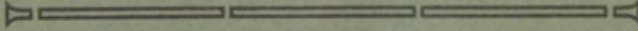
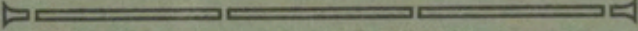


# W. C. T. U. Songs



## PRICES

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

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

Copyright 1928  
NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN  
TEMPERANCE UNION  
Evanston, Illinois

# March of Allegiance

Anna A. Gordon

Rev. R. Lowry, by per.

*Spirited.*

1. Ring out, ye Vic-to-ry bells, With joy - ful, gold - en notes Pro-  
2. Ring out, ye Vic-to-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,

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

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

CHORUS.

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

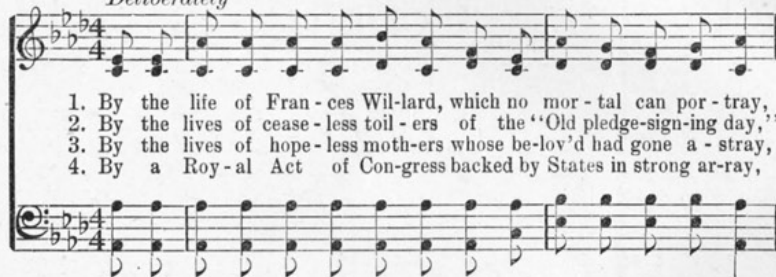
mer-i-ca's march of al - le - giance To lib - er - ty found-ed on law.  
al - le-giance true

# It Is There to Stay

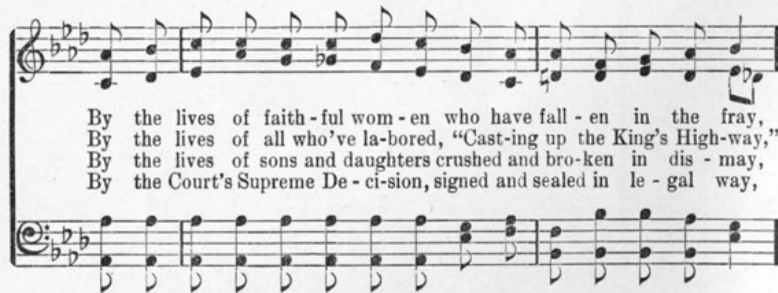
Dedicated to Mrs. Frances W. Graham, Song leader of the  
National Women's Christian Temperance Union

Words and Music by J. G. Dailey

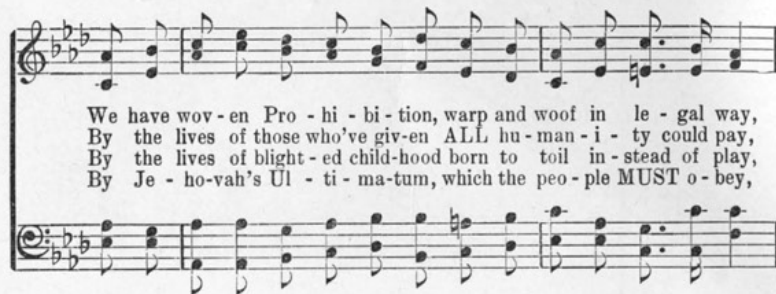
*Deliberately*



1. By the life of Fran - ces Wil - lard, which no mor - tal can por - tray,  
2. By the lives of cease - less toil - ers of the "Old pledge-sign-ing day,"  
3. By the lives of hope - less moth - ers whose be - lov'd had gone a - stray,  
4. By a Roy - al Act of Con - gress backed by States in strong ar - ray,



By the lives of faith - ful wom - en who have fall - en in the fray,  
By the lives of all who've la - bored, "Cast - ing up the King's High - way,"  
By the lives of sons and daughters crushed and bro - ken in dis - may,  
By the Court's Supreme De - ci - sion, signed and sealed in le - gal way,



We have wov - en Pro - hi - bi - tion, warp and woof in le - gal way,  
By the lives of those who've giv - en ALL hu - man - i - ty could pay,  
By the lives of blight - ed child - hood born to toil in - stead of play,  
By Je - ho - vah's Ul - ti - ma - tum, which the peo - ple MUST o - bey,

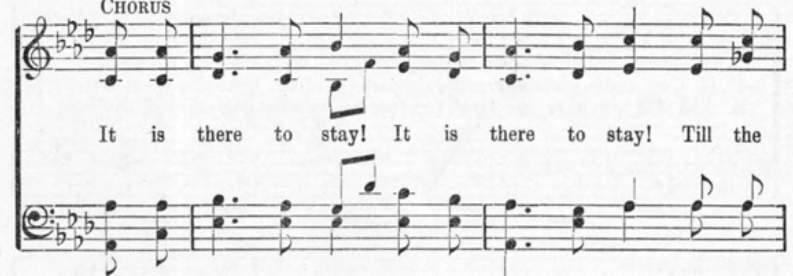


In the Na - tion's Con - sti - tu - tion, and it's there, there to stay.  
It is in the Con - sti - tu - tion, and it's there, there to stay.  
It is in the Con - sti - tu - tion, and it's there, there to stay.  
It is in the Con - sti - tu - tion, and it's there, there to stay.

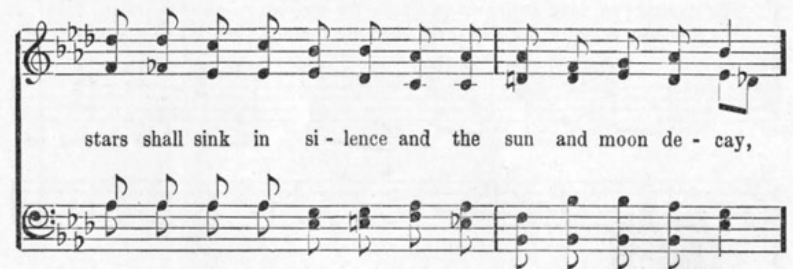
Copyright, 1922, by J. G. Dailey, Philadelphia, Pa. International Copyright secured

# It Is There to Stay

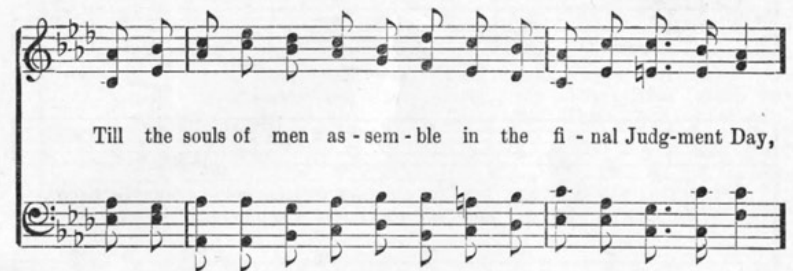
CHORUS



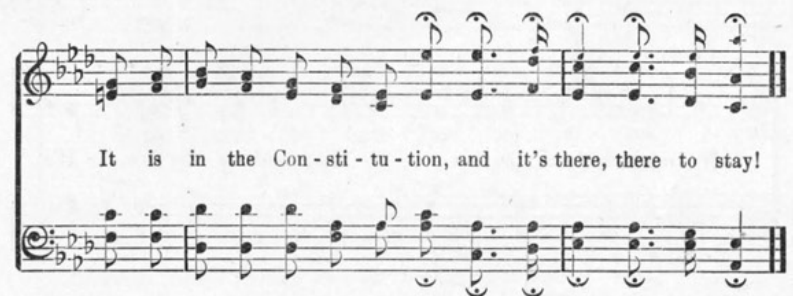
It is there to stay! It is there to stay! Till the



stars shall sink in si - lence and the sun and moon de - cay,



Till the souls of men as - sem - ble in the fi - nal Judg - ment Day,

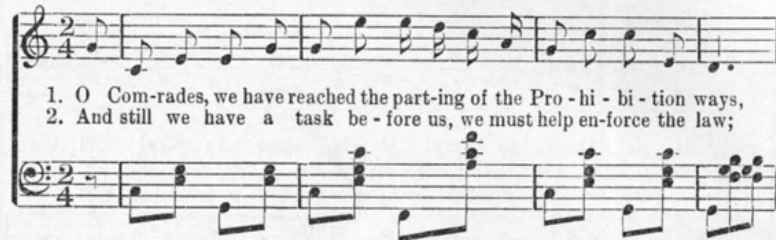


It is in the Con - sti - tu - tion, and it's there, there to stay!

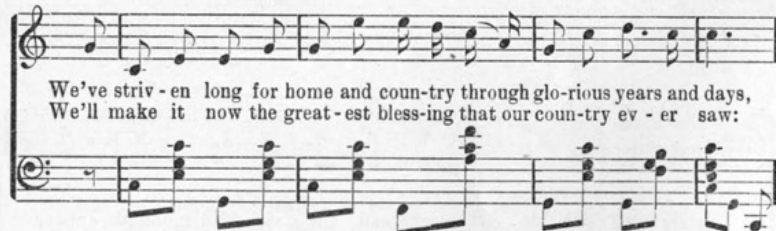
## We Must Enforce the Law

Harriette G. Perry

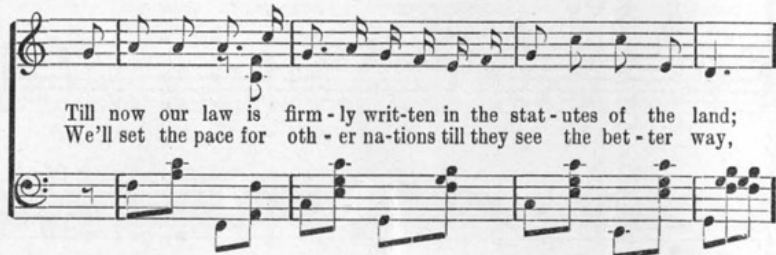
"Kingdom Comin'"



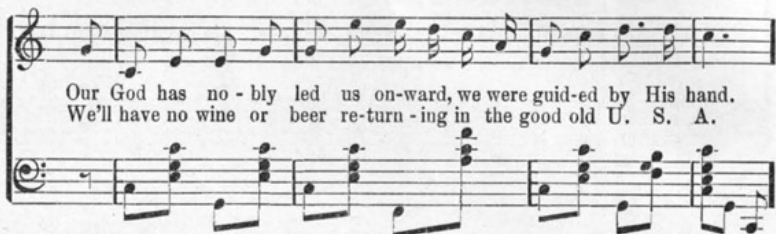
1. O Com-rades, we have reached the part-ing of the Pro - hi - bi - tion ways,  
2. And still we have a task be - fore us, we must help en-force the law;



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:

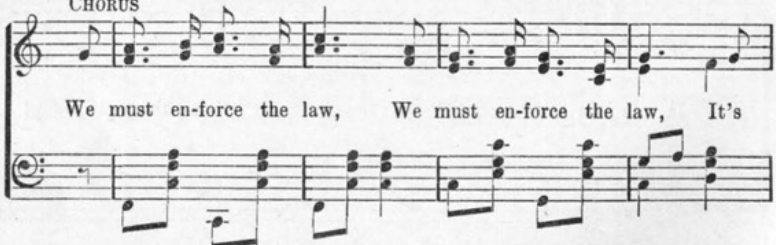


Till now our law is firm-ly writ-ten in the stat-utes of the land;  
We'll set the pace for oth - er na-tions till they see the bet - ter way,



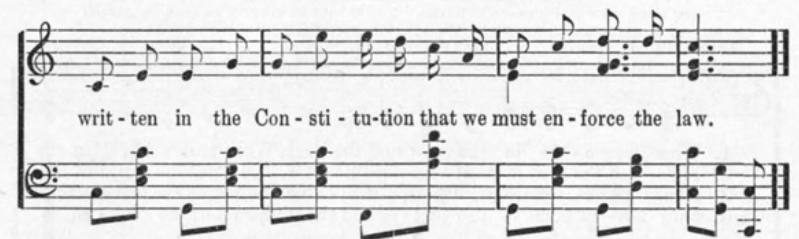
Our God has no - bly led us on-ward, we were guid-ed by His hand.  
We'll have no wine or beer re-turn - ing in the good old U. S. A.

### 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. Hov - er o'er when tri - als come, Give me



heart of mine now come; Let me feel Thy keep - ing  
al - ways 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.

