

- 3 Through life's bewilder'd way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heav'nly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.
- 4 When reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thine aid!
- 5 O let me feel thy pow'r,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And soften ev'ry grief.

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Christ precious.

C. M.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 By him my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

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Union with Christ.

L. M.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.