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IMPOSTURE SHRINKS
(St. Thomas. S. M.)

Anon.

G. F. Handel

1. Im - post - ure shrinks from light, And dreads the cu - rious eye;
2. O may we still main - tain A meek, in - quir - ing mind,
3. With un - der - stand - ing blest, Cre - a - ted to be free,

But sa - cred truths the test in - vite, They bid us search and try.
As - sured we shall not search in vain, But hid - den trea - sures find.
Our faith on man we dare not rest, We trust a - lone in Thee.

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THE DAY OF TOIL
(Mornington. S. M.)

Bonar

Mornington

1. This is the day of toil Be - neath earth's sul - try noon;
2. Spend and be spent would we, While last - eth time's brief day;
3. On - ward we press in haste, Up - ward our jour - ney still;
4. The way may rough - er grow, The wea - ri - ness in - crease,

This is the day of serv - ice true, But rest - ing com - eth soon.
No turn - ing back in cow - ard fear, No ling - 'ring by the way.
Ours is the path the Mas - ter trod Thro' good re - port and ill.
We gird our loins and has - ten on,— The end, the end is peace.