

And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin ;  
And they who fain would serve Thee best  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou, too, art Man ;  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide ;

Thy touch has still its ancient power ;  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;  
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

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S E R M O N .

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OFFERTORY.

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20.—HYMN.

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,  
To Thee all praise and glory be ;  
How shall we show our love to Thee,  
Who givest all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air  
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare  
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,  
Who givest all.