I. CONSECRATION HYMNS.*

1 When Faith, too young for a sublimer creed,
   Her simple text from nature's volume taught,
   She 'wakened Melody, whose shell and reed,
   Though rude, upon her spirit gently wrought.
   But soon from sylvan altars she took wing,
   And music followed still the angel's flight;
   Savage no more, she touched a golden string,
   And sung of God, in Revelation's light.
   Lend, lend our chords, ye seraph-pair,
   The soul of Jesse's son,
   That we may in harmonious prayer,
   Exalt the Holy One!

* Hymns 1, 2, and 3 were sung at the consecration of
  the Synagogue of the Congregation Beth Elohim, on
  Friday, the 28th of Adar, A.M., 5601.
2 Girt in His lightning robe, God gave the law,  
From trembling Sinai, to His eldest-born;  
Tablets, that time from memory could not draw,  
A talisman in Judah's bosom worn.  
His spirit before thousands past,  
To one alone revealed;  
And 'mid the thunder's awful blast,  
Faith's covenant was sealed.

3 "Him first, Him last," Him let us ever sing,  
Whose promise yet the Hebrew pilgrim cheers;  
Who shall His wandering people once more bring  
Back to the glory of departed years.  
Bright pillar of our desert path,  
Through shame and scorn adored;  
Thy mercy triumphs o'er thy wrath,  
Creator, King, and Lord!

4 Lost is the pomp, that in the land of palms  
Thy regal temple on Moriah graced;  
No wreathing incense here Thy shrine embalm'd,  
No cherub-plumes are round its altars placed.  
Our censer is the "vital urn,"  
Our ark's upborne by zeal;  
To these, Almighty! wilt Thou turn  
At Israel's appeal.

5 Now, now let joyous Hallelujahs ring,  
The fallen casts her ashes far away;  
Behold another fane from ruin spring,  
In brighter and more beautiful array.

Enter in brotherly accord  
God's holy dwelling-place;  
Chastened in spirit and in word,  
There supplicate His grace.

6 Hear, O Supreme! our humble invocation;  
Our country, kindred, and the stranger bless!  
Bless, too, this sanctuary's consecration,  
Its hallowed purpose on our hearts impress.  
Still, still let choral harmony  
Ascend before Thy throne;  
While echoing seraphim reply:  
The Lord our God is One!

comfort ye! comfort ye!  
Isaiah, chap. xl., v. 1.

2 1 By Babel's streams Thy children wept;  
Then mute, O Israel! was thy choir;  
While as thy weary exiles slept,  
And on the willow hung thy lyre,  
A seraph's voice, soft as the dew,  
Fell on their dream with יִנְמִי (Nahamoo).

3 No song made glad that mournful voice;  
No ease was for that bruised breast,  
'Till He who led thee to rejoice,  
Sent forth for Zion His behest!  
Firm as thy faith in Him was true,  
Like manna fell the יִנְמִי (Nahamoo).

3 The stranger hath usurped the seat  
Where, crowned with glory, blaz'd thy fane.
"The flow'ry brooks thy hallow'd feet
Still wash," O Zion! still remain
To mark the ruin and renew
The memory of the ונה (Nahamoo).

4 God's mercies shine, a lingering beam,
The pilgrim on his path to light;
From Sinai's brow, from Jordan's stream,
From off'ring of the heart contrite,
His promises all our hopes imbue
With blessings of the ונה (Nahamoo).

J. C. L.

31 Israel! to holy numbers
Tune thy harp's exulting strain;
From its long entranced slumbers
Wake to life its soul again.

2 Give to song its ancient glories,
Let the pealing anthems rise,
Proudly to rehearse the stories—
Gem'd with glory from the skies.

3 Gently chaunt fair Miriam's praise,
Faith sustained her heart sincere;
'Twas her first enraptured lays,
Sounding timbrels tuned to prayer.

4 Rejoicing went the welcome song,
As to heaven up it rose,
Sweet spirits would the sound prolong,
Half awak'ning from repose.

5 Almighty God! before this shrine
Man his Maker worships free;
Oh! bless it with Thy love divine,
Fill it with Thy charity.

