111
We shall meet ... 43
We shall meet beyond the river ... 48
We sing our song of jubilee ... 95
We will sing redeeming love ... 119
What shall we do ... 22
What the little things said ... 39
When doubts and fears becloud ... 107
When first the dove afar and wide ... 30
When striving with the hosts ... 67
When the first blush of morn ... 38
When these weary days are over ... 100
When we turn to God and ... 108
Where we oft have met ... 66
Who are these arrayed in white ... 140
Whosoever will, let him come ... 88
Why despond, tho' trials come ... 15
Why weepest thou? ... 106
With cheerful voices kindly ... 88
With the angel of God ... 97
Work for Jesus ... 34
Work, for the night is coming ... 155
Work to do for Jesus ... 20

YOUNG golden morning ... 90
Yonder the flowers immortal ... 141
THE UNIVERSALLY FAVORITE

Sunday School Music Books,
PUBLISHED BY
BIGLOW & MAIN, SUCCESSORS TO WM. B. BRADBURY,
No. 425 Broome Street, New York.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>书院</th>
<th>硬封</th>
<th>布封</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One</td>
<td>Per 100</td>
<td>Copy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bright Jewels</td>
<td>$0.30</td>
<td>$0.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fresh Laurels</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Golden Chain</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Golden Shower</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Censer</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Golden Trio (Chain)</td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td>75.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Latest Publications.*

A Single Specimen Copy of any of the above Books sent by Mail, post paid, on receipt of the retail price.

Although over Three Million copies of the Golden Chain, Golden Shower and Golden Censer have been sold, there is still a great demand for them. Over 500,000 copies of Fresh Laurels have also been sold. Fresh Laurels contains 160 pages of new, fresh and desirable Sunday School Music, well printed on good paper.

NEW GOLDEN TRIO, containing Chain, Shower and Censer in one volume, is a complete Sunday School Hymn and Tune Book, strongly bound and will last years.

CLARIONA, a selection from all of Mr. Bradbury's Sunday School works, is deservedly a favorite.

CHAPEL MELODIES, (a new book), is already very popular, especially where a book is needed that will combine hymns and tunes adapted for both Prayer Meeting and Sabbath School use. It contains 192 pages.


OUR BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS.