

E. Wood

Among

The Indians
in the
Far West.

❖ A SERVICE OF SONG. ❖

The Narrative by

The Right Rev. BISHOP RIDLEY, D.D.

(Late of Caledonia.)

Arranged by

The Rev. W. J. L. SHEPPARD, M.A.

(Centenary Secretary C.M.S.)

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PREFACE.

IN issuing this Service of Song, the Committee beg to tender their warmest thanks, first of all to the Right Rev. BISHOP RIDLEY, D.D., of Caledonia, for his great kindness in writing the entire prose portion of the Service, as well as some of the verses; and also to H. GIBBON, Esq., F.R.C.O., who has most kindly written the larger part of the music specially for this Service. The Committee also gratefully acknowledge permission to use words or music from:

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NOTE:—The rendering of the entire Service of Song will occupy One Hour and Three Quarters. Much of its effectiveness will depend upon the careful observance by the Choir of the Marks of Expression.

AMONG THE INDIANS IN THE FAR WEST;

OR,

The Story of a Missionary Bishop.

A SERVICE OF SONG.



Prayer.

CHORUS.

Words by REV. NAPIER MALCOLM, M.A.

Music by W. MULLINEUX.

1.

mf OPEN our eyes, good Lord, open our eyes !
p For Thou hast girt Thyself in captive guise ;
cr And from the heathen gloom Thy voice we
 hear,—
dim "I was in prison, and ye left Me there !"
p Open our eyes, good Lord, open our eyes !

2.

mf Open our ears, good Lord, open our ears !
p For Thou art pleading through our brethren's
 tears ;
cr Let India's bitter cry, let Afric's call
f Loud on the Churches of Thy ransomed fall !
p Open our ears, good Lord, open our ears !

3.

mf Open our hearts, good Lord, open our hearts !
p Thou metest out to all their powers and parts :

cr Thou from Thy treasure-house our wealth
 dost pour ;

f O make us faithful with the heaven-sent store !
p Open our hearts, good Lord, open our hearts !

4.

mf Open our lips, good Lord, open our lips !
p Sun after sun beneath the ocean dips :
dim With every breeze the souls of men pass by,
cr And time sweeps onward to eternity :
f Open our lips, good Lord, open our lips !

5.

mf Open our minds, good Lord, open our minds !
 When sin or selfishness man's conscience blinds,
 Scatter the mists that cloud Thy clear com-
 mand ;
cr Then with rich blessing on each Christless
ff Open Thy hand, good Lord, (*rall.*) open Thy
 hand !

(The following Prayers should then be offered by the Reader of the Service.)

LET US PRAY.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men, we acknowledge and bewail our sins; we have done that which we ought not to have done, and left undone that which we ought to have done. Thou hast allowed us to be put in trust with the gospel, and we have not been faithful to our trust; we have not glorified Thee as we ought, nor set forward Thy kingdom as we might have done; our faith has been weak, our love cold, our labours feeble. We humble ourselves for our lack of service; we do earnestly repent and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings and shortcomings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father; for Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive us all that is past, and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please Thee in newness of life, to the honour and glory of Thy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O GRACIOUS GOD AND FATHER, we bless and praise Thee for Thy love to us, Thy sinful creatures, in redeeming us unto Thyself by the precious blood of Thy dear Son, and for the gift of Thy sanctifying Spirit. May we show our love to Thee by loving the souls for whom Christ died, and seeking to make known His glorious salvation throughout the world. Teach us how to labour and to pray for the conversion of the Heathen, the Mohammedan, and the Jew.

Lord, bless our Church Missionary Society, and all kindred Societies. May Thy presence be with our Missionary brethren and sisters, and may Thy Holy Spirit prosper all their work. Send forth more labourers into Thy harvest, and stir up the wills of Thy faithful people at home to pray and to work for the success of Thy holy cause.

Show, O Lord, to all who work for Thee at home what Thou wouldst have them to do, and give them grace to do it. And may we all be looking with faith and hope for the return of our King to establish His everlasting kingdom.

O Father, hear us, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O LORD, from Whom all good things do come, grant to us, Thy humble servants, that by Thy holy inspiration we may think those things that be good, and by Thy merciful guiding may perform the same, through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

OUR FATHER, etc. *Amen.*

PROLOGUE.

THE Story which we are to hear to-night is from the pen of one of our Missionary Bishops, who, in his far-away Diocese of Caledonia, on the shores and amid the islands of the North Pacific Ocean, has for twenty years been carrying on a glorious work for his Lord and Master. Some idea of the arduous nature of that work may be gathered from the simple fact that the people under Bishop Ridley's charge—Indians, white men, and Chinese—though less in number than the population of either Halifax or Plymouth, are scattered over a Diocese four times the size of England. May God indeed "open our ears and open our hearts" as we listen to the story which Bishop Ridley will now tell us in his own words.

* * * * *

DURING countless ages Indians hunted, fished, fought, decapitated or scalped, and sank down, down, down, into greater vileness, till the careless miner, the petty trader, and liquor fiend trod them lower and sank with them.

Then comes along a man no stronger or braver or cleverer, but a man of mystery. Some wish to kill him; others counsel a policy of observation.

They jabber around him ; but happily he does not understand their language. They let him live, and permit him to share some dark corner of the roofed-in space we call a house. God puts it into the heart of some influential man or woman to be his friend. Sickness strikes some one down ; the medicine man's art fails ; the missionary is allowed to prescribe remedies which God blesses.

But now success in healing imperils the medicine man's standing, and makes him an enemy. God's man meets his frown with a smile, unconscious of the peril. Muttered threats, only partially understood, lead to prayer, the mother of patience and courage.

"Come here !" I said to such an one, as I saw him standing in a watchful attitude not far off. "Send away the others," he replied, "and I will come."

I joined him, who looked down on me with a curious light in his eyes. "You saved that poisoned girl—we (the medicine-men) could not."

"God saved her !" was my reply.

"I know not God ; but you know more than we do. Take this."

From his only garment, a dirty blanket, he gave me two round pieces of cedar, with finely-picked cedar-bark wrapped round the sticks. This gift was a "child of the sun,"—in other words, a means of producing fire.

"This," said the medicine man, "is a token of my respect ; but I shall not speak to you again."

This happened seventeen years ago. I confirmed him and his wife fifteen years later.

But the interval ! What scenes obtrude themselves on the stranger ! The very dogs object to him because his scent lacks the odour of the unwashed. They snarl at his heels and sometimes bite. Then the effluvia from dirty patients who through the long winter never change their rags or wash themselves ; the difficulty of obtaining suitable food ; the growing ache of loneliness ; the dawning knowledge of the Indian's degradation of heart as the language is learnt ; at times, the fading away of faith ; the dread of not loving such unloveable heathen ; and the horror of feeling crushed by the impossibility of doing any good ! Brave men experience this.

