“WHICH SIDE WINS,”

Tune. No. 511
Sacred Songs & Solos

Opening Hymn.

1. SOUND the battle cry,
    See! the foe is nigh
    Raise the standard high
    For the Lord!
    Gird your armour on,
    Stand firm everyone,
    Rest your cause upon
    His Holy Word!

2. Strong to meet the foe,
    Marching on we go,
    While our cause we know
    Must prevail,
    Shield and banner bright
    Gleaming in the light;
    Battling for the right,
    We ne’er can fail!

Rouse then soldiers! rally round the banner,
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward! forward! shout aloud Hosanna;
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng!

3. O Thou God of all,
    Hear us when we call;
    Help us one and all,
    By Thy grace;
    When the battle’s done,
    And the victory won,
    May we wear the crown
    Before Thy Face!

PRAYER.
SOFTLY, smoothly swing the doors of the “Blue Lion.” To and fro, to
and fro, from morn till night they swing, seldom, indeed, resting as
long as they did that cold night in March, when Jessie Fergus stood shivering
upon the pavement outside, waiting for them to open. At length, with timid
hand she pushed them slightly apart, and strove to catch the tones of a
familiar voice amid the babel of sounds that issued forth. The clink of
glasses, jingling of coins, the angry oath and rude jest, the mandolin song
and boisterous laugh, told of revelry within.
The landlord’s hoarse voice rose above the din. “Now, gent’men, just
time for one more glass round.”
“Sharp then, guvnor, an’ tak’ your reckoning out o’ that,” responded a
voice, which the child by an involuntary gesture showed that she recognized.
“Three cheers for Jim Fergus,” chorused a tumult of tongues, and as the
noise subsided a very husky orator proposed—“Here’s to Jim Fergus—may
he always have a shillin’ to spend, an’ to help him drink it many a friend.”
Then amidst much shuffling of chairs and stamping of feet, the roystering
song burst forth—
“For he’s a jolly good fellow,”
and as the clocks rang out eleven, the doors swung open and the band of
revellers poured out into the street.

Jessie Fergus had shrank into a recess at the first sound of the
breaking up of the revel, and cowered against the wall until the group dis-
spersed. Then, with cautious steps, she followed a staggering trio, who, arm
in arm, sought from one another the steadying influence they individually
required. At the entrance of a narrow court two of the men turned in,
leaving their companion to wend his tortuous way home as best he could.
Several times his uncertain steps almost led Jessie to run to his assistance,
but she only ventured to approach him when he was fairly brought to a
standstill by a lamp-post, from the safe anchorage of which he was evidently
afraid to break away.

Jessie put her hand upon his arm. “Father, come home wi’ me, mither’s
ill, an’ it’s sae late an’ cauld.”
With a guilty start he looked down into the pleading eyes. “Sae cauld, sae
cauld,” he confusedly muttered, “why then didna ye keep the fire up, Jess?”
“We’ve had nae fire the whole night, an’ it’s been weary waitin’ for ye.
Lean to me, father.”
Laying his hand heavily on the child’s shoulder he suffered himself to be
guided in the direction of his home.

Home—What desecration of that holy word! Were
no other witness to be found to testify against the accused thing, the
home of bliss. Home the centre of earthly joy, the mirror of Heaven’s
peace and bliss.

Oh, hoes counseful the Picture,
That intemperance daily shows,
See the drunken gabled reeling,
As he staggered homeward goes.
Look of
See the grief and anguish
That the wife and mother bears
Hear the cry of little children
In that home of griefs and cares.

Many hearts of them are bleeding,
And Thine own Almighty plan
Can redeem them from their danger
Heaven help the drinking man.