

SPARKLING

RUBIES



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ASA HULL

HARRY SANDERS

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IN SENATE
January 15, 1902

REPORT
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SPARKLING RUBIES;

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC

EDITED BY

ASA HULL,

AUTHOR OF THE "CASSET No. 1," "CASSET No. 2," "CASSET COMPLETE," "PILGRIM'S
HARP," "VESTRY CHIMES," "SABBATH SCHOOL GEM," ETC.,

ASSISTED BY

HARRY SANDERS, ESQ.

Philadelphia:

PUBLISHED BY A. HULL & CO., 46 NORTH NINTH STREET,
FOR SALE BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

P R E F A C E .

In presenting "SPARKLING RUBIES" for public consideration and popular favor we feel called upon merely to state that much care has been exercised in the selection of hymns and the proper adaptation of the music to the same, as well as the appropriateness of the whole to the existing wants of the Sunday-School, which seem to be in the direction of new but sound evangelical hymns set to pure yet enthusiastic and inspiring music.

The several contributors whose names appear over their respective contributions are writers of experience and ability, and the editors feel under great obligations to them for their kind assistance as well as for their manifested interest in the success of the work.

They feel especially indebted to Miss Priscilla J. Owens for the great variety of excellent Hymns written expressly for this work, and bespeak for her contributions that generous appreciation on the part of the public, to which they are justly entitled.

It has not been considered advisable to designate in the body of the work those pieces which have been "written expressly for this work" as it would be necessary to put such notice on nearly every page; this applies alike to words and music.

We submit "SPARKLING RUBIES" to a discriminating public for their consideration without the usual extended eulogy on the works of our own hands; hoping it will be found worthy of a place in every christian family that loves the service of Sacred song, and in every Sunday-School that delights in singing the songs of Zion.

THE AUTHORS.

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ASA HULL.

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SPARKLING RUBIES.

RESTING ON THE PROMISES.

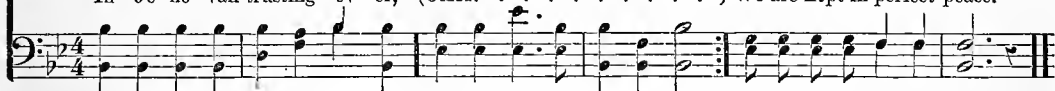
Words by LAMPHERE.

Music by A. HULL.

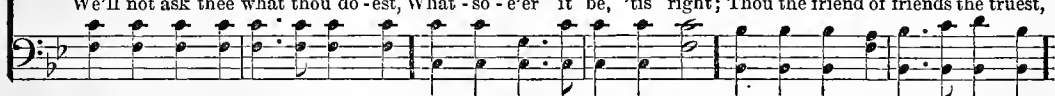
FINE.



1. Qui-et as a peace-ful riv-er, Qui-et as the wind-hush'd seas,
In Je-ho-vah trust-ing ev-er, (OMIT.) We are kept in perfect peace.



We'll not ask thee what thou do-est, What-so-e'er it be, 'tis right; Thou the friend of friends the truest,



Wilt sustain 'midst storm and night.



2
Deep beneath the running ocean,
Deep beneath the swelling flood,
All unmoved by the commotion,
Sit the promises of God.
We are anchored firmly to them,
Though in tatters hang our shrouds;
Calmly we look up and through them
View the thunder-riven clouds.
Cho.—Quiet, etc.

3
This our constant heart consoleth
And we will not be afraid;
'Tis our Heavenly Father ruleth
And on Him our trust is stayed.
Quiet as a peaceful river,
Quiet as the wind-hushed seas,
In Jehovah trusting ever
We are kept in perfect peace.
Cho.—Quiet, etc.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

Words by WILLIE WILDER.

(Gen. i. 3.)

Music by A. HULL.

1. Thro' heav'n's clear arch the echoes rang As morning stars together sang ; And Nature fresh from chaos woke,
2. From star to star the watchword flies : Each shouts it onward through the skies : From out the chaos grim and blaek,

When on her ear the cho-rus broke, As her Al-might-y Ma-ker spoke, "Let there be
It speeds a-long its shin-ing track, Till earth the ech-o ans-wers back, "Let there be

light!" "Let there be light!" "Let there be light!" "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"
"Let there be light!" "Let there be light!" "Let there be light!"

COURAGE! FELLOW-PILGRIM.

5

Words by E. A. WALKER.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

FINE.



1. Courage! fel-low-pil-grim, Tho' the path be rough, Je-sus is thy lead-er, Is not that e-nough?
 CHO.—*Courage! fel-low-pil-grim, Tho' the path be rough, Je-sus is thy lead-er, Is not that e-nough?*



Though the way be thorn-y, Des-o-late and drear; Je-sus will up-hold thee, He is ev-er near.



2. Courage! fellow-trav'ler,
 Over life's rough sea,
 Jesus in the vessel,
 Pilot true will be.
 He will bid the billows
 Sink into a calm,
 He will in the havens
 Shelter thee from harm.—*Cho.*

3. Courage! fellow-suff'rer,
 Tho' thy pain be sharp,
 Jesus knows its anguish,
 Jesus felt its smart.
 He can still its throbbing,
 He can say "Depart,"
 Strengthen thee in weakness,
 Animate thy heart.—*Cho.*

4. Conrage! courage, Christian,
 Whatsoe'er thy lot;
 God the Lord has promis'd
 To forsake thee not;
 Sooner shall the heavens
 And earth pass away,
 Than the soul forsaken,
 Who makes God his stay.—*Cho.*

Concluded from opposite page.

3. The sons of morn with lasting song,
 Will ever pass the word along;
 And waking men with rapture thrill,
 For, breaking o'er each eastern hill,
 The early dawn is shouting still,
 "Let there be light!"

4. The soul may feel the heavy blight
 Of deepest ignorance and night;
 Yet may the densest cloud be riven,
 And back the darkness may be driven
 By that command which God has given,—
 "Let there be light!"

1. Youth-ful volunteers, Truth her standard rears, Down with coward fears, You shall win. Take faith's shield of might,

Chorus.
Take hope's helmet bright, Choose the true and right, And conquer sin. Come on comrades, Shout for Judah's Lion,

Fear not, fail not, Christ shall guide us home, pressing on to Zion, Trust in Jesus, we shall over-come.
Love him, serve him,

2. Strong are youthful hands,
Keeping God's commands,
Onward joyous bands,
At his word.
Youthful hearts are bold,
When his love is told,
Firmly may we hold,
The spirit's sword.—*Cho.*

3. Though at vict'ry's gate,
Early death await,
Your reward is great:
Endless peace.
If your days extend,
Steadfast to the end,
For the truth contend,
Till life shall cease.—*Cho.*

4. Marching home at last,
When the war is past;
Crowns and garlands cast,
At his feet.
God's beloved son,
Has the glory won,
All our pain is done,
Our joy complete.—*Cho.*

GOD IS WITH US.

Music by J. T. GRAPE.

7

Animato.

1. Lift to God the voice of singing, Loud thanksgiving let us raise; Earth and sky with gladness ringing,
2. When our fathers humbly sought Him—Pleaded for the nations lost, His own arm salvation brought them,

p Ech-o wide a peo-ples praise. God is with us, God is with us, With us as in ear-ly days.
And the hlessed Ho-ly Ghost. On the na-tions, On the na-tions, Poured anoth-er Pen-te-cost!
f

God is with us, God is with us, With us as in ear-ly days.
On the nations, On the na-tions, Poured another Pente-cost!

3. And the listening church, in wonder
Hears to-day, in jubilee,
As the voice of mighty thunder,
Rolling over land and sea;
||: One thanksgiving:||
God hath set his people free.
4. This then be our song of boasting,
God is with us, as of yore:
Still in his salvation trusting,
We will journey as before.
||: God is with us,:||
Be our song for evermore.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Andante.

1. The Shepherd leads his sheep, Who trust his tender love, Up loft-y mountains, stern and steep,

To pleasant vales be - low. We know the lov-ing eye that sees, How here we toil and weep,

Marks every step: through paths like these, The Shepherd leads his sheep.

2.

His voice rings out aloft,
 Lest we should miss the way,
 Or sink to sleep on cushions soft,
 Forgetting it is day.
 Sometimes we see his flag unfurled,
 Then wrapt in shadows deep,
 As step by step through this sad world,
 The Shepherd leads his sheep.

3. If we could see the way,
 Or know the joys ahead,
 We might, perchance, forget to pray,
 Or watch the path we tread.

And though temptation oft assails,
 We may not rest or sleep,
 Till to the green eternal fields,
 The Shepherd leads his sheep.

LEAVES OF HEALING.

9

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

Music by A. HULL.

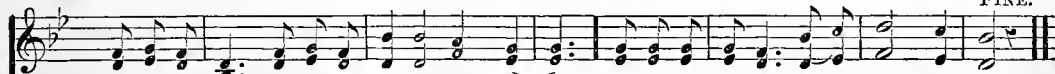


1. Blest leaves of healing, o'er the nations shed thy balm, Scatter the tid-ings, all the fear of death to calm;
2. Blest leaves of healing, o'er the nations free-ly wave, Wounded and weary, tell them Christ has might to save,
3. Blest leaves of healing, o'er the nations shed thy balm, Scatter the tid-ings, all the news of war to calm,



CHO:—Blest leaves of heal- ing, o'er the na- tions shed thy balm, Je- sus, our Sa- viour, in the strife makes our calm,

FINE.



Lov-ers of Je- sus, send the Bi- ble forth, Mes- sage of Je- sus, gladden all the earth.
 Far in the dark-ness, where the hea- then wait, Point out the pathway to the pearl- y gate,
 O- ver the con- flict, where the sword is red, Mes- sage of mer- cy, still the tu- mult dread;



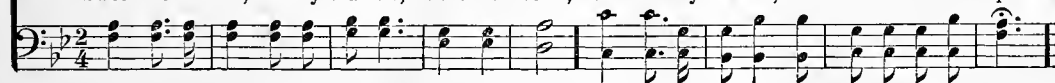
Blest leaves of heal- ing, o'er the na- (OMIT. - - - -) tions shed thy balm.

Soli.

D. C. to Cho.



Sweet Tree of life, in thy shel-ter we are blest, Un- der thy sha-[>]ow the nations shall find rest.
 Sweet Tree of life, of thy precious fruit we taste, Spread forth thy shadow above earth's desert waste.
 Sweet Tree of life, in thy shad-ow, wars shall cease, Un- der thy shel-ter, the earth shall rest in peace.



* Use small notes only in the D. C.

DISTANT LANDS ARE WAITING NOW.

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

Arranged by HARRY SANDEES.

1. Distant lands are waiting now, Waiting the Gospel's dawn; Low-ly vale and mountain brow, Murmur
2. Distant lands are reaching far, Reaching across the sea, Watching eyes a-wait the star, Guiding

"When shall night be gone?" Lit-tle chil-dren kneel-ing, By some i-dols gloom-y shrine,—
Sa- viour on to thee. Send the ti-dings ov - er, Christ a ransom shall pro- vide:

Haste the day re-veal-ing, Bid the sun of glo-ry shine. Distant lands are wait-ing now,
Light and life dis-cov-er, In our Je-sus cru-ci-fied. Distant lands are reach-ing far,

Chorus.

DISTANT LANDS ARE WAITING NOW.

11

Waiting the gos - pels dawn, Low - ly vale and mountain brow, Murmur, "when shall night be gone?"

3. Distant lands are pleading long,
Pleading for hope and love,
Error's chains are dark and stormy—
Only trust in God above.

God the shadow breaking,
O'er the earth His truth shall roll,
And His praise awaking,
Glorious ring from pole to pole.
For Chorus, D. C. first four lines.

Words by REV. THOS. L. POULSON.

CHRIST SHALL EVER BE OUR FRIEND.

Music by J. G. ROBINSON.

1. Though the night o'erhang our dwelling, And the tempests round us rave, And the wintry blasts are swelling,

Till we fear there's none to save.

2. Still the gospel streamlets flowing,
To the hearts of all mankind,
And the heavenly breezes blowing,
Cheer the waiting, trusting mind.

3. In the cause of God engaged,
Wrongs of Satan to redress,
When the battle hottest raged,
We have always won success.

4. With the Christian's banner o'er us,
As to duty we attend;
In the wide world spread before us
Christ shall ever be our friend.

5. In the morning of His coming,
When the warfare all is past,
We'll be counted in the morning
Of His jewels at the last.

DO SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Moderato.

1. Let something for Jesus be done, The godless around us to save; In paths of temptation they run,
2. Let something for Jesus be done, His poor and afflict-ed to cheer: The orphan, who weepeth alone,

To sink without hope in the grave. Ere long they will pass from our view, The Reaper will gather them in,
The widow with no help'r near. The maim'd, and the halt, and the blind, The true Christian's heart should engage:

Oh! let us our efforts re - new, To rescue the servants of sin, To rescue the servants of sin.
To lead us to acts that are kind, The sorrows of life to assuage, The sorrows of life to assuage.

HALLELUJAH.

13

[Arranged by HARRY SANDERS.]

Allegro.

1. Lord of ev - ery land and nation, "Ancient of e - ter - nal days; Sounded through the wide cre - a - tion,
2. "Brightness of the Fath - er's glory," Shall thy praise unuttered lie? Shun my tongue the guilt - y si - lence,

Chorus.

Be thy just and lawful praise. { Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - ia, A - men.
Sing the Lord who came to die.

3. From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives,
Flow my praise, forever flow.

Chorus.—Hallelujah, etc.

4. Come, return, immortal Saviour;
Come, Lord, Jesus, take thy throne;
Quickly come, and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thine own.

Chorus.—Hallelujah, etc.

Concluded from opposite page.

3. Let something for Jesus be done,
By tender appeals to our youth;
Advise them what errors to shun,
And guide them to virtue and wealth.
The lessons the Scriptures unfold,
Be faithful in love to impart;
More precious than silver or gold,
They'll prove to the life and the heart.

4. Do something for Jesus, dear friends,
And trust in the arm of his might,
The aid which the Saviour extends,
Will shield you in all that is right.
Be active, be earnest, be true,
Each talent improve while you may;
And whatever else you may do,
Do something for Jesus each day.

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

Music by A. HULL.

Lively.

1. Glad as the morning, swift as the light, Heralds of Zi - on go forth in might; Over the mountain,
2. Earnest and eager, glad hearts of youth, Soft hands of childhood, speed on the truth : List to the children

Chorus.

over the deep, Go where the heathen weep. Far and wide the Sabbath music rolls, Peace and joy for each be-
over the sea, Crying for help from thee. Far, etc.

nighted soul, La - bor and triumph, God will provide, Tell them, tell them, tell them that Jesus died.

3. Free as the sunshine, wide as its ray,
Tidings of gladness, haste on your way,
Healing the sorrow, loosing the chain,
Teaching that Christ shall reign.
CHORUS.—Far and wide, etc.

4. Clothed with salvation, shielded with might,
Heralds of Zion, bear on the light,
Over the desert, waiting for thee,
See how the shadows flee.
CHORUS.—Far and wide, etc.

Not too fast.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system begins with the tempo marking 'Not too fast.' The lyrics are: '1. When, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light sa-lutes mine eyes, O, Sun of Righteous-ness Di-vine, On me, with beams of mer-cy shine! Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day, Chase the dark clouds of guilt away, And turn my darkness in-to day.' The second system continues the lyrics: 'ness Di-vine, On me, with beams of mer-cy shine! Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And'. The third system concludes the lyrics: 'turn my dark-ness in-to day, Chase the dark clouds of guilt away, And turn my darkness in-to day.' The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some melodic movement in the right hand.

2. When each day's scenes and labors close,
 And wearied nature seeks repose,
 With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
 Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
 ¶: And, as each morning sun shall rise,
 O, lead me onward to the skies. :||

3. And at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflict's o'er, my labors done,
 Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
 To cheer and bless my dying-bed;
 ¶: And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
 To see thy face, and sing thy praise. :||

Words by ADDIE.

Music by A. HULL.



1. Hark! the choral band, With its mu-sic float-ing ev-er O'er the bright and spark-ling river, From the un-seen strand;
 2. Now my brow is fanned By the breezes from the mountains; And I hear the rip-pling foun-tains Of my na-tive strand.



{ Where the an-gels bright are wing-ing,
 And the beau-ti-ful are sing-ing, While the golden harps are ring-ing In the bet-ter land, In the bet-ter
 Well I love the rocks and tow-ers,
 War-bling birds, and fragrant flow-ers Of my spirit's natal bow-ers, Of this earth-ly land, Of this earth-ly



land, - - - - In the bet-ter land, - - - - While the golden harps are ring-ing In the bet-ter land.
 land, - - - - Of this earth-ly land, - - - - Of my spirit's natal bow-ers, Of this earth-ly land.



In the bet-ter land, In the bet-ter land,

3. But I wait-ing stand
 And my eyes are ever turn-ing,
 And my heart is ever year-n-ing,
 For the golden strand,

Where, with heart to heart united,
 We shall keep the vows here plighted,
 And the wrongs of earth be righted
 In the bet-ter land.

1. Soldiers of Je-sus, speak for your Lord, Lift up his banner, speed on his word; Tell what his spirit wrought in each soul,
2. Speak of sal-va-tion, tell of his pow'r, Tell how he keeps you in ev-'ry hour; Liv-ing or dy-ing, many or one,

f Chorus. *pp* *cres.*

An-swer the Gos-pel roll. } Hark to the Roll-call! Hark to the Roll-call, o'er the battle's strife!
His wondrous love make known.

Names so below'd in the Book of Life, Ho-ly and happy, blest and forgiv'n, Answer the roll of Heav'n.

3. Tell of his goodness, speak of his grace,
Tell of his glory in every place;
Learning the language of joy above,
Tell of his wondrous love.—*Chorus.*

4. Soldiers of Zion, warring with death,
Hail him the victor with latest breath;
When in the judgment Christ shall appear,
Answer, "Behold me here."—*Chorus.*

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

Music by A. HULL.

Solo or Duett. 1st voice sing 4 lines, 2d voice the repeat.

1st. 2d.



1. Why are children singing? What delightful lay Wake their voices ringing, On this holy day?
Oh, we praise the Saviour! Early we be-gin Thus to seek his favor, And his king - - dom win.

*Chorus.*

Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry! From each youthful tongue, Glory! glory! glo-ry! Jesus loves the young;

*Repeat Cho. ad. lib.*

Praise to him be giv-en; He will lead us on Till we meet in heaven, Round our Father's throne.



2. Why are children praying? Can their voices rise,
Thro' each storm delaying, To the peaceful skies?
Yes, our gracious Father Listens as we plead,
Spreads his arms to gather, Answers every need.
Glory! glory! etc.
3. What are children learning? Oh, we learn his name,
Who, on earth sojourning, For our ransom came.
Christ, the Lord of glory, Life for us has given,
We repeat the story, Trav'ling home to heav'n.
Glory! glory! etc.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG. 8 & 7 DOUBLE. *

19

Arranged from Beethoven by HARRY SANDERS.

Con spirito.

1. Je-sus! in thy glorious dwelling, Where the heav'nly anthems ring, Dost thou hear the children singing?
 2. Jesus! from the glo-ry ronnd thee, Dost thou look with smiling face? When the children's hands are lifted,

Chorus. ff

Dost thou heed the praise they bring? { Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! From the riv-er to the sea;
 Lowly praying for thy grace.

Sweet the voices of the children; Singing praises un - to thee.

3. Jesus! though we cannot see thee;
 Art thou still our watchful guide?
 Does thy loving whisper call us?
 Does thy tender hand provide?
Chorus.—Glory, glory, etc.

4. Jesus! thou wilt never leave us,
 Till our feet at last shall stand,
 With the choir of angels singing,
 Day and night at thy right hand.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, etc.

* This music is well adapted to the words, "Glorious things of Thee are spoken," &c.

THE CRYSTAL WALLS.

