2015

Pilgrim Hymns

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1. To our dear Sunday school there ought many to come, Who spend Sunday wandering or trifling at home; I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do, praise: So I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do.

2. Let me think: are there none of the dear ones at home, The large, or the little, who never have come? Oh, I'll beg and I'll coax, try for one, try for two, Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do.

3. My cousins and playmates, who live in this street, I'll ask them to come, the next time that we meet; Who knows but among them I'll get one, or two, For all that I can, I'm determined to do.

4. Out there in the lot where I pass every day, How many spend Sabbath in frolic or play! If I could but get one of those boys, now, or two, To come here next Sabbath, what good it might do.

5. Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go; What glory and blessedness then I shall know! But I want in that glory that many may share— That one, two, yes, all I can take, may be there.
1. I saw a little blade of grass, Just peeping from the sod, And asket why it
sought to pass Beyond its present cloud! It seemed to raise its tiny head,
sparkling, fresh and bright, And, wond'ring at the question, I rise to seek the
2. I asked the eagle why his wing To ceaseless flight was given As if he pur'd each
earthly thing And knew no home but heaven! He answered, as he fixed his gaze Un-
3. I asked my soul, what means this thirst For something yet beyond, What means this eager-
ness to burst From every earthly bond! It answers, and I feel it glow With
"I RISE TO SEEK THE LIGHT." (Concluded.)

COME, CHILDREN, RAISE YOUR VOICES HIGH.

1. Come, children, raise your voices high,
   Your Saviour's love proclaim,
   And with the choirs of earth and sky
   Unite to praise his name:
   Sing how he left the realms of light,
   Where the bright angels dwell,
   And, passing through death's gloomy night,
   Redeemed the world,
   Redeemed the world from hell.

2. Yes, we will gladly join our lays
   With heaven's seraphic throng,
   And offer in our earthly days
   To Christ our grateful song:
   And oh that all would join to sing
   That Saviour's love, who came,
   Mankind from chains of sin to bring
   To liberty,
   To liberty again!

3. Then loud hosannas to our King,
   Jesus, eternal God!
   Let earth with joyous anthems ring,
   To spread his fame abroad;
   Let every tribe and nation own
   His just and righteous sway,
   And all unite to hasten on
   The great, the great,
   The great millennial day.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
   These heavenly guards around thee wait,
   Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
   Like chariots that attend thy state.

   And oh that all would join to sing
   That Saviour's love, who came,
   Mankind from chains of sin to bring
   To liberty,
   To liberty again!

   Then loud hosannas to our King,
   Jesus, eternal God!
   Let earth with joyous anthems ring,
   To spread his fame abroad;
   Let every tribe and nation own
   His just and righteous sway,
   And all unite to hasten on
   The great, the great,
   The great millennial day.
GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

1. Now to heaven our prayer ascending, God speed the right! In a noble cause contending, God speed the [Omit.] right! Be their seal in heaven recorded, With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right! God speed the right!

2. Be that prayer again repeated, God speed the right! Ne'er despairing, tho' defeated, God speed the [Omit.] right! Like the good and great in story, If they fail, they fail with glory, God speed the right! God speed the right!

3. Patient, firm, and persevering, God speed the right! Ne'er the event our danger fearing, God speed the right! Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding, And in heaven's own time succeeding, God speed the right!

4. Still their onward course pursuing God speed the right! Every foe at length subduing, God speed the right! Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it, There's no power on earth can stay it, God speed the right!
"NEVER LATE."

FROM BRADBURY'S S. S. MELODIES. W. B. B.

10—Two to each Measure.

1. I'll a-wake at dawn on the Sab-bath day, For'tis wrong to doze ho-ly time a-way;
   With my les-sons learned, this shall be my rule—Ne-ver to be late at the Sab-bath school.

2. Birds a-wake be-times; eve-ry morn they sing; None are tar-dy there, when the woods do ring;

3. When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
   They the call obey—none are tardy then;
   Nor will I forget that it is my rule
   Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

4. But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
   And these happy hours shall return no more;
   Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule
   Never to be late at the Sab-bath school.

DISMISSION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love pos sess-ing.
   Tri-umph in re-deeming grace; O, re-fresh us, O, re-fresh us, Traveling through this wilder-ness.

2. Thanks we give and a-do-ra-tion, For thy gospel's joy-ful sound; May the fruits of thy sal va tion
   In our hearts and lives a-bound; May thy presence, May thy presence With us ev-er-more be found.

3. Then, when'er the signal's giv en Us from earth to call a-way, Borne, on an-gel's wings, to heav-en—
   Glad the summon to o-boy— May we ev-er, May we ev-er Reign with Christ in end-less dar-

4. But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
   And these happy hours shall return no more;
   Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule
   Never to be late at the Sab-bath school.
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer, And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

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

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.
1. Oh, come to the Sunday-school with me, Where sweetly the hours will pass away!

2. We've teachers and scholars kind and true; We've plenty of books, both old, and new;

Chorus.—Oh, come to the Sunday-school with me, Where sweetly the hours will pass away!

Oh, come with a foot-step light and free, And make no delay, make no delay.

We read, and we sing, and join in prayer, 'Tis sweet to be there, sweet to be there.

Oh, come with a foot-step light and free, And make no delay, make no delay.

Around and about us true happiness floats, While voices that love us breathe out their soft notes;

Around and about us true happiness floats, &c.
12

OH, COME TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL. (Concluded.)

No place is so pleasant, so happy and free, As the dear Sunday-school for you and for me.

D.G.

A BRIGHTER DAY.

"THEN LOOK UP, FOR YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGHT."—Luke xxii. 28.

1. "Lift your heads" with faith; the morrow Dawneth brighter than to-day.
2. Art thou lone-ly, sad, and wea-ry, Watching through the si- lent night?

2

An- ger hands will lift the shad-ows, Chase the gathering gloom a-way.
Dry thy tears, the o- rient glis-tens Like a thread of sil-ver light.
A BRIGHTER DAY.  (Concluded.)

Lift your heads," the day is break-ing, Soon the morn-ing will ap-pear;

See the earth from slumber wak-ing; "Lift your heads," the day draws near.

3. Does the night seem long and weary—
Dangers threatening 'long the way!
Joy will soon return to bless thee,
Soon will dawn a brighter day.
Chorus—"Lift your heads," &c.

4. What, though wars and earth's commotions
Try your faith, and cause dismay;
God, your Father, rules the nations,
He will send a brighter day.
Chorus—"Lift your heads," &c.

5. Let the heart be cheered with gladness,
Though the sun is veiled from sight;
See! the stars are brightly beaming
Through the shadows of the night.

Chorus.

Look! e'en now the morn is break-ing,
See the shadows flee away;
See! the earth from slumber wak-ing,
"Lift your heads!" behold the day!
14 Two to each Measure.

WHO SHALL SING?

1. Who shall sing, if not the children, Did not Jesus die for them!
   May they not, with other jewels, Sparkle in his diadem?
   Why, unless the song of heaven They begin to practice here!

2. There's a choir of infant songsters,
   White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
   Angels cease, and, waiting, listen!
   Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
   Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
   When her ear is upward turned;
   Is not this the same, perfected,
   Which upon the earth they learned?

3. Jesus, when on earth sojournning,
   Loved them with a wondrous love;
   And will be, to heaven returning,
   Faithless to his blessing prove?
   Oh! they can not sing too early!
   Fathers, stand not in their way!
   Birds do sing while day is breaking—
   Tell me, then, why should not they?
HASTE AWAY TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Words by Lucius Hart, Esq.

1st Semi-Chor. Hark! how the cheerful morning bells call us away to Sabbath school; Their sacred chime our duty tells, away to Sabbath school.
2d Semi-Chor. With happy faces, one and all, We haste away to Sabbath school; And hearts as happy at the call, away to Sabbath school; Then let us haste away, haste away to the
1st Semi-Chor. In Sunday dress-es neat-ly clad, A-way we haste to Sabbath school; No day in all the week more glad, A-way to Sabbath school; Then let us haste a-way, haste a-way to the
2d Semi-Chor. Our lessons learned, our books in hand, A-way we haste to Sabbath school; The happiest children in the land, A-way to Sabbath school; Then let us haste a-way, haste a-way to the

FULL CHORUS.

Sabbath school, Then let us haste away, a-way to the Sabbath school, A-way to the Sabbath school.

3rd Semi-Chor. We love to meet together there, Within our pleasant Sabbath school; And all unite in praise and prayer, Within the Sabbath school.
2d Semi-Chor. And this our bond of love shall be, We're happy in our Sabbath school; And with our hearts in harmony, We'll haste to Sabbath school.

Chorus — Then let us haste, &c.

4th Semi-Chor. The Sabbath light shines clear and bright, Away we haste to Sabbath School; The church, it is a pleasant sight, Away to Sabbath school;
2d Semi-Chor. This sweetest day of all the seven— We'll haste away to Sabbath school, Away to Sabbath school.

Chorus — Then let us haste, &c.
"IF I WERE A VOICE." Song, with Echo.

1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, That would travel the wide world thro',
   I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea, Where a human heart might be,

2. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I would fly on the wings of the air,
   I would fly on the wings of the morning light, And speak to the men with a
   I would tell them a tale, or I'd sing a song, In praise of the right, in

3. The houses of sorrow and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truthful
   gentle might, And tell them to be true, And tell them to be true. Be true, Be
   blame of the wrong, And tell them to be good, And tell them to be good. Be good. Be
   words I'd speak, And whisper of sweet hope, And whisper of sweet hope. Sweet hope, Sweet
"IF I WERE A VOICE."  (CONCLUDED.)

4. If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
   I would fly the whole earth around;
   And wherethere man with error bow'd,
   I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
   The Truth's most joyful sound.
   Joyful sound. (Echo, Joyful sound.)
   The Truth's most joyful sound.
   Echo.—Truth's most joyful sound.

5. I would fly; I would fly on the wings of day,
   And point to the realms above;
   I would fly, I would fly over city and town,
   And drop like a happy sunlight down,
   And whisper, God is love.
   God is love. (Echo, God is love.)
   And whisper, God is love.
   Echo.—Whisper, God is love.

REEVES.  C. M.

1. In all my vast concerns with thee, In vain my soul would try To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee The notice of thine eye.

2. Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
   My rising and my rest;
   My public walks, my private ways,
   The secrets of my breast.

3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
   Before they're formed within;
   And ere my lips pronounce the word,
   He knows the sense I mean.
GATHER THEM IN


16—Two to each Measure. With Promptness and Animation.

May be sung as a Duet.

CHORUS.

Gather them in from the broad highway, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in in this gospel day, Gather, gather them in;
Gather them in from the prairies vast, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in of every cast, Gather, gather them in;
Gather them in from the street and lane, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in, both the blind and lame, Gather, gather them in;
Gather the deaf, and the poor, and blind, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in with a willing mind, Gather, gather them in.

Gather them in, let the house be full,
GATHER THEM IN.  (CONCLUDED.)

