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BY W. F. SHERWIN & S. J. HAIL

Songs of

HALLOWEEN

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

GE WATERS & SON

NEW YORK.

NO. 461 BROADWAY.

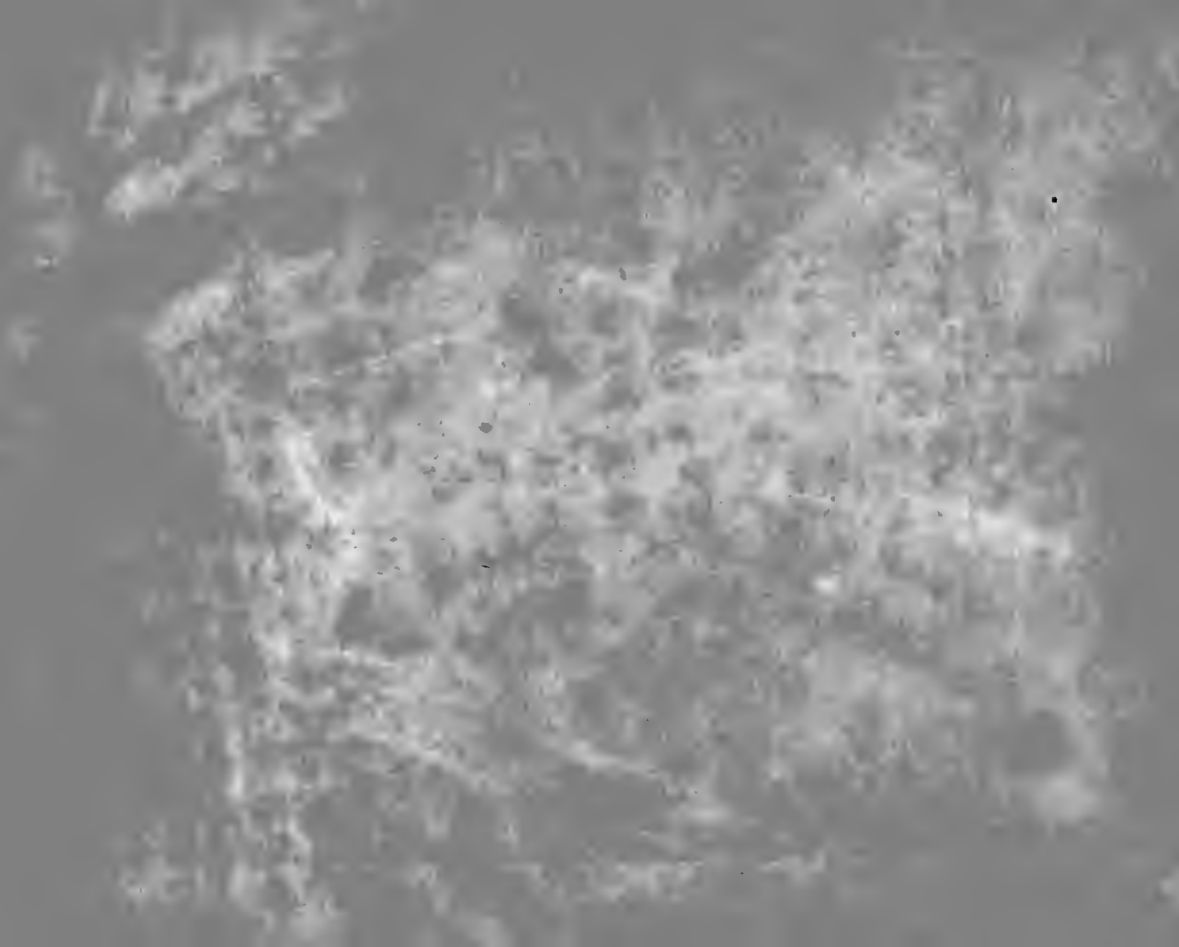
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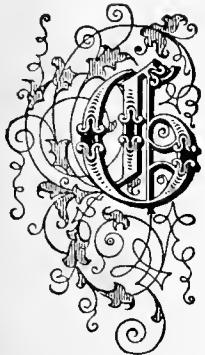
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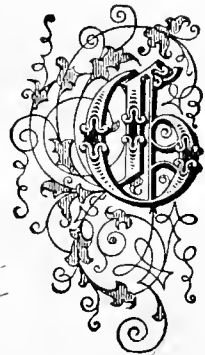
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SONGS

OF



GRACE AND



GLORY

BY

W. F. SHERWIN AND S. J. VAIL.

NEW YORK:

Published by HORACE WATERS & SON, 481 Broadway.

FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.

Price, 35 Cents; \$3.60 per Doz., and \$30 per Hundred.

MAILED AT THE RETAIL PRICE.

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PREFACE.

FEW WORDS.

THE editors of "SONGS OF GRACE AND GLORY" believe that the service of song in the Sunday School should be regarded as something more than mere "entertainment."

They are happy in finding the current of intelligent public sentiment setting strongly in favor of devotional hymns in the Sunday School, as fostering the spirit of true worship.

They trust the day is not far distant when the term "sacred music" will be understood to include the children's offering of praise as well as the more stately service of the Sanctuary.

They recognize the gratifying fact that the *adult* element is largely and constantly increasing in our schools, and therefore feel that a majority of hymns should be such as may be profitably used by this class, while none should be above the comprehension of children.

How far they have succeeded in meeting the demand growing out of these conditions, a discriminating public must judge.

Aware of the great diversity of tastes, painfully conscious of the imperfection of all human work, and claiming only the privilege of standing, so far as real merit may warrant, side by side with other laborers in the Master's vineyard, they hope it may prove that they have contributed somewhat to the lifting of souls heavenward on the wings of sacred song.

They are confident, as the result of a wide practical experience, that the *deepest* interest is secured, even on the part of the children, when the hymns and music of the Prayer Meeting and the Sunday School are so pleasantly and judiciously interwoven that both shall be a preparation for bearing a more intelligent part in the praises of the Sanctuary, thus making *all* the musical services of God's house to be offered "with the spirit and with the understanding also."

To this end they venture to suggest that the collection adopted in the school be occasionally used in the weekly evening meeting, and that the standard hymns, such as "Rock of Ages," "There is a Fountain," and others almost as sacred as Holy Writ, be frequently introduced in the Sunday School, so that every heart may be taught to pour forth in gratitude *real* "songs of grace and glory."

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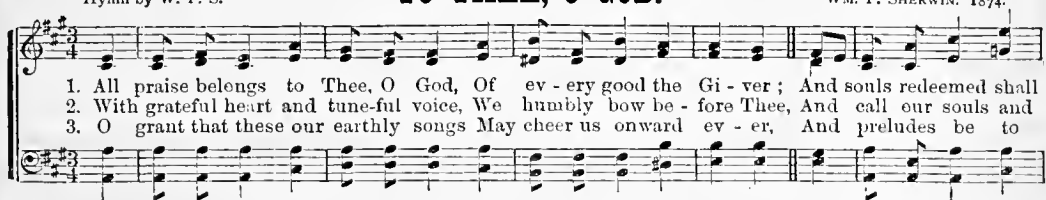
WARREN, Music Stereotyper, 43 Centre St., N. Y.

Songs of Grace and Glory.

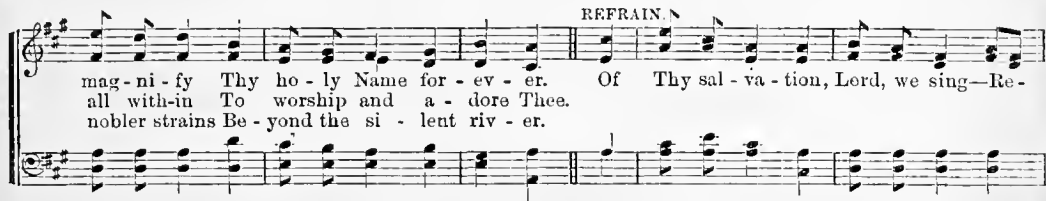
Hymn by W. F. S.

TO THEE, O GOD.

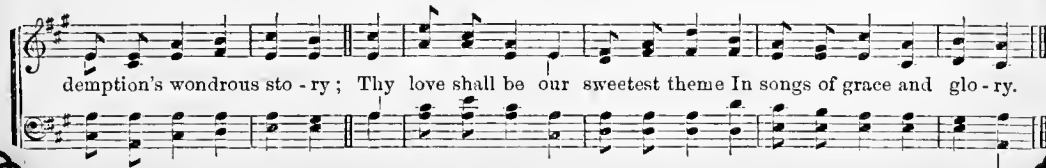
WM. F. SHERWIN. 1874.



1. All praise belongs to Thee, O God, Of ev - ery good the Gi - ver ; And souls redeemed shall
2. With grateful heart and tune-ful voice, We humbly bow be - fore Thee, And call our souls and
3. O grant that these our earthly songs May cheer us onward ev - er, And preludes be to



REFRAIN. ♪
mag - ni - fy Thy ho - ly Name for - ev - er. Of Thy sal - va - tion, Lord, we sing—Re -
all with-in To worship and a - dore Thee.
nobler strains Be - yond the si - lent riv - er.



demption's wondrous sto - ry ; Thy love shall be our sweetest theme In songs of grace and glo - ry.

BLESS OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

S. J. VAIL.
Theme by FOSTER.

1. In Thy ho-ly name, O Lord we come; Wilt Thou grant us Thy presence from above; May our souls go
 2. There are mem'ries sweet that cluster here, In our hearts they will fondly treasured be; Thou hast met us
 3. While we give Thee thanks for mercies past, And Thy love so a-maz-ing we a-dore; We would ask that
 ACCOMT.

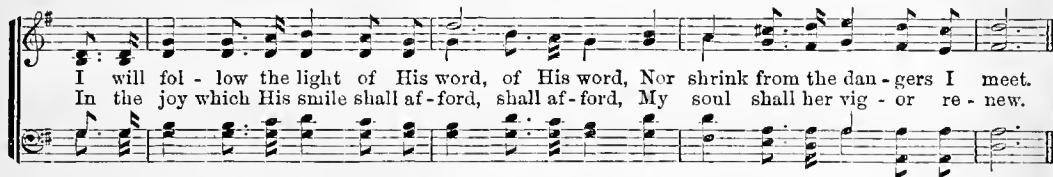
REFRAIN.

forth in thankful songs, And re-joyce in the fulness of thy love. O bless our Sunday school, And
 oft in this our home, Precious souls have been gathered unto Thee.
 still our Sav-iour dear, Be our Guide and Pro-tect-or ev-er-more.

here Thy name re-cord; May our temple now resound with praise, And be filled with the glory of the Lord.



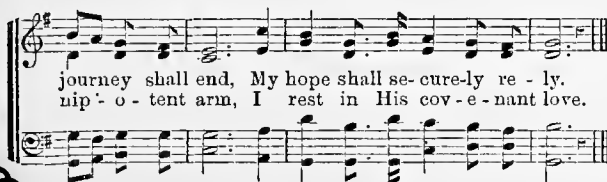
1. I will go in the strength of the Lord, of the Lord, In the path He hath marked for my feet ;
 2. I will go in the strength of the Lord, of the Lord, To the work He appoints me to do ;



I will fol - low the light of His word, of His word, Nor shrink from the dan - gers I meet.
 In the joy which His smile shall af - ford, shall af - ford, My soul shall her vig - or re - new.



His presence my steps shall at - tend, His ful - ness my wants shall sup - ply ; On Him, till my
 His wis - dom will guard me from harm, His power my suf - fi - cien - cy prove ; I trust His om -



journey shall end, My hope shall se - cure - ly re - ly.
 nip - o - tent arm, I rest in His cov - e - nant love.

3 I will go in the strength of the Lord
 To each conflict which faith may require ;
 And His grace as my shield and reward,
 My courage and zeal shall inspire.
 If He give the word of command
 'To meet and encounter the foe,
 With sling and with stone in my hand,
 In the strength of the Lord I will go !

WE WORSHIP THEE.

1. O Sav - iour, precious Saviour, Whom, yet unseen, we love, O Name of might and fa - vor, All
 2. O Bringer of sal - va - tion, Who wondrously hast wrought, Thyself the rev - e - la - tion Of
 3. In Thee all fulness dwelleth, All grace and power divine; The glo - ry that ex - celleth, O

FULL CHORUS.

oth - er names a - bove. We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing; We
 love beyond our thought. We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing; We
 Son of God, is Thine. We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing; We

praise Thee and confess Thee Our ho - ly God and King!
 praise Thee and confess Thee Our gracious Lord and King!
 praise Thee and confess Thee Our glorious Lord and King!

4.

O grant the consummation
 Of this our song above,
 In endless adoration
 And everlasting love.
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing;
 We praise Thee and confess Thee
 Our gracious Lord and King.

I CANNOT KEEP FROM SINGING.

F.

S. J. VAIL.

1. I came to Je - sus poor and weak, In faith my sins con-fess-ing, And there be - fore
 2. I feel a calm and constant peace. All earth - ly joy ex - cel - ling; I know the ten -
 3. O precious heal - ing stream that flows From Christ the liv - ing fountain; O blessed ra -

a throne of grace, I sought and found a blessing; And since that time, each gold-en hour Some
 ple of my heart Is now the Spir - it's dwelling; And while a - way to Pisgah's top, My
 diance from the cross, The cross on Calvary's mountain. I al - most fan - cy I can hear The

new delight is bringing; My Saviour's love to me is great! I can - not keep from singing.
 thoughts their flight are winging, Such visions burst up - on my sight, I can - not keep from singing.
 an - gel chorus ring - ing; O hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord! I can - not keep from singing.

PRECIOUS BIBLE.

JOSEPH IRONS. 1819.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Pre - cious Bi - ble, what a store For the sons of men t' ex - plore ; Pre - cious
 2. Pre - cious Bi - ble, what a friend, All my foot - steps to at - tend ; All my
 3. Pre - cious Bi - ble, what a field ! Rich - est fruit its fur - rows yield ; Wide ex -

REFRAIN.

Christ it speaks of Thee ; Give us eyes Thyself to see. Precious Bi - ble, precious
 wants it can sup - ply, For it brings my Saviour nigh.
 tent and fer - tile ground, Ver - dant pas - tures here are found.

Precious Bible,

Bi - ble, God's own Word of love to me.

Precious Bi - ble,

4.

Precious Bible, what a mine !
 Full of promises divine ;
 I would all thy wealth explore,
 And thy Author, God, adore.

Ref.

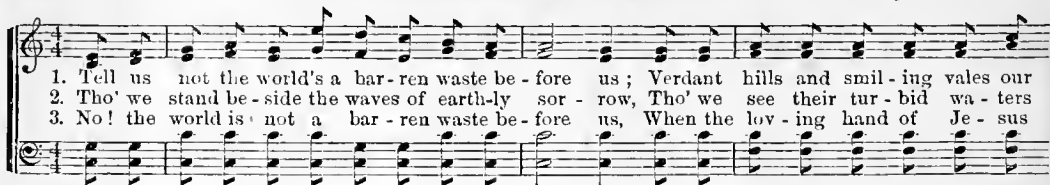
1. List-en to the ro-ses, List-en to the rills; List-en to the breez-es,
 2. List-en to the rain-drops, List-en to the dew; E'en the lov-ing sun-shine,

Whisp'ring o'er the hills; They have each a bur-den For the will-ing ear,
 Mes-sage brings to you; These are spir-it voi-ces, Speak-ing to the heart—

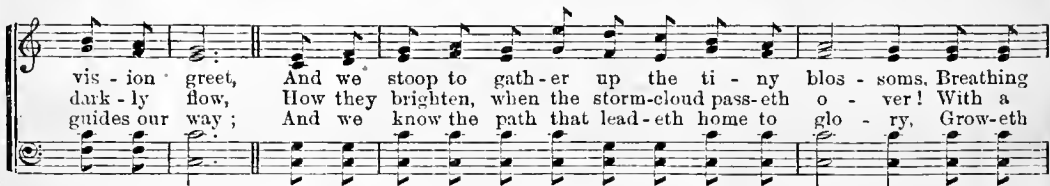
REFRAIN.

Ev-er to the spir-it Say-ing "God is near." God is near thee night and day,
 "God is ev-er near thee, Where-so-e'er thou art." God is near thee, &c.

God will hear thee, therefore pray; God is near thee night and day, God will hear thee, therefore pray.



1. Tell us not the world's a bar-ren waste be-fore us; Verdant hills and smil-ing vales our
 2. Tho' we stand be-side the waves of earth-ly sor-row, Tho' we see their tur-bid wa-ters
 3. No! the world is not a bar-ren waste be-fore us, When the lov-ing hand of Je-sus

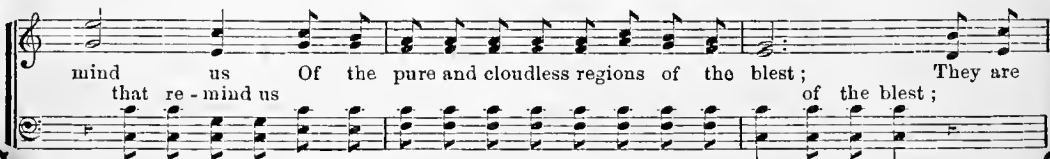


vis-ion greet, And we stoop to gath-er up the ti-ny blos-soms, Breathing
 duk-ly flow, How they brighten, when the storm-cloud pass-eth o-ver! With a
 guides our way; And we know the path that lead-eth home to glo-ry, Grow-eth

CHORUS.



fresh and balm-y in-ense at our feet. There are land marks that re-
 lus-tre from the spir-it land they glow. There are land marks,
 bright-er to the pure and per-fect day.



mind us Of the pure and cloudless regions of the blest; They are
 that re-mind us of the blest;

LAND MARKS. Concluded.

11

foct - prints of the pil - grims And the loved ones who have entered in - to rest.
They are footprints of the pilgrims

FINISH THY WORK.

S. J. VAIL

1. Fin-ish thy work, the time is short ; The sun is in the west ; Night's shade is com-ing
2. Fin-ish thy work, then wipe thy brow ; Un-gird thee from thy toil ; Take breath, and from each
3. Fin-ish thy work, then sit thee down On some ce-les-tial hill, And of its strength-re-

down-till then Think not of rest, think not of rest.
wea-ry limb Shake off the soil, shake off the soil.
viv-ing air Take thou thy fill, take thou thy fill.

- 4 Finish thy work then go in peace ;
Life's battle fought and won—
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
"Well done ! well done !"
- 5 Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above ;
Sing a new song of mighty joy .
And endless love.

I FEEL SO HAPPY.

Hymn by Wm. H. CLASS.

Wm. F. SHERWIN.

1. When I trust in the Sav-our and on Him be-lieve, What a glo-ri-ous blessing my
 2. When I take up my Cross and the Sav-our proclaim, O, what joy I re-ceive and what

heart doth re-ceive! Ev-ery doubt is removed and I've noth-ing to fear, Oh! how
 peace I ob-tain; How it strengthens my hope, while by faith I can hear The sweet

REFRAIN. (*faster.*)

hap-py I feel when my Je-sus is near. I feel so hap-py, I feel so hap-py, I
 Spir-it as-sure me that Je-sus is near. so hap-py, so hap-py,

feel so hap-py when Je-sus is near.

- 3 What a comfort, to know that my Father will give
 Whatsoe'er I may ask, if in faith I believe;
 How it soothes every sorrow and dries every tear,
 When I feel in my heart that my Jesus is near. *Cho.*
- 4 When in prayer I commune with the Lord every day,
 When I keep His commandments, His precepts obey,
 Not a cloud intervenes, but my sky is all clear,
 And 'tis then I am certain that Jesus is near. *Cho.*

1. Come, en - ter by this o - pen door, The night is com - ing fast; There's light, and rest and
 2. Come in, from death to end-less life; Come in, from fear to peace; Come from re - morse to
 3. Come in, the Sav - iour calls for you, He may not long - er wait; Come, lest in fierce des -

REFRAIN.

peace with-in, — The door must close at last. Come in, the storm is roll - ing on, The
 deathless joy, And find a sure re - lease. Come in, &c.
 - pair at last You cry, "too late! too late!" Come in, &c.

warning thunders cry! O flee to mer - cy's o - pen door, While mer - cy yet is nigh.

FANNY.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. O think what our merci - ful Father hath done, He so loved the world that He gave us His Son, And
 2. Take heed that to seek Him we make no de - lay; Take heed that we grieve not the Spir - it a - way; Let
 3. O come, heavy la - den, who - ev - er thou art, O come and receive, to the joy of thy heart, The

all who, re - pent - ing, on Him will be - lieve, The life ev - er - last - ing thro' Him shall re - ceive.
 faith be our guide to the por - tal of pray'r, And Je - sus, our Sav - iour, will meet with us there.
 ful - ness of par - don now of - fer - ed so free, Thro' Him, thy Re - deem - er, who bought it for thee.

CHORUS.

