

And He showed me a pure river of water, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and the Lamb



River of Life.

THE

OF
BY

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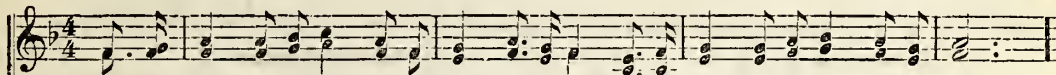
DEDICATION SONG.

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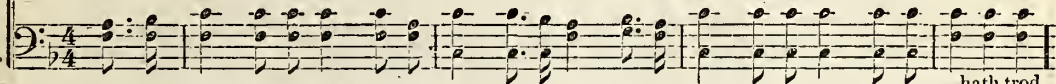
"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—REV. xiii. 1.

H. S. PERKINS.

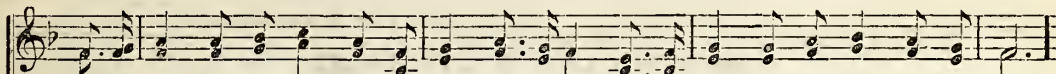
WM. W. BENTLEY.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful Riv - ER OF LIFE far away In the land which no mor - tal hath trod ;
2. On the banks of this beau - ti - ful Riv - er are seen Rich - est ver - dure and flow - ers so fair ;



hath trod.
so fair.



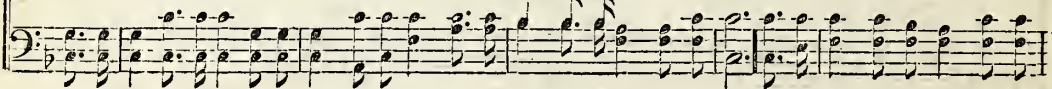
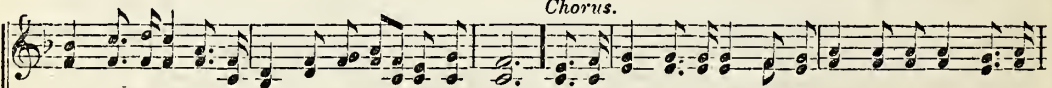
For the heal - ing of na - tions its wa - ters were made, And it flows from the eit - y of God.
Wav - ing for - ests of trees, with their leaves ev - er green, And the sweet - est per - fume fills the air.



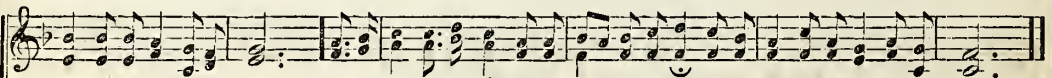
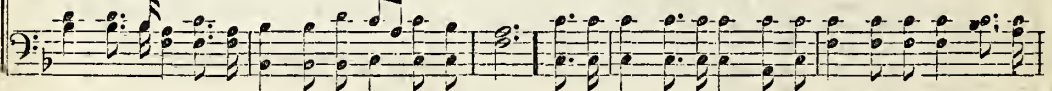
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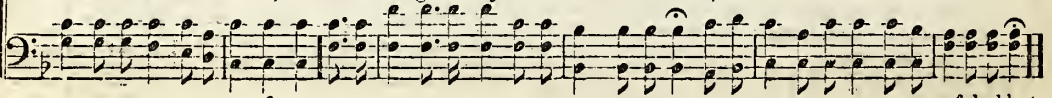
Pure as crystal, its sur-face reflects ev'-ry ray Which proceeds from the Lamb's blessed throne; 'Tis the life-giv-ing stream, and its Pur-est rays from the throne of the Lamb giveth light To the num-ber-less glo-ri-fied throng; And they shout loud ho-san-nas to

*Chorus.*

wat-ers are sweet To the soul in its heav-en-ly home. } We will sing of the beau-ti-ful Riv-er of Life, Blessed
God and the Lamb To whom hon-or and glo-ry be-long. }



stream in the mansions of rest; We will sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb, For that beautiful home of the blest.



of rest.

of the blest.

OPENING SONGS.

COME TO THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

Words and Music by

(FOR OPENING SCHOOL.)

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Come to the house of prayer; Come and eom-mune with heav'n; Come, lay a - side all
 2. Come to the house of prayer; Come, 'tis the place for thee; Come, learn of him whose
 3. Come to the house of prayer; Come to the Sa - vior's feet; Come, lift your hearts to

BEFORE THY THRONE.

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

Slow, with feeling.

earth - ly care, To all this boon is giv'n.
 con - stant care, Is o - ver all we see.
 him a - bove, In ho - ly un - ion meet.

1. Lord be - fore thy throne I bow,
 2. Make me tru - ly whol - ly thine.

Wilt thou lis - ten to me now; While to thee my voice I raise; In a hymn of prayer and praise
 Cleanse this sin - ful heart of mine; All my wick - ed deeds for - give, May I serve thee while I live.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

FOR OPENING SCHOOL.

H. S. P.

1. Our Fa-ther in hear-en, we hal-low thy name; May thy king-dom ho-ly on earth be the same;
2. For-give our trans-gres-sions, and teach us to know That hum-ble com-pas-sion, that par-dons each foe;

Oh! give to us dai-ly our por-tion of bread, For 'tis from thy houn-ty that all must be fed.
Keep us from temp-ta-tion, from weak-ness and sin, And thine be the glo-ry, for ev-er, A-men.

FERVENT PRAYER.

FOR OPENING SCHOOL.

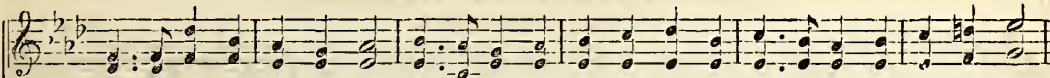
J. H. LESLIE.

Words and Music by
Andante.

1. Je-sus, full of love and mer-cy; Je-sus, full of truth and grace; Hear thy children's sup-pli-ca-tion,
2. Teach us how to love and serve thee; Teach us ev-er how to know Thy di-vine and ho-ly pleasure,

FERVENT PRAYER.—Concluded.

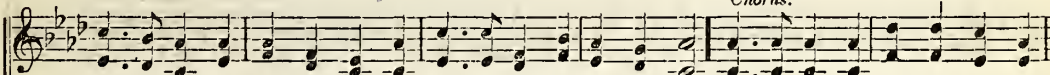
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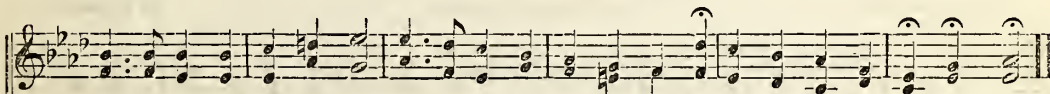
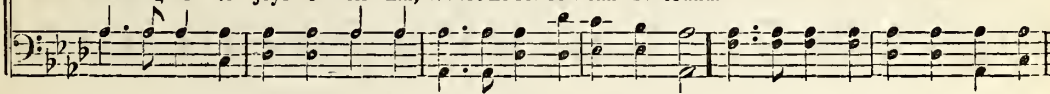
As they bow be - fore thy face. We are full of sin and sor-row, All our help from thee must come;
While we wander here be - low. When our work on earth is end - ed, May we hear the wel-come sound,



Chorus.



Oh, re-ceive us to thy fa - vor, Guide us to our heaven-ly home. Sa-vior, help us to re-ceive thee,
Call-ing us to joys e - ter - nal, Where no sor-row can be found.



As our on - ly help and guide; Bear us o'er the surging bil-lows, Land us safe on Canaan's side.



SINGING THE PRAISES OF JESUS.

"Enter His courts with PRAISE; serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with SINGING."

Words and Melody by

(To the Sabbath School Children of Bureau County, Ill.)

D. HAYDEN LLOYDE.

Moderato.

(FOR OPENING SCHOOL.)

1. { Children now with songs of glad-ness, Sing, sing, sing, } To the Sav - lor
 2. { Filled with love and free from sad-ness, Sing, sing, sing, } Wilt thou now our
 3. { From thy courts we would a - dore thee, Sing, sing, sing, } May we here with
 4. { Con - stant is thy love and guid-ance, Sing, sing, sing, } To us all wilt
 Thou our hope and firm re - li - ance, Sing, sing, sing;
 Grant us, Lord, oh, grant a bless-ing, Sing, sing, sing;
 For we come, our sins con - fess-ing, Sing, sing, sing;

Chorus.

grate - ful praise, In our hap - py song we'll raise. } Sing, sing the praise of
 doubts re - move, And thy love and mer - cy prove.
 Je - sus meet, At the sin - ner's mer - cy seat.
 thou draw near, Heal our grief, and quell our fear.

Sing, yes, sing the praise.

Je - sus, the King! While our vol - ces Joy - ful raise, Sing, sing his
 Sing, yes sing the

SINGING THE PRAISES OF JESUS.—Concluded.

praise, And our thank - ful hearts we bring, Sing, sing his praise.

praise.

COME, COME, COME.

Words and Music by

FOR OPENING SCHOOL

H. E. KIMBALL

With animation.

1. Come, come, come, once more we meet in glad-ness, Joy - ful sing our praises to the Lord;
2. Come, come, come, the earth is decked with flow - ers, Cheer-ful car - ol birds on eve - ry tree;
3. Come, come, come, and lis - ten to the sto - ry, How the Lord once died our souls to save;

Ban - ish eve - ry thought of woe or sad - ness, While with rev'-rent hands we ope his word. }
 May we now join all our youth-ful pow - ers, Offr - ing in - cense, Sa - vior, un - to thee. }
 Let us all in rev'ence bow be - fore him, Humbly kneel - ing while his grace we crave. }

COME, COME, COME.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Sing, sing, sing the prais-*ez* of our Sa-*vi*or, Sing with de-light the glo-*ri*es of our King;

Christ has re-deemed us, we'll glo-*ri*-fy him ev-er, While our cheerful voices make the wel-kin ring.

LET US JOIN IN PRAYER.

H. S. PERKINS.

FOR OPENING SCHOOL.

MENDELSSOHN.

p *Andante e legato.**cres.**f*

1. With heart-felt ad-o-ra-tion, To God our heav'n-ly King; We bow in sweet sub-
 2. We bless thee for the mer-cies, Vouchsafed to us each day; For from thy gra-cious
 3. We ask thy ben-e-dic-tion, That we go not a-stray; May we re-sist temp-

LET US JOIN IN PRAYER.—Concluded.

cres. And while we come be - fore thee.

mis - sion, Our of - fer - ing to bring, And while we come..... be - fore thee,
 boun - ty, None e'er are turned a - way; But thou dost free - - - ly give us,
 ta - tion, We meet with day by day. And may the love..... thou giv - est,

And while we come before thee.

f *pp*

Wilt thou in mer - cy hear Our ear - nest sup - pli - ca - tion, And be thou ev - er
 Of thy rich gifts in store, For which we bow be - fore thee, And bless thee ev - er -
 Draw all our hearts a - bove, And may each heart's de - vo - tion, Be filled with heaven - ly

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

near; Our ear - nest sup - pli - ca - tion, And be..... thou ev - er near.
 more; For which we bow be - fore thee, And bless..... thee ev - er - more.
 love; And may each heart's de - vo - tion, Be fill'd..... with heavenly love.

thou ev - er near.

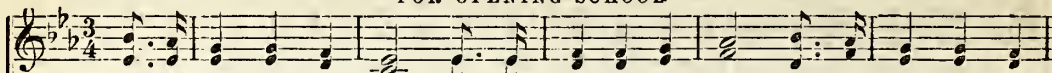
MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR THEE.

E. R. LATTA.

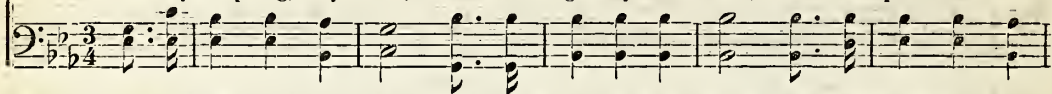
(Read Psalm 63 responsively.)

H. S. P.

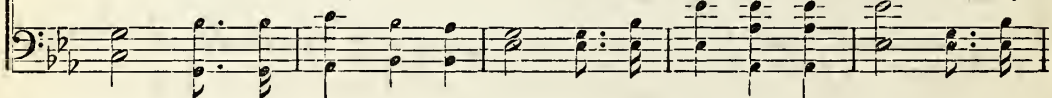
FOR OPENING SCHOOL



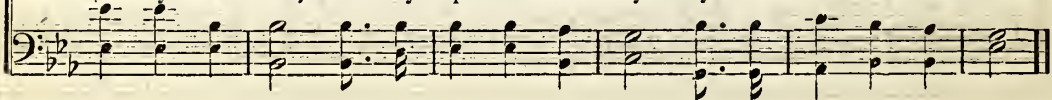
1. As the hart pants to find Where the cool wa - ters stray, So my soul longs for
 2. My soul fol - low - eth hard Af - ter thee, oh, my God! I am striv - ing to
 3. To thy keep - ing, my soul, I will glad - ly re - sign; And the plea - sures of



God, Both by night and by day; From the bur - den of sin, Let my
 walk Where thy peo - ple have trod, I shall not seek in vain; Thou wilt
 sin, Shall no long - er be mine, In the man - sions a - bove, I thy



spir - it be free, For sal - va - tion I sigh, My soul thirst - eth for thee.
 list to my plea; Now thy pres - ence re - veal, My soul thirst - eth for thee.
 glo - ry shall see; While my lips ev - er say: My soul thirst - eth for thee.



THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Words and Music by

FOR OPENING SCHOOL.

DR. J. D. VINTON.

Not too fast.

1. Oh, wel - come day that greets us here! We love its cheer - ful rule; And at this hap - py
 2. How sweet - ly sounds the Sab - bath bell, A - wak - ing many a soul, As eeh - oes send from
 3. The Bi - ble is a foun - tain clear Of wa - ters fresh and cool, — Re - viv - ing those, from
 4. Then all u - nit - ed, let us bow A - round the Lord's foot - stool. And of him ask, yea,

Chorus.

hour ap - pear With - in the Sab - bath school.
 hill and dell A call to Sab - bath school. } Oh, the Sab - bath school, the Sabbath school! The
 year to year, With - in the Sab - bath school. }
 ask him now, To bless the Sab - bath school.

bles - ed Sab - bath school! Where we all should away to sing and pray In the bles - ed Sab - bath school.

I WILL WAIT ON THE LORD.

E. R. LATTI.

(FOR OPENING SCHOOL.)

H. S. P.

"I will wait on thy name." PSALMS v. 2-3.

1. They who wait on the Lord, Shall their spir - its re - new; He will give them his
 2. In my wan - der - ings wide, In my do - ings so ill; Thou hast not cut me
 3. Thou art will - ing to save; There is mer - cy for all; I thy bid - ding have

grace, As he giv - eth the dew; I will wait all the day, And thy
 off, But hast borne with me still; Thou wilt mer - ci - ful be; Thou art
 heard, And I come at thy call; For the sake of thy Son, Thou wilt

bles - sing will claim; I will trust in thy love; I will wait on thy name
 ev - er the same; There is par - don with thee; I will wait on thy name.
 suf - fer my claim; I will trust in his blood; I will wait on thy name.

AWAY TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

(FOR OPENING SCHOOL.)

*

Cheerful.

1. The morn - ing sky is bright and clear, A - way to Sab - bath school; Let each one in his
 2. In sea - son let us all be there, A - way to Sab - bath school; That we may join the
 3. When each at night shall bow in prayer, We'll ask our God a - bove, To watch o'er teachers

class ap - pear, A - way to Sab - bath School; 'Tis there we learn the way to God, In
 open - ing prayer, A - way to Sab - bath School; There we can raise the heart to Heav'n, To
 with his care, And crown them with his love; And when on earth our time is sped, And

his most ho - ly word, } A - way, A - way, A - way, A - way to Sab - bath School.
 God for bless - ings given; }
 we are with the dead; If faith - ful, we shall meet, We all shall meet a - bove.

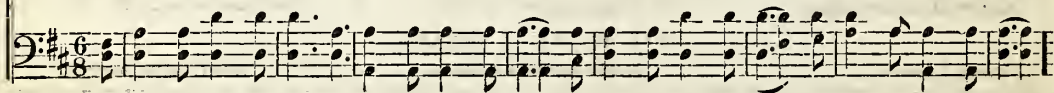
BLESS OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

(RESPONSIVE OPENING EXERCISE.)

H. S. P.

School.

1. Come, let our voices join In one glad song of praise; To God, the Lord of love, Our grateful hearts we raise.
2. Now we are taught to read The book of life di-vine; Where our Redeemer's love, And brightest glories shine.
3. With-in these hal-low'd walls, Our wand'ring feet are brought; Where prayer and praise ascend, And heav'nly truths are taught.
4. For bless-ings such as these, Our grat-i-tude re-ceive; Lord, here ac-cept our hearts, 'Tis all that we can give.

*Superintendent reads.*

(AFTER 1ST VERSE.)

To God alone your praise belongs,
His love demands your earliest songs.

(AFTER 2D VERSE.)

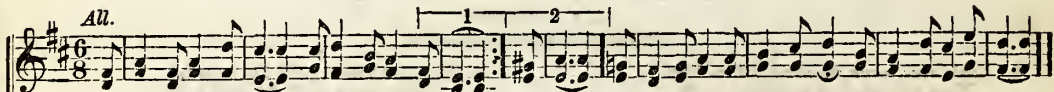
To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to me and you.

(AFTER 3D VERSE.)

To God alone your offerings bring;
Here in the school his praises sing.

(AFTER 4TH VERSE.)

Father, accept our opening songs;
To thee alone our praise belongs.

All.

Lord, bid this work of love Be crowned with meet success; }
May thousands yet un-born This in-sti-tu - - - - - } tion bless; Thus shall the praise resound to thee, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.



GOD BLESS OUR SABBATH SCHOOL!

17

(FOR OPENING SCHOOL.)

TUNE—AMERICA.

1. God bless our Sabbath school!
To this our hearts respond,
God bless our school!
May heaven's rich gifts pour down;
May we God's goodness own.
Lord, hear thy children pray
God bless our school!

2. We for our teachers pray;
May we their care repay,

And love our school!
Good Lord, teach us the way,
And guide us every day,
As we to heaven march on;
God bless our school!

3. Christ's banner floats above,
While we all sing of love—
His love for us,
We march beneath its folds;

Our hands the Saviour holds,
To lead us to our home
In heaven above.

4. Let angel host proclaim,
And echoes ring again,
God bless our school!
May heaven's rich gifts pour down;
May we God's goodness own.
Lord, hear thy children pray,
God bless our school!

TO THEE I COME.

(FOR OPENING SCHOOL.)

FLORA BROWN.

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

The image shows the musical notation for the hymn 'TO THEE I COME.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The music is a simple, hymn-like tune with a steady rhythm.

1. O Lord, to thee I come, Weighed down with grief and care, I now bring all my grief to thee, Wilt thou not hear my prayer.
2. Long, long I've trod the way, That leads to end-less night, Dreading to hear thy pleading voice, And hiding from thy sight.
3. Help me to do thy will, From paths of sin to shun; O keep me safely near thy side, Un-til life's race is run.

ONCE MORE WE COME.

DR. T. G. CHATTLE.

TUNE—GREENVILLE.

1. Lord, once more we come before thee,
With our songs of thankful praise,
And with grateful hearts adore thee
For thy goodness and thy grace.
While, like holy incense rising,
Come our prayers before thy throne,
With thy heavenly love around us,
Bless and call us all thine own.

2. Since we met a week has ended,
With its six days' toil and care,
Sabbath comes again attended,
With its sounds of praise and prayer.
Thus the time that thou hast given,
Help us all to so improve,
That we all may sing in heaven,
In the Sabbath of thy love.

GENERAL CLASS SONGS.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

E. R. LATTA.

"Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

H. S. PERKINS

1. Bless - ed be the foun - tain of blood, To a world of sin - ners, re - veal'd;
 2. Thorn - y was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bo - dy o'er - came;
 3. Fa - ther, I have wan - dered from thee; Of - ten has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless - ed be the dear Son of God, On - ly by his stripes we are healed.
 Griev - ous were the sor - rows he bore, But he suf - fered not thus in vain;
 Crim - son do my sins seem to me; Wa - ter can - not wash them a - way.

Though I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe;
 May I to that foun - tain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
 Je - sus to that foun - tain of thine, Lean - ing on thy pro - mise I'll go;

WHITER THAN SNOW,—Concluded.

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whi - ter than snow.
 Wash me in the blood that he shed, And I shall be whi - ter than snow.
 Cleanse me with thy wash - ing di - vine, And I shall be whi - ter than snow.

Chorus.

Whi - - - ter than snow; Whi - - - - ter than snow.

Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow, the snow;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb..... And I shall be whi - ter than snow.....
 the snow.

of the Lamb,

THE WATER OF LIFE.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come." ISAIAH lv. 1.

"And the Spirit and the bride say: Come, . . . And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." REV. xxii. 17.

Words and Music by

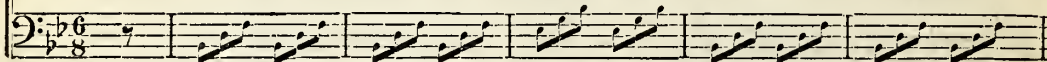
(GENERAL)

H. S. PERKINS.

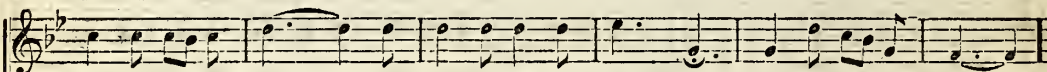
Solo, or all in unison.



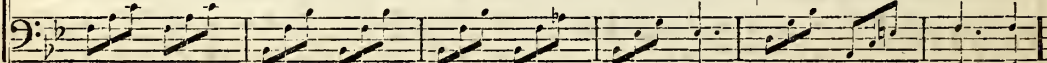
1. Ho, eve - ry one that thirst - eth, Come ye to the brink Of wa - ters flow - ing
2. To you the in - vi - ta - tion Comes from Christ, our Lord; It has been thus re -



free - ly, Come, and free - ly drink; Come where the stream is flow - ing,
cord - ed, In his Ho - ly word; Come to the liv - ing foun - tain,

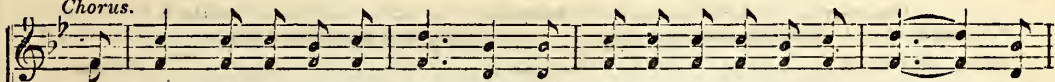


Sparkling down the mount, . . . Thro' ver - dant fields and mead - ows, From the ho - ly fount. }
Here thy soul may fill; . . . The Spir - it and the bride, says: "Come, who - ev - er will." }

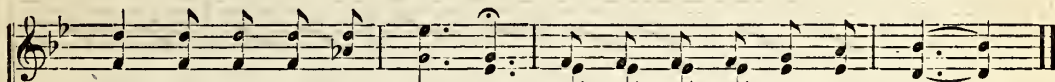
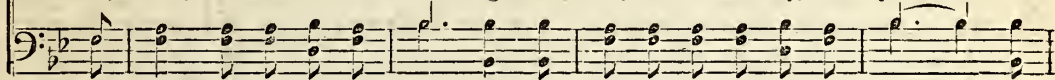


THE WATER OF LIFE.—Concluded.

Chorus.



Yes, come, the wa-ters are flow-ing For thee, with-out mon-ey, or price;.... O



come, and take of it free-ly,— Beau-ti-ful wa-ter of life.....



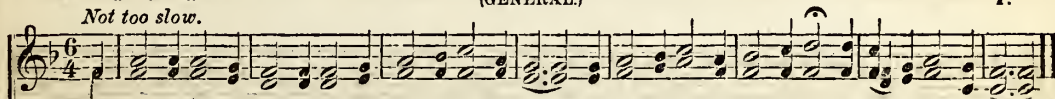
A PRESENT HELP.

Words and Music.

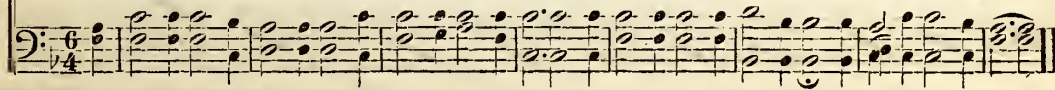
(GENERAL.)

P.

Not too slow.



1. 'Twas in the hour of darkest gloom, Christ hung up on the tree, And uttered with a hu-man cry: "Hast thou forsaken me?"
2. Al-though his spir-it sank within, The Fa-ther was still near, To crown his Son with vic-to-ry,—To lend a list'ning ear.
3. 'Tis thus, when in the dark-est hour, We feel that we're a-lone; The Fa-ther stands the near-er by To save the troubled soul.
4. Look, then, to him who ne'er forsook His Son-be-loved, in-deed; He nev-er will withdraw his love When we are most in need.



THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

MISS HATTIE BRONSON.

(GENERAL.)

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

To the Sunday-School connected with First Congregational Church, El Paso, Ill.

1. There's a home for the blest on the beau-ti-ful shore, Where our tri-als and cares all shall cease;
 2. The bright streets of the ci-tiy are paved with pure gold, And its flow-ers are fragrant and fair;
 3. Oh, we soon shall be called to that beau-ti-ful land, There to dwell with the just ev-er-more;

Sor-row nev-er shall en-ter that bliss-ful a-bode, Oh, for there shall a-bide per-fect peace.
 Its in-hab-i-tants nev-er grow wea-ry nor old, For the Lord reigns e-ter-nal-ly there.
 There to join in sweet songs with the friends that we love, Safe at home on the beau-ti-ful shore.

Chorus.

On that beau-ti-ful shore, Where the bright angels stay, All our sor-row and pain Will be o'er;

Oh, we long to go home to that beau - ti - ful land, There to rest, sweetly rest, ev - er - more.

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

IDA W. BENHAM.

(GENERAL.)

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

"And whosoever will let him take the Water of Life freely."

1. Wea - ry pil - grim, will you go, Where the liv - ing wa - ters flow,
 2. Soft the ver - dure by its side, Clear as crys - tal is its tide,
 3. When by care and toil oppressed, Seek the bless - ed fount, and rest;

Where the fount - ain deep and still, Flows from Zi - on's bless - ed hill?
 Sun - shine lights the rip - ples o'er, As they soft - ly bathe the shore.
 Rest theo - on its peace - ful shore, Drink, and thou shalt thirst no more.

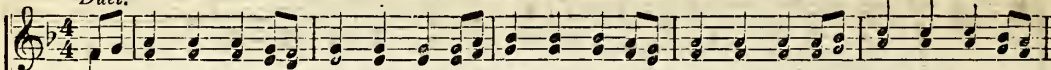
WE'LL SOON BE THERE.

MARY E. KAIL.

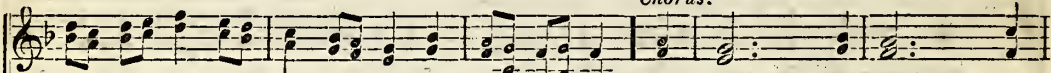
(GENERAL)

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

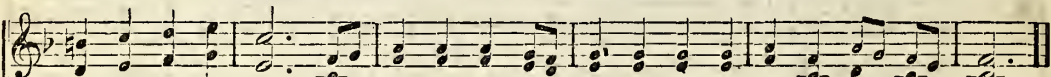
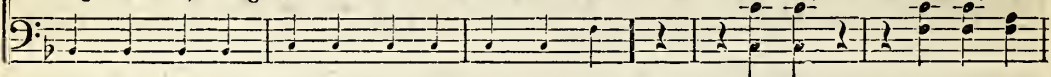
"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye know not, the Son of man cometh."

Duet.

