

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS INTERCESSION.

61

4-6s & 2-8s.

GREAT Prophet of my God,
My lips shall bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with
heaven.

2 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 O Thou almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King!
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reign of grace, I sing;
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet.

4 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the
way.

62

6-8s.

The Priesthood of Christ.

ENTER'D the holy place above,
Cover'd with meritorious scars,
The tokens of His dying love [bears;
Our great High Priest in glory
He pleads His passion on the tree,
He shows Himself to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears;
My name is graven on His hands,
And Him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling
now!

3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of His powerful
prayer;
This instant now by Him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit in His hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner
stands.

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L. M.

The Ascension of Christ.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly
gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His
right;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 "Who is the King of glory? Who!
The Lord that all our foes o'er-
came; [threw;
The world, sin, death and hell o'er-
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly
gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

64

L. M.

Christ a sympathising High Priest.

WHERE high the heavenly temple
stands, [hands,
The house of God not made with
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious
blood,

Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, His cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
Touched with the feeling of our
grief,
He to the sufferer sends relief.