

To be taken Home

St. Peter's Church

Lindell Boulevard and Spring Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri

THE REVEREND EDWARD S. TRAVERS, D. D., RECTOR
CHARLES GALLOWAY, ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER

Third Sunday in Lent

MARCH 11, 1928

Hours of Services

Holy Communion.....7:30 a. m. Sunday School.....11:00 a. m.
(Holy Communion on first Sunday of Month)
Morning Prayer.....11:00 a. m.

Morning Prayer

Opening Voluntary: Prelude on "Shining Shore".....Barnes
Processional: Hymn 79.....Heinlein
Venite Crotch

The Psalms appointed for the Third Sunday in Lent are the 56th and 86th Psalms found on pages 393 and 431 of the Prayer Book.

Benedictus es Domine.....Martin

Blessed art Thou, O Lord God of our fathers, praised and exalted above all forever. Blessed art Thou for the name of Thy Majesty. Blessed art Thou in the temple of Thy Holiness. Blessed art Thou that beholdest the depths, and dwellest between the Cherubim. Blessed art Thou on the glorious throne of Thy Kingdom. Blessed art Thou in the firmament of heaven.

Benedictus Foote

Hymn 363.....Maker

Sermon.....The Rector

Offertory Anthem: "Still, Still with Thee".....Foote

Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh and the shadows flee; Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee! Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows, The solemn hush of nature newly born; alone with thee in breathless adoration, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn. As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean, The image of the morning star doth rest, So in this stillness thou beholdest only thine image in the waters of my breast. Still, still with thee! as to each new-born morning, A fresh and solemn splendor still is given, So doth this blessed consciousness waking, Breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and heaven. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber, Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer, Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'er shading, But sweeter still to wake and find thee there. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning, When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee; Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning, Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee!

Doxology.....Old Hundred

Recessional: Hymn 412.....Dykes

Closing Voluntary: "Epilogue".....Willan

The flowers on the altar today are given in memory of
Mrs. J. F. Frazee.