W. C. T. U.

Songs

PRICES
10 cents per copy; 75 cents per dozen; $5.00 per hundred

NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION PUBLISHING HOUSE
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS
March of Allegiance

Anna A. Gordon

Spirited.

Rev. R. Lowry, by per.

1. Ring out, ye Victo-ry bells, With joy-ful, gold-en notes Pro-
2. Ring out, ye Victo-ry bells, With notes from heav'n a-bove, To

claim al-le-giance to our laws, Pro-claim al-le-giance to our laws,
God and home and ev-ry land, To God and home and ev-ry land,

Where-e'er Old Glo-ry floats, Where-e'er Old Glo-ry floats.
Our loy-al-ty and love, Our loy-al-ty and love.

Where-e'er Old Glo-ry floats, Where-e'er Old Glo-ry floats.

CHORUS.

Al-le-giance! Al-le-giance! Glo-rious march of al-le-giance! A-
Al-le-giance true, al-le-giance!

mer-i-ca's march of al-le-giance To lib-er-ty found-ed on law.
al-le-giance true@
It Is There to Stay

Dedicated to Mrs. Frances W. Graham, Song leader of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union

Words and Music by J. G. Dailey

Chorus
It is there to stay! It is there to stay! Till the
stars shall sink in silence and the sun and moon decay,

1. By the life of Frances Willard, which no mortal can portray,
2. By the lives of ceaseless toilers of the "Old pledge-signing day,"
3. By the lives of hopeless mothers whose boys' blood had gone astray,
4. By a Royal Act of Congress backed by States in strong array,

By the lives of faithful women who have fallen in the fray,
By the lives of all who've labored, "Cast-ing up the King's Highway,"
By the lives of sons and daughters crushed and broken in dismay,
By the Court's Supreme Decision, signed and sealed in legal way,

We have woven Pro-hi-bition, warp and woof in legal way,
By the lives of those who've given ALL human-ity could pay,
By the lives of blighted childhood born to toil instead of play,
By Je-ho-vah's Ulti-ma-tum, which the people MUST obey,

In the Nation's Constitution, and it's there, there to stay.
It is in the Constitution, and it's there, there to stay.
It is in the Constitution, and it's there, there to stay.
It is in the Constitution, and it's there, there to stay.

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We Must Enforce the Law

Harriette G. Perry

"Kingdom Comin'"

1. O Comrades, we have reached the part-ing of the Pro- hi - bi - tion ways,
2. And still we have a task be - fore us, we must help en - force the law;

We've striv - en long for home and coun - try through glo - rious years and days,
We'll make it now the great - est bless - ing that our coun - try ev - er saw:

Till now our law is firm - ly writ - ten in the stat - u - tes of the land;
We'll set the pace for oth - er na - tions till they see the bet - ter way,

Our God has no - bly led us on - ward, we were gui - ed by His hand.
We'll have no wine or beer re - turn - ing in the good old U. S. A.

Chorus

We must en - force the law, We must en - force the law, It's

We Must Enforce the Law

writ - ten in the Con - sti - tu - tion that we must en - force the law.

A Prayer

B. J. T.

Blema J. Tatman

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly One, In - to this
2. O'er my life now take full sway; Lead me
3. Make my path - way plain to me, That I
4. Hover o'er when tri - als come, Give me

heart of mine now come; Let me feel Thy keep - ing
always from this day; Help me Thy true child to
may Thy serv - ant be; Help me Thy rich grace im -
strength, O Ho - ly One, To be Thine, yea, whol - ly
pow'r, Ne'er to leave me from this hour.
be, Serv - ing Thee most faith - ful - ly.
part Ev - er to the hun - gry heart.
Thine, Shed - ding forth Thy love di - vine. A - MEN.

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Crusade Glory Song

1. When long ago in the snow and the sleet, Wom-an-hood knelt in the pit-i-less street. Out of that ag-o-ny, out of de-feat, Blossomed a heaven-ly dow-t'r; God in the germ was its hid-ing of pow'r. Link-ing its White Rib-bon line; Con-quer we did, for the Cross was our sign, Gleam-ing with safe on the street. Now the sa-loon is an out-law complete, God of White

2. Far sped the seed of that won-der-ful flow'r, Tell-ing the world of its glo-ry for you and for me. Now sea to sea shout's Glo-ry to Thee,

3. Hands all elec-tric with im-pulse di-vine, Now span the globe with the pro-hi-bi-tion, still our bat-tle cry; On-ward be our watch-word chil-dren sing-ing, ban-ners lift-ed high; Joy-ous are their voices, glo-rious mes-sage, vic-to-ry is nigh; Prayers will soon be an-swered,

4. Now ev'ry home is pro-tec-ted and sweet, Now our be-loved is Lord of our host, God of the free, Dearest of lands,

Chorus

Mil-lions of hands Strike off rum's chains, sing-ing, Glo-ry, you're free.

The World Is Going Dry

1. Come, ye loy-al work-ers, join the temp'rance ar-my, Shout for in the might-y con-flict, Hear the shouts of vic't'ry, The world is go-ing dry.

2. The end-my is driv-en from our land for-ev-er, Hear the The world is go-ing dry, The world is go-ing dry! Hear the shouts of vic't'ry, The world is go-ing dry.

