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For the Christian Observer.

**GOD, MY EXCEEDING JOY.**—Ps. 63.

Oh God! Thou art my God—

Early I'll seek Thy face;

My spirit yearns, while awed,

To taste Thy precious grace.

To see Thy glorious power revealed,

As in Thy courts I have beheld.

Better than life to me

Has been Thy kindness, Lord—

My lips shall honor Thee,

While I Thy grace record.

Yea, while I live I'll bless Thy name,

And celebrate till death Thy fame.

When on my couch I fall,

To sleep in soft repose,

Thy mercies I recall,

Before mine eyes I close.

My soul with heavenly joy is thrilled,

And with surpassing sweetness filled.

When dangers press me round—

Beneath Thy wings I flee;

For there my soul has found

Secure retreat for me.

I've clung to Thee, and daily will,

While Thy dear hand upholds me still.

Thy foes who Thee deride,

Thou surely shalt destroy;

But Thou shalt still abide,

God my exceeding joy.

And Thee I'll praise with joyful breath,

When foes and snares have sunk in death.

L. H. W.

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