

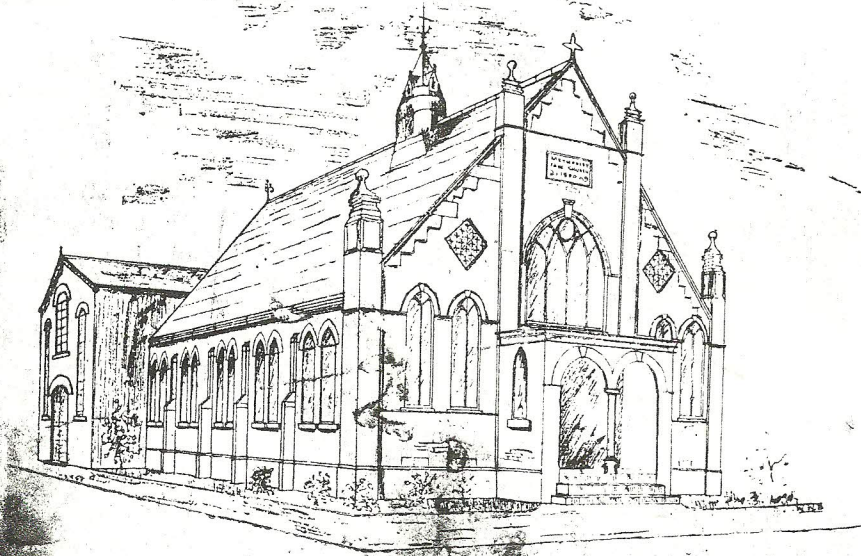
PLEASE RETAIN THIS HYMN BOOK FOR ALL THIS DAY'S SERVICES.

UNITED METHODIST CHURCH,

WORSLEY ROAD, SWINTON.

1865—JUBILEE—1915.

Special Services, Sunday, August 22nd, 1915.



HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

The above is a view of the Church, which fronts Worsley Road, and is near to Partington Lane. The front of the old Chapel and School is shown on the extreme left of the view, which was built 50 years ago.

In 1850, the Wesleyan Methodist Association began its career in Moor Lane (now named Worsley Road), where John Chapman (who lived in Folly Lane), by the aid of James Johnson and his two sons William and Joseph, soon got a few friends together by holding cottage prayer meetings; camp meetings were also held in the field near the Dacca Twist Mill, where a large number of people came to hear the gospel preached.

The success of the work in this hired preaching room led to the Services being transferred to larger premises.

Parkinson. The Rev. Principal Sherwood of the Methodist College
Liverpool the late Mr. J. Hardy, the late Mr. C. Harris and Mr. C.
1800: the front gates and doors were formally opened by the late Mr. J.
The present Church was opened on Tuesday evening, May 12th

A. Lewis and other gentlemen.
Carter, Mr. C. Jackson, B.A., the late Mr. Councilor J. Baskin, Mr. M.
Worsley, and others were selected by the Rev. E. D. Colman, B.
After tea a large meeting was held, presided over by J. Baskin, Esq., of
Liverpool the district presided by the Rev. of the Hamilton Independent Schools
Presiding to the above-named ceremony, a procession and then returned and
of Liverpool, the late S. Martin, Esq. and J. W. Bell, Esq. of Hamilton
1800 by the late Councilor Baskin, of Southport, the late Wm. Hill, Esq.
The memorial stones of the new Church were laid on July 30th

other Christian communities
which Church was recognized by and received the sanction of members of
was left and the church and self-denial churches by the agreement of this
In 1801 the need for a more commodious and convenient Church

which was eventually laid off on the 30th April, 1822.
was built in 1802 and when completed only a debt of £500 remained on it
becoming too small owing to increasing numbers, the old school and Church
The preaching room in Bold Street (now called Shakespeare Road)

crowded congregation many being unable to get inside the Church.
his funeral sermon being preached by the Rev. Joseph Kenyon before a
At the close of the year 1804 James Johnson died after a very short illness
United Methodist Free Churches, with the Rev. Arthur Harris as President
tion and the Wesleyan Reform Association united together and founded the
In 1822, the Protestant Methodist the Wesleyan Methodist Associa-

those left behind
in numbers and then John Christian died but the work was still kept on by
could conducted in this new place of worship. Members steadily increased
thence the good work, Sunday school and preaching services were very
year, the remainder being made up by collections. Being eager to com-
six members of the St. Stephen Street Church, St. Peter's promised £1 each per
and £10 per year afterwards. As a guarantee for the rent and to be given
the property as to meet the requirements of a rent of £3 for the first year
service. As a result of an interview with the doctor, he consented to so much
as to be very useful as a Sunday school and a room for holding divine
some of the friends, they thought that these cottages could be so constructed
in Shakespeare Road, off Worsley Road. After a visit being made by
these two cottages are still standing and are numbered 1 and 2 and situated
Dr. Downing was at this time building two cottages in Bold Street:

СОВІСІТОВ ВІСНУК ВЕРНІЕЛІ, НОВА СЕС.
СНАВТЕС БАРКІНСОН, ТРЕЗЕРЕР.
НЕЙКА МІКГЕЛ, СІСТІМАР.

