

THE SABBATH.

HYMN 12.

FROM PSALM XCII.

L. M.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace how bright they shine,
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

O may I see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below,
May all my powers find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 13.

And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.—Genesis ii. 2.

C. M.

Blest is the seventh morn of light,
Hallowed for rest divine;
Yet, Lord, a new creation needs
That mighty power of thine.