To you who listen to the story there is awakened a romantic interest ; but to hear a mighty chief, thinking himself alone, facing the sea, and using incantations, startles the unseen and unwilling listener who has tried to lead him to Jesus ; for thus he prayed :—

"Fierce spirit of the angry wave,
I'll give thee victims three ;
Tear out the tongue of wolf, of slave,
Of dragon of the sea.
If thou wilt in the dead of night
With deadly charms appear ;
Streak me with blood that I may fight,
And blast my foes with fear.

"Brave spirit of the mountain trail,
The lord of treasured snow,
Who trim'st the kingly eagle's sail,
'Mid rocks bidst rivers flow ;
When I have all my rivals slain,
And stuck their heads on high,
I'll feast thee well, and then my train
Shall watch me bravely die !"

Years elapsed, and I was sitting beside the same chief as he lay dying. In the midst of his pain he burst into song, a Zimshian translation by my wife of one of our well-known hymns.

Martyrdom - $\frac{2}{4}$ time

4

How Sweet the Name.

Words by REV. JOHN NEWTON.

SOLO (TENOR).

Music by H. GIBBON, F.R.C.O.

mf

Andante.

1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds
2. Dear Name, the rock on which I build,

cres. *f*

In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And
My shield and hid - ing place; My nev - er - fail - ing trea - s'ry fill'd With

mp

drives a - way his fear. It makes the wound - ed spi - rit whole, And
bound - less stores of grace, (*p*) Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And

cres. *mf* *p*

calms the trou - bled breast; 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And
cold my warm - est thought: But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll

rit. dim. *1st time only.*

to the wea - ry rest.
praise Thee as I ought.

rit. dim. mf a tempo.

f With spirit.

3. Till then I would Thy love pro-claim With

p mf

cres. dim. mp

ev - ry fleet-ing breath; And may the mu - sic of Thy Name Re-fresh my soul in

cres. dim. mp

cres. rall. pp

death, And may the mu - sic of Thy Name Re-fresh my soul in

cres. rall. pp

f a tempo. rit.

death. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be-liev - er's ear!

f rit. ff

Then the dying chief began to tell me this dream. "Last night I was struggling up the steps to the door of heaven, and I knocked. The watchman asked me what I wanted. 'I have come to see my son Silas—I know he is here.' 'Yes,' said the angel, 'he is yonder, in front of Jesus.' Then I struggled mightily to go to him, but the floor was smooth as glass, and I could not go forward a single step. 'What are you trying to do?' asked the angel. 'I want to go to Jesus; I see Him there.' 'Oh, you cannot go in that way.' 'How, then, shall I go?' 'On your knees,' said the angel. So I fell on my knees; and, before I could look up, I felt Jesus standing beside me. He smiled, and asked why I had come. I had forgotten. Having Jesus near so satisfied me that I thought of nothing else: I had all I wanted."

This saint of God, formerly a warlike chief, to whom murder was a profession called war, not long after his vision of Paradise was translated thither.

The chief was converted far away from his home, and at once and for ever cast in his lot with the Christians. Then his tribe elected a new chief named Sheuksh, a man of great vigour of body and mind. By this time the Gospel had brought law and order both north and south of the Kitkatlas, so that war ceased; but their hearts were not tamed—and every attempt to settle a native missionary among them failed until the year 1882. In succession, two teachers were driven away, but not before twenty-seven of the braves were converted and were brought to me sixty miles across the sea for baptism. Without a human teacher they were further taught by the Holy Spirit, and at last ventured to build a little church, with turret and bell.

One stormy November Saturday night they were praying for a Sabbath blessing, when the chief brought in his wildest followers armed with various weapons and axes. He ordered prayer to cease; but the few Christians said they could not help praying. They were then driven out, and the work of destruction began, with savage threats against all who prayed.

The heathen destroyers found the work too tedious, and some one cried out, "Fire it!" So lurid flames soon reduced God's house to ashes, amid wild dancing and blasphemy.

The next day a favourable gale hurried northward a swift canoe. In ten hours a crew of drenched Kitkatlas sat before me in my study burdened with so great a grief that it was difficult to find utterance for some time. Then rising to his feet, one of them, named Luke, began his tale of woe with the words, "The devil has won; God's house is in ashes; they spit at the name of Jesus; they have torn up the Bibles; the devil has won the victory."

"No, never," said I, "the battle has just begun; Jesus Christ will win. You are not burnt. The devil has laughed before. God will laugh at him, and you will laugh. Be strong."

For more than a year no teacher was suffered to land among the Kitkatlas. No public service could be held. But to that night's horror many traced their conversion. The Christians stood still in silent prayer. One young man, less self-controlled, whispered to the leader, "Rifles! Let us fight!" "Jesus never fought," was the reply; "He died without resistance."

This stillness astonished the heathen, whose chief aim was to provoke the Christians to battle.

Many years later an Indian of mark was holding the loop-end of a tape measure, and I the other end. We had measured off the choicest section of land belonging to the tribe, on which to build a new church—the third in succession—the second being found too small. As I wound up the tape, he dropped the loop, but held up his hand and said with deep emotion, "Bishop, do you know that hand set fire to the first house of God here? This hand and this heart trembled as I thought of it, until years afterwards I said to

Gaium Twaga (the senior Christian), 'Do you think God can forgive me?' 'Yes, if you truly repent.' 'How do you know I can be forgiven?' 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from *all* sin.' Then", said the penitent one, "I never had peace; I was afraid of God; I saw His Spirit in the eyes of the men of prayer as the flames leaped up to heaven. Many like me, for years, whether on the sea or on the mountains, feared God would sink their canoe or cast them down some precipice. But as soon as I knew I could be forgiven, I had peace, and now I love God."

Forgiveness.

Words by MRS. RUNDLE CHARLES.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Music by H. GIBBON, F.R.C.O.

mf TREBLE.

mf For-give-ness then may yet be mine,

Andante con moto.

cres - - - cen - do.

The sin-less lips have said, "For-giv'n"; Par-don is then a right Di-vine,

cres - - - cen - do.

f

And love in-deed the law of heav'n.

f

mf

mf ALTO.

But can the sul-lied snow grow white? What spell can seal the mem-ry fast?

mf

What has been ev - er must have been; The Al-migh - ty can - not, can - not change the

p *pp* *rall.*

mf TREBLE.