Copyright, 1925, by Blema J. Tatman. Used by permission

# Crusade Glory Song

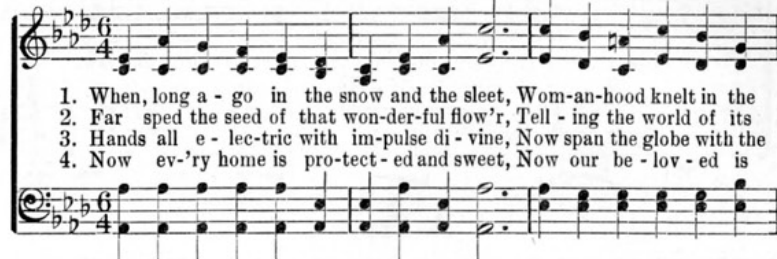
THIS MUSIC WITH OTHER WORDS ENTITLED, "O THAT WILL BE GLORY", BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL

COPYRIGHTED IN 1900, RENEWED IN 1928. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

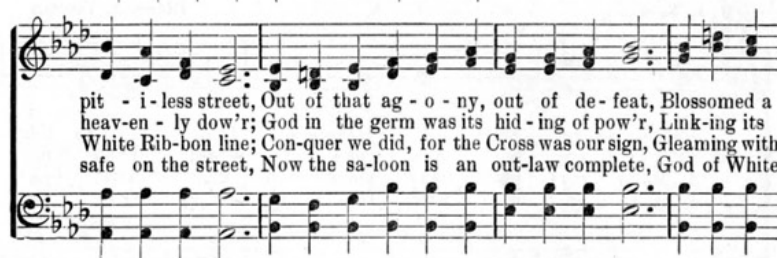
Antoinette A. Hawley

USED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

Chas. H. Gabriel

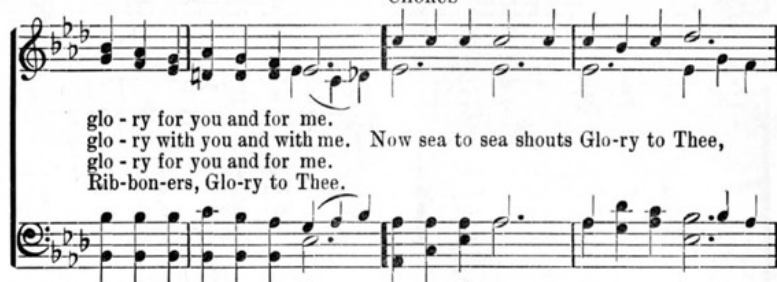


1. When, long a - go in the snow and the sleet, Wom-an-hood knelt in the  
2. Far sped the seed of that won-der-ful flow'r, Tell - ing the world of its  
3. Hands all e - lec-tric with im-pulse di - vine, Now span the globe with the  
4. Now ev-'ry home is pro-TECT-ed and sweet, Now our be - lov - ed is

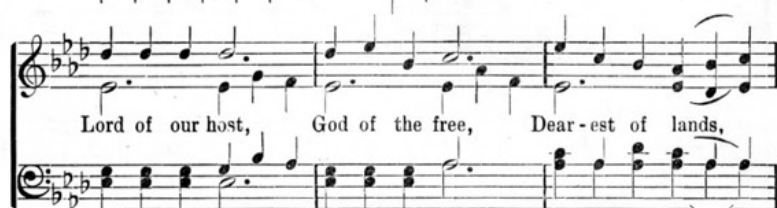


pit - i-less street, Out of that ag - o - ny, out of de - feat, Blossomed a  
heav-en - ly dow'r; God in the germ was its hid - ing of pow'r, Link-ing its  
White Rib-bon line; Con-quer we did, for the Cross was our sign, Gleaming with  
safe on the street, Now the sa-loon is an out-law complete, God of White

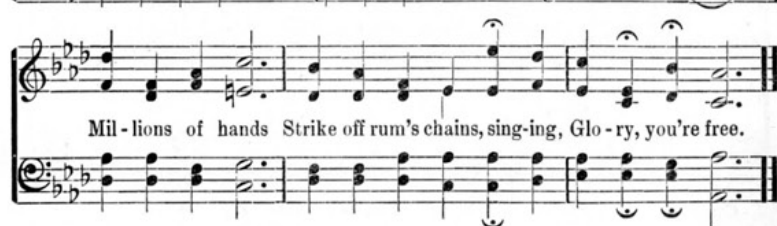
## CHORUS



glo - ry for you and for me.  
glo - ry with you and with me. Now sea to sea shouts Glo-ry to Thee,  
glo - ry for you and for me.  
Rib-bon-ers, Glo-ry to Thee.



Lord of our host, God of the free, Dear-est of lands,

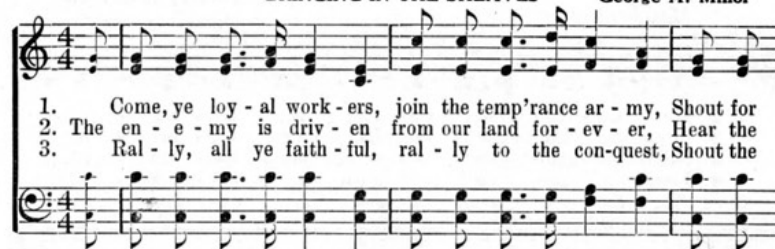


Mil-lions of hands Strike off rum's chains, sing-ing, Glo - ry, you're free.

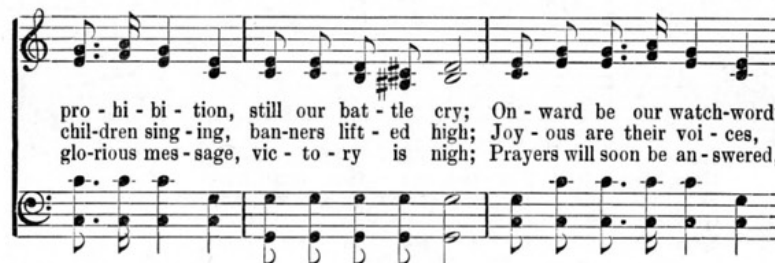
# The World Is Going Dry

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

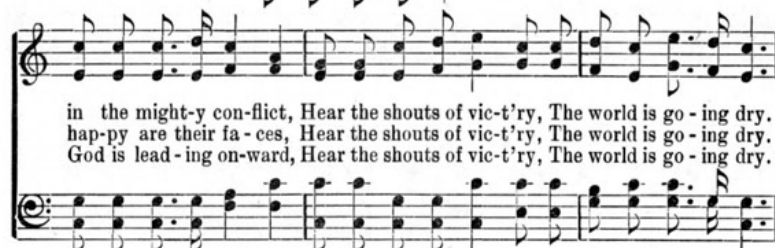
George A. Minor



1. Come, ye loy - al work - ers, join the temp'rance ar - my, Shout for  
2. The en - e - my is driv - en from our land for - ev - er, Hear the  
3. Ral - ly, all ye faith - ful, ral - ly to the con-quest, Shout the

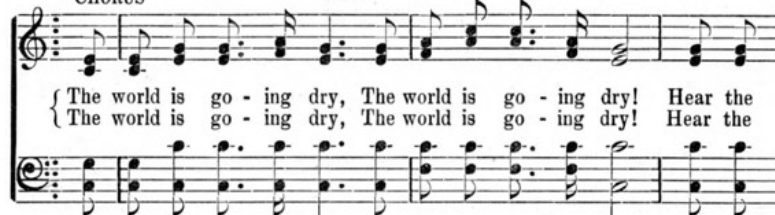


pro - hi - bi - tion, still our bat - tle cry; On - ward be our watch-word  
chil-dren sing - ing, ban-ners lift - ed high; Joy - ous are their voi - ces,  
glo-rious mes - sage, vic - to - ry is nigh; Prayers will soon be an - swered,

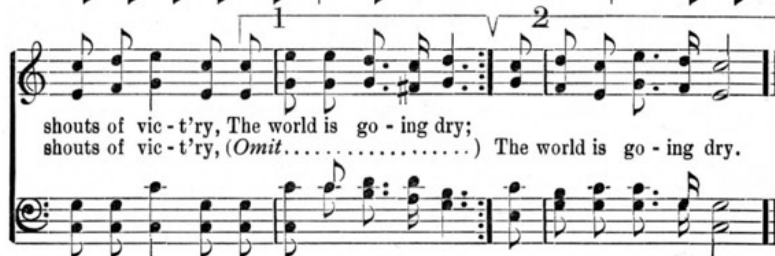


in the might-y con-flict, Hear the shouts of vic-t'ry, The world is go - ing dry.  
hap-py are their fa - ces, Hear the shouts of vic-t'ry, The world is go - ing dry.  
God is lead - ing on-ward, Hear the shouts of vic-t'ry, The world is go - ing dry.

## CHORUS



{ The world is go - ing dry, The world is go - ing dry! 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;  
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 - ty, of sun - light and song,  
 Rang the notes that the na - tion was free,  
 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 - vo - tion 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 - grace and dis - hon - or be - fall? No! nev - er.  
 Shine re - splen - dent in sto - ry and song. For - ev - er.  
 Of the death of the de - mon of rum! For - ev - er.

(1) pro - long. For-ev-er.

Copyright, 1918, by J. G. Dailey, Philadelphia, Penna.

# U. S. A. Forever Dry

*CHORUS Tempo*

1-4. Land, the fair - est! Home the dear - est!  
 5. Hail! Co - lum - bia! Fair, Co - lum - bia! Hear the

Proc - la - ma - tion: FULL E - MAN - CI - PA - TION!

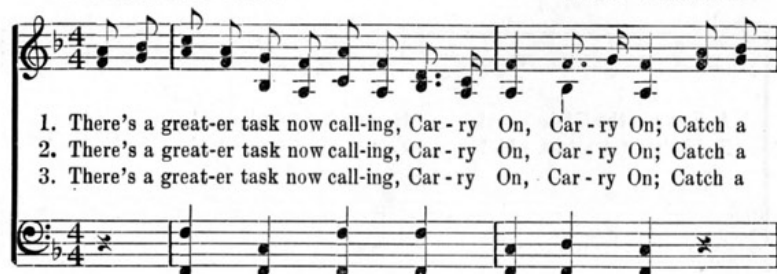
Loud the cho - rus ring - ing, EV - 'RY - BOD - Y

sing - ing, U. S. A. for - ev - er dry. (Bone dry.)

# Carry On

Words by Anna A. Gordon

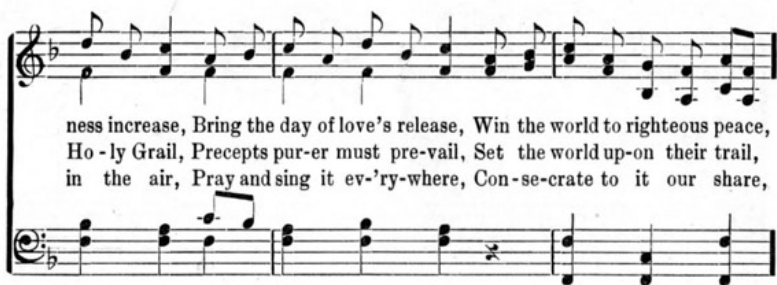
Music:—"Baby Mine"



1. There's a great-er task now call-ing, Car-ry On, Car-ry On; Catch a  
2. There's a great-er task now call-ing, Car-ry On, Car-ry On; Catch a  
3. There's a great-er task now call-ing, Car-ry On, Car-ry On; Catch a



vi-sion soul en-thrall-ing, Car-ry On, Car-ry On; Hu-man hap-pi-  
vi-sion soul en-thrall-ing, Car-ry On, Car-ry On; Hearts must seek the  
vi-sion soul en-thrall-ing, Car-ry On, Car-ry On; Pro-hi-bi-tion's



ness in-crease, Bring the day of love's re-lease, Win the world to right-eous peace,  
Ho-ly Gra-il, Pre-cepts pur-er must pre-vail, Set the world up-on their trail,  
in the air, Pray and sing it ev-'ry-where, Con-se-crate to it our share,

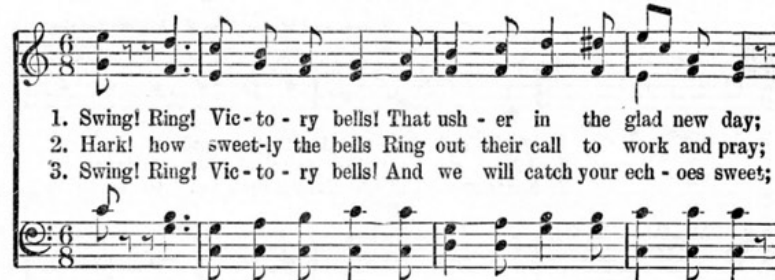


Car-ry On, Car-ry On; Win the world to right-eous peace, Car-ry On!  
Car-ry On, Car-ry On; Set the world up-on their trail, Car-ry On!  
Car-ry On, Car-ry On; Con-se-crate to it our share, Car-ry On!

# Victory Bells

A. A. G.

Anna A. Gordon.



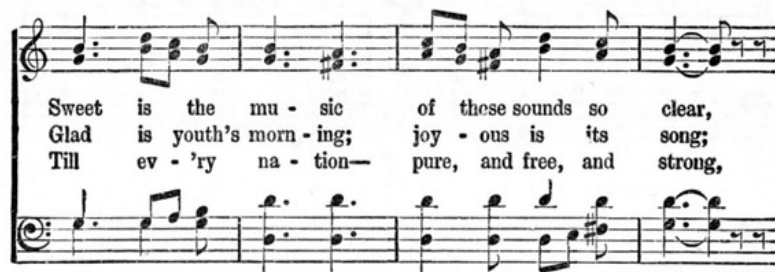
1. Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells! That ush-er in the glad new day;  
2. Hark! how sweet-ly the bells Ring out their call to work and pray;  
3. Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells! And we will catch your ech-oes sweet;

D.C.—Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells, That ush-er 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-peat;

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



Sweet is the mu-sic 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,



Wak-ing the ech-oes 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

*Dedicated to Ella A. Boole*

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 - dren's chil - dren yet to be—

Faith - ful, loy - al W. C. T. U. Hear the or - ders of the day;  
 Stand God's wom - en, fearless 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 without dismay, "Go for - ward!"  
 Working wonders by sheer will, Trusting 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!"

Copyrighted 1927 by Author and used by permission

# Foward! to Enforce the Constitution

CHORUS

For - ward! 'tis the ze - ro hour, For - ward!

