

POETRY.

ZINZENDORFF'S HYMN.

"Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit"

CHRIST's blood and righteousness to me
As robe and ornament shall be.
With these I'll stand, nor fear the rod,
Before the awful bar of God.

If through thy blood, O Lord, I be
Here doubly faithful unto thee,
And hate all evil for thy sake,
Till death at last shall me o'ertake :

Then will I, when I come to thee,
Not think how good or great I be,
But this : Here comes a sinner, Lord !
Who needs thy gracious, pard'ning word !

Jesus, thy praise the earth shall rend !
That thou from heav'n didst condescend,
And for mankind, and for my sake,
Eternal ransom here didst make.

—*Missionary.*

THE YOKE OF CHRIST.

SAID Jesus, Take my yoke,
'Tis easy to be borne—
How sweet the words he kindly spoke
To weary souls and worn.

Those who profess his name
And think his service hard,
Have only brought an offering lame,
Which He will not regard.

When once we bow the neck
Obedient to his will,
We find the blessed Lord not slack
His promise to fulfil.

Lord Jesus we submit,
We yield our will to thine,
Make us for holy service fit,
Fill us with peace divine.