

MORNING

- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy,
Come, and leave me never,
Thine abode most lowly,
Only Thine for ever. Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1881.

Also the following :

- 290 Go, labour on.
556 My God, how endless is Thy love.
559 My God, is any hour so sweet.
621 Take my life and let it be.
664 When morning gilds the skies.
693 Every morning the red sun.

MID-DAY

16

C.M.

*'If any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will,
him He heareth.'* St. John ix. 31.

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, LORD, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.
- 2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care ;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.
- 3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought ;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.
- 4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea ;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.