

for me, will overcome him in me. Are my iniquities, my besetting sins, my native corruptions, too powerful for me! He has undertaken to "subdue them." Is the fear of man formidable to me? I may say to myself and to my companions in tribulation, what Hezekiah said to his subjects on Sennacherib's approach. "With him is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles." Am I sunk to the lowest depth of temporal distress? Have the severest of earthly calamities plunged me into an abyss of misery, from which I am tempted to doubt whether there is any possibility of deliverance? A voice of hope reaches me even there. "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear." Is the last enemy at hand, and does my timid nature shrink from the final struggle? That last enemy is to be destroyed. I have to encounter him by a better arm than my own, and one which assures me of success. I may meet him with the shout of anticipated triumph—"O, sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his *right hand*, and his *holy arm* hath gotten him the victory."

Is there a depth so deep, a height so high,

A distance so remote, but thy Right Hand,  
That spans with ease the world-empeopled  
sky,

And holds within its palm the sea and land,  
The fugitive that flees from thy command,  
Can grasp and chasten; or the child of woe,  
That trembles, as the reed-leaf on the  
strand,

Where tempests thunder, and the torrents  
flow.

Can reach, and soothe, and save from all he  
dreads below?

*Arm of the Lord!* once on the cross out-  
spread

In mortal pangs; by thee, o'er heaven's  
broad plain,

The Godhead's regal sceptre now is swayed,  
And all the hosts of glory own thy reign;

Nor there uplifted dost thou plead in vain,  
In thine high-priesthood's interceding grace,

For thy redeemed, the purchase of thy pain,  
The fallen and guilty, but high-honored race,

Whom thou hast snatched from wrath to see  
thy glorious face.

*Arm of the Lord!* awake—awake—arise!

Display and magnify thy glorious might:

O, scatter from earth's bounds thine enemies;

By once uplifting, put their throngs to  
flight,

And hurl from his dark throne the prince  
of night!

Raise o'er a prostrate world thy banner—  
*Peace;*

Assert to every heart thy sovereign right;

From sin's hard thrall each captive soul re-  
lease,

And bid the reign of crime, of guilt, and sor-  
row, cease!

—[*From my Saviour.*]

### AN ACT OF FAITH.

I once saw a lad on the roof of a very high building, where several men were at work. He was gazing about with apparent unconcern, when suddenly his foot slipped, and he fell. In falling he caught by a rope, and hung suspended in mid-air where he could get neither up nor down, and where it was evident he could sustain himself but a short time. He perfectly knew his situation, and expected that in a few moments he must drop upon the rocks below, and be dashed to pieces.

At this fearful moment, a kind and powerful man rushed out of the house, and, standing beneath him with extended arms, called out, "Let go the rope, and I promise you shall escape unharmed."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then quitted his hold, and dropped easily and safely into the arms of his deliverer.

Here, thought I, is an illustration of faith. Here is a simple ACT OF FAITH.—The boy was sensible of his danger. He saw his deliverer, and heard his voice. He believed in him, trusted to him, and letting go every other dependence and hope, dropped into his arms. Sinner, "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."