Royal Diadem

For the Sunday School

By Robert Lowry & W. Howard Doane.

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ROYAL DIadem
FOR THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY & W. HOWARD DOANE.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO:
BIGLOW & MAIN, Successors to WM. B. BRADBURY.
FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.
OVER One Million Copies of "Bright Jewels" and "Pure Gold" have gone into our Sunday Schools within four years. This fact determines the place which this House occupies in the confidence of the great army of Sunday School workers.

In presenting "ROYAL DIADEM" for the Service of Song in our Sunday Schools, we find ourselves upon ground that has been made sweetly familiar, and among friends whose kindly greeting has emboldened us to come to them again.

The demand for Sunday School Songs pure and fresh in their character, is not likely to suffer any abatement. The intense activity which distinguishes the great body of representative Christian workers, calls for continued contributions to the more effective presentation of evangelical truth. In no part of the broad field is this more evident than in the Sunday School.

"ROYAL DIADEM" is a careful clustering of old and precious truths in a new and attractive setting. No attempt has been made to gratify a mere love of novelty, or to minister to a secular taste. The hymns are the expression of scriptural sentiments, and the music is such as befits the spirit of worship on the Lord's Day.

All classes and ages have been considered in the selection of these songs. The experienced Christian, the young convert, the thoughtful inquirer, the little child, have all been held in view in the preparation of "ROYAL DIADEM." The great facts of the Birth and the Resurrection of our Lord have been, to an unusual degree, contemplated in these pages. The Monthly Concert and the Missionary Gathering have been amply provided for in some of the sweetest and most impressive songs.

The material in other books has not been duplicated in "ROYAL DIADEM." Both hymns and music, in almost every case, have been prepared expressly for this volume. Christ, in His work or His will, has a place on every page. To aid His people in their service for Him, these new songs are given to the laborers in the Sunday School vineyard. May all the singers have part in the "new song" of heaven, when the Host of the Redeemed shall

"Bring forth the Royal Diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of All."

THE EDITORS.
ROYAL DIADEM.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

"And on his head were many crowns."—Rev. 19:12.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, Bring forth the royal diadem, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him, and crown Him, and crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

E. Perronet
R. Lowry

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1873, by Biglow & Main, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.
THE SWEET VOICE.

* J. C. F. Duet.

"And behold there came a voice unto him."—1 King. 19:13. W. H. Doane.

1. When the roses of youth all their beauty display, And the world seems as bright as a glad summer day,
2. When we gather with friends in the temple of pray'r, And the eye of our Father looks down on us there,
3. Let us come in our youth, and, as long as we live, Our affection, our worship, to Jesus we'll give;
4. When the spring-time is over, and summer is past, When the snow flakes around us are falling at last,

When our hearts are as happy as happy can be, There's a sweet voice that whispers, O come unto me.
When we mingle our voices with hearts glad and free, Still the call is repeated, O come unto me.
Then, whatever our trials or conflicts may be, Still that sweet voice will whisper, O come unto me.
To the spirit how joyful the message will be! Come and rest you forever in glory with me.

CHORUS.

Softly and low, softly and low, Telling of rest in its love-breathing tones;

Hear the Saviour calling thee, Hear the Saviour calling thee,

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THE SWEET VOICE. Concluded.

Softly and low, softly and low, Saviour, dear Saviour, that voice is thine own.

Hear the Saviour calling thee, hear the Saviour calling thee.

SINNER, COME TO JESUS.

* Wm. Stevenson.

"Come, take up the cross, and follow me."—Mark. 10: 21.

R. L.

1. Sinner, come to Jesus, Come without delay; Tarry not a moment,
2. Mercy's door stands open To receive you home; It may close if longer
3. Sinner, haste to Jesus, Run to His embrace; O how much He loves you!

D. C. Sinner, come to Jesus, Come without delay.

REFRAIN.

Jesus calls today. Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus;
You refuse to come. Come and taste His grace.

Come, O come, O come; Come, O come, O come; Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1873, by Biglow & Main, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.
FEAST OF BLESSING.

* W. H. D.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.

W. H. Doane.

1. Blest are the hungry; they shall be fed; Jesus a feast has kindly spread; Come and receive;
2. Out in the highway go and proclaim Welcome to all in Jesus' name; Bread to the poor,
3. Sweet invitation! how can we slight Him who will make our path so bright? All we require,

REFRAIN.

on - ly believe; Jesus will freely, freely give. All things are ready; come and see;
bread ev - er more, Jesus will freely, freely give.
all our de - sire, Jesus will freely, freely give.

Ready for you, ready for me; O what a feast of richest blessing, Crowned with a Saviour's love!

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AWAKE, YE SOLDIERS.

1. Awake, ye soldiers of the Lord, With shield of faith and gospel sword; The trumpet echoes dark array:
   Wake! wake! the call obey; A-sacred glee, The Lord will give the victory.
   Sons of light, And put the alien foe to flight.
   Glory sealed, Will spoil the foe and keep the field.

2. The hosts of sin in dark array, With haughty front await the fray; Close up the ranks with lift it high:
   Take up the march with battle cry; Draw out the blade, ye and march away;
   With sturdy blow beat down the foe, For Truth will win the day.

3. Unfurl the banner; lift it high; Take up the march with battle cry; Draw out the blade, ye and march away;
   With sturdy blow beat down the foe, For Truth will win the day.

4. And still the battle rages on, From morn till night, from dark till dawn; But God's elect, to and march away;
   With sturdy blow beat down the foe, For Truth will win the day.
HE WILL MEET US BY THE WAY.

* Ella Dale.

"Jesus himself drew near and went with them."—Luke 24: 15.

W. H. DOANE.

1. In the journey of life, when troubled thoughts arise, Like the billows upon the sea,
2. He will cheer as he cheered his faithful ones of old, When they mourned for their absent Lord,
3. O the peace that will come like early morning dew, When in secret we kneel in prayer,

Let us look unto him whose tender loving arm Our present help will be.
And commune with his children walking in the path He taught them in his word.
And the door of the soul to all the world is closed, With only Jesus there!
D. S. When we think of the joy, the never ending rest, For us prepared above.

CHORUS.
He will meet us by the way, Yes, he'll meet us by the way, And our hearts will burn with love,
SWEET PEACE ON EARTH. (Carol.)

1. "Sweet peace on earth, good-will to men," The angels now are singing; Their anthem, caroled thro' the sky, In every heart is singing:—The Christ is come to lead us home, His

2. O Christ, their simple gifts to Thee Thy little ones are bringing; No gold, or myrrh, or noblest song Than that which earth rejoices:

3. 'Tis all that we can do for Thee; But, even angel voices Can never sing a Star shines forth in glory; Let every bell the tidings tell, That all may know the story.

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1. Shall we meet in heaven, shall we meet in heaven, With the blest who have gone before?
2. Will the angels bright, will the angels bright, Bear us on to that happy home?
3. Yes, we all may meet, yes, we all may meet, Where this life and its toils are o'er,

Will a crown be given, will a crown be given, When we stand on the other shore?
With the saints in light, with the saints in light, Shall we stand round the great white throne?
And each other greet, and each other greet, In a land where we'll part no more.

REFRAIN.

We may all meet there, We may all meet there, If we
We may all meet there, meet there, We may all meet there, meet there.

We may all meet there, meet there, We may all meet there, meet there.
love the Lord, and obey his word, We may all meet there.
WE CAN TELL. (Infant Class.)

* W. W.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—Ex. 20: 8.

W. H. D.

1. Lit- tle chil-dren, one and all, We have heard the Saviour call; In our hearts we
2. Je-sus came from hea'vn a-bove, Bringing par-don, peace and love; He was slain by
3. From the grave He rose to-day; This is why we meet to pray; This is why we
4. Ver- y grate-ful we should be For His ten-der love so free; Ver-y sor-ry

CHORUS.

hear Him say, "Keep the ho-ly Sab-bath day." In His word, We have heard Why we ought to
cru-el men, But the Saviour lives a-gain.
love to sing Glo-ry to our Saviour King.
when we stray From the pure and per-fect way.

love and praise Him; We can tell Why the bell Sweet-ly, sweet-ly, rings to-day.
OVERFLOWING EVER.

E. F. C. H.

"With thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. 36: 9.

R. L.

1. Lo! a fountain full and free, Overflowing ever; Fainting heart, it is for thee,
2. List the murmur that it speaks, Overflowing ever; On the soul in song it breaks,
3. Blessed fount! the purest known, Overflowing ever; Stream of life from out God's throne,

Overflowing ever; Gushing, sparkling, never still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.
Overflowing ever; Singing, soothing souls to ease, Music of all melodies.
Overflowing ever; Sacred blood for sinners spilt, This can cleanse away thy guilt.

REFRAIN.

Overflowing, overflowing ever, Overflowing, Flowing now for thee.

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1. In the fadeless spring-time, on the heav'nly shore, Kindred spir-its wait us, who have gone before;
2. In the mist - y gloaming, death awaits us all; Si - lent is his coming, sure the Master's call;
3. Trusting in the Saviour, may we hum-bly wait, 'Till the ho - ly an-gels ope the pear-ly gate;

There no flow-ers with-er, and no pleasures cloy, In that land of beau-ty, in that home of joy.
And the an-gel foot-steps mark the up-ward way, Till the twi-light merges in - to heavenly day.
And the lov - ing Fa-ther, from his gracious throne, Smiling bids us welcome to our heavenly home.

CHORUS.

By the gate they'll meet us, 'neath that golden sky, Meet us at the por-tal—Meet us by - and-by.
SONG OF VICTORY.

Mrs. Van Alstyne.

"Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Pet. 5: 4.

W. H. Doane.

1. Crowns of glory in the land of the blest, We shall receive when our toils are o'er;
2. There we'll gather, when the battle is done; Robes of rejoicing await us there;
D.C. Crowns of glory in the land of the blest, We shall receive when our toils are o'er;

There the weary from their labors rest, Singing to Jesus praise evermore;
Palms of triumph, when the victory's won, Each valiant soldier ever shall wear;
There the weary from their labors rest, Singing to Jesus praise evermore.

Pressing onward, strangers here below, Looking upward, cheerfully we go Where the crystal Praise to Jesus then will be our theme, While we walk beside the living stream, In the smiles of

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SONG OF VICTORY. Concluded.

D. C.

3. Joy eternal in the land of the blest!
Vanish the traces of care and pain;
O the rapture of the long sought rest!
Friends that were severed, there meet again,
Pressing onward, strangers here below,
Looking upward, cheerfully we go,
Where the silver waters murmur low,
In the land of song.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

* Written for this Work. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."—Ps. 150: 6.

1. Wake every tune-ful string, Let every creature sing, Praise ye, Praise ye, Praise ye the Lord;
2. Great His eternal name, Now and for aye the same; Praise ye, Praise ye, Praise ye the Lord;
3. He spake, and it was done, His arm the victory won; Praise ye, Praise ye, Praise ye the Lord;
4. Angles around His throne Making His wonders known, Praise ye, Praise ye, Praise ye the Lord;

Maker of earth and sea, We lift our hearts to Thee With lofty melody; Praise ye the Lord.
Firm as the mountain band Girding the fertile land, His truth shall ever stand; Praise ye the Lord.
He, from sepulchral night Lifting the soul to light Crowns it with glory bright; Praise ye the Lord.
O ye redeemed on high, Down thro' the azure sky Echo the glad reply—Praise ye the Lord.

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HAPPY SONGS.

* Written for this Work.  "The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs." —Isa. 35: 10

1. Come, let us join, with one accord, To magnify and bless the Lord; He kindly bends His
   gracious ear, And condescends our praise to hear. Happy songs, happy songs, Let us
   fuse to sing The praises of our Saviour King.
   from His hand, Our highest, sweetest, praise demand.
   gracious ear, And condescends to meet us here.

2. The children in the temple sang, Till thro' its courts their voices rang; Nor will our tongues re-
   Happy songs, happy songs, sing our happy songs together; Happy songs, happy songs, Let us praise Him in our happy songs.

3. Our earth-ly joy, our hope of heav'n, By Him in tender love are giv'n; And daily blessings
   Happy songs, happy songs,

4. Then let us join, with one accord, To magnify and bless the Lord; O may He bend His

REFRAIN.

Happy songs, happy songs,

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WHEN WE ALL GET HOME TO GLORY.

1. We should never be discouraged, Tho' our faith be sorely tried; Rather go to him for comfort, Who has ever been our guide. When we all get home to glory, When we
2. We should never be discouraged, Tho' the tempter may as-sail; God has told us we shall conquer, And his word can never fail. We will praise him ever more.
3. We should never be discouraged In the darkness or the storm; Every promise God has made us, He is faithful to perform. Where he shall be.
4. Can we ever be discouraged While the cross of Christ we see? No; we'll trust him, and remember As our day our strength shall be.

CHORUS.

When we all get home to glory, When we all get home to glory, We will praise him ever more.

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SOUNDING THE WATCH-CRY.

"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."—Num. 10: 29.

W. H. Doane.

1. Sounding the watch-cry, on we go; Ever our colors glad we show;
   (Soldiers of Jesus, march along.) With happy, happy hearts and
   (Omit)

2. Sounding the watch-cry far and near, Glory to Jesus, Saviour dear;
   O let the earth rejoice and sing.) Ho-sanna to his name, our
   (Omit)

3. Fearless and faithful we would be; Saviour, unite us all in thee;
   (Omit)

   And shout aloud thy praise for

   FIT US TO DWELL ON YONDER SHORE, (Omit)

CHORUS.

grateful song.
heavenly King.

Then sound aloud the watch-cry, joyful as we go; Sound aloud the watch-cry,

ever more.

working here below; Sound the watch-cry ever till our work is done, And our crown is won.

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THE MASTER SAYS, GO!

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Go work in my vineyard, the Master says, go! The fruitage is glinting with rich, ruddy glow; The sun of the morning is now in the west, The day's early gleaners are fainting for rest; With holy compassion, and hearts all aglow. Go work in my vineyard, the Master says, go! Our days-work was given to Jesus our King; And, thro' the rich fullness of faith in His love, The vintage is gathered, and garnered above; We entered the vineyard with hearts all aglow; And toil'd for our Master when Jesus said, go!

2. Oh, heed now the calling; up, while it is day; Perhaps, in life's dawning, thy strength may decay; Then give unto morning. Haste to the vineyard: the Master's own voice Has called you to duty; He'll bid you rejoice, When, safe in His toil! to the vineyard; the Master says, go! The fruitage is gathered, and labor is o'er; With holy compassion, and kingdom, on heaven's bright shore. The fruitage is gathered, and labor is o'er; With holy compassion, and heart's all aglow. Go work in my vineyard, the Master says, go!

3. Oh, haste to the vineyard; the Master's own voice Has called you to duty; He'll bid you rejoice, When, safe in His morning is now in the west, The day's early gleaners are fainting for rest; With holy compassion, and Jesus the dew of thy youth, And seek thro' His mercy, the sunlight of truth; With holy compassion, and kingdom, on heaven's bright shore. The fruitage is gathered, and labor is o'er; With holy compassion, and heart's all aglow. Go work in my vineyard, the Master says, go!

4. Forever in glory the faithful shall sing.

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WEARY NO MORE.

"There the weary be at rest."—Job. 3:17.