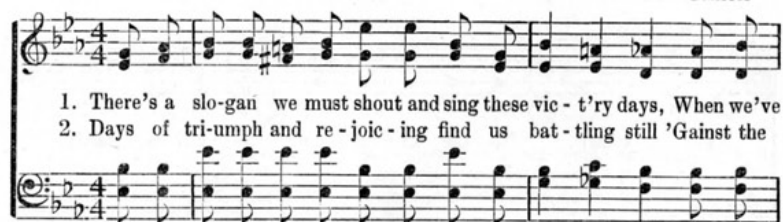
In His strength and pow'r; Lib - er - ty on law must stand; Send the call thro'-

out the land, For - ward! to en - force the Con - sti - tu - tion.

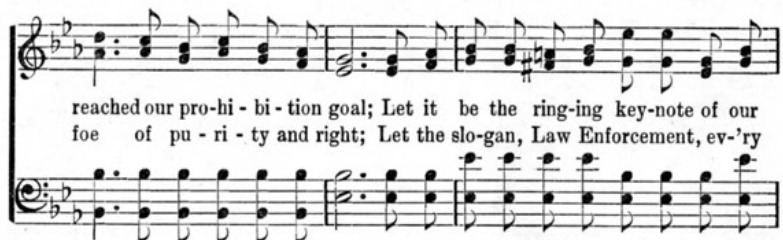
# Work For Enforcement Where You Are

Anna A. Gordon

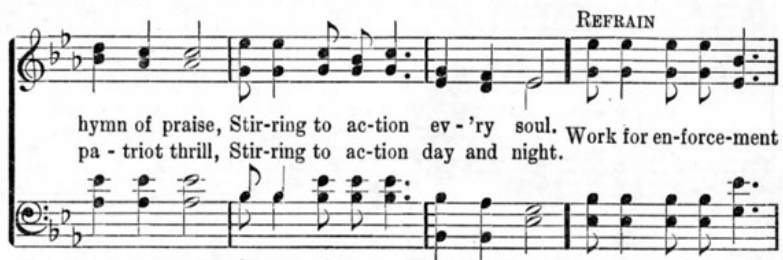
Chas. H. Gabriel



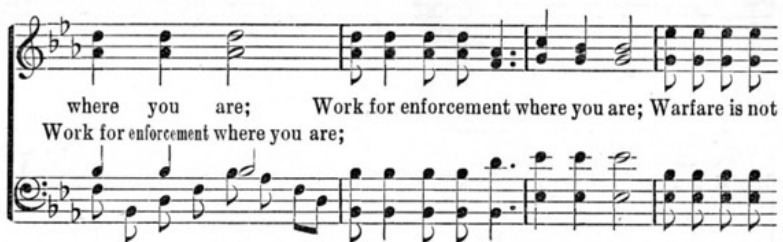
1. There's a slo-gan we must shout and sing these vic - t'ry days, When we've  
2. Days of tri-umph and re-joic-ing find us bat-ling still 'Gainst the



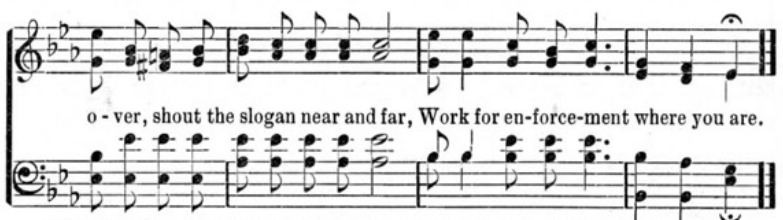
reached our pro-hi - bi - tion goal; Let it be the ring-ing key-note of our  
foe of pu - ri - ty and right; Let the slo-gan, Law Enforcement, ev-'ry



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



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



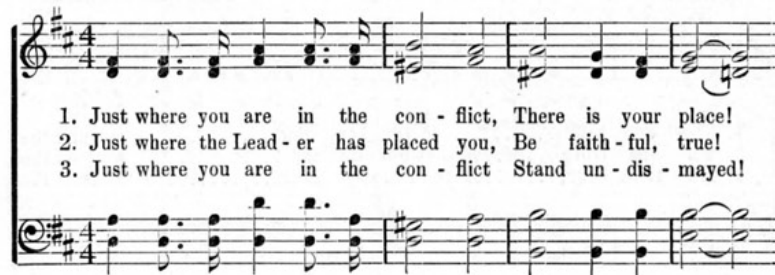
o - ver, shout the slogan near and far, Work for en-force-ment where you are.

Music used by permission of Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner of Copyright

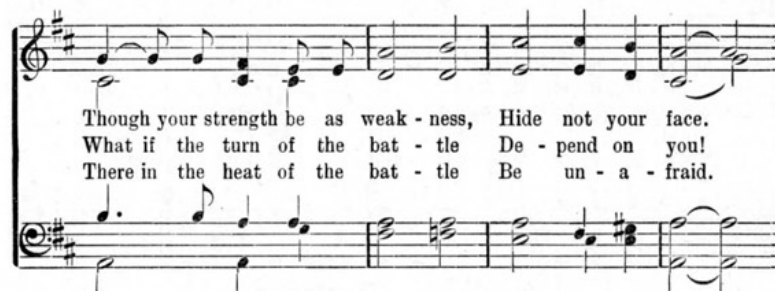
# Stand Loyally

Margaret B. Platt

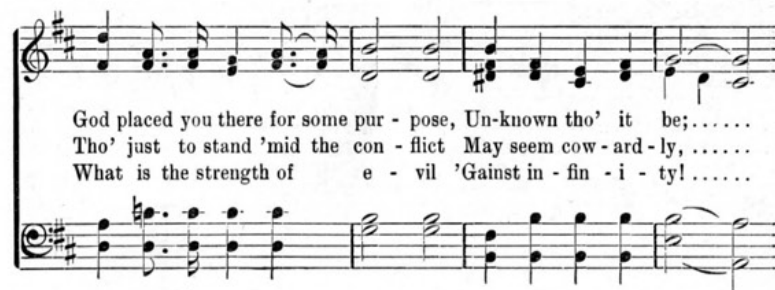
Virginia Knapp



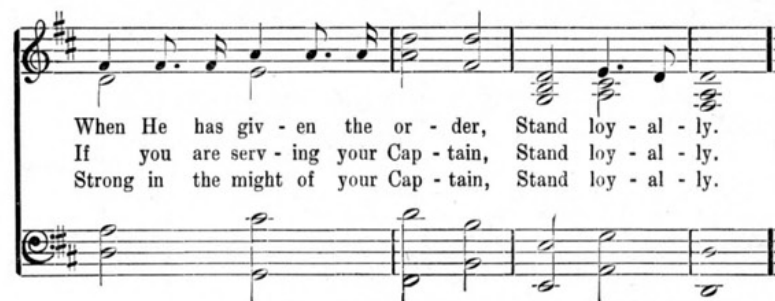
1. Just where you are in the con - flict, There is your place!  
2. Just where the Lead - er has placed you, Be faith - ful, true!  
3. Just where you are in the con - flict Stand un - dis - mayed!



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 - fin - i - ty!.....



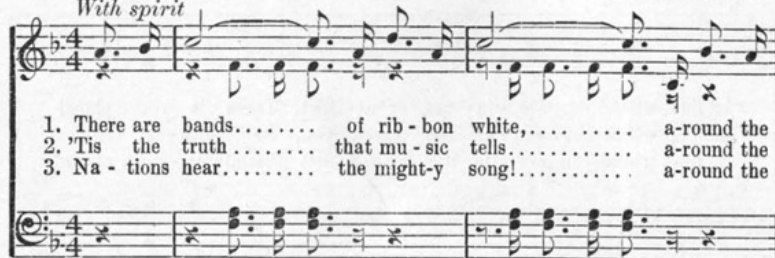
When He has giv - en the or - der, Stand loy - al - ly.  
If you are serv - ing your Cap - tain, Stand loy - al - ly.  
Strong in the might of your Cap - tain, Stand loy - al - ly.

## White Ribbon Vibrations

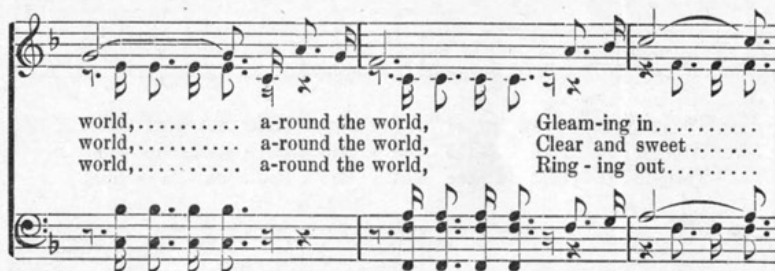
F. H. C.

Flora Hamilton Cassel

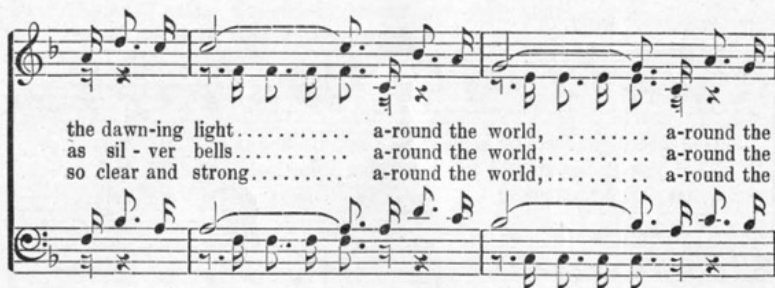
*With spirit*



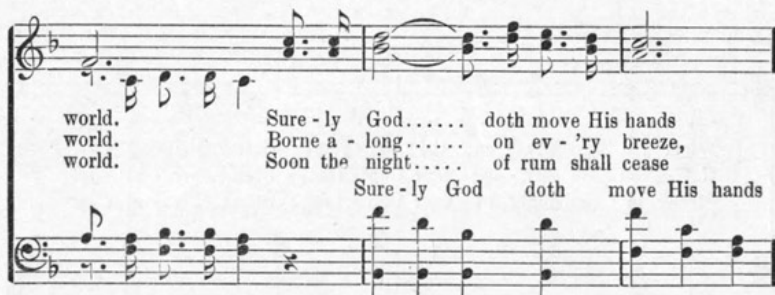
1. There are bands..... of rib-bon white,..... a-round the  
 2. 'Tis the truth..... that mu-sic tells..... a-round the  
 3. Na-tions hear..... the might-y song!..... a-round the



world,..... a-round the world, Gleam-ing in.....  
 world,..... a-round the world, Clear and sweet.....  
 world,..... a-round the world, Ring-ing out.....



the dawn-ing light..... a-round the world, ..... a-round the  
 as sil-ver bells..... a-round the world, ..... a-round the  
 so clear and strong..... a-round the world, ..... a-round the



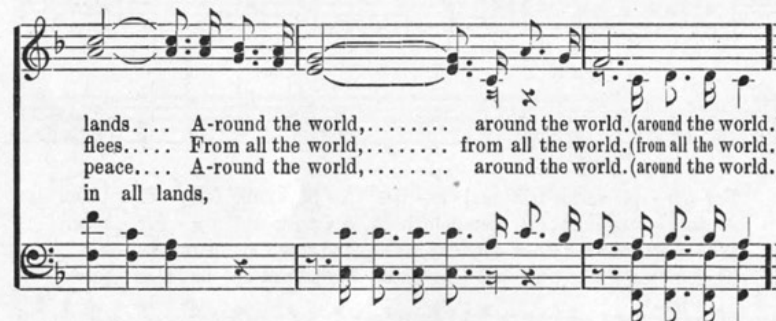
world. Sure-ly God..... doth move His hands  
 world. Borne a-long..... on ev-'ry breeze,  
 world. Soon the night..... of rum shall cease  
 Sure-ly God doth move His hands

By permission of Flora H. Cassel, owner of the copyright

## White Ribbon Vibrations



O'er their sil - - v'ry, shin-ing strands, Mak-ing mu - - sic in all  
 Waft-ed o - - ver land and seas, Er-ror's cloud.... be-fore it  
 And the light..... of God in-crease, Dawn-ing day..... of per-fect  
 O'er their sil - v'ry, shin-ing strands, Mak-ing mu - sic

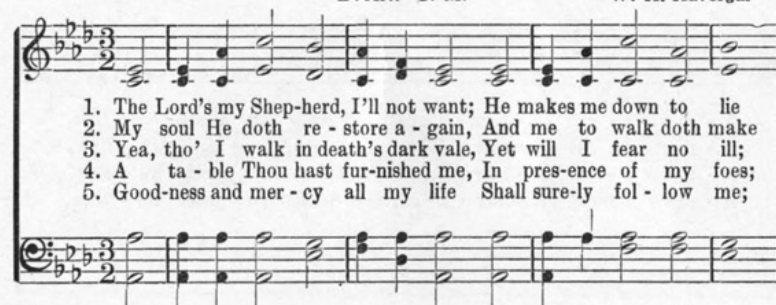


lands.... A-round the world,..... around the world,(around the world.)  
 flees.... From all the world,..... from all the world.(from all the world.)  
 peace.... A-round the world,..... around the world.(around the world.)  
 in all lands,

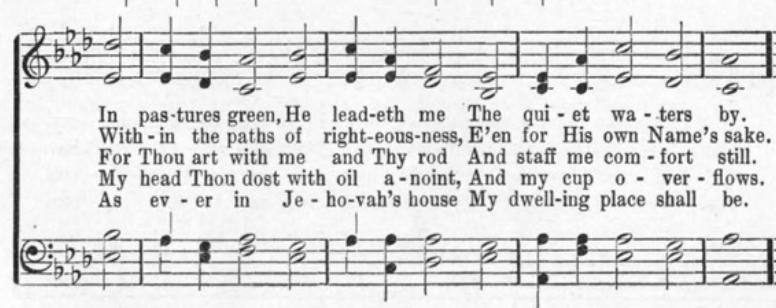
## Twenty-Third Psalm

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. Havergal



1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie  
 2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain, And me to walk doth make  
 3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;  
 4. A ta-ble Thou hast fur-nished me, In pres-ence of my foes;  
 5. Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me;

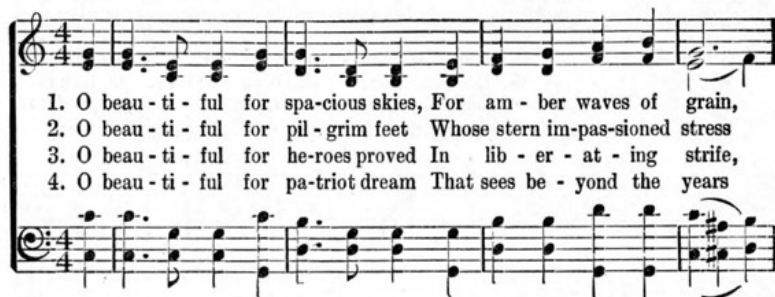


In pas-tures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by  
 With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own Name's sake.  
 For Thou art with me and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.  
 My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o-ver-flows.  
 As ev-er in Je-ho-vah's house My dwell-ing place shall be.