ЛОНДОН (ІНГЛІЯ)

Ми сіє, он behalf of the Justice Committee,

this important occasion.
the following services, and we further rely upon your kind generosity on
We sincerely hope that you will be able to attend most, if not all,

Will you help us to achieve this;

the good work of training the young people
in many respects. We require a most up-to-date school in order to continue
cation, is insufficiently lighted, and thoroughly unsuitable and unsatisfactory
see for themselves) that the existing building is lacking in proper accommo-
present one is 20 years old, and friends will readily understand (and may
SECONDLY—We require a New School, as is pointed out, the

improvements would serve us for a large number of years.
new and modern Organ to be £300. Such an instrument, with all the latest
and is now considered far from being up-to-date. We estimate the cost of a
us good service for upwards of 30 years. The instrument is rather small
FIRSTLY—We require a New Organ. The present one has done

ОНЕ ПРЕСІНГ НЕЕДС УБЕ:—

not in debt.
This amount has also been realized, and we are proud to say that we are
up-to-date, and commodious Class Rooms were erected at a cost of £308.
In December, 1810, the old Vestries were demolished and two new
February, 1800, thus leaving us free of debt.
cost, including furnishing, was £1,350, which amount was realized in
Messrs. J. Gerrard and Sons, Ltd. were the contractors, and the

Mr. J. Postlethwaite, F.F.S., Mr. Geo. Lewis and Mr. J. W. Bell took part.
Philip Bennett, Wm. Keble, F. Carter, St. E. H. Smith, J. B. Balf, Mr.
services were continued on the three following Sundays, in which Revs.
Manchester, was the preacher, and the Church was full. The opening

Order of Services for this day.



MORNING at 10-30 :

Preacher - Rev. PHILIP BENNETT

(Of Wakefield).

Mr. Bennett initiated the scheme for the building of this Church.

ORGANIST: Mr. FRANK HARDY, a former Organist.

CONDUCTOR: Mr. HARRY RYDER, a former Choirmaster.

No. 1 Hymn.

TUNE—*Edwinstow.* (139 A. W.)

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

~~My flesh would rest in thine abode ;
My panting heart cries out for God ;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee ?~~

Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace ;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set,
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PRAYER—LORD'S PRAYER CHANTED.

ANTHEM BY THE CHOIR—"The Wilderness."

Goss.

Recit. : Mr. H. RYDER.

Trio : Miss A. HULME.

Mr. E. HARDY.

„ H. RYDER.

Recit. : Mr. M. RYDER.

FIRST LESSON.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

By permission from "Heart and Voice," published
by W. Nicholson & Son, Ltd.

ANYWHERE with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere He leads me in this world below ;
Anywhere without Him, dearest joys would fade,
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

Anywhere ! Anywhere !
Fear I cannot know ;
Anywhere with Jesus
I can safely go.

Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone,
Other friends may fail me, He is still my own ;
Tho' His hand may lead me over thorny ways,
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

Anywhere ! Anywhere ! etc.

Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the darkling shadows round about me creep ;
Knowing I shall waken never more to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home.

Anywhere ! Anywhere ! etc.

SECOND LESSON.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

No. 2 Hymn.

TUNE—"Alice." (24 A. U.M.) Composed by H. Ryder.

m **G**O, labour on : spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will :
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?

Go, labour on : whate'er thy lot ;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain :
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises : what are men ?

Go, labour on : enough while here
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer ;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

m Go, labour on : (*p*) your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown !

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For work comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, 'Behold I come'

SERMON.

ANTHEM BY THE CHOIR.

"Send out Thy Light." *Gounod.*

COLLECTION.

No. 3 Hymn.

TUNE—*Sovereignty.* (1030 U.M. and 947 A. W.)

I'LL praise my maker while I've breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PRAYER.

AFTERNOON SERVICE at 2-30.

