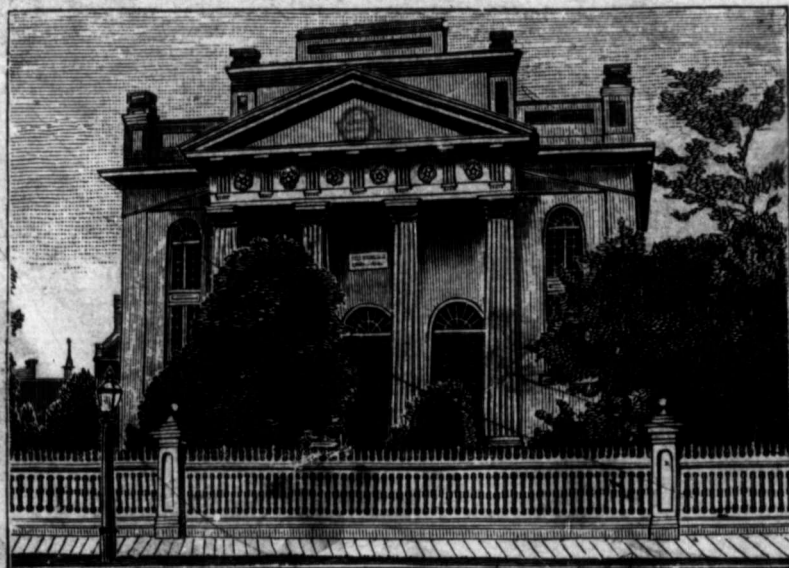


268  
Richmond Street

Methodist Sabbath School

Valedictory Services

MARCH 18TH. 1888



REV. JOHN PICKERING,  
Pastor.

W. H. PEARSON,  
Superintendent.

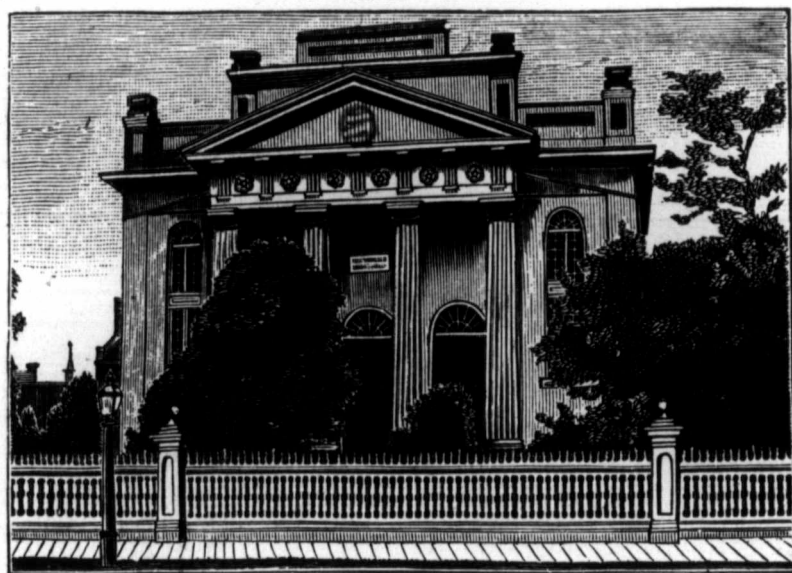
BINGHAM & WEBBER, TORONTO

C. M. CARRIE  
619 EUCLID AVE.  
TORONTO

Richmond Street  
Methodist Sabbath School

  
Valedictory Services  

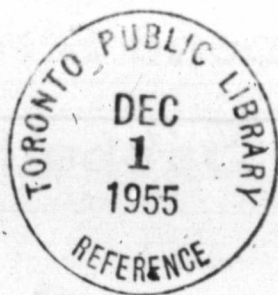

MARCH 18TH, 1888



REV. JOHN PICKERING,  
Pastor.