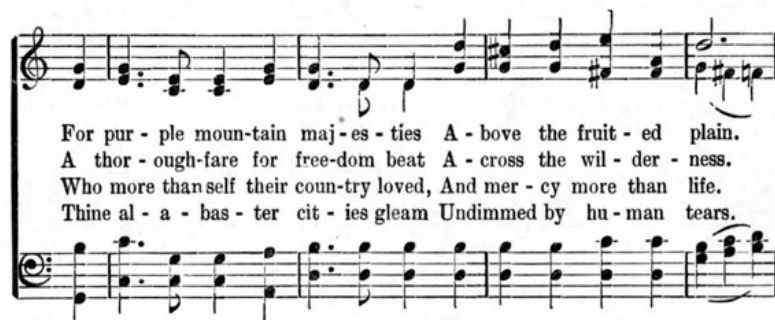
# America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward



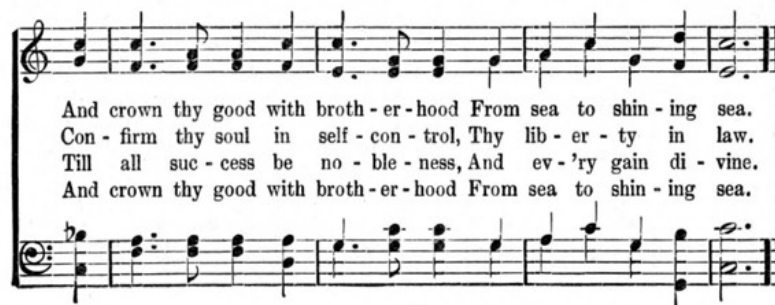
1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,  
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern im-pas-sioned stress  
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,  
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years



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.



*f*  
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-'ry 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,

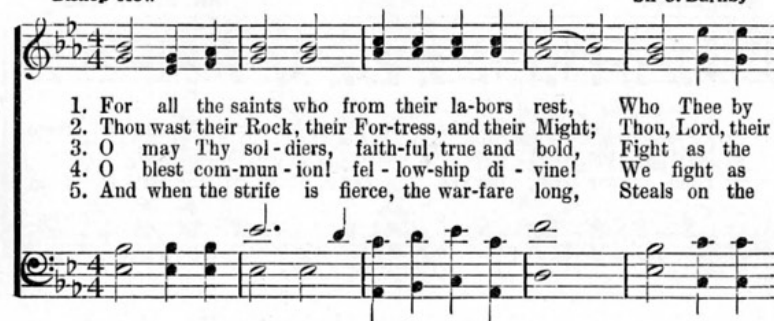


And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.  
Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.  
Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine.  
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.

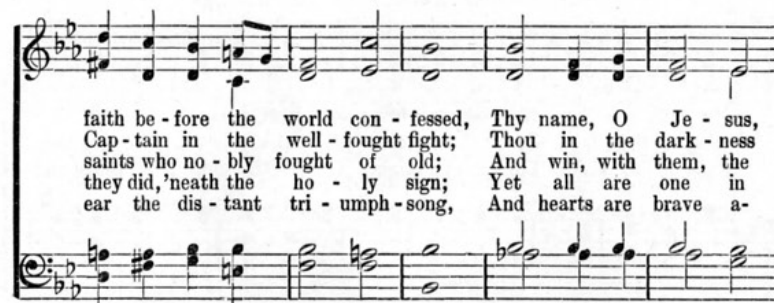
# For All the Saints

Bishop How

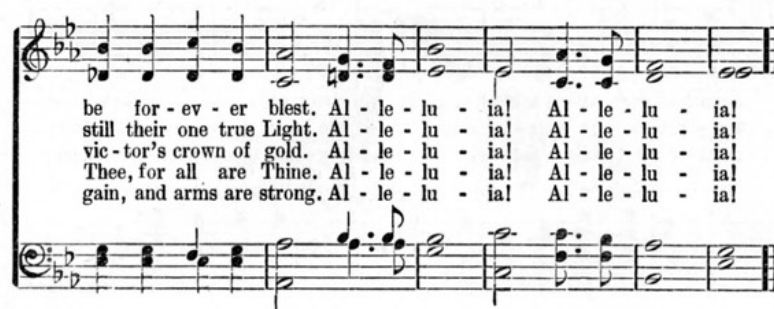
Sir J. Barnby



1. For all the saints who from their la-bors rest, Who Thee by  
2. Thou wast their Rock, their For-tress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their  
3. O may Thy sol-diers, faith-ful, true and bold, Fight as the  
4. O blest com-mun-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, 'neath 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!  
vic-tor'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!  
gain, and arms are strong. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

## O WOMANHOOD ARISE!

Wm. Wood

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, anoint us with Thy might,  
As we to battle go.

Send Lord, another Pentecost,  
Endue with holy might,  
And lead us forth to do or die  
And put our foes to flight.  
Thine arm and Thine alone, O Lord,  
Can smite the evil down;  
Bring hope and help to our dear land,  
And give the victor's crown.

## Our Task

M. B. Garrett

Arr. from Wagner

1. Ring out the cry, "Hold ban-ners high!" For-ward, Cru-sad-ers, where  
2. Now is the hour: thine is the pow'r; Strength shall be giv-en to  
3. Land of our birth, fair-est on earth, Blest be thy chil-dren from

He calls to-day; Rib-bon so white, em-blem of right, Car-ry it  
thee as thy day. Be not a-fraid; lift up thy head, Fac-ing the  
shore un-to shore! Lib-er-ty 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-ty's high-way. This is the hour; there is no de-feat;  
broth-er-hood while years pass o'er. Proud-ly we hail thee, coun-try so dear;

He will the plea of His loy-al ones heed. This is our task,  
Nev-er God's bu-gle sounds a re-treat. With trust in Him  
Loy-al-ly guard thee when foes hov-er near. This is our task,

## Our Task

this is our task! "Hold Fast, Go For-ward!" let God lead the way.  
vic-t'ry to bring, "Hold Fast, Go For-ward!" let God lead the way.  
this is our task—Keep-ing A-mer-i-ca safe ev-er-more.

## W. C. T. U. Song of Praise

Margueritte B. Garrett

J. J. Husband

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the vic-to-ry grand, That has driv-en the  
2. We praise Thee, O God, for the White Ribbon Band, Lead-ing on-ward so  
3. We praise Thee, O God, for to-day's cru-sade call, Guid-ing na-tions now

### CHORUS

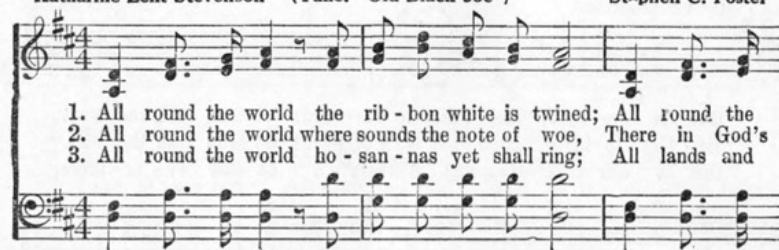
o-pen sa-loon from our land. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry From  
no-bly with clean, help-ing hand. Ho, my comrades! steady, stead-y From  
trembling in al-co-hol's thrall. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry From

sea un-to sea! Hal-le-lu-jah! sing the sto-ry—Our na-tion is free.  
sea un-to sea! Ho, my comrades! ready, read-y—Keep A-mer-i-ca free.  
sea un-to sea! Hal-le-lu-jah! sing the sto-ry—Help make the world free.

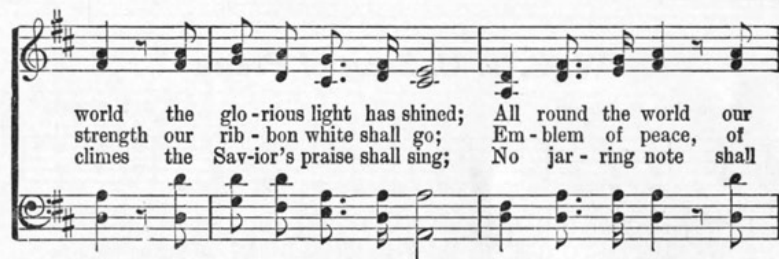
## Some Glad Day

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

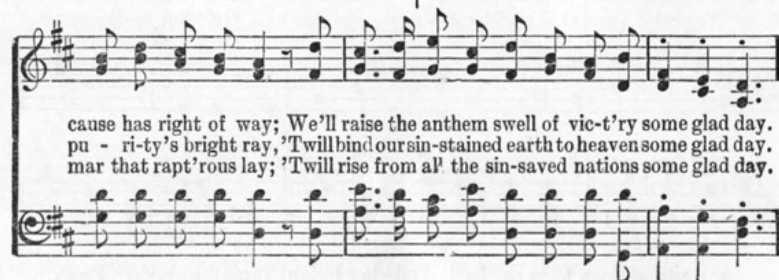
Stephen C. Foster



1. All round the world the rib - bon 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 ho - san - nas yet shall ring; All lands and

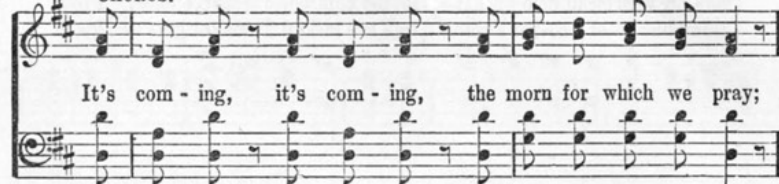


world the glo - rious light has shined; All round the world our  
strength our rib - bon white shall go; Em - blem of peace, of  
climes the Sav - ior's praise shall sing; No jar - ring note shall



cause has right of way; We'll raise the anthem swell of vic - t'ry some glad day.  
pu - ri - ty's bright ray, 'Twill bind our sin - stained earth to heaven some glad day.  
mar that rapt'rous lay; 'Twill rise from al' the sin - saved nations some glad day.

### CHORUS.



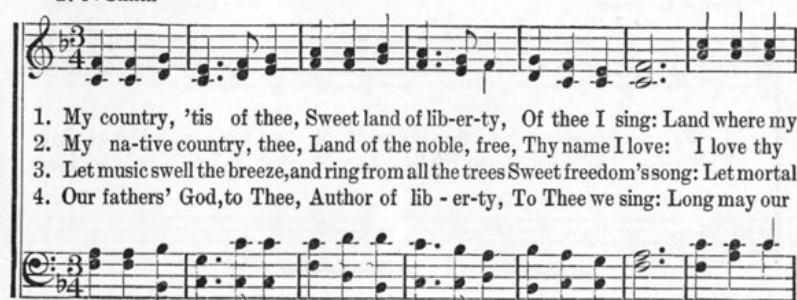
It's com - ing, it's com - ing, the morn for which we pray;



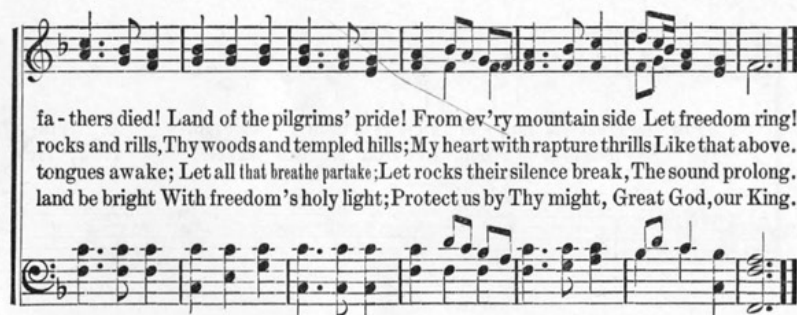
We'll take the world for Christ's own King - dom some glad day.

