

THE NAMES OF JESUS.

I sing the names of Jesus—matchless names,
Highest and holiest earth or Heaven claims,
By which alone we may approach to Him,
Before whose faintest ray the sun grows dim,
And all the brightest glory of the skies
Like twilight's feeble glimmer faints and dies !

IMMANUEL—God with us. *With us, O Soul !*
Of this brief utterance canst thou grasp the whole ?
Nay, comprehend one attribute of God—
The Maker, Sovereign—Him, who at a nod
Can hurl all worlds to wreck ; or, with a breath
Can wake a Universe from night and death ;
And clothe in Beauty's robes of richest bloom
Ten thousand worlds snatched from chaotic gloom ?

If not, couldst grasp the thought that such as He,
Clothed in frail human flesh, a *man* should be ?
Of us and with us—veiled, his dazzling ray
Of awful Godhead, and at home in clay—
A living, dying man ?—Heaven, Earth, and Hell
The myst'ry fail to solve, Immanuel !
And yet faith calmly lays her hand in thine
And whispers low " Immanuel is mine !"

But He has other names,—it may be, less
Bewildering in their deep mysteriousness ;
O'er which we oftener linger, which we bear
Oftener to Heaven upon the breath of prayer—
Sweet, hallowed home-names ;—dearer, it may be,
Because first learned beside a mother's knee ;
The tender names of Father, Brother, Friend,—
Names that with all sweet recollections blend,—
Names full of high significancy, given
To him who intercedes for us in Heaven.