

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

UNCOMPLAINING, though with care grown hoary,
 I desire to wear no crown of glory
 Where my Saviour wore a crown of thorn;
 Not in paths of roses would I dally,
 Where my Saviour trod the gloomy valley,
 Where He suffered bitter pain and scorn.

Lord, send forth Thy light and truth to lead me
 In the way wherein thy saints precede me,
 With thy Holy Spirit for my guide;
 Let me choose the path of self-denial,
 Shunning no sharp cross or bitter trial,
 Which my Saviour's steps have sanctified.

Give me, Thou who art the soul's renewer,
 Steadfast faith, which day by day grows truer;
 Kindly love, the fruit of faith, in me,—
 Love, which puts the soul in active motion;
 Love, which fills the heart with true devotion,
 And which leads me through the world to Thee.

Many a painful step must be ascended
 Ere my weary pilgrimage is ended,
 And in heaven I see Thee face to face:
 O then, reach Thy hand, dear Lord, to raise me,
 For, alas! the giddy height dismays me;
 Guide, uphold me with Thine arm of grace!

On the wide world's ocean rudely driven,
 Let me gaze upon Thine own bright Heaven,
 The sweet haven where I long to be;
 Give me now the comfort of possessing,
 What I value as the highest blessing,
 Perfect peace through steadfast faith in Thee!

Here I am a sojourner and stranger,
 Worn with hardship and exposed to danger,
 Like a pilgrim with my staff in hand;
 With the cross upon my breast I wander
 To the promised Canaan which lies yonder,
 My beloved and longed-for Fatherland.

C. J. SMITH.