1. We'll soon be there in that bright land, Where never comes the part-ing hand; We'll soon be with the
2. What tho' our way be lone and dark, And storms as-sail our fragile barque; Or gloom-y clouds ob -
3. Though earthly dreams may prove untrue, Or fruitless seems each work we do; The bread we cast up -
4. 'Twill not be long till we shall stand, With an-gels in that heavenly land; Then ev - er - more our

*Chorus.*

friends we love, In that dear home with Christ a - bove,
 seure the light, We'll trust in God and do the right. } Roll on, dark wave, We
 on the wave, May some poor wand'-ring sin - ner save. }
 song shall be, King Je - sus died to set us free. } Roll on, Roll on,



will not heed thy roar; We soon shall be with those that rest, On that ce - les - tial shore.



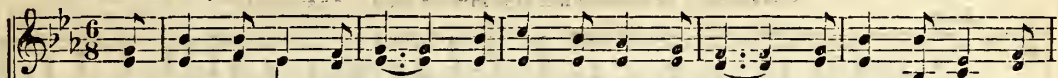
REDEMPTION BY HIS SON.

25

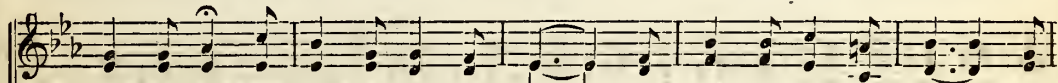
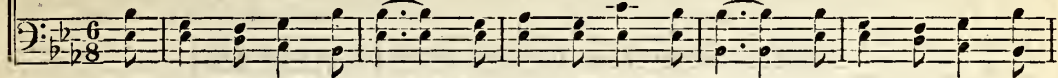
Words and Music by

(GENERAL)

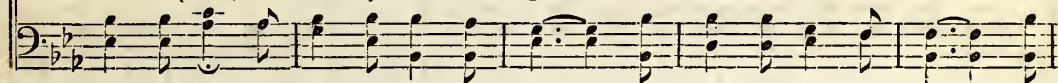
J. H. LESLIE.



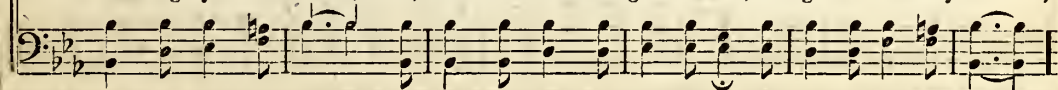
1. In dis - o - bey - ing God, Our pa - rents fell from grace, And we, their chil - dren,
 2. The Sa - vior left his throne, And laid his glo - ry by; On wings of love to
 3. He rose a - gain on high; With glo - ry en - tered heav'n; And there be - fore the



were condemned To wan - der from his face; The Fa - ther and the Son Be -
 earth came down, That we might nev - er die; He wandered o'er the earth Re -
 throne he pleads, That we may be for - giv'n; Oh, chil - dren, hear his voice In -



held our woe - ful ease, And quick - ly they de - vised a plan, To save our ru - ined race. }
 liev - ing hu - man woe, He suf - fered sor - row, pain, and death, That we his love might know. }
 vit - ing you to come; Oh, heark - en to his gra - cious call, And gain a heav'n - ly home. }



REDEMPTION BY HIS SON.—Concluded.

Chorus.

For God so loved the world That he gave his on-ly Sou, That who-so-ev-er believeth in him, E-ter-nal life has won.

HARK! THE HEAVENLY MUSIC RINGING.

D. E. GOODHART.

(GENERAL.)

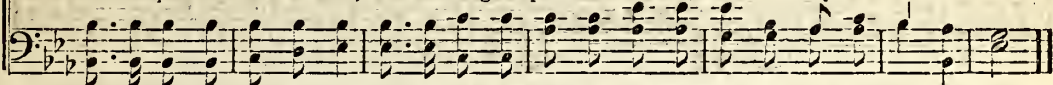
J. H. LESLIE.

1. Hark! the heavenly mu - sic ring - ing, On the bright ce - les - tial shore; An - gel ehoirs are
 2. How our Sav - ior came to save us From the dark a - bode of night; Shed his blood that
 3. There with hal - le - lu - jahs ring - ing, We will join the ho - ly band; And we'll nev - er

sweet - ly sing - ing, Praise to God for - ev - er more; While their heav'nly mu - sic swell - ing
 he might leave us En - ter heaven's e - ter - nal height; In our home beyond the riv - er,
 cease our sing - ing In that bright and hap - py land; And beside that crys - tal riv - er,



In their hap - py home a - bove; We on earth can still be tell - ing Of his dear re - deem - ing love.
 In that ci - ty bright and fair, We shall see his face for - ev - er, And his glo - ry we shall share.
 In the pres - ence of our Lord, We shall sing his praise for - ev - er, For he says so in his Word.

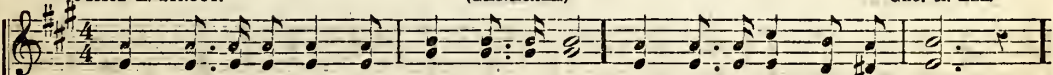


"JESUS IS COMING AGAIN."

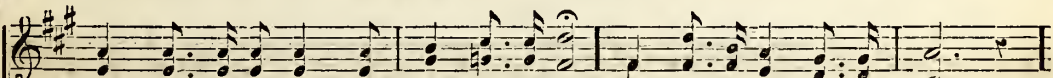
JESSIE E. STROUT.

(GENERAL.)

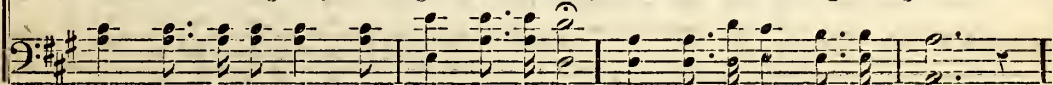
GEO. E. LEE.



1. Lift up the tram - pet, oh, loud let it ring! Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 2. Ech - o it, hill - tops, pro - claim it, ye plains, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 3. Sound it, old o - cean, in thy might - y wave, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 4. Soon we will wing our glad flight through the air, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!



Cheer up, ye pil - grims, be joy - ful and sing, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 Com - ing in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 En - ter the king dom, its glo - ries to share, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!



Chorus.

"JESUS IS COMING AGAIN."—Concluded.

Com - ing a - gain, Com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

"WE'LL STAND THE STORM."

M. V. SALTMARSH.

Cheerful.

(GENERAL)

Melody from the FREEDMEN:

Furnished by GEO. E. LEE.

1. O shout for joy! let songs a - rise,
Will come in glo - ry from the skies,
2. The trumpet sounds, its aw - ful voice,
And saints a - ris - ing now re - joice,

O shout for joy! let songs a - rise,
Will come in glo - ry from the skies,
The trumpet sounds, its aw - ful voice,
And saints a - ris - ing now re - joice,

O
Will
The
And

songs a - rise,
aw - ful voice,

songs a - rise,
aw - ful voice,

shout for joy! let songs a - rise, The Lamb that once was slain, }
come in glo - ry from the skies, Up - on the earth to reign. }
trum - pet sounds, its aw - ful voice Is heard o'er land and sea, }
saints a - ris - ing now re - joice, To live e - ter - nal - ly. }

Chorus.

We will stand the storm, We will an - chor by and by, by and by, We will

We will stand, stand the storm; It will not be ver - y long; We will an - chor by and by, We will an - chor by and by, We will

stand the storm, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.

stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by and by.

3. All hail that bright, eternal day,
When David's rightful heir

Shall take the throne and hold the sway,
In glorious triumph there.—CHO.

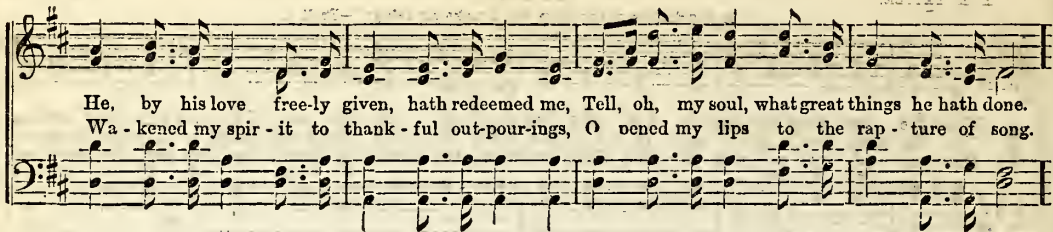
STRONG TO REDEEM.

H. L. H.

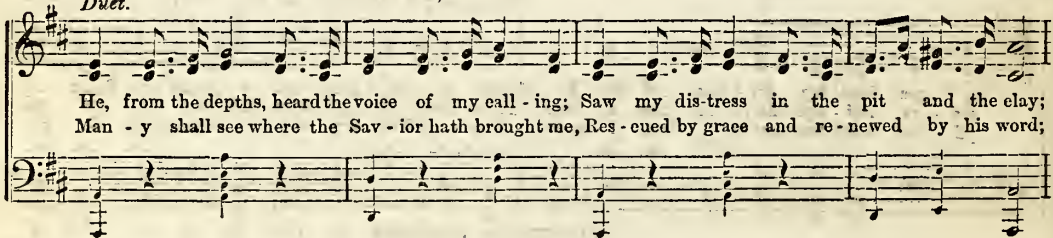
(GENERAL.)
(Read Psalm 30.)

H. S. PERKINS.

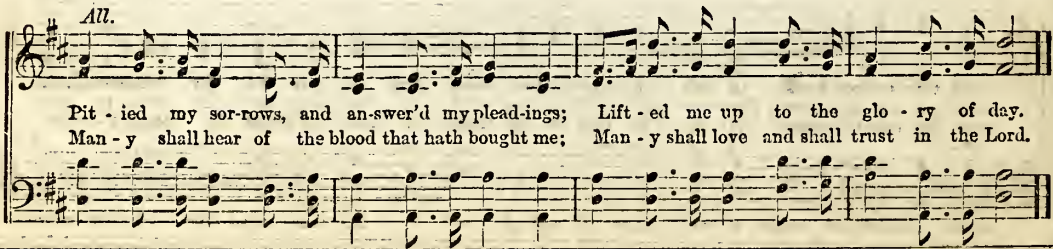
1. Strong to redeem is the Lord who hath made me; Migh - ty to save is the cru - ci - fied One;
2. Safe on the Rock he hath found - ed my go - ings; Fixed the found - a - tion im - mu - ta - bly strong;



He, by his love free-ly given, hath redeemed me, Tell, oh, my soul, what great things he hath done.
Wa - kened my spir - it to thank - ful out-pour-ings, O pened my lips to the rap - ture of song.

Duet.


He, from the depths, heard the voice of my call - ing; Saw my dis-tress in the pit and the clay;
Man - y shall see where the Sav - ior hath brought me, Res - cued by grace and re - newed by his word;

All.


Pit - ied my sor - rows, and an - swer'd my plead - ings; Lift - ed me up to the glo - ry of day.
Man - y shall hear of the blood that hath bought me; Man - y shall love and shall trust in the Lord.

IN THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS.

31

E. R. LATTER.

(GENERAL)

H. S. P.

"In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge."—Ps. li. 1.

1. When the howl - ing tem - pest ra - ges, And my barque is on the sea; Thou, the same thro' endless
 2. 'Tis the same un - chang - ing sto - ry, On the earth and round the throne; Saints be - low and saints in
 3. Mas - ter of the ra - ging bil - low; Shad - ow from the burn - ing heat; Be thy hand be - neath my

f Soprano & Alto duet 1st time. Chorus, full harmony.

a - ges, Shall my cer - tain ref - uge be. While a pil - grim and a stran - ger, Roam - ing
 glo - ry, Ref - uge find in thee a - lone, Thou hast ev - er been the keep - er Of the
 pil - low, When the shades of death I meet. Let no fears nry soul en - eum - ber, Be my

CHORUS.—In that home be - yond the riv - er, Lord of
 D.S. *f*

o'er this bar - ren waste; In my ev - ery time of dan - ger, I will to thy pres - ence haste.
 friendless and op - pressed; Thou dost soothe the troubled weep - er, Thou dost give the wea - ry rest.
 part - ing spir - it's stay; Like an in - fant to its slumb - er Let me sweet - ly pass a - way. D.S.

lords, and King of kings; I will make my ref - uge ev - er, In the shad - ow of thy wings.

THE SHINING ONES.

Words and Music by

(GENERAL.)

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

1. Far a - way, far a - way is the land so bright, The cit - y of God, with its
 2. I am near - ing the strand, I shall soon be there, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y where
 3. Then with songs and with crowns, and with gar - ments white, I'll roam the green fields with no'er

ever shining light; There, there is my home, and I long to be, 'Mid the shining ones of the jas - per sea.
 all is bright and fair; Where streets are of gold, there I'd soon roam free, 'Mid the shining ones of the jas - per sea.
 fainting delight; There, there is my home, and I long to be, 'Mid the shining ones of the jas - per sea.

beau - ti - ful land I'd for - ev - er

Chorus.

In that beau - ti - ful home, in that land of light, Where glim - mer - ing stars are

THE SHINING ONES.—Concluded.

33

be, 'Mid the shin - ing ones of the jas - per sea.

ev-er shining bright, How I long to be there, And for-ev-er, ev-er be, 'Mid the shining ones of the jas-per sea.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second part of the song 'The Shining Ones'. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words like 'jas-per' and 'ev-er' hyphenated across lines.

LAND OF THE PILGRIM'S REST.

Words and Music by

Cheerfully.

(GENERAL.)

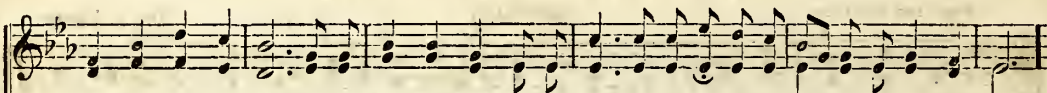
Lieut. H. L. FRISBIE.

1. A lit - tle lon - ger, wea - ry pil - grim, On - ward urge thy way; Just o'er the hills be -
 2. A lit - tle lon - ger do not tar - ry, Just be - fore thee waits A vic - tor's crown, and
 3. A mist - crowned riv - er lies be - fore thee, Wa - ters dark and wide; The prom - ised Ca - na -

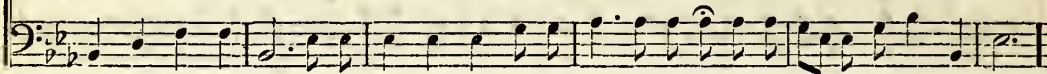
Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score for 'Land of the Pilgrim's Rest'. It includes a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4. Three verses of lyrics are provided below the notes.

yond the dark - ness, See the dawning of the day. A lit - tle lon - ger will the shad - ows
 for thy com - ing, An - gels o - pen wide the gates. Then press a - long, tho' 'tis a wea - ry
 an is ly - ing Just be - yond the roll - ing tide. Soon will the bil - lows of the riv - er

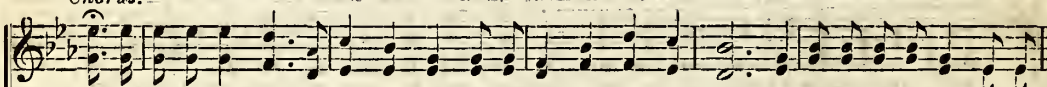
Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score for 'Land of the Pilgrim's Rest'. It continues the vocal line in the treble clef and the piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics continue from the previous system.



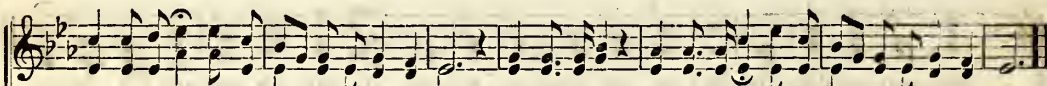
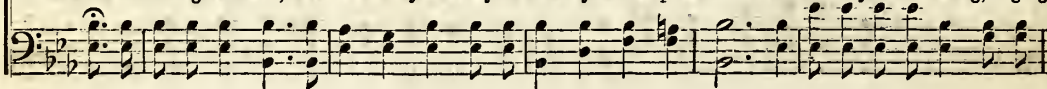
Lin - ger in the west, Ere the morning comes, with its gold - en glories, In the land of the pil - grim's rest.
 Path your feet have press'd, Sorrow comes no more when your journey's end - ed In the land of the pil - grim's rest.
 Bathe your peace - ful breast; In that hap - py home will be joy to - morrow, In the land of the pil - grim's rest.



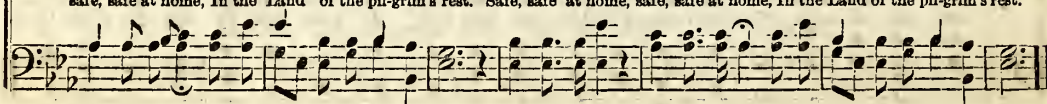
Chorus.



Ah! that ever-green land, when shall thy hills By our wea - ry feet be press'd? When shall we join its throng, singing



safe, safe at home, In the Land of the pil - grim's rest. Safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home, In the Land of the pil - grim's rest.



A SUNDAY SCHOOL BAND.

35

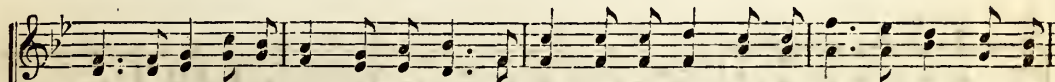
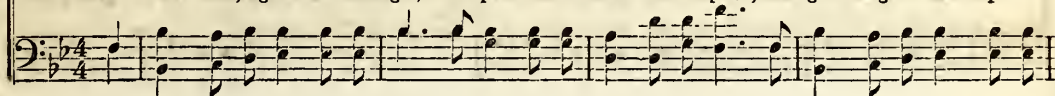
Words and Melody by

(GENERAL.)

REV. A. KENYON.



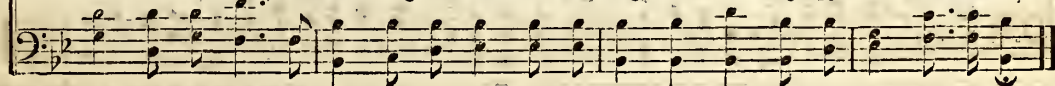
1. Come, let us be marching a-long, A-way to the heav-en - ly land; We're marching with ban-ner and
2. The Bi - ble our compass shall be, To guide us a - long the dark way; Till Hea-ven's bright glo-ry we
3. Then on - ward, right onward we go; We'll press to the mark for the prize, For - get - ting all hardships be-



song, A glad hap-py Sun - day school band. Our bless - ed Re-deem - er we love, 'To us he is
see, And darkness is turn'd in - to day. That land will be hap - py and fair, Where sor - row can
low, And reaching to crowns in the skies. Our ar - my in num - bers is strong, We're true both in



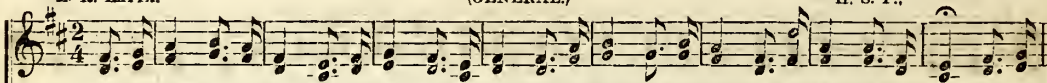
pre - cious and dear; He reigns in his kingdom a - bove, O may his pure spir - it be near.
nev - er more come; The true and the good shall be there, In heav - en, our rest and our home.
heart and in hand; We're marching with ban - ner and song, A glad, hap - py Sun - day school band.



E. R. LATTA.

(GENERAL.)

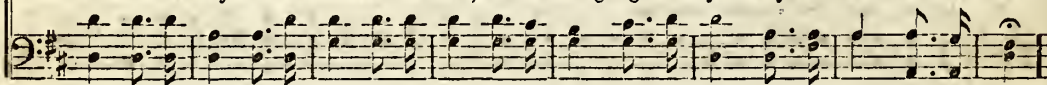
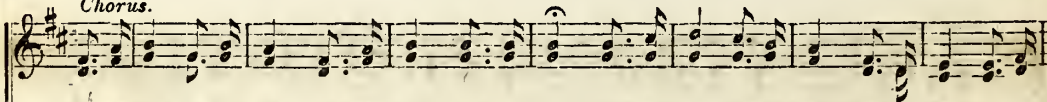
H. S. P.,



1. From the shadows and mists, from the troubles of time, Cherished spirits have gone to a hap - pi - er clime; They have
2. In their spot-less ar-ray, on light wings, it may be, With e-the - re-al forms that our eyes cannot see; They come
3. They were sojourners here in the quest of a home, They are beckoning now to our spir-its to come; And if



tak-en their flight to that cit - y fore-told In the rec - ord di - vine by the proph - et of old.
back to us still o'er the mys-ti - cal deep, As they seem to in dreams In the sea-son of sleep.
faith-ful as they to our God we have been, Thro' the bright gates a - jar they will wel-come us in.

*Chorus.*

Our be-loved are not lost, They have but gone be-fore; We shall meet them a-gain On that beau - ti - ful



shore; On that beautiful shore, On that beautiful shore, Yes, we'll meet them a-gain on that beau-ti-ful shore.

OVER YONDER.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

(GENERAL.)

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. Oh how hap-py we will be, When from sin and sor-row free, We shall sing for - ev - er - more, On the bless-ed shin-ing shore,
2. O the loved who wait us there! O the blessings we shall share! O the joys each hour shall bear! And the blest beyond coin - pare!
3. Let us ev - er, ev - er sing Glad ho - zan - nas to our king, Who will lead us by the hand To that hap - py, hap - py land,

Chorus.

O - ver yon - - der! o - ver yon - - der! On the bless-ed shin-ing shore, O - ver yon - der!

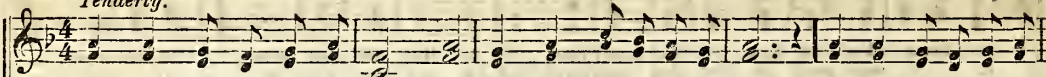
On the oth - er shore we shall sing for - ev - er - more.

PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOUR.

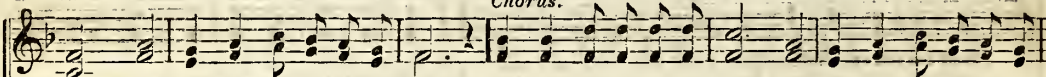
(GENERAL.)

"Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out." John vi. 37.

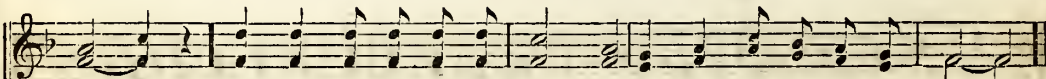
WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

Tenderly.

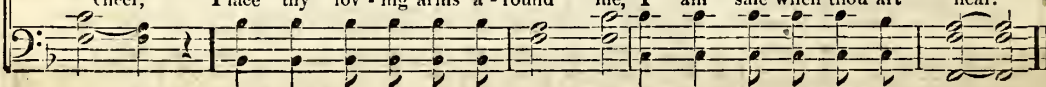
1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - ior, While the days are glid-ing by; See the shades of even-ing
 2. O - pen now the flow-ing foun - tain, Cleanse my guil - ty soul with-in, Tar - ry with me, bless-ed
 3. Je - sus lead me through the dark - ness, While I sleep, still watch by me. Till the morning, then a -

*Chorus.*

- gath - er, And the night of death is nigh. }
 Sav - ior Wash me wholly from my sin. } Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - ior, Speak a-gain my heart to
 wake me, Dear-est Lord, to dwell with thee. }



cheer, Place thy lov - ing arms a - round me, I am safe when thou art near.



OH, SHALL I WEAR A GOLDEN CROWN?

MARY E. KAIL

(GENERAL.)

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. Come let us sing of that sweet land, Up-on that oth-er shore; Where saints a-
 2. I soon shall in the man-sions dwell That Je-sus has for me, And gath-er
 3. When tri-al's past, and la-bor's done, No more by care op-prest, My bark will

Chorus.

round the heav'nly throne Re-joice for-ev-er more.
 prec-ious gold-en fruits, From life's im-mor-tal tree. } 1. 2. Oh, shall I wear a gold-en crown, In
 glide o'er the sil-ver tide, In-to the port of rest. } 3. Then I shall wear a gold-en crown, In

that bright home a-bove? Oh, shall I rest in Je-sus' arms, En-cir-cled by his love?
 that dear home a-bove! Then I shall rest in Je-sus' arms, En-cir-cled by his love!

GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT.

Words and Music by

(GENERAL.)

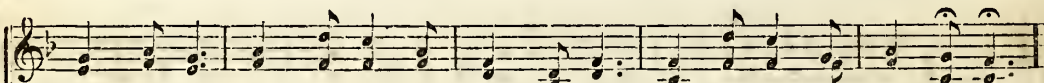
M. E.



1. If the spir-it strives with you, Grieve it not, grieve it not; It will lead you safe-ly through,
 2. If there's work for you to do, Do it now, do it now; It may bring a bless-ing too,
 3. If temp-ta-tion whispers "wait," Heed it not, heed it not; For it may soon be too late,
 4. When the spir-it beckons "come," Go at once, go at once; For 'twill lead you safe at home,



Grieve	it not,	grieve	it not.	} Spir - it, come and touch the heart, Whis-per to each
Do	it now,	do	it now.	
Heed	it not,	heed	it not.	
Go	at once,	go	at once.	



troub - led breast; With thy gra - cious smile im - part, Joys of peace - ful, heav'n - ly rest.



WHY NOT COME TO JESUS?

41

S. F. H.

(GENERAL.)

DR. J. D. VINTON.

"Those who come unto me I will in no wise cast out."

By permission.

1. Oh, why not come to Je - sus, - Why not to - day? Why not re - ceive his bless - ing?
 2. Oh, why not give to Je - sus, - Why not to - day? Give him your heart's de - vo - tion,
 3. Oh, why not work for Je - sus; - Why not to - day? En - ter the Mas - ter's vine - yard,

Chorus,

Wherefore de - lay? No promise hath to - mor - row, On - ly to - day. Oh, why not come to
 His love re - pay; That love all love ex - cell - ing Cast not a - way.
 Now, while you may; His ser - vice, oh, how bless - ed! Do not de - lay.

rit.

Je - sus? Why not to - day? Why not receive his bless - ing? Wherefore de - lay?

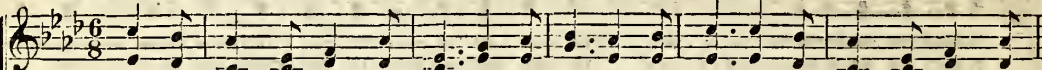
OH, PASS NOT BY.

(GENERAL.)

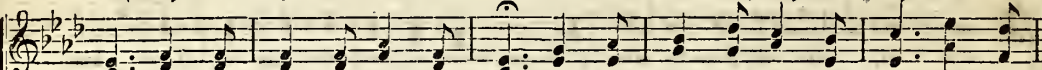
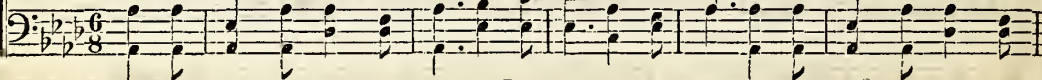
D. HAYDEN LLOYDE.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth.
"He cried out, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me."

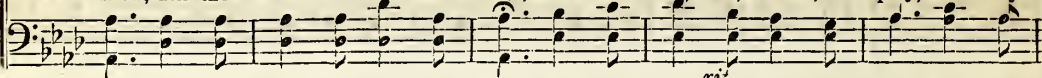
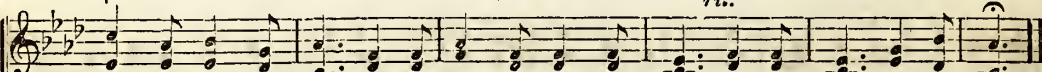
When poor blind Bartimeus was sitting by the road-side at Jericho, some one said to him, Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. When he knew that Jesus was near he cried aloud for his help, and Jesus healed him. Jesus is near us, even now, and he is able to save us if we will but believe on him. When the frightened jailer cried, "What shall I do to be saved," Paul said, BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.