1. There is rest for the weary; how cheering the tho’t To those who thro’ seedtime and harvest have wrought!
2. There is rest from temptation; how blessed to know, That tho’while we travel this desert below.
3. There is rest from all sorrows; our trials all past, Our crowns at the feet of our Saviour we’ll cast;
4. What tho’ dangers affright us, and troubles assail? The Lord is our Refuge, and He will not fail;

When our work all is done, and our struggle is o’er, There’s a home in the skies, where we’ll weary no more.
We are harassed by tempters around and before, In that home in the skies we’ll be tempted no more.
Of the sheepfold He tells us that He is “the door,” If we enter by Him we shall sorrow no more.
If His grace now we seek, and His favor implore, In that home in the skies we shall weary no more.

REFRAIN.

Weary no more, weary no more, In that home in the skies we shall weary no more.
Tempted no more, tempted no more, In that home in the skies we’ll be tempted no more.

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NO ONE KNOWS BUT JESUS.

* W. H. D.,

"O Lord, thou knowest."—Ps. 40: 9.

W. H. Doane.

1. No one knows but Jesus How sinful I have been; No one knows but Jesus All my heart within;
2. No one knows but Jesus How oft his name I plead; No one knows but Jesus Every thing I need;
3. No one else like Jesus So ready to forgive—Pledge and promise broken Nearer him to live;

D.S. No one knows but Jesus My conflicts day by day; No one like Jesus guid-eth my way.
No one knows but Jesus How humble I would be; No one like Jesus car-eth for me.
No one knows but Jesus The secret tears that fall; No one like Jesus hears when I call.

No one like Jesus Tempta-tion can feel; No one like Jesus my sor-row can heal.
No one like Jesus Will com-fort and cheer, Pit-y my weakness, and ban-ish my fear.
No one but Jesus My ref-uge shall be; No one will love me so dearl-y as he.

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GOD IS LOVE.

"God is love."—1 John 4:8.

J. H. Tenney.

1. There is a sound in every breeze, A language all around—We hear it from the stirring trees,
2. Their leaves the simple flowrets spread In perfume to the sky; Go listen at their dewy bed;
3. O may the voice, in childhood's days, Within our hearts be found; O may we join that hymn of praise

And from the verdant ground; That still small voice is everywhere, Like music from above;
That one soft voice is by; With plumed wing the little bird Sings in the sheltering grove,
That springs from all around; And thus on earth begin the song Now heard in heav'n above,

D. S. Air, earth, or sea, the voice is there; It whispers, God is love. God is love, God is love;
D. S. And in that song the voice is heard; It says, Our God is love. God is love, God is love;
D. S. Where'er bow the white-rob'd throng, And sing, Our God is love. God is love, God is love;
MY SOUL SHALL REST IN HOPE.

"Rejoicing in hope."—Rom. 12:12.

R. L.

**Doxology. S. M. Double.**

Thee,—Father, Spirit, Son!—
We joyfully adore;
We bless th’eternal Three in One,
Who reigns for evermore;
Thou glorious Trinity,
By earth and heaven adored!
We glorify, we worship Thee,
The universal Lord.

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BEYOND THE RIVER'S BRINK.

* Fanny Crosby.

**Gently.**

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22: 5.

W. H. Doane.

1. No night beyond the river's brink! No hunger, toil, or pain! And they who reach that
2. No tears beyond the river's brink! God wipes them all away; His glory crowns the
3. No cross beyond the river's brink! But they who meekly bear, For Jesus' sake, the
4. O bliss beyond the river's brink! When, all our labor o'er, We clasp, with rapture

CHORUS.

peaceful clime, Shall never thirst again. There Jesus will say to the faithful ones,
shining hills With ever last- ing day.
cross on earth, A crown of life shall wear,
and delight, Our dear ones gone before.

Welcome to me, welcome to me, Rest thee, rest thee, Safe in thy Father's home.

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"If ye seek him, he will be found of you."—2 Chron. 15:2.

1. I'm poor, and blind, and wretched, I'm full of doubts and fears; My heart is weak and wicked, My cheeks are wet with tears; My soul is full of sadness, Of sin, and pain, and grief; Oh I his love secure? Oh, then I'll tell the story; I'll tell the world to come; For Chorus. Oh, come at once to Jesus, What'ev'r your burden be, And

D. C. CHORUS.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal praise be given,
By all that earth inherit,
And all that dwell in heaven.
Thou triune God! before thee
Our inmost souls adore;
For thou alone art worthy,
And shall be ever more.

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SEAL MY HEART.

* Fannie.

"For thou, Lord, art good and ready to forgive."—Ps. 86: 5.

W. H. Doane.

1. Seal my heart with thy forgiveness, Pledge of love and grace divine; Make me now thy
   child for-ever, Con-se-crately me wholly thine. Seal my heart with thy forgive-ness, Lord;
   oh! re-ceive me; On the cross my hope is stayed.

2. I have wan-der'd, Lord, thou knowest; Far a-way my feet have stray'd; Yet, repent-ing,
   died for sin-ners; Christ, the Sav-iour, died for me.

3. Trembling, weep-ing, yet be-liev-ing, Lo! I come, with this my plea: "Christ, the Sav-iour,
   yield with pleasure, Ev-ery pow'r my God to serve.

4. All I have is on thy al-tar, All my love with-out re-serve; All I have I
   Let me wear that pledge of love divine; Make me now thy child for-ev-er, Con-se-crately me wholly thine.

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JESUS, MY SAVIOUR, ALL IN ALL.

Rev. Alfred Taylor.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3:11.

Rev. Alfred Taylor, by perm.

1. Jesus is all in all to me, Glory and grace in Him I see; Wisdom and riches,
   Cast my soul on Thee to rest.

2. Jesus is all in all to me, Unto His arms of love I flee; Casting on Him my care,
   Jesus it is who works.

3. Jesus is all in all to me, Jesus from sin can set me free; Jesus it is who
   holds me.

4. Jesus is all in all to me; Saviour, I look for life in Thee; Only by Thee the
   truth and love, Mercy and goodness from above. Low at Thy feet I humbly fall, Jesus, my Saviour,
   load of care, Jesus my Saviour hears my prayer.
   calam my fears, Hushes my sorrows, dries my tears.
   work is done, Only by Thee the victory won.

FULL CHORUS.

all in all, Glory to Thee, O Lord of all, Jesus, my Saviour, all in all.

SEMI-CHORUS.
O WORSHIP THE LORD.

* Words written for this work.  "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—1 Chron. 16:29.

R. L.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, in the beauty of holiness, in the beauty of holiness.

1. Glory to the Father, abounding in mercy! Be praise Him, for He loved us, and brought a great salvation.

2. Glory be to Jesus, our gracious Redeemer! We praise Him with the Father and with the Son, our Saviour.

3. Glory to the Spirit, the Holy Revealer! We praise Him, all ye people, and magnify Jehovah. O glory, hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah! O come before His presence and glorify His name.

CHORUS.

Joyful, all ye people, and magnify Jehovah. O glory, hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah! O come before His presence and glorify His name.

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**PRAY FOR THE BLESSING.**

*W. H. D.*  
"Ask and ye shall receive."—John 16: 24.  
W. H. Doane.

1. Let us pray for a blessing of God, To direct us in all that we do, For the  
   counsel and aid of his Spirit, Our vigor and strength to renew. Let us pray,  
   Let us pray, Let us pray, Let us pray,  
   Let us pray, Let us pray, Let us pray,  
   Let us pray, Let us pray, Let us pray,  
   Let us pray, Let us pray, Let us pray,  
   Let us pray, Let us pray.

2. Let us pray for the blessing of God, Tis a boon he will never deny, When the prayer at his footstool of mercy Is wafted by faith to the sky.  
   souls may be filled with his glory, Our hearts with his goodness replete.  
   And the blessing he will surely impart; Let us pray,

3. Let us pray that the blessing of God Now may rest on us here as we meet, That our  
   souls may be filled with his glory, Our hearts with his goodness replete.  
   For a deeper work of grace in the heart.
O LIST TO THE NOTES. (Carol.)

* Rev. A. Kenyon.


1. O list to the notes of the song as it floats O'er Beth-le-hem's beau-ti-ful plains;
2. To God in the high-est all glo-ry and praise, Both peace and good-will among men;

Yes, hear the glad shout of the joy that rings out In sweet-est of an-gel-ic strains;
D. S. There's born in the cit-y of Da-vid to-day A Sav-iour, your Lord and your King.
In songs of sal-va-tion our voi-ces we raise, And heav-en re-ech-oes a-gain;
D. S. Bright hopes for the perish-ing na-tions there are, Of crowns and of mansions a-bove.

O fear ye not, shepherds, the wondrous dis-play, Glad ti-dings to you they now bring;
Go her-ald the ti-dings, go tell them a-far, Pro-claim the glad sto-ry of love;

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LET THE CHILDREN PRAISE HIM.

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Luke 18:16.

W. H. D.

1. Let the children praise Him, Our great and glorious King; Let their youthful voices In happy chorus ring;
2. On his heavenly mission, To save our fallen race, In his arms of mercy, The children had a place;
3. Let them come to Jesus, And learn their songs to raise: From the mouth of children The Lord perfecteth praise;

Jesus loves the music Of hearts so glad and free: He has said, Of such as these Our home shall be.
There how kind his welcome: O let them come to me! They who hope for heaven at last Like these must be.
Saviour, we would lead them With grateful hearts to Thee; Thou hast said, Of such as these Our home shall be.
D. S. Jesus loves the music Of hearts so glad and free: He has said, Of such as these Our home shall be.

CHORUS. Praise Let them sing glad songs of praise. D. S.

Let them sing, let them sing, Praise to God, praise to God; Let them sing, let them sing songs of praise;

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PRAISE TO JESUS. (Carol.)

Mrs. F. E. Piatt


Sprightly.

1. Children, sing a Christmas Carol; Sing how shining angels came, Once in glorious, 
2. Ah! no more the lowly manger Pillows that dear sacred head; Beams no more that 
3. Tho' no sudden light burst o'er us, Such as shone on Bethlehem's plain, We can join the 

white apparel, Jesus' coming to proclaim; How the distant hills resounded, 
starry stranger That the eastern sages led; But we'll tell the pleasing story 
heavenly chorus, "Peace on earth, good-will to men;" Sing we then the glad hosanna, 

Echoing back th'angelic song! How the shepherds were astounded, As the music rolled a long! 
To the aged and the young, And we'll sing that "Glory! Glory!" That the herald angels sung. 
Sing of Him who reigns above; Praise to Jesus, for his banner O'er the children waves in love.
CHRIST THE SAVIOUR BORN. (Carol.)

1. Strike your harps, ye saints in glory, Shout aloud the wondrous story, Christ the Saviour born; Born, his people to deliver, Born, to reign our King forever; Tell it by the crystal river, Christ the earth! the song repeating, Wake! thy own Messiah greeting; Hearts with holy rapture beating, Hail a

2. Clasp your hands, ye floods of ocean, Sing, ye hills, with pure devotion, Christ the Saviour born; Wake, OMultitudes of angels singing, Christ the Saviour born; Opened now the gates of glory, Man redeemed, Oh wondrous story! Glory in the highest, glory! Christ the Saviour born; Glory in the highest, glory! Christ the Saviour born.

Fanny Crosby.

*A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*—Luke. 2: 11.

Hubert P. Main.
THE RIVER OF SONG.

* Fanny Crosby.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22:1.

W. H. Doane.

1. O the sleep of just a moment, When the spirit sinks away! Then the waking, blissful
2. We shall hear celestial music O'er its bosom sweep along, Like the voice of many
3. In their numbers far excelling All the countless orbs above, They who swell the mighty

CHORUS.

waking, In a world of endless day! O the rapture, holy rapture,

waters; Hark! the ever-lasting song.

chorus In the spirit world of love.

There to stand with the bright happy throng! There the sacred springs of pleasure with the
THE RIVER OF SONG. Concluded.

Worthy is the Lamb forever,
Worthy is the Lamb, they cry;
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory be to God most high!
O the rapture, &c.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Mrs. A. S. Hawks.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John, 15: 5.
R. L. by per.

1. I need thee ev-ery hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like thine Can peace af-ford.
2. I need thee ev-ery hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r When thou art nigh.
3. I need thee ev-ery hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need thee ev-ery hour; Teach me thy will; And thy rich promis-es In me ful-fill.
5. I need thee ev-ery hour, Most Ho-ly One; Oh, make me thine indeed, Thou bless-ed Son.

REFRAIN.

I need thee, oh! I need thee; Every hour I need thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to thee.
ASK FOR THE OLD PATH.

* Miss Viola V. A.  
* "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein."—Jer. 6: 16.  
* W. H. Doane.

1. Ask for the old path; God will make it plain; Jesus will lead us there; They who would find it
2. Knock at the portal, narrow though it be; Pray that we enter in; Faith is the password,
3. Walk in the old path; never turn aside; Climb we the rugged hill; Why should we falter?
4. Keep in the old path, ever to the right; Lo! 'tis the King's highway; Soon will the shadows

CHORUS.

never seek in vain; He will lead us there. When the valley safely we have passed,
Prayer the blessed key; Strive to enter in.
see our faithful Guide Leading onward still.
vanish from our sight, Lost in perfect day.

God will gather us home at last; Home in the old path gladly we will go; He will lead us there.
It was written for this work.

"Rest in the Lord"—Ps. 37:7.

1. We cannot lay our armor down, Or cease our watch to keep; Not yet the calm delightful rest. Un-

broken, pure, and deep; Not yet, not yet; but O 'twill come! 'Tis promised in His word—The heaven's triumphant throng; But O the peace that fills the heart Whose chords by faith are stirred! Sweet bet-ter land is near!" Content we then to la-bor on, With this our sure reward: A

2. Not yet the crystal flow of joy For which our spirits long; We could not bear the strains that burst From

precious boon that ends our toil—Resting in the Lord. Not yet, not yet, not yet; but O 'twill come! 'Tis for a taste of that heavenly life—Resting in the Lord.

3. How oft, amid the bus-y crowd, A loving voice we hear, That gently whispers to the soul, "The

life bey-ond the toil and strife—Resting in the Lord.

REFRAIN.

promised, 'tis promised in His word—The precious boon that ends our toil—Rest-ing in the Lord.

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THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

* Henry A. Lavery.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1:7.

W. H. Doane.

1. The Blood of Jesus! catch the strain, Ye royal sons of Truth; And let the theme proclaim His reign, Fresh with eternal youth; The Blood of Jesus! grander grows This wondrous song of love, Until the heart with rapture flows, And joins the harps above.

2. The Blood of Jesus! O ye choirs before the Father's throne, With gladness touch your claim His reign, Fresh with eternal youth; The Blood of Jesus! grander grows This wondrous song of love, Until the heart with rapture flows, And joins the harps above.

3. The Blood of Jesus! O ye band Of saints redeemed above, No angel in that heavenly land Can sing your song of love; The Blood of Jesus! join the lay, Ye pilgrims here below, Till, in the realms of perfect day, The glad new song ye know.

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KEEP ON PRAYING, BROTHERS.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 Thess. 5: 17. Jos. B. Sturdevant, by per.

