

Cast Thine eye of love and mercy
on the misery of the land :
Say to the destroying Angel :
" 'Tis enough : stay now thine hand."

In our homesteads, in our valleys,
through our pasture lands give peace ;
Through the Goshen of Thine Israel
bid the grievous murrain cease.

But, with deeper, tenderer pity,
call to mind, O Son of God,
Those in Thine own Image fashioned,
ransomed with Thy Precious Blood.

Hear and grant the supplications,
like a cloud of incense sent
Up toward Thy seat of mercy,
through the Forty Days of Lent ;

For the widow, for the orphan,
for the helpless, hopeless poor :
Helpless, hopeless, if Thou spare not
of their basket and their store.

So—while these her earnest accents,
day by day Thy Church repeats—
That our sheep may bring forth thousands
and ten thousands in our streets :

That our oxen, strong to labour,
may not know nor fear decay :
That there be no more complaining,
and the plague have passed away :

And, at last, to all Thy servants,
when earth's troubles shall be o'er,—
Threefold GODHEAD, give a portion
with Thyself for evermore. Amen.

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A BELL

LIFT it gently to the steeple,
Let our bell be set on high ;
There fulfil its daily mission,
Midway 'twixt the earth and sky.