## America

S. F. Smith



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
2. My na - tive 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 lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry 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 their 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 stand-ing on the thresh-old of a fair-er, bright-er day,  
2. Years a-go we caught the vi-sion of he-ro-ic pi-o-neers,

For the great-est mor-al vic-t'ry's been a-chieved; O pre-  
"A Sa-loon-less Na-tion," free from sin and shame; Now, "Hold

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,

Nev-er shall we lose the bless-ings we've re-ceived.  
Joy-ous-ly we claim the vic-t'ry in His name.

# Hold Fast and Go Forward

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.....

# All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

- E. Perronet O. Holden
1. All hail the pow'r 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
  4. 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 "Boylston." 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,  
2. While the homes of earth are dark-ened, and the strong men fall as prey,  
3. See! our ban - ner waves,—the whit-est that has ev - er swept the blue;

Where-so - ev - er we are need - ed to up - lift a soul from wrong,  
While the wom - en toil in an - guish, and the lit - tle chil-dren stray,  
And it goes be - fore a will - ing host to serv - ice kind and true;

'Tis our coun - try and our kin-dred, all to - geth - er we be - long,  
There's a Voice—who has not heard it, call-ing to us night and day?  
Come and jo'in 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.

In march time

C. Austin Miles

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-gether, And see what can be done;

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

Used by permission

# This Is My Father's World

Arrangement copyrighted 1915 by the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

Maltbie 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-ols 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 lil-y white, De-clare their Mak-er's praise.  
tho' the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul-er yet.

This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me 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, Je-

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.

Words from "Thoughts for Every Day Living," Copyright, 1901, by Chas. Scribner's Sons.  
Used by permission

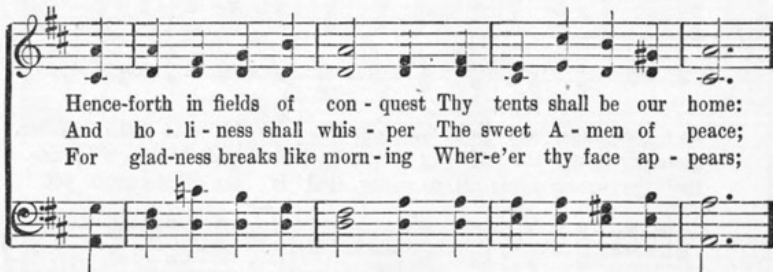
## Lead On, O King Eternal

Ernest W Shurtleff

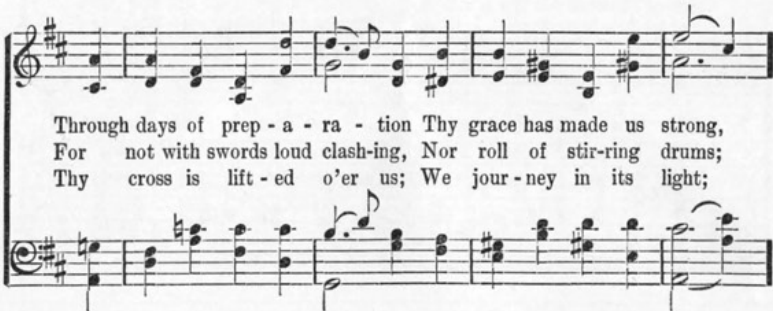
Henry Smart



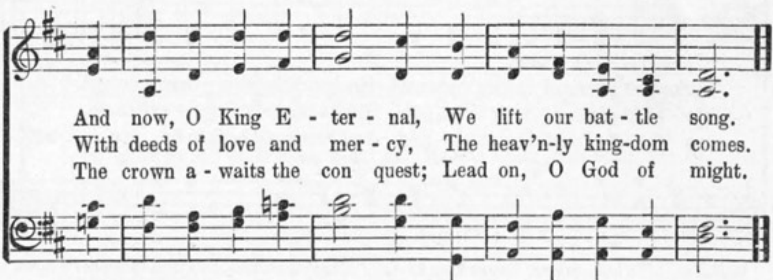
1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;  
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,  
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears,



Hence- forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home:  
And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace;  
For glad - ness breaks like morn - ing Wher - e'er thy face ap - pears;



Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,  
For not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums;  
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light;



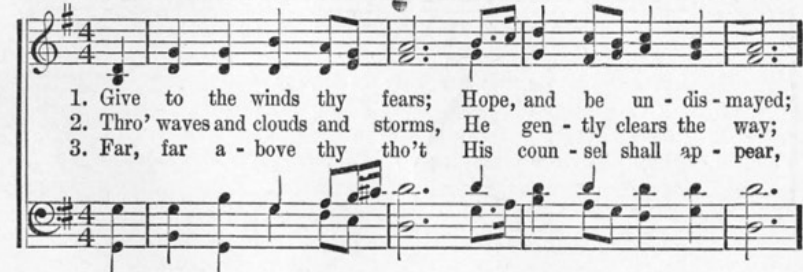
And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.  
With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav'n - ly king - dom comes.  
The crown a - waits the con quest; Lead on, O God of might.

## Crusade Hymn

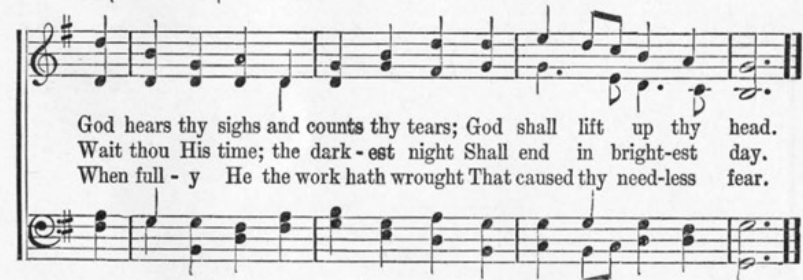
Gerhardt. J. Wesley, Tr.

(Tune: "St. Thomas")

Tansur



1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis - mayed;  
2. Thro' waves and clouds and storms, He gen - tly clears the way;  
3. Far, far a - bove thy tho't His coun - sel shall ap - pear,



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

## GO FORWARD

Anna A. Gordon

Air: "Lead On, Oh King Eternal"

Go Forward is our watchword;  
God's flaming truth proclaim  
Fling high our flag of freedom  
In prohibition's name;  
Arouse all Christian people,  
Bring every voter in,  
Unite beneath Christ's banner  
New victories to win.

Go Forward is our watchword  
New members daily bring;  
A mighty host must rally  
Our song of faith to sing.

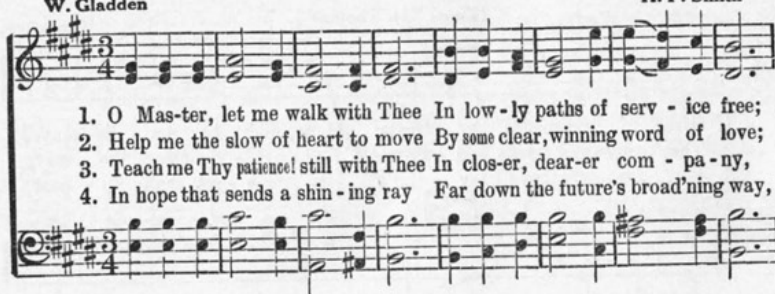
We march with happy courage  
To heights not yet possessed;  
The joy of greater victories  
Must be our only rest.

Go Forward is our watchword,  
It thrills us heart and soul,  
For crowned with many a conquest  
We see the distant goal  
Our warfare is not ended;  
Our enemy's afield.  
We'll meet him and defeat him,  
God's truth our righteous shield.

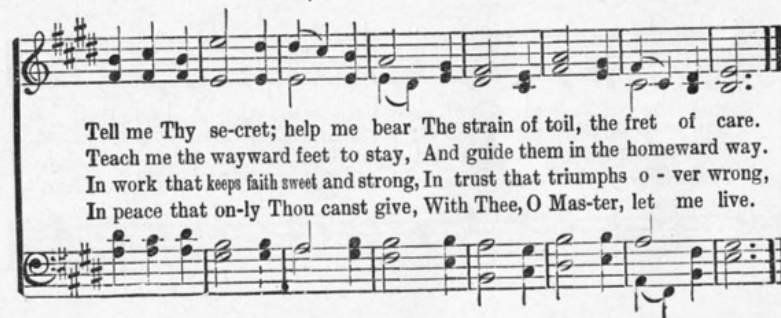
# O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

W. Gladden

H. P. Smith



1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly 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 clos-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 foe;  
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
||:I'll never—no never—no never forsake!:||

—G. Keith.

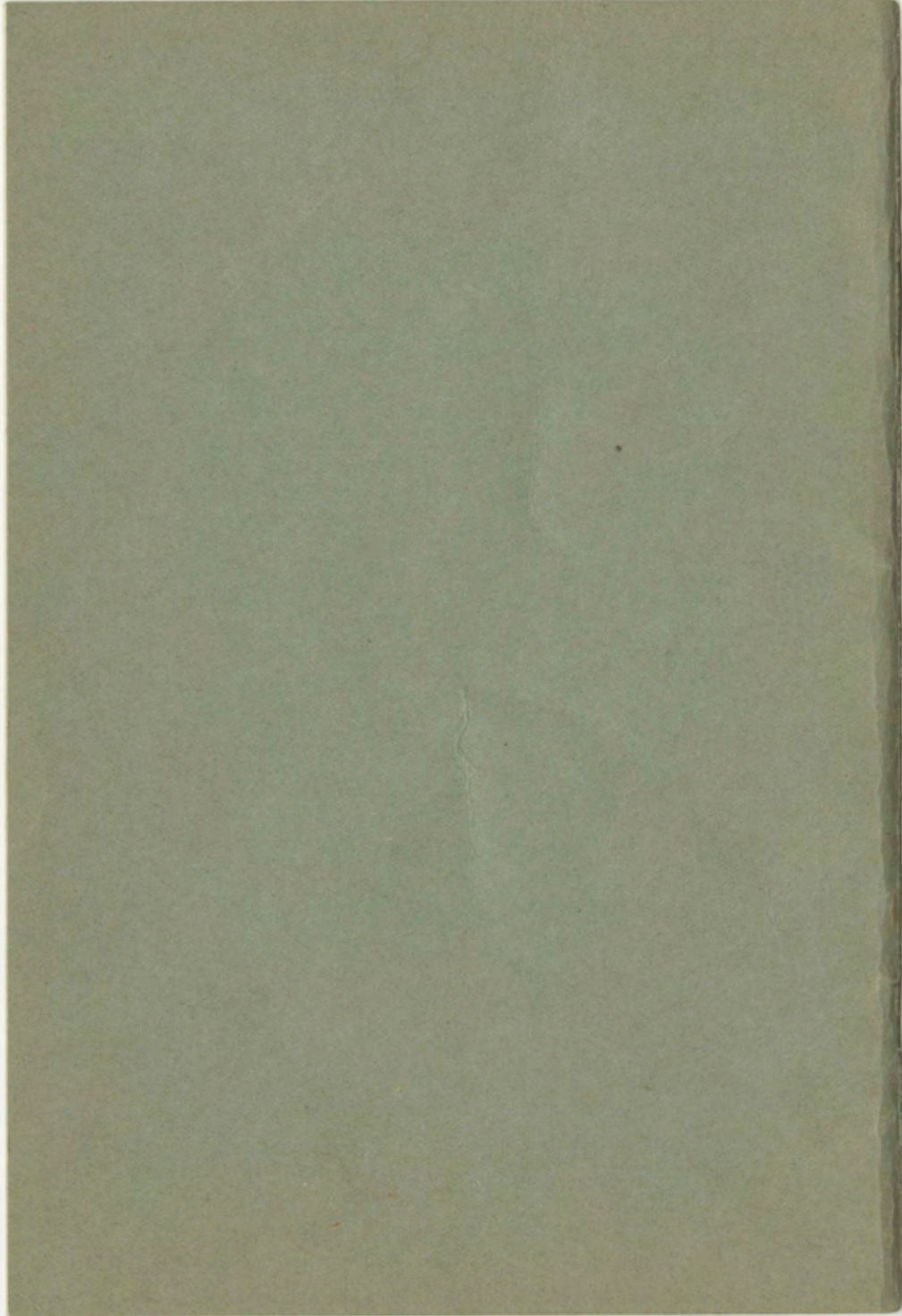
## Christ for the World We Sing

(Key of G)

1. Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With loving zeal:—  
The poor and them that mourn  
The faint and over-borne,  
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,  
Whom Christ doth heal.
2. Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With fervent prayer:—  
The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passion tossed,  
Redeemed at countless cost,  
From dark despair.
3. Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With one accord—  
With us the work to share,  
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear  
For Christ our Lord.

## INDEX

A Charge to Keep I Have.....	26
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.....	26
America .....	23
America, The Beautiful.....	18
A Prayer .....	5
Blest Be the Tie That Binds.....	26
Carry On .....	10
Christ For the World We Sing.....	32
Crusade Glory Song.....	6
Crusade Hymn .....	31
For All the Saints.....	19
Forward to Enforce the Constitution.....	12
Go Forward .....	31
Hold Fast and Go Forward.....	24
How Firm a Foundation.....	32
It Is There to Stay.....	2
Lead On, O King Eternal.....	30
March of Allegiance.....	1
O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.....	32
Our Task .....	20
O Womanhood, Arise.....	19
Some Glad Day.....	22
Stand Loyal.....	15
Temperance Rally Song.....	23
The World Is Going Dry.....	7
This Is My Father's World.....	29
Twenty-third Psalm .....	17
U. S. A. Forever Dry.....	8
Victory Bells .....	11
W. C. T. U. Song of Praise.....	21
We Must Enforce the Law.....	4
White Ribbon Rally Song.....	27
White Ribbon Vibrations.....	16
Win Them One by One.....	28
Work for Enforcement.....	14



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. \$10.00 per Hundred, Postpaid

---

COPYRIGHTED 1905

For the musical selections in this "Service" the publisher is indebted to

MISS ANNA ADAMS GORDON  
MR. IRA D. SANKEY  
MR. H. R. PALMER  
FILLMORE BROS.  
BIGLOW & MAIN

All selections are used by the kind permission of these authors and publishers.

