

E'en on His bosom they have lain,
 Who once were fouled with deepest stain,
 And plunged in sin's disgrace.

While others frigidly perform
 The cold servilities of form,
 'Tis theirs in heart to serve ;
 To pour the ointment on His head,
 And all the sweets of love to shed
 With grateful unreserve.

Such precious fruits we're brought to bear,
 The more we know how vile we were
 When strangers to His love ;
 And by-and-by the happy boast,
 That we have been forgiven most,
 Shall swell our songs above.



THE MANNER OF THE GRACE OF JESUS.

MATT. IX. ; MARK II. ; LUKE V.

God was shewing His rich and various mercy in the old times ; but this was done after a peculiar manner. He forgave sin, He healed disease, He fed His people. But all this was done after a peculiar manner. There was a certain distance and reserve, as it were, a remaining still in His own sanctuary—still in the heavens, though He was thus gracious. He met the need of a sinner ; but He was in the temple, withdrawn to the holiest place, and the sinner had to come through a consecrated path to get the virtue of the mercy-seat.