

"WHICH SIDE WINS,"

(A Service on the New Crusade.) By THEO. J. PIGGOTT. In both Notations.

*Tune. No 511*  
*Sacred Songs & Solos*

Opening Hymn.

- <sup>1</sup> **S**OUND 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!
- <sup>2</sup> 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!

- <sup>3</sup> 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.

*comp'd - 17<sup>th</sup> - 18<sup>th</sup> -*  
*18<sup>th</sup> - 18<sup>th</sup> - 18<sup>th</sup> -*



- (1) **S**OFTLY, 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 maudlin song and boisterous laugh, told of ~~revelry~~ revelry within.

The landlord's hoarse voice rose above the din. "Now, gen'lmen, 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 shewed that she recognised.

"Three cheers for Jim Fergus," chorussed 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.

- (2) Jessie Fergus had shrunk into a ~~recess~~ recess at the first sound of the breaking up of the revel, and cowered against the wall until the group dispersed. 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.

- (3) 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' its 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 accursed thing, the drunkard's home~~

~~Home! the centre of earthly joy, the mirror of Heaven's bliss.~~

~~Home, home, sweet home. But, alas! too often a serpent gains admittance, and Paradise is lost, the deceiver is welcomed as a friend, and the citadel is betrayed; heaven's type becomes foreshadowed—A DRUNKARD'S HOME.~~

*Oh, how sorrowful the Picture,  
That intemperance daily shows,  
See the drunken father reeling,  
As he, madden'd homeward goes!*

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look of  
See the <sup>↓</sup>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 keep the drinking man.