

The sacrifice that He has made ;  
 The thorns that on his brow were laid ;  
 Will draw sin's poison from our veins,  
 And cleanse our souls from all sin's stains.

O ! let me lift the veil that hides  
 The Saviour's virtues from your eyes.  
 O ! let me teach you that you must,  
 Like Him, be perfect, pure and just.

At once begin your lamps to trim,  
 With holy fire and grace within ;  
 Come quickly to the marriage feast  
 Of Jewish, Turkish, Christian Priest.

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#### THE CHRISTIAN'S CROSS.

For nearly nineteen hundred years  
 Christians have been shedding tears ;  
 Struggling, striving, meekly bearing  
 Scorns and slights ; yes, ever wearing

Satan's grievous heavy crosses,  
 And trying to maintain the loss  
 Of the One who came to teach them  
 How to live like Christian men.

For forty long and weary days,  
 The Saviour, with evil ways  
 The Tempter tried to overcome,  
 But there he found himself undone.

He calmly yielded up his life,  
 Pierc'd to the heart with all the strife ;  
 He hasten'd to the spirit land—  
 Such love is hard to understand.