

**A CHRISTIAN
WREATH:
ORIGINAL POEMS**

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A Christian Wreath: Original Poems by M. P.

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M. P.

**A CHRISTIAN
WREATH:
ORIGINAL POEMS**

A
CHRISTIAN WREATH:

Original Poems.

BY M. P.

"And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even
praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear,
and shall trust in the Lord."—Psalm xl. 3.

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THE INVOCATION.

BREATHE on my Wreath, blest Spirit, let the
fire

Warm from Thy burning altar, now inspire
A feeble worm, Thine unction pour on me,
Tuning my heart's full melody to Thee,
Teach me to celebrate a Saviour's praise,
And sing His glories in these humble lays.
Jesus, I feel Thy love, I know Thy grace
Has cleansed my soul, and checked my sinful
race.

I cannot doubt, blest Lord, that I am Thine,
Humbly believing, I can call Thee mine.

Like a deep tide Thy beauteous glories roll,
And fill with heavenly joy my raptured soul.
Shrined in my inmost heart, Thy name shall
be

A bed of sweets, and holy fragrancy.

Lord, I shall meet Thee soon, these mortal
eyes

Without a veil, shall see Thee in the skies!

This earthly frame shall Thy full image bear,
Know Thy deep love and all Thy glory share.
The Father's grace chose a pure bride for thee,
Ere worlds were made, or man was formed to
be;

And every member of Thy church shall shine
A living star, with lustre all divine;

Shall dwell with Thee in ages yet to come,
Bought by Thy blood to share Thy heavenly
home.

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A CHRISTIAN WREATH.

THE INFANT JESUS.

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace."—Isaiah ix, 6.

"And thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. i, 21.

'Tis eve, and wearied Nature sinks to rest,
The glorious sun sets in the golden west;
A soft dew falls on every herb and flower,
The warbling birds retire to tree and bower.