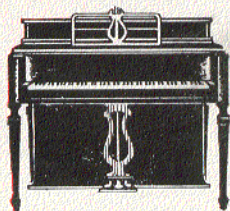




*The*  
WILLIAM  
ABERHART  
MEMORIAL  
ORGAN

**Dedication  
Service**



Held in the Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute  
Sunday, January 28th, 1945 - - 2:30 p.m.

# Order of Service

*Invocation.*

*Greeting to Radio Friends.*

*Spotlight and Radio Correspondence.*

*Hymn* ..... "When My Life Work Is Ended"

*Introduction to Dedication Service* ..... Mr. E. C. Manning

*Solo*....."But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own" (*Mendelssohn*)  
Ola Aberhart MacNutt

*Scripture Reading*

"*In Memoriam*" ..... Mr. Cyril Hutchinson

*Unveiling of Portrait* ..... Mr. C. R. Pearce

*Congregation will stand, singing one*  
*verse of* ..... "Let Us Sing a Song"

*Dedication Address* ..... Mr. E. C. Manning

*Dedicatory Prayer* ..... Rev. Wm. J. Laing

*Organ*....."O God Our Help"—(Congregation Standing)

*Solo*..... "The Good Shepherd (*Van de Water*)  
Ola Aberhart MacNutt

*Organ Interlude.*

*Hymn* ..... "The Sands of Time"

*Benediction* .....Rev. Wm. J. Laing

*National Anthem.*

(Guest Organist—Mr. Clifford Higgin)

## I SHALL KNOW HIM

When my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide,  
When the bright and glorious morning I shall see;  
I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the other side,  
And His smile will be the first to welcome me.

### CHORUS

I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him,  
As redeem'd by His side I shall stand,  
I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him,  
By the print of the nails in His hand.

Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His blessed face,  
And the lustre of His kindly beaming eye;  
How my full heart will praise Him for the mercy, love and grace.  
That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.

Oh, the dear ones in glory, how they beckon me to come,  
And our parting at the river I recall;  
To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home,  
But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

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## IN A LITTLE WHILE WE'RE GOING HOME

Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way—  
In a little while we're going home;  
For the night will end in the everlasting day—  
In a little while we're going home.

### CHORUS

In a little while . . . In a little while  
We shall cross the billows foam;  
We shall meet at last when the stormy winds are past;  
In a little while we're going home.

We will do the work that our hands may find to do—  
In a little while we're going home;  
And the grace of God will our daily strength renew—  
In a little while we're going home.

There's a rest beyond, there's relief from every care—  
In a little while we're going home;  
And no tears shall fall in that City bright and fair;  
In a little while we're going home.

### THE SANDS OF TIME

The sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks;  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn, awakes;  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the Fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love;  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above;  
There, to an ocean fulness,  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace.  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His pierced hand;  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on towards heaven,  
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;  
Now, like a weary traveller  
That leaneth on his guide,  
Amid the shades of evening,  
While sinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dawning  
From Immanuel's land.

—Ann Ross Cousin.