W. H. PEARSON,  
Superintendent.

K.12035



1888



**- - OFFICERS - -**



SUPERINTENDENT

W. H. PEARSON

SECRETARY

H. TURNER

TREASURER

W. F. MOUNTAIN

LIBRARIAN

L. PATTON

ASSIST LIBRARIANS

W. MEADOWS

E. WESTMAN

ORGANIST

A. HEWITT

1888

**- - TEACHERS - -**

**ADULT BIBLE CLASS**

MALE AND FEMALE

*Mr. Thomas Halls*

**INFANT CLASS**

*Misses M. A. and M. Westman*

**MALE CLASSES**

<i>Mr. Geo. Westman</i>	<i>Miss E. Pearson</i>
<i>Miss J. Riddell</i>	<i>Mr. A. Hewitt</i>
<i>Mr. T. Lockhart</i>	<i>Miss M. J. Harrison</i>
<i>Miss C. Smith</i>	<i>Mr. J. Stewart</i>
<i>Miss A. Pearson</i>	<i>Miss A. Ecclestone</i>

**FEMALE CLASSES**

<i>Miss R. Cline</i>	<i>Mr. A. Coyell</i>
<i>Mrs. Pickering</i>	<i>Miss E. Riddell</i>
<i>Mr. G. J. Blackwell</i>	<i>Mrs. G. Smith</i>
<i>Miss K. Tasker</i>	<i>Miss L. Campbell</i>
<i>Mrs. W. H. Darlington</i>	<i>Miss E. Watson</i>
<i>Miss I. Fluker</i>	<i>Miss L. Westman</i>
<i>Miss E. Chambers</i>	<i>Miss M. Schouton</i>

# Ministers of the Gospel

FORMERLY MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL



*Henry W. P. Allen*

*Alex. Burns, D.D., L.L.D.*

*Solomon Cleaver, B. A.*

*Richard Clarke*

*John S. Clarke*

*John B. Clarkson, M. A.*

*Wm. Codville, D. D.*

*George H. Cornish, L.L.D.*

*W. H. Crossley*

*Alex. Drennan*

*James E. Dyer*

*Wm. W. Edwards*

*Jabez B. Keough*

*Thos. S. Keough*

*Andrew Milliken*

*Wm. McDonough*

*Marmaduke L. Pearson*

*Samuel Sing*

*John Tamblyn*

*James Woodsworth*

*R. W. Woodsworth*

# OFFICERS AND Richmond Street

1840

## OFFICERS.

YEAR.	SUPERINTENDENT	GEN. SECRETARY FOR CIRCUIT.	LOCAL SECRETARIES.
*1840	Geo. Bilton	Thos. Jordan	Thos. Jordan
*1841	"	"	"
*1842	Alex. Hamilton	"	"
*1843	"	Thos. Jordan	Wm. Gooderham, Jr. and Jno. Crossley
1844	"	Jno. Crossley	Jno. Crossley and Jno. Macdonald
1845	"	Jno. Crossley	Jno. Crossley
1846	"	Jno. Macdonald	"
1847	"	Jno. Macdonald	Jno. Crossley and Robt. Edwards
1848	"	Jno. Crossley	Robt. Edwards
1849	"	"	Robt. Edwards and J. Patton
1850	"	Jno. Crossley	Geo. W. Morgan
1851	"	W. T. Mason	"
1852	Alex. Hamilton	"	Geo. W. Morgan, C. E. English and Jas. Keiller
1853	Jno. Macdonald	"	Jas. Keiller
1854	Jno. Holland	"	J. Brown, J. Clarke and M. Clarke
1855	"	"	John Dillon
1856	"	"	Wm. Palmer
1857	Jno. Macdonald	"	"
1858	W. H. Pearson	"	Richard Brown
1859	"	No Record.	"
1860	"	"	"
1861	"	"	Richard Brown and Alex. Brown
1862	"	"	"
1863	"	"	H. E. Clarke and

\* School held in George St. Chapel.

