

Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject

Spiritual "To Do List"
(things God has shown me today)

Enter to Worship. Depart to Serve.

Once to ev'ry man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth and falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, some great decision,
Off'ring each the bloom or blight,
And the choice goes by forever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

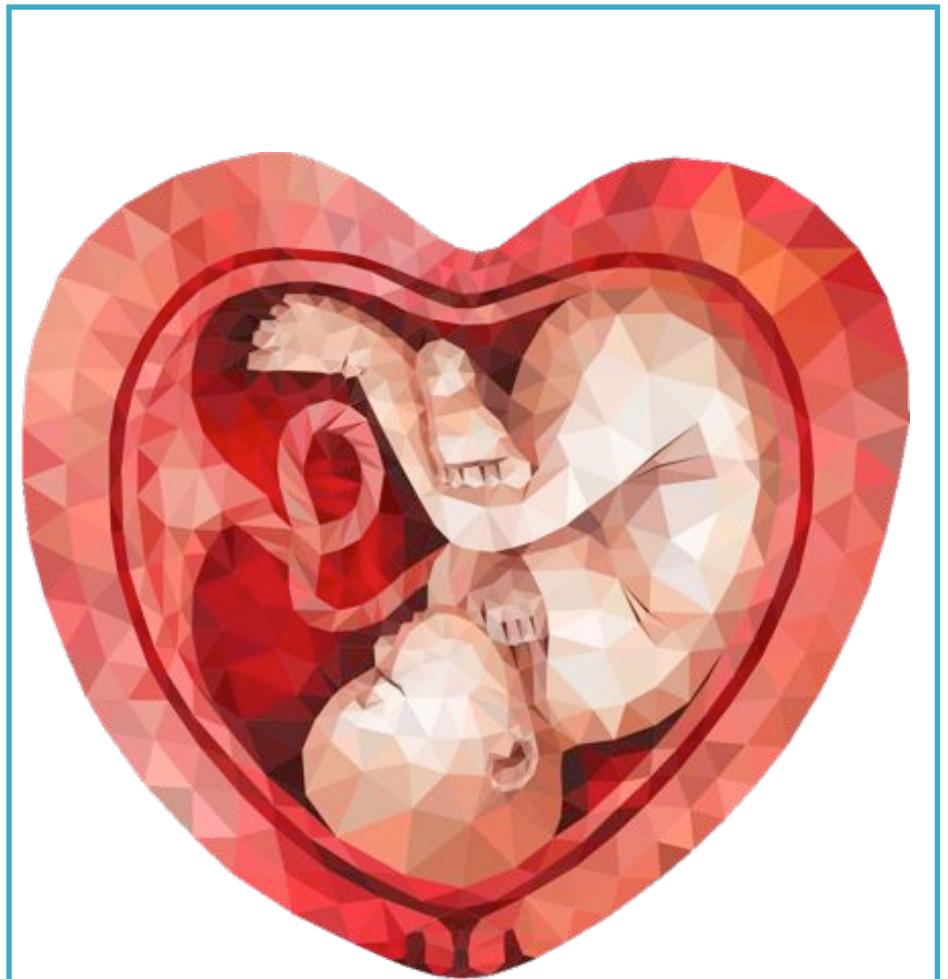
Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

By the light of burning martyrs,
Christ, Thy bleeding feet we track,
Toiling up new Calv'ries ever
With the cross that turns not back;
New occasions teach new duties,
Ancient values test our youth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.

Tho' the cause of evil prosper,
Yet the truth alone is strong;
Tho' her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong:
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

—James Russell Lowell

GRAPHIC - WATERCOLOR BY CONNOR POGUE



**The God who made the world
and all things in it...
gives life and breath to all people,
and He satisfies every need.
Acts 17:24, 25**

I Belong to the King

IDA L. REED

MAURICE A. CLIFTON

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell in His
 2. I be-long to the King, and He loves me I know, For His mer-cy and
 3. I be-long to the King, and His prom-ise is sure, That we all shall be

pal-ace so fair; For He tells of its bliss in yon heav-en a-bove, And His
 kind-ness so free Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine where-so-ev-er I go, And my
 gath-ered at last In His king-dom a-bove, by life's wa-ters so pure, When this

CHORUS

chil-dren in splen-dor shall share.
 Ref-uge un-fail-ing is He. I be-long to the King, I'm a
 life with its tri-als is past.

child of His love, And He nev-er for-sak-eth His own. He will call me some-

day to His pal-ace a-bove. I shall dwell by His glo-ri-fied throne.

He Hideth My Soul

FANNY J. CROSSY

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Lord. A won-der-ful
 2. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Lord. He tak-eth my
 3. With num-ber-less bless-ings each mo-ment He crowns; And, filled with His
 4. When, clothed in His bright-ness, trans-port-ed, I rise To meet Him in

Sav-iour to me. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
 bur-den a-way. He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved. He
 full-ness di-vine, I sing in my rap-ture; "Oh, glo-ry to God For
 clouds of the sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll

CHORUS

riv-ers of pleas-ure I see.
 giv-eth me strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock
 such a Re-deem-er as mine!"
 about with the mil-lions on high.

That shad-ows a dry, thirst-y land. He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love.

And cov-ers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.