

Thou didst love Thy mother here,  
 Make me gentle, kind and dear;  
 Thou wast subject to her word,  
 Teach me to obey, O Lord.

Fretful feelings, passion, pride,  
 Never did with Thee abide:  
 Make me watch myself to-day,  
 That they lead me not astray.

With Thee, Lord, I would arise,  
 To Thee look with opening eyes,  
 All the day be at Thy side,  
 Saviour, Pattern, King and Guide.

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## EVENING HYMN.

On the dark hill's western side  
 The last purple gleam has died,  
 Twilight to one solemn hue  
 Changes all, both green and blue.

In the fold and in the nest,  
 Birds and lambs are gone to rest;  
 Labour's weary task is o'er,  
 Closely shut the cottage door.

Saviour, ere in sweet repose  
 I my weary eyelids close,  
 While my mother through the gloom  
 Singeth from the outer room.

While across the curtain white,  
 With a dim uncertain light,  
 On the floor the faint stars shine,  
 Let my latest thought be Thine.