

GRACE.

Oh, wondrous grace, that makes more dark my sin,
 More bright and glorious, justice and its sword ;
 That doth the sinner's heart and conscience win,
 While God is justified and sin abhorred !
 Lowly I bow before its glorious throne,
 And, while absolved by grace, myself most guilty own.

I fly not now from that all-seeing eye
 Which once I shunned, to hide myself in night ;
 The blood, that purged my sin, has brought me nigh,
 To dwell in God's own love, and walk in light :
 The holy, holy, holy, Lord I love,
 Whose holy will I now delight to learn and prove.

Sin can't condemn, for grace has justified ;
 Sin shall not reign, for grace has set me free ;
 Sin I abhor, since Christ my Surety died ;
 His living grace now reigns, and succours me ;
 The grace, that has the wondrous work begun,
 Shall crown with glory when its mighty work is done.



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How refreshing it is to our souls to think of the *grace* of God ; for what do we not owe to that grace ? May the God of all grace guide us, whilst for a little we dwell upon this blessed aspect of His character towards us poor sinners !

The very fact that we are *sinners* at once brings in the necessity, that if God act toward us at all, it should be *by* grace. The Scriptures recognizes but two ways of our dealing with God, and He with us, and those ways complete in themselves,