



Robert Edwin Emmanuel Whitaker,

Vicar of Maghull

(1907-1931).

Entered into Rest,

18th May, 1931.

Order of Service.

SENTENCES.

HYMN 730 (A. & M.)

Faithful Shepherd, feed me
In the pastures green ;
Faithful Shepherd, lead me
Where Thy steps are seen.

Hold me fast, and guide me
In the narrow way ;
So, with Thee beside me,
I shall never stray.

Daily bring me nearer
To the heav'nly shore ;
Make my faith grow clearer,
May I love Thee more.

Hallow every pleasure,
Every gift and pain ;
Be Thyself my treasure,
Though none else I gain.

Day by day prepare me
As Thou seest best,
Then let Angels bear me
To Thy promised rest. Amen.

PSALM XXXIX.

I said, I will take heed to my ways : that I offend not in my tongue.

I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle : while the ungodly is in my sight.

I held my tongue, and spake nothing : I kept silence, yea, even from good words ; but it was pain and grief to me.

My heart was hot within me, and while I was thus musing the fire kindled : and at the last I spake with my tongue ;

Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days : that I may be certified how long I have to live.

Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long : and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee ; and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain : he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what is my hope : truly my hope is even in thee.

Deliver me from all mine offences : and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

I became dumb, and opened not my mouth : for it was thy doing.

Take thy plague away from me : I am even consumed by the means of thy heavy hand.

When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment : every man therefore is but vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling : hold not thy peace at my tears.

For I am a stranger with thee : and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength : before I go hence, and be no more seen.

LESSON—I CORINTHIANS xv. 20.

ADDRESS.

HYMN 230 (A. & M.)

There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good Angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious Throne
Ten thousand Saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred Wound
In Hands, and Feet, and Side ;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

PRAYERS.

LORD'S PRAYER.

COLLECTS.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace :
according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen : thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared : before the face of all people ;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles : and to be the glory
of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy
Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be :
world without end. Amen.