RE-UNION of past and present Teachers, Scholars
and Members of the Congregation.

ORGANIST : Mr. JOSEPH WILLCOCK, A.R.C.O., the
Senior Organist formerly connected with this
Church, who also "opened" the present
Organ 36 years ago.

CONDUCTOR : Mr. JAMES ELLIS, the Senior Choir-
master formerly connected with this Church.

CHAIRMAN - MR. M. PICKARD

(OF BROUGHTON), CIRCUIT STEWARD.

No. 4 Hymn.

TUNE—"Shepherd." (5 O.B.)

Composed by J. Wilcock, A.R.C.O.

PRAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in His praise ;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

He formed the stars, those heavenly flames ;
He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds along the sky ;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

But saints are lovely in His sight ;
He views His children with delight ;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there.

PRAYER—LORD'S PRAYER CHANTED.

ANTHEM BY THE CHOIR.

"O Give Thanks." *Sir George Elvey.*

CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS.

Mr. PICKARD.

No. 5 Hymn.

TUNE—"Southport." (133 O.B.I.)

SING to the Lord our might,
With holy fervour sing ;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our Heavenly King.

This is His holy house,
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

The Sabbath to our sires'
In mercy first was given ;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness ;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless.

Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill
And He that Israel then supplied
Will help His Israel still.

SHORT ADDRESS

Mr. ROBERT H. HARDY

(A former Sunday School Superintendent).

No. 6 Hymn.

TUNE—"Diadem." (663 A. W. 995 U. M. 203 N. S.)

ALL hail the power of Jesu's 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 chosen seed of Israel's 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.
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

SHORT ADDRESS

Mr. THOMAS TAYLOR

(One of the earliest Scholars of the Sunday School).

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

By permission of J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.

WE sing our song of jubilee,
Our voices rising loud and free ;
And with the notes of sweet accord
We praise our ever blessed Lord.

Singing together, singing together,
Teachers and scholars gladly unite ;
Singing together, singing together,
Jesus our song, and His praise our delight.

We praise Him for His mercies past,
On Him our ev'ry care we'll cast ;
May He who guards our youthful way
Protect us, lest we go astray.

Singing together, etc.

Our Sabbath schools, oh, may He bless,
And guard the lambs with tenderness ;
Bringing us safely when we die,
To our good Shepherd's fold on high.

Singing together, etc.

SHORT ADDRESS

Mr. GEORGE LEWIS,

Of Southport (formerly a Sunday School Teacher).

ANTHEM BY THE CHOIR.—"And the Glory."
Messiah.

COLLECTION.

No. 7 Hymn.

TUNE—"Sagiora." (1029 U.M. 616 A. W.)

LEADER of faithful souls and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely ;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place ;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

We have no biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Sion we return,
Contending for our native heaven ;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

Raised by the breath of love Divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed,
The Church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God,
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

BENEDICTION.

Tea at 4-30 in the adjoining School.

EVENING SERVICE at 6-0 :

Preacher - Rev. PHILIP BENNETT

(Of Wakefield).

ORGANIST - MR. PETER WHITEHEAD,

A FORMER ORGANIST.

CONDUCTOR - COUNCILLOR A. BENNETT,

PRESENT CHOIRMASTER.

INTROIT BY CHOIR—"Day is Dying."

TUNE—"Sennen." (924 U.M.)

DAY is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest ;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

∫ Holy, holy, holy, (f) Lord God of hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high.

When for ever from our sight,
Pass the stars, the day, the night ;
Lord of Angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morn arise
And shadows end.

Holy, holy, holy, etc. Amen.

No. 8 Hymn.

TUNE—"Grosvenor." (59 W. 471 U.M.)

LORD God by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to birth are
brought,

In whom no change is known !
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part ;
Still, still Thou art our own.

Ancient of Days ; we dwell in Thee ;
Out of Thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought ;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee, who changest not.

Each steadfast promise we possess ;
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love ;
The unfailing Helper close we clasp,
The everlasting arms we grasp,
Nor from the refuge move.

Spirit who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward ; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime.
'Neath Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

Darkness and dread we leave behind,
New light, new glory still we find,
New realms divine possess :
New births of grace new raptures bring ;
Triumphant, the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.

To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest,
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still Thou art our abode.
The rapture swells, the wonder grows
As full on us new life still flows
From our unchanging God.

PRAYER—LORD'S PRAYER CHANTED.

ANTHEM BY THE CHOIR.