6 God is eternal—and alone!
Humbly let us bend the knee,
While seraphs guard His sacred throne,
Linking immortality.

II. ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

1. UNITY OF GOD.

(ADONE NGOLAM.)

4 1 Before the glorious orbs of light
Had shed one blissful ray,
In awful power the Lord of might
Reign'd in eternal day.

2 At His creative, holy word,
The voice of nature spoke;
Unnumber'd worlds, with one accord,
To living joys awoke.

3 Then was proclaimed the mighty King,
In majesty on high;
Then did the holy creatures sing
His praises through the sky.

4 All merciful in strength he reigns,
Immutable, Supreme;
His hand the universe sustains,
He only can redeem.

5 He is the mighty God alone,
His presence fills the world;
He will for ever reign, the One,
Eternal, only Lord!
6 Almighty, powerful, and just,  
Thou art my God, my friend!  
My rock, my refuge, and my trust,  
On Thee my hopes depend.

7 Oh! be my guardian whilst I sleep,  
For Thou didst lend me breath;  
And when I wake my spirit keep,  
And save my soul in death.  

5 One God! One Lord! One mighty King!  
In unity will Judah sing;  
Transmitting e'er from sire to son  
The truth, that God is only One.

2 Thee, So'reign of the universe,  
Through ages, 'mid all sects diverse,  
The Hebrew child is taught to praise,  
To lisp Thy name, and learn Thy ways.

3 To Thee alone, when life recedes,  
The dying Israelite still pleads;  
In One Redeemer, God, and guide  
His fleeting spirit doth confide.

4 Centre and Source of truth sublime!  
The sun is but a lamp of time,  
A transient spark by mercy fed,  
That man might up to Thee be led.

5 Thy law is that eternal Light,  
That dawning first on Horeb's height,  
Still deigns on Israel to shine,  
A proof of grace and love divine.

6 It penetrates the stubborn heart,  
And purifies its sinful part.

The voice of God, O Judah! hear,  
And fix His law for ever there.  
P. M.

2 IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

PSALM xc.

6. O God! as we on nature gaze,  
We see through all her mighty maze,  
The spirit of mutation;  
Thou art alone with power endued  
To triumph o'er vicissitude;  
Thou knowest no variation.  
Stars disappear  
From heaven's sphere,  
Yet Thou art there!  
Seas shrink to rills,  
High rocks to hills;  
Such change but nature's law fulfills.

2 Exhaustless Source of countless suns!  
Thy voice to earth's unheeding ones  
This mandate e'er resoundeth:  
Alike, ye abject and august,  
Sink, downward sink, to kindred dust,  
Where death his empire foundeth.  
God of the spheres!  
A thousand years  
One day appears  
To Thee, whose hand  
The heavens spanned,  
And worlds on worlds stupendous planned.

3 We are as flowers of the mead,  
Bearing corruption's fatal seed  
Within our heart's recesses;
But, oh! believe the truth we sing,
To soul and blossom comes a spring,
That vivifies and blesses.
Each hath its tears,
Each tribute bears
Of sweets or prayers;
But man, whose mind
God's image shrined,
Shall place among immortals find.

4 Behold the grass with dew-drops decked!
Canst thou in its green spires detect
Aught that decay portendeth?
Yet look, at eve, on each young blade,
That in the beams of morning played,
Cut down—with dust it blendeth.
Type of man's fate!
With youth elate
His mortal date
Remote appears:
'Till waning years
Wither the verdure life first bears.

5 Three-score—how small a part is this,
Of ages cast in that abyss
Where time his victims hideth;
That tomb of many yesterdays,
From which a voice proceeds and says
To those whom reason guideth:
From this our grave,
Ye fair and brave,
Your morrows save;
Lest by neglect
These two are wrecked,
And buried 'neath oblivion's wave.

6 Then count the moments as they pass,
Shining or dark, from time's sand-glass,
Ere they depart for ever;
From each some blessed thought extract,
To each attach some godly act,
Or virtuous endeavor.
Then shall no change
Your peace derange,
Your souls enstrange
From that great guide
Who rules the tide,
That past from future doth divide.