## 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. 5.

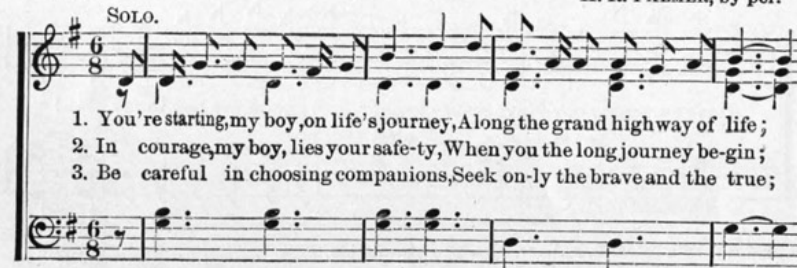
### Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

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

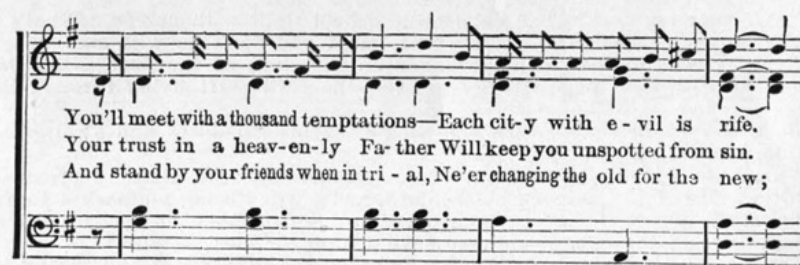
P. S.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

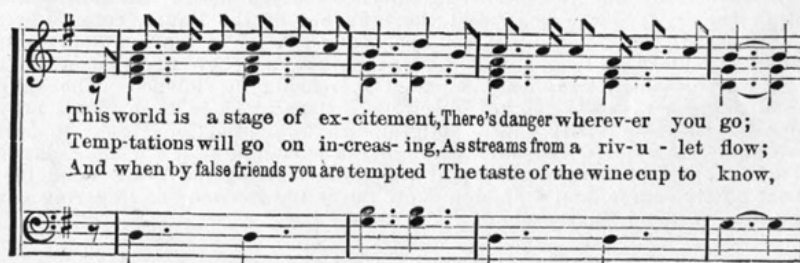
SOLO.



1. You're starting, my boy, on life's journey, Along the grand highway of life;  
2. In courage, my boy, lies your safe-ty, When you the long journey be-gin;  
3. Be careful in choosing companions, Seek on-ly the brave and the true;



You'll meet with a thousand temptations—Each cit-y with e-vil is rife.  
Your trust in a heav-en-ly Fa-ther Will keep you unspotted from sin.  
And stand by your friends when in tri-al, Ne'er changing the old for the new;



This world is a stage of ex-citement, There's danger wherev-er you go;  
Temp-tations will go on in-creas-ing, As streams from a riv-u-let flow;  
And when by false friends you are tempted The taste of the wine cup to know,

## Have Courage, My Boy.—Concluded.

But if you are tempted in weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!  
But if you'd be true to your manhood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!  
With firmness, with patience and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

CHORUS.

Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, to say No!  
say No! say No!

Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

Copyright 1887, by H. R. Palmer. Used by permission.

"Aw, come on, Jack! The kid'll git along all right without you. What's a promise, anyhow? You'll lose a heap of fun if you don't go with us."

Henry Weeks paused with his hands on the stern of the dory, while Joe Taylor sat with oars poised ready to send the frail craft flying through the surf.

Jack Barney hesitated, then throwing back his shoulders and swallowing hard, he replied.

"No, boys, I can't. You'll have to go without me this time. I promised the little codger I'd come back before dark, and I will. Bring me back a jugful of the 'stuff' and we'll have a high old time here to make up for it. You've got my share of the money Hen, so save a drop for me."

With a muttered imprecation Henry pushed the dory afloat and sprang in. Neither man answered Jack Barney's "Good luck, boys!"

The three men had just finished emptying the jug which was now rolling about in the bow of the boat, and the influence of the liquor, coupled with Jack's refusal to accompany Hen and Joe, seemed to make the two dory mates anything but pleasant companions for each other, as they wrestled with the tossing waves, which were each moment increasing in violence. The sullen sky and angry waves seemed to reflect the evil passions in each man's heart.

Joe Taylor rowed with sharp, spiteful strokes, while Hen Weeks in surly silence skillfully steered the dory through the surf and past the long, jagged point of rocks. Out beyond the Point the rapidly rising northeast wind blew the boat off its course, and a sudden snow flurry hid it from the lingering gaze of the lone watcher on the shore.

Sing—"The Temperance Lighthouse."—The Temperance Songster.

## The Temperance Lighthouse.

MARY H. MATHER.

Arranged.

1. Each life is a boat on an o - cean, Each life is  
2. But out of the darkness that threat-ens Each ves - sel that  
3. Be saved, we be - seech, by this gleam-ing, By rays that shine

boat on a sea, . . . . . Where surge-cov-ered rocks ev - er  
sails o'er the sea, . . . . . A light-house of temp'rance is  
o - ver the sea, . . . . . And bear on your pen - nons the  
on a sea,  
o'er the sea,  
o'er the sea,

men - ace, . . . And no one from dan-ger is free, . . . .  
stand - ing, . . . A guide for the sail - or to be, . . . .  
watch - word, . . . "For God, and the home of the free," . . . .  
from dan - ger is free.  
the sail - or to be.  
of the free."

CHORUS.

No one, no one, Ah, no one from dan-ger is free, is free;  
Shine out, shine out, Ye tem-per-ance lights o'er the sea, the sea;  
Work on, work on, For God, and the home of the free, the free;

## The Temperance Lighthouse.

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

from dan-ger is free.  
 o'er the sea.  
 of the free.

With a feeling of nameless dread in his heart, Jack turned his feet home-ward, 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 stupified brain, and when he reached his home and opened the door, the wailing of the sick child and the conspicuous lack of the common necessities of life in and around the house, brought a pang of keenest self-reproach to the now well-nigh sober man.

The wailing 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 Jimmy, 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. 58.

## Battle Song.

MARY T. LATHRAP.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.

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 e - vil in the land, and the king - dom of our

day,— It hush-es e'en the laugh-ter of the chil-dren at their  
 slain; A - mid her graves the na tion counts her rev - e nue of  
 Lord Is hin dered in its com ing; then a - rise with one ac-

play; At its com ing want and sor - row a - cross the threshold  
 shame; While the price of blood is ta - ken in leg - is - la - tive  
 cord! And put a - way the wine-cup that threat ens love and

Copyright 1904, by Anna A. Gordon. Used by permission.

## Battle Song.



creep, And a-mid their broken i - dols the mourning mothers weep.  
halls, A smit-ten manhood crouches in the gloom of pris-on walls.  
home, For the judgment surely com-eth, and God is on the throne.

CHORUS.

1-2. We are com - ing to the res - cue, we are com - ing in our youth!  
3. We are com - ing to the res - cue, we are com - ing in our youth!

The homes we build to-mor-row shall be guard-ed by the truth;  
The homes we build to-mor-row shall be guard-ed by the truth;

We are coming, coming to the bat - tle of pu - ri - ty and right;  
We are coming, coming to the bat - tle for coun-try, God, and right;

And for a win-some to - ken, we wear the rib-bon white.  
And for a win-some to - ken, we wear the rib-bon white.

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 bannock 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 to against the invading storm, the feeble call, "Daddy, take Dimmy," drew him straight to Jimmie's crib once more.

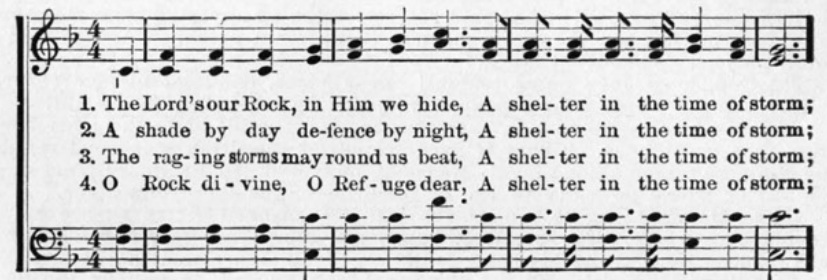
Sing—"A Shelter in the Time of Storm"—Gospel Hymns No. 5.

## A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

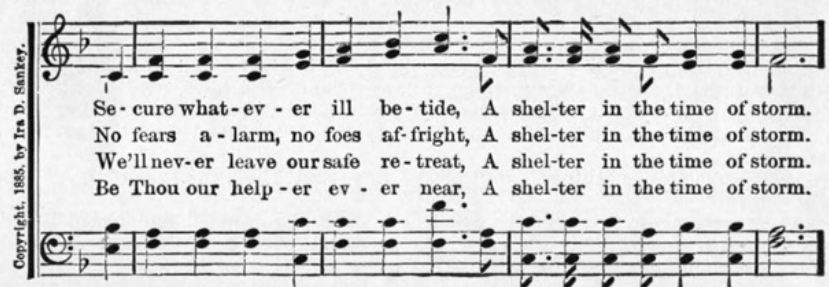
"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—PS. 94: 22.

Words arr.

IRA D. SANKEY.

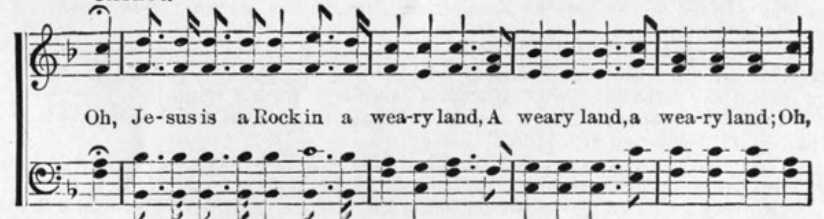


1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
2. A shade by day de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;

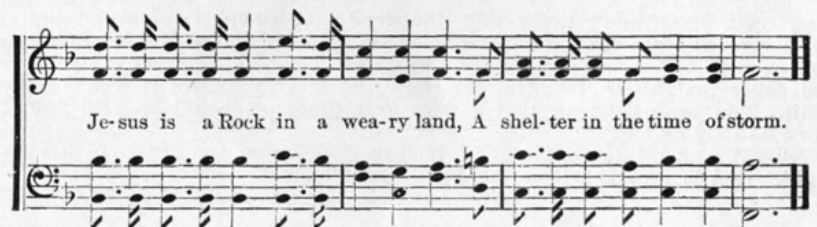


Se-cure what-ev - er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
Be Thou our help - er ev - er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

### CHORUS.



Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land; Oh,



Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

Used by permission.

Like a little woman, Amy cleared the table and washed the dishes, while her mother put Harold, Alice and Joe to bed, looked after Jimmie's medicine for the night, and then resumed her never-ending sewing. Amy and Ed soon followed the other children, and Mary Barney and her husband sat together near the crib of little Jimmie, drawn close to the stove for warmth.

Not one evening since their early married days had Jack Barney sat by the fireside with his wife, and the consciousness of this fact, together with a sense of his many other delinquencies, caused him to maintain an uneasy silence. And Mary, too, was silent, for she feared to break the spell which seemed to bring peace and hope to her weary heart.

All day long she had felt a shuddering terror lest her husband's companions should go to the mainland for their weekly spree; and well she knew that they would bring back enough of the accursed poison to last until they were forced to earn money for another trip. Jack always went with them, but to-day Jimmie was so ill and had begged so hard to have his father stay with him, that Jack had promised to be back before supper. Jimmie never was afraid of "Daddy," drunk or sober, and Mary Barney, hearing his promise, had been given faith to pray that her husband would not go this time—and oh, how she had prayed! She could scarcely think of anything else. Mechanically she had finished the work she was doing for a neighbor, and carried it home, praying as she went along.

"O God, keep Jack home tonight! Dear Jesus, don't let him go!" Over and over these words were repeated, and, God be praised, he had staid!

"It was a miracle—no less," she murmured. The bit of faith in her heart grew to a great hope. "What if Jack would let the drink alone and reform, and again be a man among men! He could, he would, if only Henry Weeks and Joe Taylor would go away to sea, or somewhere, and leave him alone."

Thus Mary's thoughts ran as she and her husband sat in silence before the old cook stove. The fire died down, and Mary rose to get wood, when Jack jumped up, putting his hand gently on her shoulder, and saying:

"Sit down, my girl. I'll get the wood, and by and by you fix me up a bed on the lounge before the fire and I'll look after Jimmie tonight. You're all worn out with watching and work. It's so cold we must have a fire to keep Jimmie warm. Fix up my bed, and then go to bed yourself. I'll call you if you are needed."