3. Ral-ly, all ye faith-ful, ral-ly to the con-quest, Shout the shouts of vic't'ry, (Omit .................) The world is go-ing dry.
U. S. A. Forever Dry

Words and Music by J. G. Dailey

March tempo

1. My Co-lum-bia, Co-lum-bia be-lov-ed,
2. From our Lib-er-ty Bell, my be-lov-ed,
3. Shall the name we a-dore, my be-lov-ed,
4. Long a stain on thy brow, my be-lov-ed,
5. We, the vot-ers, my own, my Co-lum-bia,

Land of beau-ti, of sun-light and song,
Rang the notes that the na-tion was free, be re-moved,
Still the glo-ry and crown o-ver all,
Grav-en deep by the li-cense of wrong;
Shall the work of the still o-ver-come;

Un-re-serv-ed to thee my de-votion shall be,
And the flag that we love, proud-ly float-ing a-bove,
By the peo-ple be-loved from its place, be re-moved,
But, a-gain on thy face shall thy beau-ty and grace
And "Our Lib-er-ty Bell" shall re-ech-o the knell,

While thy prais-es my voice shall pro-long. For-ev-er.
Is the Pledge of the Free-dom to be. For-ev-er.
While dis-gre and dis-hon-or be-fall? No! nev-er.
Shine re-spl-en dent in sto-ry and song. For-ev-er.
Of the death of the de-mon of rum! For-ev-er.

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1) pro-long. For-ev-er.
Carry On

Words by Anna A. Gordon
Music—"Baby Mine"

1. There's a greater task now calling, Carry On, Carry On; Catch a
2. There's a greater task now calling, Carry On, Carry On; Catch a
3. There's a greater task now calling, Carry On, Carry On; Catch a

vision soul enthralling, Carry On, Carry On; Human happiness,
vision soul enthralling, Carry On, Carry On; Hearts must seek the
vision soul enthralling, Carry On, Carry On; Pro-tection's

ness increase, Bring the day of love's release, Win the world to righteous peace,
ness increase, Bring the day of love's release, Win the world to righteous peace,
ness increase, Bring the day of love's release, Win the world to righteous peace,

Carry On, Carry On; Win the world to righteous peace, Carry On!
Carry On, Carry On; Set the world on their trail, Carry On!
Carry On, Carry On; Con-sacrate to it our share, Carry On!

Victory Bells

A. A. G.

1. Swing! Ring! Victo-ry bells! That usher in the glad new day;
2. Hark! How sweetly the bells Ring out their call to work and pray;
3. Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells! And we will catch your echoes sweet;

D.C.—Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells, That usher in the glad new day;

Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells! Ev-er ring on, we pray.
Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells! We will your call o-bey.
Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells! We will your song re-pet;

Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells! Ev-er ring on, we pray.

Sweet is the music of these sounds so clear,
Glad is youth's morn-ing; joy-ous is its song;
Till ev-ry na-tion pure, and free, and strong,

D.C.

Wak-ing the echoes far. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . and near.
Join in the cho-rus, we. . . . . . . all be-long.
Peals bells of glad-ness, Join-ing our tri-umph song.
Forward! to Enforce the Constitution

Words and Music: Lue R. Middlebrook

1. Moth-er Na-tional calls her wom-en true
2. All a-long the front of bat-tle fray
3. For our chil-den's chil-den yet to be-

Faith-ful, loy-al W. C. T. U. Hear the or-ders of the day;
Stand God's wom-en, fear-less as the day, Giv-ing all of strength and skill,
For our flag that floats o'er land and sea, We shall nev-er cease to fight

Say them o-ver as you pray, Hold fast! and with- out dismay, "Go for- ward!"
Working won-ders by sheer will, Trust-ing Him who tells us still "Go for- ward!"
While an en-e-my's in sight; God is with us—right is might—"Go for- ward!"

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Work For Enforcement Where You Are

Anna A. Gordon

1. There's a slogan we must shout and sing these vic'try days, When we've
2. Days of triumph and rejoicing find us battling still 'Gainst the

reached our pro-hib-i-tion goal; Let it be the ringing keynote of our
foe of pur-i-ty and right; Let the slogan, Law Enforcement, ev'ry

REFRAIN

hymn of praise, Stirring to ac-tion ev'ry soul. Work for en-force-ment
pa-triot thrill, Stirring to ac-tion day and night.

where you are; Work for enforcement where you are; Warfare is not
Work for enforcement where you are;

o-ver, shout the slogan near and far, Work for enforce-ment where you are.

Stand Loyally

Margaret B. Platt

1. Just where you are in the con-flict, There is your place!
2. Just where the Lead-er has placed you, Be faith-ful, true!
3. Just where you are in the con-flict Stand un-dis-mayed!

Though your strength be as weak-ness, Hide not your face.
What if the turn of the bat-tle De-pend on you!
There in the heat of the bat-tle Be un-a-fraid.

God placed you there for some pur-pose, Un-known tho' it be;
Tho' just to stand 'mid the con-flict May seem cow-ard-ly,
What is the strength of e-vil 'Gainst in-fi-ni-ty!

When He has giv-en the or-der, Stand loy-al-ly.
If you are serv-ing your Cap-tain, Stand loy-al-ly.
Strong in the might of your Cap-tain, Stand loy-al-ly.

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White Ribbon Vibrations

F. H. C.

With spirit

Flora Hamilton Cassel

1. There are bands of ribbon white, a-round the world...
2. Tell the truth that music tells a-round the world, gleaming in...
3. Nations hear the mighty song a-round the world, clear and sweet, ringing out...

O'er their sil-very, shining strands, Making music in all lands, around the world.
Walt-ed o-ver land and sea, Ever's cloud before it, from all the world.
And the light of God in-crease, Dawn-ing day of per-fect peace, around the world.

