

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

I AM dwelling on the mountain,
 Where the golden sunlight gleams :
 O'er a land whose wondrous beauty,
 Far exceeds my fondest dreams.

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
 Blessed, blessed land of light ?
 Where the flowers bloom forever,
 And the sun is always bright.

I can see far down the mountain,
 Where I wandered weary years,
 Often hindered in my journey
 By the ghost of doubts and fears.

I am drinking at the fountain,
 Where I ever would abide,
 For I've tasted life's pure river,
 And my soul is satisfied.

Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden *light* appear.

Oh, the cross has wondrous glory,
 Oft I've proved this to be true ;
 When I'm in the way so narrow,
 I can see a pathway through.

Where the air is pure, ethereal,
 Laden with the breath of flowers,
 That are blooming by the fountain,
 'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Broken vows and disappointments,
 Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 But the Spirit led, unerring,
 To the land I hold to-day.

There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
 Nor adorning rich and gay,
 For I've found a richer treasure,
 One that fadeth not away.

And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honours all forsaking,
 For the glory of the cross.

Oh, how sweetly Jesus whispers,
 Take the cross thou need'st not fear,
 For I've tried this way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near !