7 Immutability is Thine,
Creator, King, and Lord divine,
In whom perfection dwelleth!
Oh! bring us nearer to Thy throne,
Let us from angels catch the tone
That of Thy glory telleth.
Oh! bless the meek
Who daily seek
Thy praise to speak;
Whose efforts blend,
Faith to extend
In Thee, man's never-changing Friend!

3. OMNIPOTENCE.

7 1 Glorified, throughout all time,
Be the name of God supreme!
Who in heaven reigned sublime,
Ere creation felt His beam.

2 He the world's foundation laid
By his strength of will alone;
Suns and stars around Him played,
    Catching splendor from His throne.

3 Nature, at His bidding, brought
    Atoms into elements;
    Works of beauty then were wrought,
    Worthy of Omnipotence.

4 Mountains towered high and vast,
    Seas from viewless caverns gushed,
    Infant winds serenely passed,
    Flowers into being blushed.

5 Tenants of the air and deep,
    Animals that tread the ground,
    Insect tribes that o'er it creep,
    Were to life and order bound.

6 Man, at last, God's spirit felt
    Glowing warmly in his soul;
    Earth before a sov'reign knelt,
    And acknowledged his control.

7 With this spark of light divine,
    Shining o'er the breast within,
    Mortal, oh! what shame is thine,
    When thou fallest into sin.  P. M.

8 1 The Lord of heaven reigns,
    Eternal and sublime;
    All limit He disdains
    Of power, space, or time.

2 Though ages take their flight,
    No change in Him it makes,
    Whose raiment is the light,
    Whose voice in thunder speaks.

3 Stars with His essence fraught,
    In harmony unite,
    To praise the Hand that wrought
    The orbs of day and night.

4 As ocean ebbs and flows,
    Swayed by its viewless guide,
    In tempest or repose,
    God still is glorified.

5 O Lord! let me not fail
    In trials of the soul;
    Let perfect faith prevail,
    And pious self-control.

6 Desert not Thy frail charge,
    But with a father's care
    My heart and mind enlarge,
    To bear and to forbear.  P. M.

4. OMNISCIENCE.

9 1 In God, the holy, wise, and just,
    From childhood's tender years,
    Have I reposed with perfect trust
    My worldly hopes and fears.

2 From every page that time has turned,
    Since that bright season fled,
    Some useful lesson have I learned,
    Some striking moral read.

8 The prize ambition keenly sought,
    A worthless bauble proved;
    The web of gold by av'trice wrought,
    A mighty Hand removed.
4 No self-exalting scheme can man,  
    Unknown to God, project;  
No dark device the sland’rer plan,  
    Which He will not detect.

5 In vain would evil-doers hope  
    His scrutiny to fly;  
Nought passes beneath heaven’s cope,  
    Unnoticed by His eye.

6 Oh! should my term of life exceed  
    Frail man’s allotted days,  
In age to Mercy would I plead  
    For strength my God to praise.  

P.M.

10 Divine Disposer of events!  
    To whom all praise belongs;  
Each attribute of Thine presents  
    A theme for countless songs.

2 Though mortal years were multiplied  
    A thousand thousand fold:  
Yet time would scarcely be supplied,  
    Thy powers to unfold.

3 How shall a feeble, finite mind  
    Of Thine omniscience sing?  
Wisdom for this no words can find,  
    And melody no string.

4 In timid tones if angels speak  
    Of Thee, all-knowing God!  
How then shall man, minute and weak,  
    Thy excellencies laud?

5 All heights and depths in nature’s bound  
    Are visible to Thee,

P.M.

11 Almighty God! whose will alone  
    Sufficed the world to fabricate;  
Whose comprehensive glance is thrown  
    O’er every empire, realm, and state:  
How from Thy ever-searching eye,  
    Can man the heart’s dominion hide?  
Where passions among virtues lie,  
    As reptiles among flowers glide.

2 Father of mercies! aid my soul  
    Its failings to eradicate;  
Let truth its every thought control,  
    Its every feeling elevate.  
Fearless before Thee let me stand,  
    O Lord! in conscious rectitude;  
And feel, when human deeds are scanned,  
    That mine with favor shall be viewed.

