

Lost in immensity—
 Return my thoughts—return ;
 Shall lips unclean presume to vie
 With stars of immortality
 That round *JEHOVAH* burn ?

Nigher to thee, *MY GOD*,
 O bid be nigher come !
 Direct me in the heavenly road
 That leadeth up to thine abode—
 The ransom'd sinner's home.

Give me a cheerful heart
 Though suff'ring earthly loss ;
 And still thy grace to me impart
 When nature faints beneath the smart
 Inflicted by the Cross.

Sins now by me forgot,
 But not to thee unknown,
 And in thy book against me wrote.
 O let the blood of Jesus blot,
 And make me all thine own.

O leave me not the prey
 Of fascinations vain ;
 But in thy good and perfect way,
 My *GOD* ! my *FATHER* ! keep me aye,
 For *Jesus*' sake.—Amen.

ALBYN.

Manor-hill, 1846.