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The Incomparable Christ.

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature to make His beauties known
Must mingle colors not her own.

Is He a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily He assume
The valleys bless the rich perfume.

Is He a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
O, let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine.

Is He a fire? He'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall He sit
And tread the refuse with His feet.

Is He a rock? How firm He proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves:
Yet the sweet streams that from Him flow
Attend us all the desert through.

Is He a sun? His beams are grace.
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when He appears
To chase the clouds and dry their tears

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, His full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.

BY ISAAC WATTS.

—'The Congregationalist.'