Oh, raise thy down-cast eyes to His, And read the bless-ed

mf a tempo.

past. Oh, raise thy down-cast eyes to His, And read the bless - ed

mf a tempo.

se - cret there; The par - d'ning love from guilt that

se - cret there; The par - d'ning love from guilt that frees, By lov - ing

mf

frees, By lov - - ing thee shall make thee fair, shall make thee fair.

thee, By lov - - ing thee shall make thee fair, shall make thee fair.

f *dim.* *p* *mf* *dim.* *p*

CHORUS. *pp*

Thy guilt and shame on Him must lie; Then search the past thy guilt to

see: In - stead, this sight shall meet thine eye,— Thy Sa - viour on the

Cross for thee, Thy Sa - viour on the Cross for thee, for thee, for thee.

Six winters after the news of the burning of the church was brought to me, four Indians, some of the same who then came, once more arrived—not now woe-begone, but bursting with desire to unfold their beautiful message. My wife came in to listen. We had wrestled eight years in prayer for this consummation, and, as we listened, our hearts were melted with gladness, and poured out in praise to our victorious King.

The first words were, "*Litha goudi eshk gish Sheuksh*" ("He has perfected his promise, has Sheuksh"). Such were Luke's words. Then he proceeded to narrate in complete detail what had happened the day before. The chief, back from his autumnal hunt, invited all the men to his great house, a space of 3,600 square feet without post or pillar. The floor is of split cedar. In the midst was the sand-strewn hearth. A pile of logs is near, and the flames leap aloft as oil is ladled on the fire from time to time. There is Sheuksh, arrayed in his scarlet robe, seated alone on a low kind of settle; his people on the other three sides of the great square awaiting the opening of the Parliament. Christians are mingled with the heathen. Nearest to the chief sit six leading men, forming his Council, all of them proved enemies of the Gospel.

Up rose Sheuksh grandly, and stretching out his sturdy arms, thus began his great oration: "I wear the outward sign of ancient customs, which I thought I ought to maintain. I am not wiser than the ancients who kept them and did great deeds. I loved them; so did you. I have struggled to maintain them. But the end has come. Let the waves tell the story of our fathers. Our children's lips will form no fit words. Where do dead things go? This goes with them." Here he flung off his robe and other insignia of a heathen chief. "I am naked, but I can clothe myself with the white man's clothes. What will cover my heart? I cannot clothe it. God who knows all the past and present has made me know I am ignorant and wicked. Now I am dressed like a Christian, and those tokens of the dark past I will never touch again. What shall I do next? I am too old to go to school. I cannot read. I am like a child, but wanting to learn. Will Jesus Christ have me? I will never turn back. I give myself to God. Now pray for me, pray, pray! I want to know what will please Him. I *must* know. Begin at once to pray."

The whole company bowed their heads in silence, until the voice of prayer broke it. Prayer and praise never ceased for seven and a half long hours.

"But were you not tired?" I asked.

"No. Nobody went out but to go round and tell the women; and when they heard the chief was converted they prayed, and the children too."

Then the men who with Sheuksh had struggled against Christ rose one by one, and solemnly renounced the past. Not a shred of outward heathenism saw the morning light; not a soul remained that had not pledged himself to live and die a Christian. This happened seven years ago, and our fears that so great a change might not last have proved groundless.

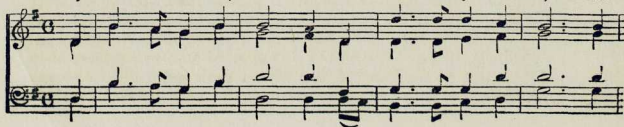
On January 5th, 1898, I baptized ten adults, hoary-headed heathens, the last to put on Christ. As for Sheuksh, his very looks and features indicate what he is,—a whole-hearted believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. Those who knew him in the days of his darkness,—Sheuksh the severe, the proud, the lion—cannot but extol the power which has transformed him into Sheuksh the gentle, the true, the lamb! *Te Deum laudamus.*

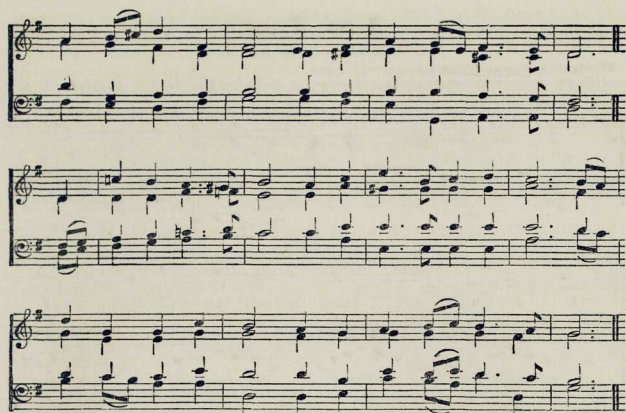
O Mighty Transformation!

CHORUS.

Words by RT. REV. BP. RIDLEY, D.D.

Music by H. GIBBON, F.R.C.O.





1. *f* O MIGHTY transformation,
Fair miracle of grace!
cr The glory be to Jesus,
The beauty from His face.
mf The zealous persecutor
p Is humbled to the earth,
cr Is blinded by the glory,
f Has reached the second birth.

2. *mf* The sign, "Behold, he prayeth,"
Is whispered far and wide;
cr This, better than the vision,
Is sign of conquered pride.
f The eye of Jesus saw it,
His lips the tidings bring:
ff All glory then to Jesus
Let men and angels sing.

Now embark with me for Queen Charlotte's Islands, the most westerly part of the province of British Columbia. The inhabitants were the finest and fiercest of all the Indians. They were the Vikings of the North Pacific Ocean. When I first met with them not one was a Christian. It is joy, after years of toil, peril, and at first apparent failure, to be able to add, *not one is a heathen now!* All are within the fold.

I must testify to the splendid courage and devotion of their first missionaries, Archdeacon Collison and his brave wife. During the Franco-German war, Mrs. Collison had passed through many a bloody day and perilous night as a Red-Cross nurse. But she had as much need of calm courage as she ever had on the battle-field, when, with her husband and first-born infant, she was landed and left on Massett beach, alone with murder-loving Indians. Little did they imagine (for they were ignorant of the language) that three times it was determined to kill them; but the mother's love among the women, for the baby's sake, pleaded successfully for their lives. So the Indians have told me; but the missionaries, to this hour, I believe, are ignorant of what had happened. This was twenty-two years ago; and though not a single Haida had been baptized during their four years' work among them when they left the islands, I hear these same men praying daily in our meetings, and they *never* omit the name of Collison! Remembered by name in prayer by the noblest tribes of this great Dominion for more than a score of years! Who can complain of Indian ingratitude? And who will not feel encouraged to trust God more fully, both with the present and the future?

I can Trust.

SOLO (SOPRANO OR TENOR).

Words from *Hymns of Consecration and Faith.*

(By permission of Messrs. MARSHALL BROS.)

