

And oh, it is a splendour,
A glow of majesty,
A mystery of beauty
If we will only see,
A very cloud of glory
Enfolding you and me.

O words of golden music
Caught from the harps on high,
Which find a glorious anthem
Where we have found a sigh,
And peal their grandest praises
Just where ours faint and die.

O words of holy radiance
Shining on every tear,
Till it becomes a rainbow,
Reflecting bright and clear
Our Father's love and glory
So wonderful, so dear.

O words of sparkling power,
Of insight full and deep,
Shall they not enter other hearts
In a grand and gladsome sweep,
And lift the lives to songs of joy
That only droop and weep?

A splendour that is shining
Upon His children's way,
That guides the willing footsteps
That do not want to stray,
And that leads them ever onward
Unto the perfect day.

I felt during those hours of bliss that if it were His precious will I could cheerfully and gladly suffer affliction or disaster, or anything that would glorify Him, and since then I have been living sweetly from hour to hour, looking up and saying, "Well, Father, what next?" My difficulties have not all vanished, but I am up in the munitions of rocks, shut in with the King in His beauty. I look down and wonder what Father will do with this thing and the other. He arranges everything so blessedly that there is no room for doubt. A few days ago all the ready money I had was ten cents, which is pretty nearly what some people would call "being strapped." I wasn't conscious of being hard up, or wishing for more. I knew Father had lots, and I could apply when I needed it. In a few days some goods arrived, with two dollars' freight to pay on them. I told Father I was just one dollar and ninety cents short, and He gave me nearly four