

HARRY RYRIE

A

TRIBUTE OF FRIENDSHIP

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1917



HARRY RYRIE.

NOTICE OF THE
MEMORIAL SERVICE

A SERVICE IN MEMORY
OF
HARRY RYRIE

Will be held on Sunday, September 23rd, at
4.15 o'clock, in the Central Building of the
Toronto Young Men's Christian Association,
40 College Street.

His Friends are Invited.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1917

MR. THOMAS FINDLEY READ THE FOLLOWING
PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE:

ROMANS XII.

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your spiritual service.

And be not fashioned according to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

For I say, through the grace that was given me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but so to think as to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to each man a measure of faith.

For even as we have many members in one body, and all the members have not the same office;

So we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another.

And having gifts differing according to the grace that was given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophecy according to the proportion of our faith;

Or ministry, let us give ourselves to our ministry; or he that teacheth, to his teaching;

Or he that exhorteth, to his exhorting: he that giveth, let him do it with liberality; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Let love be without hypocrisy. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

In love of the brethren be tenderly affectioned one to another; in honor preferring one another;

In diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing steadfastly in prayer;

Communicating to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them that persecute you; bless, and curse not.

Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one toward another. Set not your mind on high things, but condescend to things that are lowly. Be not wise in your own conceits.

Render to no man evil for evil. Take thought for things honorable in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men.

Avenge not yourselves, beloved, but give place unto the wrath of God: for it is written, Vengeance belongeth unto me; I will recompense, saith the Lord.

But if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

JOHN XV: Verses 8-17.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; and so shall ye be my disciples.

Even as the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you: abide ye in my love.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be made full.

This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you.

No longer do I call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I heard from my Father I have made known unto you.

Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

These things I command you, that ye may love one another.

REVELATION XXI: Verses 1-4.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more.

And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his peoples, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God:

And he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away.

PRAYER BY MR. CHARLES W. BISHOP.

Almighty God, Our Heavenly Father, it is in the hour of our greatest need that we turn to Thee, the one source from which our deepest needs may be satisfied, and on this occasion, when we desire to truly memorialize the life of one whom Thou hast taken to a larger service, we come before Thy footstool and pay to Thee our vows of devotion and worship, and release in Thy presence those longings and aspirations which we cannot release in the presence of men, but which can only be poured out before Thee who are Our God and our Father. We come to-day, grateful that we have Thee to turn to, when the dealings of Thy Providence come across our pathway. We thank Thee that whatever may be the rise or fall of fortunes, the coming or going of the pleasures and pains of life, that in the midst of them all, when Thy hand of Providence falls upon us, we may turn to Thee, we may be brought face to face with the One who rules the world, and who awaits the fulfilment of the desires of His children as they struggle and strive to the goal that Thou hast made possible for them.

We turn to Thee in this hour, O God, and pray that the memory of the brother whom Thou hast taken away from the activities in which we were associated together here, and whom Thou hast taken to the larger and more supreme activities beyond the vale, may fall upon each one of us as a blessing and a benediction that shall enrich the days that we have yet to spend in Thy work on earth.

We pray Thee to keep us from falling into the snare of a grief that has not hope and inspiration in it. We pray Thee to remind us that beyond the vale are activities which, in Thine own wise providence Thou dost not—perhaps canst not—reveal to us, but which if we could see would teach us that a life lived through such high purpose here is but carried on over there. May this thought help to console the grief that is inevitable, and may it react in the life of every man and woman, and make our lives the richer in the days to come.

We offer a petition unitedly, O God, in behalf of those whose mourning and grief is more than that of any of us can be. We pray, if it be Thy will, that consolations fashioned as Thou alone in Thy love canst fashion them, consolations of the sympathy and the human fellow-feeling of the many friends, may pour into the heart of her who is left behind, and may it come into the lives of the children that, in the days to come, their unfolding careers may be enriched with the memories and the inspiration of the life that was lived before them. And for all upon whom falls the responsibility of carrying on the good works to which our departed brother gave himself so fully, we pray, and that upon all of us here a double portion of Thy grace may fall that we like him may rise to the knowledge that life is only well lived when it is lived for those things that count when we have passed beyond.

With these petitions upon our lips, and more in our hearts, O God, we present our offering before Thee this day in the name of Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

AMEN.

THE TRIBUTES OF FRIENDS

MR. E. R. WOOD

WE are here to-day as a company of Mr. Ryrie's friends to express in the most informal way our deep sense of gratitude for his life, and to pay our loving tribute to his memory.

Knowing as we all do his Christian faith, we must not on this occasion permit ourselves to be gloomy, but face the mystery of his loss with that sense of Christian fortitude which was such an outstanding characteristic of our friend.