Music by REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD, M.A.

Andante religioso.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* and *dim.*

The first vocal line begins with the lyrics "I can - not see, with my small hu - man sight,". The melody is simple and expressive, with a piano accompaniment of eighth notes. The dynamic is *p*.

The second vocal line continues with the lyrics "Why God should lead this way or that for me; I". The melody rises slightly, and the piano accompaniment remains consistent. The dynamic is *p*.

The third vocal line includes the lyrics "on - ly know He saith:..... 'Child, fol - low Me!'". The melody features a long note followed by a short phrase. The piano accompaniment has a *cres.* dynamic. The vocal line also has a *cres.* dynamic.

The fourth vocal line concludes with the lyrics "But I can trust, But I can trust." The melody is simple and ends with a long note. The piano accompaniment has a *cres.* dynamic. The vocal line has a *dim.* dynamic. The final piano accompaniment has a *mf* dynamic.

p
I oft - en

dim. *p*

won - der, as with trem - bling hand I cast the

seed a - long the fur - row'd ground, If ri - pen'd fruit for

cres. *cres.*

God..... will there be found : But I can

f *f*

dim.
trust, But I can trust.

dim. *mf*

p *cres.*
I can - not know why

dim. *p* *cres.*

f
sud - den - ly the storm Should rage so fierce - ly round me

f *ff*

mf
in its wrath, — But this I know,..... God

mf

cres. *f* *rall. e dim.* *p*
watch - es all my path: And I can trust,..... And I can

cres. *f* *rall. e dim.* *p*

trust.

mf *dim.* *p*

mf

I may not draw a-side the mys-tic veil That

p

hides the un-known fu-ture from my sight, Nor

cres.

know if waits for me..... the dark or

p

cres.

mp *ppp*

light: But I can trust, But I can trust.....

p *ppp*

What a day's work I once had among those Indians! They had built a pretty church on a plot by the sea, where the year before I gathered juicy strawberries. I sailed across the hundred miles of sea to consecrate it. They had long been expecting my arrival, and most of them, giving me up, started out on the western ocean fur-seal hunting. Five men were sent off in the teeth of a brisk westerly breeze, to tell the rest of my arrival. Three days later—so long did it take them—a fine fleet of beautiful canoes, all “dug-outs” of cedar, about fifty feet in length, sailed into the harbour, pulled up in line, discharged a volley, then paddled stern first, at a furious pace, to the sandy shore. To shake hands with more than 200 strong men and women whose grip is like a vice, lamed me from the fingers to the shoulder: but I dared not wince!

An hour or so later I was standing in my robes at the western door of the church to begin the service of consecration. A choir of thirty men and boys, followed by the church council, the churchwardens carrying gilded wands of office, preceded me up the middle aisle singing the opening hymn. The consecration over, I married thirty-six happy people; churchward several mothers, who duly made their offerings,—the first in the new church; then I baptized about seventy and confirmed eighty-four.

When, as I thought, the last of the candidates had been confirmed, there was a pause. I heard the concluding words of the baptismal service at the west end of the church. Then walked up and knelt before me,—unlike all others,—a ragged, weary-looking man. I confirmed him, and then noticed that he had left his footprints on the new white floor in blood! Where he stood to be baptized, he left two pools of blood from his torn feet.

This is how it happened:—his comrades, going to sea, left him to go into the mountains to hunt bear, whilst they went for seals. When the news of my arrival had spread, and all had started homeward, he returned to the rendezvous to find that they had sailed. He had no canoe, and was laden with bear-skins. Hiding them, he started to walk the thirty miles along the edge of the western rocks and precipices, where no trail ever existed. The terrible journey gashed his feet and cut them to the bone. O splendid devotion to his Lord and Saviour! He, like the rest, had been prepared for baptism and confirmation. Finding the baptism over and the confirmation proceeding, he begged the missionary to baptize him at once and present him to me; and so this accounted for the bloodstained footprints that consecrated the church floor, and is but an example of many other saints in heathen lands,—unknown to any but Him for Whom they would cheerfully shed their blood, or even lay down life itself.

W. T. G. 81

King of Saints.

CHORUS.

Words by REV. JOHN ELLERTON, M.A.

Music by REV. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS, B.A.



(Copyright, 1898, by NOVELLO & Co., Ltd.)

1.
m/ KING of Saints, to whom the number
Of Thy starry host is known,
Many a name, (*p*) by man forgotten,
cr Lives for ever round Thy throne:
2.
m/ Lights, which earth-born mists have darkened,
cr There are shining full and clear;
m/ Princes in the court of heaven,
dim Nameless, not remembered here.
3.
p How they toiled for Thee and suffered
None on earth can now record;

- cr* All their saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of their Lord.
4.
p All is veiled from us, (*cr*) but written
In the Lamb's great book of life,
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
All the toiling and the strife:
5.
f There are told Thy hidden treasures;
p Number us, O Lord, with them,
cr When Thou makest up the jewels
f Of Thy living diadem.

To me it is as commonplace to step into my boat as in England into a carriage, and it is on the whole cheaper, because I harness the wind which eats no oats. I started one day to sail to the Skeena river and back, a run of sixty miles. The sea was like a mirror and the sun scorching. After a time the wind failed and we had to take to our oars. Fortunately I had my wife's old garden straw hat with broad brims. In this I cut two holes, passing through them a piece of cord. I tied the thing firmly on. Without remembering what I wore, I landed with it on, and only found my mistake when I tried to lift it on meeting a missionary lady. "Oh, I wish I had a kodak," she said, as she gazed at my upper storey.

We stopped at some rocky islets to gather gulls' eggs. The birds objected, but the scramble was pleasant after broiling and toiling on the water. I saw a blue line on the water to seaward and called out, "Wind, wind, all on board!" How it cooled our brows! The light sparkling on the wavelets in a line with the sun the Indians call *shium giamuk*, or "the feet of the sun."

So we sailed lazily along, the only sound the creaking of the jaws of the boom. I was steering—one of the two Indians, who formed my crew, counting eggs, and the other, one of my former pupils for eight years, reading *Pearson on the Creed*. Suddenly looking up he asked me the difference between "attrition" and "contrition." "Oh!" said I, "Attrition is feeling a little sorrow about some bad thing, and contrition is a real sorrow for sin." "Ah!" said he, "I suppose one is the crying of the eyes, the other of the heart." Thus our Indians catechize us!

Within four hours of starting we reached the mouth of the river and put up for the night. With my men I had intended to spread my blankets on the church floor, so as to get off early next day without disturbing anybody, but the offer of a bed tempted me.

It was a Chinaman's. He came in to render any service he could.

