

## JESUS, THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF FAITH.

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All the path the saints are treading,  
Trodden by the Son of God ;  
All the sorrows they are feeling,  
Felt by Him upon the road :  
All the darkness and the sorrow,  
All that here could test the heart ;  
All the joy and all the triumph,  
He passed through, yet sin apart.

Now come forth in resurrection,  
Passing onward to the throne ;  
Having suffered all the judgment,  
Borne the storm of wrath alone :  
He is able thus to succour  
Those who tread the desert sand,  
Pressing on to resurrection,  
Where He sits at God's right hand.

Now He praises, in th' assembly ;  
Now the sorrow all is passed ;  
His, the earnest of our portion,  
We must reach the goal at last ;  
Yes, He praises ! grace recounting  
All the path already trod,—  
We associated with Him—  
God, our Father and our God.

Join the singing that He leadeth,  
Loud to God our voices raise ;  
Every step that we have trodden,  
Is a triumph of His grace :  
Whether joy, or whether trial,  
All can only work for good,  
For He healeth all—who loves us,  
And hath bought us with His blood.