

*The Triumph.*

While passing a garden, I paused, to hear  
 A voice, faint and faltering from one that was near:  
 The voice of the mourner affected my heart,  
 While pleading, in anguish, the poor sinner's part!

While offering, to heaven, his pitiful prayer;  
 He spoke of the torments, the sinner must bear!  
 His life, as a ransom, he offered to give,  
 That sinners, redeemed, in glory might live.

I paused a moment, and turned to see,  
 What man of compassion, this stranger might be—  
 When, lo! I discover'd, knelt on the cold ground;  
 The loveliest being that ever was formed.

His mantle was wet with the dew of the night,  
 His locks by pale moonbeams were glitt'ring and bright,  
 His eyes, sparkling like diamonds, to heaven were raised;  
 Whilst angels, in wonder, stood round him amazed!

So deep was his sorrow—so fervent his prayers,  
 That down, o'er his cheeks, rolled sweat, blood, and tears:  
 I wept to behold him, and asked his name?  
 He answered, 'tis "Jesus; from heaven I came.

I am thy Redeemer,—for thee I must die!  
 The cup is most bitter; but cannot pass by:"  
 The cause of his trouble, to hear him repeat,  
 Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

I trembled with horror; and loudly did cry:  
 "Lord, save a poor sinner; O, save, or I die!"  
 He smiled, when he saw me, and said, to me "live:  
 Thy sins, which were many, I freely forgive!"

How sweet was the moment, he bade me rejoice;  
 His smiles, O, how pleasant—how cheering his voice!  
 I flow from the garden, to spread it abroad,  
 I shouted, salvation! O glory to God!!

I am now on my journey, to mansions above,  
 My soul's full of glory, of peace, light, and love;  
 I think of the garden, the prayers and the tears,  
 Of that lovely stranger, who banished my fears,

The day of bright glory, is rolling around,  
 When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall sound,  
 My soul, then in raptures of glory, shall rise  
 To gaze on this stranger, with unclouded eyes.

## THE TRIUMPH.

*By Bishop McKendrie on his death bed,*

What is this that steals, that steals upon my frame?

Is it death? Is it death?

That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame;

Is it death? Is it death?

If this be death, I soon shall be, from every pain and sorrow free;

I shall the King of Glory see:—

All is well! All is well!