THE CHARM
FOR
Sunday Schools
BY
P. P. BLISS.
CHICAGO:
PUBLISHED BY ROOT & CADY.
THE CHARM:
A COLLECTION OF
SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC.

BY
P. P. BLISS.

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PUBLISHED BY ROOT & CADY, 67 WASHINGTON STREET.

To "Him from whom all blessings flow,"
High praise from all above, below
Eternally be given!

Children, accept the offering,
Help me Our Savior's praise to sing;
And may these songs prepare His way—
Richly repaid am I if they
May win one soul to heaven.
THE CHARM.

MY SAVIOR'S CHARMS.

1. Charms in choral numbers, Charms in martial strain, Charms in social chorus,
2. Charms in Sanctus holy, Charms in Festal lays, Charms in Freedom's anthem,
3. Charms in harp and organ, Charms in reed and string, Charms in trumpet pealing,

CHORUS.

Charms in glad refrain. But no other charms can be Like my Savior's charms to me.
Charms in children's praise. But, &c.
Charms in every thing. But, &c.

Lovely charms, Lasting charms Are my Savior's charms to me.
CROWN HIM.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Bring a garland for His brow, Pour your incense at His feet;
   Ye who in His presence bow, Ye who stand around His seat.

CHORUS.

Crown Him, crown Him, wondrous story, Son of man yet King of glory!

Pour your incense at his feet, Ye who stand around His seat.

2. Weave for Him a diadem,
   Ye who know His mighty love;
   Gather every priceless gem
   From the world below—above.  Chorus.

3. All the Church in heaven and earth
   Cast your crowns before His throne,
   Magnify His matchless worth,
   He redeemed you—He alone.  Chorus.
TREASURE.

From The Palm.

C. M. Wyman.

Earnestly.

1. In heavenly love abiding, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-
2. Wherever he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-
3. Green pastures are before me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be

fid ing, For nothing changes here; The storm may roar without me My side me, And nothing can I lack; His wisdom ever waketh, His o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been; My hope I can not measure; My

heart may low be laid, But God is round about me, And can I be dismayed?
sight is never dim: He knows the way he taketh, And I will walk with him. path to life is free; My Savior has my treasure, And he will walk with me.
EARLY LET OUR SONGS ASCENDING.

Words by Paulina.

(Opening Chorus.)

Music by F. W. Root.

Allegretto.

1. Early, early let our songs ascending, Sweetly, sweetly with the blest notes blending, Sing we to him Who our chains can
2. Gladly, gladly on the hallowed morning, Haste we, haste we with the note of warning, Haste we to him, Author of Cre-
3. Striving, striving to be like unto him— Knowing, knowing we shall one day view him, Sing we to him, With the holy

CHORUS.

Ever, Who is blest forever, Sing to him. Ringing, ringing, All ye bells, his story, Warbling, Warbling, a-
-
tion, Prince of our Salvation, Haste to him. Ringing, etc.
an-gels, Of his dear angels, Sing to him. Ringing, ring-ing all ye bells his story, War-bling,

Earth's divinest lays, To the King of Glo-ry, Till our locks are hoary, Sing we praise, Sing we praise.
WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

Moderato.

1. When our earthly life is ended, And our earthly mission done, We shall go across the river At the setting of the sun; And in God's celestial mansions Cloth'd in garments strangely fair, We shall meet those gone before us, We shall know each other there.

2. Yes, we'll meet them in the city That is just across the strand, And our hearts shall leap with rapture, When we take them by the hand. Oh, how sweet shall be the meeting, Earthly garments they wear, We shall know the bliss of heaven, We shall know our lov'd ones there!

3. Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, When they sing across the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall go a-cross the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall go a-cross the strand.

4. Where they sing a-cross the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall go a-cross the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall know each other there. Where they sing a-cross the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall know each other there.

5. When our earthly life is ended, And our earthly mission done, We shall go across the river At the setting of the sun; And in God's celestial mansions Cloth'd in garments strangely fair, We shall meet those gone before us, We shall know each other there.

6. Yes, we'll meet them in the city That is just across the strand, And our hearts shall leap with rapture, When we take them by the hand. Oh, how sweet shall be the meeting, Earthly garments they wear, We shall know the bliss of heaven, We shall know our lov'd ones there!

7. Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, When they sing across the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall go across the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall know each other there. Where they sing a-cross the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall know each other there.

8. Where they sing a-cross the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall go a-cross the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall know each other there. Where they sing a-cross the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall know each other there.

9. When our earthly life is ended, And our earthly mission done, We shall go across the river At the setting of the sun; And in God's celestial mansions Cloth'd in garments strangely fair, We shall meet those gone before us, We shall know each other there.

10. Yes, we'll meet them in the city That is just across the strand, And our hearts shall leap with rapture, When we take them by the hand. Oh, how sweet shall be the meeting, Earthly garments they wear, We shall know the bliss of heaven, We shall know our lov'd ones there!

11. Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, When they sing across the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall go across the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall know each other there. Where they sing a-cross the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall know each other there.

12. Where they sing a-cross the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall go a-cross the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall know each other there. Where they sing a-cross the strand, Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly memories quite, We shall know each other there.
HALLOW THE SABBATH DAY.
Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

Joyfully.

1. Hail happy morning, hail holy day! Calling from earthly labors away; Sweet words of wisdom,
2. Emblem of heaven, sweet day of rest, In thy "remembrance" may we be blest. So may our songs and
3. Rest from our labors, rest from our cares; Rest in our praises, rest in our prayers; So the commandment

CHORUS

glad songs of joy, Now be our best employ. Sing once more the happy, happy song, While the
lives ever say, "Hallow the Sabbath day." Sing once more, etc.
would we obey, "Hallow the Sabbath day." Sing once more, etc.

golden moments roll along, "Come to the temple, come, come away, Hallow the Sabbath day."
1. By and by we shall know Jesus, By and by, oh, by and by; Even now he looks and sees us, Journeying toward his home on high, And he smiles upon us, saying, “By and landing. While the river murmurs by, And our friends will round us gather, By and earth-life, But of heaven’s sweet life instead. By and by we all shall gather, By and by, oh, by and by, Cares and trials you’ll be laying With your earthly garments by.” Oh

2. By and by we shall be standing, By and by, oh, by and by, At fair heaven’s shining

3. By and by! we say it gently, Looking on our peaceful dead, And we do not think of heaven Waiting for us over there.

D. C.

Chorus—By and by, oh sing it softly, Thinking not of earthly care, But the by and by of by, oh, by and by, Say ing “Welcome, for the Father Loves to have his children nigh.”

by, oh, by and by; In the life of God our Father That shall know no by and by.

D. C.
THIS IS THE VICTORY.

"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1st John, v: 4.

Vigorously.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. March to the battle-field, March on with sword and shield; March on; the

2. Stand firm against thy foes; Stand, tho' a host oppose; Stand! well our

3. Fight, tho' thy foes increase; Fight, till the dawn of peace; Fight, till the

foe shall yield To Christ our King. Onward, ye faithful band, Onward at
Leader knows Our conflicts all. "Fear not," he says to thee, "Fear not, but
war shall cease, Then shout and sing. Shout, then, triumphantly, Shout, shout the

his command; Onward, nor halting stand, But loudly sing.
valiant be, Fear not, but trust in me; The foe must fall.
victory; Shout, "Glory be to thee, O Lord, our King!"
**CHORUS.**

This is the victory, This is the victory, This is the victory, We sing by the way; This is the victory, This is the victory, And faith gains the day.
SONG OF CHRIST'S SOLDIERS.

Words by Letie Thorne.

Music by James R. Murray.

1. We're soldiers, and were marching on Thro' our Immanuel's land; With music we will pass a-long, Strike, strike then ev'ry band. We've foes to fight and we've souls to win, We've quit the field Till called to rest above. Salvation then shall our helmet be, Our crowns of life to gain; Then strike and conquer ev'ry sin, The victory attain.

2. We'll take the helmet, sword and shield, Be-girt with truth and love, We'll fight, nor ev'er breast-plate love and faith; Clad in this glorious pan-oply, We'll all fight on till death
SONG OF CHRIST’S SOLDIERS—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Glo·ry we sing to Christ our King, While we his tem·ples throng; And

“glo·ry in the high·est,” be Our ev·er·last·ing song.

THE LORD’S PRAYER.

1. Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.

2. Give us this day our daily bread, And forgive us our debts, as we for give our debtors.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the pow’r, and the glory for ever.

A·men.
ON A DARK, STORMY NIGHT, when the waves rolled like mountains, and not a star was to be seen, a boat, rocking and plunging, neared the Cleveland harbor. "Are you sure this is Cleveland?" asked the captain, seeing only one light from the lighthouse. "Quite sure, sir," replied the pilot. "Where are the lower lights?" "Gone out, sir." "Can you make the harbor?" "We must, or perish, sir!"
And with a strong hand and a brave heart, the old pilot turned the wheel. But alas, in the darkness he missed the channel, and with a crash upon the rocks the boat was shivered, and many a life lost in a watery grave. Brethren, the Master will take care of the great lighthouse: let us keep the lower lights burning!—D. L. Moody.

Earnestly.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Brightly beams Our Father's mercy From his Lighthouse evermore; But to us he gives the
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the angry billows roar; Eager eyes are watching,
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother, Some poor sailor, tempest-tost, Trying now to make the

CHORUS.

keep-ing Of the lights along the shore. Let the lower lights be burning! Send a
long-ing For the lights along the shore. Let &c.
har-bor In the darkness, may be lost. Let &c.

gleam across the wave; Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.
1. Go bury thy sorrow, The world hath its share; Go bury it deeply, Go hide it with care. Go think of it calmly, When curtained by night, Go tell it to Jesus. And all will be right.

2. Go tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief; Go tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief. Go gather the sunshine He sheds on the way; He'll lighten thy burden, Go, weary one, pray.

3. Hearts growing weary, With heavier woe. Now droop 'mid the darkness— Go comfort them, go! Go bury thy sorrow, Let others be blest; Go give them the sunshine, Tell Jesus the rest.
1. In our perfect home above, Where is only joy and love, I shall e'er with Jesus rest.
2. Ott my wandering feet now rove, From the paths of light and love, Making foolishly my choice.
3. Here his mercies I may prove, Serve Him joyfully in love, Walk in sweet obedience true.

In his love be blest! Oh, my eager soul would fly To that mansion fair on high, Freed from sin's poll.
Far from His dear voice; 'Till I, wounded, sorely, cry, 'Save me, Jesus, or I die! Take me home to
While His work I do; Then to mansions fair on high, Glad my eager soul shall fly, Borne by angels.
Inst.

Muting stains, Dwell where Jesus reigns. 'Tis a home so pure and bright, Where there never cometh be with thee, Safe from sorrow free!' 'Tis a home, &c.

bright away, To eternal day! 'Tis a home, &c.

night, And its glory shineth clear as the Savior's love. If his ice I glad o-

bey, And I close beside him stay, He will guide me safely then to that home above.

I obey..........................
1. Hail, the bless-ed Sabbath morning! Hail, this ho-ly, ho-ly day; We have heard the note of
warning—And we hastened to o bey. Clasping hands with friend and brother, Hither joy-ful-ly we
2. Lit - tle heed-ing wind and weather, Lit - tle heed-ing frost and snow, To the house of God our
3. Here we learn the precious sto-ry, Of the pure and sin - less One—He who left His Fath - er's
glo - ry, God's be-loved on - ly Son. Praise him in the dear e - van - gels, That for us to earth he

CHORUS.

come, We, who dearly love each oth - er, And this happy Sabbath home. O! we love the Sabbath
way—Sun - ny brows and kindly greetings, Bless this happy Sabbath day. O! etc.
came—Praise him as the ho - ly an-gels, Praise his ev - er blessed name. O! etc.
SABBATH MORNING—Concluded.

morn-ing—Love this ho-ly, ho-ly day, Heeding well the notes of warning, We'll a-way, a-way.

BE IN EARNEST.

P. P. B.

1. Time is earn-est, Pass-ing by; Death is earn-est, Draw-ing nigh:
2. Life is earn-est: When 'tis o'er Thou re-turn-est Nev-er more!
3. God is earn-est; Kneel and pray Ere thy sea-son Pass a-way;
4. O, be earn-est! Death is near: Thou wilt per-ish; Ling'ring here;

Sinner, wilt thou tri-fling be? Time and death ap-pear to thee.
Soon to meet e-ter-ni-ty, Wilt thou nev-er se-rious be?
Ere be set his judg-ment throne—Ven-geance rea-dy, mer-ey gone.
Sleep no lon-ger, Rise and flee; Lo, thy Sav-ior waits for thee!
THE NEW BIRTH.