P.M.
5. OMNIPRESENCE.

Wherefore Hallelujah sing,
O thou who knowest not
Where an omnipresent King
May by thy soul be sought?
Canst thou fix the point or place
That His spirit holdeth?
Earth and heaven, time and space,
In His grasp He foldeth.

Dust-born atom! look above,
Where lustrous worlds are shrined;
Ask, if all-pervading Love,
To these His light confined?
Let proud ocean's voice attest,
(Though fathomless to man.)
If ubiquity may rest
Within its mighty span.

Ask of the blast that rendeth
The forest's sylvan robe,
Whether it comprehendeth
The Ruler of the globe?
Turn from living elements
To those by death dissolved;
Ever-present Providence!
Art Thou in these involved?

All repeat as they respond:
"What can the boundless hold?"
Answered from the world beyond:
"Naught of a finite mould!"
Yet by whirlwinds, stars, and seas,
The Lord is magnified;
Shall not human praise then please
Our omnipresent Guide?

Oh! then let no emotion
By which the heart is swayed,
Prevent that deep devotion,
That should to God be paid.
Social life and solitude
Alike shall prompt the prayer,
That faith, hope, and gratitude
Before His throne shall bear.

I tremble not! Thou, Lord, art nigh,
All-knowing and all-seeing!
To Thee, disconsolate, I fly,
Kind Guardian of my being.
From infancy to age mature,
Thee only did my soul adore.

To ev'ry evil that annoys,
To every trial fearful,
Thou bringest some light counterpoise,
To make earth's vale less tearful.
But, oh! how few interpret right,
Either the blessing or the blight.

Sad consciousness have I, alas!
Of sinful meditation;
O'er which Omnipotence cannot pass
Without stern reprobation.
Yet doubt shall not my faith debase,
That sets no limit to Thy grace.

Self-kindled, Thine intelligence
The universe enlightens;
And darkness, e'en the most intense,
To mid-day splendor brightens.
Guilt vainly seeks nocturnal shades,
Since naught Thy mighty grasp evades.
5 A sinner's cry, a seraphs call,
   Alternate Thou attendest;
A flower's rise, an empire's fall,
   In one survey Thou blendest.
All nature 'neath Thy glance expands,
   But who Thine essence understands?

6 "Show me Thy glory!" said the seer,
   Who Sinai's law attested;
"In graciousness will I appear
   Before thee manifested."
Thus did the voice of God proclaim,—
   Goodness and glory were the same.

7 Invisibly He passeth by
   His children every hour,
Who from devotion's rock descry
   His majesty and power;
But none among the living seen
   May contemplate His awful mien.

8 Yet, through my spirit, oft I see
   His countenance all beaming;
When charity, by His decree,
   Worth is from want redeeming.
And man, most like his Maker, shows
   When this pure love within him glows.

9 I tremble not my heart to bare
   Before Thee, Judge eternal!
Whose hand will dry contrition's tear
   With tenderness paternal.
Whose mercy hath to mortals given
   Promise and foretaste of Thy heaven.

   P. M.

6. DIVINE LOVE.

14 1 Not for affliction, gracious God!
   Sons of dust didst Thou create;
Blossoms on Thy penal rod,
   Its keen strokes do mitigate.

2 Buds of joy and thorns of sorrow
   On the tree of life arise;
Care to-day, content to-morrow,
   Thus human lot diversifies.

3 Upon the verge of midnight's skies,
   Dawn's silver herald gleams;
So hope, that on grief's border lies,
   The heart from gloom redeems.

4 And as night's silence, deep and drear,
   By morning's voice is broken,
So is the stillness of despair,
   By words that faith had spoken.

5 Winter, inclement and unkind,
   Yet guards the sleeping flowers,
That spring on its return may find
   Those, smiling in her bowers.

6 Adversity's most bitter day,
   From us this world estrangeth;
But for the soul prepares the way
   To one that never changeth.

7 The thunder-clouds of war contain
   Elements of peace serene,
That brings a rainbow back again,
   Where martial storm had been.

