

- 5 Rivers of mercy here
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The gates of Gospel grace
 Stand open night and day:
 Lord we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

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"Behold, I stand at the door."

L. M.

- B**EHOLD a stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks—has knock'd before,
 Hath waited long—is waiting still:
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
 With melting heart and loaded hands!
 Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will; the very friend you need;
 The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
 With garments dy'd on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine,
 That soul-destroying monster sin,
 And let the heav'nly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
 His feet departed ne'er return;
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
 You'll at his door rejected stand.

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The returning backslider.

L. M.

- S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
 And shaken off my guilty fears,
 And vex'd and urg'd thee to depart,
 For many long rebellious years;