

SUPPLEMENT.

- 5 This is the First of days !
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of Death !

J. ELLERTON.

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S. M.

- 1 THOU very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul, which still on Thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul in faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears :
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in Thee.
- 5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill ;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.
- 6 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One ;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ begun.

C. WESLEY.

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7.7.7.4.

- 1 THROUGH the starry midnight dim
O'er the hills of Bethlehem,
Loud awoke the angels' hymn,
Hallelujah.