

And I shall roam by streamlets pure,
 'Neath cloudless skies, 'mid fadeless flowers:
Oh joy ! when next on these I gaze,
 'Twill be in Eden's happy bowers.

Father, smile on Thy blind child,
 Since o'er me thou hast breathed the name;
Teach me to yield obedience meek,
 And acquiesce to love's sweet claim.

BLESSED ARE THEY

BLESSED are they, who in the steps
 Of the great Redeemer tread,
Who, as beacon lights in this dark world,
 Show forth his mind in word and deed.

Blessed are they that satisfy
 The hungry, thirsty poor,
That to the stranger, lone and sad,
 For shelter open wide the door.

Blessed are they that o'er the coach
 Of suffering sorrow bend ;
Whose hearts go forth in sympathy,
 To those in prison bound.