1. Up - on the crystal walls so bright Of Zion's ci - ty dear, Array'd in robes of shining light, What
And whilst we linger and delay: They beckon us to come. *(Omit all before the Chorus.)*

2. Yes, we will hasten to that land Where Christ our Lord has gone, We know his kind, protecting hand Will
Yet soon we'll tread the golden street, With lov'd companions there.

rit. ad lib. *Chorus.*

hosts of saints appear! They gaze upon the narrow way In which we journey home. Hallelu - jah! Halle -
safely lead us on; And though we walk with weary feet, And burdens often bear, Hallelujah! etc.

lu - jah! They beckon us to come, Halle - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! They beckon us - - - to come.

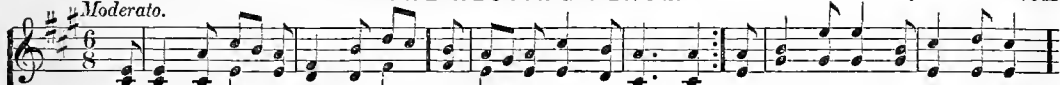
Come, to come.

They beckon us, they beckon us to come.

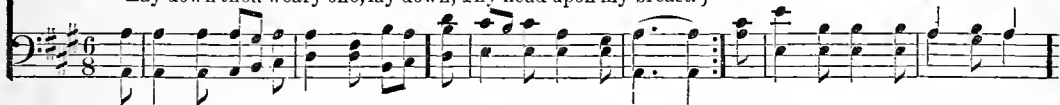
THE RESTING PLACE.

Music by A. HULL. 21

Moderato.



1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, Come un-to me and rest: } I came to Jes - us as I was,
Lay down thou weary one, lay down, Thy head upon my breast. }



Weary and worn and sad; I found in him a Rest-ing place, And he has made me glad.



2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water: thirsty one
Stoop down, and drink and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Concluded from opposite page.

3. Oh, when we reach that heavenly home,
We shall the blest ones meet,
And with them stand before the throne,
Our happiness complete,
What joy to see our Saviour's face,
And think we're home at last;
All safe within that blissful place,
And every trouble past:
Hallelujah! and every trouble past.

4. Our night of toil is passing by,
The clouds are clearing fast;
The morn is dawning in the sky,
And darksome hours are past.
Away with all our griefs and sighs,
Speed on the narrow way;
We'll press towards the glorious prize—
We're nearing home each day:
Hallelujah! We're nearing home each day.

Words by T. ANNE KERMODE.

Music by A. HULL.

Spirited.

1. Quickly spread the joy - ful ti - dings, Loud the glorious news pro - claim, Tell the
the news proclaim,

CHO.—Quick-ly spread the joy - ful ti - dings, Loud the glorious news proclaim, (the news proclaim,) Tell the

heathen that a Sa - viour, In their hearts would live and reign. He is ten - der, He is lov - ing,
heathen that a Sa - viour, In their hearts would live and reign.

FINE. *Soli.*

Meek and mer-ci - ful and mild; He has grace, and hope, and pardon For each wayworn, sin - ful child.

D. C. to Cho.

"WE ARE JESUS' LITTLE LAMBS."

23

Words by KATE CAMERON.
Moderato.

(For the Infant class.)

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. We are Je - sus' lit - tle lambs, And our Shepherd well we love: He will take us in His arms, Bear us safe to

Chorus.

fields a - bove. Lit - tle lambs, lit - tle lambs, We have no fear, If we are in dan - ger Je - sus is near.

2. In those pastures green and fair,
We shall roam secure from harm,
Ever kept from grief and ill,
By our shepherd's mighty arm.—CHO.

3. Let us love and trust Him more,
Strive to serve Him here below;
Thinking of the blessed time,
When to dwell with Him we'll go.—CHO.

Continued from opposite page.

2. Tell them that He took upon him,
All their sin and all their shame;
That they might in joy forever—
Live through faith in his dear name.
Tell them to forsake their idols,
Senseless blocks of wood and stone,
Tell them JESUS is the Saviour,
He can save, and He alone.

3. Swiftly o'er the rolling ocean,
Speed ye, brave and noble band;
Shout aloud your joyful tidings,
Plant the cross on every strand.
Tell the poor forsaken heathen,
God is gracious, just, and kind;
The Redeemer died to save them,
Died their broken hearts to bind.

CHO.—Quickly spread the joyful, &c.

CHO.—Quickly spread the joyful, &c.

REJOICE! THE WORD OF GOD IS FREE.

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Take the Bible, teacher, if you strive young hearts to win; Bring the children round you, and in loving faith begin;
 2. Keep the promise, teacher, all your need shall be supplied; Follow close the Saviour, if you seek young souls to guide;
 3. Be not weary, teacher, for the harvest may delay; God will give the increase, you must watch, and work, and pray;
 4. Learn of Jesus, teacher, you will have his cross to bear; Little ones in Heaven will the Saviour's kingdom share;

Chorus.

Hope keeps the early seed-time, Love reaps the harvest in, Then go on working for Jesus. Rejoice! Rejoice! Re-
 Keep the narrow pathway, there's safety at his side, Then go on, looking to Je - sus. Rejoice, etc.
 The fruit of souls immortal will ripen day by day, Then go on, trusting in Je - sus. Rejoice, etc.
 And bright will be the moment when you shall meet them there, When they shall gather round Jesus. Rejoice, etc.

joice! Rejoice! the word of God is free. Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice! there's work for you and me;

REJOICE! THE WORD OF GOD IS FREE.

25

To gath-er souls for Jesus, our no-ble work shall be, As we go homeward to glo - ry.

THE MORNING STAR.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. There's a star that shines on the blest highway, As a fire by night and a cloud by day,
Where the ransom'd heaven-bound are;

2. The pilgrim, weary and weak in faith, Hath smiled in its beams afar; One died to redeem him, "I am," who saith,

The bright and the morning star. The bright and the morning star, The bright and the morning star, The bright and the morning star.

3. Oh, narrow and rugged the blood-bought way
That leads to the pearly bar;
But they who may pass it shall walk for aye,
||: By light of the morning star.:||

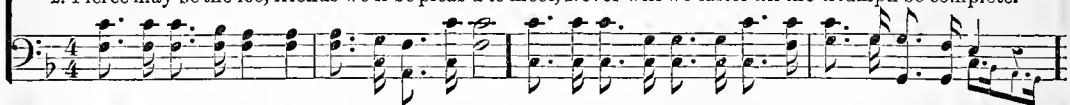
4. Shall trial and sorrow, so sure to come,
The peace of the spirit mar?
Nay! brightest in gloom shines the light of home,
||: The bright and the morning star.:||

Melody and words by W. H. HAYNES.

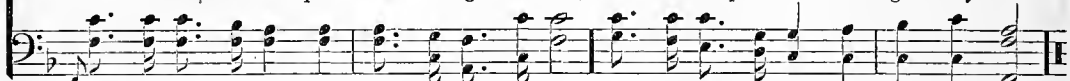
Harmonized and arr'g'd by A. HULL.

Moderato.

1. Great will be the conflict, when the pow'r of sin, Opens wide its Dragon mouth, to take the people in.
2. Fierce may be the foe, friends we'll be pleas'd to meet, Never will we falter till the triumph be complete.

*Fine.*

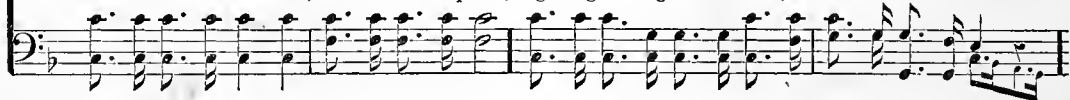
Prompt will be the ac - tion, when in e - vil hour, Death shall rise to rob them of their pow'r.
When we've liv'd to con - quer in a fight so rare, Then the tro - phies we will glad - ly share.



Great will be the praising, when we all u - nite, Press - ing hard for ho - li - ness and right.
Glo - ry in the stripes that we'll be proud to share, Bearing them with patience and with care.

D. S. F.

Great will be the wailing, when without control, Sin shall press its pois'nous fang on body, mind and soul.
Nev - er will we murmur, never will complain, Fighting for so good a cause, can never be in vain.



BE A HERO IN THE STRIFE.

27

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. You are living! Are you feeling All the mighty pow'r of life? Is your spirit proudly beating
 2. What is shaking earth's foundations? Winning souls the wide world o'er? Made the battle-hymn of nations.—

Chorus.

With an ardor for the strife? { Be a he-ro, Be a he-ro, Be a he-ro in the strife.
 "Christ, the Lord, is conqueror."

3. Great events are swiftly rushing
 Down the mountain-steep of time;
 All resisting forces crushing
 In their onward march sublime.—*Cho.*

4. Are you acting? Weak endeavor
 Is the germ of giant-might,—
 With a true heart for a lever,
 You may move a world aright.—*Cho.*

Concluded from opposite page.

3. Jesus, he has rais'd us, and will lead us on, (upon;
 Strewing all our pathways bright with flowers there—
 Him alone be praised, while we sojourn here,
 Though our many trials be severe.
 He will keep us ever, if we dare obey, (day;
 Giving strength, and wisdom too, according to our
 He'll forsake us never, but will e'er be found,
 Binding up and healing every wound.

4. Sin has proved a failure: well it ought to be,—
 It has done its deadly work of shame and misery.
 We'll defeat it bravely, while the truth controls,
 Doing what we can for deathless souls.
 Higher life we'll favor, outwardly and in,
 Prohibition strictly, from the least remains of sin;
 Hast'ning on the march where holiness shall lead,
 Sinning ne'er in thought, nor word, nor deed.

ALLELUIA, SING TO JESUS.

Words from "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

Music arranged by HARRY SANDERS.

Moderato.

1. Al-le-lu-ia, sing to Je-sus, His the sceptre, His the throne! Al-le-lu-ia, His the triumph,

Soli.

Tutti.

His the vic-tory a-lone. Hark the songs of peaceful Zi-on, Thunder like a mighty flood!

Jesus out of eve-ry na-tion, Hath redeem'd us by his blood, Hath redeem'd us by his blood.

2. Alleluia, not as orphans,
 We are left in sorrow now;
 Alleluia, he is near us.
 Faith believes, nor questions how.
 Though the clouds from sight received him,
 When the forty days were o'er,
 Shall our hearts forget his promise,
 :||: I am with you evermore. :||:

3. Alleluia, Bread of angels,
 Thou on earth, our food, our stay,
 Alleluia, here the sinful
 Flee to thee from day to day.
 Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
 Where the songs of all the ransomed
 :||: Sweep across the crystal sea. :||:

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

29

Words by A. P. M. SNYDER.

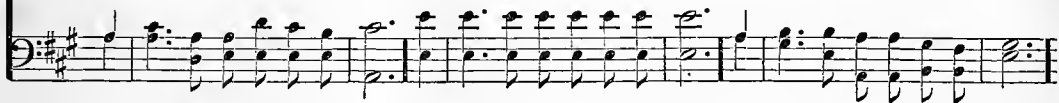
Music by A. HULL.



1. When toiling o'er life's rugged road, How oft we pause and wonder why Our Lord appointed this great load
Tho' na-ture ut-ters loud complaint



To weak-ly mortals; and we sigh, We falter, stumble, almost faint, But still we must our burden bear.
When none alone save God can hear.



2. Our spirit cries in vain for rest,
Beneath the glare of earthly skies,
Anon we'll reach the mansions blest,
Where tears are wiped from mourner's eyes,
Oh, may we patient, willing be,
To do our part as God designed,
From every murmuring plaint be free,
Accept our lot with willing mind.

3. And may we deem it joy to be,
Accounted worthy by our Lord,
And in our generation see
Our works reflecting to his own Word.
Then will our burden lighter seem,
If we through Faith can see thus clear,
And Life, and Hope, and Glory bear
Upon us while we sojourn here.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. As pilgrim's to Zi - on, we journey a-loug, Our hearts and our voices u-nite in glad song; We sing of the

love of the Lord cru-ci-fied, For us hath he lived, and for us hath he died. *Chorus.* Glory, Glory, Glory, to the Lamb!

Glory to the great "I AM!" Praise him, praise him, praise him, heaven's host! Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2. Our home is above, and we here have no rest,
We seek the fair mansions, abode of the blest;
The trials of life cannot give us dismay,
We know that these sorrows will soon pass away.

Chorus.—Glory, Glory, etc.

3. The treasures of earth yield to moth and to rust,
Our fairest possessions will soon turn to dust;
Then why should we linger? O, pilgrims arise,
And singing of Jesus, march home to the skies.

Chorus.—Glory, Glory, etc.

1. When sail - ing o'er time's rest - less sea, Be - neath a cloud - ed sky;
How sweet the whis - per (Omir. - - - - -) comes to me, A Sa - viour ev - er nigh.

Breezes from the heav'nly land, They sweep across the sea; They waft the music on the strand, The song of hope to me.

Chorus. Animato.

O, wait - ing souls re - joice, We're near the ho - ly strand, List! 'tis the Sa - viour's voice, The wel - come breeze from land.

2. Loud raves the voice of angry gales,
But while the breakers foam,
A soft wind fans the spreading sails,
The pleasant breeze from home.
Breezes from the Heavenly Land,
They sweep the billows o'er,
The voices of a loving hand
Are wafted from the shore.—*Cho.*

3. Then let the frowning clouds grow dark,
The tempest wildly rave;
A strong hand guides the laden bark
Across the stormy wave.
Breezes from the Heavenly land,
They murmur o'er the wave,
The welcome of an outstretched hand,
A heart that bled to save.—*Cho.*

1. He that go - eth forth and weeps, Bear - ing precious seed, Finds that God his prom - ise keeps,

Bless - ing ev - ery deed. So, with will - ing hearts we go, Youth - ful souls to win; From the path of

Sin and woe, Bring the wanderers in. From the path of sin and woe, Bring the wanderers in.

2. To the lowly and distressed,
Christ a ransom came,
Let them hear the tidings blest,
Offered in his name;
Like the Bible's precious truth,
Freed from earth's alloy,
To the mild and heart of youth,
Bear its words of joy.

3. Saviour, such was thy command,
Thou dost love the young,
Guarded by thy gracious hand,
Life's rough paths among;
By thy death our life was bought
Purchased by thy pain,
Free and full salvation bought,
That our souls may gain.

4. Bearing all earth's bitter scorn,
Thou did'st lowly come,
Wandering, homeless, and forlorn,
But to guide us home;
O, may angels join the song,
When in realms above,
All thy ransomed children throng,
To proclaim thy love.

THE GOSPEL OF TRUTH.

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

Music by A. HULL.

1. Star of the Pi - lot, Beau - ti - ful an - gel, Far wawe and isl - et Wait thine e - van - gel O'er the desolate
 2. Gos - pel of pow - er, Swift be thy pin - ion, Bright be thiue hour, — Wide thy do - min - iou. Let the nations re -
 3. Gos - pel of meek - ness, Ti - dings of gladness, Strengthen our weakness, Comfort, our sadness. All our sorrow shall

earth, Fair an - gel, go forth, De - clar - ing the message that Jesus has given ;
 joice In hear - ing thy voice, Re - ceiv - ing the message that Jesus has given ; The Bible, the Bi - ble, the
 cease, Sweet Gos - pel of Peace, Be - liev - ing the message that Jesus has given ;

Ritard.

gos - pel of truth, For the winter of age and the summer of youth, 'Tis the Bible that points us to heaven.

MAKE A GARLAND FOR THE SAVIOUR.

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Make a garland for the Saviour, Come to wreath it old, and young; Winning grace and loving favor,
 2. His are all the stars of glo-ry, Heaven's ros-es un - de - filed; But we read the lov-ing story,

Happy heart and joy-ful tongue. Weave a garland, weave a garland, Weave a garland for the Saviour;
 How he called a lit - tle child. Weave a garland, weave a garland, Weave a garland for the Saviour;

Bring the children for his garland, For our Saviour calls the young.
 Happy children, weave his garland, Jesus came to earth a child.

3.

Lo, the angel hosts surround him,
 Casting crowns before his feet!
 But the children's love has crowned
 With a lily garland sweet. [him,
 Crown the Saviour, precious Saviour,
 Bring the children for his garland;
 Crown the Saviour, precious Saviour,
 With a little garland sweet.

4. Yes, the children seek the Saviour;
 See, they wreath his throne above,
 And he looks on them with favor,
 And he speaks to them in love.

Weave the garland, weave the garland,
 Happy children, round the Saviour;
 Holy children, in the garland,
 Blooming round the throne above.

"COME TO ME."

35

(For the infant class.)

Music by R. R. BATTEE, Esq.



1. Lit - tle children, come to Je - sus; Hear Him saying, "Come to me!" Blessed Je - sus, who, to save us,
2. Lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Giv - en from the heaven above; Lit - tle ears to hear the sto - ry



Shed His blood on Cal - va - ry! Lit - tle souls were made to serve Him, All His ho - ly law fulfill;
Of the Saviour's wondrous love; Lit - tle tongues to sing His praises, Lit - tle feet to walk his ways,



Little hearts were made to love Him, Lit - tle hands to do His will.
Lit - tle bod - ies to be temples, Where the Ho - ly - Spi - rit stays.



3. There are little crowns in heaven,
There are little harps of gold,
There are little shining dresses,
There are gems and joys untold.
Jesus gave his blood to buy them:
He has bought enough for all.
Little children, come to Jesus:
He has love for great and small.

BRING THE CHILDREN FROM AFAR.

Arranged by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Bring the children from a - far; Suf - fer them to come to me; Lo, I am the Morning Star,
2. Suf - fer lit - tle ones to come, In thy kingdom bright to shine, Je - sus thou hast built their home,

Fine.

Shi - ning o'er life's trou - bled sea. Lov - ing Sa - viour, is it thou, Call - ing lit - tle children near?
Man - y man - sions, Lord, are thine. Oth - ers frown and turn a - way, Thou a - lone dost nev - er chide;

D.C.

See, we haste to bring them now, Teach them all thy voice to hear.
Thou wilt keep by night and day, Thou wilt be a faithful guide.

3. Little ones in glory bright,
Sing amid the angel throng,
Let these voices here unite,
Learning too the holy song.
Loving Saviour, thou hast died,
Risen Saviour, thou dost reign,
And the children's soul abide,
Safe with thee, where death is gain.

Du Capo first four lines.

REJOICE IN THE MORNING STAR.

37

Words arranged from P. J. O.

Music by A. HULL.

1. Have ye seen the star that was bright a - bove, When the wise men came from a - far?
 2. In the re-gions dark with the shade of death, They be-held it shine from a - far;

Have you heard the news of a Sa - viour's love, The joy of the Morn - ing Star?
 And the wel - come ti - dings of love and faith The joy of the Morn - ing Star.

Chorus.

For Christ is the Morning Star, To guide our souls afar, Re-joyce, re-joyce, re-joyce in the Morning Star.
 re - joyce, re - joyce.

3. Sweetly it will shine in the eyes of youth
 When the gates of Heav'n stand ajar;
 And they reach their home in the world of truth,
 By light of the Morning Star.—*Cho.*

4. Still that Star is bright in the distant East,
 But its glory spreads afar;
 Bidding all that come to the gospel feast,
 "Rejoice in the Morning Star."—*Cho.*

1. Voi - ces of gladness join in the strain, Ban - ish all sadness, each thought of pain, Love never changing here shall bear rule,

Chorus.

Here in this hap - py place, dear Sun - day - school. Here we sing the Sa - viour's praise, Here we seek his prom - ised grace -

"Tis a hap - py, hap - py place, Dear Sun - day - school.

2. What shall we render Thee, God of truth?
Whose kindness tender watched o'er our youth,
Gave us dear teachers to tell of Thy love,
Sent us Thy holy word to guide us above.—*Cho.*

3. Most we adore Thee for Him who came
From realms of glory lost souls to claim,
Died to redeem us. Saviour divine,
O may our hearts first love ever be Thine.
CHO.: Here we sing, &c.

4. Kept by Thy power, Saved by Thy grace,
O may each hour give Thee the praise,
Till Thou shalt call us in accents of love
To join with the angels who praise Thee above.

CHO.: Clothed in immortality,
There Thy glorious face to see,
And in bliss remember Thee,
Dear Sunday-school.

