

The Consecration of the Altar

and

The Dedication of the Flower-Stand

HYMN

COME, Thou HOLY SPIRIT, come;
And from Thy celestial home
Shed a ray of light Divine;
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine:

Thou of Comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome guest,
Sweet refreshment here below;
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

O most Blessed Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill;
Where Thou art not, man hath nought
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them Thy salvation, LORD,
Give them joys that never end.

LORD'S PRAYER AND VERSICLES

PSALMS CXXI AND CXXII

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills:
from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh even from the Lord:
who hath made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall
neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord himself is thy keeper:
the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand:
So that the sun shall not burn thee by
day: neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out,
and thy coming in: from this time forth
for evermore.

I WAS glad when they said unto me: We
will go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand in thy gates: O
Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is built as a city: that is at
unity in itself.

For thither the tribes go up, even the
tribes of the Lord: to testify unto Israel,
to give thanks unto the Name of the Lord.

For there is the seat of judgement: even
the seat of the house of David.

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they
shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls: and plenteous-
ness within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes:
I will wish thee prosperity.

Yea, because of the house of the Lord
our God: I will seek to do thee good.

HYMN

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our GOD!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
GOD'S Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He, Who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

ADDRESS BY THE LORD BISHOP

HYMN

YE holy Angels bright,
Who wait at GOD'S right hand,
O: through the realms of light
Fly at your LORD'S command,
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

Ye blessed souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the SAVIOUR'S Face,
His praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives!

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in GOD above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whatever He send,
Be fill'd with praise.

THE LESSON—Revelation xxi. v. 1-7

THE MAGNIFICAT

THE CREED

HYMN

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear LORD, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a Table in my sight;
Thy Unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth!

And so, through all the length of days
Goodness faileth never;
epherd, may I sing Thy praise
Thy house for ever.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His Shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing brought me.

THE BLESSING