Just one week ago, like a bolt out of the blue sky, word spread quickly throughout the city of Toronto that Harry Ryrie had passed away. It is difficult to describe the feeling that pervaded this entire community. I say "entire community" advisedly, because the ramifications of Mr. Ryrie's active life reached into practically every phase of civic life. If the city itself at large was stunned by the blow, what sort of feelings pervaded the hundreds of close, warm, personal friends—and Mr. Ryrie had hundreds of them. That indeed cannot be described. It came to us all as a cruel, crushing blow.

I believe Mr. Ryrie lived in this city all his life. He participated, with his esteemed brother, Mr. James Ryrie, in the building up, from very small things, of a great business which I think we can safely say became, and is, one of the institutions of Toronto; an institution of which, I am perfectly certain, viewed from every angle, Mr. Ryrie was justly proud. It was built up by honest effort, by efficiency, and by the highest integrity. To have had a part in the developing of such a business and in the creating of those traditions attached to it, seems to me to be the greatest achievement of Mr. Ryrie's life. It is a notice to the young men of this city and this country that great success can go hand-in-hand with honor and integrity, and that success in business life is not necessarily mixed up with smartness, or something worse. I think, therefore, that this really was the greatest achievement of our friend's life.

But he was not in his activities confined to his own business. Mr. Ryrie assumed and carried out his obligations as a citizen of Toronto. I met him first actively about eight years ago, when there was under contemplation a great campaign, that has since become historical, for the putting in funds of this great Association, in order that it might carry on, in an effective way, what it had been doing in a most inadequate way on account of its inadequate equipment. Those were very serious days. Our friend, Mr. Warburton, who has been such a tower of strength to this institution since that time, had come to us, and had brought to us a great inspiration for a forward movement in connection with our Association work. And as we went on considering what we should do, and whether or not we should take on this, what appeared to us, tremendous obligation, no one was more helpful, no one's counsel was sought more earnestly, than that of our friend, Mr. Ryrie. In this, and in all matters brought to his attention, he was conservative and careful in his diagnosis, but when he once committed himself and became a part of any movement, he was then full of energy and full of optimism, and wonderfully helpful. In that great campaign, which was the

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turning point in the life of the Young Men's Christian Association of the city of Toronto, no one did more effective work. I feel that he was one of a company of men of whom it can be said, they blazed the way for a new Young Men's Christian Association in this community. I need not say anything about the result of that campaign—these wonderful buildings we have in the East End, here, and in the West End, and the work which has been done, speaks for itself.

In the loss of Mr. Ryrie this city loses an outstanding business man of the highest integrity. The church of which he was a member loses the active support and co-operation of a Christian gentleman. This Association, which was as near and dear to him as anything on earth, outside his own family circle, loses the day-to-day counsel and help, because he gave continuity of service to this institution such as few men give, which was so helpful to the personnel of the institution of Toronto. And his friends lose—well, our loss is irreparable. We may make new associations, form fresh friendships, but we never can have another Harry Ryrie. Personally, I feel deeply grateful for the privilege of his acquaintance and for the privilege of having worked with him. I felt the richer for his friendship; I feel the poorer for its loss.

MR. S. J. MOORE

Anyone who knows the life of the City of Toronto, and who looked into the face of this gathering to-day, would know that something very deep has stirred the hearts of the men and the women who are here. It is a tribute of wonderful force that such a gathering as the one that occupies this room to-day should come together in connection with the memorial service which has been announced so recently, and to which no great publicity had been given. The chairman was right when he said that the heart of the city was stirred deeply when that sudden news flashed across it last Sunday.

The make-up of this gathering to-day is an indication of at how many points Harry Ryrie touched our community. The chairman was right when he said he was an outstanding business man. Some of us have had the great privilege of knowing his life intimately and of seeing it from its early beginning. My recollection of his business career takes me back to that little store which was only half a number on Yonge Street, on the east side of Yonge Street, where, in only a few feet of space, the beginnings of that great business were observed. And from those early beginnings up to the present time some of us have watched with intense interest the progress which he and his brother, who we are so thankful is still with us, James Ryrie, made.

But it has not been merely as a business man that he has been known to you and to me. As a public-spirited citizen he has been known; as a man ready to make sacrifices that few men would make of comfort, of time, and gifts of money, he has been known. But more than that, he has been known as a man of outstanding character. It is a great thing to build up a business; it is a great thing to have a wide circle of friends; it is a great thing to have a high position in the community, but it is a greater thing to have all this resting on such a rock foundation of character as Harry Ryrie's reputation rested on. Clean in life, manly, courteous, gracious, and above all, Christian, his character stands forth as one without a blemish, and those who had the great honor and privilege of knowing

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that character intimately, are among those who echo the words of the chairman when he said, "I was richer for knowing him; I am poorer for his loss."