I sat on the edge of the bed and talked a long time to the comely Celestial. His was an oval face, nicely rounded, framing a pair of almond-shaped eyes, full of light and sympathy. He had been converted through the agency of Miss Appleyard, one of our mission hospital nurses. He described his visit with another Christian to the China House, as we call the ugly building the Chinese crowd into during the salmon-fishing season. "I pray long time," said he; "I read book of God; I read Luke to them, 15th chapter, to-night. They hear it all,—they smoke, they lie down, they speak not, they hear always. I sing hymn, China words, then all sing,—plenty sing,—sing hard. You know, Bishop, Chinaman not much know God,—some know little—plenty not know nothing. China country dark, very dark." So he ended in a slow, serious manner of speaking, as if he remembered how the darkness felt. Then he opened his arms till they touched the wall behind him, and began to try to express God's all-embracing love. He looked as saintly as artist ever painted. There was a far-offness in his eyes,—his lips parted as if unable to express the feeling flooding his soul.

I felt as if I could rise and passionately embrace him; but my English reserve looked on in silence as he tried and tried to tell me how much God loved dark China. "Oh, you know, you know, Bishop." Then, bringing his extended arms together, he clasped himself to show how God lifted him out of darkness into light. Relapsing again from his rapid utterances to slow, solemn tones, he said, "I know God. I love God, I love God very much." And I am sure it was true.

As I was embarking next morning I found he had put a little delicacy of his own cooking into the boat, because, as he said, "Mrs. Ridley not eat too much"; meaning that she had a poor appetite. She was an invalid at the time. His last words were to commend my new Chinese servant to my

sympathy, saying, "He know God only very much little, but by-an'-by know Him more. And he very good Chinaman."

O Love, that will not let me go.

Words by REV. G. MATHESON, D.D. QUARTETTE.
Slowly and smoothly.

Music by A. L. PEACE, Mus.Doc.

The musical score is written for a quartette in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the lyrics: "1. (mf) O Love, that will not let me go,.... (dim) I rest my wea-ry soul in". The second system contains the second line: "Thee;.... (mf) I give Thee back the life I owe,..... (cr) That". The third system contains the third line: "in Thine o - cean depths its flow, (f) May rich - er, full - er be."

2.
mf O Light, that followest all my way,
dim yield my flickering torch to Thee;
mf My heart restores its borrowed ray,
cr That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
f May brighter, fairer be.

3.
mp O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;

cr I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

4.
f O Cross, (*cr*) that liftest up my head,
dim I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
pp I lay in dust life's glory dead,
cr And from the ground there blossoms red
rall f Life that shall endless be.

No one can be dull who understands, and is interested in, the Indians; their minds seem always alert and their eloquence remarkable. Their sympathies, too, are keenly aroused by suffering. When I told them at our daily meeting for prayer that our missionaries had been murdered at Ku-cheng in China, they thus prayed, "Say again, dear Jesus, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.' O gracious Spirit, Thou art not quenched by blood. Let it make Thy garden soil strong to grow Chinese believers in."

Daily I am visited, sometimes by Indians from long distances, for counsel, and I must patiently listen, however long the story may be. After a respectful preface, thus begins some Kitikshan, "Chief, the work of God is no light thing. All parts are weighty. Small things are parts of large things. Little things differ not from large things with God. God makes no difference." Then follows too long a string of questions to repeat here.

Next enters a widow for advice. "Chief Thunder (a man's name) wants to marry me. What do you think about it?" "Well," said I, "do you love him?" "I hardly know." "Does he love you?" "I hardly know." "Then don't." "I won't!"

Next comes in a woman who had been excommunicated, but is now penitent. She poured out her soul in burning words. "I knelt last night before God confessing my sin after five months' misery in the dust. God knows all. You know part of my shame!" "Yes," said I. "I know enough! I know also that the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin." There she broke down. I said the "Comfortable Words" in the Communion Service, and by God's own word ministered absolution to this broken heart. Recovering her composure she said, "There are crumbs for dogs: one has dropped from your lips, and I find it sweet to my heart—sweet, sweet." She broke quite down again, but found relief in tears. I knelt beside her and prayed; then rose, took her hand, and said softly, "The Lord hath put away thy sin; go in peace and sin no more." Two years have tested the sincerity of her contrition, and now she is an active member of our Church Army. Glory be to God!

Waiting!

CHORUS.

Words and Music by S. G. Stock.

The musical score for 'Waiting!' is written for a four-part chorus (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system is the Chorus. The second system is marked 'All verses but last.' and includes dynamic markings *p*, *p*, and *pp*. The third system is marked 'Last verse.' and includes dynamic markings *p*, *pp*, and *ppp*, as well as a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking. The score is written in a clear, legible hand with standard musical notation including notes, rests, and bar lines.

1. *p* THEY are waiting everywhere,
cr Where the fields of earth are fair,
 Where the rivers nobly run,
 Where the blossoms seek the sun,
f Where the hills rise, high and grand,
 Looking proudly o'er the land,—
pp Waiting! Waiting!
2. *p* They are waiting in the wild,
 Sick and weary and defiled,
cr And the Saviour's healing word
dim They have never, never heard;
p Ever hungry and unfed,
 Left without the living Bread,—
pp Waiting! Waiting!

3. *p* Oh! the long, long years are flown
cr Since the Master bade His own
 Bear the message far and wide
 Of a Saviour crucified;
f Flash the light o'er vale and hill,—
f Yet they sit in darkness still,—
pp Waiting! Waiting!
4. *cr* For the happy beam of day
 That shall chase their gloom away;
f For the news, so glad and blest,
 That shall set their heart at rest;
p For the peace we know and prize,
cr And the hope beyond the skies,—
pp Waiting! Waiting!

To those who are born into the civilization of Christian lands it is not easy to realize how much it owes to Christ.

Where I am now writing, a small place of about 290 souls, there are 112 communicants, often forty at the early Communion Service, and a fortnight later a larger number at the mid-day Celebration; and there is not a single drunkard, thief, or unclean person known to live here. The jail is rotting down, and is used as the school coal-cellar, and, as a jail, has not been wanted or used for ten years. Crime is unknown.

But this is one of the older Missions. Go with me to one of the more recent, say Aiyansh, where Mr. McCullagh has, through God's help, wrought so marvellous a change. I remember it as a poor little suburb of a large Indian village, given over to all abominations. Then I saw it as a row of little cottages with thirty souls all told, who longed for instruction. A short time ago, when I last visited it, I was amazed. I saw fine, broad roads, with beautiful cottages dotted about, set in lovely autumnal foliage, each with a fine garden well fenced in. There now stands a very fine church to seat 400 people, beautifully furnished within, and a noble spire on the tower. Beside it is the prettiest day-school in the diocese; and at the end of the main street, abutting on the river, a commodious mission-house, with its dispensary, its printing-press, and other accessories of a prosperous mission. Indeed, it is a model village, planned by an artist eye, and pleasing in every feature.

