


JACKSON & CLAYTON,  
Printers,  
Roobuck Yard,  
Northgate, Halifax.  
Tel. 74 y.

LEE MOUNT  
BAPTIST CHURCH



**Thanksgiving  
Services**

FOR  
Extinction of Debt



SATURDAY & SUNDAY  
JAN. 16th & 17th, 1915





Saturday, Jan. 16th, 1915.



DIVINE SERVICE AT 3-0 P.M.

Preacher - Rev. JNO. HASLAM

(Harrogate). D.D. F.R. HIST. S.

PRAYER.

HYMN I.

TUNE—*Nativity.*

COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,  
'To be exalted thus' ;  
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,  
'For He was slain for us.'

Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise ;

The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

LESSON.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## HYMN II.

TUNE—*Monkland.*

LET us with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is  
For His mercies shall endure, [kind:  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with  
For His mercies shall endure, [light:  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed;  
His full hand supplies their need;  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He His chosen race did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness:  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Looked upon our misery:  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us then, with gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

## PRAYER.

ANTHEM ... "In that Day" (*Elvey*) ... CHOIR.

## HYMN III.

TUNE—*Saviour.*

PRaise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
To His feet Thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like thee His praise should sing?  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him, still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes:  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Widely as His mercy flows.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish;  
Blows the wind, and it is gone;  
But while mortals rise and perish,  
God endures unchanging on:  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise the high eternal One.

Angels, help us to adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise with us the God of grace.

## SERMON.

## HYMN IV.

TUNE—*York.*

OUR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home;

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun. [night

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. [last.

## BENEDICTION.

## THANKSGIVING MEETING

AT 6-30 P.M.

Chairman . . . E. SMITH, Esq.  
(*Torquay*).

## HYMN I.

TUNE—*Covenant.*

THE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love.  
Jehovah, great I AM!  
By earth and heaven confessed:  
We bow and bless the sacred name,  
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth we rise, and seek the  
At His right hand: [joys  
We all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power:  
And Him our only Portion make,  
Our Shield and Tower.

The God of Abraham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide us all our happy days,  
In all our ways:  
He is our faithful Friend;  
He is our gracious God;  
And He will save us to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.

He by Himself hath sworn—  
We on His oath depend—  
We shall, on eagles' wings  
To heaven ascend: [upborne,  
We shall behold His face,  
We shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore.

The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high:  
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'  
They ever cry.  
Hail, Abraham's God and ours!  
We join the heavenly lays;  
And celebrate with all our powers  
His endless praise.

PRAYER.

Secretary's Statement Building Fund Sec.—Mr. C. Hoyle.

CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS.

ADDRESS .. .. Mr. H. TOWNSEND.

Solo "Saviour, blessed Redeemer" (C. Henshaw Dana)  
Miss GLEDHILL.

ADDRESS ... Rev. F. W. DUNCOMBE.

HYMN II.

TUNE—Niagra.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,  
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice:  
From world to world the joy shall ring:  
'The Lord Omnipotent is King!'

The Lord is King! who then shall dare  
Resist His will, distrust His care,  
Or murmur at His wise decrees,  
Or doubt His royal promises?

The Lord is King! child of the dust,  
The Judge of all the earth is just:  
Holy and true are all His ways:  
Let every creature speak His praise.

He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;  
Your God is King, your Father reigns:  
And He is at the Father's side—  
The Man of Love, the Crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known;  
He will present them at the throne;  
And angel-bands are waiting there,  
His messages of love to bear.

O when His wisdom can mistake,  
His might decay, His love forsake,  
Then may His children cease to sing,  
'The Lord Omnipotent is King!'

ADDRESS ... .. Mr. ED. HALEY.

ADDRESS ... .. Rev. J. BROWN.

ANTHEM "O clap your hands" (Stainer) CHOIR.

ADDRESS ... .. Mr. H. CULPAN.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

VOTE OF THANKS Mr. W. BRADLEY & Mr. J. H. HOOSON.

HYMN III.

TUNE—Dennis.

BEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

When we asunder part,  
It gives us keenest pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are  
Our comforts and our cares. [one,

This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way,  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathising tear.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship  
Through all eternity. [reign

DOXOLOGY.