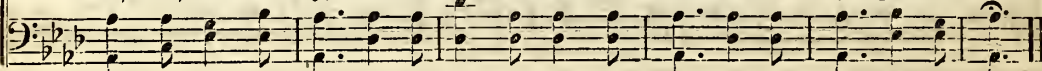
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pass not by, Pass not by, pass not by; Lo, we join, as one, to
2. We have heard thy foot - steps near Pass not by, pass not by; Pause, be - hold the plead - ing
3. Pro - strate in thy path we lie, Pass not by, pass not by; Lest our ver - y faith should
4. Lord, we can - not let thee go, Pass not by, pass not by; In our midst thy pres - ence



cry: Bless us al - so, pass not by, Lord, ful - fil thy prom - ise now, Pour thy
 tear, List - en to the long - ing sigh; Je - sus, Sav - ior, come at last, Lest, in
 die, Lord, we per - ish, pass not by; To thy gar - ments we will cling, All our
 show, Till thou bless us we will cry; Breathe on us, oh, breathe, we pray, Tar - ry

*rit.*

spir - it while we bow; Turn to us, as one, we cry, "Pass not by, pass not by."
 bless - ing, we be passed; When thy spir - it is so nigh, "Pass not by, pass not by."
 need be - fore thee bring; Son of Da - vid, hear our cry, "Pass not by, pass not by."
 not, Lord, come to - day; While we wait, and watch and cry, "Pass not by, pass not by."



THERE'S NO OTHER FRIEND LIKE JESUS.

43

IDA W. BENHAM.

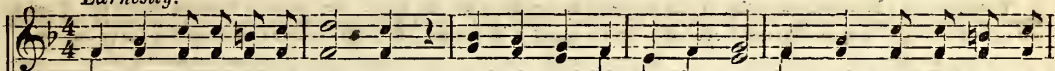
(GENERAL.)

J. R. MURRAY.

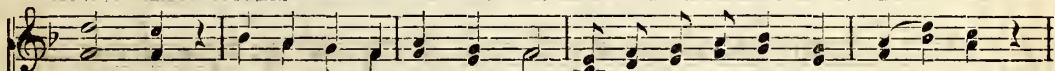
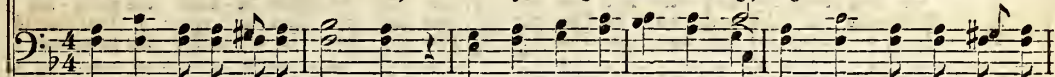
(Who loved me, and gave himself for me.)

For this work, by per.

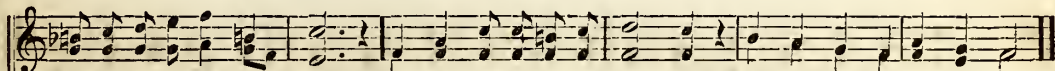
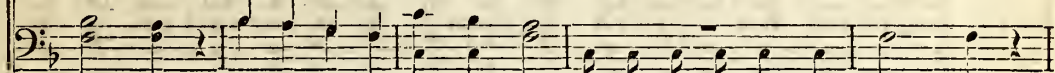
Earnestly.



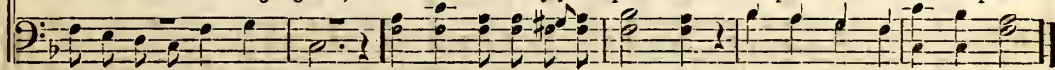
1. There's no oth-er friend like Je - sus, None so faith-ful, none so true; Though the waves break wildly
 2. There's no oth-er friend like Je - sus, He who died our souls to save, Came and dwelt on earth in
 3. There's no oth-er friend like Je - sus, Ho - ly an - gels chant the song; Sing his love and won-drous



o'er us, He will guide us safe - ly through; Storms and tempests shrink be - fore him,
 meek - ness, Healed and pit - ied and for - gave; Still he pit - ies, still he loves us!
 mer - cy, Chil-dren join the heav' - nly throng. Let us raise a joy - ful cho - rus,



He can calm them at his will, Je - sus, still our stormy pas - sions With thy wondrous "Peace be still,"
 From his ho - ly, hap - py home, And with voice of gra - cious mer - cy, Calls us chil - dren to his throne.
 Thank him for his lov - ing grace; Let it be our joy - ful por - tion To proclaim the Savior's praise.



WHEN WE CROSS THE CRYSTAL RIVER.

MARY E. KAIL.

(GENERAL.)

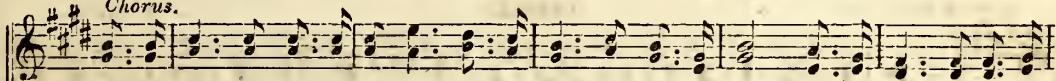
W. W. BENTLEY.

1. When we cross the crys - tal riv - er, When we reach the oth - er shore, All our tri - als cease for -
 2. When we cross the crys - tal riv - er, By whose stream we have been led, To the green and liv - ing
 3. Then our souls in joy ce - les - tial, Will be filled with ho - ly fire, When the hand of some lost

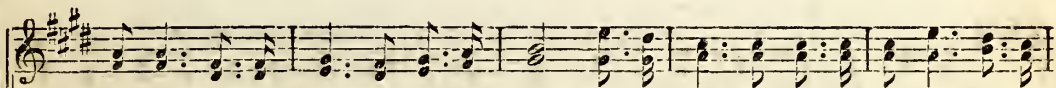
ev - er, And our trou - bles will be o'er; And life's hopes that seem to per - ish, 'Mid the
 pas - tures, Where we al - ways have been fed, We shall wear a crown of tri - umph, With the
 treas - ure, Wa - kens mu - sic from its lyre; And when ti - ny an - gels' fin - gers, Sweep a

clouds of dark de - spir, Shall be like a crown of jew - els, Shin - ing in real beau - ty there.
 ran - sored and the blest; Safe with - in the Golden Cit - y, We will ev - er be at rest.
 - - - cross the gold - en strings, When we stand be - hind the cit - y, And the shout of wel - come rings.

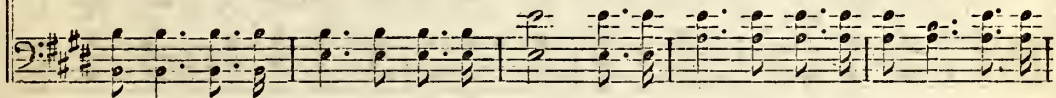
Chorus.



When we cross the crys-tal riv - er, There to join the an - gel band, There to meet, no more to



sev - er, In that bright and hap-py land, We shall sing the songs of glo - ry, With our



lov'd ones gone be - fore; When we cross the cry - stal riv - er, To the hap - py gold - en shore.



WATCHING ON THE SHORE.

EDWARD A. BARNES.

(GENERAL).

H. S. PERKINS.

1. I'm watch - ing on the shore, And nar - row is the tide, O'er which we all are
 2. I'm watch - ing on the shore, Where strife and sin ap - pear; But in his word of
 3. I'm watch - ing on the shore, And though I tar - ry long; His grace shall keep and

pass - ing To gain the oth - er side; Though man - y now are sing - ing, Where
 prom - ise, My spir - it need not fear; Though storms may oft be - tide me, His
 save me, His love shall be my song; So when the night is fall - ing, I

gold - en harps are ring - ing, My Fa - ther knows I hear, Still watch - ing on the shore.
 hand shall ev - er guide me, For well he knows I hear, Still watch - ing on the shore.
 hear the Mas - ter call - ing, My soul shall mount a - way To life's e - ter - nal shore.

Chorus.

On the shore I'm watching, Watching on the shore; Know-ing that the time will come When I shall watch no more.

IN THE SUNLIGHT.

M. L. WILEY.

(GENERAL.)

W. T. WILEY.

1. When the clouds of sor-row gather 'round us, And the dark surg-ing bil-lows toss; While des-
2. How our earth-ly vision will be bright-ened, If we stand in that blessed ray; How our
3. If our path through life be dark and drear-y, Look to Je-sus, he'll make it bright; We can
4. When we've crossed the cold and si-lent riv-er, And we stand on the gold-en strand; With our

pair and anguish hover o'er us, A ray of light points to the cross.
 cares and burdens will be light-ened, How soon our doubts all flee a-way.
 strength-en and sustain the wea-ry, And so with them, walk in the light.
 Sav-ior we shall then for-ev-er Dwell in the light of that blest land.

IN THE SUNLIGHT.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Come to the sunlight, come to the sun - light, Beau - ti - ful sun - light from a - bove,
 Stand in the sunlight, stand in the sun - light, Beau - ti - ful sun - light from a - bove,
 Walk in the sunlight, walk in the sun - light, Beau - ti - ful sun - light from a - bove,
 Dwell in the sunlight, dwell in the sun - light, Beau - ti - ful sun - light from a - bove,

Come to the sun - light, come to the sun - light, Bless - ed sun - light of God's love.
 Stand in the sun - light, stand in the sun - light, Bless - ed sun - light of God's love.
 Walk in the sun - light, walk in the sun - light, Bless - ed sun - light of God's love.
 Dwell in the sun - light, dwell in the sun - light, Bless - ed sun - light of God's love.

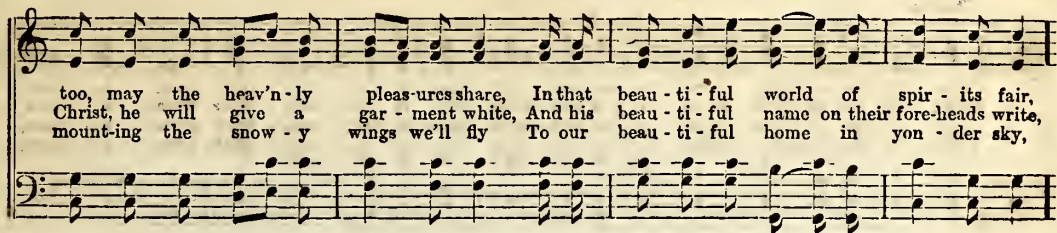
THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL REALM.

EVA ALICE.

(GENERAL)

E. A. HANCHET.
By per.

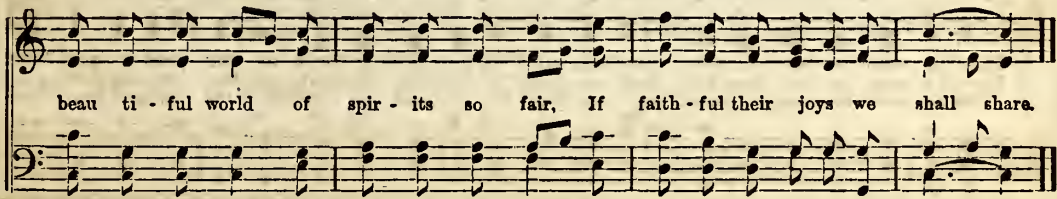
1. There's a realm a - bove where the loved ones wait With their gold - en harps at the pearl - y gate; With
 2. There's a prom - ise to those who here en - dure; To the kind - ly heart, and the lov - ing pure, And
 3. Oh, how sweet the thought, that all may pre - pare For the spot - less robes which the an - gels wear, Then



too, may the heav'n-ly pleas-ures share, In that beau-ti-ful world of spir-its fair,
 Christ, he will give a gar-ment white, And his beau-ti-ful name on their fore-heads write,
 mounting the snow-y wings we'll fly To our beau-ti-ful home in yon-der sky,

Chorus.


In that beau - - - ti-ful world of spir - its so fair,..... In that
 In that beau-ti-ful world of spir-its so fair; In that beau-ti-ful world of spir-its so fair.



beau ti - ful world of spir - its so fair, If faith - ful their joys we shall share.

Miss M. A. BAKER.

(GENERAL.)

H. R. PALMER.

1. Hast thou sought of God a fa - vor, Which he seemeth to de - ny? Keep on ask - ing, keep on
 2. Is he deaf to thy pe - ti - tion? Heeds he not thine an - guished cry? Keep on call - ing, keep on
 3. Fear - est thou some friend will per - ish, Or thyself in sin shalt die? Keep on ask - ing, call - ing,

Chorus. In steady time.

ask - ing; He will grant it, by and by.
 call - ing; He will hear thee by and by. } We will nev - er cease our pray - ing, While our
 plead - ing; God will bless thee by and by.

souls in sin are stray - ing; Tho' his mer - cy seems de - lay - ing, God will save them by and by; All un -

- wor - thy is our plead - ing, For the gracious gifts we're need - ing; But with Je - sus in - ter - ced - ing, God will an - swer, by and by.

RESTING IN THY LOVE.

REV. R. W. TODD.

(GENERAL.)

HARRY SANDERS.

With feeling.

1. While way - worn and weary, I jour - ney a - long, Dear Sa - vior, thy love is the theme of my song;
 2. While burden'd with sorrow, and la - den with woe, Dear Sa - vior, to thee 'neath thy cross will I go;
 3. And when—all the pangs of mor - tal - i - ty o'er— I join, with the blood-washed who sing on the shore;

Thy smile is my bea - con, as on - ward I move; Thy cross is my shel - ter—I rest in thy love.
 I think of thy sor - row and anguish for me, And yield at thy bid - ding, my sor - rows to thee.
 I'll dwell with the pure in thy tem - ple a - bove; For ev - er and ev - er I'll rest in thy love.

RESTING IN THY LOVE.—Concluded.

p

I rest in thy love,..... yes, rest in thy love;..... Though way-worn and weary, I
I'll rest in thy love,..... yes, rest in thy love;..... For ev - er . and ev - er I'll

Rest in thy love, Rest in thy love,

p

rit. pp

rest in thy love, Rest in thy love,..... yes, rest in thy love,.....
rest in thy love, Rest in thy love,..... yes, rest in thy love,.....

Rest in thy love.

THE MORNING LAND.

Lieut. H. I. FRIBBIE.

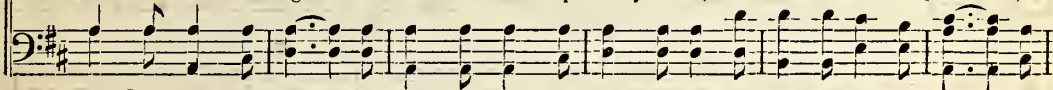
(GENERAL.)

H. S. PERKINS.

1. These many days 'mid storm and rain, We've striven against the tide, But now the har-bor is in view, Where
2. We've wild-ly toss'd up-on the deep, Our hope a sin-gle ray; But see! the star of morning beams, The
3. A heav'nly calm shall soothe the waves, And bid them hush to sleep; E - ter - nal sunbeams ev-er-more, Shall
4. Earth's pilgrims walk thy golden streets, In robes of shining white; The cit - y gates are built of pearl, And



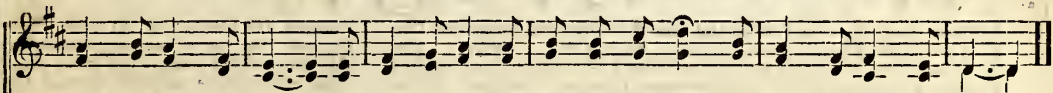
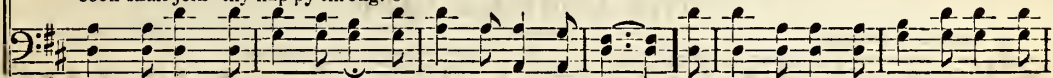
we may safe - ly ride. With an - chor weigh'd, with can - vas spread, A wea - ry, toil - ing band, We
 har - bin - ger of day. We soon shall furl our tat - tered sail, And press the wish'd - for land. Our
 rest up - on the deep, Our bark no more by tem - pest toss'd, Shall bear a hap - py band, Who
 God is all the light. We've look'd from far up - on thy shores, Our friends have reach'd the strand, We



Chorus. Cheerfully.



hail the breeze that speeds us to The } glorious morning land. The morning land, bright morning land, O
 bark we'll moor be - side thy shore, O }
 rest for - ev - er 'mid thy groves, O }
 soon shall join thy hap - py throng! O }



glo - rious morning land! We soon shall reach thy beau - ti - ful shore, O glo - rious morning land.



RIVER OF THY PLEASURE.

E. R. LATTA.

"And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasure." Ps. xxxvi. 8.

WM. W. BENTLEY.

Earnestly.

(GENERAL.)

1. Of the riv - er of thy pleas - ure, Fain our thirs - ty souls shall drink ; We are
 2. Of the riv - er of thy pleas - ure, All man - kind may here par - take ; Who was
 3. Of the riv - er of thy pleas - ure, May par - take the chil - dren all ; They will

gaz - ing on the wa - ters From the cool and ver - dant brink ; From the streams of sin and
 bid - den to the wa - ters, All who will their sins for - sake They have heard the call of
 has - ten to the wa - ters, They will heed the lov - ing call ; Now I see their smil - ing

fol - ly, Whith - er shall our spir - its go ; If we slight the gra - cious Riv - er Where the
 mer - cy, And will give their hearts to thee ; They are com - ing to the mar - gin, Where the
 fa - ces, And their glad - some voic - es hear ; At the bid - ding of the Sav - ior, They in

Chorus.

liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 wa - ters are so free. } When we gath - er in his pres - ence, And his good - ness there a -
 faith are draw - ing near. }

dore, Of the riv - er of his pleas - ure We shall drink for - ev - er more.

THE PEARLY GATES.

E. R. LATTA.

(GENERAL.)

H. S. PERKINS.

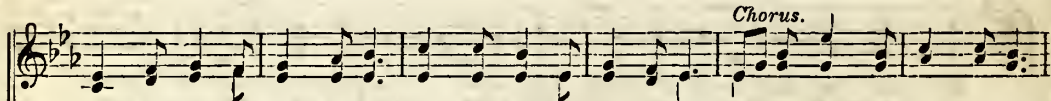
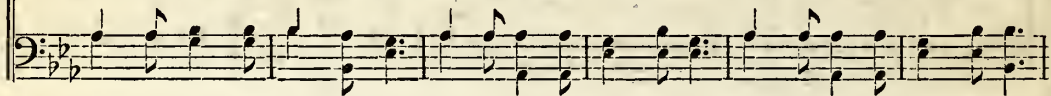
On the east three gates ; on the north three gates ; on the south three gates ; and on the west three gates.—REV. xxi. 13.

1. On the east three pear - ly gates, On the cit - y's east - ern side ; While at each an an - gel waits,
2. On the north three pear - ly gates, On the cit - y's north - ern side ; While at each an an - gel waits,
3. On the south three pear - ly gates, On the cit - y's south - ern side ; While at each an an - gel waits,
4. On the west three pear - ly gates, On the cit - y's wes - tern side ; While at each an an - gel waits,

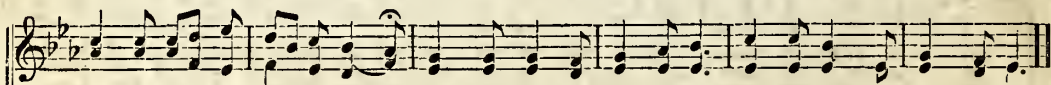
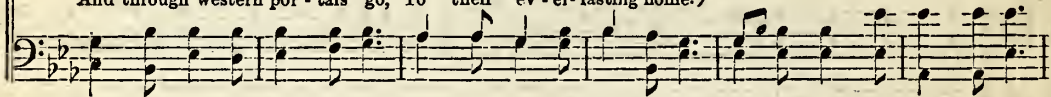
THE PEARLY GATES.—Concluded.



And the gates are o - pen wide ; And the mighty east - ern throng, Rescued from the curse of sin,
 And the gates are o - pen wide ; They who in the north shall rise, Whom the grave no more can bind,
 And the gates are o - pen wide ; There shall come a spot - less train, From the south, and en - ter there ;
 And the gates are o - pen wide ; When the sig - nal trump shall blow, Western le - gions too shall come,



With their robes so white and long, On the east shall en - ter in. } All the spir - its of the hlest,
 To the cit - y of the skies, On the north shall entrance find. }
 On the south, ad - mis - sion gain, To that hab - i - ta - tion fair. }
 And through western por - tals go, To their ev - er - lasting home. }



In the cit - y shall a - hide ; They shall en - ter in - to rest, Thro' the gates on ev' - ry side.



OH, LAND OF REST.

(GENERAL.)

ORSON PERKINS.

Not too slow, but connected.

1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo - ment come, When I shall lay my
 2. To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest, He had me cease to roam, And fly for suc - cor
 3. When hy af - fic - tion sharp - ly tried, I viewed the open - ing tomb; Al - though I dread death's
 4. Wea - ry of wan - d'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom, I long to leave th'un -

ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home, And dwell with Christ at home, And
 to his breast, And he'd con - duct me home, And he'd con - duct me home, And
 chill - ing flood, Yet still I sigh for home, Yet still I sigh for home, Yet
 hal - low'd ground, And dwell with Christ at home, And dwell with Christ at home, And

dwell with Christ at home; When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.
 he'd conduct me home; And fly for suc - cor to his breast, And he'd con - duct me home.
 still I sigh for home; Al - though I dread death's chilling flood, Yet still I sigh for home.
 dwell with Christ, at home; I long to leave th' unhallowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

REV. GEO. DUFFIELD.

(GENERAL)

H. S. PERKINS.

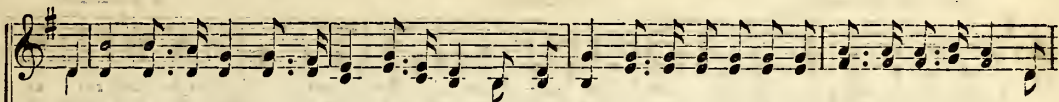
1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
 2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey; Forth to the might - y
 3. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vict - 'ry un - to vict - 'ry His
 con - flict In this his glo - rious day: "Ye that are men now serve him," A -
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And
 bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 gainst un - num - bered foes; Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 watching un - to prayer, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly!

STAND UP FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

59



We'll stand up for Je-sus! We'll stand up for Je-sus! We'll stand up for Jesus! Like brave soldiers of the cross; We'll



stand up for Je- sus! We'll stand up for Je- sus! And raise the roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf- fer loss.



BY THE CRYSTAL RIVER.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL

(GENERAL)

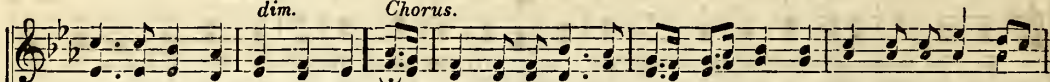
W. H. DOANE. By per.



1. Gathered by the Crystal Riv - er, Toil and bur - den whol - ly past, Life's dark mazes gone for ev - er,
2. Wait - ing by the Crystal Riv - er, For the loved ones yet to come, We shall meet where naught can sever,
3. Res - ting by the Crystal Riv - er, Filled with Je - sus' love and light, Dwelling in his pres - ence ev - er,
4. Chan - ting by the Crystal Riv - er, Songs re - deemed a - lone can sing, We shall live and reign for - ev - er,



BY THE CRYSTAL RIVER.—Concluded.

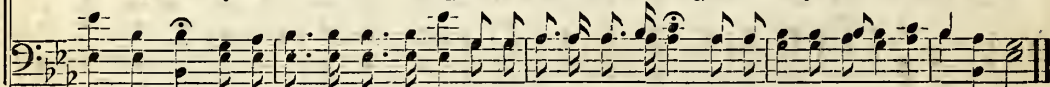
dim. Chorus.

We shall gain our home at last.
 Welcome to their promised home.
 We shall know no clouds or night.
 One in Christ our ris-en King.

O! pure flow-ing stream from gold-en Throne! O! sweet song of host that

*cres.**ff*

Christ has won! Joy-ous an-thems to our King, Thro' the arch-es broad shall ring, Hal-le-lu-jahs to Him who rules a-lone.



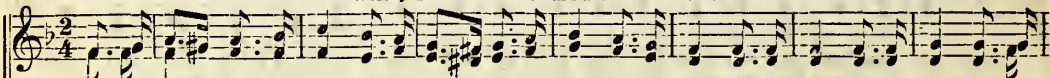
THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

E. R. LATTÀ.

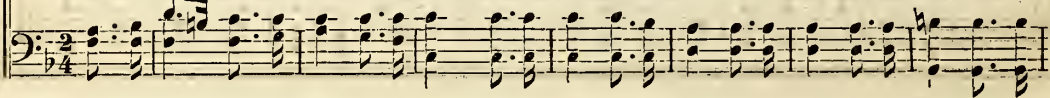
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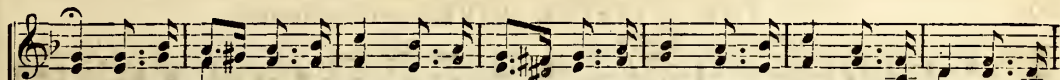
H. S. PERKINS.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—REV. IV. 12.

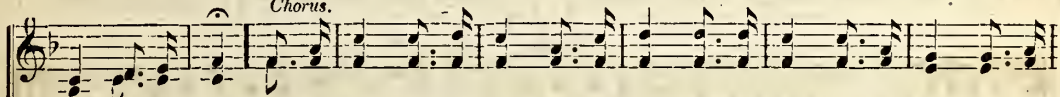


1. In the tem-ple a-bove he is wor-thy, they cry, To re-deem us from death, He did suf-fer and
2. Bless-ed chil-dren in white near the al-tar are found, With a song on their lips, And their bright fore-heads
3. From the tem-ple be-low we will join in the strain, Giv-ing glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was





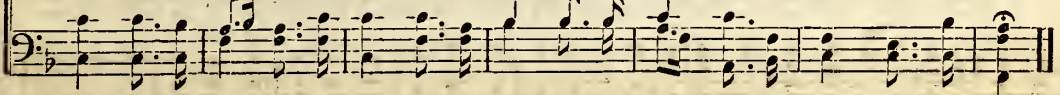
die; He hath washed us from sin with his own precious blood, He hath ta - ken our place, He hath crowned; And their light fin - gers sweep o - ver harp-strings of gold, As the tale of the cross the glad slain, Till the Mas - ter shall call from the por - tals of day, And our spir - its shall soar to his

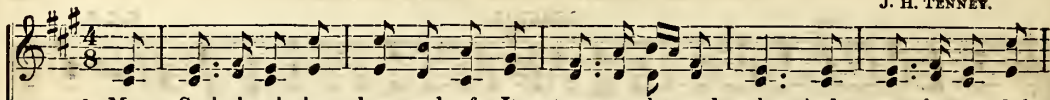
*Chorus.*

brought us to God. Ev - er-more by the shore is a num - ber - less train, giv - ing glo - ry and sto - ry is told. Ev - er-more by the shore is a num - ber - less train, giv - ing glo - ry and pres - ence a - way. Ev - er-more by the shore with that num - ber - less train, giv - ing glo - ry and

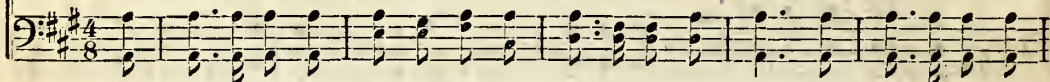


praise to the Lamb that was slain. Giv - ing glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.
praise to the Lamb that was slain. Giv - ing glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.
praise to the Lamb that was slain. Giv - ing glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.





1. My Savior's voice is low and soft, Its tones are clear and calm; And on the wounded
 2. In times of dan - ger and distress, In storms by land or sea; The voice hath oft - en

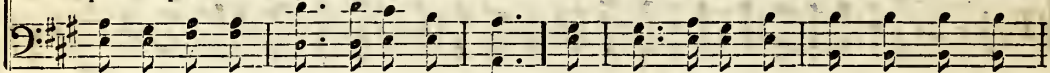


CHO.—My Savior's voice is low and sweet, Its tones are clear and calm; And on the wounded

Fine.