"Ah!" says an objector, "this expenditure of missionary funds on material advancement is wrong. I shall stop my half-guinea per annum!" Not one penny of the cost of all this has come from any missionary society. The Government made a small grant towards the school-house. All the rest was done by the people on the spot. Nor is this a singular instance; it is the rule. "Now, Sir, double your subscription instead of dropping it!"

It will not be long before heathenism will have perished in this Diocese; and in no small measure is this success due to the zealous efforts of the native Christians among the non-Christians. We have more unpaid than paid preachers in this diocese, a proof of the wisdom as well as the devotion of the missionaries.

The Wilderness.

ISA. XXXV. 1, 2, 6; IV. 13.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Music by H. GIBBON, F.R.C.O.

BASS SOLO, OR ALL TENORS & BASSES.

The musical score is written for a Bass Solo or Tenors and Basses, with piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato. mf' and the key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'The wil - der - ness and the sol - i - ta - ry place shall be glad for them, and the des - ert shall re - joice and blos - som as the'. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mf*, *cres.*, and *f*.

mp *cres.*

rose. It shall blos - som a - bun - dant - ly, shall blos - som a -

mp *cres.*

f

- bun - dant - ly, and re - joice with joy and sing - - ing.

f

CHORUS, *Allegro*.

f

They shall see the glo - ry of the Lord, They shall see the

They shall see,

f *Allegro* (♩=120).

They shall see the

mf

glo - ry of the Lord and the ex - cel - len - cy of our God; They shall

glo - ry of the Lord, of the Lord,... They shall see,..... They shall
mp *cres.*
 see the glo - ry of the Lord,... They shall see the

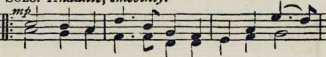
The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the lower staff is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'glo - ry of the Lord, of the Lord,... They shall see,..... They shall see the glo - ry of the Lord,... They shall see the'. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include *mp* (mezzo-piano) and *cres.* (crescendo).

see..... the glo - ry, the glo - ry of..... the Lord....
dim. *cres.*
 glo - ry, They shall see..... the glo - ry of the Lord.... and the
 They shall see, shall see the glo - ry

The second system continues the musical piece. It features the same vocal and piano staves. The lyrics are 'see..... the glo - ry, the glo - ry of..... the Lord.... glo - ry, They shall see..... the glo - ry of the Lord.... and the They shall see, shall see the glo - ry'. The piano part continues with harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *dim.* (diminuendo) and *cres.* (crescendo).

ex - cel - len - cy of our God,... of our God.
f
 ex - cel - len - cy of our God,... of our God.

The third system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the lower staff is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'ex - cel - len - cy of our God,... of our God. ex - cel - len - cy of our God,... of our God.'. The piano part provides harmonic support. Dynamics include *f* (forte).

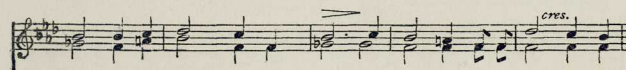
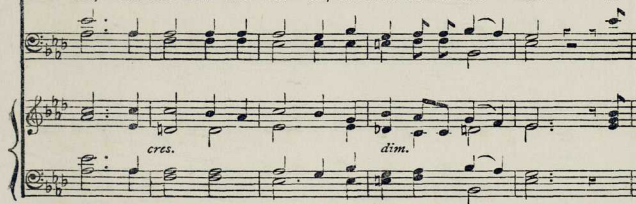
SOLO. *Andante, smoothly.*

For in the wil-der-ness shall wa-ters break

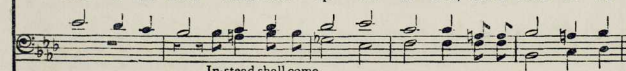
SOLO.

*Andante* (♩=84).

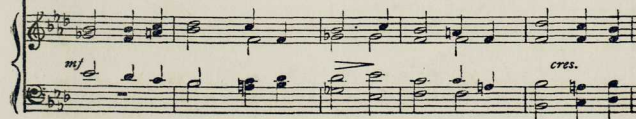
out, and streams in the des - ert, and streams in the des - ert: In -



- stead of the thorn shall come up the fir - tree, and in - stead of the



In - stead shall come



f *1st time.* *dim.* *rit.*

brier shall come up the myr-tle - tree, and in - stead of the brier shall come

f *rit.*

dim. *Repeat FULL.* *2nd time.* *cres.*

up the myr-tle tree. - tree, and in - stead of the brier shall come

dim. *cres.*

A little quicker.

up the myr-tle - tree, and it shall be to the Lord, shall be to the Lord for a

cres. *f*

name, for an ev - er - last - ing sign that shall not be cut off. It shall be to the

Lord, shall be to the Lord for a name, for an ev - er - last - ing sign that shall

not be cut off; It shall be to the Lord for an ev - er - last - ing sign.

Sometimes we have amusing incidents in our travels, of which I may mention one during my last trip to Aiyansh. On our return journey we became burglars! To get a roof over our head, for one night at least, we ripped off some of the planks of an unoccupied house in a lonely place. Night overtook us before we reached it. To climb ten feet up a nearly perpendicular bank of greasy clay, in the dark and lashing rain, was difficult. We had to cut footholds with the axe by lantern light, and got well plastered as we clambered up. Our camping gear we could not bring up. Then we forced a passage into the empty house. There was a stove, but no stove-pipe, so we could not make a fire. We had a cold supper and then lay down on the floor to sleep. The remains of bread and sardines from supper I set

beside me for breakfast as soon as we woke. But I couldn't sleep. The swarms of rats kept me awake guarding my breakfast; but at last they became so persistent and daring, that, to make sure of it, about three o'clock I sat up and ate what was left of the bread. No sooner had I finished the sardines than the rats took a fancy to the tin and ran away with it! I need hardly say we started very early that morning so as to get within reach of somebody's hospitality for lunch. The next night I slept on board in a quiet reach of the swollen river. But I may not dwell on amusements.

Just before the great rush to Klondike began I journeyed up the Stikine River to settle a new helper among the Indians. Our sea-going steamer arrived at Telegraph Creek on Sunday morning, and as the steamer would leave as soon as discharged, and everybody was at work to unload her, I worked like a trooper carrying my tent and outfit about 150 feet above the river level. It was worth while, as well as a necessity, because it showed that lawn-sleeves did not enfold flabby arms. I am proud of my camp cooking! In my kitchen box I had a piece of beef roasted three weeks before. It was sweet, but had a little green mouldiness in the chinks. Remove the mildew and slice thin. Slice two raw potatoes; grease the frying-pan; in with the potatoes; when brown add the sliced beef; then make room and drop in two raw eggs! By the time they are cooked you are hungry, and dinner is quite ready. What do you think of that for asceticism? It beats the Lord Mayor! Whoso calls this conceit must be jealous, or destitute of honest pride in the first of arts.

