

While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise
 In grateful lays,
 Which ever brings us higher ;
 We clap our hands, exulting
 In thine almighty favour ;
 The love divine
 That made us thine
 Shall keep us thine for ever.
 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear,
 While thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation ;
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes,
 By thee we shall
 Break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.
 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The world despise,
 For that high prize
 Which thou hast set before us ;
 And, if thou count us worthy,
 We each, with dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right hand,
 To call us up to heaven.

HYMN 3.

Father, by thy love and power
 Comes again the evening hour :
 Light has vanish'd, labours cease,
 Weary creatures rest in peace ;
 Thou, whose genial dews distil
 On the lowliest weed that grows,
 Father, guard our couch from ill,
 Grant thy children sweet repose :
 We to thee ourselves resign,
 Let our latest thoughts be thine.
 Saviour, to thy Father bear
 This our feeble evening prayer :
 Thou hast seen how oft to-day
 We like sheep have gone astray ;
 Worldly thoughts and thoughts of pride,
 Wishes to thy cross untrue,
 Secret thoughts and undescried
 Meet thy spirit-piercing view ;
 Blessed Saviour, yet through thee
 Pray that we may pardon'd be.
 Holy Spirit, breath of balm,
 Fall on us in evening's calm ;
 Yet awhile, before we sleep,
 We with thee will vigils keep.
 Lead us on our sins to muse,
 Give us truest penitence ;
 Then the love of God infuse,
 Breathing humble confidence
 Melt our spirits, mould our will,
 Soften, strengthen, comfort still.