

METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

Thou, God! enthron'd above the sky!
Behold us with a gracious eye—
And let thy faithful people share
The proofs of thy paternal care.

A thousand dang'rous ills we know
Both from our souls and bodies flow;

And we should suffer every hour
Without thy kind o'erruling pow'r.

O let thy goodness, Lord! avert
Those ills that would our bodies hurt;
And let thy sovereign grace controul
Each sinful passion of the soul.

Collect for the Sunday next before Easter.

Almighty and everlasting God, who of thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility; Mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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O God! thy tender love to man
Ten thousand gifts display;
But thro' redemption's wond'rous plan,
It shines with brightest ray.

For *this* thy only Son was sent,
Clothed in our mortal frame; *
This made him on the cross content
To suffer death and shame.

But all sufferings were designed
Sure moral to impart;

And first of all to teach mankind
Humility of heart.

May we, through him, those morals learn,
Grow humble, patient, mild;
Like him, no railing words return,
Tho' injured and reviled.

That we his true disciples are,
Thus may we ever prove—
And in his Resurrection share
The fruits of Faith and Love.

Collect for Easter Sunday.

Almighty God, who through thine only begotten Son Jesus Christ hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; We humbly beseech thee, that as by thy special grace preventing us, thou dost put into our minds good desires; so by thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect, through Jesus Christ our Lord; who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

When from the grave thy only Son,
O God! triumphant rose,
How glorious was the conquest gain'd
O'er man's inveterate foes.

O'er all the pow'rs of sin and death
May we victorious prove,
Since Christ hath opened wide the gate
To endless life above.

O let thy special grace, O God!
Our hearts with faith inspire,
And in the place of sinful lusts,
Implant each good desire.

Nor let these good desires decay
Before their fruits mature;
But with thy constant fost'ring care
Their perfect growth secure.

Collect for the first Sunday after Easter.

Almighty Father, who hast given thine only Son to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification; Grant us so to put away the leaven of malice and wickedness, that we may always serve thee in pureness of living and truth, through the merits of the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*