3. Gather them in, gather them in,
    Gather the children in;
    Gather them in that are seeking rest,
    Gather them in, gather them in;
    Gather them in from the East and West,
    Gather, gather them in.
    Gather them in that are roaming about,
    Gather them in, gather them in;
    Gather them in from the North and South,
    Gather, gather them in.
  Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

4. Gather them in, gather them in,
    Gather the children in;
    Gather them in from all over the land,
    Gather them in, gather them in;
    Gather them in to our noble band,
    Gather, gather them in;
    Gather them in with a Christian love,
    Gather them in, gather them in;
    Gather them in for the Church above,
    Gather, gather them in.
  Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

HEBRON.  L. M.  DR. LOWELL MASON.

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

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

3. I lay my body down to sleep;
    Peace is the pillow for my head,
    While well-appointed angels keep
    Their watchful stations round my bed.
FAR OUT UPON THE PRAIRIE. 7s & 6s. Home Mission Song.

1. Far out upon the prairie How many children dwell, Who never read the Bible, Or hear the Sabbath bell; And when the holy morning Wakes Shep-herd, And called them to his fold; No Sabbath school invit-ing Its us to sing and pray, They spend the precious moments In idleness and play, pleasant doors within, No teacher's voice entreat-ing To leave the way of sin.

Chorus.—Far out upon the prairie How many children dwell, Who never read the END.

2. For they have no kind pastor, Whose loving words have told Of Jesus, the good Bible, Or hear the Sabbath bell; And when the holy morning Wakes Shep-herd, And called them to his fold; No Sabbath school invit-ing Its us to sing and pray, They spend the precious moments In idleness and play, pleasant doors within, No teacher's voice entreat-ing To leave the way of sin.

D. C.

Written for the Anniversary of the S. S. Miss. Association of the 14th Pres. Church. A. Y.
I wish that I could tell them
How Jesus came to die,
When he for little children
Left his bright throne on high;
And all the sad, sad story
Of sorrow which he bore,
When for his crown of glory
A crown of thorns he wore.

Chorus.—Far out, etc.

2. And so each morn and evening,
   Whene'er I kneel in prayer,
   I'll ask the gracious Saviour
   To send his gospel there;
   That in the glorious city,
   In which he dwells above,
   We all may sing together
   Of his redeeming love.

Chorus.—Far out, etc.

MILLENNIUM SONG.

1. Rejoice, all ye believers,
   And let your lights appear,
   The evening is advancing,
   And midnight now is near;
   The Bridegroom is arising,
   And soon he draweth nigh;
   Up, up, and watch, and wrestle,
   At midnight comes the cry.

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

2. See that your lamps are burning,
   Replenish them with oil,
   And wait for your salvation—
   The end of earthly toil.
   The watchers on the mountain
   Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
   Go meet him, as he cometh,
   With Hallelujahs clear.

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

3. Ye wise and holy virgins,
   Now raise your voices higher,
   Till, in the songs of Jubilee,
   They meet the angel choir.
   The marriage feast is waiting,
   The doors wide open stand,
   Be ready, then, to meet him,
   The Bridegroom is at hand.

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

4. Ye saints, who here in patience
   Your cross and sufferings bore,
   Shall live and reign for ever,
   When sorrow is no more.
   Around the throne of glory,
   The Lamb ye shall behold,
   In triumph cast before Him
   Your diadems of gold.

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

5. Our Hope and Expectation,
   O Jesus! now appear;
   Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
   O'er this heighthed sphere!
   With hearts and hands uplifted,
   We plead, O Lord, to see
   The day of earth's redemption,
   That brings us unto thee!

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

DOXOLOGY.

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

Newly, Arranged and brought within an easy compass for Chorus Singing, by

**SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS. 10—One to each.**

Wm. B. Bradbury

1. O.... say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hailed at tho
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread

... twi-light's last gleaming, Whose broad strip-es and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the
sil-ence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it

CHORUS.

ram-parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming, And the rock-et's red glare, bombs
fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - closes; Now it catch-es the gleam of the
bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our Flag was still there: O... say does that morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines in the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled

star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
   That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
   A home and a country should leave us no more—
   Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution.
   No refuge can save the hireling and slave.
   From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
   Chorus.—And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
   O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4. O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
   Between their loved home and 'the war's desolation';
   Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
   Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
   Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
   And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
   Chorus.—And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
   O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

See also hymn, The blest Gospel Banner, to this tune, on page 62.
1. Peaceful-ly lay her down to rest, Place the turf kind-ly on her breast;
2. Close to her lone and nar-row house, Grace-ful-ly wave, ye will-low boughs;
3. Qui-et-ly sleep, be-loved one, Rest from thy toil-thy labor is done;

Sweet is the slumber be-neath the sod, While the pure soul is resting with God.
Flowers of the wildwood, your a-dors shed O-ver the ho-ly, beauti-ful dead.
Rest till the trump from the opening skies Bid thee from dust to glo-ry a-rise!

Peaceful-ly sleep, Peaceful-ly sleep, Sleep till that morning, Peaceful-ly sleep.
ON CALVARY'S HEIGHTS.

Words by A. A. SMITH.
Music by WM. F. BRADBURY.

26—Two to the Measure.

Andante.

Girls.

Boys.

1. On Calv'ry's heights amazing grace behold! And let it e'er be told, The love divine a - lone,

2. On Calv'ry's heights the one Redeemer dies!
The heavenly message flies
With pardon full to give—
That all who look may live.
On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights, Amazing love behold!

3. On Calv'ry's heights a dying Saviour pleads,
For rebels intercedes:
He sets the captive free,
A son and heir to be.
On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights, Amazing love behold!

4. To Calv’ry’s heights the little children bring;
   Permit them there to cling,
   Forbid them not, He cries,
   Of such my kingdom is.
   On Calv'ry’s heights, on Calv'ry’s heights, Amazing love behold!

5. On Calv'ry’s heights Faith spreads her eager wings,
   While hope exultant sings;
   Love doth the conquest win,
   Victor of death and sin.
   On Calv'ry’s heights, on Calv'ry’s heights, Amazing love behold!
ZION'S PILGRIM.

Girls. 1. Pilgrims we are, to Canaan bound, Our journey lies a long this road;
Boys. 1. This wilderness we travel round, To reach the city of our God.
Girls. 2. A few more days, or weeks, or years, In this dark desert to complain;
Boys. 2. A few more sighs, a few more tears, And we shall bid adieu to pain.

Girls. 2. Our robes are wash'd in Jesus' blood, And we are traveling home to God.

CHORUS.-All.

O happy pilgrims, spotless fair, What makes your robes so white appear?

3. O blessed land! O happy land!
When shall we reach thy golden shore?
And one redeemed, unbroken band
United be for evermore.
Cho.-O happy pilgrims, &c.

4. And if our robes are pure and white,
May we all reach that blest abode?
O yes, they all shall dwell in light
Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.
Cho.-O happy pilgrims, &c.

5. We all shall reach that golden shore
If here we watch, and fight, and pray;
Straight is the way, and straight the door,
And none but pilgrims find the way.
Cho.-O happy pilgrims, &c.

6. O may we meet at last above
Amid the holy blood washed throng,
And sing for ever Jesus' love,
While saints and angels join the song.
Cho.-O happy pilgrims, &c.
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY.

1. O, do not be discouraged,
   For Jesus is your Friend,
   He will give you grace to conquer,
   And keep you to the end.

2. Fight on, ye little soldiers,
   The battle you shall win;
   Fight on, ye little soldiers,
   For the Saviour is your Captain,
   And he has vanquished sin.—Chorus.

3. And when the conflict's over,
   Before him you shall stand;
   You shall sing his praise for ever,
   In Canaan's happy land.—Chorus.

CHORUS.

I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

Repeat from the קוס to the End.
1. Dear Saviour, ever at my side, How loving thou must be, To leave thy home in
2. I can not feel thee touch my hand With pressure light and mild, To check me, as my
3. And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down, Morning and night, to prayer, Something there is with-

heaven, to guard A little child like me. Thy beautiful and shining face I
mother did, When I was but a child. But I have felt thee in my thoughts, Fight-
in my heart Which tells me thou art there. Yes! when I pray, thou prayest, too—Thy

see not, tho' so near; The sweetness of thy soft low voice I am too deaf to hear,
ing with sin for me; And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from thee.
prayer is all for me; But when I sleep, thou sleepest not, But watchest patiently.
1. To-day a youthful throng, Their gratitude to prove, Would mingle in a closing song Of
2. Why has a pastor's care So kindly been bestowed, While many a sweet and ardant prayer From
3. And why has truth divine Soft from his lips distilled? Why should his heart so much incline Toward
4. O may the God of grace, Who all the glory claims, Long spare him in this hallowed place To
5. And may our hearts no more Incline to sinful ways, But learn our Saviour to adore, And

* The words of this song (without the chorus) were originally written by Dr. Hastings for a S. S. Celebration at St. George's Church, New York, then under the pastoral care of the late Dr. Milner. The response has been added as an appropriate "Refrain" for the little ones.
CALL THE CHILDREN EARLY.

1. Call the children early, mother, While the birds do sing; While the dew is Great the work that
   must be done Before the morning's gone. Call them round the altar bright
2. Call the children early, father, While the dew is on; Great the work that
day, set forth The pearl of richest price. Call them early to the Lord—
3. Call the children early, teacher—To their wondering eyes, Every Sabbath
folded safe Within the house of prayer. Call them at the dawn of day,
4. Call the children early, Shepherd, Give the lambs thy care; See that they are
   on the flowers, Which by the hill-side spring, Oft repeat the waking word,
   Till they rise to praise the Lord, Oft repeat the waking word, Till they rise to praise the Lord.
   On which burns devotion's light, Call them round the altar bright, On which burns devotion's light,
   Thou shalt reap a rich reward, Call them early to the Lord, Thou shalt reap a rich reward.
   Lead them in the narrow way, Call them at the dawn of day, Lead them in the narrow way.

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1. I'll rise up early in the morning, The morning of the Sabbath day, I'll rise up early in the morning, And haste to Sabbath school away. For oh, I love the Sabbath-school, The teacher dear, As up to heaven he points the way. For oh, I love my teacher dear, My Sabbath-school, the Sabbath-school, For oh, I love the Sabbath-school, The precious Sabbath-school teacher dear, my teacher dear; For oh, I love my teacher dear, So good and kind to me.

3. I'll learn my lesson in the Bible, And try to practice what I learn; I'll learn my lesson in the Bible, And every sinful way will shun. For oh, I love that blessed book, That blessed book, that blessed book, For oh, I love that blessed book, So full of grace and truth.

4. Then I'll not trifle any longer, Nor throw my precious hours away, Then I'll not trifle any longer, But go to Christ without delay; And dwell with him in heaven above, In heaven above, in heaven above— And dwell with him in heaven above, A heaven of joy and love.
A HOME IN HEAVEN.

1. A home in heaven! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his weary lot:

2. A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes

Glorious

His heart oppressed, and with anguish riven, From his home below to his home in heaven.

