

OUT OF BABYLON THE GREAT.

A sinner, lost, and in my guilt I lay, –
Although a son, devoted son of Rome;
But Jesus in his love pass'd by that way,
And now I am a child of God become.

My soul was famish'd, till I found my God:
Rome gave me nothing to supply my need.
But since I've known the merits of Christ's blood,
My soul is with the richest dainties fed.

Confession to a priest ne'er gave me peace,
But lull'd my soul to sleep in carnal ease,
Till God awoke me, in his sovereign grace,
And taught me not myself but him to please.

And, now, my peace doth like a river flow,
Since I have known redemption, through that blood
Which makes the sinner whiter than the snow,
And constitutes him, now, a priest with God.

The rock on which my peace with God is built
Is Christ, who is God's righteousness for me;
His precious blood, for sin, on Calvary spilt,
Is all my trust, and my security.

Lord Jesus! Thou the mighty work hast done! –
Hast vanquish'd death and hell and set me free: –
Hast glorified thy Father, and art gone
A place, in heaven, to prepare for me.

Thou art my only Mediator there,

The one High Priest, – by God thou wast ordain'd,
Nor Mary – mother of our Lord – may share
That office, which by Thee alone is claim'd.

My prayers and praises I present through thee,
My only Priest! my only Saviour Thou!
From Romish bondage Thou hast set me free,
Nor need I fear her maledictions now.

My Lord will soon his injur'd name defend,
And all corruptors of his word shall find,
When he in clouds of glory shall descend,
That they have been blind leaders of the blind.

Oh! give me grace to praise thee more and more,
That light e'er shone on my benighted soul;
Thee, only, would I love, and Thee adore,
And pray that light may shine from pole to pole.

Lord! bring Thine own from 'neath her blinding power,
Her superstitions, and her priestly thrall;
Ere Thou on her thine indignation pour,
From earth sweep Babylon – both great and small.

– *London Times.*

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