Twenty-Third Psalm

Evan. C. M.

W. H. Havergal

1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie in pastures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain, And me to walk doth make With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, En for His own Name's sake.
3. Yes, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill; For Thou art with me and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
4. A ta-ble Thou hast fur-nished me, In pres-ence of my foes; My head Thou dost with oil a-point, And my cup over-flows.
5. Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me; As ev-er in Je-ho-vah's house My dwell-ing place shall be.

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America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years

For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain.
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness.
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life.
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Undimmed by hu-man tears.

A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee,
A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal God mend thine ev-ery flaw,
A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal May God thy gold re-fine
A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.
Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law,
Till all suc cess be no ble ness, And ev - ery gain di vine.
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin ing sea.

For All the Saints

Samuel A. Ward

1. For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by
2. Thou wast their Rock, their For-tress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their
3. May Thy sol diers, faith ful and true, and bold, Fight as the
4. O bless com mun i tat ion, fel low ship di vine! We fight as
5. And when the strife is fierce, the war fare long, Steals on the

faith be fore the world con fessed, Thy name, O Je sus,
Cap tain in the well fought fight; Thou in the dark ness
saints who no bly fought of old; And win, with them, the
they did, near the ho ly sign; Yet all are one in
ear the dis tant tri umph song, And hearts are brave a-

be for ev er blest, Al le lu ia! Al le lu ia!
still their one true Light. Al le lu ia! Al le lu ia!
ve ter’s crown of gold. Al le lu ia! Al le lu ia!
Thee, for all are Thine. Al le lu ia! Al le lu ia!

Wm. Wood

O WOMANHOOD ARISE! Air: “Materna”

O Christian womanhood, arise,
Fling selfish ease away;
Rest not on victories achieved,
The call is loud today:
Strong foes surround on every hand,
Dread perils, pain and woe,
O Lord, appoint us with Thy might,
As we to battle go.
Our Task

1. Ring out the cry, "Hold banners high!" Forward, Crusaders, where
2. Now is the hour: thine is the pow'r; Strength shall be given to
3. Land of our birth, fairest on earth, Blest be thy children from

He calls to-day; Ribbon so white, emblem of right; Carry it
thee as thy day. Be not afraid; lift up thy head. Facing the
shore un-to shore! Liberty bright, O shed thy light Of peace and
dauntless where wrong holdeth sway. He will give grace and strength as thy need;
sun-rise on du-l'y's high-way. This is the hour; there is no defeat;
brotherhood while years pass o'er. Proudly we hail thee, coun-try so dear;

He will the plea of His loyal ones heed. This is our task,
Neve-er God's bu-gle sounds a retreat. With trust in Him
Loy-al-ly guard thee when foes hover near. This is our task,
Some Glad Day

Katharine Lent Stevenson
(Tune: "Old Black Joe")

Stephen C. Foster

1. All round the world the ribbon white is twined; All round the
2. All round the world where sounds the note of woe, There in God's
3. All round the world hosannas yet shall ring; All lands and

world the glorious light has shined; All round the world our
strength our ribbon white shall go; Emblem of peace, of
climes the Saviour's praise shall sing; No jarring note shall

cause has right of way; We'll raise the anthem swell of victory some glad day,
purity's bright ray, 'Twill bind our sin-stained earth to heaven some glad day,
mor that rapturous lay; 'Twill rise from all the sin-saved nations some glad day,

Chorus:
It's coming, it's coming, the morn for which we pray;

We'll take the world for Christ's own Kingdom some glad day.

America

S. F. Smith

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above,
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake: Let rocks the silence break, The sound prolong,
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

TEMPERANCE RALLY SONG

Tune "Old Black Joe"

Up in the North where giant forests grow,
Down in the South where cotton blossoms blow,
Out in the West where golden acres lie,
The North, the South, the East, the West, have all gone dry.

Chorus:
Enforcement! Enforcement
Join in the rallying cry!
With law observance as our watchword,
Hold for aye!

Fiercely the conflict raged throughout our land,
Splendid the day that brought our victory grand,
Proudly our hosts marched on from sea to sea,
America, America is free, free, free!

Onward, ye brave, with unfurled banners white,
March 'gainst the foe that tramples down the right;
God's on our side, the law observed will be,
The East, the West, the whole wide world, will soon be free!
Hold Fast and Go Forward

Harriet G. Perry

Air: Darling Nellie Gray

1. We are standing on the thresh-old of a fair-er, bright-er day,
2. Years a-go we caught the vi-sion of be-ro-ic pi-o-neers,

For the great-est mor-al vic-t’ry’s been a-chieved;
“A Sa-loon-less Na-tion,” free from sin and shame;

serve our Con-sti-tu-tion ’gainst the foes that block the way!
Fast and Go For-ward”—Tis no time for doubts and fears,

Ne-ver shall we lose the bless-ings we’ve re-ceived.
Joy-ous-ly we claim the vic-t’ry in His name.

Chorus

Yes, A-mer-i-ca’s gone dry, and we know the rea-son why,

For our Heav’n-ly Fa-ther free-ly gave the pow’r;

Mob-i-lize for Law En-force-ment and for Law Ob-serv-ance, too,

’Tis the chal-lenge to you this ver-y hour.……..

24
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

E. Perronet O. Holden

1. All hail the pow'rf of Jesus' name!
   Let angels prostrate fall!
   Bring forth the royal diadem,
   And crown Him Lord of all,
   Bring forth the royal diadem,
   And crown Him Lord of all!

2. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
   The worm-wood and the gall,
   Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
   And crown Him Lord of all,
   Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
   And crown Him Lord of all!

3. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
   On this terrestrial ball,
   To Him all majesty ascribe,
   And crown Him Lord of all,
   To Him all majesty ascribe,
   And crown Him Lord of all!

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

Rev. John Fawcett H. G. Nageli

1. Blest be the tie that binds
   Our hearts in Christian love;
   The fellowship of kindred minds
   Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne
   We pour our ardent prayers;
   Our fears, our hopes, our aims
   Are one,
   Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,
   Our mutual burdens bear;
   And often for each other flows
   The sympathizing tear
   When we asunder part,
   It gives us inward pain;
   But we shall still be joined in heart,
   And hope to meet again.

A Charge to Keep I Have

(Tune "Boyston." S. M. Key of C)

1. A charge to keep I have,
   A God to glorify,
   A never-dying soul to save,
   And fit it for the sky.

2. To serve the present age,
   My calling to fulfill,
   O may it all my powers engage,
   To do my Master's will!

White Ribbon Rally Song

Frances B. Damon
Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

1. From the home-land to the far-land, from the cap-tive to the throng,
   Where-so-ev-er we are need-ed to up-lift a soul from wrong,
   "Tis our coun-try and our kin-dred, all to-geth-er we be-long,

2. While the homes of earth are dark-ened, and the strong men fall as prey,
   While the women tell in anguish, and the lit-tle chil-dren stray,
   There's a Voice—who has not heard it, call-ing to us night and day?

3. Seel' our ban-ner waves,—the whit-est that has ev-er swept the blue;
   And it goes be-fore a will-ing host to serv-ice kind and true;
   Come and join our ranks, dear comrades,—oh, here's the place for you,—

FINE CHORUS

Reach out the help-ing hand. Wind the rib-bon 'round the na-tions,

D.S.—The na-tions of our God. D. S.

Wind the rib-bon 'round the na-tions, Wind the rib-bon 'round the na-tions,
Win Them One By One

(A MEMBERSHIP MUSICAL SLOGAN)

Adapted by A. A. G.
C. Austin Miles

In march time

Win new mem-bers day by day, We'll help win them—here's the way—

Just one way can this be done—We must win them one by one.

Chorus

{ So, you win the one next to you, And I'll win the one next to me; In
{ If you'll win the one next to you, And I win the one next to me, In

all kinds of weather, we'll all work to-geth-er, And see what can be done;

no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.

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This Is My Father's World

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Matthias D. Babcock, 1901

Traditional English Melody

1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my lis-t'ning ears All
2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ois raise, The
3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for-get That

na- ture sings, and round me rings The mu-sic of the spheres,
morn-ing light, the el-y white, De-clare their Mak-er's praise.
the' the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul-er yet.

This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest in the thought Of
This is my Fa-ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
This is my Fa-ther's world, The bat-tle is not done, Jo-

rocks and trees, of skies and seas—His hand the won-ders wrought,
rus-ting grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev-ry-where.
sus who died shall be sat-is-fied, And earth and heav'n be one. A-MEN.

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29
Lead On, O King Eternal

Ernest W. Shurtleff

Henry Smart

1. Lead on, O King Eternal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King Eternal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King Eternal, We follow, not with fears,

Henceforth in fields of quest Thy tents shall be our home:
And holiness shall whisper The sweet Amen of peace;
For gladness breaks like morning Where'er thy face appears;

Through days of preparation Thy grace has made us strong,
For not with swords loud clashing, Nor roll of stirring drums;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us; We journey in its light;

And now, O King Eternal, We lift our battle song,
With deeds of love and mercy, The heav'nly kingdom comes,
The crown awaits the quest; Lead on, O God of might.

Crusade Hymn

Gerhardt. J. Weale, Tr. (Tune: "St. Thomas")

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be undisrayed;
2. Thro' waves and clouds and storms, He gently clears the way;
3. Far, far above thy thought His counsel shall appear,

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.
Wait thou His time; the dark night shall end in bright-day.
When fully He the work hath wrought That caused thy needless fear.

GO FORWARD

Anna A. Gordon

Air: "Lead On, O King Eternal"

Go Forward is our watchword;
We march with happy courage
To heights not yet possessed;
For crowned with many a conquest
Go Forward is our watchword,
We'll meet him and defeat him.

Go Forward is our watchword;
God's flaming truth proclaim
Pining high our flag of freedom
The joy of greater victories
Go Forward is our watchword,
God's truth our righteous shield.

Go Forward is our watchword;
In prohibition's name;
Arousing all Christian people,
Must be our only rest.
Go Forward is our watchword,
For crowned with many a conquest
The heights not yet possessed;
We see the distant goal
Go Forward is our watchword,
Our warfare is not ended;
We'll meet him and defeat him.

Go Forward is our watchword;
Bring every voter in,
Unite beneath Christ's banner
Our country to defend.
Go Forward is our watchword,
Our enemy's afield.
Go Forward is our watchword;
A mighty host must rally
New victories to win.
Go Forward is our watchword,
Our enemy's afield.
Go Forward is our watchword;
A mighty host must rally
Our song of faith to sing.

