

# SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for  
TEACHERS  
AND  
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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## Abide With Us.

BY REV. J. LAYCOCK.

Abide with us, the evening draweth nigh;  
Far spent is now the day—gloom spreads  
the sky,

Weary and travel-stained, for rest we  
sigh—

O Lord with us abide.

Abide with us, 'tis night, and long the  
way,

Stranger, art homeless, thou? Tarry, we  
pray;

As guest divine, we welcome thee to stay,  
And in our home abide.

Abide with us, and share our evening  
meal,

Thy palms upraised in blessing shall re-  
veal!

Our risen Lord. In a communion real  
With us, Saviour, abide.

Abide with us. Without thee life is  
drear,

No friend, in sorrow's shade, like thee  
can cheer,

Thou blessed one. Christ of our hope, be  
near,

Yea, in our souls abide.

Abide with us, and light shall fill our sky,  
Upon thy heart of love, while angels keep  
The light before whose beams soul  
shadows fly;

We shall not fear for thee to live—or die,  
If thou with us abide.

Abide with us. So shall we fall on sleep,  
Upon thy heart of love, while angels keep  
Guard o'er our slumbers deep—and calm  
as deep,

This night with us abide.

Abide with us, and in a quiet dream,  
The light of heaven shall o'er our spirits  
stream;

Of angel land, lo, we shall gain a gleam,  
O Lord, with us abide.

Abide with us. Lo! in the morning light  
We shall arise where falls no scenes of  
night,

The dawn of endless day shall greet our  
sight—

We shall with thee abide.

Abide with us. We shall be satisfied  
To waken in thy likeness, Lord, thy bride,  
With thee to dwell among the sanctified—

O Lord, with us abide.

Minnedosa, Man.

To fully enjoy Eastertide, and to get the  
blessing it offers us, we should rise above  
our petty cares and small ambitions, and  
enter into the peace and rest the King  
means us to have. For every one of us  
there is an upper room, away from the  
world's bustle and stir, into which we  
may enter, and where we may bar the  
door. And there, as we sit and pray,  
One in whose hands is the print of the  
nails, on whose brow the scars of the  
thorns, shall come in, saying, "Peace be  
unto you!"—*Christian Intelligencer*.

Resurrection is the truth of Easter.  
Life from the dead is its glorious fact.  
An open grave, an absent occupant, a re-  
turned traveller from death's domain, a  
joyful recognition, and an assured pre-  
sence—all these make the garden tomb  
of Joseph the holy place for the world's  
pilgrimage on Easter Day.—Rev. Isaac W.  
Gowen.