

The wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced his child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

It is the Father's joy to bless,
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Now shall my famished soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread,
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon his face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

I cannot half His love express,
Yet Lord! with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

It is Thy precious name I bear,
It is Thy spotless robe I wear,
Therefore, the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

And when I in thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

THE PALSY OF THE HEART.

This is even a more dangerous and affecting malady than the "Leprosy of Sin," (mentioned in page 19 of the *Record*.) It is a dreadful thing to be a sinner—a rebel against the living God, and an heir of his wrath—but it is more dreadful still to be a sinner, and yet not care for it. How awful must be the hardness of that creature's heart who cares not for his Creator—heedless whether he smiles or frowns! What would you think of that boy or girl, who, having offended and grieved a kind and loving father, and been cast out in displeasure from his presence, should be equally happy without him, and careless either of his anger or his love? O what a base, ungrateful, hard-hearted boy! how can he live without his father? or rest till he is brought

back to his presence, and clasp his knees, and feels his kiss again? But, children, never was there a Father like God—so good, so holy, so tender. And we have rebelled against him—lifting up our wicked hands against him, and grieving and provoking him by our sins. And now he is angry with us, his countenance frowns, and he hath cast us out from his presence in displeasure. But yet he does not hate us; oh no, he yearns over us with tender compassion, and longs for our return. He stretches out his blessed arms and cries, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die." Yea, so great is his compassion, that when we were condemned to die, and no power could deliver us from that righteous doom, he interposed in behalf of his lost children, and gave up his own beloved Son to die in our room, that we might be pardoned and brought back to his presence and his love again. And what then have we done? How have we repaid that Father's love? Have we trembled at his just displeasure and terrible threatenings? Have we wept over our sins that wounded him? Have we grieved over our banishment, and wearied to be brought back again? Have our hearts broken at the tidings of his amazing love; and have we hastened to return and cast ourselves into his arms, crying, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth!" And when Jesus, the beloved One, our elder brother, came from the Father's bosom to invite us back, and held out to us his pierced hand to lead us back to our lost God and Father, how did we receive him? My dear children, how has it been with you? Alas! have you not been proud, careless, unconcerned? Have you not met him with cold contempt, indifferent alike to his holy anger and his tender love? "I called and ye refused. I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would have none of my reproof." Are not these words true, and is not this what you have often, often done? I know, indeed,