

More than the world's supremest gain
Succeeded by a frown.

Then, tho' thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see ;
The very hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

IX.

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.—*Cunningham.*

How sweet in the musing of faith to repair
To the garden where Mary delighted to rove ;
To sit by the tomb where she breathed her fond prayer,
And paid her sad tribute of sorrow and love ;

To see the bright beam which disperses her fear,
As the Lord of her soul breaks the bars of his prison,
And the voice of the angel salutes her glad ear—
The Lord is a captive no more—"He is risen !"

O, Saviour ! as oft as our footsteps we bend,
In penitent sadness, to weep at thy grave,
On the wings of thy greatness, in pity descend,
Be ready to comfort, and "mighty to save !"

We shrink not from scenes of destruction and wo,
If there we may meet with the Lord of our love ;
Contented with Mary to sorrow below,
If, with her, we may drink of thy fountains above.