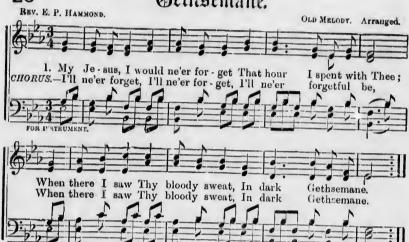


Gethsemane.



- 2 'Twas in that olive press I felt That Thou didst bleed for me: Alas! how great I saw my guilt While in Gethsemane.
- 3 'Twas there I felt my guilt and shame In oft forsaking Thee,

How precious was Thy very name In dear Gethsemane.

4 Should e'er our love to Thee grow cold And we forgetful be, We'll call to mind Thy love untold While in Gethsemane.

Christ's Vicarious Sacrifice.

I. WATTS.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And as Thou sittest on Thy throne O "Lord, remember me.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

TUNE: "Gethsemane." 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,

And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give myself away,-Tis all that I can do.

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God Loved the World.

MRS. STOCKTON.

i God loved the world of sinners lest And ruined by the fall; Salvation full, at highest cost, He offers free to all.

Oh, it was love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It brought my Saviour from above To die on Calvary.

I Wen now by faith I claim Him mine, The risen Son of God:

Tunn i "Gethsemane " Redemption by His death I find, And cleansing through His blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in, And to His saints makes known The blessed rest from inbred sin, Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Of victory now o'er Satan's power, Let all the ransomed sing, And triumph, in the dying hour. Through Christ, the Lord, our King.