

HAPPINESS.

I IT is the seasonable sun of spring
That gilds the all-rejuvenescent air—
New buds, young birds, so happy in the rare
Fresh life of earth: myself am bound to sing,
Feeling the resurrection crown me king.
I am so happy as men never were.
Of sorrow much, of suffering a share,
Leave me unmoved, or leave me conquering.

O miserable! that it should be so!
Lord Jesus, Sufferer for the sins of man,
Thou didst invite me to Thy shame and loss.
And I am happy! Pity me! Bestow
The right to work in the eternal Plan,
The right to hang on the eternal Cross!