1. Brothers, when the way is lonely, And the sky is overcast With dark shadows that be-
k'n. Sorrow's wintry blast— Brothers, then, O keep on praying; Keep on praying all the day:

2. Brothers, when the sunshine cometh, And the shadows disappear; When the joys of faith tri-
un-plant Conquer all our fear— Brothers, still we'll keep on praying; Keep on praying all the day;

Cho.—Keep on praying, ev-er praying, When the sky is over-cast;

3. Brothers, while we journey onward, Through life's brief and changeful day,

All is safe in Christ relying; O Brothers, only pray. Though its pleasures or its sorrows Crown our pilgrim way—
It will make the sunshine brighter; O Brothers, watch and pray. Brothers, we will keep on praying; Keep on praying as we go;

Christ will keep us all from straying, And bring us home at last. Soon our weary, fainting spirits The joys of heav'n shall know. Chorus.
**BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE BLEST.**

*W. B.*

"My Father's house."—John 14:2

**W. BENNETT.**

Chorus. Beautiful home of the blest, Beautiful home, beautiful home! Home where the weary ones

2. Home by the river of life, Beautiful home, beautiful home! Free from earth's passion and

3. Home of the glorified throng, Beautiful home, beautiful home! Home of the shout and the

4. Home in the city of gold, Beautiful home, beautiful home! Home where are pleasures un-

rest, Beautiful home on high! Home where the pure and the good shall stand, Clad in white raiment at

strife, Beautiful home on high! Home where the pris'ner finds sweet release; Home where all sorrows for

song, Beautiful home on high! Home where the beautiful angels dwell; Home of the blessed, where

told, Beautiful home on high! Home where the many bright mansions be; Home where the children their

God's right hand, Cir-celing his throne in a ra-diant band, Singing for-ev-er there.

ev-er cease; Home where the ransom'd ones dwell in peace, Hal-py for-ev-er there.

all is well; Home of sweet raptures no tongue can tell, Ev-er in-in-creasing there.

Sav-iour see; Home where they worship e-ter-nal-ly, Praising him ev-er there.

**FINE.**

THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

"Thou God seest me."—Gen. 16: 13.

W. H. D.

1. Thou mighty Lord, whose searching eye My every thought can see, No shade of night, or
2. I would not from thy spirit turn, Or from thy presence go, But I would ask for
3. O lead me all my coming years, Till, from these changing skies, The evening star of

secrect place, Can hide my soul from Thee; Though I should take the wings of morn, And
wisdom, Lord, Thy perfect law to know; That law whose judgments undefiled, With
life fades out, In fairer climes to rise; In Thee my never failing trust, In

fly thro' earth and air, Tho' I should reach their utmost bounds, Thy hand would find me there.
each revolving day, Control my heart, direct my steps. And chide me when I stray.
Thee supremely blest, Thou art my sure abiding place, My soul's eternal rest.
MARANATHA.

1. The dew of the morning in brightness is gleaming, The storms of the night are all gone;
2. The pow'r of the might-y for-ev-er is bro-ken, The hosts of the vanquish'd are still'd;
3. Like trees in the tem-pest, Earth reel'd and was shak-en, It bent at the voice of its God;
4. The cit-y of God, in its glo-ry descend-ing, Comes down to the chil-dren of men;

The Day Star has merg'd his soft light in the streaming Of glo-ry that bursts from the Throne.
The Lord hath remembered the word he hath spok-en, The might of his arm is re-vealed.
The saints from their sleep in a mo-ment a-wak-en, And come from their si-lent a-bode.
The sheen of its splendor, still on-ward ex-tend-ing, Re-flects all the glo-ry a-gain.

CHORUS.

Mar-a-nath-a, Mar-a-nath-a, Our Lord cometh! Earth blooms with Paradise, with Paradise a-gain;

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Hail to the joyful day! Meet him in glad array; shout, for the Lord is come to reign.

ONLY THEE.

* Fannie Crosby.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee?"—Ps. 73: 25.

W. H. Doane.

1. Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer! Whom have I in heaven beside? Who on earth, with love so tender,
2. Only Thee! no joy I covet But the joy to call thee mine—Joy that gives the blest assurance,
3. Only Thee! I ask no other; Thou art more than all to me; Life, or health, or creature comfort,—
4. Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me, Would my raptured vision see, While my faith is reaching upward,

CHORUS.

All my wand'ring steps will guide? On-ly Thee, on-ly Thee, Lov-ing Saviour, on-ly Thee.

Thou hast owned and sealed me thine.
I would give them all for thee.
Ever up-ward, Lord, to Thee.

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**Round the Tree of Life Forever**

*Fannie Crosby.

**And on either side of the river was there the tree of life.—Rev. 22: 2.**

W. H. Doane.

1. Round the Tree of Life forever, Gazing on the fruit so fair,
   Through eternal summers waving From the leafy branches there; Lost in
   won-der at the mercy That has followed all our days, We shall join the Hallelujah; Great Je-
   hear the joy-ful welcome: Enter, faithful ones, and rest In the Kingdom of your Fa-ther,
   Round the Tree of Life forever, Crowning joy and sweetest lay, Christ our precious, loving Saviour, Christ the

2. Round the Tree of Life forever, We shall gather one by one;
   All our earth-ly tri-als ended, All our toils and la-
   bor done; We shall

3. Round the Tree of Life forever, Kindred spir-its we shall know,
   Friends who passed the vale before us, Hearts we (Omit.................) treasured long a-go; Round the

D. S. Round the Tree of Life forever; Praise the

**Fine. Refrain.**

hovah, thine the praise. We shall sing, we shall sing, When the weary marph of life is o-ver,

Light, the Truth, the Way. We shall sing, We shall sing,

Lord! 'twill not be long.

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HAPPY IN THY LOVE.

* Written for this work.  "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts."—Rom. 5: 5.

1. Lord, my sorrows now are past, Thou hast made me happy; Peace my heart has found at last, Happy in Thy love. This my daily song shall be,—

2. I was lost till mercy came, Thou hast made me happy; Now my soul can praise Thy name, Happy in Thy love.

3. Faith reveals Thy smiling face, Thou hast made me happy; I am now a child of grace, Happy in Thy love.

CHORUS.

Where-so-er Thou lead-est me, Gladly will I follow Thee, Happy in Thy love.

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RING, RING THE BELLS.

1. Ring, ring the bells o-ver o-cean and shore, Je-sus, the Risen, shall suf-fer no more;
2. Break from your bondage of Win-ter, O Earth, Wake to a Spring-time of mu-sic and mirth;
3. Ring, ring the ti-dings with joy in the chime, Down thro' the shadows of er-ror and crime;

Je-sus, the Risen, is might-y to save; Where is thy strength and thy vic-t'ry, O Grave?
Blos-som and sing, for your darkness is done; Je-sus hath ris-en, thy life-giv-ing Sun.
Ring to the spir-it of bondman and free, "Je-sus is ris-en, and liv-eth for thee."

REFRAIN.

Ring, ring the bells, ring, ring, ring the bells, Ring them

Ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the bells, Ring them

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RING, RING THE BELLs. Concluded.

joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly; lift the voice and sing; Death is vanquished, and the Lord is King.

BLESS ME NOW.

Alexander Clark. 
Tenderly.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2. R. Lowry.

1. Heavenly Father, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow; Take my guilt and grief away;
2. Now, O Lord! this very hour, Send Thy grace and show Thy power; While I rest upon Thy word,
3. Now, just now, for Jesus' sake, Lift the clouds, the fetters break; While I look, and as I cry,
4. Never did I so adore Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before; Now the time! and this the place!

REFRAIN.

Hear and heal me now, I pray. Bless me now, bless me now, Heavenly Father, bless me now. 
Come and bless me now, O Lord! 
Touch and cleanse me ere I die. 
Gracious Father, show Thy grace.
HAPPY, HAPPY SUNDAY.

"Call the Sabbath a delight." — Isaiah 58:13.

W. H. Doane.

1. Happy, happy Sunday, Thou day of peace and love, We'll spend thee in the worship Of Him who reigns above; Thou oth-er days bring sadness, Thou bidst us cease to mourn; Then

2. Happy, happy Sunday, We shall not toil to-day; Our work, till busy Monday, We gladly put away; Thy face is ever smiling, Thou fairest of the Seven; They gives thee all the week; We'll leave our daily labor, And pay our homage there, And

3. Happy, happy Sunday, The church-bells seem to speak, Give thy Crea-tor one day, Who

CHORUS.

hail! thou day of gladness, We welcome thy return. Happy, happy Sunday, Bringing peaceful rest, on-ly speak of toiling, But thou of rest and heav'n.

seek, with friends and neighbors, The open house of pray'r.
HAPPY, HAPPY SUNDAY. Concluded.

Day of sacred pleasure, Our Father God has blest.

JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

* Ella Dale.

Tenderly.

"And I will love him."—John 14:21.

W. H. Doane, by per.

FINE.

1. Jesus, I love thee, Thou art to me Deer-er than ev-er Mor-tal can be;
   D. C. Tender-ly fold-ed Safe on thy breast, There be my ref-uge, There let me rest.

2. Full of com-pa-sion, Lov-ing and mild, Thou art my Fa-ther, I am thy child;
   D. C. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, Precious to me, Draw me still clos-er, Clos-er to thee.

3. Jesus, I love thee; Reign in my heart; Oh, may thy spir-it Nev-er de-part;
   D. C. Jesus, I love thee; Thou art to me Dear-er than ev-er Mor-tal can be.

Jesus, I love thee, Saviour di- vine, Earth has no friendship Con-stant as thine;
Thou wilt for-give me When I am wrong; Thou art my com-fort, Thou art my song;
Jesus, I love thee; Yes, thou art mine; Liv-ing or dy-ing, Still I am thine;

EVERY LESSON POINTS TO THEE.

* R. L.

"Thy word is truth."—John, 17: 17.

R. Lowky.

1. While we look within thy word, Show thy face to us, O Lord; In these pages may we see, Every lesson points to Thee. Help us, help us, Lord! Let us see Thee.

2. Ripened age, and tender youth, May behold Thee in thy truth; Make our minds from error free; Every lesson points to Thee.

3. Here is balm to make us whole, Truth to sanctify the soul, Rule of life, and sinner's plea—Every lesson points to Thee.

4. Symbol, precept, judgment, law, Melt-ing love, and holy awe—Teach us, Lord, what- e'er it be, Every lesson points to Thee.

REFRAIN.

in thy word; Rich and full, thy truths agree; Every lesson points to Thee.

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OVER YONDER.

Written for this work. "And they sang as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. 14: 3

W. H. Doane.

1. There's a chorus ever sweet, And its echo rolls along Where the pure and holy
2. Faithful ones that labored here For the blessed Master's sake, By the crystal river
3. They who counted all but dross For the crown of Life above, They who meekly bore the
4. They who conquer through the might Of their great and glorious King, Now, in garments pure and

REFRAIN.

meet, In the land of love and song. O-ver yon-der, o-ver yon-der, Hear the
clear Now the happy song awake. cross, Sing that song of perfect love.
white, Round his throne triumphant sing.

glad and joyful strain; Halle-lu-jah, halle-lu-jah To the Lamb for sinners slain.

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THE TREE OF LIFE.

"On either side of the river was there the tree of life."—Rev. 22: 2.

1. Hearken, children, hearken To the Saviour's voice to-day; His loving words so tender Are
calling you away From the paths of sin and folly, Up the heavenly way.

2. Pleading, children, pleading, Your divine Redeemer stands; To shield you from your danger, He
reaches forth his hands; He will save you, He will guide you; Follow his commands.

3. Hasten, children, hasten, Haste to flee the sinner's doom; O, do not slight the Saviour, But
enter while there's room; Seek the way of life and heaven—Jesus bids you come.

4. Blessed, children, blessed Are the souls that dwell in light; Cleansed by the blood of Jesus, They
walk with him in white, And, amid the "many mansions," Praise Him day and night.

Tree of Life is blooming, is blooming, is blooming. Where the Tree of Life is blooming in endless day.
MY ALL FOR JESUS.

"I am thine, and all that I have." — 1 Kings 20:4.

W. H. Doane.

1. All for Jesus, all for Jesus, All my being's ransomed powers; All my thoughts, and
2. Let my hands perform his bidding; Let my feet run in his ways; Let my eyes see
3. All entranced, my soul, while gazing At my Saviour's matchless charms, Falling at his
4. O what wonder! how amazing! Jesus, glorious King of kings, Deigns to call me

CHORUS.

words, and doings, All my days and all my hours. All for Jesus gladly I resign;
Jesus only; Let my lips speak forth his praise.
feet adoring, Lo! he clasped me in his arms.
his beloved; Let me rest beneath his wings.

All for Jesus; He alone is mine; Blessed Jesus, all for Thee! Thou art all in all to me.
THINE THE GLORY.

L. L. A. "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory."—1 Chron. 29:11.

R. Lowry.

1. Thine, O God, be all the glory For the joys thy children know; Rich and boundless are the
2. Toiling in the Master's vine-yard, High-est plea-sure shall it be, If, by pray'r and patient
3. If, at last, with kindly wel-come, Thou our ransomed souls shalt greet, And wilt give us, in thy

CHORUS.

mer-cies, From thy gracious hand that flow.
la-bor, We may win a soul to Thee.
mer-cy, Sheaves to lay be-fore Thy feet,

wondrous sto-ry, We will give Thee all the glory, All the praise for-ev-er-more.

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OUT IN THE VINEYARD GROUND.

"Bear ye one another's burdens."—Gal. 6:2. W. H. Doane.

1. Up with the morning! up and away, Out in the vineyard ground! Go help the workers
2. Some may be wea'ry, laden with care, Out in the vineyard ground; Help them their burdens
3. Working for Jesus, holy delight! Out in the vineyard ground; Work till the day beams

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S. Why do we linger?

Up and away, Out in the vineyard ground!

Hear what the Master in his blessed word commands;
Soon will your glad hearts joyfully sing,
Home from the vineyard ground.

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GLAD TIDINGS.


R. LOWRY.

1. Glad tidings! glad tidings! O wonderful love! A message has come from our Father above; 'Tis Jesus who brings it to young and to old, A message of mercy more precious than gold. See; He blesseth the meek with his soul-cheer-ing voice; He comforts the mourners and bids them re-joice.

2. He saith to the weary, O come unto me; The poor and the lowly his glory may word! Be read-y to hear, and be swift to o-bey, And fol-low his track in the bright shining way.

3. How happy are they who believe in the Lord, And love the sweet counsel they find in his

REFRAIN.

Glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings! O wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love! Glad Glad

Glad tidings, glad tidings, glad tidings, glad tidings!
GLAD TIDINGS. Concluded.

HASTE THEE.

"The people hasted and passed over."—Josh. 4: 10.

1. Take thy staff, O pilgrim, Haste thee on thy way; Let the morrow find thee Farther than to-day.
2. If thou seek the city, Of the Golden Street, Pause not on thy pathway—Rest not, weary feet.
3. In the heavenly journey, Press with zeal along; Resting will but weary—Running makes thee strong.

REFRAIN.

Haste thee, haste thee, Haste thee on thy way; Let the morrow find thee Farther than to-day.
I WILL GO AND BE FORGIVEN.

Ella Dale.

"And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 57.

W. H. Doane.

1. I will go and tell my Saviour How I long his child to be; At the cross I'll seek and find him;
2. I will tell him I have wandered From the path that leads to heaven; With a contrite, broken spirit,
3. If my heart is truly humble, He will not reject my prayer; On the cross he died for sinners;
4. I will tell him all my story, With his mercy all my plea; At the cross I'll seek and find him;

CHORUS.

He's waiting there for me. I will carry all my sins to Jesus, Tho' I've nothing but my
I'll go and be forgiven.
I know he saved me there.
He's waiting there for me.

heart to give him; I will go and lay my burden at the Fountain; I'll go and be forgiven.

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REST IN THEE.

E. Turney, D. D.

"That in me ye might have peace."—John 16: 33.

R. Lowry.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou who gav'st thy-self for me, Leave me not in sin to wan-der; Bid me come and rest in Thee. Rest in Thee, rest in Thee.


3. Draw me from each sin-ful striv-ing; From my-self, O set me free: Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee. Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.


REFRAIN.

