

## A cross of wood

Upon His wounded shoulder rests ;  
 His bruised flesh is staining it with Blood ;  
 His venerable head a mocking crown adorns ;  
 His aching brows are pierc'd with long and cruel thorns.  
 Tis Thy unfathom'd love, my dearest Lord,  
 That makes Thee wear this crown of mockery.  
 Where goest Thou, my God, ador'd ?

JESUS.

I go to die for thee.

THE SOUL.

Dear Lord, is it for me  
 Thou goest forth to die ?  
 How gladly, then, would I  
 Lay down my life for Thee !

JESUS.

Peace ! till thy dying breath  
 Think on My love for thee ;  
 After My bitter death  
 Forever love thou Me.

Remain, my turtle dove !  
 For My heart give me thine ;  
 My faithful one ! be Mine  
 And pledge Me all thy love !

THE SOUL.

My Lord ! I Thee adore,  
 To Thee my heart I bring  
 I'm Thine my treasur'd King,  
 I'm Thine for overmore.

Mrs. G. M. WARD--PENNÉE

