

WILIGHT
ZEPHYRS
FOR THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY **G. W. LINTON.**

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TWILIGHT ZEPHYRS,

A NEW COLLECTION OF
HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, MISSIONARY MEETINGS, ANNIVERSARIES,
TEMPERANCE MEETINGS AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

By

G. W. LINTON,

AUTHOR OF

"EXCELSIOR," "THE VOCALIST," "UNION CHIMES," "PROVINCIAL MELODIST," "KIND WORDS,"
"SPARKLING GEMS," "LINTON'S INDUCTIVE METHOD," &c.

ST. LOUIS:

JOHN BURNS, PUBLISHER.

PREFACE.

This work is prepared with the view of meeting the wants of Sunday Schools. Unlike most works of this kind, this is free from secular music and hymns of a religious bias, hence it can be used in all schools where the fundamental principles of Christianity are recognized.

All who have much experience in training the young in vocal music, are aware that in order to interest children, develop their musical talent, and create a taste for sacred music, tunes of a sprightly style should be introduced.

The introduction into the Sunday School, of secular tunes to which are sung sacred words, to say the least is objectionable, as it tends to vitiate the minds of the youth by neutralizing the influence which the sacred theme inspires while engaged in the service of song.

No pains or expense have been spared to render this work acceptable to those engaged in Sunday-school work and social reform.

For general use, the variety of Hymns and Tunes is ample, and for special occasions, such as Missionary Meetings, Anniversaries, Temperance Meetings, Funerals, &c ; no work of similar dimensions provides more abundantly.

The tunes are all arranged with the *four* parts. The lower staff contains the Bass, the second, or middle staff contains two parts ; the upper notes are the Treble, or Air, and the lower, the Alto. The upper staff contains the Tenor, an adult part.

The most of the tunes are private property, therefore publishers are cautioned against using them without permission from the owners.

This volume of hymns and tunes is now presented to those for whom it is designed, with the hope that it will prove an acceptable and useful school room, and social circle companion, promoting the peace and happiness of all, by elevating the mind, and directing it to the source of all our temporal and spiritual blessings.

G. W. LINTON.

WHAT IS LIFE . C. H. M. (86, 86, 88.)

3

G. W. LINTON.

1. Oh what is life? 'tis like a flow'r That blossoms and is gone; It flourishes its little hour With

2. Oh what is life? 'tis like the bow That glistens in the sky, We love to see its colors glow, But

3. Lord what is life? if spent with thee In humble praise and prayer, How long or short this life may be, We

all its beau - ty on; Death comes, and like a wint - 'ry day, It cuts the love -ly flow'r a-way.

while we look they die; Life fails as soon, to-day 'tis here, To-morrow it may dis - appear.

feel no anxious care: Tho' life de-part, our joys shall last, When life and all its joys are past.

THE LAND OF BLISS. C. H. M.

To be sung to the tune "What is Life?"

1. Heav'n is the land where troubles cease,
 Where toils and tears are o'er;
 The blissful clime of rest and peace,
 Where cares distract no more;
 And not the shadow of distress
 Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2. Heav'n is the dwelling-place of joy
 The home of light and love,
 Where faith and hope in rapture die,
 And ransomed souls above
 Enjoy, before th' eternal throne,
 Bliss everlasting and unknown.

G. W. LINTON.

1. Now we lift our tuneful voi - ces, In a new me - lo - dious song; }
 While each youthful heart re - joi - ces, To be - hold the gath' - ring throng. }

D.C. Bow with us in ad - o - ra - tion, Fill'd with ho - ly, heav'n - ly joy.

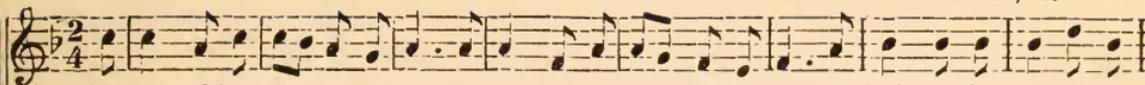
2. Teach - ers kind, whose care un - ceas - ing, All must hon - or and ap - prove; }
 Thanks for la - bor still un - ceas - ing, Heav'n re - ward your works of love. }

D.C. All on earth that's worth possess - ing, From that hand in - ces - sant flows.

Ye who join our cel - e - bra - tion, Sweet - est mel - o - dies em - ploy; }
 D.C.

Thanks to God for ev' - ry bless - ing, Which his bounteous hand be - stows; }
 D.C.

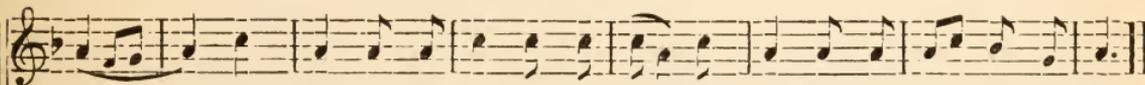
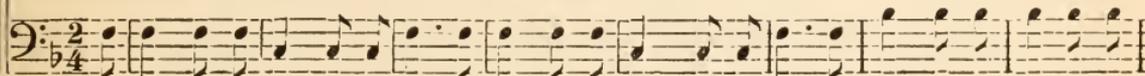
B. MANLY, Jr.



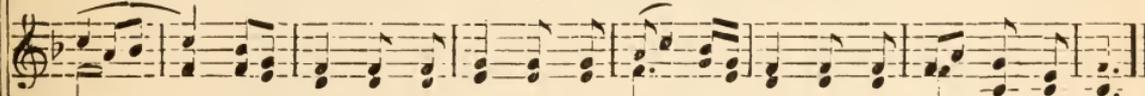
1. We sing of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair ; And oft are its glories con -
 2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation, and care, From tri - als without and with -



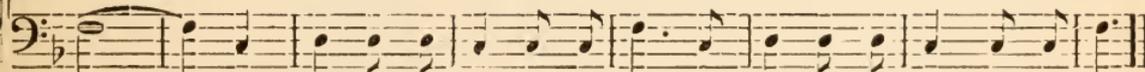
3. We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear, The Church of the first-born a -



fess'd— But what must it be to be there ? But what must it be to be there ?
 in ; But what must it be to be there ? But what must it be to be there ?



bove, But what must it be to be there ? But what must it be to be there ?



4 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure and woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare ;
 Then, soon shall we joyfully know,
 And feel what it is to be there.

5 Then anthems of praise we will sing,
 When safe in that Heavenly rest,
 To Jesus, our Saviour and King.
 Who reigns in the Realms of the Blest.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Poetry by Miss ADA MAY TOWER.

Music by DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en, The beau - ti - ful home of the blest! When
 2. Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en, The land where the soul has a home! When

3. Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en, The beau - ti - ful tem - ple of light! When
 4. Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en, The beau - ti - ful ci - ty of love! When

shall I walk thy gold - en streets, And in thy man - sions rest?
 shall I rest by thy murmuring streams, In peace no more to roam.

shall I wake thy gold - en harps, And wear thy robes of white?
 shall I, through my Sa - viour claim, To wear my crown a - bove?

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home! When

Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home! When

Repeat, pp

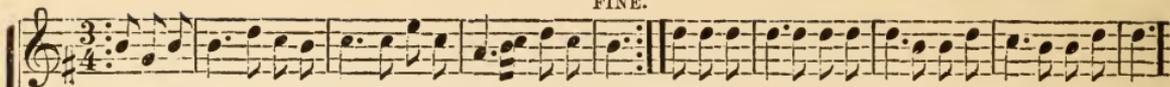
shall I pass in at the pear-ly gates, And en-ter that beau-ti-ful home?

shall I pass in at the pear-ly gates, And en-ter that beau-ti-ful home?

BRIGHT HEAVEN ABOVE. L. M.

Poetry and Music by G. W. LINTON.

FINE.



Bright heav'n above, bright heav'n above, Where all is joy and peace and love; }
 There Jesus reigns triumphant high, Above the lofty starry sky. } Before the throne there angels raise, With cherub
 D. C. "All honor be unto the Lamb," Who brought salvation down to man. [through their songs of praise,
 D. C.



The Saviour left his throne on high, Came down to earth that he might die }
 That we a home in heaven might gain, Shall we on earth our songs restrain? } Let all creation join the song: Let heaven and earth the
 D. C. "All honor be unto the Lamb," Who brought salvation down to man. [strains prolong ;
 D. C.



3.

When we on earth shall meet no more,
 When all our cares and toils are o'er;
 When Jesus calls and bids us come;—
 To share the Christian's happy home;
 When from the slumb'ring tomb we rise,
 To meet the Saviour in the skies,
 May each be ready to receive,
 The crown He promises to give.

4.

O what a joy 'twill be to know
 That we are safe from sin and woe;
 With saints and angels we shall sing
 Unto the Lord our glorious King:
 Our ransomed souls shall never tire
 While praising with the heavenly choir;
 The vast expanse of heaven shall ring
 With loud hosannahs to our King.

A Life with Jesus. L. M.

- 1 A life with Jesus, O, how sweet !
 A life where all the pure will meet,
 A life where pleasures ever flow,
 A life where heavenly breezes blow.
 A life where praises never cease,
 A life of constant joy and peace ;
 A life in that bright happy land,
 A life with all the holy band.
- 2 A life where all the ransomed sing
 Hosannas to their Saviour King,
 A life of never-ending love,
 With Jesus Christ, in heaven above ;
 A life where all the just will meet,
 In praises round the "mercy seat ;"
 A life with glorious spirits free,
 But better, Lord, a life with thee.

City of Light. L. M.

- 1 I see, I see, O rapturous sight,
 I see a glorious land of light ;
 A heavenly city, bright and fair,
 And all the ransomed ones are there.
 Bright "jasper walls" around it stand,
 Reared by the gentle Father's hand ;
 And golden portals open wide,
 To welcome Jesus' ready bride.
- 2 Fair skies o'erhang that happy clime,
 And noontide sun o'er it doth shine,
 Resplendent from th' eternal's throne,
 To light the Christian's final home.
 Ah ! now amid the shining ones,
 Who raise those rich, immortal tones,
 I see for whom a Saviour's blood
 Opened the way to heaven and God.

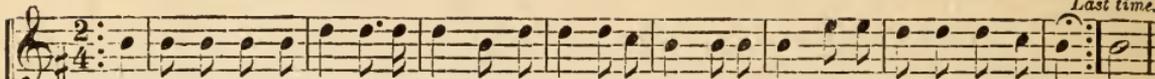
- 3 And as the sweet, seraphic lyre,
 And angel voices rise still higher,
 Far richer, higher notes they raise,
 Whom our blest Jesus died to save.
 For though they see the Father's face,
 And sing the riches of his grace,
 Yet, ne'er did angel-spirits know
 The joys of souls redeemed from woe.

Good news from Heaven. L. M.

- 1 Good news from heaven, good news for thee,
 There flows a pardon full and free,
 To guilty sinners, through the blood
 Of the Incarnate Son of God.
 He paid the debt that thou didst owe,
 He suffered death for thee below ;
 He bore the wrath Divine for thee.
 He groaned and bled on Calvary.
- 2 Good news from heaven, good news for thee,
 The Saviour cries, "Come unto me
 All ye who toil, with fears opprest,
 Come, weary one, oh, come and rest !"
 He loves thee with o'erflowing love,
 He reigns for thee in heaven above,
 He all thy pasture shall prepare,
 And lead thee with a Shepherd's care.
- 3 Good news from heaven, good news for thee,
 Has echoed from eternity ;
 And loud shall our hosannas ring,
 When with the ransomed throng we sing,—
 Worthy the Lamb, whose precious blood
 Has made us kings and priests to God ;
 Our harps we'll tune to noblest strains,
 And glory give to Him who reigns.

Poetry by Mrs. G. W. LINTON,

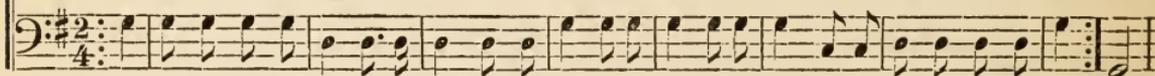
Music by G. W. LINTON.

Last time.

1. If you always do right and reprove what is wrong, How much good you can do, although you may yet be young,
Never cease to do right, sow good seed ev'ry day, And be honest and truthful in all you do and say.

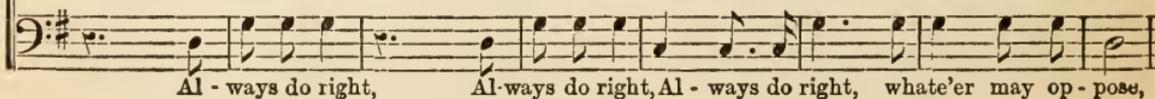
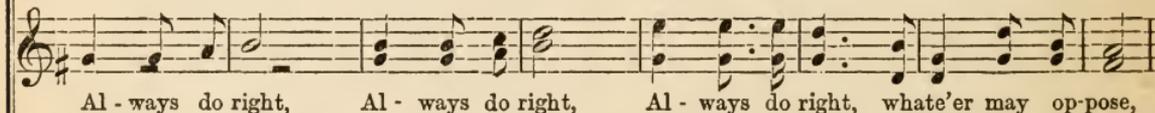
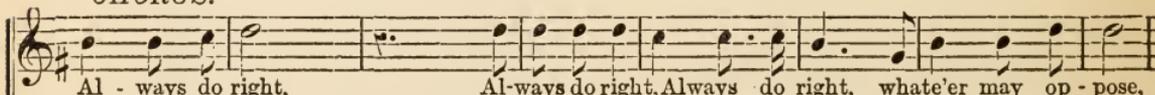


1. If you always do right and reprove what is wrong, How much good you can do, although you may yet be young,
Never cease to do right, sow good seed ev'ry day, And be honest and truthful in all you do and say.



1. If you always do right and reprove what is wrong, How much good you can do, although you may yet be young
Never cease to do right, sow good seed ev'ry day, And be honest and truthful in all you do and say.

CHORUS.



Al - ways do right, Al - ways do right Al - ways do right, Till life's day shall close

Al - ways do right, Al - ways do right, Al - ways do right, Till life's day shall close.

Al - ways do right, Al - ways do right, Al - ways do right, Till life's day shall close.

