

170 WITHIN THE VAIL WITH JESUS.

BEFORE the throne of God above
 I have a strong, a perfect plea ;
 A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
 Who ever lives and pleads for me.

My name is graven on His hands,
 My name is written on His heart ;
 I know that, while in heaven He stands,
 No tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,
 And tells me of the guilt within,
 Upward I look, and see Him there
 Who made an end of all my sin.

Because the sinless Saviour died,
 My sinful soul is counted free ;
 For God, the Just, is satisfied
 To look on Him, and pardon me.

Behold Him there ! the bleeding Lamb !
 My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
 The great unchangeable " I AM,"
 The King of glory and of grace.

One with Himself, I cannot die,
 My soul is purchased by His blood ;
 My life is hid with Christ on high,
 With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

171 THE BRIDE LONGING FOR JESUS.

COME, Lord, and tarry not :
 Bring the long-look'd-for day,
 Oh, why these years of waiting here,
 These ages of delay ?

Come, for Thy saints still wait ;
 Daily ascends their sigh ;
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
 Dost Thou not hear the cry ?