THE MERCY SEAT.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

Music by G. W. C.

From every stormy wind that blows,
There is a place where Jesus sheds

From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm a sure resting-place,

A place than all beside more sweet--
Our refuge is the Mercy-seat.

sweet-- We seek the blood-bought Mercy-seat.