THE LAND OF LIGHT.

39

By permission.

J. H. TENNEY.



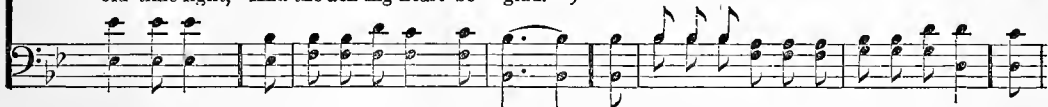
1. There's a beau-ti-ful land, a land of light, Which lies just o-ver the way, Where the night of life, With its
2. There are loving eyes, which we closed at night, 'Mid sighing and bitter tears; They are beaming bright, 'Neath
3. Look up, ye poor and suff-ring ones, Ye trou-bled, wea-ry and sad, Let the eye-grow bright With the



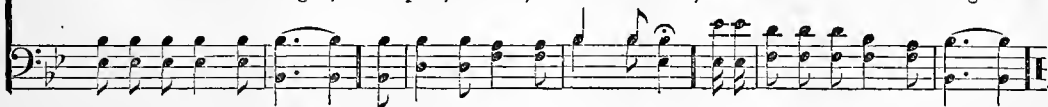
Chorus.



gloom and strife, Fades out in-to gold-en day. } For o-ver the riv-er, the beau-ti-ful land, The
 brows of light, Untouched by the frost of years. }
 old time light, And the ach-ing heart be glad.



beau-ti-ful land of light; No pain, no tears, no sor-row there, In that beautiful land of light.



"INTO THY HANDS, O LORD."

By permission.

Words by SUSAN J. ADAMS.

Music by J. H. TANNEY.

1. In-to Thy hands, O Lord, My-self I give, With all my cares and tri-als, And weary self-de-ni-als,
2. All I have ev-er been Or hope to be; My hoarded gains my loss-es, My triumphs and my crosses,

Long as I live, Long as I live.
I bring to Thee, I bring to Thee.

3. I would no longer stand
An idler here,
Thy work I would be doing,
Daily my toil renewing,
Till Thou appear, Till Thou appear.
4. Thou knowest all my need,
Better than I;
Quicken my weak endeavor,
That I may love Thee ever,
Until I die, Until I die.

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

HARVEST TIME.

Music by A. HULL.

*Solo.**1st Semi Chorus.**2d Semi Chorus.**Trio.*

1. See, the sun is high in heaven,—'Tis har-vest time.
Hark! your Master's charge is given,—(OMIT. . . .) 'Tis harvest time. From his vineyard still your staying,
2. See, the fields are white already,—'Tis harvest time,
Come and labor, earnest, steady,—(OMIT. . . .) 'Tis harvest time. Few and weary hands are reaping,

Semi-Chorus. Refrain.

'Midst earth's pleasures idly straying, And your Master's work delaying; 'Tis harvest time. 'Tis harvest time, . . .
 Sad and dreary hands are weeping, One for you a place is keeping,—'Tis harvest time. 'Tis harvest time, . . .

'Tis harvest time, . . . 'Tis har-vest time, . . . 'Tis harvest time, 'Tis harvest time, 'Tis harvest time.
 'Tis har-vest time. 'Tis har-vest time.

3. Work for Him whose blood has bought you,—
 'Tis harvest time,
 Work for Him whose pity sought you,—
 'Tis harvest time.
 Send the news of His salvation
 To each distant tribe and nation,
 Truth and peace and consolation,—
 'Tis harvest time.

4. See, the fields in sunshine whiten,—
 'Tis harvest time.
 'Neath the Master's smile they brighten,—
 'Tis harvest time.
 Up and work for souls around you,
 To this cause his love has bound you,
 Keep in Heaven when he has crowned you,—
 Love's harvest time.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

With expression.

1st. 2nd.

1. Youth, re-mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor, Ere the e - vil days come nigh. } Sorrows darken heart and eye.
 Wait not for the hours when later, [Omit, - - -]

But in life's resplendent morning, Glor-i-ous and fair to see, List the sol-umn voice of warning:

'Tis thy Saviour calls for thee. List the sol-umn voice of warn-ing: 'Tis thy Saviour calls for thee.

2. Happy they who seek him early;
 He their youthful steps will guide,
 Till the gates of heaven, pearly,
 To their coming open wide;

And, beside that radiant portal,
 What bright watchers do we see?
 ::: Crowns and harps of joy immortal,
 Where the Saviour waits for thee. :::

WHEN WE MEET IN BLISS ETERNAL.

43

Words by J. W. BUTLER.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. When we meet in bliss eternal, And renew our friendships there, Round the throne we'll sing our praises,

Cho.
And our Saviour's glo-ries share. Glo-ry to the Lamh that saved us, Never ending pow'r and fame,

Strike your Harps in heavenly chorus, To his well-be - lov - ed name.

2. Then from every clime and nation,
Chosen ones will mingle song,
And while angels chant the measure,
Martyrs will the sound prolong.
Chorus.—Glory, &c.

3. Trembling saints who long have suffered,
Here below in former years,
Join the strain with new-found power,
Jesus has dispelled their fears.
Chorus.—Glory, &c.

Concluded from opposite page.

3. Onward then, not unrequited,
Are these hours of patient care,
When in Sabbath-School united,
Mutual toil and hope we share.

And till angel guides before us,
Becken o'er the jasper sea,
:|: Crowns and harps of joy immortal,
Where the Saviour waits for thee. :|:

1. Onward, Christian Soldiers, Marching to the war, With the cross of Je-sus, Go - ing on be-fore;

Christ, the Roy - al Master, Leads a-gain the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle, See, his banner go.

Chorus.

Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching to the war, With the cross of Je-sus, Go-ing on be-fore.

2. At the sign of triumph,
Satan's hosts dost flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On, to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver,
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.—*Cho.*

3. Like a mighty army,
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading,
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided:
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity,—*Cho.*

4. Crowns and thorns may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
But the Church of Jesus,
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never,
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—*Cho.*

EASTER HYMN. 7. DOUBLE.

Music by HARRY SANDERS. 45

Con spirito.

1. "Christ the Lord has ris'n to-day," Sons of men and an-gels say, Raise your joys and triumphs high;

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re-ply. 2. Love's redeeming work is done: Fought the fight, the hat-tle won;

Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er, Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has hurst the gates of hell,
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has open'd Paradise.

4. Lives again our gracious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

Concluded from opposite page.

5. Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song.

Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ, the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

Words by MRS. M. E. HILL.

Music by A. B. HOAG.

Teacher.

1. Lit - tle children, marching onward, Whither do your footsteps tend? All with bright and hap-py faces,
2. Children, life is not all sunshine, Sometimes clouds shut out the day; Will your little feet ne'er weary,

Children.

Where will you your journey end? Know you not our Sa- viour told us, That of such his kingdom is?
And from toil - ing turn a - way? Oh, we are the lambs of Je - sus, And His love guards o'er us still;

Chorus.

So we're marching on for Hea-ven, With our lit - tle hands in His. And while marching along, will be
On His bo-som He will bear us, Safe from ev - ery earthly ill. And while marching, etc.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM."

47

Sing - ing a song Of praise for the promise He's giv'n, That to yon - der bright home all children may come,

"For of such is the King - dom of Heaven." We're march - ing, we're march - ing,
We're march - ing a - long, we're march - ing a - long, we're

marching, marching a - long; And we're sing - ing, we're sing - ing, And his praise shall be our song.
marching, marching a - long; And we're singing, singing, sing - ing,

LOST AND FOUND.

1. I was *blind* when Jesus sought me, And I could not find the way, Till to light my Saviour brought me,
 2. I was *lost* when Jesus *found* me, Sad-ly wand'ring far a - stray; He with arms of love around me,
D. S. Then un-bar'd the gate to glo - ry,

D. S. ♩
 Glorious light of per - fect day. Oh! His face with love was beaming, As He turned to look on me,
 Glad as a - ny tears could be. (*Omit.*)
 Gent-ly drew me, to the way. And with blood so pure and ho - ly, Wash'd a - way my ev'-ry sin;
 Bade me *haste* to en - ter in. (*Omit.*)

Chorus.
 { Then Ho - san - na to the Saviour, For His blood was shed for me,
 { Whilst I'm liv - ing in his fa - vor, (*Omit.*) I shall al - ways hap - py be.

WORK, WATCH, AND PRAY.

49
Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Earnestly.

1. "Work, for the night is com-ing," Pray, for the day's at hand; }
 Watch, for the Mas-ter call-eth, Strive it is God's command } Now is the time to la - bor,

Then is the judgment hour; Work for the soul's sal - va - tion, Pray for the spir - it's pow'r.

2. Work for the souls around you,
 Weep for sins—your own!
 Fight for the cross upon you,
 Wait for the victor's crown.
 Watch, while you work for others;
 Pray, while you wait for power;
 Watching—working—and praying,
 Fill up each golden hour.

3. Work, for the night is coming—
 Death now stands at the door;
 Pray, for the day is dawning—
 Day of Jesus' power.
 Sleep when your labor's ended—
 Wake from your Christ's blest tomb;
 Rest, faithful Christian soldier—
 Jesus now calls you home.

Concluded from opposite page.

3. Then, a wand'rer and a stranger,
 Poor, and lost, and blind was I;
 Now, I'm saved from guilt and danger,
 By his precious blood brought nigh.
 Chains of sin no more confine me,
 Loosed are they, at his command;
 Cords of love, to him now bind me,
 I'm protected by his hand.—*Chorus.*

4. Oh, my Saviour, bow I love thee—
 Write thy blessed name on me;
 In my heart there's none above thee,
 Thou, alone, my King shalt be.
 Through the pearly gates, oh, lead me!
 To the living fountains, pure;
 There with heavenly manna, feed me,
 Safe at home, with thee secure.—*Chorus.*

1. How deeply within the lone bo - som, The fountains of feeling are stirred, When wea-ry with wan-derings
 2. In a moment the thoughts are straying, With memory in loves golden light, And sweetly the forms of the
 3. Far o'er life's river come floating, Sweet echoes from heaven's green shore, And white hands are waved in the

longing, For home, some one whispers the word. How quick the tired pulses are waking, How wildly they thrill at the
 ab - sent Are lingering again on the sight. Glad voices are mingling in greeting, And welcoming echoes re -
 dis - tance By *loved ones* whose voyage is o'er. He lis - tens, earth's ills are forgotten, Soft music is breathing a -

sound, As o'er the deep wa - ters are break - ing, The mu - si - cal words—Homeward bound.
 sound, As wide o'er the cur - rent are sweep - ing, The soul stir - ring words—Homeward bound.
 round, And on - ward re - joic - ing he pres - ses, A - mid the wild waves,—Homeward bound.

"HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH."

Music by HARRY SANDERS. 51

1. Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth! Ho, ev' - ry one that thirst-eth! Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth!
 2. Come, saith the Ho-ly Spir - it; Come, saith the Ho-ly Spir - it; Come, saith the Ho-ly Spir - it;
 3. Come, ev' - ry one that hear-eth; Come, ev' - ry one that hear-eth; Come ev' - ry one that hear-eth;

Come ye to the wa-ters, Come ye to the wa-ters, And he that hath not mo-ney! Come ye, buy and
 Come ye to the wa-ters, Come ye, &c.
 Come ye to the wa-ters, Come ye, &c.

Rit.

eat, Yea come and buy, buy wine, buy wine and milk, without money, without money and without price

1. We shall meet in that beau-ti - ful land, On the banks of the bright golden shore,
 Beauti-ful land,* Golden shore,

Inst.

With all the re-deem'd spir-it band, And with Je - sus to live ev - er - more.
 Spirit band, Evermore.

Chorus.

In a bright hap-py home We shall meet, In that beauti - ful, beau-ti - ful land,
 We shall meet, Beauti - ful land,

* Small notes may be sung as a response in the absence of an Instrument to play them.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

53

In a bright hap - py home, we shall meet, In that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful land.

2. Over there on the bright azure plains,
The river of life sweetly flows
For the Saviour eternally reigns,
And the beautiful gates never close.—*Cho.*
3. Blessed "Jesus has gone to prepare
Us a crown that is brighter than day,"
Then forever He'll dwell with us there,
His own hand shall wipe all tears away.—*Cho.*
4. No sorrow shall e'er taint the air,
Where God dwells evil never can come,
No weeping will break on the ear,
When the day of life's turmoil is done.—*Cho.*
5. We will meet in the land ever fair,
Where the weary forever shall rest,
The crown of redemption we'll wear,
And triumphantly chant with the blest.—*Cho.*

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

Music by A. HULL.

Moderato.

1. To - day the Saviour calls, Ye wand'ers, come! O, ye be - nighted souls, Why long - er roam?

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

To day the Saviour calls!
O hear him now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

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

"LITTLE ONES, MY LITTLE ONES."

Words by A. MEANS, D. D.

Arr. from a Bohemian air by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Em -manuel reigns from shore to shore, Little ones, my lit - tle ones; His ehariot's at our tem - ple door,
 2. Our Fath - er hears our warm appeal, Lit - tle ones, my lit - tle ones, While on our na - tive soil we kneel,
 3. With sparkling eyes and blushing cheek, Little ones, my lit - tle ones, With joy - ous spi - rit, pure and meek,

Lit - tle ones, my lit - tle ones, And should our land be drenched with gore, Like Syr - ias plain in days of yore,
 Lit - tle ones, my lit - tle ones, For life and death, for woe and weal, Our peni - ten - tial vows we seal,
 Lit - tle ones, my lit - tle ones, Our songs shall rise from week to week, From hill to hill, from creek to creek,

4. And when the Sab^hath - bell shall toll,
 Little ones, my little ones,
 No idler shall our steps control,
 Little ones, my little ones.
 Should fire and flood their fury roll,
 And battle rage from pole to pole,
 We'll worship *God* and save the *soul*,
 Little ones, my little ones.

1. Oh! wilt Thou list great God of light, A lit - tle child to Thee would bow, }
 And wilt Thou guard me ev' - ry night, And bless me while I dwell be-low. } Then wilt thou take me,

when I die, To dwell with Thee a - bove the sky, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

2. Thou wilt not cast me off I know,
 For little ones like me, thou'st said,
 Shall surely dwell in heaven above,
 And wear a crown upon their head.
 There shall I hear bright angels sing,
 And join with them to praise my King,
 Forever and forever.

3. Now, Father, one more boon I crave,
 For parent, brother, teacher, friend,—
 A happy journey o'er life's wave,
 And then eternity to spend,
 Where I shall touch the golden string,
 And sing the song that angels sing,
 Forever and forever.

Concluded from opposite page.

5. Hark! hark! how sweet this infant hum,
 Little ones, my little ones;
 More thrilling far than fife or drum,
 Little ones, my little ones.

'Twould stir the souls of deaf and dumb;
 We're marching to our heavenly home—
 Hail! angels hail! we come, we come
 With little ones, our little ones.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

Arranged by A. HULL.

1. "One by one" the bonds are severed, Binding hearts to-ge-th-er here; "One by one" new ties are
 2. "One by one" they cease their toiling, For the Mas - ter here be - low; By the an - gel bands at-

Refrain.

ad - ded To the land that knows no tear. May we gath - er at the riv - er, Ev - er
 tend - ed, To their end - less rest they go. gath - er at the riv - er.

flow - ing from the throne, Mingling with the saints forev - er, Where no parting will be known.

3. "One by one," they're gath'ring homeward,
 Out of every clime and land;
 "One by one," they're crossing over,
 To the distant, heavenly strand.—*Cho.*

4. "One by one," the Saviour calls us,
 In his perfect bliss to share;
 May we for the call be ready,
 O, may none be missing there.—*Cho.*

1. Children let us join and sing, With u-ni-ted voice - es; Praises to our heavenly king, While each heart
2. Blest are they who turn aside From all gain and fa-vor, And in kindness seek to guide, Youth to love the
3. Here, their anxious love and care, All is freely giv - en, 'Tis a glo-ri - ous task to rear, Children up for

joic - es. In the morning of our days, Let us turn from fol-ly's ways And with cheerful voices raise,
Sav - iour. This is all their no - ble aim, Bet-ter far than gold or fame, Still untir - ing to proclaim,
hea - ven. And for this their prayers arise, This they spend their energies, —'Tis the soul that never dies,

Hymns to our Re - deem - ers praise.
Je - - sus' heart in - spir - ing name.
They are train - ing for the skies.

4. Let us then with joyful songs,
Tell the pleasing story;
Till we join the ransomed throngs
In the realms of glory;
There to fall before his throne,
All his loving kindness own,
Who hast saved by grace alone,
Holy, great, Immortal One.

"WE ARE SINGING."

Moderato.

1. { We are singing, we are singing, Hap-py songs of grateful love, And our child-hood voices mingle
They are praising Him who made them, In their wild and simple lay, And we glad-ly join their chorus,

2. { We are singing, we are singing, Of the bless-ed Lamb of God, Of the Saviour who redeemed us,
To the pear-ly gates of mer-cy, He has taught our souls the way; May He come and bless the children,

Chorus.

With the minstrels of the grove; }
On this Ho-ly Sabbath day. } Precious moments! may we prize them! Precious day of calm re-pose!
By his pure and precious blood; }
On this hap-py Sabbath-day. } Precious moments! &c.

Repeat Cho. ad lib.

Day of all the week the brightest, Day when Christ, the Lord arose.

3. We are singing, we are singing,
Of the pilgrim's home of rest,
Where the faithful dwell forever,
And the pure in heart are blest.
We are singing of its beauty,
And we swell the joyous lay,
For we know our Saviour hears us,
On this hallow'd Sabbath-day.
Chorus.

"LIFT THINE EYES."

59

M. P. R.

(Harvest Hymn.)

Music by J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. Lift thine eyes! The fields have whitened, Ready for the reaper's hand, La-bor-ers are few and scattered;
 2. If to reap thou art too fee-ble, Or to bind the gold-en sheaves, Thou canst follow slowly af-ter,

CHO.—Lift thine eyes! The fields have whitened, Ready for the reaper's hand, La-bor-ers are few and scattered;

FINE.

Christian, canst thou i-dle stand? Wast-ed were the hours of morn-ing: Hast-en, and thy task be-gin,
 Gleaning what thy bro-ther leaves. Faint not in the time of har-vest, Nei-ther worn or wea-ried grow;

Christian, canst thou i-dle stand?

D. C. for Cho.

Seest the darkness gather round thee, Ere the sie-кле is thrust in.
 Think what labors Christ the Master Bore for thee while here below.

3

When the angel-host descending,
 Bear above the sheaves of grain,
 Thou shalt see with clearer vision,
 That thy toil was not in vain.
 When the harvest-time is ended,
 Sweet indeed thy rest shall be.
 Christian! labor for the Master,
 While his Spirit biddeth thee.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Go and tell Je - sus, wea-ry, sin - sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole:
 2. Go and tell Je - sus, when your sins a - rise Like mountains of deep guilt be - fore your eyes;
 3. Go and tell Je - sus, He'll dispel thy fears, Will calm thy painful doubts and dry thy tears;

Look up to Him, He on - ly can for - give, Be - lieve on Him, and thou shalt surely live:
 His blood was spilt, His preeious life he gave, That mer - cy, peace, and pardon you might have;
 He'll take thee in His arms, and ou His breast, Thou might be hap - py, and for . ev . er rest.

Chorus.

Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give, Go and tell Je - sus, O, turn to Him and live,

Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give.

Words and Music by

SAFE IN HEAVEN AT LAST.

REV. THOS. L. POULSON.

1. In the wea - ry tasks of toil - ing 'Mid the strife of earth - ly toil - ing, We may hear the Lord still calling,
 2. Thro' our days of pain and sighing, While the forms of love are dying, We may hear the strong one saying
 3. Ties of love shall here be rend - ed And our fel - low - ship be end - ed; But the Saints, enthroned ascended,

Rit - - -

Come to Heaven at last.
 Come to Heaven at last.
 Meet in Heaven at last.

4
 Here the burning tear-drop falleth,
 And the sweetest pleasure palleteth;
 But, when our good Master calleth,
 'Twill be Heaven at last.