2 An influence you wield, and great good can bestow,
And by strengthening the weak, to the erring you
will show:

That now is the best time, while in youth's summer
morn,
All should lay up bright treasures, their future to
adorn. *Cho.*

3 Never fear to resist what you know to be wrong,
Sinful charms will allure you if trifled with too long;
Like the sting of the adder, 'tis painful to bear,
Oh! yield not to its power, shun its bright delusive
snare. *Cho.*

4 The Author of all good was by sin ne'er beguiled,
All who do what is right, and will trust him he will
shield,
His strong arm will protect them thro' life's stormy
maze,
He will crown them with laurels, when ended are
life's days. *Cho.*

5 Then always do right, and in God humbly trust,
He will own and receive you to dwell with him at
last.

In that bright land above with the angels of light,
You shall dwell with the Saviour, and all who have
done right. *Cho.*

The Gospel Feast. C. M.

Sung to the tune on Page 13.

1 God speaks, O listen to his voice,
Come needy sinners, come,
Why will you slight his offered grace,
Or longer from him roam?

Chorus.

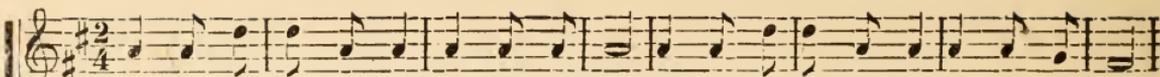
Why not come, why not come just now?
All may come, all may come just now:
Come then, to the gospel feast.

2 The Saviour at the door now stands,
In loving accents speaks;
Pardon and peace are in his hands,
Accepts while he entreats. *Cho.*

3 He will receive you as you are,
Why longer then delay?
O why let sin your souls debar,
From joy and endless day? *Cho.*

4 The invitation is to all,
The Saviour calls you now;
Believe, obey the gospel call,
And to his mandate bow. *Cho.*

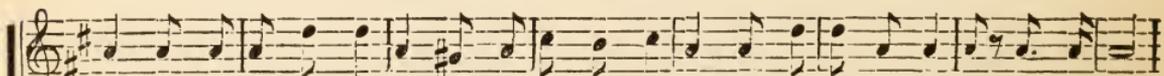
Mrs. G. W. Tinton.



1. Kind words can never die! God gave them birth; Winged with a smile they fly All o'er the earth;
2. Kind deeds can never die! Tho' weak and small, From his bright throne on high God sees them all;



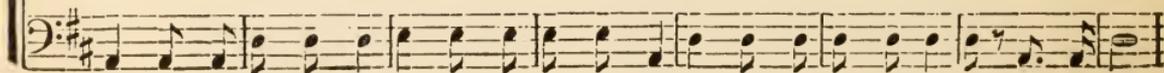
3. God's word can nev - er die! Tho' fall - en man Oft dares its truth de - ny—Dares it in vain;
4. Our souls can nev - er die! God's word we trust; He to our bodies said, "Dust un-to dust."

Kind words the angels bro't, Kind words our Saviour taught, Sweet melodies of tho't Who knows their worth?
He doth reward with love, All those who faithful prove, Round them where'er they move, Rich blessings fall.



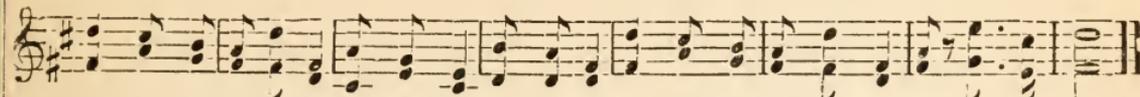
God's word a-lone is pure, His promises are sure; Trust him, and rest secure, Heav'n you shall gain.
Saviour, our souls prepare, Thy happy home to share; Us to thy mansions bear, When life is past.



CHORUS.*



Kind words can nev-er die, nev-er die, never die, Kind words can never die, No, nev-er die.



Kind words can nev-er die, nev-er die, never die, Kind words can never die, No, nev-er die.



*For chorus, sing first line of each verse.

Kind Words are never lost. 6s & 4s.

- 1 Kind words are never lost,
 Though years may fly,
 While on life's billows tossed,
 'Mid dangers nigh,
 In mem'ry loved so well,
 Who can their value tell?
 Their echoes still will dwell
 Deep in the heart.

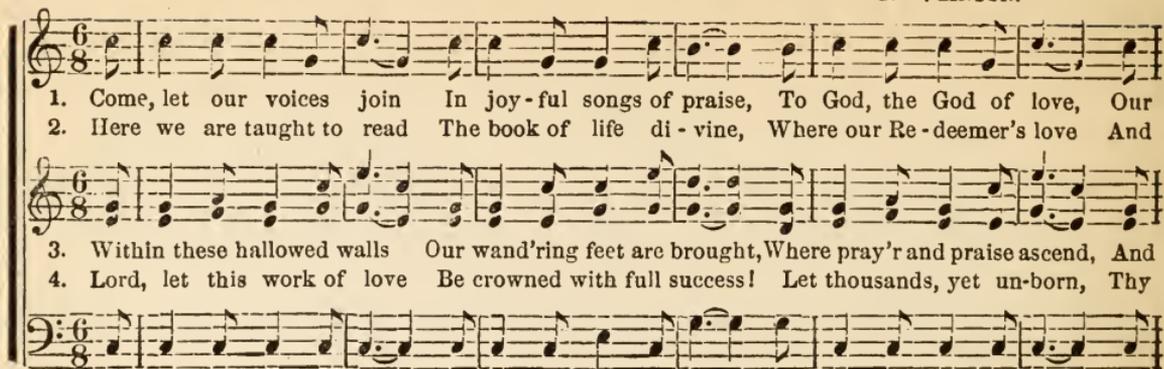
CHORUS.—Kind words are never lost,
 Never lost, never lost
 Kind words are never lost,
 No, never lost.

- 2 Kind smiles are never lost,
 But cherished yet,

The hearts they gladdened most
 Will not forget;
 Through mists of weary years,
 Oft dimmed by falling tears,
 Their radiance still appears
 Cheering and bright.
 CHO.—Kind smiles, &c.

- 3 Kind deeds are never lost,
 Nor done in vain;
 Like seed in spring-time cast
 On fertile plains,
 Their fruit shall yet appear
 Rich harvests full in ear,
 And every bud shall bear
 A hundred fold.
 CHO.—Kind deeds, &c.

G. W. LINTON.



1. Come, let our voices join In joy-ful songs of praise, To God, the God of love, Our
 2. Here we are taught to read The book of life di-vine, Where our Re-deemer's love And

3. Within these hallowed walls Our wand'ring feet are brought, Where pray'r and praise ascend, And
 4. Lord, let this work of love Be crowned with full success! Let thousands, yet un-born, Thy



thankful hearts we'll raise; To God a-lone all praise belongs, Our earliest and our la-test songs.
 brightest glories shine; To God a-lone, all praise is due, Who sends his word to us and you.

heav'nly truths are taught; To God alone your off'rings bring; Let young and old his praises sing.
 sa-cred name here bless! To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee We'll raise throughout eter-ni-ty.

PARTING HOUR. 7s, 6 lines.

15

G. W. LINTON.

1. When shall we all meet again ? When shall we all meet again ? Oft shall glowing hope expire, Oft shall

2. Tho' on foreign shores we sigh, Far remote our native sky, Tho' the depths between us roll, Hope shall

3. When the dreams of life are fled, When its wasting lamp is dead, When in cold oblivion's shade, Beauty,

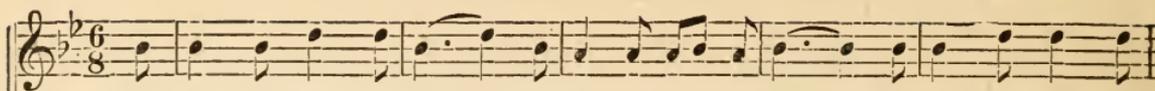
wea - ried love re - tire, Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet again.

an - chor there our soul, And in faith's well known domain, Within the vail we'll meet again.

wealth, and fame are laid, Where im - mor - tal spir - its reign, Thith - er soar, to meet a - gain.

I HAVE A HOME ABOVE. S. M.

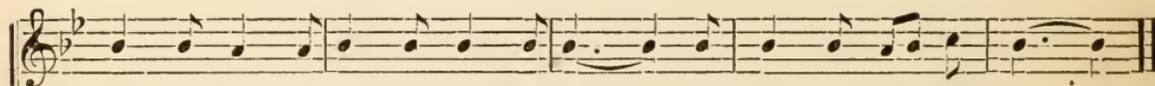
L. C. EVERETT.



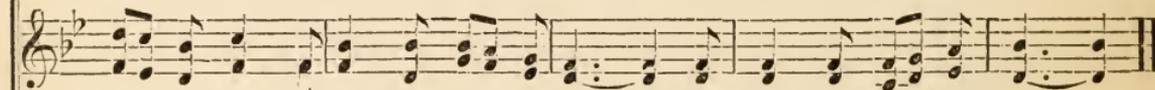
1. I have a home a - bove, From sin and sor - row free ; A man - sion of e -
 2. My Fa - ther's gra - cious hand, Hath built this sweet a - bode ; From ev - er - last - ing



3. My Sav - iour's pre - cious blood, Has made my ti - tle sure ; He pass'd thro' death's dark
 4. Lov'd ones have gone be - fore, Whose pil - grimage is done, I soon shall greet them



- ter - nal love, Design'd and fram'd for me, Design'd and fram'd for me.
 it was plann'd, A dwell - ing place with God, A dwell - ing place with God.



- rag - ing flood, To make my rest se - cure, To make my rest se - cure.
 on that shore, Where parting is un - known, Where part - ing is un - known.



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 68 & 48.

17

G. W. LINTON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me;
 2. Tho' like the wander - er, day-light all gone, Darkness comes o - ver me, my rest a stone;

3. There let the way appear steps up to heaven; All that Thousendest me, in mercy giv'n;
 4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, cleaving the sky; Sun, moon, and stars forgot, up - ward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

An - gels to beckon me, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
 Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

THE HOME OF THE BLESSED. C. M.

G. W. LINTON.



1. There is a land, a happy land Where tears are wiped away From every eye by God's own hand, And night is turned to day.
2. There is a home, a happy home, Where way-worn travelers rest, Where toil and languor never come, And every mourner's blest.



3. There is a port, a peaceful port, A safe and quiet shore, Where weary mariners resort, And fear the storm no more.
4. There is a crown, a dazzling crown, Bedecked with jewels fair; And priests and Kings, of high renown, That crown of glory wear.



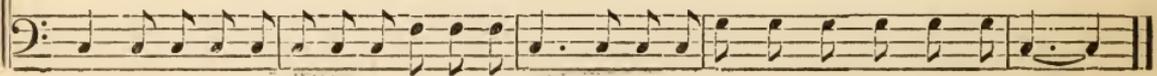
CHORUS.



Let us strive to go there, That its joys we may share, When we have finished our mission be - low.



Let us strive to go there, That its joys we may share, When we have finished our mission be - low.



LET US SING. C. M.

19

Poetry by E. E. ORVIS.

Music by G. W. LINTON.



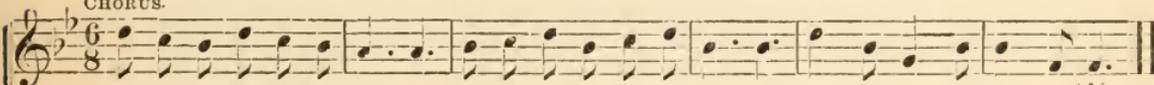
1. O sing the praises of your Lord, Enthroned on Zion's hill, He is by angels now adored, O - bedient to God's will.
2. In majesty and power supreme, His sceptre now he sways; His reign is now the grandest theme Of angel-songs of praise.



3. And worlds below, and worlds above, In rapturous anthems join, To celebrate His sovereign love, And majes - ty di - vine,
4. And thus he'll reign while time shall last, And earthly thrones endure; Till all the sons of God at last In heaven are made secure.



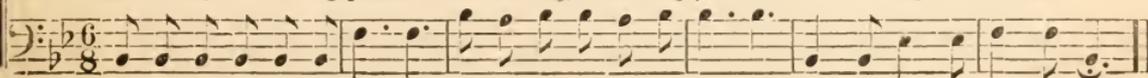
CHORUS.



Let us sing, let us sing praises, Let us sing, let us sing praises, Let us sing un-to the Lord.



Let us sing, let us sing praises, Let us sing, let us sing praises, Let us sing un-to the Lord.



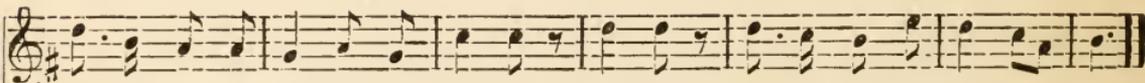
CHILDREN IN HEAVEN. C. M.



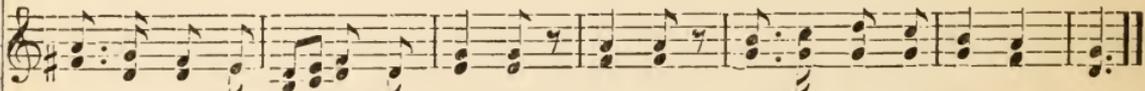
1. Around the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of children stand; Children whose sins are all forgiv'n, A



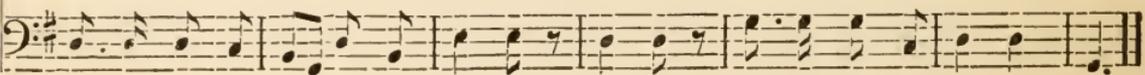
2. In flowing robes of spotless white, See every one arrayed; Dwelling in ev-er-last-ing light, And



ho - ly, hap - py band, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.



joys that nev-er fade, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.



3 What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:—
How came those children there?
Singing, &c.

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, &c.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing, &c.

Heavenly Bliss. C. M.

1 There is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky;
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
Singing glory, &c.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.
Singing glory, &c.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.
Singing glory, &c.

4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
Singing glory, &c.

5 Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter into rest.
Singing glory, &c.

Hosannas in the Temple. C. M.

1 When Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard,
The little children owned his claim,
And in his train appeared.
Singing glory, &c.

2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed;
Hosanna to the heavenly King,
To David's promised seed.
Singing glory, &c.

3 O let those scenes be now renewed,
Where children lisp thy praise!
Thou art as gracious and as good
As in the former days.
Singing glory, &c.

4 Dwell by thy Gospel in our hearts,
And this will loose our tongues;
The love that heavenly truth imparts,
Will animate our songs.
Singing glory, &c.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
 2. Wor - thy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus!

