

NO BOOK LIKE THE BIBLE. Concluded.

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2 It tells of man's creation,
His sad primeval fall;
It tells of man's redemption,
Thro' Christ who died for all.
In sacred words of wisdom,
It bids us watch and pray,
And early come to Jesus,
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

3 O, let us love the Bible,
And praise it more and more;
Our life is like a shadow,
Our days will soon be o'er.
But if we closely follow
The counsel God has given,
We then may hope with angels
To sing his praise in heaven.

COME TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

1 Come, come, to the Sunday School, Where we learn the gold-en rule; Brothers, sis-ters, quickly come, Your hearts to Jesus bring-ing.
2 Come, come, to the house of prayer, Many child-ren meet you there; Brothers, sis-ters, quickly come, Of Je-sus sweetly sing-ing.

Chorus.

Come, quickly come, come, quickly come, Come, quickly come, to the Sunday School, come, come, come.

3 Haste, haste, to your heavenly home,
Where we'll stand by the golden throne;
Saints and angels lead the song,
Of Jesus sweetly singing.

4 There, there, we will meet again,
Where we're free from sin and pain;
Brothers, sisters there we'll join,
Of Jesus sweetly singing.