

- 3 O ! make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old ;
 O ! teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.
- 4 O ! Father, by Thy mercy,
 And by Thy Spirit's grace,
 May we abide for ever
 On this sure resting place ;
 And pass from life's long battle,
 To Thy blest home of love,
 And see, in heaven's own radiance,
 Jerusalem above.

3RD. HYMN.

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown,
 Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,
 And writ the blessing in Thy word.
- 2 In vain our trembling conscience seeks
 Some solid ground to rest upon ;
 With long despair our spirit breaks,
 Till we apply to Thee alone.
- 3 How well Thy blessed truths agree !
 How wise and holy Thy commands !
 Thy promises how firm they be !
 How firm our hope and comfort stands !
- 4 Should all the fables which men devise
 Assault my faith with treacherous art,
 I'll call them vanity and lies,
 And bind Thy Gospel to my heart.

L. M.