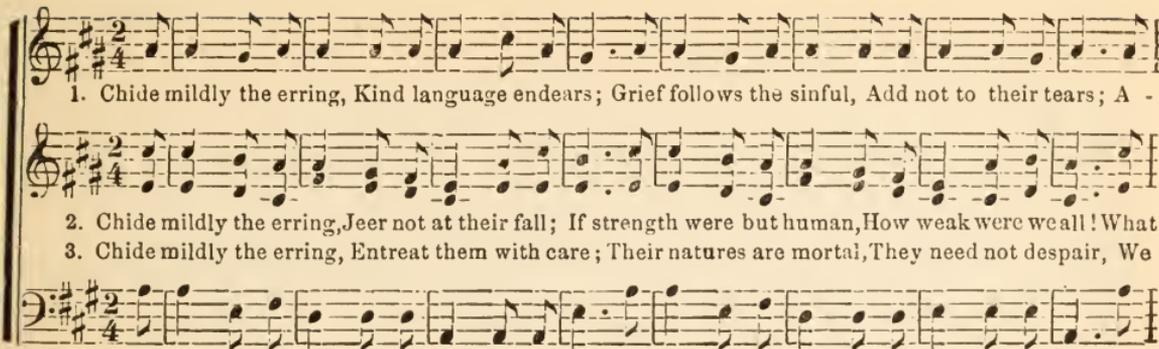
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;
 4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,

Ten thou - sand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 Wor - thy the Lamb, our lips re - ply, For he was slain for us.

And bless - ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er thine.
 Conspire to lift thy glo - ries high, And speak thine end - less praise.

CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING. 6s & 5s, or 11s.

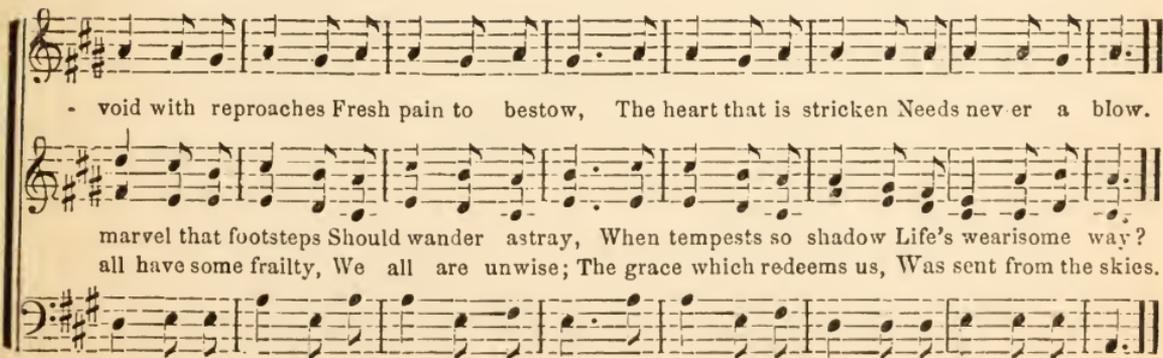
L. C. EVERETT.



1. Chide mildly the erring, Kind language endears; Grief follows the sinful, Add not to their tears; A -

2. Chide mildly the erring, Jeer not at their fall; If strength were but human, How weak were we all! What

3. Chide mildly the erring, Entreat them with care; Their natures are mortal, They need not despair, We



- void with reproaches Fresh pain to bestow, The heart that is stricken Needs never a blow.

marvel that footsteps Should wander astray, When tempests so shadow Life's wearisome way?
all have some frailty, We all are unwise; The grace which redeems us, Was sent from the skies.

G. W. LINTON.

1. Fare - well, Fare - well, we meet no more On this side heav'n; The parting scene is

2. Fare - well, fare - well, my soul will weep, While memory lives; From wounds that sink so

3. Fare - well, fare - well, and shall we meet In heav'n a - bove; And there in un - ion

o'er, The last sad look is giv'n, The last sad look is giv'n.

deep, No earth - ly hand relieves, No earth - ly hand re - lieves.

sweet, Sing of a Sav - iour's love? Sing of a Sav - iour's love?

THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN. C. M.

25

G. W. LINTON.

1. There's music in the upper heav'n—The choral notes that swell, || Are sweeter, fuller, richer far Than hu - man lips can tell.

2. The gliding rush of countless wings Borne on the swelling breeze || That wafts the rustling music by A - - mid em - bow-cr'd trees.

When rings the gush of golden harps And heav'nly lutes are swept, || To tell the quenchless love of him Who o'er a lost world wept. A - men.

The echo of the myriad feet That fall on pavements fair, || Of glittering dazzling gold that gleams In untold brightness there *A - men.

3. The music of the pearly gates,
When back by | angels | flung,
Admitting there a ransomed soul
Their | sinless | bands a - mong.
The silvery sound that's swelling up
When flows the | stream of | life,
The rustle of the emerald leaf,
With | healing | virtues | rife.

4. And then the tide of melody
That swells and | bursts when | rings
The new song in that far-off world,
That | thrilling | rapture | brings ; |
But awed, we may not note its power,
Its depths we | may not | sound ; |
Unfathomed, fathomless it rolls
In | glorious | might a - | round,

* Sing Amen after singing last verse.

1. There is a bet - ter world, they say, O so bright! O so bright! Where sin and woe are done a -
 2. No clouds e'er pass a - long its sky, — Happy land! happy land! No tear-drop glistens in the
 3. Tho' we are sin - ners eve - ry onc, — Je - sus died! Je - sus died! And tho' our crown of peace is
 4. Then, parents, brothers, sis - ters, come, Come a-way! come a-way! We long to reach our Father's

way, O so bright! O so bright! There music fills the balmy air, And angels with bright wings are there, And
 eye, Happy land! happy land! They drink the gushing streams of grace, And gaze upon the Saviour's face, Whose
 gone, Jesus died! Jesus died! We may be cleansed from ev'ry stain, We may be crown'd with bliss again, And
 home, Come a-way! come away! O listen to the music sweet, That comes so rich from yonder seat, There

harps of gold, and mansions fair, O so bright! O so bright! And harps of gold, and mansions fair, O so bright! O so bright!
 brightness fills the holy place, Happy land! happy land! Whose brightness fills the holy place, Happy land! happy land!

in that land of pleasure reign, Je-sus died! Je-sus died! And in that land of pleasure reign, Jesus died! Je-sus died!
 all the good in glo-ry meet, Come a-way! come a-way! There all the good in glory meet; Come a-way! Come a-way!

HYMNS TO THE TUNE "THERE IS A BETTER WORLD."

Mercy's free. 8s & 3s.

- 1 By faith I see the Saviour dying—On the tree;
 To every nation He is crying—"Look to me;"
 He bids the guilty now draw near,
 Believe, obey, dismiss your fear;
 Hark, hark! these precious words I hear,
 "Mercy's free."
- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin-pursuing,—Pity me?
 And did He save my soul from ruin?—Can it be?
 O yes, He did salvation bring;
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King:
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 "Mercy's free."
- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes—"Mercy's free;"
 And every moment Christ is precious—Unto me;
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through the wilderness I rove,
 Enjoying still the Saviour's love,
 "Mercy's free."

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying—"Mercy's free;"
 And this shall be my song when dying, "Mercy's free;"
 And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
 Safe lodg'd above the stormy blast,
 I'll sing while endless ages last—"Mercy's free."

Sign the pledge. 8s & 3s.

- 1 There is a pledge in Heav'n above, Angels sign!
 It is the bond of perfect love, Angels sign!
 There is a pledge on earth the same,
 It binds the heart with mutual flame,
 To rid mankind of sin and shame! Pledge divine!
- 2 Then 'tis no wonder that this cause Widely spreads!
 So pure its origin and laws! Widely spreads!
 Then, scoffer, no more scoff at this;
 An enemy to other's peace,
 Thou art oppos'd to endless bliss! Sign the pledge!
- 3 Come, those who would Reformers be, Sign the pledge!
 Be patterns of sobriety. Sign the pledge!
 Come, then, forsake the foul disgrace,
 And be a blessing to your race;
 Come, at this time, and in this place, Sign the pledge!

Poetry and Music by G. W. LINTON.

Saviour guide us while we praise Thee, Fill our hearts with peace and love, }
 Now accept our feeble offering, Smile up - on us from above. } Saviour guide us, Saviour guide us,

2. Saviour guide us while we study How to love and serve thee here; }
 May Thy precepts lead us ev - er In - to paths of filial fear. } Saviour guide us, Saviour guide us,

3. Saviour guide us thro' life's changes, While we sojourn here below; }
 Take us home to dwell in glory, When we're called from earth to go. } Saviour guide us, Saviour guide us,

In the path of truth and love. Saviour guide us, Saviour guide us, In the path of truth and love.

While the voice of truth we hear, Saviour guide us, Saviour guide us, While the voice of truth we hear.

When we part with all be - low. Saviour guide us, Saviour guide us, When we part with all be - low.

8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 God has said, forever blessed
 Those who seek me in their youth,
 They shall find the path of wisdom,
 And the narrow way of truth.
 ||: Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Saviour,
 In the narrow way of truth. :||
- 2 Be our strength, for we are weakness,
 Be our wisdom and our guide ;
 May we walk in love and meekness,
 Nearer to our Saviour's side.
 ||: Naught can harm us, naught can harm us,
 While we thus in thee abide. :||
- 3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
 We may turn our tearless eye
 To the dwelling of our Father,
 To our home beyond the sky ;
 ||: Gently passing, gently passing.
 To the happy land on high. :||

8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 Father, let thy benediction,
 Gently falling as the dew,
 And thy ever gracious presence
 Bless us all our journey through.
 ||: May we ever, may we ever
 Keep the end of life in view. :||
- 2 Young in years, we need the wisdom
 Which can only come from thee,

- In the morn of our existence,
 Let us thy salvation see.
 ||: Changed in spirit, changed in spirit,
 Then shall we thy children be. :||
- 3 When temptations shall assail us,
 When we falter by the way,
 Let thine arm of strength defend us ;
 Saviour, hear us when we pray.
 ||: Thou art mighty, thou art mighty,
 Be thou then our rock and stay. :||
- 4 Praise and blessing, power and glory
 Will we render, Lord, to thee ;
 For the news of thy salvation
 Shall extend from sea to sea ;
 ||: All the nations, all the nations
 Joyfully shall worship thee. :||

Closing Hymn. 8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 Peace from God, our heav'nly Father,
 Now descending from above ;
 With the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Spirit of his love :
 ||: Here abiding— here abiding—
 Fit us for our Home above. :||
- 2 There, in songs of praise forever,
 May we all at last unite—
 Freely drink of that pure river,
 Flowing from the throne of light—
 ||: Join the number, join the number,
 Who are clothed in spotless white. :||

WE SHALL GREET THEM AT HOME. 10s, 9s & 8s.

G. W. LINTON.

1. We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them, When the sorrows of life shall be o'er, Our
 2. We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them, Tho' now they are hid from our sight, We

FINE.

loved ones, we hope soon to meet them On E - den's fair, beau - ti - ful shore.
 Je - sus the world shall con - trol - ing, Per - mit us to join them on high.
 think of the time we shall meet them, And it oft fills our hearts with de - light.
 gain they will join us, in glad - ness, And en - ter the heav - en - ly rest.

The glo - ri - ous tho't, how con - sol - ing, To know that the time is so nigh,
D.S.
We have laid them a - way in deep sad - ness, Yet not with-out hope in our breast,
D.S.

Homo of the Angels.

To the tune on page 30.

1. There's a rest in the home of the angels
That home by and by will be ours,
When gladly we turn from the pathway
That's strewn with earth's fairest of flowers.
No shadow of sorrow or sadness
Can dim the bright light of that sky,
But ever in anthems of gladness,
We'll join with the blest by and by.
2. We shall rest in the home of the angels,
The sky may be cover'd with gloom,
A bright star of promise is beaming,

Beyond the dark shades of the tomb.
Though thorny the way be, and dreary,
And tears may bedim every eye,
The rest for the care-worn and weary,
Will ever be ours by and by.

3. O, that beautiful home of the angels,
Is radiant with unfading morn,
And hence to its heavenly mansions,
How many dear lov'd ones have gone;
They've hastened to glory before us,
To dwell with the angels on high,
And there with the sanctified legions,
We'll meet them with joy by and by.

Conclusion of hymn on the opposite page.

3. We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
Where nothing can ever divide ;
Where sickness, or death cannot harm them,
Or tear them again from our side ;
There we'll range beside life's cooling river,
'Neath the tree of life's shade we shall roam,
With the glory of God shining ever,
We'll greet them, we'll greet them at home.



1. Lead us, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pest - ous sea,
D.C. Yet possess - ing, eve - ry bless - ing, If our God, our Fa - ther be.

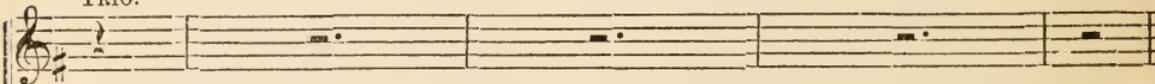


2. Sav - iour! breathe for - give - ness o'er us, All our weak - ness thou dost know.
D.C. Lone and drea - ry, faint and wea - ry, Thro' the des - ert thou didst go.



3. Spir - it of our God descend - ing! Fill our hearts with heav'n - ly joy,
D.C. Thus pro - vid - ed, par - doned, guid - ed, Noth - ing can our peace de - stroy.

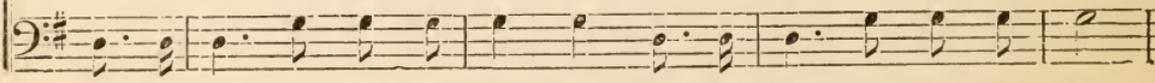
TRIO.



Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee. D.C.



Thou didst tread this earth be - fore us, Thou didst feel its keen - est woe, D.C.



Love with eve - ry pas - sion blend - ing, Pleas - ure that can nev - er cloy.

Love for the Sunday-school.

8s & 7s. 6 lines.

- 1 Yes, dear Sunday-school, I love thee,
Here I meet with friends most dear ;
None to scorn or feel above me,
None to dread with slavish fear ;
And the teachers, and the teachers,
Kindly all my lessons hear.
- 2 Here I learn of richer treasures
Than the mines of earth afford ;
Earthly friends and earthly pleasures
Shall not keep me from the Lord ;
Precious lessons, precious lessons
Here are spoken from His word.
- 3 Yet my heart is fill'd with wonder ;
Parents, teachers, can you tell,
Why neglected many wander,
When so near the school they dwell ?
Oh ! invite them, Oh ! invite them,
They will love the school so well.
- 4 I will go and tell those children
There is room for them and me,
And to school we'll straightway bring them,
If persuaded they will be.
I am thankful, I am thankful
That my friends invited me.