6
 While the mighty hosts are singing,
 And the golden harps are ringing
 Christ, his blood-bought will be bringing
 Home to Heaven at last.

5
 With the countless white robed standing,
 On the bright and cloudless landing,
 All our ransom'd souls expanding,
 Safe in Heaven at last.

7
 Free from sins that always bound us,
 With our loved ones all around us,
 We shall laud the King that crowned us,
 In bright Heaven at last.

1. In the Sun-day School army our names are enrolled, And we follow our Lead-er, all steadfast and bold,
2. We are young, but His wisdom shall guide us a-right: We are weak, but His strength is our courage and might,

On the Sun-day School banner, His name you may see; It is Je-sus our Sa-viour, who loved you and me.
When we fol-low His stand-ard, the darkness will flee, And our watchword is always, He loved you and me.

Chorus.

We'll praise Him for-ev-er, we'll love Him for-ev-er, We'll praise Him for-ev-er, He loved you and me.

3. In our child-hood we come, if no ripe sheaves be ours,
We will garland his pathway with blossoms and flowers;
We will go forth at morning, His gleaners to be,
He will welcome us smiling, He loves you and me.—*Cho.*
4. When the victory is won and the conflict is o'er,
We will close 'round our leader, on Canaan's bright shore,
And then sing on exulting His glory to see,
This is He, our Redeemer, He loved you and me.—*Cho.*

"HE LEADETH ME!"

63

Psalm. xxiii—2.

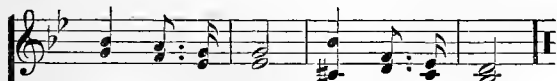
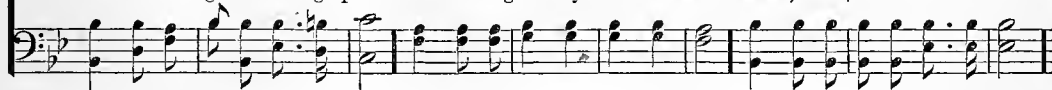
Music by HARRY SANDERS.



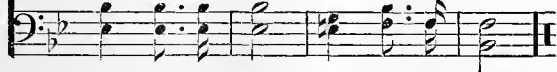
1. Down thro' life's waters chill and deep, Where its black billows coldly sweep, He leadeth me, He leadeth me.
2. O'er rug-ged steeps, with tear-drops wet, My lonely life-path lies—and yet He leadeth me, He leadeth me.
3. Sometimes in pastures green, beside The cool, sweet waters' rippling tide, He leadeth me! He leadeth me!



Still wa-ters may not al - ways flow, And while the wild winds fiercely blow, I'll fear no e - vil while I know
But should my path be good or ill, O'er rugged steeps, through waters chill, My heart shall safely trust Him still,
And when He guides through paths of care Though I may meet with crosses there, Shall I refuse to follow where



He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me!



4. E'en when I pass through death's dark vale,
Where earthly love and help must fail;
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
Up through the deep, bewildering shade,
To the blest home His hand hath made,
Where death, nor sin, can e'er invade,
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!

Words by REV. THOS. L. POULSON.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. This is the precious story, Of Jesus and his love, That, in the years of childhood, First drew our thoughts to God;
 2. This is the old, old story, So wonderful and true, That sat-is-fied our long-ings, With love both old and new;
 3. And when, in realms of glory, Our voices we shall raise, To sing the wondrous story, Of Christ's eternal praise;

This is the same old sto-ry, That, in the days of yore, Our mothers sang so sweetly, With all its priceless store.
 And now we sing its praises, In scenes of worldly mirth, That all may know the story, Amid the homes of earth.
 E'en then shall we remember, How, in the paths of sin, It cheered our weary spirits, By mel-o-dy with-in.

Chorus.

Our fathers told the story, And we will sound its glory, From ages old and hoary, Till we shall meet above.

FAR, FAR AWAY.

65

By permission.

From "Dew Drops."

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

Duet.

Chorus.

Duet.

1. "Oh, had I wings like a dove," I would fly Far, far a-way, Far, far a-way. Where fair and cloudless is

Chorus.

Duet.

ever the sky, Far, far away, Far, far away; No need of sun or moon there to shine, Far, far away from the

dim shores of time—Je - sus the Lamb is the light of that clime, Far, far a-way, Far, far a-way.

2. "Oh, had I wings like a dove, I would fly"

3. "Oh, had I wings like a dove, I would fly"

Far, far away, Far, far away;

Far, far away, Far, far away;

Whence, e'en forever, has fled every sigh

Fly to my mansions of rest in the sky,

Far, far away, Far, far away.

Far, far away, Far, far away.

Death never enters, there's no decay

The storm and tempest forever are o'er,

In yonder regions of bright, endless day;

There joy and gladness abound evermore:

God will himself wipe the tears all away—

Come, come with us to that beautiful shore,

Far, far away, Far, far away.

Far, far away. Come, come to-day.

OVER THERE.

Words by MRS. E. R. WELLS.

(From "The Pilgrim's Harp.")

Music arranged from J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. { In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, By the side of the Riv - er of Life, }
 { Where the am - a - ranth blooms ev - er fair, Is no sor - row, nor sigh - ing, nor strife. }

Chorus.

Where the am - a - ranth blooms ev - er fair, ev - er fair, Is no sor - row, nor sigh - ing nor strife.

Repeat Cho. ad. lib.

'Tis a beau - ti - ful place o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there.

2. The now glorified saints over there,
 They once suffered and toil'd here below;
 Now exalted, Christ's triumph they share,
 Sin, nor anguish, nor death ever know.—*Cho.*

3. They have gone to their home over there,
 Where the city is glorious and bright,
 And the crowns of the victor they wear,
 And our God and the Lamb are the light.—*Cho.*

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

67

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Andante con espressione.

1. I gave my life for thee— My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransom'd be,

And quickened from the dead, I gave my life for thee; What hast thou done for me?

2. I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe;
That one eternity
Of joy thou might'st know;
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent *one* for me?

3. I suffered much for thee,
More than tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee;
What dost thou bear for me?

4. O let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Give thou thyself to me
And I will welcome thee!

Concluded from opposite page.

4. In that glorious land over there
Are the martyrs and prophets of old;
And our loved ones, all radiant and fair;
Both the throne and the Lamb now behold.—*Cho.*

5. Soon we'll go to our home over there,
Join the ransom'd and glorified throng,
Christ's glory and power declare,
Swell with triumph the celestial song.—*Cho.*

BRIGHTLY GLOWING.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Moderato.

1. Brightly glowing, joy be-stow-ing, Sweet and ho-ly Sabbath day, Blessing giv-en, sent from Heaven,
2. Peace declar-ing, glo-ry wear-ing, Now our lov-ing Saviour see, Soft-ly pleading, in-ter-ced-ing,

Glad we hail, thy welcome ray. Falling bright o'er homes of gladness, But thy sweetest rays are poured,
Say-ing, Children, come to me. Turn from worldly paths al-lu-ring, Children list ye to my call,

3. Glad attending, lowly bending,
We would heed thy words of truth,
To thy favor, gracious Saviour,
Take us in our early youth.
To the living fountains lead us,
Be our guardian and our guide;
Let thy Holy Spirit aid us,
Let us never leave thy side.

4. Till that morning, radiant dawning,
Bids thy children all arise,
Happy meeting, joyous greeting,
In thy kingdom in the skies.

There how many themes of rapture,
Wakes in praise each tuneful tongue;
But our songs will be the Saviour,
He who loved and blessed the young.

THE HOME OF PEACE AND JOY.

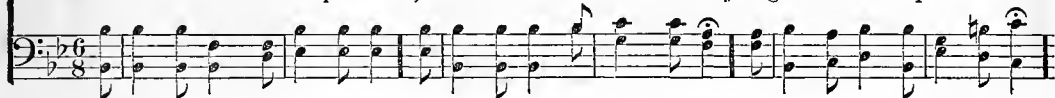
69

Words arranged.

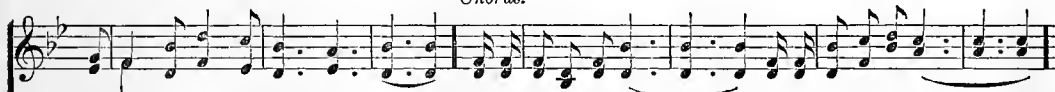
Music by HARRY SANDERS.



1. Beyond the bounds of mortal sight, Above this world's faint cheerless light, There is a home all bright and fair,
2. A-cross that clime no tempests blow, And there no tears of sorrow flow; No grief can come to pierce the heart



Chorus.



- And naught of sin can en - ter there. O! that beautiful home, . . . O! that beautiful home. . .
And make the sigh unbid - den start. O! that beautiful home, etc.



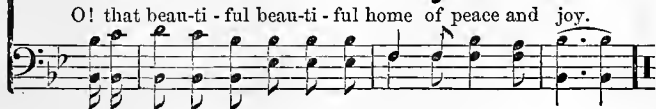
Beautiful home of peace.

Beautiful home of joy.



O! that beau-ti - ful beau-ti - ful home of peace and joy.

3. No sad farewell or parting word,
In all that blissful land is heard;
All those who meet on that blest shore,
Shall dwell where partings are no more.—
Cho.



4. Our Father wipes from every face,
All tears in that most holy place,
And in that glorious region bright,
His presence is the constant light.—*Cho.*

1. How sweet and fair is the summer land, The fields a - cross the riv - er; No win - try breeze its
 2. How blest and pure is the summer land, Where peace her wreath is braiding; Where love and glad - ness,

bloom has fann'd, No blighted ro - ses quiv - er. O, when shall we meet a joy - ous band, 'Neath
 hand in hand, Ne'er shrink from death's in - va - ding. O, when shall we meet a ransom'd band, By

fadeless groves in the summer land? O, when shall we meet a joyous band, 'Neath fadeless groves in the summer land?
 shining streams in the summer land? O, when shall we meet a rausom'd band, By shining streams in the summer land?

Words by REV. G. P. NICE.

PRECIOUS SABBATH.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

71

1. Precious Sabbath, thou wast giv-en In our Fathers tender love; Week-ly for-taste here of Hea-ven,
2. First, the Au-thor of Cre-a-tion, Ho-ly Sabbaths did de-clare; Of His gracious work, Sal-va-tion,
Oh! dear Sa-viour, nev-er, nev-er,

FINE. Chorus. D. C. ♩

Helping to that rest a-hove. E-den born, the Sab-bath o-ver Whis-pers of a sin-less day,
Now they constant witness bear.
Let its foes o'erthrow its sway.

3. 'Twas His gentle kiss awoke us,
With its smiling light to-day;
And to him we would devote us,
All we do, and think, and say.
4. Banish'd be mere *worldly* pleasures,
Toys and tools, work, trade and play;
We, in love with *heavenly* treasures,
Joyful keep the Sabbath-day.
5. Leave not, Lord our hearts to wander
When we read, or sing, or pray;
And in listless service squander
Thine, "the Pearl of days"—away.

Concluded from opposite page.

3. God's smile makes light the Summer Land,
His voice makes music ever,
His wide love circles a glorious band,
That none may dare to sever.
Oh when shall we meet, a holy hand,
And walk with God in the Summer Land?
4. No eyes shall weep in the Summer Land,
No lip with pain shall quiver,
No farewell word from the happy band,
At rest beside the river.
O sweet is the hour, when God's right hand
Shall lead us home to the Summer land.

With expression.

1. A - ny where with Jesus, says the Christian heart; Let him take me where he will, so we do not part;
 2. A - ny where with Jesus, tho' He leadeth me When the path is rough and long, where dangers be;
 3. A - ny where with Jesus, in the summer heat, A - ny where with Jesus, through the winter sleet;

Al-ways sitting at his feet, there's no room for fears; A - ny where with Jesus in this vale of tears.
 Though he taketh from me all I love here be-low, A - ny where with Jesus will I glad - ly go.
 A - ny where with Jesus, when the bright sun shines; A - ny where with Jesus, when the day de-clines.

Chorus.

A - ny where with Jesus, everywhere I go, Jesus shall my leader be, while I sojourn be-low;

Al-ways sit-ting at his feet, there's no room for fears; A - ny where with Jesus, in this vale of tears.

4. Any where with Jesus, though it be the tomb
With its fearful terror, with its dreaded gloom;
Though it be the weariness of a long drawn life,
Fainting in the constant toil, drooping in the strife.—*Cho.*

5. Any where with Jesus, for it cannot be
Dreary, dark, or desolate, where he is with me;
He will love me alway, every need he'll supply,
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.—*Cho.*

"LAMB OF GOD I LOOK TO THEE."

Words by CHAS. WESLEY.

(For the Infant Class.)

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Lamb of God I look to thee, Thou shalt my example be; Thou art gentle, meek and mild, Thou wast once a little child.

2. Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have thy loving mind.

3. Thou did'st live to God alone;
Thou did'st never seek Thine own;
Thou thyself did'st never please,
God was all thy happiness.

4. Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour as thou art,
Live thyself within thy heart.

5. I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see,
Christ—the Holy Child, in me.

SHALL WE WALK WITH HIM IN WHITE?

Soli.

1. Shall we walk with him in white.—All our gar-ments pur-i - fied? Je - sus, be our life and light,
2. Yes, the prom-ise of our Lord Makes the great ful-fil-ment sure. He is faith-ful: trust his word;

Tutti.

He who for his chosen died. Shall we tread that blissful land, Up the heav'nly hills to mount, Clad in white, with
Doubting pilgrim, fear no more. When, through deep affliction here, We have passed to yonder goal, In unclouded

Chorus.

palms in hand, While his mercies we recount? They shall walk with him in white, Whom his precious blood makes pure,
glory there, Each shall stand a ransomed soul. They shall walk, etc.

SHALL WE WALK WITH HIM IN WHITE?

75

f *p Ritard.*

He shall be their life and light, And e - ter - nal bliss se - cure, And e - ter - nal bliss se - cure.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a *Ritard.* (ritardando) marking.

Words by RINEHART.

JESUS IS THERE.

Arranged by A. HULL.

1. Where shall the weary find Refuge from care? How shall the anguish'd mind Flee from despair? Fly to his presence fly,
2. When in the dust you kneel, Wrestling in pray'r, Faith in the soul you feel, Conq'ring despair: If, while you're pleading still,

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff.

3

Who sits enthron'd on high; There tell thy mis-e-ry; Je - sus is there.
Streaming from Calv'ry's hill, Light all your bo-som fill,—Je - sus is there.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff.

Then, when the soul is made
Glorious and fair,
In its white robe arranged,
Heaven to share.—

4

When our loud song shall swell
'Mid those we've lov'd so well,
Oh, its first note shall tell,
Jesus is there!

"GIVE ME THY HEART."

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

With expression.

1. "Give me thy heart," the sweet words fall Like whisper'd music on the ear; Give me thy heart," the pleading call
2. And when the noontide scatters 'round, Its golden tints, its richest hues, Then, then is heard the self-same sound,

3
Oh, 'tis the Lord who speaks to thee
So kindly. Can'st thou from him stay?
He woos thee yet more tenderly.
"Give me thy heart," without delay,
": "Give me thy heart," :|
4
Give God thy heart, be his alone;
Love, work and watch and strive and pray
That when his will in thee is done,
That heart already his, shall say—
:|: Take thou thine own. :|:

Allegro con spirito.

"LOOK NOT BACKWARD."

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Look not backward! 'Tis before thee That the glo - rious good is set; Onward rides the bright sun o'er thee;
2. "Look not backward!" radiant shining, Truth's bright sun adorns thy path, Warms the heart that ne'er repining,

"LOOK NOT BACKWARD."

For - ward rolls the ocean yet ; All great souls are true and ear - nest, See their bea - con star a - head ;
Fears not aught the future hath, God, who guides the little spar - row, As it fall - eth to the sod,

Chorus. *f*

And the strength for which thou yearnest, Lieth not a - mong the dead. "Look not backward!" 'tis before thee,
Joy will give thee for to - mor - row, If thy life be true to God.

3

"Look not backward!" onward pressing, Mark thy path with noble deeds!
Patient toil will bring the blessing ;
Earnest labor forward leads.
"Look not backward!" 'tis before thee
That the glorious good is set ;
Onward rides the bright sun o'er thee ;
Forward rolls the ocean yet.—*Cho.*

Words by D. P. POND.

Music by A. HULL.

Animato. Trio.

1. A light a-rose in East-ern sky—a bright and shin-ing gem, It was the seal of Is-rael's
2. The shepherds' nightly watch be-gun, each in his place was found, When lo! an an - gel form ap-

hope, the "Star of Beth-le-hem!" The heav'n-ly host burst forth in tones of grate-ful rap-ture then,
peared, and glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not!" the ser-aph voice proclaimed, "good tidings now I bring,

Full Chorus.
"Glo-ry to God, in high-est strains, good will and peace to men." Our Christmas car-ol let us
This day is born, in Beth-le-hem, a Saviour, Priest, and King." Our Christmas car-ol, etc.

THE SHINING GEM.

79

Repeat Cho. ad. lib.

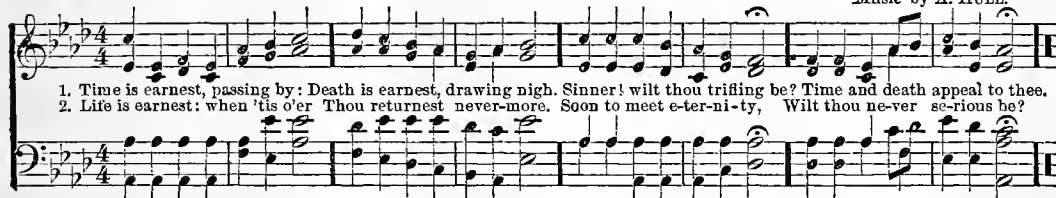


sing, - and high our voi-ces raise, With loud ho-san - nas to our King, in notes of fer - vent praise.

3. Then certain wise men sallied forth, each with a throbbing breast,
To seek the new-horn princely child, at Herod's stern behest;
But when they saw the infant King, the wondrous tale was told,
They worshiped him, and offered gifts of frankincense and gold.
Chorus.—Our Christmas carol, etc.
4. The Jewish monarch, mad with rage, had daily restive grown,
From fear that young Emanuel would shortly take the throne;
The edict went through all the coast to slay the infant throng;
But Jesus lives, and we'll rejoice with never ceasing song.
Chorus.—Our Christmas carol, etc.

BE IN EARNEST.

Music by A. HULL.



1. Time is earnest, passing by: Death is earnest, drawing nigh. Sinner! wilt thou trifling be? Time and death appeal to thee.
2. Life is earnest: when 'tis o'er Thou returnest never-more. Soon to meet e-ter-ni-ty, Wilt thou ne-ver se-rious be?

3. Heaven is earnest; solemnly
Float its voices down to thee.
O, thou mortal! art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day!
4. God is earnest: kneel and pray
Ere thy season pass away:
Ere be set his judgment throne—
Vengeance ready, mercy gone!
5. Christ is earnest; bids thee "come!"
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum.
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?
6. Thou refusest, wretched one!
Thou despisest God's dear Son!
Madness! dying sinner, turn,
Lest his wrath within the burn.
7. When thy pleasures all depart,
What will soothe thy fainting heart,
Friendless, desolate, alone,
Entering a world unknown?
8. O, be earnest! loitering,
Thou wilt perish; lingering
Be no longer. Rise and flee:
Lo, thy Saviour waits for thee!

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Arr'ged from Mendelssohn by HARRY SANDERS.

Allgro.—With great spirit.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing: Glo-ry to the newborn King; Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild,
 2. Christ! by highest heav'n a-dored; Christ! the ev-er-last-ing Lord; Late in time behold him come,
 3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to all he brings,

God and sinners reconciled. Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With an-gel-ic
 Offspring of a virgin's womb; Veiled in flesh, the God head see! Hail the incarnate deity! Pleased as man with
 Ris'n with healing in his wings. Mild he lays his glory by, Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the

hosts proclaim: Christ is born in Beth-le-hem. Hark! the herald angels sing: Glo-ry to the new-born King.
 man to dwell; Je-sus, our Em-man-u-el. Hark! the herald angels sing: Glo-ry to the new-born King.
 sons of earth, Born to give them second birth. Hark! the herald angels sing: Glo-ry to the new-born King.

LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

81

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

E. ROBERTS. Arranged.

1. There are lights by the shore of that country, Where my bark amid perils I steer, And they ever grow brighter and brighter,
2. There are lights by the shore, as we journey, As we float down the river of time; All the days of our pilgrimage brighten,

Chorus.

As that glo-ri-ous ha-ven I near. Oh! the lights along the shore, that never grow dim, That never, never grow dim,
With a ra-di-ance tru-ly sublime, Oh! the lights along the shore, etc.

Are the souls that are aflame with the love of Je-sus' name, And they guide us, yes, they guide us un-to Him.

3. Oh! they tell of a hope that will cheer us
In the midst of our sorrows and cares;
When the lamp on our vessel burns dimly,
We watch for the glimmer of theirs.—*Cho.*

4. Then forget not to keep your light shining;
O Christian, be earnest and true!
For a soul on life's ocean may perish—
May sink in the waves—but for you.—*Cho.*

1. Oh! the golden Sun - set Fer - ry, How I long to cross its tide, To that fair and state - ly cit - y
 2. Row me ov - er to the glo - ry, Of a day that knows no night, To the sun - shine of a sum - mer
 3. To the hills where I may wan - der Hand in hand with those I love, In the peace that nev - er end - eth

Where my dear - est ones a - bide: Hasten boatman, ere the twi - light Falls across the light of day,
 That is full of strange de - light; To the meadow - lands of Hea - ven, Where the fadeless lil - ies blow
 That is on - ly known a - bove; Hasten, boatman, I am wea - ry, I would leave this earthly shore

Row one o'er the sun - set Fer - ry, To the cit - y far a - way, To the cit - y far a way.
 And up - lift their balm - y in - cense In their censer - cups of snow, In their cen - ser cups of snow.
 For the shin - ing shores of Hea - ven, Hasten, Boatman, row me o'er, Has - ten, Boatman, row me o'er.

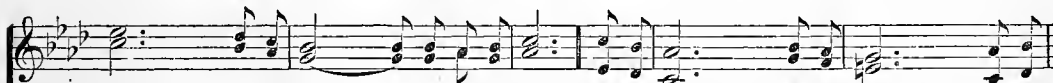
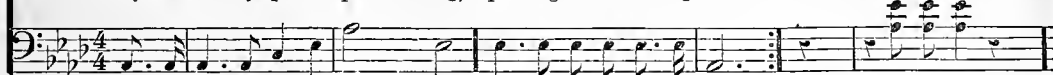
GUIDE US, THOU LOVING LAMB.

83

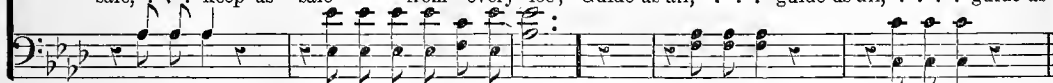
Music by J. T. GRAPE.



- | | | |
|---|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Our young hearts were early bring - ing, | Bringing to Thee loving Lamb | } Hear our song . . . hear our |
| Our glad songs we're early sing - ing, | Singing to thy pre-cious name, | |
| 2. Grace di - vine, we're early seek - ing, | Seeking to be true and good : | } Keep us safe . . . keep us |
| May we hear thy spi - rit speak - ing, | Speaking of reedeeming blood. | |



song . . . hear our child - hood's happy song, Thou to whom, . . . thou to whom, . . . thou to
safe, . . . keep us safe from every foe; Guide us all, . . . guide us all, . . . guide us



hear our song,
keep us safe,

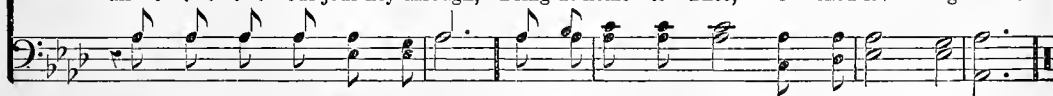
hear our childhood's
keep us safe from

thou to whom,
guide us all,

thou to whom,
guide us all,



whom all praise be-longs, O thou lov - ing Lamb, O thou lov - ing Lamb.
all our jour-ney through, Bring us home to Thee, O thou lov - ing Lamb.



thou to whom
guide us all

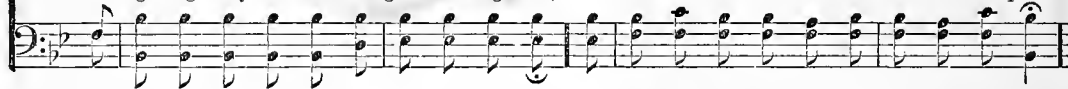
"GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD."



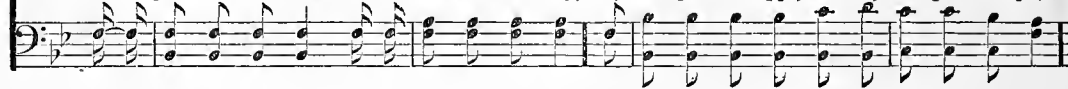
1. "Go work in my vine-yard, there's plenty to do, The har-vest is great and the lab-'ers are few;"
2. "Go work in my vine-yard," I claim thee as mine, With blood did I buy thee, and all that is thine,
3. "Go work in my vine-yard," Oh, "work while 'tis day," The bright hours of sunshine are hast'ning away,



There's weeding, and fencing, and clear-ing of roots, And plow-ing, and sow-ing, and gath'ring the fruits.
Thy time and thy tal-ents, thy loft-i-est powers, Thy warmest af-fee-tions, thy sun-ni-est hours.
And night's gloomy shadows are gath-er-ing fast; The time for our la-labor will ev-er be past.



There are fox-es to take, there are wolves to des-troy; All a-ges and ranks I can ful-ly em-ploy;
I wil-ling-ly yield-ed my king-dom for thee, The song of arch-an-gels—to hang on the tree;
Be-gin in the morn-ing and toil all the day, Thy strength I'll supply and thy wa-ges I'll pay;



"GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD,"



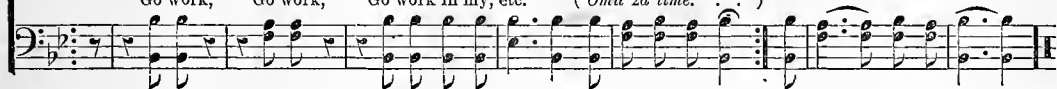
I've sheep to be cared for, and lambs to be fed, The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led.
 In pain and temp-ta-tion, in an-guish and shame, I paid thy full ran-som, my purchase I claim.
 And bless-ed, thrice blessed, the dil-i-gent few, Who'll finish the la-bor I've giv'n them to do.



Chorus.



Go work, Go work, . Go work in my vineyard, there's plenty to do; the lab-'ers are few.
 Go work, Go work, Go work in my, etc. (Omit 2d time.)

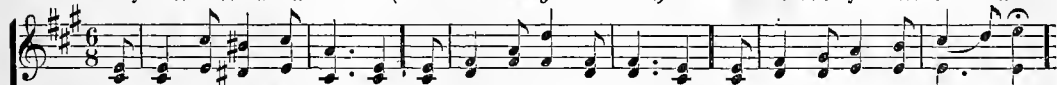


"WHEN SHALL EACH DISTANT NATION?"

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

(For Missionary Occasions.)

Music by HARRY SANDERS.



1. When shall each distant na-tion, Re-ceive the in-vi-ta-tion, The mes-sage of sal-va-tion,
 2. When Christian hands u-ni-ted, Hold up the torch love-light-ed Thou heathen lands be-night ed,



"WHEN SHALL EACH DISTANT NATION?"

Chorus.

The Sa-viour's pre-cious word? When o'er lands love-ly and lone-ly, Heav'nly light shall shine,
Shall learn the Sa-viour's word. When o'er lands, etc.

When they seek Je-sus on-ly, And His truth di-vine, When fair green isles shall build His shrine,

Earth shall know her Lord, Earth shall know her Lord.

3. When Christian hearts combining,
Around the cross entwining,
Their all for Christ resigning,
Bear on the Saviour's word.—*Cho.*

4. Go forth, the day is breaking,
To newer life awaking,
Your Master's toil partaking,
To triumph with his word.—*Cho.*

LIGHT AND JOY AHEAD.

Words by R. TORREY, JR.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Pil - grim has thy night been drear-y? Has thy way been long and wea - ry? Dry thy tears, and

Chorus.

cease thy mourning, Light and joy comes with the morn - ing. Light and joy, Light and joy
Light and joy

ff

joy, Light and joy comes with the morn - ing.
Light and joy

2. Pilgrim, is thy heart now bleeding?
Is the tide of life receding?
Dry thy tears and cease thy mourning,
Hope and joy comes with the morning.
Cho.—
3. Are thy loved ones from thee passing?
Are the cold waves upon thee dashing?
Dry thy tears and cease thy mourning,
Peace and joy comes with the morning.
Cho.—

PRAISE GOD FOR THE GIFT OF HIS SON.

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. I love to be found when the Sabbath rolls round, In the school with my friends everyone, Learning lessons of love from our
2. He came as a child to our world sin defiled, And to children his goodness made known, O, his love is the gift that our

Chorus.

Fa-ther above, And the life we receive through his son. Praise, praise, praise, praise God for the gift of His
souls shall uplift, From the shadows of death to a throne. Praise, praise, etc.

Son, 'Tis the friend that we need, 'tis our Sa- viour in- deed, Praise God for the gift of His Son.

3. Though dangers and foes our pathway oppose,
May we follow where Jesus leads on,
Till the Sabbath of rest finds us safe with the blest,
Met again in the light of his throne.—*Cho.*
4. Like children that wait round the beautiful gate,
We'll have harps in our hands, ev'ry one,
This shall be our delight in that world without night,
Praising God for the gift of His Son.—*Cho.*

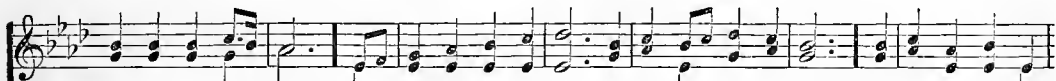
THE CHURCH OF GOD.

Music by L. A. C. GERRY.

89



1. I love thy kingdom, Lord—The house of thine a-bode, The church our blest Redeemer sav'd With
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as-cend; To her my cares and toils he given, Till



his own pre-cious blood. I love thy church, O God! Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple
toils and cares shall end. Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion,



of thine eye, And gra-ven on thy hand.
sol-umn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

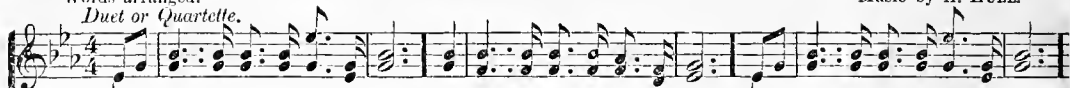


3

Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Words arranged.

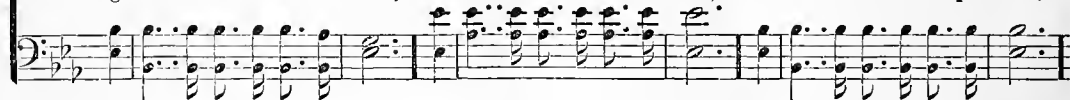
Music by A. HULL.

Duet or Quartette.

1. What tho' the fig tree blossoms not, Nor fruits adorn the olive grove? What tho' it be my fear-ful lot,
 2. 'Tis sure-ly in his love alone The Lord our God his judgements sends; In all his ways is merey shown,

*Semi-Chorus.*

Midst barren vines and fields to rove? Though bleating flocks no more I see, Nor herds within the stall appear,
 Throughout the earth's remotest ends; So let us then our banners raise, To all the world his love proclaim;

*Chorus.*

Yet still in God my trust shall be, I'll serve him more from love than fear. Oh, praise his name! his glories sing!
 The God of our sal-va-tion praise, With triumph in his holy name. Oh, praise, etc.



TRUST IN GOD.

91

Ce-les-tial joy shall tune your voice; Behold he reigns your God and King. In him rejoice! in him rejoice!

3. What though through death's dominion lies
The path that leads to yonder rest,
Yet still my song of praise shall rise
To him whose hand my soul hath blest.
Yea, though I pass the shade of death,
With clouds and darkness overcast,
I'll praise him with my latest breath,
For oh, he loves us to the last.—*Cho.*

4. I know that my Redeemer lives;
I know that he ascends on high;
In love his children he forgives
And wipes the tears from every eye.
Hosanna to his name I'll sing,
In whom such goodness I have found;
My light, my joy, my every thing!
Let saints and men his praise resound.—*Cho.*

CAMDEN STREET. S. M.

Music by A. HULL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love: The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

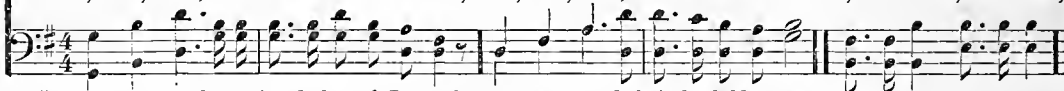
4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

SING THE LOVE OF JESUS.

FINE.



1. Come, come, come; let us sing the love of Jesus, Come, come, come; he bids the children come, List the call, list the call.
 2. Come, come, come; we will love the voice of Jesus, Come, come, come; he bids the children come, He has died, he has died,



Come, come, come; let us sing the love of Jesus, Come, come, come; he bids the children come.



'Tis the Saviour's loving voice, In our youth, in our youth, We will make our happy choice, While our hearts are glad and our
 He has triumphed o'er the grave, Now he lives, now he lives, He is strong to hear and save; We have chosen the Lord to



days are bright, We will heed the call from those shores of light, Nor will we fear death's stormy night,
 be our guide, From the furnace bright, through the rivers wide, In him shall all our souls abide, Till Jesus calls us home.



CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

93

Words by ELLEN C. HOWARTH.

Norwegian Melody, arranged by HARRY SANDERS.



1. 'Tis midnight, and a fragile bark, Is tempest-tost on Gal-i-lee; Behold the skies above, how dark,
2. That whisper calms the fearful blast; The waters sleep,—the storm is o'er, The watchers know the danger past,



Beneath how wildly heaves the sea! While visions of impending death, The shrinking crew with terror thrill;
And the frail vessel nears the shore. Well may they look in mute amaze, And marvel at His mighty will,



High, high, above the tempest's breath, Is heard, one whisper, "Peace be still."
Who, with a word the tempest stays, And makes the stormy waves "Be still."



"SAY WHAT THEME OF RAPTURE SWEET?"

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

GIRLS.

BOYS.



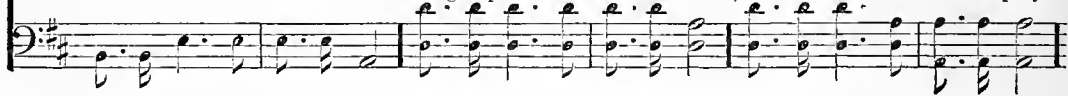
1. Say, what theme of rap-ture sweet, Wakens now our youth-ful lays? Hymns of joy our lips re-peat,
 2. What rich gifts shall we pre-pare When his prom-iss'd grace we claim? On - ly words of ear-nest prayer,
 INST.



ALL.

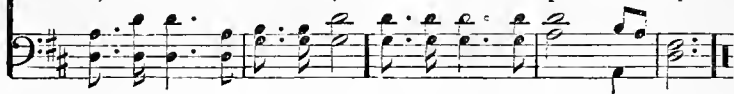


Christ, the chil-dren's King we praise. But may chil-dren young as we, Praise the God who rules on high?
 Of-fer'd in the Sa-viour's name. High up-on his shin-ing throne, Will he hear us when we pray?



3

Yes, though throned in glory, he Views them with a lov - ing eye.
 Yes, and claim us for his own, When the world shall pass a - way.



But we need some faithful guide,
 To our erring footsteps given;
 See, the Bible opened wide,
 Brightly points the way to Heaven.
 Joyful then the strain will be,
 When our hearts and voices blend,
 And we offer praise to thee,
 Christ our Lord, the children's friend.

VOICES FROM THE DISTANT LAND.

95

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

(Missionary.)

Music by HARRY SANDERS.



1. I heard a voice, a might-y voice, It cried, "Prepare the way," A Sa-viour comes, let earth rejoice,
2. I heard a voice, a lov - ing voice, The Saviour's pleading tone, "Go hid the dis - tant lands re-joice,
3. I heard a voice; a mournful voice, It float - ed o'er the deep; "We wail in gloom, while we re-joice.



And all her tribes o - bey. Go spread his glo - ry Far and wide, As winds and waves do roam,
And make my gos - pel known." Go spread the tid - ings far and wide, As winds and waves do roam,
How long must heathen weep?" When shall your message cross the tide, Where we in dark - ness roam?



Go tell the lost a Sa-viour died, And lives to guide them home.
Go tell the lost that Je - sus died, And lives to guide them home.
Send us some light our feet to guide, So weary, far from home.



4

I heard a song, a joyful song;
"O, distant land," it said,
The children's hands are growing strong,
And we will send you aid.
What joy to spread the gospel wide,
As winds and waters roam;
Go tell the lost, a Saviour died,
And lives to guide them home.

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

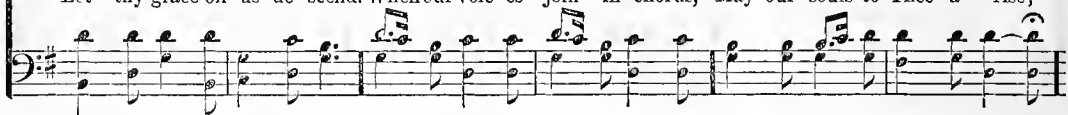
Music by HARRY SANDERS.



1. Waves of life so free-ly flow-ing, Sab-bath days so pure and bright, Ho-ly Bi-ble sweetly show-ing
 2. All our thoughts are spread before thee, Let them not thy love of - fend; When in rev-erence we a-dore thee,



How to choose the true and right, For these gifts, O Heav'n-ly Father, Thus we bless Thee day by day,
 Let thy grace on us de-scend. When our voic-es join in chorus, May our souls to Thee a - rise;



As in Sun-day-school we gath-er, And before Thee kneeling pray.
 When thy word is read be-fore us, May we learn its truths to prize.



3.

Precious Saviour who hast bought us,
 Shed for us Thy blood divine,
 May we heed what Thou hast taught us,
 May each youthful heart be Thine.
 Still in love and peace combining,
 May Thy praise our lips employ,
 Till we reach those mansions shining,
 Where Thy children meet in joy.

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

97

Words by KATE CAMERON.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Andante.

1. We lay a-side our toil and care And all the bur-dens of the week, To spend an hour in praise and prayer,

f *Chorus faster.*

And of our spir-it home to speak. We seek a bet-ter coun-try, We seek a bet-ter coun-try,
Our trust is in the Sa-viour, Our trust is in the Sa-viour;

FINE.

We seek a bet-ter coun-try, Beyond Death's surging tide.
Our trust is in the Sa-viour, Who for us lived and died.

2

And we our faith and strength renew,
And gain fresh courage for the fray,
And while life's labors we pursue
We still will strive to watch and pray.
Chorus.—We seek, etc.

3

Thus will our days on earth be bless'd,
And we shall rise to heights sublime,
Till in our happy home we rest,
Beyond the reach of change and time.
Chorus.—We seek, etc.

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Moderato.

1. Lift thine eyes un - to the hills. Thou in sad - ness weep - ing; There a joy - ous murmur thrills,
 2. Dost thou miss the gold - en grains, Snow - y huds im - mor - tal? Would'st thou have them back again?
 3. Lift thy tear - ful eyes in trust, Christ, thy treasures keep - ing, He who meas - ures earth - ly dust,

Chorus.