# STATISTICS OF Methodist S. School

1888

## OFFICERS.

## STATISTICS.

TREASURER.	LIBRARIANS.	TEACHERS			SCHOLARS.			MONEYS RAISED.	
		Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Missions.	School Purposes.
R. Woodsworth	No Record.	12	16	28	60	70	130	No record.	No record.
"	"	14	17	31	84	112	196	record.	"
"	Jas. McCallum	15	17	32	98	116	214	"	"
"	Thos. S. Keough & J. Macdonald	15	17	32	94	103	197	"	"
Wm. Walker	Jno. Macdonald	12	19	31	96	124	220	"	£ 6 1 0
"	Sam. Duffett and Sam. Shaw	14	16	30	96	124	220	"	5 9 11½
"	Robt. Edwards	17	13	30	100	130	230	"	6 13 10
"	"	18	16	34	124	140	264	"	6 13 10
"	S. Shaw, Jno. Bell & T. G. Mason	18	15	33	113	144	257	"	6 11 5
"	S. Shaw, Jno. Patterson, Thos. Sterling and Robt. Brown	13	17	30	120	143	263	"	11 1 8
"	Robert Brown	20	18	38	122	165	287	"	15 12 3
"	Robt. Brown & A. Hamilton, Jr.	18	14	32	140	180	320	"	10 3 11
"	Peter Cameron	23	22	45	145	180	325	"	9 2 10
"	John Brown	24	22	46	170	200	370	"	10 0 7½
"	T. Cornish, W. Brown, J. Nelson and J. Wilson	24	22	46	182	198	380	\$28 03	16 14 6
"	T. Cornish, W. Brown, J. Nelson	18	15	33	137	180	317	None	20 18 9
"	R. Wickens	17	15	32	155	175	330	"	21 10 0
"	R. Wickens & W. W. Keighley	16	15	31	160	190	350	"	No record.
"	"	17	18	35	166	195	361	"	"
No Record.	W. W. Keighley & Geo. Faulkner	18	19	37	131	173	304	67 05	"
"	Jno. Dillon	18	19	37	136	188	324	57 34	"
"	"	18	15	33	150	179	329	149 37	"
"	"	18	19	37	142	200	342	99 88	"
"	"	19	19	38	153	206	359	199 95	"

Carried forward

\$601-62 \$586 77



OFFICERS—Continued.

YEAR.	SUPERINTENDENT	GEN. SECRETARY FOR CIRCUIT.	LOCAL SECRETARY.
1864	W. H. Pearson	No Record.	H. E. Clarke and Alex. Brown
1865	"	"	"
1866	"	"	" and F. Stewart
1867	"	"	" F. J. Stewart & W. D. M. Finch
1868	"	"	A. Brown, W. D. M. Finch & C. S. Finch
1869	"	"	"
1870	"	Office ceased.	"
1871	"	"	"
1872	"	"	"
1873	"	"	"
1874	"	"	Alex. Brown and R. H. Butt
1875	"	"	"
1876	"	"	W. F. Mountain & R. H. Butt
1877	"	"	"
1878	"	"	"
1879	"	"	"
1880	"	"	"
1881	"	"	W. F. Mountain and Chas. Edwards.
1882	"	"	"
1883	"	"	Geo. Haddy
1884	"	"	Henry Turner
1885	"	"	H. Turner & J. B. Crocker
1886	"	"	Jno. B. Crocker
1887	"	"	Henry Turner
1888	"	"	"

OFFICERS—Continued.

STATISTICS—Continued.

TREASURER.	LIBRARIANS.	TEACHERS			SCHOLARS.			MONEYS RAISED.	
		Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Missions.	School Purposes.
	Brought forward.							601 62	\$586 77
No Record.	J. Dillon, G. Faulkner, T. Freeman	22	20	42	191	252	443	193 73	No record.
"	"	23	23	46	215	267	482	240 46	"
"	" and E. Tyner..	23	22	45	221	238	459	245 47	"
"	Alex. Brown and Geo. Rogers	21	22	43	236	265	501	385 06	600 00
"	G. Rogers, W. Sterling, H. Keighley	21	22	43	197	276	473	303 95	304 00
"	H. Keighley, " G. Rogers.	23	22	45	246	275	521	337 30	100 00
"	Geo. Rogers and W. Sterling.	23	22	45	242	244	486	311 99	No record.
"	" and W. F. Mountain	22	21	43	219	206	425	321 03	210 00
"	"	24	19	43	183	201	384	363 05	487 08
H. E. Clarke	"	24	18	42	157	194	351	472 35	162 70
"	"	21	18	39	177	210	387	499 94	200 00
"	"	21	16	37	180	250	430	418 40	193 16
"	E. S. Dayman, F. W. } Clements..... }	19	15	34	181	239	420	242 10	147 86
"	E. S. Dayman and R. H. Butt... }	17	16	33	188	238	426	245 48	149 63
"	" & W. H. Pearson, Jr. }	19	16	35	155	221	376	223 92	383 46
"	R. H. Butt, C. Edwards, Jos. Hind }	20	16	36	171	227	398	198 82	152 97
"	"	17	18	35	181	239	420	172 34	162 87
"	J. Hind, H. Holmes } and L. H. Patton..... }	21	16	37	169	208	377	229 12	127 61
"	J. Hind, H. Holmes } and L. H. Patton..... }	16	16	32	135	215	350	220 29	131 61
W. F. Mountain	L. H. Patton, W. Meadows }	15	19	34	160	240	400	111 77	285 56
"	"	16	17	33	178	262	440	101 55	206 56
"	L. H. Patton and W. Meadows }	16	18	34	157	202	359	100 00	438 04
"	"	17	18	35	155	195	350	100 00	428 10
"	L. H. Patton, W. Meadows and } Eldon Westman..... }	16	18	34	126	183	309	100 00	300 75
"	L. H. Patton, W. Meadows and } Eldon Westman..... }	12	14	26	132	168	300	100 00	
Total:—								\$6,839 74	\$5,758 73