8 Meek faith converts the couch of pain
   Into a bed of roses;
For there we moral vigor gain,
   To bear what God disposes.

9 The soul there breaks its carnal shell,
   Impatient for that station
   Where saints and seraphs ever dwell,—
   The kingdom of salvation.

10 A God, a Father, holds the scale
    That good and ill comprises;
    Oh! then let trust in Him prevail,
    Which e'er of these arises.  P. M.

7. DIVINE MERCY.

GENESIS, chap. ix., v. 13.

15 1 When light broke forth at God's command,
    It brightened ocean, air, and land,
    'Twas then that clouds, and shells, and flowers
    Caught vivid colors from its showers.

2 But soon the earth waxed bold in guilt,
   Defiling shrines by virtue built;
   Proud man pursued his evil course,
   Unchecked by reason or remorse.

8 No ray of light creation cheered;
   Skies black as mortal sin appeared;
   Then burst the deluge o'er the doomed,
   And wrath divine a world entombed.

4 Behold! upon the wings of light,
   Tremble the rain-drops large and bright;
   And, lo! the tears of recent storm
   Have taken Mercy's radiant form.

5 The bow, the covenant, the token,
   The promise never to be broken,
   Expands in beauty o'er the sod
   Where Noah rears a shrine to God.  P. M.

16 1 O King of glory! when we contemplate
    Thy majesty and our mean estate;
    Thy purity that by the angels seen,
    Makes even their bright spirits seem unclean.
    How wondrously benign dost Thou appear,
    O' er mortals to extend a Father's care!

2 Oh! were it not for mercy such as Thine,
   How could the conscious sinner seek Thy shrine?
   How hope for grace, when long arrears of sin
   Recorded stand upon the soul within?
   But Thou, O Lord! with clemency divine,
   Wilt not the guilty to despair consign.

3 Who more than Judah can this truth attest?
   To whom hath goodness been more manifest?
   Though from the prophet's harp he proudly turned,
   And inspiration's warning music spurned,
   Through ages he to Heaven's promise clings,
   And far from Zion of salvation sings.

4 Beneath the pressure of a thousand ills,
   One hope the heart of every Hebrew thrills,
   That he may yet prove worthy of Thy love,
   And by repentance ling'ring wrath remove;
   The crown of Justice change to Mercy's smile,
   Blest as an Israelite devoid of guile.  P. M.
17 1 O'er all this wide and beauteous earth,  
    _One_ God immortal reigns,— 
    His glory, truth, and unity  
    Link'd by eternal chains.

2 Let angels join in holy song  
    Around His heav'nly throne,  
    And mortals, with undying hope,  
    Look up to Him alone.

3 The gratitude of ev'ry heart  
    Its incense bears to Thee,  
    O Ruler of the starry sky,  
    The earth and boundless sea!

4 Thy mercy shines divinely bright,  
    A mild, yet glowing beam,  
    And ev'ry soul that worships Thee,  
    In love wilt Thou redeem.

5 Thy blessings fall like morning dews,  
    To cheer each troubled breast;  
    Thy presence o'er the universe  
    For ever is confessed.

6 'Tis Thou canst calm the angry waves,  
    And still the tempest's roar,  
    Almighty God! whose glory gilds  
    Eternity's bright shore.  

   *C. M. C.*

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2 But Sarah's looks, full of indignant scorn,  
    The truth to her foreboding soul revealed;  
    Forth with her infant son she fled forlorn,  
    And to his Sire above for aid appealed.

3 Her scanty bread and beverage are spent,  
    Yet Ishmael sleeps unconscious of her pain;  
    A cry of agony to God is sent:  
    "Would that the child would never wake again!"

4 The earth grows brighter where the mother stands,  
    A hand divine arrests her falling tears;  
    A cloud of glory gilds the burning sands,  
    And a celestial voice the mourner cheers.

5 "Arise and drink of yonder balmy well!  
    Nor from the wilderness henceforward roam;  
    Father of nations here the lad shall dwell,  
    With freedom blest for ages yet to come."