O hail, blessed Je - sus, O hail, blessed Je - sus, O hail, blessed Je - sus! Who gave himself for me.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

15

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Oh do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light ;
 2. To - morrow's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lu - ded sight :
 3. Our God in pi - ty lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite ?
 4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fu - ses none Who would to Him their souls u - nite ;

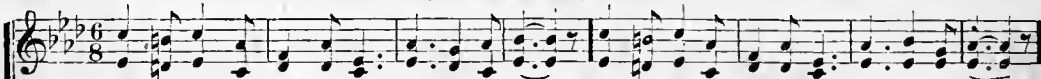
Poor sin - ner hard - en not thine heart ; Thou would'st be saved—why not to - night ?
 This is the time, Oh, then be wise ; Thou would'st be saved—why not to - night ?
 Re - nounce at once thy stub - born will. Thou would'st be saved—why not to - night ?
 Be - lieve in Him—the work is done ; Thou would'st be saved—why not to - night ?

REFRAIN.

Why not to - night ? why not to - night ? Thou would'st be saved—why not to - night ?

COME, SINNER, COME.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Hark ! the Spirit whispers low, "Come, sinner, come;" To the Saviour humbly bow, Come, sinner, come.
2. Haste, oh haste ! make no delay ! Come, sinner, come ; Christ can wash thy sins away, Come, sinner, come.
3. Je - sus waits, He lingers still ; Come, sinner, come ; Only yield to Him thy will ; Come, sinner, come.



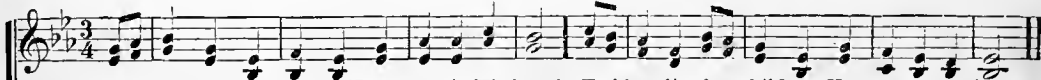
Lo ! the Bride invites to-day, Come, sinner, come ; And let him that heareth say Come, sinner, come.
 To that fountain full and free, Come, sinner, come, Flowing still for thee, for thee ! Come, sinner, come.
 Will you not on Him believe ? Come, sinner, come ; Oh ! do not the Spirit grieve ; Come, sinner, come.



THE KIND SAVIOUR.

(INFANT CLASS.)

W. F. S.



1. How kind is the Saviour, How great is His love ! To bless lit-tle children He came from above.
2. He wept in the garden And died on the tree, To open a fountain For sinners like me.
3. O make us, dear Je - sus, To taste of Thy love, We'll praise Thee forever, With children above.



CLOSE TO THEE.

FANNY CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me, All a - long my pil - grim
 2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be; Gladly will I toil and
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shadows, Lead me o'er life's fit - ful sea; Then the gate of life e -

REFRAIN.

jour - ney, Saviour, let me walk with thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to
 suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to
 ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to

Thee; All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
 Thee; Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 Thee; Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

JESUS DIED.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. There is a word I fain would speak; Jesus died. O eyes that weep and hearts that break, Je - sus died.
 2. Though Sa - tan seeks my soul to lave, Je - sus died. Yes, Je - sus died my soul to save, Je - sus died.
 3. And now I need not fear to pray; Je - sus died. He wash - es all my sin a - way; Je - sus died.

No mu - sic from the quiv - ring string Could such sweet sounds of rap - ture bring; Oh, may I al - ways
 The ho - ly Lord, the bleed - ing Lamb, The Cru - ci - fi - ed, the great I Am: There's life in ev - ery
 He wash - es all my sins a - way, He is the Life, the Truth, the Way, And now to all men

REFRAIN.

love to sing, Je - sus died. Je - sus died for me,.... Je - sus died for me,.... Oh,
 love - ly name; Je - sus died.
 I can say Je - sus died. Je - sus died for me, Je - sus died for me,

eyes.
 may I al - ways love to sing That Je - sus died.

4 'Twill soothe my heart with death in view
 Jesus died.
 And bear me that cold river through;
 Jesus died.
 That word will heaven's bright gate unclose,
 Relieve me from my mortal woes,
 And hear me where Thy glory glows;
 Jesus died.

O BE SAVED.

19

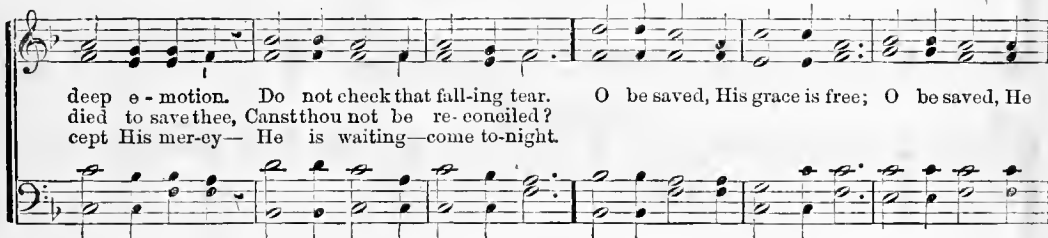
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S. J. VAIL.

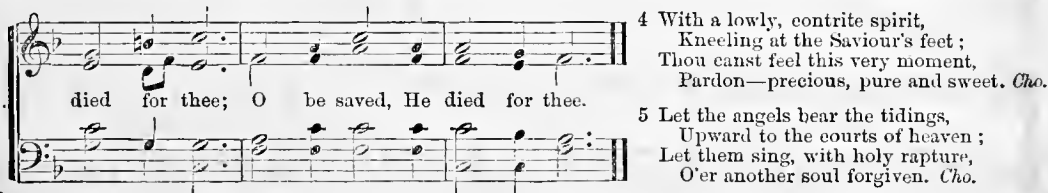


1. Sin-ner how thy heart is troubled, God is coming ver - y near; Do not hide thy
2. Je - sus now is bending o'er thee, Je - sus low - ly, meek and mild; To the Friend who
3. Art thou wait-ing till the morrow? Thou may'st never see its light; Come at once - ac -

CHORUS.



deep e - motion. Do not check that fall-ing tear. O be saved, His grace is free; O be saved, He
died to save thee, Canst thou not be re - conciled?
cept His mer-cy - He is waiting - come to-night.



died for thee; O be saved, He died for thee.

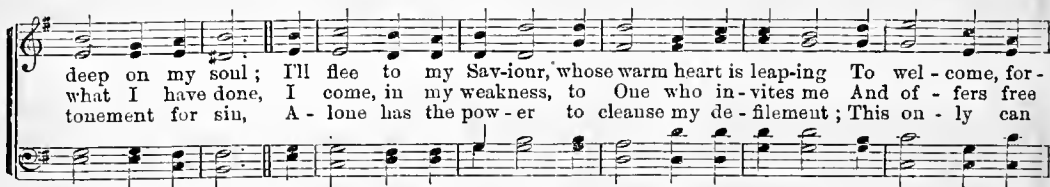
4 With a lowly, contrite spirit,
Kneeling at the Saviour's feet;
Thou canst feel this very moment,
Pardon—precious, pure and sweet. *Cho.*

5 Let the angels bear the tidings,
Upward to the courts of heaven;
Let them sing, with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven. *Cho.*

ONLY JESUS CAN SAVE.

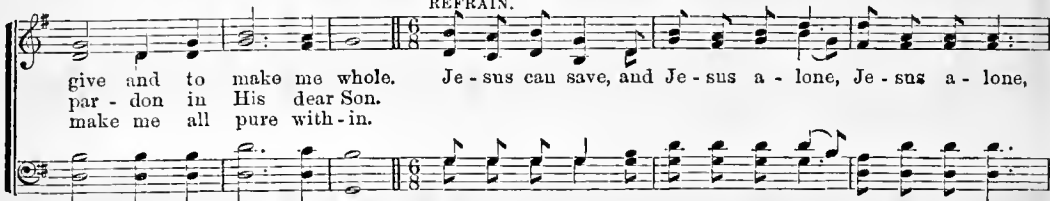


1. Tears will not save me! I'll cease then my weep-ing, The stains of my sin lie too
 2. Works will not save me! I'll cease then to trust them; No long-er de-pend-ing on
 3. Je - sus can save me, my glo - ri - fied Sav - iour! The blood that He shed as a -



deep on my soul; I'll flee to my Sav-iour, whose warm heart is leap-ing To wel-come, for-
 what I have done, I come, in my weakness, to One who in-vites me And of-fers free
 tonement for sin, A - lone has the pow-er to cleanse my de-filement; This on - ly can

REFRAIN.



give and to make me whole. Je - sus can save, and Je - sus a - lone, Je - sus a - lone,
 par - don in His dear Son.
 make me all pure with-in.



Je - sus a - lone; Now my dear Lord and Re-deemer I own, Trusting in Je - sus a - lone.

1. Hopeful-ly, joy-ful-ly, firm-ly we stand, Held by our Father's om-nip-o-tent hand ;
 2. On ! tho' our flesh and our spir-it may fail, On ! for the cause of the Lord shall pre-vail ;
 3. Hopeful-ly, bravely, we stand to the last ; Soon comes the day when the con-flict is past ;

FINE.

Faith-ful, and prayerful, and pa-tient and true, Do-ing the work that he gives us to do.
 On ! for the vic-to-ry Je-sus will give, On ! to the life that his children shall live.
 Vic-tors o'er death, we have life, tho' we die— Life in the presence of Je-sus on high.

D.S. On ! tho' the foe tries to tram-ple us down ; On ! for the glo-ry, the joy and the crown.
 "Glo-ry and praise let us thank-ful-ly sing ! Glo-ry to Je-sus, our Sav-iour and King !
 "Glad-ly we'll shout as we rise from the grave, Glo-ry to Je-sus, Al-mighty to save !

D. S.

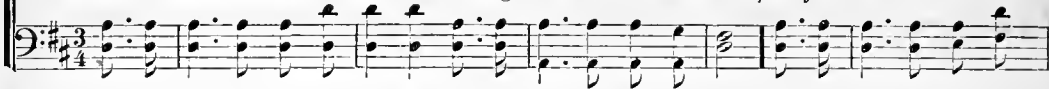
On-ward and up-ward we cheeri-ly go, Up ! to the triumph God's children shall know ;
 On ! thro' the darkness, the cloud and the night, Up ! to the sunshine e-ter-nal-ly bright !
 Bright breaks the light of the glo-ri-ous dawn ! Sor-row, and darkness and trouble are gone ;

W. W. DOWNS.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



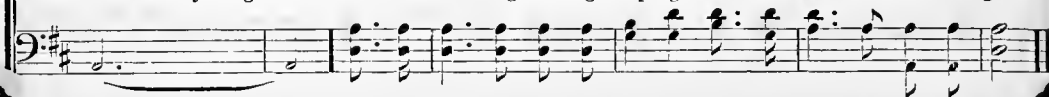
1. Up! be do - ing! day is fleeting! Soon the evening shadows fall, And the darkness o'er thee
2. It to do the Master's bidding You're prepared, and willing too, Seek in life's by-ways and
3. Look ahead! be - hold the harvest Waving thick as for - est leaves; Why not in the field be



creeping, Will from la - bor sure - ly call. There are souls around thee dy - ing, Go - ing
 hedges - There you'll find e - nough to do. O how man - y there are sighing, Crushed to
 working? Why not gath - er in the sheaves? Is thine ease to thee more precious Than the



down to death and woe; While 'tis day O haste to save them, To their res - cue quickly go!
 earth by weight of grief! And how glad - ly would they follow An - y one who brings re - lief!
 souls of dy - ing men? O be toil - ing, sowing, reaping 'Till the Mas - ter comes a - gain.



BRIGHT STARS.

23

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Art. from GERMAN.

1. The golden glow is pal - ing Between the cloudy bars; I'm watching in the twi - light To
2. Are they the eyes of an - gels, That always wake to keep A lov - ing watch above us, While
3. We hardly see them twinkle In an - y summer night, But in the win - ter evenings They

see the lit - tle stars. I wish that they would sing to-night Their song of long a - go;
we are fast a - sleep? Or are they lamps that God has lit From His own glorious light,
spar - kle clear and bright. Is this to tell the lit - tle ones, So hungry, cold and sad,

If we were on - ly near - er them What might we hear and know!
To guide the lit - tle children's souls Whom He will call to - night?
That there's a shining home for them Where all is warm and glad?

4.
More beautiful and glorious,
And never cold and far,
Is He who always loves them,
The Bright and Morning Star.
I wish those little children knew
That holy, happy light;
Lord Jesus, shine on them I pray,
And make them glad to-night!

THE PIERCED HANDS.

MISS A. M. KENNARD.

"Behold my hands."—LUKE xxiv.

S. J. VAIL.

Tenderly.

1. O Hands, upheld in bless-ing, The nail-print in the palm, To souls their sins confess-ing, How
 2. O Hands, the children's clasping. With "Let them come to me;" Poor sinking Pe-ter's grasp-ing, Up-
 3. O Hands, the blind eyes pressing, With words of power di-vine, To send the light car-ress-ing O'er

oft held forth with balm; Bless me! Bless me! O pierc-ed hands bless me! Bless me! Bless
 on the boisterous sea, Help me! Help me! O sav-ing hands help me! Help me! Help
 dark-er orbs to shine, Heal mine! Heal mine! O heal-ing hands heal mine! Heal mine! Heal

Bless me! Bless me! Bless me!

me! O pierc-ed hands bless me!
 me! O sav-ing hands help me!
 mine! O heal-ing hands heal mine!

Bless me!

4.

Dear Hands, so gently guiding
 The wayward to thy Fold,
 Safe, in thine own confiding,
 My hands, O ever hold;
 Clasp mine! Clasp mine!
 O gentle hands, clasp mine!

EVENING AND MORNING.

25

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. 1869.

WM. F. SHERWIN. 1873.

DUET OF SEMI-CHORUS.

1. In the ev'ning there is weeping, Length'ning shadows, failing sight; Silent darkness, slow-ly
 2. In the ev'ning there is weeping, Lasting all the twilight thro'; Phantom shadows, never
 3. Are the twilight shadows cast-ing Heavy glooms up-on thy heart? Soon, in radiance ev - er

FULL CHORUS. *f*

creep - ing O - ver all things dear and bright. In the morning com - eth sing - ing, Cometh
 sleep - ing, Wakening slumbers of the true. In the morning com - eth sing - ing, Songs that
 last - ing, Night for ev - er shall de - part. Darkest hour is near - est dawn - ing, Solemn

joy, and cometh sight, When the sun a - ris - eth, bringing Healing on his wings of light,
 ne'er in si - lence end; An - gel minstrels ev - er bringing Praises new with thine to blend,
 her - ald of the day; Sing - ing cometh in the morning, God shall wipe thy tears a - way!

*Not too slow.**"Go out into highways and hedges and compel them to come in."—Luke, 14—23.*

1. Broth-er, there are pre - cious treasures, Diamonds scattered ev - erywhere; In the by-ways
 2. Bring them to the light, and test them With the power of Gos - pel love; Pol-ish well, and
 3. Out of darkness bring these treasures, Jew - els of im - mor-tal worth; Sparkling with ce -
 4. Then be-yond, on hills e - ter - nal, May their radiance all di - vine, In the Saviour's

REFRAIN.

you may find them, Buried deep per-haps, but there. Seek them, brother, seek them, brother!
 kindly set them For the Mas - ter's brow a - bove.
 les - tial splendor, Let them flash o'er all the earth.
 crown su-per - nal, Ev - er and for - ev - er shine.

Bring them to the Lord in pray'r; Precious jewels, precious jew-els, Let them spar-kle ev - ery-where.

GO WORK TO-DAY.

27

FANNY CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Why sit we down at ease in Zi - on, With fold - ed hands and drooping head; Does not the ho - ly
 2. Go work to - day; our field of du - ty Spreads wide around on ev - ery side; Go warn the care-less
 3. For us He laid a - side His glo - ry, He bore the cross, endured the shame; Re - joice that we are

REFRAIN.

Bi - ble tell us Our faith, with - out our works, is dead? Go forth, go forth, nor
 of their dan - ger, And point to Je - sus cru - ci - fied. go forth, go forth,
 count - ed wor - thy, To la - bor in our Mas - ter's name.

loose a gold - en mo - ment; Make haste, make haste, to la - bor speed a - way; Re -
 make haste, make haste,

deem the time, a - las too long neg - lect - ed, The Mas - ter saith, "go work to - day."

FOR YOU I AM PRAYING.

S. J. VAIL.

1. I have a Sav - iour—He's plead - ing in glo - ry— So pre - cious, tho' earth - ly en -
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty,
 3. I have a Peace, and its calm as a riv - er; A peace that the friend of the

joy - ments be few: And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness o'er me, But
 pre - cious and true; And soon will my spir - it be with Him in hea - ven, But
 world nev - er knew; My Sav - iour a - lone is its Au - thor and Giv - er: But

REFRAIN.

O, that my Saviour was your Saviour too! For you I am praying, for you I am praying, For
 O, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
 O, could I know it was giv - en to you.

FOR YOU I AM PRAYING. Concluded.

29

you I am praying—I'm praying for you.

4 When He has found you, tell others the story,
How Jesus extended His mercy to you ;
Then point them away to the regions of glory,
And pray that your Saviour may bring them there too:
True prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you.

5 Speak of that Saviour, that Father in heaven—
That harp, crown, and robe which are waiting for you—
That peace you possess, and that rest to be given,
Still praying that Jesus may save them like you,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you.

J. S. S.

GOD IS NEAR.

W. F. S.

Softly, thoughtfully.

1. When the stars, at set of sun, Watch you from on high— When the morn - ing

is be - gun— Think, the Lord is nigh!

2.
All you do and all you say,
He can see and hear ;
When you work, or when you play,
Think, the Lord is near !

3.
All your joys and griefs He knows,
Counts each falling tear ;
When to Him you tell your woes,
Know the Lord is near !

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

Words by E. JOHNSON.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And sorrows, some-
 2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wear-y my feet.; But toil-ing in

CHORUS.

times how they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul. O, then, to the Rock let me
 life's dust - y way, The Rock's blessed shad - ow how sweet!

fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I; O, then, to the Rock let me
 let me fly, is high-er than I,

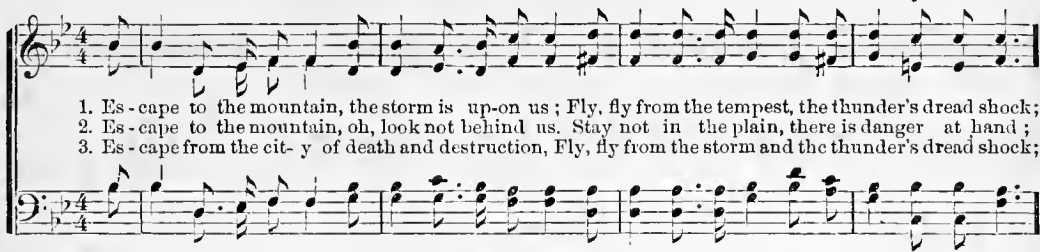
fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I. 3 O, near to the Rock let me keep,
 If blessings, or sorrows prevail;
 Or climbing the mountain way steep,
 Or walking the shadowy vale.
 Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
 To the Rock that is higher than I.

THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK.

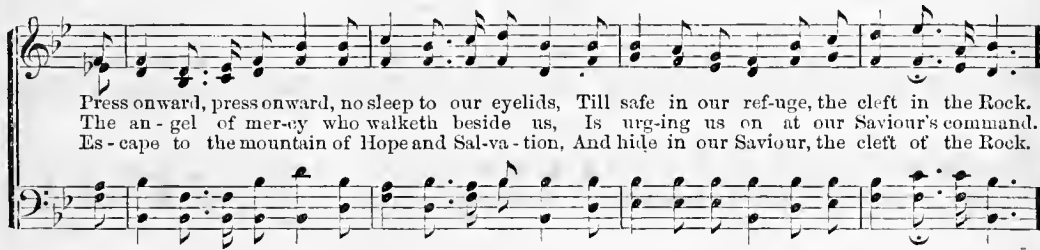
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FANNY CROSBY.

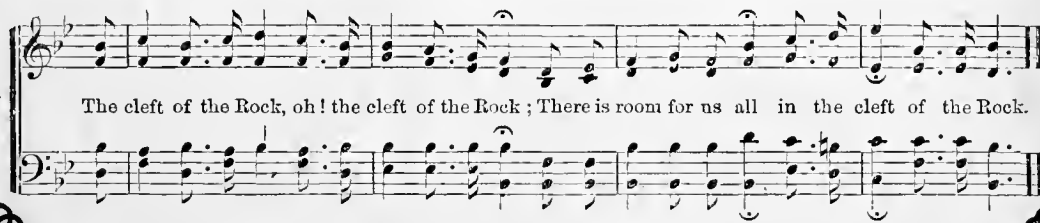
S. J. VAIL.



1. Es - cape to the mountain, the storm is up-on us ; Fly, fly from the tempest, the thunder's dread shock ;
2. Es - cape to the mountain, oh, look not behind us. Stay not in the plain, there is danger at hand ;
3. Es - cape from the cit - y of death and destruction, Fly, fly from the storm and the thunder's dread shock ;



Press onward, press onward, no sleep to our eyelids, Till safe in our ref-uge, the cleft in the Rock.
The an - gel of mer-cy who walketh beside us, Is urg-ing us on at our Saviour's command.
Es - cape to the mountain of Hope and Sal - va - tion, And hide in our Saviour, the cleft of the Rock.



The cleft of the Rock, oh ! the cleft of the Rock ; There is room for us all in the cleft of the Rock.

LEAD ME SAVIOUR.

JOHN ERNEST BODE.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

From "Bible School Songs," by per.

Not too slow.