To that bright home, what a joy is given, With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

Glorious

His home, his home, his happy home in heaven, His home, his home, his happy home in heaven.
A HOME IN HEAVEN. (Concluded.)

4. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
   And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
   And strength decays, and our health is riven,
   We are happy still with our home in heaven.
   Chorus.—Our home, &c.

5. A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
   To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead,
   We wait in hope on the promise given;
   We will meet up there, in our home in heaven.
   Chorus.—Our home, &c.

6. Our home in heaven! O the glorious home!
   And the Spirit joined with the Bride says, come—
   Come seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
   And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.
   Chorus.—Your home, &c.

"IT IS WELL."

Composed on hearing of the death of Mrs. Jeremiah Johnson, of Brooklyn, N. Y

QUARTETTE or CHOIR.

1. "It is well! It is well! It is well!" God's ways are always right, And
   love is o'er them all, Tho' far above our sight.

2. "It is well! It is well! It is well!" Tho' deep and sore the smart; He
   wounds who knows to bind, And heal the broken heart.

3. "It is well!"
   Though sorrow clouds our way,
   'Twill make the joy more dear.
   That usher'd in the day!

4. "It is well!"
   The path that Jesus trod,
   Though rough and dark it be,
   Leads home to Heaven and God.
1. Shall we sing in heaven for ever—Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we sing in heaven for ever?
2. Shall we know each other ever In that land! In that land! Shall we know each other ever in that land?

REFRAIN

Heaven for ever In that happy land! Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, They that meet shall sing for ever, Far beyond the land, that happy land, They that meet shall know each other, Far beyond, &c.
3. Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing, and love for ever
In that happy land!

4. Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

5. Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

6. Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that land?
Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Parents and children meet together
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

7. Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that land?
Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Teachers and scholars meet together,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

8. Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Saviour
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever,
In that happy land!
1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone before me,

Chorus.

To fulfill my soul's request; There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,

2. He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand, For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land. There is rest, &c.

4. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed, Hail with joy the rising morn. There is rest, &c.

3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in that celestial center, I a crown of life shall wear. There is rest, &c.

5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory; Shout your triumph as you go; Zion's gates will open for you, You shall find an entrance through. There is rest, &c.

6. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory; Shout your triumph as you go; Zion's gates will open for you, You shall find an entrance through. There is rest, &c.
REST FOR THE WEARY. (Concluded.)

End for Temperance Hymn.

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you— On the other side of Jordan,

In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1. O'er the dark abodes of sorrow,
   Cheered by no reviving ray,
   Brightly temperance arising,
   Brings a bright and glorious day.  

   Chorus.—There is hope for the fallen,
   There is hope for the fallen,
   There is hope for the fallen,
   There is hope for all.

2. Thousands long in bondage groaning,
   Hail the bright and glorious light;

   See from eastern coast to western
   Quickly fly the shades of night.

3. May the heart-reviving story,
   Win and conquer—never cease—
   May the ranks of temperance ever
   Multiply and still increase.

4. Now the trump of temperance sounding,
   Rouse! ye freemen! why delay?
   Let your voices, all resounding,
   Welcome on the happy day.
PILGRIM, HALTING, STAFF IN HAND.

Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand, Haste a-way! haste a-way! Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand,

1. Though thy way seem dark and lone, Look above, look above; Thou thy way seem dark and lone,
2. Pilgrim! God thy guide will be, Him obey, him obey; Pilgrim! God thy guide will be,
3. Haste, haste away; E'en this path where thou dost stand, Endeth in a better land.
4. Hark! a voice of melody!
   "Pilgrim come! pilgrim come!"

Hark! a voice of melody!
   "Pilgrim, come home!"

Tis thy Father calleth thee,
Onward press, and soon thou'll be
Safe at home, safe at home,
Safe, safe at home.
1. River of death, thy stream I see, Between the bright city of rest and me; Fearless thy sabre surge I'll brave, For sweet is the prospect beyond thy wave.

2. Why should I fear to stem thy tide, With him who has loved me as guard and guide: Wisdom and power control thy flood, While faith says my passage was paid with blood.

Waft me, oh, waft me safely o'er, And land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore.
Waft me, oh, waft me safely o'er, And land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore.

3. What is it gilds thy darksome foam, 'Tis light shining forth from my happy home, Music that thrills my soul to hear, Seems floating me over thy surface drear.
Waft me, &c.

4. Help me, I feel the waters rise. Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes, Saviour, I come—I soon shall be Among the blest purchase of Calvary.
Waft me, &c.
1. Hear the royal proclamation, The glad tidings of salvation, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns.
   Publishing to every creature, To the ruined sons of nature: Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns.

   Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious, Over heaven and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns!

2. See the royal banner flying,
   Hear the heralds loudly crying,
   "Rebel sinners, royal favor
   Now is offered by the Saviour."
   Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

3. "Here is wine, and milk, and honey;
   Come, and purchase without money;
   Mercy flowing from a fountain,
   Streaming from the holy mountain."
   Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c

4. Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
   To the bounds of the creation;
   Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
   The Almighty Prince of Zion.
   Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

5. Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
   Christ hath purchased our redemption,
   Angels, shout the pleasing story,
   Through the brighter worlds of glory.
   Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.
OVER THE OCEAN WAVE.—Missionary.

1. O-ver the ocean wave, far far away, There the poor heathen live, waiting for day; d. c.—Pity them, pity them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.

2. Bowing to i-dol gods, daily they pray, "Pity us, Juggernaut! we've given away d. c.—Pity them, pity them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.

3. Groping in ignorance, dark as the night, No blessed Bible to give them the light. Lives of our children dear, thee to appease, Give to us, give to us tokens of peace.

4. Then while the mission ships glad tidings bring, List! as that heathen band joyfully sing, "Over the ocean wave, oh! see them come, Bringing the bread of life, guiding them home." Chorus.—Pity them, &c.

Chorus.—Pity them, &c.
1. In the tempest of life, when the wind and the gale Are around and above, if thy footing should fail, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, Should the dearest of earth, the son of thy heart—
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart; Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb, To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

2. If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow, With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe, Should betray thee, when sorrows like clouds are arrayed, Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye, Like the tints of the rainbow be swifter to fly, Then turn, and thro' tears of repentant regret, Look aloft, and be firm, and confiding of heart. Look aloft to the sun that is never to set, Look aloft to the sun that is never to set.

3. Should thy foot-ling shouM fail, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow, With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe, Should betray thee, when sorrows like clouds are arrayed, Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye, Like the tints of the rainbow be swifter to fly, Then turn, and thro' tears of repentant regret, Look aloft, and be firm, and confiding of heart. Look aloft to the sun that is never to set, Look aloft to the sun that is never to set.

4. And, oh! when death comes, in his terrors to cast, His fears on the future, his pall on the past, In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart, And a smile in thine eye, look aloft, and depart.
Let us walk in the light, in the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

2. Shall we ever rise to dwell,
   In the light, in the light,
   Where immortal praises swell,
   In the light of God;
   And can children ever go,
   In the light, in the light,
   Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
   In the light of God.
   Chorus.—Let us walk in the light, &c.

3. Yes, that bliss our own may be,
   In the light, in the light,
   All the good shall Jesus see,
   In the light of God;
   For the good a rest remains,
   In the light, in the light,
   Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
   In the light of God.—Chorus.

CALL TO PRAISE.

1. Children of the heavenly King,
   In the light, in the light,
   As we journey, sweetly sing,
   In the light of God;
   Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
   In the light, in the light,
   Glorious in his works and ways,
   In the light of God.—Chorus.

2. We are travelling home to God,
   In the light, in the light,
   In the way our fathers trod,
   In the light of God;
   They are happy now, and we,
   In the light, in the light,
   Soon their happiness shall see,
   In the light of God.—Chorus.
THE SWEETEST NAME.

"HE HATH GIVEN HIM A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME," 

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven, The name, before his
2. His human name they did proclaim, When Abram's son they sealed him, The name that still, by

REFRAIN.

wondrous birth, To Christ, the Saviour given. .We love to sing around our King, And
God's good will, De-liv-er-er revealed him. We love, etc.

3. And when he hung upon the tree,
    They wrote this name above him,
    That all might see the reason we
    For ever more must love him.—Cho.

4. So now upon his Father's throne,
    Almighty to release us
    From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
    The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—Cho.
1. Come, children, let us sweetly sing, We are bound for the land of Canaan: All glory give to Christ, our King, We are bound for the land of Canaan. Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, We are bound for the land of Canaan. It is my happy home, We are bound for the land of Canaan.

2. Come then and join our happy band, We are bound for the land of Canaan; To ever dwell at Christ's right hand, We are bound for the land of Canaan. Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

3. Then louder still our songs shall rise— We are bound for the land of Canaan; When we are far beyond the skies— We are bound for the land of Canaan. Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.
SAFE AT HOME.

Music by W B. B.

1. When the battle is fought, and the victory won, Life's trials are ended, and life's duties done, Then Jesus, our Saviour, will welcome us home, No more, in this desert of prepared for us there; The song of redemption, from infants, shall swell, As of Jesus, to wondering

2. The most youthful soldier will then have a share, In heavenly mansions pre-

REFRAIN.

sin we shall roam. Safe, safe at home, Safe, safe at home, No more to roam, angels, they tell.

* The Refrain has been added to the original hymn.
SAFE AT HOME. (CONCLUDED.)

No more to roam, Safe, safe at home, Safe, safe at home, No more, no more to roam.

3. Though taken, from earth, in life's earliest morn,
The crown of our Saviour, we'll ever adorn,
More bright than the stars, will thy ransomed ones shine,
For the radiance, dear Saviour, 's eternally thine.

4. Oh, then will our hearts swell, with rapture supreme,
For Jesus, thy glories will over us beam,
Our minds, with the riches of wisdom, be stored,
For God will be known and for ever adored.

CAPTIVITY. L. M.

1. When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates's streams,
   Wept—with doleful thoughts oppressed,
   And Zion was our mournful theme.

2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
   Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
   With silent strings, neglected hung,
   On willow trees that withered there.

3. How shall we tune our voices to sing,
   Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
   Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
   Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
OH, THAT WILL JOYFUL BE.

1. Oh, that will joy-ful be, When we walk by faith no more, When the
2. Oh, that will joy-ful be, When to meet us rise and come All our

Lord we loved be-fore As broth-er man we see; When he wel comes us a
bur-ied treasures home—A glad-some com-pa-ny. When our arms embrace a-

FULL CHORUS to each stanza.

- bove, When we share his smile of love. Oh, that will joy-ful be, Oh, that will
-gain, Those we mourned so long in vain.
3. Oh, that will joyful be,
   When the foes we dread to meet,
   Every one beneath our feet
   We tread triumphantly.
   When we never more can know
   Slightest touch of pain or woe.
   Chorus—Oh, that will, &c.

4. Oh, that will joyful be,
   When we hear what none can tell,
   And the ringing chorus swell
   Of angels' melody.
   When we join their songs of praise,
   Hallelujahs with them raise—
   Chorus—Oh, that will, &c.