BENEDICTION.





Sunday, Jan. 17th, 1915.

W W

MORNING SERVICE

At 10-30.

Preacher - Rev. F. W. DUNCOMBE.

PRAYER.

HYMN I.

TUNE—*Nicœa*

**H**OLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

LESSON.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

HYMN II.

TUNE—*Ascalon.*

**H**OW pleased and blest was I  
To hear the people cry,  
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'  
Yes, with a cheerful zeal  
We haste to Zion's hill,  
And there our vows and homage pay.  
Zion, thrice happy place,  
Adorned with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength embrace thee round;  
In thee our tribes appear,  
To pray and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

There David's greater Son  
Hath fixed His royal throne;  
He sits for grace and judgment there:  
He bids the saints be glad,  
He makes the sinner sad,  
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait,  
To bless the soul of every guest:  
The man that seeks thy peace,  
And wishes Thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest.

My tongue repeats her vows,  
Peace to this sacred house!  
For there my friends and kindred dwell;  
And, since my glorious God,  
Makes thee His blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well.

PRAYER.

ANTHEM "It came even to pass" (*Ouseley*) CHOIR.

HYMN III.

TUNE—*Sanctissimus.*

**W**ORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness,  
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;  
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,  
Kneel and adore Him; the Lord is His name.

Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,  
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,  
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,  
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness  
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;  
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,  
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,  
He will accept for the Name that is dear;  
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,  
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,  
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;  
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,  
Kneel and adore Him; the Lord is His name.

SERMON.

COLLECTION.

COLLECTION HYMN.

WE give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be;  
All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,  
To Thee our firstfruits give.

O, hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd  
Are straying from the fold, [bled,

To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless,  
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christlike thing.

And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be,  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

TUNE—*Trentham.*

HYMN IV.

GOD of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this earthly pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace;  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

TUNE—*Burnett.*

BENEDICTION.

## AFTERNOON SERVICE

At 2-30.

Speaker - Rev. F. W. DUNCOMBE.

HYMN I.

SAVIOUR, blesséd Saviour,  
Listen whilst we sing;  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King:  
All we have we offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.

Farther, ever farther,  
From Thy wounded side,  
Heedlessly we wandered,  
Wandered far and wide;  
Till Thou cam'st in mercy,  
Seeking young and old,  
Lovingly to bear them,  
Saviour, to Thy fold.

Higher, then, and higher,  
Bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgotten,  
Saviour, to its goal;  
Where, in joys unthought of,  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary raising  
Praises to their King.

LESSON.

Solo ... "My hope is in the everlasting" ... (*Stainer*)  
Mr. CLARK.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

HYMN II.

YES, God is good,—in earth and sky,  
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,  
Ten thousand voices ever cry,  
'God made us all, and God is good.'

The sun that keeps his trackless way,  
And downward pours his golden flood,  
Night's sparkling host, all join to say,  
In accents clear, that 'God is good.'

TUNE—*Mozart.*

The merry birds prolong the strain,  
Their song with every spring renewed;  
And balmy air, and falling rain,  
Each softly whispers, 'God is good.'

I hear it in the rushing breeze;  
The hills that have for ages stood,  
The echoing sky, and roaring seas,  
All swell the chorus, 'God is good.'

Yes, 'God is good,' all nature says,  
By God's own hand with speech endued;  
And man, in louder notes of praise,  
Should sing for joy that 'God is good.'

For all Thy gifts I bless Thee, Lord;  
But chiefly for our heavenly food,  
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word:  
These prompt our song that 'God is good.'

PRAYER.

ANTHEM "Who is like unto Thee" (Sullivan) CHOIR.

HYMN III.

TUNE—Sawley

**G**OD make my life a little light,  
Within the world to glow;  
A little flame that burneth bright  
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little song,  
That comforteth the sad;  
That helpeth others to be strong,  
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little flower,  
That giveth joy to all;  
Content to bloom in native bower,  
Although the place be small.

God make my life a little staff,  
Whereon the weak may rest;  
That so what health and strength I  
have  
May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn  
Of tenderness and praise,  
Of faith that never waxeth dim,  
In all His wondrous ways.

