

THE SABBATH.

Ten thousand voices praise thy name
In earth and sea and sky ;
But fallen man by sin has marred
The blissful harmony.

Come, Lord, create our hearts anew ;
Our hearts of stone remove :
Then hymns of praise again shall rise,
The fruits of holy love.

O for the songs that thou wilt bless,
Where heart and voice agree ;
O for the prayers that plead aright
With thy dread Majesty.

HYMN 14.

For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived,
that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.
Romans xiv. 9.

S. M.

Again the Sabbath morn
Calls us to prayer and praise ;
Waking our hearts to gratitude
With its enlivening rays :

But Christ yet brighter shone,
Quenching the morning beam ;
When triumphing from death he rose,
And raised us up with him.

When first the world sprang forth,
In majesty arrayed,
And bathed in streams of purest light ;—
What power was there displayed !