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A Call to worship.

S. M.

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own;
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His works, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, as the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

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S. M.

Creating love and redeeming grace.

FATHER in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory power and praise receive
Of Thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to
Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace.

4 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choir, proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

5 Spirit of Holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

6 Eternal, Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And dwell upon Thy love.

7 When heaven and earth are fled
Before Thy glorious face,
Sing, all the saints Thy love hath
Thine everlasting praise! (made,

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Genesis xxviii, 16-17.

6-8s.

LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this
place!

Let all within us feel His power,
And silent how before His face;
Who know His power, His grace
who prove, [ence love.
Serve Him with awe, with rever-

2 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful frag-
rance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign
will:

To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

3 As flowers their opening leaves dis-
play,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch Thy every ray,
So may Thy influence us inspire;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
Thou purging Fire, Thou quickening
Flame.

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Psalm xiv.

6-8s.

MY heart is full of Christ, and
longs

Its glorious matter to declare;
Of Him I make my loftier songs,
I cannot from His praise forbear;
My ready tongue makes haste to
sing

The glories of my heavenly King.

2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness Thou art:
Replenished are Thy lips with grace,
And full of love Thy tender heart;
God ever blest! we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

3 Come, and maintain Thy righteous
cause,

And let Thy glorious toil succeed;
Dispread the victory of Thy cross,
Ride on, and prosper in Thy deed;
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in every heart alone.