From the an - gels reap - ing. Death is but the morn - ing mist, Christian, ris - ing o'er thee,
 Look at Hea - ven's por - tal. Death is but the morn - ing mist, etc.
 Hu - man tear - drops weeping. Death is but the morn - ing mist, etc.

Past the hills of am - e - thyst, Shines the day of glo - ry.

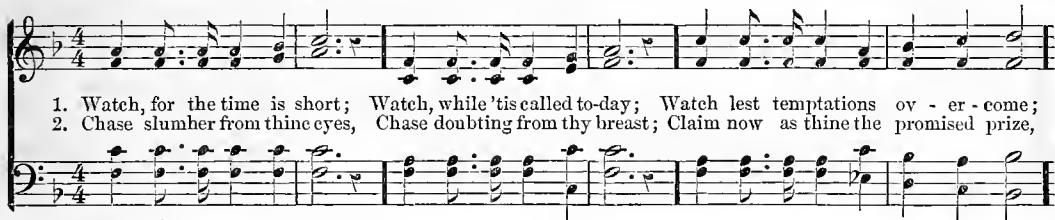
4. Dost thou fear the open grave,
 Fear death's narrow prison?
 Jesus died the lost to save,
 Jesus has arisen.—*Cho.*
5. Dark and chill the night may be
 Just before the dawning,
 Jesus will keep watch with thee,
 Jesus brings the morning.—*Cho.*

WATCH, FOR THE TIME IS SHORT.

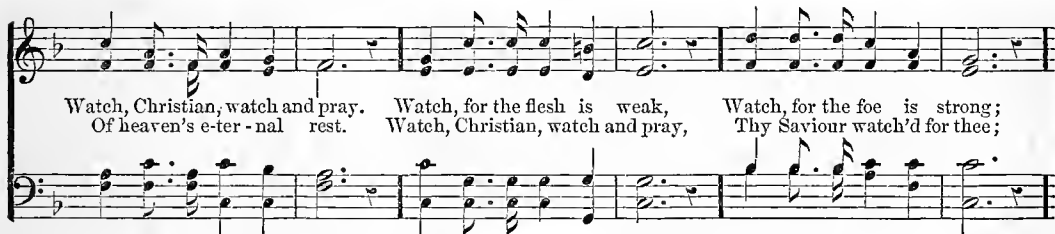
99

Words arr'd from Church of Eng. Magazine.

Music by A. HULL.



1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch, while 'tis called to-day; Watch lest temptations ov - er - come;
2. Chase slumber from thine eyes, Chase doubting from thy breast; Claim now as thine the promised prize,



Watch, Christian, watch and pray. Watch, for the flesh is weak, Watch, for the foe is strong;
Of heaven's e-ter - nal rest. Watch, Christian, watch and pray, Thy Saviour watch'd for thee;



3.
Take Jesus for thy trust:
Watch, watch forever more;
Watch, for in death thou soon must sleep,
With all who've gone before.
Now, when thy sun is up,—
Now, while 'tis called to-day;
O, now in thine accepted time,
Watch, Christian, watch and pray.

YE SHALL SHINE AMONG HIS JEWELS.

1. Ye shall shine as the stars ev - er beau - ti - ful and bright, Ye who lead - eth the err - ing in
2. Keep your lamp burning brightly while you so - jour - n be - low, It will light up the path - way of

paths of truth and right, Ye shall shine a - mong his jew - els, when the Lord makes up his own;
oth - ers as you go, Your re - ward will be in hea - ven far be - yond these scenes of night;

Chorus.

Ye shall shine as stars in glo - ry when you stand by the pearly throne. { Ye shall shine, . . . ye shall
Ye shall shine as stars in glo - ry; you shall dwell with the Lord of light. { Ye shall shine, . . . ye shall
ye shall shine,

1st time. 2d time.

shine, . . ye shall shine among his jewels when the Lord makes up his own;
 shine, . . ye shall shine as stars in glo- (OMIT.) ry a-round the pearly throne.

3 4

Ye shall shine on forever in yonder region bright,
 Ye who go forth with weeping to scatter seed and light;
 Ye shall reap abundant harvest if you prayerfully have
 sown,
 Ye shall shine as stars in glory when the Lord shall make
 up his own.—Chorus.

Ye shall shine in the future as evening stars do shine,
 All who truly can say "Lord thy will be done" not mine,
 When afflictions waves roll o'er thee, and thy faith is
 sorely tried,
 If thy soul will trust in Jesus, ye shall reign with the
 crucified.—Chorus.

MANY MANSIONS.

Words by LORD KINLOCK.

Music by A. HULL.

1. In my Father's house above, Many mansions be; Surely from that varied love, There is one for me.

2. But the lowest room I ask,
 With a hope that so
 Love will, after some sweet task,
 Bid me higher go.

3. All enough to me is given,
 If how low soe'er
 Prove my place, it be in heaven,
 And my Saviour there.

4. Saviour, in thy promised grace,
 Thou, though there most high,
 Fail'st not to prepare a place
 E'en for such as I.

"SEND THE BREAD OF LIFE."

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Ma - ny gifts our Lord has giv - en, All we have we owe to Him, Send - ing us the light of Hea - ven,

Through this twilight dim; We can ne'er re - pay His kind - ness, All our lives with blessings rife,

Then to souls in heathen blindness, Send the Bread of Life, Send the Bread of Life.
the bread of life, the bread of life.

"I BRING MY SINS TO THEE."

103

Words by FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Music by JOHN T. GRAPE.

Moderato.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can-not count, That all may cleansed be In thy once opened fount.
 2. My heart to thee I bring, The heart I can-not read, A faith-less, wand'ring thing, An evil heart indeed.

I bring them, Sa- viour, all to thee; The bur- den is too great for me.
 I bring it, Sa- viour, now to thee, That fixed and faith- ful it may be.

3. I bring my grief to thee,
 The grief I cannot tell;
 No words shall needed be,
 Thou knowest all so well.
 I bring the sorrow laid on me,
 O suffering Saviour, all to thee.

4. My joys to thee I bring,
 The joys thy love has given,
 That each may be a wing
 To lift me nearer heaven.
 I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
 Who hast procured them all for me.

5. My life I bring to thee,
 I would not be my own:
 O Saviour, let me be
 Thine ever, thine alone!
 My heart, my life, my all I bring
 To thee, my Saviour and my King.

Concluded from opposite page.

2. We, thy precious word possessing,
 Would with them our portion share,
 Wearing in our hearts thy blessing,
 We thy cross would bear;
 Praying hearts and hands united
 Reach across the ocean's strife,
 To the heathen world benighted—
 Send the Bread of Life.

3. 'Twas thy gracious kindness only
 Made us differ, Lord, from them,
 From their darkness, sad and lonely,
 Wreath thy diadem.
 Gather souls to shine forever
 Far above all earthly strife,
 And each earnest heart's endeavor—
 Send the Bread of Life.

THE TREASURES OF HEAVEN.

By permission.

(From "Dew Drops.")

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. There's a crown in heav'n for the striv - ing soul, Which the blessed Je - sus himself will place

On the head of each who shall faithful prove, E - ven un - to death, in the heav'n - ly race.

Oh, may that crown in heav'n be mine, And I a - mong the an - gels

Oh, may that crown in heav'n be mine, And I a - mong

shine; Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide, Let me e-ver in thy love a-hide.
the angels shine, Be thou O Lord my daily guide.

2. There's a Rest in heaven for the weary soul,—
'Tis for all by care and by sin oppres'd;
To the sons of God it remaineth sure,
And the prophet says, 'tis a "glorious rest."
Oh, may that Rest in heaven be mine, etc.

2. There's a Joy in heaven for the mourning soul;
Though the tears may fall all the earthly night;
Yet the clouds of sadness will break away,
And rejoicing come with the morning light.
Oh, may that Joy in heaven be mine, etc.

4. There's a Peace in heaven for the troubled soul,
Where the wicked shall from their troubling cease,
And to all the saints like a river flow,
Through the endless ages the stream of peace.
Oh, may that Peace in heaven be mine, etc.

5. There's a Home in heaven for the faithful soul,
In the many mansions prepared above,
Where the glorified shall forever sing,
Of a Saviour's free and unbounded love.
Oh, may that Home in heaven be mine, etc.

Words by A. W. L.

LOVE.

Music by A. HULL.

1. Love has a read-y ear: It catch-es each faint moan; It ev-en hends to hear The fechlest, weakest groan.
2. Love has a feel-ing heart: It loves to sym-pa-thize; And hastes to bear a part Wher-ev-er trou-ble tries.

3. Love has an open eye:
It slumbers not nor sleeps;
Grief never passes by,
But with the suff'rer weeps.

4. Love has a liberal hand,
And giveth of its store;
Waits not for a demand,
But gladly aids the poor.

5. Love has a patient soul:
It waiteth oft too long;
Looks steadfast to the goal,
And cheers the way with song.

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Only thy voice to lead me, speak Lord, and I shall hear; Only thy hand to feed me, O, Jesus be thou near!

Only thy heart to love me, the heart once pierced for me; Only thine eye above me, my watchful guard to be.

Chorus. *f* *p*

On the mount of gladness, In the vale of sad-ness, By death's river lone-ly, Je-sus, Jesus on - ly.

2. Only thy life of meekness, my blest example;
 Only thy strength in weakness, to lift me up to thee;
 Only thy blood atoning, before the judge to plead;
 Only thy death-cry moaning, to soothe my deathly need.
Chorus.—On the mount of gladness, etc.
3. Only thy Gospel holy, to guide me, day by day;
 Only thy spirit lowly, to help me watch and pray;
 Only thy voice to cheer me, amid death's shadows lone;
 Only thy smile in glory, my joy, my Heaven, my own.
Chorus.—On the mount of gladness, etc.

WELCOME SABBATH MORNING.

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Welcome Sabbath morning, Welcome day of rest, By the bright returning, Hearts and homes are blest.
 2. As we gladly gath-er, In our Sun-day School, Bless us, Heavenly Father, Be thy word our rule.
 3. When with words beguiling, Flat'ring words of sin, Tempters falsely smiling, Seek our souls to win.

Messenger from Hea-ven, Wand'ers to re - call, To the wea-ry giv-en, Light and joy for all.
 Let thy love befriend us, In our youngest days, And thy grace attend us, Through life's changing ways.
 Then be watching o'er us, Aid us from a - bove, Je - sus suffered for us, Shall we slight his love.

Chorus.

Je - sus Sa-viour we will come, And for-ev - er rest at home.

4

As these peaceful hours
 Pass with new delight,
 May our ransomed powers
 In thy praise unite,
 When death's word is spoken,
 Still on thee rely,
 And a band unbroken,
 May we meet on high.
Cho.—Jesus, Saviour, etc.

WHEN THE MORNING COMETH.

Words by AMANDA M. HADLEY.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. When the morn-ing cometh, Thankful hearts will raise; To the lov-ing Father, Hymns of prayer and praise.
2. Let thy ceaseless watch-care, All our steps at - tend; And thro' life's short journey, Keep us till the end.

Rit.

Heav'nly parent, hear us! Need-y children call; Let thy hounteous mer-cy, Help and bless us all.
Then when life is end-ed, All its tri-als o'er; May we meet to praise thee, On the heav'nly shore.

PLEASANT PASTURES.

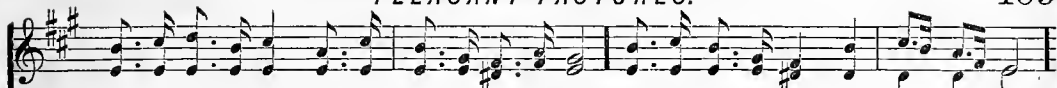
Words by REV. E. A. RAND.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

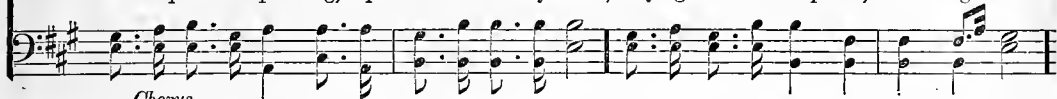
1. Pleasant are the pas-tures, where Je-sus feeds his flock, Un-derneath the shad-ow of the rock;
2. Pleasant are the pas-tures, all ech-o-ing with song, Where the living wa-ters glide a-long;

PLEASANT PASTURES.

109



See the Shepherd standing,—how gracious is his mein! Standing, waiting, to ad - mit us in.
There in peace re - po - sing, up - on the flow'ry banks, Staying with the Shepherd, we'll sing thanks.



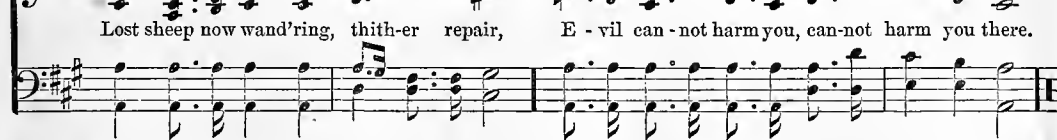
Chorus.



Sheep of His pas - ture, there at His side, 'Neath His pro - tec - tion, safe a - bide;



Lost sheep now wand'ring, thith-er repair, E - vil can - not harm you, can - not harm you there.

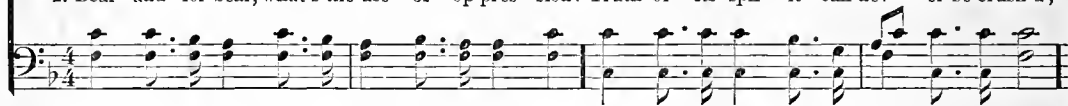


- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Faithful is the Shepherd who careth for the sheep;
Never do his eyelids close to sleep;
All His flock he knoweth, and calleth them by name,
And his love is constantly the same.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4. Blessed are the weak ones who on his arms repose,
Fearing not the fierceness of their foes.
They shall grow and flourish, who in the Lord abide,
Like the trees that grow by river's side.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|--|--|

BEAR AND FORBEAR.



1. Bear and for-bear, what-so-e'er be your sta-tion; Some there *must* be both to give and re-ceive,
 2. Bear and for-bear, what's the use of op-pres-sion? Truth or its spir-it can nev-er be crush'd;



What could a-vail all the wealth of the na-tion, Were it not meant to as-sist and re-lieve?
 Why should we cov-et mere world-ly pos-ses-sion, The loud voice of jus-tice can nev-er be crush'd!



Some there must be to produce by their la-bor; Some to consume when the seed rip-ens fair;
 Sure in good time there will be res-ti-tu-tion; Was not the earth made for all men to share?



BEAR AND FORBEAR.

Refrain.

Is there a man but depends on his neighbor? All nature teaches us to bear and forbear. Bear . . . and for-
He who made wisely the first distribution, Teaches us all we should bear and forbear. Bear, etc.

Bear and forbear, O

bear O bear and forbear, All na-ture teaches us to bear and forbear.

bear and for-bear. O bear and forbear, O bear and for-bear,

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

JESUS MY SAVIOUR.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. On Calv'ry's mountain, Christ, the spotless victim dies; Love's healing fountain, From his wounds doth rise,
2. When grief as - sail - ing, To my trembling heart draws near, His love unfailing Whispers, "I am here."

From His Fa-ther's splendor, Lo! the Son of God has come, Pitying voice and tender, calling sinners home,
'Midst the wave's commotion Jesus walks the rest-less sea, ' On the storm-y o-cean He is still with me.

Je - sus, my Sa-voir, to thine o - pen arms I flee; Je - sus, my Sa-voir, thou hast died for me.
Je - sus, my Sa-voir, let me in thy faith a-bide; Je - sus, my Sa-voir, be my guard and guide.

3. When sin allures me

From life's narrow path to stray,
His love secures me,
Watching night and day.
To that refuge clinging,
For no earthly joys I pine;
Through the midnight singing,
Christ is always mine.

Jesus, my Saviour, let me ne'er from thee depart;
Jesus, my Saviour, reign thou in my heart.

4. When death-waves chilling

Cast their spray upon my brow,
His promise thrilling,
Whispers, "Fear not now."
"I have crossed before thee,
Loved ones beckon o'er the tide;
'Tis the path to glory,
Come with me, thy guide."

Jesus, my Saviour, shall I die to live with Thee;
Jesus, my Saviour, Thou hast died for me.

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

113

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light, Like a lighted candle, burning in the night, In the world of darkness,

Chorus.
so we must shine— You in your small corner, and I in mine. Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light,

Je-sus bids us shine, Je-sus bids us shine, Je-sus bids us shine, You and I, You and I.

Je-sus bids us shine. Je-sus bids us shine, bids us shine.

2. Jesus bids us shine first of all for Him;
Well he sees and knows it, if our light is dim!
He looks down from heaven to see us shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.—*Cho.*

3. Jesus bids us shine, then, for all around.
Many kinds of darkness in the world are found;
Sin, and want, and sorrow, so we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.—*Cho.*

THE VOYAGERS OF LIFE.

1. On the o - cean of life a stur - dy band We've launched our boat and put from the shore,
 2. O, ours is a ves - sel strong and good, With a stea - dy helm she ploughs thro' the main;

The oars we've grasp'd with a vig - 'rous hand, And swiftly we're glid - ing its wa - ters o'er;
 She floats unhar'm'd 'mid tem - pests rude, And the wild waves lash her broad sides in vain.

And as we ride on the foam - ing tide, Our cho - rus floats o'er the wa - ters wide.
 Then what care we for a rag - ing sea? Thro' the storm we ride in se - cu - ri - ty.

THE VOYAGERS OF LIFE.

Chorus.

Musical notation for the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The chorus consists of two lines of music.

Row, brothers, row, cheerily, cheerily row, Storms will heat and wind will blow, But fearless and trusting on we'll go.

3. If while o'er the foaming waves we glide,
A shipwrecked brother we descrie,
Hopeless and sinking beneath the tide,
With the speed of thought to his aid we fly.
Oh, sweet will it be, when we've passed o'er the sea,
To hear, "Well done—for ye did it to me!"—*Cho.*

4. Onward, still onward our vessel flies,
Nor distant is that radiant shore
Where storms ne'er come and clouds ne'er rise,
And sorrows and trials are known no more;
There loved ones stand on the shining strand,
To welcome us home to the beautiful land.—*Cho.*

EAR AND EYE AND TONGUE.

Rhyme six hundred years old.

(Infant Class.)

Music by A. HULL.

Musical notation for the first two verses, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The first two verses consist of two lines of music each.

1. Guard, my child, thy tongue, That it speak no wrong; Let no evil word pass o'er it; Set the watch of truth before it.
2. Guard, my child, thine eyes; Prying is not wise, Let them look on what is right; From all evil turn their sight;

Musical notation for the third and fourth verses, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The third and fourth verses consist of two lines of music each.

That it speak no wrong; Guard, my child, guard, my child, thy tongue.
Prying is not wise; Guard, my child, guard my child thine eyes!

3. Guard, my child, thine ear!
Wicked words will sear.
Let no evil word come in
That may cause the soul to sin;
Wicked words will sear.
Guard, my child, guard my child, thine ear!
4. Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young;
For, alas! these hasty three
Can unruly members be.
Guard, while thou art young,
Guard my child, Ear, and eye, and tongue!

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.

Arr'd from Haydn, by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Angels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,
2. Shepherds in the fields a - bi - ding, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night; God with man is now re - si - ding,

Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth. Come and worship, come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new - born King.
Yon - der shines the heav'nly light. Come and worship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new - born King.

SWEET SABBATH DAY.

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. The hu - sy week is past, the Sabbath's come at last, It brings us sweet thoughts of a happy home a - bove;
2. When comes the morning bright, with eager hearts and light, We haste from our homes, the Sabbath-school to seek;

A glorious world on high, where pleasures never die, Where gladness reigns, and peace, and love. Sweet Sabbath
Their happy voices blend, and hymns of praise ascend, And pleasant smiles our welcome speak. Dear Sunday-School

day, ever welcome, Cheering this world's desert way; The day we love so well,—we'll never never tell,
how much we love thee, Teachers, whose kindness we share; Till life's last sun is set, we'll never, ne'er forget,

How much we love the Sabbath day.
The precious words we've studied there.