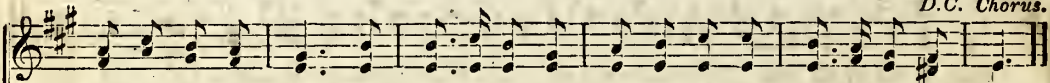


heart full oft They fall like dews of balm. The voi - ces of the world are rude; His
 spo - ken "peace," That spok on Gal - i - lee. O voice of Je - sus! in the hour, When



heart full oft They fall like dews of balm.

D. C. Chorus.



gen - tle voice can make In crowd - ed haunts a sol - i - tude, Thrice blest for his dear sake.
 flesh shall faint and fail, Sus - tain me, sooth with lov - ing pow'r, Un - til with - in the vail.

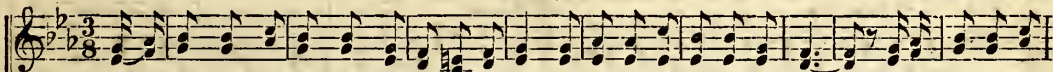


THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE.

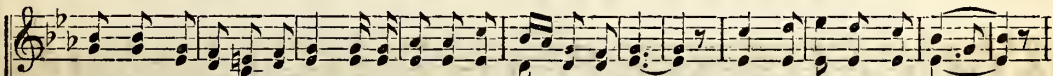
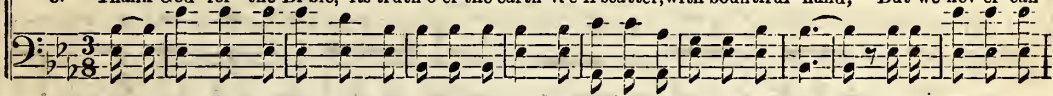
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(GENERAL.)

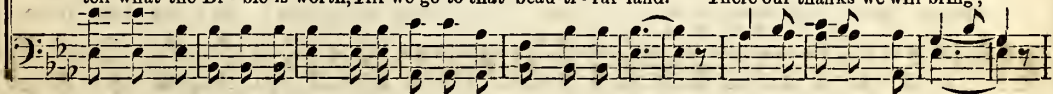
H. S. P.



1. Thank God for the Bi - ble, 'tis there that we find The sto - ry of Christ and his love; How he came down to
2. While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind, And mourners, his blessings were given; And he said, let the
3. Thank God for the Bi - ble, its truth o'er the earth We'll scatter, with bountiful hand, But we never can



earth from his beau - ti - ful home In the mansions of glo - ry a - bove, Thanks to him we will bring ;
lit - tle ones come un - to me, For of such is the king - dom of heav'n : Je - sus calls us to come ;
tell what the Bi - ble is worth, Till we go to that beau - ti - ful land. There our thanks we will bring ;



Praise to him we will sing ; For he came down to earth from his beau - ti - ful home In the mansions of glo - ry a - bove.
He's pre - pared us a home ; For he said let the lit - tle ones come un - to me, For of such is the king - dom of heav'n.
There with an - gels we'll sing : And its worth we can tell, when with Je - sus we dwell Far a - way in that beau - ti - ful land.

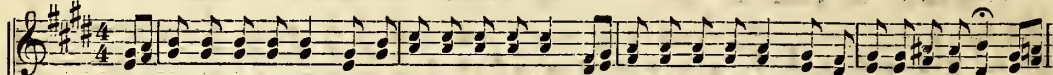


NEARER TO PORT.

Mrs. M. E. M. SANGSTER.

(GENERAL.)

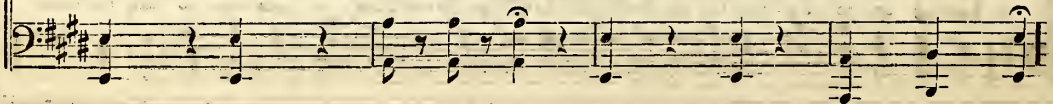
H. S. PERKINS.



1. It's com-ing, com-ing near - er, The love - ly land un-seen; It's shores are grow-ing clear-er, Tho' mists lie dark between! We
2. The balm-y winds are bring-ing It's o-dors on their breath; Our ship of Life is nearing The port where there's no death; Our
3. It's com-ing, com-ing near - er, We're homeward bound at last! It's shores are grow-ing clear-er, We soon shall anchor fast; We'll



catch its gleams of glo - ry, We hear its bursts of song; We're rap-tur'd with its sto - ry, For it our spir - its long!
 chil - dren gone be - fore us, Our friends, they wait us there; Our hearts take up the cho - rus, That fills that land so fair!
 dwell with him for - ev - er, Who brought us o'er the tide, And noth-ing there shall ev - er Our souls from him di - vide.

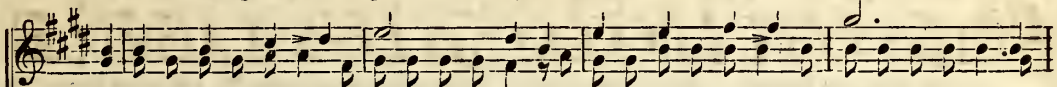


NEARER TO PORT.—Concluded.

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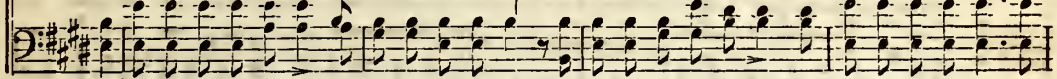
Chorus. With considerable force.

We catch its gleams of glo - - - ry, We hear its bursts of song! We're



(Several of the highest voices take the Soprano.)

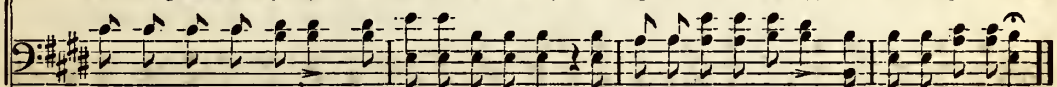
It's coming, coming near-er, The lovely land unseen; Its shores are growing clearer, Tho'mists lie dark between! We



rap - tured with its sto - - - ry, For it our spir-its long!



catch its gleams of glo-ry, We hear its bursts of song, We're raptured with its story, For it our spir-its long!

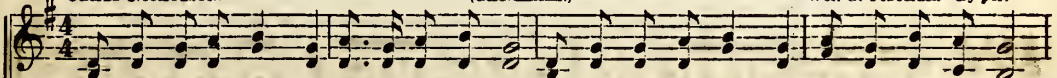


LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

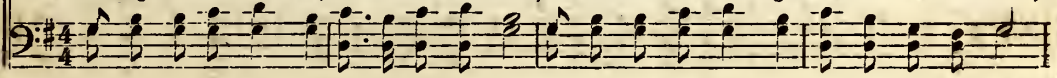
JAMES NICHOLSON.

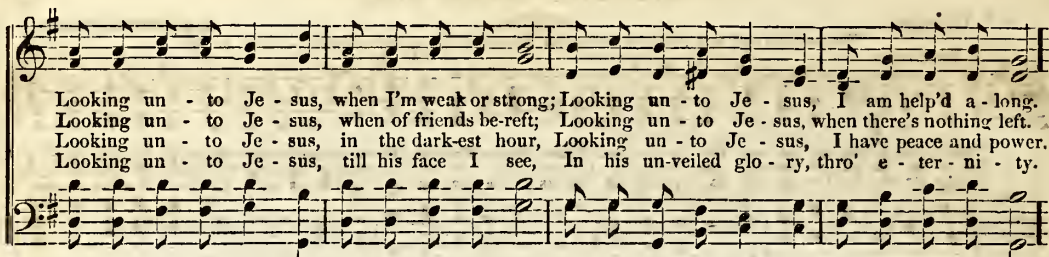
(GENERAL.)

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



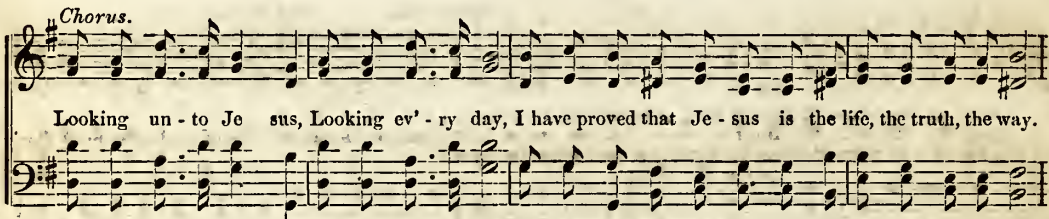
1. Looking un - to Je - sus, for sus-tain-ing grace, That I may with pa-tience, run the heavenly race;
2. Looking un - to Je - sus, when my hopes are bright, Looking un - to Je - sus when my hopes take flight;
3. Looking un - to Je - sus, when I can - not speak, Looking un - to Je - sus when my heart would break;
4. Looking un - to Je - sus, till the hour shall come, When he sends his an - gels down to take me home;



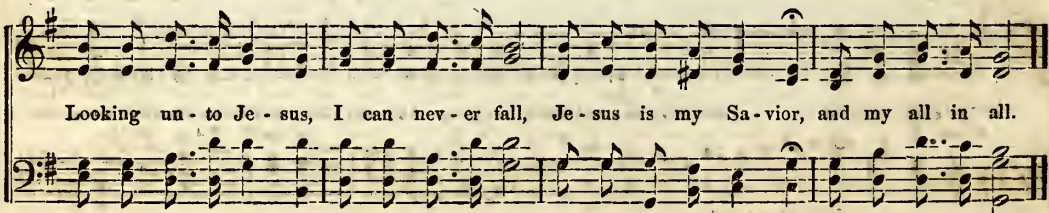


Looking un - to Je - sus, when I'm weak or strong; Looking un - to Je - sus, I am help'd a - long.
 Looking un - to Je - sus, when of friends be-reft; Looking un - to Je - sus, when there's nothing left.
 Looking un - to Je - sus, in the dark-est hour, Looking un - to Je - sus, I have peace and power.
 Looking un - to Je - sus, till his face I see, In his un-veiled glo - ry, thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.



Looking un - to Je sus, Looking ev' - ry day, I have proved that Je - sus is the life, the truth, the way.



Looking un - to Je - sus, I can nev - er fall, Je - sus is my Sa - vior, and my all in' all.

VICTORY OVER SIN.

67

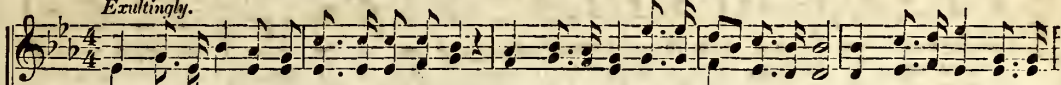
H. S. PERKINS.

(GENERAL)

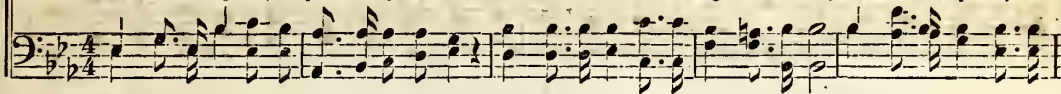
J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 COR. xv. 37.

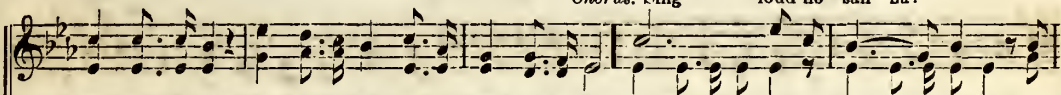
Exultingly.



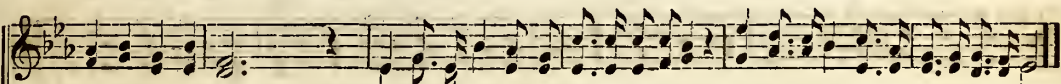
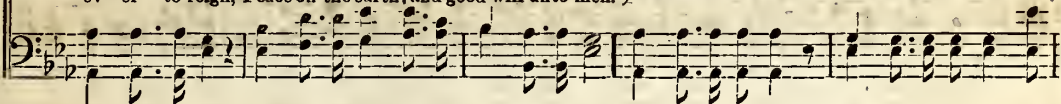
1. Thanks be to God for the vic - t'ry o - ver sin; Thanks for his Word, and the teach - ing therein; Thanks for his Son whom he
2. Thanks for the gift of his lov'd, his on - ly Son; Thanks for the work which on earth he be - gan; Thanks for the peace which it
3. Thanks for re - demp - tion, and pur - chase by his blood; Thanks for the love he has taught in his word; Thanks for his spir - it, for



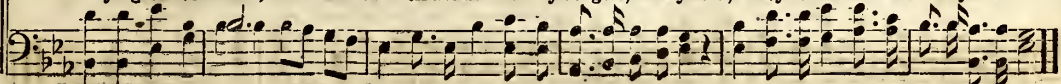
Chorus. Sing loud ho - san - na!



sent to pro - claim Tid - dings of good, and the earth to re - claim. }
 brings to the soul, Working for Je - sus, his love to un - fold. } Sing loud hosanna! Sing loud ho - san - na! The
 ev - er to reign, Peace on the earth, and good will unto men. }



vict'ry's gained o'er sin; Loud swell the an - them by an - gels, and by men, Glory to God for the vict'ry over sin.

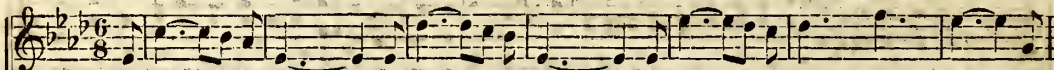


We'll shout and

REV. Z. D. WYCKOFF.

(GENERAL.)

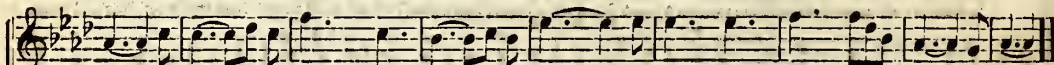
E. A. HANCHET.



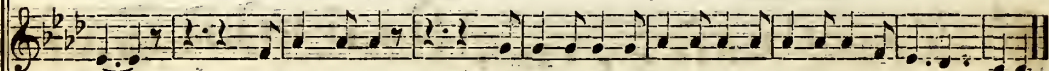
1. To thee,.....O Christ, glad songs.... we bring,.....For ev - er more we crown thee
 2. The moun....tains to the val - leys cry,..... And voic - es to the sea re-
 3. Glad na - ture's praiseto thee.... be - longs,.....We crown...thee in our earth - ly



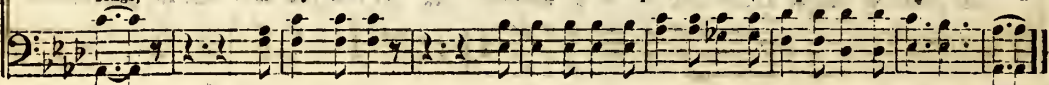
1. To thee, O! Christ, glad songs we bring, For ev - er more we crown thee
 2. The mountains to the val - leys cry, And voic - es to the sea re-
 3. Glad nature's praise to thee belongs, We crown thee in our earth - ly



King; Stretch forth thine arm, ex - tend thy sway, Break on the world thy ris - ing day.
 ply; The win - ter ice, the sum - mer dew, All liv - ing things are sing - ing too.
 songs; And by ... our lives we would ... re - cord, Such praise as heav - en gives our Lord.



King; Stretch forth thine arm, extend thy sway, Break on the world, break on the world thy rising day.
 ply; The win - ter ice, the summer dew, All liv - ing things, all living things are singing too.
 songs; And by our lives we would record Such praise as heav'n, such praise as heaven gives our Lord.



Chorus.

Glad songs, glad songs, ring out our joy, Let holy themes our lips employ. 'Till earth, redeem'd, shall lift her voice, And heav'n shall echo back rejoice.

SHALL WE ALL MEET THERE?

IDA W. BENHAM.

(GENERAL.)

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

*Solo. With considerable spirit.**Semi-Chorus.**Solo.*

1. Shall we all meet there in that land of light, Shall we all meet there, Shall we all meet there? With our teachers and scholars
2. Shall we all meet there by the Savior's aide, Shall we all meet there, Shall we all meet there? With our robes white and pure and
3. Shall we all meet there with the ransom'd band, Shall we all meet there, Shall we all meet there? That will meet, sing and praise in

*Semi-Chorus.**Duet.*

robed in white, Shall we all meet there, Shall we all meet there? Will none be want- ing from our band. On the sanc- ti- fied, Shall we all meet there, Shall we all meet there? Will all the voic- es here that ring, In the that better land, Shall we all meet there, Shall we all meet there? Dear Sav- for, now we hum- bly pray Thou would'st

SHALL WE ALL MEET THERE.—Concluded.

shin - ing shore, of the spir - it land? Shall we all meet there, where no part - ings come, Shall we all meet there, In that
 songs u - nite, which the an - gels sing? Or will they the sad, tear - ful mes - sage bear, That our dear lov'd band Will not
 lead us e'er in the bet - ter way; Wilt thou help us all our own cross to bear, Gen - tly guide us safe, Till we

Full Chorus.

bet - ter home? } Shall we all meet there in that land of light, Where the storms ne'er come, nor the
 all meet there. }
 all meet there. }

shades of night? With our friends gone before. Shall we sing songs of love, Safe at home in the beau - ti - ful Cit - y a - bove.

THE CROSS.

71

Music and Chorus by
Moderate.

(GENERAL.)

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross! The hal - low'd cross I see! Re-
 2. How light! how light! this pree - ious cross, Pre - sent - ed to my view; And
 3. The crown! the crown! the glo - rious crown! The crown of vie - to - ry! The

Chorus.

mind - ing me of precious blood That once was shed for me.
 while, with care, I take it up, Behold the crown my due. } Oh, the blood! the pre-cious blood! That
 crown of life! it shall be mine When I shall Je - sus see.

rit.

Je - sus shed for me Up on the cross, in crim - son flood, Just now by faith I see.

JAMES NICOLSON.

Earnestly.

(GENERAL.)

ASA HULL. By per.

1. When liv - ing in darkness, in sin, and in shame, I read of one Je - sus, — O, won - der - ful name!
 2. I read of His goodness, His mer - cy and love, And how to re - deem me, He came from a - bove,
 3. But stranger than all, in the Bi - ble I read That I could be sav'd, thro' the blood he had shed,

The sweet - est I ev - er had read of be - fore; A name that since then in my heart I a - dore.
 I read of His sufferings, un - til I could see, His dear pre - cious bod - y transfix'd on the tree.
 And not on - ly par - don'd, but sanc - ti - fied too, And, glo - ry to Je - sus, I found it was true.

Chorus.

One Je - sus. Oh, hear it in earth and in heav'n, One Je - sus by whom all my sins are for - giv'n.

NOTHING TO BRING.

573

FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENEY.
For this Work, by per.

(GENERAL)

Andante.

1. I've nothing to bring to thee, Jesus, Save a heart that is sinful and sore, And a life that is wea - ry and
 2. My Sav - ior, I come at thy bidding; I plead by the thorns on thy brow; By the cross with its bur - den of
 3. O Joy! like a star among shadows, A glimmer of brightness I see, For One, with a crown on his

wasted, Yet trembling, I knock at the door; I hear the sweet song of the reap - ers A - way on the great harvest
 sorrow, Oh, o - pen the door to me now; Perchance, then, when reapers are bearing Their sheaves to the harvest a -
 forehead, Doth open the door un - to me; His arms are outreached to en - fold me; He pillows my head on his

plain; I've nothing to bring to thee, Je - sus, Not e - ven a sheaf of the grain.
 bow, I may bring, 'mid the least of the toil - ers, Some blossoms of faith or of love.
 breast, And climbing from "glo - ry to glo - ry," My soul hath a ful - ness of rest.

NOTHING TO BRING.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Nothing to bring to thee, - - - - Still I implore, - - - - All my hopes cling to thee, - - - -
 bringing to thee, I implore,

Nothing to bring, hopes cling to thee,

O - - pen the door, O - - pen the door to me, - - - - O - - - - pen the door, - - - -
 to me, O - - pen, yes, o - - pen the door to me.

JESUS SAVES ME ALL THE TIME.

JAS. NICHOLSON.

(GENERAL.)

J. A. DUNCAN. By per.

1. Je-sus saves me ev'-ry day, Je-sus saves me ev'-ry night; Je-sus saves me all the way—
 2. Je-sus saves when I re-pine, Je-sus saves when I re-joice; Je-sus saves when hopes de-cline—
 3. Je-sus saves me, he is mine; Je-sus saves me, I am his; Je-sus saves while I re-cline—
 4. Je-sus saves, he saves from sin, Je-sus saves, I feel him nigh; Je-sus saves, he dwells with-in.

Through the darkness, thro' the light. Je - sus saves, O bliss sub - lime— Je - sus saves me all the time.
 Faith can al - ways hear his voice. Je - sus saves, O bliss sub - lime— Je - sus saves me all the time.
 On his pre - cious promis - es. Je - sus saves, O bliss sub - lime— Je - sus saves me all the time.
 Glad - ly do I tes - ti - fy. Je - sus saves, O bliss sub - lime— Je - sus saves me all the time.

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

From "Advance," by per.

(GENERAL.)

H. S. P.

- Beyond where Cedron's waters flow, Be-hold the suff'ring Sav-ior go, To sad Geth-sem-a - ne; His
- With gen-tle re-sig-na-tion still, He yield-ed to his Father's will, In sad Geth-sem-a - ne; "Be -
- The Fa-ther heard, and angels there, Sustained the Son of God in prayer, In sad Geth-sem-a - ne; He

coun - te - nance is all di - vine, Yet grief ap - pears in ev' - ry line.
 hold in him, thine on - ly Son, And Fa - ther let thy will be done."
 drank the dread-ful cup of pain, Then rose to life and joy a - gain.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

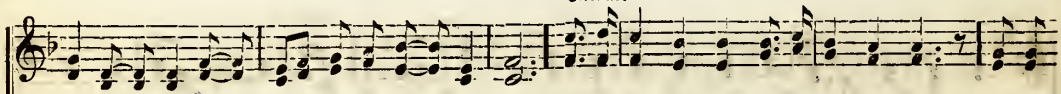
Words and Music by

(GENERAL.)

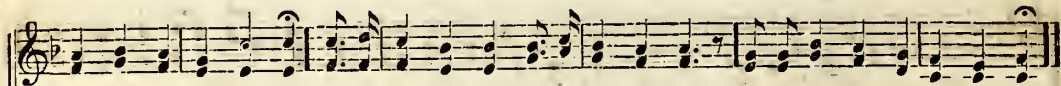
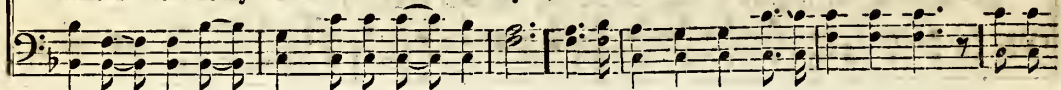
A. J. ABBEY. By per.



1. There's an earnest voice, and it seems to say, Why will ye linger, why will ye stay A - way from the rest and the
 2. 'Tis a living voice, and it speaks to thee, Wanderer whether on land or sea; The day will be o'er when I
 3. Dear guest, enter in, and possess my heart, Each tho't and affection; Oh, ne'er depart, Till I hear thee in love call me

*Chorus.*

joys that are best, And the home up in heav'n a - bove. } 'Tis a fa - ther's voice, 'tis a fa - ther's love, Calling
 can no more, Knock at the door of thy heart. }
 home a - bove To my beau - ti - ful home in the sky.



us to that home a - bove. 'Tis a fa - ther's voice, 'tis a fa - ther's love, Calling us to that home a - bove.



MORNING LIGHT.

77

From "Glad Tidings," by per.

(GENERAL)

C. M. WYMAN.

In the ro-sy light of the morning bright, Lift the voice of praise on high: From the
 Let his praise be spread for the Lamb who bled, To de-liv-er us from woe; Has en-
 Now ex-alt-ed high o'er the earth and sky, He de-lights in mer-cy still; Bends his

Chorus.

lips of youth to the God of Truth, Let the joy-ful ech-oes fly. } Sing praises, glad prais-es,
 dured the cross, the dis-grace, the loss, Let his praise for-ev-er flow.
 gra-cious ear, our re-quests to hear, And our long-ing souls to fill.

sing, chil-dren, sing! Let your songs a-rise to the Loft-y skies; And ex-ult in God, our King.

WILL YOU JOIN OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL?

MRS. S. C. HERRICK.

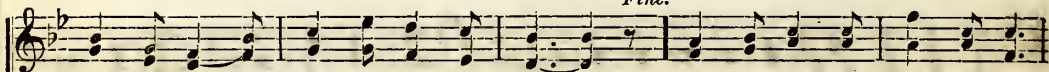
(GENERAL.)

L. B. STARKWEATHER.
From "Glad Tidings," by per.

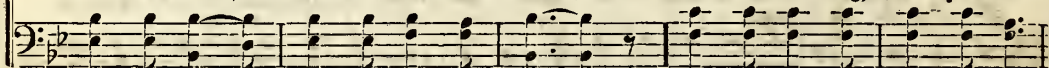
1. Will you join our Sun - day School, Join our praise and join our prayer ; Learn with us the
 2. Will you, in the Sun - day School, Learn that Je - sus loves you still ; And if you o -
 3. Will you join the Sun - day School, Swell - ing still the Joy - ous band, Till we march with



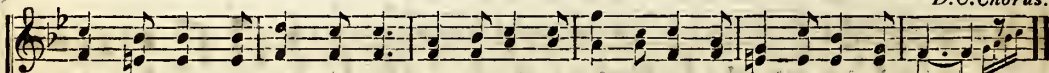
CHO. Friends are wait - ing, will you come? Lov - ing hearts have made you roam ; Will you come and

Fine.

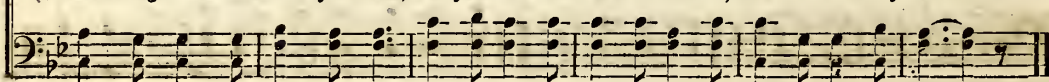
heav'n - ly rule, Share the gen - tle care Of our teach - ers kind and true,
 bey his rule, He'll shield you from all ill, E'en to Jordan's swell - ing tide,
 col - umns full, To the bet - ter land ; Friends are wait - ing, will you come?



learn of Je - sus, In our Sun - day School.

D. C. Chorus.

Of the friends who love us too ; Will you come and learn that Je - sus Loved and died for you ?
 He will o'er your steps pre - side ; Will you come and learn of Je - sus, In the Sun - day school ?
 Lov - ing hearts have made you roam ; Will you come and learn of Je - sus, In the Sun - day school ?



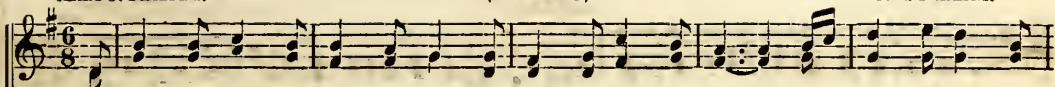
MY BIBLE.

79

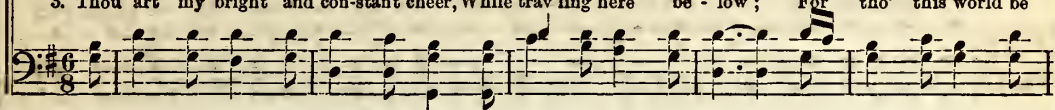
MARY J. PHILLIPS.

(GENERAL)

J. E. PERKINS.



1. When e'er my heart is filled with grief, Or load-ed down with care ; 'Tis this blest book that
 2. I turn thy sa-cred pa-ges o'er, And learn how Je - sus died ; The man - y bit - ter
 3. Thou art my bright and con-stant cheer, While trav'ling here be - low ; For tho' this world be



gives re - lief, And points to worlds so fair ; In thee, sweet, sooth-ing words I find, To
 pains he bore, From his poor wounded side. I learn from thee, he lives a - gain, In
 dark and drear, Thy com - forts still will flow. Blest book to mor-tals ev - er given, I



chase all gloom a - way ; For com-forts of the pur - est kind A-mong thy pa - ges stay.
 that bright world a - bove, With God and an - gels e'er to reign, Where is peace and love.
 prize, I love thee well ; For thou wilt lead me safe to heav'n, For e'er with Christ to dwell.

