

Though angels praised his holy name;
Yet still I knew he was the same
Who hung upon the shameful tree,—
The Crucified of Galilee!

I knew him by his tender air;
I knew him by the fervent prayer
He breathed for those for whom he died;
I knew him by his wounded side;
By these I knew that it was he,—
The Crucified of Galilee!

I knew him by the loving smile
With which he welcomed sinners vile;
I knew him, for he took a share
In all his children's griefs and care;
I knew him by his love for me,—
The Crucified of Galilee!

The vision faded from afar;
But still 't is memory's guiding star,
To cheer the night and point a way
Unto an everlasting day,
When I, with unveiled eyes, shall see
The Crucified of Galilee!

THE ASCENSION.

A well-known group stood on the mountain side
And in their midst appeared the Crucified.
Oft had they stood in that sequestered place,
Their beaming eyes fixed on their Saviour's face;
But never met on Olivet's fair brow
With such emotions as they cherished now;
And never with such eager spirits hung