

Rabboni (Good Lord).

WHEN *I am dying,*
How glad I shall be
That the lamp of my life
Has been burned out for Thee.

That sorrow has darkn'd
The pathway I trod
That thorns—not roses
Were strewn o'er its sod

That anguish of spirit,
Full often was mine,
Since anguish of spirit,
So often was Thine.

My cherished Rabboni !
How glad I shall be,
To die with the hope
Of a welcome from Thee.—

AMEN.

* * *

On'y one little bunch of grapes
That gladly disappears for Thee,
O Jesus, holy heavenly Vine !
Thou knowest I rejoice to be.
Under the pressure of the cross
I prove my love for Thee alway ;
And ask no other joy than this,—
To immolate myself each day.