

H Y M N IV.

BEHOLD, where breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands!

His weeping followers gathering round
Receive his last commands.

From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!

The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

“ Bles'd is the man, whose soft'ning heart

“ Feels all another's pain;

“ To whom the supplicating eye

“ Was never rais'd in vain.

Whose

“ Whose breast expands with generous warmth

“ A stranger’s woes to feel ;

“ And bleeds in pity o’er the wound

“ He wants the power to heal.

“ He spreads his kind supporting arms

“ To every child of grief ;

“ His secret bounty largely flows,

“ And brings unask’d relief.

“ To gentle offices of love

“ His feet are never slow ;

“ He views thro’ mercy’s melting eye

“ A brother in a foe.

“ Peace from the bosom of his God,

“ My peace to him I give ;

“ And when he kneels before the throne,

“ His trembling soul shall live.

“ To

“ To him protection shall be shewn,

“ And mercy from above

“ Descend on those who thus fulfil

“ The perfect law of love.”

H Y M N V.

A WAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes,

See where thy foes against thee rise,

In long array, a numerous host ;

Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

Here giant danger threat'ning stands

Mustering his pale terrific bands ;

There pleasure's silken banners spread,

And willing souls are captive led.

I

See