

A BEAUTIFUL ROBE.

"There is a robe I long to wear,
One which my neighbors, all, may share
A robe so perfect, pure and white, –
Its very folds reflect the light.

"Twill also fit each form and size,
Such wond'rous virtue in it lies;
Every deformity 'twill hide,
And deck the wearer like a bride.

This robe cannot with gold be bought,
However much it may be sought;
Titles of earth, genius, or fame,
No share in it can ever claim.

But those who, counting all but dross,
Bow low, before the Saviour's cross;
Believing He will hear their cry,
And on His promises rely.

Who claim no merit of their own,
Trusting in Jesus' name alone;
This robe will cover, comfort, bless,
For 'tis Christ's robe of Righteousness.

[SELECTED. By request.]
