

Original Poetry.

Carmina Liturgica;

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH.

N.B.—These Hymns are fitted to the Tunes used in Churches...

XXX.—THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT. C.M.

The Collect.

Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves...

I.

Thou seest, Lord, how weak the flesh is— How frail Thy children be...

II.

Defend, O God, our outward man— Our inward man controul: From evil deeds the body keep...

III.

Thy WILL, O THINE HOLY WILL decrees That every child of grace Should loathe each thought impure and vile...

IV.

Help, Lord, against the Adverse Power; Cast out the "venomous" Fox; O Father! send not hence Thy sons...

V.

Lord, help the hearts; by Birthright, Thine! Thy sons, by second Birth; May we profanely leave Thy Love, Nor barter Heaven for earth!

VI.

Have mercy, Lord!—We dare not claim "The crumbs" beneath Thy Board; Yet oh! vouchsafe "the children's bread!"

Magn. lxxviii. 40, and the Collect. Col. The Epistle (1 The. iv. 3). See the entire Epistle of the Day. The Gospel. First Morning Lesson (Gen. xxvii. 36), in connexion with Gen. xxv. 23, 24, and Hebrews xli. 16, 17, & The Gospel.

THE HAPPY FAMILY; OR TALENTS WELL EMPLOYED.

At the foot of a high mountain, and close to the entrance of a picturesque village, there stood, some few years since, a handsome country house. It was pleasantly situated, commanding not only a view of the grounds and plantations belonging to itself...

The house itself was large and commodious. A verandah extended along the front, to which creepers and flowering plants had been trained, and altogether, there was about it every appearance of elegance and wealth...

Though they were fully alive to the comforts and luxuries of their handsome house and fine garden, and thankful to the Giver of all good for the enjoyment they afforded them, yet all these blessings never for a moment made them forget that this pleasant place was not their rest, that they had no abiding city here...

Every morning, before breakfast, the inmates of the house assembled in the library for prayers, and Mr. Wilnot was in the habit of reading a portion of scripture, and explaining it to his household. The children, who breakfasted in the nursery at an earlier hour than their parents, were always sure to be ready when the bell rang for prayers...

"Oh, yes," said Helen, "I hope I shall not be an unprofitable servant; when I grow up, I suppose I shall have money of my own, and plenty of time, and things of all sorts to give away; these will be my talents; I will spend them all for the Lord, in doing good to the souls and bodies of my fellow-creatures, as papa said."

"My dear little boy," said Mrs. Wilnot, "nothing that you could do yourself could cause you to be taken to heaven when you die. Helen, can you repeat any verse on that subject?" "Oh, yes," said Helen, "When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say: We are unprofitable servants, we have done that which was our duty to do..."

"Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Mr. Wilnot then closed the book, and made some observations on what he had been reading. He said this parable was of great importance, and so far from being regarded as a story intended merely for amusement, was one which contained a lesson that all should lay well to heart. He explained to his family that the man travelling into a far country, represented the Lord Jesus Christ, and that by his servants were meant all the dwellers upon earth.

"What is the matter, Mary," exclaimed Mrs. Wilnot and the children in the same breath. "It was a moment or two before Mary could answer. At length she said, 'Oh, my dear father, I have just been to the village to take some soup to the poor woman you are so kind to, and when I was returning home and passing by the grocer's shop, the man called me in and told me that my dear young lady, whom I took care of for two years in my last place, is dead. He said it was a fever she had. Oh! my sweet young lady that I so dearly loved!—she was quite well a week since, and now—'"

Here poor Mary's tears burst out afresh, and she appeared in such distress that her mistress kindly told her she might go into her room until she became more composed; saying, that she herself would go out to walk with the children.

"If we only had a piano!" "This is pleasant," exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cozily in the rocking-chair, as the tea things were removed. The fire glowed in the grate, revealing a pretty and neatly-furnished sitting-room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying, what he had before all day anticipated, the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife, Esther, took her work and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he said, again taking a satisfactory survey of his snug little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt very grateful for all present comforts. "Now, if we only had a piano!" said the wife. "Give me the music of your sweet voice before all the pianos in creation," he declared complacently, despite a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

"Well but we want one for our friends," said Esther. "Let our friends come and see us and not to hear a piano!" exclaimed the husband. "But George, everybody has a piano now-a-days—we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano," persisted the wife.

"And yet I don't play what we want one for; you will have no time to play on one, and I don't like to hear it." "Why they are so fashionable—I think our room looks really made without one." "I think it looks just right."

"I think it looks very awkward—we want a piano shockingly," persisted Esther emphatically. The husband roared violently. "Your lamp smokes, my dear," he said, after a long pause. "When are you going to get an astral lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we need one," said Esther pettishly. "Those will do."

"But you know everybody now-a-days, wants astral lamps." "Those lamps are of the prettiest of the kind I ever saw, they were bought at Boston." "But George I do not think our room is complete without an astral lamp," said the wife sharply. "They are so fashionable; why the D's, and the B's, and A's, all have them. I am sure we ought to."

"Oh!" said Helen, "I wish we were all grown up, and then we should be able to spend our talents for this dear Saviour, and prepare to render him up our account when he comes to judge us!"

Mrs. Wilnot was going to say something in reply, when the sound of some sobbing outside made them all stop speaking. In another moment the door opened, and Mary the nursery-maid came into the room. She was dressed in her cloak and bonnet, and held her handkerchief to her eyes while she cried bitterly.

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Do, S. half 39, 8, 100. Do, S. half 40, 8, 100. Do, S. half 41, 8, 100.

Do, S. half 42, 8, 100. Do, S. half 43, 8, 100. Do, S. half 44, 8, 100.

Do, S. half 45, 8, 100. Do, S. half 46, 8, 100. Do, S. half 47, 8, 100.

Do, S. half 48, 8, 100. Do, S. half 49, 8, 100. Do, S. half 50, 8, 100.

Do, S. half 51, 8, 100. Do, S. half 52, 8, 100. Do, S. half 53, 8, 100.