

How great the love He bears His own !
 Its height or depth can ne'er be known,
 In His warm heart 'tis ever glowing ,
 And soon He'll come to claim His bride
 That she may e'er with Him abide,
 Glory divine on her bestowing.

Hearken ! He speaks from heaven afar,
 I am *The Bright and Morning Star* (Rev. xxii. 16),
 Midnight is past, 'tis early morning,
 Rise from among the dead—awake—
 Be watchful, slumber from thee shake,
 For soon I come the heavens adorning.

NARRATIVE.

But now, as slowly waned the night,
 The frost seemed sharper still to bite ;
 Stung by the cold, we thought the sleigh,
 As it slipt along, made little way ;
 But though this might our comfort mar,
 It made no change on *the Morning Star*.
 In beauty and brightness still it shone
 Like a silver plate in the sky alone.
 To our impatience it seemed to say,
 " Wait for a little, 'twill soon be day ;
 Be patient, this trial will soon be past,
 And your journey's end you'll reach at last."
 And again sweet thoughts in the mind would rise
 As I gazed on the *Star* that illumed the skies.

THE RISING OF THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

When the trav'ler weary,
 Bending 'neath a load,