

RIVINGTON CHAPEL.

ANNIVERSARY

SERMONS

MAY 31st, 1931.

MINISTER :

Rev. E. GLYN EVANS,

OF CHOWBENT.

Collection at each Service.

AFTERNOON SERVICE 3-0.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

INTROIT.

○ DAYSPRING, brightness of the everlasting light,
and Sun of Righteousness; come and enlighten
them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death.
Come Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus Come!

HYMN I. (1).

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed ;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

FIRST LESSON.

HYMN II. (310).

O STAR of Truth, down shining,
Through clouds of doubt and fear,
I ask but 'neath your guidance
My pathway may appear.
However long the journey,
How hard soe'er it be,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee !

I know thy blessèd radiance
Can never lead astray,
However ancient custom
May tread some other way.
E'en if through untrod deserts,
Or over trackless sea,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee !

The bleeding feet of martyrs
Thy toilsome road have trod ;
But fires of human passion
May light the way to God.
Then, though my feet should falter,
While I thy beams can see,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee !

Though loving friends forsake me,
Or plead with me in tears ;
Though angry foes may threaten
To shake my soul with fears,
Still to my high allegiance
I must not faithless be
Through life, or death, for ever,
Lead on, I'll follow thee.

GENERAL PRAYER. *Lord's Prayer Chanted.*

SOLO - - *Miss E. Burrows.*

"Open the Gates of the Temple."

HYMN III. (327)

O GOD, the Rock of ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene ;
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou !

Our years are like the shadows
O'er sunny hills that fly,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die ;
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

SERMON.

ANTHEM ... "Awake! Awake! put on thy strength."

Jamouneau.

COLLECTION.

HYMN IV. (47).

SHINE on our souls, eternal God !
With rays of beauty shine ;
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

Did we not raise our hearts to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.

With Thee let every week begin ;
With Thee each day be spent ;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through the desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

BENEDICTION.