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee. Rest in Thee, rest in Thee.

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee; Rest in Thee, rest in Thee, Bid me come and rest in Thee.
STAR OF MY ONLY HOPE.

"I am the bright and morning star."—Rev. 22: 16.

W. H. Doane.

1. Rise in thy glory, O thou star of the morning, If on the desert wild my pathway may be;
2. Rise in thy glory, O thou star of the morning; Come, for my weeping eyes are longing for thee;
3. Where is the narrow way that leads to my Father? Here must I linger till thy dawning I see;
4. Lo! from the pearl-y gates of Eden descending, Star of the morning fair, thy beauty I see;

Break o'er my vision thro' the night clouds above me; Star of my only hope, shine for me.
Light from the summer land of ages eternal, Star of my only hope, shine for me.
O that my tired heart could rest on his bosom! Star of my only hope, shine for me.
Now to my Father's house thy beams will direct me; Jesus, my Guiding Star, praise to thee.

REFRAIN.

Millions thou hast lighted to the crimson fountain's side; Millions thou hast guided o'er the
WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

Wm. Stevenson.

"What shall I do then with Jesus?"—Matt. 27: 22.

R. Lowry.

1. O what will you do with Jesus? He asks you to come unto Him; His blood has been shed to receive;
2. O what will you give to Jesus? He asks you to give Him your heart; He'll take it, and cleanse every part;
3. O what will you do for Jesus? He asks you His labor to share; If faithful, a crown you shall wear; That bright crown will you choose, Or to labor refuse? O what will you do for Jesus?

decem; Will you mercy receive, Or His Spirit yet grieve? O what will you do with Jesus?

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KING OF GLORY.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates."—Ps. 24: 9.

1. O praise ye the Lord with a trumpet sound; Let the anthem of joy thro' the earth resound; The vail of the temple is rent in twain, Thro' Christ our Redeemer who liveth again.
2. O praise ye the Lord, for the work is done; Now the battle is fought and the victory won; The legions of death and the boasting grave Are trophies of Him who is mighty to save.
3. Lift up your heads, all ye portals fair, For the King ever lasting to enter there; He comes with a shout to his throne on high, And loud hal-le-lu-jahs now burst from the sky.
4. All honor to Him, our exalted King! Unto Him all the praise let his children sing; His truth and his mercy shall be our light, A pillar to lead us by day and by night.

CHORUS.

King of Glory, Thou art exalted forever, ever more;

Hail, King of Glory, Hail, mighty King!

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KING OF GLORY. Concluded.

King of Glory, Thou our deliverer, thee we adore.

Hail, King of glory, Hail, mighty King!

I LEAVE IT ALL WITH JESUS.

"Casting all your care upon him."—1 Pet. 5: 7.

R. Lowry.

1. I leave it all with Jesus, For He knows
   How, beside me, Safe to guide me Thro' my foes;
2. I leave it all with Jesus, For He knows
   Every trial, Self-denial, All these blows;
3. I leave it all with Jesus, For He knows
   My contrition And submission, All my woes;
4. I leave it all with Jesus, For He knows,    Making duty Bright with beauty, Like the rose;
5. Jesus knows; Yes, He knows.

5. I leave it all with Jesus, For He knows
   Making duty Bright with beauty, Like the rose;
6. I leave it all with Jesus, For He knows;
   Jesus knows; Yes, He knows.
   For He knows.
   For He knows; Yes, He knows.
CHRISTMAS CAROL.


W. H. Doane.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! hark! from a - bove An - gels come on their wings of love;
2. Chiming, Chiming, hark! 'tis the bells; Joy to all now their mu - sic tells;
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! joy - ful we sing, While we praise our ex - alt - ed King;

CHORUS.

Loud ho - sannas welcome the morn; Christ our Redeemer's born. "Glo-ry to God" the choral strain;
Floating onward, greeting the morn; Christ our Redeemer's born.
Let our car - ol welcome the morn; Christ our Redeemer's born.

"Glo - ry to God" the sweet refrain; "Glo-ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God" Christ our Redeemer's born.

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GO PROCLAIM THE WONDROUS STORY. (Missionary.)  65

Rev. Sidney Dyer.

"Preach the gospel to every creature"—Mark 16:15.  R. L.

1. Go proclaim the wondrous story, Tell how Jesus loved and died, Till the world, regard'd, shall glory In a Saviour crucified; Blessed day! 'tis now beginning;

2. Daily not in vain debating; Men of Israel, to the strife! Hear the cry of millions waiting, Asking for the Bread of Life; Pray and labor, bring your treasure,

3. Up, ye men of God! nor dally; Consecrate yourselves today; Round the cross of Jesus rally, He will lead you to the fray; To the battle, brave and steady!

Orient beams adorn the sky; Glorious triumphs daily winning, "Victory!" the heralds cry.

Give yourself, if Jesus need; Let it be supremest pleasure Hungry souls for Christ to feed,

"Onward!" be the watchword, "On!" Crowns and palms for all are ready, When the final day is won.

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NEVER TURN BACK.

J. W. W.  "The children of Ephraim...turned back in the day of battle."—Ps.78: 5.  R. Lowry.

1. Never turn back when the soul has enlisted Under the banner of Jesus the king;
2. Never turn back tho' the world may allure you, Tempting the heart from its duty aside;
3. Never turn back for the check of a moment; What are the strifes and the toils of a day,

Stand by the colors, determined to conquer; Bravely go forward, exultingly sing.
Look to your armor, be ready for battle; Follow the steps of your Captain and Guide.
When, for the brow of the valiant and faithful, Wait eth a crown that will fade not away?

CHORUS

Marching to glory, marching to glory, Faith is our victory, our weapon "The Word;"

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NEVER TURN BACK. Concluded.

Marching to glory, marching to glory, Christ our Commander, Christ our Lord!

JESUS, I TURN TO THEE.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

"Lord, to whom shall we go?"—John 6:68.

W. H. Doane, by par.

1. Jesus, I turn to thee, Be thou my guide; Safe in thy loving arms, There let me hide;
2. Lift up my fainting heart Heavy with sin; Guilty, and full of wrong, Lord, I have been;
3. If thou withhold thy love, Where shall I flee? All will be dark and drear, All lost to me;

No other help I know, No other good below, Nothing but earthly woe, Nothing beside.
Take me and make me white; Lord, set my feet aright; Show me the morning light, Saviour of men.
But, if thy Spirit brings Glory on angel's wings, My soul hosanna sings Ever to thee.

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GOOD NEWS FROM AFAR.  (Missionary.)

* Ella Dale.  "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."—Prov. 25: 25.  W. H. Doane.

1. Good news o'er the prairies is speeding its way, Happy voices of children are blending to day; They sing of their Saviour and Shepherd above, Who gathers the young in the regions of night; From isles of the ocean glad tidings they bring: "The nations are crowning Jesus be blest; When love all the kingdoms of earth shall unite, And this be their watchword: The

2. The watchmen of Zion are spreading the light, Blessed light of salvation o'er Roll on-ward the time when the East and the West, With the North and the South, shall in

CHORUS.

arms of his love. O see it sweeping before us! The banner of glory is sweeping along; si - ah their King."
Truth and the Right.

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GOOD NEWS FROM AFAR. Concluded.

Angels with music are cheering the way, Harping, harping, harping today.

MY ONLY PLEA.

* F. J. C.


R. Lowry.

1. I came and knelt at Jesus' feet, Oppress'd with guilt and sin; I sought him at the gate of
2. I come with each returning morn, His mercy to implore; I come when evening's tranquil
3. There let my faith securely rest When earthly comfort dies; On Him, the ever-lasting

REFRAIN.

prayer; He bade me enter in. I came with this my only plea—His precious blood was shed for me.

shade The earth has mantled o'er. I come with this my only plea—His precious blood was shed for me.

Spring, My steadfast hope relies. I come with this my only plea—His precious blood was shed for me.

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DEW OF MERCY.

* Fannie Crosby.

"God give thee of the dew of heaven."—Gen. 27: 28.

W. H. Doane.

1. Like the still quiet fall of the silent dew of night On the leaves that are fold-ed to rest,
2. How it cheers and re-vives ev-ery bud of Christian hope! How it takes ev-ery sorrow a-way!
3. When we ask of the Lord, in our simple fervent prayer, For his blessing at morn and at even,

Is the mer-cy of God when it droppeth from his throne, Bringing balm from the fields of the blest.
O 'tis sweeter by far than the drops of nature's dew, And it fall-eth by night and by day.
Let us pray that our souls may be watered and refreshed, By the dew of his mer-cy from heaven.

REFRAIN.

Dew of Mer - cy, Dew of Mer - cy, Ev-er dropping, gently dropping from above;

Dew of mer-cy ev-er falling, Dew of mer-cy ev-er fall-ing,

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Dew of Mercy, how it cheers us, Ever dropping from a Saviour's love!

Dew of mercy ever falling, How it sweetly cheareth us!

WE ARE LITTLE TRAVELERS. (Infant Class.)

1. We are little travelers, Marching, marching, We are little travelers, Marching on; Walking in the
2. We are little laborers, Working, working, We are little laborers, Working on; Never idling
3. We are little soldiers, Fighting, fighting, We are little soldiers, Fighting on; Warring against the
4. We are little pilgrims, Hoping, hoping, We are little pilgrims, Hoping on; For a country

narrow way, Shunning paths that lead astray, We are little travelers, Marching on.
time away, Busy working every day, We are little laborers, Working on.
pow'r of sin, Foes without and foes within, We are little soldiers, Fighting on.
better far, Where our crown and kingdom are, We are little pilgrims, Hoping on.

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SCATTER KIND WORDS ALL AROUND YOU.

* Ella Dale.

"And be ye kind one to another."—Eph. 4:32.

W. H. Doane

1. Scatter kind words all around you; Some heart in its sorrow will stay; And, catching the bright beaming

2. Scatter kind words by the wayside, Nor fan-cy your labor in vain; They come like the beautiful

3. Scatter kind words to the lone-ly, The friendless, the weak and oppressed; Scatter kind words to the

4. Scatter kind words all around you; Perchance, when your mission is o'er, The seed you have dropped in a

REFRAIN.

...treasures, Find comfort for many a day. Then scatter kind words; they will never be lost; Re-
sunlight; They fall and they cheer like the rain.
er-ring; In God shall your labor be blest.
mo-ment May bloom on e-ter-ni-ty's shore.

member your mission below; Scatter kind words, scatter kind words Wherever, wherever you go.
WE ARE PILGRIMS.

* Wm. Stevenson.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—Heb. 11:13.

1. We are pilgrims, we are pilgrims, Guided by a Saviour's hand, Marching onward,
ever onward To our home, the promised land: Jesus near us stands to cheer us,
Fills our hearts with love and peace, And, if faithful, ever faithful, Soon will grant us sweet release.

2. We are pilgrims, we are pilgrims, What tho' foes surround our path? Steadfast ever,
care we never For the world, or Satan's wrath; For, if faithful, ever faithful
To the grace which Christ has given, He'll not leave us, but receive us Crowned with victory safe in heaven.
Shouting, as we near our home, Glory ever to the giver! Hallelujah! Rest will come.

3. We are pilgrims, we are pilgrims, Cheerily we march along; Why should sadness
mar our gladness? Why should sorrow cloud our song? Joyful singing, praises bringing,
Fills our hearts with love and peace, And, if faithful, ever faithful, Soon will grant us sweet release.
To the grace which Christ has given, He'll not leave us, but receive us Crowned with victory safe in heaven.
Shouting, as we near our home, Glory ever to the giver! Hallelujah! Rest will come.

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JESUS' NAME.

**A name which is above every name.**—Phil. 2: 9.

There is a Name of sweeter sound Than e'er in earth or heav'n is found, That spreads the balm of peace around.—The blessed Name is Jesus; There is a Friend whose eye surveys Our varied wants, our clouded ways, Who crowns with mercy all our days—That faithful Friend is Jesus.

In time of sickness, care, and woe, There is a Voice that whispers low, That bids our tears for chang'd when time itself is past, Where not a shade of fear is cast—The precious Love of Jesus, saints and angels ever sing; And thither now we spread our wing—It is the Home of Jesus.

There is a Hope serene-ly bright, That comes to earth with pinions white, And makes the darkest moment light—The Hope of rest with Jesus; There is a Home of endless spring, Where

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HOLD IT UP TO THE WORLD.

Ella Dale.  

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16: 15.  

W. H. Doane.

1. Take the cross, take the cross, hold it up to the world, With its banner of hope by the Saviour unfurled; Hold it up, and the lost to its refuge may flee Where the dear Saviour story is told; Lift it high, and the poor to its shelter may flee Where the dear Saviour

Chorus:

pleads: I am seeking for thee. Hold it up to the world, Hold it up to the world; Falter pleads: I have suffered for thee.

Hold it upward, Hold it upward, Hold it upward, Hold it upward.

2. Lift it high, lift it high, let the friendless behold; There are hearts that will weep when its Saviour unfurled; Hold it up, and the lost to its refuge may flee Where the dear Saviour story is told; Lift it high, and the poor to its shelter may flee Where the dear Saviour

3. Take the cross, take the cross, and rejoice in the Lord; Go ye forth, go ye forth in the strength of his word; Hold it up, and the eye of the careless may see Where the dear Saviour prays: I was wounded for thee.

never, hold it ev' er, Hold it up to the world.

4. O the cross, blessed cross, with the blood crimson tide Like a river of love flowing down from its side! To the cross all may come; hold it up and proclaim Here is pardon and peace thro' a Saviour's dear name.

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NEARER HOME.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

A. J. Abbey, by per.

Caputabile.

1. Nearer home! yes, one day nearer To my Father's house on high; To the green fields and the
2. One day near-er, sings the sea-man, As he glides the wa-ters o'er; While the night is soft-ly

foun-tains Of the land beyond the sky; For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us,
dy-ing, On his dis-tant na-tive shore; Thus the chris-tian, on life's journey,

And the lamps hang in the dome; And our tents are pitch'd still closer, For we're one day nearer home.
As his life-boat cuts the foam, In the evening cries with rapture, I am one day near-er home.

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LOVING FRIEND.

* Rev. C. C. Chaplin.

"Thy loving kindness is better than life."—Ps. 63: 3.

R. Lowry.

1. Would the little children find One whose heart is always kind, Who life's burdens will un-bind,
2. Jesus is that loving friend, On whose truth you may depend, Who relief will ever send,
3. Oh! from Him turn not a-way; Rather seek Him while you may; And, in childhood's sunny day,

And give the spirit rest,—One whose wisdom never fails, One whose courage
And shine when all is dim; He your soul will ever keep; He will guard you
Oh! come and be forgiven; Then will angels round you wait; God will make your

never quails, One who over all prevails, And stand-eth every test?
when you sleep; He will soothe you when you weep; My child, then trust in Him.
path-way straight, And, beyond the pearly gate, Will give you life in heaven.

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WE MUST WATCH.

1. We must watch for the good we may gather From the seed that is dropped in our way; We must
2. We must watch for the landmarks before us; They are guides to the city of light; We must

watch, for the eye of the tempter Is watching by night and by day. We must watch, we must
watch, or the voice of the tempter May turn us away from the right. At our post day by
day, we must watch,

Ever watch, for the time drawing near; Jesus saith, we must

day, we must watch,


3. We must watch in our songs of devotion;
   We must watch every thought when we pray;
   We must watch, and be sure we are earnest,
   And feel every word that we say.

4. We must watch for the many around us,
   For the hearts we may comfort and cheer;
   There's a blessing for those who are watching,
   When Jesus our Lord shall appear.