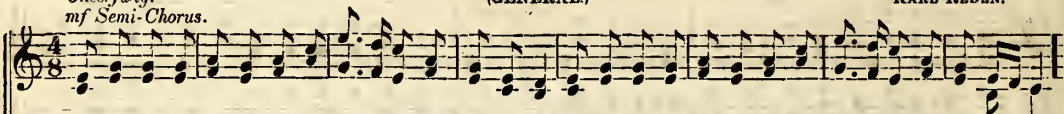


THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

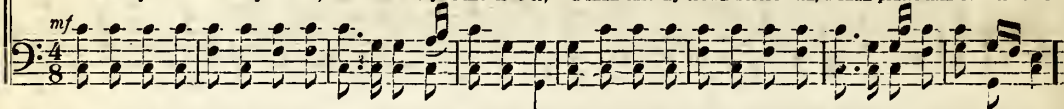
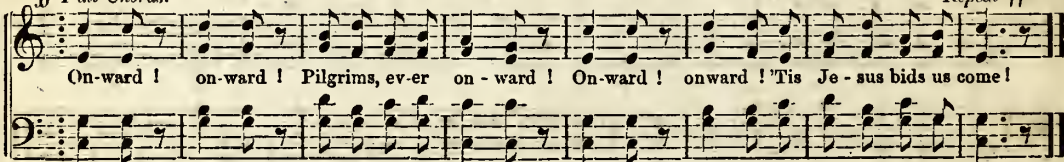
Cheerfully,
mf Semi-Chorus.

(GENERAL.)

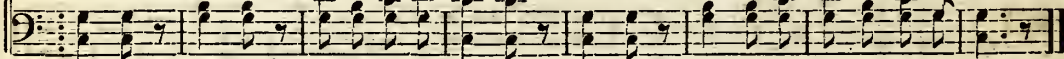
KARL REDEN.



1. Chris-tians, I am on my jour-ney! E'er I reach the narrow sea, I would tell the wondrous sto-ry, What the Lord has done for me.
2. I was lost, but Je-sus found me; Taught my heart to seek his face; From a wild and lone-ly d-s-ert, Brought me to his fold of grace.
3. Now my soul with rapture glowing, Sings aloud his pard'ning love; Looks beyond this world of sorrow, To the pilgrim's home a-bove.
4. I shall yet be-hold my Sav-ior, When the day of life is o'er, I shall cast my crown before him, I shall praise him ev-er-more.

*ff* Full Chorus.Repeat *pp*

On-ward ! on-ward ! Pilgrims, ev-er on - ward ! On-ward ! onward ! 'Tis Je - sus bids us come !

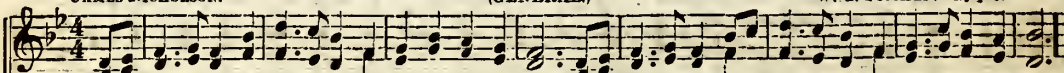


THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

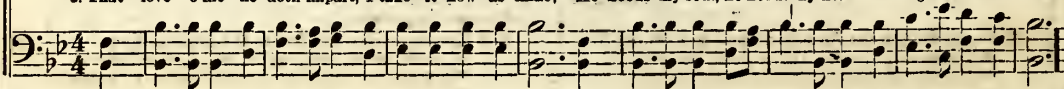
JAMES NICHOLSON.

(GENERAL.)

W. G. FISCHER. By per.



1. The blood of Je - sus (Christ, his Son, Doth cleanse me from all sin, By faith I know, the work is done, The blood has made me clean.
2. The blood of Je - sus Christ, his Son, Doth cleanse me from all sin, By faith I have the vict'ry won, Which all by faith may win.
3. That love 'o me he doth impart, I take it now as mine; He floods my soul, he floods my heart With light and love divine.



Chorus.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS.—Concluded.

81

The blood of Je-sus Christ, his Son, Doth cleanse me from all sin; By faith I know the work is done, The blood has made me clean.

THE PRECIOUS SABBATH.

(MORNING.)

"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

P.

1. How sweet is the Sab-bath, the morning of rest, The day of the week which I ought to love best; The
 2. Then let us be thoughtful, and prayerful to-day, Nor care-less-ly tri-ble this sea-son a-way; Re-

morn-ing my Sav-ior a-rose from the tomb, And took from the grave all its ter-ror and gloom.
 memb'ring that Sabbaths were gra-cious-ly giv'n, To teach us to seek, and pre-pare us for heav'n.

SABBATH HYMN.

(EVENING.)

(Tune.—*The Precious Sabbath.*)

1 One more day for Jesus, and one less below,
 But heaven is nearer, and onward we go;
 Our Savior is dearer, his love is our light,
 To serve him forever should be our delight.

2 One more day for Jesus; the labor of love
 Is sweet to the pilgrim, if blessed from above;
 We'll strive every day our Redeemer to know,
 Until Christ shall call us from this world below.

WHEN WE'VE PASSED THE ROLLING RIVER.

Words and Music by

(GENERAL.)

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Wand'ring thro' this vale of shad-ows, Thro' the sun-shine and the gloom, Thro' the vales, o'er hills and
2. Toil - ing on and hop - ing ev - er, Climbing up the mountain's crest, Working for our dear Re-

mea - dows, Longing for our heavenly home; Striving for the heav'nly mansions, Mansions
deem - er, For the home a - mong the blest; Hap - py hearts and voi - ees cheer us, Sing - ing

where the wea - ry rest, Where the stream of liv - ing fountains, Ev - er flow to cheer the blest.
prais - es on the way; Sing - ing of the bles - sed Sav - ior, Of that glo - rious, end - less day.

WHEN WE'VE PASSED THE ROLLING RIVER.—Concluded. 83

CHORUS.

When we've passed the roll - ing riv - er, And we stand on Ca - naan's

shore; Then we'll shout the loud ho - san - na! To the Lamb for - ev - er -

more; Then we'll shout the loud ho - san - na! To the Lamb for - ev - er - more.

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

H. S. PEREIRA,

(GENERAL)

1. There is a land be-yond the riv - er, A land of spirits pure and white; No sorrow e'er shall pass its
 2. Fair are the fields be-yond the riv - er, And sweetest fragrance fills the air; Pure are the waters flowing
 3. Man - y have passed be-yond the riv - er, And now their happy voi - ces raise; Shall we all meet beyond the

Chorus.

bor - der, And God will ev - er be its light. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, In the
 ev - er, And Christ, our Shep - herd, will be there. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, In the
 riv - er, E - ter - nal - ly to sing his praise? Yes, we'll meet beyond the riv - er, In the

land all beau - ti - ful and bright? Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where God will ev - er be the light?
 land all beau - ti - ful and bright? Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where God will ev - er be the light?
 land all beau - ti - ful and bright? Yes, we'll meet beyond the riv - er, Where God will ev - er be the light?

AT HOME BEYOND THE RIVER.

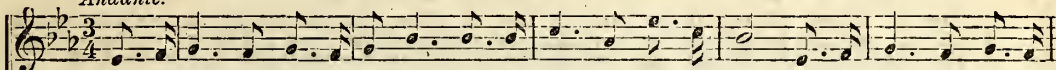
85

(GENERAL.)

H. S. PERKINS.

Words written by Miss Lottie Perkins, at the age of 14, daughter of the Hon. Hosea B. Perkins, of Ft. Washington, D.C.
She died in 1871, at the age 16.

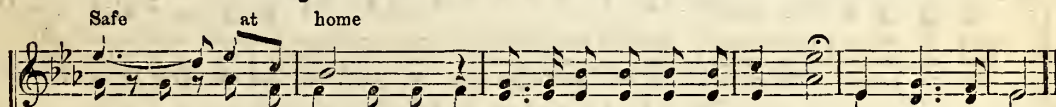
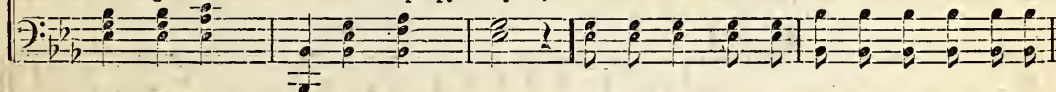
Andante.



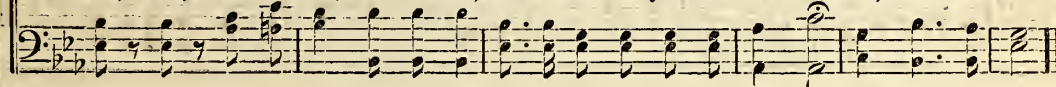
1. Far beyond the roll-ing riv-er, Where bright an-gels gather'd are; Of my heart, has gone, the
2. Now she wears a robe of glo-ry, And a shin-ing crown of gold; For she's with her bless-ed
3. Like a bright wild flow'r she wither'd, 'Neath the burn-ing noon-tide's ray; Now in heav'n a-bove she's



'dear-est, And now shines a ra-diant star. } Safe at home, safe at home be-yond the riv-er;
Sav-ior, And a lamb of his dear fold. }
bloom-ing thro' an end-less hap-py day.



Safe, safe, safe at home, safe at home, Safe at home be-yond the riv-er, Safe, safe at home.



INFANT CLASS-SONGS.

HAPPY CHILDREN.

Words and Music by
Semi-Chorus.

A. J. ABBEY. By per.

1. }
2. } Come, come, come, Hap-py chil-dren, hap-py chil-dren, Come, come, come, Happy children, come.
3. }

Duet.

1. Je - sus is call - ing; Call - ing to the chil - dren; Come, seek me ear - ly, Scek me here to - day.
2. Je - sus will hear them from his heav'nly man - sions; Yes, he will hear, when Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
3. Give him your hearts, Put all your trust in Je - sus, And live in glo - ry, Live in end - less day.

Full Chorus.

After last verse repeat Cho. pp.

Yes, we'll fol-low Je - sus; Yes, we'll fol - low Je - sus; We will follow Jesus In the straight and narrow way.

CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

(INFANT-CLASS.)

H. S. PERKINS.

1. To praise the Sav-ior's name, Let lit-tle children try, While saints and an-gels
 2. His love in heav'n is sung, His name is there a - dored, And chil-dren here, how-

Inst.

Chorus.

do the same, In the bright world on high. } I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm
 ev - er young, May learn to praise the Lord.

glad sal - va - tion's free, Sal - va - tion free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

JESUS WELCOMED.

(Tune,—*Children's Praise.*)

1 How sweet the children's song,
 As to the city's gate,
 The blessed Savior rode along,
 In humble, peaceful state.
 CHO.—I'll sing my Savior's praise,
 Because he first loved me ;
 How can I e'er forget the friend
 Who thus remembers me.

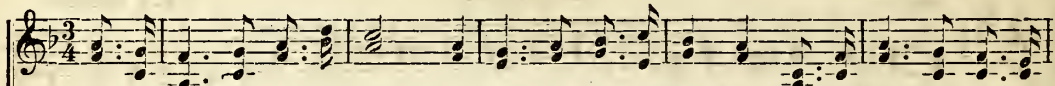
2 Hosannas filled the air,
 And branches strewed the plain!
 And thus a welcome they prepare
 Within the Jewish fane. CHO.—
 3 Such be his welcome here,
 And such the hymn we raise,
 Till all the young for Christ appear,
 And thus perfect his praise. CHO.—

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

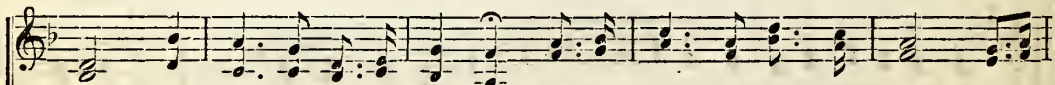
J. W. WATSON.

(INFANT CLASS.)

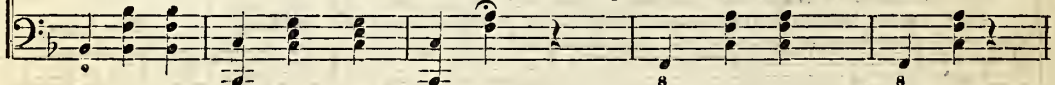
ANNIE E. COTTON.



1. An - gry looks can do no good, And blows are dealt in blind-ness; Words are bet - ter un - der-
 2. Fool - ish things are frowns and sneers, For an - gry thoughts re-veal them; Rath-er drown them all in



stood, If spok - en but in kind-ness, Sim - ple love far more hath wrought, Al -
 tears, Than let an - oth - er feel them, Friend-ship would the long - er last, And



though by child-hood muttered: Than all the bat - tles ev - er fought, Or oaths that men have ut - tered.
 quar - rels be pre - vent - ed, If lit - tle words were let go past, For - giv - en, not re - sent - ed.



THE BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

(INFANT-CLASS.)

H. S. PERKINS.

Duet.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home in the kingdom a - bove, Where sor - row and sin nev - er dwell; Where
 2. Be - yond the dark waves of the riv - er of time, In the realm of the angels 'tis found; And the
 3. And this is the song that the lit - tle ones sing; "We bless thee, our shepherd and guide, Whose
 4. Then join - ing the choir in the beau - ti - ful home, For - ev - er and ev - er we'll sing: "All

Chorus.

Je - sus unfolds in his shel - tering arms, The lambs that he lov - eth so well. } That home, that
 dear lit - tle children are gathered in there, With harp and with voice swell the sound." } That home, that
 blood hath redeem'd us and wash'd us from sin, And bro't us to dwell by thy side. } That home,
 bless - ing and hon - or, thanksgiving and praise, To Je - sus, our Sav - ior and King." }

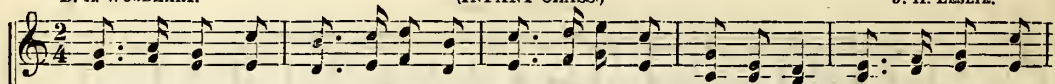
home — That beau - ti - ful home of the blest; That home, that home, That home where the weary may rest.
 That home, That home, That home.

YOUTHFUL BAND.

D. E. WOODHART.

(INFANT-CLASS)

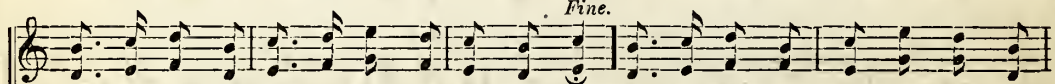
J. H. LESLIE.



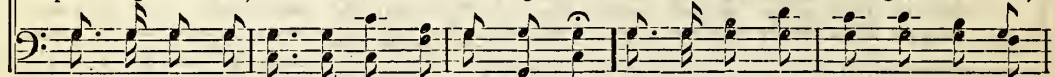
1. We're a band of youth-ful soldiers, We've en-list-ed for the right; And our Sav-ior
 2. Though the hosts of sin are man-y, And their ar-mies large and strong, We will put our
 3. With this bles-sed prom-ise for us, And our Sav-ior for our guide, We will still keep



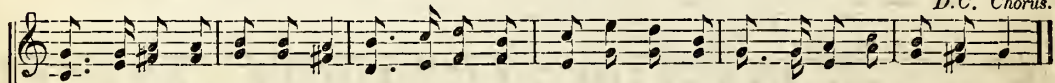
D.C. CHO. We're a band of youth-ful sol-diers, We've en-list-ed for the right; And our Sav-ior



Fine.
 is our Cap-tain, He'll protect us by his might; He will lead us on to con-quer,
 trust in Je-sus, And in tri-umph march a-long; For his grace will be suf-fi-cient,
 press-ing on-ward, Till we reach the roll-ing tide; Till we meet the An-gel boat-man,

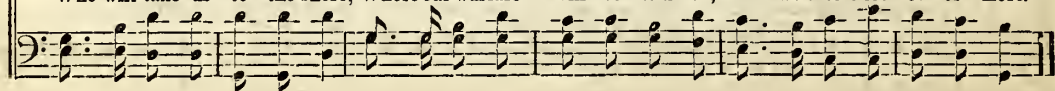


is our Cap-tain, He'll pro-ject us by his might.



D.C. Chorus.

And we'll rout the hosts of sin; For we nev-er will give o-ver, Till the victory we shall win.
 If we will on him depend, And a shining crown of glo-ry, He will give us in the end.
 Who will take us to the shore, Where our warfare will be end-ed, And we'll rest for-ev-er-more.



TELL JESUS.

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(INFANT-CLASS.)

H. S. P.



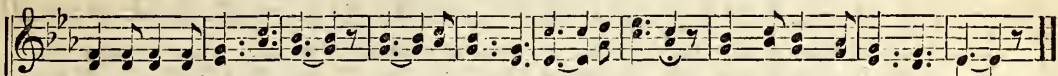
1. Lit - tle ones are oft - en sor - ry For the naughty things they do; Trou - bles reach us all, and
 2. Let us tell him all our trou - ble, Tell him we are sor - ry too; He will do us kindness
 3. We will tell it all to Je - sus, All our want and all our woe; None but Je - sus can re -



Chorus.



wor - ry Lit - tle hearts and big ones too. } Then tell Je - sus, then tell Je - sus,
 doub - le, Help us to be good and true. Yes, tell Je - sus, yes, tell Je - sus,
 lieve us, None but Je - sus loves us so.



That's the best thing we can do; Then tell Je - sus, then tell Je - sus, That's the best thing we can do.
 That's the best thing we can do; Yes, tell Je - sus, yes, tell Je - sus, That's the best thing we can do.



SOWING AND REAPING.

(INFANT-CLASS.)

Arr. from D. HAYDEN LLOYDE.

"He that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad."

"For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. vi 7.

1. { Are we sow - ing seeds of kindness, They shall blossom bright ere long; }
 2. { Are we sow - ing seeds of hon - or, They shall bring forth gold - - - } en grain. Are we
 { We can nev - er be too care - ful, What the seed our hands shall sow, }
 { Love from love is sure to rip - en, Hate from hate as sure } to grow. Seeds of

sow - ing seeds of dis - cord, They shall ri - pen in - to wrong; Are we sow - ing seeds of
 good or ill we scat - ter, As we pass a - long the way; And we'll gath - er of the

Chorus.

falsehood, We shall yet reap bitter pain. }
 fruit-age, In the last great harvest day. } Whatsoe'er our sowing be, Reaping, we its fruit shall see.

I'M A LITTLE SAILOR.

W. P. B.

(INFANT-CLASS.)

W. F. HEATH.

1. I'm a lit - tle sail - or, Sailing o'er the sea; O - ver Time's big bil - lows,
 2. I'm a lit - tle sol - dier, Troops of foes a-round; I must stand up bold - ly,
 3. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, Trav'ling toward the sky; Steep the path be - fore me,
 4. Help the sail - or - sol - dier, Lest I fall and drown; Help the pil - grim ro - ver,

Chorus.

To E - ter - ni - ty. Je - sus, Pi - lot, hold the helm, Let no storm my
 Striving for the crown. Je - sus, Cap - tain, lead me on, Help me win the
 Snares around me lie. Je - sus, Pil - grim show the way, Home - ward to e -
 To his home and crown. Come what may, I'll nev - er fear, If, dear Je - sus

bark o'er-whelm; Je - sus, Pi - lot, hold the helm, Let no storm my bark o'er-whelm.
 vic - tor's crown; Je - sus, Cap - tain, lead me on, Help me win the vic - tor's crown.
 ter - nal day Je - sus, pil - grim show the way, Home - ward to e - ter - nal day.
 thou art near, Come what may, I'll nev - er fear, If, dear Je - sus, thou art near.

ASSEMBLED IN OUR SCHOOL ONCE MORE.

(OPENING INFANT-CLASS.)

NELLIE DUNCAN.*

1. As - sem - bled in our school once more, O Lord, thy bless - ing we implore; We
 2. Our fer - vent pray'r to thee as - cends, For pa - rents, teach - ers, foes and friends; And
 3. When we on earth shall meet no more, May we a - bove to glo - ry soar; And

meet to read, to sing and pray, Be with us then, thro' this thy day.
 when we in thy house ap - pear, Help us to wor - ship in thy fear.
 praise thee in more lof - ty strains, Where one e - ter - nal Sab - bath reigns.

JESUS NOW IS CALLING.

Words arranged, and Music by

(INFANT-CLASS.)

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

*Duet.**Semi-Chorus.**Duet.**Semi-Chorus.*

1. Je - sus now is call - ing, Come to me and live; Hear his solemn warn - ing, Come to me and live.
 2. Children, he will never Prove unkind, un - true; Trust in him: he'll ev - er Guide you safe - ly through.
 3. We will heed his calling, And no longer roam; We will try to serve him, Till he calls us home.

* Of Young America, Ill., only 10 years of age.

Chorus.

1. & 2. Je - sus now is call - ing, Call - ing, gently call - ing; Sweetly now he's call - ing, Call - ing you to come.
 3. He is always call - ing, Calling, sweetly call - ing: Blessed lit - tle children, Let them come to me.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

HARRY LEE.

(INFANT-CLASS.)

H. S. PERKINS.

1. In need of a friend, yes, in need of a friend, The poor, lit - tle chil - dren with - out friends or
 2. They bow on their knees, and they pray to the Lord, To take them and keep them se - cure from all
 3. Their pray'rs have been heard, and the an - gels of love, Who wait be - fore Je - sus, whom they hold so

home; No fa - ther nor moth - er their watch - care to lend, But lone - ly and cold thro' the streets they must roam.
 harm; They ask, on - ly ask, as their great - est re - ward, To rest, safe - ly fold - ed, in his loving arms.
 dear, Have come from the home of the blessed a - bove, To guard them, and keep them from danger and fear.

JESUS, GENTLE SAVIOR.

(INFANT-CLASS.)

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

Mildly.

1. Je - sus, gen - tle Sav - ior, Ev - er meek and mild, In thy ten - der mer - cy Hear a lit - tle child;
 2. Like a gen - tle shep - herd, Lead me all the day, Savior do not leave me, Let me nev - er stray;
 3. With the birds that praise thee, Singing in the shade, And the streams rejoicing, With all thou hast made;

p

Teach me how to love thee, Teach me how to pray, Whisper to my spir - it, Tell me what to say.
 When my steps are wea - ry, Lay me on thy breast, Sweet will be my slumber, Peaceful there my rest.
 Je - sus, I would praise thee, In my joy - ful song, Of thy loving kindness, Singing all day long.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

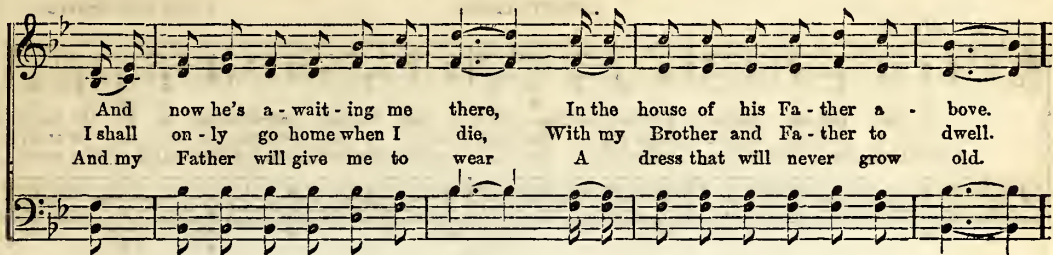
(INFANT-CLASS.)

WM. W. BENTLEY.

Cheerful.

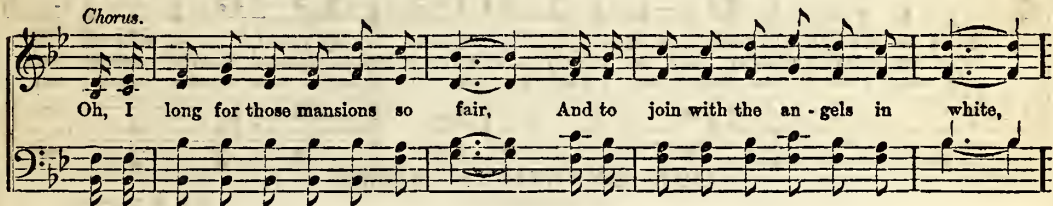
"In my Father's house are many mansions."

1. My Savior has gone to pre - pare A place for the child of his love;
 2. That house is beyond the blue sky, More bright than I ev - er could tell;
 3. I have treasures laid up for me there, - A crown of the love - li - est gold;



And now he's a - wait - ing me there, In the house of his Fa - ther a - bove.
I shall on - ly go home when I die, With my Brother and Fa - ther to dwell.
And my Father will give me to wear A dress that will never grow old.

Chorus.



Oh, I long for those mansions so fair, And to join with the an - gels in white,



You will hear me perhaps when I'm there, I shall sing out so loud with de - light.
delight.

FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK.

DR. T. G. CHATTLE.

(INFANT-CLASS.)

J. R. SWENEY.

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, 'tis your Fa - ther's good plea - sure, To give you the
 2. Fear not, lit - tle flock, faith - ful - ly and up - right - ly, Walk ye in the
 3. Fear not, lit - tle flock, tho' to - day be en - shroud - ed With no ray of

king - dom pre - pared by his love; Lay not up - on earth, but in
 light which the Fa - ther hath shown; The crown of re - joic - ing will
 light in its dark - ness re - vealed; In heav - en the day is for -

heav - en your trea - sure, No rust can cor - rupt in the mansions a - bove.
 glit - ter more bright - ly, For all the temp - ta - tions his children have known.
 ev - er un - cloud - ed, For God is its light, and its sun, and its shield.

TAKE MY HAND, DEAR JESUS.

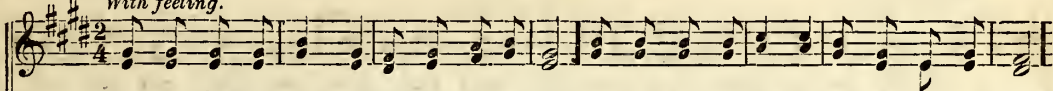
99

KATE OSBORN.

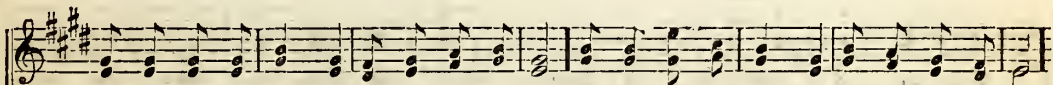
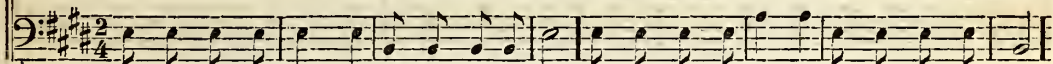
(INFANT-CLASS.)

WILL. W. BENTLEY.

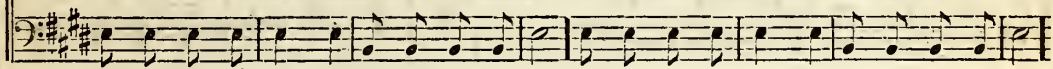
With feeling.



1. Ev - er blessed Je - sus, Lis - ten un - to me, Bow thine ear and hear me, While I call to thee;
2. Ev - er blessed Je - sus, Bless thy wayward child, Keep my feet from straying Thro' the desert wild;
3. Help me blessed Je - sus, Leave me not a - lone, Give me strength and patience Till each du - ty's done;



I am weak and sin - ful Thou art pure and strong Take my hand dear Je - sus, Lead thy child a - long.
I would nev - er wander From thy lov - ing side, Ev - er bless - ed Je - sus, Be my constant guide.
And when life is ended I thy face would see, Hear my prayer dear Je - sus, Take me up to thee.



Chorus.



Take my hand dear Je - sus, Let me nev - er stray, Take my hand and lead me, In the bet - ter way.