Words by P. P. Bliss.

Music by T. J. Cook.

1. While the silv'ry moonbeams fall Calm-ly o'er Ju-de-a's plains, To the Lord the

ru-ler comes, Heavenly wis-dom there ob-tains. Born a-again we all must be, If the

Kingdom we would see. Born a-gain we all must be, If the Kingdom we would see.

2. Not alone by noble deeds,
Not by penance, pain or prayer;
Not alone by human creeds
Can we find an entrance there. Chorus.

3 Wondrous change! and are the fruits
Of the new life found in me?
Have I e'er been born again—
Can I e'er the Kingdom see? Chorus.
**HOLD THE FORT.**


Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Ho! my comrades, see the signal waving in the sky! Re-inforcements now appearing, Victory is nigh! "Hold the fort, for I am coming,"

2. See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on; Might-y men at round us falling, Courage almost gone: "Hold, etc.

3. See the glorious banner waving, Hear the bugle blow; In ours Leader's name we'll triumph over every foe. "Hold, etc.

4. Fierce and long the battle rages, But our Help is near; On-ward comes our Great commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer! "Hold, etc.

**CHORUS.**

Jesus signals still, Wave the answer back to heaven,—"By thy grace, we will."
NEVER GIVE UP THE RIGHT WAY.

Words and Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Never give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by; In every time of trial The blessed Lord is nigh; Tho' evil counsels darken, And selfish passions try, Never give up the right way 'Twill brighten by and by. Never give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by; For at the end is shining The Golden City's gate, And so, if sorrows darken, And selfish pleasures fly, Never give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by. Never give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by; Remember who is near thee, With hand so kind and strong: Whatever then may darken, Whatever fade and die, Never give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by. Never give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by.
NEVER GIVE UP THE RIGHT WAY—Concluded.

NEVER GIVE UP, NEVER give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by.
NEVER give up, NEVER give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by.
NEVER give up, NEVER give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by.

BLESSED AND HOLY ONE.

Words by Paulina.

Music by P. P. Bliss

1. Blessed and holy One, Gentle and lowly One, List while we pray.
2. Aid us to live to Thee, Aid us to give to Thee Life's dewy hours.
3. Lovingly home to Thee, So shall we come to Thee, When Life shall end;

Calling us nigh to Thee, Children who cry to Thee, Bless us always.
So shall we bring to Thee Hearts that will cling to Thee When the cloud lowers.
Joyously gathering Un to our Father, King, Savior and Friend.
JERUSALEM SO FAIR.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. O, Jerusalem, the golden city bright and fair; All the sanctity
2. O, Jerusalem, the golden city of the blest; Where the glory
3. O, Jerusalem, the golden city fair and bright: How thy pearl-y

fied, the purified, the glorified are there; There the Savior we shall
beams eternal on thy towers in beauty drest; Where the wick-ed cease from
gates in splendor soon will burst upon our sight; How thy golden streets will

see, And his glory we shall share, In Jerusalem so bright and fair.
troubling, the weary are at rest, In Jerusalem so bright and fair.
glow, for the Lamb is all the light, In Jerusalem so bright and fair.
O, Jerusalem, so fair! O, Jerusalem, so fair! All the sanctified, the purified, the glorified are there; There the Savior we shall see, And his glory we shall share, In Jerusalem so bright and fair, So bright and fair.
THE CHILDREN'S WELCOME.

Moderato.  
(From "Chapel Gems," by permission.)

1. "We are coming, we are coming," 'Twas a soft and sil-very tone, Float-ing
thro' the hem-lock for-ests From far Greenland's icy zone; 'Twas the voice of swarthy
child-ren of the jungle, Far off In-dia was their home; "We have heard of the An-
child-ren of New Eng-land, 'Twas a glad and heart-y strain; Shin-ing ranks of hap-py
myr-iad voi-ces blend-ing From Pa-cif-ic's gold-en strand; As the breezes of the

2. "We are coming," 'twas an echo Floating thro' At-lan-tic's foam, From the
lit-tle ones From many a hut of snow, We have heard the wondrous sto-ry, And to

3. "We are coming, we are coming, From the mountain and the glen!" 'Twas the
priad-ries Bore the joy-ous notes a-long, Lit-tle chil-dren rushing forward Swell'd it

4. "We are coming, we are coming; too, To join the glo-rious band!" 'Twas a
lilt-ed On fair Men-am's vel-vet shore, We would turn a-way from i-dols, And the
lit-tle ones Went gai-ly march-ing by, We have heard the Sav-ior's summons, And will
THE CHILDREN'S WELCOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Jesus we would go. Hail! all hail! Thrice, thrice welcome, Let the children
Holy One adore. Hail! etc.
meet them up on high. Hail! etc.
to a mighty song. Hail! etc.

come, Come receive a Savior's blessing, Come and taste a Savior's love, Come and

serve your Lord and Master, 'Till He welcome you above, To His heavenly home.
1. Beautiful star of morning, Tell how the wise

   Looked to the skies,
   Followed the star-beams' warning,

2. Beautiful star of even, Light-ing to rest,

   Tell how the blest
   Loving-ly watch from Heaven;

CHORUS.

Kneeling, where it smiled O'er Ma-ry's child.

Wait-ing—can it be One waits for me?

Beautiful stars in the dis-tant blue, Winning us

home; Bidding us come Up to the rest of the good and true; Watchers so bright, Good night, good night.
I COME, DEAR SAVIOR.

Music and Chorus by Henry Hardin.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bids't me
2. Just as I am, and waiting not, To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can
3. Just as I am, thy love unknown, Has broken every barrier down, Now to be thine—yea,

CHORUS.

come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come. I come, dear Savior, I come to thee, Thy merits a-
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come. I come, etc.
thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come. I come, etc.

lone shall be my plea, O guide and keep me within the way, That leads to ever-lasting day.
HOW GOES THE BATTLE?

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

Lively.

1. "Victory, victory!" hear the angels say, When a gentle word turns angry thoughts away; Tho' the stormy battlefield a little heart may be, room to purpose wrong; Then the holy angel bands do sadly turn away; Lord, our heavenly King! Thou hast overthrown the last—the dreaded enemy;

2. "Victory, victory!" shout the evil throng, When a little heart gives room to purpose wrong; Then the holy angel bands do sadly turn away; Lord, our heavenly King! Thou hast overthrown the last—the dreaded enemy;

3. "Victory, victory!" soon we all may sing, "Glory be to Thee, O

CHORUS.

'Tis a mighty conflict, 'tis a glorious victory. How goes the battle, then, "Victory, our victory!" the evil spirits say. How goes, etc. Thine a lone, the battle, Lord, be thine the victory." How goes, etc.
what news to-day? One side is gaining ground—one giving way! Rally for the right, oh,

battle manfully, Let the blessed angel band shout the victory. Victory,

victory, Zion shall be free, Let the blessed angel band Shout the victory.
BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

Words by PAULINA. Music by CARL BUND.

1. Be not weary in well doing, It is heaven's high command, Let our life-work stand re-

2. Be not weary in well doing, In the morn of early youth; Let the Word our hearts sub-

3. Be not weary in well doing, For in due time ye shall reap, If ye faint not, good pur-

viewing In the book at God's right hand. For the golden harps are swelling, And the

during. Sow the precious seed of truth. There's a last day of the seven, There's a

suggesting, If ye slumber not nor sleep. There's a starry crown before us, There's the

sweetest chimes are telling Of the happy spirit dwelling In the blessed morning land.
solenn hour eleven— Let it ope the gate of heaven, Of the blessed morning land.
Father's great love o'er us; Let us join the angel chorus, In the blessed morning land.
CONFESSION.

Reverentially.

From "Chapel Gems." Geo. F. Root.

1. Listen, oh, listen, our Father all holy! Humble and sorrowful, owning my sin;
2. Pitiful me now, for, my Father, no sorrow ever can be like the pain that I know
3. For thy forgiveness, the gift I am seek-ing, Nothing, oh, nothing I offer to thee!

Hear me confess in my penitence lowly, How, in my weakness, temptation came in.
When I remember that, all through to-morrow, Missing the light of thy love I may go.
Thou, to my sinful and sad spirit speaking, Giving forgiveness, giv'st all things to me.

Keep me, my Father, oh, keep me from falling!
I had not sinned, had I felt Thou wert nigh;
Speak, when the voice of the tempter is calling,
So that temptation before Thee may fly.

Thoughts of my sin much more humble shall make me
For thy forgiveness I'll love Thee the more:
So keep me humble until Thou shalt take me
Where sin and sorrow forever are o'er
BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

Words by Paulina. Music by Carl Bund.

Earnestly.

1. Be not weary in well doing, It is heaven’s high command, Let our life-work stand re-

viewing In the book at God’s right hand. For the golden harps are swelling, And the

during, Sow the precious seed of truth. There’s a last day of the seventh, There’s a

viewing If ye slumber not nor sleep. There’s a starry crown before us, There’s the

sweetest chimes are telling Of the happy spirit dwelling In the blessed morning land.

solemn hour evening Let it open the gate of heaven, Of the blessed morning land.

Father’s great love o’er us; Let us join the angel chorus, In the blessed morning land.
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1. **Listen, oh, listen, our Father all holy!** Humble and sorrowful, owning my sin;

2. **Pity me now, for, my Father, no sorrow ever can be like the pain that I know**

3. **For thy forgiveness, the gift I am seeking, Nothing, oh, nothing I offer to thee!**

Hear me confess in my penitence lowly, How, in my weakness, temptation came in.
When I remember that, all through to-morrow, Missing the light of thy love I may go.
Thou, to my sinful and sad spirit speaking, Giving forgiveness, giv'st all things to me.

Keep me, my Father, oh, keep me from falling!
I had not sinned, had I felt Thou wert nigh;
Speak, when the voice of the tempter is calling,
So that temptation before Thee may fly.

Thoughts of my sin much more humble shall make me
For thy forgiveness I'll love Thee the more:
So keep me humble until Thou shalt take me
Where sin and sorrow forever are o'er.
CHILDREN IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

Words by Paulina.

1. He called them of old to the arms of His love, And He tenderly blest them, in token That a

2. place shall be theirs in the mansions above, When the frail silver cord shall be broken;

safe from temptations, and all earth's alarms, The Shepherd would carry the lambs in His arms, The
CHILDREN IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.—Concluded.

2. He calls them to-day, to His dear earthly fold,
   And they hear him and joyfully gather—
   As they did to His arms for the blessing of old,
   To the house of the gracious All-Father:
   They toil in His service, for many or few,
   There's always a work for the children to do;
   Whose hearts choose the better part rather.

3. And so let us come to the Savior each day,
   For His blessing at morn and at even—
   For He never has turned little children away,
   And whatever we need will be given.
   Oh! trust in the love that can never grow cold,
   And follow His voice to the bright upper fold:
   To feed 'mid the lilies of heaven.

NO TIME TO PRAY.

Words furnished by O. L. Wolcott.

1. No time to pray! Oh, who so fraught with earthly care
   As not to give to humble prayer some part of day?

2. No time to pray!
   What heart so clean, so pure within,
   That needeth not some check from sin—
   Needs not to pray?

3. No time to pray!
   Must care or business' urgent call
   So press us as to take it all
   Each passing day?

4. What thought more drear
   Than that our God his face should hide,
   And say, through all life's swelling tide,
   No time to hear!
WAITING FOR THE LORD.

Music by T. J. Cook.

Paulina.

1. We may tell in early Spring Half of Autumn's story—When the birds will cease to sing,
2. He may come when least we dream That our days are numbered; When beside our lamp's pale beam

After days of glory; When the trees shall lose their dyes—When shall storms befall us—
We have idly slumbered, Trusting fondly in delay; Therefore kindly said He,

But who knoweth, 'neath the skies, When our God shall call us. Waiting while the wheels of time
"Work while it is called today—Be ye also ready." Waiting, &c.
Help. Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Help me to sing, Savior and King; Heart service only to Thee would I bring.