# ◀ HYMNS ▶

1

No. 1.—Dominion Hymnal.

O for a thousand tongues to sing,  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.

My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honours of thy Name

Jesus ! the Name that charms all fears,  
That bids our sorrow cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for *me*.

He speaks, and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.

All hail the power of Jesus' name !  
 Let angels prostrate fall ;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
 Ye ransomed from the fall,  
 Hail Him who saves you by his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall,  
 We'll join the everlasting song  
 And crown him Lord of all.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs,  
 With angels round the throne ;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one,

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
 "To be exalted thus !"  
 "Worthy the Lamb !" our hearts reply ;  
 "For he was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and power divine ;  
 And blessings, more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, forever thine !

The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred name,  
 Of him who sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high :  
 Hide me, O my Saviour hide,  
 Till the storm of life be past ;  
 Safe into the Heaven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me :  
 All my trust on thee is stayed ;  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin ;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within ;  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee ;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From thy wounded side which flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Could my tears for ever flow,  
 Could my zeal no languor know,—  
 These for sin could not atone ;  
 Thou must save and thou alone ;  
 In my hand no price I bring ;  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

6

No. 39—D.H.

Arise, my soul, arise.  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding sacrifice,  
In my behalf appears ;  
Before the throne my surety stands ;  
My name is written on his hands,  
He ever lives above  
For me to intercede,  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead ;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary ;  
They pour effectual prayers ;  
They strongly speak for me :  
“Forgive him, O forgive,” they cry,  
“Nor let that ransomed sinner die.”

The father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One ;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son :  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

My God is reconciled  
His pardoning voice I hear,  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear :  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry !

O happy day that fixed my choice  
 On thee my Saviour and my God!  
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell its rapture all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,  
 When Jesus washed my sins away;  
 He taught me how to watch pray,  
 And live rejoicing every day,  
 Happy day, happy day,  
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

O happy bond that seals my vows,  
 To him who merits all my love!  
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
 I am my Lord's and He is mine;  
 He drew me and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine,

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

Take my life and let it be  
 Consecrated, Lord to thee:  
 Take my moments and my days,  
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands and let them move  
 At the impulse of thy love;  
 Take my feet and let them be  
 Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice and let me sing  
 Always, only, for my King:  
 Take my lips and let them be  
 Filled with messages from thee.

Take my will and make it thine,  
It shall be no longer mine ;  
Take my heart, it is thine own ;  
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At thy feet its treasure store :  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for thee.

9

No. 88.—D. H.

Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying,  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave ;  
Weep o'er the erring ones ;  
Lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying,  
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Though they are slighting him,  
Still he is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive.  
Plead with them earnestly,  
Plead with them gently ;  
He will forgive if they only believe.

Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;  
Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it ;  
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide ;  
Back to the narrow way  
Patiently win them,  
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

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,  
 Work through the sunny noon ;  
 Fill brightest hours with labour  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store ;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

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 fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more ;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !  
 Ye soldiers of the cross !  
 Lift high his royal banner ;  
 It must not suffer loss ;  
 From victory unto victory  
 His army will he lead,  
 Till every foe is vanquished,  
 And Christ is Lord indeed.



Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own;  
Put on the gospel armour,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.  
To him that overcometh  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

We praise Thee O God ! for the Son of thy love !  
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, Hallelujah ! Amem.  
Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, revive us again.

We praise thee, O God ! for thy Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
Who has born all our sins, and cleansed every stain.

All glory and praise to the God of all grace,  
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

Revive us again ; fill each heart with thy love ;  
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
 Of unseen things above,  
 Of Jesus and his glory,  
 Of Jesus and his love.  
 Tell me the story simply,  
 As to a little child,  
 For I am weak and weary,  
 And helpless and defiled.

CHO.—Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
 Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
 Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
 Of Jesus and his love.

Tell me the Story often,  
 For I forget so soon,  
 The "early dew" of morning  
 Has passed away at noon.  
 Tell me the story always,  
 If you would really be,  
 In any time of trouble,  
 A comforter to me.

Tell me the same Old Story,  
 When you have cause to fear  
 That this world's empty glory  
 Is costing me too dear;  
 Yes, and when that world's glory  
 Is dawning on my soul,  
 Tell me the Old, Old Story;  
 "Jesus Christ makes thee whole."

There's a land that is fairer than day,  
 And by faith we can see it afar,  
 For the Father waits over the way,  
 To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHO.—In the sweet by and by,  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore;  
 In the sweet by and by,  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
The melodious songs of the blest ;  
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—  
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above  
We will offer the tribute of praise,  
For the glorious gift of his love,  
And the blessings that hallow our days.

15

No. 260.—D.H.

Shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod ;  
With its crystal tide for ever flowing  
By the throne of God ?

CHO.—Yes we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river ;  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray  
We will walk and worship ever  
All the happy golden day.

Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down ;  
Grace our spirits with deliver  
And provide a robe and crown.

At the smiling of the river,  
Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
Saints whom death will never sever,  
Lift their songs of saving grace.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

There is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign ;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

CHO.—We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
 And soon will hear the trumpet sound;  
 And there we shall with Jesus reign,  
 And never, never part again.  
     What, never part again?  
     No, never part again;  
     What, never part again?  
     No, never part again;  
 And there we shall with Jesus reign,  
 And never, never part again.

There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers ;  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green,  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

Blest be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love ;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,  
 We pour our ardent prayers ;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

From sorrow, toil and pain,  
And sin we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

And are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face ?  
Glory and praise to Jesus give  
For his redeeming grace !  
Preserved by power divine  
To full salvation here,  
Again in Jesus praise we join,  
And in his sight appear.

What troubles have we seen,  
What conflicts have we past,  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Since we assembled last !  
But out of all the Lord  
Hath brought us by His love ;  
And still He doth His help afford,  
And hides our life above.

Then let us make our boast  
Of his redeeming power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Till we can sin no more :  
Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain ;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

And let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair,  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are.  
Jesus, the Corner-stone,  
Did first our hearts unite,  
And still he keeps our spirits one,  
Who walk with him in white.

O let us still proceed  
In Jesus' work below ;  
And, following our triumphant Head  
To further conquest go !  
The vineyard of their Lord  
Before his laborers lies ;  
And lo ! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies.

O let our heart and mind  
Continually ascend,  
That haven of repose to find,  
Where all our labors end ;  
Where all our toils are o'er,  
Our suffering and our pain ;  
Who meet on that eternal shore,  
Shall never part again.

O happy, happy place,  
Where saints and angels meet !  
There we shall see each other's face,  
And all our brethren greet.  
The Church of the first-born,  
We shall with them be blest,  
And, crowned with endless joy return  
To our eternal rest.

When shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever?  
When shall peace wreath her chain  
Round us forever?  
Our hearts will ne'er repose,  
Safe from each blast that blows  
In this dark vale of woes,  
Never—no, never!

When shall love freely flow  
Pure as life's river?  
When shall sweet friendship glow  
Changeless forever?  
Where joys celestial thrill,  
Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
And fears of parting chill  
Never—no, never!

Up to that world of light  
Take us, dear Saviour;  
May we all there unite,  
Happy forever;  
Where kindred spirits dwell,  
There may our music swell,  
And time our joys dispel  
Never—no, never!

Soon shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever;  
Soon shall peace wreath her chain  
Round us forever;  
Our hearts will then repose  
Secure from worldly woes;  
Our songs of praise shall close  
Never—no, never!