

"IN HIS KEEPING."



Eleventh Day.

"His inheritance"

HIS, His are we!—Oh, thought supremely sweet!—
His, Who is pledged that He will keep the feet
Of His redeemed ones: His, beneath Whose wing
They are secure from every hurtful thing:
His, Whose compassionate heart toward them doth move,
With truest sympathy and tenderest love,
In every time of woe: His, His alone
Who is, in all things, mindful of His own.
Yes, we are His!—Oh, happy, happy thought!
Oh, words with richest consolation fraught!—
His, for all days of time, His tender care
To prove, in every trial we must bear;
And more than this; we still His own shall be,
Throughout a sorrowless eternity.

—His Own.