

He smiles,—and lo the night is day,
 He speaks,—the fetters fall away,
 Immortal life pervades the clay,
 And praise begins to JESUS.

Cast by thy garment, lingering soul!
 And run to him who maketh whole;
 Rich grace shall be the staff and stole
 Of all who run to JESUS.

THE EARTH IS BEFORE THEE.

THE Earth is before thee,
 And where wilt thou rest?
 At the foot of the hill?
 On the mountain's proud crest?
 Wilt thou rouse the full power
 Which exists in thy soul?
 Or brood where the sighing brooks
 Pensively roll?
 Earth's days are all gems—
 Wilt thou pawn them away
 For the cheat of an hour?
 For the sloth of a day?
 For a heart free from care?
 And a garb free from poll?