Thanks to God. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

- 1 Thanks to God for ev'ry blessing,
Which his bounteous hand bestows ;
All on earth that's worth possessing,
From his hand incessant flows.
Praise the Lord for ev'ry blessing,
Praise him for his holy word.
- 2 Let our gratitude awaken,
To the God who rules above ;
He hath never yet forsaken,
Nor withheld his tender love.
Let our heartfelt thanks be given
For his mercies freely stor'd.
- 3 To his arms we're yet invited,
'Tis the Saviour bids us come ;
Let us then with hearts united,
Seek thro' him a heav'nly home ;
To his arms we're yet invited,
While his pleading voice is heard.

Doxology. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

Great Jehovah we adore Thee,
Sing we to our God above ;
He who sits enthroned in glory
Is the object of our love :
May our footsteps e'er be guided
Till we reach that home above.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly; Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze;
 2. Peace-ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Peace-ful in the grave so low;

3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep - ly feel;
 4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains the melody for the first four lines of text. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/4, providing harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/4, also providing harmonic accompaniment. The music concludes with a final note on the top staff.

Pleasant as the air of even - ing, When it floats a - mong the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our num - ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

But 'tis God that hath be - rept us; He can all our sor - rows heal.
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/4. It contains the melody for the second four lines of text. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/4, providing harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/4, also providing harmonic accompaniment. The music concludes with a final note on the top staff.

Death of a child. 8s & 7s.

- 1 One sweet flower has droop'd and faded,
One sweet infant voice has fled —
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear schoolmate now is dead.
 - 2 But we feel no tho't of sadness,
For our friend is happy now ;
She* has knelt in heartfelt gladness
Where the blessed angels bow.
 - 3 She* has gone to heaven before us,
But she* turns and waves [her] hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us
In that happy spirit land.
 - 4 May our footsteps never falter,
In the way which she has trod ;
May we worship at the altar,
Of the great and living God.
- * He, may be substituted. [his.]

Departed brother. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Brother,* rest from sin and sorrow,
Death is o'er, and life is won ;
On thy slumber dawns no morrow,
Rest, thine earthly race is run.
- 2 Brother, wake, the night is waning,
Endless day is round thee poured ;
Enter thou the rest remaining,
For the people of the Lord.
- 3 Brother, wake, for he who loved thee, —
He who died that thou might'st live,
He who graciously approved thee,
Waits thy crown of joy to give.

- 4 Fare-thee-well, though woe is blending,
With the tones of earthly love ;
Triumph, peace, and joy ascending,
Wait thee in the realms above.

Farewell, Brother. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Farewell, brother! * deep and lowly,
Rest thee on thy bed of clay :
Kindred spirits, angels holy,
Bore thy heavenward soul away.
 - 2 Sad we gave thee to the number,
Laid in yonder icy halls ;
And above thy peaceful slumber,
Many a shower of sorrow falls.
 - 3 Hear our prayer, O God of glory,
Lowly breathed in sorrow's song ;
Bleeding hearts lie bare before thee,
Come, in holy trust made strong!
 - 4 Hark! a voice moves nearer, stronger,
From the shadowy land we dread,
Mortals! mortals! seek no longer,
Those that live among the dead.
 - 5 Farewell, brother! soon we'll meet thee,
Where no cloud of sorrow rolls ;
For glad tidings float, how sweetly,
From the glorious land of souls.
 - 6 Death's cold gloom now parts asunder,
Lo! the folding shades are gone ;
Mourner, upward! yonder, yonder!
God's broad day comes pouring on.
- * Pastor, teacher, or sister, may be substituted.

G. W. LINTON.

1. There is a world of beauty, A land where all is bright, Where all the pure and holy, Are rob'd in spotless white, There
 2. There sunshine ever lingers, And flow'rs the sweetest bloom, Its sons ne'er hear of sadness, Nor ever fear the tomb, That
 3. And there are many children, Yes, some as young as I; O would I go to heaven, If I this day should die? I'd

in a fountain flowing, Fast by the golden throne, And myriad angels singing Their praise to God alone.
 land it is so ho - ly, That land, it is so fair, And Christ hath said, the weary Shall find a haven there.
 like to be an angel, And wear a robe so white, And dwell with Christ forever, In that blest world of light.

Missionary Hymn.

7s & 6s.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spiey breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds his story,
And you, ye waters roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

**We have no Home
but Heaven.** 7s & 6s.

- 1 We have no home but heaven!
A pilgrim's garb we wear;
Our path is mark'd by changes,
And strew'd with daily care;
Surrounded with temptation,
By varied ills oppress'd,
Each day's experience warns us
That *this* is not our rest.
- 2 We have no home but heaven!
Then wherefore seek one here?
Why murmur at privations,
Or grieve when trouble's near?
It is but for a season
That we as strangers roam;
And strangers must not look for
The comforts of a home.
- 3 We have no home but heaven!
We want no home beside;
O God! our Friend and Father!
Our footsteps thither guide;
Unfold to us its glory,
Prepare us for its joy,
Its pure and perfect friendship,
Its angel-like employ.
- 4 We have no home but heaven!
How cheering is the thought!
How bright the expectations
Which God's own word has taught!
With eager hearts we hasten
The promis'd bliss to share!
We have no home but heaven!
Oh! would that we were there!

**Sunday-school
Celebration,** 7s & 6s.

- 1 To thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allow'd to meet:
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.
- 2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good:
And may the holy Scriptures
By us be understod;
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.
- 3 And may the precious gospel
Be publish'd all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.
- Doxology.** 7s & 6s.
To thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransom'd spirit sings;
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

1. Murmur, gentle lyre, Thro' the lonely night; Let thy trembling wire Waken pure de - light!
 2. Tho' the tones of sorrow, Mingle in thy strain; Yet my heart can borrow Pleasure from the pain.

3. Hark! the quiv'ring breezes, List thy silv'ry sound, Ev'ry tumult ceases, Silence reigns around.
 4. Earth below is sleeping, Meadow, hill, and grove; Angel stars are keeping, Silent watch above.

CHORUS.

Murmur, gentle lyre, Thro' the lonely night, Let thy trembling wire Waken pure de - light.

Murmur, gentle lyre, Thro' the lonely night, Let thy trembling wire Waken pure de - light.

God is good. 6s & 5s.

1 Morn amid the mountains, lovely solitude!
Gushing streams and fountains, murmur, 'God is good.'
Now the glad sun breaking, pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking, echo "God is good."

2 Hymns of praise are ringing thro' the leafy wood;
Songsters, sweetly singing, warble "God is good."
Wake, and join the chorus, man with soul endued
He whose smile is o'er us, God, our God, is good.

Let us sing of Jesus. 6s & 5s.

1 Let us sing of Jesus, let us praise His name!
For to seek and save us, to our world He came.
Let us pray to Jesus, He will hear our cry,
And will send to help us, from his throne on high.

2 Let us all love Jesus, for He loved us so
That He died to save us from our sin and woe.
Let us trust in Jesus, He alone can save;
And He waits to give us life beyond the grave.

3 Let us follow Jesus in the path He trod;
This will upward lead us to the home of God;
There we shall see Jesus sitting on His throne:
He will smile upon us, calling us His own.

I'm a little pilgrim. 6s & 5s.

1 I'm a little pilgrim, and a stranger here,
Though this world is pleasant, sin is always near.
Mine's a better country, where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow never enter in.

2 I'm a little pilgrim, and a stranger here,
But my home in heaven, cometh ever near.
But a little pilgrim must have garments clean
If he'd wear the white robes, and with Christ be seen.

God is near thee. 6s & 5s.

1 Listen to the teachings
Of the Spirit near,
Calling to salvation,
And from sin and fear;
By them you may gather
Light, and life, and pow'r;
Freedom from the lurings
Of temptation's hour.

2 Listen to the pleadings
Of the Saviour's love;
Calling thee from sinning,
To his home above;
He will save from sorrow,
And the night of death,
And the dread hereafter,
Where is felt his wrath.

3 He is fitting mansions
For his followers true;
There is room now waiting,
Waiting just for you.
Will you taste the raptures
That His saints shall know?
Will you love the Saviour,
And to glory go?

4 Come then, to the fountain
Gushing from his side;
God and heav'n invites you,
Plunge beneath the tide;
There is peace and pardon
For each sin-sick soul;
Hallelujah, glory,
Jesus died for all.

Poetry by MRS. G. W. LINTON.

Music by G. W. LINTON.

1. I see by faith a mansion bright, To all the righteous given; It ne'er has known the shades of
2. Its courts are decked with jewels fair, Of joy and peace unending; No sun's bright rays are needed
3. Je - sus the glory and the light, In brightness shineth ever; No darkening shadow there to
4. That mansion bright shall stand secure, When earth and all things faileth; Thro' endless ages 'twill en-

CHORUS.

night, That mansion bright is hea - ven. } How hap - py they who seek and find The home that there, Its precincts bright il - lum - ing. }
blight, Nor death's cold hand to sev - er. } How happy they who seek and find The home that dure, Its glo - ry nev - er fad - eth. }

fail - eth nev - er; With Je - sus ev - er there enshrined, Be - yond the rolling riv - er.

fail - eth nev - er; With Je - sus ev - er there enshrined, Be - yond the rolling riv - er.

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in G major (one flat), a piano accompaniment in G major, and a bass line in G major. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS TO THE TUNE ON PAGE 40.

THE SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. (Iambic.)

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

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

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

- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.—*Chorus.*

- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says "Come," and there's our home,
For ever, O! for ever.—*Chorus.*

THE HAPPY GREETING. 8s & 7s. (Iambic.)

- 1 Once more we meet, our friends to greet,
And with them raise our voices;
Our hearts are light, our faces bright,
Each one to-day rejoices.

CHORUS.—We praise the Lord for tender care
O'er us, while time is fleeting;
And for the joy we here now share,
While friends most dear we're greeting.

- 2 A week* has fled, and with the dead,
Are many children sleeping;
Yet still we live, our thanks to give,
For God's most tender keeping.—*Chorus.*

- 3 Our friends are here, and teachers dear
We meet in glad communion;
How sweet to see, and thus agree,
In cordial, happy union.—*Chorus.*

- 4 When life is o'er, and we no more,
On earth shall meet together;
May all we love, in heav'n above,
Join there to dwell forever.—*Chorus.*

* A month or year.

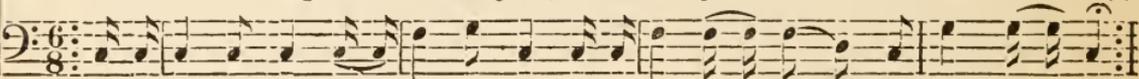
Arr. by G. W. L.



1. We are go - ing home, we've had visions bright, Of that ho - ly land, that world of light, }
Where the long, dark night of time is past, And the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawns at last, }



2. We are go - ing home, we soon shall be Where the sky is clear, and all are free, }
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain, And the seraph's anthems blend with the strain; }



Where the wea-ry saint no more shall roam, But dwell in a hap - py, peaceful home: }
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crown'd, And the waves of bliss are flowing around. }



Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood, And beams on a world that is fair and good, }
Where stars, once dimm'd at nature's gloom, Will ev - er shine o'er the new earth bloom. }



CHORUS

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a vocal line. The middle staff is a treble clef with a piano accompaniment line. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the top two staves.

O, that beau - ti - ful world, O, that beau - ti - ful world.
 O, that beau - ti - ful world, O, that beau - ti - ful world.

2 Where the tears and sighs which here were giv'n,
 Are exchanged for the gladsome song of heav'n;
 Where the beauteous forms that sing and shine,
 Are well guarded by a hand divine;
 Where the banner of love and friendship's wand,
 Are waving above that princely band;
 And the glory of God, like a boundless sea,
 Will cheer that immortal company. **CHO.**

4 'Mid the ransom'd throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness;
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angel's cheer,
 'Mid the saints that round the throne appear;
 Where the conqueror's song as it sounds afar,
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
 Through endless years we then shall prove,
 The depths of a Saviour's matchless love. **CHO.**

Children should ever try. 6s & 4s.

To the tune on page 12.

- 1 Children should ever try,
 Early to learn;
 Youth's precious moments fly, —
 Ne'er to return;
 Like shadows o'er the sun.

Life's mornings swiftly run,
 Happy if well begun,
 Earnest and true.

CHORUS. Children should ever try,
 Ever try, ever try,
 Children should ever try,
 Yes, ever try.

2 Children should ever try,
 Love, to impart,
 Love, wealth can never buy,
 Fresh from the heart,
 Love for our teachers kind,
 Love for a studious mind,
 Leaving all ill behind,
 Love to the end! **CHO.**

3 Children should try to be
 Cheerful and neat,
 Patient and orderly,
 Each in his seat;
 Trying with earnest care,
 Each lesson to prepare,
 Striving the prize to share,
 Wisdom's reward. **CHO.**

1. Heav'nly home! heav'nly home! precious name to me! I love to think the time will come when

2. Heav'nly home! heav'nly home! there no clouds a - rise, No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim the

3. Heav'nly home! heav'nly home! ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, Nor doubts nor fears, disturb me there, for

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It features three staves: a vocal line in the treble clef, a piano accompaniment in the treble clef, and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are numbered 1, 2, and 3, corresponding to the three staves.

I shall rest in thee. I've no a - bid - ing ci - ty here, I seek for one to come;

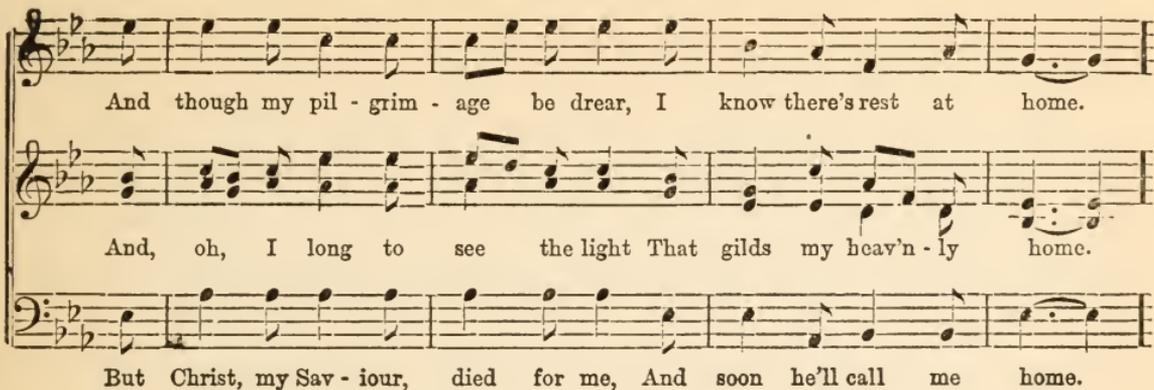
ev - er smil - ing skies. This earth - ly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will often come;

all is peace at home. I know I ne'er shall worthy be, To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It features three staves: a vocal line in the treble clef, a piano accompaniment in the treble clef, and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are numbered 1, 2, and 3, corresponding to the three staves.

