

How readeſt thou ?

I am the reſurrection and the life : he that believeth on me though he were dead, yet ſhall he live : and whoſoever liveth and believeth in me ſhall never die. Believeſt thou this ? Yea, Lord. JOHN, xi. 25, 27.

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

My hope,—ye lov'd but ling'ring few,—
Is of the Everlaſting, true ;
Of faith in him, who is the ſum
Of paſt, of preſent, and to come ;
And, ſave the height forever known
The ſummit of compariſon,
It fills conception's higheſt place,
In growing glory, goodneſs, grace ;—
So ſweet—ſo pure—ſo chaste—ſo fair—
And holy—that it hides compare.

What, though it tremblingly expand,
Beneath the rigors of the land ;
Sigh for the airs of heavenly reſt,
That fan the arbors of the bleſt ;
And ſlowly lift its righteous head,
Where rank fears yet are nourished :—
It lives to ſmile on all regrets,
Ev'n in a Sun that never ſets !

My gentle Hope—my MAIDEN hope—
My heart's truſt in immortal ſcope ;
My fond—wiſe—faithful—Oh ! to tell
But half thy praiſes paſſing well !
The glorious Goſpel light put on,
And meet, with me, the Holy One,

'Tis done—ſhe knows *He* cannot lie,
And loves too well to doubt and die.