Air: "Lead On, O King Eternal"

Go Forward is our watchword;
We march with happy courage
To heights not yet possessed;
The joy of greater victories
Go Forward is our watchword,
For crowned with many a conquest
The heights not yet possessed;
We see the distant goal
Go Forward is our watchword,
Our warfare is not ended;
We'll meet him and defeat him.
Go Forward is our watchword,
Our enemy's afield.
Go Forward is our watchword;
A mighty host must rally
Our song of faith to sing.

Air: "Lead On, O King Eternal"

Go Forward is our watchword;
We march with happy courage
To heights not yet possessed;
The joy of greater victories
Go Forward is our watchword,
For crowned with many a conquest
The heights not yet possessed;
We see the distant goal
Go Forward is our watchword,
Our warfare is not ended;
We'll meet him and defeat him.
Go Forward is our watchword;
Our enemy's afield.
Go Forward is our watchword;
A mighty host must rally
Our song of faith to sing.
O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

W. Cladden
H. P. Smith

1. O Master, let me walk with Thee In lowly paths of serv-ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience still with Thee In close-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad-ning way,

Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o-ver wrong,
In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.

How Firm a Foundation
Portuguese Hymn, (Key A flat.)

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
[[To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?]]

2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed.
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
[[Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.]]

3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
[[And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.]]

4. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
[[I'll never—no never—no never for-sake!]]

—G. Keith.
A SERVICE OF SONG

The Saving of Daddy

By

MRS. DELLA F. WENTWORTH

PUBLISHED BY
NATIONAL W. C. T. U., EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

Price 10 Cents Each. $1.00 per Hundred, Postpaid

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The Saving of Daddy

[This service should be opened with the singing of a hymn by the congregation, scripture reading and prayer, and be carried through without interruption. No announcement of titles should be given. The choir should rise just before the reader stops, so as to commence the singing without any break in the program.]

Sing—"Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No!"—Gospel Hymns No. 8.

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—James 4:7.

P.S. H. R. Palmer, by par.

1. You're starting my boy on life's journey, Along the grand highway of life; In courage my boy, lies your safety, When you the long journey begin; Be careful in choosing companions, Seek only the brave and the true;

You'll meet with a thousand temptations—Each evil with evil is rise, Your trust in a heavily Father Will keep you unpotted from sin, And stand by your friends when in trial, Never changing the old for the new,

This world is a stage of excitement, There's danger wherever you go; Temptations will go on increasing, As streams from a rivulet flow; And when by false friends you are tempted, The taste of the wine cup to know,
Have courage, my boy—Continued.

Have courage! Oh have courage! My boy.\[No. 439.\]

Have courage, boy, say NO.\[No. 440.\]

Have courage, my boy!\[No. 441.\]

Have courage! Oh have courage! My boy.\[No. 442.\]

Have courage, boy, say NO.\[No. 443.\]

Have courage, my boy!\[No. 444.\]

Have courage! Oh have courage! My boy.\[No. 445.\]

Have courage, boy, say NO.\[No. 446.\]

Have courage, my boy!\[No. 447.\]

Have courage! Oh have courage! My boy.\[No. 448.\]

Have courage, boy, say NO.\[No. 449.\]

Have courage, my boy!\[No. 450.\]

Have courage! Oh have courage! My boy.\[No. 451.\]

Have courage, boy, say NO.\[No. 452.\]

Have courage, my boy!\[No. 453.\]

Have courage! Oh have courage! My boy.\[No. 454.\]

Have courage, boy, say NO.\[No. 455.\]

Have courage, my boy!\[No. 456.\]

Have courage! Oh have courage! My boy.\[No. 457.\]

Have courage, boy, say NO.\[No. 458.\]

Have courage, my boy!\[No. 459.\]
The Temperance Lighthouse.

No one, no one, Ah, no one from danger is free.
Shine out, shine out, Ye temper-ance lights o'er the sea.
Work on, work on, For God, and the home of the free.

from danger is free,
over the sea,
of the free.

With a feeling of nameless dread in his heart, Jack turned his feet homeward, stumbling over the rocks, and alternately cursing the luck which kept him from his cronies and praising himself for his self-denial "for the kid." The long walk through the stinging cold somewhat cleared his stupefied brain, and when he reached his home and opened the door, the walling of the sick child and the conspicuous lack of the common necessaries of life in and around the house, brought a pang of keenest self-reproach to the now well-nigh sober man.

The walling stopped as Jack appeared, and the childish voice called:
Daddy, take Dimmy; Daddy, take Dimmy!"

The father took the little boy, wrapped in a ragged shawl, from the tired mother's arms and carried him back and forth until his eyes closed in the first real sleep which he had known for many hours.

The mother, released from her care of the sick child, hurried to the shed to get wood for the fire. She was followed by ten-year-old little Amy, who whispered, "Mother, Daddy kept his promise to Dimmy, didn't he?"

"Yes, child, God be praised! Now help me get a good supper, and try to keep the children quiet. Perhaps we can keep father in tonight," and Mary Barney hurried back to the kitchen with her wood.

Sing—"There's a Shadow on the Home."—"Battle Song" in The Temperance Songster, No. 68.

Battle Song.

MARY T. LAVERNE.
Alto or Bass Solo.

1. There's a shad-ow on the home, man-y hearts are sad to
2. There's a wrong in all the land, and the beau-ti-ful are
3. There's an evil in the land, and the king-dom of our

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An hour later, while Jimmie was quietly sleeping in his rude crib, Jack Barney sat down to what seemed to the needy family a good supper. Surely the brown-bread coffee was strong and hot, and the Indian hunkout went well with the steaming potato stew. Little was left of bread, stew, or coffee when the chairs were pushed back from the kitchen table.