2. Help me to read, Thy grace I need, Lest I offend Thee in thought, word or deed.

3. Help me to pray; Guard lest I stray; Keep Thou my feet in the heavenward way.

4. Help I implore, Thee to adore; Praise would I render to Thee evermore.
1. From the tomb's short triumph free, Jesus has appeared to me; Watching in 
pointed place, I beheld his hallowed face; While my tears rolled o'er his feet, In my 
2. On the borders of despair, Jesus kneeled by me in prayer; When in joy I 
praised its fount, Christ stood glorious on the mount. To my heart the Spirit gives Witness 
ears his voice was sweet. When distrust my purpose tried, He revealed his hands and side. 
true that Jesus lives—Doubt, with your temptations, flee—Christ has proved his life to me.
GATHER THE SHEAVES IN QUICKLY.

Words and Music by I. L. Andrews.

1. Work, for the night is coming; Work while the day is bright; Gather the sheaves in quickly; Reap, for the fields are white. Gather the sheaves in quickly, Gather from the hill-side and plain; Search, too, the by-ways and hedges, Gather in the golden grain.

2. Now is the time to labor, Now's the accepted hour; Work for the soul's salvation, Pray for the Spirit's power.

3. Work, for the Master calleth; Work till the day is done; Then, with the victor's laurels, Ye shall be welcomed home.
TELL ME, GENTLE ANGELS.—Duet and Chorus.

Words by E. E. Rexford.

Music by Carl Buhix

1. Shall we sing in heav'n's bright courts together, When, for us, the cloud-less day shall 

dawn; When at last we've done with storm-y weather, And the dark-ness of the night is gone?

2. Shall I meet the dear ones gone before me. Clad in gar-ments spot-less as the 

snow? Tell me, an-gels, as you hov-er o'er me, If, in heaven, my loved ones I shall know?

3. Shall I nev-er know the cares and tri-als Crowding close-ly round my earth-ly 

way? Shall I hear the sound of gold-en vi-ols, And the harps the hap-py an-gels play?

CHORUS.

Tell, O tell me, tell me, gen-tle an-gels, For my heart so longs to know;

Tell, O tell me,
I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.—CHANT.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.
2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
3. The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, He shall serve thy soul.

My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth.
Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from ever more.

Tell, oh tell me of that golden city, Where I hope some day to go.
WHAT CAN I DO?

Words by D. March.  
Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. If you cannot cross the ocean, And the heathen lands explore, You may find the

2. If you cannot sing like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul, You can tell the

3. Let none hear you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do." While the souls of

heathen nearer, You may help them at your door; If you cannot give your thousands,

love of Jesus, You can say "He died for all," If you cannot rouse the wicked

men are dying, And the Master calls for you: Take the task he gives you gladly,

You can give the widow's mite; And the least you do for Jesus Will be precious in his sight.

With the judgment's dread alarms, You can lead the little children, To the Savior's waiting arms.

Let his work your pleasure be; Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, send me, send me."
"ONLY A LITTLE CHILD."

"For whom is the bell tolling?" I asked a man at the church door. He replied, "only a little child."

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. "Only a little child," Pause not here to weep; Scarcely on earth she smiled,... Ere she fell asleep.

2. "Only a little child," God to us had given; Pure and undesired,

3. "Only a little child," That our love possessed, That our cares beguiled, That is now at rest, Now at rest.

4. "Only a little child," Such as Jesus blessed, We were unreconciled, Only He thought best, He thought best.
COME UNTO ME.

Words by Mary A. Straub.

Music by S. W. Straub.

1. Come unto me ye weary heavy laden, Come, saith our Father, unto me and rest;
2. Learn God's commandments, love ye one another, Even as Jesus his disciples taught;
3. In paths of virtue walk ye steady forward, Drink purest pleasure from the fount of love;

Lay down your burdens, learn the precious story, How God, the Father, makes his children blest. Speak words of comfort to the sad and weary, Learn words of wisdom, purest gems of thought. Leaning in faith upon thy heavenly Father, Thus shalt thou share his blessing from above.

CHORUS.

O, come unto me, O, come unto me, O, come unto me, ye weary, heavy laden.
COME UNTO ME.—Concluded.

O, come unto me, and I will give you rest.

en, Come unto me, O, come unto me, And I will give you rest.

KNOCK, PILGRIM, KNOCK.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Knock, knock, pilgrim; knock: What though the hour be late? Within there's love and joy and light, Oh!

2. Knock, knock, children, knock: Now, in the rosy dawn, Just lay your little hearts within, Ere

3. Knock, knock, boldly knock, Ye pilgrims, one and all: For he who tends this wondrous door Hath

4. Knock, knock, quickly knock: Christ waits with open arms. Knock, and the door will open wide: There

knock and enter ere 'tis night; Christ will not bid thee wait; Knock, knock, pilgrim, knock.

they are stained with grief and sin; Oh! give them in Life's morn, Knock, knock, children, knock.

ne'er denied the old nor poor; He heeds the humblest call; Knock, knock; loudly knock.

ye may evermore abide, Secure from earth's alarms; Knock, knock; quickly knock.
WHERE HE LEADS WE WILL FOLLOW.

Not too fast.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. See the gentle Shepherd standing Where the quiet waters flow; To the pastures green incoming, Hungry, thirsty, let us go. Where he leads we will follow, Where he leads we will follow, Where he leads we will follow, Where he leads we will follow.

2. Only by the door we enter, All who enter he will save; Life abundantly be knoweth, Precious thought—of him we're known. Where he, etc.

3. Safe within the fold he leads us, He the Shepherd, we his own; And as him the Father we will follow, Where he leads we will follow, We will follow all the way.

CHORUS.
The Happy Shore.

Joyfully.


1. There is a port, so bright, so blest, On a happy, happy shore; Where weary pilgrims
   find a rest, On a happy, happy shore. The air is holy, pure and calm, On the
   though the grave, To the happy, happy shore. Death steers our bark across the tide, To the
   is the light Of that happy, happy shore. And angels on the golden strand Of the
   safe at home, On the happy, happy shore. Our classmates, teachers, will be there On the

2. 'Tween us and it a narrow wave—Oh! this happy, happy shore! The passage lieth
   hap - py, hap - py shore; He'll land us safe on Canaan's side, On the happy, happy shore.
   hap - py, hap - py shore, Will bid us welcome to that land, To the happy, happy shore.
   hap - py, hap - py shore; With them we shall the glories share Of the happy, happy shore.

3. There is a city fair and bright, On that happy, happy shore: No evening shade, God

4. When we into this port have come, On the happy, happy shore; We'll meet the dear ones
WAITING AT THE WELL.

Words by Paulina.

1. Little thought Samaria's daughter, On that never forgotten day,
   That the tender Shepherd sought her, As a sheep astray;

2. 'Neath the stately palm tree swaying, Listened she to words of truth,
   While each thought was backward straying, O'er her wasted youth. Hast'ning homeward

3. Yet salvation's well is flowing, And the Savior listens there-
   Ev'ry want and care foreknowing, To our humble prayer. By his gracious

longed to win her—Knowing more than she could tell, Of the wretchedness within her,
with desire... All His wondrous speech to tell, Asked she, "Is not the Messiah

smile of favor, While our hearts with rapture swell, Well we know it is the Savior,
WAITING AT THE WELL.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Waiting at the well. Hear, O hear! the wondrous story, Let the winds and
waters tell—'Tis the Christ, the King of Glory, Waiting at the well.

Luke ii; 8. GOOD WILL.—CHANT.

P. P. Bliss.

1. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, Keeping watch over their flock by night.
2. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, And they were sore afraid.
3. And the angel said unto them, Fear not:
   For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy,
   Which shall be to all people.
4. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David;
   A Savior, which is Christ the Lord.
5. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,
   Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.
1. There is never a sorrow, a sigh, or a sin, In the city that lies before us; And the ransomed and blest, as they enter in, Will join in the heavenly wonder; As we roam thro' the shadowy vale below, The mystical, starry vault slumber; But we know of a shadowless world of bloom, And love that our sorrows shall

2. We may dream of that home till our eyes overflow In a rapture of love and number; But we dream in our weakness, we may not tell Of the real, our fancies scorn ing; number; And we know we shall go to that realm of light, When the Reaper shall bring us warning,

3. We may weep as we bend o'er the cold, darksome tomb, And a dear one in dreamless chorus. They will sing of the wonders of love and grace—Of a smile, as the sun adorn ing; under; But we dream in our weakness, we may not tell Of the real, our fancies scorn ing;
And shall look on the Blessed One face to face, Who reigns in the Land of the Morning.
Of the joy that awaits us, who come to dwell At last in the Land of the Morning.
And there never is hunger, or cold or night In that beautiful Land of the Morning.

CHORUS.

O, the beautiful Land, on the other strand, With never a woe or a warning; Where the

blessed shall come, when we all go home To the beautiful Land of the Morning.
KNOCKING, KNOCKING, WHO IS THERE?

With feeling.                              Words adapted from a poem by Mrs. Stowe.  Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair! 'Tis a pilgrim strange and king-ly,

Never such was seen before. Ah! my soul, for such a wonder, Wilt thou not undo the door?

2. Knocking, knocking, still he's there, Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair; But the door is hard to open, For the weeds and ivy-vine, With their dark and clinging tendrils, Ever round the hinges twine.

3. Knocking, knocking—what! still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair; Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh, And beneath the crowned hair Beam the patient eyes, so tender, Of thy Savior, waiting there.
1. The heart to a garden compare, Let culture be thorough indeed; Plant naught but the
2. Be thorough in culture, be true; Slack not while a weed there remains; The soil needs the
3. Be constant—remember "in tears," Then promise of reaping is given; Toil on yet a

CHORUS.

beautiful there, The choicest and purest of seed. So early and earnest begin; All
light and the dew, The heart needs the sunshine and rains. So early, etc.

few fleeting years, Then sing of the harvest in heaven. So early, etc.

holy endeavor employ; Or soon will the briers of sin, The seed of the spirit destroy.
HOME.

Words by E. E. Rexford.
Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Let us sing as we journey along day by day, As we tread slowly on in our heavenward way;
2. When we pause by the wayside, all weary and faint, And we'd sit down discouraged and full of complaint,
3. As the wanderer sings in some far away land, Of his own sweet, sweet home, in a beautiful strand,

Let us sing of the rest that awaiteth our feet, When we pass the white gates to the beautiful street.
Oh! sing, and the weari-some care will be fled, As we sing of the rest that is waiting a-head.
So we sing as we journey afar from our God, Of the home that is ours, where the angels have trod.

CHORUS.

Let us sing, let us sing, as on earth here we roam, Of the welcome that waits us in home, sweet, sweet home.
THE MASTER HATH NEED OF THE REAPERS.

Words and Music by James R. Murray.

Earnestly

1. The Master hath need of the reapers, He calleth for you and for me, O haste while the winds of the
2. The Master hath need of the reapers, And, Idler, he calleth for thee, Come out from the mansions of
3. Soon shadows of night will be falling, The mists and the dews and the rain; O what is the world and its

CHORUS.

morning Are blowing so freshly and free. The Master hath need of the reapers to-day, Come forth from the
pleasure, From halls where the careless may be. The Master, etc.
follies, To the mould and the rust of the grain. The Master, etc.

hill-top and plain, The fields are all whitening, the harvest is near, And golden and full is the grain.
The hill-top and plain.
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Words by Paulina.

Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Look on the bright side—Keep it in view, Hope is a shield tried, Ready for you;
2. Look on the bright side—Always you may, There is a sure guide; Pointing the way;
3. Look on the bright side, Fret not nor sigh, Tho' in this world wide Things get away.

Hope gives a brave heart—Hoping the clouds part—Hope where-so-e'er thou art, Watch and be true.
There is a blue sky—There is a morn nigh—We'll see them by-and-by—Wait for the day.
Braving the firm blast, Work while the storms last; Work, they will soon be past; God rules on high.

CHORUS.
Look, look,
on the bright side, on the bright side, Look on the bright side, Keep it in view.
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Concluded.

on the bright side, on the bright side,

Look, Look, Look on the bright side, Keep it in view.

BLISS. S. M.

Words by Horatio Bonar. Music by Israel Brundage.

1. Make haste, O man, to live, For thou so soon must die! Time
2. Make haste, O man, to do Whatever must be done; Thou
3. Up, then, with speed, and work; Fling ease and self a-way; This

hurries past thee like the breeze; How swift its moments fly!
hast no time to live in sloth, Thy day will soon be gone.
is no time for thee to sleep; Up, watch, and work and pray.
1. Since life's long journey's just begun, Our road so little trod, We'll come before we
2. And lest we should be ever led Thro' sinful paths to stray, We would at once be-
3. What sorrows may our steps attend, We never can foretell; But if the Lord will

Further run, And give ourselves to God. We'll come, we'll come, Just

gin to tread In wisdom's pleasant way. We'll come, etc.
be our friend, We know that all is well. We'll come, etc.

start - ing on the road, We'll come, We'll come, And give our hearts to God.
WONDROUS LOVE.

