

- 5 If to-day he deigns to bless us  
 With a sense of pardon'd sin,  
 Perhaps to-morrow he'll distress us,  
 Make us feel the plague within ;  
 All to make us  
 Sick of self and fond of him.

## HYMN XCV. C. M.

*Everlasting Love.*

- 1 BENEATH the sacred throne of God  
 I saw a river rise,  
 The streams were peace and pard'ning blood  
 Descending from the skies.
- 2 Angelic minds cannot explore  
 This deep unfathom'd sea ;  
 'Tis void of bottom, brim, or shore,  
 And lost in Deity.
- 3 I stood amaz'd, and wonder'd when,  
 Or why, this ocean rose,  
 That wafts salvation down to men,  
 His traitors and his foes.
- 4 That sacred flood, from Jesu's veins,  
 Was free to take away  
 A Mary's or Manasseh's stains,  
 Or sins more vile than they.
- 5 Free to the sinner, dead to God,  
 Who sought the road to hell ;  
 That trampled on a Saviour's blood,  
 And on his buckler fell.
- 6 Triumphant grace, and man's free will,  
 Shall not divide the throne ;  
 For man's a fallen sinner still,  
 And Christ shall reign alone.

H