3.

The precious words of truth, to guide our early youth,
They tell of a Saviour, who loved our fallen race;
Enthroned in light above, he spreads his arms of love,
And children, young, may seek his face.
O, holy book! blessed bible!
Pleasures may tempt us to stay;
But still, with such a guide, we'll never turn aside,
But keep the straight and narrow way.

BE UP AND DOING.

1. Be up and do - ing! for the work, Thickly around thee stands; And few the earnest workers are,
 2. Be up and do - ing! think of souls, Who per - ish all a - round; That thro' thy earnest help - ful - ness,
 3. Be up and do - ing! tell those souls Of Je - sus and his love; Tell them of ev - er - last - ing woe;

And few the wil - ling hands. Be up and do - ing! think of Him, Who gave his life for thee;
 Some lost ones may be found. Be up and do - ing! think of men, Who're dy - ing day by day;
 Tell them of bliss a - bove. Be up and do - ing! soon thy toil Shall have a full re - ward;

Chorus.

That life which ev - er nt - ter - eth, "Spend, and be spent, for me."
 Dy - ing in sin and wretchedness, Oh, help them while you may! Be up and do - ing, Christian!
 And all his faith - ful la - bo - rers, Be "ev - er with the Lord."

BE UP AND DOING.

119

La - bor for your Lord; For all his faith-ful la - bo - rers, Shall have a full re - ward.

OTHER AND BRIGHTER HOME.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

Moderato.

1st time. 2d time.

1. Life is full of doubt and sorrow, All that's beautiful must die; All we ev - er love and cherish,
 Joyous smiles to-day, — to-morrow, Bitter tears, — a (OMIT. .) heartfelt sigh.

2. In the land beyond the riv - er, Farewell echoes nev - er come; 'Tho our feet too oft - en fal-ter,
 Life is but a journey thither, To that oth-er, (OMIT. .) brighter home.

But reminds it can - not stay; And our brightest hopes will perish, In the morn - ing of their day.
 Tread - ing in the wea - ry way; Let a pure faith guide us ev - er, 'Till we reach the realms of day.

CHIMING SABBATH BELLS.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Lit-tle child-ren, lis - ten, lis - ten! Have you heard the Sabbath bells? Do you know the sweet, sweet story,

That their pleasaut chiming tells? Ev - 'ry Sab - bath morn - ing tells? Ev - 'ry Sab - bath morn - ing tells?

2. They are telling, ever telling,
Of the love of God's dear Son;
How he left his Father's dwelling:
And to sinful earth came down,
Came to win for us a crown,
Came to win for us a crown.

3. Now, while Sabbath bells are chiming,
We will send a silent prayer
Up thro' blue aud arching heavens
To our Father dwelling there:
Heavenly Father, hear our prayer,
Heavenly Father, hear our prayer.

4. We are little children, longing
To be taught the way to thee;
We would serve the blessed Jesus
And from all that's wrong would flee
True and pure, oh! may we be;
Keep us ever near to thee.

Words from "Sunday at Home."

"WE HAVE FOUND HIM."

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. "We have found him," sign of mercy To the trembling sinner made; As the babe we first beheld him
2. "We have found him," by the wayside, Seated, weary, at the well, That to her who came for wa - ter

"WE HAVE FOUND HIM."

121

Low-ly in a man-ger laid. Well may an-gels gaze a-dor-ing, But a child is born for me,
He might God's sal-va-tion tell. Well may she, in ea-ger glad-ness, Haste to urge her ear-nest plea.

Chorus.

Un-to us a Son is giv-en. Fel-low-sin-ners, come and see. We have found him,
Is not this, the Christ, my Saviour? Fel-low-sin-ners, come and see. We have found him, etc.

We have found him, 3

We have found him, Fel-low-sin-ners, come and see.

We have found Him,

"We have found Him" in the garden -
Tread we here with unshod feet;
For the very ground is holy,
'Tis a blood-stained mercy-seat.
Earth no longer hath its Eden,
But in sad Gethsemane
Man may find the gate to heaven;
Fellow-sinners, come and see.
Cho.-We have found, &c.

4. "We have found Him,"—God incarnate! From the manger to the cross,
Through a world of sin and sadness,
Bearing shame, reproach and loss;
Ever loving, serving, healing,
Till they nailed Thee to the tree,
Thee, the Lamb of God's providing;
Fellow-sinners, come and see.—*Cho.*
5. "We have found Him,"—He is risen!
Mary clasps his pierced feet;
And disciples, as they journey,
Find His words exceeding sweet.
Forty days the faithful shepherd
With his scattered flock will be,
Comforting, restoring, teaching,
Fellow-sinners, come and see.—*Cho.*
6. "We have found Him,"—in the glory
Of the Majesty on high.
Looking steadfastly to heaven,
Faith may still behold him nigh,
Where the blood of sprinklings spreadeth,
On the mercy-seat for me,
There it is I find my Saviour;
Fellow-sinners, come and see.—*Cho.*

SPEED ON! SPEED ON!

With great spirit.

1. Speed on, speed on, thou Mission Bark, Glad tidings o'er the ocean bear, Where human hearts are sad and dark,
2. Speed on, speed on, like angel wings, Thy white sails wafting o'er the tide, The message of the "King of kings,"

Though earth around is bright and fair, No wind or wave thy progress bar, The distant lands have need of thee,
The name of Je - sus cr - i - ti - fied. They call from Chi-na's o - pen gates, They look from is-lands of the sea,

3

Speed on, speed on, thou Mission bark,
The hopes of youth thy way attend,
God's watchful eye thy course shall mark
His mighty arm thy path defend.
Go spread the word of truth afar, Our prayers shall follow o'er the sea.
With outstretched hands poor Afric waits, The tidings of salvation free.
Speed on, till dawns the day above,
When all earth's idol chains are riven,
And all who share thy freight of love,
Cast anchor in the port of Heaven.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

123

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Hark, the Christmas chimes are ringing, Making mu-sic in the air; In the churches choirs are singing,
2. Hark, the Christmas chimes are ringing, Now their notes are full and clear; Seem they now old Bethlehem bringing,

Making joy-ous mu-sic there. 'Tis the same in-spir-ing sto-ry, Sung to Shepherd's bands of old;
And the song of angels hear. Glo-ry in the highest! glo-ry! Peace on earth, good-will to men;

Of the angel's song of glory, And the Magi's gifts of gold.
New is that most blessed story, New and sacred, now as then.

3.

Hark, the Christmas chimes are ringing,
Who would hid their sweet tones cease?
Who would hush the voice of ringing?
Who would still the psalm of peace?
Dearer, sweeter, are those voices,
And those bells that ring and chime;
Than all other notes that charm us,
On this changeful shore of time.

WORK AND WAIT.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Work and wait, work and wait, Tho' the years move slowly by; Tho' within your path thro' life

Piercing thorn and peb-bles lie: Tho' the fu - ture dark ap - pears, Vailed in gloom its golden gate,

There's a joy for all your fears: Patient be, and work and wait, work and wait, Patient be, and work and wait.
work and wait, work and wait.

2. Work and wait, work and wait,
Never waste the precious hours,
Dreaming of a broader path
Strewn with fragrant, blooming flowers.
Up and watchful, active be,
Never trust to chance or fate,
Each good thing will come to thee,
If you will but work and wait, work and wait, 1
If you will but work and wait.

3. Work and wait, work and wait,
Never murmur, sigh, nor fret;
Though the burden beaver grows,
And your brow from toil is wet,
Fame must be by labor won,
Up, from morn till set of sun,
Each good thing will come to thee,
Patient be, and work and wait, work and wait,
Patient be, and work and wait.

THE HALLOWED SPOT.

125

Words by REV. W. HUNTER.

(From "The Pilgrim's Harp.")

Music by A. HULL.

1. There is a spot to me more dear Than na-tive vale or mountain; A spot for which af-fec-tion's tear
 2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd up-on the o-cean; Above me was the thunder's roar;
 3. Sinking and panting as for breath, I knew not help was near me, And cried, Oh, save me, Lord, from death,

Springs grateful from its fountain; 'Tis not where kindred souls a-bound— Tho' that on earth is heaven—
 Be-neath, the waves' com-mo-tion Dark-ly the pall of night was thrown Around me, faint with terror;
 Im-mor-tal Je-sus, hear me! Then quick as tho't I felt him mine,— My Saviour stood before me;

But where I first my Sa-voir found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.
 In that dark hour, how did my groan As-cend for years of er-ror.
 I saw his brightness round me shine, And shouted, Glo-ry! glo-ry!

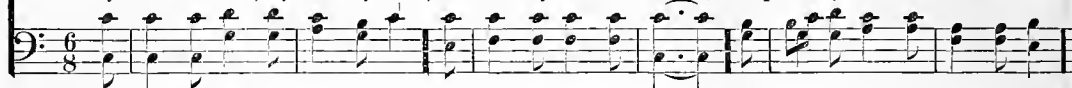
4
 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
 Where love divine first found me;
 Wherever falls my distant lot,
 My heart shall linger round thee;
 And when from earth I rise to soar
 Up to my home in heaven,
 Down will I cast mine eyes once
 more,
 Where I was first forgiven.

MY BEAUTIFUL HOME OF REST.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.



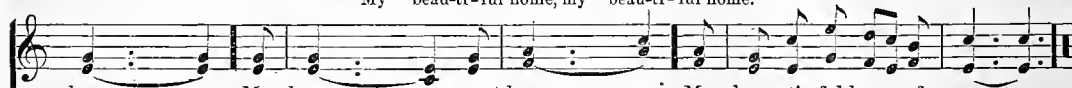
1. There is a place of sacred rest, Far, far, beyond the skies; Where beauty smiles e - ter - nal - ly,
 2. My Father's house, my heav'nly home, Where many mansions stand; Prepared by hands divine for all

*Chorus.*

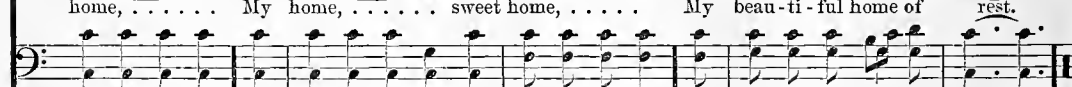
And pleasure never dies. My home, sweet home, I long for my beau-ti - ful
 Who seek the better land.



My beau-ti-ful home, my beau-ti-ful home.



home, My home, sweet home, My beau-ti-ful home of *rest.*



Beau-ti - ful home, My beau-ti - ful home, my beau-ti - ful home.

3. Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
 Breaks forth the light of morn;
 Bright beaming from my Father's house,
 To cheer the heart forlorn.—*Cho.*
4. In that pure home of tearless joy,
 Earth's parted friends shall meet;
 With smiles of love that never fade,
 And blessedness complete.—*Cho.*

WORK IN GOD'S VINEYARD.

127

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

With energy.

1. Work in God's vine- yard, Je - sus hath call'd thee, Call'd thee from dark-ness in - to His light;
 2. Faith-ful, thy God hath prom-ised sal - va - tion, Faith-ful, thy sor-row He'll kind - ly share;
 3. Youth in its ar - dor, man-hood in glo - ry, In - fan - cy, life's path all yet un - trod;

Break - ing the chain that long hath en-slaved thee, Work while the day lasts, and work with thy might.
 Lead - ing the con - trite, safe thro' temp - ta - tion, Up to the man'sions, He goes to pre - pare.
 Childhood with dim - ples, age with locks ho - ary, Work in His vineyard, the vineyard of God.

Solo.

Chorus. ff

And work with thy might, and work with thy might; Work while the day lasts, and work with thy might.
 He goes to pre - pare, He goes to pre - pare; Up to the man'sions He goes to pre - pare.
 The vine-yard of God, the vine-yard of God; Work in His vineyard, the vine - yard of God.

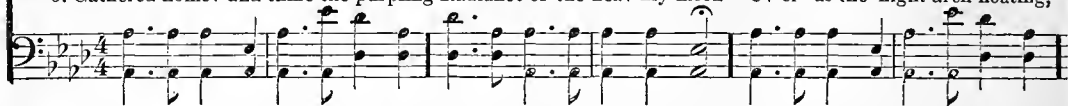
GATHERED HOME.

Words arr. from PROF. C. S. HARRINGTON. (*For Funeral Occasions.*)

Music by A. HULL.



1. Gathered home! in peaceful slumber Rest thee, brother, in the tomb; With the throng that hath no number,
2. Gathered home! from toil and fretting In the fevered rush of life; From rememb'ring and forgetting;
3. Gathered home! and thine the purpling Radiance of the heav'nly morn— Ov-er us the night-arch floating,



Waiting till their Lord shall come. Rest in quiet peaceful slumber, 'Mid the graves of honored dead,
From the conflict and the strife. Lifted now the vapory cur-tain— Broken now earth's fitful dream;
Gaze we toward the spirit gone. Thine the crown the palm, the gladness; Thine the bursts of holy song;

*Ritard.*

Till the resurrection bear thee, Where no parting tears are shed.
Lo! th' in-vis-ible made certain, On the home side of the stream.
Ours the pall, the turf, the sadness, Pilgrims 'mid the mortal throng.



4.

Gathered home! hush'd be our weeping,
Bleed our wounded hearts no more;
One more sheaf of *God's* own reaping
Garnered on the heavenly shore.
Rest thee, brother, till the thunder
Of the angels trump of doom,
Burst the bars of death asunder,
And thy Saviour takes thee home.

1. Je - sus! I hear Thee knocking, And gladly yield to Thee; The gates of Will un-locking, Thy temple hence to be.

I give to Thee my treasures, My burdens, hopes, and fears; Renounce all selfish pleasures, All trust in works or tears.

Chorus. My all is on the al-tar; I'm wait-ing for the fire, *rit. ad lib.* Waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

2. To Thee, my loving Saviour,
I bring my worthless load;
Thy blood shall make it precious
An offering to God.
I know Thou dost accept me;
The promise Thou dost give—
Thy word—"I will receive thee;"
And I Thy word believe.—CHO.

3. My trust, my consecration,
My all, I bring to Thee;
But to consume oblation,
The power is not in me.
The Holy Ghost's illum-ing,
Thou must Thyself inspire—
The holy, pure, consuming,
The sanctifying fire.—CHO.

4. Lord, send the blest anointing,
The Holy-Ghost impart—
Baptismal fire outpouring
To melt and mould my heart.
Oh, let the flame, from heaven,
Sweep through my longing soul,
My dross and sin consuming—
And purify the whole.—CHO.

Words by REV. W. HUNTER.

(From "Dew Drops," By permission.)

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. A home in heav'n! what a joyful tho't, As the poor man toils in his weary lot, His heart oppress'd, and by anguish driv'n
2. A home in heav'n! as the suff'rer lies On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes To that bright home, what a joy is giv'n,

Chorus.

From his home below to his home in heav'n. Trav'ling on . . . so glad and free, To a home . . . for you and
With the blessed thought of a home in heav'n. Trav'ling on, etc.

Trav'ling on so glad and free, so glad and free, To a home for you and

me. Come and join . . . our pilgrim band, Trav'ling to the promised heav'nly land.

me, for you and me. Come and join our pil - grim band, our pil - grim band,

"JESUS CALLS FOR CHRISTIAN LABOR."

131
Music by A. HULL.

1. Je - sus calls for Christian la - bor, Lo! the fields of grain are white, Wait not but with loving fer - vor,
Let there be no faint re - coil - ing,

FINE. D. S. F
Work and God will give thee might. Je - sus calls for faith - ful toil - ing, Christians heed the ear - nest cry.
But respond, "Here Lord am I."

2. Here am I thy cause to cherish;
Here am I to face the foe;
To show that none shall perish,
Who delight thy law to know.
Here, to culture each emotion,
And my soul to beautify,
So in fair and true proportion,
I may build my temple high.

3. Jesus calls to souls now waiting,
Why thus idle all the day?
Come, thy sin and folly hating,
Come and walk the narrow way.
Come and heaven shall be thy dwelling
When this earth doth melt away;
Joys beyond the human telling
Thine throughout eternal day.

Concluded from opposite page.

3. A home in heaven! when our treasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
When strength decays and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.—*Cho.*

4. A home in heaven! when our friends have fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mould'ring dead,
We rest in hope on the promise given,
We shall meet up there in our home in heaven.—*Cho.*

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

Music by A. HULL.

1. Oh, come to the fountain of life, Ye thirsty, ye wretched and poor; Relinquish your labor and strife,
 2. Oh, come to the fountain of life, Ye thirsty, ye wretched and poor; And soon will your spirit revive,
 3. Oh, come to the fountain of life, Ye thirsty, ye wretched, ye poor; Its waters within you will thrive;

Sal - vation ye now may secure. While wand'ring still farther astray No comfort nor peace can you find;
 To labor and languish no more. Yea, come without money and buy, No righteousness have you to boast;
 Their virtue of heal-ing is sure. Why think of a moment's delay, Why linger in sorrow and gloom?

Chorus.

No streams of the desert al-lay The thirst of a des-o-late mind. Oh come to the fountain of life,
 If on your own works you rely, Your soul is e-ter-nal-ly lost. Oh come, etc.
 Oh, haste to the fountain to-day! All, all are in-vit-ed to come. Oh come, etc.

Oh, come to the fount while you may, Oh, come and renounce all your strife, Oh, come to the fountain to-day!

A SONG OF HOME.

Music by A. HULL.

1. O cit - y, gold-en bright! Trans-par-ent as the day! How sweet-ly sbines thy radiant light, For Pilgrims far away!

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 2. Thy joy, serene and pure,
E'en now pervades my breast;
On God's foundations built secure,
Thy jasper bulwarks rest. | 5. Sweet home of peace and love!
By faith thy light I see,
Diffusing from the realms above
Celestial radiancy. | 8. The blood-bought sons of God
Shall walk those streets of gold,
Rejoicing ever with their Lord,
In ecstasies untold. |
| 3. There dwell the ransom'd host,
So safe, so satisfied!
And thither shall the Holy Ghost
Lead home the chosen bride. | 6. O sun, that rules the day,
Stand still, and hear the tale!
To add one single glory ray
Thy brightest beams would fail! | 9. I, too, when toil is o'er,
Those blissful courts shall gain,
Where praise resoundeth evermore,
And love supreme shall reign. |
| 4. No more a care or fear!
No more earth's wailing cry!
For God shall wipe each bitter tear,
And hush each heaving sigh. | 7. Fair moon,—dispelling night,
The city needs not thee; [light,
God and the Lamb shall there the
The light and temple be. | 10. O city, golden bright!
Transparent as the day! [light,
How sweetly shines thy radiant
For pilgrims far away! |

Words arranged.

Music by A. B. HOAG.



1. If you always would be happy, Love the Lord, love the Lord. If in life you would have pleasure,
 If you wish to have contentment, (OMIT.) Love the Lord. Have enjoyment without measure,



And secure a heavenly treasure, Love the Lord, Love the Lord, Love the Lord, Love the Lord.
 OMIT, 2nd time.

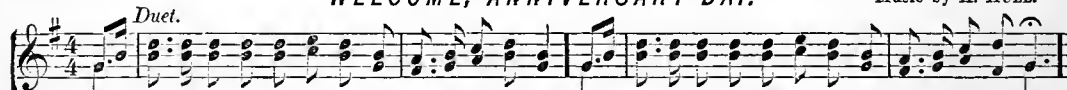


2. And if you aspire to glory,
 Love the Lord, love the Lord,
 Would you know the wondrous story,
 :: Love the Lord. ::

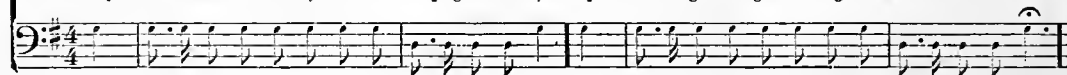
3. Would you live in sweet communion,
 With dear friends in Christian union,
 And in heaven have blest reunion,
 :: Love the Lord. ::

WELCOME, ANNIVERSARY DAY.

Music by A. HULL.



