

THE EARTH IS FILLED WITH
VARIED FORM.

THE earth is filled with varied form,
The trusting heart is fond and warm,
It bodes no ill, it dreads no storm,
And will not go to JESUS.

How needs it things of firmer base?
The earth is its abiding place,
It hath the goal, includes the race,
Why should it run to JESUS?

Hark! mutterings gather on the hills,
Heaven's azure face with blackness fills,—
Hath hope its shroud, and life its ills,
That men should seek to JESUS?

Then, by the gloomy hour dismayed,
Joys rise to cheat, and bloom to fade,
And woe unrolls its dismal shade,
And all is dim but JESUS.

With night oppress, with sadness worn,
Who lives to hear the prisoner mourn?
Ours — the neglected — sold in scorn,—
Compassion dwells with JESUS.