

*The Way of Holiness Made Plain.***Just Over the Mountain.**

I read of a lovelier clime
Than earth with its summer array,
Beyond the dark mountains of Time
It stretches in beauty away.

The smile of our God is the light
That giveth each hue of its flowers,
And mantles each beauty-crowned height
With sunlight more tranquil than ours.

Just over the mountain it lies,
The sweet summer land of the soul,
And beneath those beautiful skies
No storm-cloud ever shall roll.

A pilgrim and stranger I roam
In search of that country afar;
I read of a mansion, my home,
For beauty as bright as a star.

The city prepared of our God
Hath dwellers within it, I know ;
Familiar its streets are now trod
By those I have loved here below.

Just over the mountain it lies,
And often in vision I see
The house of my Father arise,
The home of my kindred and me.

I journey by faith o'er the hills,
I wind through the valleys below,
I sing 'mid the storms and the ills
That pilgrims must suffer, I know.

Oh, shall I some bright sunny morn
Look down from the summit of bliss,
A pilgrim to angelhood born,
Escaped from that country to this.

Just over the mountain it lies,
And there is the home of my heart;
And sight of it gladdens my eyes
And bids all my sorrows depart.