

MOUNT SINAI AND CALVARY.

*"Ye are not come unto the mount . . . that
burned with fire," &c.—Heb. xii. 18.*

I have stood beneath the "burning mount,"
And heard the loud trumpet sound,
While the thunders pealed, and the lightnings
flashed,

And the earthquake shook the ground ;
And Moses himself, the man of God,
Who had braved the tyrant's ire,
And cleft the sea with his shepherd-rod,
Yet quailed before Sinai's fire !

How terrible was that mighty voice,
More dread than the lightning's flame,
That there His holy and righteous law,
Did to Israel's host proclaim !
It exposed, and judged all my words and ways,
And searched out the depths within :
I cannot abide in this awful blaze ;
It has shown me I'm nought but sin.

Moses descends from the burning mount,
The tables are in his hand ;
His face so reflects that condemning light,
No soul before him can stand :
With the fiery law that convicts of guilt,
He speaks of the shadows of grace ;
But till the true blood of the Lamb is spilt,
The veil must enshroud his face.

On Calvary I've adoring stood,
And gazed on that wondrous tree,
Where the holy spotless Lamb of God
Was slain for a wretch like me !