

THE CONTRAST.

As sung by the "Wesleyan Praying Band."

Solo.

I Once I wander'd in the maze of er-ror, In the downward road;
Oft my soul was filled with fear and ter-ror, When I thought of God.
Je - sus saw me rush-ing on to ru - in, Offer'd pard'ning grace;
And I left the way I was pur - su - ing, Turn'd and saw his face.

Chorus.

Now I feel my sins for - giv - en, Through th'aton - ing blood,
And I have a bless-ed hope of heaven, Glo - ry be to God.

2 I am glad I ever found the Saviour,
Now I'm fully blest;
There are pleasures in his pardoning favour,
Joy, and peace, and rest.
I'm standing on the holy mountain,
Near salvation's pool,
And the waters from the bursting fountain,
Cheer my thirsty soul.

8 I've left earth's vain and fleeting pleasures,
Bade them all adieu;
And I'm seeking now for heavenly treasures,
Lasting, pure, and true.
Glittering toys of time, farewell forever:
To you I'll not bow;
I will leave my blessed Jesus never;
He's my portion now.

4 Though by worldly friends I am forsaken,
Though they oft may sneer,
Yet through grace I will remain unshaken;
God is always near.
I can calmly bear this world's reviling,
While near God I dwell;
If my Saviour looks upon me smiling,
All is going well.

5 I will tell salvation's pleasing story,
While I live below,
And I'll try to spread my Saviour's glory,
Everywhere I go.
When the word is from the Master given,
"Child, from toiling cease,"
I expect to find a home in heaven,
Home of endless peace.