

"IN HIS KEEPING."



Twenty-Seventh Day.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

Then, though the cross
Press heavily upon us, and remove not
Till we have trod life's pathway to its close,—
We will not e'er repine. He, who, for us,
Doth keep such bliss incomparable in
His heaven of joy, will, while we wait on earth,
Permit no useless pain.
So, when His ways are most inscrutable,—
Be our faith but the stronger! When the road
O'er which He bids us journey, steeper grows,
While thickening clouds surround,—be hope more sure!
The darkest hour is Usher to the Dawn;
The steepest path, and most beclouded, ends
Upon the mountain top in light resplendent.

—"Not Worthy to be Compared."