Why are we here to honor him to-day? Not that we may mourn because he has gone, for he has only passed on before us. We are here to rejoice because for so many of us he has been an inspiration to us, he has been our associate, and his life has touched us and made our lives richer, and we are here to express our gratitude to the All Father for the privilege; we are here also that we may gather impressions and deepen those which may linger on our minds and become a part of the future of our lives; that we may not forget the debt of gratitude we owe to him, and that we may carry away with us from this meeting to-day some of the inspiration which in the midst of our sorrow and regret we might otherwise overlook.

It seems to me that, if it were possible for his spirit to be conscious of this meeting to-day, he would desire us, above everything else, to think of him not as one who has accomplished his work, but as one who has but begun it and the continuance of which might be left to us. There comes to you and to me, through what he has done and what he has stood for, and what his memory will stand for—there comes to you and to me the responsibility to carry on and increase that influence of which he was to such a large extent the centre. We can use, without being charged with anything approaching the loss in our ideals of what is involved in these words—we can use as words coming from his lips, if he could have looked back upon his life in the closing moments of it, the words of St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course and kept the faith," and he might add to that, "See that thou do likewise."

MR. A. T. REID

When Mr. Wood and Mr. Warburton did me the honor to ask if I would speak a few words to you here this afternoon in respect of a friend who was very dear to me, I never felt so anxious, and the wish was never so deep in my heart, that I might be able to give expression in words of that which I have in my heart. If, friends, any halting words of mine could reveal the feelings of my heart, I know I would be satisfied myself.

Mr. Moore spoke of having known Mr. Harry Ryrie for a great many years, referring to the wee shop. My acquaintance is not quite so long, but I believe perhaps that, if it was shorter, it was made up by a closer intimacy, in fact would cover quite as much time spent in his company.

With my family I came to Toronto from the States in 1896. A year, or a year and a half, after I met Mr. Ryrie. Our acquaintance, naturally, for a time was of a very formal kind, but it was not long before we became fast and warm friends. That intimacy has during those years grown more binding, has been cemented by a regard, and I might say affection, that one does not extend to very many in this life.

There were many sides to his nature that were of a helpful and attractive and magnetic kind. As I look back over those years I cannot think of any one occasion, of any time when we had a difference of a very outstanding character, and as I look back upon it it seems to me that the reason for that was largely with him. I can think, often indeed, of having said things that might have wounded.

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might have hurt, and in a less temperate mind and a less fine spirit the retort might have been such that would have brought about a difference; but I can say that during those years we never had a severance, our friendship was never broken, and I never remember a day or a time when I could not approach him, knowing I would have a warm welcome.

One of the admirable traits of Mr. Ryrie was that he was a man, he was so human, he was so approachable, and I attribute this largely to his Church connection, and his work in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. It was in such connections that he developed that splendid balance, that unusual poise that enabled him to keep himself always well in hand. In all my connection with Mr. Ryrie I always found that he kept his head. If he had anything abnormal about him, I think perhaps he was a man with enlargement of heart. I don't believe anybody ever approached him for help, for assistance, for advice, that went away empty. He was not a man to give his advice off-hand either. If it was asked by a poor woman, I believe that her affairs would be taken under his consideration, and the advice given her would be as well thought out as though it had been a matter which to some of us would seem of much greater importance.

I knew Mr. Ryrie as an employer. He and I often talked about the problems of the employer and the employed, and I want to say this to any of them that may be here, that in any of our talks or discussions there was nothing in his plans for the welfare of his business that did not take into his consideration the welfare of his employees. They were very near to him. He recognized that the business and those employed were very closely united, and I can assure you that on all occasions their welfare was, I think, paramount in his mind and in his heart.

I knew Mr. Ryrie as a father. I cannot imagine anybody in his home life that was finer. For his daughters he had no anxiety beyond that they should grow up good Christian women under his guidance and the guidance of their mother, to live useful lives. For his sons he had no aspiration for place or preferment, but rather that, by a good grounding at home and an education the best to be had, they should carve their own way, and I cannot think of any better advice to give those surviving boys than that they should follow those ideals and aspire to reach those which their father lived up to so nobly and so well. Should they do that, they will not miss the high mark. I was glad to hear our chairman mention my good friend as a "Christian gentleman." I like that word. He was a Christian gentleman. Anything he did was never done for show, was never done for effect; it was done because he thought it was right. I believe that he was imbued with a true sense of a Christian gentleman.

