Miscellany.

SELECTIONS.

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THE GOLDEN PROMISE.

A MILESTONE FOR 1875.

BY ANNA SHIPTON.

"Lo! I am alway with you, even unto the end of the world."—MATT. XVVIII. 20.

Halt! another milestone

Marks he road we travel;
Dark the desert pathway
Still before us lies;
He who bade us follow
Strength and light bestoweth,
For that homeward journey,
Hidden from our eyes.
"I will never leave thee,"
Echoes o'er the mountain;
"I will ne'er forsake thee,"
Trust the word He saith,
"For this God is our God for ever and ever:
He shall be our Guide, even unto death."

Stricken and bewildered
In my cruel bondage,
ONE I never heeded
Was watching by my side;
'Twas the Man of Sorrows
Listining to my anguish,
And the Hand that freed me,
Christ's the Crucified!
Al! on earth hath failed me,
He will fail me never;
Trust Him fully, trust Him,
And the word He saith,
"For this God is our God for ever and ever:
He shall be our Guide, even unto death."

Fircing, faint and fearful,
Through the mighty waters;
He who ruled the nations
Dried each falling tear:
"I am with thee alway,"
Woke my heart to gladness.
Christ Himself is with me,
Then wherefore doubt or fear?
"I am with thee alway"—
I believe the promise;
I will trust my Father,
And every word He saith,
"For this God is our God for ever and ever:
He shall be our Gnide, even unto death,"

Past the pathless river
Deserts lay before me;
Cloud and fiery pillar
Led me on alone,
Fountains fresh and manna
Tell Wno goes before me;
lims wait my weariness
Wnen my journey's done.
Christ Himself is smiling
On each faint endeavour.
Forward through the desert!
On from faith to faith!
"For this God is our God for ever and ever
He shall be our Guide, even unto death."

Thorns and briars may wound me;
He is near to heal me—
Near to fight my battle—
Near to quench my foe—
Near to cleanse my garments
If I carcless wander—
Near to sweeten Marah
All the way I go!
Trust Him, only trust Him!
Who the bond can sever?
Feebly may I follow,
But follow slill in faith.