HEAVENLY HOME. Concluded.

45



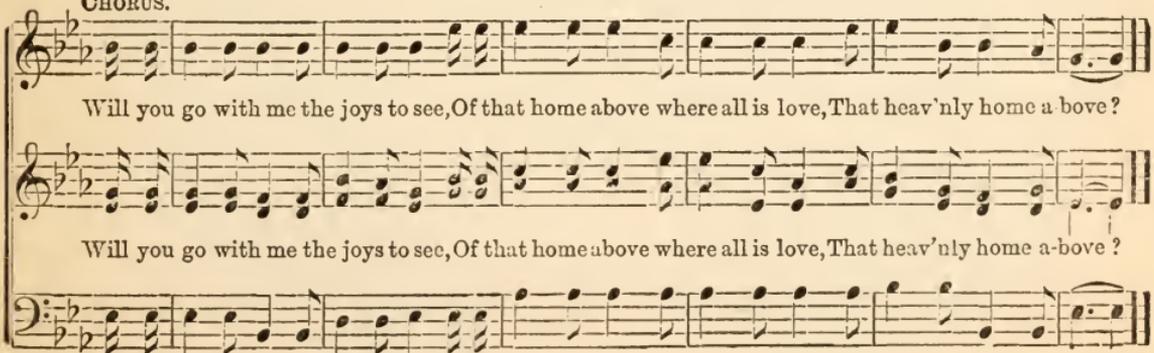
And though my pil - grim - age be drear, I know there's rest at home.

And, oh, I long to see the light That gilds my heav'n - ly home.

But Christ, my Sav - iour, died for me, And soon he'll call me home.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one flat), starting with a treble clef and a common time signature. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

CHORUS.



Will you go with me the joys to see, Of that home above where all is love, That heav'nly home a bove?

Will you go with me the joys to see, Of that home above where all is love, That heav'nly home a-bove?

The chorus is written on three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, starting with a treble clef and a common time signature. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1. Speak gently, it is better far, To rule by love than fear, Speak gently, let not harsh words mar The good we might do here, Speak

2. Speak gently to the little child, Its love be sure to gain, Teach it in accents soft and mild, It may not long remain, Speak

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

gently, love doth whisper low, The vows that true hearts bind, And gently friendship's accents flow, Affection's voice is kind.

gently to the young, for they Will have enough to bear; Pass thro' this life as best they may, 'Tis full of anxious care.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with three staves. The vocal line (top staff) and piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) are shown. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.
Speak gently to the erring, know,
They may have toi'ed in vain,
Perhaps unkindness made them so ;
Oh win them back again.

4 Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard ;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.
Speak gently, 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Tho'ts of heav'n. C. M.

- 1 There's not a bright and beaming smile,
Which in this world I see,
But turns my heart to future joy,
And whispers "heav'n" to me;
Tho' often here my soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a world where all are glad,
And sorrow dwells not there.
- 2 I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting, or farewell,
But tho'ts of an eternal home,
Within my bosom swell,
A pray'r to meet in heav'n at last,
Where all the ransom'd come,
And where eternal ages still
Shall find us all at home.

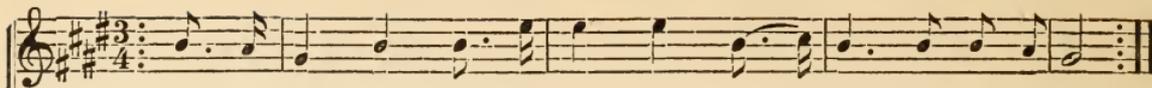
MRS. DANA.

Death of a scholar. C. M.

- 1 Death has been here and borne away
A scholar from our side;
Just in the morning of [his] day,
As young as we, *he* * died.
Perhaps our time may be as short;
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn tho't,
That this may be our last!
- 2 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath Thy chast'ning rod;
One must be first; but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.
All needful strength is Thine to give;
To Thee our souls apply,
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

* *She*, may be substituted. [her]**Trust in God. C. M.**

- 1 Out on life's ocean we will sail,
Life's journey to pursue;
And storm and tempest fearless hail,
While God is in our view;
For tho' the storm pours on our head,
And fierce the light'nings fall;
He'll guide his children, he has said,
"I'll hear them when they call."
- 2 Fear not, tho' tempests round thee sweep,
And darker grows the night,
Tho' wild the billows o'er us leap.
Fear not, if in the right;
Our God will guide us safely home,
And we his face shall see,
Fear not, but trust in him alone,
Wherever thou shalt be.
- 3 Tho' wild and fiercely blows the blast,
And loud the ocean roars,
Tho' trembling stands our gallant mast,
And huge rocks line the shores;
Yet God will guide us o'er the deep,
His arm's outstretch'd to save,
Our life within his hand he'll keep,
And bear us o'er the wave.
- 4 Tho' wild winds swiftly drive our bark,
By wave and tempest tost,
Yet safely thro' the night tho' dark,
We'll ride and not be lost.
For God sleeps not by day or night,
His eye is never dim,
We need not fear, if in the right,
But put our trust in him.



1. { I am wea - ry, I am wea - ry, Of the cares and toils of life, }
 I am wea - ry, of its sor - rows, I am wea - ry of its strife, }
 And th' im - mor - tal spir - it pin - neth For its home beyond the sky. }



2. { I am wea - ry of the tri - fles That oc - cu - py my days, }
 I am wea - ry of the long - ing For hu - man love and praise. }
 And my spir - it pants for free - dom, From its i - dle joy and mirth. }



I am wea - ry of its flow - ers, That bloom so soon to die.

D.C.



I am wea - ry of these pas - sions Turn - ing con - stant - ly to earth,

D.C.



3 I have seen the flowers wither,
 I have seen the lov'd ones die,
 I have seen the clouds of sorrow,
 Overcast youth's summer sky.
 I am pining, I am pining,
 For my home among the blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

Shall we meet? 8s & 7s.

- 1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll;
 Where in all the bright forever,
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
 When our stormy voyage is o'er;
 Shall we meet and cast our anchor,
 By the fair celestial shore?
- 2 Shall we meet in yonder city,
 Where the towers of crystal shine;
 Where the walls are all of jasper,
 Built by workmanship divine?
 Where the music of the ransom'd,
 Rolls its harmony around;
 And creation swells the chorus,
 With its sweet melodious sound?
- 3 Shall we meet with many a lov'd one,
 That was torn from our embrace?
 Shall we listen to their voices,
 And behold them face to face?
 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
 When he comes to claim his own?
 Shall we know his blessed favor,
 And sit down around his throne.

Yes, we'll meet. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Yes, we'll meet, beyond the river,
 When our conflicts all are o'er;
 And we'll spend the blest forever,
 On that bright celestial shore.
 Yes, we'll meet in yonder mansions,
 Where our wand'rings all shall cease,
 There we'll meet our dear companions,
 And be crown'd with perfect peace.
- 2 Yes, we'll meet, where bliss immortal,
 Sweeter far than rest can be,
 And before the throne eternal,
 All our earthly triumphs see.
 We shall meet, where all is onward,
 Ev'ry change, new glories bring;
 And the host still moving forward,
 Glorify our heavenly King.
- 3 We shall meet, there, faithful Christian,
 When the burden we lay down,
 We shall change our cross of anguish
 For a bright unfading crown.
 We shall meet with Christ our Saviour,
 When he comes to claim his own;
 We shall know his blessed favor,
 And sit down around his throne?

Doxology. 8s & 7s.

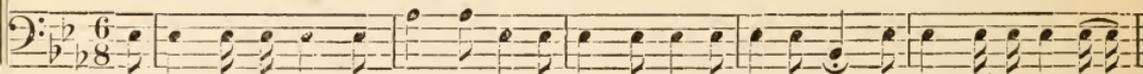
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Bid us now depart in peace;
 Still on heav'nly manna feeding,
 May our faith and love increase.
 Fill each breast with consolation,
 Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
 When we reach yon blissful station,
 Then we'll give Thee nobler praise!



1. A beau - ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sorrow free, The home of the ransom'd,
2. That beautiful land, City of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The glory of God, the



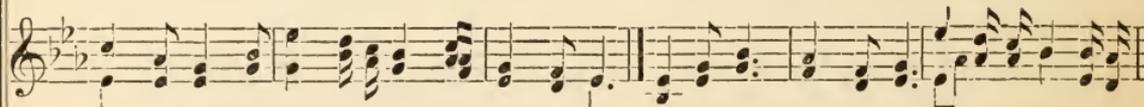
3. In vis - ions I see its streets of gold, Its pear - ly gates I too behold, The riv - er of life, the
4. The heavenly throng array'd in white, In rapture range the plains of light, And in one harmonious



CHORUS.



bright, and fair, And beautiful an - gels too, are there. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful light of day Hath driven the darkness far a - way. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful



crys - tal sea. The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful



land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau - ti - ful land with me?

land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau - ti - ful land with me?

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with chords. The bottom staff is a bass line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

LITTLE THINGS. 6s & 5s.

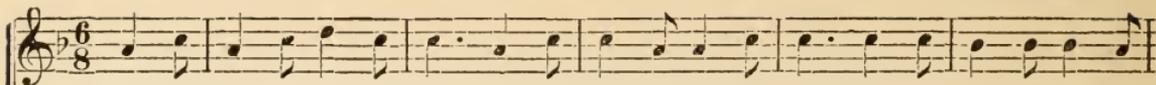
G. W. LINTON.

1. Little drops of wa-ter, Little grains of sand, Make the migh-ty o - cean, And the beauteous land.
2. And the little moments, Humble tho' they be, Make the migh-ty a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.

3. So our little er - rors, Lead the soul a - way From the paths of vir - tue Oft in sin to stray.
4. Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love, Make our earth an E - den, Like the heav'n a - bove.

5. Little seeds of mercy, Sown by youthful hands, Grow to bless the nations, Far in heathen lands.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with chords. The bottom staff is a bass line. The key signature has one flat (F), and the time signature is 6/8.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the bil - lows near me
2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none; Clings my helpless soul to thee: Leave, ah! leave me not a -



3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, Boundless love in thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sins; Let the healing streams a -



roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh my Saviour, hide, Till the
- lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me; All my trust on thee is stayed; All my



faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is thy name, Prince of
- bound, Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly



storm of life is past: Safe in - to the ha - ven guide: Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
 help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of thy wing.

f

Peace and Righteousness; Most un - worth - y, Lord, I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 let me take of thee; Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

HYMNS TO THE TUNE "THE HAVEN OF REST."

A Song of Praise. 7s.

- 1 Father hear, to thee we raise
 Grateful songs and hymns of praise;
 Let thy blessing on us rest,
 With thy smile may we be blest;
 Thanks to thee our Father kind,
 That provision for the mind
 Thou hast made, and to us given
 In thy love, as rich as heav'n.
- 2 Thou hast given us friends most dear,
 Parents, teachers, loved ones here,
 Who for us both watch and pray,
 And would lead in the right way.
 Give us grace to hear thy voice,
 And may wisdom be our choice,
 Onward press, and onward move,
 Blessing all thy deeds of love.
- 3 Lord, be thou our guide thro' youth;
 Lead us in the paths of truth;
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 Fit us for the realms of bliss.

Thus we hope to do thy will,
 In the world our part to fill;
 And when life's brief hour is o'er,
 Meet in heav'n and love thee more.

Glorious Home. 7s.

- 1 In the Christian's home above,
 We shall dwell forevermore;
 We shall sing redeeming love,
 On that bright celestial shore.
 Jesus, guide my weary soul,
 To the realms of endless day;
 While temptations round me roll,
 Where parting shall never come.
- 2 Are we justified by grace?
 Are our sins all washed away?
 Does the Saviour give us peace?
 Then we'll stand in that great day.
 When the toils of life are o'er,
 And our work on earth shall cease,
 Then we hope to gain the shore
 Of eternal life and peace.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. In the ro - sy light of the morning bright, Lift the voice of praise on high; From the lips of
2. As he look'd in love from the world a - bove, Our distress - es fill'd his eye; And a world to

3. Let his praise be spread, For the Lamb who bled To deliv - er us from woe; He endur'd the

Chorus.

youth, to the God of truth, Let the joy - ful eeh - oes fly. Sing prais - es, glad prais -
save, his own Son he gave, On the rug - ged tree to die. Sing prais - es, glad prais -

cross, the disgrace, the loss; Let his praise for - ev - er flow. Sing prais - es, glad prais -

4. Now, exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still,
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praises, &c.

5. On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves his children best;
To his arms we'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure his promis'd rest.
Sing praises, &c.

Ritard.

es, Sing, children, sing; Let your songs arise to the loft - y skies, And exult in God our King.

es, Sing, children, sing; Let your songs arise to the loft - y skies, And exult in God our King.

The upper fold.

To the tune on page 54.

- 1 In the pastures green of the blessed isles,
Whose paths are shining gold,
Where the light of life is the Shepherd's smiles,
Are the lambs of the Upper fold.
- CHORUS.—Sing, praises, glad praises,
Sing, children, sing;
We shall sing the song, and the notes prolong,
When we join the upper fold.
- 2 Where the lilies blossom in fadeless spring,
And hearts shall ne'er grow old,
Where the glad new song is the song they sing,
Are the lambs of the Upper fold.—CHO.

- 3 There are tiny graves where the hopes of earth
Were laid beneath the mould;
But the light that paled at the stricken hearth
Is the joy of the Upper fold.—CHO.
- 4 Oh! the white stone beareth a new name there.
That ne'er on earth was told,
And the tender Shepherd doth always care
For the lambs of the Upper fold.—CHO.
- 5 When we reach that land, that blessed land,
And receive our crowns of gold,
We shall dwell in peace with that glorious band,
Who are safe in the Upper fold.—CHO.

G. W. LINTON.

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove ; Beau - ti - ful ci - ty that I love ;
 D.C. He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, O - pens those pear - ly gates to me. FINE.

2. Beau - ti - ful heav'n, where all is light ; Beau - ti - ful saints, all clothed in white ;
 D.C. There I shall join the cho - rus sweet, Wor - ship - ping at the Sav - iour's feet.

