

Long, long, methinks, I'll gaze upon
That face of tenderest love,
Long on his transforming glory look,
Nor ere my eyes remove.

And I shall see the loved ones too,
Amid the angelic throng,
Where sorrow ne'er can cloud their brows,
Nor check their happy songs.

And I shall roam by streamlets pure,
'Neath cloudless skies, 'mid fadeless flowers,
O 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,
Shew forth His mind in word and deed.

Blessed are they that satisfy,
The hungry, thirsty poor,