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* Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

"Cast the net on the right side of the ship."—John. 21: 6.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Cast the net again, my brother, Cast it on the other side; Seek by patient toil to gather Treasures from the rolling tide. Jesus waits upon the shore; He will labor will be given, When appears the dewy night. 

2. Cast the net at morn and even; Cast it when the noon is bright; Rest from haps, while angels listen, You can give a word of cheer. 

3. E'en at night when bright stars glis-ten, And the port of bliss is near; Then, per- find each treasure gleaming In the Saviour's perfect love. 

4. When the rays of bliss are beam-ing On the hills of light above, May you count your treasures o'er; Yes, he waits upon the shore, And will count your treasures o'er.

REFRAIN.

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FLOWING ROCK.

1. From the rock a-mid the des-ert, Gush-ing forth at God's com-mand, Streams of wa-ter, pure and sparkling, Laved and cooled the thirst-y land; Hearts were cheered, and eyes grew

2. Burst-ing from, the Rock of A- ges, Pur-er streams of Life we see: Christ a pre-cious Fount hath opened; Thirsty soul, it flows for thee,—Flows for thee, O faint-ing, bright-er, Pleasure thrilled in ev-ery vein; E- ven age for-got its weak-ness, While it

* Written for this work.

"Thou shalt smite the rock."—Ex. 17: 6. R. Lowry.

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FLOWING ROCK. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Drank, and drank again. O the Rock forever flowing, Life and health and hope forever more.

Stowing, Flowing now, and sweeter growing! Thirsty soul, it flows for thee.

THY KINGDOM COME.

Rev. Lewis Hensley. "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord."—Rev. 11:15. J. H. Cornell, by per.

1. Thy kingdom come, O God, Thy rule, O Christ, begin; Break with thine iron rod The tyrannies of sin.
2. We pray thee, Lord, arise, And come in thy great might; Revive our longing eyes, Which languish'd for Thy sight.
3. O'er heathen lands afar Thick darkness broodeth yet; Arise, O morning Star, Arise, and never set.

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ALWAYS CHEERFUL.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."—Prov 15: 15

1. Let our hearts be always cheerful; Why should murm'ring enter there, When our kind and loving Father
2. With his gentle hand to lead us, Should the powers of sin assail, He has promised grace to help us;
3. When we turn aside from duty, Comes the pain of doing wrong; And a shadow, creeping o'er us,
4. Oh! the good are always happy, And their path is ever bright; Let us heed the blessed counsel,

REPRAIN.

Makes us children of his care? Always cheerful, always cheerful! Sunshine all a-
Never can his promise fail.
Checks the rapture of our song.
Shun the wrong and love the right.

round we see; Full of beauty is the path of duty, Cheerful we may always be.

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BY THE WELL-SIDE.

"Behold I stand by the well of water."—Gen. 24:43.

F. A. N.

1. By the well-side in the desert, Neath the mid-day's burning heat, How I pant-ed for the water
2. By the well-side, by the well-side, How my soul delights to sing, With its chalice filled and sparkling
3. By the well-side, O my Fa-ther, Let me drink and drink again Of the wa-ter Je-sus gives me,

Cool and crys-tal at my feet! And my spir-it died within me Till a voice like mu-sic fell: Draw
From the nev-er fail-ing spring! O ye trav'lers in the des-ert, Hear the lov-ing Saviour call: Draw
Till my earthly star shall wane; Then rejoic-ing, then ex-ult-ing, When a few more days are o'er, The

near and quench thy fevered thirst, Behold the living well. Let me tar-ry at the well-side for-ev-er, With my
near and quench your fevered thirst, There's room, there's room for all.
boundless o-cean of his love I'll drink for-ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

Saviour at the well-side for-ev-er; 'Tis the blessed well of love everlasting, And my soul would linger there.

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TAKE THE WINGS OF THE MORNING.

* Written for this work. "If I take the wings of the morning."—Psalm 139: 9.

Allegro.

R. L.

1. Take the wings of the morning; speed quickly thy flight To Je-sus, thy Saviour, thy hope and thy
2. Fly a-way to thy Saviour, he waits to for-give; One look of his love, and thy spir-it shall
3. On the wings of the morning fly home to his breast—There only thy refuge, there on-ly thy

light; The fount of his mer-cy is o-pen for thee, Go wash and be cleans’d in its waters so free.
live; Thy faith will secure thee his blessing divine; Go plead thou his merits, and peace will be thine.
rest; The moments are precious, the noontide is near; Fly home to thy Saviour, O lin-ger not here.

REFRAIN.

Dim.

Take the wings of the morning and fly,....... Ere the darkness shall cov-er the sky;....... homeward now fly,

shall cover the sky;

Tempo.

Fly a-way from the shadows that o-ver thee roll, And find in thy Saviour the home of thy soul.
SECRET PRAYER.

G. W. W.

"Pray to thy Father which is in secret."—Matt. 6:6.

W. H. Doane.

1. There is an hour of calm relief From every throbbing care, 'Tis when, before a
2. When one by one, like threads of gold, The hues of twilight fall, O sweet communion
3. I hear seraphic tones that float Amid celestial air, And bathe my soul in
4. O when the hour of death shall come, How sweet from thence to rise, With prayer on earth my

REFRAIN.

throno of grace, I kneel in secret prayer. O that voice... to me so dear, Breathing
with my God, My Saviour and my all! streams of joy, Alone in secret prayer.
lastest breath. My watchword to the skies.

O that voice I love to hear, love to hear,

soft on my ear! Weary child,.... look up and see; 'Tis thy Saviour speaks to thee.

Breathing soft on my ear, on my ear, Weary child, look up and see, look and see,

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PERSISTENT PRAYER.

* Fannie Crosby.

"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."—Gen. 32: 26.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pray, though the gate of mercy Closed for a while may be; Pray with a faith unshaken; All shall be well with thee.

2. Pray as the Syrian mother Prayed at the Master's feet; What though his voice be silent? Still for his love entreat.

3. Pray, though thy heart is breaking; Pray, through the night of tears; Pray with increasing fervor; Pray till the morn appears.

4. Pray when the hour seems darkest; Jesus will say to thee, Great is thy faith, beloved! So shall thy blessing be.

REFRAIN.

He will meet us there; Though he hides his face from thee a moment, He will answer prayer.

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THERE'S A SONG IN HEAVEN FOR YOU.

"They sung a new song."—Rev. 5: 9.

1. There's a song in heaven for you, A sweet song in heaven for you, Not the song which the
2. There's a robe in heaven for you, A white robe in heaven for you, Not the robe of the
3. There's a crown in heaven for you, A bright crown in heaven for you, If on earth you have

for you,

for you,

an - gels sing Round the throne of their Lord and King; But the strain of the ransomed throng, With the
seraphs bright, But a vesture of spotless white, Like the robes that are cleansed from stain In the
borne the cross, And its gain you have counted loss, But have trusted in Je - sus' love, And have

notes that to Christ be - long, — That's the song in heaven for you, The sweet song in heaven for you.
blood of the Lamb once slain, — That's the robe in heaven for you, The white robe in heaven for you.
laid up your wealth a - bove— That's the crown in heaven for you, The bright crown in heaven for you.
BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.
* Written for this work.  "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us."—1 John. 4: 12. W. H. Doane.

1. Be kind to each other; the sunbeams that fall Are teaching this beautiful lesson to all; Be
2. Be kind to each other; how little we know The joy that a look or a word may bestow! And
3. And O be not ready to censure and blame; Far better by kindness the heart to reclaim; The
4. When Jesus our Saviour came down from above, From sin to redeem us, his mission was love; If

thankful to God for the pleasure they give, And love one another as long as we live.
tho' we have nothing but kindness to give, O love one another as long as we live.
faults of the erring, how sweet to forgive, And love one another as long as we live.
we are his children, we all must forgive, And love one another as long as we live.

CHORUS.

Be kind to each other, Be kind to each other, Be kind to each other as long as we live.

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AWAKE! FOR THE TRUMPET IS SOUNDING.

* F. C. 

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion"—Joel 2: 1.

Wm. F. Sherwin.

Chorus.

Leader cries "Onward!" The call let us gladly obey. No truce while the foe is unconquered! No
 Highest your Captain, Go conquer or die on the field.
 Cross and its banner, Your strength is The Mighty to save!

1. A-wake! for the trumpet is sounding; A-wake, and to duty away! The voice of our
2. Gird on you the sword of the Spirit, With helmet, and breast-plate, and shield; The Son of the
3. Then forward, O army of Zion, With hearts that are loyal and brave; Stand firm by the

lay-ing our ar-mor down! No peace till the bat-tle is end-ed, And vic-to-ry wins the crown!
I AM JESUS' LITTLE FRIEND. (Infant Class.

* Ella Dale.  

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."—Is. 40:11.  

W. H. Doane.

1. I am Je-sus' lit-tle friend; On his mer-cy I depend; If I try to please him ever,

2. Ver-y young and weak am I, Yet he guides me with his eye; In a pleasant path he leads me,

3. He is with me all the day, With me in my bus-y play; O'er my waking and my sleeping,

If I grieve his Spir-it nev-er, O how ver-y good to me Will my Saviour al-ways be!

With a gen-tle hand he feeds me, Chides me when I'm doing wrong, Listens to my hap-py song.

Je-sus still a watch is keeping; I can lay me down and rest, Sweetly pillowed on his breast.

REFRAIN.

I am Je-sus' lit-tle friend; On his mer-cy I de-pend.

4. I am Jesus' little friend;
On his mercy I depend;
Jesus will forsake me never;
He will keep me safe forever;
How I wish my heart could be,
Loving Saviour, more like thee!
I am Jesus,' &c.

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At the cross there's room; Tell it in thy Saviour's ear, Cast away thy every fear,
At the cross there's room; Heavy laden, sore oppressed, Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
At the cross there's room; Now a living fountain see, Opened there for you and me,

4. Blessed thought! for every one
At the cross there's room;
Love's atoning work is done;
At the cross there's room;
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go;
O that all the world might know,
At the cross there's room!
BREAD OF HEAVEN.

1. We are hungry; Lord, behold us; Hear, O hear thy children cry; Give us bread our souls to
2. We are hungry; thou hast promised We shall ever more be fed; Thou dost say to those that
3. We are hungry; thou hast taught us If we ask it shall be given; Grant us bread that will not
4. We are hungry; yet in Jesus We may find a plenteous store; Him, the bread of life e-

REFRAIN.

nourish; Give us manna from on high. Heavenly Bread, O Father, give us; Heavenly
trust thee: I will give you Living Bread.
perish—Bread that cometh down from heaven.
ternal, Give, O give us evermore.

Bread—for this we pray—Heavenly Bread our souls to nourish, Hour by hour and day by day.

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ONLY A STEP TO JESUS.

* Fannie.

"Then come thou, for there is peace to thee."—1 Sam. 20: 21.

W. H. Doane.

1. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and, thy sin con-fess-ing, To
   Him thy Saviour bow.
   On-ly a step, On-ly a step; Come, he waits for thee: Come, and, thy
   moments fly a pace.
   give my-self a way?

2. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lov-ing-ly now he's wait-ing, And
   sin con-fess-ing, Thou shalt receive a blessing; Do not reject the mer-cy He free-ly of-fers thee.

3. On-ly a step to Je-sus! A step from sin to grace; What hast thy heart de-cided? The
   moments fly a pace.
   give my-self a way?

4. On-ly a step to Je-sus! O why not come, and say, Glad-ly to thee, my Sav-iour, I
   Him thy Saviour bow.
   On-ly a step, On-ly a step; Come, he waits for thee: Come, and, thy
   moments fly a pace.
   give my-self a way?

REFRAIN.

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HILLS OF PROMISE.

"We, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth."—2 Pet. 3:13.

1. Yon-der rise the Hills of Promise, Just a-cross the si- lent riv-er; And the glo-ry
2. Art thou oft-times faint and wea-ry, With thy bur-dens and thy loss-es? See the crown whose
3. Yet, not long these hours of wait-ing; Brief our bit-ter tears and sor-row; Swift up-on the

on them shin-ing Shall en-fold thy li-fes for-ev-er; If thou toil un-til the day-light
stars are beam-ing Just a-bove the heav-y cross-es; And the lov-ing an-gel watchers
shades of night-fall Dawns the glo-ry of the mor-row; We shall walk no more the des-ert,

Pales a-mid the dew-y gloam-ing, Then thy Fa-ther's voice will whis-per,
Wait, with wel-come in their voic-es, On the gold-en Hills of Promise,
Thirst-y for the liv-ing foun-tains, For the Saviour's arms will lift us

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HILLS OF PROMISE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

"Cease, my child, from earthly roaming." O pilgrim, haste thee on-ward, And stay not, stay not Where the resting heart rejoices. To the light upon the mountains.

till the coming night; Then, beyond the silent river, Where the songs of gladness quiver, There thy feet will tread, forever, On the golden Hills of Light.

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**LIGHT OF MY SOUL.**

"O thou whom my soul loveth."—Sol. Song. 1:7.

**W. H. Doane.**

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1. God of my life, thy mercy flows, A healing balm for all my woes; I sought the fountain at thy side,
2. Light of my soul, thy truth divine Makes all my path like noonday shine; Unveils the brightness of thy face,
3. Strength of my Hope, my Guide, my All, Like Hermon's dew thy blessings fall, Thy loving kindness crowns my days,
4. Keep thou my way, O Saviour mine, Hold thou my trembling hand in thine; Whom have I, Lord, in Heaven but thee?

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**REFRAIN.**

And plunged beneath its crimson tide. Light of my soul, Light of my soul, It is not night With The glory of redeeming grace. And fills my grateful heart with praise. In life, in death, abide with me.

---

thee my Saviour near; Light of my soul, O dwell thou with me; O let me ever, ever clinging to thee.

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JESUS LOVES ME.

"Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Gal 2: 20.

R. L.

Words written for this Work.

Not too fast.

1. Now I may come to a throne of grace; This is my plea, this is my plea: Jesus is there with a
2. Now I may hope that my soul will live; Mercy is free, mercy is free; Jesus has given a
3. Now when I look to the world beyond, Jesus I see, Jesus I see; Jesus is waiting with

REFRAIN.

heart of love Even for sinful me. Jesus loves me, yes, Jesus loves me; O the sweet rapture, that
wealth of love Even for guilty me.
all his love, Even for worthless me.

Jesus loves me! Poor and unworthy I know I must be: This is my comfort, that Jesus loves me.

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THE SOUL'S BETHESDA.

* Ella Dale.

Gently.

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1. Come to Be-thes-da, sin oppressed; O-pen ev-er the pool for you; Why do ye lin-ger?
2. Come to Be-thes-da, Christ is there; By its wa-ters he waits for you; Lose not a moment;
3. Go to Be-thes-da, mourning heart; There his mercy will kind-ly say, Look un-to me and

Come and try What its heal-ing power will do; See the wa-ters mov-ing,
hasto and prove What his pard’ning love will do; See his pit-y mov-ing,
be thou saved; I will take thy sin a-way; O the soul's Be-thes-da,
A HOME IN HEAVEN.

R. G. S.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John. 14: 2.

1. A home in heaven! 'tis the christian's hope That, in sickness, health, or in sorrow's vale, Brings

2. A home in heaven! where our Saviour reigns! Where the loved of earth, who have gone before, With

3. A home in heaven! let the children learn Of the land of rest and the living way,—That,

REFRAIN.

ho-ly joy to the trou-bled heart, And a thought of rest when we've braved the gale. Happy all the host of the Church redeemed, Are a-wait-ing us on the other shore.