Beau - ti - ful gates of pear - ly white ; Beau - ti - ful tem - ple— God its light ; D.C.

Beau - ti - ful strains that nev - er tire ; Beau - ti - ful harps through all the choir ;

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow ;
 Beautiful palms the conq'rors show ;
 Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear ;
 Beautiful all who enter there ;
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing ;
 Beautiful rest, all wand'rings cease ;
 Beautiful home of perfect peace ;—
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see,—
 Hasten to this heav'nly home with me.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

6s & 5s.

57

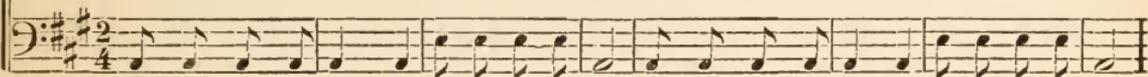
DR. A. B. EVERETT.



1. When o'er earth is break-ing Rosy light and fair, Morn a - far proclaimeth, Sweetly, 'God is there.'
2. When the storm is howl-ing Thro' the midnight air, Fearful-ly its thunder, Tells us, 'God is there.'



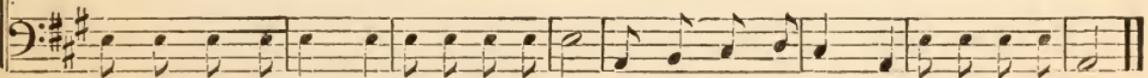
3. In the Sunday-school-room, As we join in prayer, Ev'ry fall-ing ac-cent Tell us, 'God is there.'
4. Let us learn those lessons, Taught us every-where, And, if sin assail us, Think that 'God is there.'



When the spring is wreathing, Flowers, rich and rare, On each leaf is writ-ten, Nature's 'God is there.'
All the wide world's treasures, Rich, or grand, or fair, In each feature bear - eth, Graven, 'God is there.'



Kind-ly teachers point us, With regard and care, To the heav'nly mansion. Saying, 'God is there.'
Then, at last, with angels, Ever bright and fair, Singing glorious anthems, We'll see, 'God is there.'



I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

1. A Pilgrim and a stranger here, I seek a home to pilgrims dear, }
 Fair lands are here, and hous-es fair, But fair-er is my home up there. }

2. I leave this world of sin behind, That better home in heav'n to find, }
 Fain would I reach that peaceful shore, Where sin and strife dis-turb no more. }

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a steady rhythm.

CHORUS.

I'm go-ing home to that fair land, To join a hap-py, sin-less band; }
 I'll shout with joy while here I roam, Vain world, a-dieu, I'm go-ing home. }

I'm go-ing home to that fair land, To join a hap-py, sin-less band. }
 I'll shout with joy while here I roam, Vain world, a-dieu, I'm go-ing home. }

The chorus is written on three staves, following the same format as the verses above. It includes a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics are repeated twice.

3 In that fair clime of endless day,
The Lord shall wipe all tears away ;
To living founts, through verdant meads,
The Lamb his ransom'd followers leads. CHO.

4 The fruits and flowers of Paradise,
In rich abundance round them rise ;
No death shall visit them again,
No sickness there, no touch of pain. CHO.

5 Farewell ! vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come ;
No mourning there, no funeral gloom,
But health and youth forever bloom. CHO.

We're going home. L. M.

1 Amid the hours that quickly fly,
Amid the flowers that soon must die,
Amid our tears while here we roam,
How sweet the thought we're going home.

CHORUS.

We're going home to that fair land,
To join a happy, sinless band ;
We'll shout with joy while here we roam,
Vain world adieu, we're going home.

2 We're going home with saints to dwell,
Where angel hosts their chorus swell ;
To join the glorious ransomed band,
Who stand in bliss at God's right hand. CHO.

3 We'll cling to Jesus in the hour
When sin and Satan use their power ;
And murmur not when sorrows come,
For by and by we're going home. CHO.

4 No dying groans shall there be heard,
And we shall speak no parting word ;
O, sinner, to our Saviour come,
And join the band that's going home. CHO.

My heavenly home. L. M.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair ;
No pain, or death can enter there ;
Its glittering towers the sun out-shine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

I'm going home to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more,
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky ;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be. CHO.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam,
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure. CHO.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Where flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne. CHO.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me. CHO

Poetry by R. TORREY, Jr.

G. W. LINTON.

1. Sol - diers on life's battle - field! Be ye valiant, bold and strong; In the strife with cheerful

2. Hark! the battle is be - gun! Ra - ly, Christians, for your King; Forward, till the vict'ry's

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 2/4 time. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in G major, 2/4 time. The bottom staff is the bass line in G major, 2/4 time. The first two verses are written below the staves.

CHORUS,

zeal, Urge the Saviour's cause along, Onward, onward to glo - ry! Yield not to the

won, Till the shouts of triumph ring! Onward, onward to glo - ry! Yield not to the

The chorus is written on three staves: vocal line (top), piano accompaniment (middle), and bass line (bottom). The music continues from the previous section.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics: "wi - ly foe ; Vict'ry and heaven are before thee, Shout your triumph as you go." The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass line, also in G major and 4/4 time, providing harmonic support for the vocal line.

- 3 Jesus calls us to the field!
He will lead us evermore ;
'Neath his banner ne'er to yield,
Till the mighty conflict's o'er.—*Cho.*
- 4 Then in yonder world of light,
We will lay our armor down ;
And, 'mid throngs of angels bright,
Each receive a starry crown.—*Cho.*

The Christian Soldier. 7s.

To the tune on p. 60.

- 1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go!
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.
- Chorus.* Onward, onward to glory!
Yield not to the wily foe ;
Vict'ry and heaven are before thee,
Shout your triumph as you go.
- 2 Let not sorrow dim thine eye,
Soon shall every cheek be dry ;
Let not fears thy course impede,
Great thy strength if great thy need.—*Cho.*
- 3 Let thy drooping heart be glad,
March, in heavenly armor clad ;

- See, the Captain leads the way,
Onward, Christian, win the day.—*Cho.*
- 4 Onward, then, to glory move,
More than victor thou shalt prove ;
Still through danger, toil, and woe,
Christian soldier, onward go.—*Cho.*

Shout the Tidings. 8s & 7s:

To the tune on page 4.

- 1 Shout the tidings of salvation,
To the aged and the young,
Till the precious invitation,
Waken every heart and tongue,
Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the west ;
Till each gathering congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.
- 2 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar ;
Till the ships of every nation,
Bear the news from shore to shore ;
Shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the islands of the sea :
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

Poetry by E. E. ORVIS.

Music by G. W. LINTON.

1. O praise the Lord, 'tis good to sing In joy - ful songs of praise, }
 To our ex - alt - ed Lord and King Who crowns with love our days. }

2. He gives us all our dai - ly bread, In him we live and move; }
 The ver - y hairs up - on our head, Are num - bered by his love. }

3. A Fa - ther's ten - der love he shows To all his chil - dren here, }
 His wondrous lov - ing kindness flows In stream - lets bright and clear. }

4. Then sing and praise his gra - cious name, And sound his prais - es forth, }
 And pub - lish to the world his fame, And tell of all his worth. }

CHORUS.

Sing, sing, sing a song un - to the Lord, Sing, sing, sing a song un - to the Lord.

Sing, sing, sing a song un - to the Lord, Sing, sing, sing a song un - to the Lord.

Prayer for Guidance. C. M.

To the tune on p. 62.

- 1 Confer thy blessing, gracious Lord,
On our dear Sunday-school;
And while we study thy blest word,
Our erring thoughts control.
- CHORUS.—Guide us, Lord,
While in the Sunday-school;
Guide us, Lord,
For here we meet to learn.
- 2 Inspire with wisdom and with love
Thy humble servants, Lord;
That all may learn to know and prove
The joy thy smiles afford.—CHORUS.
- 3 And when earth's changing scenes shall end,
On time's swift wings have flown,
Jesus, our teacher and our friend,
To each will give a crown.—CHORUS.

MRS. G. W. LINTON.

Sowing and Reaping. 8s. 6 lines.

Sing to the tune Beautiful Zion, page 56.

- 1 Seed we are sowing, may it prove
Germs of the purest joy and love;
Rich may its golden fruitage be,
Lasting through vast eternity:
As we move onward here below,
Seed of some kind each day we sow.
- 2 Small though the seed be, soon 'twill grow
Bringing forth fruit for weal or woe;
Whether of righteousness or wrong,
We, the ripe grain Shall reap ere long:
Know we not, what our sowing be,
That in the harvest we shall see?
- 3 If we sow seed of virtue here,
Fruit for the realms of bliss 'twill bear;
Ever to shine as diamonds bright,
Precious in our Redeemer's sight;
These are the jewels all may wear
When the bright joys of heav'n we share.

MRS. G. W. LINTON.

The Family Band in Heaven. C. M.

To the tune on page 18.

- 1 Jesus, may all our family band,
When life's turmoils are o'er;
Together meet at thy right hand,
Where partings are no more.
- CHORUS.—Let us strive to go there,
That its joys we may share,
When we have finished our mission below.
- 2 There to behold our gracious God,
And endless bliss enjoy;
Where sin and sorrow ne'er intrude
Our pleasures to alloy.—CHORUS.
- 3 May we pass through those gates of pearl,
And walk the streets of gold;
Where God his glory shall unfurl,
Rejoicing we'll behold.—CHORUS.
- 4 Our ransomed powers shall there unite
In songs of praise to thee;
With all the saints and angels bright,
Through vast eternity.—CHORUS.

MRS. B. KNOWLES.

1. We'er marching to the promis'd land, A land all fair and bright, Come join our happy youthful band, And
We soon shall reach the promis'd land, And

2. The Saviour feeds his lit - tle flock, His grace is freely giv'n; The living waters from the rock, And
We soon shall reach the promis'd land, And

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The first two verses are indicated by the numbers 1 and 2. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *f* and *sf*.

CHORUS.

seek the plains of light. Oh, come and join our youthful band, Our songs and triumphs share,
rest for - cv - er there.

dai - ly bread from heav'n. Oh, come and join our youthful band, Our songs and triumphs share,
rest for - cv - er there.

The chorus is written across three staves: vocal, piano, and bass. It begins with the word "CHORUS." above the first staff. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *D.S.* (Da Capo) and *f*. The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

- 3 In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there ;
And joyful voices there shall join
With the angelic choir. CHORUS.
- 4 Our teachers kind, do point the way,
And guide our feet aright ;
To those bright realms of endless day,
Where Jesus is the light. CHORUS.

The Heav'nly Guardian. C. M.

- 1 Thou Guardian of our youthful days,
To thee our prayers ascend,
To thee we'll tune our songs of praise,
Jesus, the Children's Friend.
- CHORUS.
- O Jesus, draw our hearts to thee ;
And when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With thee, the Children's Friend.
- 2 From thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend ;
O save our souls from sin and woe—
Thou art the Children's Friend. CHO.
- 3 Teach us to prize thy holy word,
And to its truths attend ;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the Children's Friend. CHO.
- 4 Oh, may we feel a Saviour's love,—
To him our souls commend,
Who left his glorious throne above,
To be the Children's Friend. CHO.

We'll not forget the School. C. M.

- 1 We'll not forget the Sunday school,
This hallow'd, much-lov'd place ;
Though friends and scenes around us change,
And time flies on apace :
We'll think how oft the precious seed
Was sown in faith and pray'r,
When we were thoughtless—took no heed
Of our kind teachers' care.
- 2 We'll not forget the Sunday school,
Where hope of sins forgiv'n,
Through Him alone, who came to die,
And take us home to heav'n ;
There blood-bought ones, 'mid angels bright,
The heav'nly prize have won,
And clad in robes of purest white,
Shine glorious as the sun.
- 3 We'll not forget the Sunday school,
Which taught us to beware
Of Satan's foul, deceitful arts,
Our footsteps to ensnare :
We'll wrestle hard with God in pray'r,
And seek his gracious aid ;
If Christ be ours, we need not fear
But conquest shall be made.
- 4 We'll not forget the Sunday school,
Nor friends that here we found,
Who strove to lead us home to God—
To them our hearts are bound ;
We'll follow in their footsteps here,
And teach, and sing, and love ;
Keep them and us, Lord, in thy fear,
Till we shall meet above !

A HOME IN HEAVEN. (9, 10, 9, 10.)

G. W. LINTON.

1. A home in heav'n! what a joy - ful thought, As the poor man toils in his
 2. A home in heav'n! when our pleasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the

3. A home in heav'n! as the suf - ferer lies On his bed of pain, and up
 4. A home in heav'n! where our friends are fled, From the cheer - less gloom of the

weary lot; His heart oppress'd, and with anguish driv'n, From his home on earth, to his home in heav'n
 dust are laid; Our strength decays, and our health is riv'n, We are happy still with a home in heav'n.

lifts his eyes To that bright world, what a joy is giv'n By the blessed tho't of a home in heav'n.
 mould'ring dead; We wait in hope on the promise giv'n; We shall meet again in our home in heav'n.

*For chorus sing last four words

CHORUS.

His home in heav'n, his hap - py home in heav'n, His home in heav'n, His happy home in heav'n.

His home in heav'n, his hap - py home in heav'n, His home in heav'n, His happy home in heav'n.

HYMNS TO THE TUNE ON PAGE 48.

Rest for the weary. 8s & 7s.

- 1 In that world of ancient story,
Where no storm can ever come,
Where the Saviour dwells in glory,
There remains for us a home.
- 2 There within the heav'nly mansions,
Where life's river flows so clear,
We shall see our blessed Saviour,
If we love and serve him here.
- 3 There with holy angels dwelling,
Where the ransomed wander free,
Jesus' praises ever telling,
Sing we through eternity.
- 4 There amid the shining numbers,
All our toils and labors o'er,
Where the Guardian never slumbers,
We shall dwell forevermore.

Onward. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Onward, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel banner high;

- Rest not till its light is given—
Star of every pagan sky;
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hearty forest ranger
Hail it ere he fades away.
- 2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow;
India marks its lustre stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her desert kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.
- 3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free;
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

1. When Sunday's blessed morning light, Begins on earth to dawn, We'll wake with eyes all

2. The tune-ful birds in con - cert meet, And sweetly sing their lays, In na - ture's tem - ple

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The first two verses are written below the vocal staff.

CHORUS.

spark - ling bright, And bid dull sloth be - gone. Then haste to the school a - way, And

they re - peat, Their great Cre - a - tor's praise. Then haste to the school a - way, And

The chorus is written on three staves (vocal, piano, and bass). The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are placed below the vocal staff.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'keep this sa - cred day : Yes, haste a - way, yes, haste a - way, And keep this sa - cred day.'

