

THE SANCTUARY.

HYMN 18.

How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house
of God, and this is the gate of heaven.—Gen xxviii. 17.

L. M.

Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face.

Lo, God is here! him, day and night,
Th' united choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

Gladly the joys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for thine own!

Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

HYMN 19.

They that worship him must worship him in spirit and in
truth.—John iv. 24.

C. M.

Lord, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.