

A HYMN.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
His saints shall bless the day ;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn,
In anguish and dismay.

I am the first and I the last,
Time centers all in me,
The Almighty Lord who was and is,
And ever more shall be.

How happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven ;
This earth he says is not my home,
With Christ I want to dwell.

A country far from sinners' sight,
Yet oh ! by faith I see ;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
New earth prepared for me.

O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here we journey on ;
We fully taste the amazing love,
And feel His coming near.

Christ our blessed Lord will come ;
To raise His saints from th' grave ;
His living saints shall change,
And bring them all to home.

JAMES CALEB MCINTOSH.