

**NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION**  
*Shaftesbury Hall, Tuesday, October 17th.*

The **PRESIDENT** in the Chair.

PROGRAMME.

**OPENING HYMN:**

All hail the power of Jesu's name!  
Lef angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem.  
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

Oh that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

READING SCRIPTURE .. .. .	REV. H. D. POWIS.
PRAYER .. .. .	" H. M. PARSONS.
ADDRESS .. .. .	HON. S. H. BLAKE, <i>President.</i>

Work, for the night is coming!  
Work through the morning hours.  
Work while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers:  
Work when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies!  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeeth,  
Fadeeth to shine no more:  
Work while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is c'er.

ADDRESS .. .. .	REV. W. S. RAINSFORD, M.A.
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I am thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice  
And it told Thy love to me;  
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,  
By the power of grace divine;  
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,  
And my will be lost in Thine.

Draw me nearer, nearer, *blessed Lord,*  
To the cross where Thou hast died;  
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, *blessed Lord,*  
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

ADDRESS REV. JOHN GORDON, D D., Washington St. Baptist Church,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

One more year's work for Jesus,  
One less of earth for me!  
But heaven is nearer, and Christ is dearer  
Than ere He was to me.  
His love and light fill all my soul to-night.

One more year's work for Jesus;  
How glorious is my King!  
'Tis joy, not duty, to speak His beauty;  
My soul mounts on the wi ..  
At the mere thought how Christ my life has  
bought.

One more year's work for Jesus,  
One more year's work for Jesus,  
One more year's work for Jesus,  
One less of earth for me.

Oh, blessed work for Jesus!  
Oh, rest at Jesu's feet!  
There toil seems pleasure, my wants are  
treasure,  
And pain for Him is sweet,  
Lord in Thy fear I'd serve another year.

**DOXOLOGY.**

**BENEDICTION.**