6 Oh, ever Bountiful! forsake us not,  
    When driven forth to wander through life's waste;  
    But cheer with beams of love each barren spot,  
    And let us of the spring of mercy taste.  

   *P. M.*

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18 1 Weeping, and loth from all she loved to part,  
    Stood Hagar, trembling at her Lord's decree;  
    And, oh! how like a desert was her heart,  
    When from his gentle presence urged to flee.

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19 1 I will extol Thee, O my King!  
    Thy holiness proclaim;  
    And earth with ev'ry voice shall sing,  
    The glories of Thy name.
2 Thy tender mercies brightly shine,
   Immortal is Thy pow'r;
   Thy love a beaming ray divine,
   That lights each passing hour.

3 The mem'ry of Thy goodness still
   Shall grateful hearts pervade;
   Thy majesty and glory will
   For ever be displayed.

4 The eyes of all shall wait on Thee,
   For perfect are Thy ways;
   And pious hearts united be,
   O Maker! in Thy praise.  c. m. c.

8. DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

20 1 How cold that man! to faith how dead!
   Who, having nature's volume read,
   Finds not, from first to last,
   Some truth that to his moral sense
   Proves an eternal Providence—
   A present, future, past.

2 Below the brute that being ranks,
   Who fails to render grateful thanks,
   When he creation scans;
   Where mountains lift their heads sublime,
   Gray witnesses from elder time,
   Of Wisdom's mighty plans.

3 Where forests wave and oceans flow,
   And light sheds an impartial glow,
   Like that of Mercy's rays;
   Where gentle flowers yield their sweets,
   And ev'ry warbling bird repeats
   Instinctive notes of praise.

4 Yet such there are in human kind,
   Whose souls to worldly claims resigned,
   With apathy behold
   Not only blossoms, hills, and streams,
   But heaven with its starry beams
   Of incorruptive gold.

5 Blind pilgrims these who grope their way,
   Without a guide their steps to sway,
   Until a sudden fall
   Reminds them, when perhaps too late,
   Of those vicissitudes of fate
   Which for religion call.

6 Oh! then will startled conscience seek
   Peace with an angry God to make,
   And lips will move in prayer;
   Gracious and long-enduring Lord!
   Pardon e'en then wilt Thou accord,
   If man but proves sincere.  P. M.

PSALM LXXXVII.

21 1 I will still remain with Thee,
   My God! in each vicissitude;
   Though misfortune compass me,
   My trust shall never be subdued.
   Father! to Thy hand I cling,
   Seeking refuge 'neath Thy wing.

2 When some bold inquirer asks:
   Whom callest thou a gracious master?
   Is it love that overtasks?
   Is it grace that brings disaster?
   Silencing the scoffer's strain,
   Faithful still do I remain.
3 Once again the scorners speaks:  
   Why should the transgressor flourish?  
   Him who every statute breaks,  
   Why should Heaven's bounty nourish?  
   Fool! the sun matures the seeds,  
   Both of flowers and of weeds.

4 But beyond life's little hour,  
   Memory the blossom shieldeth;  
   For each leaflet of the flower  
   Still a grateful odor yieldeth;  
   Whilst noxious plant, decayed,  
   Scentless in the dust is laid.

5 Thus embalmed, each spirit pure,  
   By remembrance e'er is cherished;  
   Where is then the evil doer?  
   Where the place on which he perished?  
   Let oblivion answer this  
   From its dark and dread abyss.

6 Lord! to Thee will I adhere,  
   Though condemned in grief to languish;  
   Though the whole of my career  
   May be spent in tears and anguish.  
   See I not a better land?  
   Hold I not a Father's hand?

7 Source of light and purity!  
   Living, let truth my mind illume;  
   God of all futurity!  
   Unlock the portals of my tomb.  
   Let my soul the blessing gain,  
   With Thee ever to remain.  

P. M.

22 We look to Thee, ineffable King!  
   Whose spirit dust could organize  
   Into each bright and beauteous thing,  
   That in the globe's wide compass lies.  
   Paternal, providential Lord!  
   We look to Thee and praise accord.

