

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 That drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light may mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 13.

C. M.

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to Thee,
 No other help I know;
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thy only Son endure
 Before I drew my breath;
 What pain, what labour, to secure
 My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy power;
 Now all my wants thou would'st relieve
 In this, the' accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes:
 O let me now receive that gift!
 My soul without it dies.