1. O Je - sus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end ; Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My
2. Oh, Je - sus, Thou hast promised To all who fol - low Thee, That where Thou art in glo - ry, There

Mas - ter and my Friend ; I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art at my side, Nor wander from the
shall Thy servant be ; Oh ! guide me, call me, draw me, Uphold me to the end, And then in heaven re -

REFRAIN.

path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide. Ten - der - ly lead me, Sav - iour ! Ten - der - ly lead me,
ceive me, My Sav - iour and my Friend ! Ten - der - ly lead me, Sav - iour !

Sav - iour ! Je - sus save me, guide me, feed me, Keep me to the end.
Ten - der - ly lead me.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

33

F. C.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Troubled in spir - it, brok - en in heart, Go to the Sav - iour just as thou art;
 2. Plenteous in mer - cy, lov - ing and kind, Ask, He will give thee, seek, thou shalt find;
 3. Lean on His promise, trust and be - lieve; Tell Him thy sor - row, He will re - lieve;

Go, and thy bur - den cast on the Lord, Hear the sweet message tought in His word.
 Knock, He will o - pen, go thou and pray; He will not send thee emp - ty a - way.
 Troubled in spir - it, brok - en in heart, Go to the Sav - iour just as thou art.

REFRAIN.

Lo! thy Re - deem - er saith un - to thee, "I am the Bread of Life, Come, come, to me."

Mrs. V. A.

S. J. VAIL.

SOLO.

CHO.

SOLO.

1. Hark! a warning voice with-in, Live for God, live for God; Now the christian life be - gin,
 2. Ear - ly choose the bet-ter part, Live for God, live for God; With an humble, trusting heart,
 3. Ev - er clinging to the cross, Live for God, live for God; Counting earthly gain but loss,

live for God,

CHO.

Live for God,..... live for God. Love the right, forsake the wrong; We are weak, but He is strong;
 Live for God,..... live for God. Learn the yoke of Christ to bear, Welcome burden, toil and care;
 Live for God,..... live for God. While we all His will o - bey, Let us walk the nar-row way;

live for God,

REFRAIN.

Let His goodness be our song, Live for God,..... live for God. Let us all live for
 Faithful, watching un - to pray'r, Live for God,..... live for God.
 This our watchword day by day, Live for God,..... live for God.

live for God,

LIVE FOR GOD. Concluded.

35

God, Let us all live for God; Marching onward, looking upward, Let us all live for God.

ELIZA ANN WALKER, 1864.
(Slightly altered.)

ONLY FOR THEE.

"To me to live is Christ."—Phil. 1—21.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1873.

1. Precious Saviour, may I live On - ly for Thee; Use the talents Thou dost give, On - ly for Thee;
2. In my joys may I rejoice On - ly for Thee; In my choosing make my choice Only for Thee;
3. Be my smiles and be my tears On - ly for Thee; Be my young and riper years On - ly for Thee;

Be my Spir-it's deep de-sire On - ly for Thee; May my pow'rs of mind aspire On - ly for Thee!
Meek-ly may I suf - fer grief On - ly for Thee; Grateful-ly ac - cept re - lief On - ly for Thee!
Be my song till latest breath On - ly for Thee; Be my glo-ry af - ter death On - ly for Thee!

AM I COMING ?

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Am I com-ing, tru-ly coming Nearer to my Father's home, As, so wea-ry, struggling,
2. Am I grow-ing, tru-ly growing, In that grace He free-ly gives To His child, who, all for -

straying, Thro' the world's dark paths I roam? Am I lean-ing, tru-ly lean-ing, On my
sak-ing, In Him breathes, and in Him lives? Thou art mine, O Sav-our, take me; Cast my

Sav-our as I go? Am I oft-en sigh-ing, pray-ing, That of Him I more may know?
un-be-lief a-side, Cleanse me from all sin, and make me Ev-er-more in Thee a-bide.

ONE BLESSED HOUR.

37

F. J. C.

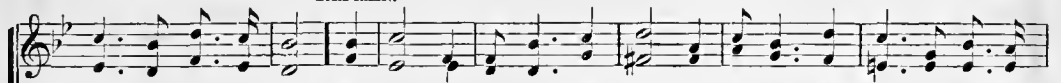
S. J. VAIL.



1. One blessed hour with Je - sus, My clos - et closed and still, To arm my soul with courage For
 2. One blessed hour with Je - sus, When falls the noon-tide beam ; It brings refreshing water From



REFRAIN.



ev - ery com - ing ill. My faith grows brighter, My heart is lighter, My joy is now com -
 ont the liv - ing stream.

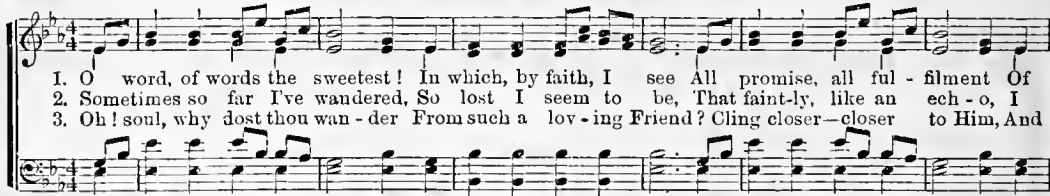


plete ; His smile to see is heaven on earth to me.

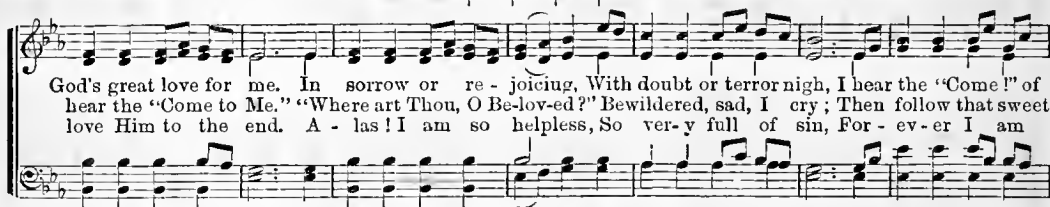


- 3 One blessed hour with Jesus
 When evening comes apace,
 To thank Him for His mercy,
 And praise Him for His grace. *Ref.*
- 4 One blessed hour with Jesus
 When I am sorely tried ;
 It draws my spirit nearer
 His precious bleeding side. *Ref.*

THE SWEETEST WORD.

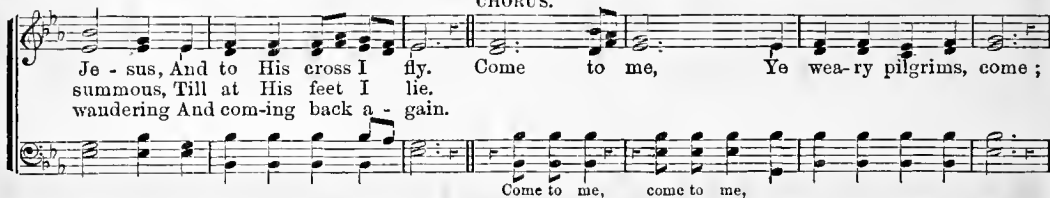


1. O word, of words the sweetest! In which, by faith, I see All promise, all ful - filment Of
 2. Sometimes so far I've wandered, So lost I seem to be, That faint-ly, like an ech - o, I
 3. Oh! soul, why dost thou wan - der From such a lov - ing Friend? Cling closer - closer to Him, And

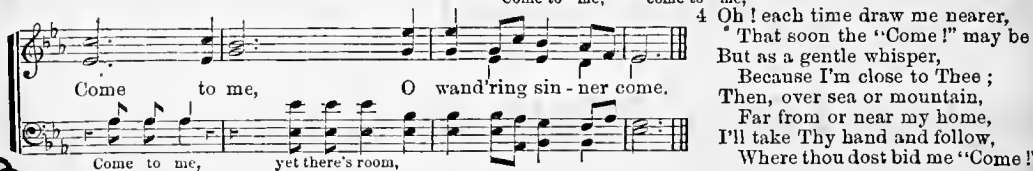


God's great love for me. In sorrow or re - joicing, With doubt or terror nigh, I hear the "Come!" of
 hear the "Come to Me." "Where art Thou, O Be - lov - ed?" Bewildered, sad, I cry; Then follow that sweet
 love Him to the end. A - las! I am so helpless, So ver - y full of sin, For - ev - er I am

CHORUS.



Je - sus, And to His cross I fly. Come to me, Ye wea - ry pilgrims, come;
 summons, Till at His feet I lie.
 wandering And com - ing back a - gain.



Come to me, O wand'ring sin - ner come.
 Come to me, yet there's room,
 4 Oh! each time draw me nearer,
 That soon the "Come!" may be
 But as a gentle whisper,
 Because I'm close to Thee;
 Then, over sea or mountain,
 Far from or near my home,
 I'll take Thy hand and follow,
 Where thou dost bid me "Come!"

HE WILL NOT FAIL THEE.

39

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Pil - grim of earth who art journ'ing to heaven, Heir of e - ter - nal life! child of the day!
2. Wea - ry and thirst-y, no wa - ter-brook near thee, Press on, nor faint at the length of the way;
3. Trust-ful and steadfast, what-ev - er be - tide thee, One thing a - lone do thou ask of the Lord, -
4. Bring all thy bur - den, His power can relieve you; Full is the promise, the bless - ing how free!

Cared for, watched o - ver, be - loved and for - giv - en, Art thou dis - couraged be - cause of the way?
God in His grace will as - sur - ed - ly hear thee; He will pro - vide thee with strength for the day.
Grace to go for - ward, wher - ev - er He guide thee, Simply be - liev - ing the truth of His word.
"All that ye ask in My name, I will give you; Rest in My love and be joy - ful in Me."

GUIDE US TO THEE.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Father, Thou art great and holy, Hear us when we bend the knee; Make us humble, meek and lowly, Guide us to Thee.
2. Saints and an - gels fall before Thee, Where the soul is ev - er free; Humbly still we would adore Thee, Guide us to Thee.
3. By Thy love and pow'r de - fended, May we ev - er faith - ful be, And when life's short day is ended, Guide us to Thee.

1, Pitying Saviour, look with blessing On a poor and pleading soul; Hear me now my guilt con-
 2. All my e - vil course lament - ing—Sinful thought, and word, and deed—Humbled, contrite, and re -

fess - ing, Let Thy heal - ing make me whole. Far from wisdom's ways I've wandered, And my
 pent - ing, For Thy mer - cy now I plead. Hear the voice of my con - tri - tion, Let Thy

soul of peace bereaved—Precious gifts have base - ly squandered, And Thy goodness deep - ly grieved.
 love my sorrows heal; Grant my sins complete re - mis - sion; Full Thy bless - ed peace re - veal.

I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

J. E. GOULD, by per.

41

1. I left it all with Je - sus, Long a - go,
 2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows
 3. Oh, leave it all with Je - sus, Drooping soul!

All my guilt and sins I brought Him,
 How to take the sad, the bit - ter
 Tell not half, but all the sto - ry,

Long a - go,
 For He knows
 Droop - ing soul!

And my woe;
 From life's woes;
 Yes, the whole.

When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small still whisper
 How to gild the tear - drop With His smile, Make the desert - gar - den
 Worlds on worlds are hanging On His hand; Life and death are waiting

And my woe,
 From life's woes;
 Yes, the whole.

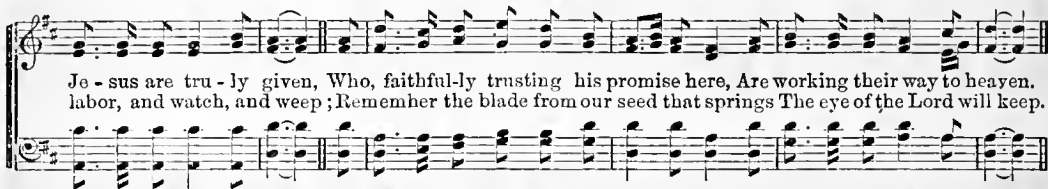
"'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur - den Roll'd a - way; Hap - py day, Hap - py day!
 Bloom a - while. When my weak - ness lean - eth On His might, It seems light, It seems light.
 His command; Yet His ten - der bo - son Makes thee room; Oh! come home! Oh! come home!



1. There is work that we all may do, At our post let us all be found, And pa - tiently
2. There is work for the young and old, There is work for the weak and strong; Then lov - ing-ly



work with a cheerful heart, While we scatter good seed a - round. How happy are they whose hearts To
work in the Master's field, While we lighten our toil with song: With fervent and steadfast hope, O



Je - sus are tru - ly given, Who, faithful - ly trusting his promise here, Are working their way to heayen.
labor, and watch, and weep; Remember the blade from our seed that springs The eye of the Lord will keep.

REFRAIN.



Let us work with the dawn of the morn - ing light, And work 'till the set - ting sun;

THERE IS WORK FOR ALL. Concluded.

43

Let us work 'till the star of our life shall grow dim, Yes, work 'till our work is done.

3 There is work that we all can do,
There are souls that we all may win ;
Then work with a will, for without the fold
There are lambs to be gathered in.

O labor, and watch, and wait,
Be earnest, and trust, and pray ;
The promise is given of rest, sweet rest,
In regions of endless day.

Rev. S. WOLCOTT, D. D.

WHERE FEEDETH THY FLOCK ?

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Gently.

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

which they rove—Thou their footsteps lead - ing ?
safe re - treat—Fold, where none mo - lest them ?

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

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

BISHOP WORDSWORTH.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hearts to heaven and voices raise; Sing to God a hymn of
 2. Now the i - ron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born—Glorious life, the life im -
 3. Christ is ris - en—we are ris - en! Shed up - on us heavenly grace, Rain and dew and gleams of

glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise. He who on the cross a vic - tim, For the
 mor - tal,— On this ho - ly Eas - ter morn. Christ has triumphed, and we con - quer By His
 glo - ry From the brightness of Thy face; That we, Lord, with hearts in hea - ven, Here on

world's sal - va - tion bled, Je - sus Christ, the King of Glo - ry Now is ris - en from the dead.
 might - y en - ter - prise; We with Him, to life e - ter - nal, By His res - ur - rec - tion rise.
 earth may fruitful be, And by an - gel hands be gathered, To be ev - er safe with Thee.

BENDING AT THE CROSS.

45

REV. J. PARKER.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. The blood, the blood is all my plea, Nor should a sin - ner wonder, For guilt - y stain and
 2. My cup, my cup it runneth o'er, With joy ce - les - tial brimming : On wings of love I
 3. The blood, the blood is all my song, I have no bliss without it ; From ev - ery stain it

CHORUS.

stinging pain Had torn my heart a - sun - der ! But now I'm bending at the cross, Washing in the
 soar a - bove, His hal - le - lu - jahs hymning. And still I'm bending at the cross, &c.
 makes me clean, My life and lip shall shout it. And still I'm bending at the cross, &c.

crim - son tide, And cleansed, I tar - ry at the fountain, Opened in my Saviour's side.

BY GRACE WE ARE SAVED.

1. O! the won - der - ful love our Re - deem - er be - stows; He has died, not a -
 2. O! the won - der - ful fount - ain that flows from His side; There is health, there is
 3. O! the Cross and its sto - ry will nev - er grow old; 'Tis a won - der of

lone for His friends, but His foes! To em - brace the poor prod - i - gal wait - ing He
 peace in its life - giv - ing tide, And its blood - crimsoned wa - ters are boundless and
 won - ders we can - not un - fold; To that Cross, guilt - y sin - ner, O! cling while you

stands, With the print of the nails in the palms of His hands. By His grace we are
 free; Heav - y lad - en, be - hold it is o - pen for thee!
 may; 'Tis the Sav - iour in - vites you, why will you de - lay?

BY GRACE WE ARE SAVED. Concluded.

47

saved! And thro' faith in His name, The poor - est and weakest His mer - cy may claim.

SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD. by per.

FINE.

I. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea ;
D. C. Chart and com - pass came from Thee : Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

D. C.

Un - known waves be - fore me roll. Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal ;

D. C.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild ;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still."

Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar

"Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

ALBINA L. BEAN.

S. J. VAIL.

1. O broth - er, strive ! thy crown is not yet won ; Strive ! for the night is com - ing on a -
 2. Strive ! for a cloud of wit - nesses sur - round, Each step is marked, of victory or de -
 3. Strive ! tho' thy way be darkened, rough and steep, Thy Father's hand shall guide thee thro' the

pace ! The day will soon be done, Soon will be closed the race, — O broth - er, strive !
 feat ; Then leave no van - tage ground For Sa - tan's war - y feet, — O broth - er, strive !
 night ; Thy flut - tering foot - steps keep, Make all thy darkness light ; O broth - er, strive !

REFRAIN.

Strive, strive, strive, . . . Strive for the nar - row way, Strive, strive,
 Strive, strive for the nar - row way, Strive, strive for e -

STRIVE FOR ETERNAL DAY. Concluded.

49

Musical notation for the first system of 'Strive for eternal day'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'strive, Strive for e - ter - nal day.' are written below the treble staff.

strive, Strive for e - ter - nal day.

ter - nal day,

4 Strive! for the world ne'er offered
prize like this,
A crown whose glory ages shall not
dim!
God holds for thee such bliss,
Live thou for Him, for Him!
O brother, strive!

WAIT AND TRUST.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

Arr. from the GERMAN.

Gently.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Wait and Trust'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. Sadly bend the flowers In the heavy rain; Af - ter heaving showers, Sunbeams come again.
2. When a sudden sorrow Comes like cloud and night, Wait for God's to-morrow; All will then be bright.

Musical notation for the second system of 'Wait and Trust'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Little birds are silent All the dark night thro', But when morning dawneth, Their songs are sweet and new.
Only wait and trust Him Just a lit - tle while : After evening tear-drops Shall come the morning smile.

FANNY CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

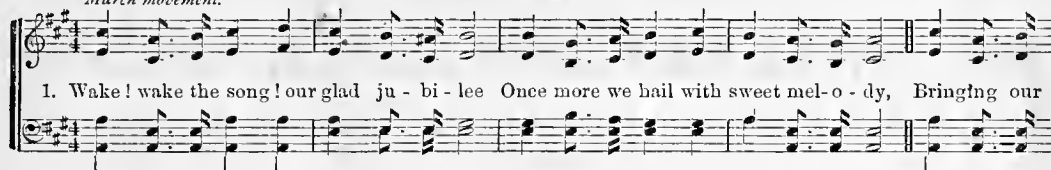
1. Thrust in the sick - le, reap for God, Be - hold the ripening grain ; A glorious harvest
 2. The glean - ers soon will gath - er in With joy, their precious gain ; The weakest christian
 3. The wel - come song of har - vest home, We'll sing o'er hill and plain, And an - gel choirs take
 4. But sweet - er far than harps of gold, When He who once was slain, Shall say to all His

REFRAIN.

soon will prove Our la - bor not in vain. Toil on, toil on, Let
 soul will find His la - bor not in vain.
 up the theme, We la - bored not in vain.
 toil - ing ones, Ye labored not in vain.

Toil on with cheer - ful hearts, toil on,

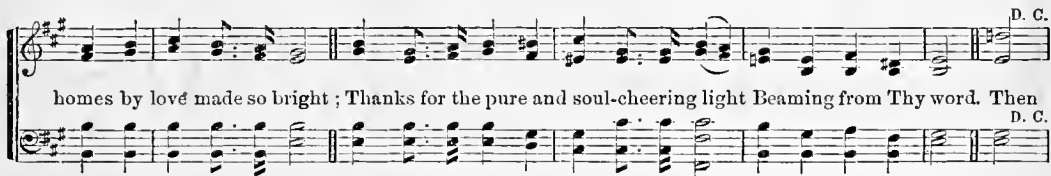
not our vi - gor wane ; How sweet to know the faithful here, Shall la - bor not in vain.
 Let not our vi - gor wane, toil on ;



1. Wake! wake the song! our glad ju - bi - lee Once more we hail with sweet mel - o - dy, Bringing our



hymns of praise un-to Thee, O most ho - ly Lord! Praise for Thy care by day and by night, Praise for the



homes by love made so bright; Thanks for the pure and soul-cheering light Beaming from Thy word. Then

2 Marching to Zion, dear blessed home!
Lord, by Thy mercy hither we come;
Guide us, we pray, where'er we may roam,
Keep us in Thy fear;
Fill every soul with love all divine,
Now cause Thy face upon us to shine;
Grant that our hearts may truly be Thine
All the coming year. D. C. Then,

3 Yet once again the anthem repeat,
Join every voice the Master to greet;
Love's sacrifice we lay at His feet
In His temple now.
Jesus, accept the offering we bring,
Blending with songs the odors of spring;
Still of Thy wondrous love we will sing,
Till in heaven we bow. D. C. Then,

THE ANGELS SINGING.

J. WILLIAM SUFFERN, by per.

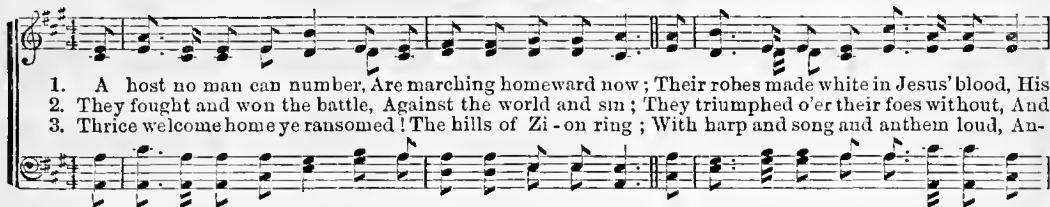
1. If we on - ly sought to brighten Ev - ery pathway dark with care, If we on - ly tried to
 2. If we on - ly strove to cherish Ev - ery pure and ho - ly thought, Till, within our heart, would
 3. If it were our aim to ponder On the good that we might win, Soon our feet would cease to

REFRAIN.

