DOMINION ALMANAC.

EVENING.



Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys gre w dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

III. I need thy presence every passing hour ;

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TYRS.

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- What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
- Who like Thyself my guide and strength can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, Lord abide with me.

II. trough manual level netted iv.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness; Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

v. Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

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