

And link us with Himself in blessedness,
The fruit of His own solitary toil.

O Son of God, yet Son of man forever !
Thy tree of life is in these dark death-waters,
And Marah is not Marah ! we can drink, —
Yes, we, poor shrinking tremblers, we can drink,
Of any cup Thy lips have pressed, and whence
Thou hast drained all the bitterness. Death is gone,
Behind me in thy Cross ; sin gone, wrath gone ;
There is no wrath for me and no forsaking,
For that was Thine ; but mine the Father's arms,
Those arms that shut out trouble evermore,
And shut me in to rest and joy and peace,
Where He, my Father-God, in His own love
Rests and rejoices in His lost one found.

Can there be sorrow that Thy path is mine ?
That the disciple should be as his Lord ?
What shadow could be dark beside the darkness
That hung its noon-day shroud about the Cross ?
What have I lost, but loss ?
And if I have seen all my treasures landed
Though by rough hands, upon the sunlit shore
Which beckons me e'en now, — *they* are not lost,
But laid up where can be no bankruptcy,
To give me welcome home ! and there's no check,
No weight to hinder in the eager race,
I run not wearily, but still most glad
That the end draweth near.

One only step, —
One step and then ! . . . Why, farewell, Cæsar's prison ;
Welcome the city of the jasper walls ;
Welcome the portals of my Father's house ;
Welcome the "ever" of my Saviour's presence ;
Farewell the passing ; welcome the enduring ;
Dying alone to death ! — One little hour !
The beasts shall have their prey, and I my joy.

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"LOSS."

I think many fail to see just what the apostle means, when he says in Phillipians iii., that he