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Thee! Now the theme the theme in pealing thun-ders,
Now the theme, &c.

pp

Thro' the u-ni-verse is rung, Now in gent-ler
Now in

tones, the num-bers Of re-deem-ing grace are sung.
gent-ler tones the num-bers, &c.

Wider now, and louder rising,
Swells and soars th' enraptured strain;
Earth's unnumber'd tongues comprising,
Hark! the Conqueror's praise again.
Hail! Emmanuel! Great Deliv'rer!
Stones shall speak, if we refrain.
Thus, while heart and pulse are beating,
To His name let praise arise,
Till, from earth, the soul, retreating,
Joins the chorus of the skies.

Then, in loftier, sweeter numbers,
We shall sing Emmanuel's praise;
Freed from all that now encumbers,
Nobler-songs our voices raise.
Hail, Emmanuel! Great Deliv'rer!
Live for ever in our lays!
While our crowns of glory casting
At His feet, in rapture lost,
We, in anthems everlasting,
Mingle with th' angelic host.

But, till that great consummation,
That bright Sabbath of mankind,—
Till each distant tribe and nation
Taste the bliss by God design'd,—
Speed the Gospel!—let its tidings
Gladden every human mind!
Be its silver trumpet sounded,
Let the joyous echoes roll,
Till a sea of bliss unbounded
Spreads o'er earth, from pole to pole!

Then shall come the Great Messiah,
In Millennial glory crown'd;
"Israel's hope," and "Earth's desire,"
Now triumphant and renown'd;
Hail, Messiah! Reign for ever!
Heaven to earth reflects the sound;
Heaven and earth, with all their regions,
At His footstool prostrate fall;
Heaven and earth, with all their legions,
Crown Emmanuel, Lord of all!

“THE GARDEN OF HEAVEN,”
(NEAR DUSSELDORF, IN PRUSSIA).

The following Lines were suggested by reading an Article under the above Title in the October Number of the “Juvenile Missionary Magazine.”

THERE is a little spot of ground,
A sweet, a lovely place;
Not all the flowers in Eden found
Had charms that scene to grace
Like those which there, at Spring's soft voice,
In full-bloom beauty shall rejoice.

'Tis winter now; its chilling breath
Has laid the flowerets low;
And side by side they sleep in death,
Nor feel the storms that blow:
Soon they shall rise in light array'd,
But never more to droop or fade.

Within this garden children lie,
Once homeless and depraved;
A Friend beheld, with pitying eye;
His zeal the outcasts saved;
For them He built a refuge fair,
And train'd them with paternal care.

With liberal hand their wants He chased;
Their souls He fed with truth;
Before their eyes a heaven He placed,
And urged delaying youth
To seek that happy world above
By earnest prayer and ardent love.

Thus taught and train'd, they dwell in peace
Each other's joys they share;
And when affliction smites the place,
Each other's pangs they bear;
Their hearts thus join'd in closest tie,
In love they live, in hope they die.

As one by one by death they fall,
Like seed their bodies fade;
And guardian angels watch o'er all,
Deep in the garden laid;
Till, flush'd with life, these seeds shall rise,
And fragrant bloom in Paradise.