

PSALM 107.

"Praise our God, for He is good,
For His mercies, ever sure,
From eternity have stood,
To eternity endure."

Let the ransomed thus rejoice,—
Gathered out of every land,
Whom He hath, O gracious choice !
Plucked from the destroyer's hand ;

From the east and from the west,
From the north and from the sea,—
"Offer thanks, ye greatly blessed,
To our God, for good is He !"

Wandered they a pathless waste,
Found no city where to dwell ;
Hunger tried their soul and thirst,
All their courage, fainting, fell.

In their strait they cried to God.
And He saved them, sore distress,
Led them by a perfect road,
Brought them to a land of rest.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness and His grace,
For his works with wonder stored
To the children of our race !

For He doth the longing soul
From His fulness satisfy ;
He doth fill the hungry soul
With all good abundantly.

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The means that Heaven yields must
be embraced and not neglected.

—Shakespeare.