- 3 From valley, field, and mountain air,
They pour their warbling strains ;
They in their chorus loud declare
That God forever reigns.—CHO.
- 4 Then in the temple of the Lord,
That consecrated place,
We'll listen to God's holy word,
And seek his pardoning grace.—CHO.
- 5 Then with united heart and voice,
Our song to God we'll raise,
While millions more with us rejoice,
And join in prayer and praise.—CHO.

Anniversary Day. C. M.
Hymn to the tune "Then haste."

- 1 With joy we meet,
With smiles we greet
Our schoolmates bright and gay ;
Be dry each tear
Of sorrow here,
'Tis anniversary day.
- CHORUS.—'Tis anniversary day,
'Tis anniversary day,
Rejoice with me, rejoice with me,
'Tis anniversary day.

- 2 Religious sound
Now rings around,
And brightens every ray ,
Our banner floats
'Mid happy notes,
On anniversary day.—CHO.
- 3 We children sing,
And echoes ring
Along the heav'nly way,
Where angels blest
Have for their rest,
One anniversary day.—CHO.
- 4 Oh, who from home
Would fail to come,
To join our happy lay,
When praise we bring
To God our King,
On anniversary day.—CHO.
- 5 Come, children, come,
For there are some
Who have been wont to stray ;
Come, take our hands,
And join our bands,
This anniversary day.—CHO.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1 How joy - ful is the meet - ing, Each oth - er kind - ly

2. 'Tis here we join in sing - ing, Each heart a trib - ute

3. Our teach - ers we'll re - mem - ber, Ten thou - sand thanks we

greet - ing; Sweet hymns of praise re - peat - ing, While in the Sunday School.

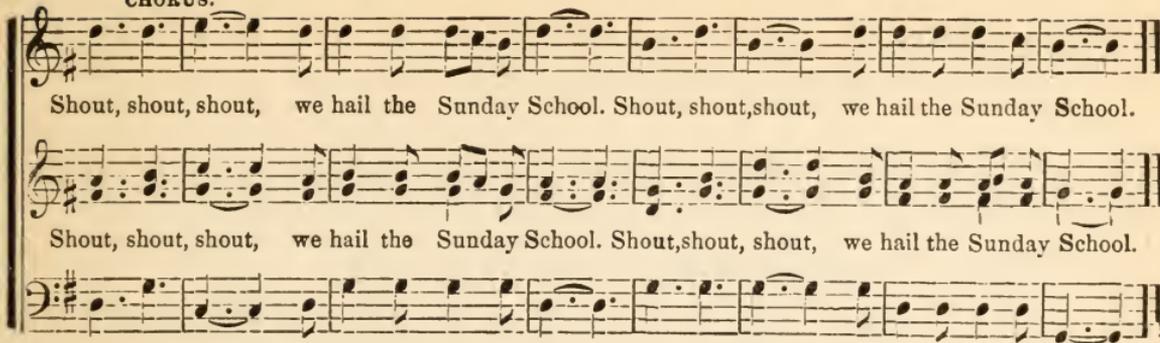
bring - ing, And loud the cho - rus ring - ing, Ho - san - na to our King.

ren - der, For thoughts of us so ten - der, While in the Sunday School.

4. But ah! life's sunny morning,
 With all its sweet adorning;
 Like early blossoms falling,
 Will soon have passed away. CHO.

5. Then may we all remember,
 To strive our hearts to render;
 While now so young and tender.
 To Christ our heav'nly King. CHO

CHORUS.



Shout, shout, shout, we hail the Sunday School. Shout, shout, shout, we hail the Sunday School.

Shout, shout, shout, we hail the Sunday School. Shout, shout, shout, we hail the Sunday School.

Onward to Victory. 8s & 7s.

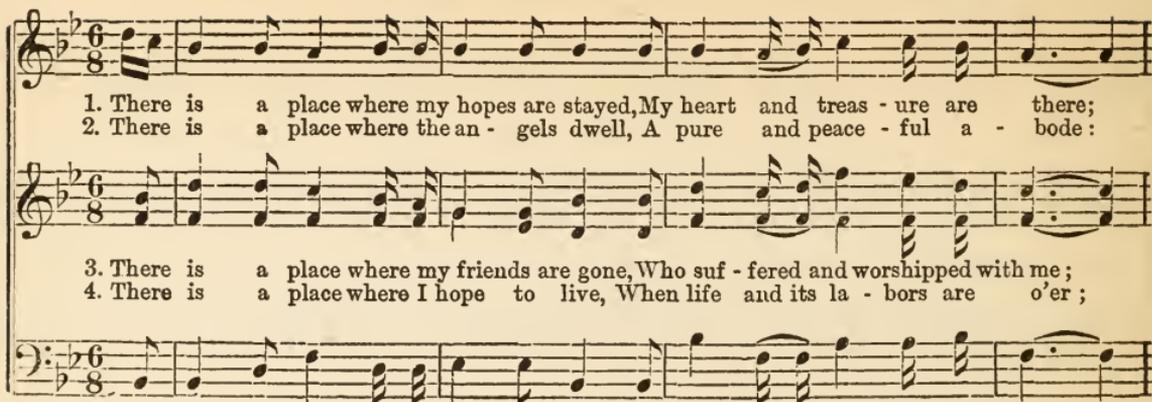
To the tune "Spalding," page 4.

- 1 Onward, onward band victorious,
Rear the temperance banner high ;
Courage take, the dawn is glorious
And the day of triumph's nigh.
Vice and woe will flee as surely
As the darkness, flies the sun ;
Onward, glory comes with victory,
Soon the battle will be won.
- 2 To the drinker and the seller
Make our glorious mission known,
Strive to save the blind distiller

From a fearful pending doom.
Widows, orphans now beseech us
To destroy the heartless foe ;
Mercy, sympathy and justice
Urge us still to onward go.

- 3 Closer gird the temperance armor,
Look for guidance from above ;
Trusting in our glorious Leader,
Shielded with a Father's love.
Onward, onward, never falter,
Rest not till our land is free ;
Rear the standard, right will conquer,
Onward march to victory.

MRS. G. W. LINTON.



1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and treasure are there;
 2. There is a place where the an - gels dwell, A pure and peace - ful a - bode;

3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suf - ered and worshipped with me;
 4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its la - bors are o'er;



Where ver - dure and blos - soms nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell, But there is the pal - ace of God.

Ex - alt - ed with Christ high on his throne. The King in his beau - ty they see.
 A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sor - row no more.

CHORUS.

That bliss - ful place is my fa - ther-land, By faith its de - lights I ex - plore, Come,
That bliss - ful place is my fa - ther-land, By faith its de - lights I ex - plore, Come,

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

fa - vor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.
fa - vor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

The musical score continues with three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature remains one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

THE BETTER LAND. 9s & 10s.

Words by MRS. HEMANS.

1. I hear you speak of a Bet-ter Land; } Teacher, oh! where is that radiant shore, }
You call its children a happy band, } Shall we not seek it and weep no more? }

2. Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise, } Or 'mid the green islands of glitt'ring seas, }
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies? } Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze, }

Is it where the flow'r of the orange blows, And the fire-flies glance thro' the myrtle boughs?
And strange bright birds on their star - ry wings Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?

Adagio.

Not there, not there, not there, my child, Not there, not there, not there, my child.

Not there, not there, not there, my child, Not there, not there, not there, my child.

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line at the top, a piano accompaniment in the middle, and a bass line at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

- 3 Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, dear teacher, that Better Land?
Not there, not there, not there, my child.
- 4 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle child,
Ear hath not heard its sweet songs so mild,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death cannot enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,—
It is there, it is there, it is there, my child.

Sun-bright Clime. 9s & 8s.

To the tune "The Better Land."

- 1 Say, have you heard of the sun-bright clime?

- Undim'd by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where age has no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the eye is bright, and the heart aflame!
A river of water is flowing there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand forms are hovering o'er
The golden stream on the happy shore.
- 2 A million of forms all clothed in white,
In garments of beauty clear and bright;
They dwell in their own immortal bow'rs;
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flow'rs;
But far away in that sinless clime,
Undim'd by sorrow, unstain'd by crime,
Where, 'mid all things that are fair, is giv'n,
The home of the just, and its name is heav'n.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

Poetry and Music by G. W. LINTON.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the saint's delight, Beautiful, beautiful land, No dark cloud there, no

2. In that bright land is endless day, Beau-ti-ful, beautiful land, Sor - row and tears are

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G-clef, 6/8 time. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in G-clef, 6/8 time, featuring chords and moving lines. The bottom staff is the bass line in F-clef, 6/8 time, providing a steady accompaniment.

CHORUS.

chil - ly night, Beau-ti-ful land of rest. O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful land of the blest, The

done a-way, Beau-ti-ful land of rest. O beau-ti - ful, beautiful land of the blest, The

The chorus is presented in three staves, following the same instrumental arrangement as the verses. The vocal line (top staff) contains the lyrics. The piano accompaniment (middle staff) and bass line (bottom staff) provide harmonic support.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody line. The middle staff is a treble clef with a chordal accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a bass line. The lyrics are written below the top staff. The score includes repeat signs and a dynamic marking 'pp' (pianissimo) above the second staff.

home of the soul, the saint's sweet rest, An-gel - ic bands waft us a-way To realms of endless day.

home of the soul, the saint's sweet rest, An-gel - ic bands waft us a - way To realms of endless day.

3 Jerusalem, we long for thee,
Beautiful, beautiful land:
The home where all from sin are free,
Beautiful land of rest.

Chorus.

4 Where Jesus sits as Priest and King,
Beautiful, beautiful land;
Where angels their hosannas sing,
Beautiful land of rest.

Chorus.

5 Jerusalem we shall be free,
Beautiful, beautiful land;
When we our souls shall rest in thee,
Beautiful land of rest.

Chorus.

6 With Jesus there the light of day
Beautiful, beautiful land;
All anxious care shall flee away,
Beautiful land of rest.

Chorus.

7 Jerusalem, sweet resting place,
Beautiful, beautiful land;
There we shall see our Saviour's face,
Beautiful land of rest.

Chorus.

8 How sweet the thought that we shall be:
Beautiful, beautiful land;
Shut in with Christ eternally,
Beautiful land of rest.

Chorus.

HERE WE MEET TO PART AGAIN.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. Here we meet to part again, Here we meet to part a-gain, Here we meet to part again, But

2. Here we meet to part again, Here we meet to part a-gain, Here we meet to part again, But

when we meet on Cannan's plain, There'll be no parting there, In that bright world above, In that bright world above.

when a seat in heav'n we gain, There'll be no parting there, In that bright world above, In that bright world above.

3. Here we meet to part again,
 Here we meet to part again,
 Here we meet to part again,
 But there we shall with Jesus reign.
 There'll be no parting there,
 In that bright world above,
 In that bright world above.—CHO.

4. Here we meet to part again,
 Here we meet to part again,
 Here we meet to part again :
 But when we join the heav'nly train,
 There'll be no parting there,
 In that bright world above,
 In that bright world above.—CHO.

CHORUS.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "Shout, shout the vic - to - ry, We're on our jour - ney home." The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Both piano parts use a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

To the tune on page 16.

The Temperance Trumpet. S. M.

- 1 The temp'rance trumpet blow,
That all may hear the sound ;
And shun the drunkard's wretched foe,
For paths where bliss is found.
- 2 The temp'rance trumpet blow,
And bid the young come near,
Youth is the time to serve the Lord,
With zeal and humble fear.
- 3 The temp'rance trumpet blow,
That all with hoary hairs,
The cup of death may now renounce,
And 'scape its countless snares.
- 4 The temp'rance trumpet blow,
That all may hear and flee
The drunkard's path of woe and shame,
And endless misery.

There is a glorious world. S. M.

- 1 There is a glorious world,
Where saints and angels sing ;
A world where peace and pleasure reigns,
And heav'nly praises ring.
- 2 There is a glorious world,
Where sorrow never comes ;
A world where tears shall never fall
In sighing for our home.
- 3 There is a glorious world,
Unseen to mortal sight ;
And darkness never enters there,
That home is fair and bright.
- 4 There is a glorious world,
Of harmony and love ;
Oh ! may we safely enter there.
And dwell with God above.

Poetry by W. M.

R. LOWBY.

By permission.



1. When we hear the music ringing In the bright celestial dome, When sweet angel voices
2. When the ho-ly angels meet us, As we go to join their band, Shall we know the friends that



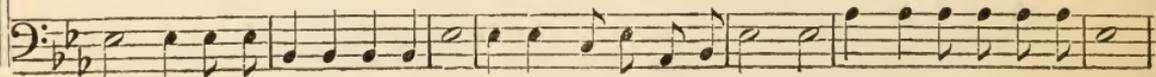
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoice - es, And my wea-ry heart grows light, For the thrilling angel
4. Oh! ye wea-ry, sad, and toss'd ones, Droop not, faint not by the way; Ye shall join the lov'd and



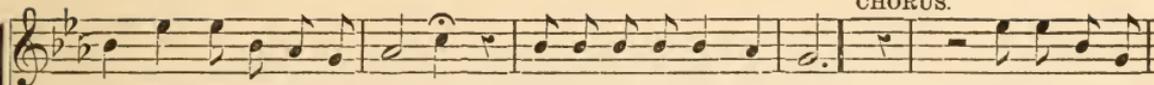
sing-ing Gladly bid us welcome home, To the land of ancient sto-ry, Where the spirit knows no care;
greet us In the glorious spirit land? Shall we see the same eyes shining On us, as in days of yore?



voic - es And the angel faces bright, That shall welcome us in heav'n, Are the lov'd of long a - go,
just ones In the land of perfect day! Harp-strings touch'd by angel fin-gers, Murmured in my raptured ear,



CHORUS.



1. In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each other there? Shall we know each
 2. Shall we feel their dear arms twining, Fond-ly round us as be - fore?



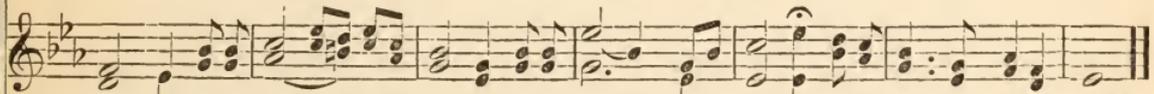
3. And to them 'tis kindly giv - en, Thus their mortal friends to know. Shall we know each
 4. Ev - er more their sweet song lingers, We shall know each other there.*



Shall we know each



oth - er? Shall we know each other? Shall we know each other? Shall we know each other there?



oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each other there?



oth - er? Shall we know each other? Shall we know each other? Shall we know each other there?