4. A home in heaven! let the pilgrim here, As he bends his form in the twilight gray, Be cheered by hope, in his secret prayer, That he's nearer God and his home to-day.

home! Blessed home! Joyous home in heaven!

Happy home! Blessed home!

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GOD OF ETERNITY.

* Written for this work. "Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises doing wonders."—Ex. 15: 11.

With dignity.

1. God of E-ter-ni-ty, Au-thor of Time, Giv-er and Source of Life, Rul-er sub-time.—
2. Wondrous in Maj-es-ty, Wis-dom and Might, Lo! 'twas Thy voice that said, "Let there be light;"
3. Thine is a per-fect law; Thy word is pure; Righteous are all Thy ways; Thy judgments sure;

Thou un-cre-at-ed Lord, Ancient of Days, Glorious in ho-li-ness, Fear-ful in praise,—
Vast realms and numberless, Lord, are Thy own; Na-tions and sceptered kings Bow at thy throne;
Mer-cy and Truth a-bide Ev-er with Thee; Love like a riv-er flows, Deep as the sea,

High o-ver all Thy works, Blest ev-er-more, God of the U-niverse, Thee we a-dore.
THE ROCK OF SALVATION.


W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a fount where the weary may drink and be blest; There's a Rock where the faithful securely may rest; 'Tis the Rock where the souls of the good and the just Firmly anchored for ages their hope and their trust;

2. 'Tis the Rock that was cleft by the Ancient of Days; 'Tis the Rock that, when dying, transported we'll praise;

3. 'Tis the Rock where the weary may drink and be blest; There's a Rock where the faithful securely may rest; 'Tis the Rock that was cleft by the Ancient of Days; 'Tis the Rock that, when dying, transported we'll praise;

O that fount is the life-giving water that flows From Jesus, the Rock of eternal rest. 'Tis the Rock that will stand when the river of time Is lost in the ocean of rapture sublime, We will sing of that Rock when our journey is o'er, And calmly we'll rest on the Ev'rgreen shore.

Let us cling to the Rock, to the Rock, Tho' the storm and the tempest may prevail;

Let us cling, yes, we'll cling, Tis a refuge that can never fail.
ON FOR THE PRIZE.

Rev. Alfred Taylor.

"So run, that ye may obtain."—1 Cor. 9: 24.

T. E. Perkins, by per.

1. Marching on in the glory of our King, Pressing on towards the mark For the prize of

2. Pressing on in the work he bids us do, With our hearts full of trust In his ever

D. C. Marching on in the glory of our King, &c.

Christ our Lord, Cheer our way with the songs of praise we sing, As we fight the good fight, In the

present aid, Firmly, boldly the path of light pursue, For the Lord is our King, And we'll

strength of Jesus' word; Girt with truth, wearing helmet of salvation, Arm'd with faith and

never be afraid; Shield of faith, with the mighty sword of Spirit, Quenching every

shod with peace, Praying always with holy supplication, Till our earthly warfare cease,

fiery dart; Victors we, thro' our Saviour's precious merit; Light our steps and strong our heart.
WORDS OF CHEER.

* F.

"Be of good comfort."—2 Cor. 13: 11.

W. H. Doane.

D. C. 1. Words of cheer for the battle and the strife With the world and sin, in the christian life;
2. Words of cheer for the lowly and the meek, For the grief-worn heart that is faint and weak;
3. Words of cheer when the shadows fall apace, And the frost of years on the brow we trace;

FINE. CHORUS.

Words that dropped from the pearly gates above, And warmed the soul with light and love. Cheer one another,
Words of cheer for the lowly and oppressed, A Father's love, a home of rest.
Words of cheer when we reach the narrow sea, The Lord our hiding place will be.

D. C.

Keep your armor bright; Battle for the right;
Cheer one another, With words of happy cheer.
Christ your Saviour still is near.
SEEK JESUS.
Mrs. L. H. Washington.
"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8: 17.
R. Lowry.

1. Seek Jesus, seek Jesus, In childhood and youth, For they that seek early shall find; His
2. Seek Jesus, seek Jesus, While yet he is near, And he thy good shepherd will be; His
3. Seek Jesus, seek Jesus, Ere evil days come, When thou canst no pleasure obtain; Lest,
4. Seek Jesus, seek Jesus, While he may be found; The way to his mercy is free; And

word hath declared it, How precious the truth! The promise how loving and kind! arms will enfold thee From danger and fear, His life he hath given for thee.

REFRAIN.

Seek Jesus, seek Jesus, For they that seek early shall find him; He

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SEEK JESUS. Concluded.

is the true Way, O do not de-lay; Seek Je-sus, O seek him to-day.

JESUS, MASTER, WHOSE I AM.


1. Je-sus, Mas-ter, whose I am, Purchased Thine a-lone to be, By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb!
2. Oth-er lords have long held sway; Now Thy name a-lone to bear, Thy dear voice a-lone o-bey,
3. Je-sus, Mas-ter, I am Thine; Keep me faith-ful, keep me near; Let Thy presence in me shine,

Shed so will-ing-ly for me; Let my heart be e'er Thine own, Let me live to Thee a-lone.
Is my dai-ly, hour-ly pray'r; Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? Nothing else my joy can be.
All my homeward way to cheer; Je-sus! at Thy feet I fall, Oh! be Thou my all in all.

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1. O how lonely are we, As we walk by the sea, Where the Master so oft-en hath stood!
2. Let us out on the lake For His dear mem’ry’s sake, If we toil all in vain, as of yore;
3. He may tell us a-gain: Heave your nets out amain On the right of the boat, just for me;
4. For our Lord on the shore Watcheth net, boat, and oar, Till the fish-ers at last all remove;

Let us launch out the boat, In the which, all a-float, He would teach us so sweetly of God.
When the morn mounts the East, If we’ve caught not the least, Yet the Master may wait on the shore.
And, by doing His will, All our nets we shall fill, And we’ll dine with Him o-ver the sea.
Then on yon gold-en strand, All His tired ones shall stand, And for-ev-er shall feast in His love.

REFRAIN.

O thou dear Gal-i-lee! We would linger by thee, Where the voice of our Lord still’d the tempest’s loud roar;

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JESUS ON THE SHORE.  Concluded.

And His servants are we Whom He comes now to see, As He stands in the morning on the shore.

LET US WORK.

* Wm. Stevenson.

"There is no work in the grave."—Eccl. 9: 10.

1. Let us work for the Saviour now, Nor wait for the mor-row's dawn; For this
2. Let us work with a tender love For souls we would strive to win— With a
3. Let us work with a burning zeal For God and his king-dom here; With a

life soon may pass a-way, And death's gloomy night come on. love that shall melt their hearts, And draw from the paths of sin. courage that falt-ers not, Nor shrinks when the danger's near.

Let us work with abiding faith, That God will our work approve— That we never shall toil in vain, But find our reward above.

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THE SONG OF MOSES.

Fannie Crosby.

'I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.'—Ex. 15:1. W. H. Doane.

1. When the Lord went forth with a conquering arm, And divided the waves of the sea, Then the Jewish hosts, by his wondrous pow'r, From the bondage of years were free; With their leader sang they together walk on the solid ground, Thro' the midst of the rolling sea; Tho' the tyrant foe follow after, boast of Egyptian pow'r Are the spoils of the heaving main; In our fathers' God we will glory, Of Jehovah, mighty and strong; And a shout went up; 'twas a shout of joy From Israel's grateful throng. Yet the Lord was mighty to save; And their chariot now, and their horsemen bold, Are lost beneath the wave. And our fathers' God we adore; Our deliverer strong, our triumphant Lord, We crown him evermore.

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Jesus, Gentle Saviour. (Infant Class.)

Julia A. Mathews.

"Jesus called a little child to him."—Matt. 18:2.

R. I.

1. Jesus, gentle Saviour, Hear our earnest prayer: Make these little children All thy constant care;
2. We are very happy, All the world is fair; Seldom do we sorrow, Seldom have a care;
3. Dear and blessed Saviour, Hold our little hands; Lead us in thy footsteps, Heeding thy commands;

Softly shine upon us. With Thy smile of love; Lead us on our journey To Thy home above.
Yet we would be joyous, Did we only know, That, when life is ended, We to Thee should go.
So shall we in gladness Spend our earthly days, Till Thy voice shall call us Home to sing Thy praise.

Refrain.

Lead us, lead us. Lead us, gentle Saviour, Lead us on our journey To Thy home above.

110
WHOSOEVER WILL.

** Ella Dale. **

"And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.  

W. H. DOANE.

1. Come a-way, O ye thirsty, to the waters; Hear the voice of the Spirit and the Bride; They are calling; let every one that heareth Gladly seek the gentle flowing tide. Whoso-ev-er, linger and perish by the wayside, With the cool bright water just in view? greet you with welcome at the fountain, And his blessing freely, freely give. Whoso-ever will may come, 

2. Come a-way, O ye dying ones that languish For a drop that your vigor will re-new; Will you flow ing there for all, . . . . Whoso-ev-er will may drink for-ever-more. flowing there for all, Free-ly flowing there for all, 

3. Come a-way and be re-conciled to Jesus; He has died that in glory you might live; He will Whoso-ever will may come, Free-ly come and drink the fountain of living water Free-ly flowing there for all, Free-ly flowing there for all, 

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ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD.

Albert Midlane.

"I press toward the mark."—Phil. 3:14.

Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. "Onward, upward, homeward!" hastily I flee From this world of sorrow, with my Lord to be,
2. "Onward, upward, homeward!" Here I find no rest; Treading o'er the desert which my Saviour pressed;
3. "Onward, upward, homeward!" Come along with me; Ye who love the Saviour, bear me company;

Onward to the glory, upward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions far above the skies.
"Onward, upward, homeward!" I shall soon be there, Soon its joys and pleasures, I thro' grace, shall share.
"Onward, upward, homeward!" press with vigor on; Yet a little moment and the race is won.

REFRAIN.

Onward to the glory, upward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions far above the skies.

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BATTLE TO THE END.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1st Tim. 6: 12

1st time.  2d time.

1  (Gird on, gird on your ar - mor, and a - way; Like he - roes be firm and true;
   Lead on your ranks to bat - tle for the Lord, (Omit. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
   Who triumphed over
   Our foes are strong, but greater far is he Whose arm is our strength and shield;
   March on, march on with bold and fearless tread; (Omit. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
   We'll conquer by his
   No faltering step, no faint and fear - ful heart, No truce with the hosts of sin;
   Be strong in Him, our nev - er - fail - ing trust; (Omit. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
   Remember there's a
death and the grave for you.
   grace, but we'll nev - er yield.  } We'll battle to the end, we'll battle to the end, And then our crown we'll
   palm and a crown to win.
   wear; We'll gath - er on the shore, re - joic - ing ev - ermore, With all the no - ble ar - my there.

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COMING NEARER.

Mrs. M. E. M. Sangster.

"This land shall be your possession."—Num. 32: 22.

R. Lowry.

Cheerfully.

1. It's com-ing, com-ing near-er, The love-ly land un-seen; Its shores are growing clear-er, Though
2. The balm-y winds are bringing Its o-dors on their breath; Our ship of life is swinging To the
3. It's com-ing, com-ing near-er, We're homeward bound at last; Its shores are growing clear-er, We

D. S. Oh yes! its coming near-er, The

FINE.

mists lie dark be-tween; We catch its beams of glo-ry, We hear its bursts of song, We're
port where is no death; Where none are heavy heart-ed, Where all are glad and free, Where
soon shall an-chor fast; We'll dwell with Him for ev-er Who brought us o'er the tide, And

love-ly land un-seen.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

raptured with its sto-ry, For it our spir-its long. Oh yes! its coming nearer, nearer nearer;
friends are never part-ed, And saints their Saviour see.
not a foe shall sev-er Our souls from His dear side.
JESUS, HEAR ME.

* Wm. Stevenson.  

"Lord, save me."—Mat. 14: 30.  

R. L.

1. Jesus, hear my supplication, As for help I pray; Without Thee I can do nothing,
2. Jesus, hear me; in my weakness, I look up to Thee; Be the strength of my salvation,
3. Thou, O Christ, canst bear the weakest, Raise the lowliest one, All my sins and guilt forgiving,

Cast me not away; Leave me not, O blessed Saviour, Leave me not alone;
My deliverer be; Here no human hand can help me, Friends do not avail;
Bid my fears be gone; By thy grace I may be strengthened; Lord, that grace I crave;

REFRAIN.

Naught that I can do or suffer Can for sin atone. O hear me, Jesus,
None can ever save his brother, Earthly helpers fail.
Thou hast promised to be gracious, Jesus, hear and save.

hear me! Hear me while I pray; O hear me now, my Saviour! Take my sins away.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL WAR-CRY.

"Quit you like men."—1 Cor. 16:13.

1. On to the conflict, soldiers for the right, Arm you with the Spirit’s sword, and march to the fight;
2. Fiercely it rages, deadly is the strife, But the prize that you shall win will be endless life;
3. Valiant and cheerful, marching right along, Every foe shall quit the field, tho’ haughty and strong;
4. Soon shall the warfare and the conflict cease, Soon shall dawn the welcome day of resting and peace;

Truth be your watchword, sound the ringing cry, Victory, victory, victory, victory!
Jesus will crown you, your reward shall be Victory, victory, victory, victory!
Fear shall oppress them, truth shall make them flee; Victory, victory, victory, victory!
Foes all subdued, we’ll raise to heaven the cry, Victory, victory, victory, victory!

CHORUS.

Ever this the war-cry, Victory, victory; Ever this the war-cry, Victory;

Write it on your banners, Waft it on the breeze, Victory, victory, victory!
CLAP YOUR HANDS FOR JOY.

* Written for this Work.

"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour."—Luke 2: 11.  

R. L.

1. Where the youthful son of Jesse Touch'd the harp with silver strains, While the peace-ful flock he tend-ed Graz'd up-on the fer-tile plains—Where he listened to the murmur star in shin-ing ar- mor Keep-ing watch on lofty height; Then a sudden burst of mu-sic! riv-er sweeping onward, Comes the mighty strain sublime; Great Immanuel, Prince and Saviour!

2. All the world was lock'd in slum-ber; Calm and still the dew-y night; Ev-ev-ry Of the brook-tet, soft and low,—Came the blessed in-fant Saviour, Eighteen hundred years ago. Thro' the air it rolled a-long; Mul-ti-tudes of shining angels Woke the earth with heav'nly song. Pure and spotless, un-de-filed, In thy birth, O King of Glo-ry, God to man is reconciled.

3. Thro' the line of dis-tant a-ges, Swift-er than the march of time, Like a
CLAP YOUR HANDS FOR JOY. Concluded.

Clap your hands for joy, ye people, Clap your hands for joy, ye people, Clap your hands,

Clap your hands, Hail the rising morn; Shout hosanna, shout hosanna, Clap your hands for joy,

Clap your hands for joy; Shout hosanna, shout hosanna Shout hosanna for a Saviour born.
1. God grant we may ever be faithful To follow his great command, That so we may build on the

2. O where can we go but to Jesus? The Rock of the soul is he; Unmoved, when the storm and the

CHORUS.

Solid Rock, And not on the shifting sand. We'll build on him alone, the precious corner stone, And

then our structure ever will endure; When our earthly house of clay shall dis-

solve and pass away, O there we shall dwell secure.

3 The house on the Rock is eternal;
Tis built on the wise and just;
The house on the sand is the worldling's hope
That crumbles and falls into dust.

4 May God in his mercy direct us
To follow his great command;
God help us to build on the Solid Rock,
And not on the shifting sand.