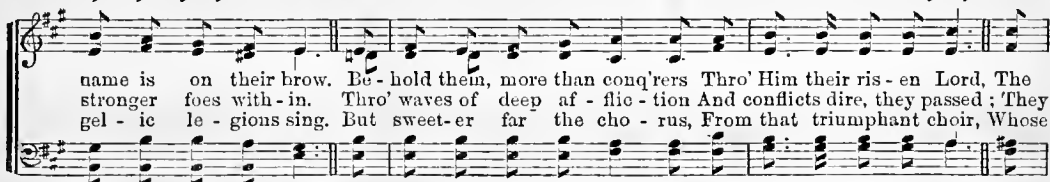
lighten All the bur - dens oth - ers bear, We should hear the an - gels singing All a -
 per-ish All that is with e - vil fraught, We should hear the an - gels, &c.
 wander In for - bid - den paths of siu; And we'd hear the an - gels, &c.

round us night and day; We should feel that they were bringing Songs of love to cheer our way.

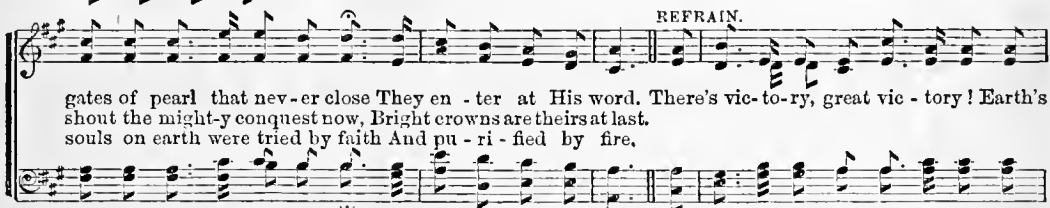
VICTORY, GREAT VICTORY!



1. A host no man can number, Are marching homeward now; Their robes made white in Jesus' blood, His
2. They fought and won the battle, Against the world and sin; They triumphed o'er their foes without, And
3. Thrice welcome home ye ransomed! The hills of Zi-on ring; With harp and song and anthem loud, An-

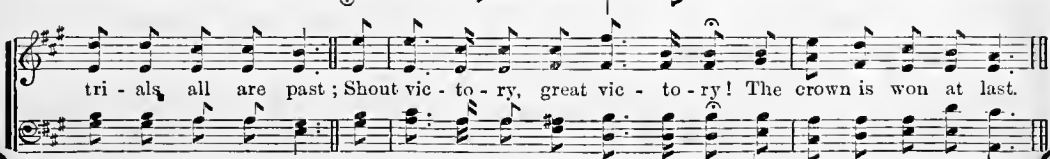


name is on their brow. Be-hold them, more than conq'ers Thro' Him their ris-en Lord, The
stronger foes with-in. Thro' waves of deep af-flic-tion And conflicts dire, they passed; 'They
gel-ic le-gions sing. But sweet-er far the cho-rus, From that triumphant choir, Whose



REFRAIN.

gates of pearl that nev-er close They en-ter at His word. There's vic-to-ry, great vic-to-ry! Earth's
shout the might-y conquest now, Bright crowns are theirs at last.
souls on earth were tried by faith And pu-ri-fied by fire,



tri-als all are past; Shout vic-to-ry, great vic-to-ry! The crown is won at last.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

(SUNDAY SCHOOL ANTHEM.)

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1874.

We praise Thee O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord; All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father ev - er -

last - ing. To Thee all an - gels cry a - loud; The heav'n's and all the pow'rs there - in; To Thee

Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim con - tin - u - ally, con - tin - u - ally do cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

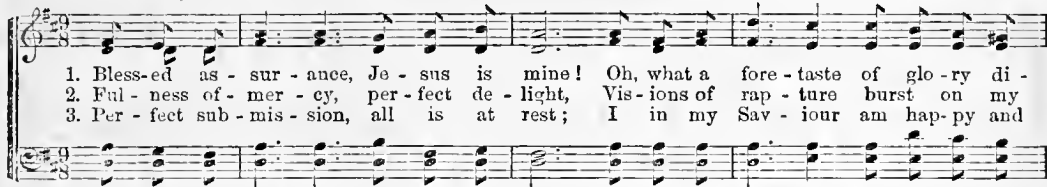
Lord God of Sab - baoth! Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of Thy great glo - ry! A - men.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

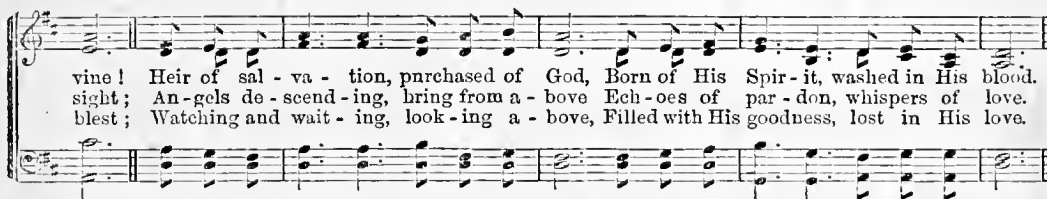
55

FANNY CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.



1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di -
2. Ful - ness of - mer - cy, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture burst on my
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest; I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and

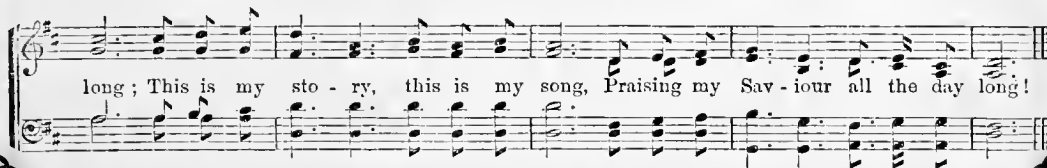


vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of par - don, whispers of love.
blest; Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

CHORUS.



This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day



long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long!

F. C.

S. J. VAIL by per.

1. Speed our bark to reach the ha - ven, On whose broad and quiet bay Nev - er falls a storm or
 2. Home of rest, O scene en - chanting; Lo, the fields of glo - ry bright, Robed in pure transcendent
 3. Speed our bark, the land we're nearing, Haste we o'er the billows foam, An - gel choirs, with harps re -
 4. Moor our bark, let go the anchor! Furl the sail, we've gained the shore; Home at last, with Christ our

CHORUS.

tempest; There no sun - light fades a - way. Hark! from yon - der hap - py throng, Breaks the
 beau - ty, Crowned with ev - er - last - ing light.
 joic - ing, Wait to greet the ransomed home.
 Saviour, Home at last, to part no more!

mingled tide of song, Hal - le - lu - jah! home at last! All our con - flicts now are past.

1. O - ver the riv - er they beck - ou me, Beckon me, beckon me ; The loved ones in glo - ry by
2. O - ver the riv - er they sing to me, Sing to me, sing to me ; They stand with their harps on the

faith I see, Who dwell in the home of God. O - ver the river 'tis bright and fair ; Friends who were
crys - tal sea And ech - o the earth - ly song. Still the old sto - ry of ' Je - sus' love, Rings thro' the

dearest have entered there ; Shining the garments of joy they wear, Made white in the Saviour's blood.
mansions prepared a - bove ; All His rich pro - mis - es now they prove, And wonderful praise prolong.

3 Over the river they wait for me,
Wait for me, wait for me ;
They call to my soul o'er the narrow sea,
"Be earnest, be firm and true ;
Having the armor of God complete,
Sharing the Spirit's communion sweet,
Onward, though tempest and storm may beat !
A home is prepared for you."

4 Over the river I soon shall be,
Soon shall be, soon shall be,
And sweet is the rest that remains for me
When Jesus my name shall own.
Then, while eternity rolls along,
Singing the nobler and sweeter song,
May I be found in the ransomed throng,
Who worship before Thy throne.

1. There is on - ly one way to the cross, One cross to which sin - ners may cling ; No
 2. There is on - ly one name un - der heaven, By which you may ev - er at - tain A
 3. There is on - ly one kingdom to win, One home with the blood-washed a - bove ; He'll

REFRAIN.

oth - er can save you from loss, This on - ly sal - va - tion can bring. Then, counting but
 hope to be heard and for - given, And brought to sal - va - tion a - gain.
 help thee who died for thy sin ; Oh, fear not, but trust in His love.

loss, The world and its dross. Be - liev - ing on Je - sus, Come kneel at the cross.

SING ZION'S SONGS.

59

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Sing them, dear children, sing them still, Those sweet and ho - ly songs! O let the psalms of
 2. Sing them when Sabbath schools are met, And your young voi - ces raise Their Sabbath evening,

Zi - on's hill, Be heard from youthful tongues. O sing them at the break - ing dawn, The
 mel - o - dies, To our Re - deemer's praise. So shall each un - for - got - ten word, When

ris - ing morn to cheer, And sing them round the evening hearth, When fires are blazing clear.
 distant far you roam, Call back your hearts which once it stirred, To childhood's blessed home.

REV. J. PARKER.

S. J. VAIL.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Is an - y - where with Je - sus.

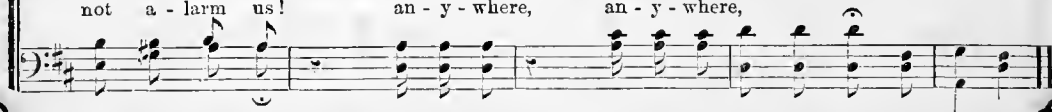
1. On the plains where Jacob lay,
2. On the land or on the sea,
3. On the couch where pain and gloom



In the des - ert's lone - ly way, On a ston - y pil - low sleeping, Or, mid wake - ful
 If my Sav - iour watch o'er me, Tempest-tossed or sweetly resting, Ev - er - more in
 Shadow forth the near - ing tomb, If He loves, no foe can harm us; Death it - self shall



grief and weep - ing. An - y - where, an - y - where, An - y - where with Je - sus.
 Him I'm trust - ing.
 not a - larm us! an - y - where, an - y - where,



LISTEN WHILE WE SING.

61

GODFREY THRING.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, List-en while we sing, Hearts and voices rais-ing Praises to our King;
 2. Nearer, ev - er near-er, Christ we draw to Thee, Deep in a - dor - a - tion Bending low the knee,
 3. Brighter still and brighter Glows the western sun, Shedding all its gladness O'er our work that's done;

All we have to of - fer, All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul and spir-it, All we yield to Thee.
 Thou for our re - demp-tion Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might follow, Hast gone up on high.
 Time will soon be ov - er, Toil and sorrow past; May we, blessed Saviour, Find a rest at last.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, blessed Sav - iour, Jesus, blessed Sav - iour, Jesus, blessed Saviour, Listen while we sing.
 blessed Saviour, Je - sus, blessed Saviour.

Je - sus, blessed Saviour, blessed Saviour.

PRAISE THE LORD.

S. C. FOSTER.

S. J. VAIL.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. Let all tongues of every nation, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! For the gift of free sal-va-tion,
 2. For the blessed Ho - ly Spirit, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! For the hopes that we in-her-it,
 3. For our faith-ful gos-pel preachers, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! For our kind efficient teachers,

CHORUS. REFRAIN.

Praise, praise the Lord! Joy - ful let our voi - ces rise, In the an - thems of the skies;
 Praise, praise the Lord!
 Praise, praise the Lord!

4

Let our loud ex - ult - ant cries, Now as - cend to heav'n.
 All our sins may be forgiven,
 Praise the Lord!
 And a home secured in heaven,
 Praise the Lord!
 Joyful, &c.

PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS.

63

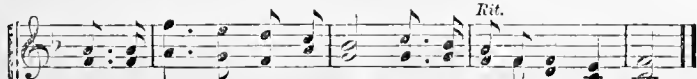
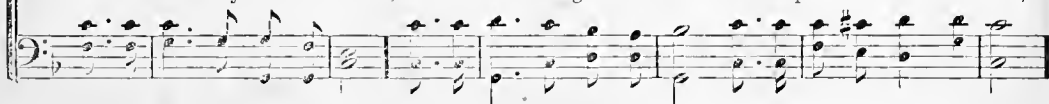
WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.



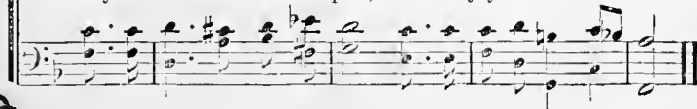
1. Pleasant are Thy courts a-bove, In the land of light and love ; Pleasant are Thy courts be-low,
2. Hap-py birds that sing and fly Round Thy al-tars, O Most High ; Happier souls that find a rest



In this land of sin and woe ; Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the converse of Thy saints ;
On their Heav'nly Father's breast ; Like the wandering dove that found No repose on earth a-round,



For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy fulness, God of grace.
They can to their ark re-pair, And en-joy it ev-er there.



3.

Lord be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through this world of sin ;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shed, oh, shed them, Lord, on me.

AWAKE AND SING THE SONG.

S. J. VAIL.

DUET,

QUARTET OF SEMI-CHORUS.

1. A - wake and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb! Wake every heart and ev-ery tongue, To
2. Sing, till we feel our hearts Ascending with our tongues; Sing, till the love of sin departs, And

praise the Saviour's name! Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing power; Sing
grace inspire our songs. Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ransomed sinners, sing! Sing

Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing power,
Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ran - somed sinners, sing!

how He in - tercedes above, For those whose sins He bore.
on, re - joic - ing every day In Christ th' exalted King.

3.

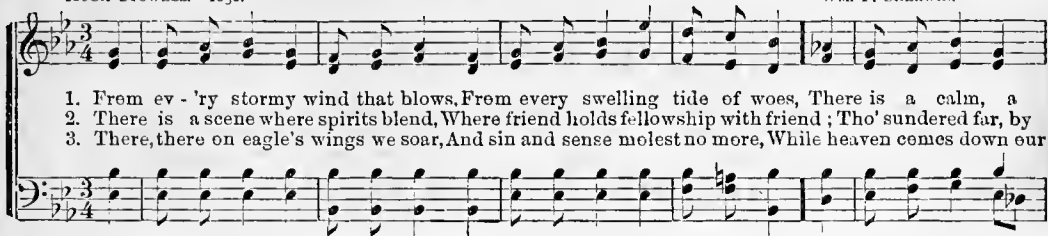
Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away
To our eternal home;
There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,

THE MERCY SEAT.

65

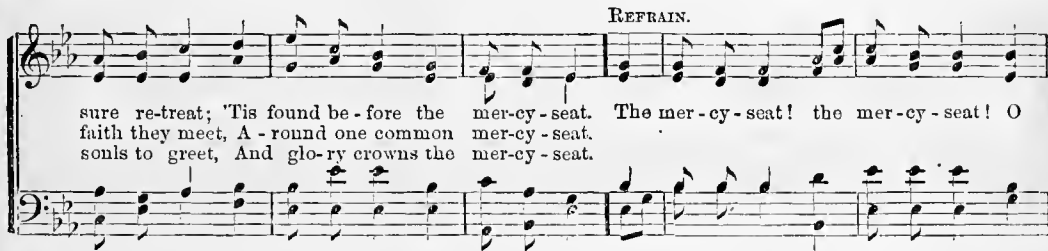
HUGH STOWELL. 1832.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a
2. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend ; Tho' sundered far, by
3. There, there on eagle's wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more, While heaven comes down our

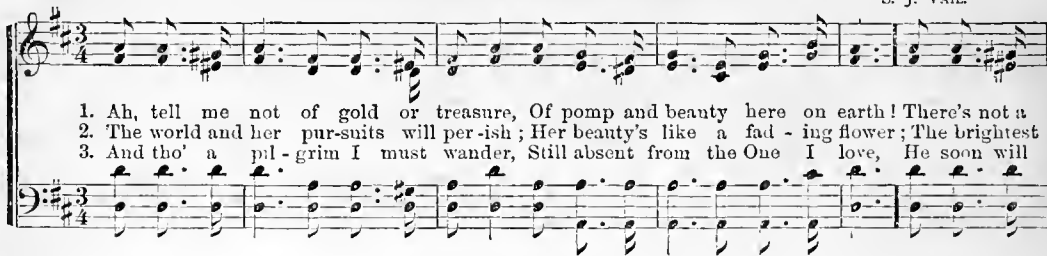
REFRAIN.



sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - fore the mer-cy - seat. The mer - cy - seat! the mer - cy - seat! O
faith they meet, A - round one common mer-cy - seat.
souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy - seat.

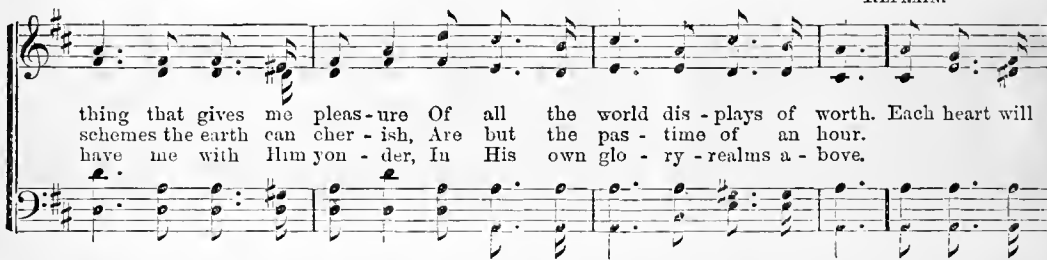


blessed rest, communion sweet ; For there by faith our Lord we meet, While sheltered 'neath the mercy-seat.



1. Ah, tell me not of gold or treasure, Of pomp and beauty here on earth! There's not a
 2. The world and her pur-suits will per-ish; Her beauty's like a fad - ing flower; The brightest
 3. And tho' a pil - grim I must wander, Still absent from the One I love, He soon will

REFRAIN.



thing that gives me pleas - ure Of all the world dis - plays of worth. Each heart will
 schemes the earth can cher - ish, Are but the pas - time of an hour.
 have me with Him yon - der, In His own glo - ry - realms a - bove.



seek and love its own; My goal is Christ, and Christ alone, My goal is Christ, and Christ a - lone!

JESUS ANSWERS PRAYER.

67

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

WM. F. SHERWIN, from "Hymnary" by per.

1. Approach, my soul, the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus answers prayer; There humbly fall be -
 2. Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore-ly prest, By war without and

fore His feet, For none can per - ish there, Thy promise is my on - ly plea, With
 fears with-in, I come to Thee for rest. Be Thou my shield and hid - ing place, That,

this I ven - ture nigh; Thou callest burdened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I!
 sheltered near Thy side, I may my fierce ac - cus - er face, And tell him Thou hast died.

O YES, I WILL COME.

S. J. VAIL.

* * *



1. O yes, I will come to the Sav - our, Con - fess - ing my guilt and sin :
 2. His warn - ing too long have I slight - ed, Re - ject - ing His call for years ;
 3. O Je - sus, my bless - ed Re - deem - er, Thy mer - it my on - ly plea -



I'll knock at the door of His mer - cy, And ask Him to let me in.
 Now, hum - bled and brok - en in spir - it, I come, with re - pent - ant tears.
 I kneel at Thy foot - stool, im - plor - ing, Have mer - cy, O Lord, on me !

REFRAIN.



So lov - ing and full of com - pas - sion, So will - ing a par - don to give ;

If I touch but the hem of his gar - ment, I know that my soul shall live.

R. W. R.
Gently.

THE BEATITUDES.

W. F. S.

1. Blessed are the mourners, So the Saviour said ; They that weep in sor-row Shall be com-fort-ed.
 2. Blessed they who hunger For the food of heaven ; Blessed the for-giv-ing, They shall be forgiven ;

Blest the poor in spir-it, Heav'nly wealth is theirs ; And the meek in-her-it Glo-ry un-a-wares.
 Pure in heart and gen-tle, They shall see the Lord ; Blessed are the martyrs, Great is their re-ward !

1. Bless - ed Sunday School, I love thee! O how sweet to gath - er here, Where the songs of joy as -
 2. We are taught the precious sto - ry Of re - demp - tion, thro' His grace; Here by Christian friends di -
 3. O how ma - ny thoughtless chil - dren Wander, on this ho - ly day, Heed - ing not the voice that

- cend - ing, Reach our Fa - ther's gra - cious ear. And the Sav - iour, And the Sav - iour Kind - ly
 - rect - ed How, in youth, to seek His face At the fountain, At the fountain, Where we
 calls them From the paths of sin a - way. — Sweetly calls them, Sweetly calls them, Here to

meets the children here, And the Sav - iour, And the Sav - iour, Kind - ly meets the children here.
 all may find a place, At the fountain, At the fountain, Where we all may find a place.
 walk in wis - dom's way, Sweetly calls them, Sweetly calls them, Here to walk in wis - dom's way.

ALL PRAYERS IN ONE.

