

abomination. "Wash you make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before his eyes. Cease to do evil ; learn to do well. So learn that to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

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OH WHERE DID I FIND THEE?

Oh where did I find thee, enchan'ing emotion
That sweeps o'er my soul as the breeze o'er the deep,
Enlivening my thoughts with a sparkling commotion
As love's glorious beams on their crests seem asleep?

'Twas not from the world, for its strife and confusions
A lasting contentment can never impart :
Its aims and its pleasures are cruel delusions
That rend while professing to gladden the heart.

'Twas not from my deeds, for their issue was pending,
And the hillside of promise was rising between :
While every endeavor was spent in ascending,
Its joys were unknown and its raptures unseen.

'Twas not from my comrades, so gentle and loving,
Who fain would have smoothed every step of my way :
Their sorrows depressed, and were constantly proving
That nothing but Heaven our woes can allay.

But Heaven—and oh ! what description can ever
Thy glories relate, and thy raptures unfold ?
'Tis Christ who has given me "peace like a river,"
Has bought and endowed me with riches untold.

His service displaces each passion for roaming,
A calm satisfaction enshrines in the breast ;
He has soothed in his love every sorrows wild foaming,
And naught is annoying my heritage blest.

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