

Doth light our way with sweet unchangeful beam-  
ing:

It is the precious Word: We're Thine, O Lord!

We are the Lord's! So will He, on the morrow,  
Watch our last pang, when other help rewards,  
No pain, and Death brings not a touch of sorrow.  
This Word's for ever true: We are the Lord's!

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EUTHANASY.

**W**E need no change of sphere  
To view the heavenly sights, or hear  
The songs which angels sing. The hand  
Which gently pressed the sightless orbs ere  
while,  
Giving them light, a world of beauty, and the  
friendly smile,  
Can cause our eyes to see the better land.

We need no wings  
To soar aloft to realms of higher things,  
But only feet which walk the paths of peace,  
Guided by Him whose voice  
Greets every ear, makes every heart rejoice,  
Saying, Arise, and walk where sorrows cease.