

V

Then cherish, my dearest, God's blessing,  
In spite of the rake and the beau ;  
Think piety worth your possessing,  
'Tis Heaven's bright jewel below !

Have faith in the Lamb that was smitten ;  
Without it all virtue is dross ;  
In the volume of truth it is written,  
" We're sav'd by the blood of the cross !"

Redemption !—delight in the story !  
'Twas writ by the pencil of love :  
Fair charter of limitless glory ;  
The song of the spirits above.

A refuge ! a rock of reliance !  
On this you may joyfully build ;  
Bid justice and vengeance defiance,  
And boast in the blood that was spill'd.

Should folly and fashion assail you,  
Or vanity's bubble allure,  
And no other refuge avail you,  
The *Cross* is a specific cure.

No matter how private your station,  
'Tis love that enlarges the mind ;  
That answers the end of creation,  
Which moves in the circle assign'd.

What is there in classical pages  
So bright and so charming as this ?  
True love is a lustre of ages,  
The day star of heavenly bliss !

'Bove vanity, riches and pleasure,  
This sin-curing Amulet prize ;  
The poorest, possessing this treasure,  
Is rich in eternity's joys.