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MAY WE COME IN?

Julia A. Mathews.  "But ye are now returned unto the Shepherd ...... of your souls." — 1 Pet. 2: 95.

Steadily.  Inquirvby Infant Class.

1. May we come into this happy fold? We're faint, and hungry, and weak, and cold; We stray'd far away, we've
2. Torn is our raiment, and soil'd, and poor; How can we enter that shining door? Your robes are so sweet, and
3. Wretch ed and sin - ful, we are not meet To come, and sit at the Shepherd's feet; But, out in the darkness

Response by the whole School.

wander'd long. And now may we to this fold be - long? Come in, come in, little lambs, come in; Tho'
pure, and white, And all within is so fair and bright!
far a way, We heard His voice, and we could not stay.

all defiled and stain'd with sin, Christ Jesus the Lord can make you clean; Come in, little lambs, come in, come in.
1. Teach me, O Lord; as a child I am weak; Yet I would learn from the lowly and meek—Learn at thy feet all thy goodness to me, Learn how my heart has been faithless to thee. 
2. Help me to pray that my faith may increase; Help me to pray for the path of thy peace—Pray that my hand may be ever in thine; Teach me to pray, O my Saviour divine. 
3. Teach me to ask of thy Spirit to give Grace to my soul every moment I live; Teach me to ask, O my Father in heav’n, Grace to forgive as my sins are forgiven. 
4. Help me to pray that my soul may be fed Ever by Thee with the Life-giving Bread; Help me to pray that thy kingdom may come—Pray that thy will in my heart may be done.

CHORUS

poor, weary dove, And my wings I would fold on thy bosom of love; 
sorrow away; Ever teach me, (Omit . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ) blessed Saviour, to pray.

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ROBE AND PALM.

"Clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—Rev. 7: 9.

A. Van Alstyne.

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear When all thy saints are crowned; These are the palms that we shall bear On yonder holy ground. Come, crown and throne, come, robe and palm; Burst sons of light, We sit on yonder throne. des - ert tents, And quit this desert land. grief is gain, With such a prize in view.

2. These are the robes, unsoiled and white, Which we shall then put on, When, foremost among the saints, Where we so soon shall stand, When we shall strike these for - th, glad stream of peace! Come, ho - ly cit - y of the Lamb! Rise, Sun of righteous - ness!

3. That is the city of the saints, Where we so soon shall stand, When we shall strike these for - th, glad stream of peace! Come, ho - ly cit - y of the Lamb! Rise, Sun of righteous - ness!

4. Then welcome toil, and care, and pain! And welcome sorrow too! All toil is rest, all
1. O, come to bright Zion with songs and with gladness, Rejoicing, come, join the sweet chorus within;
2. O, come to life's fountain, drink blessings forever, While Love at the festal crowns millions that come;
3. O, stay not, with doubting thy spirit to weary, Nor bury thy hope in this valley of gloom;

The anthems of praise in her courts have no sadness, To chasten the weary and laden with sin.
Come, sinner, ere death meet thee at the dark river, And ever more darken the light of thy home.
For all things are ready: no longer, then, tarry; While Jesus is waiting, poor wanderer, come.

CHORUS.

Come, haste to her banquet, bright angels will greet you; Come, stranger and pilgrim, the Bride bids you come;

Is calling, is waiting, is coming to meet you, To joy in your welcome to Zion, your home.
THE SMITTEN ROCK.

1. Lo! the desert rock is yielding; Yonder from its side, Clear and sparkling, cool and plac-id,
2. Yet, a purer, sweet-er fountain At the cross we see, From the Rock of A - ges flowing,
3. Christ the living Fount has purchased With his precious blood; Come, and lave the wounded spir-it

Now the wa-ters glide; God has ev-er led his people With a Fa-ther's hand; From the rock he
Wear-y soul for thee; There may every one that thirsteth Drink a full sup-ply; God has told us,
In its crim-son flood; In its blessed, healing water, Love and mer-cy flow; There is joy for

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S Thou the type of

gave them water In a thirsty hand. Smitten Rock that cheered the fainting, When thy waters came!
without money We may come and buy.
ev - ery sorrow, Balm for every woe.

our redemption, Thro' a Saviour's name.

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**MIGHTY ROCK.**

**Rev. Sidney Dyer.**

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Is. 32: 2.  

1. Thro' a weary land I tread, Burning skies are over head,  
   While the sands around my path, Glimmer with a scorching wrath;  
   Mighty Rock! to Thee I fly,  

2. Where my feet uncertain stray, Death and danger crowd the way;  
   Blinded by the terrors there, Whither can my soul repair?  
   Mighty Rock! alone to Thee;  

3. Here my soul supremely blest, Finds a sweet, a perfect rest;  
   Drops its heavy, gall ing load, Treading up the heavenly road;  
   Mighty Rock! around, above,  

4. Christ, my Rock, will me defend,  
   To the weary journey's end;  
   O how blissful thus to lie! Safe to live, and sweet to die!  
   Till the work of life is done,  
   And the crown of victory won;  
   Mighty Rock! ah, then with Thee  

**CHORUS.**

Weary, fainting, near to die.  
Death and hell thy presence flee.  
Rock of safety, Rock of grace, Ever be my hiding place;  
Hangs thy canopy of love.
THE GRACIOUS CALL.

1. Hear the words of gospel truth, Blessed call, blessed call; Come in sunny days of youth;
2. Hear the Saviour kindly say, Come to me, come to me; Strait and narrow is the way;
3. What a feast of things above, Full and free, full and free, Jesus spreads in bounteous love,

Come, there's room for all; Mercy in her arms will fold Gently now the young and old;
Come, O come to me; Learn my easy yoke to bear; Cast on me your every care;
Spreads for you and me! Now the warning voice obey; Sinner come; no more delay;

REFRAIN.

Joy awaits us, joy untold; Come, there's room for all. 'Tis the Saviour calling,
Then your soul my rest may share; Come, and lean on me. 'Tis the Saviour gently calling;
Jesus calls thee; come today; Come, there's room for all.

Burdened soul with guilt oppressed, Hither come, hither come; I will give you rest.
ANOTHER CLOSING DAY.

1. Another closing day, another setting sun,—What progress have I made? What
2. Amid perplexing cares That mark this checkered life, O have I sought Thy grace To

REFRAIN.

duty have I done? Behold the record, Lord, and see If I have tried to live for help me in the strife?

3 Have I, in simple faith
Before Thy gracious throne,
Lived only in Thy strength,
Nor trusted in my own?

4 Dear Saviour, guide my feet
In all the toilsome way,
And bring me nearer Thee
With each declining day.

IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE. (Anniversary.)

* Mrs. Van Alstyne.

"It is good for us to be here."—Matt. 17: 4.

W. H. Doane.

1. It is good to be here to-day, It is good, it is good, It is good to be here to-day, In the house of the Lord, with friends we love, Who are guiding our feet to joy in our hearts to-day: Thro' the blessing of God our Fa-ther dear, We are spared to behold an-

homes a-bove; We give them a hap-py greeting now As we gath-er so cheer-ful to-

oth-er year; While beams from the sunny past re-turn With a smile as we gath-er to-

3 ||:We have come with a song to-day, ||:
With the heart and the soul we gladly sing,
And we hallow his name, our Heavenly King;
All glory to Him whose holy word
||:Is our light as we gather to-day. ||:

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THE TWO COMMANDMENTS.

1st Fannie Crosby. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."—Mark 12: 30. W. H. Doane.

1. First among the christian graces, Love the crowning virtue stands; Love is taught our highest

2. Are we loving, are we striving, To obey our Master's will? We must pray for grace to

3. On the cross, O blessed Saviour, Only love inscribed we see; By our patient self de-

du - ty, In the Saviour's two commands; Love with all thy powers united, Love the
help us His commandments to fulfill; We must keep this thought before us, In the

ni - al, May we prove our love to thee; Love thy first and great commandment, Love the

D. S. Love with all thy powers united, Love the

Lord thy God above, And remember yet another, As thyself, thy neighbor love.
work we try to do, If we love our dear Redeemer, We must love our neighbor too.

Lord thy God above; Thou hast taught us yet another, As thyself, thy neighbor love.

Lord thy God above, And remember yet another, As thyself, &c.

CHORUS.

Love that changes not, Love that changes not, Love that warms the heart to all, Every where we go;

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WELCOME THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

Words written for this work. "And call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord."—Is. 55: 13.

1. Welcome, welcome, welcome the Beautiful Day! Day of holy pleasure, Day of richest
   treasure; In the temple of the Lord, Now we meet to pray. We hail the day with
   to- rious, When He broke the bars of death In the morning gray, morning; But a bright-er dawn will come, With its heavenly ray.

2. Welcome, welcome, welcome the Beautiful Day! Jesus made it glorious, When He rose vic-
   song and chorus, With its beauty shining o'er us, And the glory just before us

3. Welcome, welcome, welcome the Beautiful Day! Beautiful the dawning Of the Sabbath
   Of the Sabbath Land away; Welcome, welcome, welcome the Beautiful Day!

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IN THE SWEET EVERMORE.

**Fanny Crosby**

"At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Ps. 16: 11

W. H. Doane.

1. We are coming, we are coming, O ye glad ones above; You have only gone before us to the
dear land of love; We are looking, we are longing for the sweet fields of rest, Where the silver waters
bright, happy throng; Only just a little longer, we shall then pass away, Like the beams that fade so
dread not the tide; With his loving arm around us, tho' the waves darkly roll, We shall see the light of

2. We are coming, we are coming, and the time is not long; Every moment brings us nearer to your
moment brings us nearer to your

3. We are coming, we are coming; Jesus walks by our side; Tho' we feel the spray of Jordan, we shall

dear land of love; We are looking, we are longing for the sweet fields of rest, Where the silver waters
bright, happy throng; Only just a little longer, we shall then pass away, Like the beams that fade so
dread not the tide; With his loving arm around us, tho' the waves darkly roll, We shall see the light of

CHORUS.

You are waiting, You are waiting

murmur thro' the vales of the blest. Just beyond the crystal river, Just beyond the crystal
glory in the home of the soul.

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IN THE SWEET EVERMORE. Concluded.

You are waiting, you are waiting.

river, We shall know your happy welcome on the evergreen shore; Just beyond the crystal

river. We shall greet each other there; We shall clasp your hands, rejoicing in the sweet evermore.

HELP AND RELIEVE.

C. E. Pond.

"For thou hast been a refuge from the storm."—Is. 25: 4.

1. Father, the storm is high, Dark clouds shut out the sky; Trembling to Thee I fly: Comfort and save.
2. Hark to the tempest's roar! Open to me the door; My confidence restore; Comfort and save.
3. O God! temptation's nigh: Sin clouds the azure sky; To Thee for aid I fly: Help and relieve.
4. Hear, Father! hear my cry: And if I live or die, Saviour, be ever-nigh: Help and relieve.

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1. Give praise to God, my grateful soul; Join all my powers to sing The glory of redeeming love Thro' Him, my God and King; Now may His quickening grace divine My thoughts to rapture name my trust, His mercy all my plea; Soar thou, my faith, on eagle wings This fleeting world a gate of life, And bids me enter in—Proclaim the wonders of its power, Ye ransomed host a

2. Firm on the rock O let me stand—The rock He cleft for me; His word my hope, His

3. O love! transcendent, mighty love That paid the debt of sin! That opens wide the
deeing love Thro' Him, my God and King; Now may His quickening grace divine My thoughts to rapture name my trust, His mercy all my plea; Soar thou, my faith, on eagle wings This fleeting world a gate of life, And bids me enter in—Proclaim the wonders of its power, Ye ransomed host a

CHORUS.

move; Re-sign me to His sovereign will, And fold me in His love. Give praise to God, my
bove; May every feeling of my heart Be sanctified by love.
bove; Be this the burden of your song: The Lord our God is love.

grateful soul; Join all my powers to sing The glory of redeeming love Thro' Him my God and King.

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HAPPY ARE WE.

"Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee."—Ps. 128: 2.

Fannie Crosby.

1. Never be faint or weary, Children of light beaming so bright; How can the way be dreary? Trusting his love to guide us, Doing his will cheerfully still, Jesus will walk beside us;

2. Never be sad and fearful; Think of the hours covered with flowers; Let us be glad and cheerful, Seeking eternal pleasure, Merry with song, journey along—Jesus our only treasure,

CHORUS.

Jesus our friend is near; What has the heart to fear? Yes, happy are we; yes, happy are we; Ever we sing,

Happy in Jesus' love; Jesus our friend above.

Jesus our King, Honor and glory to thee; Ever in hope rejoicing, Loving our blessed Redeemer. Happy are we, Happy are we, Yes, happy are we.

3. Never repine in sorrow; Think of the care others may bear; Tell them a golden morrow; Smiling, their path will be fair; Comfort the sad and lonely; Walk in the light beaming so bright; Trusting in Jesus only, He will be always near. Cho.
THERE'S REST ON THE BOSOM OF JESUS.

"Ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. 11: 29.  
H. E. Kimball.

Chorus.

1. There's rest on the bosom of Jesus For all who are weary of sin; There's pardon and peace for the erring, For those who as conquerors win. Rest, rest, rest; Yes! rest for the weary and sad; There's rest on the bosom of Jesus; He makes all the sorrowing glad.

2. There's rest on the bosom of Jesus, And joy that the world cannot give; O bring all your sorrows un to him; O trust in his mercy and live.

3. There's rest on the bosom of Jesus, When life's day of trial is past; O let us be faithful and serve him, That we may be worthy at last.

4. There's rest on the bosom of Jesus; Yes, life everlasting and blest; We'll fear not the grave, for our Saviour Will lead us to heavenly rest.

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LEAVE THEM AT THE CROSS.

W. H. Doane.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—Ps. 55:22.

1. Come from the world apart; Come, whoso'er thou art; Leave thy o'er-burden'd heart at the cross; Crush'd like the autumn leaf, There shalt thou find relief; Leave all thy weight of grief at the cross. Leave them, go and leave sorrow there, Trials and vexing care, Leave them by faith and pray'r at the cross.

2. Thou that hast sown in tears, Toiling for many years. Go leave thy anxious fears at the cross; Leave every Saviour died; All to his love confide; Cling to his bleeding side, at the cross.

3. All that our hearts revere, All that we cherish here, Leave to a friend more dear at the cross; Go where the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.

CHORUS.

Leave them at the cross;

Leave them at the Saviour's blessed cross;

where his tender mercy flows at the cross.

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"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Phil. 1:21.

1. Living for Jesus, only for Jesus, Striving in wisdom daily to grow, Telling his goodness,
2. Living for Jesus, only for Jesus, Always forgiving, gentle and mild; Patient in labor,
3. Living for Jesus, only for Jesus—Blessed employment, blessed reward! Crowns in his kingdom

seeking his glory, Onward to Canaan, joyful I go; Doubts may befall me, trials oppress me, trusting his promise, Learning my duty, meek as a child; When I am hungry, Jesus will feed me, wait for the faithful; There shall the weary, rest in the Lord; Welcome, O welcome toil and affliction!

He is my buckler, strong to defend; Bright is the prospect, pleasant the journey; Jesus will lead me
He is my Shepherd, he is my guide; When I am thirsty, he will refresh me, All that is needful
He is my anchor steadfast and sure; Glory to Jesus, glory to Jesus! I shall behold him,

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LIVING FOR JESUS. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

safe to the end. O the love of Jesus! Wondrous love of Jesus! I will exalt him for evermore.
he will provide.
spotless and pure.

JEWS, HELP ME.

