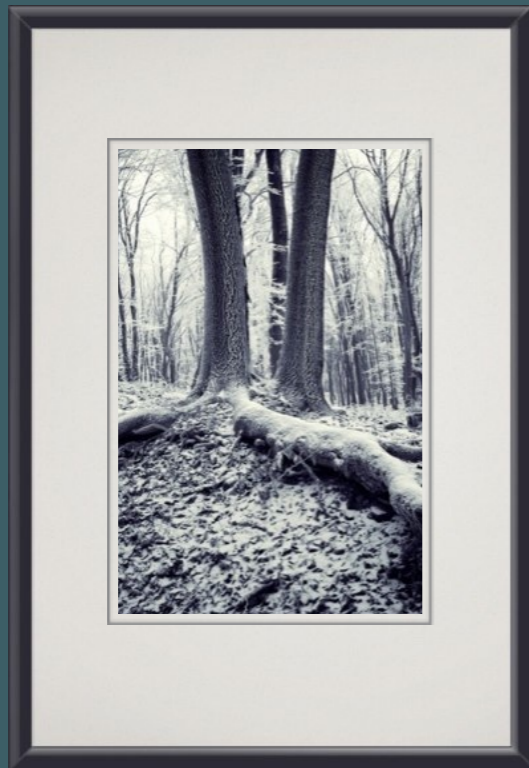


February



NH 397

An Upper Room

Communion



John 13: 4,5

Mark 10: 42-45

Luke 22:15-16, 24-27

An upper room did our Lord prepare
For those He loved until the end:
And His disciples still gather there,
To celebrate their risen Friend.

Fred Pratt Green



And after supper He washed their feet,
For service too, is sacrament.
In Him our joy shall be made complete
Sent out to serve, as He was sent.



A lasting gift Jesus gave His own:
To share His bread, His loving cup.
Whatever burdens may bow us down,
He by His cross shall lift us up.




No end there is! We depart in peace.
He loves beyond our utter most:
In every room in our Father's house,
He will be there, as Lord and host.

As Birds Unto the Genial Homeland

Exodus 16: 4-7, 14-30

Sabbath



As birds unto the genial homeland fly,
The winter's cold and low'ring skies to flee,
So seeks my soul Thy gracious presence here
And finds, O God, its rest and peace in Thee.

Max Grauman



Here at Thy shrine we leave all vexing care,
For get the disappointment, grief and tear,
And on the wings of hopeful song and prayer
We rise, and rising feel Thy Spirit here.



Bless all who spend this night in pain and woe,
The burdened heart, the fainting, and distressed,
Thy comfort send to darkened homes bereaved,
Thy saving help to those by want oppressed.



Come, Sabbath joy, each trusting heart now fill,
And blissful peace within our homes abide,
May thankful praise each grateful heart now thrill,
And to God's loving care their lives confide.

At Calvary

Romans 5: 5-17

Colossians 1: 19-23

Ephesians 1: 7.8

Years I spent in vanity and pride,
Caring not my Lord was crucified,
Knowing not it was for me
He died on Calvary.

William Newell

Refrain

Mercy there was great,
and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul
found liberty at Calvary.

By God's Word at last
my sin I learned;
Then I trembled at
the law I'd spurned,
Till my guilty soul imploring
turned to Calvary.

Refrain

Mercy there was great,
and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul
found liberty at Calvary.

Now I've given to Jesus everything,
Now I gladly own Him as my King,
Now my raptured soul
can only sing of Calvary!

Refrain

Mercy there was great,
and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul
found liberty at Calvary.

Oh, the love that
drew salvation's plan!
Oh, the grace that
brought it down to man!
Oh, the mighty gulf
that God did span at Calvary!

Refrain

Mercy there was great,
and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul
found liberty at Calvary.

Art Thou Weary?

Matthew 26: 35-50

1 Corinthians 1:18

Luke 23: 22

Are you weary, are you languid,
Are you sore distress'd?
“Come to me,” saith One,
“and, coming, be at rest.”

John Mason Neale, trans.



Has he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?

“In his feet and hands are wound-
prints, and his side.”



Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
“Yes, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”



If I find him, if I follow,
What his promise here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”



If I still hold closely to him,
What has he at last?
“Sorrow vanquished,
labor ended,
Jordan passed.”



If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
“Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.”





Finding, foll'wing, keeping,
struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
“Saints, apostles, prophets,
martyrs
Answer, Yes.”



My Jesus as Thou Wilt

Psalms 40: 7,8

Hebrews 13: 20, 21

Colossians 1: 9,10

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh, may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own;
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

Benjamin Schmolk

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee;
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

Praying for our Youth



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