A brisk fire of driftwood and the hot supper had warmed the little family thoroughly for the first time that day; and well it was for them, for the wind blew savagely and dashed the rapidly increasing snow into every crack and crevice of the rickety old house.

Jack went to the door and looked out, but one glance satisfied him that he wished to stay at home. As he pushed the door against the invading storm, the feeble call, "Daddy, take Dimmy," drew him straight to Jimmie's crib once more.

Sing—"A Shelter in the Time of Storm"—Gospel Hymns No. 5.

A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94:22.

Words arr. Ira D. Sankey.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, a fence by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
3. The raging storm may round us bear, A shelter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock divine, O refuge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;

So cure what-er ill be-tide, A shelter in the time of storm.
No fears or loss of fright, A shelter in the time of storm.
We'll never leave our safe retreat, A shelter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help—er et—er near, A shelter in the time of storm.

Chorus.

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A weary land; oh,
Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A shelter in the time of storm.

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Again Mary sought her bed, and her last thought was a beseeching prayer for Jack's salvation.

Fleryer and a hundred times more merciless than the storm outside the little old house, was the tempest of remorse and despair that raged in Jack Barney's soul that night. Despair would have vanished him quite but for Mary's last words, "God is stronger than the Devil." Jack clung to that in desperation, and almost unconsciously a faint hope was born in his despairing soul.

Sing—"God of Battles, Be Our Leader"—The Temperance Songster.

**God of Battles, Be Our Leader.**

**DAVID DEVOR.**

"Byrns Calvert."

1. God of Battles, be our Lord ever, While Thy banner we up raise; 
   Arm'd with weapons bright as sun's, His strength so we dare as sail. 
   Sin—er, now to God sur-ren der, Sent by Him, we come to thee; 

2. Thou by fearless foes sur-round-ed, Press we on to spread Thy praise.
   Hark! the prisoner's fetters fall! Sun doth reveal:
   Lo! thy sins are laid on Je-sus, Bow the heart and bend the knee. 

**Refrain.**

Christ shall con quer, Christ shall con quer, Christ shall con quer, Hal-le lu—jah! Hal-le lu—jah! Hal-le lu—jah! Je-sus calls thee, Je-sus calls thee, Je-sus calls thee, Christ shall conquer, Christ shall conquer, Christ shall conquer, 

They're the world our King shall reign, They're the world our King shall reign. 
Christ doth set the cap-tive free, Christ doth set the cap-tive free. 
Come and take thy par don now, Come and take thy par don now.

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The morning following Jack Barney's vigil showed a blistering, blinding, howling northeasterly snowstorm, which blanketed the mainland, the sea, the sky, and even the nearest houses, from the landscape.

Only the boom of the cruel sea on the rocky ledges betrayed the location of Bearce Island to belated seafarers steering for the harbor beyond.

Jack slept late after his long night of watching and wrestling. Little Jimmy, too, slept, and the lines of pain seemed fading from his cheeks and sunken eyes.

"Jimmy is better, and Jack is safe at home?" Mary Barney's heart sung this refrain over and over in glad notes of thankfulness.

The children had begged to be allowed to go to school, urging, "It is more fun to go when it storms. Miss Emily does so many lovely things for us scholars who are brave enough to go out in the wild weather."

They took their dinners on such days, and spent the mornings rehearsing for their L. T. L. meetings, held every month in the school house.

Mary Barney was glad to have the house quiet so that her husband and baby might sleep. Jack got up in the middle of the afternoon and hurriedly drank the coffee she had waiting for him, refusing food, then strode off through the snow, while Mary's heart sank, filled with a nameless fear. Jack had acted strangely, and had spoken scarcely a word. Suddenly she exclaimed aloud, "I can pray if I can't do anything else!" As Mary Barney wrestled for her husband's soul, the kitchen became holy ground.

Sing—"The Mother's Prayer"—The Temperance Songster, No. 10.

The Mother's Prayer.

John M. Holley.

J. B. Hebbert.

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The ocean wave is strong, our empty hands are weak: We who have strong, our empty hands are weak: We who have

God save our boys! O who, 0 who will save our boys?

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Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

Mrs. J. E. Scovill.  P. P. Hilborn.

Art. by P. P. H.

1. See the Ram-bow-ded with his millions, Sweeping o'er our nat-ive land,
   Lies in wait at ev-ery cor-ner. With his wij-ly ser-geant tongue,
   Spread-ing death and des-o-ci-a-tion, Grief and woe on ev-ery hand.

2. See, he clam-ores at your thres-hold, Hanging down your precious sons,
   Fold-ed hands will nev-er aid us, To re-move this load of woe;
   Men of worth, be up and do ing, Men of cour-age, men of zeal,

3. "Wo-ry-ly and ste-a-l, From your chil-dren's hearts to steal;
   Save the na-tion from de-struc-tion, You its des-ti-ny must seal;
   Help de-throne the ty-rant mon-ster, "Put your shoulder to the wheel;"

4. Weep-ing mothers, sisters, daugh-ers, Fear prevails not o'er this sin;
   "Wor-ry, and steal, From your chil-dren's hearts to steal;
   Help de-throne the ty-rant mon-ster, "Put your shoulder to the wheel;"

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George pushed back his chair from the table with a sober look on his usu-
ally merry face, as he said, "I wish we could give Jack's whole family a
supper, for if their food is as poor as their clothes they must be hungry most
of the time. All the children bring to school for lunch is corn cake, mother.
Think of it! I'd starve on that."

