

METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

What glorious light thy sacred book
To willing minds conveys ;
This gift, O Lord, with thousands more,
Demands our warmest praise.

Yet still in vain that blessing's given,
If pride should close our eyes,
Against that brightest lamp of heaven,
And all its aid despise.

Then let thy sovereign aid, O Lord !
Subdue that rebel pride,
Open our hearts to hear thy word,
And take it for our guide,

Thy holy law, by prophets taught,
First blessed the Jews alone ;
Thy mercy since, by Christ reveal'd,
Through wider realms hath shone.

May we enjoy, with grateful hearts,
The gospel's purest ray ;
Those truths embrace, those precepts learn,
That point to heaven the way.

Thus let our souls, O God, be cheer'd
With steadfast hope and love,
And patient wait till rais'd, through Christ,
To promis'd bliss above.

Collect for the third Sunday in Advent.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who at thy first coming didst send thy messenger to prepare thy way before thee ; Grant that the ministers and stewards of thy mysteries may likewise so prepare and make ready thy way, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, that at thy second coming to judge the world we may be found an acceptable people in thy sight, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

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O blessed Jesu ! thy design,
To visit man, with light divine,
Who had in gloomy darkness stray'd,
Thy wisdom mix'd with grace display'd.

Thy plan was form'd supremely kind,
And suited to the human mind,
Prepar'd at first, by fainter rays,
To bear the gospel's brighter blaze.

Hence in Judea's favor'd land,
The baptist preach'd at thy command ;
His solemn charge he thus begins,
"Mortals ! repent ye of your sins !