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The rocky way is blind with heat;
The stones are swords to pierce the
feet.

The curses sting like winter sleet;
They lash the road to Calvary,
The moaning road to Calvary.

O hope of earth! O shame of man!
Thy meek, sad eyes, thy cheeks all
wan,

Thy head held bravely, Thee we scan
Still on the road to Calvary,
The blood-stained road to Calvary.

The cross, which Thou once lifted
up,

Thou hast not yet laid down; the
cup

At Thy lips then Thou still do'st
sup;

Thou walk'st the road to Calvary,
The eternal road to Calvary.

And these, Thy brothers, blithe to
see

Thy piteous pageant, they are we,
Who, half in fear, half mockery,
Line all the road to Calvary,
The ancient road to Calvary.

But some there were, who came with
tears

And love, that triumphed o'er their
fears,

Those brave hearts through the
Roman spears

Reached Him that hung on Calvary,
Between the thieves on Calvary.

If soon the night fell stark and grim
On sunken head and pierced limb,
The dawn forever rests on Him
That trod the road to Calvary,
The glorious road to Calvary.

Still every age before it dies
Looks up for hope to His sad eyes,
And weeps because he naught replies
But points the road to Calvary,
The mournful road to Calvary.

O Jesu! on Thy lonely way
Uncounted thousands haste today;
They pay the price we failed to pay,
They march the road to Calvary,
The road we shunned to Calvary.

They stand with Thee at morning
tide;

They wear the wounds that pierce
Thy side;

They see the noon rise high and
wide

Beyond the road to Calvary,
The road that ends at Calvary.

Now on the road to Calvary
The dawn is breaking bright and
free.

The blessed dew breathes sweet to me
Along the road to Calvary,
The spring sweet road to Calvary.

SINCERITY

All the amenities of life that spring from any other source than a true heart, are but gratuitous hypocrisy. The kind-hearted knight showed how highly he esteemed this virtue when he said, "Swim smoothly in the stream of nature, and live but one man!" This double existence which most of us support,—that, what we really are, and what we wish to be considered,—is the source of many of our faults, and most of our vexation and wretchedness. He is the truly happy man who forgets that "appearances must be kept up," and remembers only that "each of us is as great as he

appears in the sight of his Creator, and no greater."

How much heartburning, domestic unhappiness, dishonesty and shameful poverty might be prevented, if my neighbor Jenkins and his wife were content to pass in the world for what they are, instead of assuming a princely style of living that only makes their want of true refinement more apparent, and if Johnston and his wife could be induced not to imitate the vulgar follies of the Jenkinses.

—"My Unknown Chum."