71

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

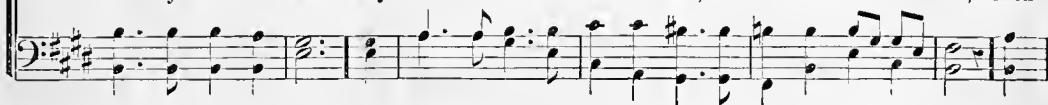
A. J. POWELL, by per.



1. One prayer I have—all prayers in one, When I am wholly Thine; Thy will, my God, Thy will be done, And
2. Is life with many comforts crown'd, Upheld in peace and health, With dear affections twined around? Lord,



let that will be mine. All-wise, almighty and all-good, In Thee I firm-ly trust; Thy
in my time of wealth May I remember that to Thee, What'er I have I owe; And



ways, unknown or understood, Are mer-ci-ful and just.
back, in grat-i-tude to Thee, May all thy bounties flow.



3 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possess;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.
Is but my name upon the roll
Of Thy redeemed above,
Then heart, and mind, and strength, and soul
Shall love Thee for Thy love!

F. C.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Thro' each per-plex - ing care and strife That marks the checkered path of life, My
2. Tho' tri - als great be - fore me rise, Tho' clouds of sor - row veil my skies, Un -

Sav - iour's guiding hand I see And know that still He lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He
moved the com-ing storm I see, For God, my Sav - iour lead-eth me.

lead-eth me, Let this my theme of rapture be! He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, My

Sav - iour's guid - ing hand I see.

3 He leadeth me, O joy divine!
The glory His, the cross be mine,
Since He who suffered on the tree
In tender mercy leadeth me. *Refrain.*

4 With Him, my soul's eternal guide,
What can I wish or want beside?
In life or death my song shall be,
My loving Saviour leadeth me! *Refrain.*

THE STRAY LAMB.

73

E. F. M.

Mrs. P. M. ALSTON, by per.

1. A fool - ish lit - tle lamb Stray'd from the Shepherd's fold ; The way was rough and dark, The
2. "O why, why did I leave My Shepherd, kind and good? No com-fort can I find, No

REFRAIN.

storm was drear and cold. Dear children do not leave The precious Saviour's fold ; The
shel - ter, care, or food :"

path of sin is dark, The way is drear and cold.

3 "O will He hear my call
And listen to my cry?
I'll lift my voice aloud,
And to the fold draw nigh." *Ref.*

4 The Shepherd heard the voice,
He heard the pleading tone,
And gently in His arms
He brought the wand'rer home. *Ref.*

WHATE'ER GOD WILLS.

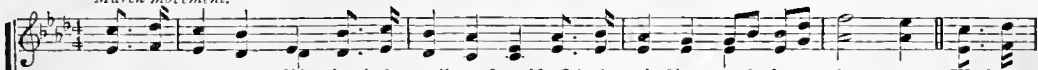
ALBERT OF BRANDENBURG. 1586.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Whate'er God wills, let that be done, His will is ev - er wis - est ; His grace will all thy
 2. My God is my sure con - fi - dence, My light and my ex - istence ; His coun - sel is be -
 3. There comes a day, when, at His will, The pulse of na - ture ceas - es ; I think up - on it

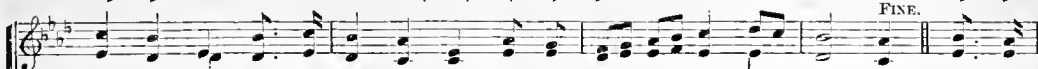
hope ontrun, Who to that faith a - ris - est ? The gracious Lord Will help afford ; He chastens with for -
 yond my sense, But stirs no weak re - sistance ; His Word declares The ver - y hairs Upon my head are
 and am still, Let come whate'er He pleases. To Him I trust My soul, my dust, When flesh and spirit

bear - ing ; Who God be - lieves, And to Him cleaves, Shall not be left de - spair - ing.
 numbered ; His mer - cy large Holds me in charge With care that nev - er slumbered.
 sev - er ; The Christ we sing Has plucked the sting A - way from death for - ev - er.

March movement.

1. In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife Of the winding path be - fore us, We have
 2. In the christian race if we take our place, We may run and wea - ry nev - er; Dai - ly

Chorus--In the march of life, &c.



naught to fear with a Sav - iour near, And His ban - ner wav - ing o'er us. If the
 press - ing on till the goal be won, Un - to Je - sus look - ing ev - er. Cast - ing



tem - pest rise in the dark'ning skies, We will yield to no re - pin - ing; Tho' the
 all our care on the Lord by prayer, He will keep our feet from fall - ing; We will



storm roar loud, through the rift - ed clond There's a gold - en sun - beam shin - ing.
 sure ob - tain, nor have run in vain For the prize of God's high call - ing.



F. C.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Come with us to Zi on the ci - ty of God ; Come walk in the paths that our fathers have trod ; The
 2. O what will it prof-it, earth's treasures to gain, And feel that our life is but useless and vain ? Or
 3. Come with us, the moments are gliding a-way ; Then slight not the warning that calls you to-day ; Come

way will grow brighter as onward we go, And riv - ers of pleasure be - side us will flow. For re -
 what in exchange for the soul can we give ? The soul that for a - ges e - ter - nal shall live.
 learn of our Saviour, the low - ly and meek, His face and His fa - vor now hasten to seek.

demption is free, re - demption is free ; Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, re - demption is free !

re - demption, is free ;

CHORUS.

1. Shout for joy ! come before the Lord with singing ; Young and old wake the glad refrain ; Praise Jeho -

FINE.
vah ! to Him your tribute bringing, Till the skies echo back the strain. Praise the Father who

loves His children ever—Chant His goodness in cheerful song ; He, our God, will forsake His people

D. C.
never ; End-less praises to Him be - long.

2.
Praise the Son, who has brought us free salvation—
Pardon, peace, through His precious blood ;
Bringing home, out of every tribe and nation,
Wand ring souls to the fold of God.
Holy Spirit, our Comforter in sadness,
Kindly Light, leading pilgrims on—
Thee we praise in a grateful hymn of gladness,
With the Father and Holy Son. Shout, &c.

Words by M.

Art. from ABBY HUTCHINSON.

1. Kind words can nev-er die; Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie Stored in the breast;
 2. Childhood can nev-er die—Wrecks of the past Float o'er the mem-o-ry, Bright to the last.
 3. Our souls can nev-er die, Though in the tomb We all may have to lie, Wrapt in its gloom.

Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times, Go thro' all years and climes The heart to cheer.
 Man - y a hap - py thing, Man - y a dai - sy spring Speed on time's ceaseless wing, Far, far away.
 What tho' the flesh de - cay, Souls pass in peace a - way, Live thro' e - ter - nal day With Christ above.

CHORUS.

Kind words can nev-er die, nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can never die, no, never die.
 Childhood can nev-er die, nev-er die, nev-er die, Childhood can nev-er die, no, never die.
 Our souls can nev-er die, nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can nev-er die, no, never die.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Thank God for the feast of the gos - pel, Where all are in - vi - ted to come; Tho'

CHORUS.

millions have tast - ed its ful - ness, O praise Him that still there is room. Still there is room,

Still there is

still there is room, O praise Him that still there is room: ... Still there is room,

room,

room, is room;

Still there is

still there is room: O praise Him that still there is room.

room,

- 2 Come ye that are hungry and thirsty,
The feast is provided for you;
O come without money and purchase
The bread that your souls will renew. *Cho.*
- 3 The pleasures of earth are but fleeting,
Like blossoms they soon will decay;
O come to the feast of the gospel,
Thro' Jesus, the Life and the Way. *Cho.*

C. J. F.

S. J. VAIL.

1. 'Tis not for a name that the world may prize, 'Tis not for the splendor that fades and dies ; My
2. I ask not the lau - rels of fame to wear, Nor yet in the pleasure of ease to share ; I

CHORUS.

boon is a treasure be - yond the skies, My Saviour has promised to me. And that all my glo - ry shall
ask that the cross I may learn to bear ; My Saviour has borne it for me.

be ; That all my glo - ry shall be ; My boon is a treasure be -
glo - ry shall be ; My boon is a treas - - ure be -

ycud the skies, And that all my glo - ry shall be.

3 I would not from labor withhold my hand,
But patiently follow my Lord's command ;
I ask that my house on the Rock may stand,
The Rock of salvation for me. *Cho.*

4 I ask not one trial or pain to shun,
The will of my Father in me be done ;
I ask it through Jesus, His only Son,
Who purchased redemption for me. *Cho.*

JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD.

81

W. BENNETT.

(INFANT CLASS.)

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Je - sus loves a lit - tle child, Smil - ing in its in - fant glee, — Says of such in accents mild,
 2. In the bless - ed Sunday - school, They are taught to fear the Lord; Here they find His ho - ly way,
 3. When life's toilsome work is done, When the stormy strife is o'er—Then around His shining throne

“Let them come to Me;” Let them come, for - bid them not; They will sing a-round the throne; —
 Learn to love His word; Arm'd with this they may go forth,—Triumph o - ver ev - ery foe, —
 On the bliss - ful shore, Shall His hap - py chil - dren meet, Sing and shout, their sufferings o'er, —

CHORUS.
 Millions now are sing - ing there, Millions more may come. Je - sus loves a lit - tle child,
 Spreading joy o'er all the earth, Soothing hu - man woe.
 Cast their crowns at Je - sus feet, Praise Him ev - er - more.

Smil - ing in its in - fant glee, — Says of such, in ac - cents mild, “Let them come to Me.”

TAKE MY HAND, DEAR JESUS.

KATE OSBORN.

(INFANT CLASS.)

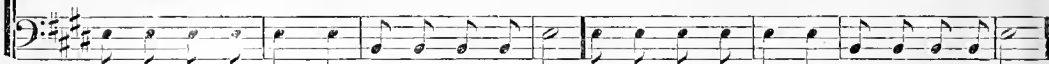
WILL. W. BENTLEY, by per.

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 alone ; Give me strength and patience Till each duty's done ;



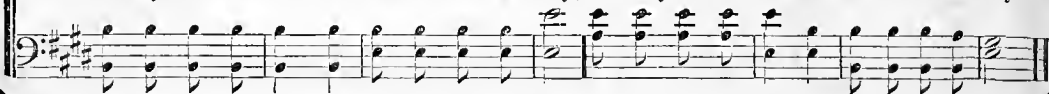
I am weak and sin - ful, Thou art pure and strong ; Take my hand dear Jesus, Lead Thy child along.
I would nev - er wan - der From Thy loving side ; Ev - er blessed Je - sus, Be my constant guide.
And when life is end - ed, I Thy face would see ; Hear my pray'r dear Jesus, Take me up to Thee.



CHORUS.



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



WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.

83

F. C.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Up with the dew-y morn, Work while 'tis day; Time, like a summer cloud, Passeth a-way.
2. Work with a lov-ing heart, Trusting the Lord; Then shall our la-bor yield Fruit of re-ward.

Now let our zeal a-wake, Each carnal fetter break; Work for the Master's sake, Work while 'tis day.
Work as the gold-en sun, Hasteth his course to run; Soon will our task be done; Work while 'tis day.

MRS. DEAN SHINDLER.
Tenderly.

TILL I SHALL BE SLEEPING.

W. F. S.

1. Till I shall be sleeping In the quiet grave, God my soul is keeping, Who is strong to save.
2. Tho' His way be hid-den, He is always true; Dai-ly come un-bidden, Blessings ev-er new.
3. He who sows with weeping, Good and precious seed, Shall with joy be reaping In the time of need.

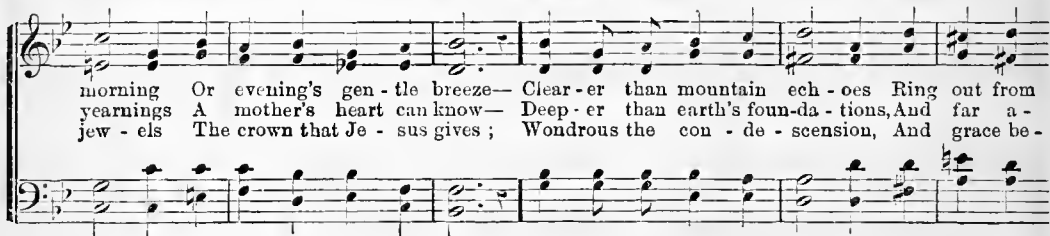
GOD'S LOVE TO ME.

W. F. S.

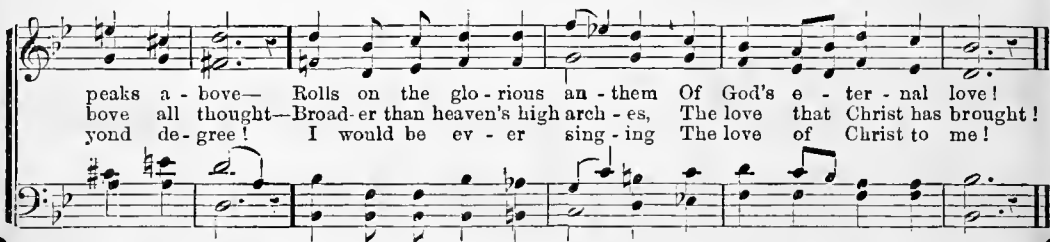
WM. F. SHERWIN, from "Hymnary" by per.



1. Grand-er than o - cean's sto - ry Or songs of for - est trees— Pur - er than breath of
 2. Dear - er than an - y lov - ings The tru - est friends be - stow— Stronger than all the
 3. Rich - er than all earth's treas - ure The wealth my soul re - ceives; Brighter than roy - al



morning Or evening's gen - tle breeze— Clear - er than mountain ech - oes Ring out from
 yearnings A mother's heart can know— Deep - er than earth's foun - da - tions, And far a -
 jew - els The crown that Je - sus gives; Wondrous the con - de - scension, And grace be -



peaks a - bove— Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love!
 bove all thought— Broad - er than heaven's high arch - es, The love that Christ has brought!
 yond de - gree! I would be ev - er sing - ing The love of Christ to me!

CLOSING HYMN.

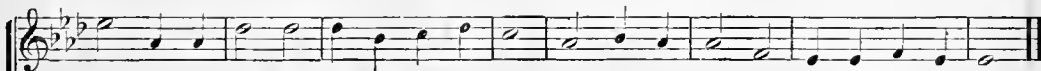
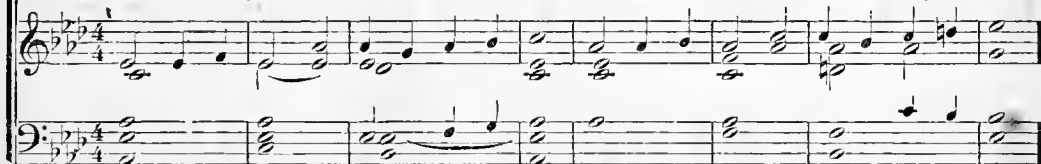
85

REV. JOHN ELLERTON.

E. J. HOPKINS, from "HYMNARY."



1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord, our parting hymn of praise ;
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way ; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness in - to night ;
4. Graut us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife ;



We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy Name.
 From harm and dan - ger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are all a - like to Thee.
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thy e - ter - nal peace.



JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

S. J. VAIL.

* * *

1. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, Heav'n resounds with songs of praise, When a wand'ring soul re-
 2. There is joy a-mong the an-gels When the humble, contrite pray'r, Whisper'd in the ear of
 3. O the Father's ten - der mer-cy ! O the depth of Je - sus' love ! Full salvation, free re -

REFRAIN.

turn - eth From the er - ror of his ways. Turn us, turn us bless - ed Sav - iour,
 Je - sus, Finds a' lov - ing wel - come there.
 demp - tion ! Glorious theme of songs a - bove.

Wash us in Thy blood di-vine ; By Thy gracious Spir-it leading, Seal and make us ever Thine.

1. I am so young, O Je - sus, I do not un - der - stand The way my soul must
 2. Is it to trust Thy prom - ise, And sim - ply to be - lieve, Like trust - ing in my
 3. Thou lov - est lit - tle chil - dren, May I that love re - ceive? I long to be Thy

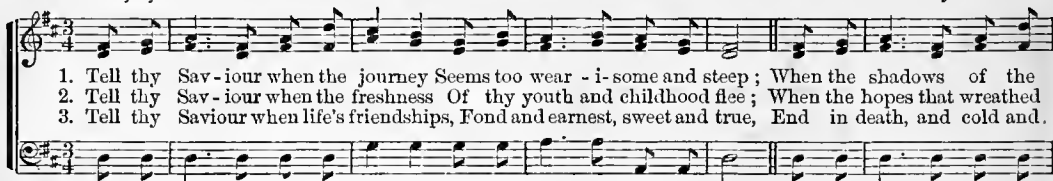
jour - ney To reach the bet - ter land. O tell me how to love Thee, And
 moth - er, Whose love I would not grieve? Her word is ve - ry pre - cious, And
 dear one, Wilt Thou my sin for - give? I seem to bear a whis - per, "Yes,

what my "faith" must be: Dear gen - tle, pa - tient Teach - er, Ex - plain it all to me.
 all in all to me; Is this the "faith," dear Sav - iour, That I may bring to Thee?
 dar - ling, come to Me." Reach down Thy hand, dear Je - sus, And draw me close to Thee.

TELL THY SAVIOUR.

Mostly by W. F. S.

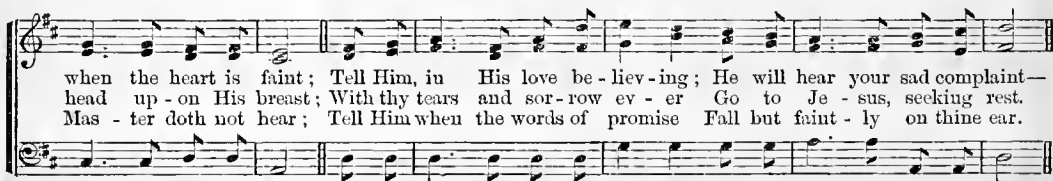
S. J. VAIL



1. Tell thy Sav- iour when the journey Seems too wear - i - some and steep ; When the shadows of the
2. Tell thy Sav - iour when the freshness Of thy youth and childhood flee ; When the hopes that wreathed
3. Tell thy Saviour when life's friendships, Fond and earnest, sweet and true, End in death, and cold and.



val - ley O'er thy trembling spir - it creep ; Tell Him when thy light is fad - ing, Tell Him
the future On - ly live in mem - o - ry ; Take thy dis - appointments to Him, Lean thy
si - lent Lie the forms most dear to you ; Tell Him when the tempter whispers That the



when the heart is faint ; Tell Him, in His love be - liev - ing ; He will hear your sad complaint -
head up - on His breast ; With thy tears and sor - row ev - er Go to Je - sus, seeking rest.
Mas - ter doth not hear ; Tell Him when the words of promise Fall but faint - ly on thine ear.

REFRAIN.



For no friend on earth is like Him ! There's no love so full, and free ; No re - ward is like the

TELL THY SAVIOUR. Concluded.

89

glo - ry, Trusting heart, that wait - eth thee!

4 Children, always tell the Saviour
 All your troubles, great or small,—
 Every want or care or sorrow—
 Every longing— tell Him all;
 For He loves you truly, dearly,
 If His 'child you now would be;
 And in mercy still is saying,
 "Let the children come to me."

TO THEE I COME.

J. E. GOULD, by per.

1. Je - sus, I come— I come to - night; Re - store to me my blind - ed sight, And
 2. Je - sus, I come— I can - not stay From Thee an - oth - er pre - cious day; I
 3. Je - sus, I come—"just as I am," To Thee, the ho - ly, spot - less Lamb; Thou

in my soul "let there be light!" Je - sus, to Thee I come! Je - sus, to Thee I come!
 would Thy word this night o - bey— Je - sus, to Thee I come! Je - sus, to Thee I come!
 wilt re - ceive me as I am— Je - sus, to Thee I come! Je - sus, to Thee I come!

FANNY.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. God grants thee yet a lit - tle space, Poor care - less sin - ner, come ; He lengthens out thy
 2. Thou art un - bles - sed and un - for - given, Poor care - less sin - ner, come ; Thou hast no hope of
 3. Thy Sav - iour now is pass - ing by, Poor care - less sin - ner, come ; He would not that thy

day of grace, Poor careless sinner, come. Will not the sto - ry of His love Who
 joy in heav'n, Poor careless sinner, come. A rug - ged path thou long hast trod, Re -
 soul should die, Poor careless sinner, come. His spir - it pleads and pleads with thee, Ap -

came, thy ransom, from a - bove, One tender tho't within thee move ; Poor careless sinner, come.
 turn and make thy peace with God, Be washed in His aton - ing blood ; Poor careless sinner, come.
 proach Him now on bended knee ; Accept by faith His love so free ; Poor careless sinner, come.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALL.

91

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

A. B. CLARKE.

1. See Israel's gen-tle Shepherd stands With all-en-gaging charms; Hark, how He calls the
 2. "Per-mit them to approach," He cries, "Nor scorn their humble name, For 'twas to bless such
 3. Ye lit-tle flock, with pleas-ure hear; Ye children, seek His face, And fly with trans-
 port

REFRAIN.

ten-der lambs, And folds them in His arms. O Je-sus is my Shep-herd, I
 souls as these, The Lord of an-gels came. O Je-sus &c.
 to re-ceive The bless-ings of his grace. O Je-sus &c.

seek His ten-der care; I'll fol-low where He gen-tly leads, And all His mer-cies share.

