

BEYOND.

Oft' my spirit breaks
From my frail walls of clay.
An upward flight it takes
From darkness into day.

Beyond the rolling Sphere,
Beyond the sea of space,
Upward, void of fear,
To my Angels' Dwelling place.

And in a Patmos dream,
I roam the sunny clime,
Where love is all supreme
And beauty all sublime.

Still onward I press with joy,
Right to the blissful seat,
And there I find my boy,
Nestling at Jesus' feet.

I clasp him to my breast,
And kiss his golden hair,
My Spirit findeth rest,
The peace it sought was there.

There let me ever be
With him at Jesus' feet,
To all Eternity
My joy shall be complete.

WRITTEN WHILE IN SICKNESS.

Welcome, welcome failing health,
Lord! it draws me to Thyself,
Weans me from the things of time
Consecrates me wholly thine!

Abide with me, my Saviour dear,
No weary nights, while Thou art near!
I know thou'lt take my trembling hand
When I am called to Beulah Land!

Oh! what is Earth with all its toys,
To me, in sight of Heaven's joys
"The baseless fabric of a vision,"
I've grasped! and found it a delusion!

Now, I thy blessed Cross infold,
The Cross, the Cross! is my stronghold,
Lord strengthen me in this embrace,
Until I see Thee face to face!