**THE GOSPEL SHIP.**

1. The gospel ship is sailing, sailing, sailing,
   All who would ship for glory, glory, glory,
   She has landed many thousands, thousands, thousands,
   And thousands now are sailing, sailing, sailing.

2. The gospel ship is sailing, sailing, sailing,
   The gospel ship is sailing,
   And thousands now are sailing, sailing, sailing.
   She has landed many thousands, thousands, thousands,
   All who would ship for glory, glory, glory.
Bound for Canaan's happy shore;
Come and welcome, rich and poor.
On fair Canaan's happy shore;
Yet there's room for thousands more.

Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! All on board are
glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! All on board,

sweet-ly sing-ing, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!

3. Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
   Breezes, breezes,
Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along;
Her company are singing,
   Singing, singing,
Her company are singing,
Glory, glory is their song.

Chorus—Glory, hallelujah, &c.

4. Take passage now for glory,
   Glory, glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea;
With us you shall be happy,
   Happy, happy,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.

Chorus—Glory, hallelujah, &c.
Hark! the morning bells are ringing! Children, haste without delay; 
Prayers of thousands now are winging, Up to heav'n their silent way.

Let us all unite in singing, All unite in solemn prayer.

Come, children, come! The bells are ringing, To the school with haste repair;

'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.

Come, children, come! &c.

Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.

Come, children, come! &c.

Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

Come, children, come! &c.
THE BRIGHT CROWN.

From "Okiola." By permission of Wm. B. Bradbury.

CHORUS.

1. Ye valiant soldiers of the cross, Ye happy, praying band; Though in this world you suffer loss, You'll reach fair Canaan's land; Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we've all got the cross to bear; It will only make the crown the brighter to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

2. O what a glorious shout there'll be, When we arrive at home, Our friends and Jesus we shall see, And God shall say, "Well done." Chorus. Let us never, &c.
HEAVENLY CANAAN,

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
   And cast a wishful eye
   To Canaan's fair and happy land,
   Where my possessions lie.

Chorus.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c, &c.

2. O'er all those wide extended-plains
   Shines one eternal day;
   There God, the Son, forever reigns,
   And scatters night away.

3. No chilling winds nor poison's breath
   Can reach that healthful shore;
   Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
   Are felt and feared no more.

4. When shall I reach that happy place,
   And be forever blest?
   When shall I see my Father's face,
   And on his bosom rest?

HEAVEN.

1. There is a clime where Jesus reigns,
   A home of grace and love,
   Where angels sing, in sweetest strains,
   Of his redeeming love.

Chorus.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c, &c.

2. And children, too, will join to bless
   The precious Saviour's name,
   Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
   And saved from sin and shame.

3. Yet all, alas! may not be there,
   For some will slight his grace;
   Now, though he calls, they do not care
   To turn and seek his face.

4. He says to all "Come unto me,
   And I will give you rest."
   Oh! linger not, but haste to be
   With his salvation blest.

THE BLEST GOSPEL BANNED

Music.—"The Star Spangled Banner." p. 72.

1. It first was unfurled upon Bethlehem's hill
   Where shepherds their lone starry night-watches kept.
   And Judaea's hills echoed back the refrain,
   While God's chosen race all unconscious were sleeping.

   O, say, does the blest gospel banner yet wave
   Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave?

2. Yes! from dark lonely watch-towers it flowed for years,
   When dim mists and black shadows enveloped the ages,
   At first crimsoned with blood, and then darkened with tears,
   With which martyrs recorded their names on earth's pages.

   Now hath vanished the night, and we hail the glad light,
   Which illumines that banner, unfurled to our sight.
   "Tis the blest gospel banner—long may it wave
   Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave!

3. And thus be it ever with the foes of the right,
   Who hurl on our cause their fierce imprecations.
   For God helps to triumph in his holy might.
   The men who will serve him through all generations.

   And when dust to dust shall return, as it must,
   May we praise him forever, who now is our trust.
   And the blest gospel banner in glory shall wave
   Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave!

   Kate Cameron.
RESTING AT HOME.

1. Cheer-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly on-ward we move, A hap-py, bright band to the
2. Cheer-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly we will at-tend The mes-sage which Christ thro' our
3. Cheer-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly an-gels shall wait, To wel-come us in at the

land that we love, From whose golden gates we shall wander no more, A land where the
teachers shall send, A mes-sage of free-dom, a mes-sage of peace, From Satan's temp-bright, pear-ly gate! A Sab-bath so sa-cred! so glo-rious we'll spend, A long day of

sor-rows of life shall be o'er, Where is free-dom from sin, and from sor-row and
ta-tings a fi-nal re-lease. Oh! wel-come the day, when thus ransomed from
rest-ing that nev-er shall end. One' sweet song of praise to the Lamb that was
night, A land full of holiness, beauty, and light.
sin, The teacher and scholar shall both enter in.
Pilgrims and strangers, no
slain! When we pass over Jordan we'll praise him again.

more shall we roam, Happily, happily resting at home; Pilgrims and

strangers, no more shall we roam, Happily, happily, resting at home.
1. Chide mildly the erring, Kind language endears, Grief follow the sinful,
   The heart which is stricken Needs never a blow, The heart which is stricken

Add not to their tears; Avoid with reproaches Fresh pain to bestow,
Needs never a blow.

2. Chide mildly the erring,
   Jeer not at their fall,
   If strength be but human,
   How weakly were all!
   What marvel that footsteps
   Should wander astray,
   When tempests so shadow
   Life's wearisome way.

3. Chide mildly the erring,
   Entreat them with care,
   Their natures are mortal,
   They need not despair.
   We all have some frailty,
   We all are unwise,
   The grace which redeems us
   Must come from the skies.
WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT.

Words contributed by Lucius Hart, Esq.

22—Two to each Measure.

CHEERFULLY.

1. When the day, with ro - sy light, On the Sabbath morn ap - pears,
   And the dusk - y shades of night Melt a - way in dew - y tears,
   To the Sabbath

2. Soft - ly on the Sab - bath air Swell our hymns of grate - ful love;
   Je - sus list - ens to our prayer, Hears the children's strains a - bove.
   They, who ear - ly

3. He who left his throne a - bove, Poor, lost sin - ners to re - deem,
   He whose words are life and love— Je - sus Christ shall be our theme.
   Thus to Sabbath

THE MITES. Penny Contribution Song.

1. The mites have the blessing, The mil-lions have naught; Our faith thus expressing, Our

2. The mites have the blessing; Oh ! when shall we learn

forfeit the promise, By giving too much. The

The first Gospel lesson,

And from the world turn

And leave to the miser

His golden delights?

Far better and wiser

With our blessed mites,
1. We wish you all a happy New Year,
We wish you all a happy New Year; We
wish you all, we wish you all A happy, happy New Year.

2. We wish our teachers a happy New Year,]
We wish our teachers, wish our teachers
A happy, happy New Year.

3. We wish our superintendent a happy New Year,
We wish our superintendent, wish our superintendent
A happy, happy New Year.

4. We wish our pastor a happy New Year,
We wish our pastor, wish our pastor
A happy, happy New Year.

5. We wish our country a happy New Year,
We wish our country, wish our country
A happy, happy New Year.

6. God bless our land this happy New Year,
God bless our land, God bless our land,
This happy, happy New Year.
THE BIRD'S SONG.

May be sung as a Solo or Semi-Chorus.

1. I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May, Who sung in the apple tree
2. "Tee-to-tail oh! that's the first word of my lay, And then, don't you see how I
3. "And now, my sweet Miss, won't you give me a crumb For the dear little nestlings re-

o-ver the way, What 'twas she was singing so sweetly a-bout; For I'd tried a long
rat-tled a-way? I just have been dip-ping my beak in the spring, And brush-ing the
-main-ing at home; And one thing be-side, since my sto-ry you've heard—I.... hope you'll re-

CHORUS.

time, but I could not find out: "Why, I'm sure," she re-plied, "you can-not guess
face of the lake with my wing; Cold.... wa-ter! cold wa-ter! yes, that is my
-mem-ber the lay of the bird, And.... nev-er for-get, while you list to my
THE BIRD'S SONG. (CONCLUDED.)

Girls.

Wrong, Don't you know I am singing a temperance song?
Cold water! cold water! cold water! Don't you know I am singing a cold water song.

All the birds to the cold water army belong.

Spirited.

LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON, 1850.

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

2. Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;— The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down; Thine arduous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown.
MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

1. I've roamed o'er mountain, I've crossed over flood, I've traversed the wave-rolling sand;

2. Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own native land.

CHORUS.

1. The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped, And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland; Yet happier far were the hours that I passed In the west—in my own native land.

2. Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love, Where flourishes Liberty's tree; 'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home, 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free.

3. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Yet happier far were the hours, etc.

4. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, 'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, etc.
Hymns to the Tune "My Own Native Land."

My Dear Sunday School.

1. To the sports of the thoughtless, or pleasures so gay,
   Some give the sweet Sabbath of rest;
   But away with all sports, or pleasures so gay,
   For my dear Sunday school is the best,
   My dear Sunday school is the best,
   My dear Sunday school is the best.
   But away with all sports, or pleasures so gay.
   For my dear Sunday school is the best.

2. I love my companions, I love a youth's gay scenes
   With brightness and purity blest;
   Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
   For my dear Sunday school is the best,
   My dear Sunday school is the best.
   My dear Sunday school is the best.
   Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
   For my dear Sunday school is the best.

3. I love the sweet birds, and the fields, and the flowers
   In beauty so charmingly dressed;
   But there's purer delight in the still sacred hours,
   For my dear Sunday school is the best,
   My dear Sunday school is the best.
   My dear Sunday school is the best.
   But there's purer delight in the still sacred hours,
   For my dear Sunday school is the best.

4. Then I'll sing of my school, and the Sabbath I love
   Bright emblems of heavenly rest;
   Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine!
   Oh, bring me to share in that rest,
   Bring me to share in that rest,
   Bring me to share in that rest.
   Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine!
   Oh, bring me to share in that rest.

1. Thank God for the Bible! 'tis there that we find
   The story of Christ and his love—
   How he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
   In the mansions of glory above;
   Thanks to him we will bring,
   Praise to him we will sing.
   For he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
   In the mansions of glory above.

2. While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind,
   And to mourners his blessings were given;
   And he said let the little ones come unto me,
   For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
   Jesus calls us to come,
   He's prepared us a home.
   For he said let the little ones come unto me,
   For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

3. In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
   Where sorrow and pain never come;
   For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
   And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.
   Jesus calls, shall we stay?
   No! we'll gladly obey.
   For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
   And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.

