

EVENING HYMN.

HOW quick the passing hours have fled,
And days how fast they speed ;
And morning light, and evening shade,
With rapid haste succeed.

Still now the busy hand of toil,
Our sun lights other skies ;
To him whose favors on me smile,
My evening praises rise.

Of blessings which my life has brought,
I'm lost in the survey ;
For scarcely could I number out
The mercies of this day.

The health, the peace, the social joy,
My happy hours have shar'd ;

For all my wants a rich supply,
Was thro' this day prepar'd.

No irksome toil my time opprest,
Or sloth supinely lost ;
With social ease, it still was blest,
Or pleasing cares could boast.

I thank my God who led me on,
His statutes to pursue,
For any good my hand has done,
And all I wish'd to do.

And now I lay me down to rest,
Beneath his guardian care :
Unless his wisdom think it best,
No danger shall come near.