

"IN HIS KEEPING."



Twenty-second Day.

"In my Father's house are many mansions
I go to prepare a place for you."

THERE stands for me a mansion, glorious bright,
In a far land where ne'er is grief nor night,
But where, through endless rounds of happy days,
From care-freed hearts rise joyous songs of praise.

I have a Friend in that glad world above,
A Friend Who loves me with unequalled love ;
'Tis He Who makes my home so wondrous fair,
And His dear voice will bid me welcome there.

O Saviour-King ! Friend of the matchless love !
When glad I enter to my home above—
Earth's sorrows ended, and its darkness o'er—
How shall my songful heart Thy praise out-pour !

—"His Great Love."