* For Chorus to last verse, sing "We shall know each other there?"

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
 3. Just as I am, though toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt, With fears within, and fears with-

4. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because thy promise I be -
 5. Just as I am, thy love unknown, Has broken ev - ery barrier down : Now to be thine, yea, *thine a -*

Just as thou art. 8s & 6s.

To the tune "Just as I am."

- 1 Just as thou art—without one trace
 Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
 Or meetness for the heav'nly place,
 O guilty sinner, come, O come.
- 2 Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest ?
 Trust not the world, it gives no rest,
 I bring relief to hearts oppress,
 O weary sinner come, O come.
- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross ;
 Count all thy gains but empty dross :
 My grace repays all earthly loss—
 O needy sinner, come, O come
- 4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
 Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears :
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears ;
 O trembling sinner, come, O come.
- 5 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come ;"
 Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come :
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come :
 Thy Saviour bids thee come, O come.

Ritard.

thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN? (65, 65, 65, 65.)

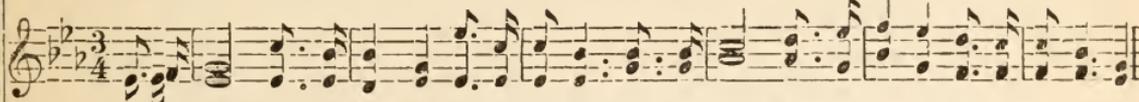
83

L. C. EVERETT.



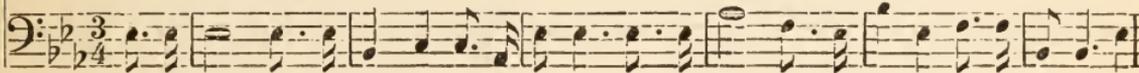
1. When shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain Round us forever? Our

2. When shall love freely flow Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow Changeless forever, Where



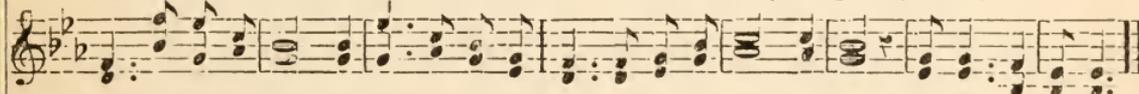
3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Saviour: May we all there unite, Happy forever: Where

4. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever; Soon shall peace wreath her chain Round us forever; Our



hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes; Never, no never.

joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill And fears of parting chill, Never, no never.

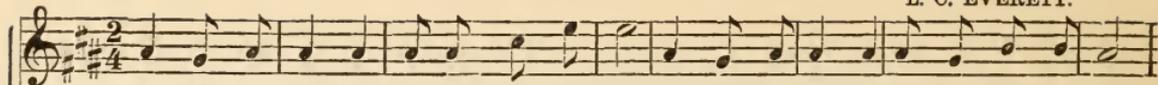


kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dispel, Never, no never.

hearts will then repose Secure from earthly woes; Our song of praise shall close, Never, no never.



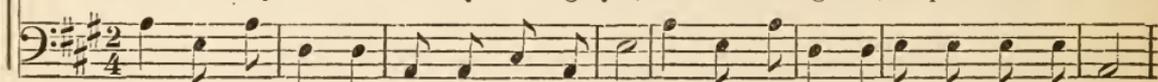
L. C. EVERETT.



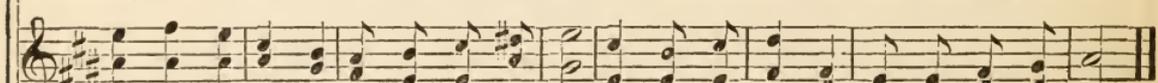
1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven-tide, The darkness thickens, Lord, with me a - bide,
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day, Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;



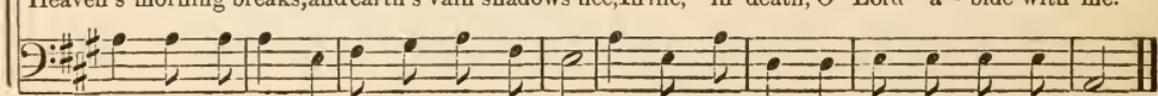
3. I need thy presence eve - ry passing hour, What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
4. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my closing eyes, Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;




When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me.
Change and decay in all around I see, O thou who changest not, a - bide with me.



Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee, In life, in death, O Lord a - bide with me.



No night in Heaven. 10s.

To the tune on page 84

- 1 No night shall be in heav'n, no gathering gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flow'rs
That breathe their fragrance thro' celestial bow'rs.
- 2 No night shall be in heav'n, forbid to sleep
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
Their fountains dried, their tears all wip'd away,
They gaze, undazzl'd, on eternal day.
- 3 No night shall be in heav'n, no sorrow's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there,
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.
- 4 No night shall be in heav'n, but endless noon,
No fast declining sun, or waning moon,
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.
- 5 No night shall be in heav'n, no darken'd room,
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb;
But breezes, ever fresh with love and truth
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.
- 6 No night shall be in heav'n, O had I faith
To rest in what the faithful witness saith,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,
And leave no night henceforth on earth to me.

The Heav'nly Land. 7s. Double.

To the tune on page 52.

- 1 On the banks beyond the stream,
Where the fields are always green,
There's no night, but endless day,
There is where the angels stay.

There's no sorrow, pain, nor fear,
There's no parting farewell tear,
There's no cloud, no darkness there,
All is bright, and clear, and fair.

- 2 Flowers of fadeless beauty there,
Trees of life with foliage rare,
Fruits, the most inviting grow,
There is where I want to go.
Hark ! I hear the angels sing,
Heav'nly harpers on the wing,
Throng the air, and bid me rise,
To the music of the skies.
- 3 Soon from earth I'll soar away,
To the realms of endless day,
Soon I'll join the ransom'd throng,
Sing with them redemption's song.
Pearly gates stand open wide,
Just beyond death's chilling tide;
There my mansion bright I see,
There the angels wait for me.
- 4 Earthly home, adieu ! adieu !
Earthly friends farewell to you;
Softly breathe your last good bye,
Jesus calls me, let me die.
Hallelujah ! Christ has come !
Hallelujah ! I'm most home !
Friends and lov'd ones weep no more,
Meet me on the other shore.

Doxology. 10s.

Unto the Father and Son, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be address'd;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

WANDERING THO'TS. C. M.

G. W. LINTON.

1. When dai - ly I kneel down to pray, As I am taught to do, }
 God does not care for what I say Unless I feel it too. } Yet foolish tho'ts my
 d.c. I'm oft - en thinking all the while A - bout some oth - er thing.

2. Oh, let me nev - er, nev - er dare To act a trifer's part, }
 Or think that God will hear a prayer That comes not from the heart. } But if I make his
 d.c. Then, while I seek him with my voice, My heart will love him too.

heart be - guile, And when I pray or sing,
 D.C.

ways my choice, As ho - ly chil - dren do,
 D.C.

The Golden Rule. C. M.

1. To do to others as I would
 That they should do to me,
 Will make me honest, kind, and good,
 As children ought to be.
2. I know I should not steal, nor use
 The smallest thing I see,
 Which I should never like to lose,
 If it belonged to me.
3. And this plain rule forbids me quite
 To strike an angry blow,
 Because I should not think it right
 If others serv'd me so.
4. But any kindness they may need,
 I'll do, whate'er it be,
 As I am very glad indeed
 When they are kind to me.

I'M BUT A STRANGER HERE.

6s & 4s.

87

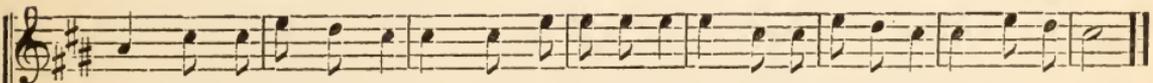
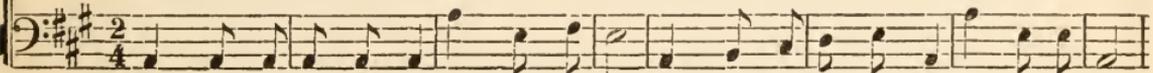
L. C. EVERETT.



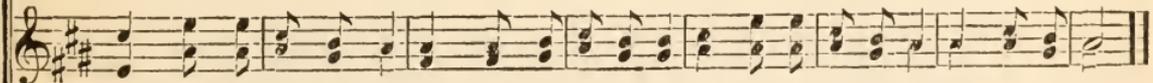
1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home, Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home ;
 2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home, Short is my pilgrimage, Heav'n is my home ;



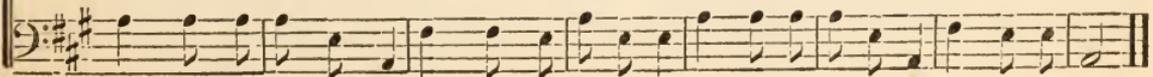
3. There, at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home, I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home ;
 4. Therefore I murmur not, Heav'n is my home, What'er my earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my home ;



Dan - ger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand, Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
 Time's cold and win - try blast, Soon will be over - past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.



There are the good and blest, Those I lov'd most and best; There too I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
 For I shall surely stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.



G. W. LINTON.

1. Tar - ry with me, O, my Sa - viour, For the day is pass - ing by ; See, the shades of evening
Tar - ry with me, O, my

2. Faithful mem - 'ry paints before me Ev'ry deed and thought of sin ; Open thou the blood - fill'd
Tar - ry, thou for - giv - ing

The first system consists of three staves of music in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The first staff is the vocal line, the second is the piano accompaniment, and the third is the bass line. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with a fermata symbol above the end of the first line of lyrics.

D. S.

gather, And the night is drawing nigh, Tarry with me, O, my Saviour, Pass me not, unheeded by.
Saviour, Pass me not unheeded by. D. S.

fountain, Cleanse my guilty soul within ; Tarry, thou forgiving Saviour, Wash me wholly from all sin.
Saviour, Wash me wholly from all sin. D. S.

The second system continues the music from the first system. It also consists of three staves of music in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with a double bar line and 'D. S.' (Da Capo) marking the beginning of the second line of lyrics.

8 Many friends were gathered round me,
 In the bright days of the past ;
 But the grave has closed above them,
 And I linger here the last ;
 ||: I am lonely, tarry with me,
 Till the dreary night has past. :||

4 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
 Paler now the glowing west ;
 Swift the night of death advances,
 Shall it be the night of rest ?
 ||: Tarry with me, O, my Saviour,
 Lay my head upon thy breast. :||

The Christian's hope. 8s & 7s.

1 Though the days are dark with trouble,
 And the heart is filled with fear,
 There is one who sees thee ever,
 And will hold thee near and dear.
 Cheerful hearts and smiling faces
 Often make thee happy here,
 Yet no one was e'er so happy,
 But sometimes the clouds appear.

2 All thy prospects will seem brighter,
 When the shadow leaves the heart,
 And the steps of time beat lighter,
 When the gloomy clouds depart ;
 Many days have dawned serenely,
 While the birds sang with delight,
 But the skies were dark and dreary,
 Ere the sun had reached its height.

3 Soon will dawn a brighter morning,
 On a blessed, tranquil shore,

Sighs will then give place to singing,
 Tears to bliss forevermore ;
 Thou shalt see a world of glory,
 And eternal joy and bliss ;
 Let not then thy soul be moaning
 O'er the woes and cares of this.

Supplication to God. 8s & 7s.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
 All thy faithful mercies crown ;
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation ;
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O, breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast,
 Let us all thy grace inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest ;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Take our load of guilt away,
 End the work of thy beginning,
 Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by thee ;
 Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN FOREVER?

G. W. LINTON.

1. Shall we sing in heav'n for - ev - er? Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we
 2. Shall we know each oth - er ev - er, In that land? in that land? Shall we
 3. Shall we sing with ho - ly an - gels In that land? in that land? Shall we

4. Shall we rest from care and sor - row In that land? in that land? Shall we
 5. Shall we know our bless - ed Saviour In that land? in that land? Shall we

sing in heav'n for - ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
 know each oth - er ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
 sing with ho - ly an - gels, In that ho - ly hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that

rest from care and sorrow, In that ho - ly hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
 know our blessed Saviour In that ho - ly hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that



land, that happy land, They that meet shall sing for - ev - er, Far beyond the rolling
 land, that happy land, They that meet shall know each oth-er, Far beyond the rolling
 land, that happy land, Saints and an - gels sing for - ev - er, Far beyond the rolling

land, that happy land, They that meet shall rest for - ev - er, Far beyond the rolling
 land, that happy land, We shall know our blessed Saviour, Far beyond the rolling



riv - er, Meet to sing and love for - ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land.
 riv - er, Meet to sing and love for - ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land.
 riv - er, Meet to sing and love for - ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land.

riv - er, Meet to sing and love for - ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land.
 riv - er, Love and serve him there for - ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land.



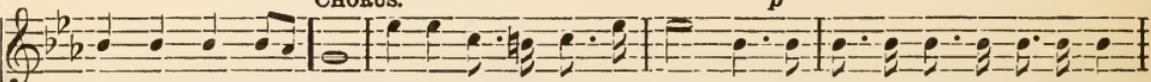
1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel-feet have trod ; With its crystal tide forever Flowing
2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray ; We will walk and worship ever, All the



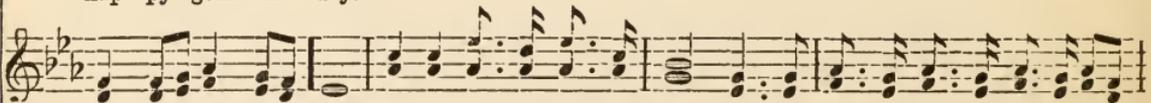
3. E're we reach the shining river, Lay we ev'ry burden down ; Grace our spirits will deliver, And pro-



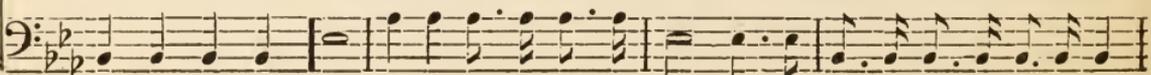
CHORUS.

p

by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beautiful
hap - py gold - en day.



vide a robe and crown. Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beautiful



f

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a dynamic marking of *f*. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major. The lyrics are: 'riv - er; Gather with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.'

riv - er; Gather with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

riv - er; Gather with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

4

At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face;
 Saints whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.—**CHO.**

5

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.—**CHO.**

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