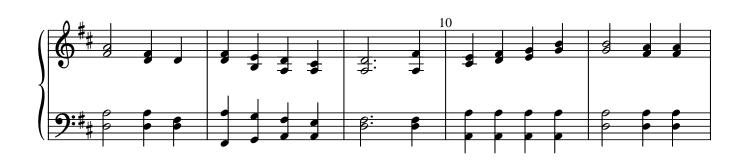
## By Thee, O God, invited







By Thee, O God, invited, We look unto the Son, In whom Thy heart delighted, Who all Thy will hath done; And by the one chief treasure Thy bosom freely gave, Thine own pure love we measure, Thy willing mind to save.

O God of mercy—Father!
The one unchanging claim,
The brightest hopes, we gather
From Christ's most precious name:
What always sounds so sweetly
In Thine unwearied ear,
Has freed our souls completely
From all our guilt and fear.

The trembling sinner feareth
That God can ne'er forget;
But one full payment cleareth
His memory of all debt.
When nought beside could free us,
Or set our souls at large,
The death of God's Beloved
Secured a full discharge.

No wrath God's heart retaineth To usward who believe; No dread in ours remaineth As we His love receive; Returning sons He kisses, And with His robe invests; His perfect love dismisses All terror from our breasts.

Mary Bowley Peters