"God our Refuge." *Jarman.*

SOLO - Miss A. TETLOW.

SEMI-CHORUS :

Miss M. SMITH, Mrs. HAMPSON, Mr. R. BOOTHMAN,
Mr. F. CORDWELL.

FIRST LESSON.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Copyright : By permission of H. E. Nichol, Baker Street, Hull.

WHAT are you building brother,
So busily day by day ?
Is it a mighty castle of stone ?
Is it a house of clay ?
Whose is the plan you build on ?
What are the stones and lime ?
Is it based on the Rock of eternity,
Or the sands of the shores of time ?

Then build on the Rock, the Rock that ever
stands,
O build on the Rock, and not upon the sands ;
You need not fear the storm or the earth-
quake shock,
You're safe for evermore if you build on the
Rock.

What are you building brother,
You work at it every day ;
Something is added, something is changed,
Something is cast away.
Is it a house of pleasure ?
Is it a house of sin ?
Or a temple divine for the Light of lights
To descend and abide within ?
Then build, etc.

Brother a time is coming
When all shall be tried by fire ;
Storms of the world shall beat on your house,
Winds of a fierce desire.
Then, if you based it wrongly,
Great will the ruin be ;
But if built on the firm and unchanging Rock
It will stand for eternity.
Then build, etc.

Build on the Rock, then, brother,
How grandly it towers above !
Piercing the clouds and the starry skies,
Lost in the heights of Love !
Heaven and earth shall perish,
Grow like a garment old ;
But the Rock is the same, and it shall not fail,
Through the ages of time untold.
Then build, etc.

SECOND LESSON.

SACRED SONG.—“The Perfect Life.”

Mr. JAMES ELLIS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

No. 9 Hymn.

TUNE—“Pentecost.” (370 U.M. 846 B.)

WE rose to-day with anthems sweet,
To sing before the mercy-seat,
And ere the darkness round us fell,
We bade the grateful vespers swell.

Whate'er has risen from heart sincere,
Each upward glance of filial fear,
Each true resolve, each solemn vow,
Jesus, our Lord! accept them now.

Whate'er beneath Thy searching eyes
Has wrought to spoil our sacrifice,
'Mid this sweet stillness while we bow,
Jesus, our Lord! forgive us now:

And teach us erring souls to win,
And hide their multitude of sin;
To tread in Thy long-suffering way,
And grow more-like Thee day by day.

So as our Sabbaths hasten past,
And rounding years bring nigh the last;
When sinks the sun behind the hill,
When all the weary wheels stand still;

p When by our bed the loved ones weep,
And death-dews o'er the forehead creep,
And vain is help or hope from men;
f Jesus, our Lord! receive us then.

SERMON.

ANTHEM BY THE CHOIR.

“Hail, Blessed Morn.” *J. Robertshaw.*

DUET: MRS. P. HOPE and
MISS D. SPITTLEHOUSE.

COLLECTION.

No. 10 Hymn.

TUNE—“Zalmonah.” (6 A. U.M. 90 A W.)

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain—
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

Father, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far,
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

O Love, Thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy! cries.

With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be
gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn—
On this my steadfast soul relies:
Father, Thy mercy never dies!

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

PRAYER.

VESPER HYMN.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears. Amen.

Will our friends please remember that these Services
will be continued next Sunday, to which a
hearty invitation is given.

MORNING AT 10-30. EVENING AT 6 O'CLOCK.

PREACHER :

Rev. Prof. J. T. BREWIS,

B.A., B.D., The College, Manchester.

AFTERNOON AT 2-30 :

CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

SHORT ADDRESSES will be given by

Mr. G. PARKINSON and Mr. J. H. HIGHAM.

CHAIRMAN - Mr E. JOHNSON.

Persons desirous of staying to Tea next Sunday are kindly requested
to inform a Steward at the conclusion of this Service.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Harvest Thanksgiving Services, Sept. 19, 1915

Afternoon at 2-30. PREACHER : Rev. G. PORTER CHAPPLE.

Evening at 6-0. PREACHER : Rev. D. W. MURPHY.

SPECIAL SOLOIST : Madame GERTRUDE WESTON.

Chapel Anniversary, November 7th, 1915,

Afternoon at 2-30. PREACHER : Rev. A. E. REAYLEY.

Evening at 6-0. PREACHER : Mr. W. T. POSTLETHWAITE,
LL.B., BARRISTER AT LAW.

SPECIAL SOLOIST : Madame BERTHA JONES.

Annual Tea Meeting, November 13th, 1915.