



Ascensiontide.

WHEN woodland lanes are clothed
with green,
And blossoms of the may peep
through,

Our eyes from earth turn heavenwards
And fain would pierce yon cloudless blue.
For thither He hath gone before,
Our Brother at the Father's side,
And there our hearts may also soar,
And keep with joy Ascensiontide!

The 'Babe' in lowly manger laid,
Heir with ourselves of grief and pain,
The once despised Nazarene
Doth now receive His own again!

It is the Coronation Day
Of Jesus, who was crucified!
And we would lift our hearts on high
And keep with joy Ascensiontide!

Those golden gates once backward flung
Shall never stand ajar' again;
But evermore be open wide,
That all who *will* may entrance gain—
That all who bear His Cross below
May reign with Jesus Glorified!
Who bears His Cross shall wear the Crown
In that His glad Ascensiontide!

BRIDA WALKER.