With feeling.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Behold the love of God, wondrous love, wondrous love, On sinful man be-
2. His love is full and free, wondrous love, wondrous love, 'Tis of-fered you and

CHORUS.

stowed. wondrous love. Here-in, here-in is love; The Fa-ther from a-
me; wondrous love. Here-in, &c.

3. No merit of our own: wondrous love, wondrous love. 4. He offers life to-day: wondrous love, wondrous love. He saves by grace alone; wondrous love.

Accept it while ye may; wondrous love.

Chorus.
1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the
2. Should my tears forever flow, Should my zeal no languor know, This for
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eye lids close in death, When I

Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed, Be of
sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone: In my
rise to worlds unknown, And behold thee on thy throne—Rock of

Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed,
ROCK OF AGES.—Concluded.

Be of sin the double cure—
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

 Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Be of sin the double cure—
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

Be of sin the double cure—
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
COME TO THE SAVIOR.

Earnestly.

Words and Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Come to the Savior, make no delay; Here in His word He's shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing today. Tenderly saying, "Come!" Joyful, joyful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free: And we shall gather, Savior, with thee, In our eternal home.

2. "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear his voice; Let every heart leap forth and rejoice, And let us freely make Him our choice; Do not delay, but come. Chorus.

3. Think once again, He's with us to day; Heed now His blest commands and obey; Hear now His accents tenderly say, "Will you, my children, Come?" Chorus.
THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

(From Manual of Music, by permission.)

Adapted by W. Ludden.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death, and with his sickle keen, He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flow'rs that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he; "Have naught but the bearded grain?" Tho' the breath of these flow'rs is sweet, Them all back again, to me, I'll give.

He gazed at the flow'rs with drooping leaves; It was for the Lord in Paradise, He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flow'rets gay," The Reaper... said and smil'd, "Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where He was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care, And saints upon their garments white, These sacred blossoms wear.

And the mother gave in tears and pain, The flowers she... most did love; She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light above.

O not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper... came that day; 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the flow'rs away.
THE REDEEMED.

Words by Mrs. Mary B. Clark. Music by J. M. Stillman.

1. There is a fair and radiant band, On those bright shores where spirits stand, With garments white as stainless
snow, A crown of joy on ev'ry brow, No shadow tells they e'er have been Sad dwellers in this
won The golden crowns their brows upon; Thro' sorrow's longest, dark-est night Hath dawned this day of
stay, His hand shall wipe all tears away; And in life's fier-y fur-nace tried The death-less soul be

2. Yet these a stormy path have trod, To reach the dwelling of their God; Thro' fier-y trib- u-la-tion

3. Then who shall faint, or who shall fear, Thou care and sor-row meet us here; On God's strong arm shall be our

CHORUS.

land of sin. Sad dwellers in this land of sin. There is a fair and ra-di-ant band,
glo-rious light, Hath dawned this day of glo-rious light. There is a fair, &c.
pur-i-fied, The death-less soul be pur-i-fied. There is a fair, &c.

There is a fair, &c.
On those bright shores where spirits stand, With garments white as stain-less snow, A crown of joy on ev'-ry brow.

PEACEFUL WATERS. C. M.

Words by Mrs. Mary B. Clark.
Music by J. M. Stillman.
In Chanting Style.

1. Thy flock, oh! gentlest Shepherd lead Through pastures green and fair;
Thy lambs by peaceful waters feed, And watch with tender care.

2. If e'er these youthful feet should stray Beyond the narrow fold.
And bleeding from life's thorny way, Stand shivering in the cold—

3. Oh! draw them gently back to thee,
And bind them with thy love;
From fangs of serpents set them free,
And stains of sin remove.

4. Through all earth's journeyings of pain, Its tangled paths untied.
Be Thou, oh! Crucified! and Crowned! Our Leader and our Guide.
Beautiful Home of Love.

Words and Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. There is a home, a peaceful home, A home of joy and love; And they that bear the cross below, Shall wear the Crown above. Beautiful home, Beautiful home, etc.

2. No night shall dim that glorious home; For Jesus is the light, And mourning pilgrims here below, Shall there be clad in white. Beautiful home, etc.

3. With palms of victory in their hands, They with the ransomed sing, "All praise to him who washed us white. Our Savior, God and King. Beautiful home, etc.

Beautiful home of love, And they that bear the cross below Shall wear the crown above.
FATHER, HOLD MY HAND.

Andantino.

(From Chapel Gems, by permission.)

Geo. F. Root.

1. Of old th’apostle walked the wave, As seamen walk the land; A power was
2. Why should I fear when danger’s near; I’m safe, on sea or land; For I’ve in
3. Though on a dizzy height, perchance With faltering feet I stand, No fear shall
4. But oh! if doubt should cloud my day, And sin beside me stand, Then firmest,

CHORUS.

with him strong to save, For Jesus held his hand. My feeble faith, oh Lord, may fail, Thy
Heaven a Father dear, And he will hold my hand. My feeble, etc.
dim my upward glance, For God will hold my hand. My feeble, etc.
lest I lose my way, My Father hold my hand! My feeble, etc.

power can make me stand, My careless clasp can not a-vail, Dear Father hold my hand.
I love them that love me; I love them that love me: And those that seek me early,
those that seek me early, those that seek me early shall find me. Those that seek me
early, those that seek me early, those that seek me early shall find me.
ON TO THE GOAL!—Concluded.

-waits you there; Crowns for the victor's brow, And robes that the conquerors wear.

Glo-ry a-waits you there.

LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH—CHANT.

1. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart,
2. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord,
3. They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, people
4. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people

bé acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.
Our feet shall stand within thy gates—O, Jerusalem.
Which cannot be removed, but a-bideth for ever. ever. Amen.
1. Would you like a home in Heaven, In the land that God has given, To his ransomed
   and forgiven, For their own? For their own? Would you like to dwell forever, When this
   earthy life is over, In the land beyond the river, Now unknown, Now unknown?
2. Would you wear the crown unfading, That He gives to all his children When they join the
   white-rob'd angels Up above? Up above? Would you live in realms eternal, Where the
   fields are ever vernal, And the sunshine is supernal, In His love, In His love?

A HOME IN HEAVEN.
A HOME IN HEAVEN—Concluded.

CHORUS.

You may win a home in Heaven, In the land that God has given, You may be by
You must love his Word and read it, And be wise enough to heed it, For in life you'll

Him forgiven, If you will? If you will? You must love Him—blessed Jesus! who looks
surely need it For a guide, For a guide, And when life at last is over, He will

down from Heaven and sees us, And who loves us—yes, our Jesus Loves us still, Loves us still!
bear you o'er the river, And his home be yours forever, Glorified, Glorified!
ON WHAT FOUNDATION?

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. On what foundation do you build, neighbor, Your hopes for the future fair?

2. On sure foundation would you build, neighbor? Take heed to the Lord's commands;

Do your walls reach down to the rock below, And rest securely there?

Ever fast and firm, while the storms go by, This Rock of Ages stands.

Sad wrecks lie 'round you on the sand, neighbor, The floods and the storms are near;

Alas, what folly 'tis to build, neighbor, A mansion so fair, so grand.
Will the strong blast hurl to the earth thy walls, Or blanch thy cheek with fear?
With its costly walls and its lofty towers On Sin's delusive sand.

CHORUS.

On what foundation do you build, neighbor, Your hopes for the future fair?

Do your walls reach down to the rock below, And rest securely there?
BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.—DUET AND CHORUS.

Words by MARY HOWITT.

Gently.

1. God might have made the earth bring forth E-nough for great and small;
   The stur-dy oak and ce-dar tree With-out a flower at all.
   Beautiful flowers, oh,
   Beautiful flowers! Smi-ling so sweet-ly in sunshine and showers! Beautiful flowers! oh,
   Beautiful flowers! Cheer-ing the heart in life's wea-ri-some hours. Beautiful

2. Our outward life requires them not,
   Then wherefore had they birth?—
   To give delight to you and me,
   To beautify the earth;
   For who so careth for the flowers,
   Will care much more for Him.

Music by P. P. BLISS.

CHORUS. Lively.

3. To comfort man, to whisper hope,
   Whene'er his faith is dim:
   To beautify the earth;
   To comfort man, to whisper hope,
   Whene'er his faith is dim:
   To beautify the earth;
   To comfort man, to whisper hope,
   Whene'er his faith is dim:
   To beautify the earth;
BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.—Concluded.

flowers! oh, beautiful flowers! Cheer-ing the heart in life's wea-ri-some hours.

JEHOVAH JIREH.
(THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.)

Words by Mrs. M. A. W. Cook.  
Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. In some way or other the Lord will pro-vide: It may not be my way, It
2. At some time or other the Lord will pro-vide: It may not be my time, It

may not be thy way; And yet in His own way "The Lord will pro-vide."
may not be thy time; And yet in His own time "The Lord will pro-vide."

3. Despond, then, no longer; the Lord will provide:  
And this be the token—  
No word He hath spoken  
Hath ever been broken—  
"The Lord will provide."

4. March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide;  
With Canaan before us,  
With Heaven's mercy o'er us,  
We'll join in the chorus,  
"The Lord will provide."
WHICH ROAD ARE YOU CHOOSING?

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA.

Words and Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Which road are you choosing, young friends; Which road are you choosing to take? Just stop here and think what depends upon the decision you make; You know that one leadeth astray, And ends in demong us have found The way to the beautiful gate? The evil ones also are here, And point to the mercy descends; Choose rightly for His own dear sake; 'Tis only with Him we can go; We must cling a-

2. The "wit-ness-es" gather a-round, And earnestly, trembly wait To see who a-

3. Oh, where are you go-ing, young friends; Which road are you choosing to take? The Savior in
Which road are you choosing?

Construction at last, And that in the straight, narrow way You're safe when the trials are past.
Way which is broad; Be-loved, what'er may appear, That way leads to death's dark abode.
Lone to his hand; But He will lead past ev'ry foe, Safe, safe to His heavenly land.

In the straight, narrow way You're safe when the trials are past.
Oh, think of the life that depends Upon the decision you make.

Construction at last, And that in the straight, narrow way You're safe when the trials are past.
Way which is broad; Be-loved, what'er may appear, That way leads to death's dark abode.
Lone to his hand; But He will lead past ev'ry foe, Safe, safe to His heavenly land.

Then why are you doubtful, young friends, Which road of these two you should take?
Oh, think of the life that depends Upon the decision you make.
1. Lord and Savior, Thou dost know All the depths of human woe; Thou hast shed the
Not a throb but Thou canst feel; Not a pain but Thou canst heal; Not a pang of
bitter tear; Thou hast felt the with'ring fear. Savior, guide us! Do Thou guide us!
mortal grief, But Thou know'st to bring relief. Savior, guide us, &c.

CHORUS.

Oh may we no longer roam; Guide us o'er the surging billows, Till we reach our heavenly home.

3. Do Thou shed a ray of love, From Thy shining throne above, In our hearts, where human might Fails to kindle warmth or light. Chorus.

4. When the raging floods are nigh, To Thine open arms we'll fly; Sure the waters will not dare To o'erwhelm our spirits there. Chorus.
LITTLETON. C. M.

1. Jesus, the very thought of thee With gladness fills my breast; But dearer far thy
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find A sweeter sound than
3. Oh, hope of every contrite heart, Oh, joy of all the meek! To those who fall, how

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Earnestly.

1. Oh thou, the contrite sinner's friend! Who
2. When weary in the Christian race, Far
3. When the full light of heavenly day Re-

face to see, And in thy presence rest. thy blest name. Oh, Savior of mankind. kind thou art, How good to those who seek.

loving, lovest them to the end; On this alone my hopes depend, That thou wilt plead for me. off appears my resting place; And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace; Then, Savior, plead for me. veals my sins in dread array, Say thou hast washed them all away; Oh, say thou plead'st for me.
"Some Ships cross the ocean with clear skies, smooth seas and fair winds, and come into port with streamers flying and bands of music making jubilee. Others come in storms, with the sky black as night, the wind like a hurricane, and the sea like mountains—and they come in all battered, yards gone, masts splintered, hardly enough left to hang together. But the difference amounts to nothing. The only important thing from first to last is, not what the log says about storm or calm, but that they all steer close to the compass, and do their best to make the harbor. So they only get there safely, what happened to them by the way is of no account. So as to God's children. There may, there will be vast variety of experience: to some, prosperity, success, joy—to others, adversity, defeat, grief. But what may be your lot or mine, is of no consequence. 'The one only thing of moment is, that we stick close to our chart and push for port with all our might. So we gain that, the pleasures or perils of the way do not matter.'—Extract from a sermon preached by Dr. E. P. Goodwin. First Congregational Church, Chicago.