As soon as the ship was unloaded, I went down to the tired workers and asked if they were too weary to come to a service. At once the big store, which was full of the landed cargo, was arranged a bit. All crowd in, whites and Indians. I stood inside the counter and drew from under it a soap-box to kneel on. The light was so dimly religious that my congregation could not see to read the hymn books I had lent them, so the singing was a solo by the writer.

Daily I preached to puzzled but eager listeners, among them some whose drunken volubility was disgusting. At first they kindly offered me whisky—when I told them I never drank what destroys the man and loosens the beast in him. You see in what manner civilization improves the Indian without the Gospel! What murderers we are!

I was a little shocked to find, after doing my best to teach them for many days, that my scholars thought of God as a very good man out of sight.

There was a pretty little blue-eyed quarter-breed boy there, son of a white man by a pretty half-breed woman, that I used to take on my knee and tell of the child Jesus, of His dear love, and His precious death for him. His eyes, full of wonder, were fixed on mine, and he would say, "Mother never told me this. Why did not mother tell me?" I knew why,—she did not know. When I told him God loved him, he would say, "What is it?" and then, "Where is He? Who told Him about me? Is He older than you? Is He like you? Did you see Him?" There was a sweet sadness in this innocent ignorance.

I Think when I Read.

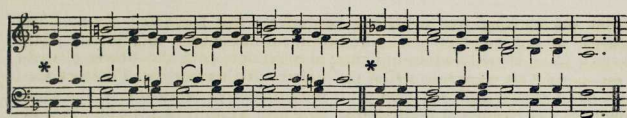
Words by J. LUKE.

Slowly and smoothly.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS. Music by REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD.



* The words must be sung to the tune in their natural rhythm, the notes being repeated or not, as required.



(The first two verses may be sung by a small number of young children.)

TREBLES.

1. *mf* I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
cr I should like to have been with Him then.
2. *mf* I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
p "Let the little ones come unto Me."

QUARTETTE.

3. *mf* Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
cr I shall see Him and hear Him above
4. *f* In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
pp "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

CHORUS.

5. *p* But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
cr I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
6. *f* I long for that blessed and glorious time,
f The fairest, and brightest, and best;
When the dear little children of every clime
rail Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

I have been asked to include in this story,—a true story, remember, from the far West,—some account of my late wife's work and entering into rest.

To write of her work would be to include Australia, where she lived three years, to try in vain to save her brother's life; India, where, in the Punjab, she was the first to organize Zenana work; Germany, where the King gave her the bronze cross of honour for service to the sick and wounded from the battlefields; Yorkshire, from which she organized, as honorary secretary, the first Home Associations of the Zenana Missionary Society in the province of York, besides carrying on various works in our town of Huddersfield; and finally Canada, where, after seventeen years of service, she gave it up, at the call of her Lord and Master, to enter into His rest.

My dear wife had long been ailing. One evening in November, 1896, before bed-time she showed great signs of physical distress, and we tried to carry her upstairs to her bedroom; but she fainted in our arms. I ordered a bed to be made up for her where we were, and there we laid her. When she revived we perceived signs of real agony, which she strove to conceal. By midnight we thought she was dying.

She passed from that night of exhaustion, and her eye became bright and her conversation full of animation and spiritual profit. Next day (Tuesday) crowds of Indians hung round her bed, and she was delighted. Wednesday she was a little weaker, but had a small set of five Indian women in for informal instruction. Thursday afternoon she was placed in a chair to share the Bible-reading I am used to give to all, and she spoke beautifully on Romans viii. 17. All this time the chapel was full of Indians, night and day, praying for her recovery. We could hear their singing, and she was much touched by their love.

That night another attack came on, and we again thought she was dying

After the choking was over, she desired to take leave of all. She first blessed all our lady-workers. She saw our Chinese cook standing near with bent head. Some one said to him, "Mrs. Ridley speaks." She then again said, "My Cha Li, my dear Cha Li." He ran to her side, knelt down, kissed her hand, and rained his tears on it only to kiss them away. At the same moment one of our old house-boys, (now with a family of his own), hearing her say, "My own dear boy, my son Herbert," was likewise overcome, and six foot as he is, he burst into tears as he pressed his face on her other hand. Immediately behind her was a young Kitikshan maiden, a tall and powerful girl of about eighteen years of age. To her she turned slightly, saying, "Mary is such a blessing to me"; which convulsed the dear creature, who owed her salvation from savagery at Hazelton to the saint whom she had often of late borne along in her arms. Four races at the same moment held her in their hands and mingled their tears as she blessed them all. Besides all the Mission party kneeling around, the room, a very large and airy one, was covered with silently-praying crowds of Indians. My heart was like melting wax as I saw such fruits of her long and loving labour, and their wonderful love for her. At one moment we thought she was near the last gasp, but again she slightly rallied. From that time onward to her death all work in the town was suspended. For the three days and nights when she lay a-dying, often nearly choked, the prayer-meeting in the chapel adjoining our house never once flagged. It was always full, and the overflow in other rooms. Every ten minutes messengers passed from the bedside to the supplicating crowds, reporting her actual condition. They had changed their petition when they saw it was God's will to take her, and prayed that she might have a peaceful, painless end, and that I might be upheld by the everlasting Arms. Many souls found the light during the death-struggle. In her death she, by her beautiful and tender words, and patient endurance of agony drew more souls to Jesus than ever. It was victory on victory, triumph on triumph. Quite two hundred souls shared in the blessing. And so, in this glorious manner, my dear wife entered into the presence of her Lord.

From Calvary's Height.

SOLO (SOPRANO).

Words by the RT. REV. BISHOP RIDLEY, D.D.

Music by H. GIBBON, F.R.C.O.

mp

Larghetto.

1. From Cal - va - ry's height His grace hath flow'd, The
2. charm was felt by dar - ken'd souls,

mp

cres.

life of saints to strength - en; To Pa - ra - dise their la - bours led,
Vic - tims of sin and sor - row, Who, when re - viv'd by sym - pa - thy,

cres.

f *p*

The roll of saints to length - en. No ha - lo bright or sump - tu - ous grace
 Pray'd, "Come a - gain to - mor - row." Such are God's an - gels lov - ing all,—

dim.

Their out - ward forms in - vest - ed; But wea - ry feet and ach - ing hearts
 Themselves the last to che - ish; Like Je - sus, all their strength was spent,

dim.

