

Long may thy doors stand open, wide to all ;  
 " Wide as the heaven they lead to," yea and long  
 May solemn sounds, far from thy heltry borne  
 Upon the gentle undulating breeze,  
 Along the vales among the neighbouring hills,  
 Stir up the ling'ring worshipper to haste,  
 On days of rest from worldly toil and care :  
 And oft remind him of the awful sound,  
 Which shall arouse the dead, and change the quick,  
 And call them all to judgment, to be doom'd,  
 Th' unjust to endless woe--the just to rest.

PHILANDER.

---

### MORNING.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

With the bright orb that rules the day,

May I each morn arise—

And to the God of heaven pay

The morning sacrifice ;

The sacrifice that he hath said—

(And to his word he's kind)—

In singleness of heart if paid,

Should his acceptance find.

Ere the gay lark doth leave its nest,

Its matin hymn to pay—

May I—with my poor off'ring drest

In God's appointed way—

Ready beside his altar kneel,

To catch the living fire—

And inly see, and inly feel,

Its flame on high aspire.

Never, oh never may the flame,

Dwindle into a spark—

In any soul that owes thy name,

As pilot of its bark :

But may it burn in all, in each—

O God increase the flame—

That we may sit in heav'n, and reach

More knowledge of thy name.

SARAH.