

The Happiest Day of All the Year.

hur-rying feet we go, Our song is the song of the an-gel band, We
 hast-en a-long to its mu-sic grand, And we fly..... o'er the sil-v'ry snow.

104

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams

BETHANY. 6s, 4s.

Dr. Lowell Mason

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,
 4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs
 5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to thee,

FINE

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee,
 In mer-cy given; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to thee,
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee,
 Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to thee,

Near-er to thee!

D. S.

Christianity wants nothing so much in the world as sunny people.—Henry Drummond.