Our hearts go out at this time in deepest and sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Ryrie and her family. We can, however, rejoice in the knowledge that if ever a man, be he shriven priest or sainted pastor, attained a high place in the high heavens, our dear departed friend has by his faithful service earned his place there.

He surely was one of the Leal now gone to the land "O' the Leal," and, if we so comport ourselves in our aspirations and desires for a life modelled as his, we can hope to see him in the great beyond.

When our time comes and the last trumpet call be sounded for our going out, I believe we will see his bright smile and his open arms will welcome us.

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MR. W. A. KEMP

I will only say a few words, but I would just like to have an opportunity to endorse everything that has been said. There is nothing that can be said here to-day that can do justice to Mr. Ryrie.

I have not had the privilege of knowing him as long as many of the gentlemen here, but I made good use of the time that I have known him. I have known him most intimately since he first came to the board of the Y.M.C.A.; that was some time before the campaign. He certainly gave just what we required on that board, and that was when it became a little too serious sometimes, he eased off the tension, which is just as necessary at times as the opposite might be at other times. I have known Mr Ryrie in business, in Association work, on the building committee during the time these buildings were being erected, and I have known him in his club life, and also in his home life.

In business I have never known him to suggest or do anything that was not absolutely straightforward and beyond question. In his Association work we always considered that his advice was of the very best. I have been connected with him on the board and in connection with the building campaign, and I never knew him to miss a meeting that he could possibly be at. He was always a regular attendant, and more than that, I would like to say another thing to any young men here, that is a good thing to practise—he was always prompt, and you know, I believe that perhaps more good can be done by a man such as he, who comes forward and touches people in their life, comes near to them, talks with them, than probably by the very bright and brilliant orators and preachers, all of which are helpful beyond any question, but I believe that men are uplifted for their enduring good by the sane, well-balanced life, such as was lived by our dear departed friend.

As a husband—I hesitate indeed to touch upon a ground so sacred. Possibly no man that lived the life he did, had the friends he had, who was always seeking where he might do the most good, could be anything but what he was, the very best of husbands.

I sometimes think—I am sure you will permit me to speak a little of his club life—I sometimes think you get closer to a man when you are playing a game of golf than you do at prayer meeting. Mr. Ryrie, in all the games I have had with him, in all my social intercourse with him, never has at any time in his life said a thing to me that was unpleasant.

I have had the privilege of knowing him in his home life, and it was a great privilege indeed. Whenever I had a friend visiting me in Toronto I always made a point to take them to Mr. Ryrie's, because I knew the reception they would give. A year or so ago I took a friend from Montreal to his house, and that gentleman when we came away said, "My, that man has a charming personality," and I feel that described Mr. Ryrie better than any terms you can use. After Mr. Ryrie's death I received a letter from that gentleman; I will just read you one clause: "I have never felt my sympathy go out to any family more than it does to Mr. Ryrie's, in this terrible loss, coming so soon after the death of their son at the front. . . . The very few times I met Mr. Ryrie were

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enough to show me what a fine type of man he was. What a pity the world doesn't contain more of his stamp!" I think that expresses the views of friends who knew him.

I cannot myself realize that Mr. Ryrie is gone. When last evening I was driving along with Mr. Wood, he said, "I suppose you will go down to the memorial service to-morrow afternoon?" I said, "Yes, I will," and the thought came to me that instant, "I must call up Mr. Ryrie and see if he will go down with me." I have not been able to get that feeling out of my mind. However, I feel satisfied that he has gone, but he has not gone and he is not dead if we endeavor to copy the outstanding characteristics of his life.

MR. G. A. WARBURTON

I feel that first of all I should thank these intimate friends of Mr. Ryrie for coming to us and speaking as they have to-day out of their hearts. Surely this is not a formal service; this is a service in which we who loved him speak of him as we knew him. And at whatever cost of feelings and sympathy these men have spoken to us in that way and we are grateful to them. They have endeared themselves to us more strongly, as well as having given voice to what we all, I am sure, are more or less conscious of in respect to our departed friend.

Harry Ryrie as we knew him had a refined and cultivated nature. His love of the beautiful was instinctive. It was not a veneer laid on by a mechanical process after he had acquired the means for its gratification, but it sprang out of the centre of his being. It showed itself in the subtle harmony of beauty in his dress, and in the quiet, unostentatious charm of his home. But more than this. He had found life to be a school for the learning of the lesson of friendship. Nor was he ashamed to practice this finest of the arts, and his friends in the clubs, the church and the Association will miss his cheerful greeting with his hand on their shoulder.