WAITING FOR ME.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. (There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love, There are wretched ones passing the street ;
 (There are friendless and suf - fer - ing strangers around, There are tempted and poor I must meet ;
 2. (There are old and for - sa - ken, who lin - ger a - while In the homes which the dear ones have left :
 (And an ac - tion of love, or a few gen - tle words Might cheer the sad spir - it be - reft.)

There are man - y unthought of, whom, hap - py and blest, In the land of the good I shall see ;
 But the reap - er is near to the long - standing corn, The wea - ry shall soon be set free :

Len.....
 Will an - y of them at the beau - ti - ful gate Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me ?
 Will an - y of them at the beau - ti - ful gate Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me ?

REFRAIN.

Be wait - - - ing and watch - ing for me, Yes, wait - - - ing and watch - ing for me,
 Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me, for me, Yes, wait - ing and watch - ing for me, for me,

WAITING FOR ME. Concluded.

93

Len.

May man-y of those at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be waiting and watching for me.

3 There are little ones gliding about on my path,
In need of a friend and a guide;
There are dim little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears could be easily dried:

But Jesus may beckon the children away,
In the midst of their grief or their glee;
Will any of these at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me.

GLORIOUS IMMANUEL.

Words by Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. Glorious Im-man-u-el, Thee we a-dore! Gracious and mer-ci-ful, ho-ly and just;
2. Gracious Re-deem-er, al-might-y to save; Tho' Thou hast trodden the wine press a-lone,
3. Yet while ex-alt-ed to em-pire a-bove, Holding sweet converse with creatures be-low;
4. Glorious Im-man-u-el, ev-er to reign, Wide be Thy ban-ner in splendor un-furled;

One with the Fa-ther our bliss to re-store, We praise Thee, we bless Thee, in Thee will we trust.
Now Thou art ris-en a-bove the dark grave And crowned by Thy Father a King on His throne.
Friend of the friendless, how wondrous Thy love, Re-ceiving lost souls from the confines of woe.
Send forth Thy messengers o'er land and main, And bid them not cease 'till they conquer the world!

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1873. By per.

This may be rendered by a choir or semi-chorus when convenient, the school joining in the "refrains." The Superintendent should select appropriate texts of Scripture to be read by some scholar before each verse. The following programme of readings, in connection with the song, will be found instructive and impressive:

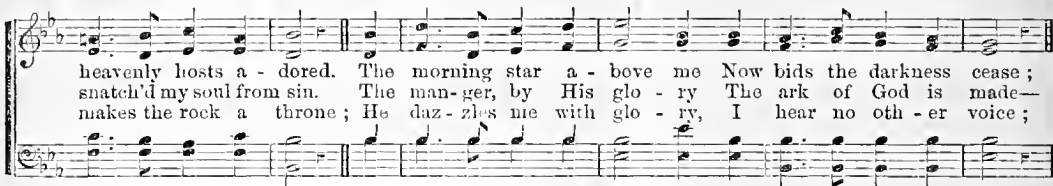
1. DOXOLOGY: "Praise God." L. M.
2. READING: *Luke ii*, 8-12.
3. SINGING: No. 1, verse 1.
4. READING: *Psa. xlix*, 7-10.
5. SINGING: No. 1, verse 2.

6. READING: *Matt. xvii*, 1-8.
7. SINGING: No. 1, verse 3.
8. READING: *Matt. xxvii*, 45-56.
9. SINGING: No. 2, verse 1.
10. READING: *Matt. xxviii*, 1-9.

11. SINGING: No. 2, verse 2.
12. READING: *Acts i*, 7-9.
13. SINGING: No. 3, verse 1.
14. READING: *1 John iii*, 1-3.
15. SINGING: No. 3, verse 2.

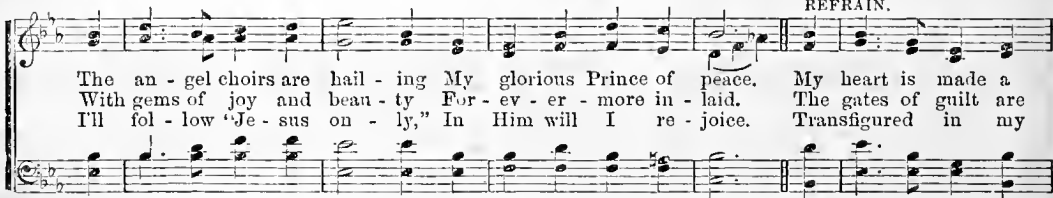
No. 1. *Kather fast.*


1. My heart is made a manger For th' com-ing of the Lord; He's sweetly born with-in me, Whom
2. The gates of guilt are lift-ed, The King has en-tered in; He's bared His arm of mer-ey, And
3. Transfigured in my spir-it, I see my Lord a-lone; I'm on the mount with Je-sus, He



heavenly hosts a-dored. The morning star a-bove me Now bids the darkness cease;
snatch'd my soul from sin. The man-ger, by His glo-ry The ark of God is made—
makes the rock a throne; He daz-zles me with glo-ry, I hear no oth-er voice;

REFRAIN.



The an-gel choirs are hail-ing My glorious Prince of peace. My heart is made a
With gems of joy and bean-ty For-ev-er-more in-laid. The gates of guilt are
I'll fol-low "Je-sus on-ly," In Him will I re-joice. Transfigured in my

* The three hymns of this series may be used separately when desirable.

MY LIFE OF JESUS. Continued.

95

manger Forth' coming of the Lord ; He's sweet-ly born with-in me, Whom heavenly hosts a - dored.
 lift - ed, The King has entered in ; He's bared His arm of mer-cy And snatch'd my soul from sin.
 spir - it, I see my Lord a - lone ; I'm on the mount with Jesus, He makes the rock a throne.

No. 2. *Lovingly.*

1. I felt the aw - ful darkness Of a Sav - iour cru - ci - fied ; Like lov - ing, weeping
 2. The Lord is risen with-in me, I... seek the things a - bove ; The seal of death is

Ma - ry, I stood the cross be - side. My sins and guilt are hid - den Be -
 brok - en By th'an - gel of his love. My tomb is in a gar - den, My

hind the cross of woe : The fount the spear-wound opened Has washed me white as snow.
 heart for-gets her tears ; 'Mid doubts He walks be - side me, My spir - it burns her fears.

No. 3. *Very spirited.*

1. I know that my Re - deem - er Still liv - eth deep with - in, And, as He ev - er
2. I love this life of Je - sus, In - scribed up - on my heart; With precious blood 'tis

liv - eth, I'll ev - er live with Him. Like Him shall be my spir - it And dwell in perfect bliss;
writ - ten, No word shall e'er de - part. I feel a heavenly glo - ry That eye hath never seen;

REFRAIN

My heav'n shall be, for - ev - er To see Him as He is. I know that my Re - deemer Still
And heav'n my spir - it touch - es, For Je - sus dwells with - in.

liv - eth deep with - in, And, as He ev - er liv - eth, I'll ev - er live with Him.

NEARER, O LAMB OF GOD.

97

FANNY CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Near - er, O Lamb of God, Fold us to Thee; Joined to our liv - ing Head
 2. While at Thy sa - cred feet Hum - bly we kneel, Thy soul re - viv - ing grace
 3. Sealed with Thy pre - cious blood—Our par - don free— Draw us from day to day

Grant we may be. Near - er Thy wounded side, Thou who hast bled and died;
 Lord may we feel; Now let Thy spir - it move 'Till, from Thy throne a - bove,
 Near - er to Thee. Help us Thy cross to bear, Guard us from ev - ery snare:

O may our faith a - bide Near - er to Thee.
 Our heart shall burn with love, Sav - iour, to Thee.
 This be our con - stant pray'r, Near - er to Thee.

4.
 Chastened beneath Thy rod
 Though we may be,
 O may it bring us, Lord,
 Nearer to Thee.
 Dearest of friends Thou art;
 Nearer Thy loving heart,
 Call us from earth apart,
 Nearer to Thee.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Sun of my soul, my Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near ; Oh, let no earth-born
 2. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live ; A-bide with me when
 3. Watch by the sick, en - rich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store ; Be every mourner's

cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied
 night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine, Has spurn'd this
 sleep to - night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the

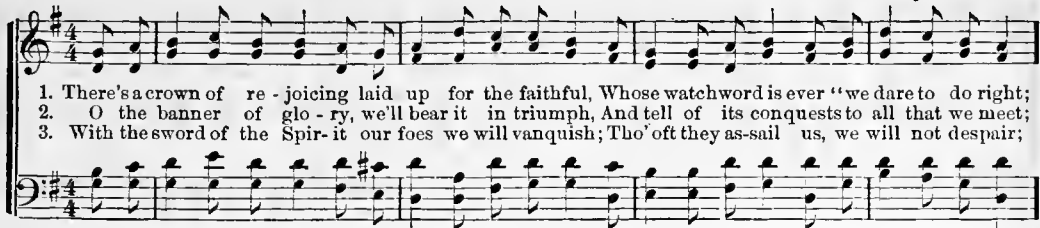
eye-lids gent - ly steep, Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
 day the voice di - vine, Now, Lord, the gracious work be - gin, Let him no more lie down in sin.
 world our way we take, Till in the o - cean of Thy love, We rest ourselves in Heav'n a - bove.

PRESS ONWARD.

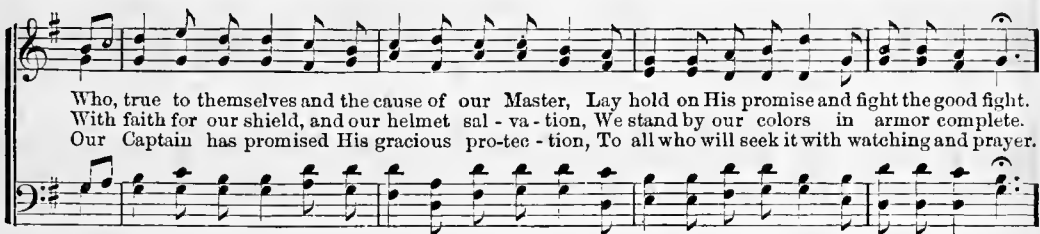
99

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

S. J. VAIL.

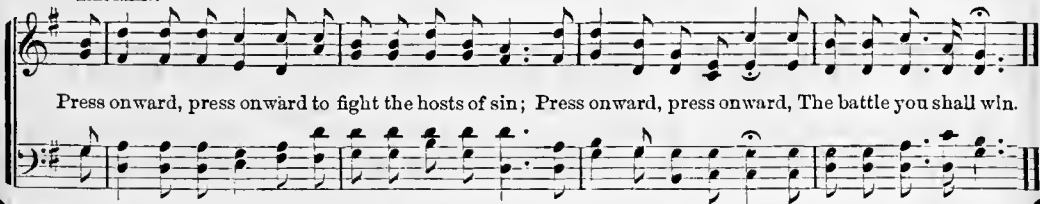


1. There's a crown of re-joicing laid up for the faithful, Whose watchword is ever "we dare to do right;
2. O the banner of glo-ry, we'll bear it in triumph, And tell of its conquests to all that we meet;
3. With the sword of the Spir-it our foes we will vanquish; Tho' oft they as-sail us, we will not despair;



Who, true to themselves and the cause of our Master, Lay hold on His promise and fight the good fight.
With faith for our shield, and our helmet sal-va-tion, We stand by our colors in armor complete.
Our Captain has promised His gracious pro-tec-tion, To all who will seek it with watching and prayer.

REFRAIN.



Press onward, press onward to fight the hosts of sin; Press onward, press onward, The battle you shall win.

REJOICE IN THE LORD.

1. Re - joice in the Lord! there is light in the dwelling, And peace in the spir - it where
2. Re - joice in the Lord! the fresh flow' - ets are springing In fra - grance and beau - ty to

Christ is the guest; And sure - ly the cho - rus might al - ways be swelling A - round the glad
glad - den the way; The Fa - ther of mer - cies His lar - gess is fling - ing, New to - kens of

threshold which Je - sns has blest. Re - joice in the Lord! He will scat - ter the sad - ness That
love for each new - ly born day. Re - joices in the Lord! He is ten - der - ly lead - ing Each

broods o'er the sanc - ti - fied home of His friends; And days as they pass will be radiant with gladness,
step that His wis - dom requires thee to take; And He will sup - ply all the strength thou art needing.

REJOICE IN THE LORD. Concluded.

101

When prayer from the fami - ly al - tar ascends.
Who lov - eth for - ev - er, and will not forsake.

3 Rejoice in the Lord! there is joy for thee ever,
If thou in thy lifetime belongest to Him;
A bond, all of love, which no change can e'er sever,
A sun o'er thy head which no storm-cloud can dim.
Rejoice in the Lord! He awaits thee in heaven,
With myriads who make His light service their choice;
And shortly the robe and the crown will be given
To Thee, oh, believer! then always rejoice!

I TRUST IN THEE.

F. C.

S. J. VAIL

1. Sav - iour I trust in Thee, O that my strength may be, Lord, as my day. Do Thou my
2. Sav - iour I trust in Thee, Where e'er Thou leadest me, Joy - ful I go. Help me to
3. Sav - iour I trust in Thee, Wilt Thou a - bide in me, Thou art the vine. Pre - cious to
4. Sav - iour I trust in Thee, Grant that my life may be Act - ive and pure. All that I

faith increase, Let all my doubting cease, Keep me in perfect peace, Je - sus, I pray.
gath - er in Souls from the path of sin, Thy par - don free to win, Thy love to know.
me thou art, Graft Thou with - in my heart, Faith that shall ne'er depart, Sav - iour di - vine.
find to do, May I with zeal pur - sue, Thou wilt my strength renew, Thy word is sure.

FANNY CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

1. 'Tis the Saviour's great command, That His children all be found Earnest workers, hand in hand,
 2. Work for Je - sus, blest employ! Tho' we now may sow in tears, We shall reap with songs of joy,
 3. Work for Je - sus, young and old; Wherefore i - dle do ye stand? Lift your eyes, the fields behold,
 4. Work for Je - sus, one and all, From the morning's ear - ly ray, 'Till the evening shadows fall,

REFRAIN.

Toil - ing in the vineyard ground. Work for Je - sus, work for Je - sus, 'Till our day is o'er;
 Pre - cious grain in af - ter years.
 Read - y for the reaper's hand.
 And the twilight fades a - way.

CODA.

Then we'll bear our sheaves rejoicing, Resting ev - er - more, Ev - ermore, ev - ermore,
 Ev - ermore, ev - ermore,

Resting ev - er - more; Then we'll bear our sheaves re - joic - ing, Resting ev - er - more.

PAXTON HOOD.
Not too Slow.

SWEET HALLELUJAHS.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sweet hal - le - lu - jahs! the birds and the blossoms Chant forth in har - mo - ny, praise to the Lord;
2. Sweet hal - le - lu - jahs! the works of cre - a - tion, Praise Him who only may e'er be a - dored;
3. Sweet hal - le - lu - jahs! the great congre - ga - tion Round the white throne shall re - echo the word;

Sweet hal - le - lu - jahs from pen - i - tent bo - soms; Angels in - rap - ture re - ech - o the word.
Sweet - er the thrill of a new an - i - ma - tion, When sinners, pardoned, sing praise to the Lord.
Pass with their palms thro' the gates of sal - va - tion, Singing for - ev - er their praise to the Lord.

1. Wea-ry with walk-ing a-lone, Long heav-y-lad-en with sin, Toil-ing all
 2. Fear-ing to stand for my Lord, Trembling for weakness in prayer, Yet on the
 3. Anx-ious no long-er for self, Shrieking no long-er from pain, Lean-ing on
 4. Lean-ing, I walk in "THE WAY;" Lean-ing, "THE TRUTH" I shall know; Lean-ing on

REFRAIN.

night with-out Christ, REST for my soul shall I win? Lean-ing on Je-sus,
 bo-som di-vine Los-ing each sor-row and fear.
 Je-sus a-lone, He all my care will sus-tain.
 heart-throbs of Christ, Safe in-to "LIFE" I may go.

Lean-ing on Je-sus, One whom He lov-eth, I walk at His side; Lean-ing in

LEANING ON JESUS. Concluded.

105

trust on the arms ev - er - last - ing, Lean - ing in peace on the heart of my Guide.

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 common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

JOHN F. WOOD.

ABIDING LOVE.

S. J. VAIL

1. O Thou, in power and maj-es - ty transcending, Rul - ing for - ev - er from Thy throne above,
 2. At ear - ly morn, when roseate tints are streaming Athwart the broad immen - si - ty of sky,
 3. As beacon light, on some bold headland shining, Its warning gives, to shun the treacherous shore,
 4. And when for us shall end life's passing sto - ry—This fleeting dream by death be chased a - way—

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

May Thy blest Spir - it, on our souls de - scending, Fill ev - ery heart with firm, a - bid - ing love.
 May we a - rise with gladness to a - dore Thee, Great God our Father, Friend and King on high.
 So may Thy Word, our pathway clear de - fin - ing, Guide us thro' danger safe - ly ev - er - more.
 Oh! take us, Lord, to reign with Thee in glo - ry, Where night and gloom dissolve in per - fect day.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

THE DEAR SHEPHERD.

1. Lit - tle children to Je - sus be - long, And He calls them the lambs of his fold; The dear
2. Je - sus once was a child young as we, And to us the sweet promise is given, "Let the

Shepherd is ten - der and strong, He will shel - ter them safe from the cold; To His
lit - tle ones come un - to me, For of such is the king - dom of heaven;" Will you

bos - om so ten - der - ly pressed, He will kind - ly sup - ply eve - ry need - In green
come and u - nite in our song, Praising Him who hath loved us so well? Oh then

THE DEAR SHEPHERD. Concluded.

107

REFRAIN.

pas-tures will make them to rest, And be-side the still wa - ters will lead. Will you
 come and make one of our throng, That we all in his king - dom may dwell.

heed now the call Of the dear, lov - ing Shep - herd? He waits your re - ply, And will

come, by and by, For His loved ones, to fold them a - bove.
 by and by, He will come by and by,

THREE-FOLD LOVE.

W. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. See, O see! what love the Fa - ther Hath bestowed up - on our race; How He bends in
 2. See, O see! what love the Sav - iour Al - so hath on us bestowed; How He bled for
 3. See, O see! what love is shown us Al - so by the Ho - ly Ghost; How He pleadeth,

sweet compas - sion, O - ver us His beam - ing face. See how He His best and dear - est
 us, and suffered, How He bore the heav - y load. On the cross, and in the gar - den,
 striv - eth with us, E - ven when we sin the most! Teaching, comfort - ing, cor - rect - ing,

For the very worst hath given, His own Son for us poor sinners; See, O see the love of heaven!
 Oh! how sore was His distress! Is not this a love that passeth Aught that tongue can e'er express?
 Where He sees it need - ful is; O, what heart would not be thankful For a three-fold love like this.

THREE-FOLD LOVE. Concluded.

109

REFRAIN.

Wondrous love on us be - stowed! Call - ing us the sons of God!

HIS LITTLE ONE.

A. M. H.

(INFANT CLASS.)

W. F. S.

1. And is it true what I am told, That there are lambs within the fold Of God's be - lov - ed Son?
2. And I, a lit - tle straying lamb, May come to Je - sus as I am, Tho' goodness I have none;
3. Others there are who love me too, But who, with all their love, can do What Jesus Christ has done?
4. Thus, by this gracious Saviour fed, And by His mercy gent - ly led Where liv - ing wa - ters run,

That Je - sus Christ, with tender care, Will in His arms most gently bear The helpless lit - tle one?
 May now be fold - ed on His breast, As birds within the parent nest, And be His lit - tle one.
 Then if He teaches me to pray, I'll sure - ly go to Him and say, Lord, keep Thy lit - tle one.
 My greatest pleasure will be this, That I'm a lit - tle lamb of His Who loves the lit - tle one.

1. O what shall I do to be saved? My sins like a mountain ap-pear; I stand on the
 2. "Be-lieve on the Lord Je-sus Christ," Comes soft to my spir-it with-in; Be-lieve on Him
 3. A light streaming down from the cross, Di-rects to a fountain that's free; 'Tis filled with Im-

REFRAIN.

verge of de-spair, My soul is o'erwhelmed with its fear. I have but one refuge, I have but one
 now, with thy heart, And thou shalt be saved from thy sin."
 man - u - el's blood; This on-ly a - vail-eth for me.

plea; O Je - sus, my Saviour, Have mercy on me.

4.

I come with repentance and faith,
 And though I am sinful and weak,
 I feel, I believe, yes, I know
 He'll grant me the pardon I seek.

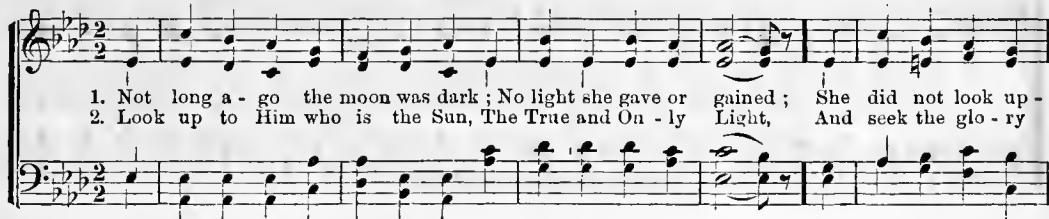
WALKING IN BRIGHTNESS.