With hell for souls con - test - ed. 2. Their
 That none they loved might per - ish.

mp

Here I will add in conclusion a sentence or two of what the Indians said to me after my dear wife's death. One woman said, "She passed into the breakers from the shore, but has gone up on the further side, beyond the dark arch into the peace of angels."

Another said, "We see fulfilled after many years the first promise of the Gospel among the Zimshians. It burnt nearly out when she brought her torch. She held it aloft; she never let it drop. She saw us lying in the stones and dirt, and put her pure hands under us to lift us up."

"She has gone," cried one Indian, "from the waves to the top of the rock! We are orphaned." And then he added, in prayer, "God bless the Society and bless the Church which sent so pure a soul to land on our shores, and walk like an angel among us."

The words of another Indian were, "Our mother gave her life for us. Her grave will be holy. Our children will have a place to learn how to live, and what is new to us—how to die. Our children will hear of the humble life of the great chieftainess, who lifted dirty Zimshians up and led them to Jesus."

And yet another added, "Jesus said, 'I am the way'; now have we seen pure feet on it. We can now only see her back; her face is in the glory!"

The Homeland.

Words by FRANCES BROOK.

CHORUS. Music by SIR J. STAINER, Mus. Doc.



1. *mf* THERE is singing in the Homeland,—(♩) canst thou hear it o'er the strife?—
cr The welcome of the martyrs as they enter into life;
f There is glory in the Homeland,—(♩) canst thou see it through thy tears?—
cr For lives laid down the victor's crown of life through endless years.
2. *f* There are praises in the Homeland, they are praising Jesu's Name:
 His Word, their sword; His blood, their shield; 'tis thus they overcame!
 There is gladness in the Homeland for the souls that loved their Lord,
 And held Him dearer than the lives they yielded at His Word.
3. *p* There is weeping in the Earth-land,—canst Thou hear it, Saviour dear?
 Mid triumph-songs can Earth's deep wrongs now reach Thy listening ear?
cr Or the gladness of the ransomed,—(♩) shall it hide Thy children's grief?
cr "Ah! nay, I know their sorrows, I am come for their relief."
4. *mf* Never, never shall the notes of praise that ring through endless years
 Shut out His people's prayers and cries from Jesu's listening ears,
dim Though their music strangely blendeth with the cry of them that fall,
cr Yet in the heart and love of God He findeth room for all.
5. *f* Christ is worthy, ever worthy! at His feet we cast our crown,
 And gladly for our Saviour (*dim*) lay our lives in darkness down;
p What is sown in grief and darkness (*cr*) shall be raised in joy and light,
f God's harvest shall be worth the cost, His victory worth the fight!

EPILOGUE.

THE Bishop's story is ended. It only remains for us, while his stirring and touching words are still in our ears, to ask what their effect will be on our lives. To each of us our blessed Lord will surely come seeking for fruit from this Service of Song. What will He find?

Will He find increased prayer?—some who have never regularly prayed for Missionary work, beginning to do so?—some who have never used Missionary Intercessions at their family worship commencing the practice from to-night?

Will He find increased self-denial?—self-denial in order to find more time for the study of the books and magazines which tell us of the extension

of our Saviour's kingdom on earth?—self-denial in order to give larger offerings for the evangelization of the world for which Jesus died?

Will He find, amid those gathered here, any who will present themselves to Him now, body, soul, and spirit, to personally carry His Gospel, if He so wills, to the nations sitting in darkness and the shadow of death?

Will He find any fruits such as these from our Service of Song to-night?
OR WILL HE FIND NONE?

Oh, may He so pour out upon us more of His Spirit that we may go forth to "show forth His praise not only with our lips, but in our lives, *by giving up ourselves to His service*,"—praying and labouring that "His Name may be praised from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same;" and so,—our lives one Hallelujah-song, and our work helping to swell the Hallelujah-anthem ever ringing round the world,—we may look forward to that blessed day when, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, we shall hear, with the seer of old, the voice of a great multitude,—a multitude which no man can number, of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues,—as the voice of many waters and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever!"

Praise.

Words by REV. NAPIER MALCOLM, M.A.

CHORUS.

Music by W. MULLINEUX.

1. *mf* FATHER, to Whom the tribes of earth belong,
With all the legions of the heavenly throng,
cr Bought by Thy love we raise redemption's
song,
ff The strain of Hallelujah.

2. *f* Thou, Whose dear Son from highest Heaven
came,
cr That every knee might bend before Thy Name,
f Tune every tongue to swell the loud acclaim
ff Of perfect Hallelujah.

3. *f* Grant that Thy Spirit from the throne above
cr May fill the ransomed with their Saviour's
love,
f Till to Thy service all Thy servants move,
ff To teach the Hallelujah.

4. *mf* Their lips, their footsteps with Thy counsel
guide,
cr Till, as the tidings fill the whole world wide,
f Creation gathers to the Crucified
ff With songs of Hallelujah.

5. *f* For light celestial, for earth's darkness riven,
For Satan vanquished, and for sins forgiven,
cr And for the seed of Life sent down from
Heaven,
ff We lift the Hallelujah!

6. *f* Lord of the harvest, Christ the reapers' King,
Send forth Thy servants to the harvesting,
cr That heaven and earth, and sea and sky may
sing
ff With one long Hallelujah. Amen.

(The Reader of the Service should then conclude with the following Prayers.)

LET US PRAY.

WE yield Thee hearty thanks, Most Merciful Father, that it hath pleased Thee to arouse Thy Church to be more earnest in preaching the Gospel to every creature ; we thank Thee for those who have gone forth to labour for Thee in distant lands, and for abundant blessing upon their labours. We praise Thee for the Native Converts who have believed on Thee through their word, and for the Native Pastors and Teachers who have held forth the word of life to their fellow-countrymen. We also bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy servants who have counted not their lives dear unto themselves, that they might finish their course with joy ; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O MOST Merciful and Gracious God, by whose Providence we have been brought together at this time, make us, we beseech Thee, more deeply sensible of the high privilege which we have thus enjoyed. May the things we have heard sink deep into all our hearts, and exert an abiding influence on our motives and actions.

O Thou Spirit of Love, fill us with fervent charity and tender compassion for the souls of the perishing Heathen ; and may we never cease to labour to the utmost for their conversion to Christ.

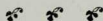
Make us, for the time to come, more earnest, diligent, and self-denying in Thy service. Give us stronger faith ; teach us to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and so constrain us by that love, that it may be our chief delight to glorify His Name, and to extend His kingdom amongst men ; to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

O LORD, we beseech Thee mercifully to receive the prayers of Thy people which call upon Thee ; and grant that they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE BENEDICTION.



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