

Bighteenth Day.

"Hear not, little flock, for it is your Hather's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

OUGH is the path? Still thy feet shall not stumble;
Steep the ascent? Thou shall fail not of strength;
Thy God will make plain the rough places before thee—
On His arm thou shalt lean thro' the journey's whole length.

Is thy life sad? There is bliss in the future;
Knowest thou sickness? In heaven is no pain;
The Lord doth prepare thee a crown of rejoicing—
If thou suffer with Him, with Himself thou shalt reign.

-Reassurance.