

IN.

fair and grand,  
ature stand,  
wonder raising,  
heart thy goodness prais-  
down his cheeks,  
mber speaks  
ught his soul containeth,  
d, "the Lord omnipotent

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H Y M N .

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WHAT thoughts come to the Christian's aid,  
Upon a bed of sickness laid,  
While nightly watchers silence keep,  
Or close their weary eyes to sleep,  
When lamp and faggots waste away,  
As dimly dawns approaching day?

" Though here this frame of dust may end,  
My spirit shall to God ascend,  
And, for his sake who died to save  
Poor sinners from a hopeless grave,  
With all her sins and faults forgiven,  
A peaceful shelter find in heaven ;  
A Father's house, a home of love,  
Praised be his name, all praise above !

Who, even in ruin, loved us still,  
And would not soul and body kill!  
And blessed be His generous Son,  
Who has for us such mercy won!  
His gospel sheds a cheering light  
Upon our darkling way, through dreary night.  
A gleam falls from a severed cloud,  
Upon the coffin, and the shroud;  
While, high in air, with buoyant swell,  
Sounds like a friendly call, the passing bell."

My soul  
Thus tr  
Or roug  
And thy  
Thy pilg  
Like a s  
A base  
Its form  
Behind  
Shall co  
Before t  
To think

Doth the u  
Unto its de