

5. God is the treasure of my soul;
 the source of lasting joy,
 A joy which want shall not impair,
 nor death itself destroy.

XXXIII. MATTH. vi 9,—14.

1. **F**ATHER of all ! we bow to thee,
 who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd ;
 But present still thro' all thy works,
 the universal Lord.

2. For ever hallow'd be thy name
 by all beneath the skies ;
 And may thy kingdom still advance,
 till grace to glory rise.

3. A grateful homage may we yield,
 with hearts resign'd to thee ;
 And as in heav'n thy will is done,
 on earth so let it be.

From day to day, we humbly own
 the hand that feeds us still :

Give us our bread, and teach to rest :
 contented in thy will.

Our sins before thee we confess ;
 O may they be forgiv'n !

As we to others mercy shew,
 we mercy beg from Heav'n.

Still let thy grace our life direct ;
 from evil guard our way ;

And in temptation's fatal path
 permit us not to stray.

For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine ;
 (all glory's due to thee,)

Thine from eternity they were,
 and thine shall ever be.

XXXIV.