

EVENING MELODY.

THE following beautiful lines were published in a late "*Guardian*." As many of our readers may not have seen them, we transfer them to our columns:—"SUN."

FATHER of mercies, now
Another day is past,
And at thy footstool I would bow
To render thanks to thee, O Thou
Almighty first and last!

Whilst all the angelic throng
Unite in hymns above,
My voice thy praises shall prolong;
Thy glory and thy power *their* song.
But *mine* thy grace and love.

Hosannahs to thy name
The Cherubim address;
Kindle in me a kindred flame,
That I may sing a seraph's theme,
Although my love be less.

Melodious to my soul,
Thy praise flows from the sea—
Systems and suns thy might extol,
And farther than the farthest pole
Creation worships thee.