

THE SANCTUARY.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

HYMN 21.

Ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living
God, the heavenly Jerusalem.—Heb. xii. 22.

8s.

Not to the mount that burned with flame,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet's tone that startling came,
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,
While Israel heard with trembling awe
Jehovah thunder forth his law ;

But to mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,
Jerusalem our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod ;
Where meet in everlasting love
The church of the first-born above :

To God, the Judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
Jesus our great new-covenant Head,
The blood of sprinkling,—from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

O hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild !
To-day are life and death our choice ;
To-day through mercy reconciled,
Our all to God we yet may give :
Now let us hear his voice and live.