ADDRESS.

COLLECTION.

COLLECTION HYMN (See Morning Service).

HYMN IV.

TUNE—Mabel.

**F**ATHER, lead me day by day  
Ever in Thine own sweet way;  
Teach me to be pure and true,  
Show me what I ought to do.

When my heart is full of glee,  
Help me to remember Thee;  
Happy most of all to know  
That my Father loves me so.

When in danger, make me brave;  
Make me know that Thou canst save;  
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;  
Let me in Thy love abide.

When my work seems hard and  
May I press on cheerily; [dry,  
Help me patiently to bear  
Pain and hardship, toil and care.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,  
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;  
And when all alone I stand,  
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

May I see the good and bright,  
When they pass before my sight;  
May I hear the heavenly voice  
When the pure and wise rejoice.

May I do the good I know,  
Be Thy loving child below,  
Then at last go home to Thee,  
Evermore Thy child to be.

BENEDICTION.

EVENING SERVICE

At 6-0.

Preacher - Rev. J. BROWN (Pastor).

PRAYER.

HYMN I.

TUNE—Diadem.

**A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
A remnant weak and small,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.



Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

—  
LESSON.

—  
ANNOUNCEMENTS.

HYMN II.

TUNE—*Confidence.*

SING to the Lord a joyful song;  
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;  
To us His gracious gifts belong,  
To Him our songs of love and praise.

For life and love, for rest and food,  
For daily help and nightly care,  
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,  
And praise His name, for it is fair.

For strength to those who on Him wait,  
His truth to prove, His will to do,  
Praise ye our God, for He is great;  
Trust in His name, for it is true.

For joys untold, that from above  
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,  
Sing to our God, for He is love;  
Exalt His name, for it is joy.

For life below, with all its bliss,  
And for that life, more pure and high—  
That inner life, which over this  
Shall ever shine, and never die.

Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve and saints adore,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To whom be praise for evermore.

—  
PRAYER.

—  
CHORUS ... "And the Glory" (*Handel*) ... CHOIR.

HYMN III.

TUNE—*Luther's Hymn.*

WE come unto our father's God;  
Their Rock is our salvation;  
The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,  
We make our habitation;  
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought;  
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought  
In every generation.

The fire divine, their steps that led,  
Still goeth bright before us;  
The heavenly shield, around them spread,  
Is still high holden o'er us;  
The grace those sinners that subdued,  
The strength those weaklings that renewed,  
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

The cleaving sins that brought them low  
Are still our souls oppressing;  
The tears that from their eyes did flow  
Fall fast, our shame confessing;  
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,  
So our strong prayer ascends on high,  
And bringeth down Thy blessing.

Their joy unto their Lord we bring;  
Their song to us descendeth;  
The Spirit who in them did sing  
To us His music lendeth.  
His song in them, in us, is one;  
We raise it high, we send it on,—  
The song that never endeth!

Ye saints to come, take up the strain,  
The same sweet theme endeavour!  
Unbroken be the golden chain!  
Keep on the song for ever!  
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,  
Rich with the same eternal grace,  
Bless the same boundless Giver!

—  
SERMON.

—  
COLLECTION.

—  
COLLECTION HYMN (See Morning Service).

—  
CHORUS ... "Hallelujah" (*Handel*) ... CHOIR.

**HYMN IV.**

**G**OD bless our native land !  
May his protecting hand  
Still guard our shore :  
May peace her power extend,  
Foe be transformed to friend,  
And Britain's rights depend  
On war no more.

O Lord, our monarch bless  
With strength and righteousness ;  
Long may he reign :  
His heart inspire and move  
With wisdom from above ;  
And in a nation's love  
His throne maintain.

*TUNE—National Anthem.*

May just and righteous laws  
Uphold the public cause,  
And bless our isle :  
Home of the brave and free,  
Thou land of liberty,  
May heaven ne'er cease on thee  
With love to smile.

Nor on this land alone,  
But be God's mercies known  
From shore to shore :  
And may the nation's see  
That men should brothers be,  
And form one family  
The wide world o'er.

**BENEDICTION.**

**VESPER.**

*Evening Hymn.*

**S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal :  
Sin and want we come confessing ;  
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal. Amen.

