

## MY SONG.

For the "Watch Tower."

So long have I dreamed of the beautiful goal,  
That a touch of its sunshine has lit up my soul;  
Its chords are all thrilling with music divine,  
And its song is forever, "Dear Jesus is mine!"  
The Bird, when the tempest is raging with power,  
Flies in haste to her dear little nest in the bower;  
Thus safe 'neath his wing I can sweetly recline,  
And sing on forever "Dear Jesus is mine!"  
When beautiful Eden awakes from the fires,  
And the conflict of ages of sorrow expires;  
In the great restitution, of glory divine,  
I'll still sing in Paradise, "Jesus is mine!"

VESTA N. JOHNSON.

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