In wondering, grateful silence Mary moved about, making all as comfortable as possible, while Jack softly piled stick after stick of wood behind the stove until there was a big heap to last through the long, cold night.

When all was snug, Mary kissed Jimmie softly, and shyly put her hand on her husband's shoulder as she half whispered, "Good night, Jack, and thank you."

"Thanks for nothing!" muttered Jack—and then, more gently, "Good night, Mary."

As Mary Barney reached the bedroom door she fancied she heard Jack's voice, and turning quickly she saw her husband with his head bowed in his hands, his shoulders heaving with great sobs:

Springing to his side, Mary put a trembling hand on his bowed head as she cried:

"What is the matter, Jack? Don't cry."

Jack lifted a remorseful, despairing face to his wife's pitying gaze as he hopelessly answered:

"Don't cry! Sure enough! What's the good of tears? If I cried a year steady I couldn't blot out the past with all my neglect of you and the children nor mend my broken vows. I wish I could! I wish I could!"

"Jack," whispered Mary, softly, "Jesus' blood can wash away all your sins. Why don't you try Him?"

"You don't know anything about it, Mary. You have never felt remorse burning your very heart out. I'm not fit to be forgiven."

"Nobody is fit to be forgiven, Jack, but I forgive you freely, and I'm only a weak woman."

God bless you, Mary! You're an angel, but you don't know how a wicked man feels. You don't know how the devil and all his imps will tempt me tomorrow, and the next day, and the next, and on and on till I drink again, and go back to the same old ways. But go to bed, my girl, and get your rest. I'm sober tonight—be thankful for that—and if I fall again it won't be your fault. You have been all that a wife ever could or should be. I'll fight the devil as long as I can."

"Just a word more, Jack! I believe God alone can help and keep you right. God is stronger than the Devil and all his hosts."

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

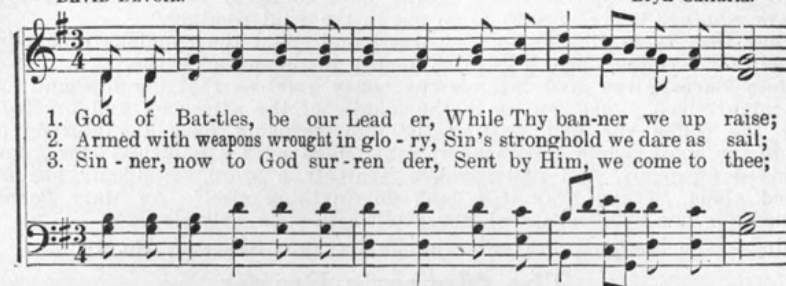
Fiercer and a hundred times more merciless than the storm outside the little old house, was the tempest of remorse and despair that raged in Jack Barney's soul that night. Despair would have vanquished him quite but for Mary's last words, "God is stronger than the Devil." Jack clung to that in desperation,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

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

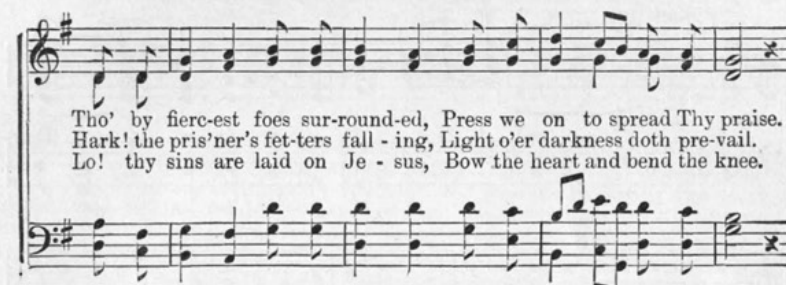
## God of Battles, Be Our Leader.

DAVID DEVOIR.

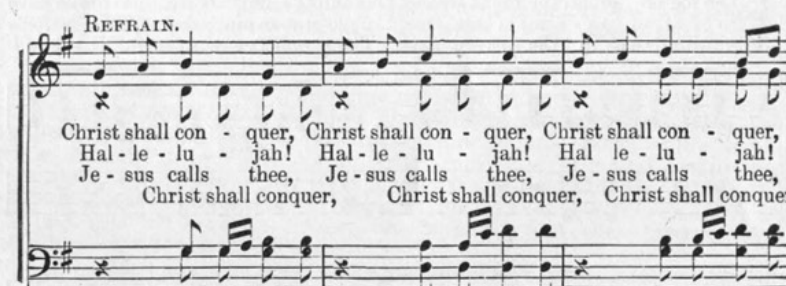
"Bryn Calfaria."



1. God of Bat-tles, be our Lead er, While Thy ban-ner we up raise;
2. Armed with weapons wrought in glo - ry, Sin's stronghold we dare as sail;
3. Sin - ner, now to God sur-ren der, Sent by Him, we come to thee;

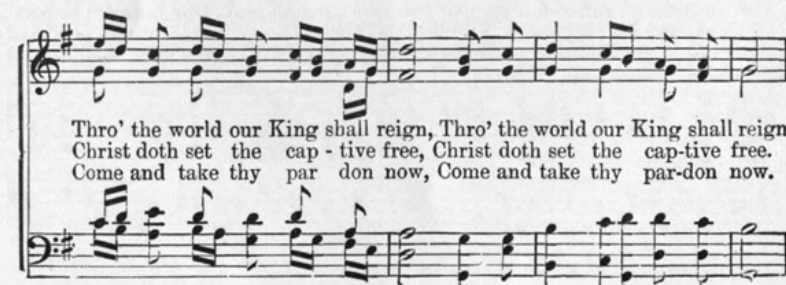


Tho' by fierc-est foes sur-round-ed, Press we on to spread Thy praise.  
Hark! the pris'ner's fet-ters fall - ing, Light o'er darkness doth pre-vail.  
Lo! thy sins are laid on Je - sus, Bow the heart and bend the knee.



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,



Thro' the world our King shall reign, Thro' 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.

The morning following Jack Barney's vigil showed a blistering, blinding, howling, northeast snowstorm, which blotted out 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 Jimmie, too, slept, and the lines of pain seemed fading from his cheeks and sunken eyes.

"Jimmie 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 noonings 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.

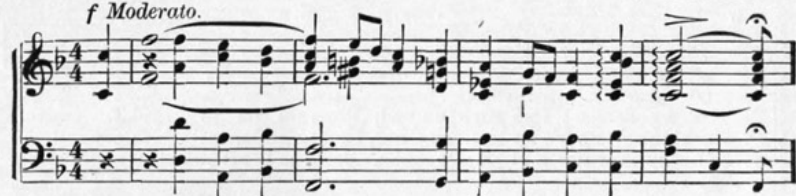
Sing—"The Mother's Prayer"—The Temperance Songster, No. 10.

### The Mother's Prayer.

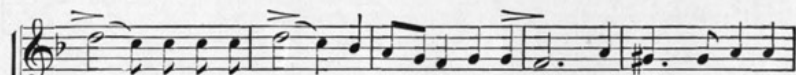
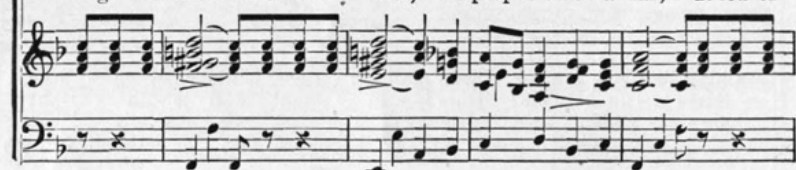
MARIETTA HOLLEY.

J. B. HERBERT.

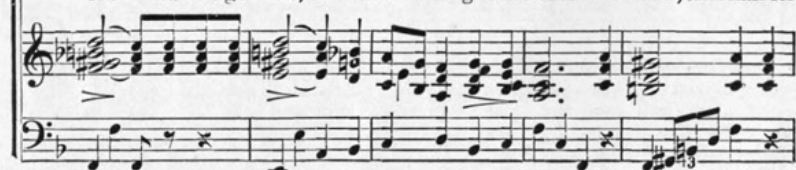
*f* Moderato.



1. The foe is great, the foe is strong, Our empty hands are weak; We who have
2. So great, so cunning is this foe, Linked sins in ambush gay, Temptation's
3. A light dawns in the eastern skies, The prophets saw a-far; It led of

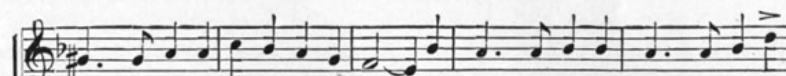


toiled and suffered long, Our fears we cannot speak. Our faith-ful la-bors  
ro - sy mist they throw, And lure their hearts away. These mighty pow'rs of  
old the Ma-gi wise, Who earnest sought the Star. We kneel, and hail its

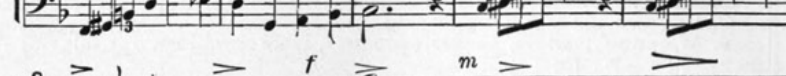
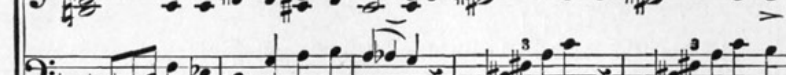
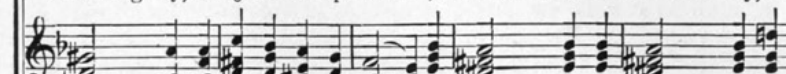


Copyright 1901, by Anna A. Gordon. Used by permission.

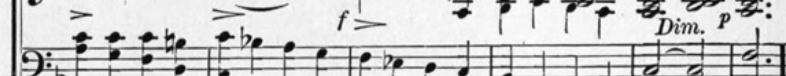
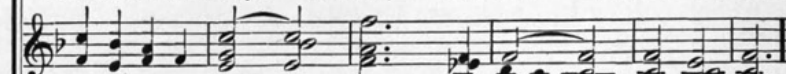
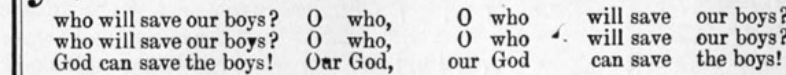
### The Mother's Prayer.



night and day Our haughty foe destroys; We kneel amid the gloom and pray, O  
banded wrong Satan's own art employs; The foe is great, the foe is strong, Oh,  
dawn-ing ray, The light takes shape and voice; Toil on and trust that Star to-day, Our



who will save our boys? O who, O who will save our boys?  
who will save our boys? O who, O who will save our boys?  
God can save the boys! Our God, our God can save the boys!



George Hamilton had been unanimously chosen President of the Bearce Island L. T. L. "Because," as Sophie Mains said, "he is temperance all through and is the smartest boy in school." He was chairman of the Lookout Committee, too, and so might be excused for his excitement as he burst into his mother's neat kitchen, and without stopping to close the door against the snowy blast, exclaimed:

"Jack Barney is sober, mother! Just think, mother! I never saw him sober before in all my life!"

"And such a long life, my son! But close the door before we are smothered in the snow. Now brush yourself while I sweep up the storm you've let in, and then we'll talk over your astonishing news."

"I know twelve years isn't a very long life, mother," answered George, as he shook the melting snow from his coat and cap and muffler and stamped vigorously to free his stout boots from the hard-packed whiteness which was already making puddles on the shining, yellow-painted floor. "It's a long, long while, though, to be a drunkard. Ed Barney is eight, and I don't believe he's ever seen his father really sober. Here, mother, give me that broom, please. I made this mess, and I'll clean it up. Takes the muscle of 'Yours truly' to do this up in style. Now, the mop-rag, and there you are with your nice kitchen floor as good as new!"

"My, but this clam chowder tastes 'moorish'! I wish poor Jack had a bowlful; it might stop his longing for drink for awhile," exclaimed George, as he finished his supper.

"So he shall, George, if you can find him. Send him to me. Tell him I have a job for him. I'll see that he has a piping-hot bowl of coffee and all the chowder he can eat. But how do you know he is sober?"

"I saw him just now as I came from school, and he looked white and sick, and his hands trembled as he tried to pull up his thin old coat about his neck to keep the snow out. Then I heard on my way to school that Hen Weeks and Joe Taylor, his chums, took their boat yesterday afternoon, before the storm came on, and started for the mainland to get a jug of rum. They haven't got back, and Jack can't get any of the stuff on the island."

"Poor Jack, what a wreck he is! And he used to be as smart and capable a carpenter as could be found. When he married Mary Bearce he owned that pretty cottage on the mainland that Druggist Haines lives in now. He got in with a gay set at the lodge which he joined, and soon he had drank up his property and broken the heart of one of the best wives a man ever had."

Sing—"Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel"—The Temperance Songster, No. 34.

## Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

MRS. J. E. SHELDON.  
Arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. See the Rum-fiend with his millions, Sweeping o'er our na-tive land,  
2. See, he clam-ors at your threshold, Hunting down your precious sons,  
3. "Fold-ed hands will nev-er aid us" To re-move this load of woe;  
4. Weep-ing mothers, sis-ters, daughters, Tears prevail not o'er this sin;

Spreading death and des-o-la-tion, Grief and woe on ev-'ry hand.  
Lies in wait at ev-'ry cor-ner, With his wi-ly ser-pent tongue,  
Chris-tian fa-thers, husbands, brothers, No-bly dare and brave-ly do.  
We must work for home and loved ones If we ev-er hope to win.