Very spirited.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.
SONGS OF GLADNESS.

T. Martin Towne.

1. We come with songs of glad-ness, To greet our fes-tal day, We ban-ish care
2. But while from hearts re-joic-ing, As-cends the will-ing song, A shad-ow soft-
3. But hope's fair star shall cheer us, With pure, un-dy-ing ray, No shade of grief

and sad-ness, From this our hap-py lay. We lift our hearts and voic-es
ly fall-eth, A-mid our joy-ous throng. For bright fa-mil iar fa-cies,
or sad-ness, Shall dim our fes-tal day; Our Fath-er's care is o'er us,

To Him who reigns a-bove, To Him who strews our path-way With count-less gifts of love.
Will leave our sis-ter band, And some like stars have ris-en With-in a happier land.
"He do-eth all things well;" The bright be-yond a-waits us, Where ech-oes not fare-well.
BUSY GLEANERS.

In Hyde Park, one of the suburban towns of Chicago, is a company of ten girls who support a Bible reader (one who goes from house to house), and also support and educate a young girl, both in Harput, Turkey. This they do by their contributions, and by an annual festival, at which articles that they have made and collected are sold. They call this festival the "Harvest Home." They are called the "Busy Gleaners." Mrs. S. P. Farrington, their teacher and director, asked our Mr. Root to write a festival song for their coming "Harvest Home." The following, which is the result, will, we think, be regarded as one of this author's happiest efforts.—[EDITOR CHARM.]

Allegretto.

Words and Music by Geo. F. Root

1. Gleaners in the harvest field, Raise your festival lay; Here amid the golden grain,
2. O, the fields are broad and white, And the laborer's few; So, for every one of us
3. When the harvest time is past, And the day is done; When we all must leave our work.

Celebrate the day; Let each heart of thankfulness To the Master come,
There is much to do; Send the strong-arm'd reapers first, We will follow on,
At the set of sun; Then amid the golden glow Of the autumn leaves,
THE BUSY GLEANERS—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sing- ing forth His bless-ed praise, For the har - vest home. Har - vest home, har - vest home;
Glad - ly gath'ring where we may, For the har - vest home. Har - vest home, &c.
May we quit the field with joy, Bear - ing home our sheaves. Har - vest home, &c.

Sav - ior bless Thy lit - tle glean - ers; Harvest home, harvest home, Let thy Kingdom come.

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON—CHANT.

P. P. B.

1. The fear of the Lord is the be - ginning of knowledge; but fools despise wisdom and in - struction.

2. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own under - standing.

3. In all thy ways ac - knowledge him, and he shall di - rect thy paths.

4. The fear of the Lord pro - long - eth days; but the years of the wicked shall be shortened. A - MEN. A - MEN.
THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Thro' the valley of the shadow I must go, Where the cold waves of Jordan roll; But the
2. Now the rolling of the billows I can hear, As they beat on the turf-bound shore; But the

promise of my Shepherd will I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. Even
beacon light of love so bright and clear, Guides my bark, frail and lone, safely o'er. I shall

now down the valley as I glide, I can hear my Savior say, "Follow me!" And with him I'm
find down the valley no alarms, For my Savior's blessed smile I can see; He will bear me
not afraid to cross the tide, There's a light in the valley for me. There's a light in the in his loving, mighty arms, There's a light in the valley for me. There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley for me, And no valley, There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley for me, And no valley, There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley for me, And no for me.

evil will I fear While my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the valley for me, for me.
evil will I fear While my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the valley for me, for me.
COME, HE IS CALLING US.

Words by Paulina.  
Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. One, who well knoweth the evils befalling us—One whose dear mercies are great and free,
2. He who was cradled in manger of Bethlehem, Knowing what trials the young may bear;

Now to his service is lovingly calling us, "Suffer the children to come to me."
Now in his accents of tenderness, saith to them, "Cast on the Father of all, your care."

Come tho' the broad, downward pathway, just entering, Little feet running so swiftly astray;
So let us walk in the footprints he made for us, Follow our Leader, and ne'er go astray,
COME, HE IS CALLING US—CONCLUDED.

COME, where love, power and wisdom are center-ing, Come to the Life, and the Truth, and the Way.
Trust-ing his love will be ev-er sure aid for us, Who is the Life, and the Truth, and the Way.

CHORUS.

Come, he is call-ing us, lov-ing-ly call-ing us, Come, for his mer-cies are great and free.
1. There is a land of beauty.... Beyond the Moab hills, And Israel shall possess it,.... For God his word fulfills... Thus fields are always verdant, And pure its murmur'ing rills;... No all the desert dreary He leads to endless day... Oh

2. There is a land of beauty.... Beyond the sunset hills; Its Hoe

3. There is a land of beauty.... And Jesus is the way: Through point-ed toward the West; Then storms shall darken yon-der... The skies are aye serene, O'er lead thou me, dear Savior;... In time place my hand; Bring

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Words from S. S. Visitor. Music by W. W. Wallace.
Is - rael crossed the Jor- dan, all the wide do-min - ions, thou my soul to heav-en, And reached the prom-ised rest, Are em-blems peace-ful seen, Thine own dear Fa-ther-land.

CHORUS.

Oh the beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful land! Its gates are o-pen to -day; The an-gels stand on the gold-en strand, And beckon my soul a-way.
OVER YONDER.

Joyfully.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. O-ver yon-der, o-ver yon-der, Where the saints and angels dwell, O-ver yon-der,
2. O-ver yon-der, o-ver yon-der, Stands my man-sion bright and fair; All the glo-ry,
3. O-ver yon-der, o-ver yon-der, Sin and sor-row are unknown: Hal-le-lu-jahs,

FINE.

o-ver yon-der Is the home I love so well. There my loved ones wait to greet me, Wait to
all the glo-ry Of the king-dom I shall share. By the tree of life e-ter-nal, Crytal
Hal-le-lu-jahs, Ev-er-more surround the throne. Nev-er will I fear the journey Thro' the

Sing first verse in each D. C.

clasp me by' the hand, There my Sav-i or, too, will meet me, Meet me in Im-man-u el's land,
streams for-ev-er flow; While the leaves of heal-ing mer-cy On its wav-ing branches grow,
dark and shadowy vale; For my Sav-i or will be near me, Nev-er can his promise fail.

D. C.
MARCHING ON—Concluded.

Let us sing, let us sing As we’re marching

marching on, Let us sing, let us sing,

to our home. ’Tis our heavenly home that just beyond I see, ’Tis a blessed country

where I fain would be; Come, dear pilgrim, come, oh, come and march with me, Let us all be marching on.
REST ON THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.
Words by Miss Mary E. Kail.
Music by William W. Bentley.

1. Go work, for the harvest is near, Go work, for the laborers are few, Soon the
2. Our Savior invites us to come, There is room for the world in his love, Do not
3. Our Father invites us to go To the land of perpetual day, And the

REFRAIN.
Lord of the vineyard himself will appear, And we all can find something to do, We shall
faint nor grow weary, for yet there is room, In the heavenly mansions above. We shall, etc.
tears that we shed in this valley below, He will wipe them forever away. We shall, etc.

1st time.
2nd time.

rest... We shall rest... We shall rest on the beautiful shore. Rest on the beautiful shore.
We shall rest, We shall rest.
WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

With spirit.

James R. Murray.

1. Work, for the night is coming,
   Pray, for the day's at hand; Watch, for the Master's call—
   Work, for the souls around you,
   Weep for your sins, your own; Fight for the cross up-dawning.

2. Work for the night is coming,
   Pray, for the day's at hand; Watch, for the Master's call.
   Work for the souls around you,
   Weep for your sins, your own; Fight for the cross up-dawning.

3. Work for the night is coming,
   Pray, for the day's at hand; Watch, for the Master's call.
   Work for the souls around you,
   Weep for your sins, your own; Fight for the cross up-dawning.

4. Work, for the night is coming,
   Pray, for the day's at hand; Watch, for the Master's call.
   Work, for the souls around you,
   Weep for your sins, your own; Fight for the cross up-dawning.

Chorus—Work, for the night is coming,
   Pray, for the day's at hand; Watch, for the Master's call.

Call—eth, Strive, 'tis your God's command.

Now is the time to labor, Then is the day of the Savior's power.

Wait for the victor's crown, Watch, while you work for others,

Rest when your labor's ended, Soon shall the glad day come,

Day of the blessed Savior's promise, When he shall call us home.

D. C. for Chorus.
BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

Not too slow.

1. Hear the words our Savior hath spoken, Words of life un-failing and true;
2. All in vain we hear his commandments, All in vain his promises too;
3. They with joy may enter the city, Free from sin, from sorrow and strife;

Careless one, prayerless one, hear and remember, Jesus says, "Blessed are they that do."
Hearing them, fearing them, never can save us, Blessed, oh blessed are they that do.
San-ti-fied, glor-i-fied, now and for-ev-er, They may have right to the tree of life."

CHORUS.

Bless-ed are they that do his commandments, Bless-ed are they, bless-ed are they,
BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.—Concluded.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed, blessed, blessed are they.

PERFECT REST.—Chant.

Words furnished by Mrs. E. T. Fox. Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Savior, I come to thee,
   A weary child, with pain and care oppressed;
   O, let me lean this aching, burden'd heart
   Up on thy loving breast!

2. The way is very dark;
   I cannot see it, Lord, through these my tears!
   Take thou my hand and draw me up to thee
   Through all the lonely years.

3. I have no strength, dear Lord;
   O, let me lie where I can kiss thy feet,
   And look up from the dust into thine eyes
   That are so true and sweet!

4. Speak to me soft and low,
   My spirit yearneth for one little word
   To cheer the still, sad silence of my life;
   One word from thee, O Lord!

5. O, Savior, speak to me;
   And, as the river falls into the sea,
   And sinks to sleep, so this my wearied heart
   Shall find its rest in thee.
1. Oh, my heart! my heart! you never have conceived how happy you would be; yes, how happy you would be, if from every evil thought and word and deed the pleasure that is pure, only when you've held the promise of the Lord, the moments quickly fly; if you do not own and love him here below you blessed Savior's love had set you free.

2. Oh, my heart! my heart! you know you've never found a pleasure that is pure, not a moment's quick fly; and when you've held the promise of the Lord, the moments quickly fly; and when you do not own and love him here below you blessed Savior's love had set you free.

3. Oh, my heart! my heart! no longer then delay; The moments quickly fly; yes, the moments quickly fly; If you do not own and love him here below you blessed Savior's love had set you free.

Turn you, turn you to His holy word again; Try, then, try to love Him, Prophet, Priest and King: Still, the heavenly voice is sounding once again;
OH, MY HEART! MY HEART!—CONCLUDED.

Tenderly, how tenderly He's calling while you roam; Give, oh give yourself and all you have, to Him; "Weary ones, and heavy laden, come." .... For

CHORUS.

Oh, my heart! my heart! you never have conceived How happy you would be; yes, how happy you would be, free,

If you only now could give yourself away, And let the blessed Savior make you free, make you free.
I will rejoice when I hear the bell—Haste to the school that I love so well, Think-ing how
I was ashamed as I well might be—When was the prayer and the hymn for me? Turn-ing the
Sat-ur-day eve, if we all would see All things in or-der as they should be; Seek-ing the
sad-ly my teacher's eye Rest-ed up-on me in days gone by, When I had loitered, and
tho'ts from the world a-way—Teaching the heart with the lips, to pray. When was the boast that I
glove or the book a-stray, Who would be late on the dear Lord's day? Where would we look for the

CHORUS.

joined a group Known in our school as the Tardy Troop. Nev-er a-gain shall my head so droop—
would not stoop Ev-er to en-ter the Tardy Troop. Nev-er, etc.
sor-ry group Known in our school as the Tardy Troop? Nev-er, etc.
THE TARDY TROOP—Concluded.

Pity, Pity.

Never will I enter the Tardy Troop. Oh, pity for the Tardy Troop, Pity for the

Pity for the Tardy Troop, Pity for the

Pity, Pity.

sor-ry group, Pity for the Tardy Troop. Loitering by the way. Pity for the Tardy Troop,

Pity for the Tardy Troop, Pity for the sor-ry group.