"Oh no, you wouldn't, my boy. But run along and bring Jack if you can.
I have a plan to help him; and if we can help him, we shall benefit the whole
family."

"Why, so we will, mother. Good for you! There he goes now, down to-
ward the Point!"

"Jack, Jack! Hello, Jack! Mother wants to see you! Can't you come in
right now?" panted George as he overtook Jack a few moments later.

"I caught you just in the nick of time. A minute more and you'd have
been out of sight in this storm."

Jack muttered something which George did not catch, for the wind
though somewhat abated, still blew furiously. The two turned about, and
were soon at the hospitable door, which was opened wide by Mrs. Hamilton.
It seemed scarcely a minute before Jack was seated at the table drinking
the steaming coffee and enjoying the appetizing chowder, while he listened
wonderingly to Mrs. Hamilton's plans for him to do a job of carpenter work.

"I have been waiting for some time to have my china closet made, be-
cause I had no ready money to spare for the labor. I've had the lumber for
more than a year, and now if you will do it and take your pay in vegetables
and salt pork and your dinners and suppers here while you are doing the
work, I shall be delighted. What do you say, Jack? You see I call you 'Jack'
in memory of the good old days when we went to the little brown school
house in the 'Holler.'"

"Call me what you like, Mrs. Hamilton. I'd like to oblige you and do the
work if only I had the tools. My tools—well, you know they've gone
without my telling you."

"How fortunate it is that George has his uncle's tools. You know his
uncle George was a good carpenter. I think you could make the tools do with
sharpening."

"Yes, I could," replied Jack, straightening his shoulders and looking
more manly than he had looked for years. "I'll be over the first thing in the
morning. I'll have to go now, for little Jim has been sick. He's better to-day,
but he fusses for me if I'm out of his sight."

"Jimmie sick? Why, I'm sorry! Let me send him some milk and a glass of
jelly. Tell Mary I'll be over to see her as soon as the walking is fit for a
woman to be out."

Thus this kind-hearted friend wove the net of her good influence round
the tempted soul, although the little knew what had been in Jack's heart as
he plunged through the blinding snow toward the Point that stormy after-
noon.

George could scarcely wait until the door closed on the retreating form of
Jack Farney before throwing his arms round his mother, as he tenderly ex-
claimed, "Mother, mother, what a good woman you are! You're the best
mother—"

"That is not what you ever had, George! Now, are the cabbages all done—cow and pig
fed, wood all in, and everything snug this dreadful night?"

"Yes, mother. I did it while you were giving Jack his supper, and I got
in just in time to hear about the carpenter work."

"Then hadn't you better get your uncle George's chest out here by the
fire and clean the tools up a bit for Jack? Tomorrow morning you can build
a fire in the summer kitchen and Jack can do his carpentering out there."

George heartily agreed to the proposition, and the evening was too short
to discuss all the good things this mother and son planned to help a fallen
brother rise.

Sing—'While the Days are Going By.'—White Ribbon Hymnal.
While the Days Are Going By.

George Cooper. Ira D. Sankey.

There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish, While the days are going by.

If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by.

Refrain

Going by, going by, going by, going by

Going by, going by, going by, going by

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by.

There's no time for idle scoring,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,
But the seeds of good we sow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

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True to his promise, Jack was on hand early the next morning, and the closest grew rapidly, considering his trembling hands and weakened muscles. The nourishing food and regular meals helped to quell the craving for drink which at times threatened to overwhelm him.

Mrs. Hamilton's frequent references to the good old times of childhood, and later, when Jack had acted a man's part in the world, spurred on his fast growing resolve to drop the drink and be a man again, but like an ominous cloud on the distant horizon lurked the thought of Hen and Joe, and what they would do and say. Could he brace up enough to resist their...
Will It Pay?

Waits for the com-ing of the guil-less feet. Child of the rich, and sent to the shame for the thought-less feet. Ail fathers, your sin - set

child of the poor, Pass to their wreck thru' the drain-ing door; Oh, gold grows dim, Black with the rust of such name-less sin! Oh,

say, will they ever come back as they go. Fair as the sunshine, Pure as the snow? say, will your destine one hold as they go. Fair as the sunshine, Pure as the snow?

The last day's work at Mrs. Hamilton's was nearly done, and tomorrow Jack was to go to another neighbor's house to begin a job for which Mrs. Hamilton had recommended him. Anxiously this good friend awaited an opportunity to speak a few more helpful words. Her conscience smote her that with all she had said of cheer she had not pointed Jack to the Great Physician whom she knew so well could heal both body and soul. With a prayer in her heart and a smile on her lips, Mrs. Hamilton suddenly dropped her sewing and crossed the room to the nearly completed corner cupboard.

Jack Barney stepped back from his work and glanced questioningly at the motherly, eloquent face.

"Jack, my friend, I've made a big mistake in all my efforts to do you good. I've been like a doctor trying to cure a broken limb by medicines when he should have first set the bone. O, Jack, you need a new heart and the constant help of God to carry you through the awful temptations which are before you! He's waiting to cure you, soul and body; won't you let Him?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Hamilton. I never was much on religion, but you've done so good already, and if I ever do amount to anything you'll have a big share in it. I mean to try my best, but I don't know how I'll come out. It's uphill work. You don't know anything about it, Mrs. Hamilton."

"Perhaps I don't, Jack, but I do know that God is able to save to the uttermost. Nothing is too hard for Him, Jack. Remember that when you're tempted. Ask His help, and you will receive it. God has promised, and He always keeps His promises."

