

RE-OPENING SERVICES

OF THE

Unitarian Chapel and Schools, Preston,

7th MAY, 1882,

CONDUCTED BY

MONCURE D. CONWAY, M.A.,

OF SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL, FINSBURY, LONDON.

HYMN I.

All are architects of Fate,
 Working in these walls of Time;
 Some with massive deed and great,
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.
 Nothing useless is or low,
 Each thing in its place is best;
 And what seems but idle show,
 Strengthens and supports the rest.
 For the structure that we raise
 Time is with materials filled;
 Our to-days and yesterdays
 Are the blocks with which we build.
 Build to-day then strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

LONGFELLOW.

Reading.

HYMN II.

Go mark the rill, the new-born,
 Trickling from mossy bed;
 The heath-clad hill just streaking
 With a bright emerald thread.
 Can'st thou her course foreshadow,—
 What rocks o'erleap or rend,
 How far in swell of ocean
 Her freshening billows send?
 E'en so a truth e'er springeth
 In silence, where it will,
 Springs out of sight, and floweth
 At first a lonely rill.
 But by and by streams meet it,
 From sympathetic hearts,
 Thousands together swelling
 Their chant of many parts.

FROM KEBLE.

MEDITATION.

HYMN III.

Be true to every inmost thought ;
Be as thy thought, thy speech ;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Show forth Thy light ! If conscience gleam,
Cherish the rising glow :
The smallest spark may shed its beam
O'er thousand hearts below.

Guard thou the fact ! Though clouds of night
Down on Thy watch tower stoop ;
Though Thou should'st see Thine hearts' delight
Borne from Thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind ! Though safer seem
In shelter to abide ;
We were not made to sit and dream ;
The true must first be tried.

Discourse.—“Individual & Species.”

OFFERTORY.

HYMN IIII.

There's a strife we all must wage,
From life's entrance to its close ;
Blest the bold who dare engage,
Woe for him who seeks repose.

Honoured they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round ;
God's own banner in their hand,
In his service faithful found.

What our foes ? each thought impure ;
Passions fierce that tear the soul ;
Every ill that we can cure ;
Every crime we can control.

Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage ;
Every evil of our land ;
Every error of our age,

BULFINCH.

Benediction.

EVENING SERVICE.

HYMN I.

Fair lilies of Jerusalem,
Ye wear the same array
As when imperial Judah's stem
Maintained its regal sway ;
By sacred Jordan's desert tide
As bright ye blossom on
As when your simple charms outvied
The pride of Solomon.
Ye flourished when the captive band,
By prophets warned in vain,
Were led to far Euphrates' strand
From Jordan's pleasant plain ;
In hostile lands to weep and dream
Of things that still were free,
And sigh to see your golden gleam,
Sweet flowers of Galilee !
Ye have survived Judea's throne,
Her temple's overthrow,
And seen proud Salem sitting 'lone,
A widow in her woe :
But, lilies of Jerusalem,
Through every change ye shine ;
Your golden urns, unfading gem
The fields of Palestine !

STRICKLAND.

Meditation.

HYMN II.

Thanks, ever thanks, for all this common life
Can give of rest and joy amidst its strife ;
For earth and trees and sea and clouds and springs ;
For work, and all the lessons that it brings.
For Pisgah gleams of ever fairer truth,
Which ever ripening still renews our youth ;
For fellowship with noble souls and wise,
Whose hearts beat time to music of the skies.
For each achievement human toil can reach ;
For all that patriots win, and poets teach ;
For the old light that gleams on history's page,
For the new hope that shines on each new age.
May we to these our lights be ever true,
Find hope and strength and joy for ever new,
To heavenly visions still obedient prove,
The Eternal Law, writ by the Almighty Love !

F. M. WHITE.

Reading.

ANTHEM.

Up, sad heart! a Friend is near thee. Love greets thee, and on thy joyless way joy is thy companion. Through love shall my heart rise pure, an offering to the great Heart. Sing then, as thou journeyest, and abide evermore beneath the protecting shade of love.

KASSIM-OL-ENWAR.

Discourse.—“The Wounded Christ.”

OFFERTORY.

HYMN III.

Do not crouch to-day, and worship
The old Past whose life is fled;
Hush your voice to tender reverence,
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours;
Honour her, for she is mighty!
Honour her, for she is ours!

See the shadows of his heroes
Girt about her cloudy throne,
Every day her ranks are strengthened
By great hearts to him unknown;
Noble things the great Past promised,
Holy dreams both strange and new;
But the Present shall fulfil them,
What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her
Is the lustre of his name;
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living, on his grave she stands,
On her brow she wears his laurels,
And his harvest in her hands.

Coward! Can she reign and conquer
If we thus her glory dim?
Let us fight for her as nobly
As our fathers fought for him!
God, who crowns the dying ages,
Bids her rule, and us obey;
Bids us cast our lives before her;
Bids us serve the Great to-day.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Benediction.