2 We look to Thee, protective Power,  
   Whose bounty for no claimant waits;  
   But freely flowing every hour,  
   Thy children's wants anticipates.  
   To satisfy our soul's desire,  
   We look to Thee, almighty Sire!

3 We look to Thee when sorrow's season  
   Covers with frost the head and heart;  
   When suffering from social treason,  
   Friend after friend we see depart.  
   Thus desolate, O God! above,  
   We look to Thee alone for love.

4 We look to Thee when feeling gaineth  
   Mastery o'er the moral sense;  
   When curb and counsel it disdaineth,  
   By reason brought for its defence.  
   From this dread trial to be free,  
   Searcher of hearts! we look to Thee.

5 We look to Thee when we discover  
   Death's shadow on our pathway rest.  
   When all life's interests are over,  
   That once elated or depressed.  
   A better, brighter world to see,  
   Saviour and Lord! we look to Thee.  

P. M.
9. DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN RELATION TO ISRAEL.

23 1 The sun shines on with glorious light,
    And smiles upon this world of ours;
The moon, with lustre soft and bright,
    On earth her silver radiance pours.

2 'Tis God who wreathes the brow of night,
    With bands of burning, glitt'ring stars;
'Tis God, with endless power and might,
    Who moves the morning's golden bars.

3 And He, through all these works sublime,
    Looks down upon a favored race;
For Israel from creation's time,
    Dwelt 'neath the wing of heavenly grace.

4 The light divine of holy love
    Still sheds on Judah's broken band
A halo beaming from above,
    And kindled by th' Almighty's hand.

C. M. C.

2 Lo! it sleeps and slumbers not,
    The providence of heaven!
But has watched o'er every spot,
    To which thou has been driven.
Special hath been the protection
Of the race of its election.
    Tremble not!
But ever to His will conform,
    Whose word can tranquilize the storm.
Who (oh! be it ne'er forgot,)
    Ever present, slumbers not.

3 Lo! they sleep and slumber not,
    God's transcendent powers!
These all radiant beauties wrought,
    From stars, and gems, and flowers,
Brighter than all, man's spirit made,
In His similitude array'd.
    Despond not!
Love, that nature animated,
    Will defend what it created;
Rock, worm, bud, in wisdom brought,
Say: God's power slumbers not!

4 Lo! it sleeps and slumbers not,
    That deep abiding love!
With forbearing patience fraught,
    That man's remorse should move.
That mightiest of attributes,
Which evil into good transmutes.
    Oh, weep not!
For in this charity divine,
Thou hast a token and a sign,
That whate'er God may allot,
His compassion slumbers not.
5 Lo! it sleeps and slumbers not,
   God's equity supreme!
That casts in every mortal's lot
   A shadow and a beam.
Whose bolt retributive descends
On him who 'gainst His law offends
   Yet, doubt not
That he who acts a righteous part,
Will rest upon his Father's heart,
When that kingdom shall be sought
   Where pure justice slumbers not.

6 Lo! it sleeps and slumbers not,
   That all pervading grace,
That in palace and in cot,
   Leaves its benignant trace;
Whose radiations mild are thrown
   Unceasingly from zone to zone.
   Oh! linger not,
Thou wanderer from virtue's way.
To Providence contrite pray,
   Mercy ne'er is vainly sought;
Judah's Guardian slumbers not.

Psalm cxxvii.

26 1 Unless the land where ye abide
   The care of Heaven boasts,
Falsely to watchmen ye confide
   The safety of its coasts.

2 Except the Lord will fortify
   The fabrics ye erect,
Vain are the pillars, strong and high,
   Of mortal architect.

3 Whether, O Judah! ye sojourn
   In deserts, towns, or tents,
To God, as to your fortress, turn
   Your tower of defence.

4 On land and sea, enslaved or free,
   His name alone extol;
Who is, who was, and e'er shall be,
   Guardian and King of all.

Isaiah, chap. xliv.

25 1 Fear not, fear not, O Jeshurun,
   My own, my chosen treasure!
Blessings are for thy offspring won,
   Yea, mercies without measure.

2 Like willows by the water-course,
   Ye righteous servants flourish;
My spirit, the unfailing source,
   That Jacob's seed shall nourish,