

Brantford Congregational Church.

DUFFERIN



RIFLE SERVICE.

Sunday Morning, **38** October 7, at 11 a.m.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
And there, our voice upraising
With all the heavenly host,
Sing praise to God the Father,
The Son, and Holy Ghost.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day.

Come, tend'rest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:

Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow
Cheer us this hour.

Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound,
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend
While heavenward bound.

COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

Jesus, our Lord, arise:
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall:
Let thine almighty aid,
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed:
Lord, hear our call.

Come Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

To the Great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore:
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.