1. We come with happy hearts and light, To hail our festal day; Nor shall we miss this winter night, The buds and flow'rs of May.
 3. We may not come as once of old, There came a pilgrim band, And placed their gifts of gems and gold Within his sacred hand.



WELCOME, ANNIVERSARY DAY.

Full Chorus. *Ritard.*

To Jesus we our off'rings bring, Our grateful tribute pay; Nor will he, tho' the King of Kings, From children turn away.
 Yet has the gracious Saviour said, "Mine shall your off'ring be: When'er you give to those that need, Ye do it unto me."

Refrain.

Come and join our happy throng, Come and swell our cheerful song. Glad our hearts and glad our lay, Welcome, Annivers'ry day.

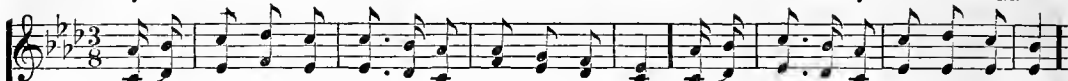
p *cres.* *ff* 1st. 2d. 3

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Anni-ver-s'ry day, day.

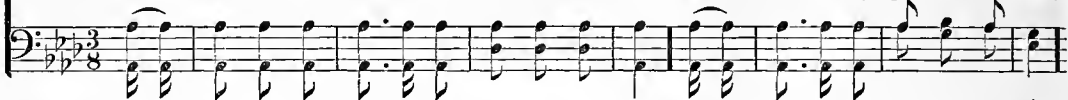
From hills where Northern pines look down
 On Maine's bright fields of snow,
 To where, through groves of tropic palm
 The Southern breezes blow,
 We'll sow along our broad highways,
 The seeds of truth divine,
 And look to see in coming days
 The golden harvest shue.
 Come and join, etc.

Welcome, welcome, welcome,

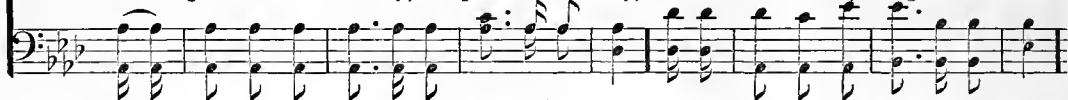
AS THE DOVE.



1. As the dove o'er the de-luge of wa-ters sent forth, Re - turn'd with her mes-sage of peace ;
2. We bless thee, O, God, for thy prom-ise of love, For the hopes that thy mer-cy has giv'n ;
3. And now on the morn of thine own bless-ed day, We would ask for thy spir-it of love ;



So the Sab-bath re - vis - its our sor - row - ful earth, With its ti - dings of hea - ven - ly bliss.
 But most for the Sa - viour who came from a - bove, To lead our young spir - its to heav'n.
 To guide us in safe - ty, and point out the way, That leads to thy king - dom a - bove.



How welcome its dawning! how sweet is its rest, A type of the joy that's to come ;
 He came as a child from His throne in the sky, He made lit - tle chil - dren His care ;
 That so when the tem - pests of life shall a - rise, Se - cure in thine un - chang - ing truth ;



AS THE DOVE.

137

A to - ken sent down from the land of the blest, To bid us re - mem - ber our home.
 And still He beholds them with mer - ci - ful eye, And listens in love to their prayer.
 We will fear not, but look for our home in the skies, Pre - par'd by the God of our youth.

Words by J. G. WHITTIER.

A PRESENT SAVIOUR.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

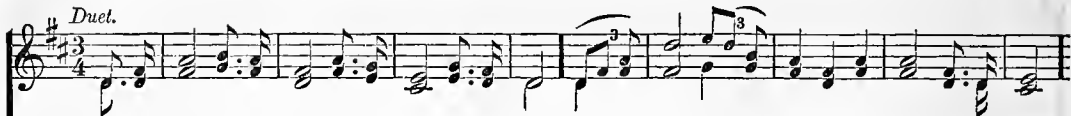
1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the lowest depths,
 2. But warm, sweet, tender, ev-en yet A present help is He; And faith has still its Ol - i - vet,

For Him no depths can crown, For Him no depths can crown.
 And love its Gal - i - lee, And love its Gal - i - lee.

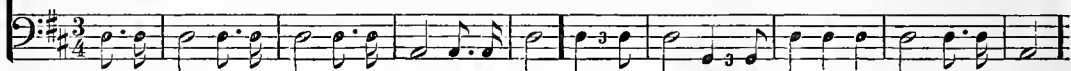
3.
 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame;
 The last, low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His name.

4.
 O Lord and Master of us all,
 Whate'er of name and sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

Words and Music by REV. R. LOWRY.

Duet.

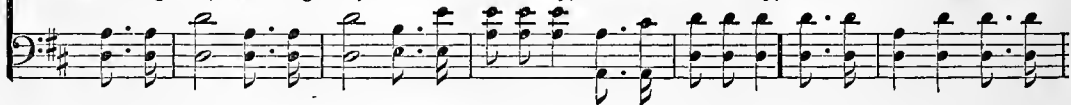
1. Marching on, marching on, glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of children from near and from far;
 2. Pressing on, pressing on, to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of faith to the bat-tle we go;



Happy hearts full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, Little soldiers of Zi-on, prepared for the war.
 'Mid the cheering of angels our ranks march away, With our flags pointing ev-er right on toward the foe.

*Chorus.*

Marching on, march-ing on, sound the bat-tle cry, sound the bat-tle cry, For the Sa-voir is be-



fore us, and for him we draw the sword: March-ing on, march-ing on, Shout the

vic-to-ry, shout the vic-to-ry! We will end the bat-tle sing-ing, "Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lord."

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (D#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system covers the next two lines. The music is in a 4/4 time signature.

3. Fighting on, fighting on, in the midst of the strife,

At the call of our Captain we draw every sword;
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life;
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.

4. Singing on, singing on, from the battle we come;

Every flag bears a wreath, ev'ry soldier renown;
Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.

DOXOLOGY.

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

The musical score for the Doxology is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final cadence. The accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the bass.

Allegro. p pp f

Hark! hark! there is mu-sic all a - bout; And the laurel branches dark, Shake their glossy leaflets out,
Lo! Lo! As a - bove Ju-dea's plain, In the days of long a - go, Angel voices chant the strain,

And the ce-dar and the fir, The tasseled pine with co-ny burr, Bend to hear, Bend to hear;
Un-to us a CHILD is born; To us a son is given this morn. Wake from sleep, Wake from sleep,

Chorus.

Hear the music, faint and clear, Floating near, Floating near. { Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas,
Hear the chorus onward sweep, Full and deep, Full and deep. } Peace on earth, goodwill toward men, Where we're sighing,

MERRY CHRISTMAS. [CAROL.]

141

Woe and weeping, Grief is dying, joy is leaping,
 Merry Christmas, Christmas day hath come again.
 Christmas day hath come a-gain. Merry Christmas.

Words by J. F. WARNER.

THE HALLOWED NIGHT.

Music by A. HULL.

Duet or Quartette.

p *f*

1. Si - lent night! hallow'd night! Land and deep silent sleep. Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star,
 2. Si - lent night! hallow'd night! On the plain, wakes the strain, Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
 3. Si - lent night! hallow'd night! Earth awake, silence break, High your chorus of mel-ody raise,

Tutti.

Beck'ning Is-ra-el's eye from a-far, Where the Saviour is born, Where the Sa-viour is born.
 Fill'd with tidings of boundless delight. Jesus, the Saviour, has come, Je-sus, the Sa-viour, has come.
 Sing to heaven in anthems of praise, Peace for-ever shall reign, Peace for - ev - er shall reign.

ANNIVERSARY CAROL.

Music by A. HULL.

1. Once more we come with joyful song,—Once more we come to greet you; In cheerful strains our notes prolong,
2. An - o - ther year has passed away, And ma - ny friends have left us; But we a lit - tle long - er stay

With happy hearts we greet you. There is joy and gladness all around, There's peace and plenty on ev'ry hand;
To praise him who be - reft us. We now would leave all care behind, Our sorrows and trials awhile forget;

Chorus.
Let each one in his place be found, All praising the Lord for a prosp'rous land. We come, we
For here the pres - ent joys we find, Their influence will last till life's sun is set. we come,

ANNIVERSARY CAROL.

143

Repeat ppp

come, with hap-py hearts to greet you, We come, we come, with cheerful songs a - gain.
 We come, We come, we come,

Words by ALVIRA WHITNEY.

CLOSE TO THY SIDE.

Music by A. B. HOAG.

1. Un - der thy wings, my God, Close to thy side; Safe from the coming storm, Joy-ful-ly I hide.
 2. Un - der thy wings, my God, Lov'd ones a - bide; Whom thou hast called from me, Closer to thy side.
 3. Un - der thy wings, my God, Safe-ly to hide; Clo - ser thy "lit-tle ones," Clos-er to thy side.

Oft thou hast call'd to me, Now while the cloud I see; Swift-ly I fly to thee, Close to thy side.
 Deal gently, Lord, with me, Glo-ry I may not see; Keep ev'ry sin from me, While at thy side.
 Side wounded sore for me, Bleeding and bruised I see; Cov-er, oh, cov-er me. Close to thy side.

LOVE DIVINE ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

[FOR CONCERTS.]

Arr'g'd from Lambillotte, by HARRY SANDERS.

Soprano, obligato, with vocal accompaniment.

3

1. Love divine, all love ex-cel - ling, Joy of Heav'n to earth come down, Fix in
 2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spir - it In - to ev'-ry troubled breast; Let us
 3. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a - tion, Pure, unspotted, may we be; Let us

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of Heav'n to earth come down,
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev'-ry troubled breast;
 3. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a-tion, Pure, un-spotted may we be;

us Thy hum-ble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown. Je - sus,
 all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy promis'd rest. Take a -
 see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - feet - ly re - - - stored by Thee: Change from

Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling, All Thy faithful mer-cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find Thy promis'd rest,
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - feet - ly re - - - stored by Thee:

LOVE DIVINE ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

145

Thou art all com- passion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art:
 way the love of sin - ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be,
 glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Je - sus, Thou art all compas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art:
 Take a - way the love of sin - ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be,
 Change from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,

Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev' - ry tremb - ling heart.
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev' - ry trem - ling heart.
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

STEADY HELMSMAN AT THE WHEEL.

1. Steady, helmsman at the wheel, Steer the good ship safely through; Still she's staunch from truck to keel,

Brave and faith-ful are the crew! Steady though the night raeck lowers, Though the billows heave and yawn—

Steady though the tempest roars— See! the morn begins to dawn.

2. Steady soldier in the field,
Forward! never falter now!
Soon the stubborn foe must yield;
Forward! strike another blow!
Steady sentinel on guard,
Long and hard thy watch may be,
Faithfully keep watch and ward!
Hark! I hear the reveille!

3. Master of our ship of state,—
Chief commander, President;
God, who holds the nations fate,
Guide thee till the storm is spent.

Grasp the helm with steady hand!
Watch the strife with sleepless eyes!
Soon with victory o'er the land,
Shall the Star of Peace arise!

GATES AJAR.

147

Words by GEO. COOPER.

(Solo and Quartette.)

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Slowly, and with great expression.

1. Gone beyond the dark - some ri - ver, — On - ly left us by the way, — Gone beyond the
 2. One by one they go before us, — They are fa - ding like the dew; But we know they're
 3. Gone where eve - ry eye is tear - less, On - ly gone from earth - ly care; Oh, the wait - ing

a tempo.

night for - ev - er; On - ly gone to end - less day, — Gone to meet the an - gel fa - ces,
 watch - ing o'er us, They, the good, the fair, the true; They are wait - ing for us on - ly,
 sad and cheerless, 'Till we meet our loved ones there; Sweet the rest from all our rov - ing

GATES AJAR.

Where our love-ly treas-ures are; Gone awhile from our em-bra-ces—Gone with-in the
 Where no pain can ev-er mar; Lit-tle ones who left us lone-ly, Watch us thro' the
 Land of light and hope a-far; Lo! our Father's hand, so lov-ing, Sets the pear-ly

rit. - - - - -

gates a - jar.
 gates a - jar.
 gates a - jar.

Quartette.

There's a sis-ter! there's a broth-er! Where our love-ly

GATES AJAR.

149

Repeat *pp.*

treas-ures are: There's a fa-ther, there's a moth-er, Gone with-in the gates a - jar.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Gates Ajar'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

HARRY SANDERS.

Moderato.

This musical score is for the hymn 'The Lord is My Shepherd'. It features two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score is written in a style typical of early 20th-century hymnals, with clear note heads and stems.

Solo.

The solo section of the hymn 'The Lord is My Shepherd' is shown on two staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: 'The Lord is my shep-herd, The Lord is my shep-herd, The Lord is my shep-herd, I'. The score includes dynamic markings: *m* (mezzo-forte), *f* (forte), and *f dim.* (fading forte). The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

Rit.*Solo Obligato. Soprano or Tenor.*

shall not, shall not want. He ma-keth me to lie down in green pas - tures;

He leadeth me be-side the still waters; He leadeth me be-side the still waters;

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "shall not, shall not want. He ma-keth me to lie down in green pas - tures;". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "He leadeth me be-side the still waters; He leadeth me be-side the still waters;". The bottom staff is a bass line in G major, 4/4 time, providing harmonic support for the piano accompaniment.

He ma-keth me to lie down in green pas - tures; He ma-keth

He leadeth me be-side the still waters; He leadeth me be-side the still wa-ters; He lead-eth me be-

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "He ma-keth me to lie down in green pas - tures; He ma-keth". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "He leadeth me be-side the still waters; He leadeth me be-side the still wa-ters; He lead-eth me be-". The bottom staff is a bass line in G major, 4/4 time, providing harmonic support for the piano accompaniment.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

151

Rall.

me to lie down in green pas - tures, in green pas - tures,
side the still wa-ters; He lead-eth me beside the still wa-ters; He leadeth me beside the still wa - ters.

CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

He re - sto-reth my soul; He lead-eth me in the paths of righteousness, of righteousness,

For his name's sake. INSTR.

Andante.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

Solo. Alto, or Baritone.

Yea, though I walk thro' the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, I will fear no e - vil; For



thou art with me, for thou art with me, Thy rod and thy staff, They comfort me, they com - fort me.



"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

Chorus.

Thou pre-par-est a ta-ble be-fore me, in the presence of my enemies, in the presence of my en-e-mies;

Allegro.

Thou annointest my head with oil; My cup runneth ov-er. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the

Adagio.

days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord For-ev-er, for-ev-er.

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.*

Duet.

1. Gath'-ring lil-ies in the morning, Came our Lord at break of day: Fragrant lilies earth a-dorn-ing,

INST.

Quartette.

None so pure and sweet as they. Gath'ring lil-ies, snow - y white, Lil-ies for the fields of light.

ad lib.

Rit.

2. O, my own sweet lily blossom,
Will he make thee, too, his choice?
Half asleep upon my bosom,
Hast thou wakened at his voice?
Wilt thou leave me, lily bright,
For God's garland of delight?

3. Fare thee well, my precious flower,
Fare thee well, a little space,
Gathered at the morning hour,

With the sunshine on thy face.
Thou hast learned no earthly speech,
Angels must thy language teach.

4. When death's night comes dark and chilly,
And for me the roses fade,
I shall go to seek my lily,
And I shall not be afraid.
Drawn through Heaven's gates of light,
By a lily, garland bright.

* A tribute to our own "Gathered Lily."

"HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?"

155

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

The first system of piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The second system of piano accompaniment continues the piece. It includes a *Ped.* (pedal) marking and a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The texture remains consistent with the first system.

A single staff for the Soprano solo. It begins with a rest for several measures, followed by a melodic line. The marking *Soprano Solo.* is placed above the staff.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices,
2. Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,

The third system of piano accompaniment features a *Ad lib.* (Ad libitum) marking and a *Tempo.* marking. The music becomes more active, with a *f* (forte) dynamic marking in the bass line. The piece concludes with a final chord.

"HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?"

Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'angelic host rejoices, Heavenly hallelujahs rise!
Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeem'd and sins forgiv'n, Loud our golden harps shall sound!

Chorus.

Lo! th'angelic host re-joice, Heav'n-ly hal-le-lu-jahs rise, Heav'nly hal-le-lu-jahs rise.

Tenor Solo. Andante.

Hear them tell the wondrous story, Which they chant in
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him, Learn his name, and

"HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?"

hymns of joy,
taste his joy,

Glo - ry in the high - est, glory, Glo - ry be to God on high.
Till in heav'n we sing before him, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"

Chorus.

Listen to the wond'rous story, Which they chant in hymns of joy, Glory, in the highest, glory,

Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo - - ry be to God on high, Glo-ry be to God on high.

fff

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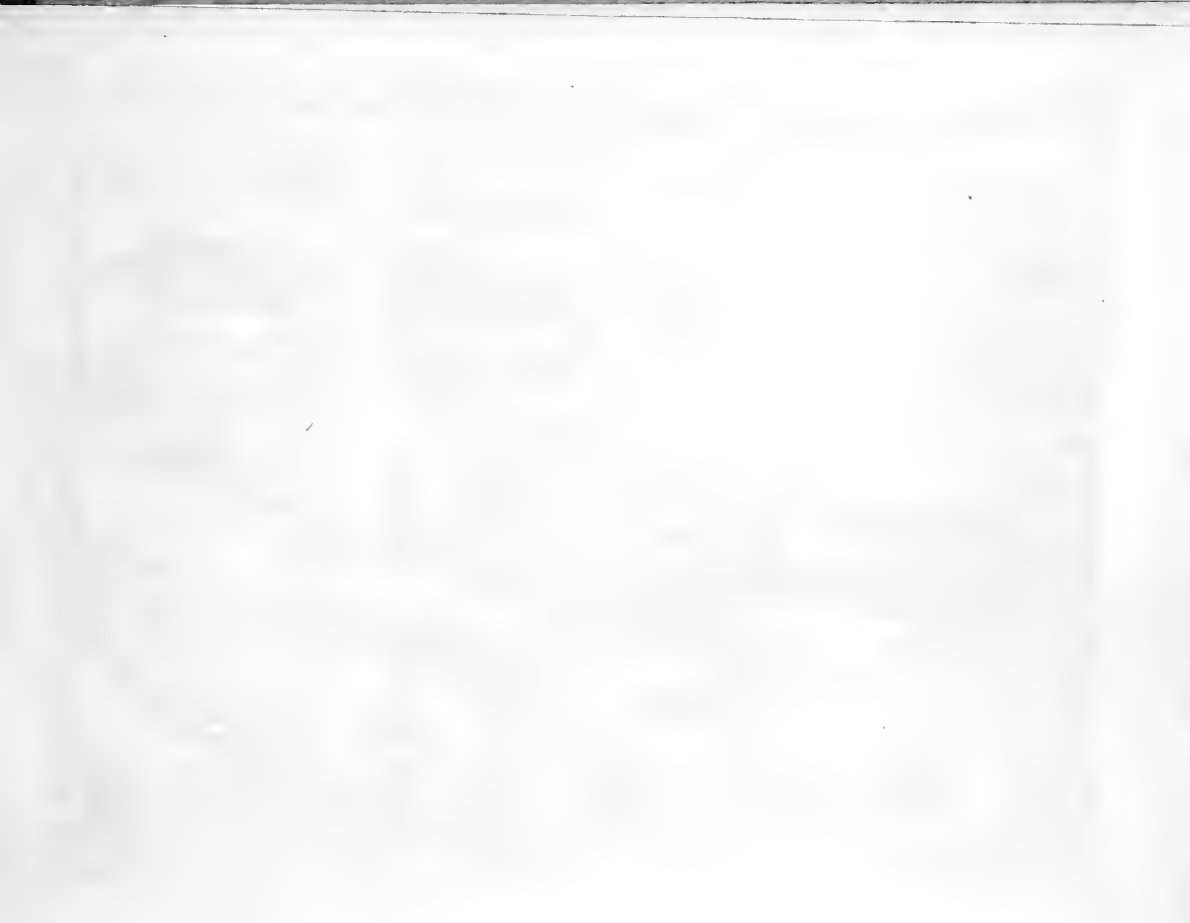
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