

THE BOOK.

"*The Book!*" Oh, Book of Books! Oh, Word of Words!
The only Book whose title is "*The Lord's.*"
Thy theme, "the Truth," "the Light," "the Life." "the
Way,"

That leads from darkness to eternal day;
Thy mission, as thy subject, all divine,
Like heaven's bright sun, on every land to shine,
Where'er the guilty sons of Adam dwell,
Wherever reigns the power of death and hell:
To chase the darkness, and dispel the gloom,
To tell the victory o'er the yawning tomb,
Of the vast ransom for redemption paid,
The full, the rich atonement Jesus made,
When, bearing sin upon the accursèd tree,
He died, from guilt and judgment, man to free.

"*The Book,*" that opens heaven to our sight,
Reveals the Son of Man in glory bright,
At God's right hand exalted, till the day
He comes to take His Church from earth away,
To share His kingdom, and enjoy His love
Forever in His Father's house above.

"*The Book,*" oh, blessèd Book! what thousands there
Have found relief from anguish and despair!
The lost it tells of pardon full and free,
For such as I am, and for such as thee:
The pilgrim reads of heaven's bright repose,
And, full of hope, forgets his daily woes;
The tempted, suited promises console;
And pastures green refresh the hungry soul.
The mourner, streams of richest comfort finds;
Wisdom divine illumines inquiring minds,
That, with a childlike meekness, at the feet
Of Jesus sit, to learn its lessons sweet.
What secrets hidden lie in every page;
What light it throws on every bygone age!
The future there, from mortal eye concealed,
Is to the servants of the Lord revealed.

Oh, how refreshing, to the heart that sighs
O'er all th' unnumbered woes that meet the eyes,
And cause the sympathetic tear to flow
For all that sin and death have brought below,
To search this blessèd Book! for there we see
Grace reigns supreme to set the captive free.
Its mission, wide as human sin and need: