

“ Now the King Immortal
 Opens wide heaven's portal—
 ‘ Thou, repentant mortal,
 To-day shalt be with Me.’

“ Hark ! Jehovah-Jireh
 Soothes the lone and weary,
 Speaks to mourning Mary,
 ‘ Woman, behold thy son.’

“ Soul and body panting,
 ‘ Spite their bitter taunting,
 Love's last labour granting—
 ‘ I thirst,’ He murmurs low.

“ Then sin's doom assailing,
 ‘ Neath Death's awful veiling,
 Hear the Victim wailing—
 ‘ Why hast Thou forsaken ?’

“ Thus hell's power is broken,
 Clear the victor token,
 God himself hath spoken,
 Hear the shout, ‘ 'Tis finished !’

“ Then the glorious meeting,
 Then the enraptured greeting,
 Breaks His heart repeating—
 ‘ Father, receive Me !’ ”

FOR ME HE CARETH.

He loveth me, He loveth me,
 He died that I might live ;
 And by His love He moveth me
 Myself to Him to give.

He calleth me, He calleth me
 To come to Him for rest ;
 I'll go, whate'er befalleth me,
 And thus be truly blest.

He owneth me, He owneth me,
 A sinner though I am ;
 He cleanseth me, and crowneth me
 A follower of the Lamb.