*Faster.*

Men of worth, be up and do ing, Men of cour-age, men of zeal,  
To in-vei-gle the un-wa-ry, And your children's hearts to steal;  
Save the na-tion from de-struc-tion, You its des-ti-ny must seal,  
God will sure-ly crown each ef-fort, And the na-tion's sor-row heal,

*Cres.*

Help dethrone the ty-rant mon-ster, "Put your shoulder to the wheel."  
Up and do ing, men and brothers, "Put your shoulder to the wheel."  
With a will then strong and stead-y, "Put your shoulder to the wheel."  
If each loy-al heart and brave one "Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Words and music copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn. From "Soul Winning Songs," by per. of owner.

George pushed back his chair from the table with a sober look on his usually 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."

"O 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 toward 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, because 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 'Hollow'."

"Call me what you like, Mrs. Hamilton. I'd like to oblige you and do the work if I only had the tools. My tools—well, you know where 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'm, 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 she little knew what had been in Jack's heart as he plunged through the blinding snow towards the Point that stormy afternoon.

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

"That you ever had, George! Now, are the chores 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.

1. { There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go ing by;  
There are wear y souls who per-ish, While the days are go-ing by;

If a smile we can re-new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue,

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.

REFRAIN.  
Go-ing by, go ing by, Go-ing by, go-ing by.  
Go-ing by, go-ing by, Go-ing by, go ing by,

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

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

3 All the loving links that bind us,  
While the days are going by,  
One by one we leave behind us,  
While the days are going by;  
But the seeds of good we sow,  
Both in shade and shine will grow,  
And will keep our hearts aglow,  
While the days are going by.

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey. Used by per.

True to his promise, Jack was on hand early the next morning, and the closet 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

scorn? Could he say "no" to their invitations? "I did once," he muttered, "but can I keep it up?" In his heart Jack feared that he would fall if they ridiculed or coaxed him, and the consciousness of his weakness lessened his ardor to reform.

"Mary will feel worse than ever if she gets her hopes raised and then I go back," thought Jack.

Sometimes Mrs. Hamilton spoke to Jack of his children, especially of little Jimmie, who now was nearly well again. One day she asked:

"What are you going to make of Jimmie when he grows up, Jack? He loves you so that you will have a great influence over him."

This thought haunted Jack. Would little Jimmie ever be a drunkard like him? The possibility made the cold sweat start on his forehead and his hands stick to the chisel. "I must turn over a new leaf. Jimmie shan't be ruined," he said to himself—"but what will Hen and Joe say?"

Every night as Jack went home he heard the children rehearsing their temperance pieces in the little schoolhouse at the corner, and the inspiring music, with its uplifting or warning words, repeated itself over and over in his brain.

At his work he would find himself repeating snatches of the L. T. L. songs, and this refrain haunted him:

"Oh, say, will your dearest come back as they go,  
Fair as the sunshine, pure as the snow?"

It made him think of Jimmie.

Sing—"Will It Pay?"—The Temperance Songster, No. 96.

## Will It Pay?

MARY T. LATHROP.  
*Andante.*

CHAS. T. KIMBALL.

1. Out from the hearth-stone the chil-dren go, Fair as the sun-shine,  
2. Out from the hearth-stone the chil-dren fair Pass from the breath of a

pure as the snow: A li-censed wrong on a crowd-ed street  
moth-er's prayer: Shall a fa-ther's vote on the crowd-ed street Con-

Copyright 1904, by Anna A. Gordon. Used by permission.

## Will It Pay?

Waits for the coming of the guileless feet. Child of the rich, and sent to the snare for the thoughtless feet? Ah! fathers, your fin - est

child of the poor, Pass to their wreck thro' the dram-shop's 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* dearest come back 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 me a heap of 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 up-hill 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.

## Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

HORATIUS BONAR.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. In the land of stran - gers, Whith - er thou art gone,  
2. 'From the land of hun - ger, Faint ing, fam - ished, lone,  
3. 'Leave the haunts of ri - ot, Wast - ed, woe be - gone,

Hear a far voice call - ing, "My son! my son!"  
Come to love and glad - ness, My son! my son!  
Sick at heart and wea - ry, My son! my son!

CHORUS. *m*  
"Wel come! wan - d'rer, wel come! Wel - come back to home!"

Thou hast wan - dered far a - way: Come home! come home!"

4 "See the door still open!  
Thou art still my own;  
Eyes of love are on thee,  
My son! my son!

6 "See the well-spread table,  
Unforgotten one!  
Here is rest and plenty,  
My son! my son!

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;  
Wilt thou farther roam?  
Come, and all is pardoned,  
My son! my son!

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,  
Hopeless, and undone;  
Mine is love unchanging,  
My son! my son!"

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.

"I'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.

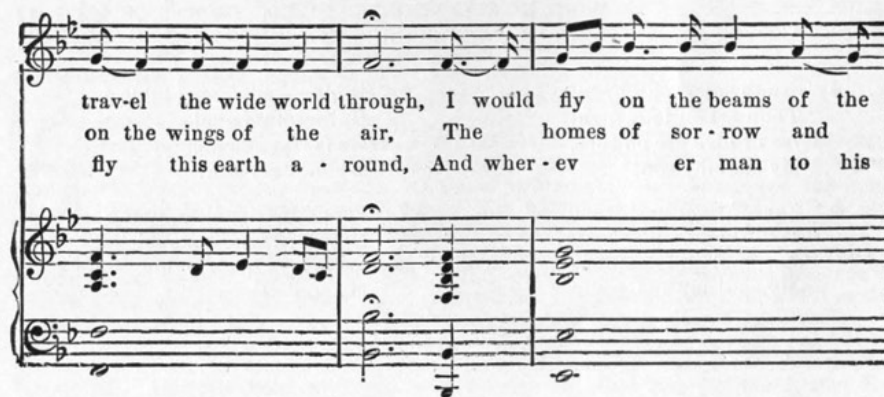
## If I Were a Voice.

*As arranged and sung by Mrs Alice J. Harris.*

I. B. WOODBURY.

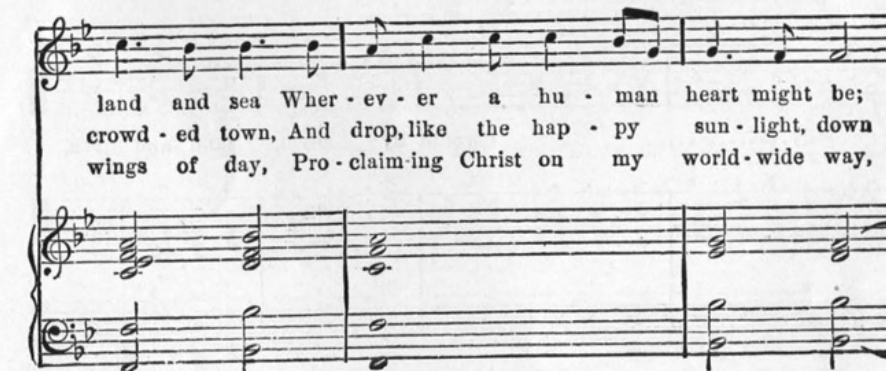
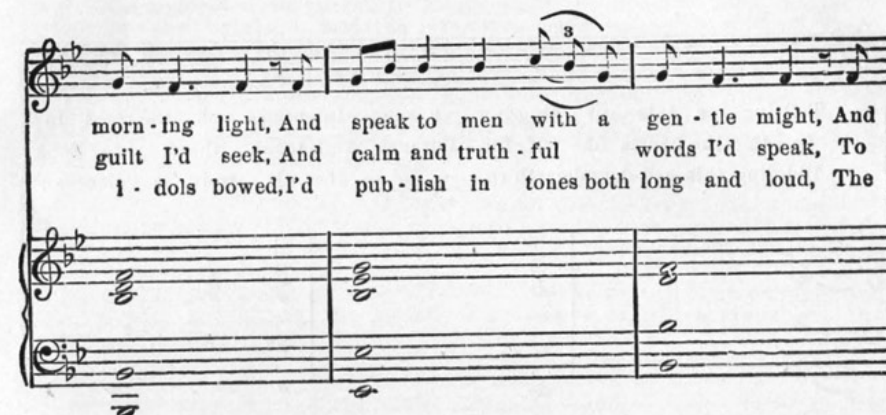


*Ad libitum.*

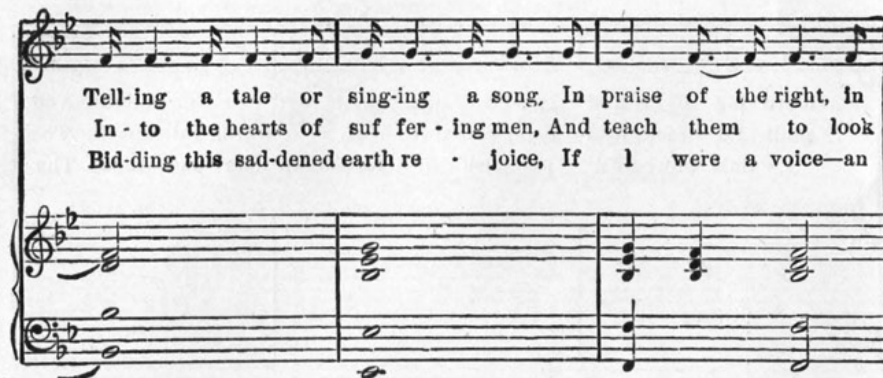


Used by per. The Oliver Ditson Co., owners of the copyright.

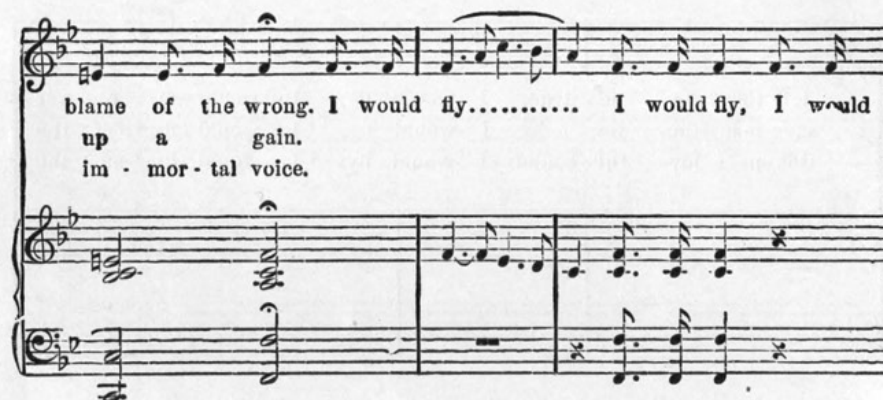
## If I Were a Voice. Continued.



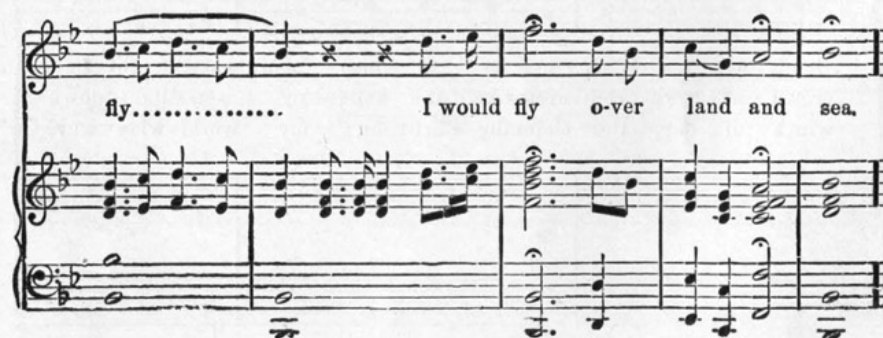
# If I Were a Voice. Concluded.



Tell-ing a tale or sing-ing a song, In praise of the right, In  
In - to the hearts of suf fer - ing men, And teach them to look  
Bid-ding this sad-dened earth re - joice, If I were a voice—an



blame of the wrong. I would fly..... I would fly, I would  
up a gain.  
im - mor - tal voice.



fly..... I would fly o-ver land and sea.

Unconsciously they both stopped and listened. When the singing ceased, George looked shyly 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 cheery good night, ran home, while Jack Barney, impelled by he knew not what, 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 drunkard'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 easy it had been to slip down the hill, and how hard it wouldn't be to get back!

Jack had now reached the shore, where he shouted "Good luck" 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 oar? Yes, surely. Jack staggered through the snow till he was opposite the object. Cautiously clambering over the icy rocks, he jerked the oar from the crevice where it had stuck. It was broken, but H. T. on the blade made Jack's face whiten, and anxiously he scanned the shore. It was Hen's oar, 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-dazed 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 going or coming the boat must have been capsized and Joe and Hen drowned. With the consciousness of this terrible happening came an overmastering desire for liquor. Was there any in the jug? He must have it. He would die without it. 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-gleam touched and brightened the earth, so sure the Star of Bethlehem shone into Jack's anguished 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 creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Dashing the jug to pieces on the icy rocks he solemnly grasped the piece of broken oar and made his way slowly homeward. His terrible, consuming appetite, his horror and remorse were gone, and in their place was a humble, 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 Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"

# All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

9

FREDERIC CARLETON GULICK.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je sus' name! Let an gels pros-trate fall;  
 2. Let ev 'ry kin - dred, ev 'ry tribe, On this ter res tial ball,  
 3. Oh, that with you der sa cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all ma jes - ty a - scribe, 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 roy - al di - a dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.