

Again He trod this sinful ground,  
 And shed His glory all around,  
 For forty days, obedient, kind,  
 All virtue's graces left behind.

He rose above us out of sight,  
 But still he cheers our souls with light ;  
 The spark that lit the Heav'nly flame  
 Will forever our souls sustain.

Soon He will come in regal state,  
 With an array of angels great ;  
 No crosses then for us to bear—  
 Our crowns will meet us in the air.

Prepare then, all the bridegrooms near ;  
 Ten thousand saints will see and hear ;  
 The righteous then will hardly stand—  
 The wicked fall on every hand.

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*On hearing a sermon on the 63rd Isaiah, 3rd verse :*

" I HAVE TRODDEN THE WINEPRESS ALONE."

Christ has trodden alone  
 The wine press, to atone ;  
 He bore the burden of sin,  
 And drew from it the sting.

His soul such sorrow knew,  
 That from its lips it drew ;  
 " This cup, Father, pass away,  
 " Thy will to do, I pray."

In drops he sweat his blood  
 To stop the fatal flood ;  
 The agony was great,  
 Our race to reinstate.