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THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

By Henry H. Rosser.

Comes to me ever assurance complete
Of sins washed in Jesus' blood—Satan's defeat.
Reigns in my heart of hearts sweet bliss divine,
Gladsome and pure it starts—Heaven is mine.

CHORUS.

Beautiful dream, beautiful dream,
Wafting me onward down life's rugged stream ;
Beautiful dream, beautiful dream,
Beautiful, beautiful ravishing dream.

God in his infinite mercy and love
Sent down the Spirit from bright realms above,
Scorned not to save e'en a sinner like me ;
He has purchased my soul, His forever to be.

Burdened with sin and the guilt of the years,
Almost o'erwhelmed with the flood of my fears,
Yearned I to enter eternal demesnes,
Ever to wander 'mid lovelier scenes.

Lost as I was in sin, now I'm redeemed ;
How I resisted Him ! long it has seemed.
Wretch that I was I rejected His word,
Grieved my dear Master, Redeemer and Lord.

Soon will the summons come to all that dies ;
Green sod may cover me, but I shall rise,
Rise to eternal life, forever mine,
I shall then reign with Him—Saviour divine.

Run through my soul so clear Love's glad refrain,
Burst on my ravished ear seraphic strains,
Wide ope the pearly gates to joys so dear,
Peace, with her snowy wings, enfolds me here.

Rescued from thralldom, my unconfined soul
Sweeps on to Glory, our heavenly goal ;
Songs of the fully redeemed I shall sing,
Rest in the arms of my crucified King.