

4. While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.
5. The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast confusion come;
The creatures, look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.
6. Well, let the sea shrink all away.
And flames melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When old creation dies.

HYMN XXXI.

CHRIST'S PRESENCE MAKES DEATH EASY.

1. WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are?
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
3. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terror's as she pass'd.
4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN LXIII.

A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

1. HARK! from the tombs, a doleful sound,
My ears attend thy cry—
"Ye living men, come, view the ground
"Where you must shortly lie.
2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your tow'rs;