

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend :
 Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end :
 Thy mercies never shall remove ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath risen, with healing on His wings ;
 Wither'd my nature's strength ; from Thee
 My soul its life and succor brings ;
 My help is all laid up above ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end ;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On Thee alone for strength depend ;
 Nor have I power from Thee to move :
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home ;
 Through all eternity, to prove
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

THE BURIAL OF JACOB.

It is a solemn cavalcade, and slow,
 That comes from Egypt ; never had the land,
 Save when a Pharaoh died, such pomp of woe
 Beheld ; never was bier by such a band
 Of princely mourners followed, and the grand
 Gloom of that strange funereal armament
 Saddened the wondering cities as it went.

In Goshen he had died, that region fair
 Which stretches east from Nilus to the wave
 Of the great Gulf ; and since he could not bear
 To lay his ashes in an alien grave,
 He charged his sons to bear him to the cave
 Where slumbered all his kin, that from life's cares
 And weariness his dust might rest with theirs.