111

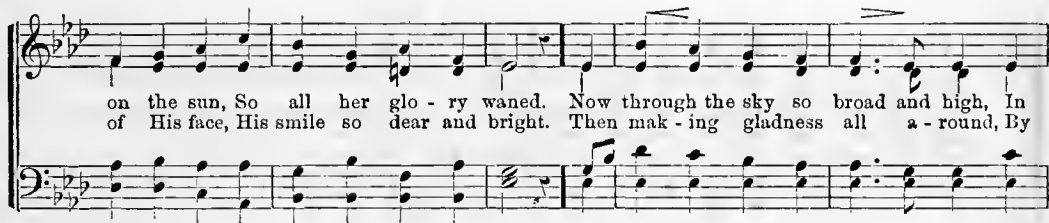
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

"The moon, walking in brightness."—Job, xxxi: 26.

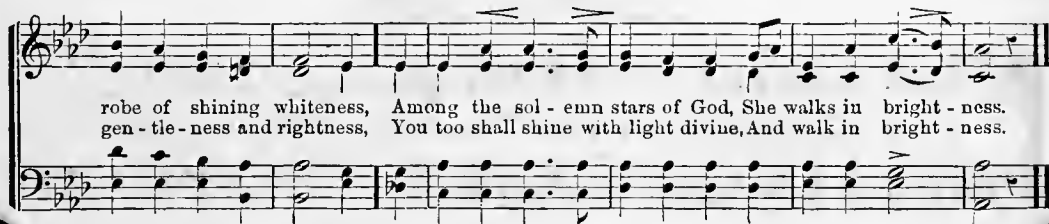
A. RANDEGGER. (arr.)



1. Not long a - go the moon was dark ; No light she gave or gained ; She did not look up -
2. Look up to Him who is the Sun, The True and On - ly Light, And seek the glo - ry



on the sun, So all her glo - ry waned. Now through the sky so broad and high, In
of His face, His smile so dear and bright. Then mak - ing gladness all a - round, By



robe of shining whiteness, Among the sol - emn stars of God, She walks in bright - ness.
gen - tle - ness and rightness, You too shall shine with light divine, And walk in bright - ness.

1. Be-hold me standing at the door, And hear me pleading ev - er - more With gen-tle voice a -
 2. I fought for thee with death's dark wave, I burst the dungeous of the grave; I would my rightful
 3. I wore the cru - el thorns for thee; I lis - ten long and pa-tient-ly To hear thy footsteps

bove the din, "May I come in?" "May I come in?"
 guerdon win—"May I come in?" "May I come in?"
 from with-in; "May I come in?" "May I come in?"

- 4 There's surely room within Thy breast
 For one more loving than the rest;
 More loving far than earthly kin—
 "May I come in?" "May I come in?"
- 5 I would not have thee beat in vain
 My Father's door, and plead in pain
 When Heaven and all its joys begin—
 "May I come in?" "May I come in?"

THE SWEET STORY.

1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called little
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,—His arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have

O LAMB OF GOD, COME IN!

113

W. F. S.

(Answer to "MAY I COME IN?")

W. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. O heavenly Guest, Thy call I hear, Thy pleadings move my soul within; My heart is o-pen now to
2. Here let Thy dwelling ever be, And far remove my every sin; Thrice welcome to my longing

3 Supreme o'er all my being rule,
That earth no more my love may win;
Abide with me till life depart;
O Blessed One, come in, come in.

4 Help me to love Thee more and more;
Now let the work of grace begin;
My strength, my hope, my Saviour dear,
Thou All in All, come in, come in.

Thee; O Lamb of God, come in, come in.
soul! Thou Best of Friends, come in, come in.

THE SWEET STORY. Concluded.

children as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."

3. Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.—

4. In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

THE CLEANSING WAVE.

MRS. PHEBE PALMER.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide; Je - sus, my Lord, might-
 2. I rise to walk in heaven's own light A - bove the world and sin, With heart made pure, and
 3. A - ma-zing grace! 'tis heaven be-low To feel the blood ap - plied; And Je - sus, on - ly

CHORUS.

- y to save, Points to His wounded side. The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it
 garments white, And Christ enthron'd within. The cleansing stream, &c.
 Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied. The cleansing stream, &c.

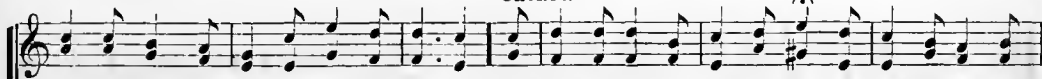
cleanseth me, Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!



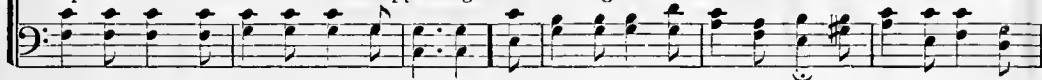
1. There is a Gate of shin - ing pearl, Be - yond the si - lent riv - er, And hap - py souls who
 2. There is a land whose radiant sky With constant light is glowing; And all a - long its
 3. To ev - ery sol - dier of the Cross, The prospect, O how cheering; There is a crown laid



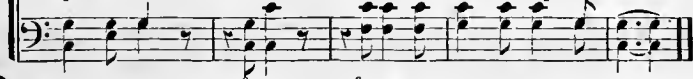
CHORUS.



en - ter there, Shall dwell with Christ forever. O love a - mazing! can it be That Gate is o - pen
 verdant shore, The tide of joy is flowing. O love a - mazing! can it be A land so pure and
 up for those Who wait our Lord's appearing. A - mazing love! O can it be There is a crown laid



now for me? For me, for me? Stands o - pen now for me?
 bright for me? For me, for me? So pure and bright for me?
 up for me? For me, for me? A crown laid up for me?



for me, for me,

4.

The blood of Him who died for all—
 O wondrous, wondrous story!
 His blood that cleanseth every sin,
 Secures that land of glory.
 Amazing love! O can it be
 His blood secures that land for me?
 For me, for me?
 Secures that land for me?

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above; Of Je - sus and His glory, Of Je - sus and His
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully

love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings As
 dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the reason I
 sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The message of sal - va - tion From

CHORUS.

noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To
 tell it now to thee.
 God's own ho - ly word.

I LOVE TO TELL. Concluded.

117

tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

4.
I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long! *Cho.*

MISS M. J. MASON.

SAVIOUR, WHO DIED FOR ME.

W. F. SHERWIN, by per.

Lovingly.

1. Saviour, who died for me, I give myself to Thee ; Thy love, so full—so free, Claims all my powers.
2. May it be joy to me To follow on - ly Thee ;—Thy faithful servant be, Thine to the end.
3. Saviour, with me abide ; Be ev - er near my side, Support, defend and guide ; I look to Thee.

Be this my purpose high, To serve Thee till I die, Whether my path shall lie Mid thorns or flowers.
For Thee, I'll do and dare : For Thee the cross I'll bear ; To Thee direct my prayer, On Thee depend.
I lay my hand in Thine, And fleeting joys re-sign, If I may call Thee mine E - ter - nal - ly.

SING OF HIS LOVE.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Let us sing of the Lamb that was slain, Of the love that can nev - er de - cay, Till, re -
 2. There is cleansing and healing for all Who are washed in the life - giv - ing flood; There is
 3. E - ven now while we taste of His love, We are filled with de - light at His name, But

REFRAIN.

leased from all sor - row and pain, We shall praise Him a - gain in that day. We shall
 life ev - er - last - ing and joy At the right hand of God, through the blood.
 what will it be when a - bove, We shall join in the song of the Lamb.

sing of his love, In that bright world of joy ev - er - more, We shall
 We shall sing of His love, ev - er more,

SING HIS LOVE. Concluded.

119

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

sing of His love, In that bright world of joy ev - er - more.
we shall sing of His love.

DR. WATTS.

THY WORD.

S. J. V.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

1. How shall the young se-cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word, O Lord, the
2. When once it en-ters to the mind, It spreads such light a-broad, The mean - est may in -

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

way im - parts, To keep the con - science clean.
- struc - tion find, And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
O may it guard our earliest youth,
And cheer our latest age!

1. Work while the day lasts, Work while there's room; Work ere the night shades Darken in gloom; Work for the Sav-
 2. Work while the sun shines, Work while you're strong; Work against error, Battle the wrong; Work for the treas-
 3. Work for the sorrowing, Work for the glad; Work making hearts light, Cheering the sad, Work thro' the dark -

Work,

- iour and work for the good Of hu - man-i - ty, suff'ring with sin's wea-ry load; Up, then, and work!
 - ure and work for the gain, In God's har-vest of souls, O'er the earth's teeming plain.
 - ness and work thro' the strife, And God's blessing will bethen, e - ter - ni - ty's life.

work,

Up!

work!

work!

Up, then, and work! Up, then, and work while the day beams for man; Up then and work, Up and work!

Up, then, and work, Up and work.

THE CRYSTAL FOUNT.

121

J. WM. SUFFERN, by per.

1. See the sparkling wa-ter Flowing now so free, Dancing down the hillside, Winding o'er the lea ;
 2. O the crystal wa-ter! How we love the sight Of its waving beau-ty, In the sun's fair light!
 3. Pure, life-giv-ing wa-ter, Flowing free for all! In its draught no serpent Lurks to cause our fall:

Bringing health and vi-gor To the toil-ing man, Flashing in the sunlight, Free from poison's ban.
 Ev-ery drop pel-lu-cid Sparkles like a gem, Brightest of the jew-els In a di-a-dem.
 Sing a-loud its praises O-ver land and sea! Pure and sparkling wa-ter Is the drink for me!

WATCH AND PRAY.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. "Christian ! seek not yet repose." Hear thy guardian | angel say; || "Thou art in the midst of foes, | Watch and pray."
 2. Principalities and powers, Mustering their un- | seen army, || Wait for thy unguarded hours, | Watch and pray.
 3. Gird thy heavenly armor on, Wear it ever | night and day ; || Ambushed lies the evil one, | Watch and pray.
 4. Hear the victors who o'ercame, Still they mark each | warrior's way ; || All with one accord exclaim | Watch, &c.
 5. Hear, above all, hear thy Lord, Him thou lovest | to obey ; || Hide within thy heart His word, | Watch and pray.
 6. Watch, as if on that alone, Hung the issue | of the day ; || Pray that help may be sent down; | Watch and pray.

THE TEMPERANCE FLAG.

W. W. DOWNS.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. The temp'rance flag a - loft is raised Throughout our na - tive land! Long may it
 2. So to the breeze, with lus - tre bright Thy stain - less folds un - furl, And fill our
 3. And when at last our work is done—Our Fath - er - land re - deemed, When eyes now


wave, an emblem proud, To cheer our no - ble hand. Just as of yore, and e'en to - day, The
 hearts with burning zeal, Till Rum from power we hurl. From North to South, from East to West, Float
 dim from weeping sore Once more with joy have beamed. When every home is pure and free, And

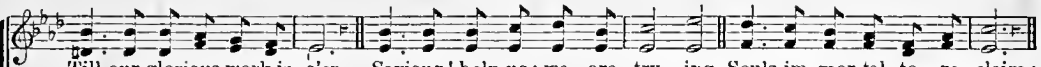
stars and stripes unfurled Make patriot hearts with joy to swell, And challenge all the world—
 on, oh flag of light! Thy presence bringeth hope and joy To realms of dark - est night!
 owns thy peace - ful sway, We'll ral - ly round thee once a - gain, To hail the glorious day!

SAVE THE FALLEN.

S. J. VAIL.

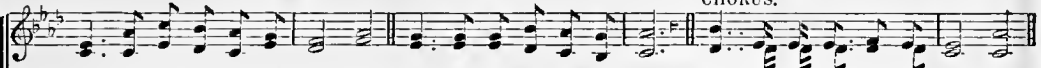
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- 
1. Lord, before Thy ho-ly al-tar, Now Thy blessing we implore ; Grant we may not faint or fal-ter,
 2. Lo, the tempter, now as-sail-ing Hoar-y age and smiling youth ; Shall his cru-el arts pre-vail-ing,
 3. O'er the hearts that pine with anguish, Pour Thy healing balm di-vine ; O'er the wasted forms that languish



Till our glorious work is o'er. Saviour! help us; we are try-ing Souls im-mor-tal to re-claim ;
 Stop the springs of hallowed truth? Lord, forbid it! hear us plead-ing, Je-sus, thou hast died to save ;
 Let the beams of comfort shine ; In Thy strength, if still u-nit-ed, We the er-ring may re-store ;

CHORUS.



Thro' intem-p'rance they are dying, Snatch them from this burning flame. Save the fallen, great De-liv-er-er,
 Let Thy mercy in-ter-ced-ing, Keep them from a drunkard's grave.
 Then intem-p'rance, crushed and blighted, We will banish from our shore.



Free them from be-setting sin ; May they be, thro' Thy rich mercy, With thy loved ones gathered in.

A SONG FOR WATER.

GEO. COOPER.

WM. F. SHERWIN. From "Bugle Notes," by per.

Sprightly.

1. A song, a song for wa - ter bright, In love and beau - ty flow - ing! It
 2. There's balm in ev - ery sparkling drop, In ev - ery wave there's pleas - ure; In
 3. It nerves the hand to deeds of might! It wakes the heart to glad - ness! It
 4. From ev - ery vale, and plain, and hill, It speaks of na - ture's kind - ness! O,

CHORUS.

sings its way in joy and might, The gift of heav'n be - stow - ing. A song, a song for
 dia - mond spray it leaps a - way, A love - ly boon and treas - ure.
 breathes a psalm of pure de - light, And charms us all from sad - ness!
 may we heed the les - son still, Nor shun it in our blindness!

wa - ter fair; As pure and free as mountain air, As pure and free as mountain air!

GREAT IS JEHOVAH.

125

FANNY CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

1. When the Lord Je - ho - vah led His an - cient peo - ple, Thro' the part - ed wa - ters of the roll - ing sea;
 2. Lo! the king is vanquished, E - gypt's pride has fail - en, Israel's God has triumphed, Israel's God is strong;
 3. Tell the glo - rious conquest of the God of A - ges, Tell the glo - rious wonders of His might - y hand;

Shouts of joy re - sounded, shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion, Praise to Him whose mighty arm had made them free.
 Strike the harp of Ju - dah, sound a - loud the tim - brel, Let the des - ert wake and hear our might - y song.
 How He smote the wa - ters and the waves di - vid - ed, How He led His children forth on sol - id land.

REFRAIN.

Great is Je - ho - vah, He hath de - liv - er'd; He hath fought our bat - tle, val - iant is He;

Praise the God of Ja - cob, give Him the glo - ry, Lo! the horse and ri - der are thrown in the sea!

A. F. DIXON.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

DUETT.

1. Where the merry birds are singing, Where the flowerets gently wave, There the lov'd and lost are sleeping,
2. Death has taken many a loved one From our homes and fond embrace; But the hour of joy is com-ing,

In the cold and silent grave. Oh! we laid them there in sadness, While our hearts were fill'd with pain, But we
When we'll meet them face to face. Healing balm for wounded spirits! For the Lord will soon appear, And with-

CHORUS.

know that in the morning, We shall meet them once a-gain. Where the angels bright are singing, Where no
- in His glorious kingdom, We shall meet our friends so dear.

sor-row e'er can come, We shall meet our cher-ished lov'd ones, In their bright e-ter-nal home.

HEAVEN DRAWS NEARER.

C. D. STUART.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. As dis-tant lands be-yond the sea, When friends go thence, draw nigh— So Heav'n, when
2. And as the lands the dear-er grow, When friends are long a-way— So Heav'n it -

friends have thither gone, Draws nearer from the sky.
- self, thro' loved ones dead, Grows dearer day by day.

3.

Heaven is not far from those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near, and in the very hearts
Of those who see aright.

JULIA RINGWOOD BREWSTER.

(FOR MONTHLY CONCERTS.)

A. J. POWELL by per.

(day) (fea - tal)

1. On this night of joy - ons greeting, Pa - rents, teachers, children, come Join us in our
 2. We are taught the wondrous sto - ry, That for us the Sav - iour came: That we have a
 3. May our hearts to him be giv - en, In our hap - py childhood days; Trav - lers in the

REFRAIN.

hap - py meet - ing, In our bless - ed Sabbath home. Hear our voi - ces, sweet - ly blend - ing
 home in glo - ry, Purchased by the dy - ing Lamb.
 road to heav - en, Cheer the way with songs of praise.

In the prais - es of our Lord; Notes so sweet to heaven ascending, An - gel voices might accord.

1. Safe at home! Oh, joy - ful meet - ing In our Sabbath home to day! Hands are held in tend' rest
 2. Strengthened now for new endeav - or - Ea - ger, long - ing still to prove Not in vain God's grace is
 3. When our wand'rings all are o - ver, When we've slowly, one by one, Crossed the dark and chilly

clasp - ing. Care and sad - ness flee a - way. Once a - gain our - faith - ful Pas - tor Breaks to
 giv - en - Not in vain His boundless love. He has need of earn - est work - ers, And, with
 riv - er - Tri - als past and la - bor done; - When with - in the pear - ly por - tals We shall

us the bread of heav'n; Raise we now our glad thanksgiv - ing For an - numbered blessings given.
 will - ing hand and heart, In our heavenly Mas - ter's vine - yard, May we each take ac - tive part.
 meet, no more to roam, Then a - gain we'll raise the an - them, Safe at home! We're safe at home!

ELLEN RANVARD.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. To Thee, O gracious Father, My New Year's hymn I raise: A song of ex - ul - ta - tion, A
 2. To Thee, O blessed Saviour, Who died that I might live, A heart's best ad - o - ra - tion Of
 3. To Thee, O Ho - ly Spir - it! O gen - tle heavenly Dove, I raise my Eb - en - e - zer And

psalm of soul-felt praise! For Thou hast been my Keeper, My ev - ery want supplied; The Lord Je -
 grat - i - tude I give. In Thy sweet grace con - fid - ing, I rest this bright new year; Beneath Thy
 sing of all Thy love— Thy strength in perfect weakness, Thy striving with my soul, Till, in my

ho - vah Ji - reh, He ev - er doth pro - vide.
 wings a - bid - ing Oh what have I to fear?
 Lord's com - pleteness, Thy help hath made me whole.

4 I bring my countless treasures,
 Thy new year gifts to me,
 To hide in Thy pavilion,
 O Triune Deity!
 And o'er Thy feet, dear Master,
 While tears of gladness fall,
 I break my alabaster,
 For Thou hast purchased all!

AN ANGEL TOLD ME SO.

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F.

May be sung as a solo to the Refrain.

HORACE WATERS.

1. Dear mother, you will lay me soon, Beneath the drooping shade, Where happy with the summer birds, The
 2. You'll think of me when I am gone, But mother do not weep, For they who walk beside me here, My

long bright days I played. But God will take your darling home, Where crystal waters flow; He'll
 soul in heaven will keep. I hear their voices call me now, I'm not a - fraid to go; 'Tis

REFRAIN.

wash my robes and make them white; An an - gel told me so. An an - gel told me so; He'll
 just a lit - tle way beyond, An an - gel told me so. An an - gel told me so; 'Tis

3 And mother, I'll come back again;
 You may not hear me speak,
 Or see the lips that gently kiss
 The tear drop from your cheek.
 I'll touch a harp of golden strings,
 Whose music, murmuring low,
 Will soothe your anguish mother dear;
 An angel told me so.

1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the journey have trod, Of the
 3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my journey I see; Man - y

over there,

saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, O - ver there.
 songs that they breathe on the air At home in the pal - ace of God, O - ver there.
 dear to my heart o - ver there, Are watch - ing and waiting for me, O - ver there.

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there, Over there, Over
 O - ver there, Oh, think of the friends over there, Over there, Over
 O - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, Over there, Over

OVER THERE. Concluded.

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there, O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there.
 O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.
 O - ver there, O - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

THE LAND TO WHICH WE GO.

FANNY CROSBY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.
 From Christian Songs, by per.

1. Life has many a pleasant hour, Many a bright and cloudless day; Singing bird and smiling flow'r, Scatter
 2. Earth has many a cool re-treat, Many a spot to memory dear; Oft we find our weary feet Ling'ring
 3. 'Tis the Christian's promised land; There is ever-lasting day; There a Saviour's loving hand Wipes the
 sunbeams on our way; But the sweetest blossoms grow In the land to which we go.
 by some fountain clear; Yet the pur-est wa-ters flow In the land to which we go.
 mourner's tears a-way; Oh! the rap-ture we shall know In the land to which we go.

PEACE IN JESUS.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Peace in Je - sus! bless - ed prom - ise, Covenant word of changeless love, Sealed in blood and
 2. Peace in Je - sus! tho' a - round us Rage the tem - pest's an - gry strife; Tho' the deep her
 3. Tho' on earth we've scorn and troub - le, In ourselves but shame and sin, All without but

dai - ly witnessed By Thy grace, E - ter - nal Dove. Peace in Je - sus! Oh what bless - ing,
 fountains o - pen, O'er them floats the ark of life. There the wea - ry dove re - turn - ing
 gloom and dark - ness, Fear - ful con - flict oft with - in— He who died and lives for - ev - er,

Calm and pure, our spir - its know, When, the ties of earth for - got - ten, All our joys from Je - sus flow.
 From the dark and trackless sea, Folds in peace her drooping pin - ions, Sheltered from the storm in Thee.
 Saves and guards from every ill; Je - sus walks up - on the wa - ters, And commandeth, "Peace, be still!"

CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.

135

Mrs. V. A.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

d. c. 1. Ca - rol, sweet - ly ca - rol Hap - py songs to - day; Che - rub voic - es
 2. An - gels o'er His cra - dle Watch'd with ten - der care; Ra - diant beams of
 3. Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas, Joy - ful let us sing: Glo - ry in the

FINE.

min - glo In our fes - tive lay. Christ, the lov - ing Sav - iour,
 glo - ry Shone in beau - ty there. Wise men came to wor - ship,
 high - est, Christ the Lord is King! Glo - ry in the high - est

ritard. D. C.

Gen - tle, pure and mild, Came from heav'n to save us, Came a lit - tle child.
 Guid - ed by a star, Bring - ing gold - en treas - ures From a land a - far.
 To His name be giv'n; Glo - ry in the high - est! Praise Him, earth and heav'n.

CHRIST, THE LORD, IMMANUEL.

W. F. S.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

WM. F. SHERWIN.

SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Sounding from the bell of time, Hark ! a mighty tone sub - lime ! Clear as when on Judah's plain,
 2. From the shining courts above, Mer - cy bent with eye of love, While the earth with music rang,
 3. Thro' the pearl-y gates of light, Peace and Truth, in robes of white, Came to join the ho - ly song
 3. Bless - ed sto - ry, ev - er new ! We will blend our voices too, With the bells that sweetly chime

FULL CHORUS.

Shepherds, wondering, heard the strain—Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Christ has come with
 And the an - gel cho - rus sang—
 Burst - ing from the grateful throng.
 Car - ols for the Christmas time.

man to dwell ; Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Christ, the Lord ! Im - man - u - el.

Rather fast.

1. Hark! hark! the Mer - ry Christmas bells Are chim-ing sweet and clear; O welcome, welcome,
 2. Let eve - ry liv - ing crea - ture wake, And hail His glo - rious birth, Who came from heaven the
 3. The wav - ing palm, the ev - er - green Shall deck the house of prayer, And with the mu - sic
 4. All glo - ry be to God on high! Let ev - ery soul proclaim God will and peace to

CHORUS.

fes - tive day, The bright - est of the year. Chime on, for Christ the Lord has come, Ring
 Prince of Peace, To bring glad news to earth.
 of the bells We'll blend our voic - es there.
 man be - low, Thro' Christ our Sav - iour's Name.

out o'er hill and dell; Chime on, chime on your mer - ry peal, Bim, bim, bim, bim, bome bell!

QUARTET or SEMI-CHORUS.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
2. Say, shall we yield Him in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of E-doin, and off-rings di-vine!

Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-dorning, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est or gold from the mine?

SOLO or DUET.

Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with gold would His fa-vors se-ure:

BRIGHTEST AND BEST. Concluded.

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FULL CHORUS.




An-gels a-dore Him in slumber re-clin-ing, Ma-ker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!
Richer, by far, is the hearts ad-o-ra-tion; Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.

MERRY CHIMING BELLS.

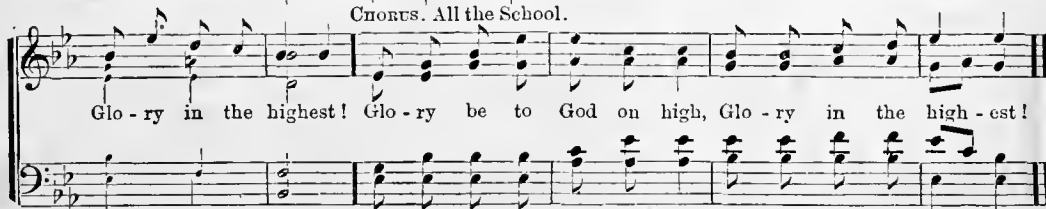
W. F. S.

AUNT FANNY.
Infant Class.



1. Mer-ry, merry chiming bells, Clear and sweet their carol swells; Joyful news that music tells—
2. In a manger far a-way, Once the in-fant Saviour lay; He was born on Christmas day,
3. Born to die for you and me—Born to set the captives free; Wise men came their King to see,
4. Let the glorious tid-ings fly, An-gels sing and earth re-ply, Glo-ry be to God on high!

CHORUS. All the School.



Glo-ry in the highest! Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry in the high-est!

1. Je - sus comes to hearts rejoicing, Bringing news of sins for - given ; Jesus comes with sound of
 2. Je - sus comes in joy and sorrow, Shares a-like our hopes and fears ; Je - sus comes, what'er be-
 3. He will come again in glo - ry, When the earth shall pass a - way ; He will come on clouds tri-

glad - ness, Leading souls redeemed to heaven. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Now the
 falls us, Glads our hearts and dries our tears. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Cheering
 umphant ; Let us then our homage pay. — Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! — Till the

gate of death is riven. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Now the gate of death is riven.
 e'en our fail - ing years. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Cheering e'en our fail - ing years.
 dawn-ing of the day. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Till the dawn-ing of the day.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

141

BERNARD. A. D. 1150.

REV. H. L. JENNER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the golden! With milk and honey blest; Beneath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink
 2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an angel, And
 3. And they who, with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight, For ev - er and for ev - er, Are

heart and voice oppress. I know not, oh! I know not What joys a - wait me there; What
 all the martyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re - leased, The
 clad in robes of white. Oh, land that seest no sor - row! Oh, state that fear'st no strife! Oh,

For the last Verse.

ra - diancy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.
 shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.
 roy - al land of flowers! Oh, realms and home of life.

4.

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

REV. J. D. BARNES.

S. J. VAIL.

1. All hail to the Prince! His kingdom is spreading; O'er empires of sin we now herald His sway;
 2. All hail to the Prince! whose star-beam of glory Drew forth to His worship the wise men of old;

His glo - rified Cross in its beau - ty is shedding The savor of truth and the brightness of day.
 They poured forth their off'ri - ngs—O wonderful story—Of myrrh and sweet incense, with treasures of gold.

REFRAIN.

Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! a - gain and a - gain; Ho - san - na! hosan - na! for Je - sus shall reign.

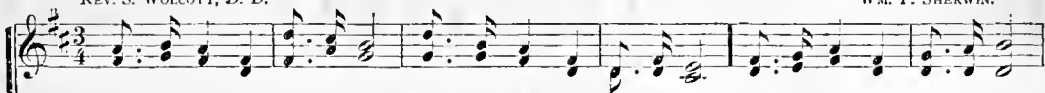
3 All hail to the Prince! hear children reciting
Most welcome response to the children of old;
The angels are drawn by their songs so inviting,
And listen to hear His great name so extolled.
Ref. Hosanna! &c.

4 Reign, reign mighty Prince! Thy kingdom so glorious
Shall compass all kingdoms by land and by sea;
Earth's millions shall laud Thee—Thy sceptre victorious—
And swell the loud anthems of triumph to Thee.
Ref. Hosanna! &c.

CLINGING CLOSE.

REV. S. WOLCOTT, D. D.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Dear Redeem-er, on - ly Thee Would my wait - ing spir - it own, Trusting in Thy sym - pa - thy,
2. Gracious Master, on - ly Thee Would my will - ing spir - it serve, Working with fi - del - i - ty,
3. Blest Imman - uel, on - ly Thee Would my long - ing spir - it claim, Yearning for Thy pur - i - ty,
4. Lord of glo - ry, on - ly Thee Would my lov - ing spir - it praise, Offering grateful mel - o - dy,



REFRAIN.



Clinging close to Thee a - lone. Clinging close, clinging close, Clinging close to Thee a - lone.
Pressing on with dauntless nerve.
Glowing with love's quenchless flame.
Waking glad im - mortal lays.



Clinging close, clinging close,

NEARING THE VALLEY.

S. J. VAIL.

SOLO.

* * *

QUARTET.

SOLO.

1. I'm nearing the val-ley that leads to thee, Home, heavenly home! A light from thy portals beams
 2. Thro' tri-als my spirit must reach thy shore, Home, heavenly home! Yet there will my la-bor and
 3. My lov-ing Re-deemer I there shall see, Home, heavenly home! And washed in His blood is a

QUARTET.

CHORUS.

out for me, Home, heavenly home. O sweet home of the blest, There my soul for-
 care be o'er, Home, heavenly home.
 robe for me, Home, heavenly home.

ev-er shall rest; I shall sing ev-er-more the glad new song, Which the ransomed a-lone prolong.

LEAD ME TO THEE.

145

REV. A. B. SMITH.

1. Beau-ti-ful man-sions, home of the blest, Land where the faith-ful ev-er shall rest—
 2. Here in the des-ert cheerless I roam, La-den with sor-row—far from my home:

There is my treas-ure, there I would be, Lord, I am wea-ry, lead me to Thee;
 Clouds on my path-way dark-ly I see; Lord, I am wea-ry, &c.

3 Thou wilt not leave me comfortless here ;
 Why should I doubt Thee—what do I hear?
 Light in the distance breaking I see,
 Yet I am weary, lead me to Thee.

4 Jesus, I love Thee, dwell in my heart ;
 Never, no, never from me depart!
 Hope like a rainbow shining I see,
 Yet I am weary, lead me to Thee.

1. We are sail - ing to the ehristian's port of glo - ry, And we of - ten hear the breakers wildly roar ;
 2. From the lights along the shore that point us onward, Let us nev - er turn our watchful eyes a - way ;
 3. Tho' the stormy clouds may darkly frown above us, And we hear the distant thunder loudly roar ;

But we know a faithful hand our barque is guiding, And we see the shining lights a - long the shore.
 They are lamps that christian hearts have left to cheer us, And their lus - tre beameth ev - er night and day.
 We are sail - ing with a Pi - lot nev - er err - ing, And our beacon lights, the loved ones gone before.

REFRAIN.

Then let every sail be spread, And our trust in Him who said To His faithful ones, " 'Tis I, be not a - fraid ; "

As He lulled the waves to rest, He will calm the troubled breast; We shall hear Him say, "'Tis I, be not a - fraid."

REV. S. WOLCOTT, D. D.

JESUS IS ALL.

W. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. My soul to Christ I bring, And to His cross I cling; Je - sus is all! To Him with
 2. My life to Christ I leave, And to His cross I cleave; Je - sus is all! His grace my
 3. My all to Christ I give; By His dear cross I live; Je - sus is all! His righteous

guilt con-fest, I come with con-trite breast, And in His par-don rest; Je - sus is all!
 steps shall guide, Wisdom and strength provide, And o'er my days pre-side; Je - sus is all!
 robe I wear, His likeness I shall bear, His throne of glo-ry share; Je - sus is all!

1. The qui - et sea its mir - ror spreads Beneath the gol - den skies, And but a nar - row
2. So when from us life's evening hour Soft fad - ing shall de - scend, May glo - ry, born of

strip be - tween, Of earth and sha - dow lies. The sea but seems an - oth - er sky, The
earth and heaven, The earth and hea - ven blend; Flooded with peace, the part - ing soul With

sky a sea as well; And which is earth and which is heav'n The eye can scarcely tell.
si - lent rap - ture glow, Till where earth ends and heav'n begins The spir - it scarce can know.

* May also be used to any suitable C. M. Hymn.

THE HEAVENLY FOLD.

149

JOHN EAST. 1836.

WM. F. SHERWIN, from "*Hymnary*" by per. of Biglow & Main.

1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pas-tures ev - er green, Where sul-try sun, or
2. Soon at His feet my soul shall lie, In life's last struggling breath; But I shall on - ly

storm-y day, Or night is nev - er seen. Far up the ev - er - last - ing hills In
seem to die, I shall not taste of death! Far from this guilt - y world to be Ex -

God's own light it lies; His smile its vast di - mension fills With joy that nev - er dies.
empt from toil and strife, To spend e - ter - ni - ty with Thee—My Saviour! this is life.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

S. J. VAIL.
From the Diadem, by per.

1. When we reach our glo - rious dwelling On the strong e - ter - nal hills, And our praise to Him is swell - ing,
2. While we wave the palms of glo - ry, Thro' the long e - ter - nal years, Shall we e'er for - get the sto - ry
3. O! we sure - ly shall re - mem - ber How He quickened us from death: How He fanned the dy - ing em - ber

Who the vast cre - a - tion fills; When the paths of prayer and du - ty And af - flic - tion all are trod,
Of our mor - tal griefs and fears? Shall we e'er for - get the sad - ness And the clouds that hung so dim,
With His spir - it's glow - ing breath; We shall read the ten - der mean - ing Of the sor - rows and a - larms

CHORUS.

And we wake to see the beau - ty Of our Saviour and our God— O! 'twill be a glo - rious morrow To a
When our hearts are filled with gladness, And our tears are dried by Him?
As we trod the des - ert, lean - ing On His ev - er - last - ing arms.

din. *lento.*

dark and storm - y day! We shall then re - mem - ber sor - row As a dream that passed a - way, a - way.
To a dark and stormy day!

IMMANUEL'S LAND.

151

A. R. CoUrStns.

WM. F. SHERWIN, from Chr. Songs, by per.

1. The sands of time are wast - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks, The summer morn I've sighed for, The
 2. Oh! Christ He is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More
 3. Oh! I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine, He brings a poor vile sin - ner, In

fair, sweet morn a-wakes. O, dark hath been the midnight, But day-spring is at hand, And glo-ry, glo - ry
 deep I'll drink a - bove. There to an o - cean ful - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand, And glo-ry, glo - ry
 to His house di - vine. Up - on the Rock of A - ges, My soul redeemed shall stand, Where glory, glory

dwellevh In Immanuel's land, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
 dwelleth In Immanuel's land, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
 dwelleth In Immanuel's land, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land.

(1) [TUNE—*Coronation.*]

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

(2)

[TUNE—"Sweet hour of prayer."]

1. Obeying Thy divine behest,
We meet, O Christ, to speak of Thee:
Thou art amongst us as a guest,
We feel it, though we cannot see;
We seem to breathe, in glad surprise,
An atmosphere of love and bliss,
And read within each other's eyes,
To whom it is we owe all this.
2. How quickly every strife will end,
How soon all idle griefs depart,
When friend takes counsel thus with
friend, [heart!]
When soul meets soul, and heart meets
We have so many things to say,
So many failings to confess,
Time flies, alas! so soon away,
We cannot half we would express.
3. O let us then, dear Lord, be blest
With Thy sweet presence every day:
Be with us as our daily guest,
And our companion on the way.
Fan our devotion's feeble flame,
Let us press on to things before;
Bring us together in thy name,
Until we meet to part no more.

(3) [TUNE—*Italian Hymn.*]

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, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.
3. 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.

(4) [TUNE—*Christmas.*]

1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

(5) [TUNE—*Nuremberg.* 7s.]

1. One with Christ! O blessed thought!
We are by His Spirit taught;
On His fulness now we live,
Grace for grace we thence receive.
2. One with Christ! ye saints rejoice,
As the objects of His choice;
He will every want supply,
While He lives we cannot die.
3. One with Christ! forever one
Debts are paid and work is done;
Grace and glory both are given,
We are on our way to heaven.

(6) [TUNE—*Olivet.*]

1. My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

(7) [TUNE—*Dennis.* S. M.]

1. How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauty of his face
And sheds his love abroad.
2. Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

(8) [TUNE—*State Street.*]

1. Jesus who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.
2. He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain:
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.
3. Jesus, the Lord will bear
His chosen when they cry:
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high
4. Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

(9) [TUNE—*Sally.*]

1. Let us pray! the Lord is willing,
Ever waiting, prayer to hear;
Ready, His kind words fulfilling,
Loving hearts to help and cheer.
2. Let us pray! though foes surrounding,
Vex and trouble, and dismay: [ing,
Precious grace, through Christ abound-
Still shall cheer us on our way.
3. Let us pray! our life is praying;
Prayer with time alone may cease;
Then in heaven, God's will obeying,
Life is praise and perfect peace.

(10) [TUNE—*Greenville.*]

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
2. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye:

Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood,
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

(11) [TUNE—*St. Thomas.*]

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
2. For her my tears shall fall:
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

(12)

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
 ||: Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are. :||
2. We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
 ||: Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :||
3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
 ||: Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee. :||

(13) [TUNE—*Ortonville.*]

1. Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
2. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

(14) [TUNE—*Nettleton.*]

1. Hail! my ever blessed Jesus,
Ouly Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy name is precious.
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.
Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much! I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.
2. Once with Adam's race in ruin
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much! I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

(15) [TUNE—*Bartimeus.*]

1. In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

(16) [TUNE—*Brown.*]

1. There is a name I love to bear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's only plea.
3. This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along the thorny road,
And sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

(17) [TUNE—*Harwell*.]

1. Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation,
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
2. Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

(18) [TUNE—*Laban*.]

1. My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
2. O! watch, and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

(19) [TUNE—*Autumn*.]

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Stroug Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

(20) [TUNE—*Shining Shore*.]

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.
CHORUS.
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.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

(21) [TUNE—*Ecylston*. S. M.]

1. Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze—
How swift its moments fly!
2. Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
The day will soon be gone!
3. Up then with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

(22)

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings,
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.
2. Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sioful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
Let Thy mercy fall on me—
Even me.

(23)

1. Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is dooe.
2. Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming;
When man works no more.
3. Work, for the night is coming;
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

(24) [TUNE—*Rathbun, or Sicily*.]

1. Now the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.
2. Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparring;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot!
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.
3. Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King!
4. Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

(25) [TUNE—*Toplady.*]

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 a double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know—
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone!
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

(26) [TUNE—*Martyr.*]

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be 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, ah! 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.

(27) [TUNE—*Hamburg*]

1. Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
2. Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
3. Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

(28)

1. There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

(29) [TUNE—*Bethany.*]

1. Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
2. Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

(30) [TUNE—*To-Day.*]

1. To-day the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come!
O ye heightened souls,
Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

3. To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

(31) [TUNE—*Dowms.* C. M.]

1. How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And calms our anxious fears.
3. This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

(32) [TUNE—*Nuremberg.*]

1. Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.
2. Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a father's love;
Mine to guide my doubtful feet,
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
3. Mine to comfort in distress,
Mine to cheer, sustain, and bless;
Mine to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.

(33)

1. The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
2. Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

(34) [TUNE—*Wilmot.*]

1. Sons of day! arise from slumbers,
For the sluggish night is gone;
Swell the Saviour's marshalled numbers,
Marching where He leadeth on.
2. On the prairie and the mountain,
In the valley rich and fair,
By the river and the fountain,
Plant the sacred standard there.
3. So shall Error be supplanted,
So shall Truth her vanguard keep;
So shall temple-homes be granted
To the Shepherd's wand'ring sheep.

(35) [TUNE—*Boylston.*]

1. Lord of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
2. Oa Thee we humbly wait:
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

(36) [TUNE—*America.*]

1. Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done;
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled!
2. Swift on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly!
They who His message hear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

(37) [TUNE—*Missionary Hymn.*]

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down the 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
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

(38) [TUNE—*Rest.*]

1. Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroke by the last of foes.
2. Aleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.
3. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

(39)

1. 'Tis sweet to think of those at rest,
Who sleep in Christ the Lord;
Whose spirits now with Him are blest,
According to His word.
2. They once were pilgrims here with us,
In Jesus now they sleep;
And we for them, while resting thus,
As hopeless cannot weep.
3. The Lord who died, in triumph rose
Victorious o'er the tomb;
E'en so we know that with Him, those
Who sleep in Him, will come!

(40) [TUNE—*Dennis.*]

1. Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts to Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
2. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
3. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart
And hope to meet again.

(41) [TUNE—*Pleyel's Hymn.*]

1. Christian brethren, ere we part,
Let us each, with grateful heart,
To our Father once more raise
Our united hymns of praise.
2. Here perhaps we meet no more,
But we seek a brighter shore,
Where, beyond all sin and pain,
Erethren we shall meet again.

(42) DOXOLOGIES.

[TUNE—*Webb.*]

To Thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate Thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

(43) [TUNE—*Portuguese Hymn.*]

O Father Almighty, to Thee he address,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
blest, [heaven,
All glory and worship from earth and from
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

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NOTE.—The hymn at opening of school may be of general praise or worship. It is especially desirable that the hymn *following* the lesson should be such as will at least tend to deepen rather than efface the impressions made. Sometimes the thoughtful selection of one or two verses will meet the want better than to sing the entire hymn. The above index is made upon the *general spirit* of a hymn rather than its title.

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THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

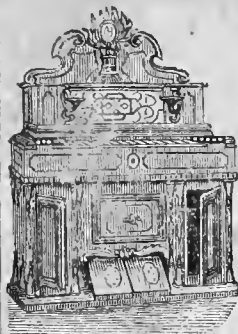
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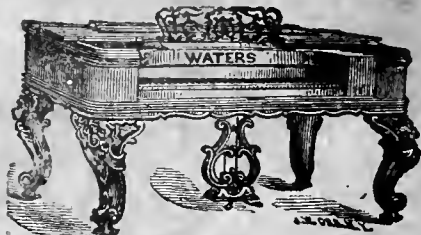
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