

DEW DROPS

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1900.

No 13.

AN EVENING SONG.

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make
known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to
waste!
My sins, how great their
sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the
past,
And strength for days to
come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head:
And through the hours of dark-
ness keep
Their watch around my
bed.

With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning, let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