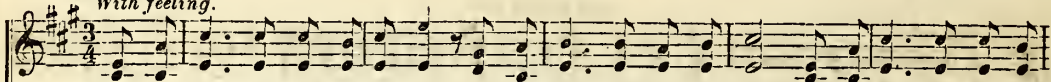


DEAR JESUS, HERE AM I.

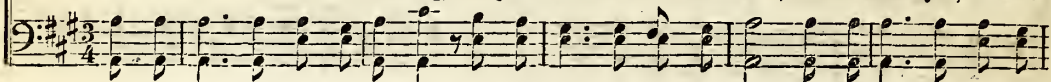
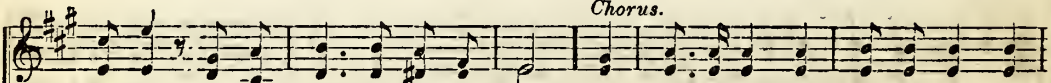
WM. CUTTER.

(INFANT-CLASS.)

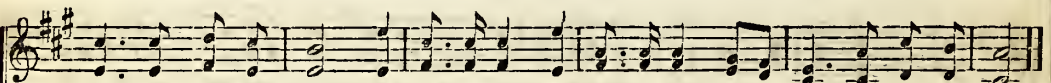
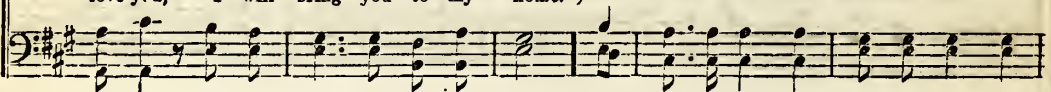
S. J. VAIL.

With feeling.

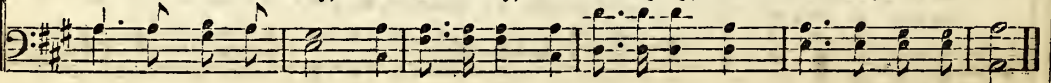
1. Hark! I hear the Sav-ior call-ing, Lit-tle chil-dren, come to me: I will bless you, save you,
 2. Come, says Je-sus, in the morn-ing Of your bright and ten-der youth; I will be your guide and
 3. Come without a moment's wait-ing, In your want and weakness come; I will take you, I will

*Chorus.*

keep you, I from sin will set you free. } He calls again; oh, let us then, With
 help-er, I'm the Way, the Life, the truth. }
 love you, I will bring you to my home.



one u-ni-ted cry, The call o-bey, and hum-bly say, "Dear Je-sus, here am I."



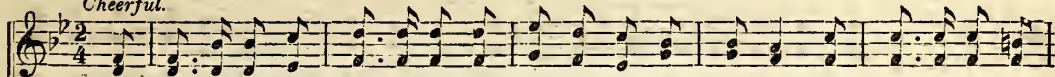
WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

101

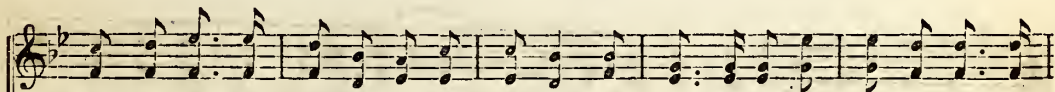
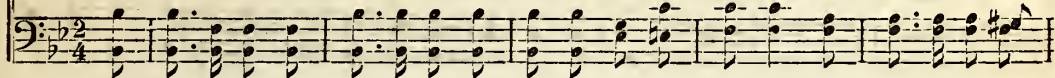
(INFANT-CLASS.)

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Cheerful.



1. It is not much that we can give In do-ing good to oth-ers; But we in joy and
2. But, more than all, we can o-bey The pre-cepts of our Say-ior, And prove our love to



peace can live With sis-ters and with bro-thers. To playmates all we can be kind, Nor
him each day By good-ness of be-ha-rior. So wheth-er Short or wheth-er long The



fill their hearts with sadness; Our parent's wish-es we can mind, And crown their lives with gladness.
life that is assigned us, A mem'ry like a pleas-ant song We all may leave be-hind us.



CLOSING SONGS.

NEARER HOME.

(CLOSING.)

H. S. PERKINS.

1. One sweet-ly, sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near - er home to -
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be; Near - er where Je - sus
 3. We ask a Fa - ther's aid, To lay the bur - den down; Then take us to his

Chorus.

day, Than I have been be - fore. } Near - er home, near - er home, We'll sing as we
 reigns, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
 home, To wear a heav'nly crown.

Repeat Chorus very softly.

go; Near - er home, near - er home, We'll sing as we go.

WE SHALL REST ON THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE,

103

MARY KAIL.

(CLOSING.)

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

Cheerfully.

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

1. Go, work, for the har - vest is near, Go work, for the lab'ers are few, Soon our
 2. Our Savior invites us to come, There is room for the world in his love, Do not
 3. Our Fa - ther in -vites us to go To the land of per - pet - u - al day, And the

Chorus.

glo - ri - fied Master in joy will appear, And we all can find something to do. } We shall rest,..... We shall
 faint, nor grow weary, for yet there is room, In the heavenly mansions a - bove. }
 tears that we shed in this valley below, He will wipe them forever a - way. }
 We shall rest,

1st time. Repeat very soft 2d time.

rest,..... We shall rest on the beau - ti - ful shore. rest on the beau - ti - ful shore.
 we shall rest,

4. The poor and the needy may come,
 The lame, and the halt, and the blind,
 And all those who are seeking a heavenly home,
 The pearl of salvation may find.

5. Bright, glittering palms we shall bear,
 With loved ones who've passed on before,
 And bright crowns of rejoicing we ever shall wear
 On the beautiful, beautiful shore.

LOOK UP, O SINNER.

Words and Music by

H. E. KIMBALL.

1. Look up, look up, O sin - ner, And hear thy Sav - ior's voice, He
 2. Look up, look up, O sin - ner, And trust in Je - sus' love; Your
 3. Look up, look up, O sin - ner, O make no more de - lay, Your

asks you to re - ceive him, And in his love re - joice.
 sins shall be for - giv - en, Your name be writ a - bove.
 Sav - ior calls you to him, O yield your heart to - day.

Chorus, with animation.

Then look on high, then look on high, Who trusts in Christ will nev - er die.

With feeling.

(GENERAL)

1. Sweet will be the rest in heav-en, When our toils and cares are o'er;
 Sweet will be the wel-come giv-en, On that peace-ful hap-py shore.
 2. Sweet to hear the mu-sic ring-ing Through the bright ce-les-tial dome,
 Sweet to hear the an-gels sing-ing, Wel-come, chil-dren, wel-come home;
 3. Sweet to rest where night comes nev-er, Where 'tis one un-end-ing day;
 Where no death will ev-er sev-er, Where all tears are wip-ed a-way;

CHO. { Let us then be work-ing ev-er, Soon we'll rest in Je-sus' love;
 He will turn our grief to gladness, If we on-ly look a-bove.

DUET.

Sweet will be the songs that greet us, When bright crowns we there shall wear;
 Sweet to know no care, no sor-row, In that home of per-fect rest;
 Sweet to wear a robe of brightness, And to walk the streets of gold;

D.C.

Sweet to meet with those we love most, In that hap-py land so fair....
 Sweet to think not of the mor-row, But in Christ be whol-ly blest....
 Sweet to rest 'mid all the brightness, Safe with-in the Shep-herd's fold....

D.C.

WE WILL SING OF THE SAVIOR'S LOVE.

Words and Music by

(CLOSING.)

H. S. PERKINS.

"Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."—EXODUS xv. 1.

"Sing unto the Lord with the harp, with trumpets, and the voice of a psalm."—Ps. xcvi. 5 & 6.

1. We will sing of the Savior's dy - ing love, We will sing as we jour - ney on the way; We will
 2. As we jour - ney along thro' storm and rain, We will sing till the clouds have pass'd away; Let the
 3. When we mount in the air and soar a - way To the realms of the blest beyond the skies; We will

sing when we reach the home a - bove, We will sing of his mer - cies day by day.
 tem - pest with fu - ry rage a - gain, We will sing as we jour - ney on the way.
 shout glad ho - san - nas to the Lamb, Songs of praise for the love that nev - er dies.

We will sing, We will sing.
 We will sing, we will sing, We will sing of the Sav - ior's dy - ing

WE WILL SING OF THE SAVIOR'S LOVE.—Concluded.

107

Musical score for 'We will sing of the Savior's Love'. It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the bass line is in the Bass clef. The lyrics are: 'We will sing, We will sing,..... We will sing, We will sing of the Savior's love.'

THE MEETING AND THE GREETING.

Mrs. E. H. GATES.

(INFANT-CLASS.)

W. H. DOANE.

Musical score for 'The Meeting and the Greeting'. It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key signature of two flats (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the Treble clef, and the bass line is in the Bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. In our Father's many mansions Where the throne e-ter-nal stands, Shall we see each other's
2. Where our feet shall never fal-ter, Where no tear shall dim our eyes, Shall we learn the blessed
3. Yes, the Lamb will be the light there, And no silver moon will rise, For the night will never'

Musical score for 'The Meeting and the Greeting'. It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key signature of two flats (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the Treble clef, and the bass line is in the Bass clef. The lyrics are: 'fa-ces? Shall we clasp each other's hands? When this world of shine and shad-ow, Like a lan-guage, And the mu-sic of the skies? Where no sigh is ev-er sounding, Where no gath-er In the soft, ce-les-tial skies. There no sin will sore as-sail us, And no'

fad - ed dream is past; In the soul's un - end - ing mor - row,
 lip shall say, a - las! Shall we hear the harp - ers harp - ing,
 hind' - ring doubt or fear, When we're safe with - in the cit - y,

Chorus.

Shall we meet again at last?
 Standing on the sea of glass? } O, won - der - ful that meet - ing, And rap - tur - ous will be the
 With our Sav - ior ev - er near. }

greeting, When from ev'ry sea and land We shall come, a ransomed band, To be crown'd with life and love above.

LEAD US, AND WE'LL FOLLOW ON.

109

(CLOSING.)

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Take our hand in thine, dear Father, Gently lead our souls a-long; Lead us where thou'dst have us labor, Lead us,
 2. Tho' we meet with sore temptations, And with trials by the way; Thou hast promised to pro-tect us, If we
 3. Now, dear Father, thou dost hear us, Take our hand in thine to guide; Make our hearts both pure and holy, Keep us

and we'll fol - low on; And we'll fol - low, yes, we'll fol - low, Lead us, and we'll fol - low on.
 on - ly thee o - bey; And we'll trust thee, yes, we'll trust thee, To pro-ect us all the way.
 near the Sav - ior's side; Lead us ev - er, leave us nev - er, May we all in thee a - bide.

Chorus.

Reach, and take our hand, dear Father, Lead us and we'll follow on; We will fol-low, we will fol-low, Lead us and we'll follow on.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

(CLOSING.)

J. P. WEBSTER.

With much feeling.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far, For the
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, The me - lo - di-ous songs of the blest, And our
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the tri-bute of praise, For the

Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.
spir - its shall sor - row no more - Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the bless - ing that hal - low our days!

Chorus.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful
By and by, by and by,

In the repeat diminish gradually to the end.

shore, In the sweet by and by We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

by and by, by and by, by and by,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the first part of the song. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. A bass line is provided below the treble staff. The lyrics are: 'shore, In the sweet by and by We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.' Below the bass line, the words 'by and by,' are repeated three times, corresponding to the musical phrases.

JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN.

Words and Music by
Tenderly.

(INFANT-CLASS.—CLOSING SONG.)

H. E. KIMBALL.

1. Je - sus loves the chil - dren, Folds them to his breast,
2. Je - sus loves the chil - dren, Oh how sweet to know,
3. Je - sus loves the chil - dren, Let us love him too;
4. Je - sus keep thy chil - dren, Through the com - ing week,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the second song. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with four numbered verses of lyrics underneath. A bass line is provided below the treble staff. The lyrics are: '1. Je - sus loves the chil - dren, Folds them to his breast, 2. Je - sus loves the chil - dren, Oh how sweet to know, 3. Je - sus loves the chil - dren, Let us love him too; 4. Je - sus keep thy chil - dren, Through the com - ing week,'

Through the hours of dark - ness, Watch - es o'er their rest.
He will safe - ly guide them; Shield from ev' - ry foe.
Care - ful that in all things We, his work may do.
May we love and serve thee, And thy pre - cepts keep.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the continuation of the second song. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. A bass line is provided below the treble staff. The lyrics are: 'Through the hours of dark - ness, Watch - es o'er their rest. He will safe - ly guide them; Shield from ev' - ry foe. Care - ful that in all things We, his work may do. May we love and serve thee, And thy pre - cepts keep.'

GUARD AND GUIDE US.

DR. T. G. CHATTLE.

(CLOSING.)

WILL. W. BENTLEY.

1. Guard and guide us, gen - tle Sa - vior, As we sail life's rag - ing sea, Guide us with that
 2. Guard when childhood's hopes are shin - ing, Guide us through the path of youth, Guard when in - to
 3. When life's sun hath low descend - ed, Guard us in our wast - ing breath, And when time with

Chorus.

heaven - ly fa - vor, That shall bring us un - to thee. }
 ago de - cline, Guide us by thy perfect truth. } Guard and guide us, bless - ed Sav - ior,
 us is end - ed, Guide us through the vale of death. }

Near - er to thee day by day, Keep our wayward feet from straying, Keep us in the bet - ter way.

GO YE INTO THE WORLD.

113

"Go ye into the world and preach the gospel to every creature." MARK xvi. 15.

Words and Music by

(For Closing School.)

H. S. PERRINS.

1. Go, ye, in - to the world, preach the gos - pel of peace,
 2. Teach by good deeds of love, ne'er for - get - ting the poor,
 3. All may some good im - part, e'en though bur - dened with care,

With the love of a friend let thy plead - ings ne'er cease ;
 For each mer - ci - ful act will be laid up in store
 For 'twill light - en thy heart, with thy broth - er to share ;

Go with prayer in thy soul, which thy tongue may im - part ;
 For thee, in that great day, when the judg - ment shall come,
 Go, then, in - to the world, preach the gos - pel of peace,

GO YE INTO THE WORLD.—Concluded.

'Tis the voice small and still that will touch the cold heart.
 When Christ, once lone and poor, shall say: "Child, welcome home."
 That thy soul may be blest, and Christ's king - dom in - creased.

Go..... Preach.....

Chorus.

In - to the world, The gos - pel of peace, Go, preach the gos - pel of peace;

Go..... Preach.....

In to the world, The gos - pel of peace, Go, preach the gos - pel of peace. *rit.*

NEVER MIND, NEVER FEAR.

115

J. H. PERKINS.

(CLOSING.)

J. W. DUNCAN.

Musical score for 'Never Mind, Never Fear' in 4/4 time. The score consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

1. Soul, be strong, whate'er betide; God, himself, is guard and guide; With my Father at my side,—Never mind, never fear.
2. Clouds and darkness hover near; Men's hearts falling them for fear; But be thou of right good cheer,—Never mind, never fear.
3. Stand in patient courage still; Work-ing out thy Master's will; Compass good and conquer ill,—Never mind, never fear.

THE WEARY PILGRIM SOUL.

G. MASSEY.

(CLOSING.)

Arr. from D. HAYDEN LLOYDE.

SCRIPTURE READING:—"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

Musical score for 'The Weary Pilgrim Soul' in 2/2 time. The score consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

1. { Slow, step by step, day af- } homeward way; { And darkly dream } af- ter night; { Where I shall reach } per - ils past.
 { ter day, I journey on my } { the land of light is } { drawing near, night } { smile at all the.... }
 { Sometimes I sing, some- } { Sometimes my } { heart laughs'neath } { Where I shall reach } per - ils past.
 { times I sigh, Sometimes } { its load To think } { of that au-..... } { smile at all the.... }
 { I lift the..... } { gust a - bode. } { } { } A - men.

3. { This poor mortality of } { To meet him with } { And rich will be }
 { mine Shall soon put on its } { the blest, above, } { my rest at last, when } ty is past.
 { dress di - vine. } { Who gave his life } { (all the pover-..... }
 { } { to..... } { }
 { He will be near, my life, } { I take his hand } { And I shall know }
 { my hope, When at the } { outstretched for } { my rest at last, And } tri - als past.
 { gloomy..... } gate, I grope, { me, the fruit of } { triumph o'er the ... }
 { } { immor-..... } { tal - i - ty, } { }
 { } { } { } { }

SCRIPTURE, AFTER 1ST VERSE:—"The Lord is my Light. . . John came to bear witness of the Light."

SCRIPTURE, AFTER 2D VERSE:—"All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change cometh."

SCRIPTURE, AFTER 3D VERSE:—"There is no other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."

SCRIPTURE, AFTER 4TH VERSE:—"And shall go out no more for-ever."—(Chant—Amen.)

OCCASIONAL SONGS.

DEDICATION HYMN.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

(OCCASIONAL.)

H. S. PERKINS.

Not too slow.

1. With thankful hearts, O God, we come, To this new temple built for thee; And pray that this may be our home.
2. The common house, of rich and poor, Of bond and free, of great and small; Large as thy love, for - ev - er more.
3. Oh, dwell thou with us in this place, Thou and thy Christ to guide and bless, Here make the well-springs of thy grace.
4. May thy whole truth be spo - ken here, Thy gos - pel light for - ev - er shine, Thy per - fect love cast out all fear.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

Quite cheerful.

(OCCASIONAL.)

P.

Un - til we tou - che - ter - ni - ty.
And warm, and bright, and good to all.
Like fountains in the wilderness.
And hu - man life be - come di - vine.

1. We come be - fore thy pres - ence, Lord, Thou on - ly wise to
2. These walls we to thine hon - or raise, Long may they ech - o
3. And in the last, the fi - nal day, When God, the na - tions

be a - dored; And ask that thou wilt from thy throne, Meet in this tem - ple with thine own.
in thy praise; And thou, de - scend - ing fill the place With the rich to - kens of thy grace.
shall sur - vey; May it be - fore the throne ap - pear That souls were born for glo - ry here.

HARK! THE VOICE OF CHORAL SONG.

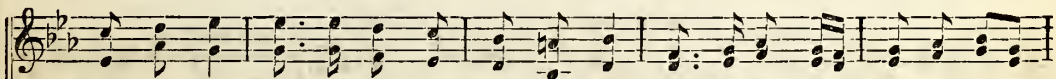
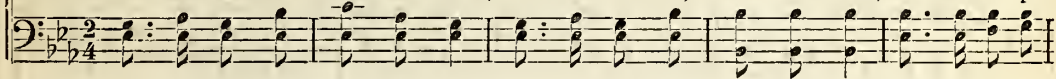
117

(TEMPERANCE.)

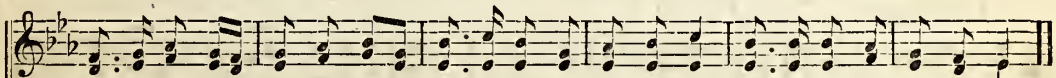
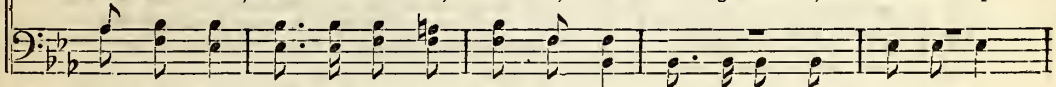
L. O. EMERSON,
From "Glad Tidings." By per.



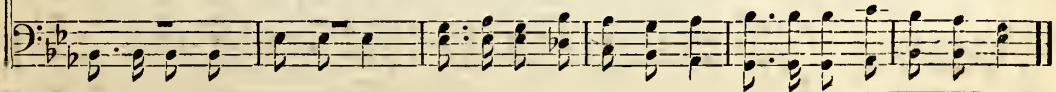
1. Hark! the voice of cho-ral song, Floats up-on the breeze a-long; Chant-ing clear in
2. Save from sin's de- struc- tive breath, Save from sor- row, shame and death; From in-tem-per-



sol-omn lays, "Man redeemed, to God the praise," An-gels, strike the gold-en lyre!
ance and strife, Save the husband, children, wife! Cour-age! let no heart des-pair—



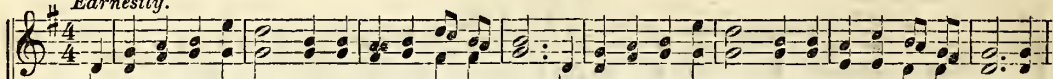
Mor-tals, catch the heav'nly fire! Thousands ransomed from the grave, Millions yet our pledge to save!
Migh-ty is the truth we near! Forward! then, baptized in love, Led by wisdom from a-bove!



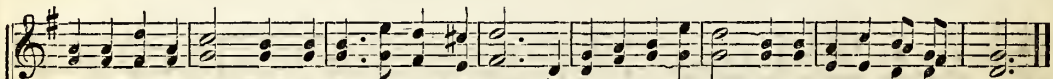
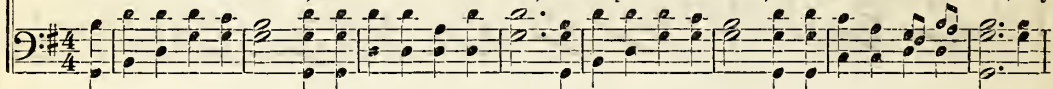
ROLL ON, THOU MIGHTY OCEAN.

(MISSIONARY SONG.)

H. S. P.

Earnestly.

1. Roll on, thou mighty ocean, And as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of mercy to ev'ry land be low, A-
 2. O thou eternal Ruler, Who holdest in thine arm, The tempests of the ocean, Protect them from all harm; Thy



- rise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the destined shore; That man may sit in darkness And death's dark shade no more.
 presence, Lord, be with them Wherev'er they may be; Tho' far from us, who love them, Still let them be with thee.

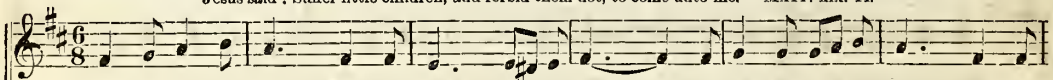


SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

Words and Music

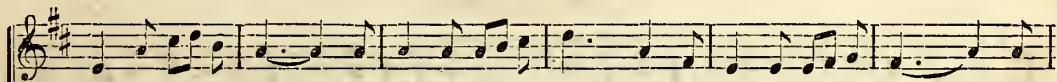
H. S. PERKINS.

"Jesus said: Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me."—MATT. xix. 14.

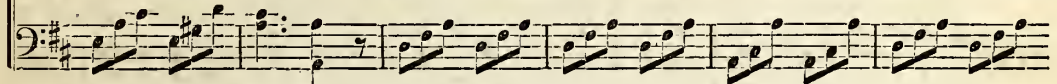


1. "Suf-fer lit-tle chil-dren to come un-to me,"..... For such are of the king-dom in
 2. Lord, receive the chil-dren, so pure in thy sight;.... We bring them to thine al-tar, it

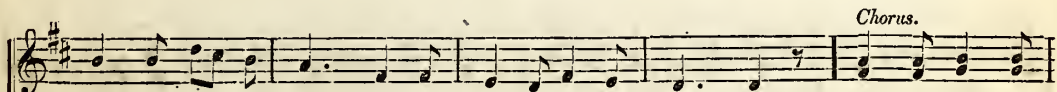




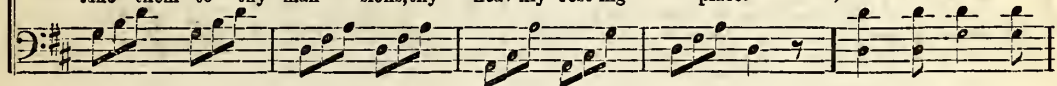
heav'n-ly realms to be,— The Sav - ior said, and bless'd them as with a father's love; They
is our bless-ed right; O keep them by thy spir - it near to the throne of grace; Then



Chorus.



are his pre - cious jew - els, they dwell with him a - bove. } Je - sus loves the
take them to thy man - sions, thy heav'nly rest-ing place. }




chil-dren, Bring them to his side; Je - sus loves the chil - dren, He'll be their friend and guide.



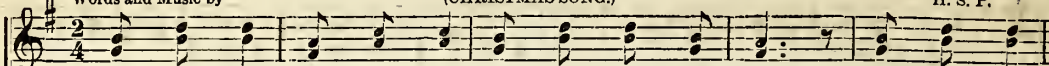
ANNIVERSARY SONGS.

RING OUT, CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Words and Music by

(CHRISTMAS-SONG.)

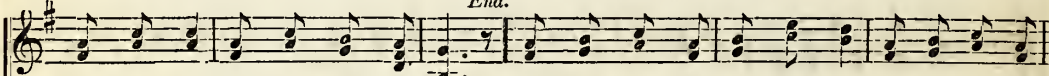
H. S. P.



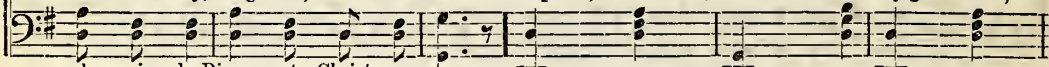
1. Mer - ri - ly, joy - ful - ly, Ring out, Christ - mas bells; Hap - pi - ly,
 2. Mer - ri - ly, joy - ful - ly, Ring out, Christ - mas bells; Hap - pi - ly,
 3. Mer - ri - ly, joy - ful - ly, Ring out, Christ - mas bells; Hap - pi - ly,
 (BASS AND TENOR FULL CHORUS.)



D.C. Mer - ri - ly, Joy - ful - ly, Ring out, Christ - mas bells; Hap - pi - ly,
End.



cheer - i - ly, Ring out, Christmas bells. 'Tis the day our Lord was born, On this hap - py
 cheer - i - ly, Ring out, Christmas bells. Gather'd round the Christmas tree, While our hearts are
 cheer - i - ly, Ring out, Christmas bells. Help us, Sav - iour, to re - vere Thy great name, to



cheer - i - ly Ring out, Christ - mas
 bells.

D.C. Chorus.

Christmas morn; Ring the bells in mer - ry glee, While we sing with voi - ees free.
 glad and free; May we lift our thoughts a - bove, While we sing in pur - est love.
 us so dear, We would love thee, and o - bey Thy commands, and joy - ful say:—



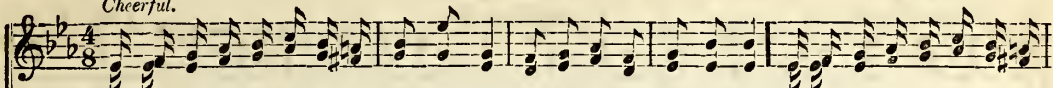
HAPPY CHRISTMAS TIME.

121

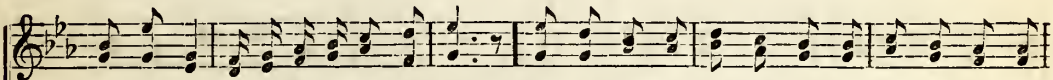
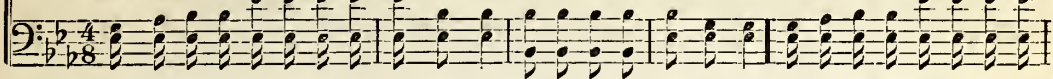
H. S. PERKINS.
Cheerful.

(CHRISTMAS SONG.)

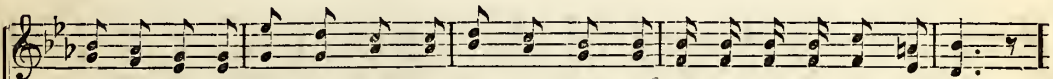
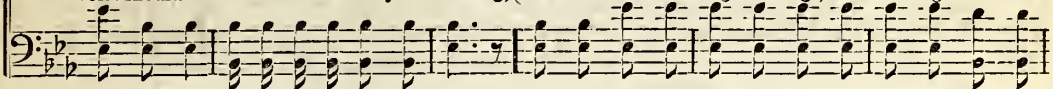
WM. W. BENTLEY.



