



OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

"Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight ; yet I will look again toward thy holy temple."—Jonah, chap. ii. 4.

OH God ! in mercy deign a pitying glance
 Unto a wretched creature, bowing down
 Low at Thy feet in bitterness of soul
 And heart with sorrow brimful. Hear, O God !
 And save me in Thy love from going down
 Quick into hopeless ruin ; Thou hast found
 A ransom for me. For His sake who bore
 The bitter curse and drank the cup for me,
 My life deliver. Stay not ! Haste, Oh haste !
 My soul stands trembling on the brink of Hell,
 Ready to slip into the jaws of death.
 The enemy triumphs with malicious joy
 Above the prey as if it were his own
 Already. Clouds and thickest darkness veil
 That gracious countenance whence used to flow
 The beams of light and love which made my life
 A foretaste of the life above, and gave
 A blessedness the world can never give