

**OPENING SERVICE
OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE
NO. 369A**

Monday, March 18, 1861

NEWINGTON.

MORE than 1,000 persons assembled at 7 in the morning on Monday, March 18th, to offer solemn prayer. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon presided, and first addressed the throne of grace; he was followed by one of the deacons, Mr. W. Olney, and one of the elders, Mr. H. Hanks; a student, Mr. Tubb; E. Ball, Esq., M.P. for Cambridgeshire; and Mr. G. Moore, deacon of the church. Fervency and intense earnestness marked every petition, and the brethren separated with a firm belief that the Lord would be with us.

The hymns to be used during the Dedication Service are printed as a penny hymn-book, but as many will not be able to obtain it, we subjoin two of the hymns sung at this first meeting. The first was composed by J. Tritton, Esq., for the occasion, and the second is a specimen of that joyous gospel which we trust will long be proclaimed within our hallowed walls—

*Spirit of glory and of grace,
Your favor we entreat,
You true Shekinah of the place,
Where true disciples meet.
Oh, let the labor of our hands
Be precious in your sight
And long as this our temple stands,
Your presence be its light.
Here float the gospel's banner wide
O'er faithful hearts and brave;
And here, O Jesus crucified,
Come forth in power to save!
Make bare Your arm, You King of saints,
To bring dead souls to life;
And when Your children's courage faints,
Renew them for the strife.
No Bochim this—a place of woe—
But Pisgah's holy steep;
Where dying ones their heaven shall know,
Ere yet they fall asleep.
While we who live shall urge the race,
If Jesus be but here,
Spirit of glory and of grace,
Revealing Christ, appear!*

*Saved from the damning power of sin,
The law's tremendous curse
We'll now the sacred song begin
Where God began with us.
We'll sing the vast unmeasured gram
Which, from the days of old,
Did all His chosen sons embrace,
A sheep within His fold.
The basis of eternal love*

*Shall mercy's frame sustain;
 Earth, hell, or sin, the same to move,
 Shall all conspire in vain.
 Sing, O you sinners bought with blood,
 Hail the great Three in One
 Tell how secure the covenant stood
 Ere time its race begun.
 Ne'er had you felt the guilt of sin
 Nor sweets of pardoning love,
 Unless your worthless names had been
 Enrolled to life above.
 O what a sweet exalted song
 Shall rend the vaulted skies,
 Then, shouting grace, the blood-washed throng
 Shall see the Topstone rise.*

The Bazaar was held during the week, and crowned with abundant success. On Monday, March 25th, the Rev. O. Rogers presided over the second prayer-meeting, and addressed the brethren in a sweet and savory manner upon, "The house of God, the gate of heaven."

The first sermons, it will be observed, are admirably adapted to be companion sermons, but the ministers were quite unaware as to what text each had selected.

Adapted from *The C. H. Spurgeon Collection*, Version 1.0, Ages Software.

**PLEASE PRAY THE HOLY SPIRIT WILL USE THESE FEW WORDS
 TO BRING MANY TO A SAVING KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS CHRIST.**

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