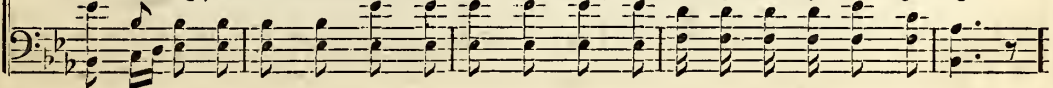
1. Hark! it is the happy, happy Christmas time, Bells are ringing loud and clear; Yes, it is the happy, happy
2. We will join the happy, happy Christmas time, With our voices full and strong; 'Tis the day that ev'ry happy



Christmas time, Ring the Christmas bells with cheer; Christ, our Lord was born to-day, He came to wash our
voice should chime With a cheerful hymn and song; For our Lord is King of kings, His coming full sal-



sins a-way, We'll sing of him our sweet-est lay On this re- turning hol-i-day.
va-tion brings, Earth with its hal-le-lu-jah rings, And ev'-ry ho-ly an-gel sings.



Chorus.

Hap-py, happy, merry, merry Christmas time, To our Lord a song we bring; Happy, happy, merry, mer-ry

Last ending.

Christmas time, Praises to our heav'nly King. Christ - mas time, Christ - mas time.
Happy, happy Christmas time, Christmas time, happy, happy Christmas time.

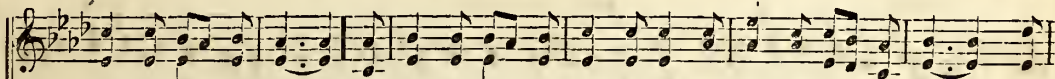
NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

IDA W. BENHAM.

W. W. BENTLEY.

Sprightly.

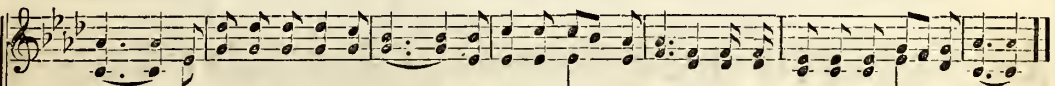
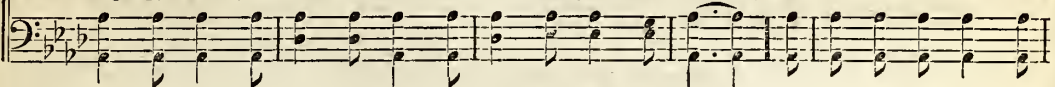
1. A hap - py new year to you all, Assem - bled here to - night; May joy attend both great and small, And
2. A hap - py new year, pa - rents dear, The ol d one with the love And ten - der care it blest us with, Is
3. A hap - py new year, lov - ing friends, We pray that many more, May dawn up - on your pathway, e'er You



fortune's smile be bright, And as we wel-come in the year, With this, our fes-tive throng; May
 reg-is-ter'd a - bove, And we will try thro' ev'-ry day, Of all the new year fair; By
 reach the gold-en shore; And then, when from the scenes of earth, Your souls at last are riv'n; A

*Chorus.*

time, the ech - oes waken'd here, Thro' all our days pro - long. } A hap - py new year to
 sweet o - be - dience to re - pay Your love and pa - tient care. }
 hap - py new year to you all, The end-less year of Heav'n.



all; A happy new year to all, Our voices sweet - ly joining in a happy new year to all.
 to all, to all,



HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Words and Music by
Semi Chorus.

(NEW YEAR'S SONG.)

DR. J. D. VINTON.

1. Oh, come and sing with gladness, A hap-py day is here; Let ev'-ry soul a-
 2. Oh, bless the Lord who bears us So safe-ly thro' each fear, And fills our hearts with
 3. In view of countless blessings Which ev'-ry day ap-pear, A - gain we'll raise our
 4. Oh let us live for Je - sus, And trust him without fear; Then, mingled with his

Full Chorus.

wak-ing, Now shout a Hap-py New Year. }
 gladness, To swell a Hap-py New Year. } A Happy New Year, a Happy New Year, We
 voi - ces, And sing a Hap-py New Year!
 praises, Shall rise our Hap-py New Year;

wish you a Happy New Year; Let ev'-ry soul, a - wak - ing, Now shout a Happy New Year.

SWEET CAROL. (Christmas.)

125

"For unto us a Child is born."—"A Savior which is Christ the Lord."

Arr. from D. HAYDEN LLOYDE.

1. Shepherds keeping watch by night, Saw a round a glo-ri-ous light; Heard an an-gel then proclaim,
 2. Soon by many a heav'nly tonguc, "Glo-ry be to God" was sung; "Peace on earth, good will to men;"
 3. Joy-ful ti-dings to mankind! Rich-est grace they now may find; All this sav-ing grace may claim,

Full Chorus.

Christ is born in Beth-le-hem, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem. } Ring the mer-ry bells to-day,
 Christ is born in Beth-le-hem, Christ is boru in Beth-le-hem. }
 Christ is born in Beth-le-hem, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem. }

p Sweet-ly chime, 'tis Christmas morn; Glad we hail this peace-ful way, Christ the Lord for man is born. *f*

CHRIST AROSE.

Words and Music
Moderate.

(FOR EASTER.)

H. S. PERKINS.

1. This is the day that Christ a - rose Tri - umph - ant o'er the grave ; To sit in judgment,
 2. Our Sav - ior gave his life for us, That we, like him, may rise, And join the ev - er -
 3. Although he laid his bod - y down, And dark - ness veiled the sky ; He rose in tri - umph

f Chorus. *Spirited.*

on the throne O'er those he came to save.
 last - ing thron' Of glo - ry in the skies. } Glo - ry, hon - or, praise and pow - er,
 o'er the grave, To reign with God on high.

Be to him whom we a - dore ; Men on earth, and saints in heav - en, Sing his prais - es ev - er more.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

127

"CALMLY SHE FADED."

1st and 2d verses by Mrs. M. S. FACKRELL.
3d and 4th verses by H. S. P.

(FUNERAL HYMN.)

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Calm - ly she fad - ed as fades the sum - mer, Sweet - ly she whisper'd, "soon I'll be there;"
2. Sad - ly a - round her, warm tears were fall - ing, Gen - tly to soothe her, kind friends were near;
3. Calm as the eve - ning, clear as the morn - ing, Bright hopes of glo - ry to her were given;
4. Joys of the fu - ture home with her Sav - ior, Where all is peace - ful for ev - er more;

Fair was the morn - ing, ear - ly de - part - ed, Bright - er thy noon - day, heav'n dawns for thee;
Sweet - ly she mur - mur'd, "cease, cease your weep - ing, Heav'n's gate is o - pen, an - gels are here!"
Earth's charms were fad - ing, an - gels were sing - ing, Said she at part - ing, "meet me in heav'n;"
Smil - ing and cheer - ful, lisp'd she to dear ones, "Come to the Sav - ior, Je - sus says come."

So 'twas she fad - ed, as fades the sum - mer, So 'twas she whisper'd, "heav'n dawns for me."
So 'twas she fad - ed, as fades the sum - mer, So 'twas she whis - per'd, "an - gels are here."
So 'twas she fad - ed, as fades the sum - mer, So 'twas she whis - per'd, "meet me in heav'n."
So 'twas she fad - ed, as fades the sum - mer, So 'twas she whis - per'd, "Je - sus says come."

ONLY ASLEEP.

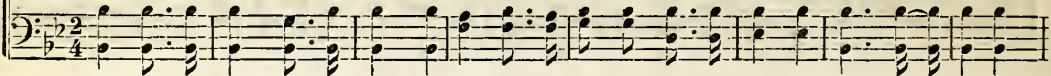
(FUNERAL HYMN.)

H. S. PERKINS.

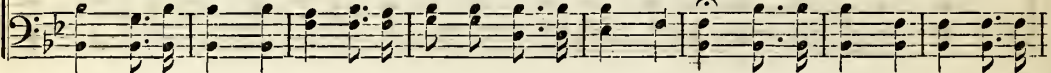
J. W.

Tenderly.

1. On - ly a - sleep! for the night has come, And the day has been so long, so long; Our mother
 2. On - ly a - sleep! tho' her brow is chill, And a pale - neos lies on lip and cheek; And the lids raise
 3. On - ly a - sleep! she will slum - ber long, For God gives his lov'd ones per - fect rest, Al - tho' at



smil'd as the shad - ows fell, And she soft - ly chant - ed life's last song; And the low, clear tones of her
 not from her gen - tle eyes, And she list'neth not to words we speak; But her lips are wreath'd with a
 eve - ning she wea - ry grew, Not a shad - ow veiled the dis - tant west; And the chil - ly waves, with a



gen - tle voice, Sweet and ten - der the notes as the quiv - ring string Of a harp in the night which our
 hap - py smile, And a ra - di - ance clear on her sweet face beams That we hush all the hear throbbings
 soft - ened sigh Swept her bark smoothly on near the sil - ver shore And she saw, in her dreams, a bright



ONLY ASLEEP.—Concluded.

129

bo - som thrills When'tis light - ly swept by an an - gel's wing; And they float - ed up till they
 which we feel Lest we break the spell of her bliss - ful dreams; For the mist - y shad - ows that
 an - gel band Waiting on the sands read - y to pass o'er; And the boat man stood, in that

seemed to blend With the cho - rus sweet of that an - gel throng, Which sur - rounds the
 dropped so low, Kind - ly held a - side by an an - gel's hand; And she caught a
 beau - tiful dream, With a stead - y hand for the surg - ing deep; True, we saw him

throne in the heav'n - ly land, Chant - ing wor - ship and praise in a glo - rified song.
 glimpse thro' the gold - en gates, Of the man - sions so fair in that bet - ter land.
 not, but we saw her smile As she drift - ed a - way in that long, long sleep.

DEATH OF A PASTOR.

Words from "Cheerful Voices."

(FUNERAL HYMN.)

P

1. Pas - tor, thou art from us tak - en, In the glo - ry of thy years;
 2. All thy love and zeal to lead us, Where im - mor - tal foun - tains flow,
 3. May the con - q'ring faith that cheer'd thee, When thy foot on Jor - dan pressed,

As the oak, by tem - pests sha - ken Falls be - fore its ver - dure sears.
 And on liv - ing bread to feed us, In our fond re - mem - brance glow.
 Guide our spir - its while we leave thee, In the tomb that Je - sus blessed.

LAY HER CALMLY DOWN TO SLEEP.

(In memory of Rosa Stryker, Loda, Ill.)

(FUNERAL HYMN.)

W. W. BENTLEY.

Tenderly.

1. Lay her calm - ly down to sleep, She is wea - ry, let her rest;
 2. Leave her in her nar - row bed, Well may flow af - fec - tion's tear;
 3. Friends lift up your weep - ing eyes, She is past all pain and fear;

Where the sum - mer skies will weep Dew - y tears a - bove her breast.
 For our loved a - mong the dead, Lost to us for - ev - er here.
 There's a day - spring in the skies, And a joy for eve - ry tear.

SLEEPING, SWEETLY SLEEPING

In memory of Little Mamie Stults, Long Branch, N. J.

(FUNERAL HYMN.)

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

DR. CHATLÉ.
Mildly.

1. One has left our number, From her lov'd ones borne, Pur - est and the fair - est, In life's ear - ly morn.
2. Sleep - ing, sweet - ly sleep - ing, Where the roses bloom; Dews of per - fume weep - ing Sweetly o'er her tomb.
3. Sleep - ing, calm - ly sleep - ing, Zephyrs soft - ly sigh; Re - qui - ems are reap - ing, Floating slow - ly by.
4. Sleep - ing, on - ly sleep - ing, Free from care and pain; Let us cease our weep - ing, She will rise a - gain.

Chorus.

Sleeping, sweetly sleeping, In her mor - sy bed, While the flowers are blooming, Where we gently tread.

COME UNTO ME.

DR. THEO. PRICE.

(FOR CONCERTS, ANNIVERSARIES, &c.)

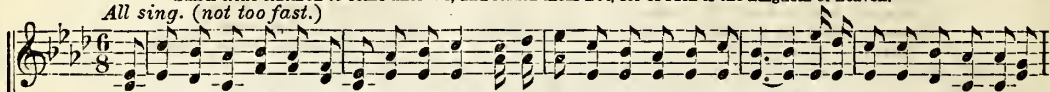
WM. W. BENTLEY.

To be sung by ten little girls, each bearing a card, with letters forming the beautiful words of our Savior: Come Unto Me. The letters or cards should be exposed to the audience, as each one recites their verse. The position upon the stage should be in the form of a crescent.

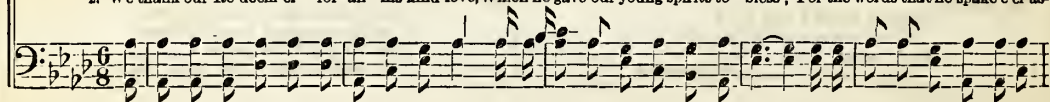
(All Repeat together).

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

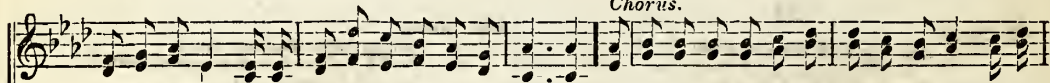
All sing. (not too fast.)



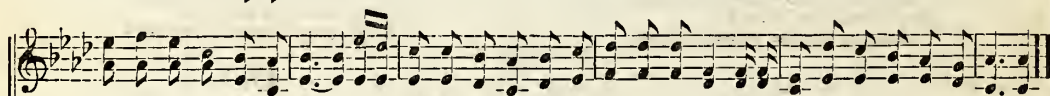
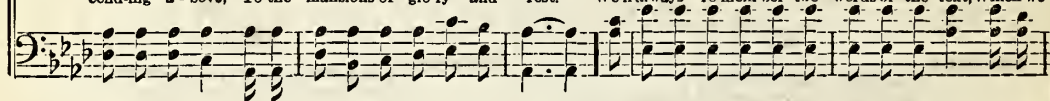
1. How dear is the Savior, how sacred his charms, In his love and his kindness displayed; When he took little children up
2. We thank our Re-deem-er for all his kind love, Which he gave our young spirits to bless; For the words that he spake e'er as-



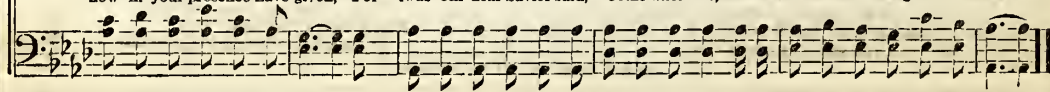
Chorus.



in - to his arms: Kindly blessing them ten-der - ly, said: O dear lit-tle children, O come un - to me, Far and
cend-ing a - bove, To the mansions of glo-ry and rest. We'll always re-mem-ber the words of the text, Which we



wide let the tidings be given, And nev - er forbid them, who - ev - er they be, For of such is the kingdom of heav'n,
now in your presence have given, For 'twas our dear Savior said, "Come unto me, For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."



RECITATION.

C

1ST CHILD.

What he said that you may see,
We will spell it word by word,
I have brought the letter C.
Here it is upon my card.

O

2D CHILD.

Next in order I will show
What the second letter is,
And present the solemn O,
Often used in prayer and praise.

M

3D CHILD.

And my aid I bring to them,
Helping in the good design;—
Here behold the letter M,
Takes its place along the line.

E.

4TH CHILD.

Others have preceded me,
And their letters are but dumb;
But I bring the letter E,
And one word is written: *Come.*

U

5TH CHILD.

There is yet a work to do,
Ere the precious words are known;
And I bring the letter U,
As you see it, plainly shown.

N

6TH CHILD.

Cheerfully, I join the train,
Willing to enact a part,
And display the letter N,
On the card above my heart.

T

7TH CHILD.

And I come, that you may see,
As the growing words appear,
That we need the letter T,
To unfold and make them clear.

O.

8TH CHILD.

I suppose you almost know,
What should next appear to view;
And if I display an O,
You will whisper—"O! Unto."

M

9TH CHILD.

Yet the words we would proclaim
Are not all before you shown,
And we need the letter M,
Or they must remain unknown.

E.

10TH CHILD.

Every one preceding me,
Full a lettered card displays;
But it takes the letter E,
To complete the spoken phrase.

THE TRUE WATCHWORDS OF LIFE.*

(CONCERTS, &c.)

ART. BY D. HAYDEN LLOYDE.

"We rejoice in the HOPE of the glory of God."
 "TRUST ye in the Lord."—"WATCH and PRAY."

Solo.

1. HOPE! while there's a hand to strike! DARE! while there's a young heart brave!
 2. LEARN! that there's a work for each! FEEL! that there's a strength in God!
 3. LOVE! when there's a foe that wrongs! HELP! when there's a broth-er's need!

Semi-Chorus.

TOIL! while there's a task unwrought! TRUST! while there's a God to save. HOPE! DARE!
 KNOW! that there's a crown reserved, WAIT! tho'reath the cloud and rod. LEARN! FEEL!
 WATCH! when there's a tempt-er near, PRAY! both in thy word and deed. LOVE! HELP!

TOIL and TRUST! Hear our watch-words, true and right; These are watch-words of our life.
 KNOW and WAIT! See our watch-words, true and right; These are watch-words of our life.
 WATCH and PRAY! Take our watch-words, true and right; These are watch-words of our life.

* This song may be made very interesting, if the WATCH-WORDS are represented by six boys and six girls; alternate in singing, and each turn a banner card with the watch-word upon it, made of paste-board 8 by 14 inches, fastened upon a short staff. Letters of gilt 4 inches long. After singing all of the stanzas, all repeat the chorus, each singing the line in which is found the word upon his, or her banner-card; watch-words turned to audience.

THE REST BEYOND.

135

J. C. MIDDLETON.

(CONCERTS, &c.)

S. J. VAIL.

1. The tempests rage, and the wild waves roar, And the gale sweeps fearfully by, But I think to-night of a
 2. 'Tis a peace-ful shore of heav'n-ly rest By the banks of the River of Life; They who tread its evergreen
 3. O, bark of mine, on this stormy sea, So fraught with dread and gloom, O, speed thou thy course, and

peace-ful shore, Where the winds of earth will toss no more, Nor the
 slopes are blost, For cares no more dis-turb the breast, And the
 hast-en me To that blest haven where I would be; Bear me

waves run moun-tains high, Nor the waves run moun-tains high.
 world is done with its strife, And the world is done with its strife.
 safe to my Fa-ther's home, Bear me safe to my Fa-ther's home.

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

DR. THEO. J. PRICE.

(FOR CONCERTS, ANNIVERSARIES, &c.)

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

A beautiful representation of the Scriptures by ten little girls, with their names upon cards, in shape of a shield. A selection of voices should be made to render the Semi-Chorus,--the Whole School Joining in the *full* Chorus.

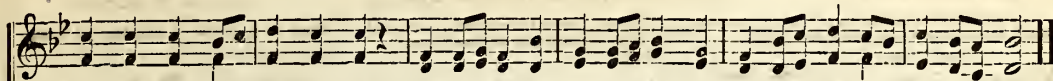
Semi-Chorus.

1. Let us learn the Christian graces, As we walk the heavenly road, Mark the pathway each one traces,

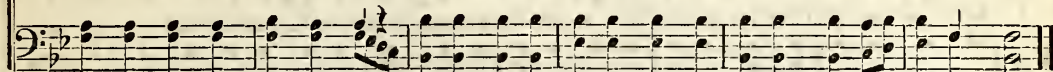
Up-ward to the blest a-bode. He who loves must learn forbearance, He who gains must suffer loss.

(Enter Patience, bearing a rough cross upon her shoulder.) *Full Chorus.*

Trib-u-lation worketh patience, Patience meek-ly bears the cross. For the love we owe to Je-sus,



For the love he has bestowed, Let us learn the Christian graces, As we walk the heav'n-ly road.



1.

Let us learn the Christian graces
As we walk the Heavenly road,
Mark the pathway each one traces
Upward toward the blest abode.—
He who loves must learn forbearance,
He who gains must suffer loss,
“Tribulation worketh patience;”
PATIENCE meekly bears the cross.

CHORUS.—For the love we owe to Jesus,—
For the love he has bestowed,
Let us learn the Christian graces,
As we walk the Heavenly road.

Enter PATIENCE, bearing a rough cross upon shoulder, and takes position in centre of stage.

Enter FAITH with wreath of flowers which she hangs on arm of cross, and takes position by Patience at the right.

Enter VIRTUE with wreath, stands at the right of FAITH.

Enter KNOWLEDGE with basket of fruit which she places under the arm of the cross, takes position at the right of VIRTUE.

2.

Patience still the cross upbearing,
Lowly at its foot we bow,
Sinful, trembling, weeping, fearing:—
FAITH has crowned with flowers its brow!
Lo! its beauty now discerning,
VIRTUE adds another wreath;
And its growing glories learning,
KNOWLEDGE hangs some fruits beneath.
CHORUS.—For the love, &c.

Enter TEMPERANCE with lilies, and winds around the cross, takes her place at the right of KNOWLEDGE.

Enter EXPERIENCE, who steps to the side of PATIENCE and assists in holding the cross, first standing it upon the floor.

Enter HOPE, and, advancing in front of PATIENCE, points upward, till singing of chorus, then takes position at the left of EXPERIENCE.

Enter GODLINESS and takes position by the side of HOPE.

3.

TEMPERANCE has brought her lilies,
Spotless white to wind around:—
PATIENCE with her burden smiling,
Plants its foot upon the ground,
Sweet EXPERIENCE now shall aid her
To sustain the lighter load,
While fond HOPE inspires new vigor,
Pointing to the blest abode.

CHORUS.—For the love, &c.

4.

Now in songs of loud Hosannas,
Lift our voices heavenward.
Lo! what wondrous grace advances?
“Holiness unto the Lord!”
GODLINESS, her name—Oh hear it!—
Welcome, loveliest sister here!—
GODLINESS, in life and spirit,
GODLINESS, in faith and prayer.

CHORUS.—For the love, &c.

5.

LOVE enters, repeating softly, the sentence "Let us one another love," and takes position by the side of GODLINESS.

Hark!—a voice is speaking kindly!—

"Let us one another love."

Hail! all hail! oh how divinely!—

All our hearts thy words approve.—
LOVE, dear CHRISTIAN LOVE, come near us;

While we join in fond embrace,

All is joy, and Heaven seems near us;

All our hearts are full of peace.

CHORUS.—For the love, &c.

6

Enter CHARITY who kneels at the foot of the cross. EXPERIENCE lifts her up, when she takes her position by the side of LOVE.

Yet again we give our greeting

To another bright and fair,

On whose brow with meekness meeting,

Love and pity mingle there;

All graces now advance and join hands, encircling PATIENCE and EXPERIENCE till reaching the words, "Now we part," when they retire to back of stage, leaving FAITH and HOPE on each side of the cross, and CHARITY in front. Sing chorus and retire.

Rise up sister, not so lowly,
Gifts of charms we bring to thee,
We must fade before thy glory,
Charity, sweet Charity.

CHORUS.—For the love, &c.

7.

While around the cross we gather,
With our circle all complete,
We implore thee, gracious Father!
That we all in Heaven may meet;—
Now we part, but there remaineth,
FAITH, and HOPE, and CHARITY.
These abideth, but the greatest
Of the three, is CHARITY.

CHORUS.—For the love, &c.

O'ER HILL AND DALE.

LOULA ROGERS, 1st verse.

H. S. P., 2d and 3d verses.

Joyfully.

(FOR PICNICS, CELEBRATIONS, &c.)

WM. W. BENTLEY.

The musical score is presented in two systems. The top system is for the vocal line, written on a treble clef staff with a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and contains the melody for the first three verses. The bottom system is for the piano accompaniment, written on a bass clef staff with a 6/8 time signature, providing harmonic support for the vocal line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff, with line numbers 1, 2, and 3 corresponding to the verses.

1. In woodland grove we meet to-day, With joy-ful hearts to sing, O let us chase each care a-way That
2. The for-est and the sky a-bove Fill all our hearts with cheer, While conscious of each other's love 'Tis
2. We'll ram-ble thro' the wood and grove, And join in mer-ry glee, The man-y sports we dear-ly love On

to our hearts may cling. All na - ture gleams, in sun - ny beams, The birds sing hap - py lays, Then
 joy 't'as - sem - ble here; With pa - rents and with schoolmates too, A ga - la day 'twill be, No
 this our ju - bi - lee; With laughter clear the woods shall ring, We're free as birds of spring; De -

Chorus. Faster.

should not we, to - geth - er blend, Our sweet - est songs of praise.
 work or toil have we to do, We're hap - py, gay and free. } Then come o'er dale, o'er
 light - fui 'tis our sports to join, And pic - nic songs to sing.

hill and vale, O let our voices raise, To God above, a God of love, Our sweetest song of praise.

WELCOME TO ALL.

MISS P. J. OWENS.

(FOR ANNIVERSARIES, S. S. CONCERTS, &c.)

HARRY SANDERS.

Cheerful.

1. Wel-come, thrice wel-come, cherished friends, A kind and cor-dial greeting, Each joy that from a-
 2. Wel-come to classmates, teachers kind, Who make our toil a pleas-ure, May each re-ward and
 3. Wel-come, dear friends we say once more, And when life's ties are riv-en, May an-gels on the

bove de-scends, Be with our cheerful meet-ing, Wel-come to all, whose love sin-cere, Has
 bless-ing find, In heaven's boun-te-ous treas-ure, Wel-come to all, who guide to-day, Our
 joy-ful shore, Sing wel-come home to heav-en, And wel-come songs our com-ing wait, Sweet

joined our youthful hearts to cheer, Welcome to all whose love sin-cere, Has joined our youth-ful
 footsteps in the nar-row way. Welcome to all who guide to-day. Our footsteps in the
 ech-oes from the pearly gate. And welcome songs our com-ing wait, Sweet ech-oes from the

WELCOME TO ALL.—Concluded.

141

Chorus.

hearts to cheer.
nar - row way. }
pear - ly gate. }

Old friends and new, Tried friends and true, Wel - come, welcome

Old friends and new, Tried friends and true,

all of you, Old friends and new, Tried friends and true, welcome, welcome all of you.

LIKE THE SNOW-FLAKES.

Mrs. G. A. HULTE McLEOD.

(CONCERTS.)

HARRY SANDERS,

With expression.

1. Soft and noiseless as the snow-flakes, Fall the chast'ning of the rod, When we learn to rest in
2. Like the pelt - ings of the hail-storm, When the blast was wild and loud, To our hearts that knew not
3. Pure and stain-less as the snow-flakes, Are the bloodwashed robes of light, That the sorrow stricken

LIKE THE SNOW-FLAKES.—Concluded.

Je-sus, In the prom-is-es of God, Then we sang "Nearer, still near-er," To the Fa-ther, we would
 Je-sus, Seemed our Fa-ther in the cloud, When we had no oth-er ref-uge, Then he heard our anguished
 woe here In the shad-ow of earth's night, Tho' they bore the cross of Je-sus, His was all the weight of

p Chorus. 1 1

be, But we paus'd when came the answer, "'Tis a cross that raiseth me." } Like the snow-flakes, Like the
 cry, Say-ing, "They shall never per-ish, Who to me for succor fly!" } Like the snow-flakes, like the
 woe, Let them cast on him the bur-den, For He said it might be so. } Like the snow-flakes, like the

p *Rit.*

snow-flakes, In their pure and glist'ning sheen, Falls the rod, when his dear promise, Comes so softly in be-tween,
 snow-flakes, In the gold-en, &c.
 snow-flakes, In the gold-en, glist'ning sheen, Is the val-ley where no shadow Comes, our souls and God, between.

THE BEAUTIFUL EVERMORE.