"Lord, save us; we perish."—Matt. 8: 25.

Henry Tucker, by per.

1 (Jesus, help me, I am weary, Let me hold thy hand in mine;)
D. C. Fold me in Thy arms of mercy, Keep me from the tempter's pow'r.

Jesus, help me, I am fainting
'Neath the desert's burning sky;
Lead to pastures cool and fragrant,
There my every want supply,
Shade me with thy wings eternal,
Let me feel Thee ever near;
Thou canst whisper words of comfort, Let me bear my cross with patience,
Thou canst try the falling tear.

2 Jesus, help me, I am sinking
In the cold and chilly wave;
Give me strength, my faith increasing,
Thou alone hast power to save;
Let my soul be filled with rapture, Let my hope be stayed in Thee,

3 Jesus, help me, I am sinking
In the cold and chilly wave;
Give me strength, my faith increasing,
Thou alone hast power to save;
Let my soul be filled with rapture, Let my hope be stayed in Thee,
HE IS NEAR THEE.

"I am with you always."—Mat. 28: 20.

1. He is near thee, ever near thee, Weary pilgrim, weak and worn, Thou who long hast followed
2. He is near thee, ever near thee, Young disciple, do not fear; He has promised to sus-
3. He is ever near the children, As he was in days of old, When He took them up and

Jesus, Who the burden long hast borne; Soon the long and toilsome journey Of thy mortal life shall

end, And thy spirit gain the mansions Of thy ever loving Friend. He is near thee, ever
do, And for-sake thee on thy journey, Jesus ever will be true.

stray; All who truly love and serve Him Dwell with Him in endless day.

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HE IS NEAR THEE. Concluded.

near thee, In the darkness and the day; He is near thee, ever near thee, and will never turn away.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

With expression.

"Always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake."—2 Cor. 4: 11.

1. O say, my soul, when Jesus came, And did thy sins and sorrows take, And bids thee give thyself to

2. Oh, when He wears a crown of thorns, A crown of glory thee to make, And bids thee tell His love a-

3. O help me, Father, thy weak child, The consecration now to make; Increase my faith, my love, my

D. S. With hand and tongue, with pray'r and

END. REFRAIN.

Him—Canst thou not work for Jesus' sake? For Jesus' sake, for Jesus' sake? O yes! I'll work for Jesus' sake;

broad—Canst thou not work for Jesus' sake?

zeal, That I may work for Jesus' sake.

song, O yes! I'll work for Jesus' sake.

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NO WORK TO DO? (Sunday School Concert.)

1. No work to do? look up and see The fields al-ready white; No longer sit with folded hands, And waste God's
2. No work to do? go forth and show To men on ev-ery side Who daily on the brink of death, Thy Saviour
3. No work to do? redeem the time, And make the future prove The ardor of thy christian zeal, The fervor

pre-cious light. Be-hold! the harvest draweth near; A - rouse thee from thy near, draweth near, A - rouse ....... thee, a-
precru-ci-fied. of thy love. near, draweth near, A - rouse ....... thee, a-
sleep; For, what thou sowest, what thou sowest will appear When thou shalt come to rouse thee from thy sleep;
reap; For, what thou sowest will ap-pear ....... When thou shalt come to reap, thou shalt come to reap; what thou sowest will appear

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HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."—Ps. 65:11

1. Within the holy place of prayer, we seek the listening ear Of Him who sends once
more the morn That greets the glad New Year. Happy New Year! happy New Year! Oh!
joyful song, And hail the glad New Year.
on the way, Thro' all the glad New Year!

2. With thanks for mercies in the past, With faith in coming cheer, We lift today a
Happy New Year! Happy New Year! Oh!

3. Here let us all our vows renew, Bow down with godly fear; And, God protect us
Happy New Year! Happy New Year! Oh!

Happy, happy, New Year! May its days be bright with a heavenly light, And God crown the glad New Year.

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1. Smiling in its virgin beauty, comes the merry New-Year Day—Bright with hope and joy and gladness, like our childhood's morning ray; Happy greeting, happy greeting, get to thank Him for his ever watchful care; Happy New-Year, friends, and teachers,

Parents, friends, and teachers dear! Every heart beats high with pleasure while we hail the new-born year.

Happy New-Year, one and all! May our Father's richest blessing on your pathway ever fall.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1873, by Hubert P. Main, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.
KEEP ME, SAVIOUR.  143

{* H. E. K.  }

Prayerfully.

"I kept them in thy name."—John 17:12.

H. E. Kimball.

1. Keep me, Saviour, ever near thee; Never let me from thee rove; Ever guide my wand'ring
   foot-steps In the path that leads above; If my falt'ring feet should wander
   night of error's way, Gent-ly, Lord, O gent-ly lead them
2. Mid all doubts and dark temptations, In all conflicts, be thou nigh; Strengthen every wav'ring
   pur-pose; Let my heart be fixed on high; When the night of death approaches,
   lay me down to rest, Then be near, O gracious Saviour; Fold me to thy lov-ing breast.

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I'M WAITING FOR THEE.

* Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

With expression.

1. I'm wea-ry, I'm fainting, my day's work is done; I'm watching and waiting for life's setting
2. The cold surging billows that break at my feet, Have lost all their ter-ror, their mu-sic is
3. Come, loving Redeem-er, and take to thy breast The heart that is pant-ing and sigh-ing for
4. I'll lay my life's burden, O Lord, at thy feet, For loved ones are watching my spir-it to

INSTRUMENT.

sun: The shadows are stretching a-far o'er the lea; Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.
sweet: My Saviour is still-ing the tempest for me; Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.
rest: My Saviour, I'm waiting, I'm waiting for thee; Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.
greet: The portals of glo-ry are o-pen for me; Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.

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I'M WAITING FOR THEE. Concluded.

QUARTET.—Andante con espressione.

The shadows are stretching a - far o'er the lea, Then oh! let me anchor be-yond the dark sea!

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

Richard Massie.

"Reaching forth unto those things which are before."—Phil. 3: 18. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Up-ward and on-ward, Heav'nward and sunward, Rises the lark as he joy-ous-ly sings;
2. Like this sweet sing-er, Let us not linger, Clinging and cleaving to earth's wea-ry sod;
3. So our hearts raising, Sing-ing and praising, Looking to Je-sus the Sun of the soul;

With mu-sic thrilling, All the air fill-ing, Bear-ing a mes-sage of praise on his wings.
But, upward springing, Our tribute bringing, Strive to draw near-er and near-er to God.
Our strength re-new-ing, Our way pur-su-ing, Let us press on till we reach the bright goal!
1. Let us work for God and follow his commands, With a cheerful heart and ever willing hands;
2. He will give us strength our vigor to renew, He will grant us grace that fall-eth like the dew;
3. To a glorious work he calleth us away; Let us bear the heat and burden of the day;

In the field of life rejoicing every day, Let us work, and trust, and pray.
And the seeds of love immortal fruit shall bear, Ever guarded by his care.
'Tis the faithful souls that reap the bright reward At the coming of the Lord.

CHORUS.

We shall rest, We shall rest by and by, by and by, Sweetly rest when earthly toil is o'er, In a

land, In a land bright and fair, bright and fair, We shall rest when earthly toil is o'er.
WANDERING HERE.

**E. R. Latta.**

"The children of Israel wandered in the wilderness."—Josh. 14: 10.

1. Wandering here, wandering here, Pilgrims and strangers we rove; Wayworn and weak, ever we seek
2. Wandering here, wandering here, Thro' the low valley of time, Striving to gain yonder domain,
3. Wandering here, wandering here, Far from those mansions so fair; But, with the blest, soon we shall rest,

Rest in the mansions above; Rough is our road, heavy our load, Dark are the clouds overhead;
Waiting in heaven's pure elime; Faith's piercing eye oft dawl desery, Stretching beyond the dark stream,
Soon in their blessedness share; Here tho' we sigh, languish and die, Nothing shall trouble us then;

CHORUS.

Many our fears, many our tears, Thro' the bleak wilderness led. Pillar of fire, pillar of cloud,
Fields shining bright, Beings in white, Fairer than mortal could dream.
We shall abide, safe o'er the tide, Never to wander again.

Guide us by night and by day; Still may we come near'er our home, Over our wilderness way.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1873, by Biglow & Main, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.
ZION, THY KING BEHOLD.

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion!"—Isa. 52:1.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. God of Eternal truth, Joyful we praise Thee; Thou hast delivered us,—Thou art our King;
2. Thro' Thy victorious arm Thy foes are captive; Death and the hosts of sin Conquered for aye;
3. Swell your triumphant songs, Angels in glory! There let your golden harps Ring ever-more;

O let the anthem roll Sweetly on, from pole to pole, Till every living soul Praise to Thee shall sing. 
Now on Thy Father's throne, Risen Saviour, God alone, Earth shall Thy scepter own, Thy unbounded sway. 
From Eden's lovely plain, Where immortal pleasures reign, Hail Him who lives again, Praise Him and adore.

CHORUS.

Zion! thy King behold, Rise in thy beauty; Sing! for the night is past; Thy light has come.
1. On the heights why standest thou, Sentinel, with sleepless brow? In the service of our Lord, I am.
2. On the heights what seest thou, Sentinel, with sleepless brow? Sin and crime with heedless bound, Send their
3. On the heights what hearest thou, Sentinel, with sleepless brow? Still the foe in phalanx broad, Arms him-

keeping watch and ward; Sleeping nev-er, guarding ev-er All the posts of danger near; Lest our
for-ces all a-round; Nev-er sleeping, ev-er keeping Faithful guard tho' foes appall, Christ him-
self a-against the Lord; Armor glancing, swift ad-vancing, When we thought salvation near; Waken

choir

city should be captured, Lest the en-e-my ap-pear. Tho' the night be long and weary, Cheer thee,
self our arms will strengthen, Mighty to en-com-pass all.
soldiers! march to bat-tle, Christ the Lord is Captain here.

Rall....

soldier, yonder distant ray Shall dispel these war clouds dreary; Thou shalt soon behold the day!
GATHER AND REST.

Written for this Work.

"And his rest shall be glorious."—Isaiah 11:10.

W. H. DOANE.

1st Voice or Tenor.

1. What is thy prospect? O whither a-way? Where dost thou journey? tell me, I pray? Bright is my prospect, a stranger below, Onward and upward to Zion I go; Onward thro' sorrow, temporary bidding he bids me pursue; Do with thy might what thy hands find to do; Working for Jesus, O fear with the Saviour my guide? Has he not promised that he will provide? Yes, we will trust him for temptation, and sin, Conflicts without and trials within; On to inherit the joy of the blest; blissful employ! Sowing in weakness, reaping in joy; Looking by faith to the vales of the blest; all that may come; He will conduct us safe to our home; Zion, dear Zion, sweet land of the blest!

2nd Voice Alto.

2. What has the Master command-ed of thee? What is thy mission? Where may it be? This is the prospect, a stranger below, Zion, dear Zion, sweet land of the blest; temptation, and sin, Conflicts without and trials within; On to inherit the joy of the blest; blissful employ! Sowing in weakness, reaping in joy; Looking by faith to the vales of the blest; all that may come; He will conduct us safe to our home; Zion, dear Zion, sweet land of the blest!

3. Is there no dan-ger, no per-il to dread? What if the storm cloud break o'er thy head? How can I

Duet.—Tenor & Soprano.

CHORUS.

There with the Saviour we'll gather and rest. Jesus our helper will meet us at last.
There by and by may we gather and rest. Safe-ly at home, when our journey is passed.
There, one and all, may we gather and rest.
Our Beloved Have Departed.

Andante.

"He giveth his beloved sleep." — Ps. 127: 2.

1. Our beloved have departed, While we tarry, broken-hearted, In the dreary, empty house;
2. Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly, — On we travel, daily, nightly, To the rest that they have found;
3. Ah! the way is shining clearer, As we journey ever nearer To the ever-lasting home;

They have ended life's brief story, They have reach'd the home of glory, O-ver death vic-to-ri-ous.

Are we not up - on the riv - er, Sailing fast, to meet for-ev-er On more ho-ly, happy ground?

Comrades who a-wait our landing. Friends who 'round the throne are standing, We salute you, and we come.
IN THE HAPPY LONG AGO.

Fannie Crosby.

1. They are waiting by the shore, They have reach'd the golden strand, They have passed the shining portals Of the bright and sunny land; But they linger on the bank, Where the silver waters crystal, And the trees that bloom so fair; With the angels we shall sing, With our Saviour we shall dread; Kindred spirits, ever dwell; To the friends that warmly greet us We shall never say fare-well. Kindred spirits, ever "gide. For the bark that soon will waft us O - ver Jordan's rolling tide. Blesst, Where no tears of sorrow flow.—Do they love as when we parted In the happy long a-go?
We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship Thee, the
Father everlasting. To Thee all angels cry aloud; the heavens and all the powers therein.

To Thee cherubim and seraphim, Continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of

Sanctuary; Heav'n and earth are full of the majesty of Thy great glory! Amen, Amen.

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ROYAL DIadem.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(1.)

MARTYN. KEY, F. C.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
   Let me to thy bosom fly,
   While the raging billows roll,
   While the tempest still is high.
   Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
   Till the storm of life is past;
   Safe into the haven guide,
   Oh, receive my soul at last.

(2.)

Other refuge have I none;
   Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
   Leave, oh, leave me not alone!
   Still support and comfort me:
   All my trust on thee is stay'd;
   All my help from thee I bring;
   Cover my defenceless head
   With the shadow of Thy wing.

(3.)

MY SOUL BE ON THY GUARD.

LABAN. KEY, D.

1 My soul be on thy guard,
   Ten thousand foes arise;
   The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
   To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray—
   The battle never give o'er;
   Renew it boldly every day,
   And help divine implor.".

(4.)

LOVE FOR THE CHURCH.

ST. THOMAS. KEY, G.

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

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

(5.)

THE MORNING LIGHT.

WEBB. KEY, Bb.

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

COME THOU FOUNT.

GREENVILLE. KEY, F.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
   Tune my heart to sing thy grace
   Streams of mercy, never ceasing;
   Call for songs of loudest praise:
   Teach me some melodious sonnet
   Sung by flaming tongues above;
   Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—
   Mount of my redeeming love!

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

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COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE ABROAD

(9.) LUTHER. KEY, F.

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 formed us by his word.

SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

(10.) KEY, Bb.

1 Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tender care,
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds 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:||

SOW IN THE MORNING.

(11.) BOYDSTON. KEY, G.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever sown.
3 Thou cannot till in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

(12.) MISSIONARY HYMN. KEY, F.

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.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

(13.) KEY, F.

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 days grow 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.

BLEST BE THE TIE.

(14.) DENNIS. KEY, F.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.
3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

WATCHING UNTO PRAYER.

(15.) PETERBOROUGH. KEY, G.

1 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.
2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

ROCK OF AGES.

(16.) TOPLADT. KEY, Bb.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know?
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
SHINING SHORE.

(17.)

ROYAL DIadem.

KEY, F.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

(20.)

BETHANY. KEY, G.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

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

How GENTLE God's COMMANDS.

(21.)

OLMUTZ. KEY, B♭.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.

NEAR THE CROSS.

(22.)

KEY, F.

1 Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
Cho.—In the Cross, in the Cross
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river. Cho.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

(23.)

KEY, E♭.

1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Cho.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

DISMISSION.

(24.)

SICILY. KEY, E♭.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

DOXOLOGY. No. 1.

OLD HUNDRED. KEY, A.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DOXOLOGY. No. 2.

To God the Father, God the Son
And God the Spirit, Three in One:
Be honor, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
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