

In Memory

OF

OUR BELOVED SISTER,

MARY ANN SCHIMMELPENNINCK,

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS,

AT

CLIFFTON,

AUGUST 28th, 1888.

In the Seventy-ninth Year of her Age.



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 Paid
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FUNERAL ODE.

CONGREGATION. T. 79

JESUS, the whole creation's Head,
Lord of the living and the dead,
 Endless Thy glories shine !
Thy blood-bought Church in mercy own ;
The Church assembled round Thy throne,
 Or pilgrims here, we all are Thine.

Choir.

Ye spirits of the just above,
With Christ now perfected in love,
 Once our companions here ;
In higher strains join us to sing
Blessing and honour to our King,
 Till He in glory shall appear.

Congregation. T. 71.

What shall I feel, when I
The glorious choir copy
 In bliss unceasing ;
Already in my heart
Rays from bright Salem dart,
 With hopes most pleasing.

See, how the victors go
 In raiment white as snow,
 With glory crowned :
 He grants to them through grace
 Around his throne a place,
 On whom death frowned.

ADDRESS.

Choir. T. 463.

Now rest in peace :||
 Our prayers, when dying, thee attended ;
 Thou hast ended
 Thy mortal life, and now through grace
 Beholdest Jesus face to face :
 The holy angels did convey
 Thy soul to realms of endless day ;
 There bless thee, God,—the Father, and the Son,
 And Holy Ghost,—Jehovah, Three in One ;
 With saints adore the Lamb
 That sitteth on the throne.

Congregation. T. 30.

O ye heavenly souls, full joys possessing,
 At the fountain-head of every blessing,
 From your bright legions
 Waft your praises to these lovely regions.

Choir.

HEAR I not the golden harp resounding !
 See I not the crowds the throne surrounding !
 Adore, adore him !
 They exclaim, and prostrate fall before him.

Congregation.

O that I could join their adoration,
 Lie with them in awful, deep prostration,
 His feet embracing,
 Bath'd in tears, yet hymns of gladness raising.

Choir. T. 205.

WHAT are these in bright array,
 This immutable throng,
 Round the altar night and day
 Hymning one triumphant song :
 "Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."

Congregation. T. 14.

Lo ! these are they from sufferings great,
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
 Their robes, and made them white.

Congregation. T. 130.

O happy lot !
 To dwell with Christ our Saviour,
 There to behold his countenance for ever ;
 In songs of joy
 His holy name to praise :
 To thank him for our blessed consummation,
 And view his wounds, those pledges of complete salvation,
 All pain and sorrow then forgot ;
 O happy lot !

Congregation. T. 131.

To those celestial regions
 Our Sister now is fled ;
 And joins the blissful legions,
 Who there are perfected.
 Her race on earth is over,
 Faith's glorious fight is past,
 She now beholds her Saviour,
 Enjoying endless rest !

Congregation. T. 132.

HEAR her voice with music's aid,
 On her Saviour's praises dwell ;
 Oft while thus her voice she paid,
 She heaven's fortune secretly felt.

THENCE, what strains of rapturous joy
 Now her golden harp employ,
 While she joins the blessed throng
 In the new seraphic song!

MEMOIR.

Congregation. T. 232.

LOUD, let thy best angelic bands
 Convey my soul into thy hands,
 When soul and body sever,
 My body, though reduced to dust,
 Thine wilt, O Lord, I firmly trust,
 Raise up to live for ever:
 Then shall I see thee face to face,
 In everlasting joy and peace,
 And sing with all the saints above
 The wonders of redeeming love.

O Christ, my Lord :|:

I'll thee adore,

Here, and above, for evermore.

Choir. T. 143.

The seraphim of God
 Exult :|: their voices loud ;
 With joy fore him they shout :
 Their holy choirs, in heavenly bliss,
 Sing constantly with cover'd faces

Holy, Holy is God,
 Holy is God,
 The Lord of Sabbath!

Congregation.

Thereto the Church of Christ,
 His flesh and bone confess'd,
 Sings Amen, God be praised :
 Above and here one voice doth sound ;
 Praise him who hath for us atoned :
 To God in highest strain,
 To the Lamb slain
 All glory be : Amen

Congregation. T. 79.

Hail, Lamb once slain ! thy precious blood
 Hath brought us sinners nigh to God ;
 Worthy art thou alone !
 Accept, O Lord, Ancient of Days,
 Thy universal Church's praise,
 Here and around Thy glorious throne !