EMMA E. PITKIN.

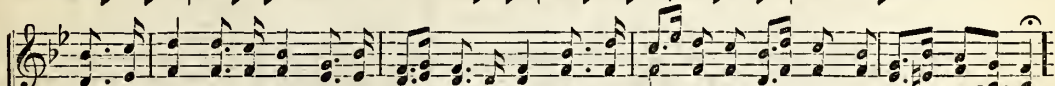
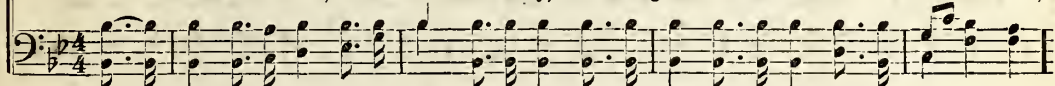
To Miss Kate Hoch, Muscatine, Iowa.

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

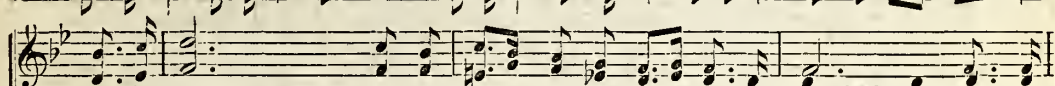
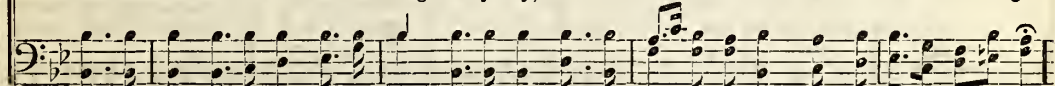
(CONCERT.)



1. Let us sing of the land, of the land far a-way, In the realm of the beau-ti-ful ev-er-more,
 2. Our sight cannot reach to that far a-way shore, Nor our souls can-not pic-ture its ho-ly bliss,
 3. In this home of the soul, in this land far a-way, Where the glo-ri-fied meet in their robes of white,



There the cares and the sorrows of time never stray, And no shadow e'er dark-ens the peace-ful shore.
 But in vis-ions we long for this bright ever-more, When we faint with the conflicts of life like this.
 Shall the toil-er who o-ver life's long weary way, Rest at last on those beau-ti-ful hills of light.



1. Where the Riv - - - - - er of life ripples on in its flow,..... Nev - er
 2. Where the spir - - - its grow wea - ry, and sur - ges sweep on,..... Ev - er
 3. There his voice..... shall in rapt - ur - ous songs with the blest,..... Praise the

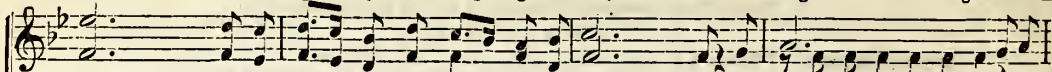


1. Where the Riv - er of life rip-les on, rip-les on in its flow,..... Nev - er
 2. Where the Spir - its grow wea - ry, grow wea - ry, and sur - ges sweep on,..... Ev - er
 3. There his voice shall in rapt - ur - ous, rapt - ur - ous songs with the blest,..... Praise the

THE BEAUTIFUL EVERMORE.—Concluded.

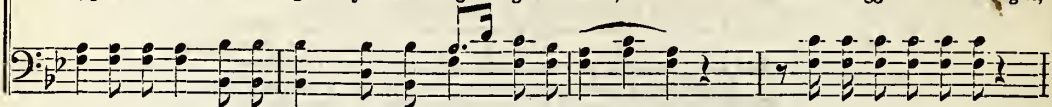
ruf - . . . fled by temp-ests, by storms nev-er riv'n;
on to the vale and the shad-ow of death;
Lamb who in glo - ry is reign-ing a-bove;

To the wea - - - ry a
And we long for the
For the strug - - - gles which



ruf-fled by tempests, by temp-ests, by storms nev-er riv'n,
on to the vale, to the vale, and the shad-ow of death,
Lamb, praise the Lamb who in glo - ry is reign - ing a - bove,

To the weary a rest,
And we long for the day,
For the struggles which brought,



rest,
day
brought,

to the wand - - - - - rer a guide,
that so bright - - - - - ly will dawn,
such great meas - - - - - ures of rest,

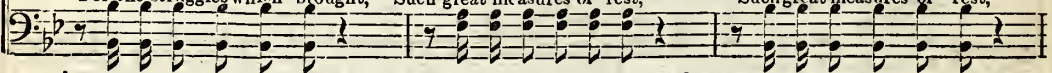
The
In the
Such



To the wea - ry a rest,
And we long for the day
For the struggles which brought,

To the wand'rer a guide,
That so brightly will dawn,
Such great measures of rest,

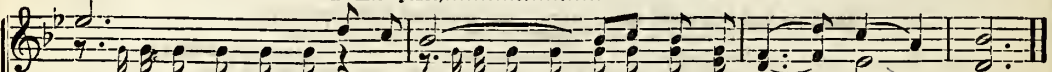
To the wand'rer - a guide,
That so brightly will dawn,
Such great measures of rest,



home
land
in

of the soul,.....
nev - er reach'd.....
- fi - nite peace,.....

and we call it heav'n.
by the spoil - er's breath.
such a heav'n of love.



The home of the soul,
In the land nev-er reached,
Such in - fi - nite peace,

The home of the soul, and we call it heav'n.
In the land nev-er reach'd, by the spoil - er's breath.
Such in - fi - nite peace, such a heav'n of love.



EVERMORE.

145

Text furnished by Prof. T. S. PARVIN, Iowa State University.

Arr. by F. S. PERKINS.

(CONCERT.)

NOTE.—The chorus should be sung by 8 or 12 voices in an adjacent room.

(RECITATION.)

(SUPERINTENDENT.)—I beheld a golden portal in the vision of my slumber,
 And through it streamed the radiance of a never-setting day;
 While angels, tall and beautiful, and countless without number,
 Were giving gladsome greetings to all that came that way.
 And the gates forever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
 Melodious as the singing of the one that we adore;
 And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
 And the burden of that song, was hope's glad word, EVERMORE!
 And as I gazed and listened, came a slave all worn and weary,
 His fettered limbs blood-crested, his dark brow cold and damp;
 His sunken eyes gleamed wildly, telling tales of honor dreary,
 Of toilsome strugglings through the night amid the fever swamps.
 Ere the eye had time for winking, ere the mind had time for thinking,
 A bright angel raised the sinking wretch, and off the fetters tore;
 Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling:—

Chorus. mp

Pass, broth-er, thro' the por-tal, thou'rt a free-man ev-er-more, ev-er-more.

(SUPT.)—And as I gazed and listened, came a mother sadly weeping,
 Dressed in mourning as for loved ones gone before;
 With haggard look and downcast eye, all crazed with constant thinking;
 And then she told the mournful tale of sadness that she bore.

(MOTHER'S SONG.) *Softly, and with feeling.*

I have lost my hopes for-ev-er, one by one they went a-way; My chil-dren and their

fa - ther, the cold grave hath in its keep - ing; And life is one long, weary way, I know no
rest by night or day; But only grief my heart doth know, which fills my eyes with weep - ing.

(SUPT.)—Said the angel softly speaking :—

Rather slow. (ANGEL'S SONG.)

Stay, sister, stay thy shrieking, Thou shalt find those thou art seeking, Just beyond that golden door, Where they dwell forevermore.

(SUPT.)—Then I heard the chorus swelling,
Grand beyond a mortal's telling:

Moderato. p (CHORUS.)

cres.

Thy chil - dren, and their fa - ther shall be with thee ev - er - more.

(SUPT.)—And as I gazed and listened, came one whom desolation
Had driven, like a homeless bark, from infancy's bright land;
Who ne'er had met a kindly look—poor outcast of creation,
Who never heard a kindly word, nor grasped a friendly hand;
Said the angel with much feeling:—

(ANGEL'S SONG.)

Enter in, no longer fear, Many friends are there to cheer; They will meet thee at the door, Enter in forevermore.

(SUPT.)—Then I heard the chorus swelling,
Grand beyond a mortal's telling:

p (CHORUS.)

Welcome, brother, love and friendship here restore ; Wel-come to the realms of bliss for - ev - er more.

(SUPR.)—And as I gazed and listened, came a cold and shivering maiden,
 With cheeks of ashen whiteness, eyes filled with lurid light ;
 Her body bent, with sickness, her lone heart heavy laden ;
 Her home had been the roofless street, her day had been the night.

First wept the angel sadly ;
 Then smiled the angel gladly.
 And caught the maiden quickly

Rushing from the golden door.
 Then I heard the chorus swelling.
 Grand beyond a mortal's telling :—

mp (CHORUS.)

En - ter, sis - ter, thou art pure, and shall be sin - less ev - er - more, ev - er - more.

(SUPR.)—I saw the toiler enter to rest for aye from labor ;
 The weary-hearted exile then found his native land ;
 The beggar there could greet the king as an equal and a neighbor ;
 The crown had left the knightly brow, the staff the beggar's hand ;
 The gate forever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
 But melodious as the singing of the one that we adore ;
 And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling :—

mp Chorus.

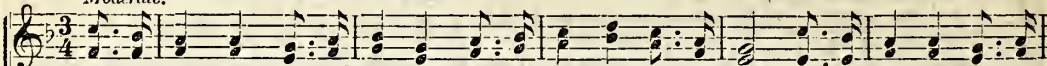
(2d time soft, and gradually diminishing.)

Ev - er - more ; ev - er - more ; Hal - le - lu - jah. hal - le - lu - jah, ev - er - more. ev - er - more.

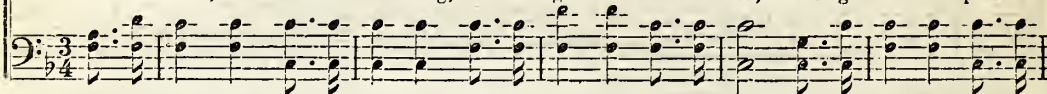
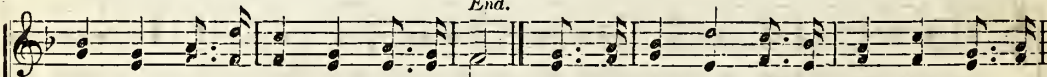
HOME GIRL SONGS.

HEARTS AND HOMES.

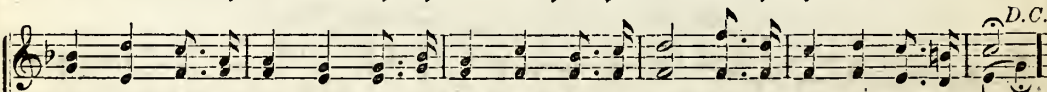
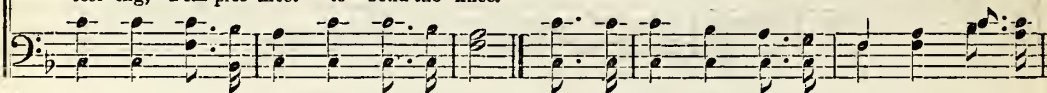
H. S. PERKINS.

Moderate.

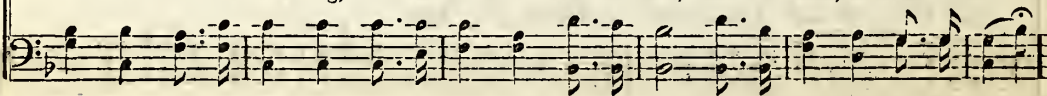
1. Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleas - ure, Mu - sic breathing as ye fall, Making each the oth - er's
 D.C. Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleas - ure, Mu - sic breathing as ye fall, Making each the oth - er's
 2. Hearts and homes, sweet words re - veal - ing, All most good and fair to see; Fit - ting shrines for pur - est

*End.*

treasure, Once di - vid - ed, los - ing all. Homes, ye may be high or low - ly, Hearts a -
 treasure, Once di - vid - ed, los - ing all. In - fant hands bright garlands wreathing, Hap - py
 feel - ing, Tem - ples meet to bend the knee.



lone can make you ho - ly, Be the dwell - ing e'er so small, Hav - ing love, it boasteth all.
 voi - ces incense breathing, Emblems fair of realms a - bove, — Love is heav'n, and heav'n is love.



BEAUTIFUL VALE OF REST.

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H. S. PERKINS.

(HOME CIRCLE.)

ROBERT GOLDBECK.

Duet. Moderato.

rit.

a tempo.

1. With joy - ful hearts we look to thee, Beau - ti - ful vale of Rest, The land of bliss beyond the sea,
 2. Our friends have gone thy joys to seek, Beau - ti - ful vale of Rest, To join the an - them of the meek,
 3. We soon shall reach that ho - ly place, Beau - ti - ful vale of Rest, And see our friends and Je - sus' face,

rit.

a tempo.

Beau - ti - ful vale of Rest; No tempest fierce shall ev - er roar! No storms shall break up - on thy shore, But
 Beau - ti - ful vale of Rest; They sing a - round our Father's throne; In concord of the sweetest tone; With
 Beau - ti - ful vale of Rest; We'll wear a crown of glo - ry then; And join the sweetest heavenly strain, With

rit. - p

a tempo. Chorus.

peaceshall reign for ev - er - more, Beau - ti - ful vale of Rest. We'll sing thy glo - ries ev - er - more
 hearts of love and love a - lone; Beau - ti - ful vale of Rest.
 hal - le - lu - jah and A - men, Beau - ti - ful vale of Rest.

BEAUTIFUL VALE OF REST.—Concluded.

m *f* *rit.*

Beau - ti - ful vale of Rest, We'll sing thy glo - ries ev - er - more, Beau - ti - ful vale of Rest.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. It features a melody with dynamic markings *m*, *f*, and *rit.* The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

ANGELS WAITING FOR ME.

E. R. LATTA.

(HOME CIRCLE.)

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Of the bright and shin - ing angels, Thou hast told me, moth - er dear; How, up - on their
 2. Of the bright and shin - ing angels, I have tho't and won - der'd oft; Won - der'd if I
 3. Of the bright and shin - ing angels, Moth - er, I am not afraid, They will bear me

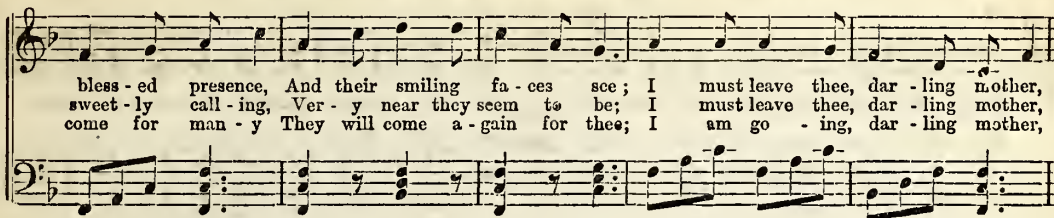
The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

snow - y pin - ions, Tho' un - seen, they hov - er near. Now I feel their
 e'er should list - en, To their voic - es sweet and soft. Now I hear them
 to the re - gion, Where the blos - soms nev - er fade. And as they have

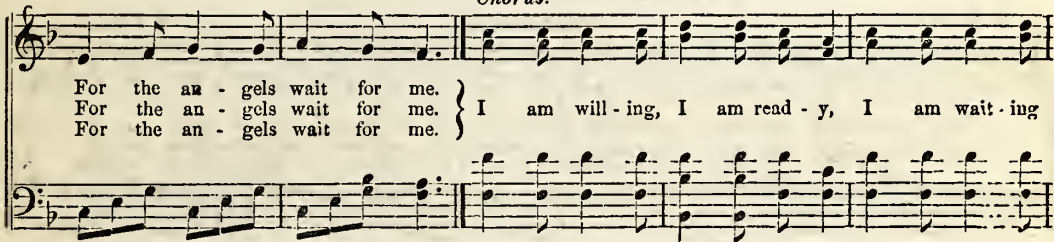
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ANGELS WAITING FOR ME.—Concluded.

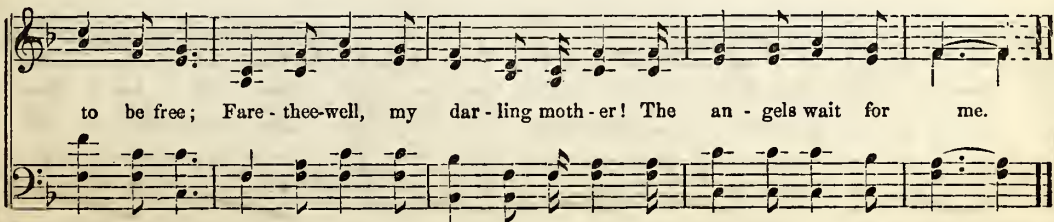
151



bless - ed presence, And their smiling fa - ces see; I must leave thee, dar - ling moth - er,
 sweet - ly call - ing, Ver - y near they seem to be; I must leave thee, dar - ling moth - er,
 come for man - y They will come a - gain for thee; I am go - ing, dar - ling moth - er,

Chorus.


For the an - gels wait for me. } I am will - ing, I am read - y, I am wait - ing
 For the an - gels wait for me. }
 For the an - gels wait for me. }



to be free; Fare - thee-well, my dar - ling moth - er! The an - gels wait for me.

IS IT ALL OF LIFE TO LIVE?

Words and Music by

(HOME CIRCLE.)

C. A. WHITE.

1. Is it all of life to live? Is this earth the fi - nal end? Shall the soul, like the bod - y,
 2. Is it all of death to die? When we pass from earth a - way? Is it death to bear the part-ing

Chorus.

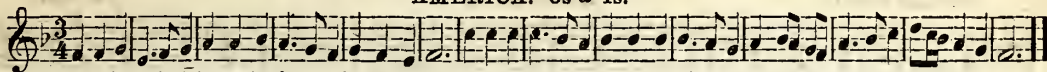
die? God, to thee, our knee we bend. } No, it's not all of life to live, And the
 pain, When the spir - it leaves its day? } No, it's not all of life to live, Nor is

soul it can nev - er die; For I know that my God will take me home To his man - sions in the sky.
 it all of death to die; For I know that my God will take me home To his man - sions in the sky.

PRAISE AND PRAYER MEETING SONGS.

153

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



- 1 Come, thou almighty King!
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise;
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.
- 2 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour;

Thou who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

Tune. — AMERICA.

By S. F. SMITH.

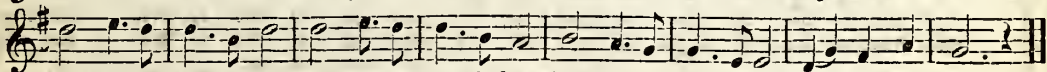
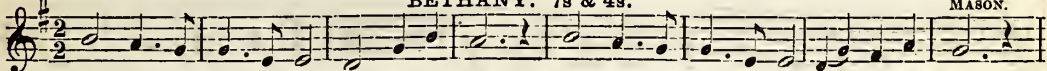
- 1 My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,

Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

- 2 Our father's God! to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

BETHANY. 7s & 4s.

MASON.



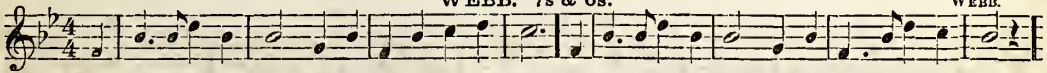
- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee;
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,

- Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.
 2 Or, if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,

Upward I fly;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

WEBB.



- 1 The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears.
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,

Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

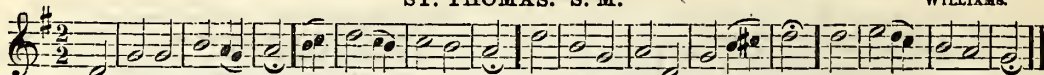
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower;

And brighter scenes before us,
 Are opening ev'ry hour.
 Each cry to heaven going,
 Abundant answer brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

PRAISE AND PRAYER MEETING.—Continued.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

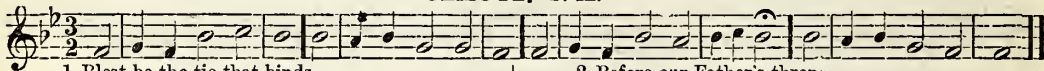
WILLIAMS.



1 Awake, and sing the song,
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

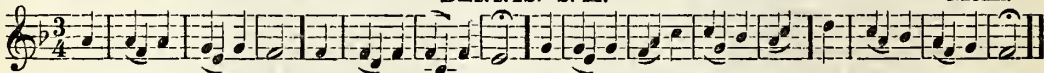


1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

DENNIS. S. M.

NAEGLI.

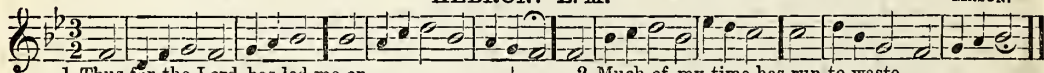


1 How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are;
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

HEBRON. L. M.

MASON.

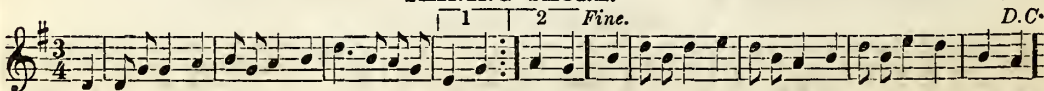


1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

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

SHINING SHORE.

ROOF.



D. C.

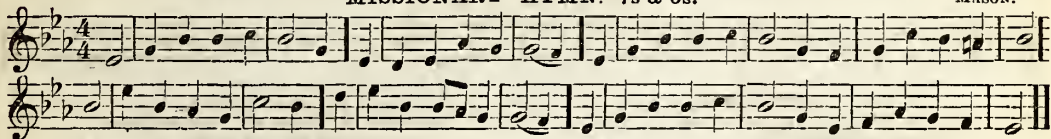
Tune.—SHINING SHORE.

(REV. DAVID NELSON.)

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
Those hours of toil and danger.
CHO.—For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning. CHO.—
3 Should coming days be cold and damp,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing. CHO.—

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. MASON.

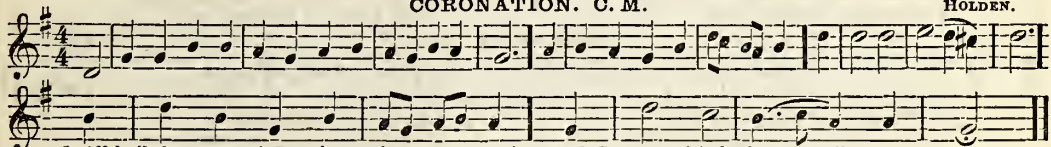


1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

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

CORONATION. C. M.

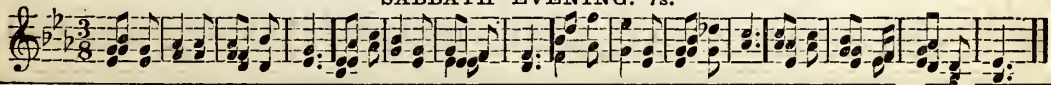
HOLDEN.



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
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.

SABBATH EVENING. 7s.

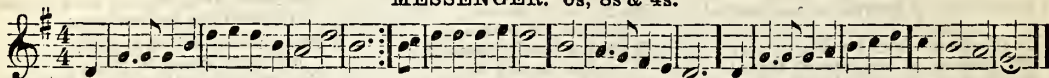


Tune.—SABRATH EVENING.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

MESSENGER. 6s, 8s & 4s.



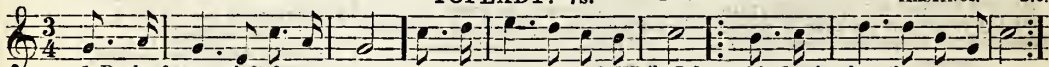
Proclaim the lofty praise Of him who once was slain, } He lives and reigns on high, Who bo't us with his blood, Enthron'd above the distant sky.
But now is ris'n thro' endless years To live aud reign ; }

TOPLADY. 7s.

Fixe.

HASTINOS.

D.O.

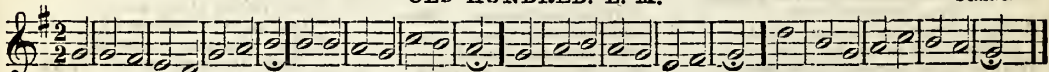


1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleause me from its guilt and power.

2 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

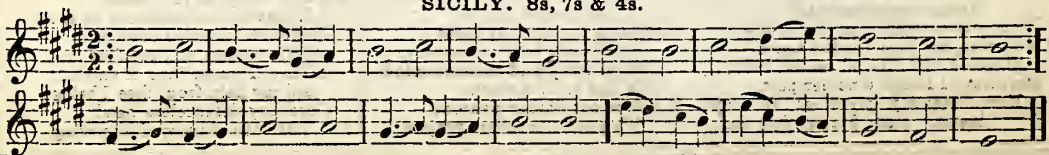
FRANC.



1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;

Tune.—SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

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

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait on thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Tune.—HAPPY DAY.

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

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

2 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest ;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heav'nly pleasures fill my
breast. CHO. Happy day, &c.

Tune.—SICILY.

O refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound ;

Tune.—HOME, SWEET HOME.

1 Our Father in heaven,
We kneel as we say :
Thy name be all hallow'd
By night and by day ;
And to thy bright kingdom
That we may all come,
Thy will—as in heaven—
On this earth be done.

CHO. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior,
For glory—my home.

2 O, give to us children
The bread which we need,
For which we ask daily,
As humbly we plead ;
And as true forgiveness

To others we show,
O, Father in heaven,
Thy pardon bestow. CHO.—

3 From each day's temptations,
From evil and wrong,
Lord, keep us, and guard us
Through all our life long ;
For thine is the power,
The glory and might,
Can shield us, and guide us
By day or by night. CHO.—

Tune.—BOYLSTON.

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,

May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives be found,
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 Though often called to part,
Amid the scenes of pain ;
Yet, we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

Tune.—BOYLSTON.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

Tune.—MARTYN.

1 Jesus, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O 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 stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

NO TEAR IN HEAVEN. Chant.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. No tear shall be in heav'n; no gathering gloom Shall o'er that glorious landscape ev - er come;
 2. No tear shall be in heav'n; no sorrow's reign; No secret anguish, no cor - po - real pain;
 3. No night shall be in heav'n; but endless noon; No fast-declining sun, nor wan - ing moon;
 4. No tear shall be in heav'n; no darkened room; No fear of death, nor silence of the tomb;

No tear shall fall in sadness . . o'er those flow'rs, That breathe their fra-grance thro' ce - les - tial bow'rs.
 No shivering limbs, no burning . . fe - ver there, No souls' eclipse, no win - ter of des - pair.
 But there the Lamb shall yield per - pet - ual light, 'Mid pastures green, and wa - ters ev - er bright.
 But breezes ever fresh with love and truth, Shall brace the frame with an im - mor - tal youth.

COME UNTO ME.

P.

1. Come unto me, all ye that labor } heav - y laden, And I will give you rest. A - men.
 and are }
 2. Take my yoke upon you, and } lowly in heart, And ye shall find rest un - to your souls.
 learn of me, for I am meek and }
 3. For my yoke is easy, And my bur - den is light.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liver us from evil,

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our debts as we for - give our debtors.
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever, A - men, A - men.

THE BLESSINGS.

P.

1. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
 2. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be com - fort - ed.
 3. Blessed are the meek: for they shall in - herit the earth.
 3. { Blessed are they which do }
 { hunger and thirst after ... } right - eous - ness: for they shall be filled.
 4. Blessed are the mer - ci - ful: for they shall ob - tain ... mercy.
 5. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
 6. Blessed are the peace - makers: for they shall be called the children of God.
 6. { Blessed are they which are }
 { persecuted for } righteous - ness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
 7. Blessed are ye when men }
 { shall revile you, and } perse - cute you, and shall say all manner }
 { of evil against you falsely, } for my sake. A - men.

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