

THE SERVANT FOR EVER.

EX. XXI. 5, 6.

(An old hymn slightly altered.)

Sweet to ponder o'er His footsteps,
 All the service of His love ;
 And adoringly remember,
 Grace 'twas brought Him from above !
 Learn His love beside the manger,
 Learn it on the stormy wave,
 By the well, and in the garden—
 Learn it by the Cross and grave.

Yet not only in remembrance
 Do we watch that stream of love ;
 Still a mighty torrent flowing
 From the throne of God above.
 Still a treasure that's uncounted,
 Still a story half untold,
 Unexhausted and unfathom'd,
 Fresh as in the days of old.

Christ, at God's right hand, unwearied
 By our self-will and our sin,
 Day by day, and hour by hour,
 Welcoming each wand'rer in ;
 On His heart amidst the glory,
 Bearing all our grief and care,
 Ev'ry burden, ere we feel it,
 Weighed and measured in His prayer.

Fragrant thus, with priestly incense,
 Each distress, each sorrow tells
 Thoughts that fill the heart of Jesus
 In the glory, where He dwells.
 All His love, His joy, His glory,