

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst bear Thy Cross for us, help us to take up our Cross, and to bear it after Thee; that so, walking in Thy footsteps, and being made like unto Thee through suffering, we may attain to Thy kingdom and see Thee in Thy glory; where, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, Thou livest and reignest, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

GRANT, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of Thy blessed Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections we may be buried with Him; and that, through the grave and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for His merits, Who died and was buried and rose again for us, Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O MERCIFUL God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is the resurrection and the life; in Whom whosoever believeth shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in Him, shall not die eternally; Who also hath taught us, by His holy Apostle Saint Paul, not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in Him; We meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest in Him, as our hope is this our *brother* doth; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in Thy sight; and receive that blessing, which Thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear Thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of My Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world: Grant this, we beseech Thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. *Amen.*

10 Hymn

"THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING"

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sigh'd for,
The fair sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

Oh, CHRIST He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love.
I'll bless the Hand that guided,
I'll bless the Heart that plann'd,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

I shall sleep sound in JESUS,
Fill'd with His likeness rise
To live and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes.
The King of kings in Zion
My presence doth command,
With Him, where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land. *Amen.*

11 Benediction

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

ORGANIST, E. R. BOWLES

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