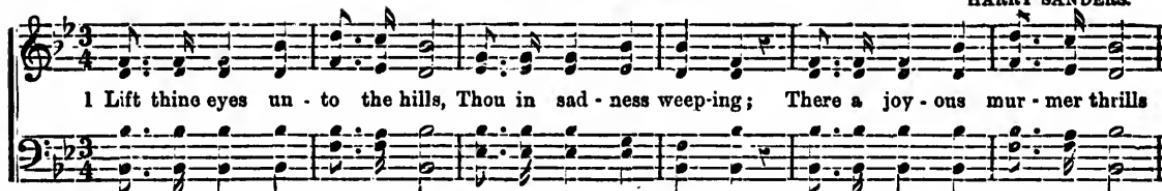
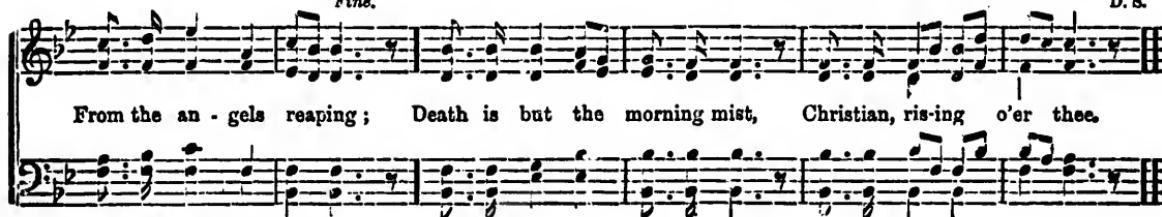


## HILLS OF AMETHYST.

HARRY SANDERS.

*Fine.*

2 Dost thou miss the golden grain,  
Snowy buds immortal?  
Would'st thou have them back again,  
Look at heaven's portal.

3 Lift Thy tearful eyes in trust,  
Christ thy treasures keeping;  
He who measures earthly dust  
Human tear-drops weeping.

4 Dost thou fear the open grave,  
Fear death's narrow prison?  
Jesus died the lost to save;  
Jesus has arisen.

Dark and still the night may be  
Just before the dawning;  
Jesus will keep watch with thee,  
Jesus brings the morning.