4. Thank God for the Bible! its truths o'er the earth
   We'll scatter with a bountiful hand;
   But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
   Till we go to that beautiful land.
   There our thanks we will bring,
   There with angels we'll sing,
   And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we dwell,
   In heaven—that beautiful land.
1. What are these soul-reviving strains Which echo thus from Salem’s plains? What anthems loud and louder

2. Lo! an infant chorus sings,  
Hosannas to the King of kings,  
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim  
Salvation sent in Jesus’ name.  
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

3. Messiah’s name shall joy impart,  
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;  
He bled for us, he bled for you,  
And we will sing hosanna too.  
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

4. Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;  
See David’s Son and Lord appear!  
All praise on earth to him be given,  
And glory shout thro’ highest heaven.  
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

* The first movement may appropriately be sung by the Teachers or Choir, with the response (Hosanna) by the Mob. For a concerto, a pleasing effect may be produced by having a Semi-chorus out of sight, repeating “Hosanna” so softly as to give the impression of a Choir at a great distance.
LONELY TRAVELER.

1. I'm a lonely traveler here, Weary, oppressed, But my journey's end is near—soon shall I rest.

2. I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near, I must be gone Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away; Pleasures that forever live— I can not stay.

3. I'm a traveler to a land Where all is fair, Where is seen no broken band— All, all are there. Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor heart be sad; Where the glory is for all, And all are glad.

4. I'm a traveler, and I go Where all is fair; Farewell, all I've loved below— I must be there. Workly honors, hopes, and gain, All I resign; Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain, If heaven be mine.

5. I'm a traveler—call me not— Upward my way; Yonder is my rest and lot; I can not stay. Farewell, earthly pleasures all, Pilgrim, I'll roam; Hail me not—in vain you call Yonder's my home.
1. Oh! there is a river whose fresh waters flow O'er earth's broadest surface, a cure for all woe.
2. Oh! drink of this river, its full crystal flood Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load;
3. This beautiful river our boast well may be, 'Tis fresh, overflowing, and better, 'tis free!

Its streams are all healing, there's life in each wave. Oh, try it and prove it. 'tis mighty to save.
Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife. This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."
The sin-sick rejoice in this "peace-speaking" tide. This river is Jesus, the "once crucified."

"CHORUS.—A little Faster.

Jesus calls, will you come? will you come? will you come? will you come? Jesus calls, will you..."
THE RIVER OF LIFE.  (Concluded.)

CODA.—Original Time.

come! will you come! Come to Je-sus, come now, Yes, come, O come to Je-sus, Come to

Je-sus, come now, Yes, come, O come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, come now.

GRATITUDE.  L. M.

1. My God! how endless is thy love!  And morning mercies from above, Gently doth still increase my days.
   The gifts are every evening new:

2. Thou spread' st the curtains of the night,
   Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
   Thy sovereign word restores the light,
   And quickens all my drowsy powers.

   yield my powers to thy command!
   To thee I consecrate my days.
   Exsultal blessings, from the heart;
   A hand perpetual songs of praise.
HERE IS NO REST.

1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest; Yet I am blest; (Omit - - - )
   Here as a pilgrim I wander a-lone, (Omit - - - ) There, there is rest.
   My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, (Omit - - - )

2. Here are afflictions and trials severe,
   Here is no rest;
   Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
   Yet I am blest.
   Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
   Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,
   They have been called to receive their reward.
   There, there is rest.

3. This world of care is a wilderness state.
   Here is no rest;
   Here must I bear from the world all its hate,
   Yet I am blest.
   Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
   Soon shall the weary for ever be blest,
   Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast—
   There, there is rest.
THE PLEASANT SABBATH BELLS.

1. The Sabbath bells are ringing, ringing, The Sabbath bells are ringing. Then haste without delay To join in prayer and singing, Singing, singing. To join in prayer and singing. Oh children, come a-way.

2. The hour of pleasant meeting. Meeting, meeting. The hour of pleasant meeting. We'll all be ready there; Teachers and scholars greeting. Greeting, greeting. Teachers and scholars greeting. To join in praise and prayer.


CHORUS.

The bells, the Sabbath bells are ringing, ringing. They call to prayer and to singing. singing. The pleasant Sabbath bells. Their joyful ringing tells that the hour for Sabbath School has come.
1. Sweetly sing, sweetly sing, Praises to our heavenly King; Let us raise,
2. Angels bright, angels bright, Robed in garments pure and white, Chant his praise,

let us raise High our notes of praise; Praise to Him whose name is Love,
chant his praise, In melodious lays; But from that bright, happy throng,

Praise to Him who reigns above; Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thankful tongues,
Ne'er can come this sweetest song—Redeeming love, redeeming love, Brought us here above.

8. Far away, far away,
We in sin's dark valley lay,
Jesus came, Jesus came,
Blessed be his name!
He redeemed us by his grace,
Then prepared in heaven a place
To receive—to receive
All who will believe.

4. Now we know—now we know
We to heaven must shortly go;
Soon the call—soon the call
Comes to one and all.
Saviour! when our time shall come,
Take us to our heavenly home,
There we'll raise notes of praise,
Through unending days.
HYMN TO THE TUNE "SWEETLY SING."  
TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL

EARLY rise, early rise,
As the Sabbath school you prize;
Haste away, haste away,
'Tis the Sabbath day.
We must neither work nor play;
Nor from Sabbath school must stay;
This the rule, this the rule,
Go to Sabbath school.

2. Sabbath school, Sabbath school,
How I love the Sabbath school!
Let us go, let us go,
Wiser still to grow.
Here we read, and sing, and pray,
Talk of heaven, and learn the way;
Hie away, hie away,
On this holy day.

3. Children here, children here,
Come to learn, obey, and fear;
Fear the Lord, fear the Lord,
Read his holy word.
Thus shall love and filial fear
Mingle with devotion here,
Pressing on, pressing on,
Youth will soon be gone.

4. We, in youth, we, in youth,
Will obey and love the truth;
Walk therein, walk therein,
Turning from all sin.
Then, when age and death come on,
We may safely lean upon
Jesus' breast, Jesus' breast,
Die, and be at rest.

STATE STREET. S. M.  
J. C. Woodman.

1. How sweet the melting lay That breaks upon the ear, When, at the hour of rising day Christians unite in prayer.

2. The breezes waft their cries,
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their bursting sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3. So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light;
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
1. Come, come, sing to the Saviour, Love, love beams from his eye; Haste, then, share in his favor.

2. Praise, praise, yield him with gladness, Earth, earth, banish thy gloom; Where, death, where is thy sadness?

Worship the Saviour on high. Worship the Saviour, Worship the Saviour, Worship the Saviour on high. Jesus returns from the tomb, Jesus returns, Jesus returns, Jesus returns from the tomb.

3. Rise, rise, free from thy mourning. Light, light, spreads from the sky, See, see, bright the day dawning, Jesus is risen on high; Jesus is risen. Jesus is risen on high.

4. Hail, hail, children adore him, Here, here, anthems should ring, There, there, dwelling before him, Loudest hosannas we'll sing; Loudest hosannas. Loudest hosannas we'll sing.
1. Children, do you love each other? Are you always kind and true?
   D. C. Not to give offense by actions, Or by any thing you say!

2. Little children, love each other—
   Never give another pain;
   If your brother speak in anger,
   Answer not in wrath again.

Do not selfish to each other;
   Never spoil another’s rest;
   Strive to make each other happy,
   And you will yourselves be blest.
I WILL BE GOOD, DEAR MOTHER.

1. "I will be good, dear mother," I heard a sweet child say; "I
2. And when night came, that little one, In kneeling down to pray, Said,
3. Jesus can help us to be good—To Him we'll humbly pray; His

will be good—now watch me—I will be good all day." She lifted up her
in a soft and whisph'ring tone, "Have I been good today?" O many, many
grace alone can make us good, And keep us good all day. He'll help us hate all

bright young eyes With a soft and pleasing smile, Then a mother's kiss was
Litter tears 'Twould save us did we say, Like that dear child, with
evil thoughts, All sinful words and ways; And in his service

* May be sung as a Song, with Chorus.
I WILL BE GOOD, DEAR MOTHER. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.

on her lip, So pure and free from guile. "I will be good, I will be good, I
earnest heart, "I will be good to-day." "I will be good, I will be good, I
take delight Thro' all our earthly days. "I will be good, I will be good, I

will be good to-day, I will be good, I will be good, I will be good to-day."

ALEXANDER. C. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury

1. There is a time, we know not when, A point, we know not where, That marks the destiny of men, To glory or despair.

2. There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

8. How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?
THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

Words by Wm. Hunter, D.D.  
Music by W. B. B.

1. We are joyously voyaging o'er the main, Bound for the ever-green shore, Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain, And never see death any more.

2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Under our Saviour's command; And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave; For Jesus will bring us to land.

Then let the hurricane roar, It will the sooner be o'er; We will roar,
THE EVERGREEN SHORE. (Concluded.)

Meath—or tho blast, and will laud at last, Safe on the evergreen shore.

5. Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave,
   Fearfully overhead break;
   There is one by our side that can comfort and save;
   There's one who will never forsake.—Chorus.

6. Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,
   Sink to be seen never more;
   He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,
   Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.—Chorus.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

1. Once more, my soul! the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him who rules the skies.

2. Night unto night his name repeats,
   The day renew the sound;
   Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,
   To turn the seasons round.

3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
   My tongue shall speak his praise;
   My sins would raise his wrath to flame,
   And yet his wrath delays.
THE BETTER LAND.

"BUT NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS AN HEAVENLY."—Paul.

CHORUS.

17—One to each

Boys, Whither, pilgrims, are you going, Going each with staff in hand?"

Girls We are going on a journey, Going at our King's command. Over hills, and plains, and

Boys Fear ye not the way so lonely, You, a little, feeble hand?"

Girls No, for friends, unseen, are near us, Holy angels round us stand. Christ, our leader, walks be-

valleys. We are going to his palace. We are going to his palace, Going

side us, He will guard and He will guide us, He will guard and He will guide us, Guide us


to the better land; We are going to his palace. Going to the better land.

to that better land; He will guard and He will guide us. Guide us to that better land.
3. **Boys.** Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
   In that far-off, better land!
   **Girls.** Spotless robes and crowns of glory
   From a Saviour's loving hand.
   **All.** We shall drink of life's clear river,
   We shall dwell with God for ever,
   In that bright, that better land.

4. **Boys.** Pilgrims, may we travel with you
   To that bright and better land?
   **Girls.** Come and welcome, come and welcome,
   Welcome to our pilgrim band.
   **All.** Come, oh come, and do not leave us,
   Christ is waiting to receive us,
   In that bright, that better land.

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**THE GOOD SHEPHERD.**

"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."—Jesus.

Words by Kate Cameron.

**Girls.** Oh, come to the good Shepherd, And rest within his fold; He'll guard you from temptation.
**Boys.** His love is all-sufficient, His grace will bear you through, He'll aid you in your duties, And teach you what to do.

**CHORUS to each Stanza.**

You're not too young, Oh come, yes, come, come, come, You're not too young.
THE GOOD SHEPHERD. (Concluded.)

not too old, To rest in the good Shepherd's fold, To rest, to rest in the good Shepherd's fold.

2. GIRLS. Oh, who would wish to wander From such a fold as this! Without is gloomy terror, Within is perfect bliss.

Boys. Though rough the path, and thorny, You will be safe from harm, From all your foes defended, By the good Shepherd's arm.

Chorus.—Then come, &c.

