

Forever in all places, our God is the same,
He unto all nations has promised His name,
He is kind unto all, He knows we are dust,
His goodness will lead us to heaven, I trust.
Separation from friends, not long shall we mourn,
On the wings of Old Time we are rapidly borne,
When our hands are all run, by his, yet he we must fall,
For swift to oblivion he hurries us all!
If far from our loved ones we're destined to die,
Hope points to re-union in mansions on high.
God grant us in heaven a home and a rest,
When ever and ever we all may be blest."

Aug 9th

"Although the fig-tree shall not flourish,
And there be no producing in the vines;
The fruit of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no food;
The flocks shall be cut off from the fold,
And there be no herd in the stalls;
Yet will I rejoice in Jehovah,
I will exult in the God of my salvation.
He will make my feet like hind's feet,
He will cause me to tread on mine high places."

Sept. 15th