Yet how far he was from being a sentimentalist. We all knew that he lived in the midst of a world of reality and that he saw that world as it really was, but the knowledge did not blind him to the finer values. He was familiar with the priceless things of life. He had learned what true values are. Dealing in gold and precious stones as a means of obtaining a livelihood, he had found out that there were some things worth having and within his reach the price of which was beyond rubies. He had somehow discovered the coin which is current in the higher realms, and so he came to possess a large circle of friends. One very rich Toronto man recently said: "I am lonely and I have no friends." Surely he was what quaint old Isaac Walton called "a poor rich man." But Harry Ryrie had learned and practiced the rare art of binding others to himself by those wonderful bonds which make men enter into each other's lives and share each other's joys and sorrows. So now we and hundreds of our fellow-citizens are in the circle of his friends.

Can we ever forget the things which led us to be friendly with him. Some of those who are here have known him almost from boyhood and they are his friends still. Hugh Black says: "Some men shed friends at every step they rise in the social scale," but Harry Ryrie was not of that sort. The friends of his early life touched elbows with those of later years and with the boys and young men who have come to know him but recently, and each one can recall, as I can, many, many acts of kindness, expressions of sympathy, deeds of sacrifice of means, time, or pleasure, for friendship's sake. I have often thought of the remark of a Samoan Chief at the funeral of Robert Louis Stevenson, "The day was no longer than his kindness," and I have applied it to our friend. We were his friends because we knew that he was ours—patient, constant, unobtrusive, wise, sympathetic and loyal.

Then we knew Harry Ryrie as a Christian man who felt the obligation which that profession brought him and whose conscience never wavered in keeping him busy at those public tasks which he was called upon to perform. It was not an

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easy thing for him to assume positions of leadership, for he much preferred the inconspicuous place. When he faced a call to prominence, however, he recognized that any popularity or gifts for organization, as well as any means he had, were his to be used for the good of the community. His religion was of that practical and sane sort that influenced his whole course of life, and in no way was its genuineness proved to those who knew the workings of his mind more than by the steadiness of his devotion to those causes to which he felt called of God to devote his energies and his sound business judgment.

He would be the last to claim any specially brilliant gifts for himself. If he had genius it was of that type which comes from an infinite capacity for taking pains. Others knew him better in his business and outside social relations than I, but from the time that I came to Toronto I was intimately related to him in our Young Men's Christian Association work. He gave me his confidence and he shared mine entirely. The Association furnished him the means of self-expression in definite religious service which most fully conformed to his type of mind. It presented to him, and challenged his sacrifice by a practical programme charged with higher idealism. He fitted into the Association's scheme of things by which it constantly seeks to harness the resources of the community and of the nation in manhood with all its varied capacities and means to the most vital task of training the boyhood and young manhood of our time for the service of the home, the Church, the nation and the world. Because of the intensity of his devotion to these ideals he found the Association and the fellowship formed in it an open doorway to other fields of usefulness. He was not slow to confess that by giving his help, or rather by the surrender of his very self to what he felt called to do, his own life was enlarged and deepened. It is always so. If a man lives selfishly and narrowly, the years bring nothing to him that is really worth possessing. The nation which lives for itself, shielded from harm, out of the current of the world's life, detached from any vital contact with the world's most intricate and vital problems, inevitably sinks into a spiritual lethargy that is but a premonitory symptom of spiritual death. The philosophy of Christ is proved by all human history—the way to save one's life is to lose it, and the only way to keep it in all its best qualities is to give it away. How slow of heart we are to believe it, and yet to-day in thinking of our friend we know it is true and that to the measure in which, by God's grace, he was enabled to approach this high ideal, to just that degree has he influenced our personal and our community life.

In Westminster Abbey there is a monument to John Wesley and upon it these words: "God buries his workmen but carries on his work." Yes, but God calls now as always for men of vision, sanity, consecration, leadership, to work for and with Him in the redemption and elevation of the world. May it not be that this sense of loss to which we give imperfect utterance to-day is God's call to all of us to see to it that the break in the ranks is more than made up by our renewed and deeper consecration to the tasks that lie near our hands in the Church, the Young Men's Christian Association, the life of this wonderful city and of the Dominion in which we live, in the Empire and in the world.

God help us that we may not be deaf, or hearing the heavenly voice and seeing more clearly the heavenly vision of God's programme for our lives, we may not be disobedient in following our friend as he followed Christ.

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Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love Me more!

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love Me more than these!

Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

C. F. ALEXANDER.

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HYMNS USED AT THE SERVICE

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes Thy rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia! Alleluia!