Late again to-day.

Pity for the sor-ry group.
1. Bound for the Better Land, Why should we slumber, Or in the vine-yard stand,

On - ly to cum-ber? Sands of life are run - ning fast, Let us be do - ing;

CHORUS.

Be like he - roes of the past—"Faint,yet pur-su-ing." Bound for the Better Land,
2. What though we wander here
   Midst doubt and dangers?
   Soon shall the shore appear,
   Where these are strangers;
   Where the pilgrim's broken staff
   Needs no renewing:
   Wine for wormwood shall we quaff—
   "Faint, yet pursuing.";  
   Chorus.

3. Then for the Better Land
   Let us be straining;
   Stout heart and ready hand
   Ground still are gaining.
   We must wage a warfare brave,
   Strong foes subduing;
   Battling to the open grave—
   "Faint, yet pursuing."  
   Chorus.

BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.—CHANT.

1. O worship the Lord in the | beauty of holiness: fear before him all the earth.
2. The eyes of the Lord are in | ev'ry place, beholding the evil and the good.
3. The Lord is— | far from the wicked; but he heareth the prayer of the righteous.
4. O come, let us worship | and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.
REMEMBER THE POOR.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

Tenderly.

1. 'Tis winter, and ye by your fireside so warm, May feel not the blast of the pitiless storm; But cold winds are sweeping o'er mountain and moor, And lone ones are starving—Remember the poor. Remember the poor, remember the poor. And lone ones are starving—Remember the poor.

2. "To one of the least, in my name," saith the Lord, "No visit of mercy shall lose its reward;" But measure for measure shall earth-life restore, And treasure in heaven—Remember the poor. Remember the poor, Remember the poor. And treasure in heaven—Remember the poor.

3. Oh, give of thy bounty, thy gratitude show; So freely receiving, as freely bestow; In mansions so fair on the evergreen shore, Would you be remembered? Remember the poor. Remember the poor, Remember the poor. Would you be remembered? Remember the poor.
INFANT CLASS.

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

(Child's Prayer.)

Words and Music by H. R. Palmer.

1. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Hear thou now a little child;
   Lord, I would to thee be brought; Purify my every thought;
   All my daily wants supply; On thy bounty I rely;
   Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Hear thou now a little child;

Blessed Savior, pity me, Help me come to thee.
Cleanse and make me free from sin, Keep me pure within.
Bless and keep my loved ones dear, Blessed Savior, hear.
Thou, O Lord, art all in all, Hold me lest I fall.

Slowly and prayerfully.
1. Hear the gently falling showers Calling to the grass and flowers.

(Children tap lightly with their finger-nails on seats or desks during the singing of these two lines, to imitate the pattering of the rain.)

Teacher recites—"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth."—Psalm, 72:6.

2. Hear the softly whisp'ring breeze Singing sadly through the trees.

(Children rub their hands lightly together while singing these two lines.)

Teacher recites—"For lo, he that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought, thatmaketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth. The Lord, the God of hosts, is his name."—Amos, 4:13.

3. Hear the noisy whistling gale, Sounding over hill and vale.

(During the singing of these two lines, all rub their hands briskly together, and a part of the class force their breath through their teeth, to imitate the whistling of the gale.)

Teacher recites—"How long wilt thou speak these things? and how long shall the words of thy mouth be like a strong wind?" Job, 8:2.

4. Hear the mighty thunder crash, See the vivid lightning flash.

(During the singing of the first line the pupils draw their feet back and forth on the floor, imitating thunder. At the same time let the hands make a zigzag motion through the air in addition to the noise with the feet.)

Teacher recites—"Thou art the God that doest wonders; thou hast declared thy strength among the people. The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven; the lightnings lightened the world; the earth trembled and shook."—Ps. 11, 14, 18.

"For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." Matt. 24:27.

5. Thunder, lightning, wind and rain Make the fearful hurricane.

(After singing this the children make all the motions at once, and with increasing force until a signal from the teacher to cease.)

Teacher recites—"When he uttereth his voice, there is a multitude of waters in the heavens; and he causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth; He maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasures."—Jeremiah, 10:13.
HERE AM I!

OR, THE SONG OF LITTLE SAMUEL.

Words by Paulina.

Music by T. J. Cook.

1. God hath spoken thus to-day: "Seek the straight and narrow way."

2. Here to do the Savior's will,
Here to suffer and be still;
Daring not to ask Him why,
Only waiting—"Here am I!"

3. Should He call my soul away,
I will trust Him as I may;
Through the valley, when I cry,
He will answer, "Here am I!"
JESUS CALLS US.

1. Long ago while flowers were blooming In Judea's sunny land, Did the
gentle, loving Jesus Mid the Jew-ish children stand; Little children whom their mothers Brought to
words of Jesus' blessing Were not meant for them alone; Unto ev'ry heart that seeks him, Ev'ry
came and gathered round him, Children by their mothers led; Still he calls the same from heav'en, "Suffer

2. They could see his look of pity, They could hear his gentle tone, But the
child that tries to pray He will give a loving welcome. Like the
them to come to me;" He his life for us hath given, Shall we not his children be?

3. Jesus called the little children, "Suffer them to come," he said; And they

Gently.

C. C. Case and P. P. Bliss.
1. I am so glad that Our Father in Heaven, Tells of his love in the
   Wonderful things in the Bible I see, This is the dearest, that

   Chorus.

   Book he has given; I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,

   Jesus loves me, I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves even me.

2. Though I forget him and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray,
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King;
This shall my song in eternity be,
O, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

Chorus.
We are little sunbeams, shining and free;
1. We are little sunbeams, shining and free; We are little sunbeams, happy are we;
2. We are little sunbeams, like those above; We are little sunbeams, warming with love;
3. We are little sunbeams, with work to do; We are little sunbeams, may we be true;

No clouds our skies o'er cast, No storms are here; Our brightness o'er shall last, We will not fear.
Into dark haunts of woe, Sorrow, and shame, Swift may our bright beams go, In Jesus' name.
Where Jesus led the way, With footsteps sure, There we may safely stay, There are secure.

CHORUS.

We are little sunbeams shining and free; We are little sunbeams, happy are we.
PASSING AWAY.—DIALOGUE SONG.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

Teacher.

1. What do the beau-ti-ful roses say? Sweet is our per-fume, but short is our stay; What says the humming-bird, 
   What says the clock, with its tick-a-tick, tick? Time pass-es swift-ly, be quick, oh be quick! What are the words of the 
   What does the sun in the morn-ing say? Over I go for an-oth-er bright day. What does your heart by its

Teacher.

Scholars.

1. Sweet is our per-fume, but short is our stay; What says the humming-bird, 
2. Time pass-es swift-ly, be quick, oh be quick! What are the words of the 
3. Over I go for an-oth-er bright day. What does your heart by its

Scholars.

All.

1. Winter is com-ing and soon I must go. Pass-ing a-way, Pass-ing a-way; Sec-ond and 
2. I can not tar-ry, I must run a-long. Pass-ing a-way, &c. 
3. Earth life is pass-ing, then where will I dwell? Pass-ing a-way, &c.

minute and hour and day! Bir-die and blos-som, how brief is your stay; Passing away, passing away.
I'LL NOT FORGET TO PRAY.

Words and Music by J. A. Butterfield.

1. I know I'm but a little child, And often disobey My teachers kind, my parents dear, And from their precepts stray. But every night before my head I on my pillow lay, I'll kneel beside my little bed, And not forget to pray, I'll not forget to day. And shield me from temptation too, If I should always pray? If I should always day; And so his little lamb I'll be, And not forget to pray. I'll not forget to

2. A little sparrow fall-th not, But Jesus taketh heed, And as he is my A little sparrow fall not, But Jesus taketh heed, And as he is my

3. No unkind word, no untrue tale, Will angels hear today; For I'm resolved with No unkind word, no untrue tale, Will angels hear today; For I'm resolved with

CHORUS.

lay, I'll kneel beside my little bed, And not forget to pray, I'll not forget to day, And shield me from temptation too, If I should always pray? If I should always day; And so his little lamb I'll be, And not forget to pray. I'll not forget to
I'LL NOT FORGET TO PRAY.—Concluded.

pray; I'll not forget to pray, To God the Father whose strong arm protects me every day.

pray; If I should always pray, To Christ my Savior, who has died My sins to wash away?

pray; I'll not forget to pray, To Father, Son and Holy Ghost, For blessings every day.

INFLUENCE.

1. What if the little rain should say, So small a drop as I Can ne'er refresh those

thirsty fields, I'll tarry in the sky. I'll tarry in the sky, I'll tarry in the sky.

2. What if a shining beam of noon, Should in its fountain stay, Because its feeble light alone

Cannot create a day.:

3. Doth not each rain drop help to form The cool, refreshing shower, And every ray of light to warm

And beautify the flower.:
I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

Music by James R. Murray.

1. "I am Jesus' little lamb; Therefore glad and gay I am: Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me;

   All that's good and fair he shows me; Tends me every day the same; Even calls me by my name.

2. Out and in I safely go;
   Want or hunger never know:
   Soft, green pastures he discloses,
   Where his happy flock reposeth;
   When I faint or thirsty be,
   To the brook he leadeth me.

3. Should I not be glad and gay
   In this blessed fold all day,
   By this holy Shepherd tended,
   Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
   Bear me to the world of light?
   Yes, oh! yes, my lot is bright."
I'M A LITTLE SAILOR.


1. I'm a little sailor, Sailing o'er the sea,
   Over Time's big billows.

2. I'm a little soldier, Troops of foes around,
   Satan, sin and pleasure.

3. I'm a little pilgrim, Travelling toward the sky,
   Steep the path before me.

4. Help the sailor soldier, Lest I fall or drown;
   Help the pilgrim rover.

To eternity, Jesus, Pilot, hold the helm,
   Let no storm my bark overwhelm.

Smite with many a wound. Jesus, Captain, lead me on,
   Help me win the victor's crown.

Snares around me lie. Jesus, pilgrim show the way,
   Homeward to eternal day.

Help to home and crown. Come what may, I'll never fear.
   If, dear Jesus, thou art near.
FORBID THEM NOT.

Words by Maria Straub.  
Music by S. W. Straub.

1. When Jesus dwelt on the shores of time, He spurned the little ones not, But said let the
2. He took them up in his tender arms, Pressed softly each little brow, And said so
3. Then little children come unto him, From high or lowly built cot, Ah, bring the

CHORUS.

children come unto me; Let them come and forbid them not. Forbid them not, forbid them not, Of
gently, Forbid them not, To receive my blessing now. Forbid, etc.
little ones unto him, Who still says forbid them not. Forbid, etc.

such is the kingdom of heaven; Forbid them not, forbid them not, Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Teach. 1. Little eyes, looking wise. Have you said your morning pray'r? Have you thought, as you ought, All. 2. Pleasant light, clear and bright, shining on the world to-day. So may love From above. All. 3. Water clear, standing near; Wash our hands and faces clean. May the Lord, By his word, Girls. Cloak and hood, New and good, Made to keep our bodies warm. Words of truth, Learned in youth, Keep our souls from every harm. So let every thing we see Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee. Boys. Boot or shoe, Old or new, Let us keep them clean and neat; Let us pray, That we may Some day walk the golden street; So let every thing we see Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee. 6. Girls. Collar white, Ribbons bright; Apron, bonnet, shawl or dress; So may we Ever be Clad in Jesus' righteousness; So let every thing we see Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee. Boys. Top or ball, Treasures all; Books and toys I dearly prize; Yet may I, When I die, To my heavenly treasures rise; So let every thing we see Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee. 8. All. Night or day, Work or play; In our hearts may be a prayer; God can see, If there be— Well, he knows what thoughts are there; So let every thing we see Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee.
LITTLE BIRDIE IN THE TREE.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

Lively.

1. Lit - tle red - bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree, Lit - tle red - bird in the tree,
2. Lit - tle snow - bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree, Lit - tle snow - bird in the tree,

Sing a song to me. Sing a - bout the ro - ses, On the gar - den wall, Sing a -
Sing a song to me. Sing a - bout the cloud - land? Way off in the sky; When you

CHORUS.

bought the bird - swing, On the tree top tall.

Lit - tle bird - ie in the tree,

go there call - ing, Do your chil - dren cry?

Lit - tle bird - ie, etc.
LITTLE BIRDIE IN THE TREE — Concluded.

