

## "M O U N T Z I O N."\*

Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem.  
—Heb. xii. 22.



OT to the mount that burned with flame,  
To darkness, tempest, and the sound  
Of trumpet's tone that startling came,  
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,  
While Israel heard with trembling awe  
Jehovah thunder forth his law;

But to mount Zion we are come,  
The city of the living God,  
Jerusalem our heavenly home,  
The courts by angel-legions trod:  
Where meet in everlasting love  
The church of the first-born above:

To God, the Judge of quick and dead,  
The perfect spirits of the just,  
Jesus our great new-covenant Head.  
The blood of sprinkling,—from the dust.  
That better things than Abel's cries,  
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

O harken to the healing voice,  
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild!  
To-day are life and death our choice;  
To-day through mercy reconciled,  
Our all to God we yet may give:  
Now let us hear his voice and live.