Sing: "Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!"—White Ribbon Hymnal.
Mrs. Hamilton turned away, and Jack soberly continued his work. At about four o'clock the cupboard was finished. Mrs. Hamilton and George packed the pork and potatoes in a good-sized box and tied it securely on the sled. George had offered to help Jack get the provisions home, for the terrible snow storm had made the walks a continuation of bumps and hollows over which even the sled needed careful steering.

All the way George chattered about school and how smart Jack's Amy was in figures and how Ed Barney spelled down all the big boys the other night; and then he told about how they rehearsed every evening for the Lincoln Birthday night, ending by asking Jack to come.

"T'll see," answered Jack, moodily. Just then they passed the school house, and a sweet childish voice sang:

Solo—"If I Were a Voice"—White Ribbon Hymnal.

If I Were a Voice.

As arranged and sung by Mrs Alice J. Harris.

L. B. Woodbury

If I Were a Voice. Continued.

morning light, And speak to men with a gentle might, And
guilt I'll seek, And calm and truthful words I'd speak, To
I'd do bow's, I'd publish in tones both long and loud, The
tell them to be true, I would fly, I would fly over
save men from despair, I would fly, I would fly 'er the
Gospel's joyful sound. I would fly, I would fly on the
led and sea. Where'er a human heart might be;
crowded town, And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
wings of day, Proclaiming Christ on my world-wide way,

1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, I would
2. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I'd fly
3. If I were a voice, an immortal voice, I'd

travel the wide world through, I would fly on the beams of the
on the wings of the air. The homes of sorrow and
fly this earth around, And wher-ev er man to his

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Unconsciously they both stopped and listened. When the singing ceased, George looked glibly at Jack and said, "That was Joe Taylor's Edie. She's going to sing the song at our Lincoln meeting."

"She sings like a bird," rejoined Jack, and hurried along. The mention of Joe Taylor's name made him uneasy.

Neither of his chums had yet returned from the mainland, although a week had passed. That was not strange, however, for the storm had raged the greater part of three days and the cold had been intense. The high wind must have made the sea a pretty rough place for a dory. Both men had friends on the mainland, and their families were better off without them, thought Jack as he trudged on toward his home, all unheeding of George's attempts at conversation.

As soon as the box was emptied of the pork and potatoes George, with a cheerful good night, ran home, while Jack Barney, impelled by his latent fear, strode off in the direction of the Point, unmindful of the snow, through which he at times plunged knee-deep.

His brain seemed on fire; his thoughts came faster than he could understand them. Where were Joe and Hen? Would they be back soon, and would they bring the rum? Would they persuade him to drink, or could he resist them? Did he really want to? Yes, yes, he did! Could he reform, or must he fill a drunken's grave?

Mrs. Hamilton had told him as he left tonight that she would pray for him. Would praying do any good? Why hadn't Mary's prayer been answered? She prayed, he knew.

O, how easily it had been to slip down the hill, and how hard it would be to get back!

Jack had now reached the shore, where he shouted "Good Jack" to Joe and Hen. The newly formed shore ice showed pale green beneath the flowing tide. What was that caught in the rocks farther out? An ear! Yes, surely. Jack staggered through the snow till he was opposite the object. Cautiously stepping over the icy rocks, he jerked the ear from the crevice where it had stuck. It was broken, but H. T. on the blade made Jack's face whiten, and consciously he scanned the shore. It was Hen's ear, but the man had had three on board, and one might have been broken in the rowlock. Around the Point to the seaward side Jack proceeded. A round object was floating in the tide pool on the big rock. A nearer view showed Jack that it was the jug which Joe and Hen had carried off in the dory.

Mechanically the fear-ridden man dragged out the jug and made his way back from the shore, scarcely knowing what he did.

Suddenly he realized in all its horror what must have taken place. Either in the act of coming on board the boat must have been captured and Joe and Hen drowned. With the consciousness of this terrible happening came an overpowering desire for liquor. Was there any in the jug? He must have it. He would drink it about. In the midst of this turmoil of his reeling brain came Mrs. Hamilton's words: "Nothing is too hard for Him, Jack. Remember that when you're tempted, and ask His help." "God has promised, and He always keeps His promises."

Jack looked wildly round over the darkening waste of waters and up into the clear, cold heavens where the evening star was gleaming. It seemed like an emblem of hope to his tortured mind. He seemed to hear a gentle voice close beside him saying, "Nothing is too hard for Him, Jack. Ask His help."

With a groan the man dropped upon his knees in the snow and cried to God—and as sure as the evening star gleamed touched and brightened the earth, so sure the Star of Bethlehem shone into Jack's anguish soul and turned its utter darkness into eternal Light.

In wondering, radiant silence, Jack rose from his knees and bared his head to the starry heavens, as he whispered softly:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

Praise Him, all creations here below.

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Dashing the jug to pieces on the icy rocks he solemnly grasped the piece of broken ear and made his way slowly homeward. His terrible, consuming appetite, his horror and remorse were gone, and in their place was a humbling, thankful penitence, a distrust of self, and a holding on to the strength of God that for Jack Barney was an assurance of mortal and immortal life.

Sing—"All Hall the Power of Jesus' Name"
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Frederic Carleton Gulick.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe, On this ter' resial hall,
3. Oh, that with you der sac'cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all ma-jes-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev'er-last ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

1-3. And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all ma-jes-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev'er-last ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.