

O'er all the scene of malice dark and deep,
Of hate malign, inspired by demon power,
Thy gracious love shone out in glorious light,
Amid the darkness of that darkest hour.

Unquenched Thy love, O Lord, by waves of death,
Or streams of human hatred here below ;
Unchecked by power of Satan's mighty hosts,
Or wrath of God—that cup of unmixed woe.

That awful cup, Lord Jesus, Thou did'st drain,
Our mighty load of sins did'st bear alone,
When, as a victim, Thou did'st take our place,
To bear our curse, and for our sins atone.

But now Thy woes and sufferings all are o'er ;
The storm is hushed, the tempest clouds are gone ;
The mighty work is done, and Thou art risen,
And seated high upon Thy Father's throne.

And soon, Lord Jesus, Thou wilt come again ;
Soon, soon, shall we Thy glorious face behold,
And in its glory read the story sweet
Of endless love,—yet love that ne'er grows old.

O sinner, would'st thou know that heart of love,—
The heart that bled, to put away thy sin ?
Behold, He knocks ! He bids thee open the door,
That love may tell its own sweet tale within.

Oh ! haste, oh ! haste, dear soul, and let Him in !
'Tis Christ the Lord who seeks to fill thy heart ;
He knocks, He waits, He knocks again, and calls,
“ Whoever thirsts may drink,—whoever will.”

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