Sundays after Trinity.

2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,

No hand but Thine shall fill; The waters of the earth have failed.

And I am thirsty still.

- I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
 And here all day they rise;
 I seek the treasure of Thy love,
 And close at hand it lies.
- 4 And a new song is in my mouth,
 To long-loved music set;
 Glory to Thee for all the grace
 I have not tasted yet.

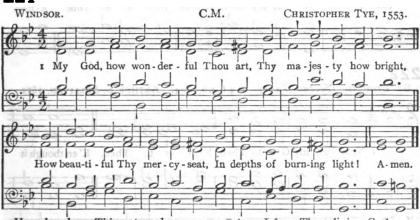
- 5 I have a heritage of joy,
 That yet I must not see;
 The hand that bled to make it mine
 Is keeping it for me.
- 6 There is a certainty of love
 That sets my heart at rest;
 A calm assurance for to-day,
 That to be poor is best;
- 7 A prayer, reposing on His truth, Who hath made all things mine, That draws my captive will to Him,

And makes it one with Thine.

Amen.

ANNA L. WARING, 1849.





2 How dread are Thine eternal years, O everlasting Lord; By prostrate spirits day and night

By prostrate spirits day and night Incessantly adored!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful, The sight of Thee must be, Thine endless wisdom, boundless power, And awful purity!

4 O how I fear Thee, living God, With deepest, tenderest fears, And worship Thee with trembling hope, And penitential tears!

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord, Almighty as Thou art,

For Thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart. Amen.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849.