

But the influ'nce of those noble lives,
Like streams, which they all knew, in love
Sweep on, dispensing waters pure,
'Though their bless'd spirits dwell above;

Yea, as a benediction rests,
And us a hallow'd joy it gives,
Better than gold or acres broad,
Their peace, with God, which ever lives,

Yea, deepest gratitude we owe,
To those who in that early age,
Established Bethel, house of God,
A bless'd abiding heritage.

And may old Bethel, eagle-like,
Her vigor and her youth renew,
With spirit of the Master filled,
Put on His grace with pow'r anew;

And as in past, may She bear fruit,
And to His holy altar bring,
In thirty, sixty, hundred fold,
To honor her eternal King.

That she, with all her children, dear,
Within His Church, in heav'n and earth,
May join in that celestial song,
Of joyous praise and hallow'd mirth;

That song your sires and mothers sang,
With solemn, sweet and rev'rent voice,
A song of Zion, praise to Him,
That One they made their earthly choice,—

(Ps. 100—L. M.—Music—Old Hundred)

"O, enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts, His praise proclaim,
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O, bless and magnify His name.

"Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure,
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure."

My song, my prayer for
Dear Old Bethel is—

(Ps. 122—C. M.—Music, Marlow.)

"I therefore wish that peace may still,
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain."

August 20, 1918