

Then shall that condition exist which the Apostle enjoins, that condition which leads each member of the body to sympathize with the whole, so that "Whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it, or one member be honored all the members rejoice with it."—1 Cor. xii. 26.

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MY HOPE.

My path is rough, and dark, and steep,
And shadows overhang my way;
And wearily I toil and weep,
And long for home, and rest, and day!
Yet onward ceaselessly I press,
For I discern the ruddy gleam
Of coming morn. O, Son of Bliss!
Eager I wait thy cloudless beam.

Myself I loathe, for deep in shame
With aching heart and streaming eye,
Consumed by passions blighting flame
In sin and sorrow prone I lie.
Yet purer than the virgin snow
And brighter than the crystal light
My ransomed spirit yet shall glow
Spotless and clean; divinely bright.

No rest! I hear the battle cry,
Countless the foe and keen the strife
The slain are many, strewn they lie,
Defeat is death—the prize is life;
And I shall win the prize! a path
My valiant Captain cleaves for me;
Right through the hostile ranks of wrath
He leads me safe to victory.

O living, loving Christ! from Thee
This cheering, longing hope I bring,
My highest wish is but to be
Hid in the covert of Thy wing.
The Power, Glory, Victory,
Saviour, Brother, all are Thine!
But blessings sweet Thou pledgest me,
Thy home, Thy joy, Thy life are mine.

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