Little blue-bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree, Little blue-bird in the tree, Sing a song to me; Sing about the mountain, Sing about the sea, Sing about the steamboats—Is there one for me?

Chorus.

Little black-bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree, Little black-bird in the tree, Sing a song to me; Sing about the farmer Planting corn and beans, Sing about the harvest—I know what that means.

Chorus.

GOD IS ALWAYS NEAR ME.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. God is always near me, Hearing what I say; Knowing all my thoughts and deeds, All my work and play.

2. God is always near me, In the darkest night He can see me just the same As by midday light.

3. God is always near me, Though so young and small; Not a look or word or thought, But God knows it all.
STAND TO YOUR ARMS.
TO THE GOOD TEMPLARS OF ROME, PENNSYLVANIA.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss and O. W. Young.

1. Hark! hear the order pass: Stand to your arms! Strong men may fall, alas! Stand to your arms!
2. Firm as the tow'ring hills, Stand to your arms! Firm 'gainst the King of ills, Stand to your arms!
3. See, o'er our banner bright, Stand to your arms! Heaven sheds a cheering light; Stand to your arms!

CHORUS.

Stand by the Temp'rance cause; Stand up for Temp'rance laws; Stand, seeking no applause, Dreading no alarms.
Stand firm, united, free; Stand by your lib'-er'-ty; Stand! let your watchword be—
"Stand to your arms."

Mighty the foe and strong; Stand to your arms! Right must subdue the wrong; Stand to your arms!
Madly his minions hie; Stand to your arms! Proudly our powers defy; Stand to your arms!
Onward our cause, tho' slow; Stand to your arms! Backward it can-not go; Stand to your arms!
Man the Life Boat.


1. Hark! I hear the captain calling, Earnestly and long: "Rocks ahead! the
2. Firm amid the storm and danger, Faithful, tried and true:—Though a mighty
3. Loud the billows dash around us. O'er the angry sea; Night comes on and

CHORUS.

breakers threaten! Bear a hand—Be strong!" Man the life-boat, blaze the signal!
host opposites—Stand the Temperance crew. Man the life-boat, &c.
souls are dying, Will ye idle be? Man the life-boat, &c.

Never can we fail; No, the nation must be rescued, Temperance shall prevail!
WE'RE MARCHING ON.

In March time.


1. We are marching on! we are marching on! A little loyal band, And want and wo, where'er we go, Must vanish from our land.

2. We are marching on! we are marching on! We would not go a- high, And still above, with peace and love, Our conquering banners own. We call on those who love the truth.—The children of the Light,—With fly! At last the hosts of wrong shall yield, The Right shall reign at last,—For
break the chain of vice in twain, And we'll set the captive free!
heart and hand to join our band, And battle for the Right.
young and old we're bound to hold The Temperance standard fast!

CHORUS.

We are marching on! we are marching on! And though our way be long,

We'll keep it bright with faith by night, And glad by day with song.
THE TEMP'RANCE SHIP.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. The temp'rance ship is sailing on; Sailing on. Sailing on. The temp'rance ship is sailing on Tho' angry billows roar.
2. The mountain waves are rolling high, Rolling high. Rolling high. The mountain waves are rolling high, The pirate fleet is strong.
3. Arise, young man for you must fight. You must fight. You must fight. Arise, young man for you must fight a foe that seems a friend.

4. Ho, friends of temp'rance, firmly stand, Firmly stand, Firmly stand, Ho, friends of temp'rance, firmly stand, To meet the daring foe.
   For God, for Truth, for Native land, Native land, Native land, For God, for Truth, for Native land
   We dare to strike the blow.

5. We see the blinded rush along, Rush along, Rush along,
   We see the blinded rush along The broad and downward way.
   Then raise at least a prayer or song, Prayer or song, Prayer or song,
   Then raise at least a prayer or song To save them while we may.
Oh, rally, free-men, rally! Do you hear the fearful cry? 'Tis the solemn wail of

warning from the drunkard doomed to die; Tis the prayer of wife and mother, 'tis the shriek of anguish

Very slow.

wild "Will you help a falling brother—will you save my darling child? Will you save my darling child?" Very slow.

pp
CONCERT AND OCCASIONAL.

GREETING SONG.

Lively.

Words by Dr. J. D. Vinton.

Music by Jas. McGranahan, Lindenville, Ohio.

1. To you, kind friends, once more we come, With cheerful songs of greeting, With grateful hearts for mercies past, O'er lives like ours so fleeting! We meet again! yes, meet again! How

2. Tho' time has strewn our path with wrecks, And treasured hopes have perished, And tho' among them lie our friends So dearly loved and cherished; We meet again! O yes, we meet To

3. Ye light of heart come join our song, And praise the God of heaven, Who to the earth with open hand, Hath every blessing given; We meet again! to praise his name With
GREETING SONG—CONCLUDED.

sweet the tho’t comes o’er us! How bright the vis’ions of the past, As now they flit be-
cheer the sad and tearful: For-getting care in hap’py song, A-mong the gay and
voi’ces loud and ring-ing; And may he guide while we u-nite This song of wel-come

CHORUS.

fore us! O wel-come, wel-come, wel-come friends, Our hearts are light-ly beat-ing,
cheer-ful. O wel-come, etc.
sing-ing. O wel-come, etc.

And our cheer-ful voi’ces loud-ly swell In a song of kind-ly greet-ing!
EVERY VALLEY SHALL BE FILLED.

Moderato.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye, prepare ye the way of the Lord. Every valley shall be filled, every mountain bro't low, And the crooked shall be stra't, and the rough way smooth; Ev'ry valley shall be filled, every mountain bro't low, and the rough way shall be smooth; And all flesh shall see the sal-
EVERY VALLEY SHALL BE FILLED—Concluded.

Every valley shall be filled, every valley shall be filled, every valley shall be filled, and the rough way shall be smooth. Prepare ye, prepare ye the way of the Lord.

Prepare ye, prepare ye the way of the Lord.

Preparation of our God. And all flesh shall see the salvation of our God. Every valley shall be filled, every valley shall be filled, every valley shall be filled, and the rough way shall be smooth. Prepare ye, prepare ye the way of the Lord.
THINK ON THESE THINGS.—Concert Exercise.

[Philippians iv: 8.]

Six large cards, marked—"What-so-ev-er things are," being suspended at a convenient height, each singer, at the conclusion of his stanza, attaches a card bearing his word under one of the large syllables.

Then a small girl, as she sings, may hang a card marked Virtue on the one marked Honest; a small boy attach Praise to Lovely; then another, perhaps still smaller, girl and boy, put on the last long card, while they sing—Think on these things. When completed the cards will read:

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WHAT SO EVER THINGS ARE
true
honest
just
pure
lovely
good report
VIRTUE PRAISE

THINK ON THESE THINGS.
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Words by P. P. Bliss.

Music by Geo. F. Root and P. P. Bliss.

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Boy. 1. I'm thinking what a pleasant thing 'Twould be for me and you, If old Deceit were
Boy. 2. I'm thinking what a noble race Of people we might see, If ev'ry man in
Boy. 3. I'm thinking what a joyous day Is coming soon, we trust; When Ruler Wrong shall

D. C. Follow on in virtue's ways—'Tis wisdom sweetly sings; Be this thy chiefest,

CHORUS.

dead and gone, And all the world were true. 1. And all the world were true, were true, And
all the land An honest man would be. 2. An honest man would be, would be, An
pass a way, And all the world be just. 3. And all the world be just, be just, And
no blest praise To think up on these things. To think up on these things, these things, To

4. And all the world be pure, be pure, And
5. How lovely heaven must be, must be, How

6. Of this our song to night, to night, Of
THINK ON THESE THINGS.—Concluded.

Girl. 4. I'm thinking what a happy time
    Is coming some day, sure;
When things unclean shall be removed,
    And all the world be pure.

Girl. 5. I'm thinking of the lovely things
    In this wide world we see;
And, oh, if earth seems bright and fair
    How lovely heaven must be.

Girl. 6. Yes, true and honest, just and pure,
    Present a lovely sight;
May only good report be heard
    Of this our song to-night.

[Music notation]

If there be any virtue, If there be any praise,
    think on these things. Oh,

[Music notation]
ANNIVERSARY JUBILEE.

Written for the Sunday School of the First Congregational Church, Chicago.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Ho! come, welcome ye; Join our Jubilee; Roll the mighty wave of praise along;
2. Bright the present beams, Bright the future seems; Not a cloud of sorrow dims our sky;
3. Shall we ever fear What other year Shall of pleasure or of pain record?

Hearts so light and gay, While years pass away, Joyfully, joyfully raise the song.
Life seems full of cheer, As each happy year Merrily, merrily pass es by.
All God sends is best, On his word we rest; Cheerfully, cheerfully praise the Lord.

CHORUS:

Praise the Lord, the fount of every blessing; Praise the Lord, Our Father and our Friend;
Joyful songs, hosannas never ceasing From our hearts should evermore ascend

Glory, hallelujah! Glory, hallelujah! Glory, hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!
1. I wandered just at even, Beside the sounding sea; The whispering winds of heaven Their story told to me; The east wind said I'm hastening From glory, It saw, in rushing past; Where far off northern nations In swelling, The darkened souls afraid; I saw no offering burning; No forehead, Went hastening, far and fast; The zephyrs ceased their wailing, And, trope Ganges' wave; Where children they were casting With in a wat'ry grave. 

2. The north wind told its story, With one swift angry blast, Of Indian offerings. 

3. The south wind said I'm telling, Of polar southern night; When angry surges. 

4. The evening winds passed o'er me, The angry northern blast, Across the sea beyond.
WHO WILL SEND OR GO?—Concluded.

CHORUS. pp.

A soft wind whispered, "Who will send or go, To teach the Hea-then Je-sus' love to know?"

DELIVERANCE.

Words by P. W. Hill.

Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. We will not de-spair, Though storms our bark may shiv-er;
2. When in death's dark vale, By Jor-dan's roll-ing riv-er,
3. Oh! let come what will, We'll trust our faith-ful Giv-er;

Know-ing ev-ery where, Je-ho-vah can de-liv-er.
Earth-ly help-ers fail, Je-ho-vah must de-liv-er.
And our song is still— Je-ho-vah will de-liv-er.
THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

Andante.

(From Chapel Gems, by permission.)

B. R. H.

1. They were watching on the hill-sides, for the coming day, With the starry
folds of night above them spread: When a glory flashed around them, like a ray,

2. Louder swell the joyful anthems from the angel throng; Over hill and
vale the strains enchanted float; See the wond’ring shepherds listening to the song,

3. Oh, the joyful, joyful tidings! for to you is born, Christ the wondrous
Sa-vior and the mighty King; Hail, ye waiting nations, hail this joy-ous morn!

CHORUS.
Faster and with energy.

Thro’ the pearly portals on them shed. “Glory to God in the highest,” Came
Trembling, yet rejoicing at the sight! “Glory, etc.
Hap-py tidings now to earth we bring. “Glory, etc.

O coming day, With the starry

O'er hill and

Over hill and

Joyful tidings! for to you is born, Christ the wondrous

Hail, ye waiting nations, hail this joy-ous morn!

“Glory to God in the highest,” Came

“Glory, etc.

“Glory, etc.

“Glory, etc.
floating down the air; "Glo-ry, to God in the high-est!" Seem'd ringing ev-ry

where; "Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Oh, chil-dren, Come sing that song a-gain,

"Glo-ry to God in the high-est Good will and peace to men."
SONGS OF THE UNSEEN.
Words from MERRY'S MUSEUM.

1. If we only sought to brighten Every pathway, dark with care,
2. If we only strove to cherish Every pure and holy thought;
3. If it were our aim to ponder On the good that we might win;
4. If we only did our duty, Thinking not what it might cost,

If we only tried to lighten, All the burdens others bear.
Till within our hearts should perish All that is with evil fraught;
Soon our feet would cease to wander In forbidden paths of sin.
Then the earth would wear new beauty, Fair as that in Eden lost.
SONGS OF THE UNSEEN.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

We should hear the angels, hear the angels singing All around us night and day; yes, We sho’d

feel the gentle angels winging At our side their upward way, their upward way.

We should feel the angels winging at our side their upward way, their upward way.

feel the gentle angels winging At our side their upward way.
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

Paulina.
(Chant by a Quartet or Choir. Recitations by single voices or classes.)

