

With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Still in faith and hope abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

2. O how blessed is this station!
 Low before the cross I'll lie,
 While I see divine compassion
 Pleading in the Saviour's eye;
 Here I'll sit forever viewing,
 Mercy streaming in his blood;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
3. Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Here I see my sins forgiven,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go:
 Prove each day his blood more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

POWER OF RELIGION.

'Tis religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.

CHORUS.—Victory! Victory! When we gain the
 victory!

O how happy we shall be!
 When we've gained the victory.

After death its joys shall be,
 Lasting as eternity!
 Be the living God my friend
 Then my bliss shall never end.