Girls. The world is full of trials, And sorrow comes to all; But happy those who listen To the good Shepherd's call.

Boys. For every grief that darkens, And all the tears that dim, Are sent to us in mercy, To draw us nearer him.

Chorus.—Then come, &c.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.

1. Happy the man, whose cautious feet Who hates the place where atheists meet, Shun the broad way where sinners go; And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2. He loves to employ his morning light, Among the statutes of the Lord, And spends the waking hours of night, With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3. He, like a plant by gentle streams, Shall flourish in immortal green; And heaven will shine, with kindest beams, On every work his hands begin.
AUTUMN. 8s & 7s.

1. Holy Father, thou hast taught me, I should live to thee alone; Year by year, thy hand hath brought me on thro' dangers oft unknown. When I wandered, thou hast found me; When I doubted, sent me light, Still thine arm has been around me, All my paths were in thy sight.

2. In the world will foes assail me, Craftier, stronger far than I; And the strife may never fail me, Well I know before I die. Therefore, Lord, I come, believing; Thou canst give the power I need; Thro' the prayer of faith receiving Strength—the soul's strength, indeed.

3. I would trust in thy protecting, Wholly rest upon thine arm; Follow wholly thy directing, Thou, mine only guard from harm! Keep me from mine own undoing, Help me turn to thee when tried, Still my footsteps, Father, viewing, Keep me ever at thy side.
WE'LL STAND FOR THE RIGHT, or LIFE'S BATTLE.  *

Words by Mrs. J. W. Simson.*

1. This life is a battle with Satan and sin, And we are the soldiers the victory to win: And Christ is the Captain of our little band, Whatever opposes for him we shall stand.

2. To God, for our armor, we'll fail not to go. He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too; The "Gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend, The good "shield of faith" from all harm shall defend.

3. Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword, Tho' wily our foes, we're "strong in the Lord," While watching and praying our armor keeps bright, Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.

Chorus.—We will stand, &c.

4. Tho' little temptations (the worst ones of all) Will often beset us, to make us to fall; We'll "stand up for Jesus," and, when life is o'er, For us He'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.

Chorus.—We will stand, &c.

* From "Sabbath Chimes."
1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our distant home discerning; Our absent Lord has
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing; That perfect rest nought
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sever, Our King says, come, and

as they fly! Those hours of toil and danger, For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our
left us word, Let every lamp be burning— For oh! &c.
can molest, Where golden harps are ringing, For oh! &c.
there's our home, For ever, oh! for ever! For oh! &c.

friends are passing over, And just before, the shining shore we may almost discover.
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, di - vine a - bode, (Our treas - ures are in heaven;) The cit - y of the
2. The splen - dors of e - ter - nal morn, (Our treas - ures are in heaven;) Thy lof - ty walls and

FULL CHORUS.

liv - ing God, (Our treas - ures are in heaven.) O Je - ru - sa - lem! bright home a -
towers a - dorn, (Our treas - ures are in heaven.) O Jerusalem, &c.

- bove, When shall we leave this world of care, And with the saints thy glories share, The home of love.

* Or, the choir may sing the first part, and the children respond "Our treasures, &c." Or Sabbath schools
and infant classes may sing it in like manner.
8. There angel forms in fadeless youth,
   (Our treasures are in heaven—)
   Obey the God of love and truth,
   (Our treasures are in heaven.)
   \textit{Chorus.}—O, Jerusalem, \&c.

4. There saints, in life's fair book enrolled,
   (Our treasures are in heaven—)
   Walk joyous through the streets of gold,
   (Our treasures are in heaven)
   \textit{Chorus.}—O, Jerusalem, \&c.

5. There white-robed throngs, with waving palms,
   (Our treasures are in heaven—)
   Triumphant chant their holy psalms,
   (Our treasures are in heaven)
   \textit{Chorus.}—O, Jerusalem, \&c.

6. And roll the anthem of their joy.
   (Our treasures are in heaven—)
   Like mighty thunders through the sky,
   (Our treasures are in heaven.)
   \textit{Chorus.}—O, Jerusalem, \&c.

7. Our palace there already waits,
   (Our treasures are in heaven—)
   Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
   (Our treasures are in heaven.)
   \textit{Chorus.}—O, Jerusalem, \&c.

8. We come through Jesus' blood to claim,
   (Our treasures are in heaven—)
   Our mansions in Jerusalem,
   (Our treasures are in heaven)
   \textit{Chorus.}—O, Jerusalem, \&c.

\textbf{CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.}

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
   No: there's a cross for every one,  
   And all the world go free?  
   And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above,  
   Who once went sorrowing here;  
   But now they taste unmingled love,  
   And joy without a tear.

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
   Till death shall set me free,  
   And then at home my crown to wear—  
   For there's a crown for me.
1. Joy to the sons of men on this bright Christmas morn! List to the welcome words again That
2. Joy to earth's sorrowing child on this calm, peaceful morn! The holy, harmless, un-der-neath, Can
3. Joy to the sick and poor, "Blessed are they that mourn;" If they sub-mis-sive-ly endure, And
4. Love, joy, good-will, and peace, Since that first Christmas morn, Have come to earth, and ne'er shall cease. To

charm our waiting hearts, as when The shep-lards heard with glad a-maze Th' an-nounce-ment of an-
Good, his breast with comfort mild; The hymn that floats a-long the air Shall find an an-swes
trust his ho-ly prom-ise sure; He com-es all sor-row to re-leave, To com-fort all who
Him who purchased our release. Our hearts, redeemed from death, we'll bring, And humbly, grate-ful

Girls.

All.

- pel - le says, "A Saviour Christ is born, A Saviour Christ is born, A Saviour Christ is born."
echoing there— "The Saviour Christ is born, T.e Saviour Christ is born, The Saviour Christ is born."
will believe— "The Saviour Christ is born, The Saviour Christ is born, The Saviour Christ is born."
- ly we'll sing, "The Saviour Christ is born, The Saviour Christ is born, The Saviour Christ is born."
THE GOLDEN SHORE; Or, A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

Girls. We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide.
Boys. We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide. All the storms will soon be over.

Girls. Millions now are safely landed, Over on the golden shore.
Boys. Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more. All the storms will soon be over.

Chorus. Ours.

Then we'll anchor in the harbor; We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

2. Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
   Gently waft our vessel on;
   All on board are sweetly singing—
   Free salvation is the song.—Cho.

3. When we all are safely anchored,
   We will shout—our trials o'er.
   We will walk about the city,
   And we'll sing for evermore.—Cho.
A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. Song and Chorus.

The following interesting incident has given rise to the beautiful song, "A Light in the Window."

A boy, at the age of twelve years, worked out by the day to support a widowed mother, carrying home his earnings at night. "One night," he says, "it being very dark and muddy, and having three miles to travel, and a heavy bundle to carry, I did not reach home until late; my mother, feeble and weak, had retired, but she quickly awoke when she heard my voice, and said, "Do you at the door, with a warm kiss, and warmer tears, and a "Good night, my dear boy." As she received my bundle, she exclaimed, "After this, my son, I'll set a light in the window for you;" and, true to her word, the bright light in the window appeared, and Oh! how it cheered my heart ever after for years. Heart failing me, I left home, (after my brothers could help mother), and went to sea. When three years from home, and on the Pacific Ocean, my mother died; but just before she expired, she said to those around her, 'O give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy. Tell him I have gone to Heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him.'"

SOLO, or a few voices.

1. There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a light in the window for thee;
2. There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, When from toil and from care you are free.

A dear one has moved to the mansions above, There's a light in the window for thee.
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home, With a light in the window for thee.
A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.

A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee;

3.
O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
Chorus. A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

4.
Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.
Chorus. A mansion in heaven we see &c.
THE HAPPY HOME.

1. I am bound for the land of the living, O hinder me not on my way;
   The flowers that bloom in my pathway Breathe o- dors that waft me right on;
2. I am weary from this land of the dying; Decay is enstamped everywhere;
   The joy-rays of life are remembered Like sleep-thoughts that float thro' the brain,

The sunlight is bright'ning before me That heralds e-ter-ni ty's day,
They lure me no longer to tur-ry, But welcome earth's time to be gone,
Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleet-ing— My soul has grown weak with its care.
The flesh and the spirit are weaving; Each striving the mastery to gain.

REFRAIN. Joyfully.

There's a happy home beyond this world of care; A home above, where
THE HAPPY HOME. (Concluded.)

all is love, And the good shall all meet there; A home above, where

Coda for Last Stanza.

all is love, And the good shall all meet there. Shall all meet there, shall all meet there,

3. I am waiting the summons that bids me
   No longer a pilgrim to roam,
   But, leaving the past in this death-land,
   Make the land of the living my home.
   The messenger-angel stands waiting,
   The signal to whisper to me,
   That the place is prepared for my dwelling,
   And the Master is calling for me.

4. The land of the living is yonder;
   There life to its fullness has grown;
   There sin, and temptation, and sorrow,
   And sickness, and death are unknown.
   There the songs of redemption are chanted,
   By a holy, harmonious band;
   O, when shall I leave this cloy casket,
   And fly to my home in that land?
JERUSALEM! MY HAPPY HOME.

1. J e r u - s a - le m! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me; When shall my la - bors
   ?. There happier lowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know; Biest seats, thro' rude and

REFRAIN.

   have an end In joy, and peace, and theel! Ca - naan dear, O Ca - naan dear,
   storm - y seas I on - ward press to you.

   Happy, hap - py land, Thy name we love, all names a - bove, Ca - naan, bless - ed Ca - naan,

3. Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
   Or feel at death dismay?
   I've Caana's goodly land in view,
   And realms of endless day.—Refrain.

4. Jerusalem! my happy home!
   My soul still pants for thee:
   Thee shall my labor's have an end,
   When I thy joys shall see.—Refrain.
27 - Two to the Measure.

ANGELS ARE HOVERING ROUND.

REFRAIN.

1. Angels are hovering round, Hovering round, hovering round, Angels are hovering round—Then

Christian, ne-er fear. Cheer up, then, pil-grim, never-more de-spair; For Jesus sends his

For Jesus sends

ang-el, And he is ev-er near, For Jesus sends his an-gel, And he is ev-er near.

For Jesus sends

2. Spirits blest are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round;
Spirits blest are hovering round,
Then Christian, never fear.—Refrain.

3. Dear friends are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round;
Dear friends are hovering round,
Then Christian, never fear.—Refrain
1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care, In thy pleasant pastures.

2. We are thine, do thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep thy flock, from sin do

feed us, For our use thy folds prepare. Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast

-thend us, Seek us when we go a-stray, Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear young

bought us, thine we are; Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

children when they pray, Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear young children when they pray.

3. Thou hast promised to receive us,

Poor and sinful though we be;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Blessed Jesus,

early turn to thee.

4. Early let us seek thy favor,

Early let us do thy will; 

Blessed Lord and only Saviour,

With thy love our bosoms fill.

Blessed Jesus,

Thou hast loved us, love us still.
36—Two to each Measure.

JESUS, BLESSED JESUS.—Responsive Chorus.

Response by Scholars.

