

darkened, and night at mid day brooded over the rent, and reeling earth, and suspended on the Cross, the Saviour, with compassion more than mortal, prayed for His persecutors: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do;" and the curtain fell upon that awful scene, as the same voice exclaimed: "It is finished."

Pity, gratitude and love for and to the Christ filled all hearts.

But high above all these emotions arose the sense of triumph in His triumph, the glow of joy inexpressible in His conquest—the feeling of victory born of His last triumphant words: "It is finished."

And these high-born and holy sentiments welling up and overflowing in their hearts, were relieved but not fully expressed in the closing hymn set to the tune of "Merdin."

"Burst ye Emerald gates and bring
"To my raptured vision,
"All the Exstatic joys that spring
"Round the bright Elysian:
"Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
"Break, ye intervening skies.
"Sun of Righteousness, arise,
"Ope the gates of Paradise.
"Sweetest sound in Seraphs' song,
"Sweetest sound on Mortal's tongue;
"Sweetest carol ever sung—
"Let it's Echoes flow along."

When the voice of song in these exultant strains, were gradually led by the Precentor to the words of long metre doxology—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost"—