

444
Not in thy presence, earthly cares
Could tempt our hearts to stray.

HYMN

How did our praises and our prayers
Reviving zeal and joy impart
And every theme that tun'd our tongues
Was all thy praise and glory's part.

FOR

SUNDAY EVENING.

How in the preacher's warning voice
Did we his truths receive
Receive them with an humble mind
No more in our hearts with searching eyes

AGAIN the shades of night advance,
And close this blessed day,
For transient is earth's purest bliss,
And sabbaths pass away.

But in our hearts with searching eyes
Faintly we see
Lord, we thank thee, this day's lot
Was pleasing to us
And find them purer there.

We thank thy love for every grace
Which thou hast sent us
Oh ! may the truths this day has taught,
Each Christian grace increase :
For Lord, we thank thee, this day's lot
To us was health and peace.

Lord may our service thro' the week
And
No meaner pleasures from thy courts,
Sure led our steps away ;

Nor in thy presence, earthly cares
 Could tempt our hearts to stray.

How did our praises and our prayers,
 Reviving zeal impart;
 And every theme that tun'd our tongues,
 With fervour warm the heart?

How in the preacher's warning voice
 Did we his truths revere,
 Receive them with an humble mind,
 Not with a critic ear?

Nor sought we, in each sin condemn'd,
 To suit another's case;
 But in our own, with searching eye,
 Faithful each fault to trace.

Lord, if our service thro' the day,
 Was pleasing in thy sight,
 We thank thy love for every grace,
 That kept our hearts aright.

To day those solemn vows were paid,
 Which should our souls refine;
 Lord may our service thro' the week,
 And all our hearts be thine.