

Taking out of the Scroll.

(The Congregation standing.)

The Minister.

No one is like unto Thee, O God ; Thy workings are incomparably mighty. Thy kingdom is for all the eternities, and Thy truth encompasseth all the ages. Thou rulest to-day, as Thou didst yesterday, and Thy dominion embraceth the times yet to be. O Lord, give strength unto Thy people, and bless them that worship Thee, with Thy peace.

(Taking the Scroll from the Ark.)

From Sinai's height, God's light flashed forth, and Seir's peak was set aglow ; and lofty Paran's mountain-range took luster new, when God proclaimed His Sacred Word. The waters where they strove at Qadesh, flowed forth a symbol of new peace. Creation then its purpose learned, and man—its king, then was installed.

The Congregation.

תּוֹרָה צִוְּה־לָנוּ מֹשֶׁה מוֹרֶשֶׁה קְהֵלֶת יַעֲקֹב :

The Minister.

The Lord's prophetic word is guidance for our paths. It is a lamp unto our feet. A sacred heritage it is unto the house of Jacob.

(The Congregation is seated.)

Reading of the Scriptural Lesson.

(Leviticus, xix, 1-37.)

Reading of the Haphṭarah.

(Selections from the Book of Jonah.)

HYMN.

Though God has veiled His purpose
From our unseeing eyes,
He bids us hope unceasing—
The weakling as the wise.

He makes the glowing future
To blossom from the Now ;
Of ills He coineth blessings,
Although we know not how.

And in the fiery furnace
Of sorrow and of loss,
His alchemy divorces
True metal from the dross.

As who would scan the pleasure,
The verdant vale's delights,
Must first, with steps untiring,
Ascend the mountain heights.

Mayhap to struggle onward,
With bruised and bleeding feet,
Ere half the weary journey
Before him be complete.

So rises Man, the pilgrim,
On lessons bought with pain,
And learns there is no losing
Without a greater gain.

Sermon.

HYMN.

We spend, O God, in Thine own courts
This day, and with Thy saints reside,
Who have no thought which is not Thine—
From eventide to eventide.

In Thy sustaining love, as now,
We would our weakness ever hide.
Each day we would devote to Thee
From eventide to eventide.

Not prayers alone, good deeds, high thoughts,
Kind words to neighbor at our side—
Each day this service we would hold
From eventide to eventide.

One hour thus spent in doing good
To fellow-men, by struggles tried,
Brings nearer Thee than praise intoned
From eventide to eventide.

And this day's grace will empty be
Unless life's day, whate'er betide,
Through love for man become God's own
From eventide to eventide.

Returning of the Scroll.

(The Congregation standing.)

The Minister.

Thy guiding law, O Lord, a priceless gem,
A tree of life it proves
For him who will embrace it.
Its way is blessedness
And all its paths are peace.

The Choir.

Thy guiding law, O Lord, a priceless gem,
A tree of life it proves
For him who will embrace it.
Its way is blessedness
And all its paths are peace.

(The Congregation is seated.)
