

THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH.

Brighter and brighter, every day!
Better and better, each step of the way!
Fairer and clearer, the sky above!
Nearer and sweeter, the songs of love!
Peace like a river flowing along,
Hiding for ever ages of wrong,
Burying deeply, beneath its calm breast,
The warfare and strife that robbed us of rest.

Oh! what a joy to be living to-day!
Flowers of hope bestrewing our way!
Roses, and lilies of promise, in bloom!
Rainbows encircling the ages to come!
Oh! blessed Lord, what a portion divine
Art thou to the soul who can say *Thou art mine*;
In utter surrender, and joyful repose,
Thou o'ercomest in him the last of his foes.

Only those who have known thee can guess at the bliss.
Alas! that so many the happiness miss –
Turn away from life's river, and City of Gold,
For poor, broken cisterns, that nothing will hold.
Yet nothing, dear Lord, can rob us of joy –
It is far above anything earth can destroy;
Our treasures all hidden and laid up above,
Secure in our Lord, in his kingdom of love.

– *Selected.*