

Your streams were floating me along,
 Down to the gulf of black despair,
 And whilst I listened to your song,
 Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

Lord I adore thy matchless grace,
 Which warned me of that dark abyss,
 Which drew me from those treach'rous seas,
 And bade me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above,
 I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes ;
 O, for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies.

Then from the bosom of my God,
 Oceans of endless pleasures roll ;
 There would I fix my last abode,
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

When I surveyed the state of the human family, and thought that every individual must pass through the same ordeal, and meet with the same change ;— for as we are the same by nature, consequently, we must become the same by grace ; or we could not enjoy the same happiness together in eternity ;— I thought that as Jesus Christ died for all, and rose again for our justification, that the invitation must be for all, and that he was willing to impart salvation to all who repent of their sins, part with their idols, and renounce their fallen nature ; and I saw such a fulness in Christ, such a willingness to save all who would come unto him by faith, that I felt like the poet :

“ O, for a trumpet-voice,
 On all the world to call !
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In Him who died for all !
 For all my Lord was crucified :
 For all, for all my Savior died !