

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side ;
 I raised his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Revived his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment : he was healed.
 I had myself a wound concealed ;
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn :
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honoured him 'midst shame and scorn.
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die.
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
 But the free spirit cried, " I will."

Then in a moment to my view
 The stranger darted from disguise ;
 The tokens in his hands I knew—
 My Saviour stood before mine eyes !
 He spake, and my poor name he named ,
 " Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
 Those deeds shall thy memorial be ;
 Fear not—thou didst them unto me."

THE SAVIOUR.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
 Great David's greater Son ;
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun.

He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy
 To those who suffer wrong,
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;