

- 3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er ;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams ;
Our sins are swelling evermore ;
But pardoning grace still streams.
- 4 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight ;
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright !
- 5 Then may we bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou shouldst take us home.

T. H. GILL.

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S. M.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth, and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands ;
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might :
His every act pure blessing is,
His path, unsullied light.