PART I.
The patriarch musing alone in Life's even, Remembrance the absent in whispers to Heaven, As flitted the shadows, one after another, He called the dear child of a dearly loved mother. And he said to him, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks, and bring me word again."—Gen. 37:14.
The land of Judea lay bright in the morning, A smile ev'ry valley and hilltop a dawning, When Joseph, (unconscious of evil devour,) Passed on, and left Hebron, and childhood forever. When they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. Gen. 37:18.
And dark as their deed was the pit where they cast him, And jeered at the dreamer and scornfully passed him, But one with heart cast in a softer mould rather Would faint have delivered the child to his father, And Reuben said "Shed no blood but cast him into this pit," that he might rid him out of their hands to deliver him unto his father.—Gen. 37:22.
The merchants of Midian passed with their spices, The brethren were ready with falsehood's de vices; And trusting they never again might hold him, They drew up their hated young brother and sold him. Sold Joseph into Egypt for twenty pieces of silver, and they brought Joseph into Egypt.—Gen. 37:28.

Could hold the false dye to the searching of Heaven, And list to the heartbreak—the one word "bereaven." And they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father, and said, "This have we found, know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." Gen. 37:32.
They rose up to comfort him, they who had taken The light of his life and had left him for saken, But sitting in sackcloth alone in his sorrow, He felt that the night of his grief had no morrow.
And he said "For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning? Thus his father wept for him.

PART II.
There's dearth in the land, and the olive tree failleth, The vineyard is barren—the husbandman paleth, And Jacob of those who regarded each other Asked "why look ye sadly thus, one to another?"
"Behold I have heard that there is corn in Egypt, get you down thither and buy for us from thence that we may live and not die."—Gen. 42:2.
The lord of the country spake roughly unto them, They knew not the dreamer of old, but he knew them; Said he, "Ye are spies, and some tidings would gather? Said they, "We are true men—the sons of one father." "If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your prison; go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses, but bring your youngest brother, so shall your words be verified."—Gen. 42:19, 20.
Remorseful their murmuring one to an other, "We're verily guilty concerning our brother;
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN—CONCLUDED.

We saw the soul anguish with which he be | sought us, And | heard not, and so the dis | tress hath been wrought us.| And Reuben answered them saying, “Spake I not unto you saying ‘Do not sin against the child,’ and ye would not hear? therefore behold also his blood is required.”

Gen. 42: 22.

Ah! knew they the lord of the country was | weeping, That griefs of the past to the present were | leaping? Then each to his father, with heavy heart | carried The | eorn and the money, for | Simeon tarried.

And Jacob said, “Me have ye bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take away Benjamin also. My son shall not go down with you.”

Gen. 42.

Yet sore was the famine. The valley of | Jordan No more at the vintage time glowed like a | garden, No grain for the reaper—no grapes for the | pressing, No | seed for the spring time—no | bread for the blessing.

And it came to pass when they had eaten up the eorn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them—(Gen. 43: 2.)

“Go again, buy us food.” And the little ones | pleaded, “Go again, buy us food,” but the cry was un | heeded, For sadly the answer passed one to | another, “We | cannot, except we take | with us our brother.”

And their father Israel said unto them, “If it must be so now, do this, take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels and carry down the man a present. Take also your brother.

And God give you mercy and favor be | fore him, And shield your young brother, and safely re | store him, Yea, bring both again to make glad my life’s | even— Be | reaved of my children, O : | I am bereaven.

And they took the present and Benjamin, and went down to Egypt and stood before Joseph.

Strange mists in the eyes of the ruler would | gather, As softly he asked of the “old man,” their | father,

Then searchingly glancing from one to | another, He | faltered a blessing a | bove the young brother.

And they sat before him the first born according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth, and the men marveled one to another. And they drank and were merry with him.

PART III.

A clatter of hoofs that the valley hath | shaken, A shout and a rush, and the men are o’er | taken, The dark-browed pursuers severe in dis | pleasure, The | Canaanites moved and sur | prised beyond measure.

And they said unto him “Wherefore saith my lord these words: God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing.

We brought back the silver and gold as | we wot of— The treasure of which my lord’s steward knew | not of; Then how should thy servants do this thing be | fore thee, How | take from my lord of his | riches or glory?

“With whomsoever it be found, both let him die, and we also will be my lord’s bondmen.”—Gen. 44: 9.

The sacks had been opened one after an | other, With glances of triumph from brother to | brother, One only remaining ; in haste they sur | round it And | ope and fall backward, O | God, have they found it?

Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass and returned to the city.

What thoughts are the ruler’s as prostrate be | fore him They cover the face, and in anguish im | plorc him, As Judah all pleas of affection would | gather, In | one grand appeal for the | striken old father.

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him, and he eried, “Cause ev’ry man here to go out.” And they left | him. Some deeming that grief had of reason he | reft him, As swept the strong tide he no longer might | smother, They | heard as he eried “I am | Joseph, your brother, Doth my father yet live?”—Gen. 45: 35.
"Stop and think!" is Willie's motto; And a precious one it is: If you would be good and happy, Heed this golden rule of his:

**CHORUS.**

It will save from Sin's dark brink,

**Willie's motto, "Stop and think." Stop and think, Stop and think, Stop, stop, stop and think.**

2. When a hasty word he'd utter,
   While dark thoughts his bosom fill,
   Soon you'll see the sunshine glowing
   On the face of darling Will:
   It will save from Sin's dark brink,
   Willie's motto, "Stop and think!"

3. When his hand is raised in anger
   And you'd think the blow must fall,
   Look! the shadows quickly vanish;
   Peace is brooding over all.
   It will save from Sin's dark brink,
   Willie's motto, "stop and think!"

4. When temptations hedge your pathway,
   And you scarce can see the way,
   "Stop and think" before you venture,
   Lest you blindly go astray.
   It will save from Sin's dark brink,
   Willie's motto, "Stop and think!"
CHRISTMAS CAROL.
Words by Dr. J. G. Holland.
Music by W. S. B. Mathews.

1. There’s a song in the air! There’s a star in the sky! There’s a mother’s deep prayer And a baby’s low cry! And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing, For the manger of Beth-le-hem cradles a King.

2. There’s a tumult of joy O’er the wonderful birth, For the Virgin’s sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth. Ay! the star rains its fire, and the Beautiful sing, For the manger of Beth-le-hem cradles a King.

3. In the light of that star Lie the ages impearled; And that song from afar Has swept over the world. Every hearth is a-flame, and the Beautiful sing In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

4. We rejoice in the light, And we echo the song That comes down through the night From the heavenly throng. Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring, And we greet in His cradle our Savior and King!
WHAT DID JESUS SAY?

(From The Prize, by permission.)

The Recitations may be read, or may be recited by scholars, either singly or in classes. It will be very useful to commit these portions of Scripture to memory, and the school might ask and answer these questions, in sections or classes, or individuals might be appointed to do so. It is too long to be performed without some variety of this kind.

SONG. Recitando.


1. Jesus in the temple, with the doctors wise, Asking wondrous questions, giving deep replies;

When his parents found him, seeking night and day, Jesus in the temple, what did Jesus say?

RECITATION.

And He said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? Luke ii: 49.

2. SONG.

At the well of Jacob, resting by its brink, Bidding the Samaritan give to Him to drink. When she asked of Jesus where men ought to pray, At the well of Jacob, what did Jesus say?

RECITATION.

Jesus saith unto her, The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. John iv: 21, 23.

3. SONG.

On the sea of Galilee, when the storm was high, Save us, Lord! we perish! his disciples cry: While they marvel greatly, as the winds obey, On the sea of Galilee, what did Jesus say?

RECITATION.

He saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. Matt. viii: 26.

4. SONG.

Coming unto Bethany, meeting, full of gloom, Martha, mourning Lazarus, lying in the tomb, Of the Resurrection, and the last Great Day, Coming unto Bethany, what did Jesus say?
WHAT DID JESUS SAY?—Concluded.

Recitation.

Jesus saith unto Martha, thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life. John xi: 23-25.

Song.

Weeping o'er Jerusalem, city of the King, Whom he would have gathered 'neath his loving wing; Mourning for her children, going all astray, Weeping o'er Jerusalem, what did Jesus say?

Recitation.

Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killst the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Matt. xxiii: 37.

(Let the last answer be repeated as follows, in full chorus, to close with.)
And who so ever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, Verily, Verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward, he shall in no wise lose his reward.
1. 'Tis a rule in the land that when travelers meet, travelers meet, In highway or by-way, In
alley or street, Al-ley or street, On foot or in wag-on, by day or by night, Each

fa-vors the oth-er and turns to the right. Turns to the right, Turns to the right.

2. What a wonderful measure of trouble we'd shun,
Trouble we'd shun.
If all the humanity under the sun,
Under the sun,
While passing each other were truly polite,
And wishing "Good morrow," would turn to the right.

3. What a pity when selfishness stands in the way,
Stands in the way,
And hinders one's hearing what Wisdom would say,
Wisdom would say;
There's joy on the journey, the end is delight,
To those in life's highway who turn to the right.
1. Day by day we saw her failing, As the summer time went by; And the

2. In the Savior's mercy trusting, Walking closely by his side; Scarce-ly

3. "Do not sing to me of heaven As a home far, far away; 'Tis a

world grew dark and lonely When we knew that she must die. Still her heart seemed fondly clinging
did she hear the rippling Of the darkly flowing tide—"Do not grieve"—sweet words of comfort
nar-row stream di-vides us, We may cross it in a day. On-ly let me cling to Je-sus,
To the blessed promise given: "I am not afraid," she whispered, "For 'tis but a step to heaven."
To her weeping mother given: "I am not afraid," she whispered, "For 'tis but a step to heaven."
To the blessed word he's given; Then my soul is filled with glory, Then 'tis but a step to heaven.

CHORUS.

Near'er, near'er come the angels, Till the earth-worn bands are riven;

Near'er, near'er, seems the glory, Till 'tis but a step to heaven.
1. She rocked the cradle to and fro, She murmured lovingly and low, "Oh
2. The Savior lent a listening ear, And heard the mother singing here, "Oh
3. The mother kissed the smiling face, And said, "Dear Jesus, in thy grace Thou

sleep, my baby, sleep!" The little face was drawn with pain, The baby could not
sleep, my baby, sleep!" He sent an angel pure and bright To take the babe to
gav'st my baby, sleep!" Now, all I ask is when I die My babe may be an
BABY'S SWEET SLEEP.—Concluded.

he hear the strain The moth-er sang, and sang a-gain, "Oh, sleep, my ba-by sleep."
worlds of light; He whispered "Thou shalt sleep to-night, Yes, sleep, my ba-by sleep."
ang-el nigh To lead me to the world on high; Then bless-ed now such sleep."

CHORUS.

Then sleep, ba-by, sleep, ba-by sleep, ba-by. sleep. The moth-er sang and

sang a-gain, "Oh, sleep, my ba-by, ba-by, sleep. Sleep, ba-by, sleep."
"TO DEPART...WHICH IS BETTER."

TO THE MEMORY OF C. M. WYMAN.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, And their works do follow them.

From "Song of the Redeemed, by C. M. Wyman.

2. "Fare-well," we sigh, as our friends leave the strand;
3. Loving-ly called from his labors below;
4. Not without hope are we mourning to-day;
"TO DEPART....WHICH IS BETTER."—Concluded.

Shout the "Tri-umph-ant" and glo-ri-fied band; Sing-ing as on-ly the
"Wel-come," they sing in "Im-man-u-el's Land." Mourn-ing be-low is re-

Sud-den-ly sum-moned, but rea-dy to go: Lay-ing the cross and the
"Thy will be done," we are try-ing to say: Here-neath the "Shad-ow-

joic-ing a-bove; We tell of sor-row while they sing of love. A-men, A-men, A-men.

Rock" we will rest—God is "Our Fa-ther, and His ways are best. A-men, A-men, A-men.
1. Only a little while bending Under the load— Only a little while wending The weary road.
2. Only a little while bearing Sorrow and loss— Only a little while sharing Christ's heavy cross.

Only a little while staying, Wishing release— Only a little delaying, Then cometh peace.
Then from all weeping and paining Passing away— Then with our glorified Savior Reigning for aye.

CHORUS.

Only a little while, Only a little while; Brightly the morning shall break for thee, Wait only a little while.
SOON AND FOREVER.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Only a few more years, Only a few more cares;

On - ly a few more smiles and tears, On - ly a few more prayers:

2. Only a few more wrongs,
Only a few more sighs;
Only a few more earthy songs,
Only a few good-byes:

3. Then an eternal stay,
Then an eternal throng;
Then an eternal glorious day,
Then an eternal song.
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