Teachers.

1. Who was in a manger laid? Je-sus, blessed Jesus.
   Who up Calva-ry was led?

2. Who for money was betrayed? Je-sus, blessed Jesus.
   Who a-lone can do us good,

Who for us his life-blood shed? Jesus Christ, creation's head, Jesus, blessed Jesus.
When we're tossed on Jordan's flood? Jesus Christ, our risen Lord, Jesus, blessed Jesus.

3. Teach.—Who can rob the grave of gloom?
   Who can raise us from the tomb?
   When before the Judge we wait,
   Who will open heaven's gate?

Teach.—Who will give us sweetest rest?
Schol.—Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

4. Teach.—Who in heaven shall we love best?
   At his feet our crowns we'll fling,
   While with rapturous songs we sing,

Schol.—Jesus Christ, our Advocate;
      Jesus Christ, our Saviour King.

All.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
HAIL, HAIL THIS HAPPY DAY.

1. When the Sabbath bell is ring- ing, Let us come without do- ly: And un- ite with

CHORUS.

thou-sands ring- ing, In their Sun-day-schools to- day. Hail, hail, this hap- py day,

Hail, hail this hap- py day, Hail this day, hail this day, Hail this happy day.

Yes, hail this day,

2. These are happy hours of meeting,
   When we hear the voice of prayer;
   But these hours are short and fleeting;
   Let us then be early there.—Chorus.

3. We shall keep our teachers waiting,
   If we tarry by the way;
   Or disturb the school reciting,
   On this holy Sabbath day.—Chorus.

4. Here the blessed gospel shows us
   All its precious stores of truth;
   And the Holy Spirit woo us
   From transgression in our youth.—Chorus.

5. When the Sabbath bell is ringing,
   Let us to the school repair,
   That we may unite in singing,
   And together kneel in prayer.—Chorus.
1. When I can read my title clear
   To mansions in the skies,
   I bid farewell to every fear,
   And wipe my weeping eyes.

   *Chorus.*—I want to go, I want to go,
   I want to go where Jesus is;
   I want to go there too.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
   And hellish darts be hurled,
   Then I can smile at Satan's rage;
   And face a frowning world.

   *Chorus.*—I want to go.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
   And storms of sorrow fall—
   May I but safely reach my home,
   My God, my heaven, my all.

   *Chorus.*—I want to go.

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
   In seas of heavenly rest,
   And not a wave of trouble roll
   Across my peaceful breast.

   *Chorus.*—I want to go.

5. Far from this guilty world, to be
   Exempt from toil and strife;
   To spend eternity with thee,
   My Saviour, this is life.

   **Everlasting Life.**

1. There is a fold where none can stray,
   And pastures ever green,
   Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
   Or night, is never seen.

2. Far up the everlasting hills,
   In God's own light it lies;
   His smile its vast dimension fills
   With joy that never dies.

3. One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
   Divides that land from this;
   I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
   And bear me home to bliss.

4. Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
   In life's last struggling breath;
   But I shall only seem to die,
   I shall not taste of death.

5. Far from this guilty world, to be
   Exempt from toil and strife;
   To spend eternity with thee,
   My Saviour, this is life.

   **Christ's Love to Children.**

1. See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
   With all engaging charms;
   Hark! how he calls the tender lambs
   And folds them in his arms.

2. "Permit them to approach," he cries,
   Nor scorns their humble name;
   For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
   The Lord of angels came.

3. Oh! let us then with pleasure hear,
   And seek the Saviour's face;
   And fly with transport to receive
   The blessings of his grace.
HEAVENLY REST.

Arranged from Wighton

1. The soul on earth is doom'd to pine For rest, sweet rest; 'Tis Heaven a-lone, in
2. Life is a sad and wea-ry day- It gives no rest; In care and pain it
3. Then let us trust, 'mid good and ill, The prom-ised rest, Since tri-al here will

joy's di-vine, Can give sweet rest. There, with bright-est an-gels glow-ing,
wears a-way, And brings no rest. But earth's sor-rows have their meas-ure,
sweet-en still, Our heaven-ly rest. Joy from trou-ble we may bor-row.

Joy-ful an-thems ev-er flow-ing, Je-sus see-ing, lov-ing, knowing, Is rest, sweet rest.
End-ing in e-ter-nal plea-sure, When in heaven we find the treasure Of rest, sweet rest.
Pleas-ure from our hours of sor-row, While we wait the dawning morrow Of heav'n's sweet rest.
WHEN, ON THE SABBATH MORN.

30. — Two to each Measure.

First time, 1st Semi-Chorus. Second time, 2d ditto, repeating the same words.

1. When, on the Sabbath morn, We leave our home, We leave our home, Then to the Sunday school We

2. Our hearts, each morning bright, With pleasures thrill, With pleasures thrill, But Sabbath morning light Is

3. Soon, soon these precious days Will all be gone, Will all be gone, Soon, soon our earthly work Will

love to come, We love to come. We love to sing, we love to pray, We love this bless-ed

sweet-er still, Is sweet-er still. Tis then we hear God's ho-ly word, And learn to fear and

all be done, Will all be done. O then that we in heaven might meet, And cast our crowns at

Sab-bath day, We love this bless-ed Sab-bath day. Yes, from our own dear home We

love the Lord, And learn to fear and love the Lord. O yes, we love this day, This

Je-sus' feet, And cast our crowns at Je-sus' feet. Yes, yes, in heaven a bove, The
WHEN. ON THE SABBATH MORN. (Concluded)

haste a-way, We haste a-way, Here, In our Sun-day school We love to stay, We love to stay.
o-ho-ly day, This hap-py day, And in our Sun-day school We love to stay, We love to stay.
g-anges sing, The saints all sing, They sing of Je-sus’ love, Their heavenly King, Their heavenly King.

20.—Two to each Measure.  LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

A Lesson from the Cowslip, the Dew-drop, and the Zephyr.

1. Suppose the lit-tle cows-lip Should hang its golden cup, And say “I’m such a ti-ny flower, I’d
2. Suppose the glist-en-ing dew drop Up-on the grass, should say “What can a lit-tle dew drop do? I’d

be-ter not grow up!” How many a wea-ry trav-eler Would miss its fra-grant smell,
be-ter roll a-way!” How many a lit-tle child would grieve To lose it from the dell.

The blade on which it rest-ed, Be-fore the day was done,
With-out a drop to moisten it, Would with-er in the sun.
LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS. (CONCLUDED.)

How many a little child would grieve To lose it, To lose it, To lose it from the dell. Without a drop to moisten it, Would wither, Would wither, Would wither in the sun.

3.
Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
In talking: ever so.

4.
How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do,
For others, by his love.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Doxology. No. 2.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Doxology. No. 3.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
1. Shall hymns of grateful love, thro' heaven's high arches ring, And all the hosts above.

2. Shall every ransomed tribe... of Adam's scattered race, To Christ all powers assemble.

FULL CHORUS. ff

-bove... Their songs of triumph sing. And shall not we take up the strain, And
scribe... Who saved them by his grace. And shall not we take up, &c.

send the echo, back again? And send the echo, send the echo.

* The echo, for a concert, should be performed by two voices at a distance from the others, or in an adjoining room. If not intended for a concert, it may be sung with good effect by a semi-chorus, or by all the girls.
3. Shall they adore the Lord,  
    Who bought them with his blood,  
    And all the love record,  
    That led them home to God.  
    Chorus. And shall not we take up, &c.

4. Then spread the joyful sound,  
    The Saviour's love proclaim,  
    And publish all around,  
    Salvation through his name.  
    Chorus. Till all the world take up, &c.

Maestoso.

AMERICA. National Hymn.  

Words by F. S. Smith.

1. My country, tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died;  
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills,  

8. Let mirth sec the trees,  
    An ring from all the trees  
    Sweet freedom's song;  
    Let mortal to thee awake;  
    Let rocks their silence break,  
    The sound prolong.
1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears: Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar Of nations in commotion Prepared for Sion's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle shower, And brighter scenes before us Are opening every hour: Each cry to heaven going Abundant answer brings, And heavenly gales are blowing With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending Before the God of love, And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude above: While sinners, now confessing, The gospel's call obey, And seek a Saviour's blessing, A nation in a day.
HYMNS TO THE TUNE "WEBB."

1. **BLEST RIVER OF SALVATION.**
   
   Pursue thy onward way;
   Flow thou to every nation,
   Nor in thy richness stay:
   Triumphant reach their home,
   Stay not till all the lowly
   Proclaim the Lord is come.

   **SABBATH MORNING HYMN.**
   
   1. The rosy light is dawning
      Upon the mountain’s brow,
      It is the Sabbath morning,
      Arise and pay thy vow.
      Lift up thy voice to heaven
      In sacred praise and prayer,
      While unto thee is given
      The light of life to share.
   
   2. The landscape, lately shrouded
      By evening’s paler ray,
      Smiles beauteous and unclouded
      Before the eye of day.
      So let our souls, benighted
      Too long in folly’s shade,
      Lord, by thy smiles be lighted
      To joys that never fade.
   
   3. O see those waters streaming
      In crystal purity,
      While earth, with verdure teeming
      Gives rapture to the eye.
      Let rivers of salvation
      In larger currents flow,
      Till every tribe and nation
      Their healing virtues know.

   **EVENING HYMN.**
   
   1. The mellow eve is gliding
      Serenely down the west:
      So every care subsiding
      My soul would sink to rest.
      The woodland hum is ringing
      The daylight’s gentle close—
      May angels, round me singing,
      Thus hymn my last repose.

   2. The evening star has lighted
      Her crystal lamp on high;
      So, when in death benighted,
      May hope illumine the sky.
      In golden splendor dawning,
      The morrow’s light shall break:
      O, on the last bright morning,
      May I in glory wake.

   **STAND UP FOR JESUS.**
   
   1. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
      Ye soldiers of the cross;
      Lift high his royal banner,
      It must not suffer loss:
      From victory unto victory
      His army shall be led,
      Till every foe is vanquished,
      And Christ is Lord indeed.
   
   2. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
      The trumpet call obey:
      Forth to the mighty conflict
      In this his glorious day:
      “Ye are the men, now serve him,”
      Against unnumbered foes;
      Your courage rise with danger,
      And strength to strength oppose.
   
   3. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
      Stand in his strength alone;
      The arm of flesh will fail you—
      Ye dare not trust your own:
      Put on the Gospel armor,
      And, watching unto prayer,
      Where duty calls or danger
      Be never wanting there.
   
   4. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
      The strife will not be long;
      This day the noise of battle,
      The next the victor’s song:
      To him that overcometh,
      A crown of life shall be:
      He with the King of glory
      Shall reign eternally.
A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR.

