

46

8a & 7a.

Glorying in the Cross.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of
time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Still it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance stream-
Adds more lustre to the day. [ing

4 Bane and blessing, pain and plea-
sure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no mea-
Joys that evermore abide. [sure,

47

6-8a.

"While we were yet sinners,
Christ died for us."

WOULD Jesus have the sinner
die? [tree?
Why hangs He then on yonder
What means that strange expiring
cry?
Sinners, He prays for you and me:
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
They know not that by Me they
live!"

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and
shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all, my sins away!

3 O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with
my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears;
That all may hear the quickening
sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

48

6-8a.

"Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

O LOVE Divine! what hast thou
done!

The incarnate God hath died for
The Father's co-eternal Son [me!
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
The incarnate God for me hath died;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold Him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and
Peace!

Come sinners, see your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like His!
Come, feel with me His blood
applied;

My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true;
Ye all are bought with Jesus'
blood;
Pardon for all flows from His side;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

49

C. M.

Looking at the Cross.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd His languid eyes on me
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with His
death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the
guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be
hid,
For I the Lord have slain.