

HOPE BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL,
HEBDEN BRIDGE.

November 10th, 1895.

Commemorative Service

on the Presentation to the School of Portraits of the following old workers:—

SAMUEL CHAMBERS,

Born October 7th, 1782. Died June 23rd, 1835.

THOMAS BARKER,

Born 1798. Died October 2nd, 1875.

JOHN T. CHAMBERS,

Born August 11th, 1808. Died June 30th, 1867.

JAMES CHAMBERS,

Born June 16th, 1814. Died December 25th, 1880.

WILLIAM CLAY,

Born July 28th, 1814. Died February 28th, 1875.

JOHN KITCHEN,

Born December 19th, 1825. Died June 28th, 1895.

AND

DANIEL JONES CROSSLEY.

On the same occasion the School received the gift of a copy of Goodwyn Lewis' "Baptism of Christ."

Order of Service.

HYMN.

Tune—IRISH.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize ;
And, on the eagle-wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

One family, we dwell in Him :
One church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
With those who went before :
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands,
On the eternal shore.

This moment to their endless home
There pass some spirits blest,
And we are to the margin come,
And wait our call to rest.

O Jesus, be our constant guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven !

PRAYER—MR. E. MITCHELL.

READING OF SCRIPTURE—MR. JOHN CLAY.

SOLO ... "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (*Messiah.*)

MRS. E. J. CROSSLEY.

BIOGRAPHICAL ADDRESS BY MR. ROBERT SUTHERS.

HYMN Tune—ST. AUSTIN.

THE fathers where are they,
The men of former days,
Who gathered here to work and pray,
And lift the voice of praise.

Gone, gone the mortal forms,
And empty is their place,
No more they struggle in the storms,
Or strain to win the race.

They entered into rest,
They share their Master's throne,
Blest were they here, but far more blest,
Where Christ rewards His own.

E'en here their works abide,
Their teachings still inspire
The kindling hands the grave may hide,
But living is the fire.

As from each hallow'd wall
These portraits greet our eyes,
The silent sainted lips shall call,
"Oh seek the heavenly prize !"

Through storm and struggle here,
We too would upward press,
Till with the victors we appear,
And share their blessedness.

Source of the father's might,
Fount of their noblest life,
Oh, lead their children's steps aright,
And nerve them in the strife.

Nor let this honoured place,
E'er lack a faithful band
To serve their God, their church, their race,
With loyal heart and hand. WM. JONES, 1895.

ADDRESS—MR. D. J. CROSSLEY.

HYMN. Tune—ST. CATHERINE.

FAITH of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word !
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free ;
And blest would be their children's fate,
Though they, like them, should die for thee.

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers ; God's great power
Shall soon all nations win for thee ;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Mankind shall then be truly free.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

ADDRESS—REV. W. JONES.

HYMN.

MISSES S. ASHWORTH, M. E. ROBERTSHAW, C. NUTTALL,
J. H. PATCHETT, AND MESSRS. HARWOOD & LAWTON.

RISE, my soul, and stretch my wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul, new-born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in His embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

PRAYER.

HYMN. Tune—PANGE LINGUA.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread :

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

One the gladness of rejoicing,
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb !
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

BENEDICTION.