1. Tho' the days are dark with trouble, And thy heart is filled with fear, There is One that
2. All thy prospects will seem brighter When the shadow leaves the heart, And the steps of
3. Soon will dawn a brighter morning On a blessed, tranquil shore; Sighs will then give

sees thee ever, And will hold thee near and dear. Cheerful hearts and smiling faces
time beat lighter, When the gloomy clouds depart. Many days have dawned serenely,
place to singing, Tears to bliss forever. Thou shalt see a world of glory,

Often make thee happy here, Yet no one was e'er so happy But sometimes the clouds appear.
While the birds sang with delight, But the skies were dark and gloomy Ere the sun had reach'd its height.
And eternal joy and bliss; Let not then thy soul be moaning O'er the woes and cares of this.
A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR. (Concluded.)

1. There's a friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ever near, Never, never fear.

Repeat pp

There's a friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ever near, Never fear.

LOTTIE. S. M.

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

Coda. And bear a song away.

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

3. Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind? O seek your heavenly Father's throne, And peace and comfort find.

CODA for last stanza.

4. His goodness stands approved, Unchanged from day to day; I'll drop my burden at his feet, And bear a song away.
1. Beyond this life of hopes and fears, Beyond this world of griefs and tears, There is a region
2. Its glorious gates are closed to sin; Nought that defiles can enter in To mar its beauty
OH SAY, WILL YOU BE THERE? (CONCLUDED.)

3. No drooping form, no tearful eye,
   No hoary head, no weary sigh,
   No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow
Oh say, will you be there?

Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread:
   Oh, they shall all be there!

6. Those who have learnt at Jesus' cross
   All earthly gain to count but loss,
   So that his love they share;
Who, gazing on the Crucified,
By faith can say, "For me he died;"
   Oh, they shall all be there!

7. Will you be there? You shall, you must
   If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
   Who did that place prepare.
Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!
I am the way—I'll lead you home—
   With me, you shall be there!"

SEMA. L. M.           Wm. B. Bracebury.

1. With broken heart and contrite sigh,
   A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
   O God, be merciful to me!
   Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;

2. I smite upon my troubled breast,
   With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
   Christ and his cross my only plea;
   O God, be merciful to me!

8. Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
   Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
   But thou dost all my anguish see;
   O God, be merciful to me!
O, WHO'S LIKE JESUS?

25—Two to each Measure.  
May be sung as Solo, Quartette, or Semi-Chorus.*

CHORUS.†

1. Who came from heaven to ransom me? Jesus, who died upon the tree.

SOLO or QUARTET.  

CHORUS.

Why did he come from heaven above? He came because his name was "Love." O, who's like

Je-sus, who died on the tree, He died for you, he died for me, He

* By Choir or School.
† For Children.
O, WHO'S LIKE JESUS. (Concluded.)

2. And did he die—the Son of God?
   Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.
   Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?
   That we from evil might be freed.—Cho.

3. When he had died, what happened then?
   On the third day he rose again.
   Where did he go when he had risen?
   He went to God's right hand in heaven.—Cho.

4. Where is he now? Is he still there?
   Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.
   What does he pray for, and for whom?
   He prays that we to him might come.—Cho.

5. Should we not come? Should we not come?
   Oh! yes, Christ is the sinner's home;
   Christ is the weary sinner's home—
   Oh, let us come! oh, let us come!—Cho.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

Gently.

1. Soft be the gently breathing notes, That sing the Saviour's dying love; Soft as the evening zephyr floats, And soft as tuneful lyres above.

2. Soft as the morning dews descend,
   While warbling birds exulting soar;
   So soft to our almighty Friend
   Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

3. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
   That scatters life and joy abroad;
   Pure as the lucid orb of day,
   That wide proclaims its Maker, God.
1. The children are gathering from near and from far, the trumpet is sounding the
    call for the war, The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, We'll
call for the war, The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, We'll

2. The foe is before us in battle array, But let us not waver nor
    turn from the way, The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song, With
    turn from the way, The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song, With

CHORUS. ff
    gird on our armor, and be marching a-long. Marching a-long, we are
gird on our armor, and be marching a-long. Marching a-long, we are

-ff-ff-ff
3. We've listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.

*Chorus.*—Marching along, &c.

4. Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin.
But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along.

*Chorus.*—Marching along, &c.
THE ANGEL'S SONG.

Solo, Trio, or Semi-Chorus.

1. There's a song the angels sing, And its notes with rapture ring, Round the throne whose radiance fills the heavens above. Shepherds heard the distant strain, Watching on Judea's plain, "Glory be to God, Glory be to God,
THE ANGEL'S SONG. (Conclud.)

FULL CHORUS.

Glo-ry be to God, to men be peace and love." Thro' the earth and thro' the sky, Let the

Repeat pp.*

anthem ev-er fly, "Glory be to God a-gain, Peace on earth, good will to men."

2. 'Tis a song for children too;
   To the Saviour 't is their due;
   Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
   Join with angels in their song,
   And the heavenly strain prolong,
   "Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."
   Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

3. Soon around that throne may we
   With those happy angels be,
   Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall cease:
   Mingling love with loftiest praise,
   Still the chorus there we'll raise,
   "Glory be to God, to men good will and peace."
   Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

* For a Concert, a good effect will be produced by having a choir, out of sight, sing the repetition as a response

* For a Concert, a good effect will be produced by having a choir, out of sight, sing the repetition as a response
1. Come, little soldiers, join in our band, March for the kingdom, our promised land,
2. Hark to the voices, bidding us come! Angels, rejoicing, welcome us home;
3. Soon we shall never know sorrow more, But, blest for ever, God's love shall share;

Fearless of danger, onward we roam, Jesus our leader is, soon we'll be home.
No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress, Come, little pilgrim band, there we shall rest.
Soon we shall see him in his blest home, Ever still praising him, ages to come.

CHORUS by smaller Scholars.

We're a little pilgrim band, Guided by a Saviour's hand, Soon we'll reach our fatherland, No more to roam.
LONG-LOVED ZION.

CHORUS to each Stanzas.

1. Where Babel’s drooping willows stood, Far from long-loved Zion, We’re thronging home,
   We hung our harps, in silent mood, Far from long-loved Zion.

2. Great things the Lord has done for us, Far from long-loved Zion, We’re thronging home, we’re, &c.
   Our toilsome race is near-ly run, Far from long-loved Zion, We’re thronging home, we’re, &c.

3. As streams their mighty torrents pour,
   Far from long-loved Zion;
   So turn our hearts to thee once more,
   Home to long-loved Zion.
   We’re thronging home, &c.

4. With faces turned for Zion’s hill,
   Home to long-loved Zion;
   Our harps and hearts with rapture thrill,
   Home to long-loved Zion.
   We’re thronging home, &c.

5. We soon shall reach our Father’s land,
   Home in long-loved Zion;
   Our feet within thy gates shall stand,
   Home in long-loved Zion.
   We’re thronging home, &c.

6. Our grateful incense to the skies,
   Home in long-loved Zion;
   Mingled with holy songs shall rise,
   Home in long-loved Zion.
   We’re thronging home, &c.
1. Around the throne of God in heaven Ten thousand children stand,
   Children whose sins are all forgiven, A holy, happy band,
   Singing glory.

2. 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 glory.

3. Because the Saviour shed his blood,
   To wash away our sin;
   Both in that pure and precious flood,
   Behold them white and clean;
   Singing glory, &c.

4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
   On earth they loved his name;
   And now they see his blessed face,
   And stand before the Lamb;
   Singing glory, &c.
HYMNS TO THE TUNE “CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.”

PRAISE OF CHILDREN ACCEPTABLE.

1. Children of old hosannas sung
   To praise the Saviour's name;
   We, too, would join our infant song,
   To celebrate his fame.
   Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!

2. Chief priests and scribes were sore displeased
   That children thus should sing;
   But Jesus owned their early praise,
   And we our praises bring.
   Singing glory, &c.

3. We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
   For life, and food, and friends;
   We bless him for the Word of life,
   This choicest gift he sends.
   Singing glory, &c.

HEAVENLY BLISS.

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, glory, glory, hallelujah!

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 ways.
   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.

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, glory, glory, hallelujah

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 Spirit in our hearts,
   And this will loose our tongues;
   The love that heavenly truth imparts
   Will animate our songs.
   Singing glory, &c.
120 25—Two to each Measure. MEET ME IN HEAVEN. * V M. B. BRADBURY.

2. Ah! would you be among the blest,
Who walk the golden streets,
Or lean upon the Saviour's breast,
Or worship at his feet?
Then wander not from Jesus Christ,
Nor go the path of sin,
Until you find the gates of woe,
And there must enter in.
Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

3. Your teachers can not bear to think
Those little feet shall slide
Upon the dark and dreadful brink
Of ruin's sweeping tide.
Come to the Saviour, little ones,
And with his own dear flock,
He'll hide you when temptation comes,
Safe in the clefted rock.
Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.
I OUGHT TO LOVE MY MOTHER.

Written and arranged for the Fourth Ward Mission, under the direction of Rev. W. C. Van Meter.

1. I ought to love my mother, She loved me long ago, There is on earth no
   other That ever loved me so. When a weak babe much trial I
crying, And rock'd her babe to rest. When any thing has ailed me,
   caused her, and much care; For me no self-denial, Nor labor did she spare.
   I told my grief—Her fond love never fail'd me, In finding some relief.

2. When in my cradle lying, Or on her loving breast, She gently hush'd my

* For balance of words, see bottom of page 123.
THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

1. A beautiful land by faith I see,
   A land of rest, from sorrow free,
The

2. That beautiful land, the City of Light,
   It ne'er has known the shades of night; The

3. In vision I see its streets of gold,
   Its beautiful gates I too behold. The

4. The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
   In rapture range the plains of light; And

CHORUS.

home of the ransomed, bright, and fair,
   And beautiful angels too, are there. Will you go? Will you go?
glory of God, the light of day
   Hath driven the darkness far away. Will you go? Will you go?
river of life, the crystal sea,
   The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree. Will you go? Will you go?
in one harmonious choir they praise
   Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace. Will you go? Will you go?

May be repeated at pleasure, pp

Go to that beautiful land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful land?
Words by Geo. P. Morris, Esq.

Music by Wm. B. Bradbury

SOL0—TENOR OR SOPRANO. Mollendo.

1. A song for our banner! the watchword recall Which gave the Republic her station;
2. What God in his infinite wisdom designed, And armed with his weapon of thunder,

United we stand, divided we fall! It... made and preserves us a nation!
Not all the earth's despots and factious combined, Have the power... to conquer or sunder!

CHORUS.

The union of lakes—the union of lands, The
union of States none can sever—The union of hearts—the union of hands, And the

flag of our Union forever, forever, forever! The

union of hearts—the union of hands, And the flag of our Union forever.
HOSANNAH. Anthem.

Two Divisions of the School may sing alternately.

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Lord. Hosanna in the highest, in the highest, Hosanna in the highest, in the highest.
PILGRIM'S SONGS:
A POCKET MUSICAL COMPANION FOR PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

DESIGNED AS A SUPPLEMENT TO ANY HYMN BOOK YOU MAY USE.

Oh that loves the Gates of Zion has not felt the sweet inspiration of new hymns and tunes in our Sunday schools that is also suited to the social meetings. Melodies with a great variety of moods and tones, in which we meet with the comforts of home and society.}

WEARY.