



MAKE Thy way straight before my face" O
Lord,
Thy way, not *mine*, oh may I ever tread ;
And like Thy people Israel of old,
All through the wilderness be safely led.

Until at last I reach the "Promised Land,"
The Heavenly Canaan, oh! so bright and
blest ;
There see Thee, Lord and Master as Thou art,
And in Thy presence find eternal rest.

